

ANDREW. Gary, you don't understand, about the theater. About why people do Shakespeare.

BARRYMORE. They do it because — it's art.

GARY. (*After a beat.*) Andy. Andy my honey, Andy my multi-talented prime-time delight. You don't do art. You buy it. You do TV, or a flick, you make a bundle and you nail a Monet. I was at this producer's place in Brentwood on the weekend. Incredible. Picassos. Van Gogh. A Rembrandt. And all from his TV shows.

ANDREW. But Gary, I don't want to just buy art. I mean, which would you rather do, paint a Picasso or own one?

GARY. Are you kidding? I'd like to sell one. At auction. Cash-flow. See, that's what I like — balls in the air. Activity. You're my Rembrandt.

ANDREW. I am?

GARY. How much are you gonna clear from this Shakespeare deal? Zip, right? Actually, you're paying them, because your time is valuable. A pilot and five episodes, high six figures. And if it hits, you get participation.

ANDREW. (*Impressed.*) Participation? In syndication?

GARY. Yup. You'll get paid every time it airs, first run, re-run, four AM in Singapore in the year 3000. Basically, you'll be able to afford to buy England, dig up Shakespeare, and get him to write the Christmas show!

BARRYMORE. This television program you're promoting, this goldmine — what is it exactly?

GARY. Okay — the pitch. Gather ye round. It's not cops, it's not young doctors, none of that TV crap.

ANDREW. Great.

GARY. You're a teacher. Mike Sullivan. You're young, idealistic, new to the system. Inner city high school. Rough. Dope. M-1's. Teen sex.

ANDREW. Wow ...

GARY. No one cares. All the other teachers are burn-outs. Not you.

BARRYMORE. Why not?

GARY. Because ... you care. You grew up in the neighborhood. You want to give something back.

ANDREW. (*Sincerely.*) You know, that sounds sort of ... okay. It's almost realistic. I mean, you could deal with real problems. I could be vulnerable. I could mess up sometimes.

GARY. And at night, after the sun goes down, you have superpowers.

BARRYMORE. Superpowers?

GARY. Sure. I mean, who wants to watch that caring-feeling-unwed mothers bullshit? It's over. But, after sundown, you're invincible. Modified x-ray vision. You can fly, but only about ten feet up. See, we're keeping it real. Gritty. And so, after dark, you help the community, you help the kids, with your powers.

ANDREW. Do they know it's me? When I have superpowers?

GARY. No. You're in leather, denim, they just think it's some great dude. Great title, killer title — *Night School*. Dolls. Posters. The clothes. You could get an album, easy.

ANDREW. But ... I can't sing.

GARY. Someone can. You can keep the Trailburst gig, there's no conflict — they'll probably extend, 'cause now you're a teacher! So think about it. What's to think, you've got a network commitment. Just forget this *Hamlet* crap — I mean, who are you kidding?

ANDREW. What do you mean?

GARY. Andy, I know you. I gave you your break. You're no actor.

ANDREW. What?

GARY. You're better than that. An actor, what, that's just some English guy who can't get a series. Look, I'm in town, I'm at the Ritz. I'll talk to Lillian, get things rolling. (*Gary hugs Andrew. He shakes Barrymore's hand.*) Great to meet you. You act, right?

BARRYMORE. John Sidney Barrymore.

GARY. We'll keep you in mind. Barrymore — any relation to the dead guy?

BARRYMORE. Distant.

GARY. (*At the door.*) Death. Man. Think about it — the third coast. (*Gary exits, out the front door.*)

ANDREW. (*Defensively.*) Don't say it! He's right, he's totally