

THE CHOSEN ONE

Written by

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INT. A BOOK SHOP - DAY

MIKE, late 20s, stands in the store with his girlfriend JANE. They gaze at a stand promoting the launch of Mike's debut novel, entitled: *The Superior Sex*.

Jane squeezes his hand as he plucks one of the books from the display. The cover certainly stands out. It shows a Woman's foot in a red stiletto shoe, but instead of the traditional heel, this shoe is being held up by a muscular man wearing only a chain mail kilt.

A Woman pauses at the stand and examines the cover.

JANE

This is the author, Mike Quinn.

The Woman glances at Mike and scowls, clearly not impressed by the provocative cover. She walks away.

JANE (CONT'D)

What crawled up her ass?

Jane takes the book from Mike and opens it, revealing a photo of Mike and a short bio.

JANE (CONT'D)

There he is, my hot author, soon to be Husband.

She waves her diamond engagement ring for all to see. A younger WOMAN looks over at them.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry but he's already taken.

Suddenly everyone in the vicinity is observing them. Mike goes bright red. Jane kisses him passionately on the lips.

INT. THE TONIGHT SHOW - NIGHT

JIMMY FALLON and the AUDIENCE crack up as a very special guest comes bounding out like an overexcited puppy.

He's TERRY THUNDER, a true Rock and Roll God, dressed in an unusual Armani suit. Black and white stripes, like an old convicts uniform.

JIMMY

I love the threads Terry.

TERRY

Thanks Man. These stripes are here
to remind me to stay on the
straight and narrow.

Silence as everyone waits for the punch line.

TERRY (CONT'D)

All the Ladies out there know I'm
straight, am I right?

He grins as the Women giggle like school kids.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And I'm single, so if anyone wants
to hang out after the show.

Suddenly Women are rushing from their seats, tearing down the
aisles while pushing their competition aside.

Security MEN run out from back stage. A Brunette throws
herself at Terry, who catches her in his arms.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hey Babe, what's your name?

BRUNETTE

Sally.

Terry sings a few bars from Mustang Sally, while twirling her
around. The rest of the Women scream, with excitement and
jealousy.

Finally Jimmy and his security staff convince everyone to
return to their seats. But Terry holds onto Sally.

TERRY

(to Sally)

Do I look narrow in this suit?

SALLY

No way, it's so sexy.

She caresses his lapel. Terry whips off the jacket, turns it
inside out, and puts it back on. He's now wearing an
audacious red velvet jacket.

Terry struts around in front of the audience, rapping.

TERRY

They say jail, I say bail. The
Judge gives me house arrest, I tell
her, I'll do my best.

He puffs out his chest like a peacock.

TERRY (CONT'D)

They tag me, but they'll never bag
me. Coz I got the juice yo. This a
song about sin you all. So who
want's a piece?

Terry points at a MAN sitting in the front row.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You sir, I can see it in your eyes.
You saucy Devil.

Terry blows the Man a kiss, then whips out his latest album,
from his jacket pocket. The crowd go wild.

The cover displays a large bar code. In the center of it we
see Terry, bending back two of the bars in order to escape.

Terry tosses the album to the Guy in the front row. The Guy's
Girlfriend snatches it from him. The album's title reads:
TT's Jailhouse Rap, Rock, and Funk Mélange à Trois!

Terry finally sits down beside Jimmy, with the Brunette of
course.

JIMMY

Terry we missed you. We really did,
isn't that right?

The Audience cheer and clap.

TERRY

Not as much as I've missed you
guys.

Terry kisses the Brunette.

JIMMY

Easy there Tiger.

TERRY

This is how legends are made Jimmy.
World's greatest Rock star bangs a
beautiful brunette on the Tonight
show.

The Brunette moans, grabbing Terry's crotch. Jimmy picks up
the mug of water, on his desk, and throws it over them.

JIMMY

I get it. Three months locked up in
your mansion with no chicks.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The question is why? People were free to visit you.

Terry sits up straight and gets all serious.

TERRY

It was a dark time man. When I assaulted that guy dressed up like the Penguin, I really believed I was Bat Man.

