



SNL 1975

Written by

Gil Kenan & Jason Reitman

The following movie takes place in real time between 10:00pm and 11:30pm on October 11th, 1975. The audience is a fly on the wall for this straight shot roller coaster, all leading to the very first declaration by Chevy Chase - "Live From New York, It's Saturday Night!"

We will film as an ensemble inside a living/breathing fully recreated Studio 8H at Rockefeller Center. The tone is hyperreal and should be brought to life with wild-hearted abandon for the cast and crew that changed television forever.

White Draft	1/18/24
Pink Revisions	2/08/24
Yellow Revisions	2/29/24
Green Revisions	3/05/24
Goldenrod Revisions	3/08/24
Salmon Revisions	3/24/24
2nd White Revisions	4/8/24
Final Revision	5/3/24

**EXECUTIVE OFFICE - ROCKEFELLER CENTER**

A Brazilian rosewood CABINET TELEVISION. A well used crystal decanter on top. The light is moody. The legs of unknown EXECUTIVES pass in front of camera.

On screen - the ORIGINAL SCREEN TESTS for SNL. Pieces of Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Laraine Newman, Garret Morris, Jane Curtin, and Dan Aykroyd. It's loose and freestyle. Their names are identified with chyrons.

We hear snippets of the executives speaking, but it's mostly background noise. Something about the Tonight Show ratings and the Saturday numbers.

Every once in a while, a comment about the screen test... *Jesus, where'd you find this guy... Nice face. Real downtown look... She's cute, is she dating someone...?*

**50TH STREET. UNDER THE MARQUEE. OCTOBER 11TH, 1975**

The sound of New York City hits us like a punch to the face.

The sidewalk is awash with trash bags from the garbage strike. Families fleeing Broadway shows desperately searching for taxis as others in trench coats are drawn towards the tenderloin of Time Square. Cops and vagrants don't pay each other any mind. Traffic moves forward in violent jolts.

Amongst the chaos, a young man in a sports coat stands on the curb, checking his watch. LORNE MICHAELS, 29 years old. It's night, but he's sweating.

From a cab radio-- *At the sound of the tone, the time will be 10pm... Boop.*

SOMETHING AFLAME floats from above. Lorne clocks - SHEAFS OF PAPER ON FIRE, fluttering down. As they land, Lorne stamps them out, bewildered.

We clock a scraggly NBC PAGE mindlessly handing out flyers.

NBC PAGE  
Free show... Free show... Plenty of  
seats... Hey, check it out.

Lorne takes a flyer. Clearly the first time seeing it. *Yikes.*

LORNE  
How's it coming?

NBC PAGE LORNE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, not good. What kind of  
asshole tapes a show on  
Saturday?  
No, it's not... There is no  
tape. It's live. We go live  
in...  
(checks watch)  
ninety minutes.

NBC PAGE (CONT'D) LORNE (CONT'D)  
(excited for him) Thanks... Thanks...  
Oh, far out, man! Congrats!

NBC PAGE (CONT'D)  
Does it have a name? Cause I don't  
know what to tell people...

LORNE  
The show? It's called Saturday Night.

NBC PAGE

LORNE  
What are you telling people?

NBC PAGE

(reads from placard)

"You are invited to a new variety spectacular, featuring a parade of comedy and musical acts ripped from the charts..."

(acting)

*Where did they unearth such a cavalcade of talent?*"

LORNE (CONT'D)  
A parade? Truly? A parade?  
Was *clown car* under  
copyright? Did some genius  
beat us to *goat rodeo*?  
(done)  
Please, just stop.

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NBC PAGE (CONT'D)  
So, if this show is about to go  
live, what are you doing down here?

LORNE  
Looking for one of the most  
brilliant entertainers of our time.

Just then a well-worn brown Jaguar stops mid traffic. CAR HORNS immediately. ANDY KAUFMAN steps out carrying a portable record player.

LORNE (CONT'D) ANDY  
It's 10pm Andy... (already in character)  
Hello Mr. Michaels.

## MORE CAR HORNS.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 (into traffic)  
 He's just getting out...  
 (ironic)  
 Thank you for your patience.

From the driver's seat, Andy's mom MRS. KAUFMAN calls out --

MRS. KAUFMAN	ANDY
Where can I park?	Do you like my suit?

LORNE  
 Very elegant, Andy.  
 (to Mom)  
 You can pick him up at one, Mrs.  
 Kaufman!

MRS. KAUFMAN	LORNE (CONT'D)
Take care of my Andy!	Yes, Mrs. Kaufman.

The Jaguar pulls away. We follow Lorne and Andy up to...

3      **30 ROCK LOBBY**

3

Sudden quiet. Now gliding. Lorne leads Andy through the revolving door into the marble elegance of 30 Rock.

Andy straggles, awed by the splendor of the Art Deco lobby. A janitor waxes the floor in the deep background.

LORNE	ANDY
Come on Andy...	The ceilings are beautiful.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, down there is where Diego  
 Rivera was hired to paint a fresco  
 dedicated to the American worker.

ANDY  
 I cannot see it.

LORNE  
 No one can. Diego was a commie and  
 secretly added Vladimir Lenin in  
 the middle of the night. So the  
 Rockefellers had it plastered over.

ANDY  
 That's sad.

We begin to hear Joe Garagiola announcing the World Series over a small radio. Lorne and Andy stop at a trio of uniformed guards, huddling around a radio.

SECURITY GUARD  
(doesn't look up)  
Deliveries use the back.

LORNE SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
I'm producing a show here... Where's your badge?

Lorne, frustrated, fumbles out an ID BADGE.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
(re: Andy)  
Where's his badge?

LORNE  
My name is Lorne Michaels. I am the producer of Saturday Night.

SECURITY GUARD  
The whole night, huh?

EBERSOL (O.S.) LORNE  
Hey, he's good, he's good, You see, I'm good.  
let him in.

DICK EBERSOL, a 27 year old NBC junior executive in a Sports Coat of checkerboard denim patches, flies in for the rescue. He's six foot something and arrived via sports broadcasting.

He flashes his Saturday Night show badge. The security guard unlocks the glass doors with a shrug.

SECURITY GUARD EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
Live on a Saturday night. Okay, thanks, you're doing a  
Must be some show. \* great job.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
What kind of name is Saturday Night?

Lorne pulls Andy in and slides past the guard.

LORNE  
Only way NBC remembers when it's on.

Among the many holdovers from broadcasting's ancient history, the elevator is manned by an ELEVATOR MAN in livery.

EBERSOL  
(to Elevator man)  
Eighth floor  
(adding)  
... and book it.

ELEVATOR MAN  
Okay folks, put on your seat belts.

Andy looks for seatbelts.

EBERSOL  
(to Lorne)  
So... Big night...

LORNE  
(to Andy)  
Andy, have you had dinner?

ANDY  
Yes, I had spaghetti.

LORNE  
Well, that sounds delicious. EBERSOL  
Hey, so, I'm getting calls  
from upstairs... You ordered  
a llama?

ANDY  
A llama!

LORNE  
Yes, we all decided, it was much  
funnier than a donkey.

EBERSOL  
Right, the guys at the loading dock  
just weren't expecting livestock.

LORNE  
NBC did ask for something fresh and  
unexpected.

EBERSOL  
Yeah - True - Just, no one expected  
you to demand an overhaul of the  
entire sound and lighting package.  
Lorne. Studio 8H, *your home* - for  
tonight - *is, is...*

LORNE  
Eroding, neglected, in  
disrepair...?

EBERSOL  
*Pretty legendary!* LORNE (CONT'D)  
Thank you for reminding me.  
No one ever reminds me.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if you know this, but  
the eighth floor was designed for  
Arturo Toscanini, the greatest  
conductor of the 20th century.

\*

LORNE

Did they ask Edison what a  
lightbulb was before he harnessed  
electricity?

EBERSOL

Wait, who are you in this metaphor?

ANDY

The lightbulb?

LORNE

You can't expect people to  
recognize something that's never  
been seen before.

\*

\*

EBERSOL

Okay - sure - fine, how about just  
a final script?

\*

\*

LORNE

I mean, it's not that kind of show.

EBERSOL

What kind of show is it? Do you  
even know what the show is?

LORNE

Of course I do.

EBERSOL

Are you going to share it with the  
rest of us?

LORNE

Yes.

(checks watch)

In eighty eight minutes.

Elevator opens. Lorne already exiting.

LORNE

(shifts gears)

When was the last time they tested  
the sound system?

\*

EBERSOL

... I have no idea.

LORNE

The speakers look like leftovers  
from the Kraft Macaroni Hour.

EBERSOL

I mean, they might be? \*

Andy Kaufman stops to say hello to a LLAMA. \*

LORNE

Rick Wakeman played Madison Square  
Garden last night - Perhaps you  
could source his supplier.

EBERSOL

That's not... That's not really my  
job... \*

Ebersol follows and is nearly taken out by a HAMPER. Then A RACK OF LIGHTS is wheeled through at full speed. \*

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

Are those more lights? You asked  
for more lights? \*

6

## 8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY

6

We follow the light rack down "Broadway", the work hallway,  
notably lined in a specific shade of blue.

Ahead, Lorne's cousin NEIL LEVY (19) is finishing a CARD TRICK with a STAGE HAND and his SHOP STEWARD.

NEIL

(with gusto)

Is this your card?! \*

STAGE HAND

No. \*

Neil pulls a card out of the stage hand's pocket... \*

NEIL

How about this? \*

STAGE HAND

How'd he do that...? \*

SHOP STEWARD

\* He's a fucking magician, numb  
nuts. \*

Neil! LORNE NEIL  
Oh, hey Lorne.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Please stay right by my side.  
Locked to my hip. Remember, when  
you're here, you're not my cousin,  
you're my "executive assistant".

NEIL  
Wow, in the credits?

LORNE  
No - But you and I will know.

We turn to see a SCENIC PAINTER on a payphone.

SCENIC PAINTER  
*Is there a Colleen?! Colleen?*

BARBARA GALLAGHER emerges from crafty and begins to walk backwards in front of Lorne...

BARBARA GALLAGHER	*	LORNE
Lorne, they're looking for	*	Uh huh...
you in the control room...	*	Right...
That pallet of bricks you	*	Right...
ordered should be here any	*	Yep...
minute... Also, Belushi still	*	I heard...
hasn't signed his contract...*	*	Yeah...
and Garrett seems to be	*	Sounds great, Barbara...
having an existential crisis.*		
Oh, and your llama arrived.	*	

Barbara peals off to the control room.

EBERSOL  
Why do we need bricks...? Also, why  
do we need a llama? Is there a  
llama sketch?

LORNE \* EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
Neil - Please take a memo. We\* What'd she say about Belushi?  
need to educate the NBC Pages\*  
on the show... \*

As Lorne continues... A GIANT SHARK WHEELS INTO THE BG.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Saturday Night is a new kind of entertainment. Defiant, abstract, avant garde yet blue collar...

EBERSOL

Also, it's a comedy.

\*

We take a right turn into the make up room to find GILDA in  
the mirror prepping her voice for a scene.

\*

JOE DICSO

Come on Gilda! We need you in  
rehearsal.

\*

\*

We follow Gilda into the wardrobe room, passing..

EDIE BASKIN, painting PRINTS from the opening sequence.

LORNE

Monumental work, Edie.

EDIE

Careful, they're still drying.

\*

\*

We see JANE CURTIN in an ancient Roman costume that is still  
connected to a working sewing machine. *Chunk, chunk, chunk...*

JANE

(running lines)

*Would you tell the audience, just  
how you became a victim of shark  
bite...*

\*

\*

\*

(gets up)

Oh, Lorne...

DRESSER

Jane, you're still attached!

\*

\*

Behind her, LARAINNE NEWMAN is standing uncomfortably in a  
PADDED YELLOW ONESIE. We will soon recognize this as a bee  
costume. A DRESSER is about to spray-paint black stripes with  
a cardboard guide.

\*

DRESSER (CONT'D)

(cigarette in mouth)

Hold your breath, sweetheart.

The dresser begins spraying. Laraine begins coughing.

We turn onto MAIN STREET to find Andy PETTING THE LLAMA.

\*

ANDY

So soft.

\*

\*

Lorne walks by.

LORNE

Come on, Andy.

\*

We arrive at the famous STAGE 8H doors, ANNE BEATTS (27),  
dark comedy writer, stops Lorne. \*

ANNE  
You cut my Nazi Dr. Doolittle? \*

LORNE  
Remind me... \*

ANNE  
*He had ways of making the animals talk.* \*

LORNE  
(walking away)  
I'll check the run of show. \*

We find TOM DAVIS and AL FRANKEN at the reception desk. \*

TOM DAVIS	*	AL FRANKEN	*
Can you check again?	*	The package was addressed to	*
		Al Franken and Tom Davis.	*

TOM DAVIS (CONT'D)	*	AL FRANKEN (CONT'D)	*
Twenty eight gallons...	*	... of Kensington Gore	*
		synthetic blood.	*

The DOORS TO 8H fly open as a RACK OF LIGHTS wheel through.  
We see HOME BASE and the famous CHAPMAN CRANE wheel by. \*

JOE DICSO crosses as the older camera guys slowly push their  
camera peds into position... \*

JOE DICSO  
Eighty five minutes to showtime!  
Come on gentlemen, these  
transitions need to be crisp.  
Pretend there's a hooker with a  
sandwich waiting for you on stage  
right. \*

TOM SCHILLER takes us under the scaffolding where we find  
GARRETT MORRIS holding a prop pistol. \*

GARRETT  
Say, Schiller, what are you up to? \*

SCHILLER  
Burning sage. Removing demons. \*

GARRETT  
Good luck with your hocus pocus. \*

We pop through the side doors back onto BROADWAY, just as  
Lorne appears with Andy. \*

Lorne approaches two comedians sitting on benches, they are  
BILLY CRYSTAL (26) and VALRI BROMFIELD (25). \*

BILLY CRYSTAL  
(already familiar)  
Andy! \*

LORNE  
(dad mode)  
Andy, this is Billy Crystal and  
Valri Bromfield. Just stay with  
them, ok? \*

VALRI  
Nice to meet you, Andy. \*

BILLY CRYSTAL  
(to Valri)  
Andy's a certifiable genius.  
Wait'll you see - Practically  
reinvents the form - We're in the  
presence of greatness. \*

Long beat.

ANDY  
(as foreign man)  
Hello. Where is the bathroom?

VALRI I don't know. \* LORNE  
Neil, show Andy to the  
bathroom.

Neil peels off with Andy in tow, still holding his turntable.

JIM FOX (O.S.)  
There you are--

JIM FOX (40's), A straight-laced NBC unit manager.

JIM FOX (CONT'D)  
Lorne, I can't approve the purchase  
of an antique chandelier that isn't  
in any of the sketches. \*

Lorne doesn't make eye contact, instead motions to Ebersol.

LORNE  
Uh, Dick? Jim has a question about  
something.

JIM FOX  
Yeah, your budget...

Lorne is already off. Ebersol jumps in.

JIM FOX (CONT'D) EBERSOL  
He's out of control. I know.

JIM FOX (CONT'D)  
(holding up budget)  
This isn't a budget, it's a ransom  
note. I've seen terrorists with  
shorter lists of demands.  
(privately)  
I'd like to still have a job when  
he's gone next week.

Meanwhile an INTERN delivers a video tape to engineering.

INTERN  
Someone asked for last Wednesday's  
Johnny Carson?

We hinger to find Lorne arrives at the Run Of Show Board (ROS Board). AUDREY DICKMAN, British, 30, associate producer with her clipboard.

AUDREY  
As it stands, we have four host monologues, two stand-ups, two musical guests, each with two performances, a solo piece by Andy Kaufman, five parody commercials, Weekend Update, a film by Albert Brooks, Jim Henson's Muppet thing, oh, not to mention seven sketches.

LORNE  
Something for everybody.

LORNE  
We don't know that.

AUDREY  
I know that.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Dress rehearsal was three hours...

LORNE  
Audrey thinks we're tight.

AUDREY

Audrey thinks it's time to make  
some hard decisions.

EBERSOL

So just cut a couple things...

CHEVY (O.S.)

Am I still in the show?

CHEVY CHASE (31), gangly and beaming, walks THROUGH a trash can, spilling garbage across the hallway. He topples awkwardly then instantly springs up like a gymnast.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

Sorry, tripped over my penis.

His fiancee, JACQUELINE CARLIN, 25, People-magazine-pretty, tries to keep pace.

LORNE

Still in, Chevy.

CHEVY

(cocky)

I know. (pivoting) Hey, remember Jackie, my girlfriend.

JACQUELINE

Fiancee.

Jackie waves and Chevy reacts to her engagement ring as though being blinded, actually walking into a wall.

LORNE

Looks expensive.

CHEVY

She is... It is.

Jacqueline PUNCHES him hard.

JACQUELINE

I never know when you're kidding.

Lorne pulls Chevy in for a moment.

LORNE

Hey, look, can you show a little goodwill towards your co-star?

CHEVY

Who, Belushi? (sighs) Oh, what the fuck's the matter now?

LORNE

This is a new dynamic. So many expectations. Perhaps he's just...

CHEVY

I'll tell you what the issue is. We're not doing a radio hour anymore and he's built like an Albanian cheeseburger.

JACQUELINE

Chevy can't help if people are responding to his face.

CHEVY

I mean I could. But, I won't.

LORNE

Right. No one's asking you to deny your own magnetism, Chevy.

JACQUELINE

Maybe there's other roles for John to play like a hobo or a troll...

CHEVY

(walking away)  
Or a fire hydrant? or a Volkswagen?  
(spots Ebersol's coat)  
Looking sharp, Patches.

EBERSOL

What?

As Chevy continues walking, Lorne approaches the Control Room. Audrey from behind...

AUDREY

You need to cut something.

LORNE

We'll figure it out.

Lorne pulls on the door, but it's locked. Lorne knocks. An imposing portrait of the fabled conductor Arturo Toscanini stares him down. Lorne bangs on the door. Neil runs up.

LORNE (CONT'D)

(still knocking)

Get me a key to this door. In fact,  
I want keys to all the doors...

