

BE A LEGEND

"Pilot"

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EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

A special ops patrolman in all black quasi-military gear enters lush vegetation and green overgrowth. He wears night vision goggles, carries a semi automatic weapon and has an earpiece. Makes his way further into the vegetation. Taps a recording device on his shoulder.

PATROLMAN

Island confirmed. Breach assessment
underway.

A sound a few yards ahead triggers the patrolmans attention. He proceeds towards the sound and parts tremendous overgrowth. A slight opening appears and he enters and adjusts his goggles. 100 yards away Derek is bent over, hands on knees. He taps his recording device.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Individual sighted. Appears in
distress.

A significant disturbance left of the patrolman diverts his attention. Yells and a stampeded of individuals begins to materialize.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. LA LUNCH HOTSPOT - DAY

SUPER: May 2021 An outdoor cafe buzzes in LA. The hustle and bustle of a restaurant scene bouncing back from COVID swirls around the packed eatery as the scene settles on a table near the back of the seating area.

JERRY SEINFELD (AKA JERRY)

(pulling down his COVID
mask)

I don't know why you insist on the
worst table every time we eat here.

JULIA LOUIS DREYFUS (AKA JULIA)

(mask settled atop her
head)

I do it for you!

JERRY

Oh yeah - for me.

JULIA

It is! I'm not nominated for anything this year so no one is gonna pay a wit of attention to me, but you're Jerry Seinfeld. Someone always wants to talk to you. God forbid we not know what Jerry Seinfeld thinks about being able to eat out in public again! But is anyone interested in how the world is on the verge of mass extinction with this infection, and who is behind it? Not in this town - God forbid a girl have some outside-the-box theories.

JERRY

Outside the box? I swear, I think you and Alex Jones are text buddies sometimes with these ideas that come out of nowhere.

A table for 3, a few feet away, is seated. Arnold Schwarzenegger and two masked men, one in his mid 40's, very attractive and presidential in his aura and an overweight black man sit opposite of Arnold, who is not wearing a mask.

JERRY (CONT'D)

However, I am an interesting conversation, I must say.

JULIA

(distracted by Arnold)
Ehhh...

JERRY

What's with the ehhs? I've entranced you with witty and wise conversation for decades.

JULIA

Ehhh... it was cute the first year I knew you.

JERRY

And?

JULIA

And... It seemed a little predictable and performative after that.

JERRY

After that? For how long?

JULIA

Ummmm... Until today pretty much.

JERRY

Oh my God!

JULIA

What? What do you want from me?

JERRY

Well, why do we always go to lunch together if I'm so predictable and performative?

Julia's stares down the table of three. Arnold devours a steak sandwich, talking with his mouth open to JFK and Notorious B.I.G. seated opposite him, both wearing masks. Notorious B.I.G. removes his sunglasses.

JULIA (V.O.)

So we can talk about me. Hey, I know this is gonna sound crazy but I swear to God that has to be JFK over there with Arnold. Even with the mask I know those Kennedy baby blues from a mile away.

Return to Jerry and Julia table perspective

JERRY

(looking over his
shoulder)

What? You can tell those are Kennedy blues?

JULIA

Yeah - you know I had a thing for John Jr. The apple don't fall far from the tree.

JERRY

Your microdosing mushrooms again, aren't you?

JULIA

NO! Not today anyway. Seriously. And the bodyguard is fucking Christopher Wallace!

JERRY

Christopher Wallace?

JULIA

God, you are the whitest Jew in this town. Notorious B.I.G.?

JERRY

Oh...yeah. Of course. Big Poppa.

JULIA

Soshanna was a Biggie Smalls fan, was she?

JERRY

She was when we met.

JULIA

She was a senior in high school that day, right?

JERRY

Biggie was on his A - game then. We were all bumpin to Biggie in '93.

JULIA

Bumpin' were ya? Back in '93?

JERRY

Hey, for all our issues, she did open my eyes to a lot of new culture.

JULIA

Just had to have her home by midnight, right?

JERRY

Let's focus on the present, why don't we? Tell me Nancy Drew, why would Arnold be having lunch with a murdered JFK and Christopher Wallace in downtown LA? What would Alex Jones say, hmmmm

JULIA

That's irrelevant - I'm just telling you those baby blues and that lazy eye are unmistakable.

JERRY

By the way...I don't think we're using that term anymore.

JULIA

White Jew? That's never bothered you before.

JERRY

Lazy eye.

JULIA
 (hand to her mouth)
 Ohhhhh...

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: Present Day

INT. DEREK'S BATHROOM - DAY

Derek, 6:17 a.m., on the toilet in his messy, cramped bathroom, wearing a Los Lobos tank top, black boxers at his ankles. He watches a YouTube video titled 'Not Here Bitch'. LaBamba plays in the background as he grunts his way thru a shit.

JIMMY (V.O.)
 I'm serious - she just straight up
 said 'Jimmy I'm sorry but \$45K a year
 isn't gonna provide a comfortable
 life. It is why I ask that question so
 early in the process. That way,
 neither of us wastes any more time.
 It's for your good as much as mine'

Derek's cell phone screen close up reveals Jimmy looking at the camera, aghast and beligerent.

JIMMY (CON'T)
 So fellas, you know what Jimmy said,
 right...

An intentional delay before he exaggeratedly pushes an offscreen button that blares a recorded bullhorn sound.

JIMMY (CON'T) (CONT'D)
 NOT HERE BITCH...
 (dubbed in audience
 applause)
 Boom, that's what I said fellas.
 Bro, we can't stand for this
 emasculation of the male gender
 because of the career paths we have
 chosen. Or the ones that have been
 chosen for us. WE need to reassert
 our top of the chain pecking order
 so that the world can return to
 some sense of normalcy. The world
 is depending on us, bros.

DEREK
 Try working for Hollywood knob jobs
 all day Jimmy... I should do a video
 for that.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

Expose these assholes to all the world. Yeah right, who am I kidding?

Derek flips to another video, seconds into it he jumps to WHATS APP, a notification announcing a new message.

JENNY (TEXT)

Derek, WTF is going on with Mom's insurance? They're still calling me every day from the center!!!

An audible plop is heard. Text message notification dings.

ASHLEY (TEXT)

Hey Derek, I spoke to the loan committee and they will not approve the exception. Sorry - I know we've been working on this a year. We are so close. 5 more points is all. No credit issues for another 90 days and we can get there. I do have to send out an official denial - I'll email that to you later this morning.

A louder plop. Tinder app message notification dings.

MARIA

Uh, a coffee date??? I don't think so big spender. Swipe left please.

Loudest plop yet. E-Mail notification dings. He reads the email from Linda Blair, Associate Director Los Angeles Therapeutic Center.

LINDA BLAIR (V.O.)

We have exhausted the last appeal with the insurance company. They have denied the claim again. We must receive \$5,000 by Friday or we have no option other than to discontinue all therapies and report this account to a collections agency. I don't have to remind you that you co-signed her application.

DEREK

So why are you reminding me, Linda? \$5,000? Jesus Christ. Oh I know, I'll ask Keifer Sutherland next time if I can borrow 5K. That should work. He's very generous.

Pulls off toilet paper and wipes his ass.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?

Pulls wad of toilet paper into view. A finger pokes thru. Text message notification dings.

SATAN (V.O.)

Derek, I know it's your day off but we just got notice that Christian Bale and his crew are headed for an early check in and rehearsal set up in the Forest Hall ballroom. You know how last time went. I have to have my best guy here. I am SO SORRY and I will make it up to you. Text me back ASAP to let me know you got this.

DEREK

NOT TODAY, SATAN! Fucking Christian goddamn Bale. I'm sick of being the fucking Chico de los recados for all these ego maniacs! No more - I'm done with this shit.

Phone reads 6:25 a.m. Derek farts out the end of his shit, sighs heavily and texts a reply.

DEREK (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Sure. Be there ASAP.

Derek flushes, stands up and washes his hands. He leans on the sink and looks in the mirror. The sight of his appearance disgusts him. He runs his hands thru thinning hair. He looks at his right profile then his left.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Look at you. A fucking bellhop. Shitty hair. Skinny. Ugly. Pathetic.

Derek slaps his face. Again. A sardonic smile materializes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

OK, monkey. Go perform. Again.

EXT. LA HOTEL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Derek pulls his beat up Camry into the employee parking lot. Latino hip hop plays as he opens his glove box and pulls out a large freezer bag full of prescription bottles. He unzips the bag and places his hand inside.

DEREK

OK, Mr. Bale. Which medicated Derek are you going to get today you pompous fucktard?

