

SMALL

EXT. DARKENED ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rain-slicked cobblestones shimmer in streetlights. A stray dog rustles through a garbage can. This grimy alley is not where you want to be on a dark night.

Suddenly - FOOTSTEPS. RUNNING...

A YOUNG MAN in a hoodie, TESLA-FAST, streaks past. Seconds later, AN OLDER MAN IN A FLAT CAP tries to jump the dog, but trips. He tumbles down, limping slightly, still in hot pursuit.

EXT. BUSY STREET - SAME

Flat Cap gains on Hoodie, dodging pedestrians into a SUBWAY.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME

Hoodie vaults over a turnstile and throws himself down an escalator, lost in the crowd.

Flat Cap attempts to jump over but loses momentum halfway. Trying again, his leg gets stuck. Eventually he ducks under the barrier, bumps his head, rushes to the escalator and produces a badge.

FLAT CAP

FBI! MOVE!

People scatter as he stumbles down the escalator. Hoodie makes it onto the train. Flat Cap closes in, pushing through the crowd.

Hoodie grins, about to get away. The doors start to shut -

Flat Cap eyes the gap, runs and LEAPS into the subway car just as the doors close -

People scream as Flat Cap tackles Hoodie to the floor -

FLAT CAP

Got ya!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT! CUT! Tom... what are you doing?

The lights go up on the movie set. A STEADICAM OPERATOR appears, confused -

STEADICAM OPERATOR

I thought he got away...

FLAT CAP

My GRANDMOTHER could have caught that guy!

DIRECTOR

You're not supposed to catch him...
you're an old cop! It's literally
the name of the movie - GRUMPY OLD
COP!

He waves his script at Flat Cap, who whips off the cap to
reveal the handsome, rugged and NOT AT ALL OLD (but slightly
grumpy) face of TOM HANKS.

Yes - THAT Tom Hanks.

TOM HANKS

Seriously, this sucks.

DIRECTOR

Everybody back to one, and THIS
time...

(stern, to Tom)

...the young guy gets away.

Tom sighs, defeated. Hoodie gives Tom a cheesy thumbs up.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DUSK

Tom and his GLAMOROUS WIFE, RITA, all doled up for an evening
out, sit in the back of a limo as it winds through a
beautifully manicured suburb. The car passes an OLD GUY AND
HIS DOG on the sidewalk. The old guy waves. Tom rolls up his
window.

EXT. EL CAPITAN THEATER - EVENING

A CROWD jostles behind golden ropes, phones aloft to snap
pictures of A-listers posing on the red carpet.

Huge posters have "GRUMPY OLD COP" superimposed over Tom's
face, while his younger co-star leaps into the foreground.

Tom and Rita make their way towards the theater - smiling,
shaking hands - more glamorous than stars half their age.

PAPARAZZI

Tom! Tom! Give us a wave!

Tom dutifully waves.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Tom! Over here! Give her a cuddle,
Tom!

Tom wraps his arms around Rita's waist, smile unfaltering.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Tom! Tom!

Fans continue to scream as Tom and Rita disappear into the
building.

INT. THEATER FOYER - SAME

Tom drops the smile as soon as the doors close.

TOM
Where's the bar?

RITA
Honey! Keep smiling, there are
still cameras.

With gritted teeth he forces a grin.

INT. THEATER - LATER

The lights fade to darkness. Tom digs out his cell and starts to play Candy Crush. Rita takes the phone off him.

TOM
Hey! You can't expect me to sit
through this AGAIN?

RITA
If I have to, you have to.

EXT. EL CAPITAN THEATER - NIGHT

A BOUNCER smiles at Tom as they exit the building round the back. He's ushered into a limo, but Rita hangs back, talking. Tom watches out the window. His young co-star, bow tie undone, ambles down the road, stopping to chat to a pretty girl.

Tom stares at his lined reflection in the window, frowning.

FLASH!

A photographer's lens pushes right against the window.

