

*Stealing Oscar*

By Anthony Varriano

Revisions by Anthony Varriano  
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"A movie star with a sense of emptiness attempts to steal an Academy Award and the admiration of his estranged son."

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INT. "THE LATE SHOW" STUDIO - AFTERNOON

A camera on a jib moves in on STEPHEN COLBERT sitting behind his desk during a taping of "The Late Show."

STEPHEN COLBERT  
My next guest has been nominated  
for an Oscar for portraying a  
Presidential candidate in the film  
*Electoral College*. Please welcome  
Bill Murray.

Wild applause as BILL enters, playing to the crowd. Stephen stands to shake his hand. They sit.

STEPHEN COLBERT (CONT'D)  
How are you, Bill?

BILL  
I'm alive, Stephen. How are you?

STEPHEN COLBERT  
As good as can be expected given  
the state of the union.

Bill smiles and the crowd laughs, subtly.

STEPHEN COLBERT (CONT'D)  
Speaking of the state of the union,  
are you aware that a poll of voting-  
aged Americans found a majority of  
them would vote for you to be  
President?

Long, loud ovation erupts.

BILL  
That doesn't surprise me, Stephen.  
I meet the requirements. I'm plenty  
old enough, was born in America,  
and I've been on TV.

Laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Those are the requirements, right?

STEPHEN COLBERT  
I believe so. But seriously,  
knowing what you do now, having  
portrayed Franklin D.

Roosevelt in *Hyde Park on the Hudson* and now familiarizing yourself with Presidential campaigning in *Electoral College*, would you give these great Americans what they want and run for President?

Audience members scream as if they're in dire need of help. Bill puts on his serious face, pondering the question. One woman makes Bill, Stephen, and even the camera operators laugh by screaming, "I'll be your Monica Lewinsky, Bill!"

BILL

That's an enticing offer, believe me, but I'm afraid being President would cut into my golf game.

Everyone in the studio bursts into laughter. Stephen removes his glasses and wipes tears from his eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now if I had a vice president who could handle things while I hit the links, I'd consider it. What do you say, Stephen? You in?

Stephen is still struggling to catch his breath. His face is beet red as the audience chants, "Stephen, Stephen, Stephen!"

STEPHEN COLBERT

I really don't have the experience.

BILL

Yeah, I haven't been on a reality TV show, either.

Stephen and the audience can't stop laughing as Bill leans back in his chair, pleased with himself.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Why don't you tell the audience a bit about your new movie, Bill?

The audience laughs at Stephen's struggle to stop laughing.

BILL

Of course, Stephen. The movie's called *Electoral College*, after the mindless manner in which Presidents are elected in this country. But the title has a double meaning. It's more about my character's schooling in big money politics.

You see, my character is a career politician from a small, rural town. The best way to describe him is, well, nice, which is why his advisors say he's lost the last two Presidential elections.

STEPHEN COLBERT

So your character is based on Hillary Clinton?

Laughs.

BILL

I can't speak for the writer, but I actually modeled my character after Hubert Humphrey, who I think was the nicest man to run for President in my lifetime. And being a polite country boy from South Dakota, I thought he fit the part best.

STEPHEN COLBERT

The Academy seems to agree with you.

BILL

I just figure the Academy needed someone to fill out the card.

Laughs.

STEPHEN COLBERT

What makes you say that?

BILL

Because comedians don't get Oscars.

STEPHEN COLBERT

But you're incredible in dramatic roles like this one.

BILL

But I do comedy -- even in those dramatic roles. Sometimes its light, sometimes its dark, but it's all too funny for the Academy.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Isn't the Academy coming around on comedy?

BILL

The last Oscar winner in a comedic role was Penelope Cruz in 2008 for *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*, and in the 91 year history of the Academy Awards, there have been 23 Oscars awarded for comedic roles.

STEPHEN COLBERT

That's not a great ratio.

BILL

Four awards for acting every year times 91 years is 364 divided by 23 is 1 in 15 or so.

STEPHEN COLBERT

So you're saying you're a long shot.

BILL

So long a shot it would be a sucker bet.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Do people bet on the Oscars?

BILL

They do online, but you can't in Vegas. Same goes for elections.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Why?

BILL

Because Vegas bookies can't be assured the outcomes would be legitimate.

STEPHEN COLBERT

So you're saying our elections and the Academy Awards are rigged.

BILL

They have the potential to be rigged. The policies in place to preserve the legitimacy of elections and Oscar results aren't strict enough to prevent tampering in the opinion of Vegas bookies. In sports there are policies in place to preserve the legitimacy of outcomes.

Pete Rose has more hits than any man to play Major League Baseball but is banned for life because he bet on games while manager of the Reds. Because of that policy, Vegas bookies are assured that the outcomes of baseball games are free from tampering. That's not the case with elections and Oscars. And the Russian tampering with the 2016 election is evidence of that.

STEPHEN COLBERT

And what evidence is there to support their stance on the Oscars?

BILL

The Academy's shunning of comedies and comedians is evidence enough. *World's Greatest Dad* should have won Best Picture in 2010. Bobcat Goldthwait should have won Oscars for writing and directing. And no offense to my friend, Jeff Bridges, but Robin Williams gave the best performance that year.

Cheers.

BILL (CONT'D)

Robin was nominated for Oscars four times, and it took *Good Will Hunting* for him to finally win one. He wasn't very funny in that.

STEPHEN COLBERT

So you don't think there's a chance you'll win?

BILL

None. I almost wish I wasn't nominated.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Why?

BILL

Because now I'm expected to attend.

Laughs.

STEPHEN COLBERT

It can't be all bad, can it?

BILL

If I can consume enough booze prior to the red carpet to forget where I am, and if I can sneak out a few times to smoke a joint, or better yet, eat enough cannabis that my mind wanders out of the theater while my body sinks into my chair to the point my butt is either remotely comfortable or completely numb, it won't be all bad.

Cheers erupt from the crowd as Stephen laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)

Seriously though, the people who win these awards, people supposedly working in the entertainment industry, finally get up to that podium, and they become the most boring people in the world.

STEPHEN

Is that why you walked out in 2004?

BILL

No. I walked out in 2004 because I got robbed and was pissed off.

Stephen and the audience laugh.

STEPHEN

So what if you get to that podium?

BILL

I can guarantee if I make it to that podium, I will not be boring. I will do my best to entertain, because that's my job.

Applause.

STEPHEN

Well, I guess we'll find out a week from Sunday if the Academy has any sense and selects you as Best Actor.

BILL

I wouldn't bet on it. Apparently I'd have a better chance to become President.

Laughs grow into wild applause Stephen has to speak over.

STEPHEN

You certainly are one of a kind,  
Bill. The movie's *Electoral*  
*College*, in theaters now.

The audience continues to shower Bill and Stephen in applause as they shake hands. Stephen leans in to thank Bill. Bill nods and replies, inaudible to the audience but clear to the lip readers, "Just doin' my job."

MONTAGE - Bill drinks in an airport bar. He unwillingly poses for a picture with Japanese tourists. He drinks and sleeps on a plane, picks up his luggage, and sleeps in a car. He is awakened by the driver opening the door.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - MORNING

Bill enters his California home early. He notices a message on his home phone and plays it. It's fellow Ghostbuster DAN Aykroyd.

DAN (FROM PHONE)

Hey, Bill. Got us an 8 o'clock tee  
time and some fantastic grass if  
you're up for it. If not just--

Bill deletes the message before Dan finishes speaking. He grabs his golf clubs and exits before another message plays from his ex-wife, JENNIFER.

JENNIFER (FROM PHONE)

Hey, Bill. It's Jen. I know I'm not  
supposed to be calling, but Lincoln  
was suspended and, of course, he  
wants to live with you until fall  
semester starts, if he goes back at  
all. I told him he needed to find a  
job if he was going to stay here,  
and he left last night. Will you  
please tell him to call me and let  
me know he's okay when you see him?  
And please try to be his father for  
once and not his friend. He needs  
to be held accountable for his  
actions. A little discipline  
wouldn't kill either of you.



TIME LAPSE - INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME

The sun splashed kitchen goes dark with the flashing message machine light still blinking.

## INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Bill stumbles into his home, drunk, and moves slowly toward his bedroom, stripping his clothes and falling into bed.

DREAM SEQUENCE - EXT. KODAK THEATRE - EVENING

Bill awakes on the red carpet at the Academy Awards. A chauffeur pulls Bill's blankets away revealing Bill in his underwear. A female entertainment REPORTER approaches Bill on his bed at the curb speaking into a microphone.

REPORTER

It looks as though Best Actor nominee, Bill Murray, has arrived.

Bill pulls himself out of bed and rubs his eyes.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Bill, how do you feel about your chances tonight?

BILL

Ah, hopeless.

REPORTER

Well your fashion sense is hardly hopeless. Who are you wearing?

BILL

Oh, these are Hanes.

REPORTER

You look fabulous. Good luck tonight.

Bill floats to the front door as photographers snap photos.

## INT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

Bill takes his seat in the front row. Setting on the podium, an Oscar trophy stares at Bill. Nervous, Bill looks behind him wondering if the Oscar's stare is directed towards him.

Last year's BEST ACTRESS winner presents the award. She opens the envelope.

BEST ACTRESS

And the Oscar goes to...Bill Murray!

Bill, shocked, looks around as his peers stand to applaud him. Those near him shake his hand, saying, "It's about time," and "took them long enough." He finally stands and floats toward the Oscar, climbing the steps of the stage and eagerly reaching for it. Just as Bill places a finger on the award, the Best Actress pulls it away, turning to a producer who whispers in her ear.

Bill falls to the ground as the Best Actress listens to the producer. He gives her a new envelope, and she approaches the podium as Bill watches from the floor of the stage.

BEST ACTRESS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. A mistake has been made.

Bill reaches from the floor, but the Best Actress raises the award out of Bill's long reach, kicking at him like a bum on the street. She turns back to the crowd and smiles.

BEST ACTRESS (CONT'D)

The actual winner of the Best Actor award is...

She opens a new envelope handed to her by the producer.

BEST ACTRESS (CONT'D)

Sean Penn!

SEAN PENN steps over Bill on the floor of the stage and accepts the award, kissing the best actress's cheeks. Bill watches as Sean gives his acceptance speech.

SEAN PENN

Boy, I wasn't expecting this. There's so many people I have to thank.

Bill rises to his feet, tackles Sean, and begins choking him.

BILL

Give me my Oscar you prick!

SEAN PENN

Take it easy, Bill!

BILL

Oh no. You're not stealing my Oscar again.

SEAN PENN

Bill, I can't breathe.

BILL

That's because I'm choking you.

Sean makes a move, gets Bill on his back, and begins choking him. The audience laughs at Bill as he struggles.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Bill wakes suddenly, horrified, covered in sweat. He rises from his bed and glances at the clock - three in the morning.

Bill moves to the kitchen, chugs a glass of water, pours another glass, and moves to the living room. He turns on the television and lays on the couch. *Ocean's Eleven* is on. Bill watches as Brad Pitt tells George Clooney what he thinks they'll need to pull off the heist.

BRAD PITT (FROM TV)

You'd need at least a dozen guys, doing a combination of cons.

GEORGE CLOONEY (FROM TV)

Like what, you think?

BRAD PITT (FROM TV)

Well, off the top of my head, I'd say you're looking at a Boesky, a Jim Brown, a Miss Daisy, two Jethros, and a Leon Spinks. Oh, and the biggest Ella Fitzgerald ever.

Bill pauses the movie. He searches around for something to write with. He rushes to the kitchen, grabs some napkins and a pen from the counter. He returns to the couch, rewinds the movie, and presses play, pen ready.

BRAD PITT (FROM TV) (CONT'D)

Off the top of my head, I'd say you're looking at a Boesky, a Jim Brown, a Miss Daisy, two Jethros, and a Leon Spinks. Oh, and the biggest Ella Fitzgerald ever.

Bill takes notes, writing every word, not knowing what they mean and not needing to. He immerses himself in the movie.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - MORNING

Bill wakes covered in napkins with notes written on them. He turns the television to the local news, moves to the kitchen, starts some coffee, and pours a bowl of cereal.

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)

Dan Akroyd was spotted with a new wardrobe accessory last night. Somehow Akroyd broke his arm playing golf and was rushed to the emergency room by friend, Bill Murray. Neither was available for comment, but this video was taken as they left the ER.

