

"INDIAN SPRINGS"

FADE IN: EXT. SAHARA HOTEL - LAS VEGAS - PRESENT DAY

The Sahara Hotel's sign glimmers in the broiling desert heat.

INSERT: In small letters at the bottom corner, it reads:  
Casbah Lounge - "The stylings of Sandy Remick."

INT. SAHARA HOTEL - CASBAH LOUNGE - DAY

Outside the small lounge, a large poster propped up on a stand has a photograph of SANDY REMICK, late sixties, glamorous, blonde, beautiful, and vivacious. An old school trouser, who gives her all, no matter how paltry the crowd.

Gold glitter stars dot the poster. Block lettering above Sandy's photograph states:

Sandy Remick, Star of Stage and Screen. "Slightly Sinful - Slightly Somber - Always Sensational."

Beyond the poster, Sandy is on stage crooning "Love Will Keep Us Together."

Two FEMALE TOURISTS wearing shorts and fanny packs stop in front of the poster and examine Sandy's photo. A young woman wearing a baseball cap sits on a barstool with her back to them.

FIRST TOURIST

Who is she?

The woman wearing the baseball cap veers slightly to listen.

SECOND TOURIST

Never heard of her. She's kinda old. Maybe she was in those black-and-white movies they used to make. Wanna go in?

FIRST TOURIST

Eh, I can't stand black-and-white movies. Let's go play nickel Keno.

The baseball-capped woman turns on her stool and faces the tourists. She is Sandy's daughter, TROY, 20, tall, ungodly beautiful, auburn hair, no makeup, and a heaviness in her heart that reflects her demeanor and manner of dress, which can best be described as ever-so-slightly ruffled.

Troy gives the tourists the once-over, making them stop in their tracks.

Troy

True. In the early seventies, she was just a contract player. "But" she was in five...

(holds up hand showing five fingers)

... Five, big, Cinema scope, Technicolor, MGM musicals. If she worked at Target, it still wouldn't change the fact, if she hadn't been hurt, she was almost big once. And that's more than most people can say.

The tourists stare at Troy strangely, then scurry away. Sandy, wearing a lavish pink sequined dress, finishes her song, and the handful of lounge patrons clap.

INT. BACK STAGE DRESSING AREA - DAY - LATER

A cane and a white jumpsuit hang from two hooks on the wall. A vanity with a make-up mirror is nearby. Sandy wears her pink sequin dress and high heels as she and Troy peer at a notice tacked to the bulletin board.

SANDY

What are they thinking? Five shows a night this weekend. Good grief.

TROY

It's like you're the singing field hand or something.

Sandy grabs her compact.

SANDY

Uh, huh.

(Beat)

Sounds like an old Vaudeville act, doesn't it?

Leaning over, Sandy checks her face in the makeup mirror, wincing slightly as she rubs her thigh. Troy watches with concern.

TROY

Mama, say something. How do they expect you to work all those-

Sandy affectionately tweaks Troy's cheek.

SANDY

(Adamant)

Oh, no. I plan on hanging around till they have to carbon date me. It's a good gig.

(Grabs the jumpsuit)

I'll leave a tip jar onstage so I can buy a new hip.

She winks at Troy and goes behind a changing screen.

SANDY

(continuing)

You packed yet?

Troy

Mmmhmm. Just taking my bed up and some boxes. Lisa's gonna help.

SANDY

Oh, good.

(Tosses her dress over the screen)

You know, I haven't been in that old house since I stopped renting it out. I'm not real crazy about you being alone out there, but-

TROY

I'm not real crazy about you being alone.

Troy sits at Sandy's makeup table. Sandy peeks over the screen.

SANDY

The only men who want me have early-onset rigor mortis. I'm fine.

TROY

(Smiles)

Mama, there's an Air Force base in our backyard. Can't think of a safer place to spend the summer. I was always happy there, you know.

Sandy comes out from behind the screen, looking shapely in the tight jumpsuit. She opens her make-up case, sounding a bit wistful.

SANDY

So was I. But when you're sad, you should be around people. Not out in the boonies, fretting about... "him".

TROY  
Mama, he was my husband...

SANDY  
I'm just saying, you shouldn't-

TROY  
You know what he did. I... I'm only  
twenty, and he bought his teen  
girlfriend a boob job with my credit  
card. How can I not still be upset?

SANDY  
(Nodding in concern)  
I know, I know. At twenty-eight  
percent interest. I say  
refinance, 'cause you can't show up at  
her prom with a scalpel and an  
anesthesiologist. She ain't givin'  
'em back.

(Scoffs)  
Let her show off her new ta-tas at  
the Del Taco drive-up window. You  
don't need an upgrade.

(Gently holds Troy's  
chin)

Look at that face.

Troy remains expressionless. Sandy takes out her lip gloss.  
She carefully applies it to Troy's lips and moves her hair to  
the side.

SANDY  
(continuing)  
There, see. Every little bit helps,  
said the lady as she peed in the  
ocean.

INT. SANDY'S BUICK - DAY - LATER

Troy and Sandy drive down the Las Vegas strip at a snail's  
pace as traffic is bumper to bumper. Sandy's pink sequined  
gown hangs in the backseat, sparkling madly, like a disco  
ball shooting rays of light in every direction.

Troy has to adjust the rear-view mirror to suppress the  
light. Sandy looks dejectedly at the surrounding mega resorts.

SANDY  
God, I remember when you could drive  
down the strip, and every hotel had  
a superstar in their showroom...

FLASHBACK: EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

A dolled-up 30-year-old Sandy drives a big new Lincoln Mark 5 up the Las Vegas strip. She approaches the MGM Grand, where ROBERT GOULET is on the Marquee with JULIET PROWSE.

At the Dunes, The CASINO de PARIS marquee blazes.

She passes Caesar's Palace where huge black marquee letters proclaim simply "SINATRA!". Then, ANN-MARGARET at the Sands. MITZI GAYNOR at the Desert Inn with LOUIS PRIMA and KEELY SMITH in the lounge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S CAR - DAY

Sandy comes out of her reverie.

SANDY

... I miss the way it was. Before they blew everything up. I lost a career that could've changed our lives. I know I found the next best thing when I moved here, but old Vegas is gone, too.

TROY

What about put away the past and dust off today, so you can see tomorrow? I remember all your little quotes.

SANDY

Yes, and they help me cope. But today I gladly feel like a hypocrite. I guess I...

A low rider truck pulls up next to Sandy's car with a thunderous booming stereo that completely drowns her out. Sandy grimaces and gives up trying to be heard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RYDER MOVING TRUCK - DAY

The radio is on. A somber Troy drives, looking like she's in another world.

Her best friend, LISA JOHNSTON, pretty, African American, early twenties, and preppy looking, is in the passenger seat, checking her cell phone.

The windows are down, and miles of desert are on either side of the highway. It's tranquil and quiet.

They pass a dilapidated sign that was once a marquee for a drive-in movie theater called "The Dejah". A now-broken, and cracked paved road leads to the tattered screen in the distance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - LATER

The yellow moving truck towing Troy's car comes around a bend in the highway and passes a highway sign reading: "Indian Springs 3 miles".

A large faded billboard twenty yards into the desert proclaims: Indian Springs, Home to The World's Largest Ball of Twine!

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Lisa types something on her phone and sighs in frustration.

CLOSE ON: "No Mobile Service" appears on her phone screen.

Troy stares straight ahead at the road, unaware she's driving on rumble strips. Lisa shoots her a look, then goes back to her phone and types something. Glancing back at a sign they just passed, Lisa raises her voice over the din of the rumble strips.

LISA

"Adopt-a-highway". Is that like a consolation prize if you're turned down for a real baby?

TROY

Huh? Oh..."Adopt-a-highway". You "adopt" a section of the highway, then drive out to it and pick up all the litter.

LISA

Whoever thought of that must be trippin'.

Troy drives off the strips. Checking her phone, Lisa lets out a relieved sigh.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Finally.  
(Holds up phone)  
I Googled Indian Springs. It says  
don't go. "He ain't worth it." In all  
caps.

Troy looks away.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Girl, please. You...  
(voice softens)  
You don't need to do this. I miss you  
already. "The whole summer". Okay, I  
know you need to be alone and brood.  
Maybe plot some heinous revenge.  
(Beat)  
You can search how to cut someone's  
brake lines from the comfort of your  
own home. Just sayin'.

Troy manages a little smile and passes a car.

TROY  
I don't have to be alone...

LISA  
Right, great. Flip a bitch and return  
the Ryder.

TROY  
No, I mean... Stay with me.

Lisa, a bit confused, opens her mouth to speak.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Duh. Stay with me and finish your  
play. I mean, your writer's block  
will totally vanish 'cause there  
isn't one thing to do. You'll be  
forced to write. Or learn to knit.

Lisa wants to protest, but it suddenly makes sense.

LISA  
Yeah, no, I... I don't know. Maybe on  
the weekends. You know, I've always  
thought, if I could get six months in  
solitary confinement with no  
distractions, I could maybe... crank  
out ten pages. Something.

A large sign stating, "Entering Indian Springs, Home of the Creech Air Force Base," is straight ahead. Troy abruptly brakes.

LISA  
(continuing)  
What?

Lisa looks around quizzically at the desolate area, which consists of an Elk's Lodge and various old buildings on either side of the highway. A rusted, weather-beaten "Jesus Saves" sign juts out from an old church. Homes and trailers dot the surrounding area.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Nice. Now we have to churn butter and submit to our husbands. Troy, this can't be-

Troy's eyes search the area wistfully.

TROY  
Hasn't changed at all. 'Cept all the people.

Troy nears a large crowd of people standing along the road near one of the Air Force base runways. Several tourists walk along the sidewalks with cameras around their necks.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Must be an air show or something.

Lisa notices an old man drop a letter into a public mailbox.

LISA  
Oh, God. That's considered texting here, isn't it? You'll be fleeing this gulag in a week, tops.

A huge, very loud military helicopter flies over. Lisa winces and gasps out loud. Troy is unfazed.

LISA  
(continuing)  
And there's that! Troy...  
(Looks to her right)  
Oh, my God...

Lisa spies VELMA, late seventies, big hair, walking out of a small general store wearing a midriff-revealing tube top and outlandishly tight spandex pants with bright red cowboy boots.

LISA  
 (continuing)  
 That child must be on her way to  
 Walmart.

Lisa raises her phone to take a photo. Troy slams on the  
 brakes.

TROY  
 Velma!

Lisa quickly lowers her phone.

LISA  
 You know her?

TROY  
 Yes, since I was a little girl.  
 (Pulls over)  
 After my parents divorced, she and  
 her husband rented our house one  
 summer.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Troy stands near the register facing Velma, who is behind the  
 counter. Lisa glances around the store, noticing a display of  
 t-shirts with maps of all the brothels in Nevada printed on  
 them.

Velma's husband, ED, late seventies, bald, with noticeable  
 hearing aids, dozes off nearby. Gazing out the store window,  
 Velma spots a motorhome and several cars driving by.

VELMA  
 They're really coming out of the  
 woodwork this time. Even the motel's  
 full.

Lisa glances up at some faded newspaper clippings taped to  
 the wall above Ed. One of them is the front page of the  
 "Indian Springs Gazette".

TROY  
 Yeah. We had to wait to cross the  
 street. What's going on?

VELMA  
 This big jet, noisy as all hell, is  
 landing here tomorrow.

Velma looks beyond Troy at the small cluster of people.

VELMA

(continuing)

... Every August, folks show up here like clockwork, waitin' to see it land and take off. But it's real good for business. Least a few days a year, I make a pretty penny.

Ed opens his eyes.

ED

F22 Raptor. Made by Lockheed Martin...

VELMA

Uh, oh.

Lisa strains to read a small newspaper obituary, then averts her gaze to the front page of the newspaper, where a photo reveals a large empty pedestal in front of the Indian Springs High School.

Next to it is the humongous ball of twine that rolled off and flattened a car.

CLOSE ON: The caption reads: "Mishap Kills Mayor of Indian Springs".

ED

... Powered by two F119 engines with NK thrust. Has the ability to supercruise and fly at sustained speeds of over Mach 1.5. Gonna fly back to Edwards Air Force Base today for mock war games, then back here.

VELMA

Wish the damn thing would just stay put. Most tourists hit the road for it even comes back.

Ed jerks his head and taps one of his hearing aids. He points at his ear.

VELMA

(continuing)

Already?

(Yells)

I told you not to buy batteries at Dollar Tree!

EXT. TROY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

The charming one-story 1920s-style bungalow has a wrap-around porch and a front door painted red with built-in decorative glass panels. A huge cottonwood tree is next to it.

A small hill behind it leads to the four-lane highway above and the Air Force base runway across from it.

A single light pole on the highway above illuminates the side yard of the house.

INT. MOVING TRUCK

Lisa sits up and intently examines the house.

LISA

Cute... I'd advise you to water your flowers in your Daisy Dukes, but no one will see you. It's totally hidden.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

A gentle breeze blows.

Troy sets down a box and puts the key in the red front door. Lisa comes up behind her, holding a box and squinting from the bright porch light.

A muffled rumbling is heard in the distance. Nearby power lines vibrate and hum, followed by an ear-splitting crack. Troy and Lisa gasp, and a large Air Force jet, sounding like ten 747s, flies over from the West, followed by an enormous sonic boom that literally shakes the house.

Car alarms blare in the distance.

LISA

(Wincing)  
What was that?

TROY

They're back.

LISA

Who's back?

TROY

Jet pilots.

LISA  
Pilots? It's like, seven at night.  
Don't they close?

TROY  
They practice maneuvers over the  
desert and fly back at dusk. But not  
in this direction. I've never heard  
a sonic boom that loud before.

Both Troy's and Lisa's hair becomes flyaway and nearly sticks straight up from static electricity in the air. Lisa touches Troy's hair, then her own.

LISA  
Look at this...

They are thrust into almost total darkness. The car alarms abruptly stop, and it's eerily quiet.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Powers out...

TROY  
My key won't work.  
(Glances toward side  
yard)  
Whole town must be out.

Troy jiggles the key in the lock. Inside the house, the phone rings once, and the answering machine comes on.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Yes, hi. Mr. Ridgeway, this is Kyle  
from Bowmer and Berry's Appliance  
Center. Just wanted to let you know  
your microwave is ready for pick up.  
Bye-bye, now.

LISA  
The power's on inside? How can...

High beams from a car flash onto the porch. Troy and Lisa spin around, shielding their eyes, and see a car only a few feet from the porch. A ski rack is on the car's roof.

Behind them, the front door is now light blue with an Air Force decal on one of the window panels. The porch light cover is gone, with only a burnt-out bare bulb in the socket.

The lights come back on, and one car alarm still blares in the distance. The front door is red again. The decal and the car are gone.

TROY

What the... Where'd they go?

A bewildered Lisa sets down the box and steps off the porch.

LISA

They got outta Dodge with a quickness.

The wind suddenly picks up, and sparks shoot from a power line transformer, spraying the ground.

TROY

Oh, shit. I better call someone.

Troy unlocks the door. Hurrying inside, she grabs the cordless phone and walks back outside, stopping next to Lisa. Troy clicks on the phone, and there's loud static, followed by an old woman's anxious voice.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

Operator, I'm trying to reach Murray Hill 3-4-9...

The wind completely stops, and it's utterly still. The static stops, and the dial tone is heard.

LISA

Okay. That was bizarre. What is up with this place? Troy...

Two smaller Air Force jets fly over the house, followed by two milder sonic booms. The wind abruptly blows again. Dozens of birds fly off from the tree tops. The power lines go silent.

LISA

(continuing)

Oh, hell no. Is this every night?

TROY

No, no. I mean, not like that. Never.

LISA

Good. I'm spending the night.

(Points at sky)

They done?

EXT. YARD OF TROY'S HOME - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy walks away from the back of the moving truck, holding a box. The wind has really picked up.

INT. HOUSE

Boxes are all over the room. The local TV news plays. Onscreen, a WEATHERMAN faces the camera.

WEATHERMAN

Batten down the hatches. We have more strong winds tonight. Expect wind gusts up to 45 miles per hour in some areas throughout most of the night...

A strong breeze comes through the open window, causing the pages of a photograph album to flutter.

CLOSE ON: Each page is filled with pictures of Troy's wedding.

Lisa sets down a box and stands in front of an oscillating fan to cool off. She clicks it on high, and it blows her hair back. Troy walks inside with another box.

TROY

Sorry. You hot, cause I-

LISA

No, I'm in a low-budget Beyonce video.

TROY

(Smiles)

We can take a break if you want.

Troy sets down the box and eyeballs the answering machine.

CLOSE ON: The message indicator light ISN'T blinking.

LISA

Don't do it.

Troy presses play. An automated voice comes on.

AUTOMATED VOICE

You have no new messages.

LISA

Girl, I told you. It's like the oldest answering machine ever. It gave up. Give it to Goodwill.

Troy vigorously shakes the answering machine.

TROY

But we heard a message.

Glancing around the room at the tube TV, clock radio, and cordless phone, Lisa rolls her eyes.

LISA  
Everything's old school in here.  
Let's take a selfie later with the  
cordless phone.

Lisa walks outside to get more stuff. The wind whips her hair about.

Troy grabs her cell and looks something up. She scoops up a box, walks into her bedroom, and sets it on the bed. The TV series "Law and Order" can be heard from the TV in the living room.