Terry sits forwards, eyes locked on Jimmy's.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's what drugs do to you man. Well, mix cocaine and pot with a magic mushroom quiche and anything's possible.

Terry looks at the audience.

TERRY (CONT'D)

But that's all behind me now. Drugs are not the answer kids. You want to get high? Then listen to my funky, rapping, rocking album. You'll even have multiple orgasms. On that I can testify.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Jane cuddle up on the couch watching the Tonight Show, on their TV.

Mike glances at Jane, who is clearly entranced by Terry.

MIKE

If you were at his concert and he took you back stage to have sex with you, would you do it?

JANE

In a heartbeat.

Mike pulls away from her but she's too engrossed to care. Jimmy fires another question at Terry.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Three months without sex, how did you do it?

TERRY (V.O.)

I won't deny it, I have a big ego.
And when you love yourself that
much, it's only natural that you'd
try to fuck yourself. So much so, I
almost broke my cock. After that I
stuck to the five a day rule.
Whiskey, Porn, lube, a vibrator and
my main man.

Terry grabs his crotch. Women scream.

TERRY (V.O.)

(talking to his penis)
Go ahead, take a bow.

Terry zips open his fly.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Whoa Terry, this is a family show.

TERRY (V.O.)

Sorry Man, I couldn't have done it
without him.

JIMMY (V.O.)

What, the house arrest?

TERRY (V.O.)

Nah, the album, it's fucking
genius. All that sexual energy
pulsating. Burning inside of me
until Boom. Everything erupted. A
multiple Orgasm of music, lyrics,
dance, and an erection that could
add nine inches to the Empire
State.

BRUNETTE (V.O.)

Oh my God, I'm wetter than Niagara
falls.

Jane bursts out laughing. Mike reaches out and caresses her
crotch.

JANE

Stop, I'm watching this.

Mike slips his hand inside her denims. She gabs him by the
wrist and yanks him out.

MIKE

Just checking.

JANE

Has he wet my appetite?

Jane rubs her crotch and moans. Mike glares at the TV, sulking.

TERRY (V.O.)

But seriously, that Judge's sentence was the best thing to happen to me. After years in the spotlight, I finally could sit in the dark and contemplate.

Terry rubs his hands together and preaches to the audience.

TERRY (V.O.)

I talked with the Devil, in the pale moonlight. I played chess with Angels. I meditated. I searched the labyrinths of my soul. And when the three months was up, I invited the Judge over, to thank her personally.

MIKE

I can't watch this anymore, the guy's a complete idiot.

Mike springs to his feet and heads for the door.

JANE

You're jealous because he's famous and we all love fame. When you become a bestselling author, you'll change your tune.

Jane points at Terry on the TV.

JANE (CONT'D)

You might even become friends.

Mike shakes his head and storms out. Jane remains glued to the screen.

TERRY (V.O.)

I cooked my specialty, seafood linguini. The way she sucked up that linguini.

Terry shudders.

TERRY (V.O.)

When we were done, my balls were like a couple of M&M's.

Terry sighs. The females in the audience go insane. Jane slips her hand inside her denims and masturbates.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike sits at a table dunking a digestive biscuit into his mug of tea. He's watching a you tube video on his cell phone. It's mobile footage showing Terry, wearing a Batman costume, in a fight with a guy dressed as the Penguin, at a Halloween party.

Fists fly and they wrestle until Batman knocks the Penguin to the ground. Batman straddles him, draws a gun from behind his cape, and shoves the barrel in the Penguin's mouth.

ANDY, dressed as Robin, tries to pull Batman away, but then GRIZZLY, a huge guy dressed as Frankenstein, springs into action, flinging Batman up over his broad shoulders, and carrying him away.

Jane glides in looking like she's just had multiple orgasms.

She opens the fridge and pours herself a glass of Chardonnay. She sits opposite him.

JANE

You like to compare yourself to the
greats, like Hemingway, but look at
you.

A chunk of Mike's biscuit breaks off and sinks into his tea. She laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)

Great writers and artists drown
their sorrows with whiskey or
absinthe, not a mug of tea.

MIKE

Why did you say yes?