Bill rushes back into the living room to view a video of he and Dan entering a golf cart outside an emergency room and speeding off.

Bill opens the front door where Dan is passed out on the porch. Bill doesn't see him. His eyes are drawn to a turned over golf cart on the front yard. He walks past Dan and picks up the newspaper near the golf cart. He walks back reading the paper and enters the house, still unaware of Dan's presence. He shuts the door behind him, waking Dan.

Bill settles on the couch eating his cereal. He wipes his mouth of milk with a napkin only to notice some writing on it. He attempts to brush the milk from the notes on the napkin and places it on the table to dry. Dan enters, shocked at the mess of napkins.

DAN

What the hell happened last night?

BILL

I had a dream.

Dan looks over one of the napkins.

DAN

Is this from *Ocean's Eleven*?

BILL

Yep.

DAN

You're writing a script aren't you?

BILL  
No.

DAN  
Then why all the notes?

BILL  
Because we're going to steal the Oscar.

Dan laughs out loud, and then shoots Bill a worried look.

DAN  
You mean we're going to lobby the Academy members for their votes. Kiss a little ass, wine them and dine them and such.

BILL  
Nope.

DAN  
What do you expect us to do? Hire some thieves? I don't know any thieves, do you?

BILL  
No. But I know a ton of people who play them on TV.

Dan shoots Bill a concerned look that Bill answers with an explanation of his plan.

MONTAGE - Bill and Dan discuss the plan, watch heist movies, and write on a whiteboard, littering the floor with notes.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dan looks over notes and uses a laptop while Bill putts golf balls into a drink glass.

DAN  
I think I know what we need, but a week just isn't enough time.

BILL  
It has to be enough. This is my legacy.

Bill putts a ball into the glass and does his best Tiger Woods celebration, following the ball into the back of the glass and pumping his fist like he's won the Master's.

DAN

If we're not careful your legacy  
will be worse than Tiger's -- not  
just disgraced but detained.

Bill sits next to Dan and puts his arm around him.

BILL

Come on, Dan. There's not enough  
room in California jails as it is.  
You think they're going to spend  
tax dollars to lockup an icon?

DAN

So now you're an icon?

BILL

Your words, not mine, Dan.

DAN

When did I say that?

BILL

Last night.

DAN

Bullshit.

BILL

I believe your exact words were:

Bill impersonates his drunken friend.

BILL (CONT'D)

"You don't need the Oscar, Bill.  
Know why? Cuz you did fucking  
*Ghostbusters*." To which I replied,  
"So did you." To which you replied,  
"Yeah, but you were Venkman.  
Everybody wants to be Venkman.  
Nobody wants to be -- who the hell  
was I?"

DAN

I obviously wasn't in my right  
mind. Stanz is the heart of the  
*Ghostbusters*, and everybody knows  
it.

Bill laughs and gets up, excited and unable to sit still. He  
stretches with his putter resting on his shoulder blades.

BILL  
You're the heart of this operation,  
too.

DAN  
And the brains.

BILL  
No argument here, buddy.

Bill goes back to putting golf balls into a drink glass.

DAN  
At least this little project has  
improved your mood. I do remember  
you being a bore yesterday.

BILL  
I didn't have a dream yesterday.  
The chance to realize our dreams is  
reason enough to wake up in the  
morning, Dan.

Bill knocks another golf ball into the back of the glass.

DAN  
Wasn't your dream a nightmare?

Bill putts a ball wide of the glass.

BILL  
Nightmares can inspire.

DAN  
Well in order to keep our realities  
from becoming nightmares, I figure  
we're going to need a crew of at  
least six: a Dalton Russell, a Miss  
Daisy, two Josh Howards, a  
Livingston Dell, and a John  
McClane, not to mention an Ella  
Fitzgerald.

BILL  
Let's find them.

INT. JEFF BRIDGES L.A. HOME - AFTERNOON (LATER)

JEFF Bridges bowls a strike wearing a robe, reminiscent of The Dude. Bill and Dan sit at a table sipping drinks as Jeff dries his hand on the air vent.

JEFF

So you want my help, but you won't say why.

BILL

Yep.

JEFF

Is it legal?

DAN

Not exactly, but I doubt any of us would do hard time.

BILL

If we're pinched, I'll take the heat.

JEFF

Is there any chance I could die?

BILL

No. Absolutely not.

Jeff lights a joint and smokes it.

JEFF

In one word, what would be my role?

BILL

Muscle.

Jeff coughs as he laughs. He hands the joint to Dan and sits.

JEFF

Guys, I'm not exactly your prototypical muscle man. I'm not any sort of muscle man.

Jeff drinks a beer.

BILL

We just need you to help carry things, not push people around.

Jeff laughs as Dan passes the joint to Bill.

JEFF

That I can do. What's in it for me.

Dan hands Jeff an envelope. He opens it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

A Christmas card?



DAN

That Christmas card is covered with  
100 hits of the best blotter acid  
in southern California.

Jeff drops the card in his lap. Bill gives Jeff some gloves  
and a plastic bag. Jeff puts on the gloves and places the  
card in the bag.

BILL

Do we have a deal?

Bill offers Jeff the joint. Jeff sighs, accepts the joint,  
and raises it in the air, as if to toast Bill. He smokes.

JEFF

(blowing smoke)  
This is gonna be one helluva trip.

INT. JOHNNY DEPP'S L.A. HOME - EVENING

JOHNNY Depp serves Bill and Dan iced tea.

JOHNNY

So, to what do I owe this pleasure?

DAN

We need someone to assist Jeff for  
a few hours this week.

JOHNNY

Bridges?

BILL

That's the one. You know how  
scatter-brained he can be.

JOHNNY

That I do. As long as I have  
something to calm my nerves, I'd  
have no problem hanging with Jeff.

BILL

That's why I came prepared.

Bill presents an ounce of marijuana in a mason jar.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I know you quit drinking, so I  
brought you this from my personal  
stash.

Johnny pops the top and sniffs deeply.

JOHNNY

You're a good friend, Bill. I'd be happy to help.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Bill and Dan sit dejected, their heads in their hands.

DAN

We still need a Miss Daisy.

BILL

Save it for last. It'll be easiest to find.

DAN

Then I'll worry about our Dalton Russell, who even if we found in a week, we couldn't get inside the PWC building unless they already work there.

BILL

So we case the place tomorrow and recruit a janitor.

DAN

And trust that he'll keep quiet when the police start investigating? Yeah, right.

BILL

I'll spare no expense. He wouldn't have to work for years.

DAN

Because he'll be in the jail cell right next to us.

BILL

Next to me, Dan. You are my hostages, remember? Unwilling participants.

Dan hunches over a laptop with his head in his hands. He notices something on the screen and clicks the trackpad.

DAN

They're hiring a custodian.

BILL

How soon?

DAN

Doesn't have a closing date -- must be immediate.

BILL

So we have a fake ID and Social Security card printed and we're in!

DAN

Might not even be necessary. You can work for days without providing proof of identity if HR is accommodating. Just tell them you're having your papers shipped from your previous address.

BILL

Perfect. Let's get an application in first thing Monday.

Bill and Dan react to a noise in the kitchen. Bill moves to the closet and emerges clutching a baseball bat. Dan follows at a distance into the kitchen.

Bill approaches the intruder from behind. The intruder begins drinking chocolate milk from the carton. He turns toward Bill who swings wildly and knocks the milk carton to the floor.

Dan hits the lights. Bill's youngest son, LINCOLN, 19, stands in front of the refrigerator, shocked.

LINCOLN

Jesus, Dad!

BILL

Lincoln! What are you doing here?

LINCOLN

Didn't you get Mom's message?

BILL

No.

LINCOLN

Well, she's royally pissed.

DAN

What else is new?

Bill and Lincoln shoot Dan a cold stare that physically moves him back.

BILL  
You should be months into the  
spring semester? What happened?

LINCOLN  
I got suspended.

BILL  
Damn it, Lincoln. What'd you do  
this time?

LINCOLN  
I, uh, got caught smoking weed in  
the library.

BILL  
Why would you smoke in the library?

LINCOLN  
I dunno. Why'd you have nine pounds  
on you at O'Hare?

Bill, mad, moves to the sink, wets a rag, and cleans his bat,  
eyeing Lincoln the entire time.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
I'm just not into the whole college  
scene, Dad.

BILL  
Then what are you going to do with  
your life?

LINCOLN  
Actually, I think I want to act.

BILL  
Then I have your first role.

LINCOLN  
Really?

Bill throws the rag at Lincoln.

BILL  
Clean the kitchen, Cinderella.

Bill puts the bat on his shoulder and exits with Dan only to  
turn back to give Lincoln more chores.

BILL (CONT'D)  
When you're done with that, turn  
the golf cart over, drop it at the  
country club, and bring back my  
car.

Bill tosses Lincoln his keys and exits. Dan is staring at him.

BILL (CONT'D)

What?

DAN

It's perfect, Bill.

BILL

What's perfect.

DAN

Lincoln is our Russell.

BILL

No. Absolutely not.

DAN

Why not? He says he wants to act. I bet he's pretty good with a computer, too. He could double as our Dell. We're too damn old for this, but he's not.

BILL

You're right. He's too young. I'm not making my son an accessory to theft before he's 21.

DAN

Oh, come on. Who else can you trust with something like this? You can't hire some bum off the street and expect him to keep his mouth shut. Christ, it might even be fun!

Bill slumps into a chair and rubs his forehead.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

Bill rubs his head as a young, up-and-coming DIRECTOR shouts at extras and crew on his way toward Bill. Lincoln watches from afar as the director condescends to Bill.

DIRECTOR

I'm getting pretty tired of you changing my lines, Bill.

BILL

I think if you let me keep working on it we'll both be happier with --

DIRECTOR

I wrote the fucking lines, Bill. I am happy with them or I wouldn't have taken all the fucking time to put them down on paper.

BILL

I'm just saying we can both get what we want out of the lines.

DIRECTOR

I don't give a shit what you want. You'll do what I want because I'm in charge. It's my fucking movie.

BILL

(motioning to cast/crew)  
The movie belongs to all of us.

DIRECTOR

(poking Bill)  
Deliver the lines the way they're written, old man.

BILL

Don't push me, punk.

DIRECTOR

Why, you wanna go?

The director's assistant steps between Bill and the director.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Stop it you two! Take five! Take five!

Bill starts for his trailer, talking to himself as the director yells at extras and calls for his assistant. SARAH, an attractive assistant, 22, approaches Bill.

SARAH

Water, Mr. Murray?

BILL

Got any bourbon?

SARAH

Uh, no sir. Just water.

Bill snatches the bottle of water and does a double take. Lincoln also eyes Sarah from afar.

BILL

Wait, you weren't my assistant on *Electoral College*. Where's Emily?

SARAH

She's on vacation in the Bahamas.

Bill sulks toward Lincoln who holds open the door of his father's trailer, still watching Sarah. They enter.

INT. BILL'S TRAILER - DAY

Bill falls into a chair to contemplate his situation.

LINCOLN

Who's the girl?

Bill stares off into space.

BILL

The Bahamas.

LINCOLN

What?

BILL

Nothing. She's my assistant.

LINCOLN

She seems nice. That director's an asshole, though.

BILL

I never should have done this shit movie. You'd think cameos would be easy money, and they probably would be if I didn't care about performance and was just a yes-man. What do you think of the lines?

LINCOLN

I like yours better.

BILL

Why?

LINCOLN

They just sound more natural if that makes sense. They sound how normal people talk.

BILL

Do you think I should just do the lines how he wants them and get out of here?

LINCOLN

I'd just get out of here. They can't force you to do anything, Dad.

BILL

They can if I ever want to work for the company again.

LINCOLN

Do you?

Bill contemplates the questions seriously. He starts looking for an emergency exit. He jumps out of his chair and opens the door, peaking outside. The crew notices the door open and directs their attention to the trailer. Bill slams the door shut. He looks out the window on the opposite side of the trailer. There are no witnesses.

Bill grabs a chair and stands on it. He opens the window and peaks out. He hands Lincoln the keys to his car and pushes him toward the window.

BILL

Okay, out you go.

LINCOLN

What?

BILL

I'm taking your advice. Just bring the car around back.

