

Michael J. Fox Must Die
or
Stoltz Revoltz
or
Time Travel Gives You Diarrhea
by
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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We hear a FEMALE ANCHOR as the camera pans around a messy living room.

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)

Welcome back to Entertainment Tonight's special look at the top films of the 1980s. Well, there was no bigger hit at the box office in 1985 than the sci-fi adventure comedy Back to the Future.

We see: a bong. Porno mags. Divorce papers. Bills. A note saying "Need Your Rent!" Del Taco wrappers. A poster of Pulp Fiction with a note that says: "Thanks for two great fucking days on set, bro. -Quentin."

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)(cont'd)

But for a movie this successful, things didn't always go smoothly during production. Did you know, for instance, that John Lithgow was the first choice to play Doc Brown, a role that would eventually fall to Christopher Lloyd? Or that studio head Barry Schaeffer was involved in a steamy romance with actress Lea Thompson, an affair that wouldn't become public knowledge until 20 years later -- in an ET exclusive?

We see: ticket stubs from a Cher concert. A pile of scripts, the one on the top called Margaret's Lover. An ab machine with dust on it. A pack of cigarettes. A bag of Cheetos.

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)(cont'd)

But without a doubt, the most jaw-dropping piece of trivia has to be that actor Eric Stoltz was replaced by Michael J. Fox after five weeks of shooting in the lead role. It was a decision that would ultimately prove to be the right call, as the film went on to gross some \$400 million worldwide.

We finally focus on the TV:

FEMALE ANCHOR (cont'd)

That would buy a lot of DeLoreans.

MALE ANCHOR

Wow. It is hard to imagine Marty McFly as a redhead.

ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)

Oh, shut up!

A MARBLE ASH TRAY SMASHES into the TV, ending the report.

We see ERIC STOLTZ, 50s, unshaven. He slumps on a couch in boxers, socks, sandals, a t-shirt and a robe.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Fucking idiots.

He sprinkles POWDER on his French toast on the coffee table. Then he SNORTS the powder. Because it's cocaine.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Now I've got "The Power of Love" stuck in my head. God dammit.

He pours syrup on his French toast. Takes a bite. His cell phone RINGS.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Stoltz.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Eric? You didn't forget about your audition, did you?

ERIC STOLTZ
No. I'm on my way out the door. What time is it at again?

ROBIN (O.S.)
Noon.

Stoltz looks at a CLOCK: 11:55.

ERIC STOLTZ
OK. Might be a couple minutes late.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Oh Eric.

ERIC STOLTZ
But I'll be there, I'll be there.

He pulls a pair of PANTS out from under a couch cushion and puts them on. Finds a collared shirt and throws it on too.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Can you text me the address? And what is this for again?

ROBIN (O.S.)
It's a commercial.

ERIC STOLTZ
For?

ROBIN (O.S.)
A new drug. It's like Viagra.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh Jesus.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Also, did you get that script I sent you?

ERIC STOLTZ
What's it called?

ROBIN (O.S.)
Margaret's Lover.

He spots it on the floor.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, I got it.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Did you read it?

ERIC STOLTZ
I haven't finished it.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Have you started it?

He flips to the first page.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Well finish it, because I want to talk to
you about it at dinner tonight.

ERIC STOLTZ
All right, I'll try. But I got a busy day
today. I got this thing, and then I got
class and then I gotta--

ROBIN (O.S.)
(to someone else)
What's that? He's available now?
(to Stoltz)
Eric, I gotta jump on this call. I'll see
you tonight. Good luck!

She hangs up.

EXT. ERIC STOLTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Stoltz rushes across the front yard of his modest Spanish-
style house.

Next door, a couple of NEIGHBOR KIDS stare up at a basketball hoop. The ball is STUCK -- wedged between backboard and rim.

NEIGHBOR KID
Hey, Stoltz!

ERIC STOLTZ
What? I'm in a hurry.

NEIGHBOR KID
Can you get the ball for us? It's stuck.

ERIC STOLTZ
Christ.

He walks over to the kids and the basket.

NEIGHBOR KID
We can't reach it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah? Well neither can I. But you know
what I've got? Brains.

He takes off his shoe, throws it up at the ball. Hits the ball and dislodges it.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You gotta use your head, boys.

Stoltz heads for his car.

NEIGHBOR KID
Thanks. Hey, my dad still needs your
rent!

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, yeah. Tell him to fix my fucking
shower and he'll get it.

Stoltz climbs into his late-model BMW and motors off.

NEIGHBOR KID'S FRIEND
That guy's kind of a dick.

NEIGHBOR KID
Yeah. My dad says he's washed up.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - DAY

Stoltz drives his BMW on a PACKED freeway. He's got his window down and he's smoking. His eyes alternate between the road and the script on his steering wheel.

MUSIC PLAYS, CREDITS ROLL.

A CONVERTIBLE with two attractive TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMEN pulls up next to him.

They look over at him. He smiles and nods. They look at each other and laugh. Are they... laughing at him? Do they recognize him? The convertible speeds off.

INT. CASTING OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Stoltz sits and waits along with several other ACTORS in their 40s and 50s.

A door opens. A female CASTING ASSISTANT steps out with a clipboard.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Erin?

The actors look at each other. Beat.

ERIC STOLTZ

Do you mean Eric?

She looks at the clipboard.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Yes, sorry, Eric.

Stoltz rises.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz reads from the script SIDES.

ERIC STOLTZ

Hey you. Wanna go upstairs?

CASTING AGENT (O.S.)

I don't think we have time.

ERIC STOLTZ

Sure we do. And trust me, you'll enjoy yourself.

CASTING AGENT (O.S.)

How can you be so sure?

ERIC STOLTZ

Because today I've packed a special little friend with me.

CASTING AGENT (O.S.)

What's it called?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's called Extenze Black Label, and it's
the only enhancement I need. Trust me,
you're in for the ride of your life.

CASTING AGENT (O.S.)
Perfect. Thanks, Eric.

Stoltz gives a half-hearted smile and heads out.

INT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY

A 20-SOMETHING ACTRESS and 30-SOMETHING ACTOR perform on a
small stage.

20-SOMETHING ACTRESS
Aw, Frank, how could ya ever come to do
it? I ain't changed, am I? Ain't I just
as swell? Don't my eyes shine the same
way, just for you?

Stoltz sits and watches along with a dozen ACTING STUDENTS.

ERIC STOLTZ
Tina.

20-SOMETHING ACTRESS
Don't you remember out to old San Soozy?

ERIC STOLTZ
Tina.

20-SOMETHING ACTRESS
We won long-distance prizes, dancin'
together?

ERIC STOLTZ
Tina?

Finally she hears him, stops.

20-SOMETHING ACTRESS
Yeah, what?

ERIC STOLTZ
I'm going to be honest with you. You're a
decent actor, but your face is just OK
and your breasts are small. I don't see a
lot of star potential here. You're
probably better off moving back to Omaha
and going to grad school.

Beat. Tina begins to cry and RUNS OUT.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Who's next?

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Stoltz enters the restaurant, scans the room.

ROBIN, 40s, attractive and professionally dressed, stands near a crowded bar and waves him down.

He approaches her. She smiles, gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ERIC STOLTZ

Hey.

ROBIN

Hey. Our table isn't ready yet.

ERIC STOLTZ

Shocker.

(to bartender)

Whiskey on the rocks.

ROBIN

How was the audition?

ERIC STOLTZ

(shakes his head)

Robin, seriously? Extenze Black Label?

ROBIN

What? They've got money.

ERIC STOLTZ

I'm not going to the callback.

ROBIN

You didn't get a callback.

ERIC STOLTZ

I didn't?

ROBIN

No. They said you were unprepared and distracted.

The door opens. In walks MICHAEL J. FOX, 50s, charming, with four WELL-DRESSED FRIENDS.

ERIC STOLTZ

Oh, look who it is. Perfect.

Fox steps to the pretty HOSTESS.

MICHAEL J. FOX

Hi. We don't have a reservation, but we were hoping to get a table for five. And we're kind of in a rush.

HOSTESS
Of course. Right this way, Mr. Fox.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Great. Thanks so much.

Fox and his party move swiftly through the restaurant.

ERIC STOLTZ
Unbelievable. Did you see that? Just
blows right through.

ROBIN
Eric, come on. You know how it works.

ERIC STOLTZ
Like I'm nobody.

The BARTENDER slides a drink Stoltz's way.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Has she not seen Some Kind of Wonderful?
She's probably watched it a dozen times.

ROBIN
Well maybe her mother has.

ERIC STOLTZ
This fucking town.

HOSTESS
Stoltz, party of two?

ERIC STOLTZ
Finally. Jesus.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - LATER

Stoltz and Robin sit at a table that's tucked away near the
kitchen. They look at the menus.

ERIC STOLTZ
Conveniently located next to the kitchen.
And the bathroom. Perfect.

ROBIN
I think I'm going to get the salmon.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'm going to get the whiskey. And the
gin.

ROBIN
Oh hey, I saw that they're playing La
Femme Nikita at the Nuart tonight.

ERIC STOLTZ

Huh. You know you can watch that on your computer now.

ROBIN

I know. I just meant, it might be fun to watch in a movie theater. Together.

ERIC STOLTZ

Tonight? It'll be kind of late, won't it?

ROBIN

Well, then maybe another night.

Stoltz shrugs. Robin rolls her eyes, looks disappointed.

A SEXY YOUNG WOMAN walks by. Stoltz stares at her ass.

ERIC STOLTZ

Wow. I'd like to order her.

Robin shakes her head.

ROBIN

Did you read the script?

ERIC STOLTZ

I did. It's surprisingly not terrible. Third act needs work, but I'd love to play that guy.

ROBIN

Great because they want you to read for the role of Greg.

ERIC STOLTZ

Greg? What about Ben?

ROBIN

Ben will be played by Mark Ruffalo.

ERIC STOLTZ

Who's Greg? Wait, the pedophile?

ROBIN

Yes. It's a good part.

ERIC STOLTZ

Robin, I told you. No more pedophiles! No more creeps, no more deadbeats, no more drug dealers. I'm a leading man. I shouldn't have to play child molesters. Unless the movie is about a child molester. Like if it's a Todd Solondz film or something.

Michael J. Fox exits the bathroom, glances at Stoltz and does a double take. Approaches the table.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Hey, Eric! How are you, bud?

Stoltz shakes his hand, pastes on a smile.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey, Michael! I'm great. How are you?

MICHAEL J. FOX
I'm fantastic. Fantastic.

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you know my agent, Robin?

Michael and Robin shake hands.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Hi Robin.

ROBIN
Great to see you, Michael.

Michael eyes Eric's empty glass.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Hey, looks like you could use another drink. Would you like me to replace it? I'm pretty good at replacing things.

Stoltz pretends to find this funny.

ERIC STOLTZ
Ha, right. Yes, very good.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You know? Because I replaced you in Back to the Future.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes, I got it. Well played.

Beat. Uncomfortable silence.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Well, I better get back to my table. I've got half of CAA over there.

ERIC STOLTZ
Right.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Hey, I'll see you at Clooney's party later. You're going, right?

Stoltz clearly hasn't heard about this party.

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh... maybe. We might stop by...

MICHAEL J. FOX
Did you not know about it? Whoops, forget
I mentioned that. Anyway, cheers, dude.

ERIC STOLTZ
See you, Mike.

Fox leaves.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
What a fucking prick. Can you believe
that asshole?

ROBIN
Just let it go. He was being funny.

ERIC STOLTZ
He was being a prick.

ROBIN
Yeah, he was being a prick.

ERIC STOLTZ
That fucking guy. He's like an inch
taller than Peter Dinklage and he thinks
he's Henry fucking Fonda.

ROBIN
Just stop. Don't let it ruin your night.

ERIC STOLTZ
I won't, I won't. But let me just say one
thing. His middle name doesn't even start
with a J. And that's all you need to know
about the guy, right there.

A WAITRESS approaches with a DRINK.

WAITRESS
This is compliments of Mr. Fox.

From across the room, Fox raises his glass. Stoltz raises his
back with a fake smile, takes a sip.

ERIC STOLTZ
He's got essentially one move. He mugs
for the camera. And the audience just
eats it up. He's a one-trick Canadian
pony.

ROBIN

You know, Eric, I know you're not totally satisfied with where you're at right now, professionally, but try to keep in mind that 90 percent of the actors in Hollywood would kill for your career.

ERIC STOLTZ

Yeah, well, 90 percent of the actors in Hollywood aren't as good as me.

ROBIN

My point is, things could be so much worse.

ERIC STOLTZ

It's probably higher actually. 95. 99.

ROBIN

Look at the big picture, Eric. This business chews up actors and spits them out. I know, I used to be one.

ERIC STOLTZ

For a minute when you were 12.

ROBIN

What I'm saying is, the fact that you're still around and occasionally getting work is an achievement. It's impressive.

ERIC STOLTZ

All these weird, tiny parts. One scene, one day.

ROBIN

They're still important. Clooney can't do a movie by himself.

ERIC STOLTZ

You know what it is? It's this damn red hair. If I were a brunette I'd be bigger than Brad Pitt.

ROBIN

Are you on cocaine?

ERIC STOLTZ

No. I haven't touched cocaine in hours.

Robin shakes her head, sighs deeply.

ROBIN

You know, whenever people in the office or around town say that you're done, you're damaged goods, you're a broken man, I stick up for you. But I'm starting to think they're right.

ERIC STOLTZ

Robin, I'm venting. Can't I vent to you?

ROBIN

You've been venting for 10 years. You're bitter and you're cynical and you're toxic, and...

(hating to say this)

I can't work with you anymore. We're done.

ERIC STOLTZ

Come on.

ROBIN

Good night and good luck.

Robin gets up, leaves.

ERIC STOLTZ

Robin. Robin!

(beat)

Fuck her.

He flags down the waitress.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

Another whiskey?

EXT. CLOONEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Stoltz steers his BMW into a spot along the street next to Clooney's mansion. It's big and modern-looking -- very distinct, like a Frank Gehry house. And it's loud. There's clearly a party going on.

Stoltz stumbles out holding a bottle of whiskey. He downs the last of the bottle and tosses it into some bushes.

He makes his way to the front door, where he is met by a large man acting as a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Whoa, whoa. Can I help you?

ERIC STOLTZ

Yeah. I'm here for the party.

BOUNCER
What's your name?

ERIC STOLTZ
What's my name? Look at my face. I'm Eric
fucking Stoltz, man!

BOUNCER
(checks his clipboard)
You're not on the list.

ERIC STOLTZ
Not on the list? Tell George I'm here.

A couple of young celebs, MICHAEL B. JORDAN and ANNA
KENDRICK, approach the entrance.

BOUNCER
Yo what's up? You made it! Head on back,
bro.

They pass Stoltz.

ERIC STOLTZ
What the hell was that?

BOUNCER
They're on the list.

ERIC STOLTZ
You didn't even look at the list.

Bouncer just stares at him.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Hey I'm serious, tell George I'm here. He
owes me. The only reason he played Booker
on Roseanne is because I turned it down.

BOUNCER
Mr. Clooney isn't available right now.

ERIC STOLTZ
This is bullshit. I should be in that
party! And I know you guys can see me!

Now some of the GUESTS in the party, like STEVEN SPIELBERG
and CRISPIN GLOVER, start to notice what's going on. They
visibly CRINGE.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I belong in there!

BOUNCER
Sir, I think you should go home.

ERIC STOLTZ
Why?

BOUNCER
Because you're inebriated.

ERIC STOLTZ
Inebriated? I've had like seven drinks!

BOUNCER
And you're not on the list.

ERIC STOLTZ
I own that list, man! This is crazy. Your list sucks.

He tries knocking the list out of the bouncer's hands.

BOUNCER
Sir, you need to leave.

ERIC STOLTZ
And you need to fucking open your eyes and watch a movie now and then, because I've been in a hundred of them. And I'm more talented than most of the people in there!
(to partygoers)
And you know it's true!

BOUNCER
Sir, it's time for you to go.

ERIC STOLTZ
And it's time for you to get the fuck out of my way!

Stoltz tries BARRELING past the Bouncer. The Bouncer stands him up. They WRESTLE for a few seconds, then the Bouncer PICKS UP STOLTZ and TOSSES HIM onto the front lawn.

Some PARTYGOERS see this and LAUGH.

