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Man in the Chair

By Michael Schroeder

[Projector clicking]

ROSALIND RUSSELL:

So long, Walter.

CARY GRANT:

RUSSELL:

Better luck to you next time.

GRANT:

- Oh, Hildy...

- Eh?

Uh...

Well, you kinda took the wind
out of my sails.

Look, honey, I just wanna wish
you everything I couldn't give you.

RUSSELL:

GRANT:

well, I'm sorry I didn't get
a chance to see him.

I'm more or less particular
about whom my wife marries.

- [Russell chuckles]

- Where is he?

Oh, he's right on the job,
waiting for me out there.

Ah. Do you mind if I meet him?

Oh, no, Walter.

It wouldn't do any good, really.

Oh, now you're not afraid, are you?

- Afraid? Of course not!

- Well, then, come on!

Let's see this paragon!

Is he as good as you say?

Why, he's better!

Well, then what does he
want with you?

[Laughing] Oh, now you got me.

GRANT:

Ooh... Oh, I am sorry, Hildy.

- I suppose Bruce, uh... what's his name?
- Baldwin.
Baldwin... I suppose
he opens doors for you.
He does, and when he's with
a lady, he takes his hat off.
Oh, I am sorry.
And when he walks
with a lady, he waits for her.
Oh, well, in that case...
Allow me.
Well, I can see right away
my wife picked out...
the right husband for herself.
How do you do, sir?
There must be some mistake.
I'm already married.
Already married?
Tsk, tsk, tsk...
Oh, Hildy,
you should have told me.
[? "Santa Maria" by The Frames]

MAN:

? I'm sick of this ride ?
? The world is heading
ever southward ?
? And I can't stay in here ?
? And you're lying awake,
away on your side ?
? The feeling comes in waves ?
? And burns us
and I don't wanna die ?
? From the slippery hands ?
? To the line of your throat ?
? The fever now
consumes us both ?
? In a fire now we will go ?
? Santa Maria ?
? Why did you have to go? ?
? Santa Maria ?
? One day we will know ?
? In a bowing of heads
and a passing of hands ?

? And all we thought
they'd understand ?
? Is lost and they won't know ?
? And what have we left ?
? When it's all that we've got ?
? There is no "X"
to mark our spot ?
? What's past is done and gone ?
? Santa Maria ?
? Why did you have to burn? ?
? Santa Maria ?
? One day you will learn ?
[Music ends]
[Children shouting]
[Loud rap music
playing in car]
[Tires squeal, engine revs...]
Hey, Kincaid.
Shouldn't you be workin'
some freeway?
Pickin' up litter, you convict?
Ass.
[Engine revs loudly,
tires squeal]
[Rap music thumps loudly]

TEENAGE BO Y:

[School bell rings]

TEENAGE BO Y:

Kincaid, get back here!

TEENAGE BO Y 2:

Yeah, you better run!
You're dead, Kincaid.

MAN:

No running!
That was totally wicked.
- Are you nuts?
- What?
Messin' with Brett Raven
and his pukes?
Do you wanna spend the entire

Christmas break in a body cast?
They act like
we don't even matter.

MURPHY:

CAMERON:

Yeah, get out of here.

MURPHY:

Remember that movie,
The Fisher King?
- Terry Gilliam, cool director.
- Money!

All right, well, Jeff Bridges
quotes what "Neitski" says...

"Neetski."

O.K., uh, the expendable masses?

The people that don't matter
to the rest of the world.

That's us. We don't matter.

The botched and the bungled?

Right. We don't matter, dude.

[School bell rings]

TEACHER:

rather be someplace else...

but we got one more test

before I let you go.

[Students groan]

Knock it off. Hats off!

TEENAGE BOY ON P. A:

Attention, fellow students...

TEACHER:

The faculty and staff want to wish
you all the happiest of holidays.

There's just a couple of items
that will take place...

over the holiday vacation.

There's a Ski Club trip

to Mammoth Lakes...

the basketball tournament

at Taft High School...

and, of course,
the Los Angeles Film School...
holiday short film contest...
with the winner receiving
a full scholarship after graduation.
Uh, students involved
with these projects...
stay in touch with
your respective counselors.
That's it, students.
Have a great
and safe holiday break...
and we'll see you back
here in three weeks.
- [Applause and whoops]

- **STUDENT:**

TEACHER:

Let's get to it.
We're not leaving
until it's all done.
[Toilet flushes]
[Metal thuds]
I'd sue your ass for
scratching my ride, Kincaid.
But I know you're a broke dick.
You know what?
Forget about the film contest.

Two reasons:

one, juniors never win.
And two, you can't make a movie
without a little fundage.
It's a talent contest,
not a funding contest.
Like my dad says...
"It doesn't take talent
to get work in Hollywood."
No wonder why
he always has a job.
[Metal thuds]
You may know
a lot about old movies...

but you know nothing
about making one.
Merry Christmas, Kincaid.
Call the lot,
get my dad on the phone.
He'll hook us up.

MAN:

You already missed
the big crane shot.
You can pay me after.
- Thanks, Mr. Klein.
- O.K.

MAN ON SCREEN:

it was a bomb then, Hank?

ORSON WELLES:

Well, chief, Rudy Linnekar...
could have been
struck by lightning.
Where's the daughter?

MAN:

here waiting for you, Hank.

WELLES:

MAN:

question her...
Take the marbles
out of your mouth, Orson!
How do you expect people
to understand your fat ass?

WELLES:

You too, you got one of them...

MAN:

Well, we were all at the banquet.

OLD MAN:

Excuse me, sir, but could
you keep it down?

A few of us actually
wanna enjoy this film.

OLD MAN:

Good-for-nothin' goldbricker.
If you had a job,
you wouldn't be here.
I'll have you know
my husband teaches...
The Virtue of Cinematic Morals
and Economics at C.S.U.N.
Cinematic morals?
Now, there's an oxymoron.
How'd you get that job?
Win it in a raffle?
- I created it.
- That can't be true.
You're buyin' your own bullshit.
You seem to be
out of touch, dear man.
Out of touch?
Hey, look, professor.
I've made more movies
than you've been to.
So why don't you just shut
your Cinematic Morals hole...
and maybe let fat Orson here
teach you something?

MAN ON SCREEN:

we're all of us going to cooperate.
You won't have
any trouble with me.
You bet your sweet life I won't.

MAN:

We're going again.
And lights!
[Switch clicks]
[Whooshing]
Roll sound!

- MAN 2:

- MAN 1:

MAN 3:

MAN 4:

Scene 27, take 4. Marker.
And action!

ACTOR:

you know about Rosebud?

Cut! Cut! God damn it!

Who flashed that arc light?

Murray!

- I'll take care of this, sir.

- [Welles grunts in anger]

- Security.

- Go.

You flashed that light on purpose,
you incompetent fool.

It was a faulty arc, Mr. Welles.

You're all incompetent! You're
all trying to sabotage my film!

Mr. Welles,

why would I wanna do that?

Citizen Kane

is gonna be a great film.

Murray.

MURRAY:

Escort this man off the set.

I would never do something
like that on purpose!

I love my job!

Why would I try to lose it?

If you love your job, you'll
never work a day in your life.

Winston Churchill!

Wait, Wait. Bring him back!

Churchill... Well, bravo!

An electrician

who can actually read!

What a pleasant surprise.

Well played.

What's your name?

Glenn Madden.
Glenn Madden? [Laughs]
No, I don't think so.
From now on, your name
will be "Flash" Madden.
You'll go further, trust me.

