

Super Friends

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NOTE:

When the text is in RED, it indicates events that take place in 1998.

When the text is in BLACK, it indicates events that take place in 1973.

Both timelines move forward from their origin point.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING. 1998.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES stare.

The eyes are joined by a nose that fits so well, it could have been sculpted onto the face.

The nose is joined by a white smile that would make even an orthodontist jealous.

The eyes, nose, and smile are joined by the rest of a male body, dressed to the nines.

Yet this body is stuck to a chair with wheels and breathing machines, like a magnet to metal.

This is CHRISTOPHER REEVE (40s), his presence radiates like a best friend you haven't seen in a while.

With him are TWO NURSES that adjust his WHEELCHAIR, so he is comfortable while they also checking his vitals.

His TIE is the only piece of attire that isn't fully straight, an outlier amongst the organized.

The room is a larger hotel space with several rooms. Granite paints the countertops, cherrywood for the cabinets, and the HIGHEST TECH TV, for 1998, on the far wall.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (deep, weighted breaths)
 Hey, Robin, can you fix this tie
 for me, I'd do it myself, but...

ROBIN WILLIAMS (40s) pokes his head out of the adjacent bathroom with a toothbrush hanging from his mouth.

He emerges not quite dressed to the nines yet, may be dressed to the fours at this point.

The nurses take a step back to give the two friends some space.

He adjusts the brush to speak before he fixes the tie and positions, Chris in front of the large closet MIRROR.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (mumbled through brush)
 With jokes like that, you'll be
 rollin' up to the comedy clubs in
 no time.

Robin gets up to go back to the bathroom. He mimes being in a chair as he VROOOMS away.

Chris chuckles.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (deep, weighted breathes)
 Having jokes at all seems like a
 win.

Chris pauses to see himself in the mirror, and there is an
 air of dejection.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 What's the over-under ya think?
 Who's gonna win?

Robin walks out of the bathroom to join his friend. He wears
 a white button-down underneath a black coat.

The button-down collar is not folded and rests snug on
 Robin's neck.

He buttons the white buttons first, then the larger black
 ones of the coat. It's all methodical to stall answering.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Everyone but me, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 C'mon brother, give yourself more
 credit than that.

Robin looks at Chris and then their reflections from the
 mirror in front of them.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (speaking rapidly)
 Do you know what would happen if
 I'd win, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Tell me.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Winning an Oscar would validate the
 non-traditional ways actors act. It
 wouldn't be just me that would win.

He points to his temple.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 It would be all the actors up here
 too.

He stops pointing.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
And that, that doesn't happen.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Hm.

Robin jumps back into character.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
But that doesn't mean we can't have
a little bit of fun.

Robin's body takes a whole new form of a seductress.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(high pitch voice)
Would ya dance with an old wash-up
soul like me?

The nurses in the back laugh.

Chris goes to answer, and just then...

DANA REEVE (O.S.)
Don't answer that, Chris...

The door opens, and the two men look over.

It's DANA REEVE (40s) her looks match her level of calm.
Which are both truly astonishing.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
My lips are sealed, hon.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(high pitch voice)
Next time handsome.

Robin winks at him.

DANA REEVE
You two lovebirds ready to go; if
we leave now, we'll get there in
time.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I just want to take one more moment
alone, if you don't mind.

DANA REEVE
Not at all, sweetie. Robin and I
will wait in the other room.

The nurses stay in the corner. Chris doesn't bother asking the nurses to move; he already knows their answer.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. EVENING.

Dana and Robin enter the room and crack the door a little just to keep an eye on Chris.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

Chris stares at himself and sees the YOUNGER CHRIS in the mirror.

Young Chris is dashing with perfect hair and of more interest to Chris, his two legs underneath him.

INTERCUT ROBIN, DANA AND CHRIS

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You sure he is ready for something
like the Oscars?

DANA REEVE
He's ready.

Dana looks at Robin.

Chris looks at his younger self, and the younger him acts as if he is commanding a crowd.

He gets increasingly jealous.

His heart rate begins to spike.

Is this a symptom of the disease or a symptom of the memory?

His eyes grow wide as he begins to struggle to breathe.

The nurses rush to his aid.

DANA REEVE
What, you worried he's gonna see
you lose?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(struggling with his words)
No, it's just. I'm just looking out
for him.

Dana looks through the crack in the door. She can't see Chris, just the nurses.

Before Robin can even ask, Dana is already in the other room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

DANA REEVE
Call a doctor, Robin.

Robin goes to the phone and dials 9-1-1.

DANA REEVE
It's okay, sweetie, you're gonna be
okay.

Dana simply holds Chris' hand as the nurses work.

Chris' eyes blink fast as he catches his breath.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. HALF-HOUR LATER.

Robin, Dana, and A DOCTOR are evaluating Chris

DOCTOR
He's stable, but I wouldn't
recommend him leaving the hotel
tonight. He should head back home
in the morning.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
I am so sorry, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
It comes with the territory. You
better get going.

Robin nods as he leaves. The doctor right behind him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. AN HOUR LATER.

The T.V. plays the Oscars as Chris and Dana watch on.

The nurses are there too, but they seem to haunt more than
comfort from the back of the room.

Next up is BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR.

MIRA SORVINO (30s) goes to present the award.

Dana grips Chris' hand.

Chris' eyes stare with anticipation. Time can't go fast
enough.

Mira rattles off the nominees. Chris and Dana WOOO when they hear Robin's name in the nominations.

MIRA SORVINO (ON THE TV)
And the winner is...

Chris and Dana don't move.

Frozen.

MIRA SORVINO (ON THE TV)
Robin Williams.

Dana and Chris erupt in joy.

Chris sees Robin walk across the stage.

Robin is excited; he blows kisses to the audience.

Chris blinks as if he had little crud in his eyes.

What's that on the screen?

Chris sees Robin, as Robin slowly becomes the younger version of Chris.

The same version from the mirror.

Young Chris accepting an Oscar in front of a near-limitless row of colleagues.

And in that moment, Chris' eyes lock to the T.V., with a ten thousand-yard stare.

A longing to be something that no longer can be.

Dana's joy still erupts around Chris, but it hardly cures his mood.

His somber bright, blue eyes just stare as they begin to turn young, wrinkleless.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONX AUDITORIUM. DAY. 1973.

Christopher Reeve, now in his 20s, is draped in long, regal robes. A sword hangs from his side.

The stage is small compared to the rest of the auditorium. The whole venue could use some TLC.

The spotlight is on Chris. The stage lights are within arm's reach of Chris' head.

Chris looks to be in command of the stage as the doctor, Clitandre.

The spotlight is bright enough to hide the audience from anyone on stage.

The rest of the theatre troupe watches from behind the curtains.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (overly theatrical)
 I've recognized that it was the
 mind which made her ill and that
 all her illness comes only..

He looks over at JESS JACKSON (20s), who is playing the presumably dying Lucinda. The audience could mistake her for a brunette Rapunzel.

From the shadows, Robin Williams, plays Lucinda's Dad. Robin is as young as the actors on stage.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 From a disordered imagination, from
 a depraved desire to be married.

Jess' face glows. Her illness might be cured. She fake coughs.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Here's a great doctor. Clitandre.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 I've taken her through her weakness
 and told her I've come to ask for
 her hand in marriage...

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah - I really want that.

JESS JACKSON
 Alas, is it possible?

Robin goes up to her and holds her hand. The audience laughs.

He notices it.

Is he trying to be funny?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (sarcastic)
 You're a madwoman, but yes.

JESS JACKSON
 (winks to the audience)
 In good faith.

The audience chuckles. They get it's a ruse on Robin's character. Chris hands Robin a paper.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Here — let the contract be done. I
 give her 20,000 shillings in
 marriage. Write.

Robin signs. The audience laughs at him again.

Jess jumps out of the bed, cured of her illness.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Wait... I thought the paper...

Before he can finish the sentence, Chris draws his sword in vigorous celebration and...

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Oh shit.

Knocks the lights out. Glass falls all over the stage.

JESS JACKSON
 Wait to go, Chris, we should get
 going.

REVEAL: The crowd is made up of MIDDLE SCHOOLERS. They erupt in erroneous applause.

Robin and Jess rush to leave, but Chris hesitates.

Chris relishes the moment of applause and gratitude of the audience.

Robin tugs on his friend's arms to get his attention.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Christopher, I know you want an
 encore, but I think it's time to
 take your bow and exit stage right.

Chris nods, and he does take that bow, then exits stage right.

And with Chirs' back to Robin, Robin takes a bow of his own before exiting stage right.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

A Volkswagen station wagon eight-seater rockets across the highway.

INT. VAN. DAY

The van is full with the theatre troupe, shoulder to shoulder.

The van bustles with the activity of the whole group.

Robin and Chris sit next to each other in the back. While Jess is in the row in front of them, engrossed in a book.

Jess' long hair flanks her thick brim glasses to hide her natural glow.

Is she hiding from others or herself?

Another FEMALE TROUPE MEMBER reads and rests next to Jess.

The others in the troupe fill the rest of the wagon.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

That was the best performance I've seen yet, Christopher. We have never had a crowd more enthralled.

Chris' smile is quite large.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I suppose they were Robin. Even brought the fireworks to boot.

Jess is buried in her book. She has no intention of making eye contact with them.

JESS JACKSON

If that's your definition of best, furball, then I would hate to see your worst.

Robin shows her the finger.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Ya know I saw a casting call for Satan's bitch-- you should go for it you'd be great in the role.

Robin makes horns out of his fingers.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You already have the hellfire
breath and rosy demeanor.

Chris chuckles to himself.

JESS JACKSON
Oh please, Robin, give me more
credit than that...

She reads the last line of the page she's on and turns it.

JESS JACKSON
Satan would obviously be my bitch.

Chris starts laughing.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Oh, you laugh when she says it.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I laughed at both equally, Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Oh, okay, sure.

Robin waves Chris off, but he still thinks the interaction was amusing.

INT. VAN. EVENING. LATER.