CLOSE ON: Tapping the screen, Troy brings up an article that states: "October 4, 1997. After 45 years of serving the Las Vegas area, Bowmer and Berry's Appliance Center closes its doors. Another casualty of the so-called big box stores".

TROY  
What?  
(Takes a step)  
Lisa, check this-

The bedroom goes dark. The TV volume in the living room rises significantly. A commercial comes on with a woman singing a jingle.

JINGLE SINGER (V.O.)  
"Winston tastes good like a cigarette  
should"...

Troy pauses, a curious expression on her face.

LISA (O.S.)  
(Yells)  
The trucks gone!

Troy hurries out of the room and stops short. Her mouth hangs open in complete shock.

In the open doorway, Lisa can be seen hurrying toward the house, gawking at a huge 1957 Plymouth Fury parked out front. Lisa bounds onto the porch.

LISA  
Oh, God. The trucks gone! Something  
really-

Lisa enters the house and stops short with the same stunned expression as Troy, who looks at her television, which isn't there.

Instead, there's a new TV console from the 1960s with a big green vase on it. The floor under Troy's feet is now hardwood. The entire room is different.

Hearing something, Troy spins around, seeing an older couple on "their" couch.

TROY

Jesus...

LISA

Troy, what's happening!

The man snores loudly. The woman wears a nightgown.

Troy rears back and goes through the TV but doesn't physically touch it. She reaches for the vase and her hand goes through it.

The woman on the couch continues watching TV, seemingly unaware of Troy's presence. Troy runs up to the woman and waves her hand in front of her face.

LISA

(continuing)

Be careful! Do they see you? Oh, shit. What am I saying. Who are they? What's going on!

Troy tries to touch the woman, but can't as her hand goes right through the "image".

The room begins to change. The hardwood floor morphs back into beige carpet.

An incredulous Troy turns around and "Law and Order" continues on her television. Lisa hurries inside, and Troy turns on all the lights in the living room and hallway.

TROY

Oh, my God. You saw it too.

Troy rushes to the open front door and scans the porch.

LISA

Wait, wait. Stop! I'm freaking out. What was that?

The low rumble of another passenger jet taking off from Las Vegas is heard. Troy glances up and watches as it gains altitude and flies past the house in the distance.

Lisa stands behind Troy in the open doorway. Behind her, the entire living room has morphed into a time from the late twenties, with an overly furnished, cluttered space with a large floral area rug.

A big wooden 1920s wall phone rings in the kitchen.

Lisa turns and hurries toward the kitchen, then stops short in complete awe as she sees the room has changed. A RAIL-THIN WOMAN holding an infant hurries out of "Troy's" bedroom and walks right through a stunned Lisa to answer the phone.

Lisa hurries to the doorway of Troy's bedroom, where, inside, a man assembles a bassinet.

RAIL-THIN WOMAN

Dale, c'mon. It's your mom calling  
long distance.

Troy dashes inside the house, taken aback as she sees the woman on the 1920s phone. The room morphs back to the present. Lisa stares into Troy's bedroom. The man is gone. The room is back to the way it was. Lisa turns and sees an equally shocked Troy. Lisa's voice trembles.

LISA

Are we both tripping or what? Troy,  
this is...

TROY

I know, I know... I'm shaking...

Another passenger jet rumbles in the distance as it gains altitude. Lisa glances at the front window, and a strange look comes across her face.

CLOSE ON: In the reflection of the glass, Lisa notices posters on the wall behind them. She grabs Troy, and they spin around. Several punk rock posters are taped to the wall above a garish plaid couch.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a Mohawk is in the kitchen, violently banging on the microwave oven.

YOUNG WOMAN

Work, you piece of shit!

A man with a deep voice calls out from one of the bedrooms.

DEEP VOICED MAN (O.S.)

Hey, knock it off!

Troy gasps and looks at Lisa.

TROY  
 "Bowmer and Berry's Appliance  
 Center".

LISA  
 Huh?

CLOSE ON: The floor changes from green carpeting back to beige carpeting under their feet.

INT. TROY'S HOME - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy hangs up the cordless phone.

TROY  
 She must be onstage already. If she  
 answered, what would I tell her?

LISA  
 To put in a turnstile and charge  
 admission.

The wind blows the front door shut, and the women practically jump out of their skin. A low rumble is heard, and an Air Force jet lands on a runway from another direction. The room morphs into the way it was sometime in the late 30s.

A man and woman listen gravely to Orson Welles' 1938 "War of the Worlds" broadcast on their radio. The man hurries to the window and nervously looks up at the dark sky.

TROY  
 It's the planes...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy and Lisa stand in front of the house, searching the distant sky as the strong wind blows their hair about.

LISA  
 I didn't hear passenger jets before  
 the wind picked up. I'm not a  
 meteorologist, but it makes sense  
 they'd change runways. Only they're  
 like a good fifteen, twenty miles  
 away.

TROY  
 They can't fly near the base. They  
 have to like, go around it, or  
 whatever.

(more)

TROY (CONT'D)

But on the weekend, they take off from Vegas one after another. We might see tenants who still owe my mother back rent.

Lisa points at the sky, where another passenger jet gains altitude.

TROY

(continuing)

One thousand, two thousand, three...

A 2001 White Lincoln Towncar is now parked in front of the house. Troy softly gasps, a look of realization on her face. She grabs Lisa's arm.

TROY

(continuing)

Come on!

INT. HOUSE

Troy and Lisa dash inside. The house is dark except for the glow of the TV. A small light is on above the 1980s avocado green stove.

They notice a woman sleeping on the couch, fully dressed in a sparkly outfit and heels. Troy walks closer. It's her mother, Sandy, now fifty years old.

TROY

Mama...

Lisa leans in for a better look.

LISA

She dozin' in her makeup. And sequins. Go, Sandy.

Troy stares intently at her younger mother.

TROY

My mother had the 2 A.M. show at the Dunes. My babysitter must've just left.

LISA

Troy!

Lisa's mouth hangs open. Troy turns, seeing a pajama-clad, three-year-old girl walk into the living room holding a Cabbage Patch Kid doll.

Troy covers her mouth as she watches HERSELF at three years old, go into the kitchen and get a glass of water.

LISA  
(continuing)  
That's you, that's you!

Troy hurries over and drops to her knees in front of herself as a child. THREE-YEAR-OLD TROY drinks the glass of water. Troy stares at her childhood self in absolute awe. Three-year-old Troy sets down the glass, walks through her adult self, and goes over to Sandy.

THREE-YEAR-OLD TROY  
Mama... Mama.  
(Shakes Sandy)  
Go to bed.

The room morphs back to the present. Troy stands and has to lean against the kitchen counter for a moment to compose herself.

TROY  
The people we saw. All of them.  
They... They must've lived here, too.  
I... I guess whatever any of them  
were doing at that exact moment...  
just appears for some reason.

LISA  
The sonic boom.

TROY  
Has to be. And the planes. What else  
could... Lisa, this is completely  
insane.

LISA  
Off the hook insane. I want it in my  
apartment. I'll cancel my cable.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A passenger jet gains altitude in the distant night sky.

INT. HOUSE

Lisa holds up her cell phone.

TROY  
Is it recording?

The room morphs back to the late fifties. Lisa holds her phone and softly gasps as it's not visible in her hand.

LISA

Oh, God.

TROY

Behind you!

Lisa points her phone in the open doorway of "Troy's" bedroom, where a BURGLAR holding a radio, an electric blender, and two silver candlesticks rifles through the top drawer of a dresser. Grabbing a handful of panties, he sniffs them a moment, then rushes out of the house, dropping several pairs on the floor.

A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN with a beehive hairdo and an unlit cigarette hanging from her mouth pokes her head out from under the bed where she's been hiding and appears to stare right at Troy and Lisa.

NERVOUS WOMAN (O.S.)

Is he gone yet?

TROY

Lisa... I think she sees us...

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN

C'mon...

The NERVOUS WOMAN, who sports an even bigger beehive hairdo, crawls out from under the bed holding a pint of whiskey. They each wear a bullet bra and girdle.

NERVOUS WOMAN

(Takes swig of whiskey)

He was diggin' in your panty drawer!

The dark-haired woman grabs a Zippo from her bra and lights her cigarette.

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN

Baby, you better go. I have to call the cops.

(Grabs blouse)

If my husband's not giving someone a ticket on the highway, he can make it back here in five minutes flat.

The room morphs back to the present. Lisa's phone reappears in her hand. Lisa retrieves the footage from her phone. CLOSE ON: P.O.V of the camera. The footage shows Troy's bedroom the way it is in the present.

TROY

What? No way. How can it not record what we're seeing?

LISA

No biggie. I'm sure everyone will just take our word for it.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa levitates a foot off the floor in a sitting position. The very messy room looks as if it's from the 70s, with a garish peel-and-stick tile on the entire floor. "Knock Three Times" by Tony Orlando and Dawn plays on the radio.

Troy stands near a blue velvet couch, where a snoring man sleeps deeply.

TROY

Weird. Everyone puts their stuff in the same spot almost... Even me.

The room morphs back to the present.

Two pillows reappear on the floor. Lisa sits on one. A soda and chips are next to her. Troy holds a notebook and a pen, which are now visible.

TROY

(continuing)

I wanna write down everyone we've seen and what year it was. My mother bought the house in 1975. She might remember most of 'em.

LISA

So what. Stop taking the census and sit. I hope one of 'em hides a big bag of money somewhere.

The familiar low rumble of another passenger jet is heard. The room changes, and the front door is open now. Troy sees a 1990s Camaro parked out front with a SKI RACK on the roof.

TROY

Lisa...

Lisa softly gasps and scrambles up, staring intently at the now garish plaid couch before her, where a very handsome buffed man, mid-thirties, wearing Levis and no shirt, lounges on the couch.

LISA

Jesus!

A Playboy magazine is on his coffee table. Troy hurries over.

TROY

It's him.

LISA

Who?

TROY

We were trying to get into "his" house when "my" key didn't fit.

LISA

"Your microwave is ready!"  
(Checks out blank wall)  
He kicked Miss Mohawk to the curb.

TROY

Or he hasn't met her yet.  
(Examines Playboy cover)  
"April 1996". He must be, like, sixty now.

LISA

And I bet he's still fine.

The man grabs the Playboy and opens it to the centerfold. He begins unbuttoning his Levi's. Troy gasps.

Troy

Uh, oh.  
(Motions to front door)  
I hope Jehovah's Witnesses don't work nights...

Lisa and Troy squeal as the man reaches into his underwear. The room begins morphing back to the present.

LISA

No. Stay, stay! Shit, that's why men should never wear button-fly jeans.

Troy waves at the handsome young man as he and the room fade away.

TROY

Bye, bye... Think he was the last tenant. My mother vowed she'd jump into the Mirage volcano before she'd deal with renters again.

Troy checks the time on her cell phone. CLOSE ON: 4:18 A.M.  
She opens the front door and looks disappointed.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Winds dying down. My mom should be up  
in a couple hours.  
(Sighs wearily)  
We should try to sleep.

LISA  
Yeah, right.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The room is dark. Troy lies awake in bed, still wound up. An army helicopter flies by. Troy suddenly hears voices and sits up. The room has changed again.

A new bed appears placed almost in the same place as Troy's.

Velma and Ed, the old couple from the general store, are naked in bed, kissing only inches from a shocked Troy. The TV is on, and Johnny Carson does his monologue. Velma and Ed are in their fifties now. Ed wears an obvious toupee. He throws back the covers and sighs wearily. Troy grimaces and looks away.

ED  
Not again.

Ed pulls off his toupee and sets it on the nightstand.

VELMA  
There's nothing we can do. We're  
certainly not kids anymore. It  
doesn't bother me.

ED  
Happens on a regular basis, now.

VELMA  
Maybe in the future they'll invent a  
magic pill that will cure your  
problem, just like that.

ED  
I don't think we'll live long enough.

Troy cracks a smile, knowing differently.

EX. TROY'S HOUSE - DAY- LATER

The air is still. Troy waves at Lisa, who drives off in the Ryder rental truck.

TROY  
(Yells)  
Don't forget your laptop... Or my  
mother!

Lisa beeps the horn, and the truck drives away. Troy starts to go back inside, but instead walks up the hill behind her house and observes dozens of tourists milling about and holding camcorders on the highway across from the runway.

The sleek F22 Raptor jet taxis toward the main runway.

People film with their camcorders and cell phones. Troy watches a moment, then goes back down the hill.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy stands in the kitchen scrolling on her cell. A voice mail notification pings, followed a moment by an automated voice, then Sandy's.

SANDY (V.O.)  
... You have 1 new voicemail and  
three saved messages... Hi,hi. It's  
Mom. Yoo hoo. Oh, well. You two must  
be unloading the truck. I called  
twice, and there was terrible static.  
Now you know I don't know how to text  
on a flip phone, so actually call me  
back. Oh, and the, uh... Chamber of  
Commerce called out of the clear  
blue. Asked if I wanted to sing at a  
charity event over at the Bellagio.  
Wayne Newton's going to be there, if  
you can believe it...

The massive, deafening afterburners of the Raptor's jet engines vibrate the entire house, startling Troy. She stops the voicemail and grips the kitchen counter.

Troy pauses, listening intently as the extremely loud jet takes off. People from the highway whoop and cheer, followed by a massive sonic boom. A lamp falls to the ground and smashes. Several kitchen cabinets pop open. Dishes fall out and break. Troy flinches and looks out the kitchen window just as the jet gains altitude.

She turns around and is taken aback. The room is ever so slowly morphing, just slightly changed at this point.

Suddenly, the room is from the 1950s, but only for a moment before morphing into a 1970s scene, where a man wears only a pair of women's panties and a clothespin on each nipple.

Then, a 1980s scene appears, where for a moment, a woman in a leotard exercises to "Physical" by Olivia Newton-John.

A 45 record plays on the turntable behind her.

The rooms morphs again, appearing as it was when the house was under construction in the late 1920s. Sunlight fills the room as there is no roof yet. Two men in overalls hammer away above Troy, who watches in awe. They suddenly vanish along with the house.

Troy now stands in the desert on a dirt road. A Model-T filled with laughing teenagers drives right through her. Walls reappear around Troy.

The room is from the 60s now. There is a visible ripple in the air. Everything in the room is distorted for a moment, then the room morphs to the way it was sometime in the early 1930s.

A 78 record spins on a gramophone. Eddie Cantor sings "Alabamy Bound".

The room is full of beautiful furniture and nicely decorated. A three-month-old ORANGE KITTEN sleeps on the couch. A window near Troy is adorned with thick floral drapes.

Still holding her cordless phone, Troy idly pushes a drape aside to look out and gets a slight static shock. Troy slightly winces, then gasps loudly, realizing she actually touched the drape.

Troy grabs the drape in shock, then touches the kitten and jumps back, covering her mouth. The cat wakes up and stares at her. The crank handle on the gramophone winds down, and the record sounds warped.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Damn thing!

Troy spins around. Someone is in the other room! She ducks behind a big overstuffed chair as a RED-HAIRED WOMAN, early 30s, hurries out of her bedroom in her nightgown holding a hair brush. Groaning, she vigorously cranks the gramophone handle several times, and Eddie Cantor begins singing again. The woman loudly sings along to "Alabamy Bound" as she goes back into her room.

Troy warily gets up and quietly slips outside, leaving the door ajar. The cottonwood tree is just a sapling now. The house is painted yellow with shutters and flower boxes. A panicked Troy looks around.

TROY

Okay, now. Go away, go away. Oh, shit. No, no...

Several feet away, there is a large wooden shed with an out house next to it. Troy turns and spies a modern car in the distance. And that two hundred feet away, there is a line of demarcation where the past and present meet.

A barefoot Troy suddenly runs for it, but it's too late.

The ground melds together. Now the landscape, everything, is in BLACK and WHITE, like an old movie. Troy looks up the road where the modern car was, and it's gone.

TROY

(continuing)

Oh, God...

Troy hurries up the small hill behind the house and stops short. The air force runway isn't there. It's now a small airstrip. A few propeller planes sit idle near a hangar.

She rushes back down the hill just as a 1929 Oldsmobile approaches the house.

Troy hurries into the wooden shed, cracks the door, and peeks out. The 29 Olds parks in front of the house. The red-haired woman's HUSBAND is behind the wheel. He beeps the horn and gets out.

The red-haired woman appears in the open doorway. Her husband holds two bottles of milk.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

Why'd you leave the door open?

HUSBAND

Huh? Must've been the wind.

INT. SHED - NIGHT - LATER

Troy sits in the cluttered shed, sick at heart. She scrapes out a small hole in the dirt floor, buries her cell phone, and lies down on her side.

INT. SHED - SUNRISE

Troy opens her eyes, hearing the Oldsmobile start. She gets up and peeks out the shed door. The red-haired woman is behind the wheel, hollering to her husband.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

Would you get the lead out? He's only gonna be in town a few hours. We might miss him. Come on!

Her husband hurries out of the house, not bothering to lock the door because he doesn't have to. The couple drives off. Troy waits a moment, then leaves the shed.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Troy gulps down handfuls of water from the sink, then splashes water on her face. She looks in the cabinet below, finds an empty milk bottle, and fills it with water.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Troy opens the closet door, takes out a 1930s-style dress and puts it on over her shorts and t-shirt, then slips into a pair of the red-haired woman's shoes, which are two sizes too big. Nearby, a small jewelry box is open. Money is inside. Troy walks over and, with trepidation, picks it up and counts it.