Stoltz slowly picks himself up, back-pedals toward his car.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You're an asshole. Fuck all of you.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Stoltz's car is PARKED POORLY in front of the exotic dance bar and LA institution that is Jumbo's Clown Room.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Stoltz knocks back a drink near a stage where an AVERAGE-LOOKING WOMAN dances. Jumbo's is more burlesque than your average strip club. It takes all kinds.

MAN (O.S.)
Anyone sitting here?

ERIC STOLTZ
Go ahead.

The MAN sits down. It's none other than CHRISTOPHER LLOYD, 70s -- Doc Brown himself.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Thanks.

Stoltz glances over at him. Slowly recognizes who it is.

ERIC STOLTZ
Lloyd?

Lloyd studies Stoltz.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Hey... Stoltz! Hey man, how are you?

ERIC STOLTZ
I've been better.
(beat)
You come here a lot?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
It's my second home. I love these women.
Even the fat, ugly ones. And I've had a
crush on that one for about a decade.

Lloyd points to a brown-haired dancer, DEBORAH, 40s.

ERIC STOLTZ
Ask her out.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
She hates me. I insulted her kid once.
It's a long story.
(beat)
So what's it been anyway? Fifteen years?

A PETITE DANCER approaches Stoltz.

PETITE DANCER
You want a dance, baby?

ERIC STOLTZ

Maybe later.

(to Lloyd)

Something like that. I think I saw you at the premiere of Ginger Stubble.

PETITE DANCER

What about you, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

No thanks, Heather.

(to Stoltz)

Oh yeah, Ginger Stubble. That was a ballsy fucking movie. I liked it.

ERIC STOLTZ

You were the only one. At least it wasn't my big comeback film. Oh no wait, it was.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Most films are shit.

ERIC STOLTZ

You were in one that wasn't.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

That one's been good to me. I hope it hasn't been eating you up, what happened.

ERIC STOLTZ

Only every day.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Nah. Really?

A chunky but attractive dancer, LEILA, grinds on Lloyd. Stoltz stares off into the distance.

ERIC STOLTZ

Lloyd, if I could've just stayed in that movie, everything would be different. I could've been a star. I could've done bigger movies. I could've won Oscars. I could've... fucked women in South America.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

You can still do that. Two words: Cartagena.

ERIC STOLTZ

I feel like I have more to offer the world than what people are seeing, you know? I just wish I could go back and tell that kid, this is the chance of a lifetime! Don't blow it!

Lloyd signals for Leila to dismount. Hands her a few bucks.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

You know, because I played Doc Brown, I get approached all the time by people who claim to have actual time machines. And I humor them and then I go on my way. But there was one guy who actually left me a "time machine" in his will. I've got it at the house. I've never used it, but I've always been curious.

ERIC STOLTZ

You're fucking with me.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I'm not. Now, I'll admit: Guy was a real wacko. But he seemed to know his science. He was a physicist at UC-Santa Cruz or somewhere. If you wanted, you could try it out. Just don't cut me out of the movie.

Stoltz takes all this in. Shakes his head.

ERIC STOLTZ

A, it doesn't really work. B, if it did, time travel is a dangerous fucking game.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Well just thought I'd throw it out there. Let me know if you change your mind.

Lloyd plants his face into the crotch of a DANCER.

INT. ERIC STOLTZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stoltz has sex with the Petite Dancer from Jumbo's.

She makes a lot of noise. Eric climaxes, rolls off of her.

ERIC STOLTZ

That was great.

PETITE DANCER

Yeah, it was.

ERIC STOLTZ

How much do I owe you?

PETITE DANCER

300.

While she puts on her clothes, Eric grabs his wallet. Counts out some cash.

ERIC STOLTZ
220, 240, 260. There's 270. And I'll
throw in three director's cut DVDs of
Ginger Stubble.

He pulls out some DVDS from a box near his bed. Offers up the
money and the DVDs. She takes the money.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You sure? I can sign them.

PETITE DANCER
That's OK. I already have enough junk in
my house.

Stoltz looks like he's been punched in the gut.

PETITE DANCER (cont'd)
See ya.

Fully dressed, she heads for the door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Stoltz waits in line at a coffee shop. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
behind him stares at him.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Excuse me. Are you an actor?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
What have I seen you in?

ERIC STOLTZ
I don't know. I've been in a lot of
things.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Like what?

ERIC STOLTZ
Mask.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
The Jim Carrey movie?

ERIC STOLTZ
No, a different one.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
What else?

ERIC STOLTZ
Kicking and Screaming.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
The Will Ferrell movie?

ERIC STOLTZ
A different one.

Beat. She continues staring, deep in thought.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Oh, I remember! Those 1-800-Collect
commercials!

ERIC STOLTZ
(dead-eyed stare)
That was Carrot Top.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Stoltz drinks alone at a bar. A small TV above him shows a
basketball game.

OLD BARTENDER
Another whiskey?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, sure.

Bartender pours him another. Then he changes the channel to
an AWARDS CEREMONY. On TV, an ACTRESS stands at the podium.

ACTRESS
...and that's why, it's my great honor to
present this lifetime achievement award
to the one, the only, Michael J. Fox.

Eric gives an expression like "of course."

On TV, the crowd stands and applauds. Fox kisses his WIFE and
makes his way to the podium.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Thank you. I have so many people to thank
and I'll thank them all personally. I
really am the luckiest guy in the world,
as I wrote in my book. Which is available
at all major bookstores, by the way. But
I want to give a special shout-out to a
guy I saw just the other night. My pal
Eric Stoltz. Eric, thanks again for
whiffing on the role of Marty McFly. I
thank you, my wife thanks you, and my
kids' colleges thank you.

Stoltz looks super pissed. Pounds the bar.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S HOUSE - DAY

A huge house in the suburbs of LA. The front door opens to show Christopher Lloyd.

Stoltz stands in front of him.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'm in.

Slowly, Lloyd's face morphs into an inspired grin.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Let's get to work.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S GARAGE - DAY

Lloyd and Stoltz stand next to Lloyd's big garage. There are a few parked cars. In front is a shiny LAMBORGHINI.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Well, there she is.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh nice!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Yeah, I mean, it's not bad.

ERIC STOLTZ
Not bad? That thing is fucking sweet!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Oh, no, not the Lamborghini. The one behind it.

Lloyd points to a dusty SMART CAR in the distance.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
The Smart Car. Sorry if that wasn't clear.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The front doors of the Smart Car are open. Lloyd sits in the driver's seat; Stoltz, the passenger's.

ERIC STOLTZ
What does it run on?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Regular gas. The guy included a sheet with all the rules but I don't know what I did with it.

ERIC STOLTZ

Fuck, Lloyd!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

There weren't that many. Basically, you just punch the date you want to travel to into the stereo deck. Then, you have to get it up to 44 miles per hour.

ERIC STOLTZ

44?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Yeah. Then, you press the rear window defroster. Which I've labeled.

There's a BUTTON on the dashboard with a piece of athletic tape over it that says "tt."

ERIC STOLTZ

Then what?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Then... you're there.

ERIC STOLTZ

So there's no flux capacitor.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

No. That was bullshit.

They climb out of the car.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)

Oh, but this is important. You can only make one round trip.

ERIC STOLTZ

Why?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Too much for the engine to handle, I guess. Also, time travel messes with your insides a bit.

ERIC STOLTZ

Like it melts your organs?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

No, no, nothing like that. It just gives you a little... diarrhea.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S HOUSE - DAY

On the quiet street outside Lloyd's house, Stoltz sits behind the wheel of the Smart Car. Lloyd stands beside it.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
So how far you going back?

ERIC STOLTZ
Well, assuming this actually works... to
the second week of shooting. November
5th, 1984.

Lloyd nods.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Anything else I should know?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No, I think that's it. Try not to change
too much, obviously. Oh, and if you run
into me, maybe tell me to put a few bucks
on the Royals to win the World Series.

ERIC STOLTZ
No sports betting. This is a business
trip.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Fair enough.

ERIC STOLTZ
One more question: Why you doing this for
me?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I don't know. I guess I've always been
curious whether it actually works. And I
kind of like the idea of fucking with the
space-time continuum.

ERIC STOLTZ
Well... thanks.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Safe travels, amigo.

Lloyd steps back. Stoltz puts on sunglasses. Grips the steering wheel tight. Takes a deep breath.

He steps on the gas pedal. Gradually increases speed.

The car reaches the end of the block. Brake lights go on.
Stops. Eric leans out of the car. Back at Lloyd:

ERIC STOLTZ
It didn't work!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Did you press the defroster?

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh. Whoops. No.

He turns the car around. Punches the gas. Speeds back toward Lloyd. Just as he passes him...

... the Smart Car SPARKS AND ILLUMINATES AND...

... DISAPPEARS!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Great fucking Scott!

EXT. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD'S HOUSE - DAY

We see the same quiet street, only with OLDER PARKED CARS.

Suddenly the illuminated Smart Car APPEARS on the road, with Stoltz behind the wheel.

ERIC STOLTZ
Holy fucking Christ! I think it worked!

In front of him, there's a STREET HOCKEY game going on in the middle of the street.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Oh shit!

He SLAMS on the brakes. The Smart Car screeches to a stop inches from the goal. All the kids, dressed in 1980s clothing, stop playing and stare at him. This includes a STREET HOCKEY KID in an Edmonton Oilers Gretzky #99 jersey.

Stoltz leans his head out of the car.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Excuse me. Can you tell me what day it is?

STREET HOCKEY KID
November 5th.

ERIC STOLTZ
And the year?

STREET HOCKEY KID
1984.

ERIC STOLTZ
Great, thank you.

Stoltz turns the car around.

STREET HOCKEY KID
Hey, what kind of car is that?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's the new Yugo.

The Smart Car speeds off in the other direction.

EXT. UNIVERSAL CITY STREET - DAY

Stoltz drives the Smart Car down a street in Universal City.

He marvels at all of the 1980s CARS -- Datsun trucks and Pontiac Firebirds and Mazda RX7s. He sees PEDESTRIANS in fluorescent clothing, BREAK DANCERS doing centipedes on cardboard mats, a BILLBOARD for The Terminator. He smiles.

He turns into the LOT for UNIVERSAL STUDIOS.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - DAY

Stoltz stops the Smart Car at a GATE manned by a slacker-looking ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT
That's a weird car.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah. It's German.

ATTENDANT
East or West?

ERIC STOLTZ
East.

Beat.

ATTENDANT
Do you have a pass?

ERIC STOLTZ
No. I'm an agent.

ATTENDANT
Who do you represent?

ERIC STOLTZ
Eric Stoltz.

ATTENDANT
Never heard of him.

ERIC STOLTZ
And Leonardo DiCaprio.

Attendant shrugs.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I also represent C. Thomas Howell.

ATTENDANT
(thoroughly impressed)
You represent C. Thomas Howell? The C.
Thomas Howell?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah.

ATTENDANT
Why didn't you lead with that? Yeah, man,
go on through.

The parking gate is LIFTED. Eric drives into the lot.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
Wow, C. Thomas Howell.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS BACK LOT - DAY

Stoltz walks purposefully down a ROW OF TRAILERS.

He passes some PRODUCTION PEOPLE, a few TEENAGE GIRLS IN '50S
CLOTHES and a couple of guys dressed as LIBYAN NATIONALISTS.

He reaches a large TRAILER and knocks on the door.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
Who is it?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's Bob.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
Which Bob?

Stoltz opens the door, steps in.

INT. YOUNG STOLTZ'S TRAILER - DAY

Lying on a couch reading a hardcover copy of The Hunt for Red
October is YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ, 23, red hair. He sits up upon
seeing the older Stoltz.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
You're not a Bob.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, I'm not. But...

He shuts the door.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I probably look familiar, don't I?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I guess.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, well, I'm your cousin. Second cousin. And I've come here because I'm worried about you. Well, we all are.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What are you talking about?
(holds up book)
I was kind of in the middle of something.

ERIC STOLTZ
Look, things aren't going well on this movie. Zemeckis and the producers aren't happy with your performance, and if you don't pick it up soon, you're going to get fired and replaced. Which would be a huge mistake. Because this movie is going to be enormous.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Where are you getting this?

ERIC STOLTZ
I just know. You gotta believe me.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
You're full of shit. Everybody seems fine with what I'm doing. If anything it's the script that needs work. And that hack Christopher Lloyd.

ERIC STOLTZ
No! The script does not need work. And Lloyd is amazing. It's you! You gotta be funnier, man! This is the opportunity of a lifetime, and you're blowing it!

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
OK, I don't know where you came from or who the fuck you really are. But... leave me alone, all right? I know what I'm doing.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh you do, do you?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah! I trained with Stella Adler in New York. Maybe you've heard of her.

ERIC STOLTZ
How many box office hits has she had?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Look, dude. The film the Bobs want to make? It's cute. But I'm going to raise it to another level, OK? I'm going to add depths and layers to this thing. They think this is gonna be a popcorn movie, pure entertainment, fun for the whole family? No. When I finish creating this character, people are going to be crying. It's gonna be like Citizen Kane meets The Godfather.

ERIC STOLTZ
In a DeLorean?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, that's right. Now get the fuck out of here before I call security.

Beat.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Go!

Stoltz shakes his head, leaves the trailer.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS BACK LOT - DAY

Stoltz stands outside the trailer. To himself:

ERIC STOLTZ
What a douchebag.

Suddenly his stomach begins to GROWL FEROCIOUSLY. We hear sounds of MASSIVE TURMOIL coming from his midsection.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Oh no.

He knocks on Young Stoltz's door.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Hey Eric, open up! I gotta use your bathroom!

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
Fuck you!

ERIC STOLTZ
No, I'm serious, it's an emergency!

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
Go away, old man!

ERIC STOLTZ
Cunt.

The volume of the GROWLS increases. He looks around. A YOUNG BLACK MAN dressed as a '50s BUSBOY approaches.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Hey! Is there a bathroom around here?

YOUNG BLACK MAN
Yeah, in that building, take a left.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks.

Stoltz WADDLES as fast as he can toward the BUILDING.

YOUNG BLACK MAN
No problem.

INT. PRODUCTION BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz hustles down a hallway until he reaches a BATHROOM DOOR. He pulls on it. It's LOCKED.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
Hey, get in line, man.

Stoltz turns. Beside the door is a PUNK TEENAGE GIRL reading an issue of Tiger Beat. She gestures behind her.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL (cont'd)
I'm next.

ERIC STOLTZ
The thing is, I really have to go.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
So do I.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, like, number two.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Maybe I have to go number two. Girls
shit, you know.

Stoltz knocks on the door.

ERIC STOLTZ
Come on, hurry up in there!
(to the girl)
Look, I seriously doubt you have to go as
badly as I do. I'm not feeling well.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Well I'm not feeling well either. I just
bombed an audition for "Facts of Life."

We hear a FLUSH from the bathroom.

ERIC STOLTZ
What do you want for your spot? Can I buy
you beer or something?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Gross!

ERIC STOLTZ
OK, here's what's going to happen, Punky
Brewster. I'm going to go ahead of you.
And you're going to deal with it.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Deal with this, jerkoid!

She KICKS STOLTZ IN THE BALLS. He DOUBLES OVER IN PAIN. The
bathroom door opens, a MAN exits and the girl enters.

Stoltz's stomach GROANS VICIOUSLY.

He looks around. Spots a big RUBBERMAID WATER COOLER. He RUNS
to it. Opens the lid. Drops his pants and TAKES A VIOLENT,
EXPLOSIVE DUMP in it.

The girl opens the bathroom door and watches, HORRIFIED.

When he finishes, she POINTS AT HIM AND LAUGHS!

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL (cont'd)
You look like such an idiot!

She leaves the bathroom and walks past him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Can you get me some toilet paper?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Nope!

Down the hall, a FAT MAN enters the bathroom and locks the
door. Stoltz slumps.

EXT. OAKWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Wearing a backpack, Stoltz climbs the steps of a building at the Oakwood Apartments complex.

He comes to a front door, knocks on it. Young Stoltz opens it. A song like "Magic" by the Cars plays on his stereo.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Oh fuck. You again?

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey man. I know we got off on the wrong foot earlier. But I really need to talk to you. Your future depends on it. And so does mine. Can I come in?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I've got nothing more to say to you.
Goodbye.

He shuts the door.

