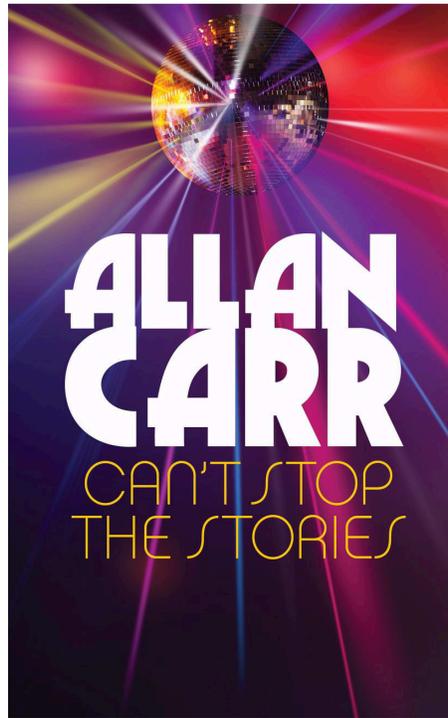


Revised Draft 8 - Wednesday February 12, 2020



A New Play  
By Michael Shayne

Registered With The Writers Guild of America East  
Member of The Dramatist Guild of America

The Play Is Represented by Mark Keller  
**Keller Monash Productions, Inc.**  
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**Allan Carr: Can't Stop The Stories!** Who *was* Allan Carr? He was one of the most iconic and flamboyant producers show business has ever seen. The day after Allan produced the Academy Awards, he was blacklisted in Hollywood for the rest of his career! Even after he produced the smash hit motion picture Grease, Broadway's original production of the Tony Award-winning La Cage Aux Folles, and promoted Saturday Night Fever and The Who's Tommy. There will **NEVER** be another Allan Carr.

**MICHAEL SHAYNE** In addition to *"Allan Carr: Can't Stop The Stories!"* Michael has written the librettos to *"Lysistrata: A Musical Fable About Love and War"* and *"Survivors: A Kurt Weill Songspiel"*. His other plays include: *"Honeymoon Sweet"*, *"Heroes: Fighting in the AIDS Trenches"* (Two One-Act Plays: *"Ruth: The Cemetery Angel"* and *"Vito: Standing On My Shoulders"*), *"The Absolutely True Adventures of a Hollywood Assistant"* and *"This Way to the Egress"*. His short plays include *"Peter Pan Is Dead"*, *"I, William Shakespeare"*, *"Mr. G"*, *"Becoming Tab Hunter"*, *"The Job Offer"*, and *"The Mirror In The Attic"*.

## **CHARACTERS**

Allan Carr  
Answering Machine (Voice)  
Bruce Vilanch (Voice)  
Operator (Voice)  
Brandon Stoddard (Voice)  
Charles Champlin (Voice)  
Norman Corwin (Voice)  
Barry Spikings (Voice)  
Mary Hart (Voice)  
Richard Kahn (Voice)

## **SETTING**

Allan Carr's Hillhaven Lodge. 1220 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, CA.

## **TIME**

March 30, 1989. Afternoon. The day after the Academy Awards.

The play should be performed without an intermission.

The play is based on actual events; however, some of the character names or circumstances have been fictionalized for dramatization purposes.

## **DRAMATURGE**

**Eric Webb**  
Director of Creative Development  
Davenport Theatrical Enterprises  
1501 Broadway, Suite 1304  
New York, NY 10036

**PROP LIST FOR ALLAN CARR: CAN'T STOP THE STORIES!**

Envelope Addressed to Allan. Delivered by Hand (Academy Award Letter. Type written with signatures)

Envelope Addressed to Allan. Delivered by Hand (Disney Lawsuit. Formal lawyers letter type written and signed)

Envelope (Ratings Report) Folded paper (faxed) with rating numbers.

Envelope a white envelope with Allan Carr's name on the front in bold upper case lettering. The flap is closed with a red seal with a ribbon attached to it. The card inside says *Allan Carr for the best damn Oscar show in the last five years!*

Pile of Newspapers\*

Pile of Telegrams (Opened with wording on them.)

3 Rotating Rolodex with many cards. Some with names and phone numbers on them.

Champagne Bottle Chilled. (Krug Brut Vintage 1988) Pre-opened for easy opening by the actor.

Stand and bucket with ice for the champagne with bar towel

Champagne Glass

Vodka Bottle 3/4 filled (Russo-Baltique Vodka)

Low Ball glass for Vodka

Little Jewel Box (containing cocaine)

Rotary Dial Telephone Business Style Multiple push buttons.

"Favor" Book that Allan keeps for all the favors he has done for producers, actors, studio executives etc

Popcorn in a Waterford Crystal Bowl

Gold Bar Stool with backing and cushion seat

Academy Award Style Gold Statue Statue 15" High

Actors' Cigarettes (Electronic)

Lighter Gold (Tiffany/Cartier Style)

Bouquet of Pansies and card in an envelope. Message hand written on card.

Embroiled Pillow that says *'No Good Deed Goes Unpunished.'*

\*Variety, Hollywood Reporter, LA Times, LA Herald Examiner, San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco Examiner, New York Times, NY Daily News, NY Post, Chicago Sun-Times, Chicago Tribune, Boston Herald, Boston Globe, Detroit Free Press, The Washington Post, Miami Herald, Sun-Sentinel (Fort Lauderdale)

### **PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTES**

Allan Carr's basement discotheque was inspired by the famous Studio 54 in New York City and decorated in the style of King Tut's Tomb. The walls were copper in color and had a large bar with a full complement of alcohol and various styles and sizes of glasses. There was a mirrored ball, laser lights, a copper dance floor with color light tiles that pulsed to the beat of the music, a top of the line sound system, and a neon sign that said *ALLAN CARR DISCO*. The centerpiece of the room was a large ornate multicolored satin couch with many overstuffed colorful satin throw pillows. There was one white cushion in the center. The pillow had embroidered on it "*NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED.*" In front of the couch, there was a large coffee table with a glass top. On it was Allan's business style telephone and an answering machine plugged into the floor, a massive pile of newspapers from LA and the rest of the country, a smaller collection of telegrams, a gold award style statue, and a little jewel box that contained cocaine. Next to the couch was a stand, a bucket with ice, a champagne bottle, and a bar towel.

*The lights come up on the basement disco. **ALLAN CARR** enters. He moves to the coffee table and hugs the pile of newspapers.*

I can feel the love.  
ALLAN

*Allan picks up all the telegrams and fans them out.*

I can see the love.  
ALLAN

*Allan looks at the answering machine. A light is flashing.*

Phone messages. I can hear the love.  
ALLAN

*Allan presses play.*

You have one new message.  
ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE

Only one?  
ALLAN

*There is a beep. We hear **BRUCE VILANCH'S** voice.*

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
Hey, sleeping beauty, are you up yet? Just calling to see how you're doing? Did you get that letter from the Academy? What about Disney lawsuit over Snow White? If you need anything, call me.

*There is a beep.*

There are no new messages.  
ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE

ALLAN  
Damn! Where are all the other calls? I produced the most spectacular broadcast event of the television season, maybe of the decade. Billions of people around the world saw it. I wanted the Oscars to have the glamor and excitement that's severely lacking in today's movies. Old Hollywood is sadly on its way out, and new Hollywood has no idea how to step into their dance shoes. *(Allan picks up the phone)* Did a special delivery letter come for me?...Where?...I see it.

*Allan puts down the phone and picks up a large envelope that has been placed on top of the newspapers.*

ALLAN

Delivered by hand from the Academy.