CLOSE ON: There is forty-seven dollars.

Troy guiltily stuffs twenty dollars into the dress pocket.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Troy hikes a short distance through the desert and up the small hill. She gets to the highway, which is now just a two-lane dirt road.

A 1930 Chevrolet Apache pick-up truck approaches. Not really knowing what to do, Troy puts out her thumb. The truck passes and stops. Troy hurries over.

BILLY, late teens, wearing overalls, leans over and pushes the door open.

BILLY

Hey, there. Get in. Where ya' headin'?

Troy just stares at him, then speaks hesitantly.

TROY  
Uh... Hollywood, I guess.

INT. TRUCK. DAY - LATER

Billy drives along the dirt highway. The radio is on. He glances at Troy's water-filled milk bottle.

BILLY  
Pretty nifty idea. Bottled water.  
Never thought of that.  
(Checks map)  
Las Vegas is the next town comin' up.  
Reckon you could take a train to  
California from there. It's on my way.

TROY  
Where you going?

BILLY  
Gonna work on that new dam they're  
buildin' outside Las Vegas... I'll  
tell ya', nowadays, lotta people  
doin' the same thing you are.  
Everybody wants to be a star. Don't  
mind my sayin' so, but I think you  
got a good chance.

TROY  
Thanks, but that's not what I'm  
doing. My great-grandmother lives  
somewhere in Hollywood. She was in  
the movies. Silent ones.

BILLY  
You don't say. Who is she?

TROY  
Theda Thalberg. But that's not her  
real name.

BILLY  
You're kidding? I know her. I mean,  
I know of her. My Ma loves her  
movies. Heck, she loves the movies  
period.

TROY  
Sounds like my mother.

BILLY  
Where is she?

TROY

Uh... far away... Back east.

BILLY

That's too bad.

(Beat)

Hey, how can your great-grandmother be Theda Thalberg? She's ain't that old. Maybe forty.

TROY

Did I say that? I haven't slept in twenty-four hours. She's... my aunt. I've never even met her.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

Billy's truck comes upon 1930s Main and Fremont Street. The Hotel Nevada is on the corner. A large white wooden arch extends across the road from building to building.

It reads "Welcome to Las Vegas. Gateway to Boulder Dam".

Billy watches in amusement as Troy looks around at 1930s Las Vegas in absolute wonderment.

BILLY

Don't get out much, do ya?

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Troy and Billy come upon a big crowd of people surrounding the nearby Union Pacific train depot.

BILLY

What the heck. They can't all be waitin' for the train.

Billy slows down beside a YOUNG MAN on a bike.

BILLY

(continuing)

Hey, what's goin' on up there?

YOUNG MAN

You don't know? They renamed the new dam after President Hoover. He's here! Ain't thinkin' of takin' the train are 'ya? Only the hound's goin' out today.

(more)

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

(Points)

Greyhound station's a block that way.  
Next to the picture show.

TROY

Thanks.

He nods and rides off. Billy strains to see over the crowd. He drives a ways further until a raised platform near the train station comes into view.

President Hoover stands before a podium speaking.

BILLY

Never saw no president in real life.

Troy stares at President Hoover.

TROY

Wow.

She looks into the crowd and takes a second, surprised look. The red-haired woman and her husband are only a few feet away.

TROY

(continuing)

Mind if we go?

BILLY

Sure. Seen one president, you seen  
'em all.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Billy passes the El PORTAL Theater, where the marquee reads: "Laughing Sinners" starring Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. The Greyhound bus station is next door. Billy parks.

BILLY

Well, here it is. Reckon we better  
get you a ticket. Beautiful girl like  
yourself oughn't to be hitchin'  
rides. If you make it big in  
Hollywood, look me up.

Troy smiles and kisses Billy on the cheek.

TROY

Thank you.

She gets out and gives him a wave. He looks at her longingly.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Troy boards a bus to "Los Angeles".

INT. GREY HOUND BUS - NIGHT - LATER

Troy gazes out the window at the vast expanse of desert, which is illuminated by moonlight. Tears stream down her face.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Troy sleeps uneasily in her seat. The sun wakes her up. She looks out the window and sees the "HOLLYWOODLAND" sign up in the foothills.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY - LATER

Troy walks down the boulevard in awe, taking in everything. She passes Schwab's drugstore, stops abruptly, and goes inside.

INT. SCHAWB'S DRUGSTORE - DAY

Troy sees the famous soda fountain where several dolled-up would-be starlets pose at the counter. A few of them size up Troy, who stops at the cashier counter, where the SODA JERK, young, tall, gangly, looks up from his Dick Tracy comic book.

TROY

Hi. Ever heard of a motel called the Footlights?

SODA JERK

Heck yeah. It's over on Vine. But it's not really a motel, more like a boarding house for old coots who used to be in Vaudeville.

EXT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE - DUSK - LATER

Troy walks up a stone path.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DUSK

Troy stops at a front desk, near a large staircase. Several older former Vaudevillians sit in the spacious parlor around the radio listening to the "Charlie Chan" radio show.

Troy intently examines several old vaudeville posters on the wall.

All of them feature a child star, "The Cutie Pie Kid" and "Her lovable Mutt, Boots", a big black and white dog, which stands by her side in the poster. The Cutie Pie Kid is a precocious waif with overly rosy cheeks, a cupid bow mouth, and a head full of long ringlets with a spit curl over her forehead.

Troy looks to her left and softly gasps. A stuffed "Boots" stands in a life-like pose in the corner, staring out with glass eyes.

Troy looks back at a poster just as a lively song comes on the radio. Several of the old vaudevillians get up and do a tap dance routine for the others.

Troy's great-grandmother, THEDA THALBERG, tall, striking, late-thirties, walks out of a back room with a dramatic flourish, despite holding a feather duster. She is obviously the Cutie Pie Kid grown up. Exact hairdo, lips, spit curl, and tons of heavy make-up.

Watching the impromptu tap routine for a moment, Theda shakes her head.

THEDA THALBERG  
Goddamn, my wood floors.

A big LYNX wearing a rhinestone collar comes out of the back room.

Troy spins around, seeing Theda in all her garish glory. Theda leans over the counter and dusts off her stuffed dog's head.

THEDA THALBERG  
(continuing)  
I miss Vaudeville, too. But least  
I've moved on.

The Lynx jumps on the counter. Theda takes hold of its collar. A spooked Troy moves back.

THEDA THALBERG  
(continuing)  
Bijou, hold your horses!  
(To Troy)  
Don't worry. She only eats child  
stars. You need a room?

Troy tries not to gawk at her great-grandmother.

TROY

Yes... yes. How much are they?

THEDA THALBERG

Six dollars a week for a single.

Troy spies a shiny new silver frame containing a photo of a seven-year-old girl with pigtails.

THEDA THALBERG

(continuing)

Miss...

Troy stares intently at the framed photo.

TROY

What? Oh, I'm sorry. I'll take it.

(Beat)

You're Theda Thalberg, aren't you? My mother has a poster of one of your movies. She's a huge fan.

Theda looks genuinely moved.

THEDA THALBERG

Been a long dry spell, far as anyone remembering me. Thank you.

TROY

Who... Uh, the little girl in the photo. Is she your daughter?

Now it's Theda's turn to become flustered.

THEDA THALBERG

No, no. She's... my niece. A relative has her for the weekend.

Theda grabs a room key and slides it to Troy.

THEDA THALBERG

(continuing)

This is a nice room.

(Forces smile)

You can see the boulevard of broken dreams from it...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DUSK

Theda unlocks the door to Troy's room.

THEDA THALBERG

You having a trunk delivered?

TROY  
No. I'm traveling light.

INT. TROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

An emotionally spent Troy stands at the window, which affords a view of nearby Hollywood Boulevard, where several spotlights sweep the sky.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Theda stands on the sidewalk watching the spotlights as she smokes a cigarette from a very long cigarette holder. Troy walks onto the porch.

THEDA THALBERG  
Mmmm. Hello. I see you're a moth,  
too. Drawn to the lights. Never could  
resist them myself.

Troy smiles shyly and walks up the path, stopping next to Theda, who glances at Troy's overly large shoes.

TROY  
What's going on?

THEDA THALBERG  
You don't know? It's just about the  
biggest movie premiere anyone's seen  
in quite a while. Care to see what  
all the fuss is about?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The street teems with people, most of whom head toward Hollywood Boulevard. Troy and Theda walk amongst them.

THEDA THALBERG  
Before I made it in moving pictures,  
I grew up in Vaudeville. Worked with  
W.C Fields on the Orpheum Circuit.  
(they cross  
street)  
Vaudeville lasted near a hundred  
years. Then just like that, movies  
killed it off. Something will  
probably come along and kill the  
movies. I know the talkies made me  
take the veil.

Theda and Troy turn the corner, stop, and stare in awe. Before them, a block up, is a throng of at least two thousand people crowded along Hollywood Boulevard.

The side of a nearby building is completely covered with a painted mural of a supine Jean Harlow, lounging seductively under large blazing letters announcing:

Jean Harlow and James Cagney in Warner Bros. All Talking Production "PUBLIC ENEMY."

THEDA THALBERG

(continuing)

Holy cow.

(Sighs)

And they said the talkies were just a fad.

TROY

It's like a giant mosh pit.

Theda looks at her quizzically, then stares longingly at the crowd.

THEDA THALBERG

God, I miss it. It was like nectar from the Gods. Your image on celluloid, flickering onto a movie screen... worshipped by millions.

Letting out a plaintive sigh, Theda gazes at the mural, then gives Troy an approving once-over.

THEDA THALBERG

(continuing)

You know, Harlow's the hottest thing around right now. But if anyone could give her a run for her money, it would be you.

TROY

Me?

THEDA THALBERG

Did... did you make up that story about your mother? Some people might want to befriend a washed-up star just to get a connection.

TROY

No, no. I swear, I didn't. And you're not washed up. Not at all. People remember you.

(more)

TROY (CONT'D)

Far as the movies are concerned, I'm not even interested... I just wanna go home.

Theda mockingly gasps and puts her hand over her heart.

THEDA THALBERG

Not interested in the movies? My Dear, I'm Theda Thalberg! I know an agent who can get you auditions for something. You could make some swell scratch. Don't sell yourself short.

INT. FOOTLIGHTS GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Troy looks sadly around the bleak room. She walks over to the window, and the spotlights from Hollywood Boulevard go off. Troy sits on the bed and wipes tears from her eyes.

FADE OUT:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - SUNRISE - (SUPER) PRESENT DAY

A beautiful sunrise casts a glow over the Las Vegas Strip.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy's Buick and Troy's very dirty Volkswagen are parked in the driveway. Sandy shuffles outside in her bathrobe, leaning on her cane. Her hair is a mess. She drags the garbage to the curb and goes back inside.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - DAY

The drapes are closed. The kitchen trash can is filled with empty wine cooler bottles. Dirty dishes fill the sink. The rest of the house is messy.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON: The DVD/VCR clock reads 2:58 A.M.

Sandy sits on the couch with her dog beside her, changing channels with the remote. A wine bottle and a Big Gulp cup filled with ice are next to her. Sandy fills the cup to the rim with red wine.

Classic movie posters adorn the wall along with framed publicity stills of Sandy when she was a young up-and-coming actress.

Behind her, an entire wall is taken up with shelves holding hundreds of DVD and VHS movies covered with dust.

CLOSE ON: Two classic movie DVDs are on the coffee table. "Key Largo" and "Gone With The Wind"

An end table is filled with dusty framed photos.

CLOSE ON: A burnished antique silver frame contains a very old scratched and creased black and white photo of a 7-year-old girl with pigtails.

Sandy sips some wine, and using the remote, stops at "TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES", where an old black and white Warner Bros. Vitaphone Picture has just started. Sandy looks at her dog.

SANDY

Oh, sweetie. We lucked out.

CLOSE ON: The movie starts. It's called "Sing Mister Sing!".

Starring Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Joe Brown, Beulah Bondi, Slim Summerville, and introducing "Jennifer Gentry", with musical numbers directed by Busby Berkeley.

The old film was never restored and is in bad shape. Scratchy and very worn.

SANDY

(continuing)

Mmmm. I love Busby Berkeley movies.

Sandy, ready to nod off, stares wistfully at the TV screen, then smiles at her dog.

SANDY

(continuing)

We could be watching one of my old movies... Leave it to me to fall off the iceberg and break both legs during my big number. "Titanic, The Musical", sank. Least for me.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Sandy sleeps on the couch with her dog. Fast music from the TV wakes her up. She glances at the DVD/VCR clock.

CLOSE ON: It's 4:10 A.M.

Sandy looks at the TV screen. "Sing Mister Sing" is still on. One of the famous stars of that era, Dick Powell, sings while standing on the top wing of a 1930 Biplane as it flies through the air.

Two additional Biplanes, each with several dancing girls on the top wing, fly up on either side of Dick Powell and join him in song while performing high kicks. Dick Powell looks up and a beautiful, scantily clad blonde in a sparkly white costume parachutes from the sky above and lands on the wing next to him.

Dick Powell turns to the vision in white, and she is seen in close-up.

Sandy takes a second, shocked look. The woman in white looks remarkably like TROY, with short, platinum blonde hair and thick false lashes. Sandy gets right up to the TV.

CLOSE ON: The woman in white is shown in extreme close-up. Sandy gasps.

SANDY

Troy?

Sandy scrambles for the remote, drops it, and picks it up. She presses record and stares at the TV screen, where in the movie, everyone continues singing and dancing on the Biplane wings as simulated shooting stars blaze across the darkening sky. Pure Busby Berkeley all the way. Sandy grabs the phone.

INT. LISA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa and her BOYFRIEND, handsome, muscular, African American, are asleep. The phone rings and Lisa's answering machine picks up. Lisa opens her eyes and looks at the clock.

A breathless Sandy comes on.

SANDY (V.O.)

Lisa... Lisa. It's Sandy. I ... I'm having a hallucination. A wild one.

Lisa and her boyfriend sit up.

BOYFRIEND

Who's that?

LISA

Wait...

SANDY (V.O.)

I have been drinking. But just a little, I swear... Lisa, I'm watching Troy on TV right now. She's singing with... Please, just call me when you get home. I'm recording my hallucination. Goodbye.

Lisa's boyfriend chuckles.

LISA

That's my best friend's mother.

BOYFRIEND

Shit. Sorry.

LISA

It's all right. She usually doesn't call at four in the morning unless she's drunk. She's taken it real hard.  
(lies back)  
I better go check on her again.

BOYFRIEND

Is the case still open? It's been a year now, hasn't it?

Lisa turns on her side away from her boyfriend.

LISA

Almost. But there's nothing to solve. Troy was out there alone. The house was ransacked. She's gone.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - DAY

Lisa and Sandy stand in front of the TV set watching the taped scene from "Sing Mister Sing". Lisa looks around the unkempt room, then back at the TV.

Onscreen, Dick Powell dances with the woman in white. Lisa strains to get a good look at the dancing woman.

SANDY

Look closely. That's Dick Powell and Troy! I know Troy's a brunette, but they bleached everyone's hair back in the 30s. I didn't get it, but they had her in close-up. I know it's her.

LISA

It's hard to tell who it is. Was it filmed through a Navajo blanket?

Lisa, suddenly deep in thought, gets a strange, pensive look on her face. She kneels down and tries to get a better look at the woman in white. Sandy opens the TV Guide to the night before.

SANDY

Here it is...

Lisa stares intently at the TV screen. Sandy can't help but notice.

SANDY

(continuing)

What is it? Do you-

LISA

Nothing, nothing. I... I just...

Lisa stands and forces a smile. The wheels of confusion are turning in her head.

SANDY

It was on last night, see..."Sing Mister Sing". It even introduced a new star, "Jennifer Gentry", who I've never heard of. And I know 'em all...

Lisa just nods. She looks back at the TV.

SANDY

(continuing)

Lisa... you okay?

LISA

Yes, I'm sorry.

SANDY

Well, there's one specialty video store left in all of Vegas. They carry hard-to-find films. Maybe they have a better copy.

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Lisa stands at the counter, facing a RENTAL CLERK.

RENTAL CLERK

What's it called, again?

LISA

"Sing, Mister Sing". It's super-old.

The clerk types the name.

RENTAL CLERK  
Sing... Mister... Sing.  
(presses enter)  
Yeah, we have it.

LISA  
(Taken aback)  
You do?

RENTAL CLERK  
Yep. In classics. Fond of the oldies,  
huh?

LISA  
Not really.

RENTAL CLERK  
Oh, well, I was gonna say, we have  
six movies in starring Jennifer  
Gentry. They're all three-day  
rentals.

LISA  
Thanks. I don't think I'll have it  
that long. I just need to prove  
something.

Lisa heads for the classics aisle. She passes the P's, then the Q's and R's. She stops at the S's and carefully scans the rack, finding "Sing Mister Sing!".

CLOSE ON: A young Dick Powell is on the box cover.

Lisa reads the back credits, which include "Introducing Jennifer Gentry". Lisa takes the DVD and walks back past the P's, then abruptly stops and takes a second look at the DVD box for the movie "The Postman Always Rings Twice".

Lisa is utterly taken aback. John Garfield and another blonde bombshell are on the cover.

CLOSE ON: Instead of Lana Turner, it's a blonde, TROY, nuzzled cheek to cheek with John Garfield. Lisa gasps.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Oh, my God.