ERIC STOLTZ
That song. You're playing it because you just broke up with your girlfriend and she gave you the cassette tape for your birthday and it reminds you of her. And speaking of music, you lost your virginity to "Keep on Loving You" by REO Speedwagon. It was with Lisa O'Reilly in her basement. And you got your first blowjob from Sara Shepherd in her father's Chrysler LeBaron, to the song "Bette Davis Eyes" by Kim Carnes. She also gave you your first handjob. It was in your trailer on the set of "Knots Landing."

The door opens.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What song was playing?

ERIC STOLTZ
"Jessie's Girl" by Rick Springfield.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What did she say to me afterwards?

ERIC STOLTZ
"I think some of it got on the ceiling."

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
And what else?

ERIC STOLTZ
"I thought your pubes would be redder."

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Who are you?

ERIC STOLTZ
Let me in and I'll explain.

INT. YOUNG STOLTZ'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz and Young Stoltz sit down in his living room. They both drink cans of Tab.

ERIC STOLTZ
I wasn't honest with you earlier. I'm not your second cousin. I know this sounds crazy, but I'm you, from the future.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What year?

ERIC STOLTZ
2016.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Who's the president?

ERIC STOLTZ
His name is Barack Obama.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
No, of America.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, America. His father is from Kenya.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
A black president? Who's vice president, Eddie Murphy?

ERIC STOLTZ
Anyway, the reason I'm here is because, like I said earlier, you're going to be fired and replaced from this movie within a few weeks unless you drastically change your approach to this character.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Who's gonna replace me?

ERIC STOLTZ
Michael J. Fox.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
That shrimp from "Family Ties"?

ERIC STOLTZ

Yeah. And the movie is going to be huge. Like, bigger than you can possibly imagine. And there are going to be two sequels.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

Are they any good?

ERIC STOLTZ

Eh, they're OK. The third one is set in the Old West.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

(cringes)

Ooh.

ERIC STOLTZ

Yeah. But the point is, your dismissal is going to traumatize you for the rest of your life. And you're going to miss out on a lot of money and a lot of roles and a lot of...

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

Happiness?

ERIC STOLTZ

Pussy because of it. So what you need to do starting tomorrow is play the part more comedically. You know, big and broad, like you're trying to make the cast and crew laugh.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

That's not my thing. I'm not comfortable with that. When I put together my biography for this character--

ERIC STOLTZ

Fuck the biography. Fuck all that method actor bullshit. You gotta bring the funny, dude, or they're gonna get somebody who can.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

I don't even know what that would look like.

ERIC STOLTZ

Well... let me show you.

Stoltz pulls out a laptop from his backpack. Turns it on.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ

Whoa, what is that?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's a laptop computer.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Can I have it?

ERIC STOLTZ
No.

He pulls out a DVD of Back to the Future, slides it in. Young Stoltz grabs the case, looks at it.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What do you call this?

ERIC STOLTZ
A DVD.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
What does it stand for?

ERIC STOLTZ
I don't know. OK, watch.

He hits play. We HEAR Marty say, "Wait a minute, wait a minute, Doc, are you telling me that you built a time machine... out of a DeLorean?"

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
See what I mean?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
(getting it now)
Oh yeah. So he plays him almost like
Marty McFly is retarded.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah basically.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Just like out of breath and squeaky
voiced and big eyes and total disbelief
of everything that's going on.

ERIC STOLTZ
Right.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I'll even do it with a slight Canadian
accent.

ERIC STOLTZ
That's not necessary.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Maybe not. But I'm going to play it
exactly like that because that's what
they want and that's what works.

ERIC STOLTZ
Perfect.

Stoltz smiles. His work here is done.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Stoltz accelerates in the Smart Car. The stereo shows a date
in 2016. When the speedometer reaches 44 mph, he presses the
"tt" button. The car illuminates and DISAPPEARS and...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

... APPEARS on the same street in present day Los Angeles. He
sees NEW CARS like a PRIUS and a BMW SUV sharing the road
with him. He sighs. Looks at himself in the rear view mirror.

Then he looks back in the rear view mirror. Because he's...

FAT! Like Marlon Brando circa The Score fat. He feels his
puffy face. Touches his bulging gut. Cups his man boobs.

ERIC STOLTZ
Fuck! I'm fat! How did this happen?

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet, produces
his driver's license. Next to the picture of his FAT FACE, it
says he lives in VAN NUYS.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Van Nuys?

EXT. VAN NUYS STREET - DAY

Still holding his driver's license, Stoltz drives the Smart
Car down a not-nice street. He matches the address on the
license -- 14646 Blythe St -- to a CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING.

ERIC STOLTZ
This is where I live?

The car begins to SPUTTER and COUGH. SMOKE FILLS THE CABIN.
There's a FIZZING SOUND. Stoltz quickly parks the car along
the street, grabs his backpack and gets out.

As he walks slowly toward the apartment building, the Smart
Car EXPLODES! Stoltz jumps. He hurries away from the blast.

EXT. CRAPPY VAN NUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Stoltz climbs the steps and approaches a door marked 2D. He knocks on it. No answer.

He pulls out his keys. He has a keychain that says "GWAR." He tries a key. Then another one. Third one works. He steps in.

INT. CRAPPY VAN NUYS APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is tiny -- a studio. There's a small TV playing "Maury." A couple of heavy metal posters. Some flies buzzing.

Stoltz walks across the room, opens a window. There's a GUN SHOT. He closes it.

On a chair he notices a DEL TACO UNIFORM SHIRT. He holds it up. It's large. There's a nametag that says "ERIC."

Suddenly, FEROCIOUS GROWLS from Stoltz's stomach. He drops the uniform and rushes for the bathroom.

INT. CRAPPY VAN NUYS APARTMENT - LATER

A FLUSH. Stoltz exits the bathroom, waving his hand at the stench.

We hear a KEY in the door. The door opens. A heavysset 40-SOMETHING WOMAN in a DEL TACO UNIFORM with the nametag "ANITA" enters. She doesn't look happy.

ANITA

Where the fuck were you?

ERIC STOLTZ

I, uh, wasn't feeling well.

ANITA

You're so full of shit. We were shorthanded today.

ERIC STOLTZ

I'm sorry.

ANITA

You're never gonna get promoted to manager if you keep missing days.

ERIC STOLTZ

I know. Well, thanks for stopping by. I'll try to do better.

She cracks up.

ANITA
You're so funny, Eric. Come here. Give
Mama some sugar.

She kisses him. Long and hard.

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, I gotta go out to my car.

ANITA
Your car? You don't have a car.

ERIC STOLTZ
I mean, uh, Tito's car.

ANITA
You've been hanging out with Tito again?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, I ran into him last night.

ANITA
Where?

ERIC STOLTZ
Church?

ANITA
Stop lying!

ERIC STOLTZ
OK. A liquor store.

ANITA
You were at a liquor store? Shit, Eric!
Don't make me call your sponsor.

ERIC STOLTZ
I know. I fucked up. But right now I need
to get some cigarettes.

He heads for the door.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
So I'll be right back--

He opens the door. Anita SLAMS it shut, locks it with the
chain.

ANITA
You're not going anywhere. Now we got 10
minutes until we have to pick up the kids
from my mother--

ERIC STOLTZ
The kids?

ANITA
Yeah. You know, your children, David and Laurie.

She holds up a PICTURE of Stoltz with the kids. David and Laurie are... LARGE and UGLY.

ANITA (cont'd)
And you promised before that, you'd fuck me sideways.

She pushes him down on the twin bed, sheds her Del Taco top and jumps on top of him. He groans due to her mass. She kisses him, reaches into his pants.

ANITA (cont'd)
Come on, what's the matter, you can't get it up, old man?

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, no, I don't think I can today. I'm sorry.

She rolls off of him, disappointed.

ANITA
That's OK. Just go down on me instead.

She pushes his head below her waist.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh, baby, I'm so tired.

Anita reaches under the bed, pulls out a PISTOL.

ANITA
I just spent 10 hours handing out chicken soft tacos to assholes. Now you're going to go down on me, or I'm going to blow your cock off.

Eric disappears between her legs.

INT. CRAPPY VAN NUYS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

With the pistol on the nightstand, Anita makes SHRIEKS OF PLEASURE as Stoltz performs oral sex on her.

ANITA
Oh! Oh yes! Oh right there! Right there!
Oh you're going to make me come! Oh, I'm coming!

Stoltz pokes his head up. She pushes it back down.

ANITA (cont'd)
Not yet. I'm coming! I'm coming!

She relaxes, pulls him up. His face is smeared with moisture.

ANITA (cont'd)
Oh, that was so good. Come up here, baby.
You've gotten so good at that. I just
want to lay here for a second. Then we'll
pick up the kids....

She falls asleep, begins to SNORE.

Stoltz quietly rises from bed, grabs her keys from a shelf,
unchains the door and leaves.

EXT. CRAPPY VAN NUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Stoltz hurries away from the apartment complex. He looks at
the keys. One of them is for a KIA. He scans the street...

... and doesn't see a Kia.

ANITA (O.S.)
Eric!

He begins to run...

... and sees a KIA RIO. The license plate says: TACO GRL.

Anita exits the apartment building, topless and wielding the
pistol, and runs after him.

ANITA (cont'd)
Eric! I'm gonna fucking kill you! Get
back here!

Stoltz sprints toward the car and keys into it.

Anita stands in the middle of the street and FIRES SHOTS at
the car. One of them SHATTERS the back window.

Stoltz punches the gas and DRIVES OFF.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DAY

Stoltz pulls into a parking spot in front of Jumbo's Clown
Room, jumps out.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DAY

Stoltz enters Jumbo's, looks around. He sees Christopher Lloyd in a corner, getting a dance from a DANCER WITH A PROSTHETIC LEG while staring at the brown-haired dancer, DEBORAH.

Stoltz walks up to him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey, Lloyd, we need to talk.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Not now.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, now!

The dancer stops dancing.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Do I know you?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's me, Eric Stoltz.

Lloyd is clearly surprised by how fat Stoltz has gotten.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Jesus. What happened to you?

ERIC STOLTZ
That's what I'd like to know.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM BAR - LATER

Stoltz and Lloyd sit at the bar.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Wow. That is quite a story.

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you believe me?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
(can't believe he's saying
this, but...)
Yeah, I do.

ERIC STOLTZ
So what happened on Back to the Future?
Was I replaced?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

No. You stayed in the picture. But your performance was... not embraced by critics. Or audiences. It was very over-the-top, like you were doing an impression of a sitcom actor. The consensus was that you ruined the movie. You were the Jar Jar Binks of the '80s. In fact, they called Jar Jar the Eric Stoltz of the '90s. You were bad. Like Sofia Coppola in Godfather 3 bad.

ERIC STOLTZ

OK, I fucking get it!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I mean, if that's how actors perform after you talk to them, you'd be a terrible director.

ERIC STOLTZ

So, was I still in the sequels?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Sequels?

ERIC STOLTZ

Well, how did my next films do?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Don't you get it? Nobody wanted to hire you after that. Back to the Future was your last movie.

ERIC STOLTZ

So who was in Some Kind of Wonderful?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Andrew McCarthy.

ERIC STOLTZ

What about Memphis Belle?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Andrew McCarthy.

ERIC STOLTZ

And Killing Zoe? Let me guess: Andrew McCarthy.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

No. He was too big by then.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

Stoltz and Lloyd take leaks in adjacent urinals.

ERIC STOLTZ
Maybe the kid was right.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
What do you mean?

ERIC STOLTZ
When I went back and talked to myself, my younger version was a cocky little shit. But he was so certain that he was performing the right way. And maybe he was. Maybe he just needed a director who believed in him.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Or maybe he needed somebody above the director to not let the director fire him.

They finish up, wash their hands.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
I remember on the set of The Dream Team, Howard Zieff wanted to fire Michael Keaton, but Keaton knew that a producer on the film, Danny Petrie, liked to put money on roosters in this cockfighting ring in Hell's Kitchen. And so, one day--

ERIC STOLTZ
That's it! That's it, Lloyd, you're a genius! During the making of Back to the Future, the studio head, Barry Schaeffer, was secretly banging Lea Thompson. So I'll just go back and blackmail Schaeffer to keep me in the movie.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Yeah, that could work.

ERIC STOLTZ
All right, where's the time machine?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
The Smart Car?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I sold it. A couple years ago.

ERIC STOLTZ
You sold a time machine?! Why?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I needed the money. It's not like I was
in a successful film franchise. Dick.

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you remember who you sold it to?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Some Korean guy in Tarzana.

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you know where he lives?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No.

Stoltz looks defeated.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
But he has a dental practice on Ventura
Boulevard.

ERIC STOLTZ
Let's go.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Wait, why should I help you?

ERIC STOLTZ
Because if I can change history, I can
create an alternate reality where you're
getting a lot more residual checks.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Let's go.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. PARK, 40s, sits with a patient, SCOTTIE, 30s. He scrapes
away some of Scottie's plaque buildup.

DR. PARK
So how's your wife? Is she still smoking
hot?

SCOTTIE
Uh-huh.

DR. PARK
That's good. What did she decide on the
breast augmentation? She going to do it?

SCOTTIE
(garbled)
She's still deciding.

DR. PARK
That's good. Yeah, you don't want to rush
into anything.

HYGIENIST (O.S.)
No, you can't go back there!

The door opens. Stoltz, Lloyd and a HYGIENIST barge in.

HYGIENIST (cont'd)
Dr. Park, I tried to stop them.

DR. PARK
It's all right, Nancy. What's up, guys?

The hygienist leaves.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Dr. Park, sorry to bother you, but I need
to see that car I sold you a while back.

DR. PARK
Oh right.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You see, my friend here left some
important documents in the glove
compartment--

ERIC STOLTZ
Contracts. I'm an actor.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
--and he needs to retrieve them.

DR. PARK
Well, I'd love to help you guys, but I'm
afraid I don't have the car anymore.

ERIC STOLTZ
Shit! Why not?

DR. PARK
My daughter got into an accident last
week. She pretty much totaled it.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Typical. I mean, of teenagers.

DR. PARK
Really? Is that what you meant?

ERIC STOLTZ
So where was it towed?

DR. PARK
I don't know, some junkyard in Sun
Valley.

ERIC STOLTZ
Great, thanks.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Thanks, Dr. Park!

They head for the door.

DR. PARK
Sure, guys. Good luck with those
"documents."
(to his patient)
Drug addicts.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Stoltz and Lloyd step out of Lloyd's very average car. All
around them are cars, car parts and other various junk.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Looks like there's an office up that way.

They walk toward it.

ERIC STOLTZ
We gotta find that car. Otherwise I am
fucked. I'll be stuck here with my shitty
girlfriend and my shitty job and my
shitty kids. And my shitty body.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I've never been to a junkyard before.
This reminds me of that show on HBO,
"Breaking Bad."

ERIC STOLTZ
HBO? You mean AMC?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
What's AMC?

Beat.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh shit! I think that's it!

Up ahead we see a DENTED SMART CAR inside a CAR CRUSHER. TWO
JUNKYARD GUYS stand beside it.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Sure is.

The top of the car crusher descends on the Smart Car...

Stoltz and Lloyd run toward the crusher and the men.

ERIC STOLTZ
Whoa! Hey, whoa, stop! Stop!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Stop! Whoa! No! Halt!

EXT. JUNKYARD CAR CRUSH AREA - CONTINUOUS

The two Junk Yard Guys watch as the crusher begins to LOUDLY CRUSH the Smart Car. They laugh.

JUNKYARD GUY #1
Here it goes.

JUNKYARD GUY #2
Yep! Go, crusher! Crush it!

Stoltz and Lloyd reach them.

ERIC STOLTZ
No! Stop! Stop! Please, stop!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Stop! Whoa! No!

JUNKYARD GUY #1
What?

ERIC STOLTZ
Stop!!

The Junk Yard Guy turns off the crusher. It has damaged the roof of the car, but no more.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Oh, thank you.
(catching his breath)
We need that car. There's been a mistake.
It was his car, and we need it back. Can
we please have it?

JUNKYARD GUY #2
Sure. What's it worth to you?

Pulls out his wallet.

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, fifty bucks?

The junkyard guys laugh.

JUNKYARD GUY #1
You're gonna have to do better than that.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I've got a twenty.

JUNKYARD GUY #1
We're going to need five thousand.

ERIC STOLTZ
Five thousand? You were about to crush it.

JUNKYARD GUY #2
And we will gladly continue to crush it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Is there anything else we can do?

JUNKYARD GUY #2
A couple of hummers might be nice.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You want us to find two Hummer SUVs for you?