NEIL

... In the building?

LORNE

If you can.

Someone finally lets Lorne into the darkened control room.

7

**CONTROL ROOM**

7

Lorne clearly feels like an outsider as he slides between the console and monitors... *Out of the way... down in front...*

LORNE  
Apologies.

Four live cameras broadcast from the stage. We also see NBC programming and various Commercials:

*Up in the valley of the Jolly Green Giant... Heat the meat and gravy from the top can and add the crisp oriental vegetables from the bottom can... My old watch always stopped. Then I got my Timex Electric.*

Lorne stops at DAVE WILSON (40s), a soft man in a tight sweater vest - The director.

DAVE WILSON (into headset)  
Hey Stew, line up on camera three, will you?

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Dave, how we looking?

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
Still working out the forty seven notes you gave on your last visit.

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D) (into headset)  
Earth to Stew... Focus up buddy.

LORNE  
How's the morale out there?

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
The morale? Oh, I think I can speak for the entire crew when I say this is exactly how we wanted to spend our Saturday evening.

LORNE  
Right. Well, keep up the good work.

Lorne finds a spot in the back row. He picks up a bag of chips, opens it, but notably never eats one.

Lorne checks the WALL CLOCK - 10:14pm.

Barbara Gallagher, associate producer reads out credits to a pony-tailed graphics dude, POOK.

BARBARA GALLAGHER POOK  
Okay, next card, Al "Bud" Is this, like, a bit?  
Franken. Next card, Tom "Bud"  
Davis...

BARBARA GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

I don't get half the shit they do,  
next card, Rosie "Bud" . . .  
(quietly to Lorne)  
*Is Rosie going with Michaels or  
Shuster?*

LORNE

BARBARA GALLAGHER

LORNE  
No, I'll take care of it.

ON MONITOR - We see a clip of the cast on a talk show.

We find a man sporting a vintage waistcoat and fedora in the dark, lighting a cigarette on a short stemmed cigarette holder. MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE, head writer and prince of darkness. He's staring at a matronly woman in the front row -

JOAN CARBUNKLE (50), NBC Standards. Red lipstick, golden cross and a pillbox hat. Attacking a script with a RED PEN.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Don't stare, Michael.

O'DONOGHUE  
She's been at it for hours.

LORNE O'DONOUGHUE (CONT'D)  
She's simply doing her job - I refuse to comply.  
we have to comply with NBC  
standards.

Carbunkle turns her attention to Mike and Lorne.

JOAN

Mr. O'Donoghue, on page twelve,  
what is "*clam diving?*"

Lorne stifles a laugh.

O'DONOOGHUE  
I believe, the act of harvesting  
mollusks, right Lorne?

LORNE

Uh huh.

Joan shakes her head and crosses the dialogue out.

JOAN

And, what is... zipper dinner?

Now, the room cracks up.

Joan crosses that out too.

LORNE

(quietly)

How many of these did you hide in  
the script?

O'DONOOGHUE

(quietly)

Maybe a dozen. It's like a  
scavenger hunt.

JOAN

I know what "blue balls" are.

O'DONOOGHUE

You don't say.

LORNE

I'm glad you're having fun, but  
this isn't helpful.

O'DONOOGHUE

(quietly to Lorne)

If that piglet actually disfigures  
my work, I'm going to turn her  
uterus into a sock puppet.

LORNE

I can't picture that.

O'DONOOGHUE

I can and I have.

LORNE

Patience. Once we're live, there's  
nothing they can do.

On MONITORS, the "Home Security" sketch lines up.

DAVE WILSON

Rehearsals up. Let's see if we can  
get through one of these skits.

Lorne takes a step towards the glass window to 8H.

8

**STAGE FLOOR**

8

An OLD CHAIN RATCHET is lifting up a LIGHTING BOOM into the rafters. It's loaded with lights and the chain is struggling.

STEW SORRENTINO (55), lighting director, losing his patience.

STEW SORRENTINO

Give me lights 25B, 25D, half down  
on 31. Half Down on 31. That's 32.

(notices the boom)

Jesus, that's a lot of lights on  
the left wing boom. Anyone know the  
load bearing on the booms?

A LIVING ROOM SET is being painted by hand.

Sitting on a sofa are GILDA RADNER (29) and a bearded JOHN BELUSHI (26).

A dresser places GLASSES on John's face. He flinches,  
irritated. John is clearly moody. Gilda clocks it.

GILDA

Hey John...

Gilda quickly makes a face. John raises an eyebrow.

GILDA (CONT'D)

(yelling whisper)

John...

John darts his eyes back and forth.

GILDA (CONT'D)

(yelling whisper)

There's something very important I  
need to tell you.

John satellites his ear in her direction. Gilda moves to the coffee table.

GILDA (CONT'D)

*I schtooped one of our costars last  
night... one of the muppets.*

Gilda hooks a thumb back at a TABLE OF LIFELESS MUPPETS.  
Crates underneath are stenciled HENSON ASSOCIATES.

GILDA (CONT'D)

Don't look... I'm still pulling  
felt out of my teeth.

(interestingly...)

Turns out he just has a big floppy  
hole between his legs. So I stuck  
my hand all the way...

JOE DICSO

Okay, quiet please.

We hear the raspy boom of the stage manager JOE DICSO.

9

### CONTROL ROOM

9

In the room, we see Audrey Dickman click her stopwatch.  
Cameras are cued. Corrections are made in real time.

DAVE WILSON

POOK

Cue... What's his name?

Danny Aykroyd.

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)

Cue Aykroyd... Cue Aykroyd...

A faint, dull thud can be heard through the speakers.

BARBARA GALLAGHER

He can't get through the door.

On Monitor - We see someone trying to get through the door.

DAVE WILSON

LEO YOSHIMURA

You fucking kiddin me? Put  
your shoulder into it kid...

Eugene found an antique door  
in salvage. Sixty pounds of  
oak.

*Wham!* - DAN AYKROYD (22) muscles through the door and enters.

BARBARA GHALLAGER

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)

That's one way to do it.

He's going to tear a muscle.

O'DONOOGHUE

He's 22. He'll heal.

AYKROYD (ON SCREEN)

(mile a minute)

*Hi there! Please don't be alarmed,  
this is only a simulated assault  
and burglary, I repeat, this is a  
simulated assault and burglary.  
This could happen to you at any  
time, in fact it just has.*

As the actors give it their all, the stage hands talk amongst each other, paying little mind to the performers.

GILDA  
*Call the police!*

AYKROYD  
(removes mask)  
*Don't call the police, I am the police... I might be anyway...*

DAVE WILSON  
Ha! This kid ain't half bad.

We continue to hear camera directions, lighting cues...

LORNE  
(to Neil, taking notes)  
He's got to hold the gun in his other hand or we don't see it.

SNAP! - ON MONITOR - A LIGHTING BOOM CRASHES through the coffee table. The Actors leap back.

Everyone in the control room jumps to their feet in panic. We're following Lorne as he shoulders his way out and into...

10      STUDIO 8H

10

Lorne continues pushing through everybody to set. We hear Aykroyd continue, not missing a beat.

AYKROYD  
We also offer sudden catastrophic roof collapse policies. Have your girders been checked?

The sofa CATCHES FIRE. Joe Dicso is already in there with an extinguisher, dousing it. People scatter further.

LEO YOSHIMURA (20s), art director, surveys the damage.

YOSHIMIURA  
We're going to need another sofa.

LORNE  
Grab one from the 17th. Not from my office.

TOM SCHILLER, 28, new wave vibe, walks by BURNING SAGE.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
What are you up to, Tom?

TOM SCHILLER  
Burning Sage. Removing demons.

Lorne takes it from him and gives himself a circle of sage.

LORNE  
Make sure you hit the control room.

A CHAPMAN CAMERA CRANE drives through, almost nailing crew.

JOE DICSO  
Watch it on the Chapman, Al!

STEW SORRENTINO  
Could someone please clear the  
children.

BELUSHI  
Why? You got any more fucking  
lights to drop on us?

Belushi lunges for Stew, but Aykroyd catches him.

BELUSHI (CONT'D)                            AYKROYD  
Fucking amateur hour!                        I know. He's not worth it.

LORNE  
(turns to Sorrentino)  
How dare you endanger my actors?

STEW SORRENTINO  
You're the one who asked for a  
hundred fucking light cues.

LORNE  
Feel free to let me know when my  
standards surpass your abilities.

GILDA  
I don't know guys, that was kind of  
exciting. It's probably good luck!

Aykroyd has an aside with the aging prop guy, WALLIE.

AYKROYD  
(re: handgun prop)  
This thing is ridiculous. It has  
zero stopping power. He'd have  
something with a little more heft.

WALLIE  
The script said 'pistol'.

AYKROYD

The script specifically called for  
a Smith and Wesson K-Frame Model 19  
Combat Magnum.

WALLIE

Kid, this ain't an armory. No one's  
going to notice the difference.

AYKROYD

I'll tell you who's gonna notice.  
The fine folks at home who lugged M-  
16's through four feet of swamp  
juice in Quang Nam.

WALLIE

Wow, you really put a lot of  
thought into this.

(Note: One by one, the crew will come to like the SNL cast.  
Wallie is the first to come around.)

LORNE

Let's go again.

BELUSHI

In that death trap?

GILDA

I still think it was kind of funny.

Gilda hops into the lap of AL, the Chapman Camera Operator.

GILDA (CONT'D)

How high will this thing go, Al?  
Give me a tour of the city!

CHAPMAN CRANE OP

How 'bout a tour of the stage.

GILDA

Deal!

LORNE

Gilda...!

The crane rises into the sky and WE RISE WITH IT. We leave  
behind Lorne arguing with Stew the lighting director.

Moving through 8H like a sky tour. Gilda waves like a float  
queen and crew wave back.

CHAPMAN CRANE OP

First stop, home base, you got your  
stage hands...

The stage hands wave up to Gilda.

GILDA CHAPMAN CRANE OP (CONT'D)  
Hey boys! The camera boys...  
electricians...

Gilda is loving it, laughing and kicking her legs.

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Guess I chose the wrong day to not  
wear underwear!

CHAPMAN CRANE OP

Second stop, the bleachers, under which live the painters, the cable wranglers, the cue card kids...  
Third stop, the sound boys and boom jockeys... Final stop, the stars.

We're up in the audience balcony. Gilda hops off.

CHAPMAN CRANE OP (CONT'D) GILDA  
Adieu mon cheri. Merci monsieur.

Gilda turns and bumps into JANE CURTIN (28), hair in CURLERS, giving a tour to her Connecticut blue-blood husband, PATRICK.

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Oh wow, hi Jane. Can you just stand  
how pretty she is? I just want to  
polish your earrings.

JANE  
Gilda's in the cast with me.  
    (to Gilda)  
This is my husband Patrick.

GILDA  
(guffaws)  
Oh my god, you're married! You're such a grown up. Can I come live with you guys? I'm house trained. I can curl up at the foot of the bed.

Jane and Patrick laugh awkwardly.

We find GARRETT MORRIS (37), in costume from the last sketch, carrying a SHOTGUN. He approaches the large tabletop outer-space set for the MUPPETS.

Without thinking, Garrett playfully pretends to shoot the muppets in the face. BAM, BAM. The gangly sweet faces of JIM HENSON (30) and FRANK OZ pop up from behind the set.

HENSON

Hey! Come on man.

GARRETT MORRIS

Oh hi Jim, sorry for... shooting  
your muppets.

HENSON

They're not just... Garret, they're  
your co-stars.

GARRETT MORRIS

Yeah, okay. Are you alright there?

HENSON

Yeah, uh... No. I don't think the  
writing staff here speak muppet.

GARRETT MORRIS

Have you spoken to Chevy or  
O'Donoghue?

HENSON

Yes, they tied a belt around Big  
Bird's neck and left him hanging  
from my dressing room door...

Henson suddenly quiet as O'Donoghue approaches.

O'DONOOGHUE

Hey, I heard about Big Bird. I'm so  
sorry. Auto-Erotic Asphyxiation.  
Who knew...?

HENSON

Bologna.

O'DONOOGHUE

Uh oh. Cursing.

GARRETT MORRIS

(walking away)

Sorry... I guess.

Garret passes by the STAGE HANDS and CAMERA BOYS. They're  
figuring out a scene change. How to move a set into the wings  
between the cameras peds in twelve seconds.

Garrett approaches a pianist and his band, waiting in the  
wings. It's musical guest BILLY PRESTON (30). They're working  
out a musical flourish together.

A stage hand placing audience chairs inches from the band.

BASSIST

Shit, is this a sing-a-long? You  
can't get the audience any closer?

Garrett looking for a way to start a convo with Preston.

GARRETT MORRIS

Sounding good, guys.

BILLY PRESTON

Yeah, okay...

GARRETT MORRIS

(still on his back foot)

We actually worked together before.  
I sang back up for Belafonte.

BILLY PRESTON

(to his band mates)

Catch that? He was a Belafonte  
Singer.

(singing "Cocoanut Woman")

Get your cocoanut water...

BAND MATES

*Four to five!*

BILLY PRESTON

*Man, it's good for you daughter...*

BAND MATES

*Four to five!*

GARRETT MORRIS

*Coco got a lotta iron...*

They all laugh. Hard to tell if they're making fun of him.

BILLY PRESTON

This guy singing too. Man, how many  
folks they have playing tonight?

GARRETT MORRIS

No, no... I'm one of the comedic  
performers. I'm in the cast.

BILLY PRESTON

(disbelief)

You're a comedian?

GARRETT MORRIS

Well no, not by trade. I'm actually  
a playwright.

(MORE)

GARRETT MORRIS (CONT'D)

Perhaps you saw my work at the  
Black Arts Repertory Theater in  
Harlem.

BILLY PRESTON

Yeah, I must have missed that.

GARRETT MORRIS

I don't actually know why they  
hired me.

BILLY PRESTON

You seem a little nervous.

GARRETT MORRIS

I do? I mean, yes (laughs) I am.

BILLY PRESTON

(turns to drummer)

Alvin, hook Mr... (looks back)  
What's your name?

GARRETT MORRIS

Garrett Morris...

BILLY PRESTON

Hook Mr. Garret Morris up with a  
little confidence.

Preston's drummer hands Garrett a SMALL VIAL.

DRUMMER

Medical grade. Shit so light, air  
is at the bottom of the bottle.

GARRETT MORRIS

Oh... thanks... Great...

Garrett now stumbling away, checking out his gift.

STEW SORRENTINO (O.C.)

Consider me the first rat off the  
ship!

We whip across to see Stew, the lighting director, quitting  
and storming off. The stage hands applaud Stew for leaving.

LORNE

What can I say, bon voyage.

EBERSOL

Lorne, he was our lighting  
director. We need lights.

LORNE

There must be someone in the building who can press a button...

JOE DICSO

He's the only one who knows the location of the two hundred lights you asked for.

Ebersol looks up... That is a lot of lights.

LORNE

(onto something else)  
What's the meaning of this?

On the back of a director's chair - *CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP*. Lorne rips it off. It was his chair.

LORNE (CONT'D)

This isn't helpful.

SHOP STEWARD

I thought we were making a comedy.

Tight laughter from the old stage hands of 8H. For the first time, we notice that they're an older generation.

JOE DICSO

Okay, everyone quiet for sound check! Sound Check!

This is repeated through the stage as Lorne gets a burst of energy and runs up into the bleacher seats. He wants the audience experience as the Preston band takes its marks.

EBERSOL

(tagging along)

This should be fun.

LORNE

Have you heard Billy Preston live before? You know he was the fifth Beatle.

DRUMMER

2, 3, 4...

The bands comes to life... They sound fantastic.

Lorne now at the sound board. He tries on a pair of HEADPHONES. Frowns. In the headphones, it sounds tiny.

LORNE

Is this full volume?

SCOTTY, the sound engineer, nods.

SCOTTY  
Whole enchilada.

EBERSOL  
(always the bright side)  
Sounds pretty adequate.

LORNE  
This isn't Wimbledon. It needs to  
feel like a rock concert.

EBERSOL  
(smoothing)  
Lorne has such a deep appreciation  
for music.

Lorne eyes the one mic, hanging sadly from above.

LORNE  
Shouldn't we have more mics?

SCOTTY  
One band. One mic.

LORNE  
You always put this much care into  
your work?

SCOTTY  
Only when the honcho is this  
inspiring.

Lorne already walking away... Turns to Ebersol.

LORNE  
This needs to be fixed. Tonight.

Below, the FREIGHT ELEVATOR OPENS, revealing a wardrobe rack.  
A sign on the front says BELUSHI. A BEE COSTUME at the front.

ROSIE SHUSTER (O.C.)  
Wo, wo, wo... This John's?

We turn to find a buoyant young writer with a pencil behind  
her ear, ROSIE SHUSTER.

WARDROBE ASST  
Yeah, I heard he's in make up.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
You got a death wish or something?  
Come on, I got it.

Rosie grabs the rack and starts driving it herself.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
Out of my way, everybody... Beep,  
beep... Morty, pick a lane!

Rosie under the bleachers, navigating the Cue Card Kids working furiously, the painters listening to the world series, the cable guys playing cards.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
Nice hand, Jimmy.

12           **8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

12

The wardrobe cart slaloms around an old STAGE HAND eating MACARONI AND GRAVY.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Easy on the Macaroni, Carmine.

We turn into the...

13           **DRESSING ROOM**

13

Rosie pulls the rack to a hard stop. We find Belushi sitting on a folding chair, changing out of his clothes from "Home Security". He clocks the bee costume and rolls his eyes.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
There he is. Star of the show.

BELUSHI  
Come on Rosie, not the fucking  
bees.

An asst costumer goes to place ANTENNI on John's head, but he flinches away. Rosie pulls out a CIGARETTE PACK and shakes out a couple for John. He reluctantly takes them as the slinky antenna are slid over his unkempt dome.

BELUSHI (CONT'D)  
I'm not a dashboard ornament.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
You're adorable is what you are.  
Every girl's going to want to  
squeeze you.

A naughty look crosses John's face. He buzzes like a bee.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
Watch where you point that stinger.