Bold letters proclaim "Jennifer Gentry and John Garfield in "The Postman Always Rings Twice". Lisa picks up the DVD and walks in a daze toward the check-out counter.

EXT. SANDY'S HOME - DAY - LATER

Lisa screeches around the corner and pulls into the driveway. She gathers up several DVDs, and climbs out of the car. Balancing the numerous movies, she rings the doorbell. Sandy answers, sees the DVDs, and the strange look on Lisa's face.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON: "THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE" fills the frame.

A lipstick rolls across the floor. It's picked up by John Garfield's character, Nick. TROY appears onscreen wearing the white shorts, white blouse, and turban made famous by Lana Turner when she originally starred in the movie playing Cora.

NICK  
You drop this?

SANDY (O.S.)  
(Squeals)  
My God!

CORA  
(smiling slyly)  
MmmHmm.

Troy puts out her hand for the lipstick. John Garfield smirks and won't hand it over. Troy snatches it from him, opens the compact, applies lipstick, then walks away.

Sandy and Lisa look at one another with mouths hanging open in total shock. Sandy, teary-eyed, hands shaking, picks up another DVD.

A Montage of four black and white film clips follows:

1. Stirring music plays and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents William Powell, Myrna Loy, Luis Rainer in "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" appear onscreen, followed by the names Frank Morgan, Fannie Brice, and "Jennifer Gentry".

The music fades, and a famous scene from "The Great Ziegfeld" appears onscreen.

A huge, towering white spiral staircase fills the frame. "Rhapsody in Blue" plays as women in elaborate black and silver costumes dance on the stairs. A giant curtain pulls back, revealing more dazzling costumed women and men. A tuxedo-clad Dennis Morgan singing "A Pretty Girl" stands amongst them, until, finally, like a decoration atop a wedding cake, TROY, instead of the original actress, Virginia Bruce, appears in a stunning white dress.

2. Troy and Ginger Rogers banter onscreen in a clip from "GOLD DIGGERS of 33".

3. Onscreen an "Oriental" Troy sits on James Cagney's lap surrounded by sailors as they sing "Shanghai Lil" in a clip from "FOOTLIGHT PARADE".

4. Another black and white clip fills the frame:

Warner Bros. Pictures and The Vitaphone Corp. Present...  
"42nd STREET".

A clip of Forty Second Street follows: Troy/Jennifer Gentry wears a short black satin costume with big white frou frou on the sleeves and a white felt hat, while she sings and tap dances on the roof of a 1930s New York cab.

SANDY

I had to fight her tooth and nail to take tap lessons. She put up such a fuss. God, did they ever come in handy!

Lisa picks up the DVD for "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and reads the back information aloud.

LISA

"Musical comedy star Jennifer Gentry does a change of pace as the murderess, adulteress, Cora. Switching careers with a sizzling performance that won her raves and a whole new audience".

SANDY

Guess Troy had bigger fish to fry. Namely, Lana Turner's career... Bet the studio thought up her movie star name. "Jennifer Gentry". Has a nice ring to it, huh? Can I see it?

Lisa hands the DVD box to Sandy, who examines the cover, featuring Troy in a passionate embrace with John Garfield.

SANDY

(continuing)

She had to be pushing forty here. Back then, when you hit thirty, studios had you fitted for a cowbell and sent you out to pasture. My God, Troy held up well. Wait... How did she hold up... How is this even possible?

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The television is on mute. "42nd Street" is on again. Troy/Jennifer Gentry dances with Dick Powell. Lisa faces Sandy on the sofa.

LISA

After the sonic boom, it happened all night. We were gonna surprise you, but...

(Beat)

Look, after she disappeared, I couldn't exactly tell the police- "Before she vanished, a time portal opened up." I don't wanna be on Dateline.

Sandy nods, looking mystified.

LISA

(continuing)

What?

SANDY

I... I was just wondering. Troy altered history. Why do I remember Lana Turner and Ruby Keeler? I shouldn't.

LISA

Maybe if Troy wasn't your daughter you wouldn't know any better. You'd... just be a fan. I don't know, but what in the world would make her think of going to Hollywood, anyway?

Sandy gets up.

SANDY

Theda Thalberg... My Grandmother.

Lisa walks over to Sandy, who stops in front of a framed tattered movie poster for the silent film "White Slaves Revenge" starring "Theda Thalberg".

SANDY

(continuing)

That's her. She was a silent film star at Fox. Supposedly, she sounded like James Earl Jones and the talkies killed her career... I always knew Troy was resourceful. Just not to this degree.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa watches Sandy dig through one of Troy's boxes. She pulls out something and holds it up.

CLOSE ON: Lisa examines a photo of Sandy's ex-husband holding an infant Troy.

SANDY

Troy's dad. I had her very late in life, at forty-six.

LISA

(Surprised)

Forty-six? I mean, that's not old but... Damn, you must've kept that egg in a Ziploc freezer bag for freshness.

SANDY

(Chuckles)

Well, turns out, Troy was a going-away present. When I had her, he left. That's when I hightailed it to Vegas.

(Beat)

Oh, here's the newspaper.

Sandy lays out the year-old newspaper.

SANDY

(continuing)

This was on her kitchen table the day I moved her stuff out. But I didn't see anything strange... It was a completely still day.

Sandy and Lisa examine the front page.

LISA

Anything unusual happen?

SANDY

Not in Vegas.

Sandy whips out her phone, and it snaps open.

SANDY

(continuing)

But I know someone who has their finger right on the pulse of Indian Springs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The teapot whistles on the stove. Lisa grabs the teapot and pours tea into two cups.

SANDY (O.S.)  
Alrighty, Thelma. Thanks again. Bye,  
now.

Sandy loudly snaps her phone closed as she heads toward the kitchen. Lisa can't help but smile.

LISA  
Mrs. Remick, your flip-phone is bad  
ass.

SANDY  
(Smiles)  
Thank you. But please, call me  
Sandy.  
(Lisa nods)  
Now, I don't know if this helps, but  
Troy was seen a minute on the  
highway, before she went back down to  
the house. Then this big jet took  
off. That's the last anyone saw of  
her.

Sandy sits at the table and Lisa hands her some tea.

LISA  
Did it fly over the house?

SANDY  
Thank you... I don't know.  
(Beat)  
But it's taking off again this  
weekend.

Lisa quickly sits at the table.

LISA  
You're kidding? That'll be exactly a  
year to the-

SANDY  
No. A year "and" a day. If it's  
possible to go back, re-create what  
she did, we have to be in the house  
at four on Friday.  
(Takes sip)  
"Then", it's exactly a year.

LISA  
That's cutting it close. If it works  
at all.

Sandy looks intently at Lisa.

SANDY  
Troy made it through. We'll only have  
three days till the jet flies back to  
Nellis from Edwards and takes off  
again... Then it won't be back for  
another year.

LISA  
(Grim)  
Yeah, but how do we get back?

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF LAS VEGAS - DAY

INT. HALLWAY - UNLV - DAY

INSERT: A sign at the entrance of the hallway reads, "UNLV  
Physics Department."

Lisa knocks on a nearby door with the name "Professor  
Burmeister" printed on it.

LISA  
Mr. B. You in? It's Lisa Johnston...

INT. MR. BURMEISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

"MR. B", late fifties, tall with a bushy beard, sits across  
from Lisa at his desk.

LISA  
Let's pretend time travel is possible.

MR. B  
I'm mildly intrigued. Be sure and  
patent it.

LISA  
Let's say... Exactly a year ago at  
four o'clock, someone went to this  
place where they were somehow  
transported back in time to the early  
1930s.

MR. B  
Yeah.

LISA

Now, I go to the same place exactly a year later at four o'clock and the same thing happens that causes me to go back in the past. Will I be transported back to the same place and time as my friend ended up? And is it a one-way ticket? Or is there possibly a way back?

MR. B

Can I go? I'd love to return back to 1975 and tell myself not to wear skin-tight polyester slacks... in public.

LISA

We'll see. First, I have to find out if I end up in the same place.

MR. B

According to the laws of quantum physics, you... Yeah, you should end up right where they originally arrived. Should even be four o'clock. And a year later, if that matters... Don't quote me on that.

LISA

Really?

MR. B

Yeah... Now the return trip... I'm assuming, depending on circumstances in the future and past, you'd... just do them in reverse.

EXT. PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

Sandy stands near the glass doors with her flip phone right up to her face as she intently reads something on the small screen. Lisa walks outside.

LISA

Hi...

Lisa notices a strange expression on Sandy's face. Sandy lowers her phone and speaks in a dazed tone.

SANDY

I... I just checked Wikipedia. Ruby Keeler died sixty years earlier than she was supposed to.

(more)

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hit by a car in Hollywood on Olive and Warner. Lana Turner's career fizzled in the late thirties.

LISA

What about Jennifer... Troy?

SANDY

She... "Jennifer Gentry" is still very much alive.

Lisa gasps, and Sandy holds up the tiny screen for a squinting Lisa to see.

LISA

No way! She must really be-

SANDY

(Nodding)

Older than me, in fact. She had to have made up a birth date back then. But unless they're hit by an asteroid, old stars refuse to die. June Lockhart passed at 100. Olivia De Havilland lived to be 104. Faye Ray lived to be 96. So did Ruby Keeler before her untimely death.

LISA

You know where Troy is?

SANDY

No idea.

(Fights back tears)

Oh, I miss her. I'm prepared to hire every private detective in the state to find-

LISA

(Takes Sandy's hand)

Let's try Detective Google first... I'm pretty sure this weekend is our one and only chance. According to Mr. B, if it works, we need the second flight a week from now to return back from the past.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa sits at her laptop computer with Sandy beside her.

CLOSE ON: A fairly elaborate Jennifer Gentry website is on the laptop's screen. It features various clips from her movies and glamour photos.

LISA

Cool site. She's officially a diva, but there's no directions to her house.

Lisa clicks on "Film Bio".

CLOSE ON: Twelve films, some with their purchase price included, come up that starred or had Jennifer Gentry in them.

LISA

(continuing)

Look at this. She made six "B-movies" in the late sixties and early seventies for American International Pictures.

Sandy makes a face.

LISA

(continuing)

What?

SANDY

She must've really needed money. In the seventies, Hollywood plucked all the old stars out of moth balls and stuck 'em in horror movies or "Airport 75".

(braces herself)

What were they?

LISA

"Tube Top Summer". "Satan's Cheerleaders"... Mmmm. It gets worse. "The Astounding 3-Headed Transplant". Sequel to "The Incredible 2-Headed Transplant".

Lisa quickly Googles "The Astounding 3-Headed Transplant."

A YouTube video comes up. Lisa excitedly clicks play. Sandy leans in for a better look.

CLOSE ON: LAPTOP SCREEN: A DISTRAUGHT WOMAN with a big early seventies hairdo is in extreme close-up. She looks in the camera and shrieks:

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

It's an abomination!

Schlocky 70s music plays over grainy footage of a 6"8 muscle-bound black man with an enormous afro as he runs crazily through a field with the heads of two white people grafted onto his shoulders near each side of his neck. He suddenly makes a bee-line straight for the camera and he's seen in close-up.

A cigarette hangs from his mouth and he holds a beer as his eyes dart back and fourth to the two additional heads grafted onto his body. A much older Troy, with her grey hair up in a bun is on one of his shoulders. The head of a long-haired hippy is grafted onto the man's other shoulder.

A deep-voiced narrator exclaims:

"When he smokes... They smoke"

"When he drinks... They drink"

"When he kills... THEY KILL!"

"The Astounding 3-headed Transplant!" Coming this March to a drive-in theater near you." The clip ends.

LISA

No, she didn't. My mission in life is to find this!

SANDY

(Sighs)

I hate to think of my baby, in her sixties no less, duct taped to the back of a B-movie actor on a killing spree.

Lisa minimizes the current page and returns to the Jennifer Gentry site.

LISA

Here we go.

Lisa clicks on "Star Bio", reads to herself a moment, then aloud.

LISA

(continuing)

"The elusive star is rumored to be living anywhere from Palm Springs to a commune in Boulder, Colorado. Where ever you are Miss Gentry, you left us wanting more."

SANDY

My bets on the desert. Troy likes dry heat. You go. You're young. If I saw her, I'd keel right over.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Lisa's car is the only vehicle on the desolate highway.

EXT. GAS STATION - PALM SPRINGS - DAY - LATER

Lisa stands outside her car. An older grizzled MECHANIC faces her.

LISA

I'm doing research for a book I'm writing about early Hollywood musicals from the thirties. It's possible an old Hollywood star on my list might've retired here.

MECHANIC

Must be the dry air, but you can't throw a stick without hittin' one of 'em. Who ya' lookin' for? Most of 'em live in gated communities.

LISA

Jennifer Gentry. Ever heard of her?

MECHANIC

Course, I have. She was a hot tamale in her time. But I do know when they get old as dirt 'round here, they ship 'em off to the Motion Picture Retirement Home. Might check there first.

EXT. MOTION PICTURE RETIREMENT HOME - DUSK

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

Lisa and a nurse, BETTY, African American, late fifties, walk down the hallway. Lisa has a name tag pinned to her blouse that reads "VISITOR".

BETTY

Oh, she'll be so pleased! She's our oldest resident and never has any visitors. But Honey, you picked the correct person to give you the 4-1-1 'bout those days, lemme tell 'ya. You know, she was as big as they come back then. Yes, sir-ee, she was.

They stop at room 15. Betty gently knocks on the door.

BETTY

(continuing)

Miss Gentry. Got your visitor, right here... Sweetie, go on in.

Betty walks away. Lisa grips the doorknob and braces herself.

She opens the door and quietly walks inside. Troy, now aged 100 years plus, sits up in bed with her eyes closed, wearing a satin dressing gown. Her hair is white. False eyelashes are the only color on her face.

Lisa stares at Troy in awe, then looks around at all the 8x10 black and white photos of stars from the 1930s and 1940s, and of Troy at her most beautiful in studio glamour stills.

Three ornate frames contain black and white photos of twenty-year-old Troy and a very handsome, slightly older man with his arm around her in each photo.

CLOSE ON: A stack of old photograph albums is next to Troy's bedside, as are several additional framed photos. One in particular is of a modest mid-century home with palm trees and a creme-yellow 1932 Packard parked in the side yard with flat tires.

Lisa takes a step forward and speaks tentatively, almost in a whisper.

LISA

Troy...

Troy opens her eyes, shocked to have heard "that" name. She stares at the ceiling, afraid to look.

LISA

(continuing)

Troy... It's Lisa.

Tears roll down Troy's face.

TROY

My God. How did you figure it out?

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

All of the rooms are dark, except the corner room.

INT. TROY'S CORNER ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Troy is turned in bed, watching Lisa examine the photo of the house with the Packard in the side yard.

TROY

Heard they finally towed the damn thing after the house was sold. It was the one thing I hated to leave behind. Had a few flings in it with Clark Gable.

Troy strains to sit up. Lisa reaches over to help, and a prideful Troy puts up her hand and shakes her head.

TROY

(continuing)

This is what became of me after all I've done.

LISA

What have you done all these years?

TROY

Missed both of you very much. To you, only a year has passed. I'm 98 years old. I've lived a lifetime.

Troy notices the odd expression on Lisa's face. She smiles slyly.

TROY

(continuing)

The math doesn't add up, does it? I should be a hundred and twelve... A year after I "shot to stardom" or whatever you want to call it.

(Beat)

I tried to come back.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Troy drives her Packard along the empty highway dressed in a ultra-stylish 30s ensemble with a matching wide-brim hat. A bulging Louis Vuitton duffel is on the seat next to her.

She unzips it, revealing stacks of cash inside. She slips out a hundred-dollar bill and tucks it into her purse.

TROY (V.O.)

I knew the flight was taking off in the future. I emptied my bank account, just in case, and instructed my lawyers to give my maid the house if I wasn't back in two days. Then they were to announce in Variety that I left Hollywood for good and moved to Iceland to study permafrost.

The Indian Springs house is a mile in the distance. Troy steps on the gas.

EXT. INDIAN SPRINGS HOUSE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy pulls up in her Packard. The red-haired woman's 1929 Oldsmobile is parked out front. The Cottonwood tree is a year older and a foot taller. Troy grips the steering wheel and closes her eyes.

A few moments later a squeaky screen door opens. Troy opens her eyes and checks her watch.

CLOSE ON: 4:03

She looks up. The Cottonwood tree is several feet taller. A big, red four-door sedan is parked out front. The house is a different color.

The now-balding HUSBAND of the red-haired woman has walked out of the house and is staring at Troy.

HUSBAND

Howdy. Didn't hear you pull up. Can I help ya'?

A dazed and very disappointed Troy gets out of her Packard, staring at the red sedan. She mutters to herself.

TROY

I didn't go far enough.  
(To man)  
What... what year is your car?

HUSBAND

Oh, uh. That there's a 1946 Pontiac Streamliner. Just bought it.  
(eyeballs the Packard)  
Mmmm. Now that's an older Packard, right? '32... '33? It's a beaut.

Troy blankly nods. She gets in her car and abruptly drives off. The man watches curiously as the Packard speeds onto the now-paved, desolate two-lane highway.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

1946 Hollywood Boulevard bustles with activity. The movie "Gilda" is playing at the El Capitan.

TROY (V.O.)

