



Written by

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*Based on the confusing, sometimes offensive, borderline-insane
memories of David Prowse, the irascible Englishman behind
Darth Vader's mask*

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(2/7/2017)

OVER BLACK--

A hushed BRITISH VOICE, raspy with age:

OLD MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Today I am a shadow of my former
self...

INT. 1970S HOUSE - DAY

In breathtaking SLO-MO:

A HULKING BEEFCAKE OF A MAN (30s, six-foot-seven) descends a staircase, cradling the actor MALCOLM McDOWELL (20s) in his arms--

OLD MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
...I can barely walk... and
struggle to even remember what I
did yesterday...

Beefcake's muscles BULGE under his skin-tight tank top and TINY RED SHORTS--

--his rock-hard BUTT CHEEKS rippling with each step--

--his TREE-TRUNK LEGS gliding with surprising grace.

At the bottom of the stairs, he gently sets Malcolm down in a chair--

--then stands to his full height, towering over the actor's crumpled form.

A GREEK GOD, his body chiseled to perfection.

This is DAVE PROWSE.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cut!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

STANLEY KUBRICK (40s) in his director's chair. We're on the set of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE in 1971.

Kubrick lumbers over, pats Dave on the back:

KUBRICK
Dave. What can I say? You're
goddamn brilliant! That was some
pure Laurence Olivier shit.

Dave BEAMS as the entire CAST AND CREW look on him with admiration and respect.

DAVE
(British accent)
It's all in the walk, Stanley.

CUTE EXTRA GIRLS hover nearby, hanging on Dave's every word.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Ask any great actor and they'll tell you: the window into a character's soul is through his walk.

Kubrick's mind is blown:

KUBRICK
Fuckin' genius. Ok my friend, next we're gonna get you carrying Magee in the wheelchair, down the stairs, over to the table, then we'll grab the whole dialogue scene. All one shot.

Dave thinks for a moment, then:

DAVE
(matter of fact)
No.

KUBRICK
What?

DAVE
That's not going to work for me.

KUBRICK
What do you mean?

DAVE
Well, it's not that I can't do it, it's more that I don't feel like doing it fifty times in a row.

Dave grins playfully, nudges Stanley in the ribs:

DAVE (CONT'D)
I mean, you're not exactly known as "One Take Kubrick," are you?

A hush falls over the set.

No one speaks to Stanley Kubrick that way.

A tense beat passes... as Kubrick narrows his eyes at Dave...
...then bursts into a hearty CHORTLE, breaking the tension.
Everyone laughs along with him, relieved.

KUBRICK

Ok everyone, you heard Mr. Prowse,
let's try to get this in one!

The crew hustles to prep for the next shot, as Kubrick leans in close to Dave and whispers:

KUBRICK

Thanks for being here Dave, you're
really elevating this shit-heap.

Kubrick gives him a big bear-hug, then skips back to his director's chair.

Dave smiles victoriously as we PUSH IN on his face...

KUBRICK (O.S.)

Hey, what's big fucker's name
again?

VOICE (O.S.)

Um... Dave. Dave Prowse.

KUBRICK (O.S.)

Hey Dave!
(beat)
Mr. Prowse!

STILL ON Dave's face, brimming with confidence...

KUBRICK (O.S.)

Is he a fucking idiot?
(beat)
Dave, your director is talking to
you, you gargantuan fuck!!!

Dave SNAPS OUT OF HIS DAYDREAM, BACK TO REALITY.

He glances around the room:

The fawning extra girls have vanished. Cast and crew bustle about, ignoring him.

The place feels drab and lifeless; Dave's crappy reality a stark contrast to the fanciful dream we just witnessed.

Kubrick suddenly stands before him, GLOWERING.

DAVE

Uh, sorry sir... I--

KUBRICK

Shut the fuck up for two seconds
and listen to me. So we'll get you
carrying Magee in the wheelchair.
Then sitting at the table.

DAVE

Yes, of course.

KUBRICK

(like he's talking to a
child)

Carry... then sit. Got it?

Dave nods. Kubrick's not convinced.

KUBRICK

Carry... then sit. Say it back to
me.

DAVE

Carry. Then sit.

Kubrick nods sharply. Dave scurries up the stairs.

KUBRICK

(to himself)

Fuckin' oaf.

INTERVIEWER (PRE-LAP)

And what did Kubrick say to that?

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST ENGLISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE PROWSE (80s) sits in a tattered upholstered chair,
staring off into space, lost in a distant memory...

THICK GRAY HAIR frames his deeply-creased face: years of
resentment and regret have taken their toll.

His LEFT EYE stares straight ahead, while his RIGHT EYE
perpetually droops towards the floor, making it nearly
impossible to tell where he's looking.

The effect is a little unsettling.

An INTERVIEWER (20s, bearded, corduroy blazer) sits across
from him, waiting for a response...

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
Was he angry when you called him
"One Take Kubrick"?

Dave remains silent, lost in his own little world...

INTERVIEWER
Mr. Prowse?

OLD DAVE
What? Oh. Yes, well. Standing up to
Stanley like that, in front of
everyone... I think they all
respected me more from then on,
including Stanley himself.

(beat)
In fact, I think that was the
moment people started seeing me as
more than just a *strongman*...

Dave gazes back off into space, receding into his memories...

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
...and finally started taking me
seriously as an *actor*--

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "STRONGMAN"

OVER BLACK-- the faintest hint of SLOW RHYTHMIC BREATHING,
almost mechanical...

INT. MODEST ENGLISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

An ORNATELY-FRAMED PHOTO hangs on the wall:

Dave, in his 40s, dressed as DARTH VADER, without the mask. A scribbled AUTOGRAPH reads: "Dave Prowse IS Darth Vader."

A FEW CREW MEMBERS mill about the room, adjusting lights,
setting up a VIDEO CAMERA.

Old Dave slouches in his chair, eyeing the interviewer, who shuffles through a sheaf of notes.

INTERVIEWER
Thanks again for agreeing to sit
down with us, Mr. Prowse.

Dave nods, offers an amiable smile:

OLD DAVE
And this'll be on TV?

INTERVIEWER
That's the plan, yep.

The interviewer looks to the CAMERA MAN, who gives a thumbs up: "rolling."

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
So. Mr. Prowse. You know what we're here to discuss... shall we get right to it?

Dave's smile fades ever-so-slightly.

OLD DAVE
Right out of the gate, eh?

INTERVIEWER
Why do you think you were banned?

OLD DAVE
I really don't understand people's fixation with--

INTERVIEWER
I've seen your other interviews,
I've read your book... I just want to hear your side of the story.
Straight from you.

(beat)
Do you think it was the *Daily Mail* leak?

Dave chuckles ruefully.

OLD DAVE
Well that's just the million dollar question, isn't it? Truthfully?
I've no bloody idea. You'd have to ask George.

INTERVIEWER
I'd just like to hear your side of things.

Dave's expression suddenly hardens, a fury bubbling from deep within:

OLD DAVE

You know, I have an entire career,
apart from all of that, an entire--
illustrious career, that, if you
looked into it, I'm sure you would
find some of the things I've done,
some of my accomplishments are
actually quite interesting.

Dave's clutching the armrests of his chair now. A little too hard. His eyes dart around the room... searching for something...

The interviewer and crew stare silently... not sure what to do... the air ripe with tension...

Dave's eyes suddenly land on his CANE, propped against a wall ACROSS THE ROOM...

...he slowly reaches a trembling hand out... furrows his brow... concentrating deeply...

The interviewer and crew look on, perplexed...

...as the CANE gently rattles against the wall... then:

WHOOSH!

It suddenly ROCKETS through the air, SLAPPING into Dave's outstretched palm.

But the interviewer and crew don't seem to notice.

OLD DAVE

Excuse me for a moment.

He staggers out of his chair, steadyng himself with the cane, then shuffles out of the room.

SOUND GUY

Well this dude's obviously insane.

INTERVIEWER

He's just a little eccentric.

SOUND GUY

You don't get the feeling we're maybe wasting our time here?

The interviewer looks over his shoulder, making sure Dave is still out of earshot.

INTERVIEWER

We just have to take it slow. He's a bit sensitive, clearly, but if we get him to confess to the leak, everyone's gonna be begging for this footage...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave shuffles into the bathroom, still trembling. He POPS open the medicine cabinet, snatches a PILL BOTTLE.

He stares at his weathered face in the mirror for a long moment...

...as we slowly become aware of a HEAVY BREATHING coming from somewhere in the room... getting louder and louder...

Dave suddenly hears it. His face goes pale...

He slowly pivots around: It's coming from behind the SHOWER CURTAIN.

He reaches a tentative hand out...

...then RIPS the curtain back:

Nothing. Just a grimy bathtub.

He shakes a pill into his hand. GULPS it down--

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave eases back into his chair, no longer trembling.

INTERVIEWER

Everything ok?

OLD DAVE

Fine. Just fine.

INTERVIEWER

Lovely. So, Dave, we were talking about--

Dave's suddenly all business:

OLD DAVE

Look. If we're going to talk about that... you're going to get it in full bloody context.

The interviewer nods cautiously.

INTERVIEWER
Alright...

OLD DAVE
We'll start at the beginning...
(clears his throat)
I was a lad of four when my father
died--

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - 1939

LITTLE DAVE PROWSE (4) sobs uncontrollably as a COFFIN is lowered into the ground. He turns away, buries his face in his MOTHER'S skirt--

INTERVIEWER (PRE-LAP)
Mr. Prowse?

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY

The interviewer looks puzzled.

INTERVIEWER
Do we really need to start that far back--

OLD DAVE
This is the deal. Whole story or no story.

INTERVIEWER
I'm just not sure it's relevant--

Dave shoots him a searing glare...

...but it quickly loses its edge when his droopy eye starts drifting towards the floor...

The interviewer softens, offers a sympathetic nod.

INTERVIEWER
Right, of course... in your own time.

OLD DAVE
As I was saying, growing up without
a dad in those days was hard.
'cause kids were a lot meaner back
then, loads meaner--

BOY'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Little Davie No-Dad!

EXT. BRISTOL, ENGLAND - DAY - 1940S

LITTLE DAVE PROWSE (now 12, gangly beanpole) sprints through
a back alley in BRISTOL, pursued by THREE OLDER BULLIES.

The LEADER wears a NEWSBOY CAP, CHANTING as he runs:

NEWSBOY CAP (CONT'D)
Little Davie No-Dad!
Little Davie No-Dad!

Little Dave LEAPS over a fence, lands HARD on the other side.

POP!!!

His KNEE suddenly gives out and he COLLAPSES to the ground.

The three bullies BOUND over the fence and find him clutching
his knee, wincing in pain.

NEWSBOY CAP
Oi. What happened Little Davie?

LITTLE DAVE
My knee-- It really hurts--

The bullies circle him as he grits his teeth, fighting back
tears...

LEAD BULLY
Oh, I'm sorry Davie...

BAM!!! In a flash, Newsboy Cap KICKS HIM RIGHT IN THE KNEE,
as hard as he can--

LITTLE DAVE
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

THWAP!!! A DOCTOR slams an X-ray of Little Dave's knee
against an illuminated wall.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
I suppose getting the shite kicked
out me was actually quite a stroke
of luck, as we soon discovered--

DOCTOR
Little Davie here has
Tuberculosis... of the knee!

Little Dave and his MOM (40s) GASP.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
I was in hospital for a year after
that, confined to bed, with my leg
up...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Little Dave lies in bed, wearing a sort of MEDIEVAL LEG IRON.
It looks pretty painful.

In a SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

He gazes wistfully out the window... as life passes him by...
children play happily outside... but Little Dave has been
completely forgotten by the world... a ghost.

He TAPS on the window, trying to get the attention of some
nearby KIDS. But they ignore him.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
A year later, I had grown six
inches, just lying there in bed...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The DOCTOR measures LITTLE DAVE'S height against the wall,
startled by the result:

DOCTOR
Dear God. You're a bloody giant!

Little (well, not so little anymore) Dave hobbles over to a
chair, wincing through pain.

DOCTOR
You'll have to stay off it for a
while, no heavy lifting, otherwise
it'll come back to haunt you when
you're older.
(beat)
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
In the meantime, I recommend taking
up swimming--

INT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Dave stands on the edge of a diving board, staring down at the CRYSTAL BLUE WATER, working up his courage.

Across the pool, he spots the THREE BULLIES bumbling through the front doors.

Bollocks.

He closes his eyes, and leaps--

SPLASH!!!!!!

He CRASHES into the water, SINKING like a brick, FLAILING pathetically before THUDDING to the--

BOTTOM

Where he just sits. Sad and alone...

NEWSBOY CAP (O.S.)
(garbled)
Drowny Davie No-Dad!
Drowny Davie No-Dad!

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
I didn't much care for swimming. So
I chucked it in, found a sport that
was far more to my liking.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dave (now 14, taller, but still scrawny) hobbles down the street, forlorn and lost...

...when a magazine in a store window catches his eye:

"Health and Strength: New Bodies for Skinny Men!"

A GIANT BODYBUILDER graces the cover, his chiseled arms flexed in a SUPERHERO POSE.

Dave's eyes LIGHT UP--

INT. GYM - DAY

Dave navigates through a thick crowd of CHEERING FANS, catching glimpses of the HULKING OILY BODIES on stage.

He pushes his way to the front, finally getting a full view:

THREE BODYBUILDERS parade around, shifting between ridiculous showy poses.

A giant banner reads: "*Mr. Universe Regional Tryouts.*"

As they flex, the CROWD GOES WILD.

ON DAVE-- taking in the crowd response. The adoration. The attention... all eyes are riveted on these He-Men...

And something changes in his eyes: this could be the answer he's been looking for!

The world is finally gonna notice Dave Prowse.

And all it's gonna take... is a montage:

AN INSANE BARRAGE OF SHOTS--

Dave pumps iron--

--his BREATHING labored and erratic--

--he loads more and more weight--

--barbells. Squats. Anvils. Bunch of old-timey gym shit--

--his BREATHING becomes more controlled as--

--he admires his physique in the mirror... his muscles growing... and growing--

--transforming before our very eyes... now impossible to ignore--

--he SCARFS DOWN a bunch of hard-boiled eggs. Burps.

We PUSH IN on his face as he lifts a MONSTROUS WEIGHT, pure determination in his eyes...

His BREATHING now regular and rhythmic, OVERTAKING ALL SOUND...

In fact, there's something eerily familiar about it...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

DAVE, now in his 20s and a muscly chunk of prime beefcake, swaggers out of the gym.

Up ahead, he notices some familiar faces:

The three bullies from his youth, all grown up. The leader still wearing his trademark newsboy cap.

NEWSBOY CAP

Oi, little Davie. Wow! Guess it's big Davie now, lookin' good mate--

Dave suddenly UPPERCUTS the guy--

--and his head goes flying off.

It sails through the air cartoonishly, bounces off a curb, then lands in a garbage can with a loud DING!

The other two bullies stare at Dave, wide-eyed, terrified.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Wait, what?

PRESENT DAY

The interviewer perks up, rubbing his bleary eyes, like he was on the verge of falling asleep.

INTERVIEWER

You punched his head off?