*Allan opens the envelope and takes out the contents and reads it.*

ALLAN

The sixty-first Academy show was an embarrassment to both the Academy and the entire Motion Picture industry. It is neither fitting nor acceptable that the best work in motion pictures be acknowledged in such demeaning fashion. We urge the President and Governors of the Academy to ensure that future award presentations reflect the same standard of excellence as set by the films and filmmakers they honor. *(Allan pauses for a moment.)* I suspect Barry "Fucking" Diller is behind this. They can all suck my dick! I'll wipe my ass with it. *(And he does.)* I know the show was great!

*Allan gets up and moves to one of the mirrored walls and turns his back to it. Feels behind his shoulder blades.*

ALLAN

Just checking to see if there is a knife in my back!

*Allan returns to the couch and starts to drink and does a hit of coke. Allan opens one of his Rolodexes. As he mentions the following people's names, he pulls their card out. Allan will either tear them up, throw them away or spit on them. Allan works himself into a frenzy.*

ALLAN

THAT'S IT! Judas! Gregory Peck, I don't understand it! I thought we were friends. You were even here for dinner last week! Peck is gone! Blake Edwards, that manic depressive hypochondriac hack. Gone! Julie Andrews! That bitch hasn't had a success since Victor/Victoria. Gone! Fred Zinnemann and Billy Wilder, can anyone remember the last movie they directed? Aud Wiedersehen! Paul Newman. Four words to say about him! "When Time Ran Out!" Yuch and adieu! David Brown! Who? Adios! Stanley Donen the has-been. Gone! John Foreman! A Newman crony. Larry Gelbart! Gone! Sidney Lumet! I thought he had more guts than that! He fought the blacklist and now look at what he did to me! Joseph Mankiewicz! I thought he was dead! Alan J. Pakula! Martin Ritt! Mark Rydell! Peter Stone! Fuck them all! Never! Ever! Again! Will any of them ever be invited to one of my parties again! Damn them all to hell!

*Allan does some cocaine and drinks champagne to calm down. He starts to read the telegrams.*

ALLAN

Michael Ovitz Wow! *"You brought show business back to the movie business."* Glenn Close: *"The evening was classy."* Ann-Margret: *"So proud of you! Your dream came true!"* Samuel Goldwyn Jr: *"You're not going to be able to please everyone. Just please yourself. Great show!"* Jacqueline Bisset: *"Darling! Kiss!*

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

*Kiss!*" Olivia: "Thank you. Thank you. It was the best." Robert Stigwood: "Brilliant show! Only the best from now on." Ronald Reagan: "It was the best television show I've ever seen." Goddamn! The President of the United States loved it! And I didn't even vote for him! Lucille Ball, Bob Hope, James Stewart, Kim Novak, Sammy Davis, Candice Bergen, Carrie Fish, Debbie Reynolds, Angie Dickinson, Alana Stewart, Dustin Hoffman (*He crumbles it up.*) Hypocrite. Hates awards but glad to get one. Cher: "You got it, babe!" Here's one from Robin Williams: "Loved the show. Thanks for having me on. Hear you're doing the Nobel Prizes next." They know what they're talking about, unlike those shits who signed that letter.

*Allan picks up a bottle of champagne from the coffee table and pours it into a glass. He drinks, lights a cigarette, and picks up the phone. Allan presses a button on the phone. We hear it ringing.*

## ALLAN

I'm a Gemini. I can do three things at once. Drink, smoke, and talk on the phone. I love the rumors persist that there are three of me.

*We hear the other end pick up.*

## OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science. Richard Kahn's office.

## ALLAN

Allan Carr, here. Can you tell Richard I got his letter, and I need to speak to him right away!

## OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I'm sorry, Sir, Mr. Kahn, can't talk to you right now. He's on a call. Do you have a message for Mr. Kahn?

## ALLAN

Can I talk with Norman Corwin? Maybe the vice-president isn't busy.

## OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

Sorry, he hasn't come in yet. I can transfer you to his secretary.

## ALLAN

No, I can call him at home. I have his number. How about Robert Rehme, or is he at his day job at New World Pictures?

## OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

He hasn't moved into his office yet.

## ALLAN

Isn't there anyone else I can talk within the higher echelon of the Academy.

## OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I'm afraid everyone else is either in a meeting or hasn't come in yet. Do you have a message for Mr. Kahn?

ALLAN

Yes. It's essential that Richard calls me as soon as It's a matter of life and death.

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

And who are you again?

ALLAN

Allan Carr!

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

And how do you spell your name?

ALLAN

*(Yells out each letter.)*

Jesus Christ! A! L! L! A! N! C! A! R! R! Did you have to take an idiot test to answer the phone? I produced the Academy Award Show last night! Did you watch the show last night?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

Yes, Sir. I liked everything. Especially Snow White singing and dancing with Rob Lowe.

ALLAN

I knew it! The letter is bull!

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

Anything else I can do for you, Mr. Carr?

ALLAN

Just have them call me.

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

*(Overly Sweet)*

Thank you for calling Mr. Kahn's office. Have a great day, Mr. Carr, and a nice one too.

*The sound of a phone hanging up is heard.*

ALLAN

Great day! Nice day! Just a double way to say "Fuck You" in Hollywood.

*There is a knock at the door, and an envelope is slipped underneath it. Allan picks it up and reads the contents.*

ALLAN

It's the last night's ratings for the Academy Awards. WOW! This fantastic! VINDICATION! I worked harder than God. If he had hired me, I would have made the world by Thursday. ABC should be really happy about this! That means more people watched the Academy Award show last night than they have had in the previous five years! Brandon and ABC should be ecstatic!

*Allan picks up the phone and presses a button. We hear the phone ring and pick up.*

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

Brandon Stoddard, here.

ALLAN

Hello Brandon, Allan here. I just got the overnight ratings. They are fantastic! 42.7 million people watched the show, and it had 30 share!

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I'm fine, Allan. Thank you for asking. How are you?

ALLAN

I don't know. I'm all over the place. Some fuckers from the Academy didn't like the show. Disney is taking a cow over a public domain character, but I'm over the moon with the ratings.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I heard about the letter and the lawsuit. Sorry to hear about that.

ALLAN

How did you hear about it?

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

Allan, don't you ever read the newspaper? It made the front page along with the reviews of the show.

ALLAN

The bastards sent out a press release? They must have prepared them ahead time. Well, fuck that! What do you think about the ratings?

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

A big improvement over the last few years.

ALLAN

The last five years.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

Yes, Allan.

ALLAN

I need a big favor from you, Brandon.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

It all depends on what it is.

ALLAN

Can you please call Richard Kahn and tell them how happy you are with the ratings and that you were happy with how the show turned out. Push the five-year angle.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I've already spoken with Richard, and he knows all about the ratings. He was pleased with the increase.

ALLAN

And yet he still sent out that letter.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

He did what he had to do.

ALLAN

You know Barry Diller had something to do with this.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I don't think so. You're being paranoid.

ALLAN

Ever since *The Deer Hunter* won over *Heaven Can Wait*, he's had it out for me.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I know Barry, and he doesn't even think about you anymore.

ALLAN

The worse kind of deceit.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

Allan, I've got to go. I have meetings to go to.

ALLAN

You got to help me out here. Send out press releases how fantastic the rating were and how it was the most watch show in Russia.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I'm not sure if that's true.

ALLAN

So what? Who's going to complain about it, the Kremlin?

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

I've already sent out the press releases. Got to go. Have a great day.

ALLAN

Thanks. We'll have to do lunch.

BRANDON (VOICE OVER)

Call my secretary.

*We hear the phone hang up. Allan hangs up the phone.*

ALLAN

This is not good.

*Allan picks up the phone again and presses a button.*

ALLAN

HEY! Where's the envelope from Disney?...Jesus fucking Christ, you have to tell me these things! You can't expect me to just find these things!