I made my not-so-triumphant return to Hollywood the next day... "14 years later". I had no home. My maid sold it and moved to Germany when I didn't come back. Theda was in Europe for an extended vacation.

INSERT: Clip from Fox Movietone Newsreel. "Headline Hollywood" 1946. The narrator Lowell Thomas speaks over footage of Troy driving her Packard onto the lot of RKO Studios while a small crowd of photographers snaps photos.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)

Iceland a bust. But is it the new fountain of youth? Faded starlet Jennifer Gentry returns over a decade later, looking eerily young. What pray tell is her secret?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Bellhops carry Troy's Louis Vuitton luggage out of the hotel as she walks ahead of them in a chic 1940s tailored suit.

TROY (V.O.)

Despite being downgraded to "Starlet", I managed to get cast in The Postman Always Rings Twice. By then I'd moved to Palm Springs. I didn't know a soul. I couldn't find my mother. She wasn't born yet...

INT. TROY'S ROOM - MOTION PICTURE RETIREMENT HOME

Troy pulls her robe around her and smiles warmly at Lisa.

TROY

... You wouldn't come along for another half a century.

(Sighs)

Over the years my looks did change. I had to take what parts I could get.

(more)

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm just surprised my mother didn't see me in a movie sooner.

(Takes Lisa's hand)

I suppose if all goes well, we'll be together again.

LISA

We will. How can we find you?

TROY

I don't recommend standing outside RKO and yelling my name...

(Pauses a moment, then smiles)

Honey, get me a photo album. Second one from the top.

CLOSE ON: Lisa hands it to Troy, who flips through the brittle pages and stops on a page with a newspaper clipping from "August 22, 1932".

TROY

(continuing)

I know where to find me...

CLOSE ON: Troy points at the grainy newspaper photo in the clipping, where the name of the columnist "ZEKE ROLLINGS" is above the photo with the caption:

"Jen Gentry and H.H spotted at The Trocadero. Is love in the air?" A young, blonde, Troy, is seated in a booth with Howard Hughes.

TROY

(continuing)

... Trocadero, the night club. The studio arranged a dismal date for me that night with Howard Hughes. Go to the doorman. Make him go inside and tell me the two of you are here. Now, this paper came out on the twenty second.

(Looks up)

But I was there the night before on the 21st. "Gossip hot off the griddle". Open that top drawer right there. Take out my jewelry box.

Lisa hands it to Troy, who fishes out two pieces of jewelry:

CLOSE ON: A pair of small diamond earrings and a large jewel encrusted Art Nouveau brooch shaped like a dragonfly.

TROY

(continuing)

You'll need 1930s money. When you go back, pawn one piece to get to Hollywood. The other when you get there... Now, you can stay at my great grandmother's place, the Footlights. It's that simple, except...

LISA

What?

TROY

... When you arrive, my date will be almost a week away. I'll be in Havana right up until then. But if you return back, and it's still 1931, I won't be famous yet.

(Beat)

Heck. I might even be in the same room with you. That would be something.

Lisa is quiet a moment, pondering the possibilities. Troy turns the channel on the television to "Turner Classic Movies".

LISA

Then... we'll find you at the Footlights, I guess.

Troy nods and looks wistfully around the room at all her "star" photos. She struggles to keep her eyes open.

TROY

I never tried again to return. I was too afraid of where I'd end up... so I had to make the best of it. What ever the case, you better go back and talk some sense into me.

Troy lies back and closes her eyes, letting out a contented sigh. Lisa pulls the covers over Troy and turns to go.

She spies something peeking out of the last page of the photo album.

INT. SANDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sandy and Lisa drive through a busy intersection in Las Vegas. Each of them wears 1930s-looking clothing. Sandy has tears in her eyes.

LISA

We talked for two hours. She told me over the years she'd call just to hear your voice, then hang up. And she had to wait years for that.

(Beat)

Troy was like fifty when you were born.

Sandy nods, taking it all in. Lisa looks intently at Sandy.

LISA

(continuing)

Before I left... I found something.

INSERT: In Troy's room at the Motion Picture Retirement Home" Lisa notices something poking out of the last page of the photo album. She pulls out a yellowed, folded section of newspaper and sees the date:

CLOSE ON: August 10th, 1932. Lisa unfolds, it and her eyes go immediately to a grainy photo of the same man in framed photos with Troy. The article reads:

"Addison DeWitt, protege of Fritz Lang, dies in a plane crash returning to the United States from a German film set.

Lisa skims down the page:... Mr. DeWitt's rumored paramour, none other than Jennifer Gentry, collapses at the airport upon hearing the news."

LISA

(continuing)

Depending on the year we actually get there... Troy's new man dies the day after we all leave.

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa exit the salon sporting 1930s matching "Marcel" hairstyles.

INT. SANDY'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa drive slowly past the crowd of camcorder wielding tourists. The Raptor F22 sits on the runway. Lisa reads aloud from an article she pulled up on her phone.

LISA

It's been landing and taking off from Indian Springs every August since 2015... with only one "mishap".

(more)

LISA (CONT'D)

Last year, right as it took off at approximately 4:03...

(Skims page)

Warning sensor in cockpit. Take off aborted immediately. That must be why...

(Softly gasps)

Troy came so close to making it back.

SANDY

Better believe they fixed that in a jiffy. But if you have any doubts about this. Any at all. I-

LISA

Oh, no, no. I'm going. I won't skydive, but I'll do this.

EXT. INDIAN SPRINGS HOUSE - DAY

Sandy parks and shuts off her Buick. Both women get out and look nervously at the house, where all the windows are boarded up. Sandy looks up at the overcast sky.

SANDY

Hope the flight isn't cancelled. Good grief. Are you as scared as I am?

Lisa nods and Sandy takes her hand. A smaller air force jet flies over.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The living room is fully furnished. Charlie's Angels is on the TV. Sandy and Lisa walk inside. Sandy rears back in shock.

SANDY

What the ... I... I cleaned the place out.

LISA

It's not Troy's stuff.

The room transforms back and is empty now. Sandy is stunned.

LISA

(continuing)

An air force jet flew over. Just wait.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - LATER

A very concerned, Lisa, looks out a slit in the boarded up window. Sandy checks her watch.

SANDY

It's now 3:55. Do they need a set of jumper cables? What if this screws everything up? I can't wait another year to see her. I can't.

LISA

Lemme go see what's up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lisa hurries up to the highway and stops next to a TOURIST.

LISA

Was the flight cancelled?

TOURIST

No. Some senator came down from Carson City. Bored us all with a speech. Now he wants to watch it take off.

The afterburners of the Raptor F22 glow.

TOURIST

(continuing)

Ah, cool. It's taking off now.

He turns to Lisa, who's already running back down the hill.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Lisa bounds through the front door.

LISA

Whip out your boarding pass. It's leaving the gate!

SANDY

Oh, oh...

(Digs in purse)

Here, hurry. I brought Dramamine just in case we-

The huge jet roars off. Lisa takes Sandy's hand. The house vibrates loudly, and kitchen cabinets pop open. Lisa and Sandy scream and grab hold of one another.

Both women close their eyes tightly, then hear sounds as a quick succession of time scenes appears.

They open their eyes in wonderment as the room changes back and forth through different eras, then very bright sunshine fills the room.

Everything is in BLACK and WHITE again.

Sandy and Lisa gasp and look around the early 1930s living room, dumbstruck.

LISA

(In awe)

I'm...I... I am sprung. Yesterday we were in Ross Dress for Less. Now we're...

(Touches fridge, gasps)

Ohhh. This just got real. Before you couldn't... Oh, God. Sandy, we are really here.

SANDY

Uh, huh. You can't book this at a travel agency.

Sandy hurries into the hallway and looks into the first bedroom, calling out:

SANDY

(continuing)

Troy... Troy...

LISA

Sandy, someone else lives here.

SANDY

You said Troy could be in the same room with us...

LISA

She's come and gone already... I think... Oh, no. What if Troy hasn't arrived yet?

Sandy walks back out. Lisa sighs in exasperation.

LISA

(continuing)

Mr. B doesn't actually know shit about time travel. No one does!

(Looks around)

Where's a calendar?

A FULLY GROWN orange cat walks into the living room. Lisa laughs and grabs it, waving it in front of Sandy.

LISA  
(continuing)  
"Sorry, Mr. B". It's 1932! Troy told me she saw an orange "kitten" when she first-

The front door starts to open. Lisa and Sandy freeze.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN (O.S.)  
I think I left it inside. Lemme check.

Their eyes grow wide as the door opens another inch. They see the red-haired woman's hand grip the knob.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
No, c'mon. I found it. It's right where I said it would be.

The door is pulled shut.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN (O.S.)  
I'm sewin' it to the seat of your pants.

They hear the truck drive off. Sandy let's out a relieved breath.

LISA  
(Cuddles cat)  
Troy's here. Somewhere. I'm certain of it now.

Lisa puts up her hand for a high-five. Sandy smiles bemusedly and high-fives her.

SANDY  
Wait. They don't do this in the thirties. Basil Rathbone never high-fived Franchot Tone.

LISA  
(Sets down cat)  
Hmmm?

SANDY  
They're before your time... or they were. But we have to adjust to this era. Watch everything we say and do from this moment on.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lisa helps Sandy up the hill to the dirt two-lane highway.  
CLOSE ON: Sandy pins the dragonfly brooch under her blouse.

EXT. 1932 FREMONT STREET - LAS VEGAS - DAY - LATER

Lisa and Sandy exit a car. The male driver waves and drives off. They look around in complete awe at the 1930s casinos and people.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa exit the pawn shop and begin to cross the street. Sandy does a double-take, noticing the EL PORTAL theater.

CLOSE ON: "Sing Mister Sing" starring Jennifer Gentry and Dick Powell is on the marquee with the double feature "The Mask of Fu Manchu" starring Boris Karloff.

INT. EL PORTAL THEATER - DAY

A scene from "Sing Mister Sing" plays on the theater screen.

Troy, as Jennifer Gentry, is in an auditorium, surrounded by a dozen other "show kids", who eagerly hang onto her every word.

JENNIFER GENTRY

He thinks it's a swell idea. After I told him how I gave up my career as a world-renowned scientist to become a chorus girl, he agreed to give us enough money to finish the show! But there's one hitch...

A young STAGE ACTOR wearing a flipped-up baseball cap speaks.

STAGE ACTOR

Gee whiz, there's always a hitch.

JENNIFER GENTRY

... We gotta change the name to "Sing Mister Sing!"

There's a moment of silence, then various people in the crowd call out, "Yeah, I like it".

Music swells, and the scene suddenly cuts to the exterior of a Broadway theater.

Its marquee lights are ablaze with the name "SING MISTER SING!"

In the movie theater audience, Sandy and Lisa watch the onscreen movie with tears streaming down their faces.

EXT. LAS VEGAS TRAIN STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Sandy and Lisa board the streamliner train "Santa Fe Chief."

EXT. TRAIN - SUNRISE

The train travels past a California lemon grove.

EXT. 1932 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa stand hand in hand on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, craning their necks as they look around. Perturbed Passersby walk around them.

Sandy looks up at the Hollywoodland sign.

SANDY

In seventeen years, they'll shorten it to just plain "Hollywood". I wonder if it's the first thing Troy laid eyes on.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY - LATER

Lisa and Sandy walk slowly up the crowded boulevard, taking it all in. Sandy is beside herself with excitement.

A group of children directly ahead of them board a bus with "Los Angeles Orphanage" written on the side.

The children's TEACHER waits inside the bus at the open door. She peeks out and spies a beautiful, blond seven-year-old girl, who stares into a store front window filled with movie memorabilia.

TEACHER

Young lady. Get on this bus right now!

The beautiful little girl passes Sandy and smiles at her as she gets on the bus.

TEACHER  
 (continuing)  
 I told you not to dawdle. You want to  
 go on another field trip, don't you,  
 Norma Jean?

The bus door closes. It takes off and brakes at a traffic  
 signal. Sandy abruptly stops.

SANDY  
 No... Can't be.

LISA  
 What?

SANDY  
 "Norma Jean... Baker?"

Sandy and Lisa see the little girl on the bus has run to the  
 back window, where she puckers up and blows them a kiss.

SANDY  
 (continuing)  
 "Monroe". Marilyn Monroe! It's her.  
 It has to be! Oh, my Lord! I can't  
 take much more. It's bad enough,  
 yesterday I was younger than my  
 daughter, and today I'm older than my  
 own Grandmother.

EXT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Sandy, holding the silver picture frame, faces Theda, who's  
 behind the counter, looking gravely at Lisa. Reality has  
 struck.

THEDA THALBERG  
 I'm so sorry. This is a whites-only  
 establishment.

Sandy sets down the frame. Theda leans forward and speaks  
 almost in a whisper.

THEDA THALBERG  
 (continuing)  
 Listen, if I had any say, it wouldn't  
 be. But I have to abide by the law.

SANDY  
 But she's my assistant.

THEDA THALBERG

I'm sorry. Now, there's a colored's only motel over on Alverado called the Green Door.

SANDY

What? You can't mean that. I won't be separated from her. This is terrible.

LISA

Sandy, no. Please, just stay here. Everyone else around here "like me", has no choice. I'd feel guilty if I got any preferential treatment. I'll be all right.

Theda listens curiously. Sandy grips Lisa's hand.

SANDY

Can she at least go up with me till I get settled?

THEDA THALBERG

Of course.

INT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE

Lisa and Sandy walk upstairs. Sandy sneaks a look back at Theda, who offers her Lynx a treat.

SANDY

I met her once. Right before she died. I was four years old.

Sandy and Lisa stop at the top of the stairs and watch Theda.

SANDY

(continuing)

Now I know why she and my mother weren't close.

(Turns to Lisa)

Remember when I asked her about the little girl in the frame? Theda told me it's her niece.

(Beat)

I know for a fact it's her daughter.

LISA

How?

SANDY

Because the little girl in the frame happens to be my mother.

EXT. GREEN DOOR MOTEL - OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa leaves the office holding her room key. Singing and musical instruments can be heard coming from a room several doors down. Lisa walks three doors down to her room.

A tall BLACK GIRL, early twenties, walks out of the room where the music is. A young black MAN holding a clarinet sticks his head out of the room.

MAN

Get some sleep, girl. We got's a long train ride head of us.

BLACK GIRL

Don't worry me, none. I'll be glad to be back in New York. Night y'all.

The man ducks back inside. Lisa lingers outside her room and watches the black girl stop next to a large shrub with dozens of white gardenia blossoms.

She smells one of the gardenias, starts to walk away, then stops. She plucks off one of the white gardenias and puts it in her hair.

Lisa softly gasps and whispers to herself.

LISA

Billie Holiday...

Billie Holiday turns and walks back to her room. A giddy, Lisa, goes into hers.

INT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Sandy, clad in her bathrobe, walks downstairs. Two Tiffany lamps in the parlor give off the only light.

Sandy goes directly to the check-in counter and picks up the silver-framed photo. Staring in awe at the little pigtailed girl, Sandy gently touches the photo, then sets it down.

A noise startles her. Sandy turns, seeing Theda's Lynx has jumped up on the back of a velvet couch in the parlor.

Sandy hurries upstairs.

Theda, who was hidden behind the couch, watches Sandy go upstairs. She sets down her book and gets up, followed by her Lynx. Theda looks curiously up the dark stairs, then goes over to the framed photo of her "niece".

Theda places it in a drawer with a look of unease.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON: A large billboard is in view featuring "Jennifer Gentry" seated on a large rock in a field wearing an evening gown as she smokes a cigarette.

INSERT: Words beside her proclaim: "Jennifer Gentry says: Smoke Lucky Strikes for that burst of health. They soothe my vocal cords and give my cheeks a rosy glow!"

Beneath the billboard, Sandy and Lisa sit in the back of a 1930s Yellow taxi, gawking at the billboard above them.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa exit the taxi at a very busy pawn shop.

SANDY

This could take a while.

LISA

I'll site see. How bout I meet you back here in half an hour?

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The PAWN SHOP CLERK examines the jewel-encrusted dragonfly broach. He eyes Sandy suspiciously.

PAWN SHOP CLERK

Where did you get this?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY - LATER

Lisa approaches the pawn shop, where a policeman helps a handcuffed Sandy into the squad car. A panic-stricken Lisa turns to a NEARBY MAN.

LISA

Do you know what happened?

NEARBY MAN

Some Dame tried to fence stolen bling.

Lisa is taken aback by the comment.

LISA

What?

NEARBY MAN

Bling. Bling, bling. Stolen bling.

She watches the squad car drive off with Sandy.

LISA

Oh, no.

(Shoots the man a look)

I know what bling is!

Lisa hurries away into the crowd.

INT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Lisa faces Theda, who's behind the counter with her lynx.

LISA

I don't have any money left. I... I  
just need rent for two more days.

THEDA THALBERG

I'll see what I can do... But where's  
Mrs. Remick?

INT. FOOTLIGHTS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

A cleaning cart is in the hallway. Lisa emerges from a room holding a mop. She locks the door.

EXT. TROCADERO NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa, dressed very drab, stands near the entrance of the Trocadero, where a DOORMAN looks disdainfully at Lisa.

DOORMAN

A lot of people want to leave Miss Gentry messages. She's on a date and doesn't want to be disturbed. Move along.

LISA

I know. With Howard Hughes and they're not getting along. She called and asked me to come rescue her. She said you'd go inside and tell her when I arrived.