OLD DAVE

Of course not, you twat. I saw you nodding off, I just wanted to make sure you were listening.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, sorry, um, you were saying?

OLD DAVE

I didn't punch his head off, but I did set him straight. He knew his days of bullying little Davie Prowse had come to an end--

EXT. STREET - SAME AS BEFORE

Dave notices the three bullies up ahead--

--then DUCKS INTO AN ALLEY. The bullies stroll past, oblivious.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
But then of course, I had to chuck
in my dreams of being Mr. Universe
after I found out my feet were too
ugly.

JUDGE (PRE-LAP)
Your feet are too ugly.

INT. GYM - DAY

A MR. UNIVERSE JUDGE stands before Dave (now 30s), who wears a TINY SPEEDO, all tanned and oiled up.

The judge points, and we WHIP DOWN to:

Dave's gross-ass feet. Gnarled yellow toenails, throbbing red blisters and waaaay too many toes.

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY

ON THE INTERVIEWER-- disgusted.

OLD DAVE
If it wasn't for my ghastly
trotters, I would've very likely
been Mr. Universe.

The interviewer notices a FRAMED PHOTO on the end table next to Dave, an OLD BODYBUILDING SHOT.

He squints to get a better look--

INTERVIEWER
But your feet look fine here.

Without breaking eye contact, Dave slowly reaches for the photo, then tips it face-down.

An awkward beat lingers...

OLD DAVE
But it was probably all for the
best, as I soon found out that my
real gift, my true calling in
life... was acting.

INTERVIEWER

Great, yeah, let's talk about your films.

OLD DAVE

Well, some of your viewers may not know this, but I had quite an illustrious career *well before* I was cast as the ultimate screen villain of all time...

CUT TO:

DAVE'S "ACTING" CAREER MONTAGE

--A series of STRONGMAN parts. Dave mostly just lifts things. A boulder. A car. A person. Another boulder.

--Followed by a series of MASKED parts:

--A MINOTAUR on an old episode of DR. WHO. He's shirtless, wearing a really fake-looking BULL HEAD.

--FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, which looks nothing like the classic movie version. Instead, his body is COVERED IN HAIR and he wears a CREEPY LIFELESS MASK.

--His face and voice are rarely seen or heard, until:

THE GREEN CROSS CODE MAN.

Dave wears a silly green-and-white superhero costume in a GRAINY TV COMMERCIAL. His FACE FULLY VISIBLE as he escorts TWO CHILDREN across the street.

GREEN CROSS CODE MAN

Remember! Stop, look, listen!
Always use the green cross code,
because I won't be there when you
cross the road!

PRESENT DAY

Dave smiles at the memory:

OLD DAVE

I was the Green Cross Code Man for,
oh, we did it for several years.
Everybody knows me as the Green
Cross Code Man--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Old Dave shuffles down the sidewalk, carrying a grocery bag. A GANG OF HOOLIGANS across the street spots him:

HOOLIGAN
Oi, is it safe to cross now yeh
feckin' cunt??!

Dave SPINS around, just as a SOCCER BALL SMACKS off his forehead--

--and the grocery bag SLIPS from his hands, SPILLING across the sidewalk--

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE
Then of course, there's the big one, the reason you're here. The reason I'm now considered the ultimate screen villain of all time.

The interviewer perks up. *Finally.*

INTERVIEWER
Great. So tell me about your first meeting with George... what was he like?

OLD DAVE
Well, he'd first seen me in *A Clockwork Orange*--

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

GEORGE (30s, poofy hair, manicured beard, big dorky glasses) sits in the audience, LIGHT FLICKERING across his face.

ONSCREEN-- Dave lumbers into frame, carrying Malcolm McDowell. On the big screen, he looks like a COLOSSUS.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
At the audition, he seemed quite keen to impress me.

George leans forward in his chair, awe-struck.

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE

He offered me two different parts,
just like that. I opted for the
villain, of course. People always
remember the baddie...

CUT TO:

INT. FOX OFFICES, LONDON - DAY

George sits behind a desk, flipping through HEADSHOTS.

GEORGE

Next!

Dave (now 40s) BURSTS through the door and George FLINCHES, nearly falling out of his chair:

GEORGE

Ahhhhh!!!

He quickly composes himself, then looks Dave up and down, marveling at his TOWERING STATURE:

GEORGE

You're perfect.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER

NORMA (30s, Dave's plain-jane wife) and his kids, STEVEN, JAMES and RACHEL (all under 10), eat dinner in silence.

Dave takes a bite of a HARD-BOILED EGG, chews it proudly.

DAVE

You're not going to ask me how it went?

NORMA

How what went?

DAVE

My audition. For "Space Wars."

NORMA

(flatly)

How'd it go?

DAVE

You know, you could at least
pretend like you're interested once
in--

NORMA

Well I'm tired of pretending, Dave.
You're a 40-year-old man with a
family, and it's getting--

Norma catches herself before she gets too riled up, takes a deep calming breath.

NORMA (CONT'D)

I just think it's time you stopped
chasing these silly parts and found
something consistent.

Dave looks hurt.

DAVE

Like what?

NORMA

I don't know... insurance, maybe?
My uncle said he could--

DAVE

Insurance? You've got to be joking.

NORMA

What's so funny about having a
steady job?

DAVE

You know what Norma, you can tell
your uncle to shove his insurance
job up his arse--

NORMA

David!

Norma glances at the kids, but they continue to munch away, oblivious.

DAVE

--'cause I got the part... and it's
a big one this time. Loads of
lines-- people are finally going to
see my acting.

Little Rachel perks up at the word.

NORMA
Didn't you have lines in *Clockwork Orange*?

DAVE
Yes but-- That was-- I was just carrying people around, this is different. I'm the *main villain* in this.

Norma smirks.

NORMA
Congratulations. Will you be shirtless?

Dave pokes at his food with his fork.

DAVE
No...

NORMA
Another monster then?

DAVE
Not a *monster*, Norma. A *man*. The most powerful man in the galaxy.

Norma relents, tired of having this same old argument.

NORMA
We'll discuss this later.

DAVE
Discuss what?

Dave STABS another hard-boiled egg with his fork--

DAVE (CONT'D)
There's nothing to discuss.

INT. THE KIDS' ROOM - NIGHT

Dave tucks the boys into bed, then kneels down next to Rachel (8), and pulls the covers up to her chin.

RACHEL
Daddy, what's acting?

Dave smiles at the question.

DAVE

Acting is... a noble calling. And
great actors are beloved by all.
Without them, the world would be...
boring and dull.

(whispers)

Like your brothers.

Rachel giggles.

DAVE

Why do you ask, darling?

RACHEL

Acting is what you do?

DAVE

It is. Your daddy is an actor.

Rachel thinks long and hard for a moment, then announces:

RACHEL

When I grow up, I want to be an
actor like you.

Dave suddenly TEARS UP, caught off-guard by this touching
sentiment.

DAVE

And I'm sure you will be.

He wipes a tear from his cheek--

DAVE (CONT'D)

Goodnight my little munchkin.

--then carefully brushes the hair off Rachel's forehead.

It feels like something he's done a thousand times before, a
special fatherly ritual...

INT. DAVE AND NORMA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Norma sits in bed, while Dave paces around, worked up.

DAVE

Is that all you want out of life,
Norma? Raise kids, work a regular
job, grow old, retire?

NORMA

You know, that actually sounds quite lovely to me, and most people--

DAVE

I'm not most people, Norma. I've got a chance to do something big here, something that would be good for both of us, and you--

NORMA

Every single role you've had, you said it would be "big", you said it would change everything, you said there'd be more money, more financial security--

DAVE

Well this one's going to be different!

NORMA

How exactly?

A long silence.

DAVE

I don't know. It just is.

Norma looks deep into his eyes: she can see how badly he wants this.

NORMA

Fine.

Dave lights up--

NORMA (CONT'D)

But if this doesn't work out, you need to promise me you'll look for a real job.

DAVE

Well, it is going to work, so--

NORMA

David. Just promise me... I'm not sure I can take much more of this...

Dave narrows his eyes, reading the thinly veiled threat...

DAVE
Ok. I promise.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON-- Dave's NAKED TORSO as a VISCOUS GRAY LIQUID pours over him, tracing every contour of his WELL-SCULPTED PECS AND ABS... oozing over every inch of his flesh... the first step in creating a full cast of his body...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
At the start, George and I got on great. I was early to set every day, even when I wasn't called. But it seemed as if some of the others had it in for me right out of the gate...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY - 1976

The CRACK of a SLATE coming down in front of a bulky camera.

Dave leans against a PROP ROBOT, taking in all the sets, props and cameras with childlike wonder.

He watches as a scene is filmed:

SIR ALEC (60s, poised) sits across from MARK (20s, handsome) in an adobe hut interior.

MARK
You fought in the Clone Wars?

SIR ALEC
Yes. I was once a Jedi knight, the same as your father.

Mark looks off into the distance dramatically. Acting.

MARK
I wish I'd known him...

Dave watches, silently absorbing it all, his own memories stirring...

MARK
How did my father die?

SIR ALEC
A young Jedi named *Darth Vader* betrayed and murdered your father.

We PUSH IN on Dave's face, rapt...

SIR ALEC (CONT'D)
Vader was seduced by the dark side
of the Force...

CRASH!

Suddenly all eyes are on Dave as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The PROP ROBOT he was leaning against has toppled over,
ruining the take.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Gal-darnit.

Mark GLARES over at Dave as the crew descends into chatter,
resetting for a new take.

DAVE
Uh, terribly sorry!

George looks up from the camera, identifying Dave as the
source of the chaos.

Then whispers something to GARY (30s, fast-talking producer)
who zips over to Dave.

GARY
Dave. Buddy. What are you doing
here?

DAVE
Oh, I thought I'd pop in and see if
I could make myself useful.

GARY
Why don't you go introduce yourself
to the rest of the cast? Or better
yet, why don't you wait to come to
set until you're actually called?

DAVE
Right. Of course. Apologies.

Gary speeds off, as Dave attempts to hide his humiliation
under a smile--

OLD DAVE (PRE-LAP)
So off I went looking for Carrie.

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

We were old friends from her mother's program, *The Debbie Reynolds Show*. After I did my strongman routine, I'd stay back in the wings and listen when Carrie sang her big number. Voice of an angel, that one...

Dave smiles to himself at the memory...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - HAIR AND MAKEUP - DAY

Dave watches from behind a CLUSTER OF MANNEQUINS as:

CARRIE (19, feisty) sits in front of a mirror, getting her hair braided by a HAIRDRESSER.

Her eyes are bloodshot, and her head keeps lolling to the side, as if she's nodding off--

HAIRDRESSER

Ms. Fisher, if you could just hold still--

CARRIE
(half-asleep)

Mmhpphh... why don't you hold still...

Dave takes a deep breath, gathering his courage, then steps out from behind the mannequins and strides over.

DAVE

Excuse me... Ms. Fisher?

Carrie's startled to see Dave suddenly LOOMING over her:

CARRIE

Ahhh!!

Carrie's scream startles Dave--

DAVE

Ahhhhhhhhh!!!

--which startles the hairdresser--

HAIRDRESSER

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

--who reflexively YANKS on Carrie's braid, tangling a BRUSH in her hair--

CARRIE
Owwwww!!!!

HAIRDRESSER
Sorry sorry sorry!!!

The hairdresser frantically TUGS at the brush, trying to extract it, but just ends up twisting it deeper into Carrie's hair--

--before finally PULLING it free.

CARRIE
Goddammit!!!

Leaving one half of Carrie's hair coiled in a TIGHT BUN.

HAIRDRESSER
Hm. That's actually not bad.

Carrie takes deep breaths, regains her composure.

CARRIE
Jesus Christ dude, don't sneak up on people like that!

DAVE
Sorry, I-- You.. you don't remember me?

Carrie stares at him blankly.

DAVE
We met backstage on your mother's show?

CARRIE
Oh riiight, you're... uh...

She obviously has no clue who he is.

DAVE
Dave! David Prowse--

CARRIE
David Prowse, of course! Daaaaave!
Davie-boy!

She emits a high-pitched nervous laugh.

DAVE
Yes! I'm playing the villain! Looks like we'll have some scenes together.

Carrie fake-smiles:

CARRIE
That's great!

Dave looks her up and down:

DAVE
My, my... you've really blossomed into your-- I mean-- grown up, you've really grown up.

CARRIE
Wow dude, that's not creepy at all.

VOICE (O.S.)
What's up bitches?!

HARRISON (30s, super-stud) suddenly BURSTS into the room wielding his PROP BLASTER.

HARRISON
Pew pew pew!!! You're all dead.

ON DAVE-- *Who the fuck is this wanker?*

CARRIE
Harrison, this is Dale.

DAVE
Dave.

CARRIE
Dave. That's what I said.

Harrison smiles and offers his hand, his charisma cutting through the air.

Dave shakes it a little TOO HARD.

HARRISON
Woaaahh there chief. You a stunt guy?

Dave scoffs, still shaking Harrison's hand.

DAVE
I'm one of the main *acting* roles, actually, the main villain.

HARRISON
Hey, that's great. Good for you!

Harrison extracts his hand from Dave's vise-grip.

HARRISON
Well excuse us for a sec, uh,
Carrie, do you want to, uh...
(winks)
...help me go polish my blaster?

CARRIE
Oh, yeah. Sure!

DAVE
I'm actually heading over to the
prop department myself, I could
drop it off for you. Kill two
birds, as they say.

HARRISON
Not necessary, chief...

Harrison leans in close to Dave, WHISPERS:

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I was talking about my wiener.

ON DAVE-- mortified.

Carrie hops out of the chair.

CARRIE
(to Dave)
Nice to meet you Dale, I mean, nice
to see you again.

Carrie and Harrison scurry off, giggling like schoolchildren.

Right before they turn a corner, Harrison pinches her ass.
She SQUEALS.

ON DAVE-- watching them scamper off, furrowing his brow...

INTERVIEWER (PRE-LAP)
And what about Alec Guinness, Sir
Alec Guinness?

PRESENT DAY

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
You had quite a big scene
with him.

OLD DAVE

You're damn right I did, bloody
killed him with my lightsaber.

INTERVIEWER

And what was it like, working with
him?

OLD DAVE

He was... pretty reserved... not
what I would call an overly
friendly man. I think, it was years
later, someone wrote a biography of
him and I thought, I wonder if I
got mentioned in it, so I went to
the index, and the only mention I
have in the book is, he says, "Had
lunch today with Dave Prowse, the
gentleman who is going to play
Darth Vader... and I fear he is not
an actor."

Dave masks his contempt behind a chuckle.

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

And I look at it now and I think,
well who is it that everybody
remembers from Star Wars? It's
Darth Vader, the ultimate screen
villain. It's not Alec Guinness.

CLOSE ON Dave's face, bitterness creeping in...

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

They don't remember Obi-Wan Kenobi
at all.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - REHEARSAL AREA - DAY - 1976

Dave and Sir Alec run through their lightsaber routine in a
gym-like rehearsal space, using PROP WOODEN SWORDS.

Dave DUCKS as Sir Alec's blade nearly hits him in the head.

DAVE

I'm not sure how much time you've
spent with the rest of the cast...
a lot of them aren't very
professional. Treating set like
it's their bloody bedroom.

