

I AM RYAN REYNOLDS

by

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*For my family, friends, and Ryan Reynolds.*

*But mostly Ryan Reynolds.*

A dirty mirror.

A face comes into focus. High cheekbones. Perfect stubble.  
The slightest smirk.

The face of RYAN REYNOLDS, Sexiest Man Alive 2010.

But something isn't right.

THE BRUNETTE (O.S.)  
You're not what I was expecting.

INT. THE DIVE - NIGHT

A seedy Brooklyn dive bar.

A TIPSY BRUNETTE -- the one who just spoke -- on a stool.  
Next to her, the Canadian heartthrob sips a Bud Light.

But unlike the actor, this "Ryan" has no charisma, possesses  
a beer belly, and wears a PARKING VALET UNIFORM.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
How's that?

His voice less movie star, more mouth-breathing geek.

THE BRUNETTE  
The voice, for one. It's like --  
do you have a cold or something?

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
Seasonal allergies.

THE BRUNETTE  
Not to mention the fact that you're  
drinking Bud Light in this shithole.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
Who doesn't love the Dive?

THE BRUNETTE  
Most people. Oh, and your body. I  
thought you, like, worked out.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
What you see is what you get.

THE BRUNETTE  
That's just it. What I see is what  
I don't get.

"Ryan" downs his drink. Stands.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

Shall we?

THE BRUNETTE

Wait, you want to leave with me?  
But I'm just a regular person!

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

And I'm just a boy, standing in  
front of a girl, asking her to go  
to his place and bang.

He drops a handful of crinkled one-dollar bills on the bar.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

So. Shall we?

EXT. THE DIVE - NIGHT

The brunette sizes "Ryan" up in his valet uniform.

THE BRUNETTE

Costume for a role?

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

No.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

"Ryan" and the brunette hobble towards a broken-down HONDA.  
On the rear bumper, a peeling sticker: "Honk If You're Horny."

THE BRUNETTE

Sports car in the shop?

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

No.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A WORN-OUT BUILDING in the poor part of Brooklyn. "Ryan" and  
the brunette observe it in all its splendor.

THE BRUNETTE

Mansion under renovation?

"RYAN REYNOLDS"

No.

INT. TINY STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fast food wrappers all over. "Ryan" and the brunette enter.

THE BRUNETTE  
Is this some kind of prank?

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
What?

A moldy Domino's pizza box on the floor. The brunette reacts.

THE BRUNETTE  
Whatever. Let's just do this.

LATER

The brunette and "Ryan" are fucking. She rides him with the passion of someone who's seen The Proposal many times.

THE BRUNETTE  
Yeah, like that. Just like that,  
Lantern.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
Excuse me?

THE BRUNETTE  
Penetrate me, Green Lantern!

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
Do not -- don't call me that.

THE BRUNETTE  
(ignoring him)  
There! Right there, Lantern!  
Lanterrnnnn!!

She moans. "Ryan" breaks eye contact, not into it.

LATER

"Ryan" naked under his bedsheets. The brunette, back in her going-out outfit, straps on heels.

THE BRUNETTE  
Ryan, last night was amazing.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
My name isn't Ryan.

THE BRUNETTE  
 Sure. You're not Ryan Reynolds,  
 and I'm not incredibly hungover.

"RYAN REYNOLDS"  
 I'm Phil. Phil Goodman.

He indicates his valet uniform on the floor. The name tag  
 reads: "Phil."

THE BRUNETTE  
 Stop it. This isn't funny.

PHIL  
 It's the truth, is what it is.

The brunette regards him, inquisitively.

THE BRUNETTE  
 But if you're not Ryan Reynolds,  
 who was I blowing last night?

PHIL  
 You were blowing me, Phil Goodman.

THE BRUNETTE  
 You're freaking me out, man. You  
 swear you aren't Ryan Reynolds?

Phil shrugs.

PHIL  
 I'm not Ryan Reynolds.

With that, the screen goes

BLACK.

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A Colonial, twelve acre estate in Westchester.

RYAN (O.S.)  
 297. 298.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Filled with state-of-the-art, monogrammed equipment.

Sweat coats the ripped, shirtless body of RYAN REYNOLDS -- the real one. He performs sit-ups with ease.

RYAN  
(with each rep)  
299. 300.

Ryan switches into high-speed bicycle crunches.

A TITLE SUPERIMPOSED:

I AM RYAN REYNOLDS

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tasteful designer furniture.

Ryan activates speakerphone on a high-tech PHONE SYSTEM.

AGENCY ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)  
If you're a client of Mr. Hirsch's,  
please leave your name, number, and  
a short message. If you're not,  
please fuck off.

A message TONE.

RYAN  
Frank, it's Ryan. Just checking if  
the studio got back to you about  
Lin.

The name "Lin" irritates Ryan.

RYAN  
Look, nothing against him. But I  
don't like the guy. Truth be told,  
I dislike him very, very much.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pristine hardwood floors and sparkling marble countertops.

Ryan dumps fruits, vegetables, and a small mountain of beige protein powder into a blender.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

Ryan continues recording the voicemail.

RYAN

Yesterday, for instance. Lin films this scene seventeen times because he wasn't satisfied with my, and I quote, "refusal to put a shirt on." Seventeen times, Frank!

Ryan shakes his head, insulted by this.

RYAN

If people are paying to see me, they should get to see me.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

Earbuds in, Ryan jogs on a treadmill. Faster, faster...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

Voicemail recording continues.

RYAN

The movie's Untitled Ryan Reynolds Zombie Action Romance Project. You subtract the "Ryan Reynolds" part and what do you have left? Nothing. Nada.

Ryan hangs up. END OPENING CREDITS.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ryan guzzles down the beige protein shake.

BLAKE (O.S.)

How's my little undead husband?

BLAKE LIVELY, Gossip Girl alum and Ryan's wife, currently sporting a couture business suit, glides in.

RYAN

Wishing he hadn't risen from the grave.

BLAKE

Movie problems, baby?

RYAN

I'll survive. Or stay dead? Or whatever zombies do, I'll do that.

Blake giggles. Ruffles Ryan's hair.

RYAN  
How about you, baby? That's a formal outfit for -- don't tell me, don't tell me -- Vogue photo shoot?

BLAKE  
Publisher meeting. For the memoir.

RYAN  
Yes, of course.

BLAKE  
We're going over the proposal, which I've now written. So... progress.

RYAN  
Sure.

He has no clue what she's talking about. Blake notices.

BLAKE  
Memoir? Meeting at Simon and Schuster? The thing I've been talking about for the past month?

RYAN  
Month. Right.

BLAKE  
You don't know what I'm talking about.

RYAN  
I do... not.

BLAKE  
But weren't you listening to me any of those times?

RYAN  
Well, I -- no.

BLAKE  
Not once?

RYAN  
But I'm listening to you now! That must count for something, Blake.

Blake sighs. Kisses Ryan on the cheek.

BLAKE

It does.

EXT. MOVIE SET - PARKING LOT - DAY

A big production in the heart of Brooklyn.

Ryan exits his MASERATI CONVERTIBLE. Tosses his car keys to a valet.

INT. HAIR AND MAKEUP - DAY

A HAIR DRESSER blow-dries Ryan's hair. ANDREW LIN, a tightly wound director, ambles in.

ANDREW

And how are we feeling today, Ryan?

Ryan fucking hates this guy.

RYAN

Better now that you're here, Lin.

ANDREW

Then we're on the same page? No more delays?

RYAN

No more delays.

ANDREW

No more gratuitous stripping?

RYAN

No more gratuitous stripping.

Andrew holds out his hand. Ryan hesitates, shakes it.

RYAN

The show must go on.

ANDREW

And go on it shall!

EXT. ZOMBIE WASTELAND - DAY

Rubble and half-destroyed concrete buildings. Corpses in tattered clothing strewn amongst the debris.

In ZOMBIE MAKEUP and a BUTTONED-UP SHIRT, Ryan collapses to his knees, his performance cheesy and over-the-top.

RYAN

How much longer til the vaccine  
removes me from this forsaken  
world?

EMMA WATSON, of Harry Potter fame, costumed as a British  
human/non-zombie, helps Ryan to his feet.

EMMA

Not long enough, my love. Not  
nearly long enough.

Ryan takes Emma's hand.

RYAN

Samantha, I know my zombie heart  
doesn't have a pulse.

Ryan leans in, his face nearly touching Emma's.

RYAN

But somehow I feel as though it's  
breaking.

EMMA

Oh, Braden!

She hugs Ryan. But he doesn't hug her back -- he UNBUTTONS  
HIS SHIRT.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Cut! Cut!

EMMA

Fucking A, Ryan. Again?

Andrew approaches.

ANDREW

Emma, take five.

Emma exits in a hurry.

ANDREW

Ryan, did we or did we not agree  
you'd keep your clothes on?

RYAN

Did we? I can't recall.

ANDREW

Any idea what the studio loses each  
time you stop production?

RYAN

Well, those suits will lose all of their money if --

ANDREW

If what, you don't expose yourself in every scene?

RYAN

Exactly, Lin. The American public's not gonna fork out a hundred mill for some crappy action horror romance plot line.

ANDREW

Then inform me: what will they pay for?

RYAN

Explosions. And ritualistic zombie sex. And other, bigger explosions.

Ryan undoes his remaining shirt buttons.

RYAN

And these.

Ryan indicates his eight-pack abs.

RYAN

And this.

He indicates his face.

RYAN

And sometimes all this other stuff.

He indicates the rest of his body.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

On a street adjoining the set, Ryan, now clothed, screams into his iPhone.

RYAN

Can you -- look, just tell Frank that Ryan Reynolds called.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Phil, Ryan's PUDGY LOOK-ALIKE from before, bangs the screechy car radio. He turns onto the street where Ryan is.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

As before, Ryan on the phone.

RYAN

Ryan fucking Reynolds. Got that?

He hangs up, pockets his iPhone. Down the street, Phil in his Honda.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

As he passes by, Phil stares at Ryan. Ryan stares at Phil.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ryan, eyes wide, mouth agape, as the Honda drives by -- he spots the car's "Honk If You're Horny" bumper sticker.

Suddenly, Phil revs the engine and the Honda speeds off.

RYAN

What. The. Fuck.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ryan drives through Westchester. Knuckles white on the wheel. His expression one of utter terror.

Ryan rolls through a stop sign, never decelerating.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - FOYER - NIGHT

Ryan, face in a sweat, studies his reflection in an entry mirror. He touches his face. Contorts it. Scrutinizes it.

RYAN

Water...

The reflection suddenly waves hello. Ryan blinks -- the reflection returns to normal.

RYAN

Must drink water...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blake tosses a salad. Ryan hurries in.

BLAKE

Ryan! You'll never guess what happened.

Ryan moves to the fridge. Retrieves a bottle of Evian. Consumes it in a single swallow.

BLAKE

So I'm at Simon and Schuster. And Lucian, the VP who decides whether they publish my memoir --

Ryan takes another bottle of Evian. Gulps it down.

BLAKE

He looks me in the eye and says --

Another bottle, another gulp. Blake notices.

BLAKE

You okay, baby? You look like you saw a ghost.

RYAN

Something like that.

Blake gives Ryan a concerned look.

RYAN

I'm fine! A little thirsty, yes. But fine. We were talking about...

BLAKE

Lucian.

RYAN

Yes, Lucian.

BLAKE

Okay, so he says to me, "I'll come right out with it. We would love to publish your memoir."

RYAN

It's happening?

BLAKE

It's happening!

Blake squeals with delight.

BLAKE

Oh, yeah! He -- Lucian -- he also came up with the best title.

RYAN  
Yeah?