JUNKYARD GUY #1
No. We want you to blow us.

Stoltz looks at Lloyd, who shakes his head.

ERIC STOLTZ
Give us a minute.

Stoltz and Lloyd step aside.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
What do you think?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No fucking way.

ERIC STOLTZ
I need this. And it'll benefit you too.
Come on. They seem fairly clean.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I'm not going to.

ERIC STOLTZ
It'll probably take a minute. What's one terrible minute for a lifetime of awesome?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
(sighs)
I guess...

They walk back to the guys.

ERIC STOLTZ

OK.

The Junk Yard Guys smile at each other, unzip their pants.

Stoltz and Lloyd get on their knees. They stare up hesitantly at the dicks they're about to wrap their mouths around. The penises CAST SHADOWS on the junkyard dirt.

Lloyd closes his eyes and lunges for his guy's manhood. Stoltz notices a SHED behind Lloyd with a SIGN that says "We Take Visa."

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

Oh wait. Do you guys take credit cards?

JUNKYARD GUY #2

Yeah.

ERIC STOLTZ

Oh, I'll just charge it. I'll pay it in a month.

He winks at Lloyd, who sighs.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Stoltz sits in the driver's seat of the Smart Car. Lloyd sits in the passenger seat.

Stoltz signs a RECEIPT and hands it to Junk Yard Guy #1.

ERIC STOLTZ

There you go.

JUNKYARD GUY #1

You're all set.

Stoltz punches "November 2, 1984" into the stereo deck.

ERIC STOLTZ

Now let's just hope this thing starts.

Lloyd closes his door.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I want to come with you.

ERIC STOLTZ

Really?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Yes.

ERIC STOLTZ
(reluctantly)
OK.

He tries to start the car. The engine doesn't turn over. He tries again. Nope. Tries a third time. Still nothing.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Hang on, let me try something.

Stoltz turns the key and HEAD-BUTTS the steering wheel. The engine REVS. He pumps a fist.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
(to the Junk Yard Guys)
You guys want to crush something?
(points to his car)
Crush that.

The Smart Car leaves the junkyard.

INT. SMART CAR - DAY

Stoltz and Lloyd ride in the Smart Car through Sun Valley.

ERIC STOLTZ
I've been thinking. I just don't think it's wise for you to come back with me. Too many things could go wrong.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I'm not going to do anything. Except maybe tell myself to put some money on the Royals to win the World Series.

ERIC STOLTZ
I can't have you in here. Do you mind jumping out? I'll slow down to like five miles per hour.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Slow down? You're not going to stop?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's too much of a risk. This thing might not start again.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Now listen up, tubby. This is my time machine. And I'm going back with you. Is that clear?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, OK. You're right. I'm sorry.

Beat.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Mind if I turn on some music?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Go right ahead.

ERIC STOLTZ
Cool, thanks.

Stoltz leans toward the stereo. Then he opens the passenger door and SHOVES OUT LLOYD!

Lloyd ROLLS down a hill...

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You bastard!

Lloyd rolls onto another street, where he is STRUCK BY A SEMI TRUCK AND LAUNCHED ACROSS THE DESERT!

Stoltz cringes.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'll fix that.

He closes Lloyd's door.

Then he guns it to 44, hits the defroster button and the Smart Car sparks, illuminates and disappears.

EXT. THE IVY - DAY

On the patio of the Ivy restaurant, people are dressed in '80s suits and dresses. At one two-top, BARRY SCHAEFFER, 50s, sits with a STUDIO EXECUTIVE, 40s.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE
I don't know, Barry, I still have my doubts.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
I don't. Lenny, you can mark my words:
Transylvania 6-5000 is going to be a big, big hit.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE
Bigger than Rocky IV?

BARRY SCHAEFFER
Way bigger.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE
Yeah, you're probably right. That reminds me. I gotta pick up Sly Stallone's "vitamins." See ya.

The Studio Executive leaves the table.

Nearby, Stoltz, dressed in a suit, reads a copy of Variety. He gets up and approaches Barry's table.

ERIC STOLTZ

Hi Barry. I believe we met at one of Cheech Marin's parties. Nice to see you again.

He extends a hand. Barry shakes it.

BARRY SCHAEFFER

You as well. What's your name again?

ERIC STOLTZ

Cobain. Kurt Cobain. May I?

Barry approves, Stoltz sits.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

As you know, I manage actors, and one of my brightest young talents is a kid named Eric Stoltz.

BARRY SCHAEFFER

Stoltz... he's in that little sci-fi picture of ours, right?

ERIC STOLTZ

That's right. And I just want to make sure that, no matter what happens on that film, Eric stays in the movie.

BARRY SCHAEFFER

I'm not sure I understand.

ERIC STOLTZ

Well, let me be clearer. I know--

Stoltz's stomach begins to GROWL FEROCIOUSLY.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

I know--

The growling INTENSIFIES.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

I know that--

Extended GROWL from Stoltz's stomach. Barry sits and waits.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

I'll be right back.

Stoltz rises and HURRIES INSIDE.

INT. THE IVY - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz RUSHES through the restaurant. Outside the BATHROOM DOOR a person waits. Stoltz taps them on the shoulder.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey, do you mind if I jump ahead of you?
I really have to go.

The person turns. It's the PUNK TEENAGE GIRL. Wearing a waist apron.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
What? What are you doing here?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
I work here. Who are you?

ERIC STOLTZ
Nobody. I thought you were someone else.
But, can I go next? I really have to go.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
So do I. And I'm working.

ERIC STOLTZ
Whatever happened to "the customer's
always right"?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Guess it's passé. Just like "ladies
first."

ERIC STOLTZ
You think you're so smart.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Yeah. I do.

The bathroom door OPENS. A WOMAN leaves. Stoltz PULLS BACK the punk teenager and forces his way in ahead of her.

ERIC STOLTZ
Not so fast, Small Wonder.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Hey! Jerk.

INT. THE IVY - MOMENTS LATER

With a look of relief, Stoltz EXITS the bathroom.

The punk teenager stands in front of him. She SQUIRTS HIS FACE AND CLOTHES WITH KETCHUP from a SQUEEZE BOTTLE.

She LAUGHS.

ERIC STOLTZ
I just bought this suit.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
It was boring. Needed some highlights.

Stoltz shakes his head. Grabs a NAPKIN, heads back outside.

EXT. THE IVY - CONTINUOUS

Barry Schaeffer is signing his receipt. Stoltz emerges, wiping his face. Sits back down.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
What happened to you?

ERIC STOLTZ
The service here sucks.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
Well, good seeing you.

Barry starts to get up. Stoltz stops him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Wait, wait, wait. As I was saying earlier
I know that you're having an affair with
that young dish, Lea Thompson.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
(pissed)
What makes you think that?

ERIC STOLTZ
I've heard from various people.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
Who?

ERIC STOLTZ
Christopher Lloyd and others.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
And what do you plan to do with this
information?

ERIC STOLTZ
I'll tell everybody. I'll go on the
internet. I'll tweet about it.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
You'll what about it?

ERIC STOLTZ
I mean, I'll tell the National Enquirer.
I have a friend who works there.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
What's his name?

ERIC STOLTZ
Malcolm Gladwell.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
You fucking asshole. You realize you'll
never work in this town again, Cobain.

ERIC STOLTZ
Stoltz stays in the picture, and I won't
tell a soul. Do we have an agreement?

BARRY SCHAEFFER
Yeah. We have a fucking agreement.

ERIC STOLTZ
Great. Take care.

Stoltz gets up, leaves the restaurant.

EXT. ROBERTSON BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

With a smile, Stoltz struts down Robertson. He climbs into
his dented Smart Car.

ERIC STOLTZ
(to himself)
Now I can do the part my way, and there's
no way they can fire me.

EXT. THE IVY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry Schaeffer pulls out a HUMONGOUS CELL PHONE, dials a
number.

BARRY SCHAEFFER
Linda, I want a divorce.

EXT. LA STREET - DAY

A normal LA street. Suddenly, the dented Smart Car appears --
sparkling and illuminated, as usual -- and quickly slows down
to avoid hitting the cars in front of it.

INT. SMART CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, we see Stoltz slamming on the brakes.

ERIC STOLTZ
Jesus. These re-entries are brutal.

He looks at himself in the rear view mirror. He is thinner and has a better haircut.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
All right! Lookin' good!
(beat)
Let's see where I live...

He pulls out his driver's license. It says: 1510 Stearns Dr.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Stearns Drive? That's my old street.

EXT. ERIC STOLTZ'S HOUSE #2 - DAY

Stoltz drives the Smart Car, which is now SPUTTERING, down the street that he previously lived on.

He sees the NEIGHBOR KIDS shooting baskets out front. A YELLOW LABRADOR chases them around. He spots his "new" house, very similar to the one at the beginning.

ERIC STOLTZ
This is like... two houses away.
Motherfucker.

He pulls over the sputtering car, jumps out. Hurries toward his house.

NEIGHBOR KID
What's up, Stoltz? You get a new car?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah. No. I mean, stay away from it!

NEIGHBOR KID
OK, jeez. Hey, my dad needs his rent.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, yeah.

He heads for his door, stops.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
When did you guys get a dog?

NEIGHBOR KID
Like four years ago.

The kid SHOOTs. The ball BOUNCES off the rim toward the car...

The KIDS and DOG start to retrieve it...

ERIC STOLTZ
No! Get back!

The dog KEEPS RUNNING. Just before it reaches the car...

KABOOM! The car EXPLODES. The dog retreats, terrified.

NEIGHBOR KID'S FRIEND
Whoa!

NEIGHBOR KID
That was close. You almost killed my dog.

The car's BUMPER LANDS on the dog, FLATTENING IT with a WHIMPER.

NEIGHBOR KID (cont'd)
Tucker!

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh boy.

As the kids FREAK OUT and run to Tucker, Stoltz slowly backs away from the blast, then FULLY SPRINTS down the street.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DAY

With his shirt lined with SWEAT, Stoltz jogs toward Jumbo's Clown Room.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DAY

Stoltz enters, looks around and spots LLOYD in the corner. He's staring at the brown-haired dancer, DEBORAH, while receiving a lap dance from a CHUBBY DANCER.

Stoltz rushes to him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Lloyd!

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Hey... Eric.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'm so glad you're alive.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Why wouldn't I be?

ERIC STOLTZ
No reason.
(beat)
We have to talk. Right after I get out of
the bathroom.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM BAR - - LATER

Stoltz and Lloyd sit at the bar.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Wow. That is quite a story. But there is
one thing I'm not clear about. So, after
we left the junkyard, I just happened to
fall out of the Smart Car?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, we hit a bump and you weren't
buckled up and... the door must have been
broken by the Korean guy's daughter's
accident, or the car crusher, and... you
just flew out.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Well, thanks for altering history to
bring me back to life.

ERIC STOLTZ
You're welcome. So what happened on Back
to the Future? Did I stay in the movie?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No. Schaeffer divorced his wife and
married Lea Thompson, thus negating your
blackmail attempt. Then he fired you
after two weeks of shooting. And he fired
me too because for some reason he thought
I spilled the beans on his affair.

ERIC STOLTZ
Huh, that's weird. Uh, who replaced you?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
John Lithgow.

ERIC STOLTZ
So was that my last movie?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No, you've been in other stuff.

ERIC STOLTZ
Was I in Anaconda?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Unfortunately yes.

Deborah the dancer approaches the bar with a twenty-dollar bill. To the bartender:

DEBORAH
Jimmy, can I get change for this?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Oh, uh, hi, Deborah.

DEBORAH
Fuck you.

She gets her change and walks away. Stoltz looks at Lloyd like, what was that?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
It's a long story. I spit on her kid once.

ERIC STOLTZ
So were you ever given a time machine?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
No. It's probably with Lithgow. I could take you there if you wanted.

ERIC STOLTZ
That would be great.
(beat)
Oh Jesus, look at this.

On the TV above them, Michael J. Fox accepts a lifetime achievement award at an AWARDS CEREMONY. On the TV:

MICHAEL J. FOX
Thank you. I have so many people to thank, and I'll thank them all personally. But I do want to give a special shout-out to my pal Eric Stoltz. Eric, man, thanks for whiffing on that role in Back to the Future. Oh, and thanks to John Lithgow for playing Doc Brown better than anyone else ever could have. And I mean anyone.

Lloyd shakes his head in anger. Stoltz pats him on the shoulder.

INT. LLOYD'S MERCEDES - DAY

Lloyd drives Stoltz in his luxury sedan.

ERIC STOLTZ
This is a nice car. You must be doing OK financially.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I'm hanging in there. I still have most of my money from 3rd Rock from the Sun.

Beat.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
So let's say Lithgow has this time machine, and he lets you use it. Then what?

ERIC STOLTZ
I've been thinking about that.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You know what you could do. You could go back and put a ton of money on the Royals to win the World Series.

ERIC STOLTZ
I got a better idea. I go back and kill Michael J. Fox.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
That seems excessive. On the other hand, he always was a prick.

Lloyd pulls over his car in front of a HUGE HOUSE.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
Well, there it is. You want me to wait?

ERIC STOLTZ
Nah, that's OK.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Good luck.

He shakes Stoltz's hand.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks, Lloyd.

Stoltz steps out.

EXT. JOHN LITHGOW'S HUGE HOUSE - DAY

Stoltz knocks on the front door. John Lithgow answers in a robe and swimsuit, holding a martini.

JOHN LITHGOW
Eric Stoltz. What a pleasant surprise!

ERIC STOLTZ
Hi John. Can we talk?

JOHN LITHGOW
Of course!

A GORGEOUS YOUNG MAN, 20s, exotic-looking, shirtless and wearing a Speedo, joins Lithgow at the door. He also holds a martini.

GORGEOUS YOUNG MAN
Who is it, honey?

JOHN LITHGOW
It's Eric Stoltz!

GORGEOUS YOUNG MAN
Oh. Hi Eric Stoltz.

JOHN LITHGOW
This is Fernando.

INT. JOHN LITHGOW'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lithgow, Stoltz and Fernando sit in Lithgow's living room.

There's a FRAMED POSTER of Back to the Future Part II with John Lithgow as Doc Brown. There's another one of Back to the Future Part III with Lithgow as well.

All three men sip martinis.

ERIC STOLTZ
And so, to make a long story short, I was wondering if you were ever given a Smart Car by a scientist.

JOHN LITHGOW
What a strange question. But yes, I was actually. A few years ago. It's out back in my garage. Although, I don't know where I put the keys for it.

FERNANDO
Oh, I saw the keys. They're on the key rack above the aquarium.

JOHN LITHGOW
Yes of course. Thanks, babe.

ERIC STOLTZ
This is none of my business, but... I thought you were married.

JOHN LITHGOW
My wife's out of town.

ERIC STOLTZ

Well, would you mind if I borrowed the car for a little while? See, I'm writing a story for Los Angeles magazine about Back to the Future. I think this might give it a nice little button.

JOHN LITHGOW

Absolutely not!

Stoltz looks disappointed.

ERIC STOLTZ

No?

FERNANDO

Oh honey, he just wants to borrow it.

JOHN LITHGOW

No, I can't have you joyriding in a car that may have the ability to travel through time. What if it actually works? For all I know you plan to use it to go back in time to cut Michael J. Fox and myself out of the movie!

ERIC STOLTZ

John, that's absurd. First of all there's no way it actually time-travels, OK? It's a Smart Car. And second of all, even if it did, I would never cut you out of the movie. Just Michael J. Fox.

JOHN LITHGOW

Well, Michael J. Fox is a dear friend of mine. A dear friend. So again, I have to refuse.

Stoltz sighs.

ERIC STOLTZ

OK. I understand. Do you mind if I use the bathroom before I leave?

JOHN LITHGOW

Go ahead. Down the hall on the right.

INT. JOHN LITHGOW'S HUGE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz walks down a HALLWAY. He sees the bathroom but also the AQUARIUM.

ERIC STOLTZ

You said down the hall on the left?

From the LIVING ROOM:

JOHN LITHGOW
No, down the hall and on the right!
(to Fernando)
No wonder he was replaced in the movie.
He can't follow simple directions.

Stoltz looks above the aquarium at a KEY RACK. A DOZEN SETS OF KEYS hang from it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Jesus, how many cars does this asshole have?

He starts checking each set of keys for the Smart Car keys.

JOHN LITHGOW (O.S.)
Did you find it?

Stoltz spots keys with a SMART CAR symbol. He grabs them.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes, thanks!