LINCOLN

Why can't I use the door?

BILL

They'll suspect something. Just go.

Lincoln pulls through the window easily and runs for the car. Bill pulls himself partially through the window when a knock is heard at the door.

SARAH

Mr. Murray, they're ready for you.

BILL

Ah, I need a moment.

SARAH

Sir, the director is waiting.

Bill tries to maneuver himself through the window only to realize he's stuck.



BILL  
Ah, I'm kind of stuck in the middle  
of something.

SARAH  
Are you alright, Mr. Murray?

Bill sighs as he gives one last effort to free himself from  
the trailer.

BILL  
No. I need help.

Sarah opens the door slowly.

SARAH  
Oh my God. How'd you --

Sarah drops her clipboard and a bottle of bourbon wrapped in  
a brown, paper bag.

BILL  
God had nothing to do with it.

Sarah runs to the window and grabs Bill's legs attempting to  
pull him back into the trailer.

BILL (CONT'D)  
No, push. Push!

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

The crew begins gathering around Bill's trailer as it begins  
rocking. The director maneuvers his way through the crowd.

DIRECTOR  
Sound! Where's my sound?

BOOM OPERATOR  
Right here, boss.

DIRECTOR  
Get your mic over here.

INT. BILL'S TRAILER - DAY

Bill hears someone approaching the trailer.

BILL  
Hurry, someone's coming.

SARAH  
I can't push you out, sir. I'll  
have to pull.

BILL  
So be it. Just hurry.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

DIRECTOR  
Give me some headphones.

The boom operator hands the director a pair of headphones.

SARAH (FROM HEADPHONES)  
I'm trying. I'm trying.

BILL (FROM HEADPHONES)  
Well, try harder. Put your back  
into it.

The boom operator and director begin laughing.

INT. BILL'S TRAILER - DAY

Sarah grunts as she pulls Bill's legs.

BILL  
Thatta girl.

SARAH  
I never thought I'd be doing this  
on my first day.

BILL  
Ah, the many duties of a faithful  
assistant. You're going places,  
sweetheart.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

The director and boom operator listen.

DIRECTOR  
Jesus.

INT. BILL'S TRAILER - DAY

BILL  
You're almost there.

Sarah frees Bill from the window, and he falls on top of her.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

The crowd hears a loud crash from within the trailer as it stops rocking.

INT. BILL'S TRAILER - DAY

Bill lays atop Sarah, his head between her legs. He gets off.

SARAH  
You're incredible, you know that?

BILL  
Yeah. Just don't tell anyone about this.

SARAH  
As if anyone would believe me.

Bill rises to his feet and brushes himself off.

BILL  
How do I look?

Sarah straightens Bill's tie.

SARAH  
Perfect.

Bill walks toward the door when he spots the bottle of bourbon on the floor. He picks it up.

BILL  
This is your first day?

SARAH  
Yeah.

Bill opens the bourbon and takes a long drink.

BILL  
You really are going places.

Bill offers the bottle to Sarah. She accepts the drink and takes a swig.

SARAH  
Thank you.

Sarah hands the bottle back to Bill.

BILL  
No. Thank you.

Bill raises the bottle to Sarah and takes a pull.

BILL (CONT'D)  
You know, I don't think I got your name.

SARAH  
It's Sarah.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PARK FILM SET - DAY

The director laughs as he eavesdrops. Bill and Sarah exit the trailer as the crowd erupts with applause. Bill and Sarah walk toward the director.

DIRECTOR  
Well, is he better in the sack than he is on the set, Sarah?

Stunned, Sarah looks to Bill. Bill head-butts the director sending him to the ground with a broken, bleeding nose.

BILL  
Much better, thank you.

Bill walks over the director as the director's assistant approaches Bill.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT  
Damn it, Bill. What are you thinking?

BILL  
I'm thinking I'm retired.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT  
Well, the producers are going to love this. I guess we won't need your services, Sarah, whatever services those are.

Bill, about to fight for Sarah's job, is interrupted by the director, who is being held back by the sound crew.

DIRECTOR

I'm suing you for all you're worth,  
Murray. Someone call the police.  
I'm filing assault charges.

BILL

At least I'm not assaulting this  
film.

The director spits in Bill's face, and Lincoln rushes in to hold back his dad. Police arrive on the scene, handcuff, and arrest Bill in front of the crew, Lincoln, and Sarah.

LINCOLN

Bet you've never had a day of work  
like that before.

SARAH

This was my first day of work.

LINCOLN

Jesus. I'm sorry. Look my dad will  
make it right. Come to the jail  
with me, and we'll figure something  
out. I'm Lincoln.

Lincoln extends his hand. Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Sarah.

INT. JAIL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln and Sarah sit in awkward silence. A scream is heard from inside the jail, and Lincoln tries to make conversation.

LINCOLN

Thanks again for putting up the  
bail. I'll get you back.

SARAH

It's no problem. I know you guys  
are good for it.

LINCOLN

Man, I can't believe my dad. He's  
so embarrassing.

SARAH

I think he was quite gallant.

LINCOLN

Really?

SARAH

Sure. He was defending my honor you know.

LINCOLN

No. I didn't.

SARAH

You shouldn't be so quick to condemn him. Deep down, I bet he's pretty great.

LINCOLN

You don't know him like I do.

SARAH

But I bet you don't know him as well as you'd like, either.

LINCOLN

I guess not.

Sarah, sensing she struck a chord, reaches for Lincoln's hand.

SARAH

Look. Things like this tend to change people's perspectives. Right now he's back there wishing he could just get out and see you.

Lincoln looks longingly into Sarah's eyes as a large crash is heard from inside the jail. Bill appears from behind a jail guard as a gate opens, and the two jump out of their seats, releasing each other's hand.

Bill signs his release papers and retrieves his belongings. He walks past Sarah and Lincoln toward the exit, indignant.

BILL

Let's get the hell out of here. I need a drink.

Lincoln shakes his head and looks at Sarah who shrugs.

SARAH

I have that bourbon in the car, Mr. Murray.

BILL

You're a lifesaver, Sarah.

Bill opens the door for Sarah and leaves to put his arm around her while Lincoln nearly runs into the closing door.

BILL (CONT'D)

And call me, Bill, for Christ's sake. You bailed me out of jail after all. I think that means we're friends.

LINCOLN

(under his breath)

No, your true friends end up in jail with you.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Dan enters the front door as Bill and Sarah sit in the living room drinking and chatting. Lincoln sits dejected as Bill showers Sarah with attention.

DAN

I saw you on the news. How's the forehead.

Bill knocks on his forehead with his knuckles.

BILL

Hardest part of the body. This is Sarah, my new personal assistant.

Sarah, stunned, stands and extends her hand to Dan, who embraces it with both hands.

DAN

I see you took my advice.

Sarah walks toward Lincoln and sits next to him as Dan sits next to Bill.

BILL

I didn't have much of a choice. I'm the reason she was fired.

DAN

So the plan's a go?

LINCOLN AND SARAH

What plan?

Dan picks up a note from the table and hands it to Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
Are you guys planning a robbery  
based on *Ocean's 11*?

BILL AND DAN  
Yes.

Lincoln and Sarah share a long laugh.

LINCOLN  
We're going back to jail for sure.

Lincoln reaches for the bong on the table. Bill snatches it.

BILL  
We?

Bill takes a big rip off the bong.

LINCOLN  
Well I'm obviously in. Nothing  
better to do. You, Sarah?

SARAH  
Depends on what we're stealing.

Dan hands Sarah a napkin with Bill's drunken sketch of an Academy Award looking a lot like a dildo. Dan grabs the napkin and turns it upright. Lincoln and Sarah are confused.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So I take it there won't be any  
money to split.

BILL  
I'll have to pay you cash, Sarah.  
Lincoln will have to work for his.

LINCOLN  
What do you mean?

BILL  
If you live in this house you  
either work or go to school.

LINCOLN  
Oh come on, Dad!

BILL  
Hey, those are the rules.

DAN  
We should get him a new identity in  
case HR's going to be sticklers.



BILL

Right.

LINCOLN

Wait. What?

DAN

You any good at printing fake IDs,  
Social Security cards?

Lincoln glances at Bill, who anxiously awaits his answer.

LINCOLN

I could probably whip something up.  
What else do we need according to  
Daniel Ocean?

DAN

Well, that depends. Can you hack  
into a surveillance system?

LINCOLN

If you guys buy the hardware, I can  
take out cameras temporarily or  
indefinitely. I can even replace  
their feeds if you get me close  
enough.

BILL

How and why do you know that?

LINCOLN

I installed some security systems  
for a few drug dealers at college.

DAN

Well that takes care of our  
Russell.

SARAH

We'll definitely need some muscle.  
I mean, look at you guys. Jim Brown  
is probably still in better shape  
than you.

Dan and Bill look over themselves and both shoot Sarah  
disapproving looks as she smokes the bong.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(blowing smoke)

What?

INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Sarah drives, Bill sits shotgun, and Lincoln and Dan sit in the back.

BILL  
Next on the list is Miss Daisy.

DAN  
A getaway car and driver.

LINCOLN  
Who do you have in mind, Dad?

BILL  
No one really, but I know there are street races around here all the time. We'll need someone who can think on their feet.

DAN  
A smooth talker.

LINCOLN  
And female.

DAN  
Why female?

LINCOLN  
What if we get pulled over? Most L.A. cops are men. Wouldn't it be nice to have a distraction in the driver's seat?

DAN  
But we're looking for a getaway driver.

Sarah screeches the car to a stop and shoots Dan a mean look. She puts the car in gear and floors it, taking the boys on a joyride, accelerating through sharp turns and spinning the car into a parallel parking spot. Dan pukes out the window.

BILL  
When you're through there, call in the crew, Dan. We're a go.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Lincoln, Sarah, Jeff, and Johnny all sit in Bill's theater as Bill stands on the small stage. Dan plays a slideshow from a computer on stage, projecting a blueprint on the screen.

BILL

Gentlemen...and lady: the 600 block of South Figueroa Street, otherwise known as PricewaterhouseCoopers, LLP -- the law firm that hand counts the Academy Award ballots.

Jeff and Johnny laugh. Bill shoots a serious look.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The Academy votes are counted by seven low-level employees of the law firm. The count takes seven days, which means they've already begun counting. The ballots are stored in this vault on the 12th floor of the building.

Bill points to an area of the map with a laser pointer.

BILL (CONT'D)

And we're going to rob it.

LINCOLN

Classic snatch and grab job.

BILL

It's a little more complicated than that.

LINCOLN

Well, yeah.

BILL

Okay. While this isn't the Bellagio, the building does house a security system that rivals most credit unions. First: we have to get past the two security guards at the front door and into the office housing the vault on the 12th floor. There's a vent from the elevator shaft to the room housing the vault, but if the elevator isn't disabled, we could be trapped or killed.

Dan puts up two photos on the screen.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Only two members of the firm, who Dan has identified as Brian Cullinan and Martha Ruiz, know the results of the Academy Awards before the show. They're also the only two people who can open the vault, which requires a fingerprint identification --

DAN

-- which we can't fake.

BILL

-- and vocal confirmation.

DAN

-- which we won't get.

BILL

Furthermore, the firm's network drive containing the results is password protected and likely encrypted.

DAN

-- meaning if we don't have the password or encryption key, we're fucked.

BILL

Once we've gotten through the elevator shaft, obtained the fingerprints, vocal confirmation, and login password, then it's a walk in the park: just replace the hard copies of the results, alter the digital results, and walk out the front door past two guards with flashlights and mace. Any questions?

SARAH

Won't the firm notice a change? I mean, there has to be a backup of the data somewhere.

BILL

Great question, Sarah.

Lincoln rolls his eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)

Even if they notice a change, recounting the ballots would confirm our winner because we will have replaced the ballots with our own. Mr. Bridges has provided us with an official Academy ballot which we are in the process of replicating.

LINCOLN

Doesn't that mean we have to fill out a new ballot for every ballot in the vault.

BILL

Yes.

LINCOLN

And how many are there?

BILL

There are 7,258 voters, which means each of us will have to fill out around 1,200 ballots. With 24 categories, each ballot should take about 30 seconds to duplicate. That's a 10-hour day for each of us.