The van of moments ago bustles no longer in order to catch some Zs.

Jess' is asleep as her head rests in the other female troupe member's lap.

Chris is nestled up in the corner of the van, head propped by a pillow.

But Robin, Robin is wide awake.

Longing and thinking out the window.

To Robin, the rumble of the engine mimics the rumble of the crowd from earlier.

This is only for a moment before he looks over to Chris.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Psst, hey Chris.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Yeah, Robin, what's the matter?

Robin hesitates.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Can I ask you a favor?

Chris adjusts his posture in his seat.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Of course, anything you need,
friend.

Robin fidgets with his fingers.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
It's just... I see how good you
are. You're easily the best one
here.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
That's mighty kind of you, Robin,
but we all have our talents.

Robin leans in and bites his lip.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
But who's gonna make it?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I'm sure everyone here will be
successful.

Jess snores, distracting both Chris and Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You're quite the optimist,
Christopher.

Robin hesitates again. Chris notices.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
What are you getting at, Robin?

He breathes a deep breath in.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
When you make it, promise you won't
forget me?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
You're going to make it, too... now
go to sleep.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I don't know Christopher. I love the stage, I do. I just hope the world can see me as more than JUST comic relief.

Robin is very serious. No jokes here.

Chris pats him on the shoulder. His promise is automatically kind.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Don't worry, Robin, I promise.

Jess wakes up.

JESS JACKSON

(scathing)

A little respect, you two.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Sorry, Jess.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Of course, snorey Satan anything for her majesty.

Jess throws a pillow at Robin.

Robin throws it back but misses Jess and hits the female troupe member Jess was with.

The Troupe Member is quite agitated, as she managed to sleep just fine before the pillow knocked the back of her head.

FEMALE TROUPE MEMBER

Knock it off.

Before they know, it is an all-out pillow war in this walk-in closet on wheels.

Chris can't help but laugh.

INT. JULLIARD STAGE. DAY.

A large stage faces upward, sloping seats.

Chris and Robin sit in the front row. The only ones in the seats.

The stage is dwarfed by JOHN HOUSEMAN (60s, British, rotund). His presence would intimidate the most seasoned of actors.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

I know you both are aware of the responsibility to the theatre being advanced students and all.

Chris and Robin just blink at the sheer pomposity of Houseman.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Don't pretend like you don't know!

They jump a little in their seats.

JOHN HOUSEMAN (CONT'D)

That responsibility comes with its perks. Here is the casting list for this year's play early.

Chris sees his name as the lead. He's happy.

He looks at Robin, who seems distraught.

Chris doesn't say anything.

JOHN HOUSEMAN (CONT'D)

This year we will be doing Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*. We will be performing the piece on April 28th, right at the end of the semester.

Robin scans.

And scans.

And scans.

But doesn't find his name on the page.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

John, can I call you John?

JOHN HOUSEMAN

That's Houseman to you, Williams.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(trying to be funny, more dismissive)

Right, John, first, can I just gotta say you're real great.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Get on with the pleasantries, Williams

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Where the hell am I on this list?

Houseman takes the paper and flips it around to the back for Robin.

Houseman points at Robin's name at the very bottom, Playing the role of Hank the sidekick to Chris' main character, Shannon.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Really, I'm going to need glasses;
this part is so small.

Chris looks at his friend in distress and petitions Houseman.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Maybe it's just a typo.

Houseman glares at Chris then Robin.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Not a typo, Reeve. Williams can
earn another role playing this one
part with the tenacity and fervor
as a true actor would.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You want a true actor. I'll show
you a true actor.

Robin jumps on the stage.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(British Laboratory
professor)
The nature of comedy and, by proxy,
a true actor as we know it can be
dated back all the way to ancient
times.

Robin gestures to the back of the stage as if there was a projection.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(British Laboratory
professor)
To begin, we'll start by showing
you some brief slides. Here we have
Nefertiti and Ramses saying, not
tonight it's my pyramid.

Houseman is unamused.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

I have heard enough Williams, Thank
You.

Houseman begins to leave.

Robin is desperate.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(whispers)

C'mon ya old oaf have a sense of
humor.

Chris chases Houseman as they follow the sloped seats up to
the entrance.

Houseman and Chris can hear Robin from the stage, but Robin
can't hear Houseman and Chris.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

He's just as talented as any of us,
Mr. Houseman. Why treat him like
this?

JOHN HOUSEMAN

(snobby)

He is a stand-up comic posing as an
actor.

Robin begins a monologue from *Twelfth Night*.

It's heartfelt.

Robin's true plea to prove to Houseman he deserves a
prominent spot in this play.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

This simulation is not as the
former, and yet to crush this a
little, it would bow to me, for
every one of these letters are in
my name. Soft, here follows prose.

Chris and Houseman turn around.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Sounds like a top billing to me.

Chris and Houseman listen more to Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

If this fall into thy hand,
revolve.

(MORE)

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

In my stars, I am above thee, but
be not afraid of greatness. Some
are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness
thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open
their hands...

Houseman begins to leave. The monologue is not working and
Robin knows it.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Let thy blood and spirit embrace
them. And, to inure thyself to what
thou art like to be, cast thy
humble slough and appear fresh. Be
opposite with a kinsman, surly with
servants...

Chris holds the door shut.

Robin loses faith and stops speaking.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

What the hell, Mr. Houseman?

JOHN HOUSEMAN

I can't bow to every student that
begs. What kind of standard would
that set? Hm?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

This isn't right.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Ha. You want to lecture me on
what's right? Let me let you in on
a little secret, Reeve.

Houseman leans in.

Robin sits at the edge of the stage as he watches Chris and
Houseman's discord from a distance.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

If this spat is so worth your time,
how about you give up your lead
role right now? Give it to that
Shakespeare wannabe.

Chris looks at Robin, who now sulks in his own defeat.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(confident)

Okay, the role is his.

Houseman pauses, stumped.

Houseman booms out a belly laugh.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
That's funny, Reeve.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
What?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
It's just the confidence in your
voice. I bought it for a second.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I would.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
I've seen your type before, Reeve.
It's easy for you to say that now
but when you feel how intoxicating
being on the stage really is...

Houseman points at Robin.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
You'll choke on your own altruism.

Chris is visibly confused.

But Houseman is on the offense.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Williams is good for a few jokes.
But he spits in the face of what
I've trained my entire life as an
actor to do.

And Chris might even be a little scared.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Don't throw your career away for
him. It's not wise.

Houseman relents and jiggles the door.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Now remove your hands from this
door.

Chris begrudgingly obliges as Houseman leaves.

Chris joins Robin at the foot of the stage.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
How did your little chat with
Houseman go?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Not as good as your monologue.

Chris' kind words are received by Robin.

The two sit there, alone with only the empty seats as
company.

INT. CHRIS' CAR. DAY.

Chris looks out the window to see more trees than buildings.

He is deep in thought as he tries to figure out how to help
Robin and preserve his own place.

Quite the balancing act.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY

Chris drives down the highway and passes a sign that says,
"Now Entering Princeton".

EXT. REEVE'S HOME. DAY

Chris pulls into the driveway of his parent's suburban home.

Chris is confused to see a FOR SALE SIGN out in the yard.

He walks down the walkway to the front door.

He knocks.

No response.

He goes to knock again, but before his hand can meet the door
—the door swings open by BARBARA REEVE (mid 50s), Chris' Mom.

BARBARA REEVE
OHHHHH, it so good to see you,
Chris.

She is a little taken back by his sudden appearance at the
house, but she is genuinely excited to see him.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
You too, Mom. What's with the--

Before he can finish his sentence, he is escorted inside the house.

INT. REEVE'S HOME. DAY.

The house is neat, an extra special level of neat that Chris is not accustomed to.

TRISTAM JOHNSON (50s), Barbara's husband, is there to greet Chris too.

Chris reaches out his hand.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Hi Tristam, it's good to see you.

TRISTAM JOHNSON
(nervously)
You too.

BARBARA REEVE
Can I fix you something to drink,
Chris?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Water would be lovely.

Chris takes stock of his once home. Chris doesn't recognize the furniture or the appliances.

He walks and looks through the house for anything that he might recognize.

A row of photo frames catches his eye.

REEVE HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Chris sits down on the stiff couch, greeted by all his BABY PHOTOS. The relics of the home he once knew bring him relief.

Tristam sits across from Chris.

The kitchen is to Chris' back but visible.

Barbara fixes Chris some water from the tap in the kitchen.

BARBARA REEVE (O.S.)
How was the drive?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Good. Mom?

He looks at the tacky carpet, then at Tristam.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Why is there a for-sale sign in the front yard?

Mom walks in, gives Chris the cup of water, and sits next to Tristam.

BARBARA REEVE

We were gonna tell you. We are a little pressed for cash.

This makes Tristam uncomfortable.

Chris just sips his cup.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Oh man, I'm sorry. I can get a job and send...

Tristam cuts Chris off.

TRISTAM JOHNSON

Don't say another word, we want you to enjoy school...

BARBARA REEVE

And not have to worry about us.

Chris taps the glass and at a faster pace with each tap.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I feel like our lives are still pretty intertwined.

Barbara goes to sit next to Chris.

BARBARA REEVE

Give us some more time. We've already been working to fix this.

Barbara pushes Chris' hair back.

BARBARA REEVE

How bout you trust your momma, huh?

Chris sips again. He knows better and sighs.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Fine.

BARBARA REEVE

That's the spirit.

Barbara and Tristram jump right into what's been going on in their lives as Chris listens.

He is present with them, but his mind just worries.

For himself.

For his parents.

And certainly for Robin.

INT. REEVE'S HOME. NIGHT

Chris lies on his couch, unable to sleep.

He walks into his childhood room.

INT. CHRIS'S CHILDHOOD ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is packed with BOXES. Anything that adorned the walls is only survived by its little dings and dents.

Chris is saddened not to the point of tears but to the point of helplessness.

His parents don't want his help.

And he can't successfully help Robin.

He opens a box in hopes he can find something to cheer him up.