CHARLTON HESTON:

something about it?

WELLES:

Isn't that police procedure
in Mexico?
- Procedure?
- You say your wife was attacked.
I did not say she was attacked.
- Did you say she was molested?
- Not physically.
Charlton Heston
playin' a Mexican.
Jesus Christ,
give me a friggin' break.
- I don't think so.
- How do you explain the fact...
You never could act
in pants, Chuckles!

WELLES:

That's right.
Go on.
Pony Express was the first
film he ever wore pants in.
Before that, he was
in all those Roman epics.
You know,
wearin' those fag robes?
[Chuckling]

MAN ON SCREEN:

is not on the witness stand.
[Chuckling]

MAN IN FILM:

Hank's a born lawyer, you know.

He was pretty good
in Ben-Hur. I'll give him that.
[Flash sighs]
Thank God you shot this
in black and white.

CAMERON:

Great.
Another monument
to the next generation.
When a murderer's loose,
I'm supposed to...
[Film stops]
Hello?
Earth to Beverly!
[Shouting] Is anyone home?
God damn it!
What minimum-wage moron's
in charge today?
What the hell's
going on in here?
An imbecile convention?
Get off your brains
and do something.

PROJECTIONIST:

Gimme that friggin' thing.
Oh, my God! My Game Boy!
I'm sure that Santa will
bring you a new one.
I'm sorry, everybody!
[Electrical snaps, buzzing]
[Fire extinguisher hisses]
My God,
is everybody all right?!

FLASH:

the handicapped, Klein.
They're such fun to watch.
I want my goddamn money back.
You never pay anyway, Flash.
[Shouting] Why should I,
with service like this?
Get out of my way,

you little shit!

PROJECTIONIST:

He sure yells a lot.

Is he hearing-impaired?

No, he just likes to yell!

[Traffic passing]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

MAN:

? They go ?

? 'Cause it's never quite ?

? What it seems ?

? You know ?

? But you don't ?

? 'Cause you dropped yourself
to your knees ?

? It dawned on me ?

? See, if it were me ?

? I'd agree ?

? That it pays to be ?

? More like you ?

? Would you know ?

? And you show ?

? 'Cause you dropped
yourself to your knees ?

? It dawned on me ?

[Whooshing]

? Ahh... ?

? Oh... ?

? Oh... ah... ?

? Ah... ?

? Ooh-oooh ?

[Music ends]

[Whoosh,

car engine revs loudly]

CAMERON:

Red and white.

Big fins, lots of chrome.

- Is it her?

- It's her. [Sniffs]

Are you sure it's Christine?
Dude, 1958 Plymouth Fury,
just like the one in the movie.
[Engine revs...]
[Whooshing]
John Carpenter.
Cool director.

BOTH:

MURPHY:

? B-bad to the bone ?
? B-b-b-b-bad ?

- **CAMERON:**

- **MURPHY:**

[Car door opens]

- **MURPHY:**

- **CAMERON:**

[Horn honks]
- Come on, come on, come on.

- **CAMERON:**

I think I see someone,
I think I see someone.

MURPHY:

[Electric sizzle,
engine roars]
[Tires squeal, car revs]

MAN:

[Engine hums...]
[Laughing and whooping]
Go Christine!
Do your nasty, girl!
Be a bad girl, yeah!

CAMERON:

[Engine humming...]
I feel like Han Solo

in the Millennium Falcon.
Can I be Chewbacca?
You can be Chewy, if you want.
[Imitates Chewy's growl]
Tell me that was not Chewy!
That was Chewy... What?
That was the worst Chewy
I've ever heard in my life.
That was a good Chewy!
[Both imitate Chewy]
Whatever.
[Police siren wails]
Shit, 5-0.

CAMERON:

"5-0", O.K., there, Snoop Dogg.
[Siren continues]
It's not so bad, only one.
[Siren whoops, horn blares]
Don't be harshing
my mellow, po-pos!
It's not bad.
Dude, relax, dude. It's fine.
[More police sirens wail]

CAMERON:

OFFICER:

Pull the vehicle over!
Now it's bad.

OFFICER:

- Pull over, dude.

- OFFICER:

[Sirens wail...]

OFFICER:

Get your hands up!
All right, shut off the engine.
Hands up!
[Police radio squawks...]
[Door thuds loudly]
So you're boosting cars now.

What's next? Banks?
That's pretty funny, Floyd.
Listen, you're through
screwing up, buddy boy.
[Whooshing]
Cameron,
they took your license.
They took it
six months ago, Mom.
And the principal said that
you're cutting classes again.
Where are you going
during the day?
Teachers don't give a shit.
Well, we're serious
this time, Cameron.
We're not bailing you out again.
Yeah, we'll see how you smile...
after ten days in County
with the big boys.
Oh, you oughta know.
[Whooshing]

FLO YD:

This! This, this...

JUD Y:

FLO YD:

The kid!

JUD Y:

with me.

- I think you understood that...

- FLO YD:

[argument

continues indistinctly]

FLO YD:

I'm just not a father, O. K?

Maybe

I'm just not a father type.

JUD Y:

tell me that before?
That's not what I
heard before...

FLO YD:

I wanted to make it work.
- Maybe I wanted something.
- So do I.

FLO YD:

just not working, all right?

- **JUD Y:**

- Because... look at the kid.
He's not even going to school,
for Christ's sake!
I gotta... We gotta go down
and bail him...
We gotta bail him out of jail
at this time of day...
I gotta go to work!
And what...

JUD Y:

you know? O. K? You know.

FLO YD:

he's been through a lot.
I don't wanna talk about
his father, O. K?

JUD Y:

We're not supposed
to talk about stuff now!

FLO YD:

you wanna talk about it?!
Why don't you go find him,
bring him back...
you guys can live a happy
marriage, a happy family life...

JUD Y, CRYING:

Damn it! Don't say that!

FLO YD:

you... I can't give it to you!

[Argument

continues indistinctly]

[Lawn mower buzzes...]

NURSE:

There's no smoking

for you, Flash.

That's the doctor's orders.

Come on,

give an old man a break!

NURSE:

[Cameron whistles]

Hey...

Hey. Come here.

[Turns mower off]

Que quieres?

[Lawn mower buzzes]

Nice day, huh?

[Flash spits]

So, um...

[Turns mower off]

you like movies?

FLASH:

You like movies?

Yeah, some of them.

CAMERON:

Uh, you wanna make one?

Who's directing?

You're lookin' right at him.

Bugger off

and mow the grass, kid.

It's a...

It's completely legit.

It's, um...

It's a high school film.

It's a student film, and, um...

it's about... It's, uh...

Well, we start prep tomorrow,
and we start shooting next week.

Who's "we"?

Me and my friend...

my friend Murphy,

and it would...

and you, if you're in.

Hmm.

High school, huh?

Sounds like bullshit.

Well, it's...

[Flash sighs]

I could really use your help,
you know?

Hey, get out of here
and leave me alone...

you good-for-nothing
little prick.

Well, I saw you
at the Beverly Cinema and...

you seem to know
a lot about movies.

Get away, I said!

Maybe you're bullshit.

- Me, bullshit?

- Yeah.

Look, you little weasel...

I've made more movies
than you've been to.

Yeah, I heard that one.

[Mutters]

Yo, Murph, what's doin'?

Makin' \$6.75 an hour,
that's what's doin'.

Ah... this movie's so dope!

Witness?

Peter Weir, cool director.

BOTH:

- How's your film coming?

- It's coming.

Yeah, check this out.

