

INT. A TV STUDIO - LIVING ROOM SET - DAY

TRAVIS (35), lean with light brown hair, and his blond co-star ED (37), are filming a scene in an on-set living room.

Travis sits on a couch drinking a beer.

Ed paces behind the couch with a beer.

The DIRECTOR (54), who has shoulder-length white hair and white whiskers, watches from behind the camera.

ED

I'm telling you Derek, it was like she didn't even recognize me!

TRAVIS

Well, believe it or not, forgetting someone you met in a bar once five years ago is probably quite common.

ED

She could have at least remembered my name!

TRAVIS

Lookee at you, Jimmy. You didn't even know mine until I spelt it out for you seven years ago.

ED

You didn't even know yours until you spelt it out for me seven years ago!

TRAVIS

If it could happen to me and you, then it could happen to Sally.

ED

No. This doesn't happen to me! She's gotta remember!

Ed gulps down his beer and rushes off-set.

Travis smiles and raises his can to the empty room.

TRAVIS

Good luck, lady! He's quite a catch.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Okay, good job guys, I think we got it.

Travis stops smiling and sinks into the couch.

The CAST and CREW walk by him in blurs, yet he remains in focus.

Eventually, everyone has left for the day.

He is on the couch, alone.

It is dark, except for the stand-up lamp next to him.

FADE OUT:

INSERT TITLE CARD: ACCIDENTALLY DEREK

INT. A LARGE DARK ROOM - DAY

A hand flicks on several light switches.

The PRODUCTION MANAGER (40), a thin bald man, walks into a large, dark studio carrying a messenger bag and some newspapers.

INT. TV STUDIO - BEDROOM - DAY

Travis is lying in a bed, waking up.

He stares at the ceiling.

He gets up, showers, gets dressed, brushes his teeth and walks out of his bedroom door, right onto the set of *Accidentally Derek*.

INT. ON SET - DAY

Travis passes a poster on the wall that says "ACCIDENTALLY DEREK SERIES FINALE CAST PARTY IN:" followed by a series of numbers that have been circled and crossed out and ending with the word "TODAY!".

A hand crosses out "2" and circles "1".

Underneath the numbers reads "CONGRATULATIONS ON AN INSPIRING RUN!"

Travis walks over to the Production Manager, who is wearing a headset and holding a clipboard and a newspaper.

Cast and crew members have now arrived and are scattered across the studio.

The Production Manager hands Travis a schedule and a newspaper while still reading something on his clipboard.

Travis takes it and looks over the schedule.

TRAVIS

Scene 7 first?

PRODUCTION MANAGER

The schedule doesn't lie. Judy's already setting up for it.

TRAVIS

Shit.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Is she talking to you again?

TRAVIS

Kind of. But she has my mail. I'm waiting on a new script.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

For that new HBO show?

TRAVIS

It's saving my career after this disaster.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

I would hardly call this a disaster, Travis.

TRAVIS

It's too fucking early for Scene 7.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Take a breath. Have a cup of coffee.

TRAVIS

Can't we do a bedroom scene? Scene...2. Let's do that so I can go back to bed.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
 (looks up, pauses)
 You can't live on set forever,
 Travis. You're lucky you have
 running water.

TRAVIS
 (looks through newspaper)
 Look, that new Brock Turner film
 came out.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
 There are plenty of options on the
 back page of that paper. Places
 that include four walls and
 windows.

The COSTUME STANDBY (27) comes over and hands Travis jeans
 and a t-shirt.

COSTUME STANDBY
 Travis, put this on. Take 1 in 45,
 and you still need to go to makeup.

Travis sighs.

INT. ON SET - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Travis and Ed sit on the couch waiting for the crew to
 finish setting up.

Crew members pass by every now and then.

ED
 God. Tomorrow. And it's all over.

TRAVIS
 It's all over.

ED
 Check it out, I'm taking my wife
 and kids to Disneyland. It's going
 to be awesome! I've got like four
 months off before the new project
 starts.

TRAVIS
 What? What new project?

ED
 Get it together man, that film I
 landed with Robert Baker? *The Last*
 (MORE)

ED (cont'd)

Legacy. I've been talking about it non-stop for weeks. Where have you been?