But he finds nothing of value.

Chris pushes that box aside and opens another one.

Success!

He finds a LITTLE TEDDY BEAR with a cape around his neck.

The bear is in a heroic position, and Chris sets the bear upright against a box.

He looks left and right for a cape of some sort.

After several boxes with nothing of the like, he finds a BLANKET and ties it around his neck.

He looks at the bear, and the bear looks back at him.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(whisper)

There is always a way, isn't that
right little guy?

The bear doesn't move.

Chris smiles at the bear anyway.

He takes the bear and leaves his room behind.

INT. REEVE'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Chris is out cold on the couch as the bear rests under his
arm.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Chris jumps awake.

The blanket is still a cape around his neck.

Chris is delirious as he gets his bearings.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

One minute, please?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I SAID ONE MINUTE!

Chris pinches the crest of his nose.

He sighs.

He goes to the door and swings it open.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Can I help you?

Two APPRAISERS (40s) stand like sentinals, side by side, at
the door entrance.

APPRAISER #1

Hello there sir, we are here to
look at some of the items in the
house. Mind letting us in?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

You have the wrong address. I am going back to bed.

He begins to close the door when...

His Mom's foot gets in between the door and the frame.

BARBARA REEVE

Oh, pardon my son; he is still a little groggy. Please come in.

The appraisers walk in, much to Chris' dismay.

Chris leans over to his Mom.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Mom, who the hell are these people?

BARBARA REEVE

They're just here to see what some of our most valuable trinkets are worth. No big deal.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Not a big deal, huh?

The appraisers begin to assess several odds and ends.

Both the appraisers are quite aloof, and it's hard to tell if they really know what they're doing.

Chris looks at the appraisers and back at his Mom

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(pleading)

Let me help. I can get a real job.

Barbara looks at her little Chris, all full of hope.

BARBARA REEVE

You are helping, Chris, by living your dream.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Oh, cut that bull...

She gives him the watch your mouth side eye.

BARBARA REEVE

Your step-father and I had to call a few audibles in our lives. Life has a tendency to mess with our plans.

She smirks.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 But you, Chris, should have the
 opportunity to call as few audibles
 as possible and live your life as
 planned.

She gently holds his face.

Chris breaks eye contact with his Mom to stare at the
 appraisers.

Tristam walks in.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 This just doesn't feel right.

TRISTAM JOHNSON
 Listen to your mother, Chris.

Barbara unties the make-shift cape that Chris is wearing.

She is endeared by the blanket cape and drapes it over her
 arm

BARBARA REEVE
 You're already our hero, Chris.
 Now, take that big heart of yours
 and find someone new who needs
 saving.

Despite the evidence to the contrary. Chris folds and trusts
 his parents.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Yeah, yeah, okay.

BARBARA REEVE
 That's the spirit! Now I'll fix
 something up before you go.

EXT. REEVE HOUSE. DAY. LATER.

Chris hugs his Mom while holding a BROWN PAPER BAG.

Chris shakes Tristam's hand as he leaves.

Chris shuffles steps around the appraiser's car to get to
 his.

He pulls out of the driveway, and both his parents wave
 goodbye.

He rolls down the window and waves back.

INT. CHRIS' CAR. DAY.

Chris flies down the highway.

Chris reaches into the brown paper bag for a SANDWICH.

He takes a large bite.

Chris talks to himself as if he was playing his parents in a role.

It's hard to tell if he is mimicking them...

Or mocking them.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(as Tristam)

Oh Barbara, Sweet Barbara, whatever will we tell Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(as Barbara)

Well, hon, we should just lie to his face and say everything is okay.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(as Tristam)

Won't that make things worse?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(as Barbara)

No, he can't know. It would break his fragile little heart.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(as Tristam)

Okay, whatever you say, love of my life.

Yeah... he is totally mocking them.

He takes another large bite of his sandwich.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

At least you make a damn good sandwich.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(As Barbara)

Thank you, Chris. You are too kind.

Chris ends the banter with himself and sits in contemplative silence.

He feels deceived.

Maybe ignorance is bliss? Maybe the least Chris knows, the better?

JOHN HOUSEMAN (O.C.)
 Alright, now Jackson, you're a lawyer.

INT. JULLIARD STAGE. DAY.

Jess and Robin are on the stage from earlier in front of their fellow cohort of students.

Chris is in the front row.

Robin and Jess wear MASKS. The masks are blank, emotionless, with room for the actors to give them meaning.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 And Williams is your client. You are trying to prove his innocence.

Robin hurries and grabs a loose chair from behind the stage and brings it to the front, and sits in it.

His hands pretend to be handcuffed.

Jess motions to her classmates as if they were the jury.

JESS JACKSON
 Now members of the jury...

She motions to Houseman as if he was the judge.

JESS JACKSON
 and Judge Houseman, who presides over the court.

She takes a pause.

JESS JACKSON
 My client is in-o-cent due to him being at his home at the time of the altercation.

Robin slurs his words a little.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Ya, hear that, ya honor. Innocent
spelled with a capital I.

He slides his head towards Houseman in the cheekiest way possible.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Which is more than I can say is for
a certain Mrs. Your Honor last
night.

Robin laughs at his own joke.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
That shits the real crime.

Is Robin really acting now?

JESS JACKSON
Excuse me, your honor, a moment
with my client, please.

Jess moves over to Robin.

JESS JACKSON
(Not in character)
What the hell are you doing?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
What I'm doing is telling that
fascist prick that people are more
than their judgments.

JESS JACKSON
(in character)
Well, if you plan on seeing the
light of day, I suggest leaving the
judging for the one with the gavel.

Robin bonks Jess on the head like he has a gavel.

JESS JACKSON
Now, your honor, forgive my
client's outburst. If you look at
exhibit B, you'll see...

ROBIN WILLIAMS
RING RING RING... Sorry your honor,
but I'm getting a call one second.

Robin makes a phone with his hands.

JESS JACKSON
 (breaking character)
 Oh, Jesus.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (gasps)
 Hello yes... say it ain't so.

Robin pops from his seat, shocked.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh. I'll let him
 know.

Robin hangs up his hand and walks to Houseman.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 I am so sorry, your honor, but...

Robin clenches his fist and brings it up to his mask like the
 "Thinker" statue.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 It was your doctor. You have a
 chronic case of asshole fever.

Robin pauses to take the news but instead takes in the laughs
 from the crowd.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 You may never recover.

Jess takes her mask off.

JESS JACKSON
 What the hell, Robin?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Cut.

The word cut booms in the theatre hall.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Alright, that's enough. Reeve
 switch with Jackson.

JESS JACKSON
 You're kidding me?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Oh no, sir. I prefer to watch.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 It's not a punishment Jackson. I
 want to see Reeve in there with
 Williams.

Chris fiddles with his backpack, definitely stalling.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Jesus Reeve, get up there.

He gets to the stage. Jess hands him the mask.

JESS JACKSON
 Knock 'em dead, Chris.

Chris puts on the mask. Chris is the away team, and Robin is
 the home team.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 The great Christopher Reeve afraid
 of a 'lil improv?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 I'm not afraid.

Robin lifts his hands up.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (sarcastic)
 Oh, my mistake Christopher, my
 mistake.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Silence. Now, Reeve, you are the
 hero, here to save the girl from
 your archenemy, Williams.

Robin crouches as his voice changes into a gargally rasp.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 You will not have her. SHE IS MINE!

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 She is not... unhand her.

Robin lunges forward at Chris. They are face to face.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (breaking character,
 whisper)
 Unhand her? Really?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (breaking character,
 whisper)
 What? It's not like I have
 memorized lines here?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Hm.

Robin bounces back to a moderate distance

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (gurgly rasp)
 Then we battle to the death...

He waves his finger at Chris.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (higher pitch voice)
 No backsies.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 (gurgly rasp)
 Now I must warn you I have been
 trained in every martial art
 imaginable.

Robin cycles through some very rough fighting stances before
 settling on one.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (french voice)
 Engarde!

Robin lunges at Chris, but Chris dodges the maneuver.

Robin quickly turns back and lunges again, this time meeting
 Chris in the middle.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (whisper, breaking
 character)
 On this next one, I want you to
 punch me in the gut.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (whisper, breaking
 character)
 What? No? I am not going to do
 that...

They break away again. Robin, confident, locks eyes with
 Chris.

Chris is nervous. His eyes blink several times in panic.

Robin lunges forward one more time.

Robin dodges Chris' punch and dead legs Chris's knees.

Robin has Chris in a chokehold. It's not too tight, though.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Give up.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

It will take more than that to take
me down.

Chris uses his elbow to knock the wind out of Robin pins him.

A clean and impressive move.

Robin takes his mask off.

They lock eyes this time; Chris has confidence in his eyes
and Robin insecurity in his.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(whine)
Spare me.

Chris looks at Houseman.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Get out of here.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(raspy)
Thank you, sir, thank you.

Although Robin handled most of the improv that doesn't stop
Houseman from seeing Chris as a genius.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Well done, Reeve, well done.

Robin throws his arms in the air.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

No, Robin came up with most of it.
He set me up...

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Sure, but those responses you
brought are exactly what the
theatre wants.

He walks up to congratulate Chris.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
You were a little too much both
times, Williams.

Robin tosses the mask down and leaves.

Chris passes Houseman by as Chris follows Robin out of the stage and out the door.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

The sun shines on Robin as he walks, alone.

He is quite bummed that he still can't get the approval he wants from Houseman.

Maybe there something wrong with him? Maybe this career isn't worth pursuing?

He stops and notices a MIME in front of a crowd.

He smiles at the mimes antics.

Just as his thoughts began to stray from the Juilliard School...

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Robin! You need to learn to slow
down a little.

Chris has caught up with Robin.

Robin turns his attention to Chris.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
In case you couldn't tell
Christopher, slow isn't exactly in
the tool belt.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Sure, but that doesn't mean you
should let Houseman get to your
head.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
What I don't understand is, why me?
Why pick on me?

Robin is very sincere.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

They worship the ground you walk on; you could be playing a goddamn rock, and they would think you're the next Kevin Klein.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

It's not something I ask for, Robin. Most days, I'm not sure if what they say is true.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I just want them to see that I have what it takes too.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

And you do. What you do is such a gift.

Robin is taken back.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

What I do?

Robin leans in toward Chris. Chris is on his back foot.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

What I DO is more than just your grandparent's circus clown routine.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Look, I'm on your side.

Robin looks back to the Mime. He is making the crowd so happy.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

You don't need to pander to my already fragile ego, Christopher.

Chris sighs as he sees Robin is looking at the Mime.

They take a second to watch the Mime.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(happier tone)

Now, if you'll excuse me. I have a crowd to please.

The Mime is TODD OPPENHEIMER (20s). He is a lanky man who can really command an audience.

Robin pretends to be a janitor as he begins to clean up people's trash.

Or at least some of it is trash. Some of it very much isn't.

He mimes a broomstick and uses his feet to snag different items.

A BEER BOTTLE, much to a MAN's dismay.

A PURSE from a woman who has a kinder response.

A CHILD'S TOY from which the child can't make out whether to cry or laugh.

Robin grabs several other odds and ends.

All these shenanigans in front of a confused Todd, but the audience seems thoroughly engaged.

Right before Robin gets to Todd, the invisible broom gets stuck.

Chris laughs.

Robin struggles to push the broom forward.

He signals to Todd for help.

Todd points to himself, confused.

Robin nods with excitement.

Todd gets behind the broom, and the two push.

Nothing.

Again.

Nothing.

They are tired.

Chris comes to a realization as he laughs at Robin's antics.

There is so much more to Robin than meets the eye.

Todd snaps his fingers. He goes and grabs an old man's CANE.

The Man with the beer bottle...well formerly had the beer bottle, is not amused.

Chris notices the Man's lack of amusement.

Robin and Todd heave.

A breakthrough!

Robin and Todd use the cane to push the trash forward.

These outdoor antics bring Robin comfort, and for a second, his troubles melt away.

Robin looks left and right; he sifts through the stuff.

He ogles at a ring he puts on.

Todd puts on a fancy watch that's in the purse.

The Man who had the beer bottle begins to get hysterical.

MAN

Gimme back muh bottle ya poser!

Chris makes his way to see if he'll need to intervene.

Robin huffs as he makes his way over to the Man.

Robin mime laughs at him.

Robin mocks how tough this beer bottle Man is.

Robin puffs his chest up to look like he has muscles.

MAN

Ya making fun of me huh?

Robin nods. Todd chuckles a little.

MAN

Ya better get your act together,
boy.

Robin makes the traditional mime invisible wall to protect himself.

Robin turns around and leans on the invisible wall, confident the Man isn't going to attack.

The Man cocks back, ready to punch Robin.

Robin again ogles at the ring as he points all his fingers up straight.

Robin waits, and nothing happens.

Robin yawns.

Todd points to get Robin's attention to turn around.

The Man begins his punch.

Robin looks at Todd, befuddled.

Robin doesn't know what Todd is trying to say.

Todd facepalms.

Robin finally gets it, and he goes to turn around.

The punch is already in motion.

Before Robin can even react. Two arms block the punch.

It's Chris' arms, who, without breaking a sweat, keeps the punch and the Man at bay.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I wouldn't do that, friend.

The Man struggles, but he can't move his arm. Chris is much stronger than him.

Robin sticks his tongue out at the Man.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Can I ask you for a favor?

The Man grunts with disapproval.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I want you to make some better choices that don't involve hurting my friend here.

Chris twists the Man's arm a little.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Can you do that for me, friend?
Please?

The Man winces, but Chris makes sure not to hurt him too much.

MAN
Yeah, yeah, I can do that.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Excellent, now get out of here.

The Man grufs as he leaves.

Robin mimes a trophy for Chris, and the crowd erupts in applause.

For Robin, not Chris.

Chris doesn't take the invisible trophy but let's Robin have it. Chris steps back.

Robin lifts the invisible trophy over his head with more applause from the crowd.

The crowd leaves several tips in a hat at the bottom of Todd's feet.

TODD OPPENHEIMER

You were great, man. I'm Todd. What did you say your name was?

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I didn't, I was busy cleaning up Central Park. It's Robin.

TODD OPPENHEIMER

Well, Robin, you know how to make a hell of an entrance and an even bigger impression.

Todd goes and grabs a card from his pocket.

TODD OPPENHEIMER

I'm here every day in the afternoon if you ever want to join.

Robin grabs the card.

TODD OPPENHEIMER

It gets a little lonely being the only Mime for miles.

Robin sees the card.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Thank you, but I go to school for most of the day, so I can't make it here often.

Chris puts his hand on Robin's shoulder.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I'll certainly try, though. Be seeing you.

Todd nods and waves to Robin as Chris and Robin leave.

EXT. WILLIAM'S MANSION. DAY. 1998.

Chris is with Dana as they are lowered out of their van with the help of a different pair of NURSES.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I'm not sure, Dana.

DANA REEVE
Hon, you love being around Robin
and his family.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Maybe another day.

DANA REEVE
Well, we are already here.

The mansion doors swing open to show Robin and little ZACH WILLIAMS (8) right behind Robin.

Robin and Zach wear matching pirate hats and hold matching wood swords.

Robin squats to Zach's level.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(pirate voice)
Look, Zachary, it is 'ole Two
Wheels Reeve and his pirate partner
Dana the Dangerous.

Robin points his sword at Dana and Chris.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(pirate voice)
What do we do with scallywags like
them, Zachary?

Chris and Dana chuckle at the bit. It's adorable.

Zach's has glazed over the bit; it no longer is interesting to him.

ZACH WILLIAMS
Hi, Uncle Chris.

Robin is much more disappointed that he can't play pirate than Zach is.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(whiney)
You're supposed to be a pirate,
Zach.

Zach runs up to Chris and hugs his chair.

ZACH WILLIAMS
Ahoy, Uncle Chris.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Ahoy there, Zachary.

Robin looks at the Reeves.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
We're still working on his
delivery.

Chris chuckles.

Robin gestures to the door.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
All aboard.

INT. WILLIAM'S MANSION. DAY.

LIVING ROOM

A COFFEE TABLE sits near a large couch and corresponding
single chairs.

Chris sits next to Dana, who is on one end of the couch.
Robin sits at the other end of the coffee table, facing both
Chris and Dana.

The two nurses stand close by, still haunting.

Robin's OSCAR is perched on a mantle as it faces the three of
them.

And the Oscar happens to be especially within the eyesight of
Chris.

Chris's eyes sulk while Dana and Robin talk about the award.

DANA REEVE
Do you feel any different now that
Oscar over there is a part of the
William's family?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Honestly, he feels more like a
distant cousin. I've spent most of
my career losing these things.

Robin notices Chris's silence.

Chris just stares at the award.

The award just stares back.

If awards could mock, this award would be a king amongst the mockers.

And Chris, the recipient of it's a mockery.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Speaking of awards, Christopher,
you must be excited about your
little nomination, huh?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(distracted)
It's nice. I was happy to help.

DANA REEVE
Just nice, it's an Emmy, for god's
sake, Chris. That's huge.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Without Pity is a good doc,
Christopher. You should be proud.

Chris is silent as Robin's kind words are drowned by Chris's self-doubt.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(distant)
Primetime Emmys. They're the
Primetime Emmys.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
I don't care if they're the "Well
Past Your Bedtime Emmys". This is
cause for celebration.

Dana nods as if to give Robin the cue.

Robin heads to the kitchen to grab something.

The Oscar on the mantle mocks Chris.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I think we should go, Dana, really.

DANA REEVE
Let's just see what Robin has up
his sleeve...

RING RING RING.

Dana begins to get a call on her PHONE.

DANA REEVE
 One moment hon, it's the
 foundation...

Dana leaves the room but is still within the periphery of
 Chris.

It's just Chris and the Oscar alone together.

His stare becomes more of a hallucination as the statue turns
 into a younger Chris.

With what movement Chris does have, he grits his teeth.

Chris's eyes glare at the statue.

And the statue glares back.

KITCHEN - REALITY

Robin grabs a CAKE that says, "TO OUR SUPERMAN, WE ARE SO
 PROUD."

The cake is blue and red because of course, it is.

FOYER - REALITY

DANA REEVE
 (into the phone)
 Chris is so exhausted as is. Are
 you sure he needs to make another
 appearance?

LIVING ROOM - HALLUCINATION

Chris regains feeling in his hands and legs.

He unplugs the valves from his neck and leaves his chair.

And walks toward the award.

HALLWAY- REALITY

Robin makes his way down the hallway with the cake.

FOYER- REALITY

Dana is on the call, stressed.

LIVING ROOM- HALLUCINATION

Chris grabs the Oscar and beats it on the mantle. Every hit
 brings more tears ready to stream down his face.

By the time Chris is through the award, it looks more like an abstract statue at the local art installation.

Chris pauses his breaths become far more labored before his eyes go wide and...

LIVING ROOM - REALITY

Robin walks in with the cake.

Chris is suffering from a spasm attack. A different episode, the one in the hotel room.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Nurses!

The nurses rush in.

So does Dana.

Robin stands there stunned.

Chris can't say much, but his eyes do all the talking for him. They're desperate.

Dana is at eye level.

DANA REEVE

Shhh, I'm right here it's going to be okay.

Tears stream down his face. She comforts him.

Even Robin knows now it isn't the time for a bit as he puts the cake down.

He walks over to Chris and Dana.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I think we can call that an evening. I'll lead you guys out when you're ready.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE. DAY. LATER.

The nurses finish putting Chris in the back seat. Dana heads toward Robin.

Chris is exhausted. He says nothing.

Robin watches his palm under his chin.

DANA REEVE
Thank you for having us, Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You both know you are welcome here
anytime.

DANA REEVE
I'm so...

She begins to break, her eyes water.

Light as a feather, Robin, grabs her arms.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Don't be sorry for anything. It's
okay. He needs you.

She nods.

DANA REEVE
Thank you, Robin.

She leaves him on the doorstep as she walks back to the car.

Zach walks to Robin from the foyer to the door.

ZAK WILLIAMS
Why was Uncle Chris so angry, Dad?

Robin watches the van drive away.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Because life's a real Son of Bitch
Zach.

This goes right over Zach's head.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(pirate voice)
Who's ready for another adventure?

Zach is excited as he runs into the darkness of the house.

Robin takes a step into the house before he turns around.

And watches Chris and Dana leave through the front gate.

INT. JULLIARD OFFICES. DAY. 1973.

Chris fast walks with nervous footsteps through a long
hallway.

At the end is John Houseman's office.

He stands in front of the otherwise plain door with Houseman's nameplate on the side.

It's just a normal door; it shouldn't intimidate as much as it does.

Chris takes a deep breath in.

And knocks.

JOHN HOUSEMAN (O.S.)
Reeve, please come in...

Chris walks in.

INT. HOUSEMAN'S. OFFICE. DAY.

The door creaks open as Chris pokes his head into Houseman's office.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(timid)
You wanted to see me, sir.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Have a seat, Reeve.

As Chris walks to the chair, he sees a small library of acting books.

Behind Houseman is the New York skyline.

Never has a skyline felt small in the presence of a man.

And on Houseman's desk, there is an OSCAR.

The Oscar stares at Chris, and Chris doesn't flinch. One day the Oscar will be on his desk.

Houseman notices.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Do you know how I won this Oscar, Reeve?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(hint of snark)
No, enlighten me.

Houseman ignores the snark.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Any student that dares to dream of being at the Juilliard School ought to take this profession and craft as seriously as possible.

Houseman side-eyes Chris, to which Chris responds as he squirms in his chair.

Houseman's eyes return to the award.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Unless, of course, they offer you a shitload of money to do anything else.

Chris laughs instinctually cause that's a funny joke.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

So which one won you the Oscar?

Houseman is impressed by the question and in a moment of sincerity.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Both. Reeve. Both.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

That's a great story, and I don't mean to talk outta turn here, but what does that have to do with me?

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Because I think you are very good Christopher. Very good.

Chris smiles, proud of himself.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Thank--

Houseman gets up to stare at his bookshelf. His back to Chris.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

I'm not done. I can't offer you a shitload of money, but I can offer you some money.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Oh shit.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
You're familiar with the Acting
Company, are you not?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
The best grad students Juilliard
has to offer. Yeah, who wouldn't?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Good. I want you to join their
ranks.

Chris is taken back.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
You'll have to suspend your
Juilliard studies immediately.

This can help his parents?

But what about Robin?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
That's uh very kind of Mr.
Houseman, but...

Houseman turns with elegance.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
No, I will not have any butts in my
office.

Houseman sits in his chair and rolls it forward.

Chris chuckles his way through the next line.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I think there are at least two here
already.

Houseman glares at the immaturity, not too unlike how the
Oscar glared at Chris in 1998.

Chris' eyes emit dread like radiation.

But Chris is young, and Houseman's stare might hit on the
inside, but Chris is an actor, and he can act confident.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
Don't make me think twice.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
With all due respect, sir, you
won't have to. My answer is no.

Houseman isn't often flabbergasted, but in this case, he is quite flabbered and certainly gasted.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

Think very carefully about your next words Reeve.

Chris thinks carefully a moment.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I am flattered, truly, but I really love my friends here, and I don't want to be resented by them by taking an offer like this.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

You mean you don't want to be resented by Williams.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Does it matter?

JOHN HOUSEMAN

It does because this is a once-in-a-lifetime, hell, once in a career opportunity.

Houseman raises his finger.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

(I'm not mad...)
Don't do this, Christopher.

Houseman shakes his finger.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

(...just disappointed)
Not for him.

Chris nods in empathy.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

My decision stands.

Chris begins to make his exit.

Houseman looks and feels angry, but somewhere between his looks and his feelings, he empathizes.

Only Houseman knows the friends he's lost in exchange for his career.

But to Chris, he is very much upset.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Have a great day, Mr. Houseman.
 I'll see you in class later.

As Chris walks away, Houseman turns around and looks at the New York skyline.

This time the skyline makes Houseman feel small.

INT. JULLIARD STAGE. DAY.

Houseman directs his students who will be performing *The Night of the Iguana*.

The Mexican veranda set is half-built on the stage.

The main cast is up on the stage, including Chris as the defrocked priest Shannon and Jess as the sultry motel owner, Maxine.

Robin psyches himself up as his character, Hank, is in this scene too.

Everyone talks amongst themselves before Houseman begins the rehearsal.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Alright, thespians, we are about a month out from the 28th, and we still need to fine-tune some scenes. Let us start from the bottom of page six.

Chris, Jess, and Robin all look at their scripts.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 This is in the opening scene Hank confronts Shannon about Shannon's lack of professionalism as a tour guide.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 That is one way of putting it, Housey.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Reeve start from the monologue.

Chris clears his throat.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 (to Robin)
 Hank? Look!
 (MORE)

CHRISTOPHER REEVE (CONT'D)
 I don't care what you think. A tour
 conducted by T. Lawrence Shannon is
 in his charge, completely- where to
 go, every detail of it...

Houseman's voice cuts in.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 I'm not feeling the character
 enough here Reeve, try again.

Chris starts from the top and gets a smidge farther.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 So go back down there and...

Houseman shakes his head.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 No, no, no. That simply won't due.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 What else can I try?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 (being quite stuck up)
 Nothing, nothing at all. Williams
 switch roles with Reeve.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 What!?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Oh, wow, excellent!

Robin jumps at the chance while Chris sulks back towards
 Jess.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 From the top, Williams.

Chris is quite irritated.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Okay, um, can I get the first line,
 please?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 You can just read it from the page
 that's fine, Williams.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 (nervous)
 Gotcha, I was just testing ya,
 Housey.

Chris is trying to hold back.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 (to Chris)
 Hank? Look! I don't care what they
 think...

Houseman interjects.

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Great job, Williams; that delivery
 was spot on.

Chris is agitated, irritated, and upset.

JESS JACKSON
 (whisper, to Chris)
 Don't let him get under your skin
 like that.

It's too late. Houseman is testing Chris' challenge about
 giving the role up.

Is it out of spite? Is it a training exercise?

JOHN HOUSEMAN
 Again, Williams.

Robin goes again, simply excited at the chance to be in the
 lead.

Houseman continues to repeat the beginning few lines.

And with each repetition, the more upset Chris gets.

Until it's too much.

Jess notices and tries to stop him

JESS JACKSON
 Chris stop...

Too late.

Chris goes for Robin's script and rips it out Robin's hands.

Chris looks Robin square in the eye

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(at Robin)

Hank? Look! I don't care what you think. A tour conducted by T. Lawrence Shannon is in his charge COMPLETELY-- WHERE to go WHEN to go every detail of it...

Robin is taken back.

This doesn't feel like a play anymore.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Chris...

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

This is my role, Robin. My role to perfect. Stick to miming in Central Park and leave acting for the rest of us.

And just as the words leave Chris' mouth, it not only breaks Robin's heart.

But Chris' heart too.

Robin's pissed off. He pushes Chris out of the way and leaves.

EXT. JULLIARD ENTRANCE. EVENING

The city's skyscrapers loom large as Robin storms out of the theatre.

He pauses at the edge of the sidewalk.

The city's insistent honking makes it hard to think.

He breathes in.

And then out.

Trying to catch his composure.

And then in.

And then out.

And in again.

And then Chris walks out to join him.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Robin, just listen, Houseman...

There simply no calming Robin down.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
No, you don't get to blame this on
that export from across the pond.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
He pressed some buttons, that's
all. I didn't mean it.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
I don't care if you meant it. You
could have said anything, but you
told me to go fuck myself.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
That's not true.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You want to talk about truth,
Christopher, huh? Here's a little
truth bomb. You've thought I was a
hack since the beginning.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
That seems like a bit of a stretch,
don't you think?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
No, Chris, I don't, I had the
spotlight and the opportunity to
show everyone that I can command an
audience.

Chris looks solemn. All of Robin's words are bullet holes
through Chris' paper-thin heart.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(grandiose, sarcastic)
But you and Houseman... you guys
come from the theatre. You guys
can't have a guy like me fuck with
your precious little traditions.
That stick is so firmly placed up
both your asses I'm apparently not
even allowed to try.

The word "theatre" is exaggerated with the hand motions to
boot.

Robin wipes his hand through his hair, stressed.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

It's more than that, Robin. We've been TRAINED in the process. We BELIEVE the process, and when someone comes and disrupts it, it becomes hard.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Process be damned, Christopher. Learn how to have some goddamn fun.

To Chris, there seems to be no winning this.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Fun, Robin? I'm not in fucking grad school to tell jokes. And neither should you.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

But that is the craft. Being funny and making a crowd laugh in a park takes fucking craft. The way to hone the craft might be different. I thought you understood that.

They are now back to back, in a stalemate

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Tell me something did our promise mean anything to you?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Of course, it did.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Then you should have been willing to let me have my moment. This isn't hard, Christopher.

It just isn't enough for Robin anymore.

Houseman.

Chris.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

You fancy yourself a hero. Coming in to help a little 'old fur ball like me.

Even Jess, who pokes her head out with just enough time to hear the end of Robin's rant.

There's no more feeling less than.

No.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Well Chris lemme tell ya...

More.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
You can go fuck your charity. Fuck
your empty promises. Try not to
break a leg on anyone else's
dreams.

Chris is hurt, and Robin sees it. Chris can barely stomach
it.

The failure that Chris feels, it's crippling.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I really tried to help you, Robin.
Even took it on the chin from
Houseman a few times cause I think
the world of you.

Robin pauses but doesn't face Chris.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Your freedom to express yourself
without caring. I care too much. I
really wanted this to work.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Your the star Christopher, of
course, you'll work.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I really wanted this friendship to
work.

Robin sees Chris emotionally battered.

Chris could use a friend more than anything, but he won't
find it here.

As Robin walks away, his once fiery eyes are cooled by the
tears that leak from them.

Jess gathers what's left of Chris, whose eyes are well past
leaking, and they head back inside.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. MORNING. 1998.

Chris lies awake in his bed. The bed is as long as Chris is tall, with only a little arm room on the sides.

Dana sleeps in a separate bed next to Chris.

Chris can't help but look at the sun as it begins to rise past the trees over the window above him.

His muscles are frozen, and his head motionless.

There is a burn that creeps from his legs due to the lack of movement.

He wears SPLINTS on his arms and legs to preserve his body for eventual repair.

WILL REEVE (6) walks in very used to the sight of his Dad like this.

WILLIAM REEVE
Morning Dad.

Chris makes a clicking sound because his trach is inflamed after such a long night.

Depending on the day, Chris either sees the click as a positive or a negative.

A way to greet his son with his condition or a reminder that he can't greet his son like a so-called normal dad could.

Today, it's a negative.

William jumps in Dana's bed, who was very much asleep.

WILL REEVE
It's time for some Hockey, Mommy.

DANA REEVE
Okay, Will. I'm right behind ya.

Will gets off the bed and heads back out.

Dana groggily gets out of bed, kisses her husband on the forehead, and leaves to go make breakfast.

INT. ROBIN'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Robin is asleep in a lavish bedroom but is awoken by his own son, Zachary.

ZACH WILLIAMS
Morning Daddy.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Good morning Zach attack. What are
we doing today?

ZACH WILLIAMS
Hide and seak, you won't find me.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Oh, I won't, won't I?

Robin closes his eyes.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Six, five, four--

ZACH WILLIAMS
Wait, your supposed to start from
ten--

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Better run then, four, three---

Zach books it out of the room.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. LATER.

The NURSES come in, and they get Chris ready for the day.

They give him more oxygen.

They remove the splints and turn him over onto his back.

His legs flail as his body spasms. The nurses try to keep him
down.

Chris can hear his son playing floor hockey with Dana.

His eyes tremble at the thought of missing even a moment of
Will's life.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ROBIN'S YARD. DAY.

Robin looks tirelessly for Zach, even though Zach is not a
natural at the game.

Zach clumsily hides behind a tree.

Robin is very much aware of this.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Where the hell are you? I can't
find you?

Zach "sneaks" up on Robin and jumps on his back.

Robin laughs.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Looks like I found ya.

ZACH WILLIAMS
Nuh, uh, I found you.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
That is not how the game works, but
I think it's time for some
pancakes.

Zach holds on tight as Robin carries him into the house.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. LATER.

Chris's eyes still wish this process to be over.

Will comes in ready for school.

He carefully climbs his Dad's bed to hug him goodbye.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Maybe when you get back from
school, I can watch you shoot some
hoops.

Will hugs him.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Or maybe we can do another classic
Reeve family grand Prix. I've been
making some adjustments to my
chair.

WILL REEVE
It's no match for my bike Dad.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I don't doubt it. And Maybe after
any of that, we can catch the
Rangers game.

WILL REEVE
Love you, Dad.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Love you too, kiddo.

Dana takes Will off the railing of the bed.

The nurses continue to move Chris' four limbs back and forth as to not loosen the muscle.

Chris' eyes wish for this process to be over.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S KITCHEN. DAY

Robin cooks some fun-shaped pancakes for Zach.

Zach is ecstatic about pancakes.

INT. CHRIS' BATHROOM. LATER.

Chris's eyes still wish this process to be over.

Chris is behind a shower curtain being given a sponge bath.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S CLOSET. DAY.

Robin swings open his closet doors with a variety of colorful and eclectic outfits.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. LATER.

Chris's eyes still wish this process to be over.

A nurse lets Chris choose his outfit for the day.

Finally, the tedium of the morning routine is over.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY.

Chris is on the phone with a politician.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I know congressman, but I believe
the Harken-Spector bill can help
strengthen funding for research...

Chris inhales, ready to finish his thought.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

Robin's is on the set of *Patch Adams*.

He is dressed in a WHITE COAT and RED NOSE as he helps a patient.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY. LATER.

Chris records a video in front of a camcorder.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
And while I can't be there in
person, know that your fight is my
fight too...

On the inhale again.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM. DAY.

SEVERAL SUITS are discussing the next movie pitch.

The suits pitch back and forth across the table.

As they pitch, Robin is at the very end of the table, trying to balance a pencil on his nose.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY. LATER.

Chris speaks, as another person writes.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Thank you for sharing your story
with me, Ted. Don't give up hope...

Chris inhales

And exhales.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS' DRIVEWAY. DAY.

Chris sits on the fringe of his driveway as he watches Will shoot hoops.

It's the most alive he has felt all day.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
That's a great shot, Will.

Will goes up for another shot this one misses.

The ball bounces, and right before it lands in the street, a CAR pulls up and blocks the ball.

Robin walks out along with his son Zach.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
I thought You might want some company.

Will gets excited as the two kids play basketball together.

Robin heads over to where Chris is.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
How's it hanging, brother?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Are you going to adopt Will now too? Is that really the brotherly thing to do?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
What never I just thought--

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Oh, here we go, the almighty Robin come down from his thrown to pity an old cripple like me.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
What the fuck is your deal, Chris?

Will and Zach shoot some hoops.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
You know what I took for granted the most before my accident.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Tell me.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

When you act, your body and soul become one with another you. A version of you that is playing the character.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I know that feeling all too well.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

But when the director yells cut, you're, you again—the real you.

Will guards Zach as he goes in for a layup.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I'm still waiting for the director to yell cut.

Will and Zach get enough energy to chase each other out of their sight.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

But look at all you've accomplished, Christopher. The Emmy. The foundation. You're making great strides.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

You meant to say Primetime Emmy Nomination.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Regardless, it's still special.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

It's no Oscar.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Oh, give me a break Christopher. That giant gold butt plug is worth somewhere between the Rahmen I cooked last night and the tires I had rotated the week before that.

Robin squats down. Eye to eye. Man to Man.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

You are acting and directing and running a non-profit and raising awareness, and making politicians work. Those are special and all things I can't do.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

You can hug your kid.

The kids come running back around.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

If I remind you so much of what you had, I'll back off. I just wanted to help.

Robin begins to walk away.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

C'mon, Zachary, let's go. We just came to say hi.

Zach says bye to Will as Robin and Will get to the car.

Chris is visibly emotional.

Robin and Zach drive off.

Will goes inside, leaving Chris in the drive.

Alone.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Chris lies in his bed, now ready for the night.

Dana curls up next to him with what little room there is on his bed.

DANA REEVE

(sarcastic, playful)

Could you scoot over a little you hogging most of the bed?

Chris moves his head a little. The rest of his body is still.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

How bout now?

Dana stares lovingly at him.

DANA REEVE

Perfect.

They share the silence together. Not expecting either one to say anything.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I've never felt so passive, Dana.

DANA REEVE

I know.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I just... wish it were different.

DANA REEVE

I know, but you can't stop hoping. The scientists, they're close.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I want to play basketball with my kid.

Dana leans up from the bed.

DANA REEVE

And you will.

He takes a moment to process the encouragement.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I know.

There's a pause

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Robin came by today.

DANA REEVE

You guys don't seem to be jellin' like you used to.

Chris hesitates.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

He reminds me of everything that came before.

Dana kisses Chris on the lips.

Dana snuggles back up next to him in comfort.

He blinks, understanding.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM. THE NEXT MORNING.

Chris is out cold in his bed while Dana is wide awake in an additional bed right next to Chris'.

She stares at the ceiling looking for an answer but only empty tiles respond.

C'mon Dana how can you get through to him?

She gets up and sneaks out of the bedroom.

Chris hears nothing as she glides by.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. NIGHT.

Dana creeps into the empty office.

The place is far less lively without Chris.

She walks as if there is someone right behind her.

While not off limits being in Chris' office feels like trespassing.

But if there is answer here it's worth looking.

The office has a THICK OAK DESK made for a king.

And the walls are covered in BOOKS. Chris has a career as a librarian if philanthropy doesn't work out.

On the desk there are several picture frames. Dana takes a moment at each.

Chris and Dana on their wedding day.

She smiles at the simpler times.

A family photo of the Chris', Dana and Will.

There is nothing quite like family.

Chris as Superman but on the set with Richard Donner.

Who saves Superman from himself?

And finally a frame that is face down.

It's of Robin, Chris and Jess all posing on a park bench together.

But her anxiety subsides when a silky voice graces her ears.

JESS JACKSON
Jess speaking.

DANA REEVE
Hi, you don't know me but you knew
my husband and I need your help.

EXT. OPEN FLOOR APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING. 1973.

A taxi drives away from a large, run-down apartment complex.

The security is just as laughable as the design.

Jess stands at the curb as she watches the taxi disappear in the distance.

She notices the people hanging out at the entrance, and she deems them unsavory and goes inside.

Her judgments are, in fact, correct.

INT/EXT. OPEN FLOOR APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING

To even call this building an interior is being kind.

Regardless, Jess makes her way to the third floor. She is semi-familiar with the layout. Enough to make her way around.

As she walks up the stairs, she can see the curtains of all the tenants blowing in the small breeze.

These aren't their window curtains, but these are the curtains to get into the individual apartments.

From the stairs, she notices an obnoxiously tie-dyed curtain. She walks with more authority than before she saw it.

She gets past all the other stain yellow curtains to the tie-dye one.

As she gets there, she bumps into a woman walking out.

Jess gives her a fake smile as Jess enters the apartment.

INT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

The apartment is small.

The apartment would be lucky to fit three people in there, but judging by the floor, more than three people indeed live here.

Yet the only person here right now is Robin Williams.

Robin wears a tank top as he puts his shorts back on.

Robin lights a JOINT and rests his back to the wall facing Jess.

He sits on a fold-up mattress that protrudes from the couch.