JEFF

How are we supposed to duplicate the votes in the other categories without the actual Oscar ballots? Are we all going to shack up in the PriceWaterhouseCoopers building overnight?

BILL

I'm glad you asked that, Jeff. No, we won't be shacking up in the PWC building overnight. We'll be breaking into the building and vault twice.

The crew groans in unison at the thought.

BILL (CONT'D)

Just think how easy it will be the second time around, guys.

JEFF

Coming up with one excuse to get in the building might be easy, but doing it again is going to make them skeptical, isn't it?

BILL

Let Dan and I worry about that.

JOHNNY

But this Cullinan and Ruiz will remember who the real winner is. Won't they talk even if the data doesn't support their claims? I mean, if only two people in the world know the results prior to the awards show and they both agree the wrong winner was announced, won't that spur an investigation?

BILL

A cover-up is more likely. They won't say a word until they check the numbers for fear of being mistaken. They aren't going to advertise a mistake after the *La La Land* fiasco. The last thing the Academy needs is another conspiracy theory surrounding their awards show.

JEFF

Say we do get the ID card, and the fingerprints we can't fake, and the vocal confirmation we won't get, and into the vault we can't open...

DAN

Without being seen by the cameras.

BILL

Oh, right. Sorry. I forgot to mention that.

JEFF

Say we do all that. We're just supposed to walk outta there with bags full of Oscar ballots without being stopped and then walk back in with the same number of bags to be deposited in the vault?

Bill smiles, sure of himself.

BILL

Yeah.

Jeff, panic-stricken, reaches for the bong and takes a hit.

BILL (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll be in touch.

Bill and Dan start cleaning up as everyone but Lincoln and Sarah leaves. Lincoln approaches his dad.

LINCOLN

Hey, Dad, check out this fake ID I made. Think it'll do?

Bill stops and looks attentively at his son.

BILL

Jack, I'm making Sarah our inside man. We just can't risk them making you.

Sarah, taken aback, looks to Lincoln for a response.

LINCOLN

Then what's my role?

BILL

I don't think you should get involved in this, son.

LINCOLN

I'm involved whether you like it or not!

BILL

This isn't your decision to make!

LINCOLN

I'm an adult. You don't get to make decisions for me anymore!

BILL

As long as you live under my roof you live by my rules!

LINCOLN

Oh, so I can break the law by drinking and smoking weed underage, but I can't help with a little heist, huh?

BILL

That's right!

LINCOLN

You're ridiculous, Dad. Mom said this was a bad idea. 70 years old and you still have no idea what it means to be a father.

BILL

I'm protecting you you entitled shit! That's what fathers do.

LINCOLN

No, you're doing what you think most fathers do, but you aren't most fathers, are you? You've never been around and then when you are around you're not. I'm out of here. Don't call from prison.

Lincoln storms out.

BILL

Yeah, don't call for money!

Sarah, still taken aback by the whole scene, slowly approaches Bill, fearful.

SARAH

You can't do that, Bill.

BILL

I can and I am. It's for his own good. One day he'll thank me.

SARAH

You know, Jack was right.

BILL

About what?

SARAH

That day in jail he said you were embarrassing, and I defended you for defending me. But he's right.

Sarah storms out as Dan approaches Bill from behind.

DAN

The kid just wants to hang with his dad, Bill.

BILL

I know. But I'm not letting my son become an accessory to theft.



DAN  
Whatever happened to unwilling  
participants? Hostages, remember?

BILL  
I can't let people think I forced  
my kid to commit a crime as stupid  
and selfish as this.

DAN  
I thought we were making a  
statement and stealing the Oscar  
for the genre of comedy.

BILL  
I know you never believed that  
garbage, Dan.

DAN  
Believed? No, but I had hope --  
faith even.

BILL  
Sorry to disappoint you.

DAN  
(sighing)  
So what's next now that we've lost  
our getaway driver and inside man?

BILL  
Reconnaissance.

INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Lincoln and Sarah share a pizza.

LINCOLN  
You know just because my dad  
doesn't want me around doesn't mean  
he doesn't need you.

SARAH  
Hey, I'm not getting involved  
unless he includes you.

LINCOLN  
I just don't see that happening,  
and you need the money.

SARAH  
Don't tell me what I need.

LINCOLN  
Right. Sorry.

Sarah softens her tone and reaches for Lincoln's hand.

SARAH  
Look. We can do this ourselves.

LINCOLN  
Yeah, right.

SARAH  
I'm serious. We're the ones most capable of all this. What makes their old asses qualified? Because they've seen or been in a few movies?

LINCOLN  
But how do we prove our worth?

EXT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING - DAY

Bill stands in an alley investigating the PricewaterhouseCoopers building with binoculars. Johnny, disguised, approaches Bill from behind and taps him on the shoulder.

Bill, stunned by Johnny's disguise, jumps at the sight of him. Johnny pulls down his beard to reveal himself as he and Dan laugh.

BILL  
Jesus, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
You think it's too much?

BILL  
Probably.

DAN  
Oh come on. He's a professional.  
It'll work.

BILL  
Let's hope you're right.

Bill offers the binoculars to Dan, who takes a look.

JOHNNY

Cullinan and Ruiz aren't going to forget who won the Oscar for Best Actor.

DAN

Uh...guys?

BILL

It doesn't matter! They won't have proof!

JOHNNY

They could have it written on papers they take home, or saved to a thumb drive, or tattooed on their asses!

DAN

Guys?

BILL

Information like this would never leave the building!

DAN

Guys!

Johnny and Bill turn to Dan.

JOHNNY AND BILL

What?!

DAN

What's Sean Penn doing on the 12th floor of that building?

Dan offers Bill the binoculars.

BILL

I'll be god damned. What's he tryin' to pull?

Bill gives Johnny the binoculars.

JOHNNY

Looks like he's meeting new friends. He just shook Mr. Cullinan's hand.

Johnny gives the binoculars to Dan.

DAN

Now entering stage right is Ms. Ruiz.

Dan gives Bill the binoculars.

BILL  
Looks like he's casing the place.  
And they let him right in the front  
door.

Lincoln and Sarah appear behind Bill.

LINCOLN  
They let me right in the front  
door, too.

Bill jumps at the sound of his son's voice.

BILL  
What the hell are you doing here?

LINCOLN  
Proving my worth.

BILL  
I told you, I don't want you mixed  
up in this.

LINCOLN  
I'm already mixed up in this.

BILL  
You're too young to be throwing  
your life away!

SARAH  
He's a grown man and can throw away  
his life whenever he likes.

Lincoln pauses a bit stunned by Sarah's attempt at support.

LINCOLN  
Yeah! I've lived plenty! I have  
experience! I know stuff!

BILL  
Like what?

LINCOLN  
I know how to get past security and  
into a building to locate all the  
security cameras, how to disable  
those cameras, and how to access  
the network.

BILL  
How the hell do you know all this?

LINCOLN

Well...

FLASHBACK - INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING/LOBBY - EARLIER

Lincoln, wearing a baseball cap and glasses, carrying a camera and backpack, walks toward the security desk.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you young man?

LINCOLN

Yes. I'm writing a story for the UCLA student newspaper about the process of selecting the Oscar winners. I was hoping to talk to someone in that department who could tell me about the process.

SECURITY GUARD

Let me see if anyone is available.

The security guard picks up the phone and dials.

SECURITY GUARD (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Yeah, we got another wannabe journalist down here looking to take a tour. OK, I'll send him up.

The security guard hangs up the phone.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I'll need to check your backpack.

LINCOLN

Of course.

Lincoln opens the backpack on the table, revealing a laptop, notebooks, a camera lens, and college textbooks. The security guard fingers through it and points toward the elevator.

SECURITY GUARD

Take the elevator up to 12. A Ms. Rebecca White will meet you.

LINCOLN

Thank you so much.

Lincoln moves quickly to the elevator. Once inside, he notices the lone camera to the left of the elevator doors.

He looks directly above him at the light fixture, the access point for the elevator shaft, and arrives on the 12th floor. The doors open revealing REBECCA White.

REBECCA

Hello. I'm Rebecca White. Welcome to PricewaterhouseCoopers.

EXT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS' BUILDING - DAY (LATER)

BILL

Ok, ok. We get the picture. But how did you figure out how to access the network.

Lincoln digs into his backpack and pulls out a long lens.

LINCOLN

I took some photos from that hotel across the street and managed to get a look at Mr. Cullinan entering his password.

SARAH

We got ourselves a regular Daniel Ocean here.

Sarah gives Lincoln a smile which he returns. Bill, proud, pats Lincoln on the back.

BILL

(too Lincoln)

I guess we don't need you on the inside after all.

DAN

But what can we do about Penn?

Bill turns to Johnny.

BILL

Call in the muscle.

JOHNNY

Oh, come on, Bill. That's not the gig.

BILL

The gig's changed. Make the call.

Johnny shoots Bill a look of disappointment before dialing his phone.

EXT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff storms up to the building in a beat-up car. Johnny, still disguised, approaches the vehicle and opens the door.

JEFF

Um, excuse me, sir, but this car is like private, man.

Johnny pulls down his beard to reveal himself and enters.

JOHNNY

It's me. What, are you stoned already?

JEFF

Oh, hey, Johnny. Yeah, you want a hit?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

Jeff hands Johnny the joint, and he takes a long drag.

JEFF

Is he still in there?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

JEFF

Then it's an old-fashioned stakeout.

JOHNNY

Now its a car chase. He just pulled out of the garage.

JEFF

This should be fun.

Jeff follows Sean's car.

EXT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - NIGHT

Jeff and Johnny smoke a joint in Jeff's car outside Sean Penn's house.

JOHNNY

So what the hell's the plan?

JEFF

Well, we could wait for him to leave again, but I figure it'd be easier just to tell him we're here.

JOHNNY

Are you crazy?

JEFF

Maybe a little.

JOHNNY

Let's wait. I'll take first shift.

JEFF

Appreciate it, bud.

Jeff puts his seat back all the way and starts snoring almost immediately.

BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Bill, Lincoln, Dan, and Sarah sit in the living room filling out the Best Actor section of their replica Oscar ballots.

DAN

That dirty fucker, Sean Penn. What's he scheming?

BILL

Doesn't matter, and Jeff and Johnny will make sure it doesn't.

SARAH

But we still don't have access to the vault.

LINCOLN

I think I know a way we can get it.

DAN

What you got kid?

LINCOLN

Well, why can't dad just walk in there like Sean Penn?

Everyone looks at everyone, giving shrugs.

BILL

Worth a shot.



EXT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - MORNING

The gates open, and Sean drives through. Both Jeff and Johnny wake covered in doughnut crumbs. Jeff finds a roach on his belly and lights it.

JEFF

Time to go to work.

Jeff starts the car and follows Sean.

EXT. L.A. TAILOR'S SHOP - MORNING (LATER)

Sean pulls up to a tailor's shop, walks in and returns with a tuxedo. Jeff and Johnny watch from afar and follow him.

EXT. L.A. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING (LATER)

Sean pulls up to a liquor store and returns with bottles in a paper bag. Jeff and Johnny watch from afar and follow him.

EXT. L.A. GROCERY STORE - MORNING (LATER)

Sean pulls into a grocery store parking lot and enters the store. Johnny watches with the binoculars. He throws them down in disgust.

JOHNNY

I don't get it.

JEFF

Don't get what?

JOHNNY

We know this guy's dirty, yet he's been squeaky clean all day.

JEFF

Maybe he's already made his move, and Bill's stealing a forgery.

JOHNNY

Nah. Penn's too smart for that. He'll make his move the night before the red carpet rolls.

JEFF

He'll try.

JOHNNY

What the hell are we going to do about it.

JEFF

There's a black canvas bag and some duct tape in the trunk of the car.

JOHNNY

Yeah, so?

JEFF

When he comes out of the store we drive up and kidnap him.

JOHNNY

What?!

JEFF

You know, put the bag over his head, tape his hands behind him, and throw him in the trunk. Easy.

JOHNNY

You're insane.

JEFF

Oh, come on. Be a professional. You're still in disguise.

Johnny looks in the rearview mirror and fixes his beard.

JEFF (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Just change your voice and try to sound mean.

JOHNNY

How do I keep him from fighting me?

JEFF

There's a tire iron in the trunk.

JOHNNY

You're nuts.