INT. TROCADERO - NIGHT

Amongst the star-studded crowd, the burly doorman is at the booth, where a bored, bejeweled, stunningly beautiful, platinum blonde, Troy, sits with HOWARD HUGHES.

DOORMAN

There's a young lady outside. A friend of yours. She's had some car trouble and needs to speak with you.

TROY

Who is it, Ginger?

DOORMAN

No, Ma'm. Not Miss Rogers.

(Beat)

It's a Negro. Says her name's Lisa Johnston.

Troy gasps and drops her cigarette in Howard's lap. Her eyes tear up. Troy just sits a moment, completely stunned. Howard Hughes squirms around trying not to get burnt. Troy pushes him out of the way.

TROY

Move. Let me out!

The doorman offers his hand.

DOORMAN

Is she your maid?

TROY

No, my best friend!

The doorman follows Troy, who quickly makes her way through the crowd passing JEAN HARLOW and GARY COOPER. Troy bumps into MARLENE DIETRICH.

MARLENE DIETRICH

Jen, darling. You all right?

Troy hurries past Marlene, then pauses at the door, preparing herself. Her hands are trembling. She dashes outside.

EXT. TROCADERO - NIGHT

Troy looks around and sees an equally stunned Lisa standing by the curb. Troy cries out, and the two women run up and embrace each other. The doorman watches curiously.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD - NIGHT - LATER

Troy drives with tears streaming down her face.

TROY

Lemme tell ya'. Nothing helps you get over a divorce quicker than time travel.

LISA

Guess so. You've totally come out of your shell.

Troy swerves to avoid a car.

TROY

Showbiz has always been in my blood. I just didn't know it. I still can't believe it. I never thought...

(wipes away tears)

Thank God for the late, late show, huh?

LISA

Yeah. The jet takes off again in three days, and we can all go home. Can you believe it!

TROY

(Less than enthused)

Oh...

(Turns the corner)

I can't wait.

EXT. CITY JAIL - NIGHT

Throngs of reporters are bunched up to the glass doors looking into the foyer, where Lisa sits on a bench while Troy paces nearby in her evening gown. In the foyer, a jail matron walks out of a nearby room and holds the door open for Sandy.

Suddenly, it's a frenzy of exploding flashbulbs as all the reporters begin taking pictures. Through the glass doors, Troy can be seen embracing Sandy.

EXT. POLICE DEPT. - NIGHT - LATER

Dozens of reporters have microphones pointed at Troy, Lisa, and Sandy, who basks in all the attention.

A REPORTER fields a question.

REPORTER

Miss Gentry, why did it take two days to find out your mother was in jail?

TROY

It was all a big mistake, fellas. I have so much jewelry, I didn't realize which piece I gave her.

Various reporters call out "Miss Gentry".

One particular reporter, ZEKE ROLLINGS, watches the impromptu press conference with a dubious gaze. He sizes up Sandy and Lisa, then writes something down in a notebook.

EXT. TROY'S MANSION - NIGHT - LATER

Troy drives her Packard up to her lavish Mediterranean-style mansion. A single light comes on downstairs.

INT. TROY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Sandy, Lisa, and Troy stand in the huge Spanish tiled foyer. Sandy walks around gawking at the lavish house.

LISA

Okay, Jenny from the block.

CLOSE ON: A stack of screenplays rests on top of an ornate table. Lisa gives them a cursory glance.

SANDY

It's spectacular! I never imagined a house could be so-  
 (sings and dances)  
 "We're in the money. Come on, my honey. Let's spend it, lend it, send it rolling around!"

TROY

What's that from?

LISA

I'm assuming a song from a movie you're snatching right out from under the nose of a struggling actress.  
 (To Sandy)  
 Right?

TROY

What? What's that mean?

A loud cough is heard from an adjacent room behind Sandy, who peeks into the open doorway of the bathroom, where OLGA, early sixties, German, plump, tall, stern-looking, is on her knees dipping a silver flask into the toilet water.

Troy appears in the doorway and peeks in the toilet bowl, where there isn't much "water" left.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Would you like a snorkel?

Olga gasps and yanks the flask out of the toilet. She puts her hand over her heart.

TROY  
(continuing)  
You're suckin' up all the good gin.  
Use the rotgut. There's enough for  
every extra in Hollywood.

OLGA  
Talk to hand. It taste like gasoline.

TROY  
It tastes fine.

OLGA  
I secretly put some in car and it  
runs better.

TROY  
Whatever. It's still the damn  
prohibition. Save some for Addison.

With much difficulty, Olga strains to get up. Troy holds onto Olga's arm and tugs with all her might. Lisa and Sandy go to help, but an out-of-breath Olga makes it up holding her aching back.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Olga, this is my mother, Sandy. And  
my best friend Lisa.

OLGA  
Mmm, girlfriends. Nice meet you.

CLOSE ON: Lisa notices two big diamond rings on Olga's hand.

OLGA  
(continuing)  
Prohibition on last nerve.

TROY  
I'd like you to lay out some  
nightgowns, please.

OLGA  
Flannel or Ostrich?

Troy smirks and Olga walks down the hall. Reaching down, Troy pulls a chain that flushes toilets of that era, and instead, a secret compartment opens from the wall containing several martini and shot glasses. Troy lifts her gown revealing a garter holding a platinum flask, which she takes out and dips in the toilet bowl.

TROY  
We all try to out-do each other with  
inventive hiding places.  
(Takes swig)  
I'll have Olga show you where the  
real bathrooms are.

Lisa grabs a handful of screenplays from the ornate table.

LISA  
Mind if I read a couple? I forgot my  
Kindle in another era.

TROY  
Really? Yes, yes, go for it. My agent  
sends stacks of 'em every week.

Sandy vigorously shakes her head at Lisa.

TROY  
(continuing)  
If anyone can find my next great  
movie role, I bet it's you.

Lisa drops the scripts back down on the pile.

TROY  
(continuing)  
What? What's going on?

SANDY  
Troy...

TROY  
"Jennifer".

SANDY  
"Troy"... We're leaving in three  
days.

TROY

What? I can't go back. Not now. I just signed a seven year contract and Warner's loaned me out to RKO.

Olga appears holding two extravagant silk night gowns over flowing with billowing ostrich feathers. She hands one to Lisa.

OLGA

(To Sandy)

Follow me.

Troy grabs the two scripts and hands them back to Lisa, who's drug up the stairs by Troy. Sandy exchanges a look with Lisa before following Olga down a hallway.

LISA

You obviously didn't read the time travel instruction manual. German maids in nineteen-thirty two aren't supposed to speak like they were cast in Pootie Tang.

(Grabs Troy's bejeweled wrist)

Nice "bling".

INT. TROY'S SECOND STORY BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON: Lisa reads a telegram she holds. "Darling, Jen. Fritz Lang finished editing film. Stop: Leaving Berlin early. Stop: Booked transatlantic flight arriving Tuesday the 8th. Stop:". Love Addison. Stop:

Lisa, donned in ostrich feathers, sits on the bed next to Troy, who takes the telegram from Lisa.

LISA

You... you're not marrying this guy, are you?

TROY

MmmHmm. Eventually. I love Addison, but I have to make sure the press knows I'm reserving a room for him at the Garden of Allah.

(Sets telegram on nightstand)

The studios keep all of us on our P's and Q's. God, we can't even eat a banana in public.

Lisa opens her mouth to speak, then looks away from Troy. She can't bear to tell her what she knows.

TROY  
(continuing)  
What?

(Beat)  
Lisa, it's so strange. I don't miss the future. Any of it... You and my mother could get used to it, too. It's much easier than you think.

LISA  
Maybe we could, but the clock is ticking...

Troy sighs, her optimistic tone forced.

TROY  
Look... I figured it out. I'll buy the house in Indian Springs in this era, and we'll use it like a train station to come and go from the past to the present. And vice versa.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TROY'S BEDROOM

Sandy, wearing her equally lavish silk and ostrich-feather night gown, stands with her ear to the door listening to Troy and Lisa. Looking very concerned, Sandy quietly walks away.

INT. UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa reads one of the scripts in a huge, round bed. She idly writes a note along the margin, then closes the script and yawns.

INT. OLGA'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

CLOSE ON: Olga sits up in bed reading a 1930s ten-cent pulp magazine "Thrilling Detective Stories" while a cigarette hangs out the side of her mouth.

Hearing a noise, Olga peeks out the window just in time to see the paper boy throw a newspaper across the lawn. She quickly gets up, and throws a stunning fur coat over her night gown, and leaves the room.

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Troy sleeps under satin sheets. Olga frantically calls out.

OLGA (O.S.)  
Miss Gentry, Miss Gentry!

Troy wakes up. Olga appears in the doorway in her fur coat, out of breath, clutching the newspaper.

EXT. PATIO - TROY'S MANSION - DAY - LATER

A just-awakened Lisa and Sandy sit at the patio table. Olga stands nearby, nervously watching as Troy paces about as she reads aloud from the newspaper.

TROY  
... "There's no memory loss for this reporter, who remembers a little interview Miss Gentry gave while still an aspiring starlet living at Theda Thalberg's boarding house. The gossamer glam, fessed, that, alas, she was in fact an orphan, whose mother died many moons ago...

OLGA  
I get gin, I get gin.

A flustered Olga swings open the French doors and goes into the kitchen.

TROY  
... And, who, now, apparently has sprung back to life, by way of Lourdes, no doubt, with her colored assistant in tow and Jenny's gems in her sights.

Olga hurries back out with a pitcher and hands Troy a glass of gin. Troy reads silently to herself a moment.

CLOSE ON: Above the article, it reads: "Zeke's Daily Peeks: Gossip Hot Off The Griddle", with a smarmy, smiling photo of Zeke Rollings, an eyebrow arched suspiciously, looking out at the readers of his celebrity column. Troy slams down the paper.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Oh, he's just awful. He could find dirt on Shirley Temple.  
(more)

TROY (CONT'D)

(To Sandy)

Now the whole town knows you pawned the brooch.

SANDY

So...

TROY

So, I went on and on about it in an interview. How much I loved it. That I'd run into a fire to save it.

Olga crosses her arms and speaks ominously.

OLGA

If Mr. Zeke not shut trap, I tie engine block to ankles and throw him into La Brea Tar Pit. Tonight.

TROY

I know. I'll hold a big press conference. Tell'em my publicist thought saying my mother being dead sounded more interesting, so I reluctantly-

SANDY

No, you... Troy, you have to lie low. In fact, stay in the house until we leave. You've done enough damage.

TROY

Damage?

Olga pours gin into Sandy's coffee cup. Sandy lowers her voice to a whisper.

SANDY

Lana Turner... Ruby Keeler...

TROY

Don't worry about her. I drank too much champagne one night and told her I'm from the future.

Olga rolls her eyes and pours gin for Lisa, who shakes her head, no.

SANDY

Troy, I'm sorry, but you cause Ruby Keeler to die prematurely, and Lana Turner to-

TROY

Are you sure? Oh God. Do I develop split personalities who kill, and star in musicals? Is Ruby Keeler still alive?

SANDY

Yes, but-

TROY

Well, it won't happen now. Tell me what I did to cause it, and I won't do it.

SANDY

Troy...

TROY

Mother...

(doorbell rings)

The studio limo. Olga, tell 'em I'm taking my car today.

(To Sandy)

They're pulling out all the stops for my new movie. This is my best role yet!

Troy hurries inside, followed by Olga. Sandy exchanges a look with Lisa.

INT. RKO MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY - LATER

A bathrobe-clad Troy reclines in a chair, having her make-up done by a flamboyant MAKE-UP ARTIST. Seven other women in robes recline in chairs while their faces are done up by other artists. The room is filled with the women's laughter and chatter. A radio plays music from the 1930s.

CLOSE ON: A clothing rack behind Troy has several drab grey dresses hanging from it with "inmate" numbers on them. Troy's make-up artist applies some mascara on the end of Troy's fake lashes.

MAKE-UP ARTIST

I heard you used to beat your mother on the back of her legs with a wooden spoon 'cause you're ashamed she's poor.

A BURLY MAN chomping on the unlit stub of a cigar walks inside holding a box.

BURLY MAN

Howdy ladies. Here's your shanks for scene 42.

He begins handing out shanks to the other actresses.

TROY

I heard it too. It's taken on a life of its own. I'm getting crank calls now. And my number's unlisted. God, I miss caller ID.

The chatter stops. Everyone in the room looks at Troy. The make-up artist freezes, mascara wand in mid-air. A CURLY-HAIRED ACTRESS looks inquisitively at Troy.

CURLY HAIRED ACTRESS

"Caller ID"? What gives?

MAKE-UP ARTIST

Yeah, fess up!

TROY

Nothing. I... It's impossible. No one should ever think about it or talk about it. It completely takes the mystery out of who's calling!

The burly man pulls out a huge home-made shank.

BURLY MAN

Which one of you disembowels the warden?

INT. TAXI - DAY

Sandy and Lisa sit in the backseat of a yellow cab at a stop signal.

LISA

The girl is in denial. That's for sure.

SANDY

We are taking everything from her in one fell swoop.

LISA

For real.

(Beat)

You know, I hate to, but I think we should tell her his plane crashes. How else-

The "go" sign flips up, and the taxi takes off.

SANDY  
 (Nodding)  
 No need to. I sent Addison a  
 transatlantic telegram under Troy...  
 Jennifer's name, telling him to stay  
 put. That she's flying to Germany to  
 meet him.

LISA  
 Snap. Props for the skullduggery, Ms.  
 Sandy.

SANDY  
 Yeah, well. How ya' gonna keep 'em  
 down on the farm after they've had a  
 taste of Tinsel Town?

Lisa smiles wryly.

LISA  
 Right.

The taxi driver pulls up to the curb in front of RKO Studios.

INT. RKO - DAY

Sandy and Lisa walk past a sound stage where a SKINNY MAN  
 peeks out the door as he talks quietly with an errand boy.

A red light is on above the door.

CLOSE ON: A sign states: "Filming Do Not Enter."

SKINNY MAN  
 Remember, Miss Crawford likes it  
 black. If you add cream, she may  
 throw it at you.

Sandy stops in her tracks and grabs Lisa. The errand boy runs  
 off. The skinny man pops back inside leaving the door ajar.  
 Sandy motions to Lisa and they slip inside.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Sandy passes three wardrobe racks. INSERT: One rack has a  
 sign stating: "Miss Crawford". All of her lavish costumes are  
 on wooden hangers.

CLOSE ON: Except a single WIRE HANGER with nothing on it.  
 Sandy sees it and gasps.

JOAN CRAWFORD (O.S.)  
 You're nothing but a two-bit stage  
 door, Johnny. Now, after you've  
 played me like a chump, you're  
 actually surprised I'm kicking you to  
 the curb.

Sandy and Lisa, surprised at the dialog, stop and peek around the last wardrobe rack, seeing the DIRECTOR and JOAN CRAWFORD on a sumptuously decorated set with another actor and a second actress.

DIRECTOR  
 Joan. Joan, darling. You're saying  
 your lines all wrong. Your character.  
 She's not sassy or saucy. She's  
 angry. Her heart's been torn out.

JOAN CRAWFORD  
 Pardon me, but you can't say "I'm  
 kicking you to the curb" any other  
 way. It just comes out sassy.

Sandy and Lisa look at one another. They turn to go, and Sandy snatches the wire hanger off the rack and stuffs it into the trash.

INT. RKO - SECOND SOUND STAGE - DAY - LATER

Sandy and Lisa stand next to a camera, looking around the massive sound stage. Several yards away, there's a twenty-foot-high mock prison wall complete with barbed wire.

CLOSE ON: A large plaque on the wall reads: "SAN QUENTIN FEDERAL PRISON".

Several sections of long rope have been thrown over the wall and hang down over the so-called "free side" of the prison, where a four-door sedan getaway car is parked. The faux sky in the background is painted black with a giant full moon overhead.

Two crewmen walk over with a fake tree and plop it down next to the car. Various crew members mill about, adjusting lights and positioning cameras.

A nearby wall has a large mural painted on it of a road leading to the front gates of San Quentin.

A door opens from it, and the make-up artist walks out onto the soundstage, followed by the DIRECTOR, Troy, and seven other women who all smoke cigarettes and are dressed in skin-tight grey prison uniforms with black pumps.

Their hair is set, and their faces are fully made up now, with long false eyelashes. The make-up artist gives them the once over.

MAKE-UP ARTIST

Push up your titties, girls. Show 'em off while you still can. Mr. Hays and the Pope are on the warpath again.

Sandy waves at Troy, who doesn't notice. Lisa eyes the "prison uniforms" dubiously and looks up at the plaque.

LISA

Isn't San Quentin a men's prison?

A nearby SCRIPT GIRL glances back.

SCRIPT GIRL

No, it's coed.

The make-up artist hurries past Sandy and Lisa, grabbing his make-up case.

MAKE-UP ARTIST

It's... Like a gay romp through the penal system.

A half-scale prop Zeppelin is being positioned in the "sky" over the prison.

A GANGLY CREW MEMBER rushes up to the script girl, clutching several loose script pages.

GANGLY CREW MEMBER

Here's the revisions... Get this. In light of the new promotion, now the getaway car won't start. But a Zeppelin flying overhead lowers a rope, and all the girls climb inside, but it's too heavy, and crash lands in Manhattan.

SANDY

They all die?

GANGLY CREW MEMBER

(Shoots Sandy a look)

No, they become Broadway stars. Helloo.