Robin's eyes are bloodshot, and it's not from the weed.

JESS JACKSON

Do you always look like your crying
after sex?

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Only when my friends act like
sanctimonious assholes.

He takes a hit.

And on the exhale.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

What do you want?

Jess begins to let herself inside the best she can anyway,
given the lack of space.

JESS JACKSON

I just wanted to see how you were
doing?

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(Spanish accent)
Mi casa es su casa.

He mimes a small bell ringing.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(British accent)
Oh Jeeves, get the woman our finest
seat.

JESS JACKSON

Robin...

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(British accent)
And get her our even finer drink.

She pinches the crest of her nose.

JESS JACKSON

Robin...

She sees a loose chair and drags it to Robin.

She sits down and looks at this poor, troubled soul.

Jess isn't good with affection, so she just pats Robin on the head.

Robin takes a hit.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

What's wrong with me?

Jess pats him some more.

JESS JACKSON

Nothing at all.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

The world doesn't seem to think so.

JESS JACKSON

Well, the world can go fuck itself.

She stops patting and scans the room in thought.

It's hard to think in a place like this, but she tries.

JESS JACKSON

Do you want my two cents, Robin?

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Lucky for you, the Williams Bridge to Emotionalwrecksville is a two-cent toll. Go Ahead.

JESS JACKSON

If I were wiser, I would tell you to make amends right away. If I was angrier, I would say never speak to him again.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I am not sure how helpful that is.

JESS JACKSON

I just know that he's your friend, and he is as upset as you are. Just think about what that means, I guess.

He bobs his head in acceptance.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I can try, but right now, I just
want someone to smoke a joint with.

JESS JACKSON

I can be that.

Robin passes the joint to Jess.

She takes a hit.

JESS JACKSON

But only this one time.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Yes, Satan Queen, of course.

He bows as the two laugh.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris is at his desk as he studies.

His apartment is so tidy that it feels bigger than it
actually is.

He attempts an Italian accent to varying degrees of success.

His landline rings.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Hello?

BARBARA REEVE

(over the phone)

Chris? Hi. It's Mom.

TRISTAM JOHNSON

(faint, in the background)

And Tristam.

BARBARA REEVE

(over the phone)

We need to talk.

The look on Chris' face is shock.

His world becomes enveloped in warped noise.

Chris hears his parents but doesn't listen.

BARBARA REEVE (CONT'D)
 (over the phone)
 Chris? Can you hear me?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Yeah.

BARBARA REEVE
 (out of the phone)
 We... we couldn't do it. We...
 we're sorry.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 That's, all right. I'll figure
 something out.

The phone CLANGS hard when he hangs upon them.

Chris immediately calls Juilliard.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Can you put me through to Mr.
 Houseman?

SECRETARY
 (out of the phone)
 He is not in right now, sorry. Can
 I take a message

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Tell him Christopher Reeve wants to
 talk with him.

Chris hangs up.

Alone in his apartment with only the noises of New York to
 offer him any company.

He screams in his apartment.

He yells at the top of his lungs.

His plans seem to be uprooted.

And the uncertainty kills him inside.

It feels like he has nowhere to go.

The yell begins to subside.

And his yell echoes out.

Alone. Quiet again.

He gets to work.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. DAY. MONTAGE.

Chris searches for acting jobs.

- He sits on the couch and is on the phone with a producer.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Hi. I'm Chris...

There is a very loud hang-up noise on the other side.

-He flips through the acting jobs in the paper and folds several printed resumes, and places them in various envelopes.

- He is on the phone with Houseman.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(defeated)
I understand, Mr. Houseman. Thanks.

INT. VARIOUS AUDITION ROOMS. DAY. MONTAGE.

Chris goes to one audition.

After another.

And another.

Each resulting in less than ideal results and lesser morale for Chris.

He begins to question this whole acting thing.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE. DAY.

He walks in through the back of his apartment building and kicks the door closed behind him.

Chris checks his mail and finds one lone PARCEL in the mail.

He is curious as to what it could be.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. DAY.

He opens the parcel to see part of a script and a letter.

Chris reads the letter and is elated. It's from CBS.

Phrases like "We liked your resume" and "Come audition for *Love of Life*" stick out to Chris.

Chris notices the date of the audition. April 28th.

The same day as the play, he is supposed to be the lead-in.

Chris is beside himself.

What can he do?

He sits back and stares out to a New York teeming with life.

And there is only one person that he can think of to help him out.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE. DAY. 1998.

Chris sits in his office while on a conference call.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I know senator it's hard to tell
now but I think this could be the
breakthrough we've been...

Chris' attention deviates immediately to the doorway.

Footsteps approach closer and closer to Chris whose eyes are quite wide.

And just as the senator begins to say something else. A female finger hangs up on him

REVEAL: JESS JACKSON (40'S) sits at the corner of Chris' desk.

Her black hair is on its way to white and she traded thick brim glasses for contacts.

But the swagger she carries herself with is like she never left Julliard.

JESS JACKSON

You don't think he's gonna mind do
you?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

He'll survive.

Chris is speechless.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

It's been so long.

JESS JACKSON
Well good thing your two o'clock
meeting ended early.

EXT. REEVE'S BACKYARD. DAY

Jess and Chris enjoy each other's company as they follow a
trail to the back of Chris' property.

JESS JACKSON
Last I saw you were living large on
the silver screen.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
My life has been a little eventful
since then.

Chris uses his eyes to gesture at the chair.

Jess laughs.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
So you hung up the mask?

JESS JACKSON
I found there were perks to not
being on stage.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Like what.

JESS JACKSON
I can spend my time with someone
else.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Having that support is nice.

JESS JACKSON
It's hard to come by.

Chris begins to think something is afoot but they keep
moving.

JESS JACKSON
Makes keeping people close that
much more important.

Chris stops.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
What are you getting at Jess?

Jess stops.

JESS JACKSON
I heard you and Robin may be having
a bit of a spat

Not so subtle Jess.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Is that why your here.

JESS JACKSON
I'm here just to see what the
matter is.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I'm sorry this isn't your...

Jess lifts her hands and shakes her head.

JESS JACKSON
Keeping you and Robin together has
become a bit of a hobby.

Chris frowns.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
He's doing it all Jess, and I'm
stuck here.

JESS JACKSON
And what do you think your doing?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Nothing.

JESS JACKSON
You and I both know that's
bullshit.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Is it, look at me?

Similar gesture with his eyes from earlier but with more
fright than comedy.

JESS JACKSON
I am, and I see you.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I'm not me. This isn't me.

Chris would throw his arms up if he could but only his
fingers move some.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I am not the actor I was supposed
to be. Or the husband or the dad.
None of it. Lived up to none of it.

Jess kneels at Chris' eye level.

He starts to cry. Jess pulls out a handkerchief and wipes the
tears away.

JESS JACKSON

Christopher, you were literally on
the phone with a senator trying to
make the world better.

There is no shortage of empathy for Chris, something Julliard
Jess would be in awe of.

JESS JACKSON

You never stopped being you.

She runs her hand across his cheek.

JESS JACKSON

And Robin knows more than anyone
that the world is better with you
in it.

Chris does his best to keep it together

Chris stares at her, expecting words of wisdom.

JESS JACKSON

He's your friend and he's as upset
as you are. Just think about what
that means.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

You gave him that same advice when
we were in school.

Chris smiles.

JESS JACKSON

Well if it ain't broke.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Thank you, Jess.

She nods and the two of them make their way back to the
house.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY. 1973.

Chris walks in Central Park. The same spot he was with Robin earlier.

It's about the same time as when they were in the park too.

Chris stops walking and looks up to see Robin and Todd as mimes in front of a crowd.

The audience is larger than last time, with the laughs to match.

The audience applauds, and on the way up from the bow, Robin sees Chris.

The audience nearly fills the tip hat with money and change.

Chris nervously waves.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

How fast can we get out of here,
Todd?

TODD OPPENHEIMER

Why?

Chris walks up and is now in front of them.

TODD OPPENHEIMER

Oh.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

(to both)

That was quite funny, you too.

Robin tries packing his duffel bag to move this conversation with Chris along.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

The last time we spoke, I told you
to go fuck your charity. Did you
guys get married yet?

Todd giggles. Chris sighs, defeated, and just before Robin can leave.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

I came... to apologize.

Robin stops and makes eye contact with Chris.

TODD OPPENHEIMER
 I have a thing to be at, you know
 how those things go, always just
 popping up and...

Could Todd get any more awkward? Probably not.

Chris and Robin don't make eye contact with Todd.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Goodbye Todd.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Seeya later, Todd.

Todd leaves like he's ten minutes late to a meeting, and he
 only just now left the house.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 So you took time out of your busy
 day just to apologize.

Chris rubs the back of his neck.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Yes, I am really sorry for the way
 I treated you. It was uncalled for.

There is an awkward pause. Robin doesn't believe that's the
 whole story.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 I also need your help. I can't
 afford Julliard anymore.

A wave of uncertainty hits Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Chris I...

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 It's alright, Robin. I've already
 had that reaction. Anyway, I have
 an audition lined up, and I thought
 I would have a bit more success if
 I had someone to practice with?

Robin thinks about it.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
 Do you need a place to stay?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 I wasn't going to ask but yes.

Robin nods.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Okay, I'll do it on one condition.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Name it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY. LATER.

Chris is dressed head to toe like a mime.

Robin and Todd watch from the back.

Chris does all the atypical mime things.

He does the hidden behind invisible glass technique for a little longer than he should.

He plucks a fake flower from a nearby flower bed and hands it to a young person in the front.

TODD OPPENHEIMER
He's not bad.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
I'm just happy he looks as dumb as I thought he would.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY. LATER.

The audience carelessly drops change in a hat on the floor.

The hat is less than full.

Chris is bummed and looks at Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Turn that frown upside down you're a mime, for god's sake.

He wraps his arm around Chris.

Chris mimes a belly laugh but with a fun scowl for good measure.

INT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Robin and Chris are practicing Chris' lines.