INT. JOHN LITHGOW'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz re-emerges. Lithgow and Fernando relax together on the couch.

JOHN LITHGOW
All set?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yep.

Lithgow starts to get up.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
That's OK, I can let myself out.

Stoltz looks toward the back of the house, where a sliding door leads to a back patio and a pool.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
So your garage is out there, huh?

JOHN LITHGOW
Yes, that's right.

ERIC STOLTZ
And that's where all the cars are too?

JOHN LITHGOW
Yes.

ERIC STOLTZ
And the pool.

JOHN LITHGOW
Yes.

Stoltz nods. Beat. Fernando and Lithgow look at Stoltz like:
is he up to something?

Suddenly Stoltz makes a BREAK for the back door.

JOHN LITHGOW (cont'd)
No! What are you doing!

Lithgow and Fernando rise and run after him.

Stoltz reaches the back door. He pulls but it's LOCKED.

JOHN LITHGOW (cont'd)
He's got the keys! Stop him!

Stoltz struggles to unlock the door, which has two locks. By
the time he does, Lithgow and Fernando are on top of him. He
DODGES them.

Stoltz starts RUNNING through the huge house, EVADING THE
PURSUIT of Lithgow and Fernando.

He runs around a DINING ROOM TABLE to elude LITHGOW. After a
couple of laps LITHGOW tires, stops chasing him.

Stoltz catches his breath. Then, FERNANDO JUMPS ON STOLTZ'S
BACK. Stoltz TWIRLS IN CIRCLES, trying to free himself.

Lithgow grabs a LONG DILDO off a counter and runs at them,
screaming. He SWINGS THE DILDO AT STOLTZ.

STOLTZ DUCKS AND THE DILDO CONNECTS WITH FERNANDO'S HEAD,
dropping him from Stoltz.

JOHN LITHGOW (cont'd)
Oh, I'm sorry, honey!

Stoltz SPRINTS for the front door.

From a hallway near the front, ANOTHER GORGEOUS YOUNG MAN IN
A SPEEDO emerges, as if from a nap.

GORGEOUS YOUNG MAN #2
What's going on?

JOHN LITHGOW
Sebastian! Don't let him leave!

Sebastian quickly follows orders, BLOCKING THE FRONT DOOR and
CHASING STOLTZ BACK TOWARD FERNANDO AND LITHGOW.

Lithgow, Fernando and Sebastian SURROUND STOLTZ and CLOSE IN.
Stoltz ESCAPES UP A STAIRWELL.

INT. JOHN LITHGOW'S SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Clutching the car keys, Stoltz SPRINTS down a second floor
HALLWAY.

Sebastian, Lithgow and Fernando CHASE AFTER HIM.

Stoltz reaches a ROOM with POSTERS of Who Framed Roger Rabbit
and CLUE.

But also: a FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOW overlooking the POOL.

Sebastian, Lithgow and Fernando SPRINT TOWARD STOLTZ.

FERNANDO
We got you now, fucker!

STOLTZ CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND...

... FLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND...

... BARELY LANDS IN THE POOL WITH A SPLASH!!

Lithgow runs to the edge of the room, SHRIEKS.

JOHN LITHGOW
My floor-to-ceiling window!
(to the others)
What are you waiting for? Jump in after
him!

FERNANDO
Too high.

SEBASTIAN
Too wet.

JOHN LITHGOW
(frustrated)
Come on!

They head out of the room.

EXT. JOHN LITHGOW'S BACKYARD - DAY

Stoltz swims to the edge and climbs out of the pool, dripping
wet. He runs to the ENORMOUS GARAGE.

He quickly raises each GARAGE DOOR. Each one reveals a
different luxury car -- not a Smart Car.

INT. JOHN LITHGOW'S HUGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Back inside, Lithgow and the gang reach the door to the back patio. They slide the door open and head outside.

EXT. JOHN LITHGOW'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz opens a fourth garage door to find a SMART CAR under a CAR COVER.

Meanwhile, Lithgow and the boys run at him.

JOHN LITHGOW
You bastard! You're going to pay for that window!

Stoltz rips off the CAR COVER to find a shiny, non-dented SMART CAR. He jumps in and STARTS THE ENGINE.

As Lithgow, Fernando and Sebastian reach him, Stoltz GUNS THE ENGINE and RIPS OUT OF THE GARAGE.

JOHN LITHGOW (cont'd)
You'll never get away with this, Stoltz!

They watch the Smart Car blow past them. Beat.

SEBASTIAN
I don't get it. What just happened?

INT. SMART CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz steers the Smart Car off the Lithgow property and down a ritzy LA street. As he grips the steering wheel, a smile comes over his face.

The SPEEDOMETER shows he's cruising well over 44mph.

He punches November 1, 1984 into the STEREO DECK, presses the rear window defroster BUTTON and...

... the car SHAKES and SPARKS and LIGHTS UP.

Stoltz laughs. The houses outside his car CHANGE SLIGHTLY and the parked cars give way to EIGHTIES CARS.

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BUNGALOW - EVENING

Consulting a "Star Maps" pamphlet, Stoltz parks his car outside a small but charming home in West Hollywood.

He tosses the pamphlet onto the passenger seat, grabs a small note pad, gets out and heads for the house.

At the FRONT DOOR, he KNOCKS.

He waits... no answer.

He tries the DOORKNOB. The door OPENS.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz enters the house.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hello? Michael?

Stoltz looks around. There are a few HOCKEY STICKS scattered about, and a couple POSTERS of the Boston Bruins' Bobby Orr.

He spots a SCRIPT on a SHELF. Picks it up. It's for a "Family Ties" episode.

Suddenly Stoltz's stomach GROANS VIOLENTLY.

He makes a BEELINE for the BATHROOM.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz sits on the toilet and reads the "Family Ties" script. He chuckles at something, shakes his head.

ERIC STOLTZ
Skippy.

He hears VOICES and LAUGHTER. His eyes WIDEN. He quickly FLUSHES and pulls up his pants.

He opens the bathroom door slightly and takes a PEEK. The front door opens and a YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX enters with his arm draped over an ATTRACTIVE YOUNG BRUNETTE.

She playfully resists his advances.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG BRUNETTE
Michael! Stop being so dirty, Michael!

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
I'm not. I'm just saying I'm going to do terrible things to you tonight, Justine.

From the BATHROOM, Stoltz realizes who the young woman is. He mouths: "Justine?!"

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Now come on, let's get you out of these
dry clothes.

They make out a little.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN
Wait. Let me freshen up in the bathroom
first.

Stoltz's eyes BULGE. He DARTS across the hall and into a
BEDROOM.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz stands near the bedroom door and listens.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN (O.S.)
Oh my god! Your bathroom stinks!

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (O.S.)
Really? Still? I took a crap in there
like eight hours ago.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN (O.S.)
Never mind.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (O.S.)
Let's go to my bedroom.

Stoltz cringes.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN (O.S.)
I should go.

Stoltz nods.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (O.S.)
Come on. You know you want to get Michael
J. Fucked.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN (O.S.)
(she laughs)
You're crazy.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (O.S.)
You know it. Like a Fox. Let's go.

Stoltz hears their FOOTSTEPS. He DIVES under the BED.

He hears KISSING, MOANING.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
You like it right there?

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

Mm-hmm.

Clothes DROP to the floor near Stoltz.

The bed SQUEAKS as Fox and Bateman HOP on it. The springs above Stoltz begin to BOUNCE AND SQUEAK RHYTHMICALLY.

Stoltz cringes as he absorbs all this.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Oh, Justine... that's so good!

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

Mm. Yes, Michael, yes!

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Call me Alex.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

No, I don't feel comfortable doing that.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Come on.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

Alex. There, are you happy?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Yeah... Am I a good brother?

The springs STOP BOUNCING. The bed stops squeaking.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

OK, that's so creepy. Why would you ask me that?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

I'm sorry. You're right, Justine. I went too far. Come here...

More making out. Springs START BOUNCING again...

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

Mm, that feels so good.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Oh yeah. You're the best sister in the world.

Bed STOPS BOUNCING.

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN

OK, that's it! I'm out of here.

Her feet hit the floor. Her clothes are retrieved. She leaves the room.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Mallory, wait! I mean, Justine, wait!

Fox retrieves his clothes and leaves the bedroom.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (O.S.)(cont'd)
Come on, can we talk about this?

YOUNG JUSTINE BATEMAN (O.S.)
No! You're sick. You need help, Michael.

Stoltz EMERGES from under the bed. OPENS a WINDOW. JUMPS OUT.

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz LANDS outside the SIDE of the house. He watches as Young Justine Bateman hurries to her CAR.

Young Michael J. Fox RUNS out of the house.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Justine! Come on, Justine, don't go!

Justine SPEEDS OFF.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Shit.

Fox walks back inside his house, shuts the door.

Stoltz waits for a second, then WALKS to the front of the house, KNOCKS on the door.

Fox OPENS it.

Beat. Stoltz FREEZES.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
What do you want?

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, Michael?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Yeah.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hi, my name is... Dave Grohl, and I'm with TV Guide.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
I don't want one.

He starts to close the door.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, no, it's just I've come all the way
from New York City and I want to write a
feature about you for TV Guide.

Fox seems suddenly flattered.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Oh yeah?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes. Very much.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Come on in.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz sits on the couch, holding his note pad.

Young Michael J. Fox enters with two drinks. Sets one down in
front of Stoltz.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
There you go. One Tab.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
So, what would you like to know?

ERIC STOLTZ
"Family Ties." It's a big hit. Why?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
On the record?
(Stoltz nods)
The writing is great, the direction is
great, my cast mates are terrific, and
I'm just happy to be a part of it.

ERIC STOLTZ
And off the record?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
I'm fucking carrying that thing. I mean,
seriously, not to sound arrogant, Dave,
but you take me off that show, and I'm
not sure one person in America would
watch it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Right.

Stoltz gives a fake laugh, looks around the room. In the corner, he spots a VALTERRA SKATEBOARD that looks exactly like the one Marty rode in Back to the Future.

He rises and walks over to it.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

I mean, without me, does it get one laugh? Is there anybody else on that show who's legitimately funny? Other than Tina Yothers, unintentionally? Again, don't print any of this, Dave, but between you and me, I can't wait to get into movies.

Stoltz holds up the skateboard.

ERIC STOLTZ

Right. What's this?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Ah yeah, speaking of. There's this time-travel movie, and the main character is a big skateboarder. The producers cast this other kid in it, and apparently he's not doing so well. So they sent me a skateboard to practice with in case they decide to fire him.

ERIC STOLTZ

Interesting. This other kid, what's he like?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Sort of awkward, red-haired. I mean, I'm not gay or anything, but I wouldn't say he's exceptionally good-looking. Or talented.

ERIC STOLTZ

No?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

No. From what I hear he's kind of a train wreck.

ERIC STOLTZ

(growing angrier)

Oh yeah?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX

Yeah, just like super lame on set, super serious, not fun at all. And, he just doesn't have the chops, you know?

ERIC STOLTZ

Well, he trained with Stella Adler in New York.

Young Michael J. Fox gives the "jerk-off" gesture.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Big fucking deal. He's all wrong for the part. And I'm all right for it, which pisses me off.

Stoltz starts to approach Fox...

ERIC STOLTZ
Is that right?

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Yeah. And the producers say the same thing. They're like, "He's too intense. He's too serious. Michael, we can't wait until we get rid of this talentless hack and bring you on board." And I agree. The guy's basically allergic to comedy, you know? He's too intense. That's what it is. He's way too intense.

Stoltz glares at Young Fox. Raises the skateboard.

ERIC STOLTZ
Too intense? I'll give you too intense!

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Whoa, man, hey, chill out!

Stoltz SWINGS THE SKATEBOARD at Fox. Fox DODGES the swing and FALLS out of his chair. He scrambles for the front door. Stoltz SWINGS THE SKATEBOARD AGAIN, HITTING FOX on his BACK.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Ah!

Stoltz LANDS ANOTHER SHOT with the SKATEBOARD on FOX'S BACK. And ANOTHER. He continues to BEAT FOX WITH THE VALTERRA SKATEBOARD. It's clearly cathartic for Stoltz.

ERIC STOLTZ
This intense enough for you?! Huh?!

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
Ah! Stop! Please, Dave, stop!

Stoltz pauses, raises the skateboard high.

ERIC STOLTZ
This one's for Zemeckis.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX
What? Why are you doing this?

With all his might, Stoltz SLAMS the SKATEBOARD down on FOX. It BREAKS in half.

YOUNG MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Ahh! I can't feel my legs!

Stoltz stares at Fox, who WAILS and WRITHES on the floor.
Stoltz DROPS his half of the SKATEBOARD.

Beat.

He RUNS out of the house.

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Stoltz hurries to his car and gets in.

The car accelerates quickly and DISAPPEARS into the night.

EXT. LA STREET - DAY

On a street in West Hollywood, the Smart Car APPEARS,
sparkling and illuminated.

INT. SMART CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, Stoltz wears a WIFE BEATER and appears more
MUSCULAR. He also sports a set of...

... CORNROWS and...

... lots of TATTOOS on his ARMS and NECK.

Stoltz checks out his arms.

ERIC STOLTZ
Holy shit.

He views himself in the rear view mirror. His eyes BULGE.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Ahh!

He pulls out his DRIVER'S LICENSE. Reads it:

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
612 Birmingham Road? That's my father's
house.

He hears a BEEPING SOUND.

He glances down... and does a double take at...

... an ANKLE MONITOR around his leg!

Stoltz gives a look like: "This cannot be good."

EXT. BURBANK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz parks the Smart Car. He jumps out and RUNS away from the car, which is SMOKING.

He SPRINTS toward a SMALL HOUSE. Behind him, the Smart Car EXPLODES.

EXT. JACK STOLTZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz KNOCKS on the door. JACK STOLTZ, 70s, OPENS it.

JACK STOLTZ
Where the hell have you been?

ERIC STOLTZ
I stepped out.

JACK STOLTZ
Get in!

INT. JACK STOLTZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz runs inside, into a bathroom and shuts the door.

JACK STOLTZ
The cops will be here any minute. You can't just leave like that. What's wrong with you?

ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
You're right. That was dumb. The whole thing was dumb. I shouldn't have done it.

JACK STOLTZ
And what was that sound outside? Did you blow something up?

ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
No. Kids and their fireworks.

JACK STOLTZ
We were having a perfectly good game of checkers! And then, poof, you vanished.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Jack opens it.

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand there.

JACK STOLTZ (cont'd)
Hello, officers, what can I do for you?

POLICE OFFICER #1
Is your son home, Mr. Stoltz?

Stoltz FLUSHES and emerges from the bathroom.

JACK STOLTZ
He's right here. It's my fault. I took him to Home Depot. I needed his help carrying some lumber. We're redoing the back patio.

POLICE OFFICER #1
I don't care if you're putting in a pool. You can't leave the house for any reason. Is that clear?

JACK STOLTZ
Yes, officer.

POLICE OFFICER #1
I'm asking him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes, officer.

POLICE OFFICER #1
This happens again, you're going to be in a lot of trouble.

ERIC STOLTZ
Understood.

JACK STOLTZ
He gets it. We both do.

The officers LEAVE. Jack SHUTS the door.

JACK STOLTZ (cont'd)
Do me a favor, son. Stay in the fucking house.

INT. JACK STOLTZ'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Stoltz SLEEPS on his couch.

Stoltz sits in a chair. There's a BOX open labeled "Trial Stuff." Stoltz sifts through newspaper clippings.

HEADLINES SAY:

"Michael J. Fox Attacked, Beaten with Skateboard"

"Actor Eric Stoltz's Fingerprints Found on Skateboard"

"Stoltz Sentenced to 10 Years in Prison"

"Original Marty McFly Robs a Video Store, Back in Prison"

Stoltz puts down the newspaper articles.

He walks over to a TOWER of DVDS. Searches through the titles...

He pulls out a DVD for Back to the Future.

On the cover, Michael J. Fox holds up his sunglasses and stares at his watch -- WHILE SITTING IN A WHEELCHAIR!

Stoltz's eyes WIDEN. Whispers to himself:

ERIC STOLTZ
No fucking way.

INT. JACK STOLTZ'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Stoltz still sleeps.

Near him, Eric Stoltz uses a SMALL SCREWDRIVER to remove his ANKLE MONITOR. The monitor's red light remains lit.