BLAKE  
Lively.

RYAN  
Like your last name.

BLAKE  
It's more than that.

RYAN  
But it's also your last name.

BLAKE  
Ryan, I want my memoir to be full of life. I want my fans to feel energized when they read it. I want them to think, "Now, I too aspire to be lively."

RYAN  
Which, crazy coincidence, is also your last name.

BLAKE  
Yes! It's also my last name!  
(defensive)  
Well. Lucian loves the title.

RYAN  
The title he came up with.

Blake crosses her arms.

RYAN  
Baby, I'm teasing! I'm sure it'll be a wonderful novel --

BLAKE  
Memoir.

RYAN  
Right. So... we should do something to celebrate.

BLAKE  
Oh! Dinner tomorrow?

RYAN  
Perfect. Meet you after work.

BLAKE

Yay! I'm so excited!

Ryan grabs yet another Evian. Swigs it down.

BLAKE

God, Ryan. You sure you're okay?

RYAN

I'm fine! Just, you know, work stuff, have to hydrate. Nothing to worry about.

Blake regards him for a moment and resumes salad tossing.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake asleep, Ryan awake on his iPad. He minimizes a clip of himself chopping wood in The Amityville Horror.

QUICK CUTS OF RYAN GOOGLE SEARCHING FOR:

- "celebrity look-alikes"
- "doppelganger hallucination"
- "Ryan Reynolds Halloween mask"
- "long-lost twins"

Blake shifts around, half-awake.

BLAKE

Baby, why aren't you asleep?

RYAN

It's nothing. Go back to bed.

She does. He Googles one last item: "clone science."

EXT. MOVIE SET - ZOMBIE WASTELAND - DAY

On a bench in front of a desecrated park, Ryan, back in zombie makeup, and Emma Watson.

EMMA

It's odd, Braden. You might be a reanimated corpse, but it wasn't til I met you that I knew how it felt.

RYAN

How what felt?

Emma stares off, emotional.

EMMA  
To be alive.

Ryan focuses on something offset -- his STUNT DOUBLE. Emma's reaction suggests this isn't scripted.

EMMA  
Ryan.

Ryan blinks. The stunt double's face becomes his own.

EMMA  
Ryan!

Ryan gets up from the bench and blinks again. The stunt double's face reverts to normal.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Cut! Cut!

EMMA  
Fantastic, Ryan. Just fantastic.

As Emma storms off, Andrew approaches. Chucks his headset onto the ground. Stomps it into nothingness.

ANDREW  
Fuck this fucking crap! Fuck it!  
Fuck fuck fuck it!

RYAN  
Easy, Lin.

ANDREW  
Easy? After you wasted another --

He checks his Rolex.

ANDREW  
-- forty-five minutes of  
production?

RYAN  
But I kept my shirt on.

ANDREW  
Oh, yes! And let us all praise the  
great Ryan Reynolds! For he has  
kept his shirt on during one  
fucking scene!

RYAN

Thanks?

ANDREW

I am done for the day! Finished!  
Au revoir, Reynolds! Au revoir!!

INT. RYAN'S SET TRAILER - DAY

It could house a large family.

Ryan peruses an Us Weekly. ON THE COVER, pictures of him above a HEADLINE: "The Many Faces of Ryan Reynolds."

FRANK HIRSCH, Ryan's hefty, balding, and suit-wearing agent, lumbers in.

FRANK

Hey, buddy. How's the shoot?

RYAN

Not good, Frank. But you already knew that. Given that you're here.

Frank chuckles. Ryan isn't sure he made a joke.

FRANK

We have got to get you back into comedy, kiddo.

RYAN

You get my voicemails?

FRANK

I did.

RYAN

And are they canning Lin?

Frank squeezes into a chair, getting down to Ryan's level.

FRANK

It's complicated.

RYAN

How is it complicated?

FRANK

Well, the studio's actually more concerned with your behavior. They can't afford to lose another day of production.

Ryan sets the Us Weekly aside.

FRANK

And Lin, well, the studio likes him. The producers like him --

RYAN

I don't like him.

FRANK

Yes, yes. I heard your messages.

Ryan moves to the trailer window.

RYAN

It's him or me, Frank.

FRANK

I know you don't mean that. This is fifteen million, we're talking here.

RYAN

Minus your ten percent.

OUT THE WINDOW: Phil, Ryan's schlubby look-alike, in his parking valet uniform, heading toward the parking lot.

RYAN

Hold that thought.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ryan scans the lot. Looks to his right. Looks to his left.

But Phil is GONE.

Ryan slaps a nearby car.

RYAN

Dammit! God dammit!

Frank catches up with him, chuckles.

FRANK

Woah! Down boy!

Frank's demeanor suddenly serious.

FRANK

Two weeks left in production, Ryan. Don't mess it up.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Ryan exits the movie set in his Maserati.

EXT. THE DIVE - NIGHT

Ryan drives past the Brooklyn dive bar. Nearby, Phil's Honda with its "Honk If You're Horny" bumper sticker.

Ryan notices the car and reverses back.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Parked behind the Honda, Ryan puts up his convertible top. Hides his face behind his sun visor. Turns on his iPhone.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Blake at a table alone in a fancy restaurant. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Anything to drink while you wait?

BLAKE

Some water would be great.  
Sparkling.

The waiter exits.

Blake's phone BUZZES. A text from Ryan: "running late. work stuff." She reacts.

BLAKE

Sir?

The waiter returns.

BLAKE

Scratch that water. Can I have a vodka soda? And -- actually, can you hold the soda?

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ryan taps on his steering wheel, bored.

Phil and the brunette from earlier emerge from the Dive. Through an opened car window, Ryan listens.

THE BRUNETTE

You throw me out of your apartment,  
you don't text me back, you say  
you're not Ryan Reynolds --

PHIL

For the last time, I'm not Ryan  
Reynolds!

THE BRUNETTE

Whatever. Asshole.

She stomps off. Phil gets in his car and drives away.

Ryan follows.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Blake now several vodka shots in, visibly drunk. A waiter  
removes her empty shot glasses.

WAITER

Anything else? Perhaps that water  
you requested.

BLAKE

I would like more alcohol please.

WAITER

Yes... right away.

The waiter leaves.

Blake's phone BUZZES. She picks up.

BLAKE

Ryan, where are --

LUCIAN (V.O.)

Hello Blake. Lucian Werner. Simon  
and Schuster.

Lucian speaks with a thick GERMAN ACCENT.

BLAKE

Oh! Lucian! How are you?

LUCIAN (V.O.)

Very well. But regarding your  
memoir, I fear --

BLAKE

Is there a problem?

LUCIAN (V.O.)  
 No, not at all. Rather I insist we  
 move forward with it. Promptly.  
 Are you available tomorrow  
 afternoon?

BLAKE  
 I'll clear my schedule.

LUCIAN (V.O.)  
 Splendid.

BLAKE  
 And where should I meet you and the  
 other VPs?

LUCIAN (V.O.)  
 Only you and me, my dear. I like  
 to know my writers... personally.

BLAKE  
 Oh.

LUCIAN (V.O.)  
 Then shall we say four? McNulty's  
 in the Village?

Blake considers this, glances at the empty seat next to her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ryan locks his Maserati in front of Phil's APARTMENT  
 BUILDING. The Honda parked close by.

Ryan makes his way toward the building.

INT. TINY STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil inhales a Taco Bell burrito. A BANG on the door.

RYAN (O.S.)  
 Open the door! It's Ryan Reynolds!

Phil continues eating. Another BANG -- a louder one.

RYAN (O.S.)  
 I only want to talk, not break down  
 your door. Which, by the way, I  
 could easily do.

Phil groans, puts down his burrito.

LATER

Ryan interrogates Phil at a filthy little coffee table.

RYAN  
Who are you?

PHIL  
Whatever you think this is, it  
isn't.

RYAN  
Are you my clone?

Phil shakes his head.

RYAN  
A physical projection of my  
subconscious?

Phil shakes his head.

RYAN  
Are you me... from the future?

Ryan regards Phil's schlubby body with horror.

RYAN  
Oh my God. In the future, do I  
stop exercising and dieting?

PHIL  
No. I'm just -- I'm Phil. Phil  
Goodman. An ordinary valet parker.

RYAN  
Who happens to have my fucking face.

Phil plays coy.

PHIL  
Woah! My face does kind of look  
like yours!

RYAN  
Exactly like mine. To the pore.

PHIL  
Agree to disagree?

RYAN

Dude, do not screw with me. I'm two hundred pounds of lean muscle, and I've been trained to fight in seven different movies.

Phil sighs.

PHIL

I was told to avoid this situation at all costs.

RYAN

Who? Who told you to?

Phil opens his wallet. Hands Ryan a black BUSINESS CARD.

RYAN

(reading)

Dr. Vladimir Grebenschnikov,  
Physiognomic Reconstruction  
Specialist?

PHIL

He's the best, and as far as I'm aware, only doctor in his field.

RYAN

But what does this guy have to do with you and the fact that you have my fucking face?

PHIL

Believe me, he's the one you want to talk to. But, Ryan --

RYAN

Yeah.

PHIL

(ominous Yoda impression)

Once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny.

Ryan gives him a look.

PHIL

Not a Star Wars fan?

RYAN

Who the hell are you.

PHIL  
I'm the tip of the iceberg.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blake waits, frowning, still a bit tipsy. Ryan trudges in.

BLAKE  
Did you have a nice night?

RYAN  
Baby, I got held up with --

BLAKE  
"Work stuff"?

RYAN  
Exactly.

BLAKE  
Ryan, for once -- for once, could you not lie to me?

RYAN  
What are you talking about?

BLAKE  
It's always "work stuff" this or "work stuff" that. You can't possibly be working all the time.

RYAN  
(under his breath)  
Well, at least I'm still a working actor.

BLAKE  
I beg your --

RYAN  
Nothing. Forget it.

BLAKE  
No, please. Finish that thought.

RYAN  
It's nothing, Blake! I'm going to bed.

He makes his way to the door.

BLAKE  
"Work stuff" tiring you out?

RYAN  
No. Wife stuff.

He exits.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

On his iPad, Ryan skims through Dr. Grebenschnikov's run-of-the-mill WebMD profile. Blake slips into bed.

BLAKE  
Baby, I'm sorry. It's just --

RYAN  
I know. Don't worry about it.  
Let's go to sleep.

Blake gazes deeply at Ryan, clearly worried about him.

BLAKE  
I love you, Ryan.

RYAN  
Love you too.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Ryan approaches a corporate office building. He double-checks the business card.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A drab waiting room, currently empty.

MARTA, 60ish, a hostile Russian lady, mans a reception desk that includes a "No Walk-Ins" sign. Ryan barges in.

RYAN  
I'm here to see Dr. Grebenschnikov.

MARTA  
Name?

RYAN  
Ryan. Ryan Reynolds --

MARTA  
We do not tolerate that kind of  
humor, mister.

Nothing in Ryan's voice indicated he was joking.

MARTA

Now, one more time -- your name.

RYAN

Ryan Reynolds.

MARTA

We do not tolerate that kind of humor! If you'd like to finish your stand-up routine, I suggest you do so elsewhere.

RYAN

But I have to talk to the doctor.

MARTA

Do you have an appointment?

RYAN

No, but --

She gestures to the "No Walk-Ins" sign.

MARTA

No walk-ins.

RYAN

I only need five minutes.

MARTA

No walk-ins.

RYAN

Can I sit and wait? Or is there a rule about that?

MARTA

Go for it. But no walk-ins.

RYAN

So I've heard.

Ryan takes a seat. Next to him, a stack of magazines. Each one with a Ryan Reynolds image on its cover.

