

DOLORES

Eddie, I don't understand. Why are you the most qualified director for the Christine Jorgensen Story?

ED

(nervous, he lies)

Aw, er, it's just a bunch of hot air. I had to say something to get in the door.

CUT TO:**INT. LOW-RENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Ed walks jauntily along, wearing a snappy suit. He reaches a door that says "SCREEN CLASSICS ♦ George Weiss, President." Ed fixes his hair, checks his clothes, then enters.

INT. SCREEN CLASSICS ♦ SAME TIME

It's a crowded room, piled with paperwork and files. Film cans are stacked everywhere, and framed one-sheet posters for "TEST TUBE BABIES," "BLONDE PICKUP" and "GIRL GANG" litter the cracked walls. Sitting behind the messy desk is GEORGIE WEISS, 60, a rug merchant turned exploitation film producer. He juggles a large sandwich and angrily barks into the phone.

GEORGIE (on phone)

Look, when I said you could have the western territories, I didn't mean all eleven states! I meant California, Oregon, and uh, what's that one above it... Washington. Oh really?! Well screw you!

Georgie slams down the phone. He smiles warmly at Ed.

GEORGIE

Can I help you?

ED

Yes, I'm Ed Wood. I'm here about directing the Christine Jorgensen picture.

GEORGIE

Yeah, well a couple of things have changed. It ain't gonna be the Christine Jorgensen story no more. Goddamn "Variety" printed the story before I had the rights, and now that bitch is asking for the sky.

ED

(disappointed)

So you're not gonna make the movie?

GEORGIE

No, of COURSE I'm gonna make the movie! I've already pre-sold Alabama and Oklahoma. Those repressed Okies really go for that twisted pervert stuff. So we'll just make it without that she-male. We'll fictionalize it.

Georgie bites into his sandwich. Ed is dazed.

ED

Is there a script?

GEORGIE

Fuck no! But there's a poster.

Georgie pulls out artwork of a hermaphrodite: Man on the left side, woman on the right. The lettering screams, "I CHANGED MY **SEX!**"

GEORGIE

It opens in nine weeks in Tulsa.

ED

(mustering up his courage)

Well, Mr. Weiss, I'm your guy. I work fast, and I'm a deal: I write AND direct. And I'm good. I just did a play in Hollywood, and Victor Crowley praised its realism.

GEORGIE

Hmm. There's five-hundred guys in town who can tell me the same thing. You said on the phone you had some kind of "special qualifications."

Ed takes a measured piuse. This is his big revelation.

ED

Well, Mr. Weiss, I've never told anyone what I'm about to tell you... but I really want this job.

(he gulps)

I like to dress in women's clothing.

GEORGIE

Are you a fruit?

ED

No, no, not at all! I love women. Wearing their clothes makes me feel closer to them.

GEORGIE

So you're not a fruit?

ED

Nah, I'm all man. I even fought in WW2.

(beat)

'Course, I was wearing ladies' undergarments under my uniform.

GEORGIE

You gotta be kiddin' me.

ED

Confidentially, I even paratrooped wearing a brassiere and panties. I'll tell ya, I wasn't scared of being killed, but I was terrified of getting wounded, and having the medics discover my secret.

Georgie sits back. It's a hell of a story.

GEORGIE

And this is why you think you're the most qualified to make my movie?

ED

Yeah. I know what it's like to live with a secret, and worry about what people are gonna think of you... My girlfriend still doesn't know why her sweaters are always stretched out.

Georgie shrugs.

GEORGIE

Ed, you seem like a nice kid, but look around you...

(he gestures at the posters)

I don't hire directors with burning desires to tell their stories. I make movies like "Chained Girls." I need someone with experience who can shoot a film in four days that'll make me a profit.