Pulls out a bottle. Klonopin.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(terrible French accent)

Ahhh, excellent choice monseur, even the biggest pricks in Hollywood stand little chance of...

An obnoxious horn blare startles Derek. He looks in his rear view to see an attractive blonde waving vigorously, being way too energetic for 8:00 a.m.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Ahhh.

(waving back)

Hi, Satan.

Derek and Polly walk into the hotel together.

POLLY

Thank you SOOOOO MUCHHHHHH Derek! You have no idea how panicked I was when I got the text from Mr Bale's assistant. Honestly, I was certain they would never set foot in here again after the tragedy that befell us all the last time.

Flashback

INT. ENTRY FOYER OF HOTEL SUITE - DAY

BELLHOP

Mr. Bale, I am happy to unpack your bags for you so you can attend to more important matters.

CHRISTIAN BALE

No, thank you.

BELLHOP

It's not a problem at all, Sir. It's part of my job. No tipping is required.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Excuse me?

BELLHOP

No tipping required. We all got the message that you don't tip. No problem. Part of the job. I get paid to do my job so I do my job. Tipping is just extra, not required. Since I know you don't tip I just wanted to let you know I can still do my job. For no tip.

CHRISTIAN BALE

You all got the message?

BELLHOP

Yessir. The GM sent it out to all employees last night to remind us not to linger and expect a tip when providing you any service no matter how excellent the service we provide is. In fact he said we could give less than stellar service and any complaint would just be tossed away and not taken seriously. But I always give great service. It's my job. No tipping required.

CHRISTIAN BALE

So you are saying that every employee in this hotel was told that I do not tip?

BELLHOP

Well, I had to read it.

(pulls memo from his pocket)

But right here, we all got this in our mailbox. Everyone of us has a mailbox. We have to check it before every shift to make sure we have all of the important info for the day. Usually it's a smog advisory we should pass on to guests, or to push the cocktail hour, but sometimes it's really important stuff. Like this one.

CHRISTIAN BALE

(surveys the memo)

Olivia, get your ass in here!

OLIVIA

(rushing in)

Yes, Mr Bale?

CHRISTIAN BALE

Read this!

Olivia scans thoroughly, looks up at Christian Bale, looks back down at the memo.

OLIVIA

Uhhh, yes. That is correct.

CHRISTIAN BALE

I'm sorry?

OLIVIA

You told me to make sure they knew that you will not be tipping, to make sure that they did not linger because it made you uncomfortable. They got it all, looks like.

CHRISTIAN BALE

You asked them to put this in writing?

OLIVIA

Well, no. I just said to make sure every single employee knew. I don't manage how they communicate with their employees.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Go get me the fucking GM, right now.

Olivia rushes out of the room, Christian Bale crumples the memo and tosses it back to the Bellhop.

BELLHOP

So, shall I unpack your bags Mr Bale?

End Flashback

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

DEREK

I understand Polly. But you do owe me. Big time.

POLLY

You got it mister. Have a great day

Polly waves and walks off like a french poodle prancing for Best Of Show.

DEREK
(waves his middle finger
in the air)
You got it mister.

Derek passes the bellhop stand on the way to the employee lounge.

DEREK (CONT'D)
(daps up Leo)
What's up, my brutha?

LEO
Nother day, same ol' assholes.

DEREK
Yeah. Any good stories from overnight?

LEO
Yeah, Jimmy was on another one last night. That's like the third time this month.

DEREK
Damn, I thought Jeremiah was banning him after last time.

LEO
Yeah, Jeremiah is gonna tell that egomanaical prick that he is banned. Right.

DEREK
Truth.

LEO
He'd had 6 apple brandys and was holding court. Everyone taking him so seriousuly. 'Yessa, Masser James. You done got it right Jimmy! Preach to 'em JC' all the sychophant horseshit but on a whole 'nother level!

DEREK
What was he preachin?

LEO
Some coked up story of this hidden island where assholes like him go to live forever.

DEREK

Ah man, that's just Epstein island bro. Half these mutherfuckers zoomed in and out of that place all the time.

LEO

Nah. This was different. A bunch of rich old and horny white dudes are going to perve on teenagers. That's a fucking Tuesday in this town. Nah bro, this was something more fucked up.

DEREK

I need the number to his coke dealer.

LEO

You need the money to afford that number.

DEREK

(daps up Leo)
Truth.

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - DAY

Derek sits on a comfortable couch drinking a glass of water. The room fills with employees taking on the shift change. He looks at his online bank accounts. Checking \$355.33. Savings \$2,344.00. The room silences as Jeremiah enters.

JEREMIAH

I trust everyone has received the news that Mr. Bale is arriving at 11:00 a.m. this morning for an early check in.

DANTE

I didn't get the memo, boss.

JEREMIAH

Hilarious Dante. Hard to believe your stand up dreams have not yet materialized. So you all know the drill. He's a prick that doesn't tip and doesn't want you to linger. Here for 2 nights. It's a lot to ask - and I recognize that - but for the love of God, please keep this ape off my ass. No complaints and you get a raffle ticket for a Polly handjob. Guy or girl. Derek?

DEREK
 (snaps to attention)
 Yes, boss?

JEREMIAH
 Which medicated Derek do we have
 today?

DEREK
 Kolonopin Derek, Sir.

JEREMIAH
 Ooooo, I like Kolonopin Derek. Good
 choice.

DEREK
 Act of God, sir.

JEREMIAH
 Of course. Even God hates Christian
 Bale.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

SUPER: Valentine's Day 2021

Overhead view reveals a lush, vibrant, green tropical island. View from above shows a medium-sized island, nothing in sight to either horizon. Zoom in descends to the northeast coast of the island, a diver in scuba gear pops up, emerging from the water and walking to the coast. He pulls a communication device out as he discards the dive suit, revealing an aged but toned body.

MALE DIVER
 Landing confirmed. I repeat, landing
 confirmed.

RADIO REPLY (V.O.)
 Yes sir. O six hundred for the
 rendezvous spot.

He heads into the lush vegetation.

EXT. MAIN STREET ON ISLAND - DAY

A street teeming with activity shows people in and out of businesses, waving to each other. There is a frivolity and carefree spirit in the air, perhaps love for Valentines Day, but an undercurrent of malevolence sticks, providing unconscious queues of foreboding in each scene.

A bakery on the right of the street displays a poster in its picture window, encouraging the purchase of heart-shaped cookies, while a candy store attached displays heart-shaped boxes of candy as THE ORIGINAL VALENTINE! A visibly intoxicated Chris Farley stumbles out of the candy store holding 2 bags and his free arm draped around Juan Gabriel as they make their way to the bakery.

CHRIS

Remember when you played at the
Palacio de Bellas Artes?

JUAN

That was awesome.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That was awesome.

Chris grabs Juan's face and plants a big kiss on his cheek.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I love you Juan.

Juan affectionately pats Chris's face and tousles his hair. Frida passes them by.

FRIDA

Holla caballeros.

CHRIS

Hi Frida.

Chris and Juan enter the bakery. Frida crosses the street to a scaled-down Notre Dame Cathedral (Paris version), a sign Une Bonne Soeur in the tackiest neon red lights, as the door is opened, the viewer is swept inside the bar/club.

INT. BAR/CLUB FLOOR - LOW LIGHTING

Dimly lit tables are full as are deep purple velvet cushioned booths line the perimeter of the floor. Dour-faced waitresses dressed in Nuns' habits, not sexy in the least - full on floor dragging style - attend to drink needs of the clientele.

A quick scan of the tables reveal Walt Disney having drinks with Dick Clark, another table highlights a boisterous Bob Marley whooping it up with JFK and Bigge Smalls while Marilyn Monroe sits across from them visibly disinterested and scanning the room. Other tables dotting the scenscape include Paul McCartney holding court with Elvis.

Jim Jones, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison are in deep conversation at their regular weekly meeting of The Three Gems, Steve Jobs dominating a conversation with Rock Hudson and Amelia Earhart.

Frida makes her way to a table where Salvador Dali and Pablo Picasso smoke cigars and drink whiskey.

Onstage a completely ignored Andy Kaufman is performing an awkward stand up routine.

In the back booth, isolated and alone sits Lady Di, drinking a cranberry juice and surveying the entire scene with a sense of bemused and condescending detachment. Ryan Seacrest bursts through the doors and heads straight to the Walt Disney and Dick Clark table.

RYAN

Thanks for waiting gentlemen. I did send a text. 5 minutes was too much to ask, was it?

WALT

Settle down, Ryan. Jesus Christ. A couple of scotches and Dick regaling me with the exploits of Gene Simmons does not constitute us starting without you.