Ryan grabs a GO magazine. A TALL FELLOW enters -- the man has RYAN'S FACE.

RYAN

No... another?

Ryan rubs his eyes, blinks -- the man still has Ryan's face.

RYAN  
No way. No fucking way.

Suddenly, another LOOK-ALIKE enters. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Each a different size -- but all with Ryan's face.

Ryan stands. Marta points to the "No Walk-Ins" sign.

RYAN  
I'm walking in, whether you like it or not.

INT. MCNULTY'S - DAY

A trendy tea shop in the West Village. Blake and a WELL-DRESSED MAN in the back of a long line.

BLAKE  
I feel like -- like, I have a story that needs to be told. You know?

The man is LUCIAN WERNER. He too has RYAN'S FACE.

LUCIAN  
Indeed I do.

Blake eyes Lucian -- there's an elegance to him. His German accent and always present SCARVES certainly help.

BLAKE  
Wow, Lucian. It's weird...

LUCIAN  
Something the matter, my dear?

BLAKE  
Your face. It's so familiar.

LUCIAN  
Well, we have convened previously.

BLAKE  
No, that's not what I meant.

LUCIAN  
What did you mean?

BLAKE  
Do people tell you that you look like anyone? Like a celebrity.

LUCIAN  
You would be the first.

BLAKE

Not to change the topic to something dumb. But --

LUCIAN

Not at all. What interests you, interests me.

BLAKE

Oh, well -- oh! Oh, I got it! You look like Ryan! How did I not notice this before.

This catches Lucian off-guard. His shoulders scrunch up.

LUCIAN

Ryan?

BLAKE

Gosling. Ryan Gosling.

Lucian relaxes -- Blake doesn't detect his likeness to her husband.

LUCIAN

You think I look like Ryan Gosling.

BLAKE

Don't worry. It's a compliment.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV, 60s, dyed jet black hair, unpeels bandages off a PATIENT'S FACE.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Good, very good.

He rubs the patient's face -- now the SPITTING IMAGE OF RYAN.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Swelling is down. You should be completely healed in a few weeks.

PATIENT

Dr. Grebenschnikov.

The patient's voice that of an OLD CHINESE MAN.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Yes, Mr. Deng?

PATIENT

I have waited many years for a new life in the United States. And your surgery, doctor -- it has given me that new beginning.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

You've certainly waited long enough, my friend.

The patient hugs Dr. Grebenschnikov.

PATIENT

I would cry if my tear ducts were not swollen shut.

The patient heads out, crossing past Ryan.

RYAN

You're Dr. Grebenschnikov?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Sir, if you'll please stay in the waiting room until --

RYAN

I don't have an appointment.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Then you'll have to leave. We don't accept walk-ins. Did Marta not tell --

Marta yells in from outside the room.

MARTA (O.S.)

I told him!

RYAN

She told me. Also tried to stop me.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

I see.

RYAN

But unfortunately she's a sixty-year-old woman, so that didn't work out.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

What did you say your name was?

RYAN  
I didn't. Ryan. Ryan Reynolds.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Get out! We do not tolerate that  
kind of humor in this office.

RYAN  
No joke, doctor. It's the truth.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Why should I believe you, Ryan?  
Assuming that's even your name.

RYAN  
Well, I don't know what your  
patients pay for this.

Ryan indicates his face.

RYAN  
But you can't pay for these.

He lifts his shirt, revealing his sculpted abs.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
I wouldn't know.

RYAN  
Let me give you my word then. I am  
the real Ryan Reynolds.

The doctor inspects Ryan. Perceives no dishonesty.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Hmm. It does appear so.

The doctor motions for Ryan to follow him out the room.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
I knew this day would come.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Having taken their teas to-go, Blake and Lucian stroll around  
the West Village.

BLAKE  
Have you always wanted to be a  
publisher?

LUCIAN  
I certainly enjoy the profession.  
But may I be candid?

BLAKE  
Please.

LUCIAN  
More than anything, I hope to  
acquire a wife -- an intelligent,  
passionate, sexually liberated,  
blonde wife.

BLAKE  
You've never been married?

LUCIAN  
I have yet to discover a suitable  
mate.

He gazes intently at Blake. She sips her tea, ignoring the overt romantic tension.

LUCIAN  
And you, my dear, have you always  
desired to be a writer?

BLAKE  
Me? A writer? You should tell  
that to my husband.

LUCIAN  
But it is you writing this memoir,  
correct?

BLAKE  
Correct.

LUCIAN  
And this memoir, am I not  
publishing it?

BLAKE  
You are.

LUCIAN  
That is more than most so-called  
"writers" can say.

BLAKE  
Wow. Yeah, I guess it is.

LUCIAN

Then, by the authority of Simon and Schuster, I dub thee a writer!

BLAKE

I am! I'm a writer!

Blake smiles at Lucian.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - HALLWAY - DAY

On the walls, medical certificates interspersed with Ryan Reynolds headshots.

Dr. Grebenschnikov and Ryan mosey on through.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Ten grand.

RYAN

What is?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

You mentioned my fee. My patients pay ten grand.

RYAN

Ten grand to look like me.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Yes.

This offends Ryan.

RYAN

That's... all? That sounds low.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

I'm not a greedy man, Ryan.

RYAN

Well, this isn't Michael Cera's face we're talking here. This is my face. Me! Sexiest Man Alive 2010!

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

But you weren't always Sexiest Man Alive. When I developed the procedure in 1993 --

RYAN

Why would you -- I mean, I wasn't famous until the late nineties.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

And for years, I was very poor.

RYAN

But don't you do other procedures? Boob jobs, lipo, et cetera.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Once upon a time. Before I discovered my niche.

RYAN

Your Nietzsche?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

My niche. My little place in the world of plastic surgery.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doctor hands Ryan a binder. He opens it.

INSIDE THE BINDER: patient BEFORE-AND-AFTER IMAGES. All the after images are of Ryan.

RYAN

I'm your niche.

Dr. Grebenschnikov nods.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

I am the world's sole Ryan Reynolds cosmetic specialist.

Ryan takes this in and SLAMS the binder shut.

RYAN

No.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Yes, Ryan. Yes.

RYAN

This is my face, man. Who the hell do you think you are.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

What are you gonna do? Sue me?

RYAN  
I'm considering it.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
On what grounds?

RYAN  
The grounds of liberty.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Scream about freedom all you want.  
But I own the copyright to your  
face.

RYAN  
Bullshit. That doesn't exist.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
It does, Ryan. I own your face.  
And there's nothing you can do about  
it.

Ryan is livid.

RYAN  
I am going to sue the crap out of  
you, old man.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - DAY

As he heads down Park Avenue, Ryan's iPhone BUZZES -- a new VOICEMAIL. Ryan listens through his car sound system.

FRANK (V.O.)  
Studio called. Said you didn't  
show up today. Buddy, you know you  
have to go to work or else --

Ryan turns off his phone, comes to a BARNES AND NOBLE.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - CHECKOUT - DAY

Ryan buys a stack of COPYRIGHT LAW BOOKS from a young woman.

REGISTER WOMAN  
Aren't you that movie guy? Ryan  
something?

RYAN  
Yeah.

REGISTER WOMAN  
I loved you in Crazy, Stupid, Love.

RYAN  
That was Ryan Gosling.

REGISTER WOMAN  
Oh.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Books all around. Ryan sprawled out on the floor, reading.

QUICK CUTS OF RYAN RESEARCHING COPYRIGHT LAW:

- Ryan reads a book with TEENY TINY TEXT. Sets it aside.
- Ryan underlines a passage in a book with a HUGE FONT.
- Ryan contemplates something.
- Ryan flips through a book as he jogs on the treadmill.
- Ryan underlines again -- the book now TOTALLY UNDERLINED.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan speaks on the phone system.

RYAN  
Look, can you tell Frank -- tell  
him that I heard his voicemail.

He paces back and forth.

RYAN  
But that right now, I need the  
agency to assemble a team of  
lawyers. Copyright lawyers. For  
Ryan Reynolds. Understand?

EXT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER OFFICES - NIGHT

Lucian and Blake linger in front of the publisher offices.

BLAKE  
Well, this is your stop.

LUCIAN  
It is.

BLAKE  
Thanks again for the chapter notes.

LUCIAN  
But of course.

BLAKE  
And the conversation.

A moment of awkward silence. Lucian extends his hand. Blake shakes it. They continue shaking over:

BLAKE  
I should head out.

LUCIAN  
Me too.

BLAKE  
Me as well.

LUCIAN  
Same here.

The handshaking finally ceases.

BLAKE  
Today was nice.

LUCIAN  
It was.

Lucian smolders with lust.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Working double-duty on his note taking, Ryan highlights an already very underlined book.

Blake comes in, stows her jacket in the closet.

BLAKE  
Baby, how was your --

She stumbles over a copyright law book.

BLAKE  
Where'd you get all these books?

RYAN  
Bookstore.

BLAKE  
Why did you get all these books?

RYAN  
For the -- for my character. In  
the movie.

BLAKE  
The zombie action romance movie.

RYAN  
The producers want Braden to feel  
more three-dimensional or something.  
More real. More true to life.

BLAKE  
The zombie.

RYAN  
Yeah.

She gives him an incredulous look as she removes her earrings.

BLAKE  
And the producers -- they wanted  
you to research copyright law?

RYAN  
Among other things, yes.

BLAKE  
Huh.

RYAN  
Yup. So, how was your day?  
Anything fun or exciting happen?

Blake pauses for a moment, remembering the handshake.

BLAKE  
Not really. Just normal, boring  
memoir things.

But Ryan doesn't hear her, too focused on highlighting.

RYAN  
That's nice, baby.

Frustrated, Blake marches into the bathroom.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - HALLWAY - DAY

Trendy to the point of sterility. Ryan and Frank make their way through.

FRANK

I have a meeting in one minute.

RYAN

Frank. I'm your biggest client.

FRANK

Good point. Two minutes.

RYAN

So what did the lawyers find out?

FRANK

Before I answer, I need you to promise --

RYAN

You need me to promise? What is this -- the fourth fucking grade?

Frank chuckles. Ryan remains silent.

FRANK

But seriously, kiddo, you have to promise me that no matter what I tell you, you'll go to work today.

RYAN

Sure, whatever. I promise.

FRANK

I hope so. You miss another day and you're off the movie. The studio's talking to Mark Wahlberg.

RYAN

Marky Mark?

FRANK

Yep.

RYAN

But this is Untitled Ryan Reynolds  
Zombie Action Romance Project. If you get rid of the "Ryan Reynolds" part --

FRANK

I know. I told the studio that.

RYAN  
Then yes! Fine! I promise! Now,  
about that copyright.

Frank stops short of the conference room.

FRANK  
Ryan. This doctor, Gorbachev --

RYAN  
Grebenschnikov.

FRANK  
Whoever he is, what this guy's  
doing is apparently legal.

RYAN  
Bullshit.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A conference room with glass walls. Frank grabs a seat.  
Ryan lingers in the doorway.

FRANK  
I thought so too. But turns out  
there's some copyright clause -- a  
loophole if you will -- that was  
tacked onto the Patriot Act.

RYAN  
Loophole? The fuck does that mean?

FRANK  
I don't have time for the details.  
But essentially, this doctor -- he  
owns your face.

RYAN  
No. You're lying.

FRANK  
I'm afraid not.

Ryan angrily pounds a wall -- it VIBRATES menacingly.

RYAN  
Dammit! God dammit!

FRANK  
Look, I know it's tough, but --

RYAN

What.

FRANK

Please go to work today. This  
isn't worth ruining your career.

But Ryan isn't listening, already calculating his next move.