Robin plays Meg (Ben's Mom), and Chris plays Ben.

Chris is quite brooding during his lines.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Maggie, I think for your own sake,
you need to tell us what went on
around here?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(lady's voice)
Cal was ready to kill me. I mean,
literally.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Well, we all know that Cal can be
mean when she gets mad, but...

Robin has a look of dissatisfaction all over his face.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
What, that was a good take?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Sure.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
What do you mean, sure?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Ben's angsty; I get it but add
little life, huh? Have fun.

Chris tries again.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Maggie, I think for your sake, you
need to tell us what went on around
here?

ROBIN WILLIAMS
One more time, Christopher.

Chris is a little frustrated. His frustration oozes into the
character.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(enthusiastic, frustrated)
Maggie, I think, for your own SAKE,
you need to tell us what went on
around here.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
There it is. There's the fun.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Okay, I think I get it.

Chris nods and then goes to his backpack. He pulls out *The Night of the Iguana* SCRIPT.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Okay, now it's my turn to be your sensei.

Chris throws the script toward Robin.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE (CONT'D)
You're the lead start on page one.

Robin opens the play to page one.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(exuberant)
Great Caesar's Ghost... stop shouting.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(as Maxine)
No wonder your ass is dragging.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
(exuberant)
Tell the kid to help me with this bag.

Chris stops, critical of Robin's performance.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
What? That was a good take.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Robin, I feel whatever emotion you give me. But the emotion you're showing me doesn't match what the character is feeling.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Okay but...

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
You can interpret however you want, but it's HOW you're saying the line that needs to match where the CHARACTER is in that moment.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Alrighty, boss man.

Robin starts again.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 (panting, tired)
 Great Caesar's...ghost.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Much better.

The two friends practice jumping between both scripts. A lot of time passes while they do this.

Enjoying each other's company.

A long way away from their fight.

INT/EXT. REEVE'S HOME. DAY. 1998.

Jess is in the doorway. Chris and Dana are in the foyer as they escort Jess out.

DANA REEVE
 Are you sure you don't want to stay
 for dinner?

JESS JACKSON
 Nah, I want to make sure I make it
 back home before the kiddo does.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Take care, Jess.

JESS JACKSON
 Ya know Chris she's a keeper, and
 ya better watch out or someone may
 come by and steal her up.

Chris blushes but he is not as red as Dana.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
 Are you flirting with my wife?

JESS JACKSON
 I'll leave that up for debate. You
 guys take care.

She waves a tender hand goodbye as she gets into her car and drives away.

INT. REEVE'S HOME. DAY.

Dana and Chris make their way towards the kitchen.

DANA REEVE
We should invite her family over
more.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I don't disagree.

Chris looks up at Dana.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Hey.

Dana stops and comes down to eye level.

DANA REEVE
Hey.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I love you.

DANA REEVE
I love you too.

They both have a good feeling they know how Jess ended up by
the house but that's okay.

Dana kisses Chris on the lips as the two head back into the
kitchen.

INT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1973.

Chris and Robin are getting ready for bed.

Chris is brushing his teeth.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Yes, Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
Just wanted to say I'm sorry. You
deserve better.

Chris spits his toothpaste out.

Chris looks at Robin with admiration

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
It's in the past, brother. Don't
sweat it.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Brother?

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Brother.

They hug, embrace.

Robin and Chris smile at their relationship. A meteor could hit New York, and it wouldn't change their smiles.

INT. CHRIS' CAR. EVENING. 1998.

Today's the day, the daytime Emmy's.

Chris contemplates Jess' words in the back seat of the van.

Dana drives while Robin is in the passenger seat.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Wow, this is exciting isn't it
Christopher.

Chris is silent.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

What's the over under, Christopher?
Nat Geo's doc had a significantly
higher cat ratio than yours so it
could have swayed judges.

Chris says nothing.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Lighten up Christopher.

Chris goes to say something.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Please.

But doesn't say anything.

Did Jess' words land or did they fall flat?

Robin leans in to Dana. He whispers at his lowest tone.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

I think he'll be upset with me,
forever.

DANA REEVE

(scoffs)

Chris is incapable of that level of anger.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

You sure, Dana?

DANA REEVE

The surest. I'm happy you're here, Robin, and I know Chris is too.

Chris doesn't hear this but in his gut he knows.

He knows this isn't what Jess would want.

Or Dana.

Or Robin.

Or even his past self.

This person who wallows in pity and self deprecation.

This isn't who he is supposed to be.

So Chris stares out the window as he is left with only his conscience as company.

INT. JULLIARD BACKSTAGE. LATE AFTERNOON. 1973.

It's play day, and Robin is tending to his make-up.

Lots of hustle and bustle happen behind him, but it doesn't distract Robin too much.

Then a BOOM cuts through the noise of everyone preparing.

It's Houseman as the door slams behind him.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

It is 5:30, and the play is at 7.
Where the hell is Reeve?

Robin hadn't thought of it but yeah, where the hell is Chris?

EXT. FRONT OF CHRIS' APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Chris hails a cab. And gets in.

He looks to be in a rush.

INT. CAB. AFTERNOON.

Chris looks out the window his legs bounces up and down.

It's unlike Chris to be this nervous, but he composes himself the best he can.

INTERCUT JUILLIARD AND CHRIS.

JUILLIARD

Houseman is losing his cool, and rightfully so, his lead actor is not there.

Every director's nightmare.

Robin still ponders where his friend is.

CHRIS' CAB

Chris' cab arrives. His nervousness turns to a smile as he gets out.

REVEAL: Chris stands in front of the CBS building in New York.

JUILLIARD

Robin has his light bulb moment. Chris trained him to be the lead.

Out of joy and sacrifice of his friend, Robin stands on the make-up table he was using.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

I have no time for your antics
Williams, get down...

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(as Shannon)

I don't care what they think. A
tour conducted by T. Lawrence
Shannon is in his charge
completely-- where to go. When to
go, every detail of it. Otherwise,
I resign. So go on back down there
and get them out of that bus before
they suffocate. Hear me? Don't give
me an argument about it.

This small monologue has all the Robin Williams toppings.

Wild hand motions, high kicking, and finger pointing
sprinkled in for good measure.

All feeling very genuine, heartfelt.

And Houseman is speechless.

What choice does Houseman have but to move Robin into the lead role?

CHRIS' AUDITION

Chris stands in front of the group of auditioners not too dissimilar to when he failed earlier.

Chris stands in front of a group of AUDITIONERS.

He goes into his back and forth for the role.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Maggie, I think for your own sake,
you need to tell us what went on
around here?

AUDITIONER (O.S.)

Cal was ready to kill me. I mean,
literally.

Chris' voice is drowned out, but there is a vigor in his eyes and a heart that erupts from the scene.

The auditioners are completely impressed.

A smile juts through Chris' performance. He knows that this role is his.

INT. PRIMETIME EMMY AWARD SHOW. NIGHT. 1998.

Robin, Chris, and Dana sit all together while they watch the presentation.

Robin slips away, out of sight from Chris.

ANNOUNCER

Next up is the award for
Outstanding Informational Special.

Dana wraps her arm around Chris'.

ANNOUNCER

And to present the award please
welcome, Robin Williams.

Chris' eyes go wide. Dana's eyes go wide too.

Robin waves at the audience, who cheers.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Thank you. Today we are here at the Primetime Emmy's, and they tell me that everyone gets fifteen minutes with their award after the show, before it needs to be returned for next year's winners.

Chris laughs. He realizes that this normal is okay.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

But though you might see your award next year in someone else's hand, know that your art is absolutely worth it, forever.

Chris and Dana become emotional.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

This is especially true for the nominees for Outstanding Informational Special.

The audience is captivated by Robin.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

With the help of these great films, we all now have stellar little factoids to make us seem smarter than we are at parties.

Chris is laughing as much as he can, and his smile, wide.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Now without further ado, our nominees.

With each nominee, Chris gets more excited, not just for himself but for the nominee's too.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

And the winner is...

Robin opens the envelope.

Chris waits in anticipation.

Truly the longest eternity ever felt.

Robin jumps by reflex.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Without Pity. Come on down Christopher!

The crowd erupts. Chris drives his chair onto the stage, elated.

Robin greets Chris on the stage.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

(whisper)

Make sure not to inhale too hard,
or you might pop.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE

Thank you, brother.

ROBIN WILLIAMS

Of course, brother. Stage's all
yours.

INT. JULLIARD STAGE. NIGHT. 1973.

Chris returns from his audition.

He stands in the back of the theatre to the crowd simply captivated by...

REVEAL: Robin playing the lead character.

Robin jumps down from the stage to interact with the entire front row.

The whole theatre is Robin's stage. He gets to have fun and play.

Chris' smile glows in the otherwise dark theatre.

Chris is so elated for Robin that Chris jumps and claps his hands together.

This disrupts some of the audience members.

Chris doesn't care about their looks of annoyance, though.

Chris' happiness is too much to overcome.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRIMETIME EMMY'S STAGE. NIGHT. 1998.

Chris sits in front of a standing ovation.

He says, "Thank you," but it can barely be heard over the applause.

The applause quiets down.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
Thank you so very much, ladies and gentlemen.

The audience sits down.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
When I was a senior at the Princeton Day School, my English teacher asked a student, "Why weren't you here yesterday?"

The audience is curious about where Chris is going.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
The student replied, "I wasn't feeling well," and the teacher replied.

Robin is also curious.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
The only excuse for nonattendance is a quadruple amputation. In which case, they can still bring you in a basket.

On the inhale, the audience waits in anticipation. They don't know what to make of Chris' joke.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
So I thought I'd show up.

The crowd laughs.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
A friend of mine showed me that being able to laugh at the things ailing you can lift the curse they can bring.

Robin becomes teary-eyed.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
The curses, without their power, show that I am still me and you are still you.

Dana, in the audience, is all teary-eyed.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
I hope you can laugh and find
yourself too. Thank you.

Robin escorts Chris off the stage.

And they laugh.

Together.

FADE TO BLACK.