

INT. NATIONAL ARTISTS AGENCY - RECEPTION AREA

Michael marches in and past the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST  
Just a moment, Mr. Dorsey. Mr.  
Fields is in conference right now.

But Michael pushes past and through the double doors.

INT. CORRIDOR

**START**

Michael striding down miles of carpeting, into George's office.

SECRETARY  
(jumping up)  
Michael, he's tied up now. I swear.

He strides past into:

INT. GEORGE FIELDS'S OFFICE

George Fields is around 50, impeccably dressed, talking on the phone. As Michael enters:

GEORGE  
(into phone)  
Hold on a second.  
(pushes hold)  
Michael, can you wait outside,  
please? I'm talking to the coast.

MICHAEL  
This is a coast, too, George. New  
York is a coast.

GEORGE  
Wait a minute.  
(releases "hold;" then,  
into phone)  
Sy, listen --  
(beat)  
Sy?  
(into intercom)  
Margaret, get him back, will you? I  
cut myself off.

MICHAEL  
Terry Bishop is doing "Iceman  
Cometh." Why didn't you send me up  
for that, George? You're my agent  
too.

GEORGE  
Sutart Pressman wanted a name.

MICHAEL  
Terry Bishop is a name?

GEORGE

No. Michael Dorsey is a name. When you want to send a steak back, Michael Dorsey is a name. Excuse me. Why do you make me say things like that? Let me start again. Terry Bishop is on a "soap." Millions of people watch him. He's known.

MICHAEL

And that qualifies him to ruin "Iceman Cometh?"

GEORGE

Look, I can't have this conversation.

MICHAEL

I can act circles around that guy. I've played that part!

GEORGE

If Stuart Pressman wants a name, that's his affair. I know this will disgust you, but a lot of people are in this business to make money.

MICHAEL

Don't make me sound like some flake, George, I want to make money, too.

GEORGE

Oh, really? The Harlem Theatre for the Blind? Strindberg in the park? The People's Workshop in Syracuse?

MICHAEL

I did eight plays in nine months in Syracuse! And I got great reviews from New York critics! Not that that's why I did it!

GEORGE

-- No, of course not. God forbid you should lose your standing as an underground cult failure.

MICHAEL

(gently)

Do you think I'm a failure, George?

GEORGE

I will not get sucked into this discussion! I am too old, too smart, and too successful!

MICHAEL

(goes close to desk)

I sent you Jeff's play to read, it's got a great part for me in it. Did you read it?

GEORGE

Where do you come off sending me your roommate's play that you want to star in? I'm your agent not your mother. I'm not supposed to produce your roommate's play so you can star in it. I'm supposed to field offers.

MICHAEL

Who told you that? The agent-fairy? That was a significant play!

GEORGE

Nobody wants to do that play!

MICHAEL

Why?

GEORGE

Because it's a downer! No one is going to produce a play about a couple who move back to Love Canal!

MICHAEL

But that actually happened!

GEORGE

Who gives a shit! Nobody wants to pay \$20 to watch people living next to chemical wastes! They can see that in New Jersey!

MICHAEL

Ok,ok, I don't want to argue about this now, I'll raise the money myself! I'll do anything! Send me up for cat commercials, dog commercials, voice-overs, anything!

GEORGE

But I can't send you.

MICHAEL

Why?

GEORGE

Michael, no one wants to work with you.

MICHAEL

That's not true! I bust my ass to get a part right!

GEORGE

Yes, but you bust everyone's else's ass too. A guy's got four weeks to put on a play -- he doesn't want to argue about whether Tolstoy can walk if he's dying.

MICHAEL

The guy was an idiot. That was 2 years ago.

GEORGE

They can't all be idiots. That's the last time you worked! You argue with everyone. You've got one of the worst reputations in town. Nobody will touch you.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute now...what are you saying? That nobody in New York will work with me?

GEORGE

No. That's too limiting. How about no one in Hollywood will work with you either. I can't even send you up for a commercial. You played a tomato for 30 seconds and they went a half day over because you wouldn't sit down!

MICHAEL

It wasn't logical.

GEORGE

You were a tomato! A tomato doesn't have logic! A tomato can't move!

MICHAEL

That's what I said! So if a tomato can't move, how can it sit down? I was a great tomato! I was a stand-up tomato!

GEORGE

Michael...Michael... You're a brilliant actor. But there's nothing I can do for you. I think you ought to get some therapy.

MICHAEL

(quietly determined)

-- George, I'm going to raise \$8,000 and I'm going to do Jeff's play.

GEORGE

(shaking his head)

Michael, you haven't been listening. You're not going to raise 25 cents.

(slowly)

No one will hire you.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah?

**END**

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - LONG LENS - DAY

Teaming with people, coming and going. The focus gradually forces us to notice one woman moving towards us unsteadily on high heels. She is Michael.

INT. NATIONAL T.V. STUDIO - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

Michael, in drag, stands at the reception desk, as Jacqui consults her clipboard. FOUR OTHER tough looking women wait.

JACQUI  
George Fields's your agent?

MICHAEL  
Mmmm.

JACQUI  
How do you spell your last name,  
Dorothy?

MICHAEL  
M-I-C-H-A-E-L-S.

JACQUI  
Okay, come on.

INT. STUDIO B - DAY

RON, the director, is making notes on his script.

In bg TECHNICIANS are moving sets around. Rita looks at various costumes that Alfred is showing her. She smokes incessantly.

JACQUI  
Ron, this is Dorothy Michaels. Our director, Ron Carlyle, that's our producer, Rita Marshall. Dorothy doesn't have a resume. She's only been in town two weeks. George Fields's her agent.

RON  
That's very impressive, Dorothy.  
George Fields takes very few unknowns.

DOROTHY  
(southern accent)  
He was very kind to me.

RON  
But I'm afraid you're not right for this part, Dorothy. I'm sorry.

DOROTHY  
Oh...why?