BAM! The blades clash.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Have you noticed that? Sir Alec?

Sir Alec says nothing. He's focused on the routine.

DAVE (CONT'D)
It is nice to be around another
serious actor though.

SIR ALEC
Yes, where was it you trained
again?

DAVE
Oh, well I-- I didn't...

Dave stumbles for his response... then:

DAVE
...you know I was *hand-selected* by
Stanley Kubrick to appear in *A
Clockwork--*

SIR ALEC
Did you have many lines?

Sir Alec CHARGES, blade high above his head.

DAVE
Plenty. Well... five... they were
good ones though.

SIR ALEC
Sounds like a role for a very
serious actor.

Dave swings his blade a little too hard, SHATTERING Sir
Alec's prop sword.

SIR ALEC
Alright, that's enough for today.

DAVE
You don't want to run lines?

SIR ALEC
I'm going to spend as little time
on this rubbish as I possibly can.

And with that, Sir Alec flings his broken blade and stalks
off, leaving Dave alone, watching after him...

INT. BOREHAMWOOD CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dave eats by himself, devouring a massive plate of egg-fried rice.

He glances over at another table, where Mark, Harrison, Carrie and SOME OTHERS sit, eating and laughing.

The cool kids at the cool table.

Dave eyes them enviously...

...then takes another HUGE BITE--

INT. WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Dave admires himself in a mirror as a COSTUMER adjusts his VADER SUIT, fiddling with the panel of blinking lights on the chest.

DAVE

Looking quite swish, if I do say so. That's everything then?

COSTUMER

We've got the cape too.

The costumer drapes a BLACK CAPE across his back. Dave flourishes it around, trying to look scary.

COSTUMER

And finally... the mask.

The costumer holds up the JET BLACK SAMURAI HELMET/FACE MASK. Dave stares into its glassy, empty eyes...

...and his heart sinks.

DAVE

Mask?

COSTUMER

Shall we pop it on?

DAVE

No one said anything about a bloody mask.

COSTUMER

Really. Well... shall we pop it on?

EXT. GEORGE'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave paces by the door, wearing his FULL VADER COSTUME, except for the mask. MUFFLED VOICES can be heard from inside the office:

GARY (O.S.)
(high-energy)
I just got off the phone with
Laddie, and we're fucked Georgie
boy! Both of us. Same time. Like a
sandwich. Gonna stack us up like a
BLT and go to town. Fuck-town.
Population: us.

GEORGE (O.S.)
What!? Why are you talking about
fucking a sandwich?

GARY (O.S.)
What!? I don't wanna fuck a goddamn
sandwich! The execs are coming next
week Georgie, and if the budget
isn't under control by then...
they're gonna shut us down.

A long silence.

Dave stops pacing, puts his ear to the door:

GEORGE (O.S.)
(through ragged breaths)
I just-- I need a little time--

GARY (O.S.)
Jesus Georgie, you don't look so
hot. Here, why don't you lie down
for a minute, I'll be back later--

The door flings open and Gary rushes past.

Dave shuffles into the:

OFFICE

George lies on the couch, eyes closed, a COLD COMPRESS on his forehead.

DAVE
George?

George FLINCHES, SPRINGING from the couch, SLAMMING against
the wall--

--knocking over a MODEL DEATH STAR, which SHATTERS across the floor.

GEORGE

Oh god.

DAVE

Terribly sorry, George.

Dave picks up the CRUSHED DEATH STAR, feebly attempts to bend it back into shape.

DAVE

This should be ok-- just needs a little-- Ahh, there we are.

It still looks like a deflated basketball. George struggles to catch his breath:

GEORGE

What-- What can I do for you?

DAVE

Well, George, sorry to be a bother, but I was just... I've just been told that I'm to wear a mask in all of my scenes, and well...

Dave trails off, leaving an opening for George... but George just stares back.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The thing about it is, George... I was under the impression that my face would be seen in this film.

George scratches his head, puzzled by the strange complaint.

GEORGE

The mask is really kind of, uh-- essential to the character, it's... it's what inspires terror, he's--

DAVE

I can be quite menacing without it. Quite menacing.

Dave SPOTS a script on the desk, snatches it up.

DAVE

Watch this.

He jogs across the room, then whirls around and strides back up to George, an EXAGGERATED SCOWL on his face.

His voice comes out in a NASAL, HIGH-PITCHED whine:

DAVE
Don't act so surprised Your
Highness!!!

He's trying his damndest to exude scariness, you can almost see the steam coming out of his ears...

DAVE (CONT'D)
Several transmissions were beamed
to this ship by rebel spies! I want
to know what happened to the plans
they sent you!!!!

ON GEORGE-- flustered. Confused. A silent moment passes...

Without breaking character, Dave offers him the script,
points at Leia's line:

DAVE
(whispering)
Do the line.

George starts reading, tentatively:

GEORGE
Umm... I don't know what you're
talking about... I am a member of
the Imperial Senate on a diplomatic
mission to Alderaan--

DAVE
You are paaaaart of the Rebel
Alliance and a traitooooor!!!!!!
Take her aaaaaaaaaawayyyyyyyyyy!

"Chewing the scenery" doesn't begin to describe what we just witnessed.

George is speechless.

DAVE
See? Scary.

GEORGE
Terrifying. I'll... uh... I'll
think about it. It does come off in
the end though.

Dave lights up.

DAVE
It does?

GEORGE

Mmm-hm.

DAVE

Marvelous! Thank you George!

Dave barrels out of the office without another word--

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Dave paces in circles, a phone pressed to his ear.

DAVE

Dave Prowse calling for Wade Cunningham...

INT. SMALL CRAPPY TALENT AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

An old, dusty office. Piles of headshots on a desk.

WADE (60s, comb-over, plaid blazer) holds a phone to his ear:

WADE

(faking a woman's voice)

One moment please.

Wade stares at the wall for a moment, then:

WADE

(regular voice)

David! How's my favorite client?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

DAVE

Why didn't you tell me this was
another masked role, you twat?!

WADE

Is it? Well, bollocks. Apologies
about that Dave, we didn't get--

DAVE

You're lucky it comes off in the
end, Wade, otherwise you'd be
getting sacked, as we speak.

Wade rolls his eyes, seeing through the obvious bluff.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No more masks!

Dave slams the phone down.

He stares at his face in the mirror for a long beat...

...then slowly slides the mask on, his face disappearing behind VADER'S GLASSY STARE...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ON A MIRROR-- the reflection of an empty living room.

Suddenly, a figure blurs past. Then quickly vanishes.

Silence.

The figure blurs past again.

Then again.

Faster and faster.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Dave in his PAJAMAS. Swaggering around the room with a theatrical flair, scrutinizing his every move in the mirror.

Norma shuffles down the hall, struggling with a heaping laundry basket. She catches sight of him:

NORMA
What are you doing?

DAVE
It's called "body acting."

NORMA
It looks a bit like pointlessly walking in circles.

Dave walks even faster:

DAVE
Well it's not. In fact, my character's walk needs to be just right...

He adopts a professorial tone:

DAVE (CONT'D)
As my primary means of non-verbal expression, it must convey menace and authority, you see.

Norma sees right through his bullshit.

DAVE (CONT'D)
All great actors emphasize the
importance of a character's walk.
If you knew anything about the
craft--

NORMA
So they've put you in a mask again?

Dave falters for a moment.

DAVE
It comes off. George said so.

NORMA
How wonderful.

DAVE
But the scenes with the mask will
require me to lean heavily on my
"body acting" skills. It's quite
similar to bodybuilding actually.
(beat)
What's scarier? This?

Dave adjusts his gait imperceptibly.

DAVE
Or this?

Another slight adjustment.

Norma just SIGHS and pads out of the room.

Dave deflates, a little shaken...

But he closes his eyes, composes himself, then--

--DIVES back into walking with renewed vigor, storming RIGHT
TOWARDS CAMERA--

MATCH CUT TO:

--DARTH VADER rushing down a corridor. A cluster of
STORMTROOPERS struggling to keep up with him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

George watching the scene from behind the CAMERA CREW, his face taut with anxiety.

GEORGE
(quietly)
Cut.

No one heard him.

GARY
Cut, goddammit!!!!

Production screeches to a halt. George whispers something into Gary's ear. Gary nods sharply.

GARY
Dave. Buddy.

Dave starts pawing at his mask, trying to take it off.

GARY
Leave it on.

DAVE
(garbled)
It's really hot.

GARY
Don't care. You're walking too fast, buddy. Way too fast. It looks like you gotta pee. You gotta pee?

Dave shakes his head.

GARY
Well then slow the fuck down. Say it back to me. Slow...

Gary waits. Dave reluctantly repeats it:

DAVE
(garbled)
Slow...

GARY
...the fuck...

DAVE
...the fuck...

GARY
...down.

DAVE
 ...down.

Gary smiles.

GARY
 Great.

Everyone hustles back to first positions.

ON DAVE-- his anxiety palpable, even through the mask. He does not want to mess this up.

GEORGE
 (quietly)
 Action.

Dave strides down the corridor, his steps more measured. The stormtroopers right on his heels. They reach the end of the hall.

GEORGE
 Cut.

Dave's costumer hustles over, carefully removes his helmet and mask.

Dave's hair is drenched, mashed down on his forehead, his face ROSY.

The costumer DUMPS THE SWEAT FROM THE HELMET into a bucket. Gross.

Dave's attention immediately snaps to George:

Did he like the walk?

George glances over at him, gives a cursory THUMBS UP.

Dave lights up, cracks a goofy smile.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 And so ended my first and last
 piece of critical direction from
 George. I slowed down my Vader walk
 with no loss of menace at all...
 and George never had me change my
 depiction of Vader again...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

Dave/Vader looms over Carrie/Leia:

DAVE
(muffled)
You are paaaaart of the rebel
alliance and a traitor. Take her
awaaaaay!

His voice is again NASAL and WHINY. On top of that, the mask hardly conceals his overacting.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Cut.

Dave glances over at George, who gives another thumbs up.

A few CREW MEMBERS exchange worried glances.

PRESENT DAY

The interviewer looks down at his notes:

INTERVIEWER
I want to read to you a quote from
Ben Burtt, the sound designer on
the film:
(beat)
*"It was hilarious. And terrifying
at the same time, because we didn't
know what Darth Vader sounded like.
When Dave Prowse was on set, that
was the first time we heard him,
and we all went, 'Is that it? Is it
going to be some Scottish guy, or
what is this?'"*

The interviewer glances up at Dave.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
Your response?

OLD DAVE
Well, first of all, I'm not
Scottish, so he's a bloody idiot.
And second of all...
(long beat)
It hurts my feelings.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

Carrie/Leia lies on a prison bed, shackled. Vader towers above her.

A CREW MEMBER crouches out of frame, holding up a BLACK, SPHERICAL PROP DROID with a needle sticking out of it, trying to make it look like it's hovering.

Harrison lounges on the sidelines, watching the scene, smirking to himself.

DAVE/VADER

And nooow your highness, we will discuss the location of your hidden rebel baaaaase!

Dave's voice somehow seems even more high-pitched. He sounds like a petulant teenager complaining about being grounded.

The BULKY CAMERA pushes in on Leia's face.

GEORGE (O.S.)

And you're scared. Really scared.
More scared. A little less scared.
Great. Cut.

George -- now with PURPLE BAGS under his eyes, looking like he hasn't slept for a week -- offers his customary silent thumbs-up.

Dave's chest swells with pride... until he notices a few crew members SNICKERING. What's that all about?

Harrison saunters over.

HARRISON

Good stuff, Darth Farmer. If I were a potato I'd be shaking in my boots.

DAVE

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

CARRIE

He means you were super scary Dave.
(then whispers)
I almost pooped my pants.

Dave furrows his brow, then slinks off. Carrie and Harrison CHUCKLE as he hurries away...

CORNER OF THE SET

The crotchety CINEMATOGRAPHER (60s) shoves a finger in George's face--

CINEMATOGRAPHER
 I'll light it how I damn well
 please!!!

--then shuffles off, just as Dave barrels up:

DAVE
 George-- Sorry to be a bother, I
 just-- Are the mics picking
 everything up ok?

George is barely listening, still staring off at the cinematographer, turning something over in his mind.

GEORGE
 Huh?

DAVE
 My voice. I'm a little concerned
 that it'll be no good, you see,
 coming through the mask and all.

GEORGE
 (distracted)
 Yeah... sure...

DAVE
 George!

Dave GRABS him by the shoulders.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 How's my performance? Is it to your
 liking?

George snaps out of his daze.

GEORGE
 Oh. It's perfect, just what I need.

Dave lights up.

DAVE
 Splendid. And the voice?

GEORGE
 It's great. It's gonna be great,
 we'll be processing it all in post.
 It's fine... everything's fine.

George wanders off, muttering to himself like a crazy person:

GEORGE
 Everything's juussst fiiiine....

ON DAVE-- aglow from the "praise," his confidence returning.

EXT. DAVE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage is shrouded in darkness, the neighborhood completely silent.

A commotion suddenly EXPLODES from inside:

CRACK! CRACK!! CRACK!!!

VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
When you left I was but a learner!

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a MANNEQUIN draped in a bathrobe with a MOP taped to its hand.

Dave stands before it, clutching a WOODEN BROOMSTICK.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Now I am the master!!!

He attacks like a maniac. CRACK! CRACK!!! CRACK!!!

Dave leans in close, then does OBI-WAN'S VOICE, barely moving his lips like a ventriloquist:

DAVE
(whispering)
Only a master of evil, Darth.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!!!

He's having a blast. A little kid lost in a fantasy.

NORMA (O.S.)
Dave!

He whirls around:

Norma stands in the doorway, rubbing sleep from her eyes.

NORMA (CONT'D)
What in God's name are you doing?

DAVE
Chasing my bloody dreams, Norma.
What does it look like?!

NORMA
Well keep it down, the kids are
sleeping.

DAVE
You can't silence my dreams.

NORMA
They have school in the morning,
they need--

CRACK! CRACK!! CRACK!!!!!!

Dave SLAMS the mannequin a few more times.

DAVE
I've gotta practice, I can't let
George down.

CRACK!

DAVE (CONT'D)
He believes in me.

CRACK! CRACK!

DAVE (CONT'D)
Unlike *some* people.

Norma shakes her head, shuffles back into the house.

DAVE
ARRRRRRRGHHHHH!

CRACK!!!! Dave SMASHES the mannequin's head off.

It SAILS across the garage, then ROLLS to a stop.

He stares down at it:

The mannequin's face suddenly looks strangely like his own.

He recoils in shock... then looks again:

Just a generic mannequin face... that's odd...

As we PUSH IN on its dead eyes--

CUT TO:

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

CLOSE ON Dave's eyes, as a HAND rubs BLACK MAKEUP all over his face. In the background, the CREW readies another shot.

DAVE
What's this for again?

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)
They can see your eyes too well
through the mask.

DAVE
What's wrong with that?

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)
I guess they don't like seeing your
eyes?

Dave suddenly looks worried as more and more of his face disappears behind the makeup...

DAVE
Did George say that?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Action!