TOM (CONT'D)
Get lost!

He shields his face as Rita gets into the car.

RITA
What's the matter?

TOM
Can we go home now? Please?

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still in his tux, Tom whirls around a large kitchen, fixing a snack. Cold cuts, pickles, sauces - he's going all-out. Slamming cupboard doors, flipping the trash can, it's clear he's still in a funk. Rita watches, amused.

TOM

And THEN what do you think he said?

RITA

I've no idea, honey.

TOM

That I'm typecast! TYPECAST! That people expect me to play a certain kind of role, and they won't believe anything else.

RITA

I guess that's what happens when you get...

TOM

Old.

RITA

... well-known.

TOM

Grumpy. Old. Cop.

He sits down.

TOM

Ah god, I'm sorry honey.

RITA

I thought the movie was... funny. You were good.

TOM

I was old. People laugh at me, not with me.

RITA

At least they're laughing.

TOM

I wanna do... something different. Something surprising. A kung fu movie! Or a superhero! Or... Shakespeare!

RITA

Speaking of which. Have you called Jonah yet?

Tom looks non-plussed.

RITA

I knew you weren't listening. You're meeting Jonah, on Monday, to talk about his play. He just wants a few pointers on his audition.

TOM

Hey, what do I know? I'm typecast. Maybe he can help ME out. Why's he wanna hang out with a sixty-year-old anyway? Isn't he sixteen? I wasn't hanging with crabby old actors at his age, I was gettin' laaaaid!

RITA

Sure you were.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - LATER

Tom and Rita sit in bed - Rita reads while Tom examines his face in a mirror, pulling at his crow's feet.

RITA

Leave your face alone, for goodness sake.

TOM

Maybe I should try Botox.

RITA

You're gorgeous. Get over it, you old grump.

She takes the mirror out of his hand and replaces it with a colorful flyer. It reads "HAMLET".

TOM

Yes, Hamlet! Exactly!
(instantly in full Kenneth Branagh)
To be, or not to be! That is the question.

RITA

That's Jonah's play, silly. They're asking for some sort of memorabilia, for a fundraiser.

Tom tosses the flyer on the night stand.

TOM

Sure thing. I'll chop off an arm.

Rita switches off the light.

RITA

I'm sure any limb will do.

TOM

Yeah? How about this one?

RITA

Tom! It's for the kids!

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Tom sits in a set, an old-fashioned diner, opposite another 60-SOMETHING ACTOR, finishing a take.

TOM

Well y'know, Larry, they don't make
'em like they used to.

The two old-timers chuckle heartily.

DIRECTOR

Okay, that's great. Good job guys.

Tom slams down the coffee cup he's holding.

TOM

"Don't make em like they used to"?
There's gotta be a better line than
that.

He starts to get up.

DIRECTOR

Can you hang on a sec, Tom? For
some stills. Maybe you could hold
your menu upside down? You know, it
could be funny?

Tom slowly turns his menu upside down.

The cameras move in as Tom and his co-star fake the chuckle again. Tom's attention wanders, watching the young EXTRAS laughing and joking together.

DIRECTOR

Okay, let's break for lunch.

Tom walks over to the coffee machine. A RUNNER tries to help.

TOM

I got it.

RUNNER

Are you sure, sir? I don't mind.

TOM

I said I got it!

He slops the coffee into a cup and stalks off. Another runner joins the first.

RUNNER

I thought he was supposed to be
nice?

INT. STUDIO RECEPTION - DAY

Tom strides across a huge reception area.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir? Shall I call your car?

He waves her away and exits the building.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Big mistake. Within seconds of leaving the lot Tom's mobbed. Throngs of EXCITED FANS push towards him, phones aloft for selfies, notepads proffered for autographs. He can't move.

TOM

Okay, okay!

He signs a couple autographs, poses for a couple photos, and tries to keep walking. He manages about ten feet.

TOM (CONT'D)

Taxi!

