

Johnny Cruise

by
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Logline:

A Jekyll-and-Hyde-type-story about a big movie star who is at war with his public persona, which has *literally* taken on a life of its own.

Synopsis:

John Cruise (the person) stays secluded inside a mansion high up in the Hollywood Hills while Johnny (the persona, played by the same actor) leaves the mansion and does all the movies, premieres, press events, charity events, interviews, talk show appearances etc. John desperately wants to leave the house and show the public the REAL him, but Johnny abusively makes him stay inside, warning him that the public won't like what it sees and his career will be ruined.

Overall, JOHNNY CRUISE is an American tragedy about the importance of being/honoring yourself vs. being what others want you to be.

"Everyone wants to be Cary Grant. Even I want to be Cary Grant."

-- Cary Grant

"That's the trouble with the world. We all despise ourselves."

- Charlie Chaplin

"And when you're high you never, ever want to come down."

-- Axl Rose

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

It is an overwhelmingly enormous Spanish-Colonial-style home built in the early part of the twentieth century. Cream-colored stucco and Mexican tile comprise most of the walls and floors. Cool, blue light seeps through the creepy wrought-iron windows and illuminates the rooms with a pale hue.

Every minute sound - like the ring of a phone or the click of a remote control or the flick of a cigarette lighter - makes a ghostly echo that reverberates throughout the entire mansion for what seems like ten seconds after the fact.

The chairs, sofas and other furniture look like they were purchased at a movie studio's prop warehouse auction. The coffee table looks like it could have been in *Casablanca*. The lamp stand looks like it may have been in *The Maltese Falcon*. The lamp on the lamp-stand looks like it may have been the leg-lamp that was used in that movie *A Christmas Story*.

Much of the furniture also has a snooty look about it and exudes a negative energy - almost as though it is possessed by a negative entity from the past.

JOHN CRUISE, 33 years old, sits on one of these 'possessed' couches in the middle of the vacuous living room. He wears a mustard-stained Superbowl XXX T-shirt and a pair of raggedy stone-washed jeans. The outfit looks like it was either purchased at a Salvation Army thrift store or stolen from a laundromat.

JOHN'S face is craggly and burnt from excess marijuana smoke. His hair is long, greasy and crusted with dandruff. His teeth are a lemon-yellow and his two front incisors are missing. His bone-structure is fragile and thin like a heroin addict. In short, JOHN looks like a Skid Row junky, only he's sitting amidst one of the wealthiest houses ever constructed within the Hollywood Hills. A strange juxtaposition, indeed.

JOHN finishes packing a glass bowl with weed, brings it to his lips, sparks it up and takes a hit.

There is a phone, an enormous remote control (three-times the size of a hand) and a sandwich-baggy full of weed on top of the coffee table in front of him.

The phone rings.

And RINGS!

JOHN doesn't answer. He takes another hit from his bowl and lets the phone...

RING!

Finally, the answering machine picks up.

A pleasant, politically correct voice echoes out the machine's monaural speaker.

MACHINE

Hey, it's JC. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

Beep!

AGENT

(over machine)

Hey, Johnny. New script just came in. Think "Speed" meets "Lethal Weapon"!

CLICK! The agent immediately hangs up.

According to the figures in the window, there are 35 messages on the machine. Well, now there's 36.

JOHN looks half-dead on the couch - like a zombie. Residual smoke from the weed steams out the gaps in his teeth.

He brings the bowl back up to his lips, warms the weed with his lighter and takes another hit.

The phone RINGS!!!

And RINGS!!!

MACHINE

Hey, it's JC. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

A super-fast voice immediately starts leaving a message. Even the dude who did those Micro-Machine commercials has nothing on this voice. Think an auctioneer, but on speed.

PUBLICIST

(over machine)

I got you booked on Leno for the 13th, Oprah for the 14th, Conan for the 15th, Dr. Phil for the 16th, Howard Stern for the 17th, Larry King for the 18th, Meet the Press for the 19th...hit me back.

CLICK! The publicist hangs up.

JOHN takes another hit from the bowl.

RING! goes the phone again.

MACHINE

Hey, it's JC. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

Beep!

AGENT

(over machine)

Johnny! This is gonna be the next "Nightmare on Elm Street"! Think "Blair Witch Project" meets "The Ring"!

CLICK!

JOHN sucks in more weed.

And...the phone rings again.