Dave and the makeup artist go quiet as the crew starts shooting a scene in the background--

Suddenly, a GROUP OF FOX EXECS in slick BLACK SUITS bursts onto set, trailed by a gaggle of BUMBLING YES-MEN.

A hush falls over the cast and crew.

George perks up from behind the BULKY CAMERA, spots them, then frantically SCAMPERS AWAY, unnoticed.

Gary follows suit, DUCKS OUT a side door.

FIRST A.D. (O.S.)
Cut! What the hell?!

The execs march up to the camera, REVEALING:

The FIRST A.D., who wears a WHITE JACKET and LARGE BROWN EARPHONES that almost look like swirls of hair.

He immediately recognizes the LEAD EXEC:

FIRST A.D.
Garth Schrader, only you could be
so bold.

LEAD EXEC
 Don't act so surprised! This production's been hemorrhaging cash. We're shutting it down!

ACROSS THE ROOM-- George peeks around a corner, eyes wide with terror.

ON DAVE-- spotting him. Registering his fear. George stares back with pleading eyes: *help me Dave... you're my only hope.*

YES-MAN
 Look sir, George!

George's head disappears, like a scared squirrel darting into a hole...

...just as a COLOSSAL DARK SHADOW falls over the execs.

DAVE (O.S.)
 That is not the George you're looking for.

They look up, suddenly terrified:

Dave's MONSTROUS FIGURE towers high above, dwarfing them, seeming to consume all space. If this were a cartoon, we'd be hearing half a dozen GULPS.

LEAD EXEC
 That's-- not the George-- we're looking for...

DAVE
 Mr. Lucas is resting. He shall not be disturbed.

LEAD EXEC
 Mr. Lucas is resting... he shall not be disturbed...

DAVE
 Move along.

The execs silently nod. They slowly back away, then rush out the door.

ON THE CREW-- breathing a sigh of relief.

INT. GEORGE'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

George hides in a BLUE METAL TRASH CAN, peering out from beneath the DOMED LID, trembling.

The office door creaks open. He ducks down.

Dave creeps in, spots the DEATH STAR MODEL on a shelf, now FULLY-REPAIRED.

Then sees the swinging trash can lid, kneels down beside it:

DAVE
Come here my little friend, don't
be afraid.

George tentatively peers out.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Their days of bullying
little Georgie have come to an end.

George clumsily climbs out of the trash can.

Then dusts himself off and VIGOROUSLY SHAKES Dave's hand.

GEORGE
Thank you, Dave. You've saved us.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave struts out of George's office with a TRIUMPHANT GRIN. Sir Alec, Carrie, and Harrison instantly MOB him.

SIR ALEC
That was quite a performance,
David! Perhaps you are a serious
actor after all!

Harrison SHOVES Sir Alec out of the way. He crashes into a garbage can.

HARRISON
Dave! Can you teach me to be strong
and confident, just like you?

Carrie ELBOWS Harrison out of the way. He FALLS OUT A WINDOW.

CARRIE
I'm wetter than a Dagobah swamp
right now, Dave... take me!!!

She passionately KISSES HIM as we hear Harrison SPLAT on the sidewalk outside.

But Dave PUSHES her into the wall, turns the corner onto--

THE SOUNDSTAGE

--where the whole crew ERUPTS into cheers. They lift him onto their shoulders, parading him around like a king.

ALL
Three cheers for Dave! Three cheers
for Dave!

PUSH IN on Dave, smiling proudly, relishing the attention--

ALL (CONT'D)
Three cheers--

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE
--for Dave!

Dave's eyes are clenched shut, a grin plastered on his face.

The interviewer stares at him in disbelief:

INTERVIEWER
So... you... you saved the movie?

OLD DAVE
That's right. If I hadn't told
those execs to sod off, it would've
been curtains for George.

The interviewer's not even close to convinced...

INTERVIEWER
Dave, I'm having a little trouble
believing that Carrie Fisher said,
uh, "*I'm wetter than a Dagobah
swamp.*" I mean... Dagobah wasn't
even until Empire.

But Dave's not even listening... a painful memory suddenly
creeping in...

OLD DAVE
And you think I would've gotten
some bloody credit for it. But
instead...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAYS LATER

CLOSE ON-- script pages, rapidly turning.

SWISH, SWISH, SWISH, SWISH, SWISH--

The flipping stops.

No more pages.

Dave, wearing the VADER COSTUME sans-mask, his face smeared with BLACK MAKE-UP, clutches the script.

He furrows his brow: *That can't be right.*

He flips through again... looking for something...

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave STORMS around a corner, up to--

GEORGE'S OFFICE DOOR

--which is flanked by two vaguely pig-like SECURITY GUARDS.

He flashes an ODD HAND GESTURE at each of them--

--and they clutch their necks, TUMBLING out of frame.

He reaches for the door handle, when YELLING suddenly explodes from inside:

DOCTOR (O.S.)

George, this is serious! You need
more sleep, you need to eat! You
keep this up much longer... you
will die.

GARY (O.S.)

Don't worry Doc. I won't let
anything happen to Georgie boy. At
least not until the movie wraps.

The door FLINGS open and the DOCTOR scurries out. Dave STOMPS past him into the--

OFFICE

--then SLAMS the door behind him.

George SHIVERS on the couch, BUNDLED in several layers of GREEN HEATED BLANKETS, only his face exposed.

He looks a bit like a GIANT SLUG. His face pale and sickly. His eyes seem to BULGE out, magnified by his glasses.

Gary sits beside him:

GARY

Dave, buddy, now's really not a good time, George needs his rest--

Dave silently clomps over to Gary, does that odd hand gesture again, RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

After a confused beat, Gary SLAPS his hand away:

GARY

Get your fuckin' hand out of my face, it smells like eggs.

Dave sniffs his fingers, then:

DAVE

I need to talk to George.

GARY

Well too bad for you, he's--

Dave SHOVES Gary to the side, then PLOPS down next to George.

DAVE

George.

Tears well up in his eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You said the mask comes off. You said they'd see my face...

Tears flow freely now, two rivers streaming down Dave's blackened cheeks.

GARY

Dave. Come on, buddy, this isn't--

DAVE

They almost shut us down, Gary!
Where were you?!? I saved the bloody day, what did you do?!?

George suddenly makes a CROAKING NOISE, not unlike a dying frog:

GEORGE

(barely above a whisper)

Geeuuuhhhhhh...

Gary and Dave both lean in, listening intently...

DAVE
What is it, George?

GEORGE
Geeaaehhhhtt... .

They lean in even closer...

DAVE
What are you trying to say?

...they lean closer still, now inches from George's face...

...when George takes a deep breath, summoning all of his strength:

GEORGE
Geehhhhtt... hiiimmm... ooout of
heere!!!

DAVE
What?!

GARY
Alright that's it! Security!!!

A HERD of PIG GUARDS waddles into the room, surrounding Dave.

DAVE
Nooo! George! You lied to meeee!!!

GARY
Take him away!

The guards drag him out. Dave tries to fight back, but it's futile.

His flailing fist SLAMS against the door frame--

--and the REPAIRED DEATH STAR plummets from a shelf and SHATTERS--

MATCH CUT TO:

--a flash bulb EXPLODES, illuminating Mark, Carrie, and Harrison as they walk the red carpet outside of:

EXT. A FANCY THEATER - 1977 - NIGHT

Dave trails them. Ignored by the photographers.

INT. THEATER - LATER

Dave sits next to Norma in the dark audience, but is otherwise surrounded by strangers. He cranes his neck over his shoulder, scanning the faces in the crowd--

--finally spotting George on the other side of the theater.

Dave waves, trying to get his attention.

George glances over, briefly catches his eye.

Dave lights up, waves even harder--

--but George quickly averts his gaze, then slides down in his chair, hiding behind Gary--

--who SMIRKS and GIVES DAVE THE FINGER just as:

BUUUM BUUUM, BUM-BUM-BUM BUUUMM BUMMM--

--the OPENING STAR WARS THEME kicks in.

LATER

ONSCREEN-- the moment of truth has arrived. Vader's entrance. He MARCHES through a doorway, flanked by STORMTROOPERS...

ON DAVE-- nodding to himself, pleased. His walk looks awesome. *Super awesome*. He shares a SMILE with Norma.

Then it happens:

VADER (O.S.)
Where are those transmissions you
intercepted? What have you done
with those plans?

Dave knits his brow. *What the hell was that?*

VADER (O.S.)
If this is a consular ship then
where is the ambassador?

Darth's voice THUNDERS through the theater, a DEEP, RICH BARITONE...

Dave glances around, confused.

It doesn't sound anything like him.

LATER

Dave looks crushed, the reality of what happened finally hitting him.

There's not a trace of him in the movie. His voice has been completely replaced.

Norma steals nervous glances at him--

--but Dave's eyes are riveted on the screen... unwavering... a fury growing in him--

LATER

A STANDING OVATION. CHEERS. WHISTLING.

We PAN ACROSS the joyous audience, everyone on their feet, clapping wildly, ecstatic--

--until we land on Dave. And the room seems to darken and warp around him...

He remains seated, stone-faced... an anxious Norma at his side...

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER

The place is packed and noisy.

Dave sulks on the sidelines, ignored by everyone.

In the background, the LEAD EXEC who tried to shut down the movie earlier holds court with a bunch of HOLLYWOOD TYPES:

LEAD EXEC
...and they told me to shut it
down. But I told 'em to go fuck
themselves! I knew we had a hit on
our hands from day one!

The Hollywood types CHORTLE, guzzle champagne--

--as Dave spots Mark, Carrie, Harrison and Sir Alec across the lobby, all signing autographs.

Suddenly, a BOOMING VOICE punctures through the noise--

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, thank you! I really didn't do
too much though, a few hours in a
studio.

Dave wades through the crowd, looking for the voice's owner.

VOICE (CONT'D)
But the people on set did the hard
work. They deserve the real credit.

The crowd finally spits Dave out, directly in front of:

JAMES EARL JONES (40s), who's happily shaking hands and
signing ticket stubs.

Dave BUMPS right into him.

JONES
Oh, pardon me.

Dave stares daggers at him. Jones looks puzzled.

JONES
Can I help you with something?

Still nothing.

RANDOM FAN (O.S.)
He's probably star-struck.

JONES
Would you like an autograph?

At that, Dave WHIRLS around, shoves his way across the lobby,
and KICKS OPEN the doors--

OUT FRONT

REPORTERS swarm George, firing question after question at
him. He can hardly keep up.

REPORTER
You're a genius George!

ANOTHER REPORTER
We loved it! Where'd you get the
idea?

Dave glares over at George for a long beat...

When SOMEONE taps Dave on the shoulder:

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me, sir?

Dave lights up. *He's been recognized!*

DAVE
Yes?!

He turns: it's a GUY lugging a BULKY CAMERA.

CAMERAMAN
Do you mind stepping aside? You're
in my shot.

Dave deflates, then slinks away into the night...

MOMENTS LATER

Norma steps out of the theater, looking lost and confused.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER

Dave pays a BABYSITTER (16), ushers her out the door.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Daddy?

Rachel, his young daughter, stands at the bottom of the stairs, bleary-eyed.

RACHEL
How was the movie? Did they like
your acting?

A long pause, then:

DAVE
Yes. Yes they did, very much.

Rachel beams up at him:

RACHEL
I knew they would.

INT. THE KIDS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James and Steven are already fast asleep. Dave tucks Rachel in.

DAVE
Goodnight munchkin.

He stands up to leave--

RACHEL
You forgot something.

DAVE
Oh, right...

He kneels back down, then carefully BRUSHES HER HAIR TO THE SIDE, the same way he did earlier.

She smiles brightly, relishing the moment with her dad--

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - LATER

HHHHHHHRHRRRRGGHHGHH!!!

Dave JERKS an ENORMOUS IRON BARBELL off the floor. Something like 300 lbs. He raises it above his head. Then HURLS it to the floor.

BAAAAAAMMMMM!!!!!

He grabs for the bar again, when Norma peeks through the door:

NORMA
(softly)
Dave?

DAVE
Goddammit Norma, I'm not going to
be a ghost in my own fucking house.

NORMA
You left me at the theater.

DAVE
Did I?

Norma nods... silence...

NORMA
Did you want to talk?

DAVE
About what?

NORMA
About... what happened.

DAVE
What about it?

NORMA
I know you really had your heart
set on this one... I'm so sorry
David...

Dave says nothing...

...a pregnant pause...

...then he YANKS the barbell again.

HHHHHEEEERRRRGHGHGHHH!!!

Norma watches him... a sadness in her eyes... she knows it's futile.

She gently closes the door, disappearing into the house.

Dave HEAVES the weight again, then WINCES in pain:

DAVE

AAAH!!

His knee WOBLES, his childhood injury suddenly coming back with a vengeance--

--the barbell slips from his hands--

BAAAAAAMMMMMMM!!!

--and he falls to the floor, clutching his throbbing knee.

His CHEST HEAVING. Dripping sweat.

He glances up, catches sight of the HEADLESS MANNEQUIN with the MOP LIGHTSABER--

--and he SNAPS. He lunges for the BROOMSTICK and proceeds to PUMMEL the defenseless statue.

DAVE

AAAH!!! AHHHHHH!!!! AHHHHH!!!

BAM! BAM! BAM!!! BAM!!!

He EVISCERATES it--

--plastic shards EXPLODE everywhere--

--the wooden broom SPLINTERS into pieces--

--then he slumps to ground--

--and melts into tears--

--his gargantuan chest RUMBLING with each sob...

When a STRANGE COMMANDING VOICE suddenly fills the room:

VOICE (O.S.)
Despair not, David...

Dave's head snaps up-- Who said that?!

VOICE (CONT'D)
...for even the darkest night
yields to the light of dawn.

He looks around frantically, wiping tears from his eyes--

Then he sees it:

IN THE FAR SHADOWS, a DARK FIGURE lurks...

DAVE
Who's there?!
(beat)
Show yourself!!!

The figure steps out into the light:

It's FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. The hairy, masked version we saw earlier in Dave's "Acting Career" montage. The one Dave played in some old B-movie.

Except now it glows a GHOSTLY, TRANSLUCENT BLUE.

DAVE
Leave me alone!!!

Dave WHIPS the broken handle at it, but it PASSES THROUGH the apparition, clattering against the wall.

THE MONSTER
Heed our counsel, David. We're here
to help you.

DAVE
We?

Something CREAKS across the garage, Dave spins around:

Another CREATURE steps from the shadows. This one has the SCULPTED TORSO of a man, but the HEAD OF A BULL. Another role from Dave's past:

THE MINOTAUR. Glowing phantasmal-blue just like The Monster.

Both creatures slowly advance on him, their arms outstretched...

...perhaps to embrace him... or maybe to strangle him... it's impossible to tell....

OLD DAVE (PRE-LAP)
 People thought I was upset that my
 voice wasn't used...

ON DAVE-- cowering, terrified.

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
 But I really wasn't. I did the
 voice all the way through the
 movie. I did all the lines. Every
 single one.

INTERVIEWER
 Well, why do you think they
 replaced your voice?

OLD DAVE
 (irritated)
 Why does everyone always want to
 talk about-- It's-- There's some
 silly story circulating that there
 was something wrong with my voice,
 my West Country accent. It wasn't
 that at all...