[Sighs]

Brett Raven is already

in production.

CAMERON:

MURPHY:

He's going full-tilt
for that scholarship.

CAMERON:

want him out of the house.
This is serious shit.
Is that... That's a Panaflex!

MURPHY:

Just thought you'd like to know
what you're up against.
But I gotta go.
- Thanks.
- Later.
Better get humpin'
on that film idea, man.

CAMERON:

Yeah, I'm humpin', I'm humpin'.
[Whooshing]
[Whispers] Aahh...
I told you no!
Leave me alone.
Cuban?
- Think so.
- Oh, no, no, no.
There ain't no "think so"
when it comes to Cubans.
Cohiba or Romeo and Juliet.
Damn Montecristos
are damn overrated.
O.K., then Montecristos are out.
But aren't Cuban cigars illegal
in this country?
I consider it
burning their crops.
Give it to me.
Nah, it's not Cuban.
Ah, it'll do.

So, uh, will you help me out?
Forget it, you little punk.

CAMERON:

It would be like casting
pearls before swine.

CAMERON:

I don't know what that means.
Look, you're on your own, kid.
Get out of here.
Thanks for the cigar.
[Plane flies overhead]
[Birds chirping]
Is there a history of
mental illness in your family?
Does a crazy aunt
in Provo, Utah, count?
You'll keep
bringing me cigars?

O.K.

And a bottle of Wild Turkey
thrown in every week.

O.K.

O.K.

- Then we have a deal?

- We have a deal.

The name's Flash Madden.

Cameron Kincaid.

How'd you get a name like Flash?

It's none of your
goddamned business!

It's a skateboard film.

CAMERON:

Freakin' idiot.

SKATER:

No more idiot.

What else you got?

I have another idea about
a guy who, um...

he makes a motorcycle
from vacuum cleaner parts...

and he meets a girl.
You need a writer...
badly.
I'll fix the script up later
during filming and editing.
Look, kid,
you can't polish a turd.
I know a writer, a good one.
- What about a crew?
- A crew?
Well, they're closer than you think.
You see that geezer over there?
Hey, Richie,
how you doin' today?
Hey, not bad, Flash.
Same old, same old.
That's Richard Butler.
He won the Oscar
for art direction on Gigi.
No way.
Yeah, he sold it fifteen years
ago for seven grand...
[Coughs]
to pay his nursing home bills.
Now he lives here with us,
the dearly almost departed.
You can sell an Oscar?
Everything's for sale, kid.
It's either need or greed.
Meet me tomorrow
at the bus stop, 9 A.M.
Hey, leave me alone now.
Don't touch me!
I'm fine.
You still gonna help me out?
What's
your writer friend's name?
Mickey Hopkins.
Where's the kid?
Out screwing around again?
He's in his room
working on his computer.
Probably some internet scam.
No. Cameron's really focused.

Yeah, that is the word.
He's focused
on something these days.
Yeah, right.
So we got dessert?

[Sighs]
Holy shit, this guy's a legend.
[Dogs barking and whining]
[Clicking and hissing]
[Can clatters]
You pricks!
[Tires screech]

CAMERON:

I looked up his credits
online last night and...
Well, Roman Holiday. Jesus.
Now, you see
that building over there?
Used to be
Charlie Chaplin's studio...
when he was
running United Artists...
with Mary Pickford back in '23.
Wow.
Yes, may I help you?
Hey, Mickey... it's Flash.
Huh?
Flash...
You know, Flash Madden.
Flash Madden?
Oh, my God. How wonderful!
Well, come in, Flash.
Please make yourself at home.
Flash, it's been a hundred years
since I saw you last.
Two hundred.
[Laughs]
[Helicopter flies by]

FLASH:

That's a good idea, Mickey.
It's colder than
a well digger's rear in here.

[Flies buzzing]
Yeah, y...
You should turn up the heat.
Yeah, I will.

FLASH:

the kid here is, uh...
He's about to make a movie.
It's a student film.
He asked me to help him.
I mean, what the hell?
But when I heard his idea,
I knew he needed a writer.
Really?
Yeah.
You know, it's that, uh...
"if it ain't on the page,
it ain't on the stage"...
[Chuckles] kind of thing.
I know exactly what you mean.
We had a similar problem.
First of all,
there are no problems...
only solutions.
We had a similar situation
on The Outlaw.
Howard Hughes could not
figure out how to end it.
Wait, here you go.
Here, I'll get it.
- Thank you, dear boy.
- Ah, no problem at all.
Yeah, just bring it over
here to the table.
[Mickey chuckling]

MICKEY, PANTING:

Yeah, uh, well... Uh...
I'll just get
the paper in and, uh...
we'll... we'll get started
on a brief outline.
[Paper crinkling]

FLASH:

give us a minute, will you?
Yeah, sure, Flash. I'll, um...
I'll go for a walk outside.
Stay away
from room twelve.

MAN:

? With my nation? ?
? Can only call it mine... ?
It's been thirty-five years...
[Emotional] Thirty-five years
since someone asked me to write.

FLASH:

I don't think I can do it.

FLASH:

Well, I'm sorry, Mickey.
I thought you might get...
a kick out of this kid.
I mean, who else in this town...
is gonna give a couple
old farts like us a job?
[Tearfully] I'm sorry, Flash.
It's too long.
I've lost the gift.
Ah, we never lose our gifts...
only the opportunity
to open them.
That's pretty eloquent
for a gaffer.
Even us juicers have
our moments, huh?
Hey... pal.
Don't worry.
Think about it
for a few days, huh?
Take your time.
We'll get back to you.
"We'll get back to you."
[Chuckles]
That's the last thing...
I heard Louis B. Mayer

say to me in '57.

[Laughs]

But we're not M.G.M.

We'll be back.

? No redemption in sight ?

? No, not to the right ?

? So wrong ?

? Swinging further right ?

? So long ?

? So long ?

? Innocence o' mine ?

? And how long before... ?

Doesn't Mickey have any family?

He's got a daughter

in New Hampshire, I think.

Then how can she let him

live like that?

Well, I doubt if she knows.

Out of sight, out of mind.

I never knew places

like that existed.

Well, now you know.

This country's famous

for shitting on their elderly.

God help you

if you don't have family.

Why can't he live

where you live?

It's nice there.

I don't think he was

in a union that provides for it.

I'm lucky.

It's the only good thing

Hollywood ever did for me.

America's all about the young,

the beautiful, "the winner!"

You know, kid, in Europe, Asia,

and especially Africa...

the elderly

are truly respected...

and they're almost treasured

by the... by the young people.

Not here though, oh, no.

Oh, no.

We live in a throwaway society.
If it breaks, throw it away.
If a new one pops up,
throw the old one away.
If your puppy grows up
to be a pain-in-the-ass dog...
dump it. Someone will kill it.
Your marriage isn't working?
Hey, divorce...
throw it away,
marry someone else.
You get sick of them?
Throw them away too.

BUS DRIVER:

That's what my dad
did to my mom.
She's different now.
So then he's an asshole, right?
Yeah, probably.
Yeah, you're better off
without him.
Eh, the world's upside down.
But, hey, kid, don't worry.
Nobody else does.
Be happy, you're young!
You got the world
by the short hairs.
Not me, I'm a nobody.
Yeah? Says who?
My friend Murphy.
He says, he says guys
like me don't even matter.
The botched and the bungled...
something
that "Niatchsky" said.
Nietzsche,
you stupid, ignorant fart.
"It's not the strength...
"but the duration
of great sentiments...
"that makes great men."
- What?
- Nietzsche said that too.

