

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - SALON

There is an extravagantly catered affair happening around us. There is a huge buffet lunch set out across one side of the room. There are elegantly dressed caterers holding silver trays distributing drinks and taking dirty glasses.

As we pass through the party we hear a man speaking:

MAN V.O.

...and as I'm standing there, watching this teenager scare off a group of my classmates who were bullying the new kid in town, I decided I wanted to be like this hero. Although I didn't realize it at the time, I think that was the first experience that inspired me to join the army. Ronald standing up for me.

We land on WILL POWER, who is in his funeral attire in character as 'Fred'. He is speaking to three socialites, SHEILA, VERONICA, and SALLY, who are all listening intently to his story.

WILL

It wasn't long after that his family invited mine over for dinner, and our friendship truly began.

SHEILA

Fred, I must say it is such a privilege to hear all of these early stories about Ronald.

VERONICA

Yes, we only knew him after he got together with Janet, obviously, and he rarely talked about his childhood.

WILL

That's a shame. He had such a warming presence when we were young. I always looked up to him.

VERONICA

Clearly.

SALLY

So when exactly did you two reconnect?

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Obviously we know that the circumstances were less than ideal...

JANET CHAPMAN joins them and takes Will by the arm.

JANET

Pardon the interruption ladies, but I must borrow the Major here for a few moments.

SHEILA

Of course, have him make the rounds.

Janet walks with Will out of earshot of the others and towards the bar in the adjoining room.

JANET

I figured you could use saving from my inquisitive friends.

WILL

Ms. Chapman you are as much of a hero as your husband was.

JANET

Excuse me?

WILL

Just a story I was telling them about how Ronald saved me when I was a boy.

JANET

Ah, from what? Having too much fun?

WILL

Bullies.

JANET

How original. Yes, my dear friends tend to rely on doing *everything* together, even flirting with a strapping young Major... Sorry about all that-

They approach the bar.

JANET (CONT'D)

(suddenly serious)

How are you doing Will? I know today has been more than you're probably accustomed to.

WILL

Janet, please, it's still 'Fred'.
And I'm fine, really. How are you
holding up? I can't imagine what
this must be like.

Janet gets the bartenders attention.

JANET

I'm having a blast, actually. Just
need a drink. Yes, I'll take a
large gin and tonic, light on the
tonic, and a scotch for the Major.
Thank you.

(Back to Will)

I'm just tired of playing the part
of the grieving widow.

WILL

Well, we've almost reached the
light at the end of that tunnel-
Sorry, that's definitely
inappropriate to say right now-

The bartender hands them their drinks.

JANET

(playful)

How dare you, Major. At your best
friend's funeral reception.

WILL

(raising his glass)

You're right. Let's toast to
Ronald's memory.

JANET

Oh God no, let's drink to us. For
putting on a mighty good show.

WILL

To us then.

They cheers and as Will starts to drink Janet realizes:

JANET

You know, I probably should make
some sort of speech. Dammit.

She turns and raises her voice to get everyone's attention.

JANET (CONT'D)

Everyone, if I could just have your
attention.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)
 I would like to take a moment to
 say a few words in honor of my
 beloved Ronald's memory...

As Janet's voice fades out we focus in on a framed photo on a
 mantle piece of Ronald, Janet, and 'Fred' laughing with their
 arms around each other.

Title Card: THE IMPOSTERS

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET IN SOHO - DAY

WILL POWER is standing in front of a building's entrance in
 Soho while a heavy rain is falling. Will enters the building.

CUT TO:

INT. EXTRA! AGENCY ENTRANCE

The elevator opens as Will enters the Extra! Agency's
 reception area and finds BLANCHE.

BLANCHE
 Welcome to Extra! - with an
 exclamation mark - I'm Blanche,
 without an exclamation mark. How
 can I help you?

WILL
 I'm Will Power - with no
 punctuation. I called earlier and
 you said, well, just to come over.
 So here I am, ready for role-
 playing and improvisation.

BLANCHE
 You're a funny one. I like you. Go
 over there and have a seat and I'll
 let Mike know you're here. He's the
 boss, the genius behind our
 organization. Only he gets to hire
 people, though he does occasionally
 ask for my opinion.

Will goes to the seating area and just manages to seat
 himself when he hears MIKE FIELDING booming in-

MIKE
 Will Power! Your parents must have
 had a sense of humor.