The Production Manager walks over sporting a headset and hands Ed part of a scene.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

He's been right here. Sitting in his living room. In the sweet suburban town of Sherman Oaks, California.

ED

No way! You're still living here? Living at work for two weeks. You must be going insane.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

I think the question is, where is he going?

Somebody starts speaking to the Production Manager on his headset.

PRODUCTION MANAGER (CONTD)

Yes. No. Well bring in the boxes first; we'll need them--okay. Just get it done.

A crew member says something inaudible to Ed, and they move away.

Travis sees JUDY (34) offset, talking to a castmate. She is laughing.

The Production Manager looks up and follows his gaze.

Travis notices.

TRAVIS

Maybe I'll go down to fucking Disneyland.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

On your magic broom? And stay in your fairytale castle? Rescue the princess?

TRAVIS
Maybe that one won't kick me out.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
You might want to focus on the
eviction of this homestead first.

TRAVIS
She'll take me back. Once this is
all over. Once I'm not lying in our
bed everyday.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
This bed or that bed?

TRAVIS
Who the fuck knows anymore. It
doesn't matter.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
It might after tomorrow.

Travis continues looking over at Judy.

The Production Manager is told something on his headset. He
moves away.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
No. I told you! Bring in the boxes
first!

The castmate leaves Judy. She reads over a schedule.

Travis walks over to her.

TRAVIS
Good morning, beautiful wife.

JUDY
I'm not your wife.

TRAVIS
Today you are.

JUDY
(Pauses)
Have you talked to your agent?

TRAVIS
Not yet. I got a voicemail.

JUDY

He called the apartment. You should talk to him.

TRAVIS

Is this about HBO?

JUDY

Yes. You should talk to him, not me.

TRAVIS

Did I get the part? I must have got it. They loved me, Jude. I'm saving my career here. Crawling out of the Derek cave. Fresh beginning.

JUDY

Call him. It's important.

TRAVIS

Do you know? Judy, just tell me. For Christ's sake. Did I get it?

JUDY

(Pauses, then shakes her head)
I'm sorry. You really should call him.

TRAVIS

Oh, fuck him! Fuck him. Fuck!

Judy turns to a purse on a table behind her. She pulls out some envelopes and hands them to Travis.

JUDY

Your mail. Maybe it's about time you got a real address.

TRAVIS

I already have one.

JUDY

(pauses, avoids eye contact)
This dream ends tomorrow, Travis. These Truman fantasies aren't going to last forever.

The Production Manager walks towards Travis and Judy, talking on a headset.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Yes, I'm sending them over now.
Positions please, friends. We want
to be popping champagne tomorrow
evening, not scrambling for studio
time.

Travis rubs his forehead.

INT. ON SET - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Production Manager and the Director stand among other employees behind a camera which is shooting a scene of Travis, Judy and Ed.

The on-set scene is not audible, but through the camera Travis and Judy are seen having a brief conversation with Ed, who leaves.

Travis appears to turn up some music on a stereo in the living room, and he and Judy slow dance together.

JUDY

Do you think we're doing the right
thing, leaving here?

TRAVIS

Lady, I don't care where we are or
what my name is as long as I've got
you by my side.

Judy nestles her head into Travis' shoulder. They continue dancing.

INT. STUDIO. ON SET. DAY.

A hand flicks on the studio lights.

Another hand crosses out the "1" on the poster and circles "TODAY".

The Director yells "CUT!" and everybody cheers.

INT. STUDIO. CAST PARTY. EVENING.

A champagne bottle is popped.

Various cast and crew members mill around the makeshift studio party. A woman weeps.

Ed, Judy, and the Production Manager are in various groups hugging and chatting with others.

Travis sits on a chair with a party hat on and a glass of champagne in his hand. He walks over to the Director.

DIRECTOR

There he is! Man of the hour. Seven years. It's been quite a run.

TRAVIS

Yes, it has.

The Director clanks his glass against Travis'.

DIRECTOR

It's going to take some getting used to not coming into this studio every day.

TRAVIS

What's your next project?

DIRECTOR

A psychiatric hospital drama:
Lapses.

TRAVIS

Wow. Different.

The Director nods in agreement.

