

GO  
THREE.

NINETY  
BACK.

THREE.

GRID  
TO ONE,  
PLEASE.

MIKEY, ANY CHANCE THAT DICK  
YOU CALL A DAD WILL GRACE US  
WITH HIS PRESENCE TODAY?



DID NINE  
JUST BLOW?

WHY THE FUCK IS  
NINE IN THE DARK?

HE'LL BE HERE.  
HE'S GOT FOURTEEN  
MINUTES.



THIRTEEN.  
IF WE'RE JUST  
THROWING THE WHOLE  
GODDAMN SHOW OUT  
THE WINDOW AND  
GOING TO PLAN B,  
I'D LIKE AT LEAST A  
MINUTE TO GET IT  
IN PLACE.

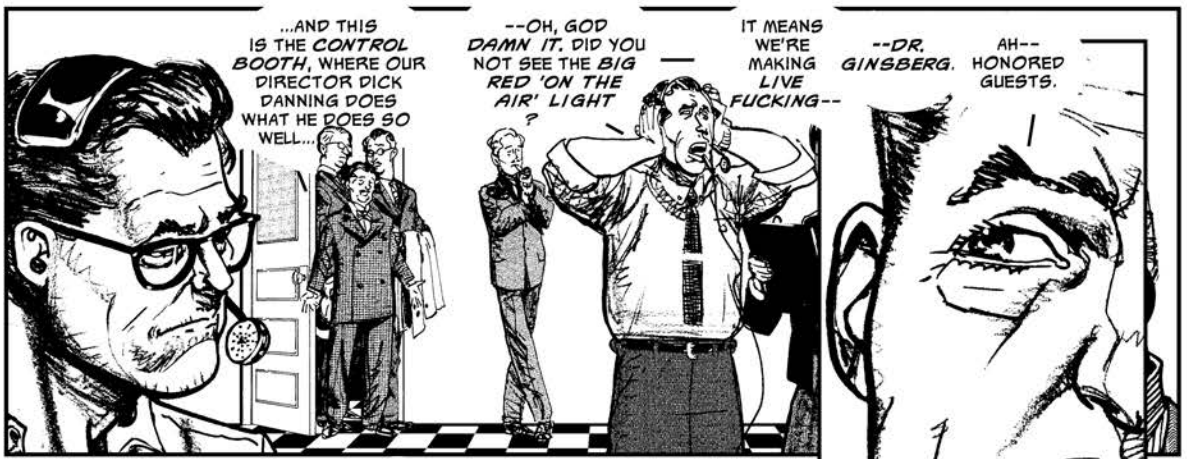
CAST  
TO ONE,  
PLEASE, AND  
DON'T KNOCK  
ANYTHING  
OVER.

LIBBY,  
WHERE  
WE AT?

CALL IT  
SEVENTY  
BACK, GIVE  
OR TAKE.

fling.



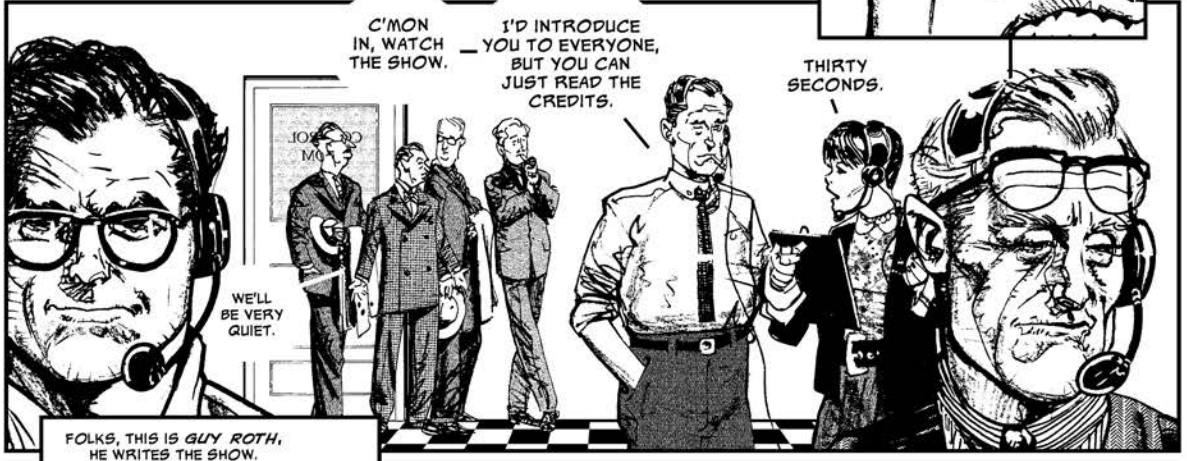


...AND THIS IS THE CONTROL BOOTH, WHERE OUR DIRECTOR DICK DANNING DOES WHAT HE DOES SO WELL...