DICK

Seriously dude. What the fuck?

RYAN

(gathers himself)

Ok, ok. You know I hate being late and all of the hassle to get to this fucking place without being tracked. It's a lot. A lot.

DICK

Oh trust me junior, I know.

RYAN

(put in his place)

Of course, boss. So - who are the new targets?

A jump to the Bob Marley table. Bob fires up a medium sized joint and offers a pass to Marilyn who ignores him before passing along to JFK.

BOB
(exhaling and whispering
combo)

I have to get back and soon. My Q score is getting low Johnny. I need to help Zig get my movie deal finalized and get that fucking score back up.

JFK
Not smart Bobby. They're tightening border

controls. Even if you find a way off getting back on is tougher. It's not worth it, man. Get Biggie to go. He's got more connections and can touch base with Zig.

BIGGIE
The fuck? Nah man. My Q score is bussin.

JFK
Come on Big. Bob has no network in LA. We know and trust Snoop, and that crew can get you off and on. He's done it before.

BIGGIE
I almost drowned last time Fitz. I might look like a whale but you know we don't swim good.

BOB
Come on Pops. Johnny is right. I don't have a network there. You'll just need 2 days in and out. After all the Lambs Breath I've given you? Do me a solid.

JFK
Chris?

BIGGIE
Man....

BOB
Thanks brutha.

BIGGIE
I mutherfuckin hate the ocean. Goddamn, I better have a brick in my room when I return.

BOB
Done.

JFK
I'm going with you.

BIGGIE
What? Nah man. You ain't need to get
your Q score up.

JFK
Nah, but I gotta speak to Arnold
about a couple of things. Maria is
pissed again. That whole Kennedy
family curse bullshit is a headache
and a half. And I know a couple of
things about headaches.

BIGGIE
(takes a large puff,
holding it in)
Man that shit never gets old.

MARILYN
(turning to them)
Yeah it does.
(returns to her
disinterest)

JFK, BIGGIE and BOB look at each other in mock amazement before
cracking up in a haze of smoke.

E/I. SECRET LAIR - DAY

View zooms out of the bar as a patron opens door. A semi-secret
lair at the highest point of the island is revealed. A
mysterious man sits before a wall-to-wall panel of monitors,
allowing a scan of the entire island and any activity. His long
dark hair and olive-skinned hands are visible as the ornate and
oversized mahogany throne he sits on blocks the view of the rest
of him.

A Yakuza looking assistant wearing an all-black three-piece suit
enters the room abruptly. He waits impatiently.

MR. J
Yes Takeda

TAKEDA
There's something going on at the
northeast side of the island Mr. J. We
may have a breach. Individual
detected.

MR. J
And?

TAKEDA

It's Valentines Day, sir. Everyone is out and will be all day. The usual approach would not be wise.

MR. J

Then take an alternate approach, Takeda.

TAKEDA

Yes sir.

Mr. J focuses on a particular monitor and eyes Marilyn. Her disinterest piques his. He zooms into a closer view and fixates on her face. Scene dissolves in to the face of Julia Louis Dreyfus.

EXT. LA LUNCH HOTSPOT - DAY

JFK (V.O.)

Is that Julia Louis Dreyfus?

Scene transition back to the threesome. Arnold looks over his shoulder as he takes a last bite of his steak sandwich, stuffing the rest in.

ARNOLD

Yeah, that's her. Loves to be seen with Jerry. Always taking a table in the back so it seems like she's trying to be out of the public's view.

(returning to JFK and BIGGIE)

What a fucking joke, she's not even nominated for anything this year! No one cares what she has to say.

BIGGIE

Someone does.

ARNOLD

What? Julia Louis Dreyfus? You're 104, John.

BIGGIE

With a 46-year-old dick.

JFK

I do love her. God, Marilyn hates her.

BIGGIE
Fitz, you watch the King Of The Castle

JFK
I know. Marilyn hates it.

BIGGIE
Who can blame her?

JFK
She should be thanking me. Bobby
wanted her gone gone.

BIGGIE
Gone, gone?

JFK shakes his head affirmatively

BIGGIE (CONT'D)
Damn, Bobby's a goddamn gangsta.

ARNOLD
You watch the masturbation episode
every night?

JFK
This gorgeous woman loses the bet
thinking about MY son! How hot is
that?
(leans in)
The apple doesn't fall far from the
tree, you know.

Jerry and Julia continue their conversation.

JULIA
(locked into the gaze of
JFK)
JFK is eye fucking me right now. With
those baby blues.

JERRY
(starts to look)
What?

JULIA kicks him under the table.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey!

JULIA
(never diverting from the
JFK gaze)
Don't be a cock block, man.

JERRY
So JFK is eye fucking you. While he
has lunch with Biggie and Arnold
Schwarzenegger. I need the number of
your mushroom dealer. He's obviously
improved his stock.

JULIA
(slaps a \$50 down on the
table)
I gotta go, Jerry.

JERRY
(yelling)
What about the tip?

INT. BELHHOP STAND - DAY

Derek attends to minor tasks at the bellhop stand. He stops to
look at his bank account balances again.

DEREK
Damn.

Earpiece in Derek's ear flickers a small red light as a voice is
heard

POLLY (V.O.)
15 minutes out Derek. He has 7 bags
with him that will need to be
delivered to his suite.

DEREK
(absentmindedly)
15 minutes. Got it.
(mutters)
Maybe Jenny can kick in. It is her
mother too. (types a text) Hey Sis -
we need to talk about the insurance
thing. Can I run by later today?

JEREMIAH
15 minutes, man.

DEREK

Jesus, Jeremiah I heard. Goddamn, man. It is Christian Fucking Bale, not Jesus H Christ. Can we all get off this dude's jock. He's an asshole.

JEREMIAH

Of course he's an asshole. We're ALL assholes. That's the whole point.

DEREK

Not my point.

JEREMIAH

No, Derek, your point is you think you are better than everyone. Look man, I love you - I have gone to bat for you every single goddamn time. But let's face it, it's not gonna happen. No shame in that, Hollywood chews up most of us. We hate success and feel less than. Clearly, it makes some of us very insecure and resentful. That sucks. Christian Bale IS an asshole but HE is a talented and therefore important asshole. And we gotta recognize our placement on the asshole spectrum. THAT is the point.

DEREK

Fuck you, Jeremiah.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Derek rolls out the large luggage cart and waits for the imminent arrival. He glances at a text notification.

JENNY (V.O.)

Sure, but it's gotta be tonight. Headed out of town for a girls' trip tomorrow. Out for two weeks. AND all of my extra money is committed to that just fyi--

DEREK

Fuck that.

Derek jams his phone in his pocket as a large black SUV rolls up to a sudden stop. The driver exits and hurries out to the passenger side door and opens it.

Olivia exits the back and walks around to open the back as Derek arrives with the cart.

DRIVER

Watch your step, Mr Bale.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Thank you. I have it.

OLIVIA

Hey Derek, sure glad it is you. He is
in a mood today for sure.

Derek loads the bags on the cart. Last one left a little unbalanced.

DEREK

Great.

DRIVER

Thank you Mr. Bale. It sure was a
pleasure.

CHRISTIAN BALE

The same, thank you Frank.

Derek hurries with the cart to get the door for Christian Bale. As he pushes the cart the unsteady top bag, a Corinthian leather soft side brief case, falls to the ground and is obviously scarred.

CHRISTIAN BALE (CONT'D)

(rushing over)

What the fuck?

Derek rushes to beat him to the spot and bends over to pick up the bag.

DEREK

So sorry Mr. Bale.

Derek picks up the bag. It has a large scuffed area from hitting the concrete.

OLIVIA

Oh my goodness!

DRIVER

Oh shit!

DEREK

(immediately apologetic)

Mr. Bale, I am so sorry!

Bale grabs the bag from Derek.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Get the fuck away from me!

(to Olivia)

Get me the general manager now!

Christian Bale storms to the hotel lobby. Olivia comes up to console Derek.

OLIVIA

His grandfather gave him that on his death bed. He bought it in Italy during the war and carried it every day the rest of his work life. It's Mr. Bales most prized possession.

DEREK

Of course it is.

INT. FOREST HILLS BALLROOM - DAY

A crew of 8-10 people mill around the room as an impromptu rehearsal space with lights, cameras, boom mikes are set up. Individuals make small talk as they wait for Christian Bale. Bale and Olivia enter the room and huddle with a couple of people. Derek sneaks in, takes a seat at the back of the room.

OLIVIA

Ok people. We got 45 minutes before the limo arrives. Let's make the most of it.

Christian Bale and a stand in walk to the center of the room in front of the camera. The stand in holds a crumpled script.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Quiet!

Camera rolls.

STAND IN

There's no chance sir. The crew is barely

hanging on.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Surrender is not an option.

STAND IN

It's not a surrender sir. They have nothing to sustain them.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Nothing to sustain them? Goddamnit
boy, they have souls don't they!

STAND IN

But sir...

CHRISTIAN BALE

It's not a question.

Derek's cell phone rings. The entire room, including the camera, turns to Derek. The scene is seen thru the camera. Derek fumbles with his phone trying to turn it off. It keeps ringing. Bale turns his head to the direction of the ring and erupts. Derek finally silences the phone. Scene returns to normal perspective.

CHRISTIAN BALE (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?

DEREK

So sorry, Mr. Bale. I thought it was
silenced.

CHRISTIAN BALE

What in the fuck are you doing in here
bellhop? Who the fuck hires such
ingoddamncompetence? You ruin my
brief case and now you dare to even
enter my space. Why? You're not
fucking supposed to be here. You're
not invited. You're not needed. I
can't imagine you're needed
anyfuckingwhere. Get the fuck out
of here!

DEREK

Sir, I am sorry but I think...

Derek rises to walk over and address Christian Bale more
directly.

CHRISTIAN BALE

You think? Who the fuck pays you to
think? You carry bags, boy. You don't
fucking think.

Derek arrives and extends his hand in apology.

DEREK

Sir, I sincerely apologize. Please
allow me some way to--

Christian Bale slaps it away.

CHRISTIAN BALE
 Olivia, get me the goddman General
 Manager. NOW!

DEREK
 But sir...

Bale turns his back to walk away. A rage overtakes Derek.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 I'm talking to you asshole!

Bale stops and turns slowly. He returns face to face with Derek.

CHRISTIAN BALE
 Excuse me, bellhop.

DEREK
 Fuck you! You're no better than me.
 You're not special. I'm special.

CHRISTIAN BALE
 I'll grant you that retard.

A fury erupts and Derek punches Bale in the face, breaking his nose, blood spurting everywhere. Bale grabs his face. Blood pours thru his hands. He begins crying.

CHRISTIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 What have you done? Olivia. Help me.
 Please.

Stunned silence drapes the room. Paralysis grips everyone, Olivia included.

CHRISTIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 Olivia, please.

Olivia shakes back to the present and rushes to Bale, puts her arm around him and leads him out of the room, patting him on the back as if a child.

INT. JEREMIAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeremiah sits behind his desk. Polly sits on a chair opposite, alongside a seated Derek.

JEREMIAH
 I'm sorry man. I can't do anything
 else. He demanded that I call Mr.
 Novak on speaker. There was nothing I
 could say.

POLLY

I'm so sorry Derek, but you really shouldn't have been in there. And why would you punch him?

JEREMIAH

Told the old man he was gonna have to give up the role. Nose is broke.

POLLY

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Or nose, I guess.

DEREK

Jeremiah, come on man. You know I love American Psycho. I just wanted to see him in action. I gotta have this job, man. My Mom needs me to have this job. We're fucked without it.

JEREMIAH

I'll write you a letter of recommendation.

DEREK

Fuck that, Jeremiah. This town is drying up. I need an advance on my pay. I gotta pay \$5K by Friday or my Mom's physical therapy is cut off man. I gotta have this job.

JEREMIAH

I tried to convince Mr. Novak, Derek. I really did.

DEREK

Let me talk to him. I need that advance, man.

JEREMIAH

That's not possible, Derek.

DEREK

FUCK THAT!

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jenny makes a sandwich as Derek sits at the bar. Evidence of haphazard packing for the girls trip evident all around.

JENNY

Man, that really sucks.

DEREK

Yeah it sucks. And the shit is gonna spread

all over town. That assistant of his has a story for every day and I'm sure I will be the #1 attraction for a while.

JENNY

You did always say you were gonna hit #1 in this town some day.

(Derek glare)

What, too soon?

DEREK

I'm serious Jenny. I need some money for Mom's therapy.

JENNY

Well, I told you - I'm all out.

DEREK

How can you say that?

JENNY

How can you ask that? I don't love her the way you do, Derek. I don't. I love her. Mostly. I'm not the golden child, but I AM the one that had her hitting on every boyfriend and telling my friends how ugly they were until no one ever wanted to hang out anymore. Karma is a bitch man, just like Mom.

DEREK

That's not fair. She was having to deal with Dad's bullshit.

JENNY

Dad's bullshit. That's what it was. Well, she didn't deal. She just drank and smoked and fucked her way to a divorce. Blaming every producer in this town for preventing her dream. Just because she couldn't give a good blow job isn't Dad's fault. I don't blame Dad and you shouldn't either.

DEREK

I don't have time for this conversation today. I gotta find \$2500 in 3 days.

JENNY

Well, I really am sorry. But I don't have an extra \$2500. Maybe I'll hit big in the casino and bring you back some.

DEREK

I don't think there's much of a casino scene in Amsterdam.

JENNY

Maybe not.

DEREK

I gotta go.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL BAR - DAY

Derek sits at a lonely bar throwing back Peppermint Schnapps shots. An empty bottle sits as he finishes the last shot.

DEREK

'Nother bottle, Ross.

ROSS

Derek, I gotta cut you off man. You're gonna pass out drunk or go into a diabetic coma. Either way my insurance ain't gonna cover another time for me man.

DEREK

Ross, not you too man. Don't be a ball buster like these Hollywood fucks. My day is shitty enough. Get me another bottle.

ROSS

I'm serious Derek.
(sits a cup of coffee
down)
No more.

DEREK

How bout a shot of Jameson to go in this?

Ryan Seacrest enters the bar and takes a table in the back. Derek looks over, bewildered, not sure if he is really seeing Seacrest or just drunk.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hey Ross, am I really seeing Ryan Seacrest over there?

ROSS

What?

DEREK

Over there.

ROSS

Of course it is. Just like we've talked about.

DEREK

Are you fucking with me?

ROSS

Are you fucking with me?

DEREK

No!

ROSS

We've had this conversation a sit ton.

DEREK

I'm not usually here for the conversation.

ROSS

Last 4 or 5 months, shows up 2 or 3 times a month probably. Always takes that table.

DEREK

Bizarre.

ROSS

You're bizarre. More bizarre is the most random fucking people in the world sit down with him.

DEREK

Whadda ya mean?

ROSS

Just that. Some rando who looks like they're fresh off the Greyhound to fucking Elon Musk.

DEREK

Get the fuck outta here. Elon Musk.

ROSS

Derek, how many years have I been serving you?

DEREK

More than my liver cares to remember.

ROSS

Exactly. How many times have I bullshitted you?

Derek looks into Ross's eyes. Hesitates. Surveys the scene around him. Gulps down the cup of coffee, wipes his mouth and gets up to meet Ryan Seacrest.

DEREK

Mr. Seacrest?

RYAN

Leonard! Great to meet you. Or Leo? Here have a seat and we can get right to it. I know you're on a tight schedule.

DEREK

I'm sorry?

RYAN

You must be Leo? For the interview?

DEREK

No, my name is Derek.
(extends his hand)
Derek Ferrera.

RYAN

(hesitantly shakes hand)
Sorry Derek. I have an appointment and I thought you were him.

DEREK

No, sorry to bother. Can I take a seat?

RYAN

(looks at his watch)
Uhhh...I really hate being late.

DEREK

I don't think Leo will be showing up if that helps.

RYAN

Excuse me?

DEREK
Leo Jackson, right?

RYAN
Uh, yeah.

DEREK
He just got a promotion this morning.
I don't think he'll be coming for any
interview.

RYAN
How do you know that?

DEREK
I was the lead bellhop at the Chateau.
I got fired today. Leo was promoted.

RYAN
(jubilantly)
You're him? Haha. Holy shit, yes have
a seat Derek. That sonofabitch just
can't hold his shit.

DEREK
You've already heard?

RYAN
Yes (laughing). My assistant Jessica
has Olivia on constant chat.

DEREK
I knew it.

RYAN
Must have been a pretty tough day for
you.

DEREK
It's only gotten worse.

RYAN
(looks at his watch)
I hate to hear that Derek, I really
do. Look I don't want to be curt but I
have another appointment that cannot
reschedule. I'm gonna be honest. Leo
was interviewing with me because he
knew there was no open pathway for
him. He mentioned your name even and
said if he wants to get into
management it would have to be
somewhere else.

DEREK

Thank you sir. I take great pride in my reputation. I've worked incredibly hard for that. Not always the easiest clientele in the world but I do my best.

RYAN

I have no doubt. I'm gonna give you the cliff notes version. I already spent 90 minutes with Leo on conference call to give him all the background you are gonna get in the next 15 minutes.

(motions to the bartender)

Whadya having? Irish Coffee?

DEREK

Yes sir.

RYAN

So, the company is located in a remote area...

Scene transitions to a time lapse sequence. No conversation is heard. Derek takes his last sip of his Irish Coffee and scene returns to normal time as the conversation fades in.

RYAN (CONT'D)

...So, you work for 10 straight months and get two months off. \$250K salary and a \$5k sign on bonus. That about sums it up. It's a lot to take in and I know it's a quick turn time but I gotta know by Noon tomorrow.

DEREK

Noon?

RYAN

Is that a problem?

DEREK

No sir. But my Mom has some medical issues and I gotta get a few things wrapped up before I'm gone for 10 months. I'm in - I can tell you that. But I gotta get some loose ends tied up.

RYAN

That's tough. What's going on with your Mom?

DEREK

Let's just say she has some complications. Honestly, I don't like to get into it much. No offense.

RYAN

Of course.

(pauses)

I tell you what...

Ryan reaches into his jacket and lays down an envelope on the table.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Here's \$10K. I'll send departure details to you later tonight.

DEREK

Sir, thank you! My address is--

RYAN

I know where you live.

Derek is appreciative as he takes the envelope, squeezing it tight.

DEREK

Mr. Seacrest, than--

RYAN

Call me Ryan.

DEREK

Uh, ok. Ryan, thanks so much. You have no idea how much I needed this. No idea.

RYAN

You've earned it. Better keep it up.

DEREK

I will sir. Ryan.
(gets up to leave)

RYAN

And Derek?

DEREK

Yes sir?

RYAN

Not a soul. No one. I'm not bluffing. I've had people regret not being able to observe one of the 2 rules. I know a few people in this town.

DEREK

Tell no one about the company. Answer no questions about the company. Got it.

INT. REHAB HOSPITAL SUITE - NIGHT

Derek sits with his mother in her room, holding her hand and revealing as much of his new adventure as possible. She is alert but physically struggles to show any body language.

MOM

Oh Derek, I am so happy for you.

DEREK

I know it's sudden but it was too good to pass up, Mom. It's still working with pretentious assholes but it's a good opportunity with some new scenery.

MOM

A fresh start. (pats his hand) You have been working so hard for so little, sweetheart. It's changed you. Made you unhappy. I see it. You put on a brave face but a mother knows. This is what I've been praying for.

DEREK

Mom...

MOM

Let a Mom have her beliefs. My prayers have been answered. I'm so proud.

DEREK

Thank you, Mom.

(kisses her hand)

So, 10 months. Then I'll be back and you'll see me every day. I have all of the bills taken care of and Nurse Ratched knows what to do if there are any hiccups. Jenny will check in on you.

MOM

Well, isn't that a relief.

DEREK

Come on, Mom.

MOM

Nothing for you to worry about
sweetheart. I'll be fine. Frank is
coming in every day to check on me.

DEREK

More like he's checking you out every
day. Is he getting handsy? Do I need
to have a talk?

MOM

Oh stop.

DEREK

She will check in on you. She loves
you.

MOM

Love is a complicated word, Derek.
Love has

no room for ego and pride.

DEREK

She does. I know it, she knows it and
you know it.

MOM

(patting his hand)

I'll be fine, dear. I'm getting tired
now.

Derek gets up and tries to make his Mom as comfortable as
possible. He leans over and gives her a kiss on her forehead.

DEREK

Bye Mom, the time will fly by and
you'll see me again before you know
it.

MOM

(eyes closed)

I know, sweetie.

DEREK

Tell Frank to keep his hands to
himself!

MOM
 (starts to nod off)
 Oh Derek...

DEREK
 (one final kiss)
 I love you, Mom.

INT. DEREK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Derek strides off the elevator to his door with a sense of relief, but something nags him. He fishes out keys from his pocket and bends over to pick up a legal-sized manila envelope sealed shut. Unlocks the door, makes his way to the kitchen and sits down. Opens the envelope and pulls out a cover letter in a perfect cursive penmanship.

RYAN (V.O.)
 Derek, Ichiban will arrive tomorrow at 4:00 to deliver you to the airport at 5:00. I have included a roster for all current guests as well as a brief rundown of their likes and most importantly, their dislikes. Memorize this information. I will meet you at the island to give you the grand tour. Get plenty of sleep - tomorrow is going to be a long day. Have a safe flight. Do not be late. R.

Derek rereads the letter and pulls out a folder full of info. He glances at it as he pulls out his cell phone. He starts a text.

DEREK (TEXTING)
 Hey, I know you're leaving early in the morning. I won't get to see you before you leave. I've had something come up. I'm gonna leave a note at your apartment with details. Nothing to worry about. Have fun on your trip. I love you.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DEREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A Yakuza looking Limo driver opens the door as Derek exits the apartment building.

DRIVER
 Mr. Herrera, make yourself comfortable. I'll get your bags.
 (MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

There's a selection of beverages
and snacks - treat yourself.

DEREK

(extending his hand)
Ichiban, is it?

DRIVER

Yes sir.

DEREK

Nice to meet you.
(waves an envelope)
I need to make a quick stop on the
way. 5 minutes.

DRIVER

As you wish, sir.

INT. JENNY'S APT - DAY

Derek puts a bulky envelope on the bar. He pauses, picks up the envelope and takes out a folded piece of paper. Several \$100 dollar bills and a flip phone are evident. Unfolds the paper. The note is hard to read due.

DEREK (V.O.)

Jenny, here is a burner phone to use in case of an emergency. DO NOT share this with ANYONE! No texts, calls only. I'm the only number in here. DO NOT share with ANYONE! I know this sounds weird but I got an opportunity that is gonna take me out of town for a few months. I'm not able to go into it here. I have all of the therapy bills taken care of and payments going forward. Here is a little bit of money to use to take Mom flowers every Friday and some for you to pamper yourself with. I know you love that Crystal Korean day spa. This should last until I'm back. Sorry we couldn't talk in person. Love you! D.

Derek looks in the envelope, fingers thru 20 \$100's. Pulls out the phone and opens it. Contacts show 'Derek'. Closes the phone, drops it in the envelope with the letter and places it on the counter. Looks around, taking in the scene. Pats the envelope and bounds out the door.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Derek has a sparkling water in the drink holder and a bag of nuts on the seat. The folder of information in his lap as he reads a document of Olympus inhabitants listed in alpha order.

DEREK
(muttering)
Goddamn. Just incredible.

He drags his finger down the list and half says some of the names. He jolts to a sudden stop as his finger rests on a name.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Spencer. Diana Frances.

He pauses. Extends his hands to read to ensure he's reading clearly. Pulls it close to his face and in a barely audible whisper.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Lady Fucking Di?
(looks up)
Ichiban?

DRIVER
Yes sir.

DEREK
Is Lady Di on the island?

DRIVER
Sorry sir. I'm not at liberty to discuss.

DEREK
Yeah, of course. Rule #2. Lady Di.
Well, this just keeps getting better
and better.
(reads her dislikes)
Ego, huh? You and me both,
princess. You and me both.

Limo pulls up to airport tarmac. A private plane awaits. Ichiban gets out and opens the door for Derek and then the trunk. He passes luggage to an airplane attendant. Derek shakes his hand as Ichiban doffs his driver's cap.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Thank you Ichiban, it's been a
pleasure.

DRIVER
 (solemnly)
 Godspeed, sir.

DEREK
 Godspeed?

The driver intensifies his grip, places his second hand on Derek's.

DRIVER
 Godspeed.

Ichiban squeezes Derek's hand harder and looks him in the eyes before letting go and returning to the limo. Derek watches the limo drive off. The airplane attendant stands atop the plane's steps.

ATTENDANT
 It's 4:54 Mr. Herrera. Wheels up in 6.

Derek watches the limo fade into the horizon.

DEREK
 Yeah, yeah - of course.
 (mutters)
 Godspeed...

An assistant walks up and places a blindfold on Derek and helps him to the plane steps. Derek carefully ascends the steps and disappears into the plane.

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Intercom comes on.

PILOT
 We're making our landing approach. On the ground in 5. It's gonna be a bit rocky the rest of the way. Seat belts please.

The attendant and Derek fasten their belts. Derek leaves his loose.

ATTENDANT
 He undersold it.

DEREK
 What?