But what do you know
about Nietzsche?
What do you know about
anything? You're a kid.
No, I, I meant...
Nietzsche was
full of shit most of the time.
Tolstoy says
that Nietzsche was stupid...
and, uh, abnormal...
and so is your friend Murphy.
Yeah, well, you got
the abnormal part right.
I'd keep an eye on him.
Oh, not to change
the subject...
from Nietzsche
and the great Murphy...
but, um...
how you doin' on my Cubans?
Just what the doctor
didn't order.
Well, bless you, child.
Call you later, Flash.
Hey, hey, don't be
so down in the dumps.
We're gonna make
this movie, right? Got it?
Got it. Tomorrow?
Make it tomorrow night.
I want to show you something.
- O.K.
- Hey, hey, I didn't hear you.
I'm old, damn it.
I got it!
All right. [Chuckles]
[Helicopter flies overhead]

CAMERON:

Department of Health...
"receiving complaints
regarding nursing homes...
"and long-term care.
"The halls reek of urine.

"Old people lie helpless
in their beds hour after hour...
"their soiled diapers unchanged.
"These were
the sights and smells...
"at a nursing home
in Huntington Beach."
Somebody's been
smoking again.
It's a new cologne...
Eau de Cohiba.

WOMAN:

breaking the rules... again?
That just makes me so horny.
Yeah, you're always horny.
[Woman laughs]
That's not such a bad thing,
now, is it?
Well... [mumbling]
Just the thought of you two
bumpin' uglies messes me up.
Come on, Mildred.
You've got plenty
of other men to tease.
Teasing's not such
a bad thing, now, is it?
[Laughs] No, honey, it's not.
Flash, you got a phone call
back in the lobby.
Some kid.
Hello?
Hey, Flash, it's Cameron.
How you doing?
Uh, women keep throwing
themselves at me.
Thank God for Viagra.
Uh... so I called because I
changed my mind about the film.
You what? Uh... [Chuckles]
- Now listen to me, kid.
- I don't want to do...
that motorcycle/vacuum
salesman thing anymore.

FLASH:

You can't do this, kid.
I mean... what about my Cubans
and the Wild Turkey and...
Come on! Now, don't give up
on this movie!
No, Flash, I just gave up
on the motorcycle idea...
not the actual film.
Well, what the hell
are we gonna shoot?
I want to do
a docudrama about...
about those crap places
like where Mickey lives.
Well, what do you mean?
Hold on.
"In 2005, in L.A. County...
"91% of the nursing homes
had violations."
You're some surprise, kid,
and no one surprises me no more.
I want to get
with Mickey again...
because we could,
we could still use his help.
Go easy on that.
I'm not sure that he's ready.

FLASH:

We'll talk about it first.
We need him. All right, um...
are we still on
for tomorrow night?
Yeah.
O.K., I'll meet you
at the bus stop at seven.
Yeah, well, you make it eight...
and you be there!
O.K., eight.
[Hangs up phone]
- Hello?
- [Dial tone]

Flash?

[Phone beeps]

[Crickets chirp]

[Crying]

[Sobbing]

Hey, Mickey.

MICKEY:

Uh... where's Flash?

Well, he's...

I really need your help, Mickey.

I... I'm no good to you, son.

It's too far gone.

No, listen, can...

Can you just hear me out?

Can I, can I come in

for a minute?

Yeah... of course.

Flash said you'd be back.

Hey, Cameron...

pick up one of them boxes.

No, no, the bigger one.

You called me Cameron.

It's your name, isn't it?

ANNOUNCER ON TV:

at the line for his second shot.

It's up... no good!

Kicked out back, rebounded

there, pass outlet...

MAN:

Ah, that ain't no foul!

That ain't no foul!

Thank God it's Shaq.

Thank God it's Shaq.

Hey, whoa, ho.

Hey, whoa, hey.

Expendables, Stage 10.

The kid's with me.

MAN:

No problemo.

What's the score?

Lakers by two, double overtime.
Bingo, Shaq just missed
another free throw!
Some things never change.
Haven't seen you before.
You new?
I'm anything but new...
meaning I'm old. Get it?
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah.
Hey, Stage 10,
right around the corner.

FLASH:

MAN:

Merry Christmas to you too.
? Ooh ?
? Lonely, lonely, lonely ?
? I'm waiting for you... ?
? Ooh ?
? Lonely, lonely, lonely ?

CAMERON:

FLASH:

We're not going to Stage 10.
Come on.
[Clears throat]
Lose the box.

CAMERON:

How hot do the lights get?

FLASH:

Are these c-stands?
I love c-stands!
So can we actually come back
and grab some of this stuff?
[Flash grunts]

CAMERON:

is actually pretty creepy.
Seems like the kind of place
that would be haunted.

[Flash grunts]
What would happen
if we got caught in here?

FLASH:

well, it's been a long time...
but I'm sure it's still here.
What's still here?
Hmm...

FLASH:

They must have sealed it off.

CAMERON:

probably head back then, right?

FLASH:

[Door thumps]
[Door creaks]
It's, it's still here.
[Talking to himself]
[Wood clatters]
[Wings flap]

CAMERON:

breaking and entering?

FLASH:

The door just opened.

FLASH:

Where's the goddamn
fuse box?
How'd you do that?
I'm a gaffer, for Christ's sake.
Oh, right.
Well, this is it.
This is our room,
the crew's room.
Yeah, used to be
the old prop room.
We cleaned it up and,
uh, made it our own.
This is so cool.

How is it still here?
Uh, the present management
doesn't know about this room.
Never did.
Thank god. They'd turn it
into a Starbucks.

CAMERON:

So this place
was like a clubhouse?

FLASH:

But it was a tough club
to get into.
No above-the-line wankers,
that's for sure.
Above the line?
Eh, producers, directors,
writers, actors, those creeps.
So you know all these people?
Most of them.
A lot of them are dead.
Uh, but these are my friends.
Hey, that's me with the crew
of, uh, Citizen Kane.
You worked on Citizen Kane?
Yeah... the skinny guy
in the middle.

CAMERON:

Is Orson Welles there?
These are crew-only photos,
for Christ's sake.
Oh, so no directors,
no wankers?
Right.
I always wanted to be
a wanker... director.
A director, huh?
The man in the chair, huh?
I guess.
You guess?
The man in the chair
can't ever be a guesser.

He's gotta make decisions.
You know, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom.
He's gotta know
what he's doing.
Frank Capra says, "If you're
half right, you'll be a genius."
Frank Capra, cool director.
Money!
Hello? [Mutters]

CAMERON:

Did you ever direct a movie?
Yeah, I got close to it
a couple of times...
but it wasn't exactly my cup of,
uh, tea... if you get my drift.
Oh, you had a little booze,
drinking problem...
thing, problem?
Oh, yeah, I had my...
[Chuckles]
fair share of, mmm,
missed opportunities.
Flash?
Yeah, kid.
You're the only one who
can help me out with this.
And I want to know everything
there is to know.
Teach me how to make movies...
how to watch them...
everything.
It means
that much to you, huh?
To be the man in the chair?
Yeah, it does... everything.
Will you be willing
to pay the price?
Cigars and Wild Turkey?
No, no, no.
Well, yeah, yeah, of cour...
[Sharply] No.
I mean, the real price.