EXT. MOVIE SET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Andrew Lin, the director, assails Ryan near the valet parkers.

ANDREW

Look who decided to show up!

But Ryan ignores him and heads toward the shittier cars  
across the lot.

ANDREW

Enjoy your time off, Ryan? Hope  
you got some well-earned rest.

Not looking back, Ryan raises both hands and flips off Lin.

Ryan approaches Phil's Honda. Taps on the window.

Inside, Phil lights up a joint.

INT. RYAN'S SET TRAILER - DAY

Ryan slides Phil a SHOOTING SCRIPT for Untitled Ryan Reynolds  
Zombie Action Romance Project.

PHIL

Can't do it.

RYAN

Can't? Or won't.

PHIL

First of all, I don't know how to  
act --

RYAN

You'd only be replacing me for the  
rest of the shoot. Two weeks,  
tops.

PHIL

To repeat myself, I don't know how to act. Besides, why do you need me?

RYAN

There's something I have to do. And, Phil, anyone can act. You've seen movies, right?

PHIL

A few hundred. Monthly.

Ryan is shocked.

RYAN

You see a hundred movies every month.

PHIL

Few hundred. Valets have lots of free time. Perk of the job.

RYAN

Wow.

PHIL

But what about my quirky, insecure personality? Nobody will believe I'm Ryan Reynolds.

RYAN

Make them believe. As of today, you're an actor.

Phil sees his reflection in a trailer mirror, the smallest glint of confidence in his eyes.

PHIL

And my job -- Ryan, I can't just quit my job. These other valets, they depend on me.

RYAN

I'll pay you five hundred thousand up front and another two fifty after production.

Phil's jaw slackens in astonishment.

PHIL

Dollars? Seven hundred fifty thousand dollars?

RYAN  
Of course, dollars. I'm not paying  
you in pesos, amigo.

PHIL  
Show me the money!

RYAN  
Yes?

PHIL  
Jerry Maguire.  
(then)  
Never mind.

RYAN  
So we have a deal.

PHIL  
Obviously, we have a fucking deal.  
That's a shit ton of money.

RYAN  
Okay, great. But there's one thing  
we have to do. To seal the deal.

Ryan pulls his shirt over his head. Phil's eyebrows rise.

EXT. RYAN'S SET TRAILER - DAY

Ryan and Phil emerge, having switched outfits -- Ryan in the  
valet parking uniform, Phil in Ryan's trendy actor clothing.

RYAN  
Before I go, Phil, one question.

PHIL  
Okay.

RYAN  
Why'd you do it?

PHIL  
Do what?

RYAN  
The surgery.

PHIL  
You don't know? I wanted to get  
laid.

RYAN  
You use my face to get into girls'  
pants?

PHIL  
Bingo.

RYAN  
No, that can't be all. There must  
be another explanation.

Phil shrugs.

PHIL  
That's it, man. Why else would  
anyone do it?

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - LUCIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The blinds drawn, Lucian lurks behind the seated Blake.

LUCIAN  
Here is another instance. When you  
write about your first encounter  
with Ryan.

He points to a passage in her typed chapter draft.

BLAKE  
Do you not like how it's written?

LUCIAN  
No, I had not meant -- no, it is  
perfectly well written. But it is  
almost as if -- as if you are  
reporting rather than giving us  
your perspective.

BLAKE  
My take on being lively.

LUCIAN  
Indeed. You describe your husband  
in almost technical terms.  
Producing a -- what one might call --  
a "literary distance" between the  
two of you.

BLAKE  
That sounds bad.

LUCIAN

Blake, when you revise this chapter, I want to know how your husband made you feel the first time you met. I want to know what ideas were racing through your head the first time you kissed.

Lucian pauses, pointedly.

LUCIAN

The first time you made love.

BLAKE

Isn't that kind of personal?

LUCIAN

It is personal, my dear. It is your memoir. Say it to me, "This is my memoir."

Blake balls her fists, summoning her confidence.

BLAKE

This is my memoir.

LUCIAN

Louder.

BLAKE

This is my memoir.

LUCIAN

Louder!

BLAKE

This is my memoir!

LUCIAN

Shout it! I want the sci-fi offices to close their doors.

BLAKE

This is my memoir!!

Suddenly, Lucian grabs Blake by the cheeks and thrusts her lips towards his. For a split second, Blake holds the kiss.

But she pulls away.

BLAKE

Lucian, I -- I love Ryan. I have to stay true to my husband.

LUCIAN

But Ryan -- does he stay true to  
you?

Blake's ambivalent expression answers his question.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Empty, other than Marta at reception. Still in the valet  
parking uniform, Ryan marches in.

MARTA

When is your --

RYAN

I don't have an appointment.

Marta gestures to the "No Walk-Ins" sign.

MARTA

No walk-ins.

RYAN

Yes, I'm well aware of your policy.

MARTA

Yet you stand there with the  
confidence of a man who believes he  
can talk to the doctor without an  
appointment.

RYAN

Tell Dr. Grebenschnikov Ryan  
Reynolds hired copyright lawyers.  
And they found a loophole... in the  
loophole.

Marta gasps.

MARTA

Impossible.

RYAN

Apparently not.

Marta runs out. Ryan scans the room -- he's all alone.

He slides on LEATHER GLOVES. Hurdles over a reception  
partition. Scurries to a FILING CABINET.

Ryan flips through various files: tax reports, medical  
insurance information, etc.

But not what he's looking for.

EXT. MOVIE SET - ZOMBIE WASTELAND - DAY

Phil in full zombie makeup. His legs shake. Fingers fidget.  
Emma snickers.

EMMA  
Somebody's tweaking.

PHIL  
You're talking... to me?

EMMA  
Woah. I didn't know Ryan Reynolds  
was capable of being nervous.

PHIL  
Emma, I -- may I call you Emma?

EMMA  
Can't see why not.

PHIL  
I have to tell you something.

EMMA  
Okay.

PHIL  
I've never acted before.

Emma laughs.

EMMA  
Hey, don't beat yourself up.  
You've had your moments. After  
all, where would the world be  
without Van Wilder?

PHIL  
I'm not -- Emma, I'm being serious.  
I've never acted in my entire life.

Emma laughs again.

EMMA  
God, I don't know why, but that hit  
harder the second time.

Andrew approaches, headset on.

ANDREW  
You got that shirt fastened on  
tight, Ryan?

PHIL  
Yes?

ANDREW  
So we're good to go? You won't be  
wasting any more production time?

Phil gulps, scared shitless.

PHIL  
I hope not.

LATER

Phil lies on a large chunk of rubble, breathing heavily.  
Emma kneels beside him.

EMMA  
Braden. Braden, look at me.

Phil stares into Emma's eyes.

PHIL  
Oh, Samantha. Beautiful, beautiful  
Samantha.

Despite the hokey dialogue, Phil's acting is masterful.

EMMA  
Yes, Braden. I'm here for you.

Phil's expression grows distant.

PHIL  
Samantha. As consciousness drifts  
away from me, like the wind that  
blows off the ocean waves, I  
realize --

EMMA  
My love, what is it? What is your  
realization?

Phil struggles to withhold tears.

PHIL  
I realize that eternity in hell is  
worth it. Because of those few  
hours I spent with you.

Emma crumbles onto Phil's chest and cries.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Cut! My God -- cut!

Andrew approaches, tearful as well.

ANDREW  
Ryan, you've... transformed.

PHIL  
Thank you, Mr. Lin.

Emma holds Phil's fingertips to her dewy cheeks.

EMMA  
My tears -- these are real. All of  
our tears are real.

Phil's eyes dart OFFSTAGE: the whole crew watches, choked up.  
Emma embraces Phil.

EMMA  
(whispered)  
I don't know what's been going on  
with you the past few days. But  
you, Ryan, you are a revelation.

Everyone on set bursts into SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doctor at his desk. Marta, frantic, across from him.

MARTA  
Says he found a loophole... in the  
loophole!

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Impossible.

MARTA  
That's what I said.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ryan forages through the filing cabinet, folders and papers  
littered everywhere.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

The doctor and Marta appear across the reception partition.

RYAN

Taking back what's rightfully mine.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Yours? Ryan, I own the copyright to your face. There is no loophole in the loophole.

RYAN

Obviously not. I needed Marta out of the room. Basic misdirection.

The doctor glares at Marta. Marta glances down at her feet.

Ryan removes some DOCUMENTS from the filing cabinet.

ON THEM: a HEADER -- "Grebenschnikov Medical Practice" -- and a LIST of names and addresses.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

You can't take that! That's our patients' contact info. That's highly classified information.

RYAN

Yeah? Maybe you should call the cops and report a robbery.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Maybe I will.

RYAN

Cool. Just don't forget to tell them that their suspect's only identifiable feature is a face he shares with all of your clients.

The doctor rubs his chin, pondering this.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

But Ryan, even with those names, what do you hope to achieve?

RYAN

Undoing what you've done.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

How?

Ryan holds up the list.

RYAN

I've got seventy three people on this list who view the world through my eyes -- literally. They'll understand my pain.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

You think my patients will alter their appearances out of sympathy for you?

RYAN

That's right.

The doctor and Marta burst into laughter.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Ryan, these people paid a hefty price for your face --

RYAN

A price that's nowhere near what it should be.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Still, they chose to look like you. They went out of their way to do so. You won't convince them to change -- not one of them.

RYAN

Perhaps. But, you know, if that doesn't work, I do have millions of dollars with which to bribe them.

The doctor and Marta exchange nervous looks. Documents in hand, Ryan climbs over the reception partition.

RYAN

I'll be heading out now -- unless you'd like to try and stop me.

Dr. Grebenschnikov blocks Ryan's path to the door.

RYAN

Though do keep in mind that I've honed this body to muscular perfection.

The doctor steps aside.

RYAN

That's what I thought.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Ryan pumps the air with his fist, reveling in his victory.

RYAN

I own my face! I own my face!

Ryan's phone BUZZES, momentarily halting his victory dance.

The phone's screen reads: "37 New Voicemails."

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blake deposits her purse on the coffee table and listens to a new VOICEMAIL on the phone system.

FRANK (V.O.)

Buddy! Left a couple voicemails on your cell. Anyhow, the studio's happy you're back on set. Very happy.

Blake reacts, worried -- she didn't know Ryan skipped work.

FRANK (V.O.)

Not sure what you did yesterday during that day off to turn it around. All I know is, Andrew Lin used the phrase "flashes of Brando" when he spoke to the studio tonight. I'm feeling good about this, kiddo.

The color drains out of Blake's face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan strides in, energized, stolen documents jutting out of his valet uniform pockets. Blake angrily tosses a salad.

BLAKE

How was work? You seem perky.

RYAN

Pretty good.

BLAKE

So then, better than yesterday.

RYAN

About the same. Par for the course.

BLAKE  
Really? It was the same as  
yesterday? Not better or worse?

RYAN  
You're in an inquisitive mood.  
Everything alright, baby?

Blake increases the vigor of her salad tossing.

BLAKE  
Also, what's with that valet  
uniform? Or those documents?

RYAN  
Costume and script notes. We're  
redoing a scene tomorrow, and I  
wanted to stay in character.

BLAKE  
And there's nothing else you want  
to tell me about work yesterday.  
Nothing at all.

RYAN  
Not that I can think of, no.

Blake scowls at Ryan.

RYAN  
You sure you're okay? Did that  
Luke guy give you any feedback on  
the book?

BLAKE  
Lucian.  
(pointed)  
And about the same. Pretty good.  
Par for the course.

Blake stops salad tossing.

BLAKE  
Oh yeah. Frank left you a message.

RYAN  
He did?