INTERVIEWER
 Then what was it?

OLD DAVE
 George simply wanted a black voice
 for a black character. I mean, to
 me it's very obviously a negro
 voice.

ON THE INTERVIEWER-- taken aback.

INTERVIEWER
 That sounds a bit racist, Dave.

OLD DAVE
 Why?

INTERVIEWER
 Well, firstly, you really shouldn't
 be saying negro--

OLD DAVE
 I'm not colour-prejudiced!
 (beat)
 You're a negro and I like you.

INTERVIEWER

I'm Indian.

OLD DAVE

You know what I mean.

The interviewer shakes his head in amazement...

INTERVIEWER

So, because Vader's costume is
black, he wanted a black voice?
That's what you're saying?

Dave nods.

The interviewer sighs, tries another angle:

INTERVIEWER

George and Gary have always
contended that it was never their
intention to use your voice, that
they were planning on using James
Earl Jones from the beginning--

OLD DAVE

Well that's rubbish! George said
they were going to re-record me,
they had to, as the production
audio was no good coming through
the mask and all. But they chased
back to America in a rush, and when
they got there, they realized they
had forgotten to get me to do the
dubbing. And it was too expensive
to fly me out there, so they got
James Earl Jones. Who did a
wonderful job...

(beat)

...but I still think I could have
done equally as well.

Dave takes a deep breath, then lowers his voice, imitating
James Earl Jones' Vader voice:

OLD DAVE

Impressive... very impressive.

INTERVIEWER

Most impressive.

OLD DAVE

Thank you.

INTERVIEWER

No, the line from the movie, it's
actually "most impressive."

Dave just glares at him.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Leia SINGING in the infamous "Star Wars Holiday Special." Her voice is angelic, but dear god, the song:

LEIA

*We celebrate a day of peace,
A day of harmony...*

A series of DISSOLVES from the TV special: Luke, Han, R2-D2, C-3PO...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)

But the voice was just the beginning. There were loads of PR opportunities after the film came out, but Fox didn't ask me to do any of them. First, there was the Holiday Special, where they just used archival footage of me...

In a recycled shot from "Star Wars," Vader storms down a hallway.

The horrendous "Life Day" song continues as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAUMMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

A FOOTPRINTING CEREMONY. A CROWD is gathered to watch R2-D2, C-3PO, and Vader press their feet into wet cement.

LEIA (V.O.)

A day that takes us through the darkness...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)

Then I think they very quickly realized that it was much cheaper to dress any big fella up in a black suit and fob him off as me.

Some OTHER GUY in a Vader costume carves the name "Darth Vader" into the ground.

LEIA (V.O.)

A day that makes us want to celebrate the light...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 And this annoyed me intensely,
 because it cheated the fans, who
 expected it to be me in the
 costume... and I obviously lost a
 big earning.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON PRESS EVENT - DAY

Harrison and Mark are mobbed by throngs of SCREAMING WOMEN.
 Dave sulks on the outskirts, unnoticed.

LEIA (V.O.)
*A day that brings the promise that
 one day... We'll be free to live...
 To laugh... To dream...*

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 And when I was included, not a
 single soul recognized me.

The "Life Day" song builds to the shittiest ending you've ever heard.

LEIA (V.O.)
...to beeeeee!!!

PRESENT DAY

INTERVIEWER
 If you were so frustrated, then why'd you agree to do the second film?

OLD DAVE
 Honestly, I had no interest in being a part of it... at least at first...

INT. DAVE'S STUDY - 1979 - NIGHT

Dave paces in his study, SCREAMING into an old rotary phone:

DAVE
 Two more?! You tell 'em to shove it up their arse!

He SLAMS the phone down.

THE MONSTER (O.S.)
 We must consider our next move
 carefully, David.

Dave turns to face The Monster, no longer frightened by its ghostly presence. The silent Minotaur looms over its shoulder.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 We've toiled too long and too hard
 to go unrecognized... the world
 must see our face, hear our
 voice...

Dave holds his gaze for a moment, then bows his head... his wound still fresh...

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 This wrong can still be righted...

The Monster floats over to him... then whispers:

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 But you must defend with fire that
 which is rightfully yours...

A charged beat of silence as Dave ponders this...

...then looks up and LOCKS EYES with The Monster:

DAVE
 What do you suggest?

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - 1979 - DAY

CLOSE ON: EMPEROR PALPATINE'S GREEN WRINKLED FACE. The original one, with the BULGING EYES and CHEAP LUMPY MAKEUP:

EMPEROR
 There is a great disturbance in the
 Force...

A HULKING CAMERA is wheeled right up to his face, just inches away:

EMPEROR (CONT'D)
 We have a new enemy...

ON THE SIDELINES-- Dave watches the shot, wearing the Vader costume sans-mask, his eyes filled with fury...

The First A.D. feeds Vader's lines to the Emperor:

FIRST A.D.

(flatly)

If he could be turned, he would become a powerful ally.

EMPEROR

Yes. Yes. He would be a great asset. Can it be done?

Dave spots The Monster floating across the soundstage, watching his every move...

FIRST A.D.

He will join us or die, my master.

KERSH (O.S.)

Cut! Marvelous. Let's break there.

KERSH (late-50s, the warm, paternal director of "Empire") shoots up from behind the camera as the set suddenly swarms with activity.

Dave marches up to the First A.D.

DAVE

Oi! Who the fuck is that?

FIRST A.D.

The Emperor, I guess, must be another bad guy.

DAVE

How many scenes does he have?

The First A.D. shrugs. Dave suddenly GRABS him by the collar, whispers in his ear--

DAVE

From now on, I do the fucking lines.

--then shoves him away and MARCHES off.

The Monster floats after Dave, a malevolent grin spreading across its face...

LATER

A FLASHBULB pops, illuminating Carrie, Mark, and Harrison.

Gary watches as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps off a few more shots.

GARY

Great, now let's get a few with
Darth and Mark. Dave!

Dave saunters over, holding Vader's mask in his hands, and positions himself next to Mark.

Dave's costumer hurries over and reaches for the helmet:

COSTUMER

Shall we pop that on?

DAVE

We shan't.

COSTUMER

Umm... I think we need to...

The costumer looks to Gary for guidance.

GARY

Dave, buddy. Put the mask on.

DAVE

Gary, cunt. Go fuck yourself.

GARY

Goddamit Dave!!!

Gary's apoplectic, his face BEET RED--

GARY

(sputtering)

I-- you can't-- speak to me--

The photographer places a hand on Gary's shoulder, politely interjects:

PHOTOGRAPHER

How about we, uh, get some with and
some without? Yeah?

(beat)

Let's start without.

Dave shoots a victorious SMIRK at Gary as the photographer SNAPS off some shots...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)

The second film was a very
different experience. Kersh was a
strong supporter of my work...

...behind him, The Monster looks upon the scene approvingly,
the ever-silent Minotaur at his side...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 And the PR situation was far
 better. By all accounts, they
 wanted loads of pictures of me with
 the mask off.

Dave GRINS triumphantly as the light FLASHES across his face.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 It was wonderful... the industry
 was finally starting to recognize
 me...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - PR DEPARTMENT - LATER

Dave lounges near a desk in street clothes, tapping his foot.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Did you say thirty?

DAVE
 No, three-hundred.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Oh, right. Here they are.

An OFFICE WORKER strolls out, lugging a STACK OF PHOTOS. She drops them on the desk: BAM!

Dave flips through them:

Dave in the Darth costume, no mask, posing with various cast members...

GARY (PRE-LAP)
 I want him gone!

INT. GARY'S OFFICE - LATER

Gary paces around the room, a phone jammed to his ear. George's timid voice CRACKLES from the handset:

GEORGE (ON PHONE)
 We just... can't, Gary.

GARY
 He called me a cunt in front of
 half the cast!!!

Gary waits for a response... silence...

GARY

George?

GEORGE (ON PHONE)

If we fire him, he'll just create more problems... who knows what he'll say to the press? We'll get crucified!

GARY

Who gives a shit what--

GEORGE

Gary. We just need to get through this.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave's workout equipment has migrated inside. He's completely taken over the living room.

He GRUNTS on the bench press, PUMPING iron, as The Monster grips the BARBELL from behind, spotting him.

The phone RINGS in the other room. Norma peeks her head in:

NORMA

It's for you.

Dave CLUNKS the weight down. Snatches the phone.

DAVE

Yeah?

INT. SLICK AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Dave's NEW AGENT (30s, hotshot) swaggered around his glass-walled London office, flipping through Dave's maskless PR shots.

AGENT

Hey there superstar! Got an offer for you.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

DAVE

Hit me with it.

Dave takes a HUGE BITE of a hardboiled egg.

AGENT

Commercial campaign. Gonna be huge.
The Green Cross Code Man.

DAVE

What's the part?

AGENT

You're the guy, you're him. Some
kind of superhero, saves kids from
getting hit by cars and shit.

DAVE

(disappointed)

A superhero? What's the mask look
like?

AGENT

No mask.

Dave perks up.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Just that sweet, sweet Dave Prowse
mug.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave hangs up the phone, stunned. He turns to The Monster,
who shoots him a sly grin:

THE MONSTER

The game is afoot, David...
everything is proceeding as I have
foreseen...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - STREET

A LITTLE BRITISH KID (8) steps into the street, almost
getting HIT BY A CAR--

--but Dave JUMPS in his way, wearing a silly green-and-white
superhero costume with a giant X across the chest.

DAVE

Where do you think you're going,
you dumbo?

LITTLE KID
 (heavy lisp)
 Sorry Green Cross Code Man.

Dave raises his hand in a stopping-gesture:

DAVE
 Always stop, Stop, STOP!

With each "stop," Dave's (presumably egg-scented) hand gets bigger and bigger... until it fills the entire screen--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Cut!

The DIRECTOR (30s) rushes over, shakes Dave's hand.

DIRECTOR
 It's been a real pleasure, Mr.
 Prowse.

DAVE
 Of course. Anything for the
 children... um, when exactly will
 these be airing, do you know?

DIRECTOR
 Could be a little while yet, still
 waiting to sort out some details on
 the ad buy. But seriously, thanks
 again for agreeing to be part of
 this.

The director marvels at Dave, can't help but smile:

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Darth Vader! Fuckin' brilliant!

ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)
 Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to a
 new edition of... *To Tell The
 Truth!!!*

INT. TV SHOW SET - DAY

A cheesy 70s TV THEME blasts as the studio audience applauds.

THREE PANELISTS saunter onstage, take their seats behind a long desk stage-right.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 And now, let's meet the actor who
 played Darth Vader in Star Wars!

THREE TALL MEN emerge out of the shadows and step into a spotlight.

One of them is Dave, looking as happy as we've ever seen him: his face and voice are going to be on television!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ok panel, your job is to identify
the real Dave Prowse!

The audience APPLAUDS--

LATER

Onstage, Dave sits behind a large desk, flanked by the two Fake-Daves, as a PANELIST interviews him:

PANELIST
Number Three, when an actor takes a part where one's face is never seen, do you do it reluctantly, do you do it for the money, or--

PUSH IN on Dave's face, strained...

DAVE
You, uh, you... you do it for the part itself. The seeing of the face doesn't really worry me all that much--

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave flips through the mail. RIPS open a large manila envelope, and his eyes light up--

DAVE
Norma! Norma!!!!

She rushes into the room.

DAVE
Look!

He holds up a letter: it's from "The Official David Prowse Fan Club."

NORMA
Oh... well... isn't that nice.

She smiles unconvincingly.

DAVE
Bet you never thought that would happen.

She shuffles out of the room.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
Probably wouldn't have my own fan club if I'd taken some stupid job selling insurance, eh?

Dave chuckles to himself, then looks back down at the letter, reading it over and over, soaking it in...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

CLOSE ON an 8x10 glossy photo of Dave in the Vader costume, sans-mask, signed in silver pen:

"*David Prowse IS Darth Vader.*"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Dave strolling through the soundstage, leading a gaggle of FAWNING MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN (members of his new fan club) on a behind-the-scenes tour. They all carry autographed photos.

Gary watches from across the room, pissed.

DAVE
And this is the combat rehearsal area. I'm technically not supposed to say anything about this but...
(whispering)
I have a big lightsaber fight with Luke at the end of the movie. Big climactic scene. Been doing loads of training to get ready for it.

The ladies are impressed. Dave puts a finger to his lips, playfully:

DAVE
Shhh. Mum's the word!

They turn a corner, and approach an area with a BENCH PRESS and several FREE WEIGHTS.

DAVE
And over here we have my training area...

Dave stops at the bench press.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now, playing Darth Vader is no easy task. The costume itself weighs forty pounds, so it requires a very strict fitness regimen to stay in peak physical condition...

He picks up a BARBELL and lifts it high above his head dramatically, GRUNTING like a neanderthal.

EEEEUUURRRAAGGHHHH!!!

The ladies "ooh" and "ahh." One PAWS at his bulging bicep.

Dave chuckles and winks flirtatiously, relishing the attention:

DAVE

Now, now, Elizabeth, you know I'm a married man.

The women burst into GIGGLES, just as:

Harrison pops around a corner, munching on an apple.

FAN

Oh sweet Jesus... is that...
Harrison Ford???

BAM! Dave slams the weight down on the floor.

DAVE

Trust me, you don't want to--

FAN

(suddenly blurting)
Harrison!!!

Harrison spots the group, swaggers over.

DAVE

(under his breath)

Bollocks.

If they were excited about Dave, then seeing Harrison is like staring directly into the sun. If the sun were a movie star they wanted to fuck.

HARRISON

It's so nice of you *beeeeautiful*
ladies to keep Davie company on
set, he really doesn't have much to
do these days.

The women swoon. Speechless.

Harrison strolls past Dave, leaning in close:

HARRISON

(whispering)

*Real beauts, chief. Buncha rejects
from the Cantina... that one looks
like Greedo's retarded sister.*

Harrison ZINGS the apple core into a trash can, then saunters off.

ON DAVE-- simmering. He turns to the women:

One of them indeed looks uncannily like Greedo. Big round eyes, little puckered mouth, a GREEN BOW on her head.

INT. CORRIDOR ON SET - LATER

Harrison practices holstering and re-holstering his blaster as Dave storms up to him, livid.

DAVE

I demand to be treated with
respect, I'm a major actor on this
picture, and--

HARRISON

If this blaster were real, I'd
shoot your dick off right now.

Harrison aims it at Dave's crotch.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Pew, pew, pew.

(beat)

Now you're dickless.

What the fuck?

Dave's caught off-guard by this strange behavior...

DAVE

No, you're dickless!

HARRISON
 (flatly)
 You are.

DAVE
 NO, YOU ARE!!!

HARRISON
 Jesus, chill out you psycho.

Harrison ambles off, unfazed...

...then turns and points the blaster at Dave's crotch again--

HARRISON
 Pew, pew, pew...

A P.A. rushes up to Dave.

P.A.
 New pages for you Mr. Prowse. Just
 need you to sign for them.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave flips through the script pages, then abruptly stops. His eyes widen.