Mike comes up to Will and shakes his hand vigorously as Will tries to get up out of his chair - Mike ends up lifting him up as a result of the handshake.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Mike, Mike Crophone!

WILL

Really?

MIKE

No, no, just a joke. Willpower and Microphone, we would make a great act! Fielding, actually, Mike Fielding. But I do like playing with words, don't you?

Without waiting for Will do answer his question, Mike starts walking back towards his office and continuing-

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you hear about the toucan who went to the supermarket to buy some fruit? The girl at the checkout asked him, 'Cash? Credit Card?' and the toucan said 'No thanks, just put it on my bill'.

To ensure that he's understood, Mike pulls a huge imaginary beak from his nose. Will chuckles politely as he observes a conference room right before entering Mike's office.

INT. EXTRA! AGENCY - MIKE'S OFFICE

Mike goes to sit behind his desk and gestures for Will to have a seat.

WILL

Nice offices you have here.

MIKE

Glad you like them. Take a seat. Tell me about yourself!

WILL

Well... I'm twenty-eight, I live in the east village with my roommate, Andy. Work as an actor when I can, and between roles I bartend and wait in restaurants - wait the tables in restaurants - I don't just sit around waiting in restaurants...

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

It's pretty much the stereotypical struggling actor in New York City-type-scenario.

MIKE

And what kind of acting do you do?

WILL

Well, honestly, whatever pays. I've done bit parts on some TV series and landed a few theater runs in the past.

MIKE

Are you working on anything at the moment?

WILL

Not really, I'm bartending part-time at a bar in Chelsea, and I'm part of a Shakespeare troupe that puts on a few shows a year. If we're lucky. But I actively check postings on casting websites - that's how I found this!

MIKE

Sure. So, do you know anything about Extra!?

WILL

Well, I'm guessing you recruit extras...

MIKE

Very perceptive, my boy. Now, I'm not sure if you're union or not, but in our business it wouldn't matter since you're not being paid as an extra regardless-

WILL

And, I'm sorry, what exactly is this business of yours? Surely you don't interview all of your extras personally?

MIKE

Not for crowds, of course. We just line them up against the wall with number cards like a police line-up parade and ask a few questions.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

But we also have a lot of individual work, and there I like to make the selection myself.

WILL

Do you hire mainly for film or stage?

MIKE

Neither. We only work in real life.

Mike grins and lets his answer sit in Will's confused silence.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

JANET CHAPMAN is making herself a cappuccino. Her husband, RONALD CHAPMAN, enters the room with his coffee already in hand. The two do not regard each other, as Ronald grabs the paper from the oversized kitchen island and is about to head to his study. Janet's back is turned to Ronald when she speaks:

JANET

I'm heading to the publishing house in a moment. I expect I will be there late tonight - we're throwing a launch party for our newest author this evening.

Ronald stops near the kitchen exit in order to speak with her. They are as far apart as possible while remaining in the same room.

RONALD

Yes, I'm sure you'll do a wonderful job of organizing the whole thing.

JANET

Well, I've already organized it, Ronald, now it's just a matter of making sure it all gets carried out correctly.

RONALD

You certainly have a talent for barking orders at underpaid staffers so I'm sure it will be a huge success.

Janet, finished making her cappuccino, faces Ronald but doesn't get any closer to him.

JANET

Do drink your coffee, dear. It's far too early for you to be this unpleasant. Long week at the office?

RONALD

Yes. Thankfully I can do most of my work from home today, so I think I'll do just that.

JANET

Do you want to come to the party tonight?

Janet walks through the kitchen past him and into one of the lounging rooms of the apartment while he speaks:

RONALD

Don't ask questions that you know the answer to, Janet. If I attend one more of those gatherings, I'll have to kill myself.

He follows after her.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE WITH FIREPLACE

A myriad of notes and drawings are scattered around the coffee table and Janet starts to collect and organize them into binders that she places into a bag.

JANET

Oh, whatever would I do then?

RONALD

Yes, I'm sure you spend your time dreading the day you find out I've passed on. Tell me, have you already planned the trips you'll take when you're unburdened of me?

JANET

No, so far I've only dreamed of the men I'll finally be able to invite into our home.

RONALD

Lovely. Do me a favor, my sweet wife. If I do go before you, please don't cremate me.

JANET

You want to be *buried*?

RONALD

Yes! What is the point of getting cremated? To have my ashes scattered over the Adirondack mountains? Or into the Hudson? Or to just sit there in an urn over the fireplace for you to look at? No. I must be buried. That, Janet, is the true circle of life.