JEFF

Look. We're the last line of defense for Bill. If Sean gets in the way it's on us.

JOHNNY

Fuuuuck.

Sean emerges from the grocery store carrying a bag.

JEFF

Here he comes. Go grab the stuff.  
Oh, and be sure to get his keys.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna kill Bill.

Johnny opens the door, exits, and grabs the items. Jeff drives toward Sean slowly as Johnny meanders between cars attempting to hide.

Sean opens the trunk of his car. He puts the groceries in the trunk and closes it. Johnny approaches from behind, puts the bag over his head, and puts the tire iron into his back.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Don't say a fuckin' word, or I'll  
put a bullet in ya rich boy!

SEAN PENN

Johnny?

Jeff screeches the car to a stop next to Johnny and Sean, the trunk still open.

JOHNNY

I don't know any Johnny, mother  
fucker. Give me your hands.

Sean makes a quick move and turns around to face Johnny.

SEAN PENN

And you wonder why you've never won  
an Oscar. Nice disguise, though.

JOHNNY

That bad, huh?

Sean looks in the car.

SEAN PENN

Hey, Jeff. Where'd you get this  
hunk of junk.

JEFF

Borrowed it from a friend in  
Montana.

SEAN PENN

What the hell are you guys up to?

JEFF

We were trying to surprise you with  
a pre-Oscar party.

SEAN PENN

Well, Christ, next time just call me. Follow me to my place so I can drop this off, and then we'll go.

JOHNNY

Great!

Johnny tosses the tape, iron, and bag in the trunk, shuts it, and gets in Jeff's car.

JOHNNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We'll see you soon.

SEAN PENN

Not if I see you first.

Sean makes for his car, and Jeff follows Sean out of the lot.

JOHNNY

(mimicking Jeff)

Put the bag over his head, tape his hands behind him, and throw him in the trunk. Easy.

Jeff laughs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What now?

JEFF

We keep him occupied.

JOHNNY

The whole night?

JEFF

What? You got a gig with Alice Cooper or something?

JOHNNY

No, but --

JEFF

Then we'll support our friend, Bill, by tripping acid with Sean Penn.

JOHNNY

Acid?! I didn't sign up for an acid trip, and definitely not a trip with Sean Penn.

JEFF  
Well it's either that or try  
kidnapping him again.

A long pause.

JOHNNY  
Give me the damn acid.

JEFF  
(laughing)  
Hold your horses, star child.  
You'll get your fix.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - MORNING (LATER)

Bill approaches the security guard at the desk.

SECURITY GUARD  
Can I help you, Mr. Murray?

BILL  
Yes, I have an appointment with Mr.  
Bryce Cullinan.

The security guard picks up the phone and rings MR. CULLINAN.

SECURITY GUARD  
Bill here to see you, sir. Alright,  
I'll send him up.

The security guard hangs up the phone.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
He's ready for you, if you just  
take the elevator to the 12th  
floor.

Bill moves toward the elevator.

BILL  
Thanks.

SECURITY GUARD  
And good luck tomorrow, Mr. Murray.

BILL  
Thank you.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/12TH FLOOR - MORNING

MR. CULLINAN greets Bill as the elevator doors open. They shake hands.

MR. CULLINAN  
So nice to have you here, Mr. Murray. What can I do for you?

BILL  
Please, call me, Bill. I'm sorry, I've blanked on your name.

MR. CULLINAN  
Brian, sir. Brian Cullinan.

BILL  
Right. Well, Brian, I've never really been too curious about the whole Oscar thing cuz I never thought I'd win, but I figure if I get to that podium I better know a little something about the process.

MR. CULLINAN  
Of course. Of course. Mr. Penn was in here yesterday with a similar question.

BILL  
Really?

MR. CULLINAN  
Sure, it's not uncommon to receive visitors from the silver screen this time of year.

BILL  
So how does this all go down.

MR. CULLINAN  
Well, the ballots are delivered here where we count each one by hand and tally the results, which our staff is doing now...

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - MORNING

Lincoln approaches the security guard at the desk wearing the same hat, glasses, camera, and backpack as yesterday. He places his backpack on the table.

LINCOLN

Hello, sir. I was here yesterday and have a few follow-up questions for Ms. White.

SECURITY GUARD

Let me see if she's free.

The security guard picks up his phone and dials. When the guard turns to the phone, Lincoln places a small device on the security monitors.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

That college kid is here to see you again. Alright, I'll send him up.

Lincoln motions toward his backpack, but the security guard waves him away.

LINCOLN

Thanks.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/ELEVATOR - MORNING

Lincoln enters the elevator and points a laser at the security camera as the doors close. He opens the hatch through the light fixture and climbs through with the elevator still moving. He rides it to the 12th floor and climbs into the ventilation shaft.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - MORNING

The security guard, eating a doughnut and drinking coffee, glances at his monitor.

SECURITY GUARD

When did we lose visual in elevator one?

The other guard shrugs. The security guard slaps his monitor and the visual comes back. The elevator is empty.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

They have to replace this junk.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/VENTILATION SHAFT - MORNING

Lincoln crawls through the cramped ventilation shaft, lighting his way with a cigarette lighter, with his backpack tied to his leg behind him.

LINCOLN

Come out to the coast, we'll get together, have a few laughs.

He reaches the vent above Mr. Cullinan's office and peers through it. There's no one inside.

Lincoln opens his backpack and pulls out a magnetic, retracting wheel affixed with rope. He attaches the pulley to the top of the shaft and attaches the rope to his belt.

Lincoln opens the vent and takes a deep breath. He jumps through the vent and falls swiftly onto Mr. Cullinan's desk.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/MR. CULLINAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lincoln jumps to his feet at the sound of Mr. Cullinan approaching. He removes the rope from his belt and it retracts back to the top of the ventilation shaft. He grabs the keys and moves to the closet, opening his backpack on the way. He pulls the ID card off the key ring and takes a jar of cockroaches from his backpack and empties the jar in the closet. He puts the empty jar back in his backpack as Bill enters the office with Mr. Cullinan. He hides in the closet.

MR. CULLINAN

I hope this was informative, Bill.

BILL

Oh, very informative, Brian.

Mr. Cullinan sits at his desk, wipes a speck of dust off it, and points to a chair, but Bill notices a cockroach exiting the closet and doesn't sit.

MR. CULLINAN

Are there any other questions I can answer for you?

BILL

No. Thanks so much for your time.

Mr. Cullinan stands and accepts Bill's outstretched hand.



INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING/MR. CULLINAN'S OFFICE  
CLOSET - MORNING

Lincoln sits, swatting at cockroaches crawling up his arms and legs.

LINCOLN  
Jesus, hurry up, Dad. Get him out  
of here.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING/MR. CULLINAN'S OFFICE -  
MORNING

Bill moves to the exit bringing Mr. Cullinan with him, still shaking his hand.

BILL  
Uh, I'd love for you to walk me out  
if you don't mind. That way I'm  
less likely to be bombarded by  
fans.

MR. CULLINAN  
Sure thing, Bill.

Bill and Mr. Cullinan exit the office, and Lincoln runs out swatting cockroaches back into the closet. He leaves the keys on the desk, climbs atop it and jumps for the ventilation shaft. He jumps again, and again. Finally he reaches it and struggles to pull himself up, but eventually climbs through.

Lincoln closes the vent as he leaves. He crawls back through the ventilation shaft and mounts the elevator, which immediately begins moving up. The top of the shaft is just a few floors away.

Lincoln cracks the elevator hatch and shoots the laser at the camera again. He pulls out a small monitor to confirm the feed has been cut out, but he can't quite get the angle.

LINCOLN  
Come on. Come on!

The monitor displays the feed going fuzzy and cutting out as Lincoln swiftly climbs through the hatch just before the elevator crushes him against the top of the shaft.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING/12TH FLOOR - MORNING

Bill and Mr. Cullinan approach the elevator.

MR. CULLINAN  
Well, I'd wish you luck, but we  
both know that won't do you any  
good.

The two men share a hearty laugh as the elevator doors open,  
revealing a sweaty Lincoln, who passes by the men without a  
look.

LINCOLN  
Ms. White!

Lincoln approaches Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Oh, hello again. I expected you a  
while ago.

LINCOLN  
I got stuck in the elevator.

REBECCA  
Everything's broken around here.

A loud crash is heard throughout the office. Mr. Cullinan  
enters his office revealing his desk in pieces.

MR. CULLINAN  
Rebecca! I thought I told you to  
get me a new desk in here!

REBECCA  
I really have to go.

LINCOLN  
No problem. Another time.

EXT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING - MORNING (LATER)

Sarah and Bill wait for Lincoln in a van in an alley. Lincoln  
enters the sliding door.

SARAH AND BILL  
You get it?

Lincoln pulls Mr. Cullinan's ID card from his pocket.

LINCOLN  
Did you?

Bill takes out a cell phone and plays a recording.

MR. CULLINAN (FROM PHONE)  
Brian Cullinan.

He also removes a strip of double-sided tape and holds it up to the light, revealing Mr. Cullinan's fingerprint.

SARAH  
Not bad for a couple of college dropouts.

LINCOLN  
Hey, I was suspended. I didn't drop out.

BILL  
If you don't want to go back, Lincoln, I won't make you.

LINCOLN  
Really?

BILL  
It would break your mother's heart, but it'd be pretty hypocritical of me to force college on you when I didn't graduate.

LINCOLN  
That's really cool of you, Dad.

BILL  
And if you want to act I can make some calls and get you some auditions, but you have to take it seriously. You have to want to work.

LINCOLN  
It's a deal.

Lincoln and Bill shake on it.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Dad.

Sarah smiles, taking pleasure in the two making up.

EXT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - AFTERNOON

A car approaches the house, and Sean, strong, mob-like, approaches the car. He opens Johnny's door.

SEAN PENN  
Gentlemen, welcome back to Chateau  
de Sean. It's been too long.

JEFF  
(not so sarcastically)  
Oh, we're in the Devil's den, now.

INT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME/POOL AREA - AFTERNOON

Sean, Jeff, and Johnny settle around the pool, and Jeff  
lights a joint. He hands it to Sean.

SEAN PENN  
(coughing)  
Holy shit, Jeff. Where'd you find  
this?

JEFF  
Oh, you know me. I'm pretty  
resourceful. It's called Silvertip.  
It's only grown in Montana.

SEAN PENN  
Wow. Seems those roughnecks have  
weed figured out.

JEFF  
We've got more than that figured  
out.

Sean laughs, and Johnny joins in, uncomfortably. Sean takes  
another long drag off the joint and hands it to Johnny, who  
smokes and coughs.

JOHNNY  
Jesus, that's good shit.

He hands the joint to Jeff.

SEAN PENN  
Can I get anyone a drink?

Sean moves to the bar and grabs glasses.

JEFF  
I'll take a Caucasian if you've got  
cream.

SEAN PENN  
I don't, Dude, but I've got a 41-  
year-old bottle of Scotch I've been  
saving for a special occasion.

Sean pulls the Scotch from the bar.

JOHNNY  
Just water for me, thanks.

SEAN PENN  
That's right, you quit drinking,  
didn't you? How long's it been.

JOHNNY  
Just over four years, but I've  
tripped up a few times. It ain't  
easy.

Sean pours a glass of Scotch.

SEAN PENN  
Oh, I hear ya, but I was hoping you  
guys would help me celebrate.

JEFF  
What are we celebrating?

SEAN PENN  
Well, I have some news about the  
Oscar, if you can keep a secret.

JOHNNY  
I guess one drink won't kill me.

JEFF  
I'm in.

SEAN PENN  
That's what I'm talking about.

Sean pours three glasses of Scotch and one of soda. He brings  
over the drinks.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I know it's childish, but I can't  
help but wash down Scotch with just  
a bit of soda.

Sean hands Johnny his drink.

JOHNNY  
There's nothing childish about  
drinking 41-year-old single malt.

Sean hands Jeff his drink, and Jeff hands Sean the joint. He  
smokes.

JEFF

Agreed. I prefer a splash of water  
in mine. Helps bring out the  
flavor.

SEAN PENN

(exhaling smoke)

I took care of it, bud.

Sean hits the joint again before handing the roach to Johnny.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D)

Now, if I tell you this, I have to  
know you'll never tell another  
soul.