CLOSE ON THE PAGES--

"A respirator tube now retracts from Vader's uncovered head. The head is bald with a mass of ugly scar tissue covering it. The black droid then lowers the mask and helmet onto Vader's head."

The mask is coming off!!! Fuck yeah!

INT. BOREHAMWOOD CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dave eats alone, smugly wolfing down a plate of egg fried rice. Each bite showers the table with egg fragments.

A WOMAN (30s, cutting edge of 1970s fashion) flounces up:

WOMAN
 Pardon me, are you Dave Prowse?

Dave catches sight of her, and almost CHOKES on his egg dish. *She's gorgeous.*

DAVE
 (on guard)
 Who's asking?

WOMAN
 I'm Stacy Wright, I'm with the
 Borehamwood Herald. I saw you on *To
 Tell The Truth...*

She slides into his booth.

STACY (CONT'D)
 You're him, right? The actor?

The word loosens him up, he puffs up his chest.

DAVE
 I am, yes. The actor. Yes. I am the
 actor.

STACY
 Wow. It's a pleasure to meet you.

She shakes his hand, then slides over really close, brushing up against him.

STACY
 I'd love to do a story on you. Meet
 the real man behind the mask...

She leans over, her lips grazing his ear, as she seductively whispers:

STACY (CONT'D)
 ...all of him. Call me if you're
 interested.

She slips a BUSINESS CARD out and KISSES it, leaving a RUBY-RED LIP PRINT--

--then slides the card into his pocket, and sashays away...

...leaving Dave bowled over, floating in a cloud of her perfume.

THE MONSTER (O.S.)
 She desires more than a story,
 David.

The Monster suddenly sits across from him.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 Let the thirst of your loins be
 slaked!

DAVE
But... my family...

THE MONSTER
A thankless bunch of miscreants! Do
not deny yourself the pleasures of
the flesh... Seize them and taste
your true power...

ON DAVE-- conflicted, staring down at the card...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - HAIR AND MAKEUP - DAY

Vader sits in a makeup chair, maskless, the BACK OF HIS PALE,
BALD HEAD exposed.

An FX ARTIST puts finishing touches on the LATEX BALD CAP,
adjusting the prominent JAGGED SCAR, when--

--Dave, wearing street clothes, suddenly wheels into the
room. He stops dead in his tracks.

DAVE
What the bloody hell is this!?

The seated Vader turns: it's stuntman BOB ANDERSON (50s,
friendly English chap).

BOB
Oh, hey Dave.

DAVE
What-- Why-- I-- I am-- I am to be
used for the unmasking! Not my
stunt double.

The FX artist shrinks back, frightened.

BOB
They're not seeing the face, Dave.

DAVE
That's-- That's not the point! The
fans expect it to be me! Me!!!

BOB
Well I was already suited up, they
thought it'd save some time because
we've...

ON DAVE-- his eyes glazing over as Bob's voice fades to an
unintelligible drone... how is this happening?!

The Monster and The Minotaur suddenly materialize behind Bob...

THE MONSTER
Defend your fortress, David! Cry
havoc, and let slip the dogs of
war!

Dave SNAPS out of his stupor, then slowly and methodically swivels around.

CLICK!

He LOCKS the door. Then turns to face Bob and the FX artist, an unsettling grin distorting his features...

DAVE
(slowly and forcefully)
I am to be used for the unmasking.

Bob and the FX artist exchange a nervous look, both deeply creeped out...

...a long tense moment passes, the air electric...

BOB
Uh, sure Dave... yeah, no problem.

Frazzled, Bob gets up, starts slowly pulling the BALD CAP OFF... as Dave looks on, his eyes BLAZING--

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - LATER

Dave/Vader sits in VADER'S POD, maskless, his head covered in latex and makeup.

KERSH (O.S.)
Action!

The helmet slowly lowers onto Dave's head... as he subtly cranes his neck... angling his face...

...trying to get that sweet, sweet Dave Prowse mug in the shot before it's obscured by the mask--

KERSH (O.S.)
Cut! You're moving your head again,
Dave. We're really not supposed to
see your face in this one.

DAVE
Why not?

KERSH (O.S.)
Because that's what the script--

DAVE
But it's only a glimpse, Kersh! It would stoke the audience's curiosity, the fans would simply eat it up!

The CREW shifts irritably. They've been at this for a while. Kersh sighs, then stands up from behind the camera:

KERSH
I'm not joking around here.
Straight ahead. Literally just sit there and stare at the wall.
Easiest scene in the world.

The CAMERAMAN leans over:

CAMERAMAN
(quietly)
We could toss it on tracks, then pan to keep his face out.

Kersh checks his watch.

KERSH
Do it.

CORRIDOR - LATER

Dave strides down the hallway, a victorious smile spread across his face, The Monster and The Minotaur marching faithfully at his side.

A far door FLINGS open, and out traipses:

HARRISON
Hey chief! Last day tomorrow, huh?
We're really gonna miss you.

Dave does his best to ignore him...

...but as Harrison saunters past, he makes his hand into a gun, aims it at Dave's crotch:

HARRISON
Pew pew pew!

ON DAVE-- murder in his eyes. He clenches his fists, seconds away from pummeling Harrison--

--when The Monster takes his hand and gently intones:

THE MONSTER
Calm yourself David, there are
other ways to conquer that
miserable rogue...

INT. DAVE'S STUDY - LATER THAT EVENING

Dave sits at his desk, staring down at STACY'S BUSINESS CARD. The Monster looms behind him.

THE MONSTER
Yes... take her... show him you are
not to be mocked...

Dave's gaze drifts over to a FRAMED PHOTO on the wall:

Dave and Norma on their wedding day. Happier times, now long forgotten.

The Minotaur lumbers from the shadows, picks up the phone and offers it to Dave--

VOICE (O.S.)
Stop... stop... STOP!!!

What the hell???

It's Dave's own voice, coming from across the room:

The GREEN CROSS CODE MAN strikes a hero-pose, shimmering BLUE like the other two apparitions.

GREEN CROSS
What do you think you're doing, you
dumbo? Your family loves you.

THE MONSTER
And what have they done for you?!
Other than take, and take, and--

GREEN CROSS
David, listen to reason! When our commercials air, the world 'round will finally see and hear the real you... witness your real acting! We can achieve our dreams without wickedness...

Dave looks between The Monster and Green Cross, devil and angel...

...then glances back down at Stacy's card... the RED LIP PRINT beckoning...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER

Dave storms through the living room, trailed by Norma.

NORMA

Just for a couple hours, Dave! They want to see what their father does all day!

DAVE

Ahh! So now that dad's gone and become a movie star, what with his own bloody fan club, now everyone's keen to support me? Where was this interest before, when I was--

NORMA

Just an hour then. Lunch!

He flies up the stairs, Norma right on his heels--

DAVE

Absolutely out of the question.
Highly unprofessional.

NORMA

Mark Hamill brought his bloody two-year-old to set last week!

Dave reaches the top of the stairs, jets down a hallway--

DAVE

How'd you know that?

NORMA

It was in the *Daily Mail*!

DAVE

Well Mark is an unprofessional tosser, and I'm not going to sink to--

RACHEL (O.S.)

I can't come tomorrow?

Dave and Norma spin around to see Rachel (now 12) in her pajamas, half-asleep, standing in her bedroom door.

DAVE
I'm sorry munchkin. I wish you could.

Rachel pouts.

RACHEL
Are you at least coming to my play on Friday?

DAVE
Of course. Now go back to sleep darling.

Dave kisses her on the forehead, then ushers her back into her room, and gently closes the door.

DAVE
(to Norma, quietly)
What play?

NORMA
Are you serious?! Your daughter has been talking about this non-stop for the past month.

DAVE
Well I've been a little busy putting food on the table, I thought that's what you--

NORMA
Why won't you let them come? Are you embarrassed by us? Are you ashamed of your own family?

DAVE
Why now, eh Norma? Where was all this interest in my career, where was your support when I was just a nobody?

Norma fights back tears...

NORMA
You won't even set aside an hour to spend with your own children...

...then looks him straight in the eye:

NORMA (CONT'D)
(coldly)
You're still a nobody.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON-- Stacy the reporter, her voluptuous figure struggling to breathe under a tight blouse and painted-on mini-skirt. Basically Jessica Rabbit.

She hangs on Dave's arm as they strut around set, a smug grin plastered on his face.

Every eye drifts in her direction as the CREW labors away on the GANTRY/CLOUD CITY set.

DAVE

And this is where the big laser sword battle takes place.

STACY

Wow. This is incredible.

DAVE

I know.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - PR DEPARTMENT - LATER

Dave leads Stacy into the PR office, swaggers up to a desk, where an OFFICE WORKER taps away on a typewriter.

DAVE

Hello love, more prints for your superstar super-villain.

OFFICE WORKER

Oh. Mr. Prowse. Did--

DAVE

Five-hundred this time.

He shoots a wink at Stacy.

OFFICE WORKER

I'm sorry, did Gary not inform you?

DAVE

Inform me of what, love?

OFFICE WORKER

He's put a hold on all print orders.

DAVE

And why has he done that?

OFFICE WORKER

Well, he felt certain cast members
were... taking advantage.

DAVE

That's absurd... I-- I have an
important signing event coming up,
I need those prints, my fans--

OFFICE WORKER

You could always pay out-of-pocket
for some copies of the ones you
already have.

Dave bristles at this.

DAVE

Well then just a couple, for the
lovely lady here.

OFFICE WORKER

I'm sorry Mr. Prowse. Gary was very
clear--

Dave grits his teeth, struggling to keep his cool...

DAVE

You mean to tell me you can't print
one bloody photo of your star-
villain for a die-hard fan who's
doing a cover story feature profile
of me for a major publication?

OUTSIDE THE PR OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave leaves the office, empty-handed and humiliated, Stacy in tow...

He tries to shake it off:

DAVE

Gotta conserve paper, you know.
Can't go traipsing about cutting
down entire forests willy-nilly
just so superstar actors can have
their photo prints.

He shoots Stacy a smile, laughs nervously.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Say. You know what would be a real
treat?

CORNER OF THE SET - MOMENTS LATER

Harrison REHEARSES lines under his breath:

HARRISON
*...the Princess. You have to take
 care of her. You hear me? Huh?*

Harrison closes his eyes, then PASSIONATELY TONGUE-KISSES THE AIR for a long uncomfortable beat...

HARRISON
I love you too.

He grimaces at the line. Doesn't sound right.

When Dave suddenly strides up, Stacy on his arm.

DAVE
 Harrison! I'd like you to meet s--

HARRISON
 Oh hey there! You must be Dave's
 nurse.

ON DAVE-- at a loss. *What's that supposed to mean?*

Harrison KISSES her hand, flashing a devilish smile...

Stacy looks like she might blow a fuse. In her pants.

HARRISON
 How's ol' Davie boy doing? I heard
 he was suffering from a pretty bad
 case of "shit for brains." That's
 not fatal is it?

Dave forces a laugh. His voice comes out shaky and strained:

DAVE
 Haha! Quite the wit, Harrison!
 (to Stacy)
 You see, this is the sort of humour
 we enjoy on set. Friendly ribbing.
 Typically, I'd come back at him
 with an even sharper barb...
 something cutting, yet fraternal...
 like... ahhh... um...

An awkward pause as Dave racks his brains for a comeback... and comes up empty.

He shifts directions:

DAVE

(to Harrison)

She's a reporter, actually. Doing a feature profile on me for a major publication. Cover story.

STACY

(flustered)

I'm Stacy... nice to meet you Mr. Ford...

(to Dave)

Um, is there a ladies room nearby by any chance?

Dave points off down a hallway.

STACY

Excuse me--

She trots away.

DAVE

What do you think about that, eh?

Harrison shrugs.

HARRISON

She ain't a reporter.

DAVE

Wanna bet?

HARRISON

Nope.

DAVE

All I know is, she's a fit bird and she's dying to get a piece of this.

Dave FLEXES as hard as he can, dusting off one of his old bodybuilding poses. His muscles BULGE like they might explode...

ON HARRISON-- not even close to impressed.

OLD DAVE (PRE-LAP)

In his biography, Harrison Ford dismisses my seven-year involvement with the *Star Wars* saga in a single line...

PRESENT DAY

Dave snatches Harrison's book from a shelf--

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
...where he refers to me as...

--flips to a highlighted passage:

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
...and I quote, "*David Prowse, the bodybuilder who played Darth Vader.*"

He SNAPS the book shut.

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
Which really does annoy me. You know, Sir Laurence Olivier used to train regularly at a very well-known gym in London, but you never hear of him being referred to as a bodybuilder.

INTERVIEWER
He also played Hamlet. Like fifty times.

OLD DAVE
What's your point?

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - CLOUD CITY GANTRY SET - LATER

Vader and Luke DUEL with WOODEN SWORDS on the darkened set.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Stacy watches from the sidelines, eyes riveted on Dave/Vader.

CRACK!!!!

Luke's sword suddenly SNAPS in half.

KERSH (O.S.)
Cut!!! Damn it Dave!

Production screeches to a halt.

KERSH
I told you to cool it, stop breaking the god damn swords.

DAVE/VADER
 (muffled)
 I can't help it, they're cheap
 pieces of shite, look--

Dave SWINGS the sword around crazily, SLAMMING it against a railing. It SHATTERS to pieces.

KERSH
 That's it!!! Off the set Dave! Bob,
 you're up!

Bob Anderson, the stunt man, already in full Vader garb, hurries onto set.

DAVE/VADER
 What?! No! I can do it... Sorry,
 Kersh. I'm sorry... please...

The two Vaders share an awkward look...

...as dozens of exhausted crew members stare daggers at Dave... a long strained silence passes...

MOMENTS LATER

Vader again BATTLES with Luke--

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

--while Dave sulks in a chair on the sidelines.

Stacy lounges beside him, barely concealing her disappointment.

STACY
 (whispering)
 How often does he take over like
 that?

CRACK!

DAVE
 Rarely. Quite rarely. It's usually
 me in the costume...
 (beat)
 Although he does a tiny bit of the
 combat... but I do all the lines...
 every single one... all the
 important--

FIRST A.D. (O.S.)
 Shhhhhhhh!

Dave immediately shuts up.

Stacy eyes him, skeptical...

LATER

Stacy looks bored out of her skull, propping her head up with her hands. Half-asleep.

BOB/VADER
Obi-Wan has taught you well, you
have controlled your fear.

Bob's doing the lines now.

Fuck.

Dave shoots Stacy a nervous look.

But she doesn't look back. Ignoring him completely.

SEVERAL MORE EXCRUCIATING HOURS LATER

Vader and Luke continue sparring.

Vader points his wooden sword at a giant chunk of foam debris--

--and the CREW yanks some wires, sending it sailing across the room, SLAMMING into Luke.

ON THE SIDELINES-- Dave taps his foot impatiently...

This is taking forever.

Stacy glances at her watch, then offers Dave a tepid smile:

STACY
(whispering)
I've gotta call my editor quick.
Excuse me.

In a flash, she's gone. Someone else quickly takes her seat:

The Monster.

THE MONSTER
Do not allow these half-men to
render you impotent, David... You
must wrest control of your own
destiny...

DAVE
 (hushed)
 But what can I do?! My hands are--

FIRST A.D. (O.S.)
 Shhhhhhhh!