Stoltz tiptoes to the front door and leaves...

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DAY

Stoltz enters Jumbo's, looks around. He spots LLOYD in a corner, receiving a dance from a HOT DANCER while staring at DEBORAH dancing onstage.

Stoltz walks up to him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Lloyd, we have to talk.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
(ignoring him)
Not now.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, now!

Lloyd looks up at Stoltz, clearly scared. He gestures for the Hot Dancer to stop. She runs off.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Look, man. I don't know who you are, but
I don't carry a lot of cash.

ERIC STOLTZ
It's me, Eric Stoltz.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Jesus. Stoltz?

ERIC STOLTZ
Can we talk?

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lloyd and Stoltz sit at the bar and chat over drinks.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
That's quite a tale.

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you believe me?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Anything's possible.

Deborah approaches the bar with a 50-dollar bill. To the bartender:

DEBORAH
Jimmy, can I get change for this?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Oh, hey Deborah, how's it going?

DEBORAH
Go fuck yourself, Lloyd.

She gets her change and leaves. Stoltz looks at him questioningly.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
It's a long story. I punched out her kid once.

ERIC STOLTZ
Why were you fighting him anyway?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
He said I was the worst part about the show "Taxi." I did mail it in a few episodes.

ERIC STOLTZ
So, Lloyd, in Back to the Future, was there a DeLorean?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Who's DeLorean?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's a car.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Oh no, that was changed. When Michael became paralyzed from the waist down, they made the time machine a wheelchair.

ERIC STOLTZ

So weird. Were you ever given a time machine by a crazy scientist?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I was actually. It was a wheelchair. I think the guy said it had to get up to 22 miles per hour, and then you pulled a lever... I don't know.

ERIC STOLTZ

Do you still have it?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I gave it to Michael. I felt sorry for him. And then he fucked my ex-wife in it. And now whenever I see him, he mentions that he fucked my ex-wife in it. Fucking paraplegic prick.

ERIC STOLTZ

Well, I want to get the wheelchair back.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Watch out for come stains.

ERIC STOLTZ

OK. I didn't need to hear that.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I'm just saying, don't shine a blacklight on it.

ERIC STOLTZ

All right, I get the picture.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Hope you're not taking it to a disco.

ERIC STOLTZ

Stop! Would you stop?

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION - DAY

Lloyd and Stoltz pull up to a PALATIAL HOME in Lloyd's LUXURY SEDAN. Stoltz gets out.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

I don't know what you're planning to do, but I wasn't here.

Stoltz nods. Lloyd drives off.

Stoltz walks toward the house.

At the FRONT DOOR, he presses a doorbell. It plays a cheesy version of "Power of Love" by Huey Lewis.

Stoltz shakes his cornrowed head.

A HUGE MALE NURSE opens the door.

HUGE MALE NURSE
Can I help you?

ERIC STOLTZ
I'd like to see Michael. You can tell him
it's Eric Stoltz.

Beat.

HUGE MALE NURSE
One moment.

He shuts the door. Stoltz looks around the magnificent, wheelchair-accessible property.

On the FRONT LAWN, a gardener trims a LARGE HEDGE in the shape of a FLUX CAPACITOR.

The Huge Male Nurse returns.

HUGE MALE NURSE (cont'd)
I need to pat you down.

Stoltz obliges. Huge Male Nurse gives him a thorough patdown.

HUGE MALE NURSE (cont'd)
OK, come in.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz steps inside.

HUGE MALE NURSE
Wait here.

Huge Male Nurse leaves. Stoltz surveys the scene. It's everything you'd imagine Wheelchair Michael J. Fox's mansion would look like -- there's a PAINTING of a young Michael J. Fox as a WEREWOLF in a wheelchair.

MICHAEL J. FOX rolls in. He's in an ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR and he wears an EXPENSIVE SUIT.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Well, look what the cat dragged in.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hi Michael. How are you?

MICHAEL J. FOX
Rocking and rolling. You?

They shake hands.

ERIC STOLTZ
Not bad.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Come in, come in, have a seat.

Stoltz moves to a plush couch.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
You want something to drink?

ERIC STOLTZ
No, that's OK.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You sure? Maybe a Pepsi?

He points to a PEPSI MACHINE in the distance.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'm fine.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You're looking good. Have you been working out?

Stoltz looks at his own muscular arms.

ERIC STOLTZ
Not really.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Looks like it. Maybe some curls or something? Pull-ups? Dips?

Stoltz shakes his head.

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, Michael, the reason I came here today is because, first of all, I wanted to apologize for any role I played in, you know, what happened to you all those years ago. Getting handicapped.

MICHAEL J. FOX
I'm not handicapped. I'm handicanned.
But, apology accepted.

Stoltz smiles.

ERIC STOLTZ
The other thing is, and this one is
pretty dumb but I thought I'd just throw
it out there while I'm here: I wanted to
see if you still had that wheelchair that
Christopher Lloyd gave you.

Fox laughs.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Is that what this is about? You mean the
(air quotes)
"time machine"?

Stoltz fake-laughes.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yes, exactly. The time machine.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Of course I've got it. You want to take a
look at it?

Stoltz tries to act like this isn't super important to him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Sure.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You bet. One second. I just had the seat
reupholstered.

Fox zips away.

Beat. Stoltz looks around. In front of him is a PAINTING of
Michael J. Fox shooting out of an enormous champagne bottle,
in a wheelchair, with the skyline of Manhattan behind him.

Fox returns with the Huge Male Nurse, who wheels in the
WHEELCHAIR. It's an old-fashioned, foldable kind.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
(to Nurse)
Thanks, Tim.

Huge Male Nurse leaves.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Here it is. Go on, sit down in it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah?

MICHAEL J. FOX
Go on, try it out.

Stoltz sits down in it. He sees a LEVER on the side that's been labeled with a Sharpie: "tt."

Stoltz SPINS AROUND.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Whoa, not bad! Where'd you learn how to do that?

ERIC STOLTZ
I did a movie once where I played a guy in a wheelchair.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Oh yeah? I don't think I saw that one.

ERIC STOLTZ
It was called The Waterdance.

MICHAEL J. FOX
With Andrew McCarthy?

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh, yeah.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You know what? I just had an idea. I don't need this thing. And you seem to really like it. Why don't you take it?

Stoltz tries not to appear ecstatic.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh no, I couldn't...

MICHAEL J. FOX
No really, I want you to have it.

ERIC STOLTZ
You sure?

MICHAEL J. FOX
Absolutely. Enjoy the wheelchair.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks, Mike.

Stoltz stands up. Folds up the wheelchair.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Well, I should be going.

MICHAEL J. FOX
OK. Great seeing you.

Stoltz lugs the wheelchair to the front door. Suddenly his face shows EXTREME PAIN.

ERIC STOLTZ
Ah!

Michael J. Fox REMOVES A BLOODY KNIFE FROM STOLTZ'S BACK.

Stoltz DROPS the wheelchair and COLLAPSES.

The Huge Male Nurse enters and looks down at Stoltz, who writhes in pain.

Michael J. Fox takes out his phone, dials.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Hi, 911? There's been an intruder in my home. He was trying to steal something, so I stabbed him. Please send the police right away.

Stoltz hears this.

ERIC STOLTZ
You bastard...

MICHAEL J. FOX
Payback's a bitch. You stupid red-haired bitch.

Stoltz PASSES OUT.

INT. PRISON VISITATION AREA - DAY

A line of PHONES and DIVIDERS in prison.

Sitting down on the civilian side of the glass is Lloyd.

A buzzer RINGS, a door OPENS, and Stoltz, in an orange prison uniform, enters from the inmate side.

Lloyd and Stoltz pick up their respective phones.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
How's the back?

ERIC STOLTZ
It's fine.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
How's the rest of you?

ERIC STOLTZ
About as well as can be expected. For
someone with a life sentence.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
The lawyer says you can appeal. We can
fight this thing.

ERIC STOLTZ
It's no use. They'll never believe me
over Fox.

Beat. Stoltz starts to break down.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Ah Lloyd... I've fucked this up so bad!
I'd give anything to go back to the way
things were.

Stoltz dries his eyes on his orange top.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Can you do me a favor?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Anything.

ERIC STOLTZ
Can you get me some sleeping pills? The
really strong kind?

Lloyd sighs.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Now, look. Your outside life may be over.
But that doesn't mean your acting life is
over. You've still got a lot to offer
these guys. Teach an acting class. Start
a theater company. Put on a play. I'd
come see it. I'd sit in the first row.

This gets a smile out of Stoltz.

ERIC STOLTZ
You're a good friend, Lloyd. I wish I'd
had a friend like you when I was younger.
I was so lonely back then, stuck in those
trailers all day. I'm going to miss you.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Don't do anything stupid, Stoltz.

ERIC STOLTZ
It's too late. So long, Doc.

Stoltz hangs up his phone, walks out.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Stoltz stands on a chair in his cell. One end of a ROPE is tied to a high bar. He holds the other end, a NOOSE.

He places his head in the noose. Whispers:

ERIC STOLTZ
Stupid time machine.

He steps off the chair.

He hangs there.

Sways a little.

Then the ROPE BREAKS and he CRASHES to the floor.

He lays there.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Ahh!

Pounds the floor. Removes the noose.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I'm such a fuckup.

A PRISON GUARD, WAYNE, 50s, hears him. Approaches.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Hey! What are you doing?

Wayne keys into Stoltz's cell. He grabs the rope.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)
Where'd you get this? I oughta put you in solitary for trying this bullshit.

ERIC STOLTZ
You're right. Put me in there. Better yet, put a bullet in my fucking head.

Wayne laughs.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I'm serious. Kill me.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
You're the new guy, right? Stoltz?

Stoltz nods.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)
I've been meaning to talk to you. I'm
actually a big fan of yours.

ERIC STOLTZ
From what? I've been in and out of prison
for the last 30 years.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
You did a three-episode thing on "St.
Elsewhere." It was great. You played that
Irish teenager who got the shit kicked
out of him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh yeah. It was a small part.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
It was awesome.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks. What's your name?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Wayne. Wayne Frazier.

From farther down the hall, a SUPERVISING GUARD notices.

SENIOR PRISON GUARD
Hey Frazier! Stop talking to the criminal
and move it along.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
That fucking guy. He didn't have to
phrase it like that.

ERIC STOLTZ
It's OK.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Can we talk later? I got more questions
about "St. Elsewhere."

ERIC STOLTZ
Sure.

Wayne walks away.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stoltz uses a BIG HOSE to wash TRAYS OF FOOD in the prison
kitchen. Wayne stands beside him.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
You did that Irish accent real good. I
believed you were from there.
(MORE)

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)
And I related to that kid, you know?
Because I got the shit kicked out of me
one time. Just like that. Man, what a
cool episode.

ERIC STOLTZ
So Wayne, why are you such a big "St.
Elsewhere" fan?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
It was my grandmother's favorite show. I
used to sit with her and watch it all the
time. Right up until the day she passed.

ERIC STOLTZ
Well, I was just a guest player.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Those were the best parts. The main
characters were boring. Vanilla, you
know? Even Denzel. But the smaller parts
were more fucked up. They made me feel
better because I wasn't as fucked up as
them.

The Senior Prison Guard enters the kitchen.

SENIOR PRISON GUARD
Hey Frazier! Don't you have somewhere
else you need to be?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
No, sir.

SENIOR PRISON GUARD
Well move it along anyway!

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Yes, sir.

The Senior Prison Guard leaves.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)
That fucking guy. He doesn't know how to
treat people. I'm going to get him back
one day. I don't know how, but I'm gonna.

ERIC STOLTZ
I know one way you could.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
How?

ERIC STOLTZ
Have a guy escape on his watch.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
You want to escape?

ERIC STOLTZ
Might be nice.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
There's no way. Absolutely no way.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Stoltz shoots baskets on a basketball hoop. Wayne approaches, takes the ball.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
I thought of a way.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
You'd have to get everybody into the rec room. I mean, everybody. All the prisoners. All the guards. Problem is, they only do that for special events. And there aren't any scheduled.

ERIC STOLTZ
What about a movie night?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Not everybody goes to those.

ERIC STOLTZ
What about a concert?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Not allowed.

ERIC STOLTZ
What if I put on a play? With inmates. Like, Shakespeare.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
Brothers in tights?

Stoltz nods. Wayne chuckles.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)
Shit. Maybe.
(thinking about it more)
Yeah.

The Senior Prison Guard walks past. Gives them a look. Beat.

ERIC STOLTZ
So let's say we get everybody in the rec room. Then what? Do I jump into an air conditioning duct?
(MORE)

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Do I use one of those little shovels to
tunnel my way out? Do I break a pipe with
a rock and crawl through a half-mile of
sewage?

PRISON GUARD WAYNE
I was just going to give you my key card.

ERIC STOLTZ
That works.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Stoltz makes his way down a lunch-serving line. A LARGE
INMATE behind Stoltz taps him on the shoulder.

LARGE INMATE
Hey, white bread. I hear you're putting
on a play. "Hamlet."

ERIC STOLTZ
That's right.

LARGE INMATE
Well, I want to play Hamlet.

ERIC STOLTZ
Unfortunately you missed auditions. I
cast someone else in that role. Sorry.

Large Inmate glares at Stoltz.

Stoltz walks away. Large Inmate grabs him, pulls him back.

LARGE INMATE
You see this?
(points to his crotch)
Now imagine this full of blood and in
your ass. That's what will happen to you
every night if I can't play Hamlet.

Beat.

ERIC STOLTZ
Congrats. You got the part.

Stoltz walks away. Large Inmate smiles.

INT. PRISON VISITATION AREA - DAY

A line of PHONES and DIVIDERS.

Lloyd sits on the civilian side of the glass.

Stoltz -- whose hair is no longer in corn rows -- enters on the inmate side and sits down. They grab their phones.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I'm looking forward to tomorrow night. I thought I'd bring Sally. My fourth ex-wife.

ERIC STOLTZ
Great.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You got the guys ready?

ERIC STOLTZ
Still working out the kinks, but I think so. Did you bring the items?

Lloyd reaches into a bag and pulls out a CORDUROY SPORT COAT WITH ELBOW PATCHES and VHS copies of THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER, PATRIOT GAMES and THE SUM OF ALL FEARS. He passes all the items through a slot.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Perfect, thanks.
(beat)
Actually, you can keep this one.

Stoltz returns THE SUM OF ALL FEARS to Lloyd.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
I meant what I said. I'll be there in the front row. I'll park in the back, but I'll sit in the front.

ERIC STOLTZ
You might want to keep some kind of weapon in your car. It's dangerous out there.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
That's an idea.

ERIC STOLTZ
I better go. We've got dress tonight.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Break a leg.

Stoltz hangs up and leaves.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - NIGHT

There's a STAGE and a LARGE AUDIENCE. Just about everyone in the prison has gathered to witness this spectacle.

On one side are the INMATES. On the other side, separated by PRISON GUARDS, there are GUESTS including LLOYD, his fourth EX-WIFE SALLY and JACK STOLTZ.

ONSTAGE, the Large Inmate stands, dressed as HAMLET. He emotes hard.

LARGE INMATE

To be, or not to be: that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? To die: to sleep. No more.

In the audience, a TOUGH-LOOKING INMATE wipes away a tear from his TEARDROP TATTOO.

INT. PRISON DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In a small dressing room, Stoltz wears a "St. Elsewhere" T-shirt and too-big jeans. He puts on the SPORT COAT.

Wayne stands next to him. Takes out his KEY CARD.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE

I'm always forgetting where I left this thing.

He lays the key card on a table. Stoltz picks it up.

ERIC STOLTZ

Thanks, Wayne. I'll never forget this. Thanks for the clothes too.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE

Don't get yourself killed.

Stoltz nods. Heads for a BACK DOOR.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)

Hey Stoltz.

Stoltz stops, turns.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE (cont'd)

What was Howie Mandel like onset?

ERIC STOLTZ

I didn't really work with him.

PRISON GUARD WAYNE

OK.

Stoltz uses the KEY CARD to open the BACK DOOR and leaves.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz strides quickly through a LONG EMPTY PRISON HALLWAY.

At the end of it, he uses his KEY CARD to open a set of SLIDING DOORS. He walks through them and makes a right.

EXT. PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz walks fast -- but not too fast -- out of the huge prison, which is FENCED IN.

He can see the OPENING in the fence (the EXIT) up ahead.

Then he sees a MENACING PRISON GUARD standing next to it.