BELUSHI  
(super serious while  
bouncing his antenna)  
I am a trained professional.

Rosie breaks up laughing at Belushi.

LARAINE NEWMAN (23) wanders in to see a rack of costumes.

LARAINE  
What happened to my reporter  
costume? Blaine Hotel?

WARDROBE ASST  
It's a five second change over from  
the reporter to ancient Greece.  
Lorne didn't think you'd have time  
to get into your toga.

LARAINE  
Oh, okay...

Laraine sighs and steps back out into...

14

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

14

Deep background, Jackie Carlin is going over the run of show board with Audrey Dickman, angling for a scene.

Franken and Davis are also present, unpackaging a box with a lot of tubes. A delivery with a heavy box arrives for them.

Laraine is basically JUMPED by Aykroyd. He picks her up and twirls her back to the ground.

LARAINE  
Danny! Stop!

AYKROYD  
(in character)  
Ma'am, you're dealing here  
with a fully qualified male  
strumpet...

LARAINE (CONT'D)  
Come on... Danny...

AYKROYD (CONT'D)  
I can assure you professional  
hygiene, discretion, and animal  
gratification...

LARAINE  
Listen strumpet...

AYKROYD  
Fred Garvin, male prostitute.

LARAINE  
How much is this going to cost me?

AYKROYD  
This one's on the house.

An EDITOR crosses frame.

15      COSTUMES

15

The editor pops his head in to find Rosie.

EDITOR  
Hey Rosie, got the latest cut on  
"New Dad".

Rosie kisses Belushi on the forehead.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Behave. (winks) Bee-have.

Rosie runs out into the...

16      8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY

16

Rosie passes Danny talking to Laraine and slaps his ass.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
They need you in costumes. I told  
them to make those hot pants...  
extra hot.

Before Danny can protest, Rosie is calling down the hallway.

ROSIE  
(to Lorne)  
Hey, we're going to check the cut  
on "New Dad". Wanna see?

As Lorne approaches, directly in front of him - *THUD!!* - The  
clothing rack with the bee costume is kicked into the  
hallway. Exploding against the wall.

LORNE  
You know he hates the bee costume.

ROSIE

This isn't a costume problem. He thinks he's Brando.

LORNE

He's better than Brando. More important even.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Do you hear yourself?

LORNE (CONT'D)

He'll be studied.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

They'll study his liver.

Lorne smiles. Schiller walks by with the Sage.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Thanks Tom.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Thanks Tom.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

John's better when he's angry.

LORNE

You understand, in an hour, I owe a television program. I made a covenant with the National Broadcast Company.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

A covenant. Okay, Abraham.

LORNE (CONT'D)

I'm on the hook for ninety minutes of live television.

A beat.

ROSIE

No one said it needs to be good.

LORNE

Must you turn him into a bee?

ROSIE SHUSTER

(entering the edit bay)

I'm not 'turning him into a bee'. He's a man in a bee costume. There's a difference. It's the kind of image you can't get out of your head. It's post-modern. It's Warhol. It's iconic.

LORNE

Where the heck do these ideas come from?

She points to her temple.

ROSIE

I just send an imaginary dog to  
fetch an imaginary stick.

17

**EDIT BAY**

17

Lorne and Rosie now standing behind the editor. A pre-taped parody commercial plays on the MONITOR - Aykroyd enters a suburban home and hugs Jackie (Chevy's fiancee).

ROSIE SHUSTER

EDITOR

Tighten the top as he enters. Tightening the top.

LORNE

Whoops. Looks like Chevy's fiancee slipped and fell into another segment.

ROSIE SHUSTER

Jacqueline's going to be hosting the show if you're not careful.

On the monitor, a LARGE "X" strikes out Danny's face.

LORNE

Can we add sound there over the X?

EDITOR

Like a buzzer?

ROSIE SHUSTER

No, funny, like a bell.

LORNE

Good call. Danny's good in this.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)

Yeah he is.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)

(to editor) Hold on the photo another eight frames.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Sixteen frames.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Are you... Were you thinking of... going home with him tonight?

ROSIE SHUSTER

Danny? Tonight?

LORNE

I mean, I'm not suggesting...

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)

If you need alone time...?

LORNE (CONT'D)

No, I just didn't know... I mean you can, if you wish...

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)

It's opening night. I didn't think it was the right...

LORNE (CONT'D)                           ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
I mean, neither did I...                 Then why are you asking?

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Just avoiding surprises, Roz.

ROSIE SHUSTER                           LORNE (CONT'D)  
You love surprises.                         I love surprises.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
Like Anne Frank loved her drum  
sticks.

The editor laughs at Rosie's joke.

LORNE  
Don't encourage her.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
(to editor)  
Hold on the photo another eight  
frames.

LORNE                                    ROSIE  
Sixteen frames.                          I think eight.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Oh, Barbara was asking about your  
credit. Figured you'd go with  
Michaels.

The editor pops their head up for a moment.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Is that what you want?

LORNE  
We're married. You're my wife. It's  
the straightest line.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Lorne. We're married, but I'm not  
your wife.

LORNE  
I don't think that'll fit on the  
crawl.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
What would you prefer?

BARBARA GALLAGHER enters frantically.

BARBARA

Lorne! NBC execs are in the green room, waiting for you!

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE (already off) Fuck. (to Editor) This is really close.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">EDITOR VTR needed this yesterday!</p>
--	--

18

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

18

Lorne goes for the stairwell door, but stops at the sight of Belushi in his *antenni*, entranced by a TV playing an NBC SHOWREEL. John looks like he might vomit.

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE</p>	<p>Young man, I need you to sign your contract or they won't let you go in front of the cameras.</p>
--	--

Belushi just *buzzes* back like a bee.

Lorne turns and stops. The show's youngest writers, TOM DAVIS and AL FRANKEN are prepping some sort of pump.

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE (CONT'D)</p>	<p>Tom? Al? What's this all about?</p>
---	--

<p style="text-align: center;">AL FRANKEN</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TOM DAVIS</p>
A last minute piece.	Just in case you need it.

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE</p>	<p>I don't. What's the gag?</p>
--	---------------------------------

<p style="text-align: center;">AL FRANKEN</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TOM DAVIS</p>
We're going to dress Aykroyd up as Julia Childs.	America's favorite chef. *

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE</p>	<p>Okay...</p>
--	----------------

<p style="text-align: center;">TOM DAVIS</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">AL FRANKEN</p>
And right as she's carving up a turkey on live television,	She slices opens an artery.

<p style="text-align: center;">AL FRANKEN (CONT'D)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TOM DAVIS (CONT'D)</p>
Blood. Everywhere.	<u>Everywhere.</u>

A quiet beat.

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE</p>	<p>Oh, got it. That's the whole pitch.</p>
--	--

AYKROYD  
Oh, yeah, it's going to be pure carnage.  
(as Julia)  
*Oh no... I've cut the dickens out of my finger... Oh God it's throbbing...*

LORNE  
(walking away)  
Sounds promising. Put down a tarp.

Lorne keeps moving. Sees the dressing room marked "George Carlin". He goes to enter when he hears the unmistakable sound of snorting coke followed by the DOOR SLAMMING. Nods.

Heads into a door, held open by Ebersol.

19

## STAIRWELL

19

They double up the stairs. Staff SMOKE CIGARETTES. Lorne and Ebersol must worm around it.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
I heard Belushi hasn't signed his contract yet?

LORNE  
That's strange. I'm quite certain  
he did. (waves his hand) A  
formality.

EBERSOL  
(laughs awkwardly)  
Yeah, they're pretty formal here.  
Speaking of, the folks in standards  
are a little uneasy about a parody  
commercial playing right after the  
regular ads. They think viewers  
might be confused.

LORNE  
Yeah, one might argue that's what makes it humorous.

EBERSOL

I don't know, Lorne. Are we just making fun of the audience for not knowing any better?

LORNE

(pivots)

Hardly. It's Comedia Del Arte. We are engaging in a bit of theater. If anything, we will make the other commercials feel all the more real. The sponsors will probably thank you.

EBERSOL

Oh.

20

**9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR**

20

Speed walking to the Green Room.

LORNE

So, who's in here? Should I be concerned?

EBERSOL

No... Just... You know, try not to use words like *underground* or *revolutionary*.

LORNE

I'm not exactly Che Guevara.

They pass a door with a hand written sign - The Departure Lounge - Music pours out. They keep walking.

EBERSOL

I know but sometimes, you get a little... I don't know. Look, this is TV. It's in your living room. It's supposed to relax you.

LORNE

How positively scintillating.

Lorne opens the door to the green room and hits a wall of FIFTY DRUNK MIDDLE AGED MEN IN SUITS WITH COCKTAILS.

Lorne flinches back and pulls the door shut.

LORNE (CONT'D) EBERSOL  
 What the hell? There's like a Fifty. The affiliates. From  
 thousand people in there! across the country. They're  
 excited to see the show.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 I don't have time for glad handing!

EBERSOL  
 Lorne. These are the people that  
 will decide whether or not we have  
 a hit. They choose what goes on  
 air. We need them.

Lorne steels himself.

LORNE EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
 Three minutes. Tops.

21

**GREEN ROOM**

21

Lorne reenters the room with a big smile. Starts shaking  
 every mitt that's presented his way. The crowd is decidedly  
 midwestern and sprinkled with attractive NBC PAGES.

We push through the suits to find one man turned away from  
 the crowd. For the moment, he's more interested in the drink  
 he's pouring. We only clock his hands and his SIGNET RINGS.

Above the crowd we see CHEVY and O'DONOGHUE on a small stage.  
 Chevy holding a FULL GLASS OF WATER.

CHEVY  
 Ladies and gentlemen, who am I  
 kidding, gentlemen, I've always  
 liked to say that...

Chevy motions casually with his hand, tossing the water from  
 his glass across the room. HUGE LAUGH.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, I'm sorry...

Chevy steps towards one of the affiliates and uses their tie  
 to mop his own brow.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 Much better.

He steps back, fumbling along the way, perhaps knocking  
 something over.

CHEVY

Let me introduce you to our head writer, the prince of darkness... My husband... My lover... Michael O'Donoghue. I hear you have a little impression for us.

O'DONOOGHUE

Thank you Chevy.

(to room)

I'm certain you all know Mr. Rogers, perhaps the most kind and gentle man on television. This is my impression of Mr. Rogers plunging eighteen inch steel sewing needles into his eyes.

WHAM! - O'Donoghue slams his empty fists against his face and falls to the ground in agonizing screams.

A beat. Then THUNDEROUS applause and laughter.

Chevy pulls Lorne up on stage.

LORNE

(taking the mic)

Hi, uh, well, now you see why they put us on at midnight.

The room grows quiet.

LORNE (CONT'D)

We have a great show for you tonight... George Carlin... the great Billy Preston. Next week, my good friend Paul Simon hosting... Look, there has never been a show made for and by the generation that was raised by television...

Even quieter.

LORNE (CONT'D)

(screw it)

Gentlemen, this is the revolution.

Puzzled looks. Ebersol shaking his head.

CHEVY

(stepping into the void)

We're storming the Bastille. Who's with us?!

They just love Chevy. They cheer!

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 (doubling down)  
 No prisoners, heads on pikes, blood  
 will run in the streets.

NBC Pages open CURTAINS to reveal the stage floor behind a window. The affiliates are immediately drawn to the glass.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 Behold... In all its filth... If  
 you listen closely, you can still  
 hear Buffalo Bob shuckin' the cob  
 with Howdy Doody.

We push through the swarm to find the JEWELLED SIGNET RINGS of DAVE TEBET, NBC's head of talent, speaking with Ebersol.

TEBET  
 Blood in the streets - Well - that sounds delightful. How much are we spending on this insurrection?

EBERSOL  
 Two fifty an episode.

TEBET  
 I guess revolutions aren't cheap.

EBERSOL  
 Right. It's Schlosser's baby.

TEBET  
 I guess we'll have to see how this baby crawls.

EBERSOL	TEBET (CONT'D)
Lorne Michaels is a rare bird. He really believes in his vision...	Well, that's nice.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
 ... and he doesn't really bend.

TEBET  
 Well, we know how that story goes.

Just around them, Lorne is squeezing his way out of the room, followed by O'Donoghue and Chevy. They step out onto the...

LORNE

Absolutely not. We're not going to beg for their approval.

The electricians shrug.

Tebet puts his arm around Chevy as they walk.

TEBET

You handled that like a pro.

CHEVY

Oh, thank you.

TEBET

I'm Dave Tebet, head of talent. I handle the Tonight Show, you know.

CHEVY

I didn't know that.

TEBET

Between us... Johnny Carson won't be around forever. Think about it. You're a handsome funny gentile. That means something.

23

**ELEVATOR TO 17TH FLOOR**

23

Tebet, Ebersol, Lorne, Chevy, and O'Donoghue step inside.

LORNE

(to the elevator man)

Seventeen.

TEBET

(smiles)

Fifty four.

EBERSOL

Lorne, you remember Dave Tebet...

LORNE

Of course, I remember everyone who gives me a job.

TEBET

Smart kid. Quite a line up this evening.

LORNE

I understand that we are bending some of the rules...

EBERSOL

Lorne, this is NBC. There's a way  
things are done. The Peacock way.

LORNE

Right, well, we're thinking a ... Maybe an emu.  
little different...

O'DONOOGHUE

EBERSOL  
I just don't think...

TEBET

Dick, shut the fuck up.

The mood shifts. The elevator man looks down.

TEBET (CONT'D)

(to Ebersol)

Can't you see talent when it's  
standing inches from your face.  
What do you think he's going to do?  
Embarrass us with some half ass  
ratfuck donkey show?

O'DONOOGHUE

LORNE

Frankly, that's exactly what Michael.  
I signed up for.

TEBET

(to Lorne)

I expect you to be an unbending  
force of seismic disturbance. Light  
up the NBC switchboard like a bomb  
went off.

O'DONOOGHUE AND CHEVY

Yes... Yes, sir.

LORNE

I promise not to play the music too  
loud.

TEBET

Fuck that. This isn't the Moosejaw  
Jazz Festival, It's Saturday  
Fucking Night. I want you to be  
thunderous and deafening. If my  
ears don't bleed, I'll be asking  
for a refund.

LORNE TEBET (CONT'D)  
Okay... Great, because I  
always saw this as a  
collision that erupts from  
every screen in America. A  
prism that captures the light  
of an emerging generation...

## TEBET (CONT'D)

Stop. Don't say another word. Don't question another instinct. Ebersol, we're standing in the presence of a prophet. A man with a vision...

(to Lorne)

I want you to take that vision like a Sherman Tank and plow it through any fuck who gets in your way.

(gets close)

Even me.

DING! - Elevator door opens on the writers floor.

O'DONOOGHUE

Use emotion for the many and reserve reason for the few.

TEBET

I like that. I'm putting it on my wall.

Lorne, O'Donoghue, and Chevy exit and the elevator closes.

LORNE  
(turns to O'Donoghue)  
Hitler quote? O'DONOGHUE  
Atrocities aside, the man was  
a wordsmith.

24

17TH FLOOR = WRITERS ROOM

24

Lorne enters the hive of activity with Ebersol, Chevy, and O'Donoghue. PAs are collating freshly printed script pages on the floor. It's like an obstacle course. Paul Shaffer noodles on a STAND UP PIANO.

NEIL

(handing memos)

You missed a call from Johnny Carson. I accidentally picked up your phone cause it was ringing.

LORNE

him  
What did you tell him?

NEIL  
I don't remember. He hung up on me.

Aykroyd and an INTERN almost hit Ebersol with a BUNK BED.

EBERSOL  
Is that a bunk bed?

NEIL  
Danny ordered one for his office.

LORNE  
That's confidence. Find me  
something to eat. Anything.

We spin to find Franken and Davis hovering over O'Donoghue.

AL FRANKEN  
Are you nervous?

O'DONOOGHUE  
Nervous about what?

TOM DAVIS Performing on live TV?	AL FRANKEN I'd be shitting bricks.
-------------------------------------	---------------------------------------

O'DONOOGHUE  
Television is merely a lava lamp  
with slightly better audio -  
Colored beads to fascinate the  
animal. I could do this in a  
narcoleptic coma.

Chevy stops at HERB SARGENT's desk. At 50, he is the elder statesman. Quiet and brilliant. Stack of newspapers.

CHEVY  
Hey Herb, how's Update coming?

HERB  
(reading)  
South Vietnam has seized and burned  
100,000 Playboy magazines... Still  
working on a punchline.

CHEVY  
For miles, all anyone could smell  
was roast bunny.

Herb chuckles, writes it down.

HERB  
You alright there, Chev?

CHEVY

Well, things are *kooper kippy* Herb.  
I think it happened. I just got the  
shoulder tap.

HERB

The what?

CHEVY

You know, from the folks upstairs.  
What's going to happen to me? I  
mean, Herb, you've been around the  
block. Where am I going from here?

HERB

Well, I don't know Chevy. I've  
never gotten a shoulder tap. I've  
just made a fortune, won a few  
Emmys, and slept with Gloria  
Steinem. My instinct is America  
will fall in love with you. You'll  
be hideously overcompensated for  
prat falls and cute jokes. You'll  
waste away most of your life with  
purchased company. Eventually  
you'll self-medicate with hookers  
and amphetamines. Probably die  
alone in some French hotel.

CHEVY

Jesus, I can't wait.

A couple stage hands enter frame.

STAGE HAND

That one. Grab it.

We pan to find Gilda and Laraine picking away at their dinners on a sofa. The stage hands GRAB THE SOFA and the actresses leap off! The sofa is immediately hauled away to replace the burned furniture from earlier.

Gilda and Laraine turn to find interns laying out SCRIPTS down the length of the corridor in a collating effort. A train of paper that goes on forever.

LARAINE

Wow, you're in so many scenes.

GILDA

Yeah, but I'm always everyone's kid  
sister. You're the hot one.

LARAINE GILDA (CONT'D)  
I think Jane's the hot one. I mean you're the (growls)

LARAIN (CONT'D)  
You're everybody's favorite.