JOHNNY

You have my word.

JEFF

Mine, too.

SEAN PENN

Let's toast to it.

Sean presents the glasses.

JEFF

To your third Oscar.

JOHNNY

To friends.

SEAN PENN

And to great Scotch.

The three men down their drinks, and Sean smashes his two  
glasses over Jeff and Johnny's heads, knocking them out.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Bill and Dan approach the front desk wearing strikingly  
familiar Ghostbusters uniforms and gas masks as hats. They're  
carrying tanks of pesticide and are sporting facial hair.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

Dan looks at a note he pulls from his pocket.

DAN

We got a call from a Mr. Cullinan up on 12. Seems you got yourself a roach problem.

SECURITY GUARD

No one said anything to me.

DAN

Let me ask ya something. If you found a nest of roaches the size of a four-year-old child in the closet of your office would you call a security guard? I mean, your mace and clubs are useless against them. We're talking about the most resilient living thing on the planet. You don't mess around with a problem like this. You call in the pros. So who you gonna call?

SECURITY GUARD

I dunno. Who?

BILL AND DAN

Roachbusters.

Dan presents his card and offers it to the security guard.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll keep it in mind.

DAN

And we don't just do roaches. We do termites, spiders, rats...anything.

SECURITY GUARD

Look. I don't care if you're the best roachbusters in town. I still have to confirm upstairs.

DAN

By all means, call 'em up. But if just one of those people faint at the site of that nest, don't expect us to pull 'em out. That will be on your back.

BILL

Cool it, Stan.

DAN

I'm cool. I'm cool.

The security guard phones the 12th floor.

SECURITY GUARD  
I've got a couple exterminators  
down here saying they got a call  
from Mr. Cullinan about a roach  
problem.

Rebecca screams over the phone. The security guard hangs up.

BILL  
We tried to tell you.

SECURITY GUARD  
Get your butts up to the 12th  
floor.

Bill and Dan run to the elevator and wait. An old MAN, also  
waiting, gives them a concerned look.

MAN  
What are you supposed to be, some  
kind of a Ghostbuster?

BILL  
No, we're exterminators. Somebody  
saw a cockroach up on 12.

MAN  
That's gotta be some cockroach.

BILL  
Bite your head off, man.

The elevator arrives and the doors open. Bill and Dan enter.

DAN  
Going up?

MAN  
I'll take the next one.

The elevator doors close.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

DAN  
You know, it just occurred to me  
that we really haven't had a  
successful test of this equipment.

A short pause as Dan and Bill share a moment remembering  
Harold Ramis.



BILL  
So do I.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/12TH FLOOR - AFTERNOON  
Bill and Dan exit the elevator.

BILL  
Anybody see a roach?

Rebecca approaches the men.

REBECCA  
Thank you for coming. I hope we can handle this quickly and quietly.

DAN  
We'll be very discreet. Why don't you show us the nest?

REBECCA  
It's right through this door.

Dan pushes the door open and quickly walks in. He reemerges moments later, frightened and breathing deeply.

DAN  
That's a lotta roaches. Looks like a termite problem, too, judging from the desk.

REBECCA  
That just happened an hour ago.

Bill shoots Dan a worried look before climbing on a table.

BILL  
I'm going to have to ask everyone to calmly move to the nearest exit and evacuate the office. Anyone who remains will subject themselves to toxic gases that have been known to cause cancer, brain damage, diarrhea, uh --

DAN  
Epidemiology, seizures, uncontrollable vomiting, and death.

People run for the elevator and stairs.

INT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME/KITCHEN - EVENING

Johnny and Jeff awake to cheap whiskey being thrown in their faces. Johnny and Jeff are tied to chairs.

SEAN PENN  
So you thought you could stop me.

JEFF  
Stop what?

SEAN PENN  
Don't play dumb with me, Bridges. I know you're working with Murray.

JOHNNY  
That damn kidnapping gave it away, didn't it?

SEAN PENN  
Actually, no. I noticed you following me last night. You gotta pump the brakes, Jeff.

Jeff shakes his head. Johnny is perturbed.

JEFF  
You'll never get away with it, Sean.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, what makes you think we won't talk?

Sean pulls up a chair and sits backwards in it. He reveals a handgun, and Jeff and Johnny shoot each other a nervous look.

SEAN PENN  
Oh, I'm not going to kill you.

Jeff and Johnny both give sighs of relief.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
But you won't remember any of this conversation.

JEFF  
You drugged us.

SEAN PENN  
Can you feel it, Jeff?

JOHNNY  
Feel what?

JEFF  
Rohypnol...with a hint of ketamine.

SEAN PENN  
Very good, Jeff.

JOHNNY  
You gave us date rape drugs?

Sean leaves his seat and caresses Johnny's face.

SEAN PENN  
Don't worry, Johnny. I'm not going to rape you either.

JEFF  
At least tell us how you're going to do it. We can't get in the way anymore.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, and the villain always reveals his plan to the heroes before the movie ends.

SEAN PENN  
But this is no movie, and you are no heroes. I still can't believe you sided with that clown, Murray.

JEFF  
He's a good man.

SEAN PENN  
A good man? He chose alcohol and weed over his own family. He's selfish and inconsiderate, and he's stooped to the Academy's slimy level to get an Oscar!

JEFF  
So have you.

SEAN PENN  
No. I'm simply preserving the integrity of the Academy.

JOHNNY  
By stealing an Oscar?

SEAN PENN  
You can't steal what's rightfully yours.

JEFF  
Well that's vain.

SEAN PENN  
Hey, as soon as comedians start  
winning Oscars the Academy's  
integrity goes right down the  
shitter.

JOHNNY  
The Academy still has integrity to  
preserve?

Jeff laughs. Even Sean chuckles.

SEAN PENN  
They get it right more often than  
not.

JEFF  
Did they in '04? Or did you steal  
that one, too?

SEAN PENN  
Trade secrets my friend.

Sean moves toward the door.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Oh, I don't have a home phone and  
yours don't seem to be working.

Sean takes two cell phones from a nearby table and smashes  
them with his foot.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D)  
So if you need an ambulance or want  
to call the police, the nearest  
phone is at the country club about  
three miles away. And I've got your  
keys.

Sean leaves, dangling Jeff's car keys on his finger.

JOHNNY  
Nice work, Jeff.

JEFF  
Thanks.

JOHNNY  
That was sarcasm, stupid.

JEFF  
I did my job.

JOHNNY  
The hell are you talking about?

JEFF  
The crutch of that joint was about  
15 hits of acid.

JOHNNY  
Jesus! We smoked that, too.

JEFF  
I know. Should make for a fun  
night. Let's try and get out of  
these ropes before it kicks in.

JOHNNY  
How long do we have?

JEFF  
Depends on how long we were out, so  
let's not waste time discussing.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/12TH FLOOR - NIGHT

With the office evacuated, Bill and Dan put on their gas masks and toss smoke bombs.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - NIGHT

The security guard watches as his monitor turns white.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/12TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Bill and Dan approach the vault. Dan swipes the ID card. A female voice coming from the vault asks Mr. Cullinan for his fingerprint.

Bill presses the tape of Mr. Cullinan's fingerprint to the scanner. It turns green, and the voice requests a vocal confirmation. Bill plays the recording on his phone, and the vault door unlocks.

Dan opens the vault door and Bill enters. Dan closes the vault door. They both remove their masks. On the floor sits garbage bags full of Oscar ballots.

DAN  
This is too easy.

Bill notices a briefcase setting next to the garbage bags and starts for it. He picks it up, revealing it to Dan.

BILL  
Don't count your chickens.

DAN  
What's that? The envelopes?

Bill nods.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Well, there's only 1,000 different combinations. Shouldn't take more than an hour.

BILL  
Get on it.

Bill puts on his gas mask and carries some garbage bags out of the vault. He settles in front of the computer on the floor amongst pieces of the destroyed desk and enters the password but is denied access. He raises a walkie talkie to his mouth.

BILL (INTO WALKIE TALKIE) (CONT'D)  
Mr. October. Come in.

EXT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS BUILDING - NIGHT

A van, windows steamy, rocks in an alley across from the PricewaterhouseCoopers building.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Lincoln and Sarah have sex.

SARAH  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

BILL  
(from walkie talkie)  
Mr. October, come in.

SARAH  
Oh, no. Don't stop. Don't you dare stop.

BILL  
(from walkie talkie)  
Mr. October, come in.

Lincoln reaches for the walkie talkie and ejaculates with his hand on the button.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/12TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Bill holds the walkie talkie up to his ear.

LINCOLN  
(from walkie talkie)  
I'm cumming!

Bill swiftly takes the walkie talkie from his ear and turns down the volume.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Lincoln pulls up his pants and dresses quickly.

SARAH  
Why'd you pull out? I told you I'm on the pill.

LINCOLN  
Sorry. It was just a reaction to my dad's voice, I guess.

Sarah gives Lincoln a long kiss. He then gathers two brooms and opens the back door of the van to exit.

SARAH  
Good luck!

INT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME/KITCHEN - EVENING

Jeff and Johnny rub against each other trying to cut the ropes with their watches.

JOHNNY  
Alright, this isn't working.

JEFF  
There should be a lighter in my pocket. Can you reach it?

JOHNNY  
Yeah, I think so.

JEFF  
Try to burn the rope, like *Last Crusade*.

JOHNNY  
Got it.

JEFF  
Ouch. You're burning the hair on my arms.

JOHNNY  
Well I can't see what I'm burning, Jeff, and that might be a good thing.

JEFF  
Why do you say that?

JOHNNY  
Cuz that acid's kicking in.

JEFF  
That's it right there.

Johnny drops the lighter.

JOHNNY  
Fuck!

JEFF  
What?

JOHNNY  
I dropped the lighter.

JEFF  
Son of a bitch! I'm so tired of this shit. All I want to do is enjoy my trip.

Jeff flexes and attempts to stand. He begins to speak gibberish.

JOHNNY  
What's going on, Jeff.

JEFF  
Jeff is not here. Only Jeff's rage remains.

JOHNNY  
Oh, lord, you better be good to me, or I'll set *him* on you.



JEFF

The universe is balanced chaos.  
Within that balanced chaos we are  
merely ants marching, but given the  
proper motivation and energy  
reserves, ants can conquer the  
chaos and return the universe to  
balance! I seek BALANCE!!

Johnny screams in fear as Jeff destroys the chair to which he  
was tied and stands, screaming and reaching toward the sky.

JOHNNY

That wasn't scary or anything.

Jeff unties Johnny.

JEFF

That's the spirit world at work.

JOHNNY

Well we gotta warn, Bill.

Johnny moves to the phones and finds them useless.

JEFF

And we can't call him.

JOHNNY

I can probably make it to the  
country club in a half hour or so.

JEFF

Really? On acid and date rape  
drugs?

JOHNNY

I didn't consider that.

JEFF

Why don't we just drive?

JOHNNY

Because Sean has our keys.

JEFF

Keys? We don't need no stinking  
keys.

EXT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - EVENING

Jeff opens the driver's side door of his car and cracks open the area under the steering wheel, revealing some wiring.

JOHNNY

When did you learn to hotwire a car, Jeff?

JEFF

I never did. I just figured we'd give it a try before sending your acid-filled head through a golf course full of all sorts of hazards and distractions.

JOHNNY

Good thinking.

Jeff bites the insulators of some wires and touches them together. The windshield wipers turn on. He tries another pair and the radio turns on.

JEFF

Hey, at least we got a soundtrack now.

JOHNNY

Come on, Jeff. Stay focused.

JEFF

Well there's only so many wires and combinations, so regardless of focus--

Jeff touches two wires together and the car turns over. He rubs them together again and the car starts.

JOHNNY

Thata boy, Jeff! You good to drive?

JEFF

Oh yeah.

Johnny slides across the hood of the car and enters the passenger side. Jeff squeals the tires and heads for the country club at top speed.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/MR. CULLINAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill stomps on roaches amongst the smoke from the pesticide bombs while holding his phone. He enters the vault.

BILL  
How we doing?

DAN  
I'm through about 100 combinations.

Lincoln enters the office wearing his gas mask. He enters Mr. Cullinan's office and then the vault, removing his mask.

LINCOLN  
What's up? Why aren't you cleaning up by now?

BILL  
We can't get into the network.

LINCOLN  
Well did you enter the password properly?

BILL  
I entered it as it's written.

Bill reveals the note displaying the password, and Lincoln snatches it out of his hand.

LINCOLN  
If you want something done right --

Lincoln enters Mr. Cullinan's office and sits on the floor in front of the computer. He enters the password to no avail. He tries again. Nothing.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
He must have changed the password.

BILL  
So we're fucked.

LINCOLN  
Not yet. It's got to be a different variation of the same password. I'll work on it.

BILL  
I'll start cleaning up.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

A POLICEMAN approaches the van as the radio plays.

POLICEMAN

Excuse me. You can't park--

SARAH

(Southern accent)

Yes, officer.

Sarah exits the van revealing steel-towed boots, short shorts, and a low-cut, Roachbusters t-shirt, shedding her baseball cap and shaking her hair. She's still sweaty from the sex, the smell of which infects the officer.

POLICEMAN

You, uh, can't park here, miss.

SARAH

So sorry, officer. I'm just waitin' on the boys to cleanup a job, and we'll be outta your hair. They should be on their way down shortly.

POLICEMAN

No problem, miss. You have a nice night.

SARAH

Thank you, officer.

Sarah blows a kiss and enters the van.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/VAULT - NIGHT

Dan pops open the briefcase.

DAN

I'm in!

Bill runs into the vault. On top of the pile is a printed spreadsheet of the results, which Dan hands to Bill. Bill puts the list in his inside pocket without looking at it.

Bill and Dan rummage through the briefcase looking for any envelope labeled "Best Actor." They each find one. Bill takes both envelopes and puts them in his jumpsuit.

LINCOLN

(from the office)

I'm in!

Bill and Dan exit the vault.

BILL  
Nice work, Lincoln.

DAN  
You find the file?

LINCOLN  
Right on the desktop.

DAN  
Any copies?

LINCOLN  
Not that I can see.

BILL  
Okay. You guys take out the  
ballots. I'll fudge the numbers,  
print the altered results and leave  
them in the briefcase.

Bill trades places with Lincoln in front of the computer. As Lincoln and Dan start sweeping up roaches and picking up pesticide bomb canisters, Bill takes out a note with the votes they cast for Best Actor on their replica Oscar ballots.

Dan and Lincoln throw their pesticide cannisters, the dead roaches and the office garbage cans and paper recycle bins in identical, black garbage bags to those containing the Oscar ballots. They leave their garbage in the vault, being sure to make the bags look the same size and shape as those containing the ballots as to not arise suspicion. Each grab two bags and enter the elevator.

INT. PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS/LOBBY - NIGHT

Lincoln and Dan exit the elevator. Dan approaches the security guard.

DAN  
Nearly finished up there. Just a  
bit more cleaning to do. My  
associate will be down shortly.

SECURITY GUARD  
Great. Must have been quite the  
scene given the size of those  
garbage bags.

DAN

Oh we do a thorough cleaning after every job. This is nothing. We just came from a seven-bag job. I'm talkin' raccoons, rats, and roaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus that's disgusting. Doesn't it get old?

DAN

Well, once a Roachbuster, forever a Roachbuster, ya know?

SECURITY GUARD

Sure. I get it.

The elevator doors open revealing Bill with another two garbage bags. He exits.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Well, have a good night, and thanks for taking care of it so quickly.

DAN

Your pest is our pleasure. Have a wonderful night.

Dan, Lincoln, and Bill exit the building walking in rhythm like badasses in an action movie.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Dan, Lincoln, and Bill load the garbage bags into the van. Lincoln enters first, next to Sarah up front. Dan takes off the Roachbusters magnets on the sides of the van as Bill enters. He follows, shutting the back doors behind him.

DAN

What's the word from the muscle?

BILL

They haven't called.

Everyone in the van is visibly worried.

SARAH

Well they're obviously in trouble.

DAN

Sean must have caught on.

LINCOLN

Then we go to Sean's, right, Dad?

Bill is distracted by an odd smell in the van. He opens one of the garbage bags to find nothing but Oscar ballots.

BILL

Check these bags to make sure we have the right ones.

Dan and Lincoln open nearby bags, all of which contain Oscar ballots. Bill continues sniffing.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Anybody else smell that?

DAN

Yeah, smells like fish.

LINCOLN

I did have a tuna sandwich while I waited.

Sarah snorts, holding back a laugh.

SARAH

Ugh, now I smell it. Let's get this thing rolling and get some fresh air in here, huh?

Sarah starts the van and pulls away from the curb, swiftly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Where am I headed, boss?

Bill's phone rings. It's an unknown number. He answers.

BILL

Hello.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff calls from the house phone at the bar while Johnny meanders around the clubhouse, struggling to control his trip.

JEFF

Yeah, Dude here. Thought you'd like to know Spicoli is headed your way with Lucy in the sky with diamonds.

BILL (FROM PHONE)  
Where are you?

JEFF  
We are at the country club clubhouse bar with roofie Lucy and a bit of Special K, so we will be useless in short order. In fact, I better get Captain Jack out of here before he starts searching the water hazards for the Black Pearl.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

BILL  
Thanks, Dude. We're headed your way.

DAN  
What's up?

BILL  
Sean's on his way down here.

DAN  
Well, I guess we better stop him.

BILL  
He's also tripping on LSD.

SARAH  
Buckle up, boys!

Sarah screams away from the curb and drives rapidly and very capably towards Sean's house as Bill and Dan fall to the floor of the van. Bill arises with a white substance on his face.

DAN  
What the hell's on your face, Bill?

Bill reaches for his face and finds the white substance. He smells it and is immediately disgusted.

BILL  
It's not tuna. It's Lincoln, Jr.

Sarah knows they're in trouble.

LINCOLN  
Yeah right, Dad.



BILL  
You did, didn't you?

Lincoln and Sarah look at each other and bow their heads in guilt.

LINCOLN  
Listen.

BILL  
No, you listen! You could have jeopardized the operation! How could you?

LINCOLN  
It just happened!

Bill turns his attention to Sarah.

BILL  
If I knew this was how you handled yourself professionally I never would have hired you.

Sarah turns in the driver's seat, taking her eyes off the road and onto Bill, scaring everyone thoroughly.

SARAH  
You cost me my job and still owe me for bailing you out of jail!

LINCOLN  
Yeah, Dad. How 'bout you grow up?

BILL  
I'm not the one fucking in the van during an important operation.

LINCOLN  
Important to whom? It's only important to you! Me, Sarah, Jeff, Johnny, and even Dan are only here to support you in this ridiculous adventure -- trying to protect you.

Bill, solemn, begins to realize how ridiculous he's been.

BILL  
(to Dan)  
Is this true?

DAN  
Hey, I'm your friend, Bill. I don't need a reason to be here.

BILL  
But is it true? Are you worried  
about me?

DAN  
Bill, I'd worry about anyone  
interested in stealing an Oscar. I  
was just afraid to tell ya.

BILL  
Did you think I'd end up in prison  
or something?

DAN  
Well, you were in jail just a few  
days ago, but I'm more concerned  
about your mental state.

BILL  
So now I'm crazy.

Silence.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Well thanks for telling me this  
now.

Bill hangs his head.

LINCOLN  
Look, Dad. You're not crazy. You're  
just eccentric.

BILL  
That's just what they call people  
who can afford to be crazy.

Sarah turns to Bill, taking her eyes off the road again.

SARAH  
Regardless of what happens at the  
end of all this, you should take  
pride in the fact that this  
operation brought your son and I  
together.

Swerving headlights become visible in the distance, and Lincoln lunges for the steering wheel. Sarah shoots Lincoln an angry look as he simply points down the road, more afraid of Sarah than the swerving, oncoming traffic.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Uh, Bill.

BILL

Look, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have criticized your professionalism while we're all breaking the law.

SARAH

No, you should see this.

Bill moves between Sarah and Lincoln, kneeling on the floor. He sees a pair of wondering headlights, coming on fast and using both sides of the road.

BILL

That's got to be him.

Sarah slows down, but the other car closes distance quickly and on the wrong side of the road.

SARAH

Oh, God.

Sarah lays on the horn repeatedly, but the car doesn't alter its path.

LINCOLN

Dad, get down!

Lincoln covers his father as Sarah swerves right. Sean also swerves to his right, and they just miss each other. Sarah corrects just enough to keep the van from going into the ditch and to keep the van from rolling. She drives it out on two wheels and pulls it over to the side of the road.

Sean's car goes off the road onto a golf course. It flies off a hill and into a water hazard and begins to sink. Bill jumps into action, opening the sliding door and leaping out.

BILL

Call 9-1-1!

LINCOLN

But, Dad! What about the evidence--

BILL

He could be hurt, Jack!

LINCOLN

You're right. You're right.

Bill runs for the water hazard, shedding his clothes on the way. He dives in.

Sean, still buckled in his seat belt, sits at the bottom of the water hazard unconscious. Bill unbuckles Sean and swims him out of the water hazard. They emerge on the green.

Bill prepares to give Sean CPR, being careful to keep his neck from moving. He begins CPR with chest compressions. He gives mouth-to-mouth. He compresses the chest again, then mouth-to-mouth. Once again he pumps the chest, harder.

Sean spits up water and opens his eyes.

SEAN PENN

I know you.

BILL

Hey, bud. Let's party.

SEAN PENN

I'm miles ahead of you.

BILL

Yeah, I heard.

SEAN PENN

You saved my life, didn't you?

BILL

I guess I did.

SEAN PENN

Thanks.

BILL

Well, I couldn't let my arch enemy die. You complete me.

SEAN PENN

Bill, I'm sorry.

BILL

About what?

SEAN PENN

'04.

BILL

What?

SEAN PENN

The Oscar.

BILL

You stole it?

SEAN PENN

No! No! No! I lobbied like mad. I must have seen *Mystic River* over 200 times with 200 different Academy members over two weeks.

BILL  
I don't feel sorry for you.

SEAN PENN  
Wanna know the truth?

BILL  
What?

SEAN PENN  
I hate that fucking movie.

BILL  
Me too. Me too.

SEAN PENN  
I just want you to know that you  
had my vote.

BILL  
Thanks, Sean.

An ambulance and multiple police cars arrive at the scene. Dan, Sarah, and Lincoln talk to cops at the van while EMTs surround Sean and Bill.

Sean is given a neck brace and is put on a gurney as an OFFICER questions Bill near him.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I could see he was asleep when he was coming right at us on the wrong side of the road, and my assistant did some great driving to miss him. She kept honking until he woke up. He swerved into the hazard here, and we swerved and spun around to the other side of the road. I got out first and told my son to call 9-1-1. I dove in after him, unbuckled his seat belt and got him out. I revived him using CPR within a few seconds.

OFFICER  
Thank you, Mr. Murray. If we need anything else we'll let you know.

BILL  
Oh, officer. I have reason to believe that someone slipped him LSD at a party.

OFFICER  
Really? Any idea who?

BILL

No.

OFFICER

Mr. Penn? Mr. Penn? Did you have a party tonight?

SEAN PENN

Yes.

OFFICER

Were you drinking alcohol?

SEAN PENN

I had one drink. You can test me.

OFFICER

Okay, but do you feel like someone drugged you?

SEAN PENN

I do.

OFFICER

Any idea who?

Sean gives Bill a long look.

OFFICER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Mr. Penn? Mr. Penn?

SEAN PENN

No. Could have been anyone.

OFFICER

Thank you, Mr. Penn. The ambulance is going to take you to the hospital now, and with your permission, I'd like to check out your home to see if we can find the culprit.

SEAN PENN

No problem, Officer. Bill will let you in.

Sean winks at Bill as the EMTs load him in the ambulance.

EXT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Music can be heard from the pool area. The officer rings the doorbell and waits. He rings again. After a third ring, Johnny, dressed like a pirate, answers.

JOHNNY

Hey, everybody! Come on in! Captain Crunch and I are playing pirates.

INT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Johnny leads everyone to the pool, revealing Sean's house trashed. Broken chairs and food cover the floor in the kitchen, a rug is burned in the living room, which is littered with pieces of a chair and rope. Music blares from the pool area, where Johnny leads the officers, Bill, and his team.

OFFICER

Was there a party here tonight, Mr. Depp?

JOHNNY

You could say that.

INT. SEAN PENN'S L.A. HOME/POOL AREA - NIGHT (LATER)

Johnny dives into the pool, grabs something off the bottom, and comes up to a giant raft made of swimming noodles, furniture, and various flotation devices tied together with rope.

Jeff stands atop the raft in torn clothing sporting a giant hat like Captain Morgan from the rum bottles.

JOHNNY

Look, Cap'n. I found a treasure!

Johnny hands Jeff a small object that Jeff eats without hesitation.

JEFF

Well done, lad. Keep searching.

JOHNNY

Aye, aye, Cap'n.

Johnny dives again as Jeff notices the guests. Johnny emerges again.

JEFF

Who are these scallywags,  
Boatswain?

JOHNNY

I believe one is a British officer,  
Cap'n. The others look to be from  
the future.

JEFF

What is their bidding?

OFFICER

Mr. Bridges.

JEFF

It's Captain Crunch you fool.

OFFICER

My apologies, Captain. One of your,  
uh, associates, Captain Penn--

JEFF

Cap'n Penn is no associate of mine.  
He's the competition. Dirty pirate.

Bill motions to Jeff to cut it out by cutting his throat with  
his finger while standing behind the officer.

OFFICER

Certainly. Sorry. Anyways, his ship  
sank moments ago, and he believes  
he was drugged at a party held here  
earlier. I was hoping you could  
tell me who drugged him.

A long pause.

JEFF

Well it was probably the same  
swashbuckling scoundrel who drugged  
us!

Johnny emerges from the pool below the officer.

JOHNNY

We're tripping balls, sire!

OFFICER

Of course.

The officer turns to Bill and his team.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Think you guys can handle this? I  
have a ton of paperwork.



BILL  
No problem, officer. Wouldn't be  
the first time.

OFFICER  
Thanks, and good luck tomorrow  
night, Mr. Murray. I know everyone  
at the station is pulling for you.

The officer extends his hand, and Bill shakes it.

BILL  
Thank you, officer.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Sarah, Lincoln, Dan, Johnny, and Jeff sit around the TV watching the news while copying Oscar votes to their replica ballots. A reporter recounts the events of last night.

REPORTER (FROM TV)  
Celebrities are dubbing it the most interesting Academy Awards of all time and the awards show is still a day away. Last night, Oscar nominee Bill Murray happened upon fellow nominee, Sean Penn, asleep at the wheel. After narrowly avoiding a head-on collision, Murray pulled Penn from a water hazard at a golf course where his car had sunk, resuscitated him, and awaited emergency medical technicians. Murray credits his assistant's driving for saving their lives, and his son, Lincoln, called 9-1-1 immediately after the accident.

LINCOLN  
Well, at least no one's talking  
about the heist.

JOHNNY  
Not yet.

REPORTER (FROM TV)  
Neither Murray nor Penn have issued or statement, but Penn was released from the hospital with minor injuries just minutes ago. Whether he attends the awards ceremony is still in doubt.

JEFF

Did Bill tell any of you how he intends to get these back into the vault?

Everyone looks at everyone else, shaking their heads and saying some version of, "No." Bill's car pulls up to the house. He enters carrying a tuxedo over his shoulder.

BILL

Status update?

SARAH

We've been at it for six hours so we're probably half done.

Bill hangs his tuxedo in a nearby closet, sits next to Lincoln, grabs a stack of ballots and goes to work.

BILL

No news on the heist?

SARAH

None.

BILL

That's good news.

LINCOLN

So we were just wondering how you intend to get these back into the vault, Dad.

BILL

Trade secrets, son.

DAN

You do have a plan, though, right?

BILL

Of course. What do you think I'm crazy or something.

Dan smiles at Bill's smile. He hasn't seen him this happy in a long time, and neither has Lincoln.

TIME LAPSE - INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME

The crew works diligently and joyfully into the night until each and every Oscar ballot is accounted for and placed in trash bags.

As the sixth and final trash bag is tied shut with the last of the replica Oscar ballots, the crew gathers in the living room and gets comfortable.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Bill leads the crew in a toast, standing and raising his glass.

BILL

Here's to the best friends and family a guy could ever have, and the best time I've ever had. Thanks for helping my crazy, old ass have some fun and for teaching me a ton.

The crew members raise their glasses to Bill. No one has to say a word. They all know they'll never have another experience like the one they just had. As the crew drinks from their glasses, *Ocean's Eleven* starts playing on the television. "No way," everyone seems to say at once. They all settle in and enjoy the movie.

INT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - MORNING

Bill rises early as everyone else sleeps in the living room. He makes a pot of coffee and takes a cup to go. He swiftly eats a bowl of cereal.

EXT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - MORNING

Bill loads the bags of replica ballots into the van dressed in an coverall jumpsuit and ballcap, looking like a garbage man. He drives off in the early morning hours.

EXT. BILL'S CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME - AFTERNOON

A limousine pulls up to Bill's house followed by the van, and everyone floods outside, dressed for the red carpet. Bill parks the van and exits.

LINCOLN

Where you been, Dad?

BILL

I had to pick up an old friend.

Bill opens the door to the limo revealing Sean Penn, arm in a sling and still in a neck brace. The crew embraces him. Bill assists them and hands them champagne as they enter the limo.

EXT. KODAK THEATRE - EVENING

Bill, Dan, Sarah, Lincoln, Johnny, and Jeff arrive at the red carpet where they're bombarded by photographers and reporters. Lincoln stays on Bill's hip.

REPORTER

Bill! Bill! How do you feel about your chances?

Bill flashes a smile that says he knows something you don't.

BILL

I'm not getting my hopes up.

REPORTER

Is it true this will be your last film?

BILL

I won't work as much as I have been recently, but I'll be around.

REPORTER

Any reason?

BILL

Yeah, plenty.

Bill puts one arm around his son and another around Sarah.

REPORTER

Who did you bring to the awards show this year?

Bill helps Sean Penn out of the limo as the crowd erupts in applause. The men and their entourage find their seats near the front row and sit just as the show begins.

TIME LAPSE - INT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

The entire awards show is presented in fast forward and slows as we approach the Best Actor award announcement. Bill's expression remains uninterested and sad throughout the show.

The BEST ACTRESS from the previous year stands at the podium presenting the Best Actor award.

## BEST ACTRESS

Here's the moment we've all been waiting for. The Oscar for Best Actor goes to--

She opens the envelope after fumbling with it for a few seconds. She is immediately pleased upon seeing the result.

## BEST ACTRESS (CONT'D)

Oh, my. It's finally happened. The Oscar goes to Bill Murray!

Bill slowly rises from his seat as cheers erupt. Not really knowing what to do, he hugs Lincoln, then Sarah, Dan, Jeff, Johnny, and Sean, and walks to the podium.

The best actress hands Bill the award and whispers in his ear.

## BEST ACTRESS (CONT'D)

It's about time.

The cheers stop, and Bill stands speechless for seconds.

## BILL

So this is the big payoff, huh?

Some laughs.

## BILL (CONT'D)

You know, I thought I knew exactly what I'd say when I got here, but I'm speechless. There's plenty of people I need to thank, but I think I'll tell a story first. This particular story took place on March 27, 1973. I'll never forget it. One of the world's most accomplished actors, the late Marlon Brando, The Godfather, refused to accept the Oscar for Best Actor to protest Hollywood's portrayal and treatment of Native Americans in film. It was the last time I felt this podium brought both entertainment and education to the people in the audience and those watching at home.

A short pause.

## BILL (CONT'D)

I once longed for this moment. Dreamt of it.

All I ever wanted was for the Academy to recognize and respect the genre of comedy, a genre that's been mostly ignored. Great comedians, but more importantly, great actors and filmmakers like my late friends, John Candy, Chris Farley, John Belushi, and Harold Ramis, were never recognized nor considered by the Academy. Comedies don't win Oscars, and I had to do less comedy to get that recognition and consideration, so I was never actually doing what I set out to. I set out to be a modern-day Charlie Chaplin and ended up an old-fashioned sell-out.

Bill fondles the Oscar. All the Best Actor nominees laugh while the rest of the crowd displays shock. There's a long pause.

BILL (CONT'D)

This pursuit of mine came at a large cost to my family. They were neglected, mistreated, and ultimately, almost everyone who's ever truly loved me has left me, and for good reason. I want to apologize to them for being so selfish and hope they can forgive me.

Applause.

BILL (CONT'D)

I have to tell you I stole this Oscar.

Gasps.

BILL (CONT'D)

And I don't mean I stole it in the conventional sense that has seen countless actors and actresses kiss the asses of Academy voters to be recognized by their peers as being the best at their job that year. I didn't buy any votes, and I didn't kiss any asses. I just broke into the PriceWaterhouseCoopers building, altered the records, forged the envelopes, and destroyed the evidence.

More gasps and some boos.

BILL (CONT'D)

I take full responsibility for my actions and the actions of my team. In fact, I'm proud of my actions, because for the first time in my life, I was part of and helped lead a successful team. I guess since I never won anything but the adoration of fans, I never realized how much better it feels to be part of a successful team than to be the team's best player. It's no secret that I've been a terrible teammate throughout my career. I've been a pain in the asses of countless directors as recently as a few days ago. I've always swung for the fences, even when all the team needed was a sacrifice fly, and when I struck out, I was indignant.

Long silence.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've never sacrificed anything in all my 70 years of life. You might think I sacrificed time with my family for my career, but that was a choice. I chose to make all those movies and avoid my family because I was more comfortable in the public eye than I as in the eyes of my family. It's the only choice I truly regret, and it took stealing this Oscar for me to realize what it takes to be a good teammate, a good friend, a good boss, a good father, and a good man. I didn't know I had it in me, and I'm glad I did it. It was the most fun and most rewarding experience of my life. That said, you can take this golden dildo and shove it up your tight asses. The journey was award enough for me.

Bill walks off stage to a loud mixture of boos and applause, leaving the Oscar on the podium. He approaches Sean, and they embrace in a hug.

SEAN PENN  
(into Bill's ear)  
Why'd you --

BILL  
It doesn't matter.

Sean has no words. He simply nods.

BILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get outta here.

SEAN PENN  
Can I come?

BILL  
Of course.

Bill is followed by his crew and arch enemy and friend, Sean Penn.

Lincoln chases down his dad and puts his arm around him, walking out together. The crew follows.

LINCOLN  
I'm proud of you, Dad.

BILL  
I'm proud of you, too, Lincoln.

EXT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

Dan, Jeff, and Johnny push their way through the mob of reporters with Bill, Lincoln, and Sarah following. Bill stands and turns to Dan, Jeff, Johnny, Sarah, and Lincoln.

BILL  
It's been an honor working with you all.

DAN  
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Bill and Dan hug.

BILL  
Next time just tell me I'm nuts.

DAN  
Will do.

Bill moves to Jeff.



JEFF  
It's been a wild ride.

BILL  
Glad I could abide.

Bill and Jeff hug. Bill moves to Johnny, and they embrace.

BILL  
Sorry about ruining four years of  
sobriety, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
No worries. It was for a good  
cause.

Bill moves to Sarah and reaches into his jacket pocket.

BILL  
I believe I owe you some money.

SARAH  
Look, Bill. Just give me the bail  
money, and we'll call it even. I  
got a lot out of this, too--

Sarah takes Lincoln's arm. Bill puts a very fat envelope into Sarah's hands and pulls her in for a hug. He whispers something in her ear, inaudible to hear, but she looks at Lincoln the whole time as a tear falls down her cheek.

Bill and Lincoln have a long embrace -- the longest hug they've ever had. Lincoln whispers in his dad's ear.

LINCOLN  
How'd you do it?

BILL  
Do what?

LINCOLN  
Get the ballots back into the  
vault.

BILL  
I didn't have to.

Bill slides a folded up piece of paper into Lincoln's hands.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Our little secret.

Bill winks at his son as their limo approaches behind him. Sean, Dan, Jeff, Johnny, and Sarah load into the limo as Lincoln unfolds the paper. It's the copy of the original results, with his father listed as the winner. Tears fall from Lincoln's eyes onto the paper.

LINCOLN

You mean-- But why? You won!

BILL

Shh. Shh. Shh.

Bill pulls his son in to his chest. He's crying now, too. He puts his hands on his son's shoulders and looks him in the eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)

This way we all won something.