ATTENDANT

Rocky. That's a nice euphemism. It's gonna be more than a bit. But it's fine. The atmosphere around the island is controlled and not designed for a smooth landing. Jim has been making this flight more than a few times though. It's fine. I promise.

The plane experiences slight turbulence before increasing in intensity. Derek is nervous as he grips the seat arms. Turbulence is throwing the plane in all directions.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

It's fine.

DEREK

He definitely undersold it!

ATTENDANT

It's fine.

Derek looks out the window. The island comes into focus. The lush beauty takes his attention away from the rocky flight. He stares in awe as the plane approaches the south west edge of the island and a small runway comes into focus.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Tighten your belt.

Derek's attention is still diverted. He doesn't pay attention.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Tighten your seat belt Mr. Herrera.

Derek returns his attention to the flight. As he starts to tighten the belt the plane makes contact with the runway. Hard. Derek is thrown straight up in his seat, his head violently hits the side of the cabin above the window.

DEREK

(grabs his head)
Fuck!

ATTENDANT

A little rocky, huh?

DEREK

(rubbing his head)
Hardly.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The plane comes to a complete stop. The attendant jumps up to attend to items and Derek gets the envelope that has fallen on the floor and exits the plane. Another attendant is unloading bags to a large golf cart on ATV wheels. Ryan Seacrest sits in the passenger side as the driver sits at rapt attention. Ryan gets up to shake Derek's hand.

RYAN

Derek! How was the flight?

DEREK

(still rubbing his head)
Descent left a little to be desired.

RYAN

Yeah, gets a little rocky, doesn't it.

DEREK

A little.

RYAN

Glad you made it. Jump in. Let's take a tour of the island.

EXT. GUEST BUNGALOW PARKING SPACE - DAY

ATV comes to a stop in front of a well-appointed bungalow. Ryan gets out. Derek looks in amazement at the bungalow and lushness surrounding it.

RYAN

(jumping out)
OK, here's your humble abode for the next 10 months. Kiyoshi will take your bags in and get you all settled. No tipping required.

DEREK

What?

RYAN

(laughing))
I know a few people. OK, go take a look around, freshen up and then meet me at the council hall in 45 minutes. I need your John Hancock on a few things and then we can head over to the bar. Dress smartly - remember, JFK's birthday party tonite. It's gonna be a long one!

INT. DEREKS BUNGALOW - DAY

The lavishly appointed bungalow radiates wealth. He inspects the master bedroom, pokes his head in the second bedroom, views the bathroom and the office and then goes to the pantry to see an endless supply of food. He walks through the dining room to the sitting area and plops down on the couch in front of a fire place.

A muted TV above the mantle plays a commercial for Olympus. He's tired, bewildered, amazed and sceptical - creating a delirious state of mind.

He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket. NO SERVICE. He pulls out the flip phone and opens it. Contacts are all of island inhabitants. He inspects the phone, closes it and returns it to his pocket.

He scans the space as his mind tries to make sense of the last 24 hours... and scenes illuminate his thoughts.

MONTAGE:

- + Christian Bale rushing to retrieve his briefcase.
- + Hi Mom saying I'm so proud of you.
- + Throwing back shots of peppermint schnapps.
- + Taking a shit.
- + His Mom saying I'm so proud of you.
- + Jenny saying 'I love Mom. Mostly'
- + Getting tossed around in the plane.
- + Getting fired by Jeremiah.
- + Approaching Ryan Seacrest at the bar.
- + His Mom saying I'm so proud of you.
- + Seeing Lady Di on the inhabitants list.
- + Stuffing the envelope for Jenny.
- + Kissing his Mom on the forehead.
- + Ichiban staring in his eyes and slowly mouthing 'G-o-d-s-p-e-e-d' in an exaggerated way.

That image gets stuck in a mental loop, becoming more psychedelic, ominous and menacing before Derek jolts back to reality. His flip phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out.

A reminder flashes: JFK BDAY PARTY 2NITE

EXT. ISLAND PATH TO COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT

Derek walks briskly from his bungalow. Crisp white linen pants and shirt drape his thin frame. He wears a blue blazer with suede shoes, looking every bit the eligible bachelor. He bounds into the council hall, a seated Ryan Seacrest is scrolling two phones, one in each hand. An array of papers and a Mont Blanc pen are on the table.

Ryan stuffs the cell phones in his pockets and stands to shake Derek's hand.

RYAN

Derek, good deal. Get a little refresher in?

DEREK

I did.

RYAN

Great. Like I said it's gonna be a long night and then you'll have the rest of the weekend to recuperate and voila, Monday morning Olympus has a new general manager!

DEREK

I'm still a little overwhelmed, if I'm being honest. It's like I stepped into an episode of Black Mirror or something.

RYAN

It's alot to wrap your head around. It'll take some time. My advice is to not question it or even think about it. It just is. Olympus the most exclusive resort in the world with the most ego maniacal clientele ever gathered in one space - aside from Oscar night. Being the GM requires a blend of diplomacy, compromise, ass-kissing, ego-stroking and taking one on the chin pretty much daily.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Every now and then you'll have to administer a hall of fame worthy verbal, or if necessary physical, beat down. I think he's known as Xanax Derek if my info is reliable. Makes 'em remember who is REALLY in charge. (winks at Derek)

DEREK

Sir?

RYAN

I told you to call me Ryan. Here, let's have a seat and get this paperwork out of the way so we can get this party started.

Derek grabs the Mount Blanc and pulls the stack of papers and starts to read them.

DEREK

OK... just let me make sure I und...

RYAN

We need to be over there 5 minutes ago. It's all the basic stuff, comp agreements, NDA, etc... etc... Just get em signed and we can be on our way. I'll introduce you to everyone. Anyone special you'd like to meet?

Derek looks at the stack of papers...hesitates before responding.

DEREK

Lady Di.

RYAN

Yeah? Wouldn't have guessed you a Royals guy.

DEREK

I despise them.

RYAN

Except for Ms. Spencer, huh?

DEREK

She's not a royal. She's one of us. She was one of the fortunates to have been seen and heard and gained access to the system. Ego for a brief moment took a back seat to love and Charles did what any man would do. But she's not a royal. She's one of us.

RYAN

Might want to brush up on a few facts but I have to say, you are full of surprises. OK, sign those papers and let's go say hi to Di.

Derek rushes through the stack and applies his signature.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ryan makes his way through the bar, gladhanding and making introductions. The usual mix of groups dots the space. A Happy Birthday banner hangs at the back of the stage. A jazz band plays music that blends effortlessly with the buzz of the bar, almost unheard. Derek spies Lady Di at her back booth. Alone with a cranberry juice.

His eye catches hers for a moment. Derek imagines a connection beginning to emerge as a sudden slap on the back brings back reality.

RYAN

You're gonna love this guy. He was the lead bellhop at the Chateau for over a decade. You and I both know that's the most thankless and demanding job in LA hospitality. Gave that son of a bitch Bale a hard time too. And now he's ours Walt. All ours.

WALT

(extending his hand)

Good to meet you Derek. This is going to be a long one but stop by my bungalow before you call it a night. I'd like to discuss a couple of things.

DEREK

Yes sir, I will.

WALT

Enough of the sirs - it's Walt.

DEREK

Yes sir.

WALT

We'll work on it. Talk to you later.

Ryan whisks Derek away and they move slowly to the back booth.

RYAN

(whispering))

OK, big man. All of those nights you kept the shareholders of Kleenex happy are about to pay off if you remember your best lines. I'm gonna drop you off at the table and let you handle introductions. I don't want to be a cock block. She used to have a thing for me.

DEREK

Diana had a thing for you?

RYAN

Oh no, not Diana. Sorry sport. I asked but she said she was not feeling up to convo tonite. So, I did a solid and pre-approved you with Marilyn.

DEREK

Pre-approved?

RYAN

DTF.

A blank look from Derek.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Down to fuck, man!

DEREK

What?

RYAN

I thought you'd be on your A game tonite. Seize the day and shit. No fraternization starting Monday - you know that. This is your last shot at live pussy for nearly a year. And it's with Marilyn Monroe!

DEREK

Marilyn Monroe used to have a thing for you?

RYAN

Used to. Long over. Trust me, the less I'm around the better. Anyway here we go...

Ryan leads Derek to the booth and makes an abrupt turn and leaves without saying a word.

Derek stands awkwardly as Marilyn looks at him, lips slightly pursed and unmoving. The silence is becoming increasingly uncomfortable.

MARILYN
(extends her hand)
Marilyn.

DEREK
God,
(stammers)
my dad was so in love with you.