MENACING PRISON GUARD
Where do you think you're going?

ERIC STOLTZ
I was here for the play. I'm just on my way out.

MENACING PRISON GUARD
Play's not over yet.

ERIC STOLTZ
I know. I'm a theater critic for the LA Times. I've seen enough.

MENACING PRISON GUARD
How do I know you're not a prisoner dressed as a theater critic?

Stoltz laughs.

ERIC STOLTZ
Wouldn't that be a twist?

MENACING PRISON GUARD
What's your name?

ERIC STOLTZ
Kenneth Turan.

MENACING PRISON GUARD
What'd you think of the play?

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh, it was garbage. But they tried hard.

Prison guard chuckles.

MENACING PRISON GUARD
I figured. Have a good night.

ERIC STOLTZ
You too.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz searches the parking lot. Spots the LUXURY SEDAN with the license plate: DR BRWN. Hops in.

INT. LLOYD'S LUXURY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz reaches under the driver seat.

ERIC STOLTZ
Give me something good, Lloyd...
Pulls out a HANDGUN.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Fuck yeah!
He PUNCHES THE GAS and races out of the LOT.

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION - NIGHT

The sedan SCREECHES to a stop. Stoltz jumps out, wielding the gun, and hurries toward Fox's palatial home.

At the FRONT DOOR, he rings the bell. "Power of Love" plays.

ERIC STOLTZ
Come on, come on...
Huge Male Nurse opens the door. Stoltz points a gun at him.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Put your hands behind your head. Do it!
Beat. Huge Male Nurse slowly raises his arms.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz grabs the nurse and enters the mansion, using him as a shield.

ERIC STOLTZ
Where is he?

HUGE MALE NURSE
Who?

ERIC STOLTZ
Who the fuck do you think? Your employer.

HUGE MALE NURSE
He's in his study.

ERIC STOLTZ
Where's that?

HUGE MALE NURSE
(pointing with head)
It's over there.

ERIC STOLTZ
You're worthless.
(shouting)
Come on out, Fox! Give me the wheelchair!
That's all I want.

Beat. Stoltz moves into the living room with the nurse.

Michael J. Fox wheels in. He grips a huge Browning RIFLE.

Stoltz steps behind the nurse, points his gun at him.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Come on, Michael. Don't be a hero. I just
want the wheelchair. This doesn't have to
be difficult.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You can have the wheelchair, Stoltz.

Fox points his rifle at Stoltz.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
Over my dead body.

ERIC STOLTZ
You shoot at me and your primary care
giver gets it. I swear to God.

Fox FIRES HIS RIFLE at STOLTZ. The bullet GOES THROUGH THE
NURSE'S CHEST, there's an EXPLOSION OF BLOOD, and the big man
goes down hard.

Stoltz looks surprised.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You just killed your nurse.

MICHAEL J. FOX
And your point is?

Beat.

Stoltz DIVES BEHIND A LONG COUCH.

FOX FIRES HIS RIFLE AT HIM.

From behind the couch, STOLTZ FIRES BACK.

BULLETS WHIZ BY FOX, HITTING MOVIE POSTERS.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)
You'll never make it out alive, Stoltz.
(fires his rifle)
You forget, I had eight weeks of gun
training on Casualties of War.

Fox FIRES TWICE at Stoltz. His bullets PIERCE THE COUCH.

Stoltz SCURRIES farther down the large piece of furniture.

ERIC STOLTZ
That movie sucked! You can't do drama!

Stoltz FIRES AT FOX, then RUNS TOWARD ANOTHER COUCH and
SLIDES BEHIND IT.

FOX FIRES FOUR TIMES AT STOLTZ.

He fires a FIFTH TIME and his rifle CLICKS.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Dammit!

Fox TOSSES the rifle, ZIPS out of the room and down a LONG
HALL.

Stoltz RUNS after him.

Stoltz SHOOTS at Fox. The bullet BOUNCES off his wheelchair.

Fox DISAPPEARS around a corner.

Stoltz RUNS toward Fox, reaches the corner. He spots a DOOR.
With his gun drawn, he OPENS IT, ready for anything.

It's a RAMP that goes down to the BASEMENT via a few
SWITCHBACKS.

He walks down the SWITCHBACKS, gun at the ready.

INT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is PERFECTLY QUIET. It's also full of AWARDS,
MAGAZINE COVERS and PICTURES of Fox with world leaders.

ERIC STOLTZ
Jesus. What a narcissist.

Stoltz hears the WHIR of the motorized wheelchair, sees a FLASH of it retreating to a BACK AREA.

He walks through one TROPHY ROOM (for TV), past a WORKOUT AREA and into a second TROPHY ROOM (for film).

All of the WALLS are MIRRORED. Stoltz looks around the room. He SPOTS FOX IN THE WHEELCHAIR and FIRES AT HIM.

A MIRROR SHATTERS.

Instinctively, Stoltz DUCKS.

A BULLET WHIZZES OVER HIS HEAD and SHATTERS another MIRROR.

Stoltz FIRES BLINDLY in the direction of the shot.

MICHAEL J. FOX

Ah!

The wheelchair CRASHES to the floor.

Fox's PISTOL tumbles away from him.

Fox LIES on his BACK, lungs HEAVING for air.

Stoltz approaches Fox cautiously, KICKS Fox's gun away.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)

Not bad, Stoltz.

There's a HOLE in Fox's SHIRT. He struggles to breathe.

MICHAEL J. FOX (cont'd)

Unfortunately for you, I've got a bulletproof vest.

Stoltz looks confused, RIPS OPEN Fox's shirt. There's a HUGE, BLOODY BULLET HOLE.

ERIC STOLTZ

Liar.

MICHAEL J. FOX

Fuck you.

Fox SPITS UP BLOOD, then DIES, right there on the floor.

Stoltz turns, SCANS THE ROOM for the WHEELCHAIR and spots it FOLDED UP in a CORNER.

He GRABS IT and HUSTLES out of the basement.

EXT. MICHAEL J. FOX'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Police sirens BLARE as STOLTZ BURSTS out of the mansion with the WHEELCHAIR.

NEIGHBORS LOOK ON as he TOSSES his GUN into the FLUX CAPACITOR HEDGES and RUNS toward the street.

The sirens BECOME LOUDER. In the distance he sees the LIGHTS of a POLICE CAR.

EXT. STONE CANYON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stoltz turns down Stone Canyon Road.

TWO POLICE CARS GAIN ON HIM as he SPRINTS with the WHEELCHAIR toward a DROP-OFF.

He SWEATS PROFUSELY and appears to be in PAIN.

As he reaches the START OF THE DECLINE, he HOPS INTO THE WHEELCHAIR and WHEELS HIMSELF DOWN THE HILL.

From one of the POLICE CARS:

POLICEMAN ON SPEAKER
Pull over! Slow down your wheelchair or
we will be forced to shoot!

The wheelchair's SPEEDOMETER reads 18 mph.

Stoltz punches "October 29, 1984" into the wheelchair's SIDE CONSOLE.

POLICEMAN ON SPEAKER (cont'd)
I repeat. Slow down your wheelchair or we
will be forced to shoot!

The wheelchair's SPEEDOMETER reads 20 mph.

Three POLICE CARS CHASE HIM. THE CLOSEST ONE is within a FEW FEET.

A POLICEMAN LEANS OUT THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW and POINTS A GUN AT STOLTZ.

POLICEMAN RIDING SHOTGUN
Pull over!

The wheelchair's SPEEDOMETER reads 22 mph.

Stoltz pulls the "tt" lever.

The wheelchair SPARKS and ILLUMINATES.

As the cop pulls the trigger, the wheelchair DISAPPEARS.

POLICEMAN ON SPEAKER
What the fuck?

EXT. STONE CANYON ROAD - DAY

Out of nowhere, Stoltz and his wheelchair APPEAR on the road, in between a couple of '80s CARS.

Stoltz looks around, allows himself a BIG SIGH, SMILES.

The LEFT WHEEL of his WHEELCHAIR HITS A ROCK and the WHEELCHAIR GETS KNOCKED OFF BALANCE.

Stoltz FALLS OUT OF THE WHEELCHAIR and TAKES A NASTY FALL DOWN THE HILL.

He comes to a STOP at the BASE of the HILL, SCRAPED UP AND BLOODY.

The WHEELCHAIR SLIDES DOWN THE HILL ON ITS SIDE, SPARKING the whole way. It comes to a stop near Stoltz.

A red 1983 PORSCHE 911 pulls up next to Stoltz.

PORSCHE DRIVER
Watch where you're going, cripple!

The Porsche drives off. Stoltz shakes his head.

He rises, dusts himself off and holds out a THUMB.

A few cars PASS.

A WOOD-PANELED STATION WAGON swerving across multiple lanes PULLS OVER.

Stoltz grabs the wheelchair and approaches the car.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks a lot.

Behind the wheel is the PUNK TEENAGE GIRL.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
No problem. Where you headed?

ERIC STOLTZ
(stunned)
You gotta be kidding me.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
What? I'm on my learner's permit.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

The wheelchair is in the backseat along with a karate outfit and some roller skates. Stoltz sits in the passenger seat. Punk Teenage Girl drives.

ERIC STOLTZ
You know, you shouldn't pick up
hitchhikers.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
You're right. Let me pull over.

ERIC STOLTZ
I mean, after me. You shouldn't pick up
any more. And don't be such a smart-ass,
white Rudy. You should respect your
elders.

She looks at his ripped pants and BADLY SCRAPED KNEE.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
And you should clean up that knee.
There's a first aid kit in the glove
compartment. Go on, don't be stubborn.

Stoltz finds the KIT, starts treating his knee with Neosporin and a large Band-Aid.

ERIC STOLTZ
Where were you headed in this rig,
anyway?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
To pick up my brother for karate.

ERIC STOLTZ
Can't your mother do that?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
That would be difficult. She's dead.

ERIC STOLTZ
Damn, I'm sorry. My mom died a while back
too. It's rough.

Beat. Stoltz looks in the backseat.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Those your roller skates?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Yep. It's my favorite thing in the world.
Along with frozen yogurt and watching
movies. And Belinda Carlisle.

ERIC STOLTZ
You ever try roller blades?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
What are roller blades?

ERIC STOLTZ
Right.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

She pulls up to the studio back lot.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
OK, this is your stop. Good luck with
that wheelchair that you don't need.

ERIC STOLTZ
Thanks. It was nice getting to know you a
little bit.

Stoltz gets out, collects the wheelchair from the back.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I'm Eric, by the way. I never caught your
name.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Robin.

Curious look from Stoltz.

ERIC STOLTZ
Schwartzbaum?

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
(stunned)
How'd you know?

ERIC STOLTZ
Lucky guess.

Stoltz walks toward the lot gate. Stops.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Oh, and if you ever become an agent in
Hollywood-

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
I'll never be an agent. I'm going to be
the next Teri Garr. And then I'm going to
be the next Sally Ride.

ERIC STOLTZ
OK. But if you ever end up an agent, and
one night at P.F.
(MORE)

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Chang's, after you've both had way too
much sake, a client of yours asks you for
a handjob under the table, go easy on
him.

PUNK TEENAGE GIRL
Whatever, psycho.

She GUNS IT down the street.

Stoltz walks the wheelchair to the front gate.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hi. I'm here to see my client, C. Thomas
Howell.

The gate opens immediately.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
And where's your nearest bathroom?
(Gate Attendant points)
Thanks.

Stoltz rolls onto the back lot.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS BACK LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz makes his way down a ROW OF TRAILERS, passing
PRODUCTION PEOPLE and TEENAGERS IN '50S CLOTHES.

He reaches a large TRAILER. He folds up the wheelchair and
knocks on the trailer's door.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (O.S.)
Who is it?

Stoltz steps in with the wheelchair.

INT. YOUNG STOLTZ'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Young Eric Stoltz lies on the couch, reading The Hunt for Red
October. He looks at the older Stoltz, sits up.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Who are you?

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey. I'm Eric....a. Todd Erica.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
You can't be in here.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Relax. I'm an actor. In another movie on
the lot. Called Forrest Gump.

(MORE)

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
(points to wheelchair)
That's my prop.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
I don't care. I'm in the middle of
something.

He holds up his book.

ERIC STOLTZ
You like that book, right? Well check out
this shit.

Stoltz pulls out the VHS copy of The Hunt for Red October.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
There's a movie? The book just came out.

ERIC STOLTZ
It's a rough cut. From Asia. Want to
watch a little?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
OK.

Stoltz turns on a SMALL TV-VCR, pops in the tape. Sits down
beside Young Stoltz.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You should know, I'm not gay.

ERIC STOLTZ
Me neither.

Points to the screen.

INT. YOUNG STOLTZ'S TRAILER - LATER

END CREDITS ROLL on the small TV. Stoltz and his younger
version drink cans of TAB and watch it.

ERIC STOLTZ
What'd you think?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Pretty good. Didn't seem that rough to
me.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Young Stoltz opens it. A young
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT stands there.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Hey Eric? We need you on set.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I'll be right out.

The PA closes the door.

ERIC STOLTZ
I'll leave you to it. It was nice meeting
you.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, you too.
(offers the VHS tape)
Here's your movie back.

ERIC STOLTZ
You keep it.

He pulls out PATRIOT GAMES from his sport coat, places it on
a shelf.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
In fact, here's the next one too.

Stoltz heads for the door, stops.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
You know, after you finish up tonight, it
might be fun to grab a beer, if you want.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah OK. Just one though. I got a big day
of shooting tomorrow.

ERIC STOLTZ
Sure. Just one beer.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS as we see a series of scenes. First up, Stoltz
and Young Stoltz DOWN GLASSES OF BEER in a CROWDED BAR.

LATER, the two Stoltzes and TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN do IRISH CAR
BOMBS and LAUGH.

LATER in the BACK OF THE BAR: the two Stoltzes THROW DARTS at
a pair of DART BOARDS, surrounded by OTHER BAR PATRONS. The
Older Stoltz's dart hits the bull's eye and HIS SIDE of the
bar CELEBRATES. He signals for a ROUND ON HIM.

LATER the two Stoltzes COMPETE in a BEERFEST-STYLE drinking
game with BAR PATRONS (including the ATTRACTIVE WOMEN). Young
Stoltz finishes his beer boot before Stoltz and CELEBRATES.
Then he VOMITS. Stoltz LAUGHS at him. Then he VOMITS.

LATER in the bar's MEN'S ROOM, the two Stoltz HAVE SEX with
the two ATTRACTIVE WOMEN in two adjacent stalls.

LATER the two Stoltzes watch a LAKER GAME on TV.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
The game's only in the first quarter. We
could go to that game!

ERIC STOLTZ
Let's go to that game!

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Let's fucking go to that game!

INT. THE FORUM - LATER

The two Stoltzes watch from directly behind the LAKERS BENCH
as the LAKERS PLAY THE HOUSTON ROCKETS.

As a YOUNG PAT RILEY PACES COURTSIDE, the Stoltzes CHEER ON
the Lakers.

As a YOUNG MAGIC JOHNSON SHOOTS A FREE-THROW, the Stoltzes
LEAD CHANTS FOR MVP.

LATER: KAREEM SWISHES A SKY HOOK at the BUZZER and the
Stoltzes HIGH-FIVE EACH OTHER and JUMP UP AND DOWN.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Young Stoltz and Old Stoltz lay in adjacent beds and HAVE SEX
WITH TWO LAKER GIRLS.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I love LA!

ERIC STOLTZ
I love LA!

INT. WHISKEY A GO GO - LATER

The Stoltzes thrash around with the LAKER GIRLS at a ROCK
CONCERT.

INT. HONKY TONK BAR - LATER

Young Stoltz rides a MECHANICAL BULL for a few seconds, then
gets TOSSED OFF. He gets up laughing. Old Stoltz and the
LAKER GIRLS cheer him on.

INT. MEL'S DRIVE-IN - LATER

The Stoltzes and Laker Girls sit in a booth. They eat greasy
burgers and laugh and then begin THROWING FOOD AT EACH OTHER.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The Stoltzes again HAVE SEX WITH THE LAKER GIRLS. Only this time they have SWITCHED GIRLS.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - LATER

As the sun begins to rise over Los Angeles, the Stoltzes sit on the hood of Young Stoltz's car and SMOKE JOINTS.

They look out on the vast San Fernando Valley. Below them, house lights start to flicker on.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
This was the most fun I've ever had in my life.