JANET

I really don't feel like starting my day off with a morbid depiction of-

RONALD

My carcass shall return to the earth, where it will eventually be feasted on by worms and slugs who in turn will be killed and eaten by nearby ants and termites who will eventually emerge into the light and be gobbled up by a squirrel or a rat.

JANET

Please stop it, Ronald, you know I have an overactive imagination.

Having collected all of her materials, Janet takes her belongings and heads past the staircase in the foyer to the closet to get her hat and sunglasses before heading out. Ronald follows her all the way continuing his story, simply to annoy her at this point.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - FOYER

Janet is deciding on which pair of shoes to wear.

RONALD

So imagine it! Birds will eventually eat the rodents and fly off into New Jersey, somewhere, or out on Long Island.

(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

Where they will be blasted out of the sky by a gunshot and end up on someone's dinner table. See, in this way, little bits of me will survive in the stomachs of some happy farmers. Of course, the next morning, the cycle can then recommence when the farmer heads to his bathroom and nature takes its course-

Janet, ready to head out, finally interrupts-

JANET

(overlapping with Ronald's last sentence)

Ronald, stop! That's enough! If I wanted you to nauseate me so at the start of the day then I would enter your bedroom while you were changing!

RONALD

(satisfied)

I didn't realize I was bothering you that much, dear.

JANET

I'll be gone the rest of the day. Do try to keep yourself amused while I'm gone. I know it's harder for you when you don't have an easy victim to prey on.

And with that Janet leaves and slams the large wooden door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLUM & SONS FUNERAL PARLOUR

Now we are in front of a different door. It is raining. We see Janet's hand ring the doorbell. Again.

CUT TO:

INT. PLUM & SONS FUNERAL PARLOUR - ENTRANCE

A small older man, PLUM THE ELDER, scurries to the door with two of his assistants in order to let Janet in. She enters, wearing a lavish rain jacket, and closes her umbrella, which Plum's assistants take for her.

Plum bows deeply to Janet forming a ninety degree angle with his body, and while bowed says-

PLUM THE ELDER

Good morning, madam. You have come to see the deceased once more?

Janet stares at this small old man, afraid he may be stuck in his bent position, before replying:

JANET

Yes, I did call, you know.

Plum remains in his bent position and starts waving his arms and hands around behind him in a frenzy.

PLUM THE ELDER

Dear me, young Plum must have forgotten to tell me. Dear me.

Still waving his hands behind him, trying to signal to his assistants to go to the back and start preparing the body - which they eventually figure out.

Once the assistants have left the room, Plum finally lifts himself back up before saying:

PLUM THE ELDER (CONT'D)

Please, do take a seat. We'll have the thing ready for you in just a moment.

And without waiting for her to sit down, Plum rushes back to get the body prepared. As Janet looks around the room she mutters to herself:

JANET

'Thing'.

Janet sits down, but is immediately uncomfortable. She spots a display case filled with urns, and chuckles to herself as she approaches it to get a better look at the variety of urns displayed. There is a bronze plaque that reads "Cremation Over the Ages". There's a beautiful Egyptian urn that has the head of a cat, next to larger, brightly colored Greek vase that has depictions of a battle painted on. There is a Roman pot, as well as porcelain urns with painted flowers. At the bottom of the case is a little cardboard note with delicate script that read "Reproductions."

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - RONALD'S STUDY

Ronald is sitting in his lazy boy writing in a journal when Janet barges in with several bags of clothing she has purchased. She places them down excitedly and finds the items she purchased for Ronald.

RONALD

Productive day, I see.

Janet pulls out a pink button up shirt, a flowery yellow tie, a green Donegal Tweed jacket, and black and white striped dress pants, placing them all on a the sofa opposite the lazy susan. Ronald gets up and goes to look at the items of clothing.

JANET

They had some fantastic pieces that
I just think go together
beautifully!

RONALD

Do you want me to look like a
goddamn clown?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PLUM & SONS FUNERAL PARLOUR - VISITATION ROOM

Ronald's body, still cold from the freezer, is laid out on a slab for Janet to inspect - wearing all the clothes we've just seen him mock.

Janet leans over and inspects him - truly takes him in, trying to find something profound and poetic to say while staring at her husband's corpse. After a moment-

JANET

He looks good. Even if he does
smell like death. Thank you.

Plum the Elder bows again in appreciation.

CUT TO: