

GARY/Andrew

ANDREW. Once. Two guys, with a knife. I just said, guys, look at me. What do you want? A farthing? A doubloon? Then they recognized me — from TV. The wrong show. I kept walking. *(The doorbell buzzes. Andrew goes to answer it.)* It's 7 AM. What is going on around here? *(Into the receiver.)* Hello? Sure. Come on up. *(To Barrymore.)* It's Gary.

BARRYMORE. Gary? That cloud of Malibu ozone, that cultural cavity? *Night School?* Is that what you're doing?

ANDREW. I guess we'll find out.

BARRYMORE. Well done, Andrew! *(He toasts Andrew, with a bottle of champagne from the mantle.)* Here's to all the money you can make, and all the pride you can swallow! Here's to challenge, and risk, and *(He gestures to himself.)* the worst possible role models! Why don't you join me, Andrew, this is very good champagne! After all, you can afford it! Lucky dog! *(Andrew goes to the door. Gary enters, dressed in his usual top-of-the-line casual wear. He carries a sheaf of newspapers.)*

GARY. *(To Andrew.)* Hey! Hamlet! *(To Barrymore.)* Big guy! Where were you last night? You missed it! *(A beat.)* Look what I got! The papers! Or did you already see 'em?

ANDREW. No.

GARY. Well, let's have a look. *(Unfolding a newspaper.)* Aren't you curious?

BARRYMORE. There is something about a person who brings the papers, with glee. Shouldn't you be hooded? *(Barrymore exits, through the archway.)*

GARY. *(Scanning the review.)* Uh-oh ...

ANDREW. Don't. Let me. *(Improvising.)* "A not uninteresting attempt. Far to go. If Mister Rally is to seriously consider a career on the boards, blah, blah, blah, fine supporting cast, dee dee dee, remember, it's free."

GARY. *(Impressed.)* Not bad. You left out "TV lightweight," but that's not so terrible, huh? Coulda been worse. Personally, I thought you were terrific. Like I could tell.

ANDREW. Gary ...

GARY. I warned you, I said Andy, it's not for you, but hey — you learned, right? In front of all those people. Shuffling all those feet.

ANDREW. I was there.

GARY. I know. Anyway, it's all over — back to reality. I wanted to see you, before I took off, so I can call the network. Are we on? All systems go? Start pre-production? *(Before Andrew can speak.)* Wait. I know you're gonna say yes, it's all set, but let me ... polish the party. Tickle the treat.

ANDREW. Gary, cut it. What's the offer?

GARY. The money. It was a feeding frenzy. The first season, 24 episodes, guaranteed — three million. That's right.

ANDREW. Three million dollars? For one season?

GARY. Even if it's a dud, one year and out — it's enough, to breathe, to lay back. A house. Houses. Cars. No — for your folks. For all they've done. Or, if you hate 'em, rub 'em out — the money's there. And if the show hits, okay, you're tied up for a few years, but — triple it. Quadruple. Keep going. Picture it. One day, you wake up, and whatever happens — you're rich. Something goes wrong, something breaks, it's not so bad, it's never gonna be so bad. Why? You're rich! It's like they say, the rich are different from you and me — *(Searching for a superlative.)* they're RICH!!! *(Barrymore re-enters, and sits on the chaise, with a drink.)* On the other hand, and I'm just blowin' smoke here, pretend like you're outta your mind, pretend you say no. Pretend ... you stick around here. The theater. El footlights. And in a few years ... *(He gestures to Barrymore.)* Here you are. No offense, but — another out-of-work actor. Not so young, not so network. Maybe you wait tables. *(To Barrymore.)* Sorry — maitre'd. Pretty soon you move, 'cause you can't afford this place. But hey, once in a while — you get work. Off-off-nowhere. It's Chekov. It's a basement. It's July. And there's folding chairs. I'm not trying to scare you, I'm just doing my job, as a bud.

ANDREW. Three million dollars?

GARY. Plus all expenses and personal staff. Folding chairs, Andy! And you fold 'em up, after every show. AA needs the hall. Andy-boy? Are we on?

ANDREW. Am I in? A network commitment ...

GARY. Full season ...

ANDREW. Three million dollars ...