ERIC STOLTZ
Me too.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah man. This was a blast. You're a cool motherfucker.

Young Stoltz chuckles. Looks at his watch.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Shit. I gotta be on set in an hour.

He lowers his head, shakes it.

ERIC STOLTZ
What's the matter?

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
This movie. It's got a lot of potential, but, I'm not sure I'm right for the part.

ERIC STOLTZ
Just have fun with it. And whatever happens, don't take shit too seriously. This town doesn't make sense, so don't expect it to. You're a talented kid, you'll be fine.

Young Stoltz smiles, as if comforted by this.

Stoltz finishes his joint, tosses it. He jumps off the car, retrieves his wheelchair out of the backseat, unfolds it.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
And if you ever need someone to talk
to...

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
I know, I know. You're on the set of
Forrest Gump.

ERIC STOLTZ
Actually, I wrapped yesterday. I'm
leaving town soon.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
(disappointed)
Really?

Stoltz nods.

ERIC STOLTZ
But if you ever need a friend, or just
somebody to grab a beer with, knock on
Doc Brown's door.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
Christopher Lloyd?

ERIC STOLTZ
He's a great dude. Weird, but great.

YOUNG ERIC STOLTZ
OK, I will. So long, Todd.

ERIC STOLTZ
So long, Stoltz.

Stoltz hops into the wheelchair, wheels himself down a HILL
on MULHOLLAND DRIVE and, with a smile, pulls a lever.

Stoltz and the wheelchair DISAPPEAR.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Stoltz and the wheelchair APPEAR on the hill, GAINING on a
2016 BMW up ahead, which is stopped due to traffic.

ERIC STOLTZ
Fuck.

Stoltz CRASHES into the BACK of the BMW, KNOCKING HIM TO THE
GROUND and the WHEELCHAIR DOWN A CANYON.

We hear the WHEELCHAIR EXPLODE.

The BMW DRIVER gets out and runs toward Stoltz. So do a FEW
OTHER DRIVERS AND HIKERS. Their FACES surround him as he lies
on the side of the road.

BMW DRIVER
Are you all right? I didn't see you back there. Wait, are you...

ONLOOKER
Hey look, it's Marty McFly!

ONLOOKER #2
Yeah, it is. Marty, are you OK? Hey McFly? Hello, anybody home?

BMW DRIVER
That's not funny. He's really hurt.

FAT ONLOOKER
Hey kids, look, it's Marty McFly! And you said we wouldn't see any celebrities while we were in California.

CHILD ONLOOKER
Oh yeah, hi Marty! Oh my god, did he just shit himself?

In a DAZE, Stoltz stares up at them. Then he PASSES OUT.

INT. STOLTZ'S MANSION, BEDROOM - DAY

Inside a modern-looking mansion, Stoltz SLEEPS in a HUGE BED in a SPACIOUS BEDROOM.

Slowly he WAKES UP. Holds his head.

Sitting near him, a YOUNG ASSISTANT notices.

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Oh thank god. You guys, he's waking up.

Others surround his bed too.

PUBLICIST
Hey buddy. How you feeling? You had a nasty crash. I put together a quick statement for the media.

HAIR STYLIST
Well good news, Eric. Your hair still looks impeccable.

She styles it a little bit.

LAWYER
Eric. Eric, I know you're just coming to, but we've got to talk about our legal strategy. Now, I suggest we sue the driver of that BMW. He had no right to be stopped at that light like that.

PERSONAL TRAINER

Sometimes the best thing you can do after an accident is get back in the gym. What do you say, you up for a little CrossFit?

PUBLICIST

Access Hollywood, Entertainment Tonight and the E! Network all want interviews. But I told them probably not -- unless you wanted to. Maybe just one? You know, an exclusive?

Eric looks dazed.

ERIC STOLTZ

Can you all just... give me a minute?

YOUNG ASSISTANT

Yeah sure. Everybody, can you give us a little privacy? He's had quite an ordeal.

The young assistant USHERS everyone out.

ERIC STOLTZ

You can go too.

YOUNG ASSISTANT

You sure?

Stoltz nods. The assistant leaves.

Stoltz rises from his king-size bed. Walks to a BALCONY.

Looks down at a HUGE POOL.

WORKERS clean the pool and trim the hedges. They look up and notice Stoltz.

GARDENER

Hello, Mr. Stoltz!

Stoltz waves.

GARDENER (cont'd)

How are you feeling?

ERIC STOLTZ

Strange.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)

Come in.

Young Assistant enters.

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Eric, I know you didn't want to be
disturbed, but there's someone who wants
to say hello.

She opens the door wider. Standing next to her is the PETITE
DANCER from Jumbo's. She wears a skimpy outfit.

PETITE DANCER
Hey you.

Stoltz smiles.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hi.

INT. STOLTZ'S MANSION, BEDROOM - LATER

Stoltz and the Petite Dancer finish having loud sex.

Stoltz catches his breath.

The Petite Dancer leans over and gets money from her purse.
She starts peeling off bills.

ERIC STOLTZ
Whoa, what are you doing?

PETITE DANCER
Honoring our agreement.
(beat)
Don't you remember? Last night at
Jumbo's. I said I'd pay \$300 for the
chance to have sex with you. And I'm a
woman of my word.

She puts the money on the night stand.

PETITE DANCER (cont'd)
There you go.

ERIC STOLTZ
Please, keep your money.

PETITE DANCER
You sure?

Stoltz nods. She shrugs, puts the money back in her purse.

ERIC STOLTZ
Tell me something. Did George Clooney
ever own this house?

PETITE DANCER
I don't think so.

She jumps out of bed, puts her clothes on.

ERIC STOLTZ
Where are you going?

PETITE DANCER
I'm late for another gig. Bye.

She leaves the bedroom. The Young Assistant enters.

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Hey, I know this isn't ideal, but, if you
are feeling OK, you're wanted back on
set.

ERIC STOLTZ
On set?

YOUNG ASSISTANT
(she nods)
Everyone's waiting.

ERIC STOLTZ
For...?

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Back to the Future Part 8.

ERIC STOLTZ
Part 8?!

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Uh-huh.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz sits in the back of a limo with the Young Assistant,
the Publicist, the Personal Trainer and the Hair Stylist.

The Hair Stylist applies mousse to his hair.

The Personal Trainer feels Stoltz's biceps.

PERSONAL TRAINER
Those guns are looking fierce, my man.
And I know just the thing that's really
gonna make 'em pop.

ERIC STOLTZ
So... Part 8? There are 8 of them?

PUBLICIST
Wow, you really did take a bump on the
head.

YOUNG ASSISTANT

Yeah, you know, 1 is the past, 2 is the future, 3 is the Old West, 4 is the Civil War, 5 is the American Revolution, 6 is the Birth of Christ, 7 is outer space--

PERSONAL TRAINER

Oh, 7 was my favorite.

YOUNG ASSISTANT

And now we're on 8: Africa.

PERSONAL TRAINER

Can't wait to see this one.

The Hair Stylist blow-dries Stoltz's hair.

PUBLICIST

Eric, I told the "Today Show" we could go live with them at 8am tomorrow. Is that OK?

PERSONAL TRAINER

Hey, bro, I had some ideas for 9, by the way, if you ever wanted to spitball.

PUBLICIST

That's 5am our time. But don't worry, we can do it at the house.

PERSONAL TRAINER

I've also got this spec script about a kettlebell instructor. If you're looking for something new.

The Publicist looks at her cell phone.

PUBLICIST

Oh shit!

YOUNG ASSISTANT

What?

PUBLICIST

Eric, that girl you fucked today? She just talked about the sex to TMZ.

Stoltz spots a COFFEE SHOP out the window.

ERIC STOLTZ

Coffee! Stop the car. I need a coffee.

The limo stops.

YOUNG ASSISTANT

I'll get it. What would you like?

ERIC STOLTZ
That's OK. I can get it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz waits in line for coffee.

A FAT ANNOYING GUY behind him stares at him. Tries to get Stoltz's attention.

FAT ANNOYING GUY
Hey hey, Marty. How's it going?

Stoltz smiles.

The Fat Annoying Guy tries to take a picture with Stoltz on his phone without Stoltz noticing.

FAT ANNOYING GUY (cont'd)
So uh, hey, you're Marty McFly.

Stoltz smiles.

ERIC STOLTZ
That's a character I play, yes.

FAT ANNOYING GUY
So this line is getting pretty heavy,
huh?

(beat)
So where's, uh, where's Doc? And, uh,
where'd you park the DeLorean? And, uh,
where's your hoverboard? Is it in the
DeLorean parked out back? With Doc?

ERIC STOLTZ
That's very good. You've definitely seen
the movies.

FAT ANNOYING GUY
Oh I'm your number one fan, Mr. Stillotz.

Other people start to take pictures of Stoltz. Fat Annoying Guy photo-bombs their pictures. Points at Stoltz.

FAT ANNOYING GUY (cont'd)
Hey uh, can you, uh, if I call my sister,
can you leave her a voice message in the
voice of Doc Brown?

ERIC STOLTZ
Uh... I just want to get a coffee.

FAT ANNOYING GUY
Can you call her up and be like, "This is
Aaron Stillotz.

(MORE)

FAT ANNOYING GUY (cont'd)
I play Marty McFly, Mary can't come to the phone right now, but if you leave a message after the beep she'll return your call in the future!" And then sing a little of Huey Lewis? Actually, what are you doing right now? Could you come to my apartment?

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Stoltz arrives on set with his coffee and his handlers. He wears Marty McFly's outfit from the first film -- the life preserver vest, the jeans, the Nikes.

It's a scene at a GAS STATION. The BLACK TRUCK is parked near a gas pump. ELISABETH SHUE stands near the passenger door and CHATS WITH SOMEONE.

LOTS OF CREW MEMBERS mill about.

The energetic twenty-something DIRECTOR greets Stoltz.

DIRECTOR
Hey, Eric! How you feeling, bud? OK, we're almost ready to go here. Now let me walk you through this. You're pumping gas. Crusty old gas station worker comes out, asks you how far you're headed.

Stoltz does a double-take at the Gas Station Worker -- it's MICHAEL J. FOX! Not in a wheelchair.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
Boom, DeLorean crashes behind the gas station, we'll CGI all that. Doc comes out, says his great great granddaughter needs your help, blah blah blah, you give your funny line and we're out. Got it?

ERIC STOLTZ
Think so.

DIRECTOR
Great. OK, give me one second here.

As a MAKEUP ARTIST puts some makeup on Stoltz, CHRISTOPHER LLOYD approaches. Stoltz HUGS him.

ERIC STOLTZ
Aren't you a sight for sore eyes.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
How you feeling, buddy? I heard you had a little spill today.

ERIC STOLTZ
I think I'll make it. It's so great to
see you.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You too pal. What's it been, 12 hours?

Stoltz spots a familiar woman near the craft service table.
It's DEBORAH the DANCER from Jumbo's.

ERIC STOLTZ
Hey Lloyd, isn't that the dancer from
Jumbo's? The one who hated you?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You mean my wife of 10 years? I hope she
doesn't hate me. For the sake of myself
and our four kids.

ERIC STOLTZ
(big smile)
Oh right. Never mind.

DIRECTOR
OK, let's try one!

Stoltz and the other actors take their places. Shue gets in
the truck. Lloyd heads behind the gas station. Stoltz stands
near a gas pump.

CAMERA ASSISTANT
(with clapperboard)
Back to the Future Part 8, scene 4, take
1.

Clap!

DIRECTOR
And action!

Stoltz pumps gas. Fox approaches, wiping off his greasy hands
on a rag.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Nice truck. How far you taking it?

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh, about 30 years. I mean, miles.

MICHAEL J. FOX
(chuckles, eyes Shue)
I'd be flustered too if that were my
girl.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, she's something all right.

DIRECTOR
OK, and there's a crash!

Lloyd appears and hurries toward Stoltz.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Marty!

ERIC STOLTZ
Doc, what are you doing here? You're supposed to be on Saturn by now.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Marty, something terrible has happened to my great great granddaughter. She was on a model UN trip to Kenya when she was kidnapped.

ERIC STOLTZ
Ah Doc, that's terrible. But I've got Jennifer waiting in the truck.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Jennifer can stay, but I need your help. We've got to go to Nairobi in the year 2085. Come on!

ERIC STOLTZ
Aren't I ever going to go on that camping trip?

DIRECTOR
And... cut! Brilliant, hilarious, that was so great, Eric. Let's set it up and try it again.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Back to one, people.

The cast resets.

CAMERA ASSISTANT
Back to the Future Part 8, scene 4, take 2.

Clap!

DIRECTOR
And action!

Stoltz pumps gas. Fox approaches.

MICHAEL J. FOX
Nice truck. How far you taking it?

ERIC STOLTZ
Oh, about 30 years. I mean, miles.

MICHAEL J. FOX
(chuckles, eyes Shue)
I'd be flustered too if that were my
girl.

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, she's...

Beat. Stoltz shakes his head.

DIRECTOR
Did you forget your line? Feed him his
line.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
She's something all right.

Stoltz looks around at everyone.

ERIC STOLTZ
You know what? I can't do this anymore. I
don't want to do this anymore.

He takes off his VEST. Hands it to Fox.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Here. You do it.

Stoltz pats Fox on the shoulder.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
It's good to see you again, Mike.

MICHAEL J. FOX
You too, Eric.

ERIC STOLTZ
(to everyone)
Don't worry, this guy's gonna be great.
Just great.

Stoltz walks off the set, past the crew and all his handlers.

A GRIP observes all of this. Turns to ANOTHER GRIP.

GRIP
You gotta be shitting me. The shrimp from
"Family Ties"?

INT. DINER - DAY

Stoltz eats FRENCH TOAST in a booth with his agent, ROBIN.

ROBIN
You want to talk about what happened
yesterday?

ERIC STOLTZ
Not really.

ROBIN
So you're really done with it?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yep.

ROBIN
Well the studio is furious. But on the
bright side, this'll free you up to do
Margaret's Lover, if you wanted. Did you
read the script?

ERIC STOLTZ
I did. Yeah, I liked it. I want to do it.

ROBIN
Great! I'll tell them you're in for the
lead. This'll greenlight the movie.

ERIC STOLTZ
No, not the lead. I want to play Greg.

ROBIN
The pedophile?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah. It seems interesting.

She appears surprised.

ERIC STOLTZ (cont'd)
Also, what do you know about real estate?

ROBIN
Why do you ask?

ERIC STOLTZ
I want to sell that house. I don't need
it. Do me a favor, sell it and give every
penny to charity. Parkinson's research.

ROBIN
Are you feeling OK?

ERIC STOLTZ
Never better. Oh, and I got you
something.

Stoltz pulls out a PAIR OF ROLLER BLADES. Hands them to her.

Robin is clearly impressed. Even a little moved.

ROBIN
Oh Eric...

ERIC STOLTZ
Do you like them?

ROBIN
I do. Thank you.

He looks at her. She's beautiful. Smart. Sexy.

ERIC STOLTZ
I thought maybe we could go blading
together. Then get some frozen yogurt.
Check out a movie at the Nuart. You game?

She BEAMS.

ROBIN
Sure. I'd love that.

BIG SMILE from Stoltz.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Stoltz and Robin roll out of the diner, both in roller
blades.

ROBIN
So a pedophile, huh?

ERIC STOLTZ
Yeah, why not? Something different. Plus,
this way I'll have more free time to do
other stuff, you know? Like, I want to
teach Shakespeare to prison inmates.

ROBIN
(skeptically)
OK...

ERIC STOLTZ
What? It'll be cool.

Robin's phone BEEPS. She looks at it.

ROBIN
Oh wow, I already got a nibble on your
house.

ERIC STOLTZ
From who?

ROBIN
Andrew McCarthy.

Stoltz spots a SMART CAR parked at a light near them. Behind the wheel is, yep, Lloyd.

ERIC STOLTZ
Lloyd?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Oh hey. Fancy seeing you here.

Stoltz approaches.

ERIC STOLTZ
What are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
You won't believe this, but somebody gave me this car, said it was a time machine. I figured I'd get it out, try to go back to 1978.

ERIC STOLTZ
1978?

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Yeah, there was this one take on "Taxi" I was never happy with.

The light changes to green.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (cont'd)
Well, wish me luck.

The Smart Car drives off. Stoltz roller-blades after it.

ERIC STOLTZ
Lloyd, noooo!!!!!!!

FADE OUT.