The script girl sets down the screenplay of the movie being filmed.

CLOSE ON: Lisa picks it up and reads the title: "Moonlight Marauder". Flipping through the script she stops and reads aloud from a page.

LISA

"It's sure swell the warden let us take dancing lessons... Oh, he's not just the warden, he's the eyes and ears of Broadway... Great, after my parole hearing, I'm auditioning!"

Lisa rolls her eyes. Dozens of Kleig lights suddenly illuminate the prison set. The director grabs his megaphone.

DIRECTOR

Ready? Action!

INT. TROY'S PACKARD - DAY - LATER

Troy speeds along a winding road in her Packard. Sandy is in the passenger seat. Lisa sits in the back, leaning forward.

LISA

Are you my 1930s doppelganger, or what?

SANDY

She's right, Dear. You can't say anything you don't want repeated to a writer. You can't have everyone in a Joan Crawford movie speaking like a rapper on MTV.

TROY

It's not like people in the 1930s don't talk funny.

(Hits the brakes)

Shit, the Coppers. How fast was I going?

A police car passes. Troy screeches around the corner and hangs a left into the driveway of her mansion. Keeping the car running, she digs a wad of cash out of her purse.

TROY

(continuing)

Here, take some dough. I need to memorize my lines. Buy yourselves a whole new wardrobe.

(Gets out of the car)

We're all going to the Trocadero tonight.

Troy dashes into the house. Sandy scoots over behind the wheel of the Packard. Lisa opens the back door.

SANDY

No, no. Stay in the back. We'll give 'em all something to talk about.

LISA

(Chuckles)

Okay, Miss Daisy...

Sandy drives off, "chauffeuring" Lisa.

INT. TROCADERO NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The large double doors open. Troy, Sandy, Lisa, Olga, and Theda Thalberg enter like royalty, dressed to kill. The lavishly costumed band plays a rousing tune. The bandleader has a spider monkey on his shoulder wearing an identical outfit.

The place is filled to capacity. The matre'd, UMBERTO, Spanish, sixty+, rushes up to Troy.

CLOSE ON: Troy slips him a wad of cash. Lisa walks a few steps ahead.

UMBERTO

Thank you, ma'am. This way, please.

Umberto spies Lisa and stops abruptly, suddenly looking uneasy. Troy knows why and slips him three additional hundred-dollar bills, giving him a look imploring him not to do anything.

Troy and her "entourage" make their way through the crowd. People gawk, stare, and whisper. Several patrons are shocked to see Lisa inside. Many are surprised to see Theda Thalberg.

Troy walks up to Sandy, who notices a man in a tuxedo glaring at Lisa.

TROY

I'm sensing a theme.

SANDY

Uh, huh.

Sandy and Troy hurry up to Lisa and join arms with her. They stop at the edge of the packed dance floor, and Lisa watches curiously as every dancing couple on the floor have their foreheads pressed together and their arms back as they dance "The Carioca", a popular dance of the day.

TROY  
Everyone's here. Even Cole Porter.

LISA  
Okay. This is the weirdest rave I've  
ever attended.

The bandleader catches Troy's eye and winks at her, as does the monkey, who mimics his every move. The Carioca ends and the band strikes up an unusual tune. Olga squeals.

OLGA  
Ohhh. Electric slide!

LISA  
Okay, it just got weirder.

The crowd packs the dance floor and form several lines. Olga hurries over and squeezes in between BETTE DAVIS and GEORGE RAFT as they all do the Electric Slide. The band leader smiles and nods at Troy.

A shocked Sandy shoots Troy a look.

TROY  
Talented, huh? I hummed it a minute  
last week and he figured it out.

Olga dances by and grabs Troy, pulling her onto the dance floor.

INT. TROCADERO - NIGHT - LATER

Troy and Lisa watch the crowd from the edge of the dance floor. The bandleader's monkey leans over and lifts up the toupee of an old man dancing too close to the stage.

Theda, Sandy, and Olga dance with partners amongst the throng of patrons. A young man spins a laughing Olga. A very handsome, tall, white man walks right up to Lisa and extends his hand for her to dance and whisks her away into the crowd, where several dancing patrons smile at Lisa as a sign of solidarity.

Troy finishes her drink and notices a group of people surrounding an animated Theda, who laughs and signs autographs. Troy, very pleased by this, glances to her right and smiles as a surprised Sandy is helped onstage by the band leader.

Lisa breaks away and hurries over to Troy.

TROY

I had it all arranged beforehand. She had no idea. But once he hears her sing, she'll be hired.

LISA

Hired? Troy...

Sandy belts out "Sing You Sinners". The crowd lets out a cheer.

INT. TROCADERO - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

A beaming Sandy sits at her table fanning herself. A nearby STARLET smiles at Sandy.

STARLET

Miss Gentry, do you have the time?

Sandy starts to correct her, then just goes with the flow.

CLOSE ON: Sandy pushes aside her dazzling diamond bracelet, revealing her wristwatch: A Timex Indiglo.

Sandy pushes the side of the watch and the face lights up revealing the digital numbers that state the time.

The starlet squeals. A TUXEDOED PATRON sees it and leans in.

STARLET

(continuing)

Oooh, Miss Gentry. Wherever did you get that? Let me see.

TUXEDOED PATRON

How'd you do that? Make it light up again.

(Grabs Sandy's wrist)

Is there a tiny bulb in there?

SANDY

Oh... Uh, I... I can't.

(Pulls wrist away)

It's not perfected yet. They only light up once a night. I don't want it to break.

Sandy quickly covers the watch with her sleeve.

EXT. TROY'S PACKARD - NIGHT - LATER

The big car is packed with all of the women. Troy stops at the Footlights boarding house and an invigorated Theda gets out and merrily waves goodbye as she walks up the path.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD

Troy pulls away from the curb. Lisa and Sandy are next to her. Olga is asleep in the cavernous backseat. Sandy looks back, watching Theda go inside.

SANDY

Nothing like a little fan adulation  
to pep you up... Look at that.

(Checks watch)

Company's coming.

Troy pulls the Packard over and parks in a dark spot with a clear view of Theda's boarding house, where a practically twenty-foot-long Duesenberg limo has stopped at the curb.

Sandy watches, intrigued.

TROY

Maybe it's an old Vaudeville star.

LISA

Maybe it's Cher. She can afford a  
time machine.

The passenger side door of the Duesenberg is opened by the driver, and a young girl with pigtails gets out holding a Raggedy Anne doll. Sandy's expression turns to awe.

SANDY

Oh, my God.

The little girl hurries up the path ahead of the driver.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy... Mommy!

Theda quickly rushes out the front door.

THEDA THALBERG

Shhh...Shhh. No, no, baby.

DRIVER

She started feeling poorly, Miss  
Thalberg. Wanted to come home early.

As if to make up for denying her parentage, Theda scoops up the little girl and lavishes affection on her. Theda motions for the driver to go.

Sandy is overcome with emotion and tears well in her eyes. She turns to Troy, softly mouthing out:

SANDY

The little girl... That's my mother.  
I can't believe it.

Sandy and Troy are beside themselves. Sandy scoots closer to Troy for a better look at her child mother.

A nervous, Lisa, quickly speaks up.

LISA

Don't anyone talk to her. You could  
change history and disappear like you  
were never born, and I can't drive a  
clutch.

Sandy turns back around and the big Duesenberg passes them. Theda sets down Sandy's child mother and takes her little suitcase.

SANDY

She must be seven. Maybe eight. I  
wish I could run over and hold her.  
Tell her not to smoke.

Olga opens her eyes and snorts in disgust.

OLGA

Who let little girl smoke, anyway?

Sandy watches Theda and her young mother go inside. The Duesenberg turns a corner. Troy quickly starts her Packard and follows.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD - NIGHT- SHORT TIME LATER

Troy, Sandy, and Lisa watch as the big Duesenberg parks in front of a massive, over-the-top silent movie era mansion. Troy looks up at the street name.

CLOSE ON: "Sycamore Lane".

The front doors of the mansion open, and an elegantly dressed old woman appears and gives the driver a small wave.

SANDY

Wonder who that is.

Troy just shakes her head and puts the car in gear.

INT TROY'S PACKARD - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Troy nears her mansion and brakes. Everyone looks curiously at the back of BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN in a tuxedo, who stands on Troy's lawn yelling as he looks up at her bedroom window.

BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN  
I'm so pleased you enjoyed my gift.  
That you'd beat back flames to save  
it. What a crock of bullshit!

A 1932 Lincoln Zephyr idles at the curb with another man behind the wheel. Troy parks behind the Lincoln and sighs in exasperation.

TROY  
Shit. It's Clark. I gotta go.

SANDY  
Clark, who?

Sandy, Lisa, and Olga scrunch up against the car window for a better look at the man.

TROY  
Gable. That stupid broach. He knows  
all about Addison, but he still  
bought it for me.  
(Motions to Lincoln)  
That must be Bogart. I bet he was out  
with Clark getting drunk at Ciro's.

SANDY  
For God's sake, invite them in for  
coffee, please! Oh, my God. Gable and  
Bogart.

Troy beeps the horn. A drunken Clark Gable turns around. Sandy, Olga, and Lisa gasp.

TROY  
Another time. I have to set Clark  
straight once and for all. Don't wait  
up.

Troy dashes out of her Packard and scrambles into the backseat of the Lincoln, keeping the door open for Gable, who hurries over to the Lincoln and gets into the backseat with Troy.

Sandy, Olga and Lisa watch opened mouthed as BOGIE flips a u-ey and tips his head to the three women as he drives past them.

EXT. TROY'S MANSION - SUNRISE - LATER

Troy gets out of a taxi. Her hair is tousled. Her makeup is smeared.

INT. HOUSE - SUNRISE

Troy enters the house in her evening gown. Lisa hurries downstairs in her nightgown holding a folded-over script she's been reading. A pencil is behind her ear.

LISA

Troy...

(Notices Troy's  
appearance)

You big-time traveling tramp.

Troy smiles sheepishly.

TROY

Hi. Everyone asleep?

LISA

(Concern in voice)

No, they're not... Listen up. Zeke Rollings just announced he has a big exclusive coming up about "natch", Jen Gentry.

TROY

I have a big exclusive, too. Clark just told me-

SANDY (O.S.)

C'mon, it's starting...

INT. KITCHEN

Sandy, Troy, Lisa and Olga stand around the radio listening to Zeke's Radio show.

ZEKE (V.O.)

... Zeke here, with gossip hot off the griddle.

(more)

ZEKE (CONT'D; V.O.)

None other than Jen Gentry and her infamous, Ma have aroused the suspicions of the big man himself, J. Edgar Hoover, who, it turns out, is glam gal Jen Gentry's biggest fan...

OLGA

The president watches your movies!

SANDY

No. He means the head of the FBI. That Hoover. He has secret files on everyone.

ZEKE (V.O.)

... After Jen's Ma sang for her supper last night, several witnesses claim to have seen the watch, with quote, "a firefly inside". Then, there's the claim Miss Remick had no Identification, but the night she visited the pokie, a resourceful rookie found just that. A fake driver's license from, get this, Mr. Hoover and dear listeners- the year 2025...

Olga looks strangely at Sandy and Troy.

TROY

(To Sandy)

You brought your I.D.?

Olga goes to the window seeing three Government sedans pull up to the house. Three men wearing suits and hats get out and head for the front door.

OLGA

H-men coming to house! What if here for stash?

Troy hurries to the window.

TROY

They're G-men. And no one ratted you out. I pay everyone off on time. Jesus, Hoover really sent 'em.

INT. MANSION - DAY - LATER

Olga walks into the living room, which is thick with tension. Lisa and Troy are seated on the couch speaking with a G-man, who is seated in a chair near them.

A worried-looking Sandy is on the patio speaking with the SECOND G-MAN at the outdoor table. The THIRD G-MAN stands sternly in front of the fireplace with crossed arms. He takes a last gulp of his Coca-Cola.

Olga picks up the empty bottle and walks slowly past the patio to hear what's being said.

SECOND G-MAN

Have you now, or have you ever been affiliated with the Communist Party?

SANDY

No. I'm as American as apple pie. I drive a Buick Regal.

Olga realizes the third G-man has left the room. She quickly sets down the bottle and heads for the foyer.

INT. FAUX BATHROOM - DAY

The third G-man starts to pee into the gin-filled toilet bowl. He lets out a big sigh. Olga knocks rapidly on the door.

OLGA (O.S.)

Sir, no, no. Commode broken. Don't flush! Vill overflow.

EXT. FAUX BATHROOM - DAY

Olga hears him abruptly stop peeing and zip his fly.

THIRD G-MAN (O.S.)

But I... I already-

OLGA

I take care of it. Better not to have to mop.

The embarrassed G-man walks out. Olga grabs his arm and leads him to the stairs.

THIRD G-MAN

Sorry, ma'am.

OLGA

You finish business up here.

The third G-Man grabs the FINIAL at the end of the staircase. Olga's suppresses a gasp and practically yanks him away from it.

THIRD G-MAN

You folks have a lot of bathrooms.

Olga quickly guides him up the stair case and snorts in mock disgust.

OLGA

She big star. Too lazy walk upstairs.

INT. MANSION - DAY - LATER

Lisa, Sandy, and Olga watch Troy out front talking with the G-men. She walks away from them and hurries into the house.

TROY

Don't worry. I told them you lost the watch at the Trocadero. You okay?

Sandy nods. Olga peeks in the faux bathroom, then makes a swiping motion across her throat to Troy.

OLGA

Ixnay on Gin Tonics. We do rotgut. Calm nerves.

Olga twists the finial on the end of the staircase, and a false wall opens from the side of the stairwell, revealing a hidden room stocked with hundreds of neatly stacked whiskey bottles.

SANDY

You're Bootleggers?

Olga grabs a bottle, pries off the cork, and takes a swig.

TROY

Not me. But Olga prefers to call it a hobby that pays exceptionally well. Mother, I have something to tell you...

Someone loudly knocks. Olga slams the false wall shut.

TROY

(continuing)  
Who the hell's that?

OLGA  
G-men back!

Another loud knock. Olga quickly re-corks the whiskey bottle and flips it under her dress, holding it between her legs. She yanks open the drawer of a small table and grabs the Holy Bible, holding it prominently against her chest.

Troy opens the front door. BENNY, late teens, stands in the doorway gawking at Troy as he holds a pile of scripts.

BENNY  
Hi, Miss Gentry. Here's the new scripts the studio sent over.

Olga lets out her breath and tosses the bible back into the drawer.

TROY  
Thanks, Benny.

Troy reaches for the scripts. Benny is so enamored he forgets to let go. She yanks them from him and closes the front door in his face and hands them to Olga, who removes a note paper clipped to the top script. Olga hands it to Troy, who reads it.

TROY  
(continuing)  
What? They have a lot of nerve. I have to get ready. I'm going to Warner Brothers.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD - DAY

Troy drives. Sandy holds the script in her hand.

CLOSE ON: The script cover reads: "42nd STREET".

TROY  
I just wanna check out the competition. This must be a plum role, 'cause in this case, Busby doesn't care how big you are. Everyone has to audition...

Troy digs out her lipstick. They're approaching Warner Brothers and a stop signal.

TROY  
(continuing)  
... And know how to tap dance.

Sandy glances up at the street sign.

INSERT: "OLIVE and WARNER".

Troy starts to apply her lipstick and drops it. She looks down, and Sandy gasps loudly.

SANDY

Troy!

TROY

Mother, don't call-

Troy looks up and slams on the brakes, nearly hitting a mortified young woman, who stands recoiled an inch from the Packard's huge grill.

The stop signal switches from GO to STOP, and a big sedan speeds right through it. Sandy watches the big sedan screech around a corner, and a look of shocked realization comes across her face. She whispers out loud.

SANDY

We saved her.

TROY

What? Shit! Where'd she come from?

Sandy stares intently at the young woman.

SANDY

"Gossip hot off the griddle". Big star almost kills aspiring starlet, "Ruby Keeler".

TROY

What? No way.

Troy and Sandy scramble out of the car and hurry over to Ruby Keeler.

SANDY

My goodness, you okay?

Ruby Keeler just nods, weak from shock.

TROY

Were you in there auditioning?

RUBY KEELER

Yes... I... Oh, my goodness. You're Jennifer Gentry. How'd you know I was-

SANDY

You didn't get the part, right?

RUBY KEELER

Oh, I... I don't know. It's between me and one other person, but they're keeping it so hush, hush. I don't know who it is, do you?

TROY

(Forces a smile)

Well, a little bird told me she dropped out. Congrats.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD - DUSK - LATER

Troy drives. Sandy is in the passenger seat.

SANDY

Now I can't recall the first two movies you made, except "Sing Mister Sing". So most likely you didn't take a part from anyone.

Troy, suddenly uncomfortable, looks at Sandy strangely and pulls the car over.

TROY

I... I know what you're getting at. Mother, please don't force me to make a choice.

(Reaches in purse,  
grabs photo)

Addison's real, see. Stay here. You know who everyone is and what they did. Just tell me what roles not to take.

SANDY

Even Dorothy wanted to leave Oz...

(Sighs regrettably)

This whole magical era will almost be forgotten, anyway. That, sadly, will work in our favor.

TROY

You don't get it. You can be in all my movies. We'll start the Civil Rights movement early. Lisa can write screenplays. She's good...

Sandy gazes out at the lights of Hollywood.