MACHINE

Hey, it's JC. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

PUBLICIST

(over machine)

Aids walk on the 20th. Children's Hospital on the 21st. Police ball on the 22nd. Help an old lady cross the street on the 23rd. Be seen with a black person on the 24th. All right, brutha.

CLICK!

The weed sizzles as JOHN takes yet another hit.

By now the phone has stopped ringing. Well, no it hasn't...

RING!!!

MACHINE

Hey, it's JC. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

AGENT
(absolutely ecstatic)
"Weekend at Bernie's" meets
"Driving Miss Daisy"!

CLICK! JOHN turns off the ring to the phone.

There is finally silence. A chilly silence - no sounds but faint groans from the mansion's bodily functions (or from the ghosts of previous residents).

JOHN looks over to a clock on the wall:

It's 4:20.

JOHN takes a look at his bowl and sees that it's basically cashed. He dumps the charred 'resin' onto the coffee table, takes another pinch of weed from the sandwich bag and packs the bowl.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SEEMS LIKE SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

JOHN bakes the weed with his lighter and takes a hit.

He blows the thin stream of smoke out his nostrils and takes another look at the clock. It's still...

4:20.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SEEMS LIKE SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

JOHN finishes packing another bowl and hits it up.

The sandwich-bag of weed on the coffee table is now empty and the pile of cashed marijuana is about a half a foot in height.

JOHN takes the steamy bowl of weed away from his lips and takes another look at the clock. It's now...

4:20.

The first sign of life comes into JOHN'S body. He slowly rises to his feet, like the dead becoming the living dead in some zombie movie.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY

The "library" is another enormous room, but this one is filled with bookcases of leather-bound books (none of which look like they've been read). There are also wooden podiums with dusty atlases lying atop them. And maps of the world covering the walls.

In the far corner of the room there is the largest computer in existence. Multiple DVD/CD-Rom drives. Amazing 30" flat-screen monitor. Wireless mouse. Thinner keyboard than a Matzo wafer. Five surround-sound speakers with subwoofer. Scanner, laser printer - all the bells and whistles.

JOHN sits in a fancy computer chair that massages your back while you sit. Then, he awakens the idle computer.

He clicks on his Internet icon.

The Web Browser opens. JOHN moves the mouse arrow up to the 'favorites' and clicks on it.

He clicks on his one and only bookmark entitled "Heather."

A Facebook profile page opens. The profile is of a girl named HEATHER.

In the top-left corner of the page there is a photo of a beautiful brown-haired girl with milk-white skin and hypnotizing green eyes. This is HEATHER (also in her late-30s or so).

JOHN gazes at HEATHER.

HEATHER seems to gaze back at him.

Love streams into JOHN'S eyes, burning away the marijuana fog like drops of Visine.

After several seconds, he scrolls down the page a bit and arrives at an "About me" section.

About me: "Hi, I'm Heather. I love my cat, my friends and, most importantly, I love my husband!"

Rage pushes the love out of JOHN'S eyes.

He focuses in on the word 'Husband'.

The word gets bigger.

And bigger. Soon there is nothing on the screen but...

HUSBAND!!!

JOHN explodes out of his chair like a cannonball from a Pirate ship.

The chair swivels in place, squeaking along its axis.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN'S bony hand shakily places a DVD into the tray of a DVD player.

A B&W movie comes onto an enormous widescreen television that is about the size of a JumboTron. In fact, the TV is comprised of nine different television screens.

The movie he's playing looks like it was shot about 50 years ago. There is a scene with people sitting around a room that looks a little...familiar.

JOHN kneels in front of the enormous TV screen and watches the movie. The scene consists of two MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN talking to a YOUNGER MAN in a living room, but this isn't what's important to JOHN. In fact, he doesn't focus in on the actors and action so much as he focuses in on the room in the background.

After a few seconds of staring at the room inside the TV, he closes his eyes.

He jumps to his feet.

He whips himself around.

And opens his eyes.

The room from the movie is...the very room JOHN stands in right now. In fact, it looks exactly the same - not in B&W, of course - but, otherwise, exactly the same.

JOHN sucks the image of the room into his eyes. He looks sadistic - almost possessed.

Then, his eyes roll back into his head and close.

He throws himself back into the TV screen.

He opens his eyes.

His eyes soak in the image of the room inside the TV.

After a few seconds, he closes his eyes again...

Whips himself around!

Opens his eyes!

And looks at the real room. He brings his bowl up to his lips and rips a really good hit of weed.