BLAKE  
Said you were great on set today.

She departs in a haste. Ryan observes her, curiously.

RYAN  
Someone's hormonal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake nudges Ryan's sleeping body. No response. She slips out of bed and finds the valet uniform.

Blake removes the stolen documents from the pants pocket and skims through them.

At the end, a name: "Lucian Werner."

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - LUCIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucian draws the blinds. Sits at his desk, opposite Blake.

LUCIAN  
I should apologize for the other day, but --

BLAKE  
Let's pretend it never happened.

LUCIAN  
I cannot pretend. And I will not apologize.

BLAKE  
Lucian.

LUCIAN  
I will not! I love you, Blake. I have since the first time we discussed metaphoric language and its uses in nonfiction.

He takes her hand -- she pulls away.

BLAKE  
But we're involved professionally. Can't we just pretend --

LUCIAN  
I refuse. I could never lie about us.

BLAKE  
Guess that makes one honest man in my life.

LUCIAN

Ryan?

BLAKE

This whole week he's complained about "work stuff." But last night I heard a message from Frank.

LUCIAN

His agent.

Blake nods.

BLAKE

Ryan skipped work and didn't tell me.

LUCIAN

When?

BLAKE

Two days ago. And he's got these documents that he claims are script notes. Only, they're some doctor's patient names and addresses.

LUCIAN

What? Why does he have those?

BLAKE

No idea. Your name was at the end though.

This startles Lucian.

LUCIAN

It was likely another -- you see, Werner is exceedingly common in Germany and --

Blake doesn't perceive Lucian's anxiety, too upset to notice.

BLAKE

You were right about Ryan, Lucian. You were completely right.

On the verge of tears, she blows her nose into a tissue.

LUCIAN

I am so sorry.

BLAKE

Thought you weren't going to apologize.

Lucian smiles. Blake blows her nose again.

EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENCE - DAY

A one-story house in suburbia.

On the porch, Ryan consults his stolen list -- the first name: "Donald Anderson."

Ryan rings the doorbell. MRS. ANDERSON, 50s, opens the door.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Can I help you?

RYAN  
Mrs. Anderson?

MRS. ANDERSON  
Yes.

RYAN  
I'm here to talk to your husband,  
Donald.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Donny's my son. And who are you?

RYAN  
Ryan Reynolds.

Mrs. Anderson stares at Ryan, somewhat skeptical.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

A cozy, simple room.

Mrs. Anderson pours tea for Ryan. Across from him, one of his LOOK-ALIKES: DONNY, 14, shy.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Not that we don't enjoy your  
company, Ryan. But why are you  
here?

RYAN  
I needed to talk to Donald --

MRS. ANDERSON  
Donny.

RYAN  
Yes, I needed to talk to Donny.  
About something we have in common.

MRS. ANDERSON  
The surgery.

Ryan nods.

RYAN  
As an actor, my face is my  
business. My livelihood. My  
identity. And I can't let --

MRS. ANDERSON  
We're so grateful.

Ryan wasn't expecting that kind of response.

RYAN  
You're... grateful?

MRS. ANDERSON  
Yes.

RYAN  
For what?

Mrs. Anderson closes her eyes.

MRS. ANDERSON  
It happened almost a year ago.

LATER

Mrs. Anderson pours Ryan more tea and finishes up a story.

MRS. ANDERSON  
The fire killed Donny's father and  
took our old home. Doctors said  
ninety percent of Donny's face was  
burned. Ninety percent. You know  
how a boy feels when he's got no  
hair and a face covered in scars?

RYAN  
I -- I don't.

MRS. ANDERSON

Best case scenario, doctors told me, Donny wouldn't be able to go outdoors for a decade to avoid the sun. Worst case, he might never leave the house.

Ryan listens, on the edge of his seat.

MRS. ANDERSON

Now, Donny's a shy boy. Quiet as they come. And I knew that after he was burned -- I knew that Donny would retreat. Deep into himself. He wouldn't experience life like the other kids at school.

Mrs. Anderson takes Donny's hand.

MRS. ANDERSON

But then we learned about Dr. Grebenschnikov and his extraordinary procedure.

Mrs. Anderson smiles, stifling deep emotions.

MRS. ANDERSON

Ryan, your face -- your face saved my boy's life. If it wasn't for your face --

She glances down, shaking off the nightmarish thought. She looks up at Ryan.

MRS. ANDERSON

Your face gave us hope, Ryan.

DONNY

(mustering courage)  
Thank you, Mr. Reynolds.

Donny runs over and gives Ryan a HUG.

DONNY

Thank you so much.

Ryan reacts -- genuinely moved, overcome with emotion.

MRS. ANDERSON

I'm afraid I've forgotten -- what is it you wanted from us?

Conflicted, Ryan looks at Mrs. Anderson, then Donny. He sighs.

RYAN  
 Seems I also forgot. Thanks for  
 the tea, Mrs. Anderson. Enjoy the  
 face, Donny.

EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENCE - DAY

Ryan waves goodbye to Donny and his mom. He takes out his list, crosses off "Donald Anderson" with a pen.

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Blake, seated at the table, as Lucian indicates a giant board covered in plastic.

LUCIAN  
 Ready?

BLAKE  
 Ready.

LUCIAN  
 Very well. Three, two, one --

He removes the plastic, revealing a giant glossy poster.

ON THE POSTER: an IMPRESSIONISTIC DRAWING of Blake, half nude, covered in Autumn foliage.

AT THE BOTTOM IN CURSIVE:

LIVELY  
 By  
 Blake Lively

BLAKE  
 What is it?

LUCIAN  
 Your memoir cover!

Blake stares in wonder, mesmerized by the book cover.

LUCIAN  
 Do you like it? We mocked it up  
 this morning so if you don't --

BLAKE  
 It's incredible.

Blake goes to the cover and traces her fingertips over her drawn-on lips.

BLAKE  
Lucian.

LUCIAN  
Yes, my dear?

BLAKE  
I love it.

LUCIAN  
Splendid.

INT. EAST VILLAGE APARTMENT - DAY

A hipster studio apartment.

Ryan on a sofa next to another LOOK-ALIKE. He eyes the look-alike's chest -- this person has BOOBS.

TRANSGENDERED LOOK-ALIKE  
Before the surgery, I was so mixed up. A psychological wreck. I'd always felt like a man trapped in a woman's body.

Ryan nods politely.

TRANSGENDERED LOOK-ALIKE  
But your face -- it let me show the world who I'd always been on the inside.

Ryan reacts, moved by the look-alike's story.

TRANSGENDERED LOOK-ALIKE  
Because of your face, I could finally become the person I was born to be. Thank you, Ryan.

The look-alike HUGS Ryan.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Ryan crosses off the list's second name: "Jordan Coolidge."

BEGIN RYAN/BLAKE INTERCUT MONTAGE:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Ryan HUGS a WHEELCHAIR BOUND LOOK-ALIKE who, other than his Ryan Reynolds face, appears at least eighty-years-old.

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Blake and Lucian HUG in front of the mocked-up memoir poster. He points to the door, makes a "let's go for a walk" motion.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

As he heads to the retirement home parking lot, Ryan checks his list -- several names have been crossed off.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Lucian pensively underlines a passage in Blake's memoir. He holds up the paper: the underlines form a smiley face.

Blake giggles.

INT. RYAN REYNOLDS SUPERFAN BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan Reynolds movie posters and pictures dot the walls. Ryan signs a Blade: Trinity poster for a dorky SUPERFAN/LOOK-ALIKE.

Ryan HUGS the superfan.

EXT. MCNULTY'S - DAY

At the tea shop, Lucian lays his hand on Blake's. She leaves it there for a second, then removes her hand.

EXT. RURAL STREET - DAY

Ryan scans his list -- most names now crossed out.

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - LUCIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Blake hands Lucian a THICK, FULLY DRAFTED MANUSCRIPT. He feigns being weighed down by its bulk.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ryan blows out birthday candles with a HAIRLESS CANCER PATIENT/LOOK-ALIKE. Ryan HUGS the patient.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LUCIAN'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Posh. Manuscripts in neat piles.

Lucian and Blake drink red wine at his dining table. He raises his glass.

LUCIAN  
A toast to you, my dear.

BLAKE  
It's only a draft.

LUCIAN  
Playing the humility card?

Blake smiles coyly.

BLAKE  
You know what? I can't toast to that.

Blake raises her own wine glass.

BLAKE  
A toast to you, Lucian. Without you these pages would be blank. Or at least badly written.

LUCIAN  
Very well -- I will counter your toast with another toast.

BLAKE  
You can't do that!

LUCIAN  
Can and will.

He raises his glass.

LUCIAN  
A toast to...

His voice trailing off, Lucian glances amorously at Blake.

BLAKE  
You can't do that either! You have to finish. You can't just start a toast and not finish it.

LUCIAN  
And why not?

BLAKE  
That's against toast etiquette!

Blake feigns being upset.

LUCIAN  
Yes, you are quite right. Very well. A toast... to us.

They drink. A bit of wine lingers on Lucian's chin.

BLAKE  
You got a little on --

Lucian tries to wipe it off, but Blake stops him.

BLAKE  
No. Let me.

She tenderly napkin dries his chin stubble.

LUCIAN  
I don't think you got all of it.

BLAKE  
I don't think so either.

She dabs at his stubble once more. They stare into each other's eyes.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Phil and Emma Watson head down the street adjoining the set.

EMMA  
Your performances this week -- I've never seen anything like them.

PHIL  
I was just acting. Trying to, at least.

EMMA  
That wasn't acting. I've seen acting, and that wasn't acting.

PHIL  
How do you mean?

EMMA  
What that was -- that was metamorphosis.

Phil sighs.

PHIL  
Oh, Emma.

EMMA  
Yes, Ryan?

PHIL  
I can't lie to you anymore.

EMMA  
Go on.

Phil stuffs his hands in his pants pockets.

PHIL  
I'm not Ryan Reynolds.

EMMA  
Right, since you're still in  
character. You're still Braden.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL  
No. My real name is Phil. Phil  
Goodman. I took over for Ryan a  
little while back.

EMMA  
But that face --

PHIL  
I paid a plastic surgeon for this  
face months ago.

EMMA  
You can't be serious. Aren't you  
Ryan Reynolds, action star and  
frequent romantic lead?

PHIL  
I'm Phil Goodman, valet parker and  
frequent guy who watches movies.

EMMA  
But if you're not Ryan Reynolds,  
that means --

She swoops in for a KISS. Phil steps back, surprised.

PHIL  
Hold on... aren't we... shouldn't  
we not --

EMMA  
Shut up and deal.

PHIL  
Like that line from The Apartment?

EMMA  
You've seen The Apartment?

PHIL  
A dozen times. Huge Billy Wilder  
fan.

Emma gazes at Phil, melting a little.

EMMA  
That's my favorite movie.

She reels Phil in by the shirt collar and kisses him.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY

In front of a brownstone, Ryan checks his list. Every name  
crossed off except for one: "Lucian Werner."

INT. LUCIAN'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

The doorbell RINGS.

Lucian opens the door, revealing Ryan.

RYAN  
I take it you're Lucian Werner.

LUCIAN  
That is correct.

RYAN  
I'd like to talk to you about --

Blake emerges from the dining room.

BLAKE  
Ryan?

RYAN  
Blake, what are you doing here?

BLAKE  
Ryan, this is Lucian. He's been helping me with the memoir.

RYAN  
Him? This is Luke?

BLAKE  
Lucian.

RYAN  
Pretty sure you said his name was Luke.

BLAKE  
Pretty sure you weren't listening the multiple times I told you his name was Lucian.