TRAVIS (CONTD)

So. I guess it's all cast by now, huh? I mean, when do you start shooting?

DIRECTOR

Travis.

TRAVIS

No, I mean, just out of curiosity.

DIRECTOR

Travis. I've already told you. It's a collaborative project. It's not up to me.

TRAVIS

I just-- you don't have anything? No connections?

DIRECTOR

Talk to your agent. His job is to help you.

TRAVIS

Fuck my agent. He can't get me shit. That HBO part should have been mine.

DIRECTOR

(Carefully)

Take a vacation, Travis. People are...concerned...about audiences. That they may not be able to identify you outside of Derek Michaels. Take a break. Recharge your batteries. Then prove them wrong.

TRAVIS

I don't need to recharge! Please. Please find me something.

DIRECTOR

Travis, I'm sorry.

The Production Manager joins Travis and the Director. He points over to a crowd of people.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

I think the people want their main man. Speech time.

TRAVIS

And that's me?

PRODUCTION MANAGER

The very Derek they know and love.

Travis heads over to the front of the room where he is greeted enthusiastically.

Many people say speeches. Snippets of each are heard with emphasis on words like "good run" and "love you all" and "never forget".

Now it is Travis' turn.

TRAVIS

Hey. Uh-- thank you. For Derek. And Derek thanks you.

There is a pause, while people expect Travis to say more. But he just raises his glass.

The Production Manager slowly begins a round of applause.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

The champagne is empty and people are heading out of the studio.

There is a sign that reads "ACCIDENTALLY DEREK" in the shadows.

Travis stands next to a duffel bag and looks away from the door at the empty set. The Production Manager is the only other person left inside. He holds a large keychain and walks over to Travis.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
The time has come the walrus said.

TRAVIS
Seven years.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
You couldn't live on set forever.

TRAVIS
A duffel bag. Seven years and all I
have to show for it is a fucking
duffel bag.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
If you and your duffel bag will
escort me outside, I can lock up.

The Production Manager shepherds Travis outside the big double doors, onto the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF STUDIO - NIGHT

Travis walks out into the street.

He stands against the brick wall exterior of the studio.

The Production Manager locks up.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Sherman Oaks was a dead town
anyway. You'll find somewhere new.

The Production Manager pats Travis on the shoulder and walks down the road.

Judy stands a short distance away talking to a colleague. She hugs the woman, who then walks away.

Travis, now alone looks at her, now alone.

Judy looks at Travis, smiles sadly, waves and starts walking away too.

Travis watches her and looks around at the empty lot.

TRAVIS

Judy! Let me come home!

Judy turns around and looks at him. She walks towards him and stops, speaking softly.

JUDY

What is home? What is that, Travis?

TRAVIS

You won't abandon me. You said you won't abandon me.

JUDY

I never said anything. She said it in there. Not me.

TRAVIS

I have nowhere to go.

JUDY

You have everywhere to go. You have a whole life to discover! I tried to know you outside of this studio and I realized it's impossible. This-- This whole make-believe life you have? I can't help you. I can't build on something that doesn't exist! I can't be a wife before even being a girlfriend!

TRAVIS

I can't do this alone! I need you, Judy.

JUDY

No, you don't. You need Mrs. Derek Michaels. And you need to let her go.

Judy looks at Travis. She hails a taxi. She brushes the hair away from his eyes.

JUDY
Goodbye, Derek.

Judy kisses Travis on the cheek and walks away, leaving the cab for him.

He watches her go.

He gets in the cab and looks out at the studio.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The CAB DRIVER (40) turns around to look at him.

CAB DRIVER
So? Where you wanna go?

TRAVIS
(Pauses)
Backwards.

CAB DRIVER
What? I can't take you backwards,
man.

TRAVIS
(Rubs his eyes and forehead)
Anywhere. Take me anywhere.

CAB DRIVER
What? You got no place to go?

Travis ignores this and looks out of the window at the studio.

CAB DRIVER
There's a Motel 365 two blocks
away? I gotta know where you're
goin', man.

TRAVIS
(gives a slight nod)
I guess so. I guess that's where
I'm going.

The Cab Driver accepts this answer, and the taxi drives away down the road, leaving behind an empty, dark studio lot.

THE END