INT. CAB - SAME

A Buzz Lightyear air freshener dangles from the rearview mirror as the cab slowly makes its way across town.

CAB DRIVER

Ah, I just loved Mrs Potato Head in the original *Toy Story*!

(as Mrs Potato Head)

"I've packed an extra pair of shoes, and your angry eyes!"

TOM

Uh huh.

CAB DRIVER

But then there was *Toy Story 2* - with the cowgirl? Josie?

TOM

Jessie.

CAB DRIVER

Jessie! Yodelaheehee! But my missus, SHE liked *Toy Story 3*, with the daycare center and Lotso... oh, that bear!

Tom closes his eyes.

EXT. TOM'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

The cab drops Tom off at his gate and Tom trudges up the drive. As he nears the house, a LARGE DOG lollops across the lawn - just as Tom steps into a fresh, steaming turd.

TOM
Goddammit! Satan!!!

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - SAME

Tom hops into the hallway and kicks off his shoe.

TOM
That damn dog has been on the lawn again, that's another pair of shoes ruined!

He walks into the kitchen.

TOM
You're gonna have to have a word with Bill again, honey, it's driving me crazy... Honey! Rita? I'm home.

The house is empty, quiet. On the side is a foil-covered plate with a note taped to it.

TOM
(reading)
"Back late. Please leave something out for Jonah's fundraiser." Oh, hell.

He pours a tumbler of whisky and snatches the Hamlet flyer.

INT. TOM'S DEN - LATER

A movie fan's paradise. Film posters adorn the walls, Academy Awards gleam within an alarmed glass cabinet. Quiet, jazzy music plays in the background as Tom boogies around the room, deciding on a gift for the auction. Props from Tom's movies lie scattered around -

A volleyball. A two-foot tall Woody doll. A red shoe.

He takes a gulp of whisky and reads from the "HAMLET" flyer.

TOM
Celebrity auction, eh?

He moves to a cabinet stuffed with typewriters from all eras, their keys gleaming.

TOM
Hmmm. To be, or not to be... generous...

He pulls out a powder-blue Hermes 3000, holds it aloft.

TOM

Ladies and gentlemen, a prized typewriter from the private collection of actor, writer and fanatic collector of rusty old bits of metal, Mr. Tom Hanks! Worth, ooh, at least fifty dollars!

He scribbles his name on the side.

TOM

Worth at least... fifty-two dollars!

He sets it on the desk. Spinning around, he trips over a cable and face-plants into the carpet, whiskey everywhere.

TOM

Ow.

Looming above him is a SIX-FOOT-TALL GLASS-FRONTED ARCADE GAME, containing a wooden fortune teller - ZOLTAR.

TOM

What are you looking at?

Tom stands and stares into ZOLTAR's dark, impassive eyes. He delves into his pocket and pulls out a quarter. He stretches to slide it into the slot and his shoulder pops.

TOM

OW!

The coin drops inside but nothing happens.

Tom bangs the side, shakes the booth. In a flurry of frustration he wails against the machine with both fists.

ZOLTAR's eyes glow bright red. The small wooden head begins to nod. A red sign lights up, reading:

"AIM RAMP TOWARDS ZOLTAR'S MOUTH."

TOM

That's better. You're probably older than I am.

Tom manipulates the lever until the ramp is pointed towards ZOLTAR's open mouth.

"ZOLTAR SAYS MAKE YOUR WISH."

On the wall behind ZOLTAR is the iconic poster for the movie *BIG*. Tom shakes his head at the very notion.

TOM

Big? I'm sick of being BIG. If I
was gonna make a wish, I'd wish I
was SMALL.

Tom pushes the button, releasing the coin. It flies straight
into ZOLTAR's mouth. The jaws close, the head stops nodding.

A small card pops out of the bottom of the machine. It reads:

TOM (CONT'D)

Your wish is granted. Ha!

Something catches his eye. At the base of the machine, the
power plug is attached to - nothing.