GILDA  
Oh, I'm just a ball of yarn,  
looking for a cat. A parrot with  
nothing to squawk.

LARAIN  
I keep feeling like any minute,  
Lorne's gonna realize he made a  
huge mistake and ship me back.

GILDA  
On this budget?  
(snorts)  
We can't afford the postage.  
(adds)  
Lorne's got a way of seeing  
something in people and knowing  
where their talent fits. There's a  
reason you're here. You may not  
know it, but Lorne does.

Laraine moves along the pages, compiling a script as she goes. Something in one of the scenes makes her chuckle. She's aligning the pages, when she hears familiar dialogue...

AYKROYD (O.C.)  
*Ma'am, you're dealing here with a  
fully qualified male strumpet.*

Larine turns to find Aykroyd with Gilda up in his arms.

GILDA  
Hey, I'm not a prop, mister.

Laraine can't hide her reaction and Gilda sees it. They lock eyes and mutually understand what's happening.

**AYKROYD**

GILDA  
Why don't you assure me a little  
peace and quiet Mr. Strumpet. Geez.

Gilda slides to the ground. Laraine pretends to *laugh along*, but it's paper thin. Danny turns and catches Laraine's look. An uncomfortable pause. Before anything can be said...

Tom Schiller crosses frame, carrying the SAGE and we follow him into Lorne's office. Desk, chair, and a sofa. Rosie sitting on a filing cabinet. O'Donoghue on the floor.

O'DONOOGHUE  
(re: the sage)  
Get that hippie shit out of here.

Schiller exits quickly as Lorne leans into the doorway.

LORNE  
Hey, I need the Muppet pages.

O'DONOOGHUE  
I already turned in that one script.

ROSIE  
Was Jim Henson uncomfortable with Muppets on a plantation?

O'DONOOGHUE  
It was a musical number.

LORNE  
I don't think that was the problem.

O'DONOOGHUE  
I just can't write for those little hairy facecloths.

LORNE  
I need something for Henson. We go live in an hour.

ROSIE  
What if you sent him a little felt toe in a newspaper?

Before Lorne can respond, Anne pushes through and hands O'Donoghue a script covered in red ink.

ANNE  
Did you see what that evangelical cunt did to our pages?

We follow Lorne's look back to find Franken and Davis speaking with the NBC standards troll, Joan Carbunkle.

CARBUNKLE

You cannot say *horny* on NBC.

AL FRANKEN

You want us to say *sexy* instead of  
*horny*?

TOM DAVIS

*Sexy* and *horny* just don't mean the  
same thing.

CARBUNKLE

I struggle to see the difference.

AL FRANKEN

Well, if a dog is humping your leg,  
it's *horny*.

TOM DAVIS

It is certainly not *sexy*.

That's when we notice O'Donoghue LIGHTING HIS PAGES ON FIRE.

CARBUNKLE

What on Earth are you doing?

People watch as O'Donoghue walks to the window and tosses the  
flaming script out the window to the street below.

O'DONOOGHUE

I'd rather buttfuck cancer than  
make these changes.

The office goes quiet. Tension mounts.

CARBUNKLE

Your words don't scare me Mr.  
O'Donoghue. I'm a woman of God.

O'DONOOGHUE

I've heard God's love is blind. Now  
I know why.

Carbunkle presents her RED PEN.

CARBUNKLE

You see this? I know it looks like  
an ordinary red marker, but this  
one is special. It has kept America  
safe for the better part of a  
decade. It is a weapon against  
vulgarity, sex, communism, and  
heathenism.

O'DONOGHUE

What about violence? Does it  
protect America from violence?

CARBUNKLE

Yes, that too.

O'DONOGHUE

How 'bout infanticide?

CARBUNKLE

Excuse me?

O'DONOGHUE

Apologies. Just a two dollar word  
for a parent who kills their own  
child.

CARBUNKLE

The mere thought makes me nauseous.

O'DONOGHUE

Understandably - Me too, by the way  
- It's just, I had this idea for a  
sketch... I'm not sure if it's  
funny, you can be the judge. It's  
about this powerful temperamental  
guy who rapes this virgin in the  
middle of the night - I know, awful  
- He knocks her up without ever  
saying hello, buying her flowers,  
whatever... And then, and then,  
*here's the funny part*, he has their  
bastard son publicly mutilated and  
tortured to death on a cross.

(a beat)

Wait, you've heard this one before.

CARBUNKLE

You're a vile human.

O'DONOGHUE

I know. We both are. I'm just more  
entertaining.

Carbunkle pulls off her pill box hat and goes to leave.

HERB

No, it was funnier with the hat.

CARBUNKLE

(turns back)

Mr. O'Donoghue...

O'DONOOGHUE  
 Are we still being formal? Please,  
 just call me Satan.

CARBUNKLE  
 You will be forgotten... I'm going  
 to make sure of it.

And with that, she storms out.

LORNE  
 Are you out of your mind?!

O'DONOOGHUE  
 Look for better or worse, I call it  
 as I see it.

LORNE  
 That was worse.

Meanwhile, Barbara runs up to Lorne.

BARBARA  
 They need you at the loading dock!

LORNE  
 Surely someone else can sign for  
 whatever...  
 (to O'Donoghue)  
 You're back on Muppets.

O'DONOOGHUE  
 Fuck you! I'll quit.

LORNE  
 No, you won't.

BARBARA  
 It's Leo. He's fighting with  
 security. There's blood.

Lorne enters and Neil hands him a sandwich. He will notably never get to take a bite. Before the elevator doors can close, Ebersol hops on with a smile.

EBERSOL  
 Hey, while I've got you... I know  
 you always want to be on the  
 cutting edge, well check this out--

He produces a Polaroid *instamatic* camera from a bag.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

We can have the actors demo the camera live. Maybe write it into sketches, do live commercials. Funny ones! The payout is bonkers!

LORNE

The cast didn't sign up to do live commercials. Frankly, neither did I. Some of the cast might find it... unseemly.

EBERSOL

Television's driven by advertising. That's what makes the motor run.

LORNE

Just don't show this to the talent. We don't want them thinking they're back on the Kraft Macaroni Hour.

EBERSOL

We're over budget.

LORNE

You don't need to tell me that.

EBERSOL

Somebody needs to tell you that.

LORNE

We don't even know what the show IS exactly yet. How could we possibly know the budget?

EBERSOL

If you don't know what the show is, what the fuck are we doing here?

LORNE

I know the ingredients. Just not the amounts.

Elevator DINGS.

LORNE (CONT'D)

We just need to get to 11:30...

Lorne drops his uneaten sandwich and runs out onto the...

Lorne, Ebersol, Barbara, and Neil emerge quickly. We whip

around just as Leo Yoshimura takes a punch to the face from a meathead SECURITY GUARD (45). His glasses are broken (they will be taped-up for the rest of the film).

LEO  
Fuck you, fascist!  
(steadyng himself)  
.... fucking pig.

Lorne gets in the face of the security guard.

LORNE  
You want to lose your job?

SECURITY GUARD  
You want to lose your teeth?

LORNE  
I'm the producer of NBC'S Saturday Night and you just hit a man with a Tony...

SECURITY GUARD  
I've punched plenty of Tonys.

Ebersol has had enough, and he's bigger then all of them.

EBERSOL  
(separating them)  
Goddamn it... We're done, alright?  
I'm your fucking boss, idiot.

Ebersol gives the guy his card. The guard cools slightly.

SECURITY GUARD  
Tell your friends - No deliveries  
after 6PM.

He points to a sign -- NO DELIVERIES AFTER 6PM.

Ebersol examines the delivery as it's carted to the elevator. A large pallet of bricks. He picks one up. It's heavy. Ebersol clearly confused by the delivery of actual bricks.

The elevator is GROANING. It can barely carry the weight of the bricks.

EBERSOL  
(beside himself)  
Guys, am I missing something?  
(MORE)

## **EBERSOL (CONT'D)**

Why do we need real bricks? Can't we just roll out linoleum?

LEO  
(still plugging nose) EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
Hey, FUCK YOU. Okay, Jesus, just relax...

LORNE  
(handing a brick)  
The vision for home base is a  
street corner with all the grit and  
texture of New York City.

EBERSOL  
You going to use real blood and vomit too?

LEO  
(wiping his bloody nose)  
I'll give you fucking blood.

DING! – The elevator stops.

LORNE

Ebersol opens the VERTICAL DOOR to reveal a A DARK FLOOR and a lone figure standing there with a record player. Andy.

ANDY  
Hello, Mr. Michaels.

LORNE  
Andy, you can't just wander off like that. Sorry.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Brick is honest. Workmanlike. It has its pockets out. It's critical to the success of this show.

A beat. Lorne reaching for a vision that won't quite come into focus, when... *DING!* The Elevator reopens back in 8H.

LORNE (CONT'D)

(exiting)

I mean honestly, Dick, if you don't know by now...

EBERSOL

(to himself)

I tell you what I do know. New York streets aren't paved with bricks.

28

**STUDIO 8H**

28

Hammering. Speakers popping. Lights flickering.

Lorne takes the opportunity to walk Andy away. Meanwhile, Ebersol passes velvet voiced announcer DON PARDO (60).

DON PARDO

*CHEVY CHASE...! GILDA RADNER...!*

*DAN... AYK... how the fuck do you pronounce...?*

PAUL SHAFFER

DON PARDO (CONT'D)

Aykroyd.

*DAN AYKROYD!*

JOE DICSO

Fifty minutes everybody!

CAMERA floats up above the stage floor up to the bleachers.

We find Garrett Morris and JANE CURTIN (30) watching the chaos below. The bricks are wheeled by.

GARRETT

You nervous?

JANE

No, not really. I only have a few bits. The jury thing. News host.

GARRETT MORRIS

Hm. You ever stop and wonder what you're doing here?

JANE

Like on the show?

GARRETT

Uh huh...

JANE (CONT'D)

Yeah... I have a pretty good idea.

GARRETT

And what is that?

JANE

Well Garrett, I like to give 100%  
to everything I do...  
(now in commercial voice)  
...And I want a dish soap that does  
too... So alive, so young,  
(shifting moods)  
so alluring, so exotic, so  
hypnotic, so manipulative, so  
sadistically abusive, so  
cartoonishly abhorrent...

Garrett is not quite sure what's happening here.

JANE (CONT'D)

(sudden sunny shift)

When it comes to my skin and my  
*sensitive parts*, I only trust 100%  
American steel wool. Made strong  
enough for a man, but whimsical and  
helpless enough for a woman. So  
before you invest in one of those  
high priced other labels, bend over  
and experience a Philadelphia blast  
furnace on your satin slipcovers.

(critical)

Don't wait - Act now. Act like your  
very life depends on it. Act like  
your children's lives depend on it.  
Act like the children in Africa  
depend on it.

GARRETT MORRIS

What the fuck was all that?

JANE

That was my twenties Garrett. And  
that's what I'm doing here.

GARRETT MORRIS

Shit, I'm just here to play the  
butler, the shoe shine guy, and the  
pimp.

JANE

You seem a little nice for a pimp.

GARRETT MORRIS

You're a little pretty for a  
comedian.

JANE  
 Here's to staying out of the  
 spotlight.

A SPOTLIGHT HITS Jane and Garrett, but immediately abandons them and floats up to the top of the bleachers. From the stage's feeble speakers, we can just hear DON PARDO, the show's baritone announcer -

DON PARDO (O.S.)  
 Your host, George Carlin!

PAUL SHAFFER noodles out a riff on the piano. Comedian GEORGE CARLIN (40), amped, walks by Garrett and Jane towards HOME BASE. He makes his way down a finicky staircase.

CARLIN  
 I can't just come out from behind a god damn curtain? I've got to descend like fucking Norma Desmond.  
 (to the audience)  
 And fuck you... and fuck you... and fuck you...  
 (to the stage hands)  
 And fuck you...

The stage hands love it. They give him a good *Fuck You* back. Carbunkle, the NBC censor is on the floor, twitching her nose. Lorne leans over to Neil and motions towards Carbunkle.

LORNE  
 Try to distract her.

NEIL  
 How?

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 With your sparkling wit.

Neil nods. We follow him as he sidles up to Carbunkle. He pulls out a DECK OF CARDS and begins a magic trick.

NEIL  
 Ma'am? Would you agree this is a normal deck of cards? No marks, no folds, or blemishes?

Carbunkle barely acknowledges Neil. She is focusing her energy on George Carlin, who passes SHAFFER on the piano and continues to home base.

CARLIN  
 Welcome to the show, blah-de-blah, going to be some music, some laughs, plug the record...

Neil continues with his card trick. Buzzing in Carbunkle's ear like a persistent fly.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
 (begins a bit)  
 You ever look at the crowds in old movies and wonder if they're dead yet?

Some laughs from the stage hands.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
 Does that make you uncomfortable?  
 It shouldn't. Why is death so unsettling? What's going to happen tonight? I'm either going to kill up here or die...

*CRASH!* - A pile of BRICKS is dumped at Carlin's feet. Brick dust plumes as Carlin flinches back.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
 Christ! Are you serious with this shit?

JOE DICSO  
 And throw to Janis...

CARLIN  
 (looks into our camera)  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, Janis Ian.

CAMERA PANS to find JANIS IAN with an acoustic guitar. She begins to play her hit single At Seventeen. Quiet, plaintive.

JANIS IAN  
*I LEARNED THE TRUTH AT SEVENTEEN,  
 THAT LOVE WAS MEANT FOR BEAUTY  
 QUEENS...*

Carlin hops down as Carbunkle approaches home base.

CARBUNKLE  
 Mr. Carlin, I am Joan Carbunkle,  
 NBC standards...

CARLIN  
 I didn't know they had any...

JANIS IAN  
*THE VALENTINES I NEVER KNEW, THE FRIDAY NIGHT CHARADES OF YOUTH,  
 WERE SPENT ON ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL,  
 AT SEVENTEEN I LEARNED THE TRUTH.*

Lorne quickly interjects.

LORNE

He's busy, Joan. Why don't you share your concerns with me?

CARLIN

No, I'd like to hear her concerns personally, if you don't mind.

CARBUNKLE

Mr. Carlin, I know you have a propensity for the obscene and a lurid interest in colorful language. You'll be happy to know there is one delay button and my finger is on it.

CARLIN

I'd never have guessed you'd found the button, let alone touched it.

JANIS IAN

*WHO CALLED TO SAY, "COME DANCE WITH ME", AND MURMURED VAGUE OBSCENITIES, IT ISN'T ALL IT SEEMS, AT SEVENTEEN.*

Carlin already walking away. Neil jumps in!

NEIL

(holding up a card)

Is this your eight of diamonds --

He tries to slip a card like a smooth operator but fumbles.  
THE DECK SCATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

Oblivious to the stand-off, Leo the art director hops down and begins laying bricks with a trowel. He looks up at a SHOP STEWARD with a handful of STAGE HANDS sitting nearby.

LEO

Are you gonna help?

SHOP STEWARD

Yeah, we don't do bricks.

(to his mates)

Which guild does the bricks? Is it 422?

STAGE HAND ONE  
Nah, that's carpenters. How about 303?

STAGE HAND TWO  
Nah, that's the pipefitters. \*

The stage hands chuckle but don't move a muscle. Leo fumes.

SHOP STEWARD  
Don't know why you're laying brick.  
You're going to be gone in 2 weeks.

JANIS IAN  
*A BROWN EYED GIRL IN HAND-ME-DOWNS,  
WHOSE NAME I NEVER COULD PRONOUNCE,  
SAID, "PITY, PLEASE, THE ONES WHO  
SERVE, THEY ONLY GET WHAT THEY  
DESERVE."*

29

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

29

Carlin walks by Billy Crystal, who is holding a large bowl of potato chips. Carlin grabs a chip.

BILLY CRYSTAL  
Hey! That's a prop.

Carlin turns and bows mid-stride. Billy flashes him a smile. Valri watches, sitting on the discarded BURNED SOFA.

(Note: the hallway is decidedly less chaotic for this sequence. The quiet before the storm.)

BILLY CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
(to Valri)  
It's like one of those 1950's  
Safari Flicks. The ones that  
starred Rhonda Fleming and Susan  
Hayward... Every time I take a step  
you put your hands in the bowl and  
crunch the potato chips. Try it...

Billy mimes taking steps through tall grass. With every step, Valri crunches her hands in the chips. The effect is remarkably convincing. Valri adds bird calls. Billy adjusts his *pretend safari helmet* and aims his *pretend safari rifle*. In his sights....

Lorne at the Run of Show Board. He unpins a couple cards and swaps them. Can't make heads or tails out of it. Walks away.

BILLY CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
(breaks character)  
There's no way they can fit all  
this show. Something's got to go.

VALRI  
You think?

BILLY CRYSTAL  
(calls over)  
Hey Lorne - Can we talk minutes?

LORNE  
(barely looks over)  
Doing great, Billy.

Lorne disappears around a corner. A BEAT.

Garrett Morris turns on Main Street. As he passes the costumes room, we see Laraine working on some sort of QUICK CHANGE with the wardrobe assistants. It's not going well.

We continue with Garret, up to Belushi who begins to sniff him like a hound... like a police dog... He somehow just knows that Garrett is coppering drugs.

Belushi now seriously sniffing, making Garrett blush. John pats him down and comes up quickly with the vial of cocaine.

BELUSHI  
What do we have here?

GARRETT MORRIS  
Billy Preston's band hooked me up.  
It's medical grade. Floats in the  
bottle. Then you float.

Belushi pops the top and hoovers the entire vial up in one snort. He hands the empty vial back to Garrett.

BELUSHI  
Yep, checks out, medical grade.

Garrett is stunned. Belushi walks off.

Belushi enters to find Chevy doing an audio interview with a young reporter holding a wired microphone. Jackie looks for a way into the interview herself. Jane and Laraine are in black leotards and BEE HEADPIECES.

CHEVY

We have many talented improvisors from Toronto and Chicago and I'm sure they'll find their way on to the program, but yes, I think you'll be seeing me fairly regularly.

Belushi watches him with contempt, SNORTS derisively. Starting to feel the coke. Chevy looks over, notices a bit of powder on Belushi's nose.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

You missed a little there.