SANDY

This... All of this was the life I thought was going to be mine. Movies are everything to me, too. But I had to settle for collecting them, despite my wanting to be a star so badly.

TROY

But, I am. How can you just expect me to give all this up?

SANDY

I don't. You'll just have to start from scratch next time around.

Sandy has a sudden realization and smiles to herself.

SANDY

(continuing)

I... I'm happy singing former top-ten hits in the Casbah Lounge. Someone has to keep their memory alive.

(Takes Troy's hand)

Both of us have to stop living in the past... Literally. Anyone would give their eye teeth to experience this. But it's time to go.

Troy looks away with tears in her eyes.

EXT. TROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Troy sits on her bed holding herself, deep in thought. The terrace doors are open, and she notices Spotlights come on and sweep the sky. She gets up to see, and the telephone rings. Answering, she forces herself to sound upbeat.

TROY

Yes, hello...

PHONE PERSON (V.O.)

Hi, Miss Gentry. This is Stanton Carlisle with RKO publicity...

EXT. TROY'S BEDROOM TERRACE - NIGHT- SHORT TIME LATER

A full moon is above. Troy, Sandy, Lisa, and Olga stand on the spacious Terrace, which looks out over the distant lights of Hollywood. Troy is a bit distressed.

TROY

I forgot all about it. I... God, I wish they'd just canceled it.

LISA

(Softly gasps)  
There it is.

The women turn and watch in awe as a massive silver Zeppelin comes into view and glides silently across the night sky above Hollywood. Ten-foot-tall blinking marquee lights are emblazoned on the side of the Zeppelin stating:

Coming Soon. RKO Presents "Moonlight Marauder" Starring Jennifer Gentry and Tyrone Power!

TROY

It's not even half finished.

(Sighs)

Oh, no. Tyrone Power. It's his first movie role. Now he'll-

Sandy puts her arm around Troy.

SANDY

Something tells me Tyrone Power will be just fine... And so will you.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - LATER

Tears stream down Olga's face as she walks down the hallway. She peeks in Sandy's room and watches her pack a moment, then walks inside. Sandy looks up.

OLGA

You raise good girl. Even before I start hobby, she make me extra in her movies and buy me fancy Turkish cigarettes. I buy own now, but would work here for nothing if I had too. She make me, how you say, feel like Queen of Sheba.

Olga wipes away tears and hurries out of the room.

EXT. TROY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Sandy and Lisa wait in the Packard. Troy and Olga are hugging in the driveway. Olga cries and can barely let go.

OLGA

I not understand this.

TROY  
 (Lowers voice)  
 Don't worry.  
 (Beat)  
 I'll be back tomorrow. I just have to  
 take them to a special train  
 station...

INT. APACHE HOTEL LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - LATER

Troy, looking every inch the movie star in a lavish gown, registers at the front desk. Sandy and Lisa wait nearby. Everyone in the lobby stares and whispers as they crane for a better look at Jennifer Gentry.

INT. TROY'S HOME - OLGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A car with a loud engine pulls up outside, and Olga goes to the window. A curious look crosses her face, and the doorbell rings.

EXT. APACHE HOTEL LAS VEGAS - NEXT DAY

Troy's Packard drives away from the hotel and turns a corner. Several seconds later, a loud, red 1932 Bugatti speeds into the parking lot of the hotel and stops at the entrance leading to the front desk.

EXT. NEVADA HIGHWAY - DAY

Troy's Packard travels on the virtually empty highway surrounded by a vast expanse of desert. Five miles back, a red car can be seen in the distance.

INT. TROY'S PACKARD

Lisa sits in the backseat. Troy grips the wheel as she drives at a high rate of speed along the barren highway. She glances over at Sandy, who stares straight ahead, trying to process something profound she's just heard.

TROY  
 Clark knew all about the house on  
 Sycamore Lane, and who lives there.  
 But every movie star in town knows  
 who the father of Theda's love child  
 is. They just keep their pie holes  
 shut.

SANDY

You're absolutely sure?

TROY

Yes, his mother watches your seven-year-old mom twice a week.

SANDY

"His mother". I... I just can't believe it... It can't be true. Rudolph Valentino, "The Great Lover", is my grandfather.

TROY

He knocked up Theda the year before he died.

SANDY

Well, the man needed two penises, so many women wanted him.

TROY

Mother!

Lisa stifles a laugh.

SANDY

It's true. Poor Theda. I don't blame her, but in the 1920s having a baby out of wedlock was a mortal sin.

TROY

I'll say. Clark told me Fox studio execs covered up Theda's pregnancy and used the talkies as an excuse to end her career. Luckily, Valentino's estate pays her bills and...

(Hits brakes, mutters softly)

There it is.

The Indian Springs house is a half-mile in the distance.

EXT. INDIAN SPRINGS HOUSE - DAY

The Packard pulls up to the house. Troy, Lisa, and Sandy scramble out. The ORANGE CAT lounges by the small tree. Troy knocks on the door. The red-haired woman answers, sees the Packard, then looks curiously at Troy.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

Yes?

(Takes closer look at  
Troy)

Goodness, gracious. Are you-... You  
are!

The red-haired woman squeals and rushes over to an end table, grabs a camera, and runs up to Troy, pointing the camera in her face as she takes two photos.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

(continuing)

I'm bout to faint!

They're cutting it close. Troy speaks quickly.

TROY

I grew up in this house as a little  
girl. We'd all like very much to  
spend the night. You know, a little  
trip down memory lane.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

You grew up here? How? The house was  
built three years ago.

TROY

Look, I'll give you my new Packard.  
(takes out paper)  
You can sign your name on the title,  
and it's yours. But you have to leave  
now.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

Is this some kind of thing for a fan  
magazine?

TROY

Exactly. I made reservations for you  
and your husband at the Apache Hotel  
in Las Vegas.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

You know I have a husband?

TROY

I had a hunch. Sign right here.

Sandy checks her watch. The woman quickly signs her name.

TROY

(continuing)

You can take the car right now.

The woman is stunned. Troy hands her the title and the Packard's keys. The woman looks over at her cat.

TROY  
(continuing)  
Don't worry, we'll feed him. Please,  
you should go.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN  
Oh, okay. Well, bye. Nice meeting  
you.

The woman gets in the Packard, starts it and nearly strips the gears. Troy winces. The woman gets the hang of it and drives off.

Sandy and Lisa hurry inside, followed by a hesitant Troy, who pulls the door shut behind her, but keeps her hand gripped on the knob.

SANDY  
Today is exactly one week from when  
we arrived. The Raptor jet should be  
on the runway as we speak. We'll  
either leave in...  
(Checks watch)  
One minute, or not for another  
year... Troy, come on.

Troy cracks open the door.

TROY  
I'm not going. I'm sorry. I'll hitch  
a ride back, but-

LISA  
You're in an evening gown!

SANDY  
Troy, get in here right now!

LISA  
(Grabs Sandy's wrist)  
Oh, God. Thirty seconds...

Troy opens the door, and the orange cat runs inside. Sandy gasps.

SANDY  
Grab him. Toss him back out. Hurry!

Troy rushes forward and reaches for the cat, just as Lisa kicks the door shut. From outside, a loud car is heard screeching to a halt.

A car door is slammed shut, and the wooden porch stairs creak as someone bounds up them.

Troy turns and reaches for the doorknob. It becomes night inside the room, then daylight.

SANDY  
(continuing)  
It's too late...

The room changes back and forth through different eras. Sandy grabs Troy and hugs her tightly.

SANDY  
(continuing)  
I'm sorry. Please don't leave me again. I couldn't take it.

A momentary crack of thunder is heard as rain pelts the windows, then bright sunshine fills the room, followed by semi-darkness. Then all is still.

Lisa, Sandy and a shell-shocked Troy look around the room. It's empty now, and the windows are boarded up.

Everything is in color again.

They hear the people who came to watch the Raptor jet take off in 2026, cheer from the runway. The three of them stand in awed silence a moment. Sandy squeezes Troy's hand, then eyes the cat.

SANDY  
(continuing)  
Well, we can always send him back next August. I'll pay for shots. It's the least I can do.

Lisa hugs Troy.

LISA  
You okay?

Troy manages a wan smile. Lisa grabs the cat.

LISA  
(continuing)  
Lemme go make sure we haven't traveled fifty years in the future and machines have taken over.

Lisa hurries to the front door and opens it. A look of complete shock comes over her face.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What the hell just happened?

Lisa slams the door and turns to Sandy and Troy.

LISA  
Oh, God. I hope one of you needs a  
roommate.

The man knocks on the door. Lisa pulls it open and a completely bewildered CLARK GABLE stands before them on the porch. His red Bugatti is parked behind him. The small tree is full size again. Troy beams.

TROY  
Clark!

SANDY  
Oh, boy. We'll have to send him back  
next August, too. But he can stay  
with me rent free.

EXT. INDIAN SPRINGS HOUSE

Sandy, Lisa, and Troy stand next to the Bugatti. Clark Gable is behind the wheel.

TROY  
You can't take the car, Clark.  
Believe me when I tell you, the  
license plates are expired.

Clark Gable sighs and parks the big car under the carport.

INT. SANDY'S BUICK REGAL - DAY - LATER

In the backseat, the orange cat sleeps next to Clark Gable, who presses the power window button and watches in fascination as the window zips up and down.

In the front seat, Sandy drives. The three women are huddled together as they stare into the review mirror at Clark Gable.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" fills the frame.

A lipstick rolls across the floor. It's picked up by John Garfield. LANA TURNER enters the room.

"The Great Ziegfeld" fills the frame.

The massive curtain pulls back completely. The original actress, VIRGINIA BRUCE, sits atop the huge wedding cake-style staircase.

"Forty Second Street" fills the frame.

RUBY KEELER tap dances on the roof of a New York taxi cab.

Lisa, Sandy, and a very pensive-looking Troy, sit on the couch watching intently. Sandy squeezes Troy's hand.

A toilet flushes down the hall, and Clark Gable walks out of the bathroom.

SANDY

Oh... Turn it off. The DVD player freaks him out.

INT. SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON: Troy is at the computer with a Wikipedia page up featuring "Addison DeWitt"... Well known cinematographer in the 1930's and 40's.

Sandy and Lisa read to themselves from the article.

TROY

Unbelievable.

(Glances up at Sandy  
and Lisa)

He lived to be 87. Wife, kids, grand kids. The whole package. With a bow on it.

EXT. U.N.L.V CAMPUS - DAY

INT. DRAMA DEPARTMENT CLASSROOM - DAY

Several dozen students are in the audience. Lisa sits next to the drama professor at a table facing the stage, where Troy and another student hold scripts as they act out a scene. Lisa smiles, glances at the clock and closes a manuscript in front of her.

CLOSE ON: The cover reads "GIN JOINT LOWDOWN" written by Lisa Johnston.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - DUSK - LATER

The old neon "Dejah Drive-Inn" sign has been restored to pristine condition.

INSERT: The marquee reads: Triple feature 70s-athon "The Incredible 2-Headed Transplant", "Foxy Brown", and "Swinging Stewardesses".

A line of cars waits up the dark highway to get in. At the cashiers booth, a young driver with four other passengers pulls up in a car.

The driver looks up and the cashier is CLARK GABLE wearing a fake beard and moustache.

Clark has a mannequin head attached to his shoulder to give the effect that he has two heads. Cloth covered with fake blood is wrapped around the neck of the "new" head.

Without moving his lips too much, Clark throws his voice as if it's the mannequin head speaking.

CLARK GABLE

Welcome to the Dejah. How many?

The people in the car squeal with laughter.

INT. DEJAH CONCESSION AREA - NIGHT

INSERT: A large poster states: Next weekend - The Dejah presents: Classic Movies Double Feature.

"High Sierra" and "Roadhouse" starring Ida Lupino.

A framed local newspaper article is prominently displayed.

INSERT: A smiling photo of Sandy standing below the Dejah sign reads: "After less than a year, the refurbished drive-in theater, "The Dejah", successfully revives nostalgia craze".

A dozen or so people are ordering snacks at the concession stand, where Troy, dressed like a 70s stewardess is behind the counter with, Lisa, who wears a big afro and a skin-tight bell-bottom jump suit, like the character "Foxy Brown".

A glowing Sandy comes out from the back room, also dressed like a 70s stewardess, complete with mini-skirt and go-go boots. Sandy, obviously in her element, flits about, relishing her booming business.

She stops a moment and looks out the big plate glass windows. "The Incredible 2-Headed Transplant" plays on the outside screen in all its cheesy glory.

In the movie, the female character, "Linda", played by actress Pat Priest, is trapped in a large cage in a laboratory. The two-headed thing smashes into the room and walks menacingly towards Linda, who promptly faints.

Sandy laughs and claps her hands together.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The lights from the Dejah sign go out. Sandy's Buick turns onto the dark highway followed by Troy's VW Beetle.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The house is clean and orderly. Sandy dozes on the couch in her bathrobe with her dog and the orange cat next to her. Three new Rudolph Valentino movie posters adorn the wall.

The TV is on.

CLOSE ON: Sandy's TV screen: The program "Antiques Road Show" is on. On the upper right corner of the screen it states:

"Clip courtesy of PBS".

An APPRAISER, fifty+ and a BLONDE WOMAN, late thirties, sit at a small round table amongst dozens of people meandering around with various antiques.

Clark Gable walks into the kitchen wearing a t-shirt and sweats. He grabs a soda from the fridge, and quietly picks up the TV Guide from the coffee table and goes back to his room.

Three DVD movies are stacked on the end table.

CLOSE ON: The top DVD is "Gone With The Wind" starring "GARY COOPER" and Vivien Leigh.

CLOSE ON: TV screen: A tattered cardboard box next to the blonde woman is filled with old magazines, books, and a black film canister.

A 1930s Photoplay movie magazine pokes out of the box with Jean Harlow on the cover. A smaller black and white cropped photo of the red-haired woman is beside Jean Harlow's picture.

INSERT: A caption above the Red-Haired woman states:  
"Jennifer Gentry stole my cat!"

The appraiser examines the large jewel-encrusted dragonfly brooch. He gently sets it down.

APPRAISER

Now you say your grandmother owned this?

BLONDE WOMAN

Yes, but she wasn't the original owner. In her late teens, my grandmother was an extra in several movies made in the 1930s. She's always been an avid collector of movie memorabilia, and she bought this particular piece at an estate sale in 1932.

APPRAISER

Can you tell me how much she paid?

BLONDE WOMAN

I believe it was around five-hundred dollars. That was a great deal of money in the 1930s.

APPRAISER

Yes, it was. Let me just tell you... I'm glad you're sitting down. This is a one-of-a-kind piece designed by Louis Tiffany. Up until now, there were rumors it didn't exist. Now in today's market, this brooch would fetch between five hundred thousand dollars to possibly even a million.

The woman lets out a loud squeal. The gathered crowd behind her applauds.

Sandy opens her eyes and looks at the TV.

BLONDE WOMAN

No! You've got to be kidding. Oh, my God!

The appraiser smiles and reaches into the box for the black film canister, followed by:

CLOSE ON: A black and white clip of an old movie appears on Sandy's TV screen. Jennifer Gentry is in a scene with Tyrone Power.

Words appear onscreen stating: "Rare archival footage of uncompleted RKO feature "Moonlight Marauder" starring Jennifer Gentry and Tyrone Power".

Olga, playing a street scene extra, walks past Tyrone Power and Troy.

The clip plays for several seconds, then stops, followed by theme music from an older TV show. A man appears onstage in silhouette with his arms crossed.

The lights come up, and AJ BENZA, the former host of E-Channel's "Mysteries and Scandals" is revealed.

He speaks in his tough voice.

AJ BENZA

Been a while, hasn't it? Now I know what you must be thinking. What do PBS and the E-Channel have in common? Tonight, plenty. Welcome to this special hour-long encore edition of "New Mysteries and Scandals", where only in Hollywood can a ninety-five year-old movie extra die and leave behind a treasure trove of rare and long-forgotten movie memorabilia, including the footage you've just seen. Tonight, we'll explore many of these newly uncovered secrets, including the strange circumstances surrounding silver-screen star Jennifer Gentry, whose brief, meteoric career ended abruptly with her and Clark Gable's sudden disappearance in the summer of 1932...

Sandy sits up on the couch, wide-eyed.

INT. MR. B'S HOME - NIGHT

Lisa's professor is at his computer. A cigar hangs from his mouth. His TV is on nearby.

AJ BENZA

... We'll also expose startling details involving the woman, who may or may not have been Jen's mother, and her constant traveling companion, the so-called "colored assistant", both of whom vanished that long-ago August night with rising screen star Jennifer Gentry... Never to be heard from again.

Mr. B looks at the TV.

CLOSE ON: Black and white photos, circa 1932, of Lisa, Sandy, and Troy, flash onscreen.

Mr. B's cigar falls out of his mouth.

INT. SANDY'S HOME - NIGHT

Sandy gasps and stares in shock at the TV set.

AJ BENZA

... Was it foul play, or couldn't the gilded glamour girl handle the swift success that came her way? Fame...  
"Ain't it a bitch".

Sandy scrambles off the couch and looks around for her cordless phone.

SANDY

Oh, no.

She finds it and dials. After a few rings, it's answered.

SANDY

(continuing)

Troy. Troy, it's me. Wake up, dear.

(Beat)

No, not exactly. I'm fine... But we need to take a little trip.

FADE OUT:

THE END