*He bangs down the phone and picks up another envelope. He opens it and reads it.*

ALLAN

Fuck me! Snow White is suing me! I've got to get my version out there! It's spin control time. I'm the master of spin control. I mean, I perpetrated the legend of "Mama" Cass. I was there the day they found her. The doctor told me it was a heart attack. I knew that wouldn't be good enough. There was a ham sandwich on the nightstand. I called my favorite entertainment reporter, *Rona Barrett*. I told her instead of a heart attack, we have to make it look like she choked on a ham sandwich. I created a legend about how she died! The doctor backed me up after I put him on the VIP guest list at my next party!

*Allan takes a hot of cocaine.*

ALLAN

Cocaine isn't habit-forming. I should know...I've been using it for years!

*Allan goes over to the newspaper pile. He starts to look through them and reads headlines out loud and then throws the newspapers around the room.*

ALLAN

*"One of the most grotesque television broadcasts in recent memory"... "We know whom to blame, don't we Allan Carr? 61 out of 61"... "Tech credits were dismal. Presenters were confused. Most humor was flat or pointless"... Miles Belle of my beloved Hollywood Reporter: "The Stars of Tomorrow tune fest a bad rerun of Fame." What the fuck do they know! I had Pulitzer Prize winner Marvin Hamlisch compose the song. If it wasn't for me, he wouldn't have his three Oscars or A Chorus Line as part of his resume, and Fred Ebb did the lyrics. He wrote fucking New York, New York!... Times' Janet Maslin: "The opening segment deserves a permanent place in the annals of Oscar embarrassments." Variety: "The Academy Seventeen Chides Carr's Folly In Letter To Kahn."*

*Allan knocks over the remaining pile of newspapers.*

ALLAN

Shit! Piss! Fuck! Goddammit!

*Allan picks up the phone and presses a button.*

ALLAN

You dumb bitch! How dare you leave me those newspapers...Fuck that! Use your brain if you want to work for me! There is not one good item! Do you really think I should see this?...I don't give a fuck if Billy Crystal and Robin Williams raised the energy level. It's not about them! (*He bangs down the phone.*) I gave the show a fresh approach which it desperately needed.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)

I changed the phrase, "And the winner is..." to "And the Oscar goes to..." People loved that! Because they're already winners, just be nominated! I had them broadcast the red carpet ceremony before the show! No one except me thought of doing that. I brought back Lucy as a presenter! The last time was 1951! People still love her!

*Allan goes through his Rolodex and pulls out a card.*

ALLAN

I'll call my friend Charles Champlin from the LA Times. It's time to call in my marker. He owes me a favor big time after all the exclusives I got him! He'll get my side of the story out there!

*Allan dials the number.*

ALLAN

Charles, baby! Allan Carr here. Going to give you a print exclusive.

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

I've heard all about it. I wrote an article about it on the front page. Don't you read the newspapers?

ALLAN

I didn't get past the headlines.

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

I was nice to you. I talked about the ratings bump.

ALLAN

You should see all the telegrams I've gotten. Dozens of them. They all loved it. My favorite is from Jennifer Jones: "*You delivered! In my opinion, you produced the Gone With The Wind of the Oscar shows.*"

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

The reviews weren't that good.

ALLAN

I never read reviews. It's the audiences that count. *Grease* and *La Cage Aux Folles* didn't get great reviews, but the audience loved them!

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

Tell me, Allan. What was the connection between Snow White and the Coconut Grove?

ALLAN

I can answer that in three words! It's called theatrical!

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

What do you think about the Disney lawsuit?

ALLAN

It's all bullshit. I have it right here. I'll read it to you. *(Allan reads the lawsuit)* "*The unauthorized and unflattering use of Disney's Snow White character.*" It's all crap.  
(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Disney, ABC, and the Academy all signed off on it. That bitch is old. Snow White was a character from fairy tale literature long before she went to work for Uncle Walt.

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

So why do you think they're suing you?

ALLAN

They have it out for me. I can tell you the real behind the scenes story why Disney is pissed and suing me, ABC, the Academy, and God. You've got to put this in...They wanted to have a commercial promoting the grand opening of Disney-MGM Studios in Orlando. The Academy has a rule that studios are not allowed to advertise a product. They did a runaround by having a car commercial filmed at the studio. It aired after the opening number, and Snow White wasn't even in it! Tell me why hasn't Disney gone after Robin Williams for wearing Mickey Mouse ears?

CHARLES (VOICE OVER)

Can I get a comment on the Academy letter?

ALLAN

The letter is very upsetting. I mean, I can't believe Gregory Peck had the audacity to sign it! He was at my house just last week. Of course, you know how Barry Diller feels about me. He's behind everything

CHARLES

I really don't think Barry is behind it. Is he even a member? Allan, I'll write a great article about you for tomorrow's edition.

ALLAN

Tanks! I'm having a party next week, and you'll be on my VIP guest list! If you have any other questions, call me.

Allan hangs up the phone.

ALLAN

Goddammit! What is happening here? I need an ally from the Academy!

*Allan has worked himself into a frenzy. He does a few hits of cocaine and starts to calm down. Allan finds a card in the Rolodex and makes a phone call. We hear the phone ring.*

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

This is Norman Corwin.

ALLAN

Hello Norman. Allan Carr. I hope I didn't get you at a bad time. I need to talk to you about...

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

How did you get this number?

ALLAN

I have everyone's private numbers.

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

What do you want?

ALLAN

I need to talk to you about the letter from the Academy.

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

What letter?

ALLAN

You haven't heard about the letter from the Oscar Seventeen?

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

No. I haven't been to the office yet.

ALLAN

I guess it's waiting for you.

NORMAN: (VOICE OVER)

I'll talk to you later. I've got to go.

*He hangs.*

ALLAN

Yes, we'll talk later...Bye.

*Allan hangs up the phone.*

ALLAN

I need something to drink too. *(He gulps down some champagne.)* Goddamn Frank Welles! That Disney's bitch is over two hundred years old! Who cares if she sang with Rob Lowe?

*Allan brings his hand up to his face, pretending it's a phone. He speaks into his pinky, and his thumb is the earpiece.*

ALLAN

Hey, Rob, let's take a lunch. I can help you make better choices. I'm the best career doctor in Hollywood. When stars who want to get back on the "A-List," they come to me to see me. I look at somebody, and I become an analyst of everything from what they wear to what they want out of the business. I can do for you what I did for *Ann-Margret*. She has two Oscar nominations so far and is one of the highest-paid performers in Vegas. She'll never be forced to do another film like "*Kitten With a Whip!*"

*Puts down the "phone."*

ALLAN

*Ann-Margret* and her husband and my business partner, *Roger Smith*, have played an essential part in my life personally and professionally since we met in the sixties.

They came on board when I started *Allan Carr Enterprise*. I became the youngest manager ever. I represented many established Hollywood stars and up and comers, including *Rosalind Russell*, *Peter Sellers*, *Nancy Walker*, and *Tony Curtis*. Curtis loved to work all the time. He would do one good movie and then three crummy ones. His film career went cold. I saved his career. My up and comers included Marlo Thomas and Joan Rivers.

I took on *Dyan Cannon* as a favor to *Cary Grant*. But I fired her because she wouldn't listen to what I wanted her to do. She has a big belty *Ethel Merman* type singing voice. She's blond, with big tits and a big voice, which is a terrific commodity in this business. She could have had a great musical career. Instead, she wanted to be the next *Aretha Franklin*. She would never be black enough. It's all this primal-therapy thing she's into, which is terrific, but you shouldn't bring it on stage with you.

I also expanded my circle by representing musicians *Marvin Hamlisch*, *Peggy Lee*, *Paul Anka*, *Frankie Valli*, *Herb Alpert*, *Sonny Bono*, *Petula Clark*, and my beloved "*Mama*" *Cass Elliot*.

I even helped out Bette Davis! She was doing one-nighters of *The World Of Carl Sandburg* in school auditoriums! I even held her Oscar for *Dangerous!* You ask me anything about the Academy Awards. I'm an Oscar trivia maven! Do you know who the first person to be an Academy Award film consultant was?

It was ME! I did it for *The Deer Hunter*, but now anyone with a Blockbuster Rental card can call themselves an Oscar consultant. Universal wanted to open *The Deer Hunter* at a drive-in but instead had a preview in Detroit. It had the worst audience score the studio had ever seen.

*Barry Spikings*, the producer, pleaded with me to see it. At first, I didn't want to go see it because I knew I wouldn't like it. It was about two things I don't care about, Vietnam and poor people.

I went, and it was amazing! I cannot adequately describe its visceral impact that is still with me to this day. It was a unique and special film. I agreed to help for free because I knew it could win Oscars, and then everyone involved would owe me big time. I keep a book on everyone on everyone who owes me a favor.

*Allan picks up the "favor" book from the table.*

ALLAN

Universal wanted to open it on Memorial Day. I nixed it because voters would forget about it by the end of the year. I had them open the movie on December 8 in one theater in New York and one in LA for an exclusive two-week engagement. I had parties and screenings. I worked the Hollywood scene. I was successful! *The Deer Hunter* won five Oscars, including Best Picture. Today I'm calling in Barry's debt.

*Allan looks through his Rolodex and picks up the phone and dials. We hear the phone ring. It picks up.*

BARRY (VOICE OVER)

Hello?

ALLAN

Barry? Allan Carr here.

BARRY (VOICE OVER)

I'm on my way out the door.

ALLAN

I'll make it quick. I need a favor from you. I can use your support. I'm calling in my favor.

BARRY (VOICE OVER)

I was wondering when you were going to call. It's about the Academy letter and the Disney lawsuit, right?

ALLAN

Yes.

BARRY (VOICE OVER)

I'll send out a press release as soon as I get to the office.

ALLAN

Thanks. Being Academy Award Winning Producer Barry Spikings still has cache in this town.

BARRY (VOICE OVER)

Got to go. Good luck, Allan. Let's do Lunch

ALLAN

Yes, we must.

*Allan hangs up the phone.*

ALLAN

He still owes me. *(Throws down the book.)* I have my finger on the pulse of Hollywood and on the ordinary man. I'm a throwback to the big Hollywood producers like my idol Mike Todd." I wanted to be like him. Most people don't remember who he was except that he was one of Elizabeth Taylor's many husbands. His most famous film was *Around the World In 80 Days*.

The best thing my mother ever did for me was to get tickets to the party for the first-anniversary of its release. Mike Todd, held it at Madison Square Garden and invited 18,000 of his closest and dearest friends. I got to meet him, and he became my hero. I wanted to be just like him. He was a showman, producer, promoter, and a hustler extraordinaire! He was at the top of his game. He got 40 international stars to make cameo appearances by promising each one of them they would make more money than anyone else. I said to myself that one day, I wanted to have 40 famous stars who would work for me.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

I more than doubled that with the Oscar telecast!

I was so excited when the Academy approached me about producing the 1989 Oscar show. I desperately wanted to produce it. There was no difference between that and producing *Grease*.

Did you ever see the movie? I almost missed out on producing *Grease*. After *A Chorus Line* opened, *Marvin Hamlisch* tried to convince me to see the show. He said, "If ever you're ever going to make another movie, *Grease* is it." I didn't get Marvin's passion for the show, but I went to see it anyway. Loved it! It was my Highland Park High School on the stage! I got the rights for \$200,000. With a little rewriting, plot changes, new songs, and getting *John Travolta* to star, I was ready to make history.

I'm proud to say with absolutely no modesty whatsoever that "*Grease*" has made more money than "*The Sound Of Music*!" My movie has grossed more than any other film by any of those so-called directors, writers, and actors who signed that letter!

This wasn't the first time I worked *Travolta*. Before *Grease*, he made a little film called *Saturday Night Fever*. I was brought onto the film by my friend producer *Robert Stigwood*. I previously promoted his film of *The Who's Tommy*. I helped cast the movie with *Elton John*, *Tina Turner*, *Jack Nicholson*, and *Ann-Margret*, who was Oscar-nominated.

I was lucky to hire John for *Grease* before *Saturday Night Fever* was released to the theaters. He became a hot film commodity after *Fever* and a superstar with *Grease*'s release. Very few times, you can present a person like John in a movie who has the quality of a *Tab Hunter* or *Farley Granger*. They were great leading men, and *Travolta* was like them in so many ways. Very few times, you can present a person like John.

I promoted the hell out of "*Fever*," focusing on John's performance and the revolutionary music score by the *Bee Gees*. John received an Oscar nomination for his work. Unfortunately, the *Bee Gees* didn't. I got the film a lot of press and bigger box office and LP sales for the *Brother Gibbs'* because of the lack of Academy love.

As the promotor for the film, I was able to scuttle any negative stories about John that were starting to filter back to me. Part of my job was spin control.

I heard stories from dancers in *Grease* who knew John in New York around the time he was doing *Over There* with *The Andrews Sisters*. *Maxine Andrews* told me, "I never expected him to hit it so big. I mean, he just seemed like a nice young man who was sleeping with all the other young men in the cast."

But I saw subtle changes in him from *Fever* when he was *John Travolta*, the actor and when he started filming *Grease* he became *John Travolta*, the star! His manager and agent knew he was going to hit it big, and he had to act accordingly. He showed up on the set with an entourage. His charisma, however, didn't change, and that's what made his *Danny Zuko* so special.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

You really shouldn't have said that. It's hubris. If it wasn't perfect, and it wasn't, they had the right to go after you.

ALLAN

The letter was a little much, don't you think?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

Perhaps. But you almost made the cardinal mistake of bringing Snow White out into the audience. You can't bring anyone out into the audience with those stars who aren't on their level. They're just going to look at her and say, "*I didn't get this far to deal with a dress extra!*"

ALLAN

And what about all the glamorous movie stars at the Coconut Grove?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

The truth was the glamorous old movie stars were not so glamorous.

ALLAN

I disagree.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

But they were old. It wasn't glamorous to see Dorothy Lamour being carried across the stage under the armpits by chorus boys. They were legends in their time, but not as we remembered them.

ALLAN

Anything else?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

And Rob and Snow sang "*Proud Mary*" for no particular reason. And as they say in Yiddish *ongeblozen*. *It was overblown*.

ALLAN

But there was tremendous applause! It was a grand slam home run.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

I don't know from hockey.

ALLAN

But what about the rest of the show?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

There was so much more to like about the rest of the show. *Lucille Ball* and *Bob Hope* together again. *Carrie Fisher* and *Martin Short* coming out in the same dress. *Don Johnson* and *Melanie Griffin* were and adorable and funny. *Jimmy Stewart* and *Kim Novak* were endearing thirty years after *Vertigo*. We had two James Bond and a friend: *Sean Connery*, *Roger Moore*, and *Michael Caine*. Your Gal Pals *Jackie Bisset* and *Candice Bergen*.

ALLAN

The public and the audience loved it. And I loved it and the critics who needs them? So it was the opening number that was the problem?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

It seems that everyone has singled out that.

ALLAN

But you and I didn't write it. Steve Silver did.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)

True. But you were in charge. It was an Allan Carr production and not an opening number by Steve Silver. It was a manufactured outrage.

ALLAN

We have to blame him and let everyone know he wrote it.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
You want to throw Steve under the bus?

ALLAN  
I have the reputation. He doesn't.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
He has one.

ALLAN  
Only in San Francisco. I'm known all over the world.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
And what about me?

ALLAN  
You have one, but you're lucky. Nobody knows what you look like. *(Pause)* What are you doing next?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
I'm writing Bette's material for "*The Earth Day Special*." She's playing Mother Nature.

ALLAN  
Bruce, sweetie. You have to do something new. Something different. I want you to write my new project.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
What is it?

ALLAN  
I'm doing something serious. I got the rights to remake *Liz Taylor's A Place In The Sun*. I want to get actors who are usually known for comedy to play drama.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
Like who?

ALLAN  
*Lily Tomlin* in the *Shelly Winters* role. She was great in *Nashville*.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
I can see that. Who else?

ALLAN  
*Bette Midler* in the *Elizabeth Taylor* role. She's got to give up the Divine Miss M shtick. She needs to capitalize on her roles from *The Rose* and *Beaches*.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
I can mention it to her. Who else?

ALLAN  
*Robin Williams* in the *Monty Clift* role.

*There is a sound of a phone dropping and laughter.*

ALLAN  
Did you just drop the phone?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
Of course not.

ALLAN  
He studied at Juilliard for chrissakes!

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
I'm not sure about him.

ALLAN  
Okay, how about *Rob Lowe*? I know he's not a comedian, but he's Monty Clift handsome before the car accident.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
It might not be the best time to use him. There's an exciting story starting to go around.

ALLAN  
Spill it.

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
There is a sex tape with him and underage girls at the Democratic Convention.

ALLAN  
Jesus Christ! I can't believe it. He just did the Oscars. Do you see his cock? Is he cut?

BRUCE (VOICE OVER)  
I'll make you a copy.

ALLAN  
That will make people forget about the Oscars. *(Pause)* I have to show that video at my next party. You always have to do something different if you want people to keep coming back to you...Got to go.

*Hangs up.*

ALLAN  
I just know that Diller is behind all this bad press. But I got the last laugh. *Grease* continues to soar at the box. I also know how to have a hit musical on Broadway! I took my *Grease* experience to Broadway and became the lead producer of *La Cage Aux Folles*. I don't like to brag, but it was named The Best Musical of the Year by the Drama Desk and the Tony Awards.

I was in Paris promoting *Grease*, and I went to see the play version of *La Cage Aux Folles*. It was a massive hit in France, and I wanted to bring it to America. *La Cage* is an old-fashioned love story that happens to be between two men.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

I saw it as a movie musical with *Jack Lemmon* and *Tony Curtis*, but *Mike Nichols* beat me to the film rights. I got the stage rights for \$100,000. Just as I wanted to be the next *Mike Todd* of the movies, I wanted to be the next *Abominable Showman David Merrick* of the theater, but a lot nicer.

*La Cage* was not the first Broadway show I invested in. When I was twenty, I got my parents to give me \$1,200 to invest in the pre-Broadway tryout of "*The Ziegfeld Follies of 1957*," starring *Tallulah Bankhead*. I was one of a multitude of "angels." I fantasized about becoming the youngest producer on Broadway, but it closed on the road. I made it to Broadway, uncredited, with *The Happiest Millionaire* with *Walter Pigeon*. It ran a half a season, but I made more money when it was sold to *Walt Disney*. I was ambitious and wanted to have my own theater where I can present the classics with famous stars.

This would never have happened to me if I stayed in Highland Park, Illinois. I'd be living on Moraine Road with my kids and my wife's money. It'd be a combination of B'nai B'rith and the Junior League. But I got the fuck out of there and moved to Chicago. My parents gave me money, and the first thing I did was take over the Civic Theater and restored it to its original theatrical opulence.

My ambitious and eclectic opening season included *Eva Le Gallienne* in *Mary Stuart*. *Tennessee Williams' Garden District*, which included *Suddenly Last Summer*. I aimed high and approached *Liz Taylor* to recreate her film role, but she turned me down. I had two Shakespearean plays in repertoire. *Maurice Evans* and *Judith Anderson* recreated their television performances in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.

But the piece de resistance of the season was hiring two time Oscar winner *Bette Davis* and her then-husband *Gary Merrill* in "*The World of Carl Sandburg*." This was a do or die production for me. To promote the opening of the Bette Davis show, I had the first of my legendary parties.

I made sure that the opening night audience was filled with other celebrities who were in Chicago at the time, politicians, and the creme de la creme of Chicago society. *Carl Sandburg* showed up, which was strange because I thought he was dead. He insisted on doing a curtain speech that went on and on and on. Bette whispered to me, "*Get that old man the fuck off the stage!*" Despite the plays and the powerhouse stars, it didn't translate into box office, and I closed the theater after its freshman year. I lost all of my parents' money.

One of the cardinal rules of Broadway producing is never ever put your **own** money into a show. Still, I believed in *La Cage Aux Folles* so much. Much to the consternation of my business manager, I invested an additional \$250,000. I originally wanted to move the story from the French Riviera to New Orleans and call it *The Queen of Basin Street*. I also played with calling it *The Queen and I*.

I hired a talented group of people that were an embarrassment of riches. Writer, *Jay Presson Allen*, *Maury Yeston*, the multi-talented *Tommy Tune* to choreograph. Best of all, I hired the Oscar and multi-Tony award-winning director *Mike Nichols*. How could we lose with a team like that?

The lawyer *Sam Cohen* represented them, and they each wanted to make more money than anyone else. Their financial demands went higher and higher.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

My lawyer advised me that if we accepted their terms, there was no way I could make any money on it. I flew out to New York to negotiate with Cohen. I met him at his office, and before I even had the opportunity to sit down, he said, "*Do we have a deal?*" His business acumen pissed me off, and I said, "*No, I'm firing everyone, and I'm going to start with a fresh group of people.*" At first, Cohen didn't believe me, and it was just a negotiating plot. But it wasn't. I walked out of his office. No one was going to hold my show hostage!

Firing everyone was purely a financial decision. I hired *Jerry Herman*, the composer of *Mame* and *Hello, Dolly!* I got *Arthur Laurents*, who wrote *West Side Story* and *Gypsy* to direct. I approached *Harvey Fierstein*, who hit big with *Torch Song Trilogy* to write the book. I went to see it and invited him to come to my Penthouse Suite. Harvey arrived in a ratty overcoat held together with gaffer tape and staples. I gave him a check for \$10,000 and told him to buy a new coat because the star and the writer of two-hit shows shouldn't be walking around New York like that. Everyone's weekly salary totaled half of what *Mike Nichols'* would have been.

I secured the Palace Theatre because it was directly across the street from the TKT booth, and everyone would be able to see the marquee! I wanted to paint the Palace Theater pink, but the owners said no. TV's *Bat Masterson*, *Gene Barry*. *George Hearn* was chosen for Albin and won a Tony for it.

Both men were devout heterosexuals. Gene was worried that the public would think he was gay. Harvey wanted the two men to kiss at the end. Gene refused to do this but agreed to hold hands. As the run progressed, he became more anti-social with the actors playing the Cagelles. Gene would say horrible things in the press like "The role is loving another person onstage. It doesn't matter whether it's a man, a woman, or a giraffe."

In his *Playbill* bio, he mentions his wife and his family five times to make sure the public didn't forget he's straight.

We premiered out of town in Boston and didn't know how the conservative Bostonian audience would react. Jerry Herman had a panic attack on opening night. He feared Boston was probably too conservative to embrace a gay-themed musical, but one that was designed for a mainstream audience.

I wanted to see how the audience reacted to *We Are What We Are*, and the reveal when the Cagelles took off their wigs and except for two girls, that they were all boys in drag. Simultaneously I heard an intake of breath from them. I thought shit! Then there was the tremendous sound of applause from the entire audience.

I then watched how an elderly straight couple would react to *Song on the Sand*. It was a beautiful moment when the Georges and Albin express their love for one another. During the song, I saw the husband reach over and grab his wife's hand, and he held onto it. He only let go to applaud Jerry's beautiful ballad. At that precise moment, I knew we had a hit on our hands.

The sun never sets on La Cage Aux Folles. At the height of its popularity, I wanted to make it into a movie with *John Travolta* and *Elton John* playing Georges and Albin. Everyone but Harvey Fierstein would agree to terms. So, we haven't made the film yet.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

Something started happening to the theater scene in NYC. It's now known as AIDS, but in the early '80s, no one knew what it was. Young men would be dying of weird diseases like Cat Scratch Fever. Bronte Woodward got sick and died at the age of 39 in 1980. He was the first person I knew to die from it. AIDS would eventually touch us and would devastate our La Cage family.

During the run, *Gene Barry* refused to ride in the elevator with any of the chorus boys because he was afraid he would catch AIDS. He would go on and on about his fear of catching it, and it started to piss everyone off. His co-star John Weiner told Gene bluntly, *"You really have nothing to worry about. You're not going to catch AIDS unless you're bending over and take it up the ass!"* I finally had enough, and I confronted him in his dressing room.

*"Gene, your irrational fears are putting a rift in our La Cage family. You're not going catch AIDS riding in an elevator. You have to stop this. I don't want to hear again that you refused to ride the elevator with any of the La Cagelles."*

There was a dancer in another show whom I was sorta seeing. Blond, tall with a surfer's body. *(Sighs)* I almost forgot his name was Brock. He liked me for who I was, and I liked him. My friends would mock me because he was just a chorus boy. It didn't bother him that I was overweight. I even tried to shed some pounds for him. His friends encouraged him to get me to help him out by getting him into La Cage, but he didn't want to take advantage of our relationship. I admire him for that. He never asked me for money, but I loved taking him out for dinner and clothes shopping. He was very special to me.

One weekend we went to Fire Island. We went to a dinner party, and Rock Hudson was there. I tried to make sure that Brock was never alone with Rock because I was afraid that he would make a pass at him. It seemed with both had the same taste in men. But Brock assured me he had no interest in Rock Hudson and that he was with me. It made me feel good, but if I was Brock, I would have chosen Rock over me.

Then he started getting sick and lose weight from his already slim trim body. He ended up in the hospital, and I paid his bills when he couldn't afford them. I visited him as much as I could. I encouraged other people to visit him, but many of his friends avoided him because they were afraid they would get it. I found him a caregiver when they had to move him to a hospice. Brock was different from all the others, and then he was gone. I had him cremated and took his ashes to Hawaii, and scattered them in front of Surfhaven. We had planned to go there when he got better.

Many stars approached me about replacing any of the leads. Even *Jackie Gleason* called me and said, "If I could get into the dress, I'd play it myself." But I was interested in *Rock Hudson* taking over the role of Georges. He had seen the show early in the run and enjoyed it. Rock intimated he wanted the part. It was interesting to me because for a guy who was known in the industry as being gay, it didn't bother him playing one on Broadway. I pitched it to him.

I adored Rock. If I had to choose my favorite story of all time, it would have to be this one.

There is this gay couple who live in Huntington Beach, and every year they would give a big themed party.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

They would mail out these engraved invitations, and try to make it amusing. One year it was "You are cordially invited to the wedding reception of *Rock Hudson* and *Jim Nabors*. Hudson, in honor of his nuptials, will change his name to *Rock Pyle*." *Truman Capote* was supposed to officiate the ceremony, and *Liberace* was going to entertain by playing on his organ. It made all the tabloids and was vehemently denied by Hudson and Nabors.

It was a sad day when Rock died. I was devastated by his death. CBS news brought their cameras to the Palace and sensationalized it by asking people coming out of the theater what they thought of Hudson's death from AIDS.

Audiences started to shy away from the Palace because they thought they could catch AIDS by sitting in the theater. La Cage closed after four and a half years and 1,761 performances.

I have to admit that I was really jealous of *Rock Hudson*. He was a gorgeous macho gay man, and I would never look like him. While I was on location for "CC and Company," with *Ann-Margret* and *Joe Namath*, (*now there was another gorgeous man*), I had my photo taken sitting on a mini-bike. I got the picture back, and you couldn't see the bike! Just me, the blob, and the motorcycle outfit and the Gucci shoes. I thought. "Holy shit! That's it!" I'm this short, fat, overweight, and unattractive man. Time to lose weight!

I have dieted and dieted. I'm on a rollercoaster of food. I've gone from 310 lbs to 200lbs and back again multiple times. When I'm on a diet is instead of saying, "I ate nachos," I say, "I accidentally ate nachos." I was sooooo desperate to lose weight.

I did all the diets. Weight Watchers! Atkins! Jenny Craig! Pritikin! Mayo Clinic! Grapefruit! I even went to the Rice House at Duke University. I was the thinnest person there, by 200 pounds. I wasn't interested in any diet unless it allows rollover calories. I have a bathroom full of every diet book ever published.

When regular diets didn't work for me, I had my jaw wired shut. I was inspired to do it by *Ann-Margret* after she had her fall from a Vegas stage. She lost weight. I didn't. It was a radical liquid diet, but I hate the taste of the drinks. So I added a little flavoring, bananas, syrup, and ice cream. They were sooooo good, but desperate times meant desperate measures.

I eventually had a gastric bypass, and they got rid of eighteen feet of my intestines. It was relatively new at that time, and I still didn't get thin enough. I was 350 at the time, and I lost 130 pounds.

I had all that excess skin hanging around my stomach area. I looked like an ugly elephant. I wanted to get it removed, but no doctor would touch me because my skin lost its elasticity. If they did it and I gained the weight back, I would explode.

I have always been fascinated by celebrities and their special diets because they're always trying to lose weight. *Liberace* had a twenty-five pounds weight loss on his watermelon diet and thought that's for me. However, I thought he looked sickly. He told me the diet gave him anemia. It wasn't the diet that caused him to lose all that weight.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Then there was *Andy Warhol's "Fifteen Minutes of Fame Diet."* You only eat foods that you despise. I ate liver and onions. Time to follow up.

*Allan picks up the phone and dials. We hear the phone ring. We hear the other end pick up.*

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science. Norman Corwin's office.

ALLAN

Allan Carr calling for Norman Corwin.

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I'm sorry, Sir, he's on a conference call.

ALLAN

With who?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I don't have that information, Sir.

ALLAN

How about Richard Kahn?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I'm sorry, Sir, he's on a conference call.

ALLAN

Are they on the same conference call or because I'm calling them and that's what they told you to say?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

I don't have that information, Sir.

ALLAN

Do you have any idea who I am?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

Yes, Sir. You're Allan Carr.

ALLAN

And?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

You're the producer of the Academy Awards.

ALLAN

And?

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

*Grease.*

ALLAN

Have either one of them call me.

OPERATOR (VOICE OVER)

Yes, Sir. Have a nice day.

*We hear the other phone hang up.*

ALLAN

And fuck you too.

*Allan hangs up the phone. Allan gets up and goes to the bar and gets a bowl of popcorn. He continues to eat it during the rest of the play.*

ALLAN

Now that the Oscars are over, I can eat again. I don't need to fit into a suit. So fuck it. I would never be a Rock Hudson. When I have one of my parties, I would never eat 24 hours before the festivities. Every pound counts. It allowed the champagne and the cocaine to take effect quicker.

Parties are my *raison d'être*. I wrote the book on how to throw parties that people never forget, but I've lost count how many parties I've given. Each one was unique. I remember I remember the names of each bartender and waiters to the color of the balloons because I've never wanted to duplicate a party.

I also make sure that I never wear the same outfit twice to any of my parties. It's all about image. For example, when I had my "Rolodex Party," the first night, it was A-M. I wore La Vetta scarf caftan. I love wearing caftans because they are so freeing. The next night the N-Z guest tar me in a Japanese obi jacket and harem pants. I have ten closets of clothes I just have worn once.

When you are a mega-celebrity like me, you are always having your photo taken. You can't get away from wearing the same clothes twice. My favorite has always been the one I wanted to wear a second time. Ten years before I produced last night Oscars, I was the "Executive Talent Consultant" for the 50th-anniversary ceremony; I wore a three-piece satin suit and some tasteful diamonds. A caftan just wouldn't be appropriate.

I can give so many parties because I can use them as tax write-offs. Some are so extravagant that they cost more than Burundi's GNI! I once flew in Michael Bennett, and the entire original New York company of *A Chorus Line*.

Do you know why I live in Hillhaven Lodge, and why I'm worth god knows how many gazillions? You want to know fucken, why? When I call the head of any studio in the civilized world, they stop what they're doing and take my calls? And they say, "Allan, do you know how much we love you?" That's fucken why!

To "Old Hollywood," my home, Hillhaven Lodge, is the former home of three-time Academy Award winner *Ingrid Bergman*. This is the very home where she began her scandalous affair with Italian film director *Roberto Rossellini* while he was staying in her guest house. The guest house is now my office.

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

I kept the bedroom she designed for her daughter *Pia Lindstrom* precisely as she left it with all its chintz and ruffles.

I love this place. My whole house is an entertainment complex. After Bergman left, Hillhaven was then bought for *Kim Novak* so she could carry on an affair with a married producer. He put a mirror on the ceiling in the master bedroom. He also built a multitude of secret closets, and I use them all for my caftans, Japanese kimonos, my velvet, and satin suits. The living room is three stories high!

Then *James Caan* took it over. Do you know what he did? Caan converted the living room into a basketball court! When he moved out, he left this place a mess. I spent over \$100,000, putting the living room back the way. I use it every day for meetings and having confabs with my clients and film execs.

When I would throw a bash at *Ingrid Bergman's* and *Kim Novak's* old estate, do you know who shows up? (PAUSE) Every fucking star in the world! *Sean Connery. Nicholson. Liza! Goldie! Inspiration!* They would be perfect for the film version of *Chicago! Diana!* She would be perfect in a *Josephine Baker* bio flick. *Rod Stewart! Elton John!*

*Bob Hope! Peter Allen! Streisand!* She used to live next door until Jason started coming over to some of my parties. He was just a teenager, and she didn't approve of her underaged son coming to my parties. I looked out for him to make sure he didn't get into trouble, but that wasn't good enough.

That's the key to a successful Allan Carr party is that I micromanage each aspect of my parties. Its essence must linger on in everyone's mind until the next one. Everyone must be different. After I came home from a trip to Egypt, I gave a party and decorated it with set pieces from the *Taylor-Burton* film version of *Cleopatra*

After that party, I decided that L.A.'s celebrities need a place where they can dance in private, unhampered by adoring fans. A place where they were free to carouse in a truly private club atmosphere. Where they're surrounded only by more "stars" like *Joan Collins, The Cycle Sluts, Ann Miller, Tina Turner, Bianca,* and *Mick Jagger.*

I wanted it to be an exclusive *Studio 54* inspired disco. The first time I was at *Studio 54* was when I had the premiere party for *Grease*. I had the main entrance decorated with high school lockers. There were six big-finned classics '50s convertible cars on the dance floor. One Chevy got trashed when people climbed in and set fire to the seats. The balcony was upholstered in rubber because it was easier to clean. *Steve Rubell* invited me to the party room, a secretive and secretions room where the in-crowd did their inhalations, sucking and snorting. I said to myself I found Shangri-la. It was filled with young men in various forms of undressed and having sex.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)

(MORE)

## ALLAN (CONT'D)

Everyone always has a fabulous time at my parties, but I have strict rules that everyone must follow. The number one, cardinal rule, is everyone has to have a good time, and number two is very important. Never, ever, do business of any kind because I've seen careers stalled, and friendships disassembled because they broke that rule.

It did happen to me. I had a party for *Truman Capote*, in an abandoned jail, where I chatted up my friend, film director *John Schlesinger*. We drank and did an occasional line. A lesson to be remembered: never talk business if you're high on coke, and he did. He broke my number one, party rule. He was prepping the film *Alive* based on the Uruguayan Soccer Team, whose plane crashed in the Andes. Strike one. Then John mentioned there was a Mexican film version. Strike two. I went to see it and got the English language film rights and renamed it *Survive*.

I thought with tightening and the right kind of promotion, it might be successful in America. I convinced Robert to help me buy the English language rights. My friends advised me not to invest in *Survive*. One person, who shall remain nameless said, "*What is this delicatessen picture about people eating each other in the Andes?*"

I trimmed it and added stock footage of avalanches and snowstorms to make it look less like it was secure. It's not a good movie, but I think the eating scenes were tasteful.

Paramount was happy with the success of *Survive*, and I became the studios go-to-guy for promotions. At first, I didn't want to do it because I wanted to start producing pictures again. I agreed to do one more movie, *Saturday Night Fever*. Stigwood now owed me big time. I called it in, and *Grease* would be it.

*The telephone rings. Allan answers it.*

ALLAN

Hello, Allan Carr, here.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Hello, Allan. Mary Hart from Entertainment Tonight.

ALLAN

Hello, Mary. I didn't get a chance to tell you last night, but I just loved that dress you wore last night. It was pure glamour.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Thank you. Do you have time to talk?

ALLAN

I always have time to talk to you.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Do you want to talk about last night's show?

ALLAN

You liked the show last night, right?

MARY (VOICE OVER)

I liked it. It was very enjoyable.

ALLAN

The Hollywood snobs didn't like the show, and now they're out to get me. I don't get it.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

What about the letter from the Academy. You have a comment?

ALLAN

I've seen the letter and heard about the lawsuit. But you should see all the congratulatory telegrams and phone calls I have gotten. They don't get into the newspaper or the broadcast news.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

That's why I'm here for you. I want to hear what you have to say.

ALLAN

I thought they were my friends. That's what is so hurtful about it. They're two-faced. They're all Brutuses! Et Tu Hollywood? I had to look in the mirror to make sure no knives were sticking out of my back.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Why do you think there is all the bad press?

ALLAN

I would never ever blame anyone for my failures and throw them under the bus like they are trying to do to me.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Do you have the time to come over to Paramount and do an interview in the studio this afternoon?

ALLAN

Of course, I always have time for you, but I don't think this afternoon would be good for me. I look like a fright! How about tomorrow?

MARY (VOICE OVER)

Perfect! We'll send a car for you. How about 1pm?

ALLAN

I'll look forward to it. I need to get my story out there!

MARY

See you tomorrow.

ALLAN

Bye, Mary and thanks again for calling.

*Allan hangs up the phone. He takes another drink of champagne and then another.*

ALLAN

I've been in the business for almost thirty years now. Hard to believe it. And I have heard my share of stories. My motto is never gossip unless it's true. When people meet me for the first time, they always want to listen to the latest gossip going around Hollywood that hasn't made it yet to *The National Enquirer*.

*Allan picks up the small bejeweled box again, and this time shows the contents.*

ALLAN

I need another hit. The first time I tried coke was when I went to a taping of *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* with him Jackie Bisset. *The Village People* were the guests. During the taping, I saw the audience dancing in the aisles to hits like *In the Navy*. The Village People appeal to people of all and ages and sexes. *All sexes!*

I was struck with a cinematic epiphany will watching the taping. I decided that I had to make a movie where disco music was the main plot point. I wanted to meet the creators, *Henri Belolo*, and *Jacques Morali*. Along with Jackie and Bruce, I invited everyone to a late-night dinner at Le Dome. We ended up with forty people at the table.

I have an exciting announcement to make. While I was watching the Village People's performance tonight, an inspiration came to me, and I want to share it with you. I'm making a movie about the creation of The Village People, and it's going to make you even bigger stars around the world. You are undoubtedly the hottest group in the world today. For fuck's sake, you haven't sold 30 million records for nothing! I'm calling it, *Discoland: Where the Music Never Stops*. And my dear friends *Bruce Vilanch* I want you to write it and *Jackie Bisset* I want you for the female lead. Here's to YMCA and all your great songs.

*Allan sings a few bars and does the popular arm movements to YMCA.*

Jackie ~~Rishon~~ ~~and Bruce~~ she approached *Cher*, *Olivia*, and *Raquel Welch*. *Bronte Woodward* came aboard to work with Bruce, and they wrote three different screenplays to highlight their strengths. They said no. Bruce's agent said that if I wanted him to write the next one, I had to pony up with more money. I told him bye, and I wrote it with Bronte.

I saw a TV commercial, and I found my leading man. Bruce Jenner and his Wheaties commercial. He had a great personality, looks, and masculinity. He'd be perfect for the lawyer.

(MORE)



## ALLAN (CONT'D)

He did everything in his power to cause the film to fail. That bastard released *Grease 2* on the same day as *ET: The Extraterrestrial!* He refused to move my movie to later in the summer, where it might have had a better chance. Diller didn't care that the movie lost money as long as I looked an asshole.

Next up was a remake of *Where the Boys Are*. It was more "realistic" with nudity and drugs because it was made in the era of all those raunchy teen sex comedies. It made a fortune in France.

I took a break. No producing. No parties. I became a hermit. I bided my time until the next big adventure, and it took five years. The Academy Awards were worth the wait. I didn't get paid for producing the show, and people don't know that.

*The phone rings. Allan answers.*

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

Allan? It's Richard Kahn returning your call.

*Allan presses the mute button and speaks to the audience.*

ALLAN

Finally! I can't believe it took him so long!

*Allan presses the talk button.*

ALLAN

Richard! Thank you for calling me. What's up with the letter?

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

I had nothing to do with it.

*Allan mouths "bullshit" to the audience.*

ALLAN

They used your letterhead.

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

Anyone who is a member of the Academy can use it.

ALLAN

Come on, the show wasn't that bad. You should know all the telegrams, flowers and people personally telling me how much they loved the show.

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

To tell you the truth, I like the show, but I felt that the opening went on too long, and the Snow White thing might have been okay in conception; it just didn't work.

ALLAN

I have an idea. Send out another press release and tell them *Steve Silver* did it and that *Bruce Vilanch* and I had nothing to do with it.

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

You want me to put the blame on him?

ALLAN

Yes, I'm throwing *Steve Silver* under the bus. Business is business. I still have a name in Hollywood, New York, and Europe. Steve's just San Francisco. No one will ever remember the name Steve Silver after next week.

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

I'll think about it.

ALLAN

What's up with Disney?

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

I want to let you know that we are going to release a statement. The Academy is going to apologize for the use of *Snow White*. *"The Academy sincerely apologizes to Disney for the unauthorized use of Disney's copyrighted Snow White character and for unintentionally creating the impression that Disney had sanctioned the opening production number on the Academy Awards telecast."*

ALLAN

You can't do that! The character is in the public domain. I have proof that they signed off on it! I'll get it to you.

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

The Academy is more important than you.

ALLAN

I see. What's next for me?

RICHARD (VOICE OVER)

Shit happens, Allan. We'll talk later. Have a good day.

ALLAN

Not to me! Bye!

*We hear a dial tone. Allan hangs up the phone and talks to the audience.*

ALLAN

I'll tell you what life is all about for me: Life is nothing more than crossing things off your list. And the Academy Awards is one of those things. The more things you cross off, the clearer your path becomes. Maybe I'll finally publish my memoir, *"Confessions of a Virgin Producer: Or How I Spent My Summer Vacation."* Maybe I'll resurrect two other film projects I had in mind: *Candide* with *Elton John* and *The Student Prince* with *Ann-Margret* and *Englebert Humperdinck*. Or perhaps I'll stay home and chill.

*Allan picks up the embroidered pillow and shows it to the audience.*

ALLAN

*Clare Booth Luce, who wrote the play *The Women*, gave me this needlepoint for Christmas one year. It says, "No Good Deed Goes Unpunished." I keep it as a motto because every time you try and do one, you wind up getting it. But you have to remember that you were told that, to begin with.*

*Allan picks up the envelope that he carried into the room at the beginning. He tears it open and reads it.*

ALLAN

Might as well open it...And the Oscar goes to *Allan Carr* for the best damn Oscar show in the last five years!

*Allan picks up that gold statue from the coffee table and holds it to his chest. He starts to give his acceptance speech. The lights begin to dim on Allan. Once the following chyrons appear, we can no longer hear what Allan says. Except for the very last line spoken after the final chyron.*

ALLAN

I first want to thank my parents Albert and Ann Solomon, who were in the retail furniture business. For being who they were and giving birth to me. Growing up in Highland Park, a suburb of Chicago, you don't think yourself as never going to be able to become a successful producer. I never want to wake up and say, "Gee, I wish I had done that." And that, unfortunately, happens to a lot of people. They wait so long to have the moment, and I am having all the moments right now. **(AT THIS POINT ALLAN MIMES THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE)** I would like to thank friends I grew up with and in the business who have stuck by me all these years *Joanne Cimbalo, Don Blanton, Manny Kladitis, Angie Dickinson, Roger Smith, Ann-Margaret, Jacqueline Bisset, Candace Bergen, Bruce Vilanch, Lorna Luft, Alana Stewart, Olivia Newton-John, John Travolta and Robert Stigwood.*

THE 1989 OSCARS WOULD BE ALLAN'S FINAL PROJECT. HE NEVER PRODUCED ANYTHING FOR THE SCREEN AGAIN

ONE WEEK LATER ON APRIL 6, 1989 THE ACADEMY FORMERLY APOLOGIZED TO THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY.

CHRISTMAS 1998 HE HAD A KIDNEY TRANSPLANT. TO SHOW HE STILL KNEW HOW TO THROW A PARTY...HE HAD ONE FOR HIS NEW KIDNEY.

DESPITE THIS AND A POTENTIAL NEW BROADWAY MUSICAL ALLAN BECAME A RECLUSE.

HE WOULDN'T EVEN SEE HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS, JACKIE, ANGIE, AND ALANA.

ONLY ANN-MARGET WAS ALLOWED TO SEE HIM, AND SHE DID A DANCE FOR HIM.

ALLAN PASSED AWAY FROM LIVER CANCER ON JUNE 29, 1999 HE WAS 62.

ANN-MARGRET & ROGER SMITH SCATTERED HIS ASHES. IN FRONT OF HIS FORMER HAWAIIIN ESTATE SURFHAVEN.

IN THE SAME PLACE ALLAN SPREAD THE ASHES OF BROCK. THEY WERE FINALLY IN HAWAII TOGETHER.

ALLAN

But most of all, I want to thank myself, Allan Carr.

*Allan holds the award triumphantly over his head. The curtain slowly descends as the lights "iris out" on Allan.*