Belushi nonchalantly works the residue into his nose as a make-up gal approaches him with a shaving razor and foam.

Lorne enters, holding Belushi's contract.

LORNE

While I've got you captive.

BELUSHI

They want to neuter my chin.

LORNE

You are getting a little wooly.

CHEVY

Be careful, there's no jaw under that beard. Just 10 pounds of neck.

Belushi HURLS an NBC ashtray at Chevy's face. It hits our camera instead, BREAKING THE LENS.

Belushi lunges for Chevy. BOTTLES and BRUSHES go flying. It's a quick melee in a small room. Gilda and Laraine react with genuine concern. Hair and Make-up artists look for cover.

Janis Ian playing ironically against the violence.

Rosie escorts the reporter out as Lorne wedges his way in between the yet-to-be-comedy-giants.

LORNE

(dad)

For God's sakes. Chevy - Out. Out!

Chevy leaves in a huff.

LORNE (CONT'D)

We're throwing things now?

BELUSHI  
He started it!

Rosie drops into Belushi's lap.

ROSIE  
It's just a shave, John.

BELUSHI  
So NBC owns my fucking face?

ROSIE  
Would Jimi Hendrix play in mittens?

LORNE  
It's a valid point, John. You will go down as one of the giants of character expressionism of the twentieth century. Chaplin. Brando. Why hide your gifts?

ROSIE  
... Beards are for pussies.

John considers this. Nods to the woman with the razor. She gets to work tying a cloth around his neck, prepping foam.

BELUSHI  
(snorts)  
And the bees are bullshit. I didn't sign up for that theme park shit.

LORNE  
You think I don't know that? Of course they are. The bees are *ridiculous*. They're stupid. They're post-modern. They're Warhol. Sgt. Pepper They're a commentary. I'm glad you get it.

Rosie smiles, watching Lorne use her language. They make eye contact. Lorne slides John's deal memo over.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
We go live in less than an hour. I need you to sign.

John is considering when Lorne notices something.

ROSIE  
What? What happened?

Lorne looks around... The music has stopped.

LORNE  
 What happened to the music?

Lorne grabs the unsigned contract, but leaves his pen on the counter. He swiftly exits and we follow --

31           **8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MAIN STREET**

31

Lorne walking amongst a few crew on a smoke break.

LORNE  
 Why'd she stop playing?

32           **STUDIO 8H**

32

Lorne enters to find a work freeze in the DARK studio.

LORNE  
 (calls out)  
 Hey... What's happening?

JANIS IAN  
 Was I playing too loud?

LORNE  
 You were perfect.  
 (swings to Ebersol)  
 What the hell is going on?

EBERSOL  
 (on phone)  
*Yes, that's 50th street between 5th and 6th.*  
 (to Lorne)  
 I'm on with the outfit that supplied speakers for Wakeman at the...  
 (on phone)  
*Yes, Rockefeller Plaza. Do I sound like I'm kidding?*

LORNE  
 Toscanini! Height of audio fidelity!  
 (to Disco)  
 What can we be doing?

JOE DICSO  
 No lights. No sound. We go live in 45. What do you want to rehearse?

Full stop. For the first time, nothing is happening.

LORNE  
Pull up Weekend Update.

Commotion again - Cables are lifted as sets move and the Weekend Update flat is swiftly rolled out in front of home bass, where Leo is slowly LAYING BRICKS WITH A TROWEL. Costumers slide a jacket onto Lorne. He sits behind the desk and swallows before staring into the dark abyss of the lens.

We hear Audrey click her stopwatch.

DON PARDO  
From Saturday Night news  
headquarters, this is Weekend  
Update with Lorne Michaels.

LORNE  
(nervous)  
Our top story tonight, some world news: Japan Emperor Hirohito met Mickey Mouse at Disneyland this week. The Emperor presented Mickey with a Hirohito wristwatch.

Tepid laughter. Herb Sargent and O'Donoghue concerned.

LORNE (CONT'D) O'DONOGHUE  
How was that...? Horrible.

Lorne nervously looks to his side to find Belushi, now shaven, wearing a suit jacket over his bee costume.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
And now with a weather report, we turn it over to meteorologist John Belushi. What's it looking like out there John?

BELUSHI  
Thank you Lorne. It's often said that March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb. At least that's how March works here in the United States.

(beat)  
But did you know that March behaves differently in other countries? In Norway, for example, March comes in like a polar bear and goes out like a walrus.

32A      **CONTROL ROOM**

32A

Dave Wilson and team watching Belushi on MONITOR.

BELUSHI

Or, take the case of Honduras...

DAVE WILSON

Where'd they find this guy? A  
butcher shop?

BARBARA GALLAGHER

I've got a mechanic that could be  
his brother.

32B      **STUDIO 8H**

32B

Lorne and crew watch as Belushi builds with steam. A camera  
guy zooms in.

BELUSHI

... And there's a country where  
March hops in like a kangaroo, and  
stays a kangaroo for a while, and  
then it becomes a slightly smaller  
kangaroo. Then, for a couple of  
days it's sort of a cross between a  
frilled lizard and a common house  
cat...

Lorne now inching away from Belushi - The volcano on the  
verge of eruption.

The crew meanwhile is transfixed.

BELUSHI (CONT'D)

Now, now, and it's not Australia!  
You'd think it would be Australia,  
but it's not!

A couple of the stage hands even laughing now and murmuring  
to each other.

BELUSHI (CONT'D)

(spinning out)

And there are nine different  
countries, where March comes in  
like a frog, and goes out like a  
golden retriever. But that- that's  
not the weird part! No, no, the  
weird part is, is the frog. The  
frog- The weird part is...

Belushi works himself into an intense physical convulsion.

For a moment, the crew shows concern, completely entranced by Belushi's performance. He performs a coronary over the desk, splaying out onto the floor.

And then, wild laughter gives way to the chatter of awe.

Lorne jumps down to help John off the floor.

LORNE

I surrender. You're a genius. Now I  
need you to sign your contract.

Belushi grunts.

LORNE (CONT'D)

I think that's a yes.

Lorne places the contract on the Update desk.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Neil! I need a pen!

Whip to Neil, who is mid-card trick. His cards go sputtering. Meanwhile, Barbara runs up, breathless.

BARBARA

Lorne, there's a call from Burbank  
waiting in your office...

LORNE

It's Carson . Okay, I'll be right  
back. Get Belushi a pen.

(then)

Don't let him use it as a straw.

Lorne exits swiftly. Running upstairs.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Rehearse something... Anything!

JOE DICSO

Bee Hospital to stage left.

We see BEE HOSPITAL being set up. Again, cameras on the move, cables are lifted for moving flats. Actors in Bee Costumes entering and taking places. Belushi, annoyed at the costumes.

We follow Lorne out of 8H --

Lorne rushing up the stairwell trailed by Neil. As they round a corner in the stairwell, we find Jim Henson waiting in ambush. He starts following Lorne up the stairs. Lorne doesn't slow down.

HENSON  
Mr. Michaels...

LORNE  
Mr. Henson, excited to see what you and your merry band of creatures have in store for us tonight...

HENSON  
Well, Lorne, we don't have any script pages. We're flying blind here. Muppets don't riff.

LORNE  
Absolutely. This is the first I'm hearing of this. It's unacceptable.  
(to Neil)  
Neil, Jim needs his pages!

HENSON  
Thank you. And can you please remind your crew not to leave the muppets in compromising positions?

LORNE  
That doesn't sound like them...

HENSON  
They left a note.

LORNE  
They didn't.

HENSON  
It said... (quietly) "Fuck-Rags For Rent."

LORNE  
(stifles a laugh)  
I'll speak to Michael.

Lorne heading with steam to his office.

Lorne passes the green room door. Affiliates pour out, still drinking, Lorne navigates through them like Frogger...

35

**LORNE'S 9TH FLOOR OFFICE**

35

Lorne takes a breath. His office is cleanly appointed. Black leather and old lamps. A LARGE WINDOW looking over Studio 8H.

LORNE  
Oh, hey Bernie...

Turn to find BERNIE BRILLSTEIN on the sofa, with his whiskey. He motions to leave, but Lorne stops him.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
(kindly waving him off)  
No, no, you're good.  
(picks up the receiver)  
Hello, this is Lorne.

JOHNNY CARSON (O.C.)  
I was beginning to think you didn't like me.

LORNE  
Of course not, Mr. Carson. You're the voice of a generation.

JOHNNY CARSON (O.C.)                            LORNE (CONT'D)  
I just wanted to reach out,        That's very kind...  
say good luck tonight...

JOHNNY CARSON (CONT'D)  
And also, I suppose I just wanted to make sure we don't end up stepping on each other's dicks.

LORNE    JOHNNY CARSON (CONT'D)  
Uh... Okay...                                    I do five shows a week - They could run seven, but Saturday is a dumping ground, a graveyard. Who the fuck is watching TV then?

Carson opines, but we barely listen. Lorne drops the jelly beans and goes to his WINDOW, looking over the stage floor.

The CAMERA BOYS and STAGE HANDS are still working on that scene change.... *You go this way... I'll go that way.*

Lorne spots Belushi surrounded by bee costumes - still mulling over his contract. Barely listening to Carson now.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Right, of course....  
(quietly)  
*Sign it, you bastard.*

JOHNNY CARSON

I do five shows a week - They could run seven, but Saturday is a dumping ground, a graveyard. Who the fuck is watching TV then? You know how this all started, don't you?

LORNE

With a kite and a key?

CARSON

Don't be a dipshit for a second, kid. I do five shows a week - They could run seven, but Saturday is a dumping ground, a graveyard. Who the fuck is watching TV then?

Belushi clicks the pen and is just about to sign his contract when... Ebersol interrupts him...

LORNE

No, No, No...

CARSON

So I told Dave Tebet, look, you got to find something for the weekends. I don't give a shit if it's game shows or skin flicks.

Ebersol presents Belushi with a POLAROID CAMERA. A cute polaroid rep nearby. Ebersol demos the instant film.

Belushi takes the camera with false interest...

LORNE

... Oh, don't let him hold the...

CARSON

Who knows kid, maybe you'll carve out a little home amongst the dead beats and the bagheads.

Belushi hurls the camera. The Polaroid Rep takes chase.

CARSON (CONT'D)

But here's a little friendly advice... Stay the fuck away from Burbank. Stay the fuck away from my guests. Stay the fuck away from me...

Lorne, nose to the glass now. We finally hear Johnny Carson.

JOHNNY CARSON (O.C.)  
*... and I know Tebet's got a hard  
 on for Chevy Chase. Personally I  
 don't think that kid could ad-lib a  
 fart after a baked-bean dinner.*

Lorne inadvertently hangs up the phone. He steps out onto the  
 - Watching as Belushi kicks over the bee costumes and storms  
 off.

36

**9TH FLOOR UPPER DECK**

36

Lorne goes to say something, but it's too late.

JOE DICSO  
*Come on John! Where are you going?!*

BELUSHI (O.C.)  
*I go where I'm kicked!*

Belushi vanishes.

37

**LORNE'S 9TH FLOOR OFFICE**

37

Lorne passing back through.

38

**9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR**

38

Lorne yanks Neil away from making a sandwich.

NEIL  
 How'd the call go?

LORNE  
 Tremendous, thank you for asking.

NEIL  
 Oh, great!

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 Belushi walked.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
 He quit?!

LORNE  
 Technically, he would need a job to  
 quit, but yes. We need to find him.  
 I'll take the 8th floor. You take  
 the 9th.

Neil nods and leaves with his half sandwich. For the first time, CAMERA FOLLOWS NEIL as Lorne heads down a stairwell.

Neil stops at Jim Fox's office.

NEIL  
Have you seen Belushi?

Fox on the phone, can't be bothered.

Neil tries a couple more rooms.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
You guys seen Belushi...? Hey, I'm  
looking for Belushi, anyone seen  
him...? Anyone got eyes on John...?

Everyone just brushes him off. Anne doesn't even pause.

ANNE  
I'm not an animal wrangler.

Neil finally arrives at a closed door. Magic marker on white tape reads - *THE DEPARTURE LOUNGE*. Light music can be heard.

39

**THE DEPARTURE LOUNGE**

39

Neil opens the door and an Olympian cloud of smoke escapes. This is the green room for the Saturday Night band.

Inside, a few instrumentalists play tunes, but mostly, they're just getting high before the show. PAUL SHAFFER (26), massive glasses and long hair (already thinning).

NEIL  
Anyone seen Belushi?

PAUL SHAFFER  
Sure, yeah, he was up here hanging  
with us yesterday.

NEIL  
(impatient)  
No, I mean lately?

A musician hands Neil a TIGHTLY ROLLED JOINT.

PAUL SHAFFER  
You sound stressed, you need a hit?

Neil considers this for a moment.

PAUL SHAFFER (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's the best that could  
happen?

Neil nods and takes a long hit.

PAUL SHAFFER (CONT'D)  
Good luck on your quest amigo.

Shaffer closes the door in Neil's face.

40

**9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR**

40

Neil now counting his steps. The weed is powerful and works quickly. Neil feels off balance.

Garrett Morris, in bee costume, is suddenly in Neil's face.

GARRETT MORRIS  
Neil, who do you think I am?

NEIL  
You're a human bumble bee?

GARRETT MORRIS  
No man, what would you say my identity is on the show?

NEIL  
I can't answer that question! I don't have all the answers! I can't do this right now!

Neil bugs out and runs ahead. He stops at Gilda (in toga) talking to Billy Crystal.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Have you guys seen Belushi?

GILDA  
Sweetie, are you okay? BILLY CRYSTAL  
Yeah buddy, why are you holding your face?

NEIL  
I don't know. I can hear my own blood. AM I GOING TO BE OK?

BILLY CRYSTAL  
She's not a nurse, kid.

NEIL  
I know that!

Neil runs off, leaving us with Gilda and Billy.

BILLY CRYSTAL  
Should I be worried?

GILDA

About Neil?

BILLY CRYSTAL

No - Fuck Neil - About my set. I  
can't get a straight answer out of  
Lorne.

GILDA

(holds his face)

You're family, Billy.

41

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MAIN STREET**

41

Meanwhile, Lorne searches room to room for Belushi when he runs smack dab into DAVE TEBET and a TUXEDOED COMEDIAN with greased back hair, tie undone, and a cigar.

TEBET

Lorne, you know Milton Berle.

LORNE

Absolutely. Big fan. Grew up on  
your work.

MILTON BERLE

Who didn't? Heard it's your big  
night.

TEBET

We're counting on it. How's it all  
coming?

LORNE

Just... perfect.

TEBET

Really. Nothing I can help with? I  
have a little pull, you know.

LORNE

Honestly, it's been smooth sailing.

TEBET

Well, you never hear that.

MILTON BERLE

You certainly don't.

LORNE

Yep. Being here must bring back all  
kinds of memories.

They take the cross street towards Broadway. Milton takes a look into the wardrobe room. Sees Jackie doing her make-up.

MILTON BERLE

Sure. Used to call it the RCA Radio tower - Radio, that wonderful invention by which I could reach a million people... who fortunately couldn't reach me.

TEBET

You know Milt's TV show once pulled a ninety seven share. Ninety seven percent of the American audience was watching Uncle Miltie.

As if on cue, some of the stage hands notice Milton. They all know him. *Hey buddy! Uncle Miltie! Miss you!*

LORNE

You ever miss being Mr. Television?

MILTON BERLE

(frowns)

What is he talking about?

TEBET

Lorne - Milton remains one of the peacock's brightest feathers.

MILTON BERLE

It's quite a feather.

LORNE

Of course...

MILTON BERLE

And I'm looking forward to hosting your show.

They stop on Broadway.

LORNE

Well (coughs) we'd be honored.  
There are still so many decisions.

MILTON BERLE

I'm hearing episode five.

TEBET

Boys upstairs love it.  
Affiliates ate it up.

MILTON BERLE (CONT'D)

They're the real boss.

LORNE

It's a late show. Are you suited  
for midnight?

MILTON BERLE

At sixty seven, I still feel like a twenty year old, but unfortunately, there's never one around.

LORNE

Your reputation precedes you.

MILTON BERLE

Yeah, by about eleven inches.

Milton eyes Jackie in costumes and pursues his conquest.

MILTON BERLE (CONT'D)

Excuse me a second.

TEBET

Any sign of Belushi?

LORNE

Hm? Oh, John? I believe he's in wardrobe. Why?

TEBET

Legal is frantic for his paperwork.

LORNE

Strange. I'll look into that...

Lorne turns and goes for the CONTROL ROOM DOOR. Locked. He embarrassingly has to knock again. For a moment, Lorne makes eye contact with the TOSCANINI PORTRAIT.

TEBET

Lorne, I can imagine what must be racing through your mind... the thought, no matter how improbable, that you might not make it to air.

LORNE

Hadn't even occurred to me.

There's a hive of energy around them. No one seems to notice the tension of the coming conversation.

TEBET

Really? I heard you're having some technical difficulties?

LORNE

Not that I know of...

TEBET

Oh, it's just that I had heard your writers were stoned, your actors were physically assaulting each other, the sound system was down and a fire broke out earlier...

Lorne frozen. Tebet plows forward with a smile.

TEBET (CONT'D)

I've been doing this job a long time. I've seen it all. I'm sure you have it all under control.

LORNE

(smiles)

Yes. Minor issues. Already addressed.

TEBET

(smiles back)

Well, that's reassuring.

LORNE

Oh, this whole conversation is a soothing shower of relief.

Tebet knocks on the control room door for Lorne.

TEBET

Good - Good. Look, if for some reason, you can't lock your script or commit your cast to legally binding contracts, please rest assured, the country would be happy to watch Johnny Carson.

LORNE

I mean, we could always run the tape of dress rehearsal. Worst case scenario.

TEBET

(smiles)

That's not the worst case.

The control room door finally opens. Lorne slips inside.

Gilda and Billy at a locked door. Knocking with concern.

GILDA

Neil, everything okay in there?

Gilda looks to others in the hallway for help.

JANE

What's the matter?

GILDA

The band gave Neil a big fat whale honker and now he's freaking out.

A small gathering forms outside the door... *Come on Neil...* *Neil...* *It's okay bud...* *Open the door, Neil...* Chevy Chase works his way to the front of the group.

CHEVY

(ala Landshark)

*Special Delivery for Neil Levy...*  
*Flowers... Candygram...*

Gilda finds Aykroyd.

AYKROYD

What's with the convention?

GILDA

Neil took a hit of something. He's locked himself in.

AYKROYD

(nods)

Hey Buddy, you freaking out in there?

NEIL (O.S.)

I took a hit in the departure lounge.

AYKROYD

Who's grass was it?

NEIL (O.S.)

One of the horn players.

AYKROYD

Degenerates. That's a potent dragon you're riding, kid. What you smoked was a sacred strain from the Isaan plateau of Thailand. Make no mistake, that stick is stronger than a bull elephant. But you're going to be OK. We're all a little freaked out.

(MORE)

**AYKROYD (CONT'D)**

Now, first things first, open the door so I can make sure your face isn't inside out.

(winks to Gilda)

*Click - Neil unlocks the door and emerges. Danny gets really close, right in his mug.*

**AYKROYD (CONT'D)**

(mock terror)

Oh Dear God!

(breaks)

Ah, you're going to be fine. Just need a little studio fuel. We'll wrestle you up some amphetamines and you'll be fit as a flea. You might even like it. You know Robert Louis Stevenson did some of his best work on nose candy. He was a real freak for the Peruvian Lady.

BARBARA runs up in a panic.

**BARBARA**

Hey! We need everyone in togas!  
Everyone down to the eighth floor!

And with that, they're off! War cries, howling into...

43

**STAIRWELL DOWN TO 8TH FLOOR**

43

The actors hoot and holler like kids on a rollercoaster. They pass Jim Fox who covers his ears in a panic.

44

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MAIN STREET**

44

The mob of actors storm down the hallway like whirling dervishes, picking up props and pieces of wardrobe.

They pass Bernie Brillstein eating mac and gravy.

They burst through the stage doors into 8H.

45

**CONTROL ROOM**

45

On the screens we watch the actors invade studio 8H.

**POOK**

(to Lorne)

Did Rosie tell you what she wants for her credit?

LORNE  
Yeah... she was of two minds...  
She, uh...

Something catches Lorne's eye. He frowns. On one of the MONITORS. Lorne gets closer.

It's an episode of THE TONIGHT SHOW.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
What is this? Why are you cueing up Carson?

The room goes a little quiet. No answer.

LORNE (CONT'D) EBERSOL  
Who is that? (uncomfortable)  
Uh... I think it's Tony Curtis. That's pretty normal for a live show, right Dave?

DAVE WILSON  
Yeah, anything goes wrong, we bump to tape.

LORNE  
Right...

Lorne is interrupted by BARBARA. She's out of breath.

BARBARA  
Lorne! We found a lighting director!

LORNE  
Great! Go get him.

BARBARA  
He's lighting a show right now. This will take massaging.

LORNE  
We don't have time... What floor?

Already leaving the control room.

Speed walking to the elevators.

BARBARA  
Sixth floor. Some variety show.

LORNE  
He knows I'm coming...?

Barbara doesn't know.

Garret Morris sees Lorne and jumps into the procession.

GARRETT MORRIS  
Is this a bad time?

LORNE  
It's the perfect time. What's on  
your mind, Garrett?

GARRETT MORRIS  
Why'd you hire me?

LORNE  
You were cheap.

GARRETT MORRIS  
Really?

LORNE  
I'm being ironical, Garrett.

Lorne slips into an elevator and it shuts behind him.

Garret steps away and almost runs into Gilda.

GILDA  
Hey Garrett... What's wrong?

GARRETT MORRIS  
Nothing. I'm just trying to figure  
out exactly what I'm doing here.

GILDA  
What do you mean?

GARRETT MORRIS  
Well, I just can't help feeling  
like an outsider.

GILDA  
... Because you're so much older?

GARRETT MORRIS  
No. I'm... I'm not that much older.

GILDA  
You are a little bit older.

GARRETT MORRIS

No, look, I went to Juilliard. I've been on Broadway. I'm a published playwright. You know how many operas I've done?

GILDA

I have no idea, Garrett.

GARRETT MORRIS

Shit, while Danny and Laraine were eating Fruit Loops, I was performing La Traviata... in Italian. You dig?

GILDA

Of course I dig, Garrett, but...  
(a thought)

No one is saying you can't sing on the show.

Garret is about to say something but stops short.

*Prelap - DING!*

47

## 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY

47

Elevator doors open revealing Lorne and Barbara. The 6th floor feels like a time warp to old school variety TV.

Lorne quickly moves between show girls, magicians, animal acts, a barbershop quartet. A minefield of mediocrity.

Lorne makes it to the STAGE DOORS and plows through into...

48

## STAGE 6G

48

Lorne is stopped by the ARM of a production assistant. He's gestured to wait and be quiet until rehearsal is over.

The stage - A SPLASHY 1970s design of starbursts and white risers. Showgirls in sequins and feathers separate to reveal none other than - MILTON BERLE. Singing. A Conga line forms.

We swing back to Lorne and realize he is fixated on something else. A DIGITAL CLOCK - 10:49... becomes 10:50.

Lorne breaks past the production assistant. He runs up the stairs of the empty bleachers, two at a time, past a couple unimpressed smoking grips all the way to the light booth.

At the lighting desk is a GRIZZLY OLD LIGHTING DIRECTOR, arms covered in Navy tattoos. He spills over the board with his cigarette, barking at his long-haired young assistant - CARL.

GRIZZLY LIGHTING DIRECTOR  
 Fuck Carl, get your head out of  
 your ass. Prep the cupcake lights  
 and bring up the glitter.

Lorne clocks the lighting director, then turns to Carl.

LORNE  
 Carl, I have a job offer. It comes  
 with no guarantees, no perks, and  
 no weekends.

CARL  
 How's the pay?

LORNE  
 That's the worst part.

Carl removes his headset. Follows Lorne. They run back down the bleachers, just as fast. A magician sets up on stage.

49      **6TH FLOOR HALLWAY**

49

PLOWING through the stage doors and back down the hallway. Lorne falls over a PRODUCT DISPLAY for La Choy canned Chinese food, knocking cans everywhere.

50      **8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

50

We turn to find Billy Crystal and Valri Bromfield.

CRYSTAL  
 What's the fastest you could do  
 your set? Top to bottom.

VALRI  
 5 minutes.

CRYSTAL  
 Yeah, me too. Could you do it in 4?

VALRI  
 Probably.

CRYSTAL  
 Yeah, me too. They're gonna offer  
 3, but we draw the line at 4.

VALRI

Okay. I want to do the show.

CRYSTAL

We're doing the show. We just can't get jerked around.

VALRI

But we're doing the show?

CRYSTAL

Of course. We just need to be in this together.

51

**STAGE 8H**

51

GREEK COLUMNS are being wheeled out as a BREAK ROOM set is wheeled in. Actors and actresses in Hair and Make-Up. A make-up assistant presents a Kleenex and Gilda spits out her gum.

Leo has notably only laid down about 30% OF THE BRICKS.

NBC Pages hand out updated pages. Cast and crew zip through, looking for changes. Chevy comes through like a lost dog.

CHEVY

Anyone seen Jacqueline? My fiancee?

Meanwhile - Gilda, Laraine, and Jane are switching costumes in QUICK CHANGE BOOTHS. They emerge in construction worker costumes. Rosie is there to direct them.

ROSIE

Gilda, why don't you put your foot up over on that bench there...

CHEVY

(wandering through)

You gals seen Jackie?

The actresses shake their heads. They can't help him.

We turn to find Danny, wearing a small courtesy robe. He's tugging away at whatever costume he's wearing underneath. It's clearly too tight and riding up his ass.

AYKROYD

(to Rosie)

Hey... is this really necessary?

ROSIE

(flirty)

Are you kidding hot stuff, you're  
going to melt every TV in America.

We catch Danny using the same line he used on Gilda earlier.

AYKROYD

*Ma'am, you know, you're dealing  
with a fully qualified male  
strumpet.*

ROSIE

Oh yeah?

AYKROYD

*I have a work order here which  
specifies that I am to roger your  
roundly...*

Laraine looks over to see Danny flirting with Rosie. She tries not to react. Gilda catches the moment as well and distracts Laraine by fixing her helmet.

Aykroyd looks close enough to kiss Rosie when Lorne approaches and there's just no time to recover.

LORNE

(to Danny)

Any idea where Belushi might be?

ROSIE

Haven't seen him.

Aykroyd is a deer in headlights.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Danny...?

AYKROYD

Well... John is an anarchist and an  
Illinois Alpha Male.

LORNE

What does that mean?

AYKROYD

You know... uh... You and I might  
approach this vast space like 15th  
century peasants entering the  
Vatican, but Mr. Belushi's a whole  
other animal. He's a skeptic and a  
troublemaker. I'd give O'Houlihans  
a recce.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
(translating)  
He's at the bar next door.

Lorne nods and turns to Rosie.

LORNE  
Barbara is still asking about your credit on the show.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Whatever you think.

LORNE  
Hey, it's your name.

Lorne finds another problem. Half the bricks at Home Base are still in a pile. Leo trowels as fast as he can. Lorne checks his watch and eyes the shop steward.

SHOP STEWARD  
We'd help if we could, but we're routing for the little guy.

LORNE  
At least your heart's in it.

Lorne steps away and we pan back to Aykroyd.

AYKROYD  
Are we good? Is he alright?

ROSIE  
Young man, whatever's happening here between you and me is the last thing on his mind right now.

AYKROYD  
The man doesn't wrestle with the green-eyed monster?

ROSIE  
Hardly. Look, one day, on his way home from grade school, Lorne stops at a construction site, and just watches these two wild maniacal girls jumping on boards. He just stood there, forever, transfixed by - me - The girl with the toilet paper tits.

AYKROYD  
You can get arrested for that.

ROSIE

We were kids.

STAGE HAND

(interrupting)

Hey Rosie, sweetheart, mind  
stepping off that cable.

ROSIE

Yeah, you got it, Moose.

(back to her story)

Anyhow, Lorne lost his dad at  
fourteen. His mom sold everything.  
He went a year without furniture. I  
thought he was just a stray,  
looking for a warm piece of carpet.  
Like he wanted to be a part of my  
family and I was his kid sister or  
something. But then, hormones,  
turns out I am NOT his little  
sister. So we started dating and I  
thought, alright, he wants to build  
a family - With me. So we got  
married, bought a house and stuff.  
No ring or anything, I think those  
are pretty stupid. But linens.  
China. Anyhow, it turns out, I'm  
not the kid sister or the wife. I'm  
the writer.

DANNY

And who's he...?

Aykroyd won't get his answer just yet.

JOE DICSO (O.C.)

Everyone on their marks!

DON PARDO steps up to a mic, holding his headphones.

DON PARDO (O.C.)

We now take you to Ancient Greece  
as...

STAGE HANDS hear this and are caught off guard. They begin  
moving GIANT COLUMNS INTO PLACE...

JOE DICSO

Wo, wo, wo... Not yet, Don! Wrong  
sketch, buddy.

Stage almost barrel into the camera boys.

JOE DICSO (CONT'D)  
Back to one...

Rosie now next to the camera to direct the rehearsal.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
Okay, action girls.

Gilda tips her construction helmet and smiles.

GILDA  
(brassy New York)  
Now that you've mastered all the  
technical know-how, it's time we  
work on your sidewalk skills.  
(gestures to Danny)  
Daniel over here has kindly offered  
to aid us in a live demonstration.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
(directing)  
Danny, enter from the right.

Danny, clearly uncomfortable, steps into the stage space.

ROSIE SHUSTER (CONT'D)  
(directing)  
And take off the robe...

Danny sighs and does so, revealing a skin tight red shirt and suffocating Daisy Dukes.

Immediately, whistles from off camera. Danny is clearly genuinely embarrassed in front of the crew. Rosie smiles, having engineered this moment.

GILDA  
Now, when a little piece of heaven  
like Danny walks by...  
(to Danny)  
Strut your stuff, cupcake.  
(to the girls)  
Here's how you make him feel right  
at home...

Danny is visibly embarrassed and struggling to stay in character. We can see Gilda already enjoying this.

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Hey, beefcakes, yeah you!

Gilda nods to Jane, who nervously approaches.

ROSIE SHUSTER  
(directing)  
And Jane, try putting your foot up  
on the bench.

JANE  
(to Rosie)  
This good?  
(adorably nervous)  
Yeah, dreamboat, what's da matter?  
A smile isn't gonna cost ya  
anything.

GILDA  
(to Danny)  
Okay, be a doll and move those gams  
for us...

Danny gives a little walk in his costume. Gilda follows closely with her hands out.

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Voom, va-va-voom! Voom, va-va voom!

Stage hands eating this up.

SHOP STEWARD  
Show him how to do it, Gilda.

Gilda nods to Laraine - *Give it to him.*

LARAINNE  
Hey stud muffins, want to make  
bouncy bouncy?

Rosie whistles from off camera.

The crew joins in with a few more whistles. Comments start to fire off from behind camera. Danny seems genuinely embarrassed and is barely in character.

DANNY  
(breaking character)  
Are we still doing the scene?

JANE  
What's the matter, joy chunks?

<p style="text-align: center;">LORNE (under his breath) <i>Joy chunks?</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ROSIE SHUSTER They're just rolling with it now.</p>
--	--

LARAINE  
 (tosses a glove)  
 Hey, you dropped something.

Danny plays along. He picks the glove up, bending over.

LARAINE (CONT'D)  
 Nice. Work that little caboose.

GILDA  
 Hey, hey, hey, come on, baby. LARAINE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, crazy pecs! Why don't  
 ya flex'em for me, butch?

DANNY  
 Okay, okay... GILDA (CONT'D)  
 They are so cute when they're  
 mad.

Danny has fully broken character and is now just blushing.

ROSIE  
 (tosses him his robe)  
 Alright, cover yourself up...

Gilda puts her arm around Laraine.

GILDA LARAINE  
 Nice scene... \* Yeah, strumpet.

DON PARDO (O.C.)  
We now take you to Ancient Greece  
as Alexander the Great attends his  
Ten Year High School Reunion!

JOE DICSO  
 Okay, that's you, Rocky, Hal...  
 cameras are on the move... columns  
 are in... five, four... Hey Frank,  
 you still on the clock?

Stage hands on the move with columns... Cameras peds whip out  
 of the way... The sound booms whips up to make room... A  
 cable is lifted on a pole so a flat can slide through...

It's actually working when...

CARLIN (O.C.)  
 ARE YOU SHITTING ME WITH THIS  
 COSTUME?!

Carlin bounds onto the stage floor at full volume. He's  
 dressed as Alexander the Great. All attention is now on him.

Everything crashes to a stop.

Lorne sees Tebet watching everything and swoops in.

LORNE  
How can I help, George?

CARLIN  
I mean what is this shit? Why am I dolled up like a fucking towel boy at Caesar's?

LORNE DON PARDO  
You're playing Alexander the Great at his... \* ... Ten Year High School Reunion!

CARLIN

O'DONOOGHUE  
Exactly - So, when Chevy asks what you've been up to, your response is "Oh you know, mostly conquering the known universe."

CARLIN

LORNE  
(one eye on Tebet)  
Yes, what's your concern?

CARLIN  
My concern is why I let my agent  
convince me to do your show.  
(waving sides)  
I mean, what is this script? Feels  
like a Spruce Goose. Lotta wood, no  
lift off.

O'DONOOGHUE  
(flat)  
Is that right?

LORNE  
Perhaps a rewrite... We have...  
(checks his watch)  
Jesus Christ...

O'DONOOGHUE  
(mulls this over)  
George, I hear you.

CARLIN

O'DONOOGHUE  
I think I understand the reason you  
might be struggling.

LORNE

O'DONOUGHUE (CONT'D) LORNE (CONT'D)  
... That revolve around ... Michael...  
'acting'.

O'DONOOGHUE (CONT'D)  
That must feel foreign when you're  
just a ponytailed vulture, feeding  
off the corpse of Lenny Bruce.

Lorne just stares at O'Donoghue.

CARLIN  
(smiling)  
You know, you're right. I'd hate to make these *skits* any worse than they already are. Thank god no one will be watching. Enjoy your fucking circle jerk.

Carlin storms off. Leaves his crown.

A beat as Schiller walks by with the SAGE.

For a moment, Lorne is lost in the chaos of the set. Carpentry, masonry, lights buzzing, speaker futzing.

Lorne looks over to see Dave Tebet whispering something to Dick Ebersol. Lorne exits.

Meanwhile, Chevy rounds the back of the ancient greek set to find Jackie in a toga... and Milton Berle all over her.

CHEVY  
Hey hon, they need us in Athens.

CHEVY

MILTON BERLE  
What hours? I'll take the rest of  
the evening.

CHEVY JACKIE  
Excuse me...? He's kidding...

MILTON BERLE  
Yeah, buddy, I'm kidding.

CHEVY  
That's sweet. I remember when you used to do comedy.

MILTON BERLE  
Funny, cause I've never heard of  
you.

CHEVY  
Probably the Alzheimers. What's the matter, did you wander off onto an actual TV set? Hey darling, look, it's the ghost of television past. He used to be an institution. Now he needs one.

MILTON BERLE  
If you want my comeback, you're  
going to have to scrape it off the  
back of your mom's teeth.

Jackie guffaws.

CHEVY  
You're going to laugh at that?

MILTON BERLE  
Listen sweetheart, there's plenty  
more where that came from.

JACKIE  
Oh god...

And just like that, Milton Berle unzips and unravels his prodigious third leg. Jackie and Chevy stammer.

MILTON BERLE  
Oh, do I have your attention? I  
have two stars on the walk of fame.  
Who gives a shit. I once held  
ninety percent of the television  
viewing audience. *Pleh.* That's not  
what they're going to remember.

**MILTON BERLE (CONT'D)**

They're gonna remember Mr.  
 Television. Their Uncle Miltie. Who  
 the fuck are you? You're not a  
 star, kid. You're barely in the  
 building. You're not even a  
 swinging dick.

(to Jackie)

Call me after he's done crying.

Milton zips up and walks away.

Over the speakers, we hear the strum of a harp, followed by the voice of Don Pardo.

DON PARDO (O.C.)

We now take you to Ancient Greece  
as...

JOE DICSO (O.C.)

We're not going to Ancient Greece!

52

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

52

Lorne pops through the Main Street doors, running immediately into Laraine in her reporter's costume, flanked by a couple costume assistants.

LARAINE

I think we figured it out!

LORNE

Figured what out?

And just like that, in a flash, Laraine transforms from reporter into her ancient Greek toga. Like a magic trick.

LORNE (CONT'D)

We cut the toga sketch.

LARAINE

Oh.

Lorne strides towards Broadway. Audrey joins him in step.

AUDREY

(direct as ever)

Even without Alexander, we're still thirty over. Perhaps we don't need four musical performances...? Or we could trim one of the Carlin monologues...

Lorne nods. He goes to the Run Of Show board and rips everything off it. It's cacophonous as all the cards fall in a pile on the floor.

LORNE  
Are we under now?

Lorne turns to go but is stopped by Billy and Valri.

BILLY CRYSTAL  
Lorne... We've been talking, and we can't accept less than four minutes a piece. That's four for me and four for Valri. We've worked too hard on our material to accept anything less. I'm afraid it's four or nothing.

LORNE  
Two minutes.

BILLY CRYSTAL  
You need me to cut two minutes?

LORNE  
No, I need two minutes of material. It's two minutes or nothing.

Billy cocks his head. Trying to read the moment.

BILLY CRYSTAL  
Lorne, is this for real? I killed at dress... I was the only act that killed at dress.

LORNE  
Can you do it in two?

BILLY CRYSTAL  
I can't even set it up in two.

LORNE  
Then I don't know what to say. I'm sorry it didn't work out.  
(turns to Valri)  
Can you make it work in two?

VALRI  
(without hesitating)  
Yes. Yes I can.

Lorne nods, walks away.

Billy turns to look at Valri. His world shatters.

We chase Ebersol as he follows Lorne into the stairwell.

53

**STAIRWELL**

53

Ebersol approaches Lorne carefully.

EBERSOL

I was thinking... Why don't we punt? Come back stronger next week, debut with Paul Simon...

LORNE

Oh, was that what you were thinking?

EBERSOL

We're just not ready.

LORNE

We don't go on because we're ready. We go on because it's 11:30.

EBERSOL

Hey, no one wants this show to succeed more than I do.

LORNE

Is that so?

EBERSOL

I mean, yeah, I hired you, Lorne. I stayed up all night at the fucking Chateau Mormont listening to your heady theories on comedy because I believe in you. I take it up the ass from this network every day, because I believe in this show. And I'm telling you, we should run the dress rehearsal and claw back a win next Saturday. It's in everyone's best interest - Mainly yours.

LORNE

Are you...? Was that a threat?

EBERSOL

No, I'm trying to give you advice.

Neil pops his head in at the exact wrong moment.

NEIL

(chipper)  
Twenty Five minutes!

LORNE

Thank you Neil.

Neil disappears. Lorne turns to Ebersol.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the advice. We can't.  
It's a live show.

EBERSOL  
No one will know the difference.

LORNE  
We just can't.

EBERSOL  
Lorne, you need to start adjusting  
your concept of what you can and  
cannot do...

LORNE  
We can't because there is no tape,  
alright?! I didn't record the dress  
rehearsal. Now we don't have to  
argue about it.

Ebersol is stunned. His face tightens.

EBERSOL  
Are you fucking kidding me?

LORNE  
(deep breath)  
We just need to make it to air.

EBERSOL  
I'm not going to be able to protect  
you.

LORNE                                   EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
I'm used to that.                     Screw you.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)  
Do you know how much bullshit never  
makes it to your ears because I am  
the wall they hit.

LORNE  
Tell that to your Polaroid rep.  
She's cute.

EBERSOL  
Oh, I'm sorry you need a sponsor  
for a show that can't pull a single  
advertiser. You know they're giving  
out the ads for free? For free.

LORNE

Frankly, NBC is lucky to have something as relevant as this show.

EBERSOL

Lucky? They don't even want it!

LORNE

Yes, that's logical, that's why they've paid us all to be here - Because they don't want our show.

EBERSOL

They want you to fail.

Lorne scoffs.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

They're betting on it. NBC makes more money playing reruns of the Tonight Show on Saturday.

LORNE

So why don't they?

EBERSOL

Contract dispute. They need to prove to Johnny Carson that the reruns are inevitable. So, they built a show that was guaranteed to fail.

Lorne doesn't have a quick response this time.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

Ninety minutes of live television by a group of kids in their twenties who've never made anything? Did you ever stop to wonder why they said yes?

He didn't.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

A counter culture show starring total unknowns with zero narrative and even less structure? Are you so arrogant that you never even questioned this?

Lorne is speechless.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

Look, this is what's going to happen at 11:30 tonight. Okay? All your actors will be on their marks. Band's tuned up. Joe's hollering out the count down. You'll be in the control room and Dave Tebet will be standing, probably right next to you. And right as the screen goes black, Tebet will point with his big ass jeweled up index finger and say "Go to Carson". And that'll be that.

Ebersol begins to exit. Stops at the door.

EBERSOL (CONT'D)

I know you all make fun of me and my clothes behind my back. But I'm killing myself for this show.

(then, quietly)

Also... Polaroid is cool.

Ebersol exits. Lorne is alone in the stairwell. He just breathes in a long silence. Out of chess moves.

Deep breath. Gathers.

Lorne approaches the door back into the hallway. Steps through and...

**SPLASH! - A GALLON OF BLOOD HITS LORNE IN THE CHEST!**

54 OMITTED

54

55 **8TH FLOOR - BETWEEN MAIN ST AND BROADWAY**

55

A beat as Lorne takes in the moment. Dripping gore.

TOM DAVIS (O.C.)  
Oh shit, Lorne!

AL FRANKEN (O.C.)  
It worked!

Reveal Tom and Al holding the blood pump.

LORNE  
(quiet)  
Nice work, fellas. A little heavy  
on the flow. But very funny.

TOM DAVIS  
Sorry about the clothes.

AL FRANKEN  
And your face.

LORNE

Art is but a measure of sacrifice  
and tears. Not quite ready for  
tonight, but we'll keep it on a  
special list.

He taps the wall and begins to walk away with a SIGH.

Lorne rounds the corner onto MAIN STREET. He encounters the a growing audience lining up. He makes eyes with a few folks, smiles meekly, still dripping.

Finally past the gauntlet, he arrives at an open elevator --

56

**ELEVATOR**

56

Jim Henson is standing quietly inside the elevator.

HENSON

Is this an OK time?

LORNE

Ideal.

Lorne is dripping fake blood on the elevator floor. The elevator man eyes him warily.

HENSON

Look, I know what people say when they see a man with his arm up a muppet. But this isn't just kid's stuff. There's room for high stakes puppetry on grown-up TV and... I get the sense that some of the writers on the 17th floor don't respect us.

LORNE

Strong words.

HENSON

I don't use them lightly.

LORNE

You didn't like the pages.

HENSON

There were no pages.

LORNE

Fair criticism.

DING! Elevator doors open.

ELEVATOR MAN  
Lobby.

Lorne walks through the lobby and out into the night.

56A      **50TH STREET**

56A

We follow Lorne into the quiet of midtown Manhattan late on a Saturday night. True to form, no one flinches as a blood-soaked man meanders on the sidewalk.

Still struggling to fill his quota, the NBC PAGE calls out -

NBC PAGE  
Hey, any interest in free tickets  
to a taping tonight--

Without saying a word, Lorne grabs the Page's clipboard and HURLS IT into the middle of the road. A truck runs it over.

NBC PAGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Lorne stumbles a couple doors down. O'HOULIHANS BAR. Lorne goes to enter when he sees Billy Crystal at a subway entrance. Debating whether to descend and go home. He thinks, then walks downstairs, a broken man.

Lorne sighs and we follow him into --

57      **DIVE BAR**

57

A crummy midtown watering hole. Lorne walks in, looks around.

A smattering of old drunks and a few bridge and tunnel couples looking for some fun in the big city. At one end of the room sits a long walnut bar. Opposite the bar is a low stage set against a red brick wall.

On the stage, a BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN.

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN  
My family, they never quite fit in here... My great grandfather even fought in the civil war - He fought for the West!

Lorne sits at the bar, cleans off his face with a bar-cloth.

LORNE  
Vodka, double, fast.

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN  
A drunk stands before the bench.  
Judge says, *You've been brought  
here for drinking.* The drunk says -  
*Okay, what are we having?*

Some GROANS from the crowd. The comedian singles someone out in the audience.

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN (CONT'D)  
You think you're so funny? Look at  
you... Was anyone else hurt in the  
accident?

The bartender pours out a shot.

LORNE  
Thanks.

YOUNG MAN  
Fuck! Bullshit.

Lorne turns to stare at the agitated young man sitting beside him. He sits poised over a composition NOTEBOOK.

The man seems to shudder every time the audience misses a joke, crossing out lines in his notebook like a violent stenographer. This is ALAN ZWEIBEL (23).

Lorne turns to the young man.

LORNE  
What's happening here?

ZWEIBEL  
I get paid seven bucks a joke - if  
it gets a laugh. This putz is  
taking bulletproof material and  
filling it with lead.

Lorne putting it together.

LORNE  
You wrote his jokes?

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN  
Yesterday, I told my doctor, I've  
got a ringing in my ear. He said,  
*Don't answer it.*

A few chuckles. Alan deflates again.

LORNE

Why don't you perform them  
yourself?

ZWEIBEL

Look at me. This is how much I  
sweat - off stage.

Behind them, the comedian closes to tepid applause.

Lorne points to a thick binder on the bar.

LORNE

This your joke book? How many you  
got in here?

ZWEIBEL

Eleven hundred. Single spaced.

LORNE

Mind if I...?

Alan slides the notebook on the bar. Lorne starts leafing  
through. Smiles at a joke.

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN (O.C.)

That was rough. Shit crowd.

ZWEIBEL

Yep, that was it.

The comedian joins them. He fishes out a change purse and  
starts pulling out crumpled singles and a handful of change.

ZWEIBEL (CONT'D)

Hey, what's with the quarters?

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN

I changed the punchline from 46 to  
49 on the one about the Buick -  
Much bigger laugh, so I figure I  
only owe you 3.50 for that one.

LORNE

(to Zweibel)  
Do you want a job?

ZWEIBEL

I want a defibrillator.

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN

You serious? This kid?

(to Zweibel)

Tell him what you really do.

(to Lorne)

He's a deli boy.

(MORE)

**BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN (CONT'D)**

He's the schmuck with the little paper hat who slices the pastrami behind the counter... and he can barely do that.

LORNE  
(to Zweibel)  
How much do you need to live?

ZWEIBEL  
I make three bucks an hour at the  
deli. Match that.

Lorne extends a hand.

LORNE BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN  
You're hired. Lorne Michaels. ... Are you fucking kidding me?

## ZWEIBEL

BORSCHT BELT COMEDIAN  
(to Lorne)  
You're better off buying the pastrami.

Lorne gets up and downs the shot.

LORNE

Zweibel gathers his things and follows Lorne out.

ZWEIBEL  
When do we start?

Lorne checks his watch.

LORNE

And just like that, Lorne and his newest hire are outside.

They step outside and begin walking back to the NBC entrance.

## ZWEIBEL

LORNE  
Condolences.

ZWEIBEL

I'm thinking, maybe we should go to  
Mrs. Ed for comment.

LORNE

(laughs)

Next week. Go to Claremont Stables  
on 89th and pick out a Tennessee  
Walker or something.

ZWEIBEL

How bout a Palomino. I think Mr. Ed  
would have graduated to fucking  
blondes.

Lorne hears something and PEELS OFF, turns back to Zweibel.

LORNE

8th floor. Follow the trail of  
blood.

Lorne continues to follow a sound - The unmistakable *slicing*  
sound of skating. He smiles.

For a moment, just quiet. We walk with Lorne as he takes in  
the magnitude of what he's trying to pull off. He walks by  
pedestrians and pays them no mind.

However, we begin to notice something unusual about the  
people that brush by. Their clothes... their hair... there's  
something recognizable. Each person who passes is a vision of  
SNL's future -

*Wayne and Garth, Roseanne Roseannadana, Mr. Robinson, Stefon,  
the Church Lady, the Blues Brothers, Mary Katherine  
Ghallager, Hanz and Franz, the Cheerleaders, the Nerds,  
Samurai, Pat, Stuart, Mango, Dieter, Two Wild and Crazy Guys.*

Lorne is on the precipice of changing comedy as we know it...  
yet he has no idea. Right now, he's just a 29 year old,  
wondering if he'll make it to tomorrow.

Twinkling Tchaikovsky plays. Golden Sculpture of a God in  
repose. John Belushi, still dressed as a bee, elegantly doing  
turns with care and beauty. Gilda watches from a ledge,  
cheering him on.

GILDA

Faster...! Faster...! Give us a  
twirl!

John throws her a look and goes into a spin.

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Maybe this is the last time we'll  
be just a couple of shmos.

JOHN  
Hm. Maybe.

GILDA  
You ever have nostalgia for a  
moment while you're still in it?

JOHN  
I don't know.

GILDA  
I mean you're in the moment, but  
you're also looking back on it.  
Like right now - I'm here - But I'm  
also thinking about this moment  
twenty years from now. We're  
walking by this rink, maybe it's  
Christmas, our kids are dragging us  
by our pinkies, and all we can  
think about is this moment, right  
before we went on TV.

JOHN  
Who says we need to be on TV?

LORNE (O.C.)  
The NBC liability clause forbids  
you from ice skating.

We pan over to reveal Lorne, now standing next to Gilda.

GILDA  
(quietly)  
I found John.

LORNE  
Thank you, Gilda.

BELUSHI  
(annoyed)  
Good thing I didn't sign my  
contract.

LORNE  
So, what's the deal?  
(off camera)  
What are we doing down here?

\*  
\*  
\*

BELUSHI

I want to try a double axel.

LORNE

(off camera)

Can I interest you in... (on  
camera) a single axel?

Belushi is already off. He starts a fast circle, around the perimeter. His legs chopping at the ice like a thoroughbred. For a moment, we remember that he was a high school athlete. He might actually pull this off... He's right on the edge... he takes flight, spins... and comes crashing down, sliding across the ice and hitting the boards - *THUMP*.

Gilda yelps in fear! Lorne leaps up and slides over the ice in his dress shoes.

LORNE (CONT'D)

Jesus... I yield, alright? I yield.

BELUSHI

I accept your surrender.

Belushi still getting his bearings.

LORNE

Can I help you up?

BELUSHI

I'm just going to lay here for a  
moment.

LORNE

Sure. We have all the time in the  
world.

Belushi looks over at the golden sculpture.

BELUSHI

Who is that asshole anyway?

LORNE

(glances)

Prometheus. He stole fire from the gods and shared it with man so we could have science and the arts.

BELUSHI

How'd it work out for him?

LORNE

They strung him to a cliff and a  
giant eagle visited him every day  
to claw open his torso and feast on  
his liver.

\*

BELUSHI

\*

Ouch.

\*

LORNE

\*

It's better not to think about it.

\*

(standing)

\*

I'm going to head back up. We've  
got a show to put on and I'd like  
to be there when I get fired.

\*

(adds)

\*

I really hope I see you up there.

\*

Lorne approaches the nearest door to the lobby of the  
building. Of course, it's locked.

\*

Lorne spots the first object he can find... a SCULPTURAL  
PEACOCK. He picks it up and BREAKS THE WINDOW with it.

60

#### **ELEVATOR LOBBY, RCA BUILDING**

60

Lorne approaches just as - *Ding* - an elevator opens. Inside,  
Rosie is waiting with a costume asst and a clothing rack.

ROSIE

I heard you needed a quick change  
for the last act.

LORNE

Thank you. I found Belushi.

ROSIE

(taking in the blood)  
Yeah? Did you murder him?

61

#### **ELEVATOR TO 8TH FLOOR**

61

The costume assistant helps Lorne into a corduroy jacket.  
Lorne complies as though this is perfectly normal.

LORNE

What do you think I should say when  
I get up there?

ROSIE

How should I know?

LORNE

You're the writer.

ROSIE

You're the talker.

LORNE

I'm the...? You have all the restraint of a Wurlitzer...

ROSIE

You talk the peel off a grape.

LORNE

(nods)

That's good.

Rosie fastens a DUCK PIN to Lorne's lapel.

LORNE (CONT'D)

I, uh, I won't be offended if you don't want to take my last name.

ROSIE

Hey, it's not even your last name.

62

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MAIN STREET**

62

Lorne walks passed the WAITING STUDIO AUDIENCE. They're getting impatient. The NBC Page from earlier is present.

NBC PAGE

Check it out! Full house!

LORNE

What did you tell them?

NBC PAGE

I mean, I lied a little, but they're all super excited. I think we might need to let them in.

LORNE

Almost.

NBC PAGE

(to the waiting audience)

Okay folks, we're almost there...  
It's going to be a wild night!

63

**STUDIO 8H**

63

Lorne walks back into the stage. Still hammering.

He passes a ROCK SOUND CREW, long hair, torn jeans. Then he hears it -- NEW SOUND. Audio Cables being connected. Lorne makes a silent prayer to the gods. Maybe Prometheus.

We pass Alan Zweibel hiding behind a FAKE PLANT. Suddenly, Gilda joins him, in the plant.

GILDA

(conspiratorially)

Are you the writer that Lorne found  
on the street?

ZWEIBEL

That's a slightly romantic read of  
the story, but yeah, I guess so.

GILDA

You got any characters for me?

ZWEIBEL

I don't know...

(squawks)

You want to be a parrot?

GILDA

(squawks, snorts)

You want to be a parrot?!

Bernie Brillstein walking by.

GILDA (CONT'D)

Oh, Alan, do you need an agent?  
This is Bernie. He represents...  
all of us, I think?

We see that Leo has notably finished only 60% OF THE BRICKS!

A BOOM SOUND quiets the entire stage.

ZWEIBEL

The fuck was that?

JOE DICSO

Quiet! Work stops now! Sound  
Check!! Who wants to sound check?

A lone Boom Operator steps into frame. Casual. Not a care in the fucking world. Extends the boom.

GILDA  
 Garret! Don't you know a song?!

Garrett Morris enters frame and steps up to the boom. He parts his lips and out comes an OPERA NOTE of such purity and beauty, you almost forget what movie you're watching.

We begin to circle Garrett as he holds this impossible note... and then a smile comes over his face as he suddenly segues into a song of his own writing...

GARRETT MORRIS  
*...IIIIII'M GONNA GET ME A SHOTGUN  
 AND KILL ALL THE WHITIES I SEE...  
 I'M GONNA GET ME A SHOTGUN AND KILL  
 ALL THE WHITIES I SEE...*

We move through the room, catching reactions. Apprehension, humor, confoundment...

Billy Preston's Band loves it and offers accompaniment.

GARRETT MORRIS (CONT'D)  
*...WHEN I KILL ALL THE WHITIES I  
 SEE... AND WHITEY, HE WON'T BOTHER  
 ME... I'M GOING TO GET ME A SHOTGUN  
 AND KILL ALL THE WHITIES I SEE...*

Garrett crescendos and bows to thunderous applause.

LORNE  
 Bravo!

It's then that Lorne notices Ebersol standing with Tebet... and all FIFTY AFFILIATES from the Green Room. Now on the stage floor. Lorne nearly double takes (but doesn't).

LORNE (CONT'D)  
 Oh hello, gentlemen, how long have you been standing there?

TEBET  
 Long enough.

AUDREY  
We need to let the audience in.

TEBET  
 Perhaps you kids aren't quite ready for prime time.

LORNE  
 What are you talking about?

TEBET

Look around Lorne. You haven't locked a script. Your actors are missing. Your crew's in open rebellion. Forget what standards and practices have to say. They'd be laughing at you in Burbank.

Rosie steps in.

ROSIE

But this isn't Burbank. It's New York fucking City.

It's gone quiet. Lorne looks over at Rosie.

LORNE

We have a hell of a show. We have two bands.

ROSIE

Three if you count Janis Ian.

LORNE

We have seven of the brightest comedy minds alive...

TEBET

Do you even know where they are?

LORNE

M-Most of them. Yes.

TEBET

(dismissive)

Maybe we'll try again next Saturday.

LORNE

Come on man. Everybody in this room has been killing themselves all week to make something special. To make something innovative and actually good. Have you done this so long, that you can't recognize the *potential for greatness* when it's right in front of your eyes?

TEBET

Do you even know what this show is?

And finally, Lorne is able to answer the question.

LORNE

It's an all nighter in the city.  
It's catching Richard Pryor at a drop in, or finding Paul Simon strumming in the back of a dive bar. It's meeting a girl outside a bodega and getting lucky in a phone booth. It's everything you think is going to happen when you move to the city.

The words play through the room beautifully.

TEBET

(locks eyes)

Show me.

LORNE

Show you what?

TEBET

Show me the greatness.

LORNE

JOE DICSO

We're going to be live in... Ten minutes!

TEBET

No you won't. Show me.

ROSIE

LORNE

We could show them the  
Muppets...?

God, no...

AUDREY

LORNE (CONT'D)

Bee Hospital...

You're not helping...

The sound of a NEEDLE HITTING A RECORD interrupts them.

We turn to find ANDY KAUFMAN on stage with his RECORD PLAYER. The MIGHTY MOUSE theme song begins to play. Lorne, jaw on the floor, doesn't know quite what to do.

The affiliates start bobbing along to the music. We move through the room catching smiles and nods from the whole crew. It's a unifying moment.

We arrive back at Andy just in time for the chorus...

ANDY KAUFMAN

*HERE I COME TO SAVE THE DAY!*

The crew APPLAUDS. Lorne spins to the Affiliates... They find it hilarious. They're on board!

Lorne runs up to Andy. Lifts the needle off the record.

LORNE  
(pats Andy on the back)  
Save your voice. BRING IN UPDATE!

DON PARDO  
*AND NOW... WEEKEND UPDATE...*

The Weekend Update Set comes sliding in.

The Affiliates take a step closer to see what's next.

Lorne comes running down to the desk. A costume assistant is waiting with Lorne's wardrobe change.

Lorne turns to Chevy, who is still stinging from his moment with Milton Berle. Lorne puts a hand on his shoulder.

LORNE  
You take it.

CHEVY  
Are you sure?

LORNE  
The show needs a face.

CHEVY  
Should I make up a name for the news anchor?

LORNE  
Use Chevy Chase. No one will believe it anyway.

Chevy hops up and takes the desk, measuring it with his arms.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Remember, when you look in the lens, you make eye contact with America.

Before Chevy can absorb that...

DON PARDO  
*WEEKEND UPDATE... WITH CHEVY CHASE!*

The affiliates light up! They LOVE Chevy.

Just then, AL SIEGEL, the cue card guy fumbles the cards. They tumble to the ground. He scurries to grab them.

Chevy improvises a beat. Picks up the phone on the desk.

CHEVY  
 (flirty)  
*Hey doll... What are you wearing...  
 I bet it does...*

Alan Zweibel seizes the moment and slides Chevy a card.

Chevy gives it a quick read and smiles.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 (to camera)  
 The Post Office announced today  
 that it is going to issue a stamp  
 commemorating prostitution in the  
 United States. It's a ten cent  
 stamp, but if you want to lick it,  
 it's a quarter.

This BRINGS THE HOUSE DOWN.

Chevy buzzes with the win. Bangs the desk with his fist!

BARBARA  
 We need to open the doors...

Lorne turns to Tebet, who holds stoically. He can feel the pressure of the affiliates around him. Finally, he nods.

LORNE	AUDREY
Let 'em in.	Thank God.

Everyone is on the move again. Camera pushes into Chevy.

CHEVY  
 (looks into lens)  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, Billy  
 Preston!

The Billy Preston band KICKS TO LIFE with the song "*Nothing For Nothing*". The stage feeds off their energy.

We look up to see audience members beginning to enter from the 9th floor deck into the bleachers.

We move to HOME BASE, where Yoshimura is struggling to finish. Stage Hands still watching.

SHOP STEWARD  
 This floor ain't going to lay  
 itself. Come on, grab a brick!

The stage hands get to their knees and start laying the floor with Leo. Even Chevy jumps in.

Lorne is taking in all the action. Barbara Gallagher presents Carl from the 6th floor.

BARBARA GALLAGHER  
Lorne, remember Carl?

LORNE  
Carl?... Oh Carl!!  
(to the lighting board)  
You ever used one of these?

CARL  
Not-a once.

LORNE  
You'll pick it up in no time.

We look up as the SKYLIGHT PIECE swings out over Home Base.

LORNE (CONT'D)  
Keep it steady boys.

We see Neil warming up the audience with a magic trick.

Carbunkle, NBC Standards, stops Ebersol mid-stride.

CARBUNKLE  
(referencing the script)  
Dick, question on page 26 of the  
script. What is a "golden shower"?

Some of the stage hands look up. Ebersol stammers. Lorne opens his mouth to cover, but Rosie jumps in --

ROSIE  
(pure bullshit)  
... It's a yoga practice... in  
which practitioners greet the new  
day... by allowing the warm rays of  
the golden sun... to 'shower' over  
their skin and warm their chakras.  
(adding)  
It's a California thing.

Carbunkle nods skeptically. Tom Schiller enters with sage.

TOM SCHILLER  
(pitching in)  
Oh yeah, started at Esalen. I've  
had at least fifty golden showers.

EBERSOL  
 (with sudden authority)  
 You heard him Sue, sign the damn  
 script. We're going to air!

Carbunkle is shaken into focus and SIGNS the script in an officious way. She hands it over to Ebersol. He looks over at Lorne, finally a full blood member of the family.

JOE DICSO  
 We're live in five minutes!

The "Wolverines" set is slid into place. Even as it lands, artists are painting the furniture on to the wall.

LEO  
 Will this work?

ROSIE  
 Of course it will. It's nostalgic.  
 It's Honeymooners. It has to work.

Lorne looks up at the audience settling in as he disappears under the bleachers. Zweibel is flipping through his joke notebook and dictating to the cue card writers.

64

**8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

64

Inside the Make-Up Room, Jackie Carlin is doing a touch up on Chevy's make up.

Nearby, Jane is running her lines in the mirror.

JANE CURTIN  
 I'm Jane Curtin, and welcome to  
 another episode of Victims of Shark  
 Bite.

A the Run Of Show board. Lorne takes a deep breath. He begins to pin the show back up. He discards sketches and pins others with confidence. A small crowd begins to gather.

LORNE	AYKROYD
Can you get that wig on in	You got it boss.
thirty seconds?	

LORNE (CONT'D)	DAVE WILSON
Will the crane get there?	It'll happen.

LORNE (CONT'D)	ANNE
Did you make the trims to	Already on cue cards.
that...?	

LORNE (CONT'D)

Laraine, I just don't think there's time for you to get from the reporter to the...

Right there and then, Laraine does a three second quick change from her reporter costume into a flight attendant or bunny cocktail waitress.

LORNE (CONT'D)

I stand corrected.

Lorne pins the final card into the board, he turns to Audrey.

AUDREY

Is that our show?

LORNE

That's our show.

JOE DICSO

Three minutes!

Lorne turns and bumps into a TABLE OF HANDGUNS.

LORNE

What the hell is this...?

Aykroyd picks up a HANDGUN.

DANNY

Smith and Wesson K-Frame

Model 19 Combat Magnum!

Nicely done Wallie.

WALLIE

Hey, you asked...

LORNE

Where did you find these?

WALLIE

I asked the stage hands.

LORNE

Don't share anything further...

Lorne steps over to...

Lorne approaches gingerly. Trying to contain his enthusiasm.

LORNE

Hey, George, I just wanted to apologize for the way you were treated earlier. The buck stops with me, and I just wanted you...

(frowns)

What's wrong?

GEORGE CARLIN

Maaaahh-jjjssss-trrrrrk.

LORNE

Jesus, are you having a stroke?

Carlin points to his jaw, then at some cocaine on the table.

LORNE (CONT'D)

You need more coke?

Carlin frowns. Points at his mouth again.

LORNE (CONT'D)

(to the hallway)

Danny!

Aykroyd pops in, half dressed. Quickly assesses.

AYKROYD

Lockjaw! Too much coke ceasing up the old mandibulars.

Aykroyd already behind Carlin, grabs his face and begins to massage his thumbs into the jaw joint. It's painful.

Lorne ignores the screams of pain and steps back out almost bumping into Michael O'Donoghue. Lost in the moment.

We follow O'Donoghue back into...

66

**STAGE 8H**

66

The crew is working like a well oiled machine! The way the stage hands and camera boys move together is a ballet.

Michael nervously approaches the set, ignoring the audience. He takes a seat on stage. The lights really hitting him. Painters are drying a fresh coat with hair blow dryers.

JOE DICSO

Two minutes!

Al and Tom pay him a visit.

TOM DAVIS  
Can you imagine being first up!

AL FRANKEN  
Opening the show and all!

Make-Up and Hair are patting O'Donoghue down. Someone removes his glasses, wipes them, and places them back on his face.

TOM DAVIS AL FRANKEN (CONT'D)  
Millions of people trying to How they want to spend their  
decide. Saturday Night.

TOM DAVIS (CONT'D)  
And what's the first thing they see...?

TOM DAVIS (CONT'D) AL FRANKEN  
No logo, no intro. Just a close-up of your face.

AL FRANKEN (CONT'D)  
But who gives a fuck, right?

TOM DAVIS (CONT'D) AL FRANKEN (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, we can't wait! We're pulling for you!

Tom and Al wander off laughing as Wally hands a very nervous O'Donoghue a BOOK and places a PIPE in his mouth.

We turn with Lorne to find the final bricks of home base going down. He looks up, the skylight still swaying.

Billy Preston and his band come to a rousing conclusion.  
APPLAUD FROM THE AUDIENCE. It kind of catches our cast and  
crew off guard... as they look up and notice THE AUDIENCE!

Gilda comes running out to set, dragging Laraine.

GILDA JOE DICSO  
Come on, I want a photo! There isn't time!

GILDA (CONT'D)  
Come on! Family photo! It'll never  
be the same after this! I'm not  
gonna leave until I get my photo!

JOE DICSO  
Fuck - Everyone in! Come on!

The cast (minus Belushi) quickly gathers on the Wolverines set by the stairway. Even Lorne gets into the photo.

EBERSOL  
I've got a camera!

Ebersol runs up with the POLAROID CAMERA!

The actors gather in the classic yearbook formation - CLICK! - The Polaroid spits out.

JOE DICSO  
Sixty seconds!

We follow Lorne back out, getting pats on the back from crew. He walks by Paul Shaffer and the SNL Band on his way out.

67      **8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BROADWAY**

67

Lorne enters just as Anne walks by with a TRAINER leading a LLAMA. Lorne just shakes his head.

68      **CONTROL ROOM**

68

Lorne finds a spot in the now packed room. Ebersol creates a small buffer between him and Tebet.

Commercials are playing back on monitors.

Cameras are getting focus checks.

Rosie enters and stands next to Lorne.

BARBARA  
Rosie... We need your last name for  
the credits.

ROSIE  
Shuster.

LORNE  
Shuster.

He chuckles. She takes his hand low where only we can see it.

Lorne clocks a monitor with Carson still cued up and ready.

JOE DICSO (O.C.)  
*Thirty Seconds!*

The very last commercial before air starts.

DAVE WILSON  
Michael, can we get a sound check?

O'DONOOGHUE (O.C.)  
1... 2... uh, 3...

DAVE WILSON  
(to the room)  
Someone's got the yips.

JOE DICSO (O.C.)  
*Twenty Seconds!*

DAVE WILSON  
George Carlin to his mark. Mr.  
Carlin, can I get a sound check?

GEORGE CARLIN (O.C.)  
1, 2, Fuck You.

JOE DICSO (O.C.)  
*Ten Seconds!*

POOK  
Carson still cued. DAVE WILSON  
Are we going live or going to  
tape?

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
Ready camera three... POOK (CONT'D)  
Pre-Roll VTR 24...

Lorne looks into the engineering room. They begin pre-roll.

On a PREVIEW MONITOR, the countdown for Carson begins.

JOE DICSO  
*Eight... Seven...* DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
Take Camera three. Ready on  
the fade.

Ebersol looks to Tebet.

POOK  
Pre-roll at *Six...* JOE DICSO (CONT'D)  
*Six... Five...*

The room turns around. Hands on button. At the ready.

JOE DICSO (CONT'D)  
*Four... Three...*

We push in on Tebet...

JOE DICSO (CONT'D)  
*Two...*

Everyone waiting for the final word... Tebet raises his big  
ass jewel encrusted index finger....

TEBET  
(quietly)  
Go live.

BUTTONS ARE QUICKLY PRESSED! ALL SCREENS GO DARK. Everyone collectively holds their breath.

DAVE WILSON  
And, we, are, live...?

MONITOR - Fades up on Michael O'Donoghue. Sweating.

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)	BARBARA GHALLAGER
Ready camera one... Push in	Cue Belushi...
on one...	

Nothing happens.

DAVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
(holding his headset mic)  
Cue John, cue John, cue John...

Lorne swallows. Eyes darting back and forth. He's off...

69

#### **STAGE 8H**

69

Lorne enters the studio swiftly, gingerly, making it to camera. Time stands still. We hear a cough from the audience.

Rosie, Ebersol, Audrey, follow...

Lorne keeps getting closer to the stage, watching the audience squirm in their seats...

And then - *Click...* The set door opens...

Belushi enters, wearing a wooly earflap hat. He descends the stairs and sits across from O'Donoghue.

Lorne doesn't blink. Cameras move in.

Belushi using a brilliant foreign unplaceable accent. Perhaps one of his Albanian relatives.

O'DONOOGHUE  
Let us begin. Repeat after me. I  
would like...

BELUSHI  
*I would like...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
To feed your fingertips...

BELUSHI  
*To feed your feengerteeeps...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
To the wolverines...

BELUSHI  
*To the wolver-eenes...*

The audience is laughing. Lorne looks around. It's working. As we listen to the sketch, we continue to move around the room, gathering every reaction. The writers. The cast members. The crew, now united, watching the show with pride. The audience absorbing this bonkers sketch.

O'DONOOGHUE  
*Next - I am afraid...*

BELUSHI  
*I em afred...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
*We are out...*

BELUSHI  
*We are out...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
*Of Badgers...*

BELUSHI  
*Of Badjoors...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
*Would you accept...?*

BELUSHI  
*Wood you assept...?*

O'DONOOGHUE  
*A wolverine...*

BELUSHI  
*A woolver-eene...*

O'DONOOGHUE  
*In it's place...*

BELUSHI  
*Een is plase...*

The audience is in fact loving it. As are the crew. Lorne turns and we watch as everyone in the room is transfixed.

*O'DONOGHUE*

*Next...*

O'Donoghue suddenly GASPS. Grabs his heart. Falls out of his chair on to the ground, feigning a dramatic heart attack.

For a moment, Belushi is puzzled. But he shrugs, clutches his chest in a perfect imitation, seizes his face and falls to the ground. Hard.

Huge laughter. Lorne soaks in the sound. Looks around and back to stage. Again, we move through everybody taking in this moment... No one has any idea what they're watching - the beginning of a revolution.

In the silence, we find an empty piece of wall. Chevy stumbles into frame, wearing a headset as though a member of the crew. He surveys the bodies on the floor casually. Mumbles something into his headset.

Then he looks directly into our camera. Smiles.

CHEVY

Live from New York...  
It's Saturday Night!

SLAM TO BLACK

MUSIC - The Saturday Night Live Band