The First A.D. glares at him: *What the hell, Dave?!*

THE MONSTER
 You disappoint me, David. Perhaps
 you were meant for obscurity...
 Perhaps you deserve to be
 forgotten...

ON DAVE-- brooding, his pride wounded.

He glances around set, then spots The Minotaur beside a
 GIGANTIC WALL.

It sways precariously, Bob/Vader directly below it...

The Minotaur GESTURES to the floor: a few pathetic sandbags
 struggle to support the wall's weight.

If the sandbags were removed...

THE MONSTER
 Yes... now you see...

In a trance, Dave slowly rises from his chair...

...then creeps towards the sandbags...

...drifting through the crowded set, unseen...

When the Green Cross Code Man suddenly STEPS INTO HIS PATH--

GREEN CROSS
 Search your feelings, David, you
 can't do this. I feel the conflict
 within you...

ON DAVE-- mind racing, struggling to make a decision...

GREEN CROSS (CONT'D)
 These people are your friends. They
 are a team... and you are a part
 of--

KERSH (O.S.)
 Cut!

Bob yanks his Vader mask off.

BOB
Alright, I'm dying in this thing. I gotta take a break.

KERSH
No prob, Bob. Dave, you're up!

Green Cross BEAMS at Dave, victorious:

GREEN CROSS
Huzzah!

Dave GLARES at The Monster, appalled by what he almost convinced him to do.

The Monster scowls, then:

POOF! Vanishes into thin air.

LATER

Dave lowers the Vader mask on, then takes his position on the edge of the gantry.

Luke clutches onto a platform beneath him as loud fans suddenly WHIR to life.

KERSH (O.S.)
Action!

DAVE/DARTH
(shouting)
If you only knew the power of the dark side! Obi-Wan never told you what happened to your father.

LUKE
He told me enough! He told me you killed him!

DAVE/DARTH
No... Obi-Wan killed your father.

A long silence...

KERSH (O.S.)
Great! Let's cut there! Marvelous.
I think we got it.

Crew pours onto set. The costumer pops off Dave's helmet as Kersh strolls over and shakes his hand.

KERSH
 Nice work there, Dave. Exactly what we needed.

Dave can't help but smile, his ego stroked by the compliment.

KERSH
 You know, you've been a real asset.
 Hope we get the chance to work together again sometime.

Kersh squeezes his shoulder, then hurries off.

ON DAVE-- bursting with pride...

He looks around for Stacy...

But her chair's still empty.

She never came back. She missed the whole thing.

CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Dave storms down corridor after corridor...

DAVE
 Stacy?!

...finally arriving at an open area where he spots:

Stacy sneaking out of Harrison's trailer, giggling, adjusting her blouse. She scampers off down a hallway--

ON DAVE-- *What the fucking fuck?*

A moment later, Harrison emerges, hair tousled, buckling his belt.

Dave just stands there stupefied, seething with rage...

...then RACES toward the trailer, his eyes afire--

But Harrison spots him and scurries inside, SLAMMING the door just in time--

DAVE
 Harrison! You cunt! I'll fucking kill you, you fucking cunt!!!

HARRISON (O.S.)
 Ooooh, I'm reeeeally scared!

Harrison's face pops up in a window. He flashes a shit-eating grin, then FLICKS Dave off.

Dave turns BRIGHT RED, blind rage coursing through his veins. He reaches for the trailer door--

--he could easily rip it from its hinges, then tear Harrison in half--

--when Green Cross Code Man suddenly materializes:

GREEN CROSS
Calm yourself, David. Forsake
jealousy and rejoice in your
virtuous triumph: Kersh is proud of
you, you have your dignity, and
your family is safe...

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Onstage, a hand-painted backdrop hangs behind cardboard cut-out scenery.

The audience is packed with eager parents waiting for the play to start.

Norma sits in the front row, tapping her foot anxiously. An empty seat beside her.

She glances over her shoulder at the entrance... then down at her WATCH--

MATCH CUT TO:

DAVE'S WATCH. He stares down at it as seconds tick past--

INT. AUTOGRAPH CONVENTION - CONTINUOUS

--then looks up at the LINE OF ADORING FANS snaking across the convention hall. All eyes on him.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is there a problem, Mr. Prowse?

Dave mulls something over... then:

DAVE
Well... I could use a fresh pen.
This one's a bit dry.

VOICE (O.S.)
Of course, sir.

Dave waves the next CLUSTER OF FANS over. They scurry up, grinning ear-to-ear.

Dave POPS the cap off a fresh pen, and signs a MASKLESS PHOTO with a theatrical flourish:

"Dave Prowse IS Darth Vader"

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Dave creeps in, shuts the door quietly, then starts padding up the stairs--

NORMA (O.S.)
She doesn't want to see you.

Norma sits cross-legged on the living room floor, nursing a glass of wine, a magazine splayed open at her feet. She doesn't even look up at him.

DAVE
The signing went late, I tried to--

NORMA
Save it.

Dave's about to protest when he notices something on the floor beside her:

STACY'S BUSINESS CARD. The RED LIPSTICK PRINT faded and warped, like it's been through the laundry.

DAVE
Norma--

NORMA
I'd rather not, David...

Dave watches her for a long, sad beat...

...then trudges up the stairs to:

RACHEL'S BEDROOM DOOR

He knocks lightly.

DAVE
Rachel?

Silence.

DAVE
Munchkin? Can I come in?

Still nothing.

He nudges the door open, and peers inside:

RACHEL'S ROOM

Rachel's curled up in bed. She quickly turns away from him, her cheeks streaked with tears.

Dave kneels down beside her:

DAVE
I'm so sorry darling, I tried to be
there...

She stays silent.

DAVE
Rachel?

RACHEL
I don't want to be an actor
anymore.

She pulls the covers over her head... Dave stares down at her tiny form... hidden beneath the blankets...

CUT TO:

KABOOM!!! An AT-AT WALKER hits the snowy ground HARD and EXPLODES into a million pieces.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - "EMPIRE" PREMIERE - NIGHT

A sea of TUXES and GOWNS gazes up at the opening battle scene of "The Empire Strikes Back."

We PAN through the crowd, face after face completely bowled over by the special effects, finally landing on:

Dave. Wearing a blank expression. Barely even watching. The seat beside him empty. No Norma.

ONSCREEN-- BOOM! A door is blasted to smithereens. Vader emerges through the smoke into an icy hallway.

Dave perks up--

LATER

ONSCREEN-- the mask-lowering scene in Vader's pod.

In the audience, Dave watches closely, eyeing the side of Vader's head, hoping for a glimpse of his face--

--his heart races as the helmet gets lower--

--lower and lower--

--and then it's over. The helmet's back on.

Not a sliver of his face revealed.

Dave slumps down in his seat. Foiled again.

LATER

Dave watches, rapt, as ONSCREEN--

Luke climbs out onto the gantry, his hand freshly chopped off, as Darth -- with the voice of James Earl Jones -- intones from the platform:

VADER

Obi-Wan never told you what
happened to your father.

LUKE

He told me enough. He told me you
killed him.

VADER

No... I am your father.

The audience GASPS in disbelief. Minds blown. They have just witnessed one of the biggest reveals in film history.

ON DAVE-- Shell-shocked. Not the line he filmed on set. *Kersh lied to him. Just like the others...*

LUKE

No. That's not true. That's
impossible!!!

VADER

Search your feelings, you know it
to be true.

Dave starts to TREMBLE, a quiet rage slowly building deep inside of him...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A drunken Dave stumbles into his darkened house.

All is quiet.

He staggers up the stairs, down the hall to his--

STUDY

--where he shoves the door open. Then goes pale:

Green Cross is TIED TO A CHAIR in the middle of the room, BOUND AND GAGGED, barely conscious, dried blood caked to his face and neck.

VOICE (O.S.)

He is of no use to us anymore,
David.

Dave spins around:

The Monster and The Minotaur float behind him, GLOWING BRIGHTER than they ever have before.

A cold shiver runs down Dave's spine...

DAVE

What have you done?

THE MONSTER

Witness the treason your friend
hath wrought--

The Monster snaps his fingers and the TV flickers on.

ONSCREEN-- Dave's Green Cross Code commercial plays. It's finally airing!

Dave stares at the screen, his expression a strange mixture of excitement and fear...

And then it happens:

GREEN CROSS (ON T.V.)

Remember: stop, look and listen!

It's not Dave's voice.

It's been overdubbed. Again.

The Monster snaps his fingers and the TV clicks off.

Dave turns to Green Cross, who WHIMPERS in the chair...

DAVE
(barely a whisper)
You lied to me. You said they would
hear my voice.

THE MONSTER
David. You know what must be done.

The Monster slowly extends his hand, offering something:
A LIGHTSABER.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
The hate is swelling in you now.
Take your weapon. Use it...

Almost in a trance, Dave steps toward him...

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
Give in to your anger...

Dave reaches out, clutches the weapon...

...as The Monster gestures to Green Cross, who now weeps
silently...

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
He is defenseless.

Dave IGNITES the lightsaber...

...its ELECTRIC HUM pulsing through the air...

Green Cross tries to plead with him, his voice muffled
through the gag:

GREEN CROSS
Please... don't...

THE MONSTER
Strike him down with all of your
hatred, and your journey towards
the Dark Side will be complete!

Dave closes his eyes tightly...

...slowly raises the lightsaber above his head...

...tears now streaming freely down his cheeks...

...he takes a deep breath...

Then suddenly OPENS his eyes--

--and brings the blade down with a TERRIBLE FURY--

MATCH CUT TO:

BAM!!!

A PROP lightsaber blade SMASHES down on DARTH VADER.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The Emperor's Throne Room set.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
Well *Return of the Jedi*, that was
easily the worst film experience of
my life...

Director RICHARD MARQUAND (50s) shouts instructions at
Mark/Luke and Bob/Vader as they rehearse the final lightsaber
fight from "Return of the Jedi."

Dave hovers on the sidelines, seething.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
...because we had a director,
Richard Marquand, who didn't want
to speak to me. At least on the
first two, Gary gave me the time of
day... but unfortunately, he and
George parted ways for Jedi...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dave eats dinner with his family in silence...

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
At that point, my family wouldn't
have anything to do with Darth
Vader...

Norma and Rachel both stare down at the table, refusing to
even look at Dave. He abruptly gets up, grabs his plate and
leaves.

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
...Norma said Star Wars had been an
intrusion into our life.

INT. DAVE'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave eats alone, eyes vacant, as The Monster and The Minotaur
sign 8x10 glossies of him in costume:

"Dave Prowse IS Darth Vader."

OLD DAVE (V.O.)
 And on top of all of this, Richard started using my stuntman for all of the dialogue scenes, the scenes that I should've been doing... In fact, I was hardly even given any pages of the script...

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

Dave mopes around set, looking pale and numb...

He spots the scene being shot: Bob/Vader struggling to throw the Emperor over a railing--

--when the wire rigging system malfunctions. For probably the hundredth time.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Cut! Damn it! Alright, back to one...

ON DAVE-- setting his jaw. *This will not stand.*

He collars a nearby P.A.:

DAVE
 How long have they been at this?

P.A.
 All week.

Dave SNORTS derisively.

INT. WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - LATER

The room is empty, except for Dave, who stares at himself in the mirror as he carefully and methodically suits up as Vader.

No help from his usual costumer.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - MOMENTS LATER

Dave/Vader storms onto set, his cape flapping dramatically as Bob/Vader again attempts the Emperor-toss.

Carrie watches from the sidelines, as Dave stomps right into the shot, interrupting the take.

Richard flies out of his chair:

RICHARD
Cut!!! Why the fuck are there two
Vaders in the shot? One Vader man--
should only be one Vader!

Dave unceremoniously SHOVES Bob off the set--

BOB
What the-- What are you doing,
Dave?

--then strides back up to the Emperor, and tears the STUNT
RIGGING/WIRES off him.

He's going to do this shit for real.

Without warning, he seizes the Emperor, hoists him up high--

Richard looks around, confused...

RICHARD
Uhhhhh... action, I guess?

Dave/Vader carries the Emperor to the edge, straining to keep
him aloft, using every ounce of his strength...

...closer and closer to the railing...

...when he suddenly WOBLES--

CLOSE ON-- Dave's knee, quivering, giving out... then:

POP!!!

Something SNAPS inside... his old Tuberculosis wounds RIPPING
WIDE OPEN--

--but he doesn't stop... he grits his teeth, pushing through
the pain--

DAVE/VADER
Ahhhhhhh!!!

--then HURLS the Emperor over the edge.

RICHARD
Cut!
(stunned)
Damn. That was perfect... Great,
moving on.

Dave RIPS the Vader helmet off, then LIMPS over to Richard, shoves a finger in his face--

DAVE/VADER

See! Same old shite. If you had included me from the start you would've saved hundreds of thousand of pounds. I can do this Richard!
(pounding his chest)
I am Darth Vader!!!

He storms off, limping down a hallway--

ON CARRIE-- watching him stagger away...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SWOOSH!!!

Dave plunges his injured leg into a tub of ice water. Winces in pain, struggling to hold back tears.

VOICE (O.S.)

You ok?

Carrie stands in the doorway, genuine concern in her eyes.

Dave quickly wipes away his tears.

DAVE

Fine. Not a big deal really.

Carrie proceeds with caution...

CARRIE

Dave... if you were-- look, it's really none of my business, but maybe if you lightened up a little bit, tried to be a little nicer to people, you know--

DAVE

What the hell are you talking about? I am nice. I'm plenty nice.

Carrie studies him for a long, sad beat... a broken man who can't admit he's broken...

She wants to say something... but knows it's a lost cause.

CARRIE

Ok, Dave... I'll see you around.

Dave just glares at her, waits for her to leave the room...

...then GRABS his knee, GRIMACING in pain--

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Dave, in street clothes, now wearing a METALLIC BACK/LEG BRACE, lurches down the hall. Looking almost half-robot.

A nervous P.A. pads by, when Dave suddenly corners him.

DAVE
Where's Richard?!

P.A.
I-- I haven't seen him.

Dave GRABS him by the shirt:

DAVE
Why am I not getting more pages?!

ON THE P.A.-- too scared to speak.

DAVE
I am a major star of this film. I need to see the full script. Where is it!?

P.A.
I don't-- I don't know.

Suddenly, Dave spots a familiar face at the end of the hall:

It's George.

For a moment, Dave's eyes soften... the ghost of a smile flits across his face as he's transported back to an earlier, happier time...

DAVE
George!

George spots him and cringes, then hurries off down the hallway--

DAVE (CONT'D)
George!!! What are you--

Dave LIMPS after him, moving as fast as he can in the brace--
--but George remains just out of reach--

--darting around corner after corner--

DAVE (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you!!!

--Dave's wearing down, running out of breath--

--George hoofs it even faster, desperate to avoid him--

DAVE (CONT'D)
Please! George!!!

--when Dave suddenly trips, CLATTERING to the ground.

ON DAVE-- his tormented face pressed against the floor, his labored breathing receding into a steady, rhythmic pulse...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - EARLY MORNING

CREAK, CREAK, CREAK--

The studio lot is empty. Desereted.