Lucian holds out a hand, trying to ease the tension. Ryan does not accept the hand.

LUCIAN  
Lovely to meet you, Ryan. I have heard so much about you.

RYAN  
Well, I've heard nothing about you.

Ryan glares at Lucian.

BLAKE  
Why are you here, Ryan?

RYAN  
Why am I here? Why are you here?

BLAKE  
Lucian wanted to celebrate me finishing my memoir draft. And I asked you first. So why are you here?

RYAN  
You can't figure it out? Look, Blake -- look at his face.

Blake glances at Lucian.

BLAKE  
Yes?

RYAN

Doesn't he -- don't you think he looks like someone you know?

BLAKE

There is a sort of Gosling resemblance.

RYAN

Ryan Gosling?

BLAKE

Yes.

LUCIAN

I have gotten that before.

RYAN

(ignoring Lucian)

No, Blake. He resembles me. His face is my face. Mine!

Blake scrutinizes Ryan, then Lucian, then Ryan again.

BLAKE

I don't see it.

RYAN

How can you not -- he paid for a surgery. To look like me. What do you think these documents are?

He wields the list of names and addresses.

BLAKE

You said those were script notes.

RYAN

I lied. This is a list of plastic surgery patients.

BLAKE

Wow, Ryan. That's the first honest thing you've said in weeks.

Blake marches to the door.

RYAN

Where are you going?

BLAKE

What do you care? Don't you have "work stuff" to worry about?

RYAN  
As a matter of fact, I do.

They both stomp out of the apartment, leaving Lucian alone.

LUCIAN  
Well, this was nice.

EXT. RYAN'S SET TRAILER - DAY

Ryan tries the trailer door handle -- it's unlocked.

INT. RYAN'S SET TRAILER - DAY

Phil and Emma huddled on a couch, scared. Ryan shifts back and forth, arms crossed.

RYAN  
No, please repeat it one more time.  
I must've misheard.

PHIL  
I don't think I should.

RYAN  
Yeah? Because what I thought I  
heard you say -- it sounded like a  
fucking joke.

Phil summons his courage and stands.

PHIL  
I'm not leaving the movie.

EMMA  
Phil's actually quite brilliant. A  
young Olivier.

RYAN  
Emma, shut the hell up.

PHIL  
Hey, don't talk to her that way.

RYAN  
This isn't about her, Phil. This is  
about me. And you. But mostly me.

EMMA  
If it wasn't for Phil, you'd have  
been off the movie weeks ago.

RYAN  
Well, if it wasn't for me, Phil  
would be a poor valet parker riding  
my good looks into a bunch of  
tramps' panties.

EMMA  
That's not true.

Ryan pauses, stares at Emma.

RYAN  
Oh -- oh my God. Did he ride his  
way into your panties?

Her silence speaks for itself. Ryan snickers.

RYAN  
Oh, Emma. Emma, Emma, Emma.

PHIL  
Laugh all you want, Ryan. I'm  
staying on the movie.

RYAN  
Don't hold your breath. If I talk  
to the studio for five minutes --

EMMA  
The studio hates you.

RYAN  
Then the producers --

EMMA  
The producers hate you.

Ryan mulls this over.

RYAN  
Then I'll talk to my fucking agent!  
Just you wait -- this is Ryan  
Reynolds you're up against.

Ryan marches to the door and adds, with a flourish:

RYAN  
Ryan fucking Reynolds.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank at his desk. Ryan in the doorway, clearly frustrated.

FRANK

Soon as they realized this guy  
wasn't you, everyone kind of took  
to the idea.

RYAN

Great! Now tell everyone I'm still  
on the project.

FRANK

Look, kiddo --

RYAN

No, Frank. Don't tell me "look."  
Tell me I'm still on the project.

FRANK

Would if I could.

RYAN

Have you spoken to the studio?

FRANK

I have.

RYAN

And the producers.

FRANK

Them as well.

RYAN

Then you've convinced them to keep  
me.

Frank sighs and shakes his head.

FRANK

Studio's going public with the  
casting change on Monday.

RYAN

What?

FRANK

I'm sorry, Ryan. I tried. I  
really did.

RYAN

I don't want to hear about fucking  
trying, Frank. I want to hear about  
staying on a movie whose working  
title has my fucking name in it.

FRANK

The thing is, Phil's easier to work with. He's cheaper. He's more generous with his representation --

RYAN

Well, I'm a bankable movie star and -- what did you say?

FRANK

Which part?

RYAN

The last part.

FRANK

Phil's more generous with his representation?

RYAN

Yeah. Why do you know that?

Frank bows his head, afraid to meet Ryan's gaze.

RYAN

Frank, why do you fucking know that?

FRANK

You see, Ryan, he --

RYAN

You signed him, didn't you?

Frank smiles, tongue-tied.

RYAN

What's the cut? Thirty percent? Forty?

FRANK

(quietly)  
Fifteen.

RYAN

You shat on my career for fifteen percent of a valet parker.

Ryan shakes his head in disbelief.

RYAN

Unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blake sets her marked-up memoir manuscript on the counter.  
Picks up a recent Us Weekly, flips through it to...

A FULL PAGE PICTURE: Phil -- wrongly labeled as Ryan -- and  
Emma kiss on the street outside the movie set.

A CAPTION AT THE BOTTOM:

"Stars -- They're Just Like Us!  
They Commit Adultery With Their Co-Workers!"

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan departs his Maserati. Blake appears with a suitcase.

RYAN  
You will not believe what -- what's  
with the suitcase?

BLAKE  
I'm going.

Blake opens up the trunk to her SUV. Tosses in the suitcase.

RYAN  
Where?

BLAKE  
Anywhere but here.

RYAN  
Why, baby?

He touches her arm gently. She brushes it off.

BLAKE  
I'm not your baby, Ryan.

RYAN  
Baby, what's going on?

Blake SLAMS the trunk shut.

BLAKE  
I'm not your baby! Okay? I'm not  
your fucking baby!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Packed bags near the fridge.

Ryan shuffles in. Blake tosses him the Us Weekly, open to the Phil and Emma picture.

RYAN

It's not what it looks like.

BLAKE

Liar.

RYAN

You think I'm having an affair?  
With Emma Watson?

BLAKE

No, I don't think you're having an affair. I know what my husband looks like, and I know that's not you in the picture.

RYAN

Then what's wrong? Talk to me.

BLAKE

That picture was taken this week.

RYAN

Okay. Meaning what?

BLAKE

Meaning you weren't at the shoot this week and probably not last week either. And in that message that Frank left a while back, he said you missed work earlier. For all I know, you've never been on set.

She tries to head to the garage. But Ryan stands in her way.

RYAN

Don't go. I can explain. All these people -- they had this surgery --

BLAKE

The surgery that makes them look like you. You told me.

RYAN

I had to stop them, Blake. They're ruining my life.

BLAKE

Why? Because their faces look a little like yours?

RYAN

Exactly like mine! To the pore!

BLAKE

Well, who cares if a few people have your face? Big deal.

RYAN

Not a few -- seventy three. Any idea how important an actor's face is?

BLAKE

I'm an actor too, you know.

RYAN

Yeah, sure. You were.

BLAKE

Oh, I am done with this.

She tries to move past him again. But Ryan doesn't budge.

RYAN

There's no way you're leaving me because of a few fibs. There's got to be another reason.

BLAKE

Another reason?

RYAN

Yeah.

BLAKE

How about the fact that for a month you didn't realize I was writing a memoir even though I told you about it every single day? How about the fact that even before you started lying you still put "work stuff" before me?

RYAN

No, there has to be something else. Something you're not --

Ryan realizes something.

RYAN

No. No, you didn't. You didn't  
fall for someone else. No way.

Blake looks away, as she picks up her purse.

RYAN

Who is he? Is he -- is it Luke?

BLAKE

His name is Lucian!

RYAN

Have you fucked him?

BLAKE

No, I haven't fucked him. Wanna  
know why?

RYAN

I have a feeling you're about to  
tell me.

Blake reacts -- even now, Ryan's still a total asshole.

BLAKE

I didn't have sex with Lucian  
because I stupidly believed in our  
relationship -- because I stupidly  
believed in you, Ryan. You know  
how it feels to be disappointed in  
the person you love most?

RYAN

Like you're... stupid?

Blake shakes her head, finally moves past Ryan.

RYAN

But he's just me with a German  
accent and eccentric scarves!

Blake stops short of the door.

BLAKE

Ryan, I assure you with every fiber  
of my being: if Lucian were anything  
like you, I wouldn't go near him.  
Not now. Not ever.

Blake storms out. Ryan looks on, devastated.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ryan angrily brushes his teeth.

He stops, spits, and beholds his reflection in the mirror. A LUCIAN-LIKE SCARF suddenly appears.

Ryan punches the mirror, shattering it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hand bandaged, Ryan makes a protein shake. He dumps fruit, vegetables, and protein powder in the blender.

And... a PBR TALLBOY. And another PBR. And another.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan, drunk and with unsightly stubble, BURPS as he flips through channels on his huge HD TV.

ON TV: BLAKE SHELTON speaks with a contestant on The Voice. Shelton now has RYAN'S FACE.

BLAKE SHELTON (ON TV)  
I'm not here to change you, man.  
I'm here to support you --

NEW CHANNEL: ALEX TREBEK, now with RYAN'S FACE, delivers a question on Jeopardy.

ALEX TREBEK (ON TV)  
Built in Boston in 1723, this house  
of worship is also --

NEW CHANNEL: LEBRON JAMES, in a post-game interview, his WHITE RYAN REYNOLDS FACE contrasts with his skin.

LEBRON JAMES (ON TV)  
No doubt, the triple-double feels  
good. But I've felt that feeling  
before and --

Ryan turns off the TV.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan, beard thicker, watches a "Ryan Reynolds Shirtless Movie Scenes" YouTube video.

He finishes off a PBR. Reaches for another beer -- but his 24-pack is EMPTY.

RYAN

Shit.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ryan carouses down a street in NYC's Meatpacking District.

REYNOLDS LOOK-ALIKES NOW EVERYWHERE:

- A POLICE OFFICER with Ryan's face directs traffic.
- A FRUIT VENDOR with Ryan's face hands a lemon to a CUSTOMER with Ryan's face.
- A TAXI DRIVER with Ryan's face HONKS at Ryan for cutting him off.
- A GAY COUPLE -- with matching Ryan faces and outfits -- kiss on a street corner.

EXT. HIP BAR - NIGHT

A queue snaking out -- many Ryan look-alikes in line. Ryan approaches a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Back of the line, man.

RYAN

I only want one beer. One pitcher-sized beer.

Ryan tries and fails to bypass the bouncer.

BOUNCER

Back of the line!

RYAN

But I'm -- I'm Ryan Reynolds!

BOUNCER

That's what they all say.

EXT. FANCY SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ryan, his beard grizzly, lurks outside a restaurant. Inside, he observes Blake, Lucian, Emma, and Phil on a double date.

The two couples raise their wine glasses in a toast.

EXT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - GARAGE - NIGHT

Huge bags under his eyes, Ryan exits his car -- his Maserati now covered in dents and missing both bumpers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan buries his head in a couch cushion. Turns his head toward the coffee table.

On the table, the LIST he stole from Grebenschnikov.

INT. GREBENSCHNIKOV MEDICAL PRACTICE - HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway now piled high with boxes. Ryan hands Dr. Grebenschnikov the list.

RYAN

The patient information I took.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Believe it or not, we do have other copies.

RYAN

I meant it more as a gesture. And what's up with the boxes?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

We're switching offices. Our clientele has recently grown.

RYAN

I've noticed.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doctor at his desk. Ryan across from him.