--OH, GOD DAMN IT. DID YOU NOT SEE THE BIG RED 'ON THE AIR' LIGHT?

IT MEANS WE'RE MAKING LIVE FUCKING--

--DR. GINSBERG. AH-- HONORED GUESTS.



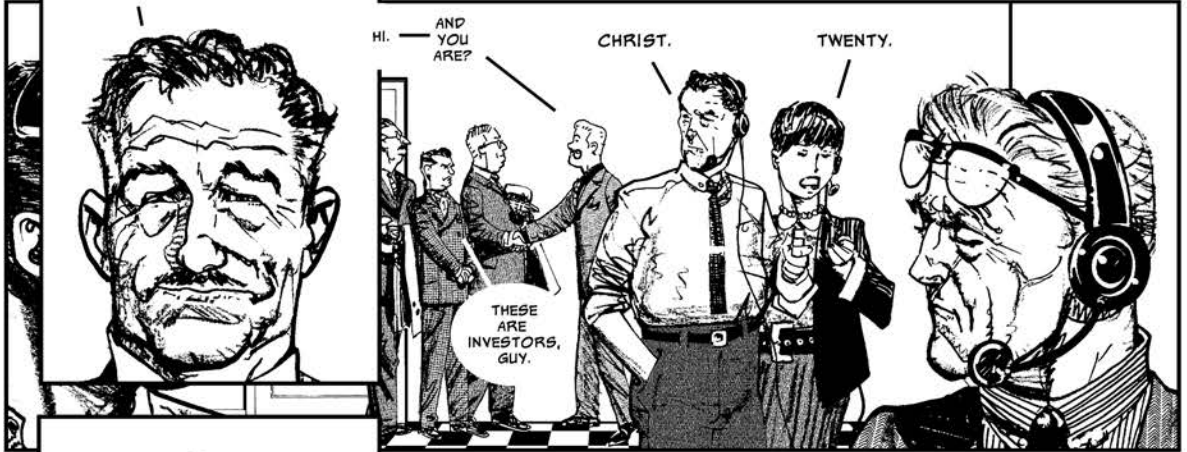
C'MON IN, WATCH THE SHOW.

I'D INTRODUCE YOU TO EVERYONE, BUT YOU CAN JUST READ THE CREDITS.

THIRTY SECONDS.

WE'LL BE VERY QUIET.

FOLKS, THIS IS GUY ROTH. HE WRITES THE SHOW.

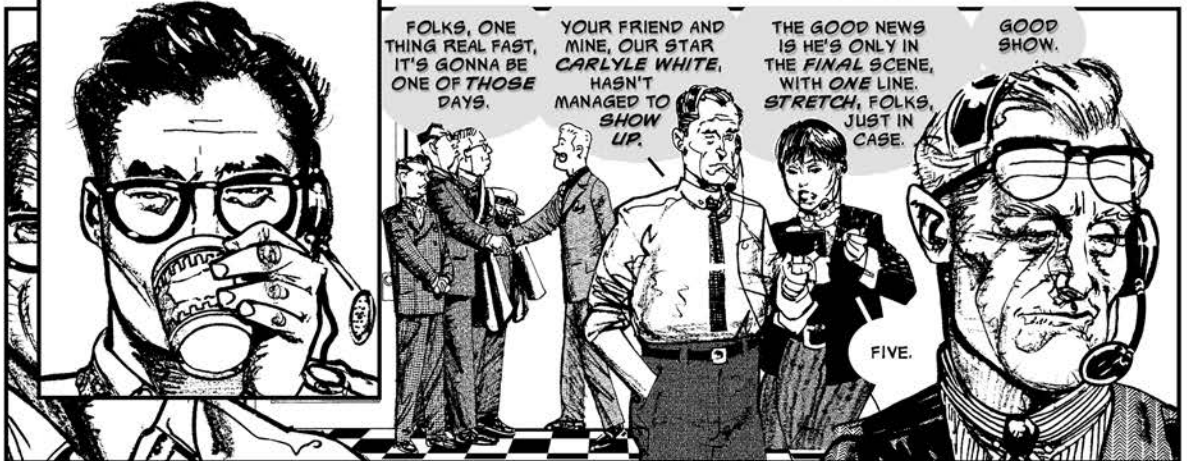


HI. — AND YOU ARE?

CHRIST.

TWENTY.

THESE ARE INVESTORS, GUY.



FOLKS, ONE THING REAL FAST, IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS.

YOUR FRIEND AND MINE, OUR STAR CARLYLE WHITE, HASN'T MANAGED TO SHOW UP.

THE GOOD NEWS IS HE'S ONLY IN THE FINAL SCENE, WITH ONE LINE. STRETCH, FOLKS. JUST IN CASE.

GOOD SHOW.