CREAK, CREAK--

Dave marches around a corner munching a hardboiled egg, his leg brace SQUEAKING with each step. Resolve in his eyes.

The Monster and The Minotaur trail him as he approaches a door.

He JIGGLES the handle. Locked.

He looks around to make sure he's alone, then GRIPS it again, SQUEEZING it as hard as he can--

SNAAAPPP!!!

It breaks off. He KICKS the door open--

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave CREAKS down the empty halls of the studio.

INT. HARRISON'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The trailer is a complete mess, dark and silent...

The door suddenly flies OPEN:

Dave LOOMS in the doorframe, a featureless silhouette. The Monster and The Minotaur flanking him.

Dim BLUE LIGHT falls across the floor...

...when Dave suddenly spots what he's looking for:

A SCRIPT peeking from the debris.

Dave snatches it--

BAM! A distant studio door SLAMS.

He freezes... listening for signs of movement... then scurries out the door--

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - LATER

Dave paces in the garage, madly flipping through the script, reading... and reading... then suddenly stops.

CLOSE ON the page. Several fragments jump out: "VADER...let me look on you with my own eyes... Luke removes the mask from his father's face... the dying man smiles..."

Dave goes pale. The mask is finally off. For a real scene. Moments before Vader dies.

This is it. His final chance for glory.

There's no time to lose.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave RACES to set, swerving through London traffic.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

Dave limps down corridors, weaving through crew members, all hard at work. He grabs one of them:

DAVE
Where's today's call sheet?

Dave slams the CREW GUY against the wall.

DAVE
Show me!

The terrified CREW GUY digs around in his pocket, pulls out a crumpled sheet of paper, hands it over.

Dave scans it quickly...

...and his heart sinks.

AN IMPOSING DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Four BURLY GUARDS loiter in front of it.

Dave shuffles towards them, a desperate, broken man.

MAIN GUARD

Sorry. Closed set.

DAVE

I must get in. I'm supposed to be
in there... I...

Dave WAVES HIS HAND in front of the guard's face.

DAVE

You will let me in.

The guards exchange puzzled looks.

MAIN GUARD

I will not. Strict orders.

Dave peers over the guard's shoulder, through a small window on the door.

DAVE'S POV-- the final moments of Vader's death scene can barely be seen through the hazy glass. Luke kneeling before a maskless Vader, who's now being played by a new actor:

SEBASTIAN SHAW.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Cut! Wonderful!

FIRST A.D. (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen that's a
picture wrap on Mr. Sebastian Shaw!

APPLAUSE ERUPTS on the other side of the door.

ON DAVE-- he's too late. The blood drains from his face...

THE MONSTER (O.S.)

There is but one option left,
David...

Dave collapses to the ground in tears...

...as The Monster kneels down and whispers, with venom:

THE MONSTER
*Their base deception must be repaid
 with malice tenfold...*

The words DISTORT and ECHO inside Dave's head...

...as his sobs gradually transform into HEAVY RHYTHMIC BREATHS...

...a rising CACOPHONY of madness, getting louder and louder as we slowly PUSH IN on his tortured face...

...the noise reaching a DEAFENING CLIMAX...

...when he finally LOOKS UP--

And ALL SOUND DROPS OUT.

His eyes glint in the sunlight, now filled with a new, darker purpose...

INT. GEORGE'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

George paces around the room -- which is stuffed wall-to-wall with STAR WARS toys -- clutching a copy of *THE DAILY MAIL*.

Dave sits before the desk, his eyes riveted on George, his gaze unwavering, laser-focused...

George tosses the PAPER onto the desk. THWOP!

The headline reads:

"VADER TO BE KILLED OFF IN THE NEXT STAR WARS MOVIE - AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DAVE PROWSE"

GEORGE
 Darn it, Dave, how could you do
 this?!

DAVE
 I did nothing of the sort. How
 could I? I've no clue how the movie
 ends.

George stares at him, dubious.

Dave continues, his voice calm and measured:

DAVE

I've been given hardly any pages.
In fact, I've barely even shot a
single scene. Bob has been used
almost exclusively. So I haven't
the faintest idea what this film is
even about.

(beat)

What happened was, the reporter
called up, and he told me the
ending... then he wrote an article
to make it look like I was the one
spilling the beans. It's utter
nonsense.

GEORGE

Harrison's missing his script.

DAVE

Maybe he leaked it.

GEORGE

Why in God's name would he do that?

DAVE

Because he's a wanker.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE

His trailer was broken into...

(beat)

...and there were little bits of
egg shells on the floor.

ON DAVE-- unruffled.

DAVE

That's odd.

A heated silence passes... Dave changes the subject:

DAVE

From very start, you never liked
me, did you?

GEORGE

I liked you just fine.

DAVE

I've done nothing but contribute...
I made Vader into an icon... I did
it! And this is the thanks I get.

George can't believe what he's hearing...

The First A.D. suddenly peers into the office:

FIRST A.D.
Bob sprained his ankle. We're gonna
need Dave.

Dave turns to George:

DAVE
I suppose I'll get blamed for that
one too, eh?

INT. ELSTREE STUDIO - LATER

A corridor on the "Endor" set. Vader stands before a CUFFED LUKE, in custody of a COMMANDER and some STORMTROOPERS.

COMMANDER
He was armed only with this.

He hands Luke's saber to Vader.

DAVE/VADER
Perhaps I shall shove it up his
arse, and then turn it on. Would
you like to watch Commander?

CREW MEMBERS exchange puzzled glances, suppress chuckles.

Dave's now just saying offensive nonsense in place of Vader's real dialogue. One last pathetic attempt at revenge.

Carrie, Harrison, and Sir Alec watch from the sidelines. Appalled at what Dave's become.

Mark and the other actors ignore Dave's improvisations, and soldier on with the scene, as if everything's normal.

COMMANDER
Yes, my lord.

The commander and his stormtroopers exit.

DAVE/VADER
(to Luke)
The Emperor desires to fondle your
buttocks.

LUKE
I know, Father.

DAVE/VADER
 So, I shall let him know you're interested then. Perhaps you shall be lovers.

GEORGE (O.S.)
 That's it!!!!

George BURSTS onto the set, on the verge of exploding.

GEORGE
 One more fucking word out of you and your career is over! Do you want that?!

ON THE CREW-- a sea of stunned faces. They've hardly heard George speak, let alone raise his voice.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I will fucking end you!!!! You're a speck of fucking dust. Okay?
 Nothing! I don't need this shit!!! You're a self-entitled little brat and I'm fucking through!!!

DAVE/VADER
 I--

GEORGE
 NOT ANOTHER WORD!!!!!!

Dave shuts up.

The crew stands frozen in place.

GEORGE
 Richard, do the goddamn lines.

Richard nods. Everyone resets the scene.

George watches, red-faced, panting.

RICHARD
 Action.

COMMANDER
 He was armed only with this.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Good work commander... leave us.

Dave silently mimes the part, beaten into submission.

Crushed.

INT. ELSTREE STUDIOS - END OF THE DAY

Cast and crew celebrate the final day of filming. Cheering and hugging, high-fiving.

Dave watches from across the room.

A non-entity.

He slinks out the door.

No one even notices.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Dave shuffles down the sidewalk, lost and alone. His leg brace creaking with each step.

The Monster and The Minotaur trail him. His only companions.

THE MONSTER (PRE-LAP)
Despair not, David... Let us leave
this unfortunate saga behind...

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dave sits in a dark corner, staring blankly at the remains of the mannequin he previously destroyed. The Monster and The Minotaur flank him, offering counsel:

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
The battle may be lost but the war
rages on... others will come, with
even greater roles...

Dave just stares at the mannequin's head... barely listening...

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
The world will know us yet... it is
our destiny...

Dave suddenly snaps--

DAVE
And what have you done for me?!

Except goad me towards my own
destruction and poison my mind!

THE MONSTER
You still can't see it David? There
is no you.
(MORE)

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 We are you and you are us, there is
 no escaping it, we shall be
 together forever--

DAVE
 No!!! Leave me!

Dave grabs the mannequin's MOP HANDLE from the floor and furiously HACKS AWAY at The Monster, but each blow PASSES RIGHT THROUGH IT. Leaving the specter unscathed.

THE MONSTER
 Together we shall go forth into the
 world and smite our enemies with
 merciless violence!

The Monster's voice rises into an evangelical fervor...

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 We shall steal upon our prey with
 silent tread, so that they might
 never detect the hands which plot
 their demise...

Dave covers his ears--

DAVE
 Begone, fiends!!!!!!

THE MONSTER
 ...or we shall die valiantly in the
 glory of battle!!!!!!!

Dave suddenly emits a DEAFENING PRIMAL SCREAM--

--RATTLING the tools on the workbench--

--SHATTERING the lightbulb overhead---

--and STORMS out of the garage, into the--

STREET

He rushes away, panting...

...then suddenly stops.

All is strangely quiet...

...the sudden tranquility unsettling...

...he spins around:

The streets are empty.

The ghosts haven't pursued him.

Has he won?

Has he finally banished his tormentors for good?

He creeps back up the driveway and into the--

GARAGE

Darkness. He fumbles around for a flashlight...

...finds one...

...then FLICKS it on and RECOILS IN HORROR:

The Monster and The Minotaur have been CUT TO PIECES. Their SICKLY BLUE BODY PARTS strewn across the garage. Ghostly blood drips from the walls.

Dave tries to scream, but his voice catches in his throat... his face frozen in a silent mask of sheer terror--

OLD DAVE (PRE-LAP)
And like that...

PRESENT DAY

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
...it was over.

Old Dave stares off into the distance. Worlds away.

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
It ended cordially enough though.
The shoot had been difficult, like
I said, but I sensed no hard
feelings. We ate some going-away
cake, George and I shook hands, and
that was that.

ON THE INTERVIEWER-- smelling bullshit.

INTERVIEWER
Really.

He waits for a response. Nothing.

INTERVIEWER
Well... you still haven't answered
the question.

The interviewer speaks slowly and firmly:

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Dave, why do you think-- Why did George Lucas ban you from all official Star Wars events? There must be a reason.

OLD DAVE

And I've told you, I don't bloody know!

(beat)

You'd have to ask George. I definitely upset him at one stage or other and I do feel disappointed about that. But I honestly have no idea what I did wrong.

The interviewer just stares in disbelief. All of this nonsense to end up exactly where he began, with no clear answers.

INTERVIEWER

Have you ever thought of simply apologizing?

OLD DAVE

Apologizing for what?

INTERVIEWER

I think you know. You could apologize right now, here in this interview, and who knows? Perhaps it might mend things with George, perhaps it might... give you some peace of mind?

Dave stands his ground.

OLD DAVE

I haven't done anything that warrants an apology.

He fixes a steely glare on the interviewer:

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

I didn't leak the bloody ending.

The interviewer holds his gaze... Dave stares him down, eyes afire... even his droopy eye remains steady...

The interviewer finally sighs, gives up.

INTERVIEWER

What about the new film? Do you even think you'll see it?

This strikes a nerve.

OLD DAVE

Hmmm, let me see: Those behind it have cut me out and have continued to ignore me for years, I've never had a call from anyone to be in it, nobody even bothered to get in contact with me to ask about my association with it...

His begins quivering, anger slowly rising...

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

And when the new film was being made, they had a big party to launch it and I never got invited. Which is strange as Darth Vader is the most important character. So do I have any interest in watching it? No, I don't.

INTERVIEWER

Did you have *any* fun making Star Wars? Anything at all you remember fondly?

Dave thinks for a long moment, then cracks a smile.

OLD DAVE

Easy. Getting paid.

He chuckles. No one else does.

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)

But no, I mean, I had a nice experience... I enjoyed working with George Lucas, and Gary Kurtz the producer was very pleasant.

The interviewer can barely contain his exasperation.

INTERVIEWER

You're serious. You've just spent the past two hours talking about how they took advantage--

OLD DAVE

Now don't go twisting my words. That's the problem with talking to you lot, you always end up making me sound like I'm something I'm not.

A charged beat...

INTERVIEWER
And what are you?

Dave's eyes GLEAM with a hint of madness.

OLD DAVE
I'm the ultimate screen villain of
all time.

A long moment of unsettling silence...

LATER

The film crew wraps up. Takes down lights. Coils cables.

Dave watches them pack in silence.

OLD DAVE
So when does this air?

INTERVIEWER
Honestly? I'm not sure it will.

OLD DAVE
And why's that?

INTERVIEWER
Not sure if there's enough
interest.

Ouch. That stings.

Dave suddenly snatches his CANE and shakily stands, barely
able to hold himself upright.

OLD DAVE
Right then. Well, thanks for
coming, off you go.

Dave starts shooing them out, staggering towards the door
with his cane.

OLD DAVE (CONT'D)
Off you go now...

AT THE DOORWAY

The interviewer turns to Dave... and looks deep into his sad,
haunted eyes: *Whatever man once occupied this body is barely
there now.*

He's about to say something... then decides against it.

INTERVIEWER

Goodbye Dave.

Dave just stares at him blankly for a beat...

...then shuts the door.

LATER

Dave sits alone in his upholstered chair, dozing. The house now dark and perfectly silent.

He suddenly wakes with a start. Check his watch: it's late.

He peels himself from the chair, grabs his cane, and shuffles towards the staircase.

Then gently hooks the cane on the railing, and starts climbing the stairs, carefully, slow as a snail, when--

--a sharp pain suddenly shoots through his knee, he wobbles--

--then loses his footing, and tumbles to the floor. THUD!

He GROANS... his breathing labored, heavy...

...then makes a feeble attempt to pull himself to his feet... but it's useless, he's too weak...

...he reaches for the hanging cane... but it's just out of his grasp...

...he squeezes his eyes shut in concentration, reaches out again, as if willing it to come to him...

...but it's no use. The cane gently rattles against the bannister, mocking him...

He gives up, slumps to the ground--

--and lies there in defeat, the house dead quiet.

A long, silent moment passes...

...then a floorboard suddenly CREAKS.

He cranes his neck to get a look...

OLD DAVE

Norma?

...another CREAK...

...and another...

...then a BLACK BOOT steps into view... and Dave looks up:

DARTH VADER towers over him, in all his terrifying glory.
BLUE and TRANSLUCENT, just like the other ghosts.

His empty eyes impossible to read...

Vader slowly crouches down...

...then scoops Dave into his arms... lifts him up...

...cradling him like a child...

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN as Vader carries him up the stairs...
each step powerful and deliberate...

...the ONLY SOUND Vader's mechanical, rhythmic breathing...

INT. DAVE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vader gently sets Dave onto the TWIN-SIZE BED...

...pulls the blankets up under his chin...

...kneels down beside him... staring right into his eyes...

...then reaches his gloved hand out and BRUSHES DAVE'S HAIR
FROM HIS FOREHEAD. *Just like Dave used to do for Rachel.*

Dave smiles up at the soulless mask...

It seems to cast a strange spell over him, as if he's being
called back to some distant dream...

...Vader's BREATHING seems to grow LOUDER... and LOUDER...
OVERTAKING ALL SOUND... becoming DEAFENING...

....as we PUSH IN ON THE MASK... gazing down, unwavering,
Dave's haunted face reflected in its DARK, GLASSY EYES--

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END