CAMERON:

A promise... to me...
that if you ever make it,
you won't crap on people...
like Mickey and the others...
like these fine folks.
And that you'll never forget
how and who...
got you to the chair.
Can you make that promise?
Sure, Flash.
Now we're talking Technicolor.
Well, it'll actually
probably be 24p digital video.
Yeah, whatever.
- You know all these people?
- Yeah, most of them.
Do you have a star?
The only thing in the ground
with my name on it...
will be a gravestone.
Why? You made
some great movies.
Oh, come on.
You gotta be famous, adored.
- I'm neither.
- [Bell ringing]
You should get a star just
for helping out me and Murphy.
Hey, remember this.
The glitter ends at La Brea.
What does that mean?
You see the glitter that
the city puts in the pavement...
- where the stars are, huh?
- Yeah?
Well, look, it ends at La Brea.
No stars, no glitter.
In other words, uh,
it don't last forever...
like fame in Hollywood.
It lasts for only a second,
if at all.

So don't friggin' worry
about gettin' famous.
Get good at your job.
If fame comes along, so be it.

CAMERON:

You're famous to me.

FLASH:

don't know anybody else.

NURSE:

YOGA INSTRUCTOR ON TV:

As you can see, we have...

MAN:

We're all trying to see that.
Move back please, Speed,
so we can all see.
What?

MAN:

- Hey!
- Well, what's happening?
- Flash, I was dancing.
- [Overlapping chatter]

FLASH:

Wait a minute, wait a minute.
Shut up! Shut up!
I got something to tell you.
We're going on location.
It's time for my medication?
[Murmuring]

MAN 2:

No, we're going on location.
- Oh, Speed.
- Not yet, we're not rolling.
I just love location shooting!
The hotels, the parties,
the fun, the dancing...
Slut.
Mrs. Erskine!

Oh, she's a tramp!
You silly old biddy.
Why, your chariot's so low,
it's dragging the basement floor.
Get a life.

FLASH:

Is that Animal Planet?

FLASH:

Ladies... we're not exactly
going on location...
- but we are going into production.

- MAN:

MRS ERSKINE:

Yeah, what's the rate?
What did he say?
That's great, that's hot.
[Whistling] Let him talk!
Well, I met a kid who needs
our help with his student film.
- Hey, Flash!
- Yeah, Montana.
What's he need?
He needs your help
with wardrobe...
and, Rich, he needs your help
with art direction.
Speed can help with sound.
- What?
- You can do the sound.
Bernie here can give him
a hand with props.
I'm retired.
I got out of the rat race...
a long time ago, thank you.
Butch can help with camera,
me with lighting...
- and Big John with grip.
- You betcha.
Oh, boy, does he have
the best crew in town.

Well, the oldest crew, anyway.

[Laughter]

The what?

And the only one
with a deaf sound mixer.

- [Laughter]

- Oh, I heard that.

Flash, I'm available.

Newsflash!

So, who's the kid?

CAMERON:

doing research. You'll be fine.

MICKEY:

It's cool. You'll be all right.

Eh, Flash said you were
a pushy little so-and-so.

Don't be afraid, Mickey.

It's only a computer.

It's real easy, O. K?

Computers are really stupid.

They do exactly what
you tell them to.

That's what I'm afraid of,
what to tell them.

No problemo.

Check it out, we can Google.

Google?

Yeah, a lot of bloggers Google.

Bloggers that Google.

Or they Dogpile.

Dogpile.

Dogpile or a Hotbot
or Lycos, Linkslut...

Ask Jeeves, Web Crawler.

You can always Yahoo.

Yahoo... Tell me, son,

when do we get to the easy part?

Those are

just search engines here.

Let's just Google.

Click on "search" right there...

and now, type in

anything you want.

- Anything?

- Yeah, anything.

Think of something.

Uh, fly fishing.

Type it in, "fly fishing."

[typing]

Yeah, now press "enter."

There it is.

- **MICKEY:**

- **CAMERON:**

I'll be a striped-ass baboon.

[laughs]

Hey, well, what about tractors?

I've always

had a thing for tractors.

Tractors, type it in.

This is wonderful. [Laughs]

Here, check this out.

Check this out.

Thank you very much

for this, Cameron.

It's... Thank you. That's nice.

See, you haven't

been forgotten, Mickey.

D... D-Did you look up Flash?

Yeah, I showed him

his rsum and his credits.

What'd he say?

"Yeah, big f-bomb deal."

[Laughs]

That sounds like Flash!

[Chuckles] And wait, Mick,

go back to, go back to Google.

Click on search and type in

"Nursing home neglect."

[Typing]

"Top 10 of 775,062 matches."

Yeah, try that...

Try that first one.

Does that mean there are

Yeah, it does.

Criminies.

MICKEY:

in the last year.

"Complaints in Texas are up 60%.

"Medication errors,
understaffing...

"unsanitary conditions,
substandard care...

"and injuries

in an unsafe environment."

"The quality of care
at thousands...

"of the nation's
nursing homes...

"is poor

or questionable at best."

How do you think

they'd rate my place?

Sucky to very sucky.

I agree.

"Activists sue nursing home
for fraud...

"and malnutrition in New York."

"Federal authorities move in
to correct irregularities...

"in the Arkansas agency
responsible...

"for nursing home oversight."

"Florida general attorney
takes aim...

"at substandard
nursing home care."

It's everywhere.

I think you turned

over the wrong rock.

Or the right one.

Are you good with

all the internet stuff, Mick?

Sure... it's a piece of cake.

See you at the production
meeting tomorrow?

No problemo!

CAMERON:

[Crickets chirping]

Ah.

FLASH:

to be, for Christ's sake?

No, not really.

Home life that great, huh?

[Laughs]

My stepdad is always

on my ass all the time.

All the time?

Well, that's maybe 'cause
you miss your real dad.

Yeah, I miss him.

But Floyd's still a dick.

Yeah, well, he's here, isn't he?

He's with your mom, right?

He brings home

the bacon, right?

My mom works too.

Where's your real dad live?

Out there somewhere.

I don't know.

Here, in L. A?

And you never see him?

It's a big town.

He's out of sight,

out of mind, right?

I saw Mickey today.

You what?

I told you to keep away
from Mickey.

You'll break his goddamn heart!

CAMERON:

He was fine today. I know it.

You don't know shit!

No, I... I take that back.

You know just enough shit
to be dangerous.

You're a mean drunk.

Fuckin' A!

Mean when I'm sober,

mean all the time.
That's, that's how I like it.
I like being alone.
All right, well,
don't let me get in the way.
Well, I'll die alone.
Lot of dry eyes at my funeral.
I heard that.
What?

CAMERON:

I'm young, damn it!

CAMERON:

passing out the packet...
with the script outline on it
and schedule.
And it's a ten-minute
short film.
You shootin' 35 or 16?
Uh, 24p and some 16 film.

MAN:

Well, Flash and I haven't
worked that out yet.
- Money, right?
- Surprise, surprise.
You don't have it yet.
[Chuckles]
Well, Flash and I will get it.
Are you kidding?
Whoa...
[Clattering, woman gasps]
Are you kiddin'?
Oh...
Who the hell in his right mind
is ever gonna give us money...
for a stupid little film
about old people?
Yeah, like
someone gives a rat's ass.

MICKEY:

Oh, I'm sorry, Mickey.

Any news
from New Hampshire?
I forgot how close you and
your daughter have become...
over the last few years.
Hey, don't
feel bad about Mickey...
because nobody gives
a good goddamn...
about the rest
of you pathetic jerks either.
Cameron does!
Cameron?
[Laughs loudly]
Yeah.
No. He doesn't give
a hoot and holler.
He only wants to sleaze
his way into film school.
Shut up, Flash.
He's even more screwed up
than we are.
He actually lives
with his family...
and they still
hardly speak to him.
He's just a tax deduction,
an inconvenience, like us.
Next year,
when you turn 18...
stepdaddy's gonna be
number one.
[Claps] Troubled teenager...
out the door,
just like your old man.
- Screw you, Flash.
- Yeah, but don't worry, kid.
You can dump on
your poor mother later...
when she's old and feeble.
You know,
give her the old Chicago ride.
[Mimicking sound of train]
You know, one way,

all the way to the nursing home.
Some stranger
will look after her.
Hey, half-pint, that's right!
Keep walking, son,
keep walking!
We've been betrayed
by people better than you...
even people we've loved.
You know more than anyone
what I'm talking about, Mickey.
Your daughter
dumped you like a dog...
when she said,
"I haven't got time for him."
But she had time
for some drunk back east.
Oh, oh... we're all leaving.
Oh, O.K.
We all got the Chicago ride.
Ah, you're nothing but
a bunch of forgotten souls.
Go on! Get out of here,
you has-beens, never-weres...
freaks, jerks, wankers.
All of you are pissants!
[Clattering]
Nobody gives
a Rottweiler's shit about you!
Oh...
[Breathing heavily]
[Sighs] Or me.
Dead people kind
of creep me out.
I can't believe Flash
turned on me like that.
Forget Flash, dude.
He's a senile old bastard.

- **GUARD:**

- **MURPHY:**

GUARD:

You guys can't be in here.
Hey, what are
you kids doing? Hey!
[?...]
[Sirens wailing]
? Santa Maria ?
? Why did you have to go? ?
[?...]
[Music fades]
[Loud thud]
Dude, we're gonna make it.
I know, but...

- MAN:

- Yeah.
You made bail,
you're out of here.
Oh, uh... can my friend
come with me?
No, nobody came for him yet.
He'll be here all night.
Sorry, dude.
Uh, I'll call your mom.
Don't worry about it.
She already knows.

GUARD:

gotta dress you down.
Put you with the rest
of the guys, Kincaid.
You'll be arraigned on Monday.
Let's go.
[Metal clanks]
[Metal thuds, echoes]
[Door scrapes]
[Slams]
[Clattering]
Rise and shine,
my wannabe felons.
Breakfast in five minutes.
Who's Cameron Kincaid?

CAMERON:

You made bail, you're gone.

I could get you the money.
Forget it.
Don't you want
to finish the movie?
"Finish the movie."
We haven't even started
filming the movie...
and with more bullshit
like you pulled last night...
we never will!
Well, that was my fault.
Yeah, you're totally right.
It was your fault.
It was your bad.
Yeah, I know,
I know it was my b... bad.
It won't happen again.
I won't do it again.
I just got pissed off.
Pissed off about what?
- It's a long story.
- I got all winter.
Look, I gotta eat a shitload
of crow to get you your money.
A guy I haven't talked to for
some 40 years, a guy I hate...
You hate everybody.
But this
one's special vintage.
So why can't we get
the money from somebody else?
We can't, not...
not so quick, anyways.
O.K., Flash, you know
that so many people are in...
on this thing now,
that if you go off again...
it's not just me
you'll be letting down.
You think I don't know that?
Come on.

CAMERON:

when we started this thing...

you made me
make a promise to you.
Now you have to make
a promise to me.

FLASH:

I get it, I do, yeah, yeah.

CAMERON:

No more drinking
till we're wrapped.
The guy that pissed you off
lives here?

Yup.

- What's his name?

- Taylor Moss.

Taylor Moss?

Taylor "Three-Time Academy
Award-Winning Producer" Moss?

FLASH:

CAMERON:

What did Taylor Moss do
to piss you off so bad?

- He screwed my wife.

- What?

MOSS' BUTLER ON INTERCOM:

May I help you, sir?

Yeah, we're here

to see Taylor Moss.

BUTLER:

Whom shall I say is calling?

Calling? We're not calling.

We're here, standing...

waiting... on you.

BUTLER:

I do beg your pardon, sir.

Tell him it's Flash Madden.

Now, go get him.

Show some huevos.

Pretentious prick,

act like he got a butler.
[Gate rattles...]
Anyway, this guy Moss
not only screws my wife...
she runs off with him.
What?
Broke my heart
in a million pieces.
So where the hell is he?
I don't believe my eyes.
Well, if it ain't
Pancho "Oy Vey" Gonzales.
Oh, I see those standup
classes really paid off.
Up yours
and happy Hanukkah.
This here is Cameron.
He needs your help.
It's a pleasure to meet you,
Mr. Moss.
Cameron.

CAMERON:

It's about \$5,000 in hard costs.
She died
a couple of years ago.

FLASH:

She was the greatest person
I ever knew.
[Chuckling]
Tell me something I don't know.
Uh, I can see that you
really miss her.

MOSS:

Seems like yesterday to me.
Cigar?
Eh, don't mind if I do.
[Spits]
Cameron?
Oh, no, thanks, sir.
I'll watch and learn.

FLASH:

but don't confuse it
with a calumet.

CAMERON:

A peace pipe.
After forty years,
no forgiveness, huh?
Forty-three.
Forgive you? Hey, screw you.
I'm sorry that your life
has been so, uh...
joyless, so unhappy, so sad.
Well, yours
is so fulfilled, right?
Don't confuse activity
with achievement.
I've seen those pieces of shit,
those celluloid abortions...
that you call movies.
Well, they weren't all stinkers.
Even won
a couple of brass dolls.
Three of them.
The picture business
has been good to me.
Oh, cut the bullshit.
That bullshit
is the reason you're here.
Yeah, all right, yeah.
You made your point.
So...
do we get the five large
or not?
Sure, Flash.
For old times' sake.
Listen, I'm sorry I screwed up
your life, Flash.
I didn't mean to
get you into all this.
A man has to kill
his own snakes.
You did me a solid today, Flash.
I owe you big time.

Yeah, well, we'll cash
the check tomorrow...
and uh, don't you worry, kid.
We'll get this epic of yours
on the road.
[Sleigh bells jingling...]

MILDRED:

Ace of diamonds... a bullet!
And jack of clubs...

WOMAN ON TV:

So this is Holiday Inn.
[Flash turns off TV]
Well, I...
I could say
that I got buttered...
that Wild Turkey
did most of the talking...
but you know, I, I...
I've been hiding behind that
longer than I care to admit.
Surprise, surprise.
I'm real sorry
about what I-I s...
About last night.
I didn't mean what I said.
You're not forgotten souls.
You're not a bunch
of pathetic jerks.
Just me.

MAN:

Does that kid still want us
to make his movie or not?
Well, we raised
a little money today...
and it looks like we're back on
if-if... if you still wanna...
Yes, Montana?
What time is call?
Seven A.M., Monday morning.
- Then we're in.
- Vin!

- Why the hell not?!
- [All exclaim and applaud]
I think you lot are insane.
All of you!
Oh, goddamn it, you...
you folks are the best.

MILDRED:

[Tearfully] That kid is so lucky
to have you on his team.
Ah, it's your team too, Flash.
I guess I'm lucky, too.
We're gonna make a movie!
All right!
[Applause]
[Flash sobs]
It's O.K. We love you, Flash.

CAMERON:

and neglect has become...
widespread
and a growing epidemic.
The last two to three years
have seen an increase...
in litigations
against nursing homes...
and rather sizeable verdicts
across the country.
As the population of the United
States gets older and older...
more and more people end up
in nursing homes.
Moving a parent
to a nursing home...
is one of life's
most difficult decisions.
[Keyboard clicking]

MAN ON TV:

- [Engine revs loudly]
- of fuel-injected fury!
It's the Fred Payne entry,
"Daddy-O", crushin' them buses.
In the near lane, we've got

Nicky's Nitro supercharged...
small block, currently points
leader on the circuit...
Bad breath!
And I don't mean halitosis!

MAN 2 ON TV:

the giant against the giant killer!
Nick Thomas has knocked off
more big block opponents...
this year than anyone else...
Thanks, honey.
I really appreciate that.
I'm sorry for being
a pain in the butt.
Um...
I mean, going to jail...
and the fight.
Maybe you learned something
this time.
Maybe I did.
I hope so.
You realize why we didn't
bail you out, don't you?
Yeah, I know.
Is something else on your mind?
Mom, you know that...
that if anything ever
happens to you, that...
if you get old or
sick or something...
that I'll take care of you.
Honey, nothing's gonna
happen to me.
I know, knock on wood, but...
if numb-nuts there ever...
I'm sorry, Floyd...
if he ever dumps you,
gets rid of you...
I'll take care of you.
After I kick his ass.
We'll both kick his ass.
I mean it,
whatever happens to you...

that I'll take care of you.
I believe you.
We'll take care of each other.
[Rain patters, thunder rolls]
Don't tell me... let me guess!
I've reached an all-time low!
Right?
The film business is a cruel
and shallow money trench...
a long plastic hallway...
where thieves
and pimps run wild...
and good men die like dogs.
There's also a negative side.
That's...
That's Hunter S. Thompson!
I miss him!
A couple of weeks ago, I was
happily bored and miserable.
Then you came by
with that kid...
and tantalized me
with a little hope.
How dare you toy with my life!
Get out of here!
You are so sexy
when you're mad.
[Thunder rolls]
Come on in!
Sin no more.
[Door creaks]
You're right about
my daughter, though...
dumping me like a dog.
Ah, I was talkin' out of my ass.
- She didn't dump you.
- The hell she didn't.
Time I realized it too.
You know, I oughta be
more like you...
hate everybody and everything.
A lot of good it's done me.
Well, you see the deal
better than most.

It's a front!
Flash, you think they really
don't love us anymore?
Ah...
Sure they do.
But they got problems too,
you know...
distractions and...
I really miss talking
to my daughter.
Well, then maybe you
should call her.
What the hell.
I think I will.
So...
I'm leaving.
So, we're good.
Huh? All is forgiven... and all?
I'll forgive you.
You're a better man
than I am, Mickey.
Forgiveness was never
my long suit.
Oh... I patched it up
with Cameron...
and the gang at the home.
Been a busy apologizer, huh?
[Chuckling] So to speak.
Well, hope is alive,
the film is back on...
and Cameron'll be over tomorrow
to help you with the script.
Great. I like that kid.
All's right with the world!
[Door closes]
[Rain and thunder continue]
Hope her number's
still the same.
[Phone beeping]
Hello? Honey?
Yeah, this is Daddy.
Yeah! [Laughs]
Yeah, I know it's been...
I just wanted to call...

and see how you're doin',
what...
Yeah... Oh, you gotta go out.
Well, yeah... [Laughs]
I just wanted to talk to you.
Yeah, I'll-I'll-I'll let you...
I'll call you
another time, yeah.
[Chuckles] Bye-bye, honey.
[Phone beeps]
[Thunder rumbles...]
[Typewriter carriage clicks]
[Typewriter keys tapping...]
[Choir singing triumphantly]
[Carriage return dings]

FLASH:

is essential in warfare.
Brett Raven's ahead of you.
We gotta slow him down.

CAMERON:

Flash, are you sure about this?
Are we gonna do this or not?
You're clear.
Yeah... Well...
it's a myth that scripts
are the lifeblood of Hollywood.
It's gasoline.
Whoops.
[Choir singing "Ode to Joy"]

TEENAGE BO Y:

No more lifeblood.

- CAMERON:

- MURPHY:

FLASH:

[Explosion]
[Choir singing finale
to Beethoven's 9th]
[Orchestra plays triumphant

finale to Beethoven's 9th]

[General conversations...]

[Radio plays music...]

Hey.

Hey, Cam!

Whoa, it looks like an
extreme makeover or something...
going on out there.

Yeah, they started
to spruce the place up...
when they heard
about our little project.
Wonder how they found out
about that?

- Well, I'm proud of this.

- Yeah? Me too.

? Ta-taah ?

[Typewriter roll zips]

- It's finished?

- For now.

You don't

write in this business.

You re-write.

We have a screenplay.

This is great.

It's great dialogue.

You're the man, Mick.

Thanks.

The man for what?

You know. You're the man!

Anyway, it's not the dialogue...

it's the subtext

I'm concerned about.

The unspoken calendar of
tensions, feelings, inner events.

That's what matters to me.

Sounds cool.

Yeah, thanks.

Let's go make a movie, huh?

Money!

[?...]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

[?...]

[?...]

[?...]

[Music fades]

And that's a wrap.

- We're done!

- **MURPHY:**

CAMERON:

I can't believe we did it!

FLASH:

Get out of here. We all did it.

Want a cigar?

Dumb question.

Time to burn some more
of Castro's crops, huh?

Call it national pride, amigo.

Oh, my God.

You don't keep the cigars
in your underwear drawer!

It's the best humidior around.

I can imagine where
the humidity comes from.

Yeah, my point exactly.

CAMERON:

you're all right, Flash?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'm a little tired, that's all.

My last film was in 1968.

[Chuckling] Money, dude!

What the hell does that mean,
huh? "Money"?

I dunno, uh, money!

I don't know! [Chuckling]

- I'm gonna go to the lab.

- **CAMERON:**

That clears it up.

Yeah, I'm out of here,
right behind you.

[Coughing] Me too.

Wait, my mom will give
you guys a ride home.

MICKEY:

You sure she doesn't mind?
We don't wanna be any trouble.
We'll take the ride.
[imitating Flash]
We'll take the ride.
Thanks, kid.

CAMERON:

Next shot's in a glass.
Go ahead, Flash.
You deserve it.
Don't mind if I do.
I don't know,
the edit's looking really good.
[Distant train whistle]
It could work.
We might have a chance.
Are you kidding? It rocks.
But something's missing.
You're wack, dude.
What the hell is Flash doing?
Oh, this can't be good.
- Flash!
- [Flash grunts incoherently]

CAMERON:

He means don't get caught!
[Laughing drunkenly]
We did it, boys!
We made a movie!
You promised not to drink.
Only... till we wrapped.

MURPHY:

FLASH:

I'm doin' the right thing!
What are you talking about?

FLASH:

I'm not gonna leave without 'em!

BOTH:

[Puppies barking]

[Dogs barking]

Definitely not good.

[Whooshing]

Hey, roll on this.

All right, you got it.

- This looks familiar, right?

- I'm feelin' you, dude.

Dogs and humans,

there's no difference.

[Gate rattles]

Flash, what the hell...

[Dogs barking...]

CAMERON:

What the hell you doing?

I'm settin' 'em free.

What the hell

do you think I'm doing?

MURPHY:

We can't get busted again.

CAMERON:

Murph's right, Flash. We can't...

Murph's a coward just like

that son of a bitch, Nietzsche!

Hey! Go on then!

[Puppies barking]

FLASH:

Let my people go!

Run, doggies!

CAMERON:

Run where, Flash, where?

- Hey, I know a place.