MARILYN
Oh my Lord. You're new to wooing celebrities, aren't you, Derek?

DEREK
I don't woo them. I exist with them.

MARILYN
Ah, bitter. I don't blame you. Genetic roulette, cosmic lottery - it's all true. I could be you secretly hoping I get to fuck the shit out of me. And you could be me, questioning if that would be a wise move.

DEREK
(flustered)
Not bitter. Not an ass kisser.

MARILYN
You may want to reconsider that. For tonite at least.

DEREK
Ma'am...

MARILYN
(sternly)
Strike two...I like an ass eating like anyone.

DEREK
Uh, Mari...

MARILYN
Why don't we make it Norma for tonite?

DEREK
My Dad said you hated that name.

MARILYN

I do. When your Dad was jerking off was he thinking about Marilyn or Norma?

DEREK

Marilyn.

MARILYN

Exactly. So let's not confuse things. Marilyn was a great nut for your old man and Norma will be your nut tonite. Sound good?

DEREK

Uh, yeah I guess so.

MARILYN

OK, Derek, Better. Nice to meet you. Would you like to have a seat with me?

DEREK

Yes ma;... Yes, Norma I would very much like that. If I may...

MARILYN

You may had better sit your ass down in that booth, post haste Derek.

An hour has passed as Andy Kaufman takes the stage. He taps the microphone to quiet the patrons.

ANDY

Thank you, Olympus! And thank you to our mothers serving us libations tonight. 5 Hail Marys for the sins we're about to commit. Give them a round of applause for their hard work. No tipping required.

MARILYN

What a bore. So not funny. Not nearly as clever as everyone thinks. So he actually faked his own death? That's not clever, that's cliché. Let's see him get hunted down by the FBI and put on a plane by the CIA. See how clever he is then.

DEREK

Not a fan, huh?

MARILYN

Now, Chris Farley - don't even get me started with that cute little teddy bear.

DEREK

Are you happy here?

MARILYN

That's a tad presumptuous; quick even for a Nora Ephron disaster.

DEREK

You're gonna tell me I don't know you well enough to ask you that question. That's what Nora Ephron would write.

MARILYN

You don't know yourself enough to ask that question. That's what Meg Ryan would say.

DEREK

I like you.

MARILYN

You want to fuck me.

DEREK

You're Marilyn Monroe.

MARILYN

Tonite I'm Norma Jean. But yes, I am Marilyn fucking Monroe. Di needs to remember that. I'm the O.G.

DEREK

You have beef with Diana?

MARILYN

I have beef with no one. They have beef with me.

DEREK

Why does she have beef with you?

MARILYN

I'm the O.G. Royalty don't mean shit here. Princess my ass. Like she was born a Princess. How quickly she forgets Momma and Poppa were little more than dignitaries attending podunk social events, signing meaningless decrees.

DEREK
She was a commoner.

MARILYN
You need a new Reddit thread.
Commoner? Please.

DEREK
Do you like me?

MARILYN
Not especially.

DEREK
Will you grow to?

MARILYN
Unlikely.

DEREK
Do you want to come back to my place.

MARILYN
Immediately.

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As the twosome lay under the luxurious down comforter, an air of satisfaction and disbelief surrounds Derek. A silence is broken.

MARILYN
Was it like you had imagined?

DEREK
I never had.

MARILYN
You think it was what your old man
would have imagined.

DEREK
Seems unlikely

MARILYN
How so?

DEREK
I don't think he ate ass.
(pops a bunch of
Tic Tacs into his mouth)
But the old man loved a good
Cleveland Steamer.

MARILYN
Cleveland steamer?

DEREK
You don't want to know.

MARILYN
You're my first in a long time. Well,
a week. But do blow jobs count? If not
then it was a long time.

DEREK
Please. Don't patronize me.

MARILYN
What? Ryan say something? Just because
I was DTF doesn't mean I am with
everyone.

DEREK
Not even the President?

MARILYN
Trust me. He thinks everyone melts for
those baby blues. Not this bitch. Not
anymore. He can watch his fucking
Seinfeld every night and rub himself
raw for all I care.

DEREK
Speaking of which, I probably need to
get back there and make an appearance
and you have a song to sing...

MARILYN
Don't remind me.

DEREK
It's on the agenda.

MARILYN
You're not in for a treat.

DEREK
What do you mean?

MARILYN
Let's just say the President hasn't
been south of the equator in some
time. He's not getting a winning
performance from me when I get zero
performance from him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A drunk and disinterested Marilyn Monroe begins Happy Birthday Mr President in what appears to be an uninspired rendition. She stops mid song and glares at the President. An uncomfortable tension grips the audience. Juan Gabriel jumps into action and hurriedly makes his way to the stage.

As he hops on stage a Chris Farley outburst materializes.

CHRIS
(cheering wildly)
Remember when you were having an affair with him behind his family's back Marilyn? That was awesome.

Frida walks up and tugs at his jacket to get his attention and have him sit down.

FRIDA
Christopher. I told you - no more heckling.

CHRIS
(drunkenly)
Yeah. No more heckling. But that WAS awesome.

FRIDA
Yes it was.

Marilyn drops the microphone and Juan rescues it from hitting the floor. Marilyn stumbles off stage as JFK passes her coming on stage. He attempts to give her a kiss.

MARILYN
Don't touch me. Go tell it to Elaine.

JUAN
Come on up Mr. President. Let's finish this the right way.

Juan completes the song, perfectly mimicking the vintage Marilyn performance everyone cherishes, just with a little extra sugar. He brings the song to a close with a curtsy to JFK. He looks to the audience.

No response. JFK takes the microphone as Juan struts off stage.

JFK
OK, thank you Marilyn and Juan. Bet no one saw that combo coming? Am I right?

Jazz drummer does a ta-da.

JFK (CONT'D)

OK, OK. I know it's a bit unusual for the birthday boy to be master of ceremonies but we see what happens when I trust other people to do the job. Fidel - Am I right?

Drummer taps a ta-da.

JFK (CONT'D)

Sonny's paying attention.

JIM JONES

That makes one of us.

JFK

Jim, do us a favor, drink some more Kool-Aid. For real this time. Am I right?

Jazz drummer taps ta-da. Derek and Ryan sit at a table with drinks.

RYAN

Johnny needs to stick to politics. Lord knows we need it right now.

DEREK

What do you mean?

RYAN

Nothing. Figure of speech. How'd it go with the Marilyn?

DEREK

We had a lovely time.
(more tic-tacs)
I'll enjoy getting to know her over time.

RYAN

Well, know her all you can before Monday. OK, let's talk about this Walt meeting.

DEREK

Meeting?

RYAN

Marilyn erase your memory already? She usually waits a bit.

DEREK

What?

RYAN

Figure of speech. About this meeting.

DEREK

I thought it was just a more formal hello.

RYAN

That's what the old man wants you to think. Look, we've been working on a transition for some time. It's all in place, all signed, sealed and delivered. No changing the terms this late in the game.

DEREK

I'm not following.

RYAN

Walt's time is coming to an end. I can't get into all the details but he's having second thoughts. Thinks he's special. Not held to the rules Mr J holds each of us to. Not here Walt. So, let him say his piece, tell him you'll discuss it with the council and me. Then just forget anything he tells you.

DEREK

I'm not following.

RYAN

Derek, I didn't hire you to not be following me. Placate the old man, forget what he says and I have it taken care of. Got it?

DEREK

Yeah, I think so.

RYAN

OK, great. He'll expect you around 2:00 a.m. or so. Pop around to the back and walk on in. He doesn't like knocking. The back will be open. He'll be in the breakfast nook having a cup of coffee so he can stay awake, I'm sure.

DEREK

OK, 2 on the nose?

RYAN

A little after. Don't leave here before 2. Johnny gets pouty when people leave early. I don't want to hear about how the new GM isn't making a good first impression.

DEREK

Got it. I'll see you tomorrow?

RYAN

Nah, I'm headed out in a bit. Kaitlyn has a new pitch and swears this is going to make Keeping Up seem like My Three Sons. I owe him, so I gotta hear him out. Again.

DEREK

My Three Sons?

RYAN

Oldie but a goodie. Required viewing to me. It's in the media library. Check it out.

DEREK

(Leans in for a bro hug)
Thanks for everything Ryan. I'm not gonna let you down. Promise. Gonna keep a low profile, give the best service ever and make it look easy the whole time. You won't hear anything unless it's a compliment.

RYAN

(no go on the hug)
I have no doubt, my man. Keep your phone on 24/7. Always on call.

DEREK

Got it.

RYAN

Let me know if anything goes awry with the old man.