Mike glances at her engagement ring. She twirls it on her finger.

JANE

Because I love you.

MIKE

But you'd fuck him in a heartbeat.

Mike holds up his phone, pointing at Batman screaming and pummeling Frankenstein's back with his fists.

JANE

Madonna?

Mike frowns.

JANE (CONT'D)

Too old. Shakira? Selena Gomez?

Mike's reaction says it all.

JANE (CONT'D)

Selena Gomez drags you up on stage.

Jane shakes her head.

JANE (CONT'D)

You'd never be caught dead at one of her concerts. All right, so you meet her at a party. She wants you, like right now.

Jane leans over the table, reeling him in with her silky smooth tongue.

JANE (CONT'D)

She grabs your hand and takes you to a bedroom. She throws you on the bed.

PLOP. Mike drops the rest of his digestive into his tea. Jane drinks her wine, chuckling to herself.

MIKE

Fine, you've made your point.

Jane reaches over and takes his hand.

JANE

We're only human.

INT. PALATIAL HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Terry and Sally are fucking like Olympian Gods. They climax and roll away from another, drenched in sweat. Terry roars at the heavens.

TERRY

Thor can suck my dick. I'm the biggest, baddest God of all.

SALLY

I will give you a child and he will be the son of God.

She strokes his chest. Terry pulls away.

TERRY

What did you say?

SALLY

We can have twelve, like the disciples.

TERRY

Babe this is a one time deal here, I thought you knew that?

SALLY

But I love you, and I saw it in your eyes, how much you wanted me.

TERRY

Try fucking yourself for three months and I guarantee you, you'd screw the first guy you saw. Fat, bald, Mr Bean, long as he's got a dick you'd be riding it to kingdom come.

WHACK. She slaps him across the face, then pummels his chest.

TERRY (CONT'D)

S&M baby, yeah, let's do this.

Terry whips open the bedside locker, pulling out a pair of handcuffs, a small leather whip, and a can of whipped cream.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Mike waters a flower bed. He's wearing headphones and moving to the beat. He starts to rap along, unaware that Jane is approaching him from behind.

She watches him for a moment grinning from ear to ear.

MIKE

They tag me, but they'll never bag me. Coz I got the juice yo. This a song about sin you all.

Jane slaps him on the ass. Mike almost jumps out of his skin, falling into a rose bush.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Terry's Manager ALFRED, along with his band members, Andy, DAVE, and Grizzly, sing happy birthday to Terry. Terry waves his arms, stopping them in mid verse.

TERRY

Griz I never want to hear you sing
again. Ever. Hum if you have to but
man my ears are suicidal right now.

The big hairy drummer frowns. Terry wraps an arm around him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

But I've never seen anyone rip into
a drum set like you. You make that
whiplash kid look like a pussy.
You're a beast.

Grizzly smiles, pounds his chest, and roars.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mike roars as Jane pulls rose thorns from his face with a pair of tweezers.

JANE

Oh don't be such a pussy.

MIKE

This is your fault.

JANE

I know, I'm sorry but I couldn't
help myself. The way you were
moving to the beat and that sexy
voice of yours.

She caresses his chest. Her hand slides down towards his groin.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shaking that ass. I was so turned
on, I just had to spank it.

She giggles. Mike hops up from the chair.

MIKE

This isn't funny. I'm in a lot of
pain here.

Jane picks up a copy of Terry's new album from the counter.

JANE

This will make you feel better.

She flips over the CD box.

JANE (CONT'D)

Track five is my favorite: I'm
cumming for you baby. I've
masturbated to it a half a dozen
times already.

Mike storms out of the room.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Terry is opening presents while Alfred cuts the cake. Terry
rips away the wrapping paper and sees the cover of Mike's
book for the first time. He sits bolt upright and eyeballs
Andy.

TERRY

Where did you get this?

ANDY

I picked it up in Waterstones
before we left for New York. Crazy
ass cover, huh?

Terry flicks through the book, reading the blurb on Mike and
the brief synopsis.

TERRY

Motherfucker. I was right, she's a
she Devil.

He snaps the book closed and jumps to his feet.

TERRY (CONT'D)