RYAN

I need you to change my face, Dr. Grebenschnikov.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV

Ryan, you stole classified information --

RYAN  
That I returned five minutes ago!

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
That I also had multiple copies of.

RYAN  
It was a gesture!

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
So you said.

RYAN  
Don't make me beg, doc.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Much as I'd enjoy that, my specialty  
is turning people into Ryan  
Reynolds. Not changing them back.

RYAN  
Well, what if I paid you five  
hundred -- no, a million dollars  
for a new face?

The doctor shrugs.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Money's not the issue. It's  
outside of my skill set. But Ryan,  
there are many other plastic  
surgeons who can easily --

RYAN  
I want a new beginning, not a nose  
job. And you're the only doctor in  
your field, right?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Outside of North Korea, yes.

RYAN  
Then you have to transform me.

The doctor studies Ryan -- his persistence is admirable.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Hmm. I do have something in the  
works, but --

RYAN  
You can help me?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
It won't be ready for a while.

RYAN  
How long are we talking? Two months? Three months? I can wait three months.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
If everything goes as planned, a year and a half.

RYAN  
Okay, not ideal. And if everything doesn't go as planned?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Hard to say.

RYAN  
So, like, a few years?

Dr. Grebenschnikov solemnly shakes his head. Ryan sighs.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
For the foreseeable future, you'll have to stay Ryan Reynolds.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Hands on the wheel, the car in park, Ryan sits in silence, staring at his reflection in the rearview mirror.

Suddenly, he collapses onto the wheel, BLARING the horn.

As the blaring fades, the screen goes

WHITE.

A TITLE OVER THE WHITENESS:

"ONE YEAR LATER"

EXT. MOVIE AWARDS - NIGHT

A red carpet pre-show. MARIO LOPEZ interviews Blake.

MARIO LOPEZ  
And here we have the always breathtaking, Blake Lively.

BLAKE

Hey Mario.

MARIO LOPEZ

So tell me more about this new book, Lively.

BLAKE

It's a little project I'd been working on for a while.

Mario chuckles.

MARIO LOPEZ

Well, that "little project" also happens to be a critically acclaimed New York Times bestseller!

Blake smiles.

MARIO LOPEZ

And who is this handsome fellow?

NEXT TO HER: Lucian, in a crisp suit and scarf, nods politely.

BLAKE

My boyfriend, Lucian. He was the person at Simon and Schuster who convinced them to publish my memoir.

Mario faces the camera.

MARIO LOPEZ

Talk about an office romance! Blake Lively, everyone.

Blake and Lucian head off. Emma Watson and Phil approach Mario, holding hands.

MARIO LOPEZ

Now here's a power couple if I've ever seen one! Phil Goodman and Emma Watson, stars of the zombie action romance hit, Do Not Resuscitate.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Ryan, his beard somehow bushier, watches the red carpet show on TV. His depression has taken on an almost serene quality.

MARIO LOPEZ (ON TV)  
So Phil, how does it feel to be on  
top of the world?

Ryan turns the TV off. He glances at some DIVORCE PAPERS on his coffee table -- all unsigned.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Ryan pulls up in front of a BARNES AND NOBLE.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NON-FICTION AISLE - DAY

Ryan wanders the non-fiction section to a table piled with copies of Lively. Next to it, a cardboard cutout of Blake.

INT. CHECKOUT - DAY

Ryan at a register manned by the same WOMAN from his previous Barnes and Noble trip. She gives Ryan a probing look.

REGISTER WOMAN  
Hey, aren't you that dude from the  
movies? Phil Goodman?

RYAN  
No, I'm actually --

PHIL (O.S.)  
Yeah, that's me.

Ryan turns around. Behind him in line, Phil -- now with the confidence and clothing of a movie star.

RYAN  
Phil?

Phil squints at Ryan.

PHIL  
Ryan?

INT. GRAMERCY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A gorgeous old-fashioned apartment overlooking Gramercy Park. Phil shows Ryan around the wood-paneled living room.

RYAN  
You've done well for yourself, Phil.

PHIL  
Being a world famous movie star has  
its advantages.

RYAN  
Clearly.

PHIL  
So, are you going to read it?

RYAN  
The memoir?

Ryan reflects on this for a moment.

RYAN  
What do you think I should do?

PHIL  
What do I think?

RYAN  
Yeah.

PHIL  
You're asking me what I think you  
should do.

RYAN  
If that's a problem --

PHIL  
Just didn't take you for the asking-  
other-people-for-advice type.  
Frankly, I'm surprised you haven't  
already kicked my ass for riding  
your face to the top.

RYAN  
Don't know what to tell you.

Phil regards Ryan -- he seems different. Not happy, by any  
means. But different.

PHIL  
If you read it, would that help you  
move on?

RYAN  
I -- I don't know.

PHIL  
Oh. Well, you know, if you do read  
it, Blake's having a book release  
party at the MoMA on Friday.

RYAN  
For Lively?

Phil nods.

A door SHUTS off-screen. Emma enters and kisses Phil.

PHIL  
Emma, we've got company.

He indicates Ryan.

EMMA  
How do you -- Ryan Reynolds? Is  
that you, Ryan?

RYAN  
Hi Emma.

EMMA  
Jesus, Ryan. You look awful.

RYAN  
Nice to see you haven't lost that  
charming British wit.

Ryan stands.

RYAN  
I should probably head out. Phil,  
I appreciate the tour. Emma, as  
always, it's been a pleasure.

Ryan waves goodbye and heads out.

EMMA  
Wow, he's really gone downhill.

PHIL  
Maybe, maybe not.

EMMA  
Not maybe, Phil. Definitely. He  
smells like Central Park.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Ryan holds his copy of Lively. He opens it.

A MESSAGE ON THE DEDICATION PAGE:

"For all those who yearn to be lively."

QUICK CUTS OF RYAN READING:

- Ryan reads a passage. His eyes widen in horror.
- Ryan wipes away tears as he finishes a chapter.
- Ryan, now halfway through the book, laughing hysterically.
- Ryan turns to the author bio page -- it includes a gorgeous BLACK-AND-WHITE PORTRAIT of Blake.
- Book set aside, Ryan lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. MOMA - NIGHT

Outside the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Ryan clutches a bouquet of flowers. His suit, once perfectly fitted, now tight.

INT. MOMA - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ryan wanders past a modern art portrait of Blake. Frank and Andrew Lin approach, phony smiles on their faces.

FRANK

Buddy! How are you?

ANDREW

Hello Ryan.

Ryan feigns politeness, his attention clearly elsewhere.

FRANK

You see the weekend numbers on Do Not Resuscitate?

RYAN

The movie I was kicked off of?

ANDREW

Hope there aren't any hard feelings. You know how this business goes. One day you're captain of the ship, and the next you're a --

RYAN

A bearded guy at a party he wasn't invited to.

Andrew forces an uncomfortable smile.

FRANK

Don't know if you heard, but the studio picked it up for a trilogy.

RYAN

That's really great. Good for you.

FRANK

Was thinking maybe we can get you a supporting role in the sequel.

RYAN

A supporting role?

FRANK

You betcha.

RYAN

In the sequel to Do Not Resuscitate.

FRANK

That's right, kiddo.

RYAN

It's kind of a funny story. Once they changed the title from Untitled Ryan Reynolds Zombie Action Romance Project, I realized the movie was a complete piece of shit.

Ryan walks away -- the departure so sudden neither Frank nor Andrew can respond.

INT. BOOK PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

A who's-who of entertainment types. DEADMAU5 DJs. Emma and Phil sip whiskey cocktails in the corner.

EMMA

Deadmau5 laying down beats, Blue Label on the house -- maybe I should write a memoir.

PHIL

Okay. Afterwards, why don't you have a falling out with your parents and develop a cocaine habit?

EMMA

I'm not above becoming a cliché.

PHIL

I applaud you for staying grounded.

Emma pretends to be offended. Ryan walks toward them.

PHIL

Ryan! You came! I thought you wouldn't. But here you are.

RYAN

Here I am.

PHIL

I assume you read the memoir.

RYAN

I did.

EMMA

You read Blake's memoir?

RYAN

Yeah.

EMMA

Why in bloody hell would you do that?

RYAN

I had some free time.

PHIL

Emma, Ryan has taken the first step in moving on.

EMMA

As if there's a twelve-step program for getting over Blake Lively.

PHIL

There's a twelve-step program for everything.

Ryan spots Blake leaving the room.

RYAN

I actually have to go. Enjoy the party.

Ryan heads off toward Blake. Emma gives Phil a look.

EMMA

Call me crazy, but that doesn't look like moving on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ryan finds Blake coming out of the women's restroom.

BLAKE

Ryan?

RYAN

These are for you.

He holds the bouquet out for her. She doesn't take it.

BLAKE

What are you doing here?

RYAN

I read your memoir.

BLAKE

Why did you read my memoir?

RYAN

I'm not sure. I wasn't going to.

BLAKE

Ryan, why would you ever read my memoir?

RYAN

I don't know. But as soon as I started, I had these... emotions. All sorts of emotions. I cried. And I laughed. And I did that thing where you cry and laugh at the same time. It was weird.

BLAKE

I can't do this.

She heads off. But Ryan grabs her wrist, holding her back.

RYAN

There's so much I should've told you, Blake. So much I need to tell you now.

BLAKE

There is no "now," Ryan. The only time we've spoken in a year was across a table next to our divorce lawyers.

RYAN

Yes, but -- Blake, I had to speak to you. And, look, I know I lied to you a few times.

BLAKE

A few?

RYAN

Okay, many times. And I know that I was a terrible listener. That, okay, that right now me talking doesn't exactly qualify as listening. But I can listen later.

Blake looks away, uncomfortable.

RYAN

Baby, I love you. I never stopped loving you.

She opens her mouth to respond, but a German voice interrupts.

LUCIAN (O.S.)

Could the author make her way to the dance floor?

BLAKE

Ryan, I --

RYAN

Stay and talk to me. Please, Blake.

LUCIAN (O.S.)

Where are you, my dear?

BLAKE

I have to go.

Blake quickly departs.

INT. BOOK PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Blake by his side, Lucian addresses an assembled crowd.

LUCIAN

A while back, Blake told me she wasn't a writer. Can you believe that? Blake Lively, acclaimed bestselling author, not a writer?

The audience chuckles. Ryan appears at the back of the room.

LUCIAN

This memoir that we are here to  
celebrate -- this wonderful portrait  
of a strong, contemporary woman --

Lucian takes Blake by the hand. Ryan frowns.

LUCIAN

This is not your typical book  
authored by a celebrity. No, this  
isn't something you buy to  
ironically populate a coffee table.

More laughter from the audience.

LUCIAN

This memoir -- this is a historic  
work. A text to be explored again  
and again for years to come.

Blake blushes.

LUCIAN

And the woman behind this memoir --  
she is a text any man would be  
lucky to explore. So, my dear --

Lucian gets down on one knee, holds out a DIAMOND RING. The  
air escapes from Ryan's lungs.

LUCIAN

Will you allow me to read you...  
forever?

A hush prevails over the room. Blake sees Ryan watching her.  
For the briefest of seconds, they look at each other.

But Blake snaps out of it. She helps Lucian to his feet.

BLAKE

Of course, Lucian! Of course I do!

She faces the crowd, giddy.

BLAKE

I do!

Blake and Lucian kiss as the crowd CHEERS. Deadmau5 puts on  
a loungey tune.

Ryan chucks his bouquet in a trash bin.

EXT. MOMA - NIGHT

On a bench, Ryan knocks back a PBR. Phil approaches.

PHIL  
You okay, man?

RYAN  
What do you think.

Phil takes a seat next to Ryan.