(stands up, starts towards
the door))
Good luck man. And Godspeed.

INT. DEREK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARILYN

Wasn't good was it?

DEREK

It was pretty terrible.

MARILYN

Don't guess you had plans for seconds, huh?

DEREK

I'm just agreeing with you.

MARILYN

It's OK - I wanted it to be terrible. It's what he gets. Juan saved the day, though didn't he?

DEREK

That was sweet.

MARILYN

No one sweeter on this island, I assure you.

DEREK

I am sorry.

MARILYN

No pity parties, Derek. All the girls are just nails, waiting to be hammered. Mr. J sees to that. Turns his eye to be accurate.

DEREK

How?

MARILYN

Please. There's virtually no space on this island not in camera shot. He knows what goes on. His island. His rules. That means no rules.

DEREK

Two rules at least.

MARILYN

That explains it all. Chris Farley really nailed it huh?? That cutie. I just want to pinch his face.

DEREK

So did the President.

MARILYN

Enough of this place. It bores me.

DEREK

I have to go to a meeting with Walt Disney in a bit.

MARILYN

A meeting?

DEREK

I guess. I thought it was a formal welcome but Ryan said there's a transition thing that he wants changed. I'm supposed to listen and pat him on the head. Kinda weird.

MARILYN

Sounds on brand for Ryan.

DEREK

He's been a straight shooter with me so far.

MARILYN

How would you know? (pauses) I'm not here to speak ill of Ryan. Lord knows. He's in a tough spot. Walt knows this. He's hoping new blood might shake things up.

DEREK

I'm NOT here to shake things up. Seen, not heard. No drama.

MARILYN

You were in the drama before you even met. You're not here by accident. There are no accidents with Ryan. He's been weaving a web with you for no telling how long.

DEREK

How do you know that?

MARILYN

You're here aren't you?

(changing the
conversation)

Hey, why the glum face? This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Your life is just going to keep on changing every day you're here. Have fun. And Godspeed.

DEREK

Goddamn! Why is everyone saying that?

MARILYN

What?

DEREK

Godspeed! You're the third person. And it doesn't feel like a pleasantry.

MARILYN

Don't be silly. Just means good luck.

DEREK

Why do I need good luck?

MARILYN

They want you to succeed.

DEREK

At what?

MARILYN

I suppose we'll find out.

DEREK

(waiting for more)

Are you fucking with me?

MARILYN

(pause)

Yeah, I am. Fucking with you.

DEREK

I have to be at the old man's a little after 2. Will you be here when I get back?

MARILYN

Best if I'm not.

DEREK

Why?

MARILYN

We're already going to be the talk of the island. No reason for me to take a walk of shame in the morning. I'll go back to my place. We can have martinis tomorrow.

DEREK

I'd love that.

MARILYN

It's settled. Also...

DEREK

Yeah?

MARILYN

I know how much you want to scream
'this one's for you Dad'. If there is
a next time, I'll allow it.

DEREK

Wow.

MARILYN

You're welcome.

I/E. WALT DISNEY BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Derek makes his way to the back of the bungalow. He peeks in a window before heading to the back door. It's unlocked. He enters gingerly to no sound or activity. He walks through the mud room into the back of the kitchen and yells out:

DEREK

Mr. Disney? Sir? Walt, it's me, Derek.

Derek waits for a response. There is none.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Walt?

Derek makes his way thru the kitchen and sees a slumped over Walt in the breakfast nook area. He rushes over.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Walt?!

Derek pulls on slumped shoulders and finds a butchers knife plunged into Walt's chest. Derek pulls out the knife and drops it in disgust. It lands on a piece of paper. Blood covers his palm. He lets Walt drop back on the table. A scream pierces the silence and jolts Derek to attention. Another shriek. A third. A crowd is gathers. Bob Marley shouts out...

BOB

Hey man - who's in there??

DEREK

Hey Mr. Marley. Bob. Hey Bob, it's me.
Derek Herrera. The new GM.

BOB

Derek, what's going on man?

JIM MORRISON

Yeah man, what's going on in...

ELVIS

(butting in)

Derek, The King here. What's going on man? Why are you in Walt's house.

DEREK

We were having a meeting.

ELVIS

A meeting about what? Mickey and Donald?

DEREK

Honestly, I don't know exactly.

ELVIS

You're not making sense Derek. Why are we yelling to each other. Get out here man.

DEREK

OK, but this is gonna look weird so I want to make sure everyone is calm and chill and will let me explain.

JIM

Derek, what the fuck are you--

ELVIS

Derek, what the fuck are you
(pauses, unsure)
doing.. what are you TALKING about?
Yeah, what are you talking about?

DEREK

Is everyone calm and chill?

ELVIS

Yeah, man. Everyone is calm and chill.
(motions to quiet the
crowd)
Come on out so we can talk about
this.

Derek appears from the side of the bungalow with his hands in the air. The right palm blood covered.

DEREK

Calm and chill, right?

BOB
What's that on your hand Derek?

DEREK
Calm and chill, right Bob?

JIM
What is it--

ELVIS
What is it Derek?

DEREK
Blood. From a knife.

JIM
(rushed)
Whose blood Derek?
(looks at Elvis)

DEREK
Walt's.

BOB
Why is Walt's blood on your hand
Derek? And where is Walt? Is he okay?

DEREK
Walt's dead.

ELVIS
Walt's dead?
(glares at Jim)

DEREK
Someone killed him.

BOB
Who killed him Derek?

DEREK
I don't know Bob!

JIM
Walt's dead and his blood is on your
palm?

DEREK
Looks bad doesn't it?

BOB
Looks pretty bad, Derek.

DEREK
I didn't do it though.

BOB
Who did it Derek?

DEREK
I don't know Bob. I just know it was done. I walked in and that's how I found him.

BOB
We need to call Mister J to let him know.

JIM
Who the fuck are you kidding?

Crowd looks in the direction of a camera and waves. Chris Farley exaggeratedly points to Derek. 'He did it'

DEREK
Can someone call Ryan?

STEVE JOBS
On it.

INTERCUT SCENE - Ryan answers phone on the plane.

RYAN
Steve?

STEVE
We have a bit of a situation here.

RYAN
Is Bob there? He's the HNIC.

STEVE
This is above Bob's paygrade.

End Intercut.

RYAN
(listens)
Has Mister J been alerted?
(listens)
True. OK, on my way back.

INT. COUNCIL HALL OFFICE - DAY

Derek sits at the table, slumped in his chair running his hands thru his hair. Ryan enters.

RYAN

Well Derek, you lied to me already.
The first call was not a compliment.

DEREK

I'm sorry Ryan.

RYAN

Considering the circumstances, it's
Mister Seacrest.

DEREK

What?

RYAN

Circumstances. Cut to the chase.

DEREK

Showed up for our meeting, like you
said. Walked in, yelled to get his
attention.

RYAN

And?

DEREK

And I didn't hear anything. I walked
in and saw him slumped over in the
kitchen.

RYAN

Slumped over?

DEREK

Yeah, slumped over. I pulled him up to
see what was going on and there was a
big knife sticking in his chest.

RYAN

In his chest?

DEREK

Yes sir. And I pulled it out.

RYAN

And why did you pull it out Derek?

DEREK

Instincts, sir.

RYAN
You've done this type of thing before?

DEREK
No sir, of course not.

RYAN
Doesn't sound instinctual to me.

DEREK
You know what I mean, Ryan.

Ryan clears his throat

DEREK (CONT'D)
Mister Seacrest.

RYAN
I don't think I do, Derek. Doesn't matter. Well, well, well - we have quite a situation here. I don't think I realized what I was signing up for when I hired you.

DEREK
Sir, I did all the signing.

RYAN
Touche. OK, well, I am going to have to get with the council and figure out our next move. In the meantime, you are confined to your bungalow. If you need supplies or room service, call the concierge. I'll get back to you in a day or so.

DEREK
Ryan?

Ryan returns a stern glare.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I did not do this. You have to know I did not. I would not. I could not.

RYAN
Enough of the Dr Suess routine. Go to your bungalow. When it's time I'll have Joe let you know. Fuck, you have me doing it.

DEREK
I didn't do this.

EXT. SECRET LAIR - NIGHT

MR. J

(earpiece and bluetooth
engaged)

Yes. I expect nothing less. It means
nothing if the plan is not fully
executed.

Mr J looks intently at a monitor showing the Walt Disney bungalow. He presses a button on his throne. The camera focuses in on the piece of paper on the floor beside the kitchen table. Blood smears partially cover the words Goldie Locks, Kate Rocks, Kurt Docks.

FADE TO BLACK.