FIVE.



OF ALL THE UNPROFESSIONAL, RIDICULOUS STUNTS THAT NO-TALENT--

HAMILTON, SHH, TRYING TO STUDY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY TAUGHT IN THAT ITALIAN GYPSY CIRCUS THEY FOUND YOU IN, BUT REAL ACTING CAN'T BE STUDIED.

REAL ACTING DOESN'T HAPPEN IN VELOUR.



HE'S JUST NOT HERE?

HE'LL BE HERE.



HE'S BEEN LATE BEFORE.

HE'LL BE HERE.

CAN YOU SEE MY CROSS STILL?



ONE. **bing!**

GIVE ME THREE.

THREE.

*chnt!*



COL. TRUE, WHERE IS SATELLITE SAM?

DEAR, DEAREST NIGHT-SHADE...



...OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY, YOU SEE. FOR SURELY WHEREVER SATELLITE SAM IS, 'T WILL FALL TO US TO...

CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA TWO.

GO TWO.

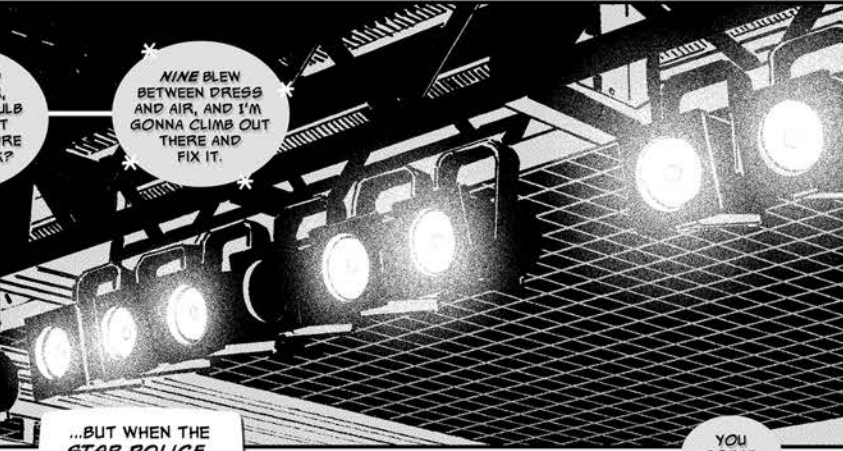
*ffing.*

AND I TAKE IT BACK -- SOMEBODY PUT A FUCKING MUZZLE ON HAMILTON, PLEASE.



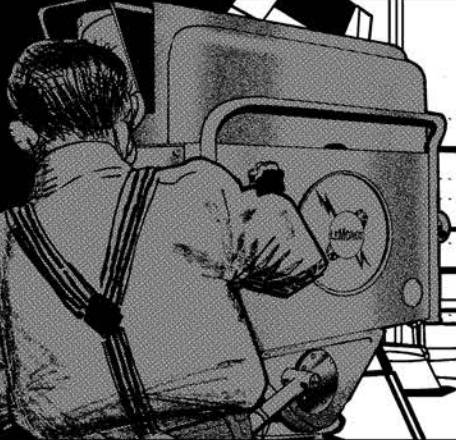
JACKIE, DO ME A FAVOR, GRAB A 10K BULB AND BRING IT UP HERE BEFORE THE C-BREAK?

NINE BLEW BETWEEN DRESS AND AIR, AND I'M GONNA CLIMB OUT THERE AND FIX IT.



...BUT WHEN THE STAR POLICE ARE CALLED TO ACT, THEN WE MUST ALL, FOR THE GOOD OF MAN AND...

YOU GOT IT, BOSS.



BETTER THE CROSS THAN THE TATTOO, PARTY GIRL.



MY WORD, HAMILTON DOES GO ON.

FACE SHIT



OH, TO HELL WITH THIS.

YOU PAY ME TO WRITE IT, NOT WATCH YOU APES SHIT ALL OVER IT--



THAT BIBLE SHIT DON'T FOOL NOBODY, KARA...

CLINT!



GO ONE.

GUY, YOU WALK OUT OF THIS BOOTH, YOU KEEP GOING OUT THE FUCKING FRONT DOOR AND YOU NEVER COME BACK.



GOOD SHOW, SWEET-CHEEKS.

CADET COREY REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR...



WE'RE TWO FAT ALREADY.

FELLA SPEWS MORE THAN YOSEMITE.

CADET COREY REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR...

GO TWO.



EXCELLENT, YOU'RE BOTH HERE NOW. I RECALL-

--WE ARE AWAITING SATELLITE SAM'S RETURN FROM THE OUTERLANDS.

HE IS LATE.



SHOULD WE GO?

WE SHOULD GO.

LIVE TELEVISION.



THREE.

WELL, CHAYEFSKY, WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

THREE.

fiing.