PHIL  
Ryan, this thing you've been going through -- this was never about getting the girl. I didn't tell you about this party so you could try to win Blake back.

RYAN  
Then why did you? To watch me suffer?

PHIL  
I just -- I thought it might help.

RYAN  
Well, it didn't.

PHIL  
I'm sorry, Ryan.

RYAN  
What do you know about love anyway? A year ago you were screwing ugly girls in the poor part of Brooklyn.

PHIL  
Finding the love of my life doesn't qualify?

Ryan leers at Phil.

RYAN  
You met Emma on an action movie, Phil. Been there, done that. So no, it doesn't fucking qualify.

PHIL  
And what about the fact that I've seen over seven hundred romantic comedies?

RYAN  
What about it.

PHIL  
If this were about getting the girl, you wouldn't have had her to begin with.

RYAN  
Oh, yeah. Right.

PHIL  
It is right, Ryan. It's romantic storytelling 101.

RYAN  
You're an idiot.

PHIL  
And you're two beers away from being the next Hollywood tragedy.

RYAN  
And you're a -- a fucking stupid idiot.

Phil gets up, visibly disappointed in Ryan.

PHIL  
Ryan, I'd hoped you'd changed. I really did. But at the end of the day, you're just an asshole with a pretty face.

As Phil heads off, Ryan calls after him.

RYAN  
Don't forget my abs! I also have pretty abs!  
(quietly)  
Or, I used to...

Ryan takes a big gulp of his PBR.

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan somberly watches a movie trailer for Green Lantern on his iPad. IN THE TRAILER: Blake, her arms around Ryan.

BLAKE (ON TRAILER)  
You have the ability to overcome fear.

LATER

Ryan sets his iPad aside and stares at his copy of Lively. But his cellphone BUZZES, interrupting. He takes the call.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
Ryan, it's a miracle. An unexpected breakthrough.

RYAN  
Dr. Grebenschnikov?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
I thought the procedure would require at least another year. But then -- voila -- a breakthrough!

RYAN  
That seems medically unsound.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
It is unsound -- it's a miracle!

RYAN  
Well, what does this have to do with me?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
Have you already forgotten the million dollars you offered me for a new face?

RYAN  
I remember. I also remember you saying you weren't a greedy man.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
Greed is one thing. But saying no to that kind of money, Ryan? I'm not an imbecile.

(then)  
So, when can you come in?

Ryan considers this for a moment. Picks up his copy of Lively. Flips to the DEDICATION:

"For all those who yearn to be lively."

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
Ryan? Are you still there?

RYAN  
One second. Just going through my schedule.

Ryan rereads the dedication. Re-rereads it. A change in his expression -- he seems determined, motivated, even inspired.

RYAN  
Looks like I'm completely booked.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
What about next week? I have an opening Tuesday afternoon.

RYAN  
Busy next week as well.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV (V.O.)  
Then how about --

RYAN  
Every other week too.

INT. NEW MEDICAL PRACTICE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A sleek, modern office. Dr. Grebenschnikov hears a CLICK on the other line of his office phone.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Suit yourself.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

The doctor checks on a patient with bandages and FLOWY HAIR.

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Some bruising's to be expected at this stage, Marta.

He removes the bandages from his receptionist, Marta. She now has the face of KIM KARDASHIAN.

MARTA  
How do I look, doctor?

DR. GREBENSCHNIKOV  
Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. THE REYNOLDS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan picks up an old PBR can, tosses it in a RECYCLING BIN. He reaches for a copyright law book, throws it out as well.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A NEW MIRROR hung up. Ryan grabs a bottle of shaving cream and lathers up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Clean-shaven, Ryan opens a WORD DOCUMENT on his iPad and... TYPES. His fingers fly across the touch screen.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

In a heavy sweat, Ryan struggles to perform a crunch. But he persists, completes his rep, and begins another.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan drags two garbage bags filled with beer cans past his REPAIRED MASERATI.

He hoists the bags into a trash can.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now spotless, completely reorganized. Ryan types on his iPad into the late hours of the night.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan skims a hard copy of what he's been writing, sets it aside, and grabs the DIVORCE PAPERS.

He picks up a PEN.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SIMON AND SCHUSTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Ryan finds Blake and Lucian coming out of his office.

BLAKE

Ryan?

LUCIAN

What brings you to Simon and Schuster?

Ryan hands Blake the divorce papers.

RYAN  
I know you need my signature. If  
this is what you want, I'm not  
going to stop you.

Ryan holds a VERY THICK MANUSCRIPT out to Lucian.

LUCIAN  
What is that?

RYAN  
A memoir.

BLAKE  
Yours?

Ryan nods -- this astounds Blake.

LUCIAN  
And you expect me to what -- read  
this, let alone publish it?

RYAN  
Not expect, but --

LUCIAN  
Ryan, in what world, would I ever  
publish your memoir?

RYAN  
This one. I'm giving you your  
closure, Lucian.

He motions to the divorce papers.

RYAN  
Now give me mine.

LUCIAN  
Closure? For you?

RYAN  
Everyone deserves closure.

Blake takes in Ryan and his newfound determination.

BLAKE  
Read it, Lucian.

LUCIAN  
But Blake --

BLAKE  
Just read it! For me.

LUCIAN  
Very well. The submission process  
has a turnaround of six to eight  
months so --

BLAKE  
Lucian.

She crosses her arms.

LUCIAN  
So, I will go through it now.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On opposite ends of a conference table, Blake and Ryan wait.

RYAN  
Blake, there's something I have to  
say to you.

BLAKE  
What is it, Ryan?

RYAN  
All those times I lied about what  
was going on --

BLAKE  
Forget it. It's in the past.

RYAN  
No. I have to tell you.

BLAKE  
Tell me what?

RYAN  
I -- I'm sorry.

BLAKE  
You're... sorry?

RYAN  
Yeah. For everything.

Blake is shocked -- she never thought he'd apologize.

BLAKE  
Ryan.

RYAN  
Yes.

BLAKE

Thank you.

Ryan and Blake exchange smiles. A happy, quiet moment.

Until... Lucian appears at the door, his face solemn.

RYAN

Did you read it?

LUCIAN

I did.

A lengthy tense silence.

RYAN

And... what did you think?

Lucian extends his hand for a handshake.

LUCIAN

Congratulations, Ryan. You are  
Simon and Schuster's newest author.

Ryan shakes Lucian's hand. Blake beams.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - EVENT ROOM - DAY

In front of an unseen audience, a podium with a microphone.

A TITLE SUPERIMPOSED:

"The Not So Distant Future"

Lucian makes his way to the podium.

LUCIAN

If you have not purchased a copy of  
the book, a reminder: all profits  
will be donated to the  
Grebenschnikov Group.

Lucian points to Dr. Grebenschnikov, who stands nearby.

LUCIAN

Since founding the group a few  
months ago, Dr. Grebenschnikov and  
his associates have devoted  
countless hours to providing  
disfigured children with the faces  
they always deserved.

The audience applauds. The doctor waves and takes a seat.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALL - SAME TIME

The audience applause echoes through. Ryan waits with Blake, Phil, and Emma.

RYAN  
Appreciate you all coming. Even  
you, Emma.

EMMA  
We're friends, right?

Ryan HUGS Emma, answering her question. Blake watches this, stunned by Ryan's transformed personality.

BLAKE  
Ryan, I can't get over it -- you're  
like a completely different person.

RYAN  
People change.

BLAKE  
Seriously. I barely recognize you.

Blake gives Ryan an encouraging smile.

LUCIAN (O.S.)  
And now, the man you have all been  
waiting for -- Ryan Reynolds!

PHIL  
That's your cue.

Ryan takes a deep breath.

RYAN  
Here goes nothing.

INT. EVENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amid audience applause, Ryan replaces Lucian at the podium.

RYAN  
Thanks, Lucian. And thank you to  
everyone here for showing up today.

Ryan clears his throat, collects himself.

RYAN  
I know what you're thinking.  
"Another actor-turned-writer. Just  
what this planet needs."

Chuckles from the audience.

RYAN

I thought the same thing. But I realized I had a story to tell. And if anyone had a problem with that, fuck 'em.

More laughter. Ryan gestures to a giant BOOK COVER POSTER.

ON IT, IN AN ELEGANT FONT:

I AM RYAN REYNOLDS

By

Ryan Reynolds

RYAN

Before writing this book, I went through a ton of crap. To say I was knee-deep in it would've been an understatement.

Dr. Grebenschnikov nods in agreement.

RYAN

But as I wrote down those experiences, as I relived them, something happened. I stopped blaming others for my problems, and I emerged from that crap with a sense... of renewal.

OFF TO THE SIDE, Emma whispers to Phil.

EMMA

God, he's really laying it on thick.

PHIL

I don't know -- I kind of like it.

She eyes Phil skeptically. He kisses her on the cheek.

BACK WITH RYAN, his voice lowers, intensifying.

RYAN

This book was never about me. Whatever you're doing on this big floating orb, you can't do it by yourself. Believe me. I tried.

Blake watches at the back of the room next to Lucian.

RYAN

You see, as corny as it sounds, if you can't love other people, how can you love yourself? And no, I'm not talking about loving what you see in the mirror. Although, yeah, that can also be pretty awesome. No, I'm talking about real self-acceptance.

Blake hangs on to Ryan's every word, enthralled.

RYAN

Because only when you acknowledge other people and listen to them and genuinely appreciate them -- only then can you face the world and declare, "I am who I am. And I'm fucking psyched about that."

Ryan closes his eyes.

RYAN

So, with that, I say...

He pauses dramatically. Opens his eyes.

RYAN

I am Ryan Reynolds.

Suddenly... CLAPPING. And more clapping. And more.

The crowd on its feet.

Finally, they are revealed: an ENTIRE AUDIENCE OF RYAN REYNOLDS LOOK-ALIKES -- each more moved than the next.

RYAN

Thanks again for coming. Hope you enjoy the book.

Beyond the clapping look-alikes, he catches Blake's eyes.

Blake smiles at Ryan. Ryan smiles at Blake.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

Ryan approaches his Maserati -- the PASSENGER SIDE.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

In the passenger seat, he looks at the driver -- this is the REAL RYAN REYNOLDS. Meaning... the SPEAKER was a LOOK-ALIKE.

RYAN

Were they convinced? Hope the speech wasn't too cheesy.

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

Trust me, Ryan. They bought it.

RYAN

All of them? Even Blake?

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

Even Blake.

Ryan hands the look-alike a LARGE, THICK ENVELOPE. The speaker glances inside -- it's filled with CASH.

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

Thanks again for this opportunity.

RYAN

And you're sure you're up for it?

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

You serious? Of course I am!

RYAN

Because there's no going back -- from now on, you're Ryan Reynolds.

The speaker nods -- he likes the sound of that.

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

But what are you going to do?

RYAN

Was thinking of heading north.

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

Canada?

The faintest grin appears on Ryan's face.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

The speaker look-alike waves goodbye to Ryan, as the Maserati disappears down Park Avenue.

Blake, Phil, Lucian, and Emma meet up with the look-alike.

BLAKE

Wow, Ryan. That was some speech.

PHIL

Absolutely incredible.

EMMA

Yeah, not too shabby.

LUCIAN

Indeed.

They pat the look-alike on the back, congratulate him, etc.

SPEAKER LOOK-ALIKE

Hey, anybody hungry? I could go  
for a meal right about now.

The others nod in agreement. And the group heads off.

INT. MASERATI CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Convertible top down, hair blowing in the wind, Ryan speeds  
down a quiet road, the New York cityscape in the background.

Ryan sees his reflection in the rearview mirror. He smiles.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END