

FADE IN:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

A spacious room, fit for a showbiz king. The vibe is party. Shimmering disco ball. Fully stocked bar. Long black leather couches.

The walls hold decades worth of memories. Photos, posters, blown up covers of TV Guide.

A large handbag sits in the middle of the floor. Wide open.

TITLE: Burbank, California. 1983.

JIMMY ALEXANDER squats over the purse. His pants around his ankles. He's in his mid 50's. But still head-turning handsome. Mischievous eyes. Killer smile. Dimples.

Jimmy's face scrunches up in a furious grimace. He wants this bad. So very bad.

Loud, frustrated groans fill the room.

But nothing happens.

Jimmy tries to jump start his plumbing. He jumps around. Does some deep lunges. Torso twists. A little Kung Fu.

TAP. TAP. TAP. Someone polite at the door.

Jimmy ignores it. Resumes his squat.

TAP. TAP. TAP. They won't go away.

JIMMY

Jimmy is trying concentrate!!

Jimmy moans loudly. Pushes with everything he's got.

INT. STUDIO 13 - HALLWAY - DAY

A busy television studio. DIANE DORRONIN stands guard by the door. She's in her early 20's. Eager. Perky. Professionally dressed. Ready to give one thousand million percent.

Diane checks her watch. Peeks down the hallway.

BRANT COLLIER, 58, stomps towards her. He's all business. Cast iron jaw. Slicked back hair. Expensive suit.

Diane steels herself. Steps forward.

DIANE

Morning, Mr. Collier. How are --

BRANT

What's the hold up here, Giggles?
Everyone is waiting.

Loud grunts and groans through the door. Almost sexual. Brant shoots Diane a fierce glare.

DIANE

He's alone in there, I swear. He
just having a slight touch of
indigestion.

The groans reach a thundering crescendo.

BRANT

It sounds like he's giving birth in
there -- to a fucking elephant.

DIANE

Uh. Well. He tends to get loud...
I've heard worse...

BRANT

Jesus Christ. The things you must go
through.

Diane smiles like a trooper. All part of the job.

BRANT (CONT'D)

I don't care if his bowels are
trailing out his pant leg -- two
fucking minutes.

Brant storms off down the hall. Jimmy's painful groans suddenly shift gears. Become low moans of pleasure.

A long silence.

The door swings open. Jimmy marches out. Pants on. Ready for business. Big cocky grin on his face.

Diane takes a peek inside. The purse awaits, clamped up tight.

JIMMY

As I triumphantly proclaimed in "The
Sagittarius Mission Part Two"...
(serious tone)
The missile codes were good, Mr.
President. Target destroyed.

Diane recoils from the stench. Jimmy smirks. So pleased with himself.

INT. STUDIO 13 - BACKSTAGE - DAY

The soundstage for a daytime game show. Currently in a holding pattern. The crew crowd around the craft services table. Pound back coffee and donuts.

The cast sit around. Smoke cigarettes. Read the trades.

Brant stands at a bank of monitors. Keeps eye on everything.

Jimmy strolls in. Flashes his trademark ten thousand watt smile.

JIMMY

Sorry for the delay, folks. Jimmy was talking to one of his Make-A-Wish kids.

A mad scramble. The crew rolls prize displays into position. Fridges. Washer dryers. Golf clubs.

The cast gather near a large curtain. Hair and makeup do one last pass. Jimmy joins them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where's our special guest star?

SUNSET SUTHERLAND turns and faces him. She's a frumpy cerebral palsy comedian. Big puffy perm. Rainbow suspenders. She speaks with a stammer. Head tilted at a painful angle.

SUNSET

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Sunset. You marvelous bitch.

Jimmy moves in for the kill. Sunset tenses up, not sure what to expect. He wraps her in a tight hug. Grabs a handful of ass. Sunset shoves him away.

SUNSET

Fuck off, pervert.

JIMMY

You keep denying this thing we have, lady. But one day, that dam is gonna burst wide open.

SUNSET

I'd rather be gang raped by a professional football team.

Loud music rises up. Applause. The curtain opens.