- Where?

- Get the truck!

- **CAMERON:**

- MURPHY:

- You're pussies!
- I'll get it myself.
- Flash, this is not cool!
This is grand theft auto, O. K?
And I know a little
something about it...
and I won't do it again!
I am not leavin'
without those dogs!
I mean, they're gonna kill 'em!
Don't you care?
Flash, of course I care.
After all I've done for you...
you can't do this one
small thing for me?
This one small felony.

FLASH:

a dog park in Boyle Heights.
Yeah, at least dumping dogs
in a dog park...
is only a misdemeanor.
Who goes to dog parks?
Dog owners, dog lovers,
people who give a shit.

CAMERON:

but they already have dogs.
That's why they go there.
And it's midnight.
No one's even gonna be
there right now anyway.

FLASH:

but in the morning...
when the dog lovers
show up, hey, who knows?
The dogs may get lucky and...
Dog people are crazy.
They're nuts!
When they get together...
it's worse than an A.A. meeting.

But the bottom line is
they love dogs...
more than life itself,
and that's perfect for us.
And our seventeen friends.
See, Flash?
Eh, they don't mean it.
Open it up.
[Dogs whimpering and barking]
Ain't that a pretty sight.
I have to admit,
they are a happy bunch.
Right, but animal control'll
come and pick 'em up tomorrow.
At least they have tonight.

CAMERON:

Come on, let's get out of here...
before human control
comes and picks us up.
[Dogs barking faintly]

CHOIR:

? Holy night... ?
Leaders are born.
Leaders are made.
To be a leader,
all you need is followers.
Have you ever heard the term
"natural-born leader"?
Why do you have to argue
about everything that I say?
He's not arguing, Floyd.
He's topping. He's a topper.
You know, whatever you say,
he tops. It's a kid thing.
That's horseshit.
Cameron, please.
Sorry, Mom.
Kids are trying
to find their voice.
You know, they want to be heard,
they want to be respected.
It's easy to respect back

when they respect us.

FLASH:

uh, demand respect.

It's another

to command respect.

[Chuckles] Am I right, Floyd?

Is he right, Floyd?

Yeah, right.

This was

the best Christmas turkey...

I have eaten

since before I started...

eating strained prunes

on an irregular basis.

Thank you, Flash.

It was my pleasure.

It was great, Mom.

Well, it deserves a toast,

let me tell you.

O.K.

Hey, come on, Floyd.

You don't have to be a dick

every day of your life.

Good God, Flash.

[Laughs] Easy, easy, Flash.

Eh, I'm just messing with him.

Right, Floyd?

You and me, we understand

each other, right?

Yeah, I think we do.

I'll get coffee and dessert.

[Choir singing carols]

Do you have to work

at being an asshole...

or does it come naturally?

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Because it comes

real natural for me.

Your point is?

Point is, pal...

that being an asshole

every day of your life...

is a dead-end for loneliness.
One day,
you're gonna wake up...
and find there's no one else
left to be mean to.
And on that day...
hey, hey, hey, you die.
What crap.
I've been meaner than
a snake to most people I know.
But now that I'm
at the end of my game...
there are precious few left.
My ass bleeds for you.
Yeah, felt good for you
to say that, didn't it?
As a matter of fact, it did.
Yeah, I know.
I used to take great pleasure
in doing shit like that.
- I was a master at it.
- Fascinating.
Listen to me,
you dim-witted mud hook.
I'm trying to tell you
something...
something important...
and you choose to crack wise.
Now, trust me, if you want
your ears boxed...
I'll gladly oblige.
I know I may be getting on
in years...
but I could still
knock you off the porch.
You get my meaning,
simpleton?
Now lay off Cameron.
He's good people.
He doesn't like me...
and I don't like him.
Well, I don't like you either,
but I love that boy.
I'm happy for you. [Chuckles]

You don't get it, do you?
You don't see his worth, do you?
But mark my words...
that boy'll make you proud...
if you just give him a chance.
Huh?
Ah, come on.
[Choir singing faintly]

FLASH:

we were just listing
your shortcomings.
I know, I gotta do better.

FLASH:

Mother Kincaid...
what a culinary wizard
you turned out to be.
- Well, she's the best, right?
- She is.
Thank you, honey.
Here, Floyd. Here you go.
Thank you.
So how's your movie coming?
Huh?
Oh...
It's good. We're editing now.
I'd like to see it.
Yeah, as soon as it's done.

JUD Y:

- Flash is the man.
- Ah.
I could not have done it
without this man here.
And the entire west wing of
the Motion Picture Residence.
[Applauding]
Hey, the toast then, huh?
Let me think, let me think.
Even though we may fall
into misfortune...
um, still let us remember...
what it was once like here

when we were all together...
united by a good
and kind feeling...
when we were perhaps
better than we are.
Um...
Yeah, that's, that's it.
[Choir singing,
glasses clinking]
See how Hitchcock only shoots
in singles in this scene?
We never see
Barbara Bel Geddes...
or James Stewart
in the same shot.
We never feel we're, we're
watching from the outside.
We're involved.
We're in the scene.
It's like the actors
are talking to us.
I wake up at night seeing
that man fall from the roof...
and I try to reach out to him...
[?...]

CAMERON ON FILM:

Everywhere I went...
I found wheelchairs
facing the windows...
This is great, Cameron.
- This is really great.
- Thanks.

CAMERON ON FILM:

they are forgotten in cages...
left to die, alone.

MOSS:

That's not the take I wanted.
Yeah, I, um, I stuck with
this take because I thought...
Put the take in
that I wanted, O. K?

I know what I'm doing.

CAMERON:

- pulling back and it flows...

- [Telephone ringing]

Just make the tweaks

I asked for...

and it'll be ready

to be submitted.

MICKEY:

Uh, in by 5:

- no exceptions.

- No problemo.

JUD Y:

Cameron... it's Flash.

Oh, good. I need to talk to him.

No...

Honey, it's about Flash.

WOMAN ON P. A:

Dr. Miller to radiology.

Dr. Miller to radiology.

[No dialogue]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

[Whooshing]

Cameron...

[Woman talking over P.A.]

I'll check on Mickey.

Thanks.

The man in the chair.

Hey, Flash.

Cameron Kincaid...

cool director.

Money.

Money.

How'd the rough cut go?

Rough.

[Sniffles] Very rough.

Yeah, you stick to your guns, kid.

Don't let that prick Moss

get you down.
Yeah, they call it...
"creative differences."
Yeah, you're creative,
and he's different.
Flash, Flash...
[Cameron sniffles]
I know, kid.
I know.
Before I go, I want to thank you
for being a friend.
You're my last and...
best friend.
Hey...
you opened my eyes about life.
You did, you know?
Oh, I always dreaded
this moment.
I thought I would be cold and...
lonely and... oh, Jesus,
I was so scared.
But I'm O.K. now.
I'm warm.
I'm not alone...
'cause I'm with my friend.
[Sighs]
[Sobbing]
I'll never forget you, Flash.

ANNOUNCER:

The scholarship winner...
for the best student
short film is...
Brett Raven
from Chatsworth High School...
in Chatsworth, California.
[?...]
[?...]

CAMERON:

won the scholarship.
Not a big deal.
This is my film school.
I learned more in a month

than he will in a lifetime.
And Flash was right.
Nietzsche was full of shit
most of the time.
There are no expendable masses
in the world.
Every person matters.
What we do, who we are
can affect a generation.
It's not the strength...
but the duration
of great sentiments...
that makes great men.
Nietzsche got that one right.