INT. MANSION - BAR. DAY

The bar is a Parisian-like pub with a B&W checkered floor and abstract paintings on the walls.

There is a widescreen TV mounted on one of the walls behind the bar. The television is much smaller than the one in the living room, but its screen still has the ability to stab your eyeballs with the sharpest images technology can produce.

JOHN pops the same DVD into a DVD player hidden beneath the pine bar counter.

The DVD plays on the amazing widescreen television. It's cued up to a scene taking place in a bar - the same bar that JOHN stands in at this very minute.

JOHN stares at the movie bar!

Then at the real bar.

The *reel* bar!

The *real* bar!

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN. DAY

This room is Julia Child's wet dream realized. The best pots, pans and colanders hang from the ceiling. Enormous brick oven big enough to feed the Brady Bunch. Touch-screen cooking range atop a granite counter. Huge stainless steel refrigerator filled with sodas, beers, Vitamin waters and Red Bulls. All the bells and whistles. No expense was spared.

JOHN stands in front of another widescreen TV/DVD-type-deal mounted on one of the kitchen walls.

The screen displays a third scene from the movie - this one taking place at the patio of a pool.

JOHN soaks the scene into his eyes...

...shuts them tight...

And runs!

Through a pair of open french doors!

EXT. MANSION - POOL PATIO. SAME TIME

JOHN jumps onto the patio, opens his eyes and peers into the kidney-shaped pool.

It's the very pool from - yep, you guessed it - the movie.

JOHN soaks the image of the real pool into his head...

And soaks...

And soaks.

Then he lifts his head high into the sky and shuts his eyes. He stays put for a moment, trying to keep the image inside his mind.

Then he bolts back into the house!

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. LATER

JOHN is back on his couch, looking like a zombie again.

He lifts his head just high enough so he can take a peek at the clock.

At least now some time has passed. Instead of being 4:20, it's now...oh, wait...

4:20.

JOHN brings his bowl up to his lips, sparks it and sucks in a toke.

His free hand grabs the gigantic remote control from off the couch and gives it a 'click'.

INT. TALK SHOW SET. DAY (ON TV)

A female TALK SHOW HOST sits across from JOHNNY CRUISE.

JOHNNY CRUISE (same age as JOHN) looks just like JOHN...with one big difference: JOHNNY looks better. Much better. In fact, 'perfect' is probably the best way to describe JOHNNY - so perfect that he looks like he got shat out of Dr. 90210.

Where JOHN is pale, JOHNNY is tanned. JOHN is scrawny and JOHNNY is ripped. JOHN'S nose is slightly hooked (indicating a Jewish background) and JOHNNY'S nose is perfect. JOHN'S teeth are yellowed while JOHNNY'S teeth are bleach-white. JOHN'S hair is long and JOHNNY'S hair is short and neat. In short - JOHNNY'S appearance is ten times better than JOHN'S. Yet, he and JOHN are the same person.

The TALK SHOW HOST crosses her legs and squints her eyes. She has a look of reverence about her that would make one think she was interviewing Jesus Christ himself.

TALK SHOW HOST

(to Johnny)

How did it feel when you got your first big break?

JOHNNY

Well, it was pretty surreal. You know, my mom raised five children on her own while my dad worked fifteen-hour days at the factory. So it was great to have the means of paying them back for all the love and support.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN changes the channel.

INT. MORNING SHOW SET. MORNING (ON TV)

JOHNNY sits in front of a window overlooking New York City. An unnaturally BLONDE LADY with bright, red LIPSTICK interviews him. This lady also has a plastic-looking face and glassy eyes (from her prescription medications).

LIPSTICK

What's the secret to your success?

JOHNNY

My Dad's last words before he died of cancer when I was eight were, "Always tell the truth. Always." And that's what I do. That's my secret.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN zaps the TV with the remote control and changes the channel.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - RED CARPET. NIGHT (ON TV)

JOHNNY stands on the red carpet with three HOT BROADS - one is White, one is Black and one is Asian...a tableaux of political-correctness.

A MICROPHONE asks him a question.

MICROPHONE

Who did you want to win tonight?

JOHNNY

Everyone who won I wanted to win. I'm thrilled that Matt Affleck got best actor, though. He came from a broken home and was repeatedly abused by his step-father. Plus, I thought it was amazing to see him dedicate the award to his sister who was killed by a drunk driver when she was eighteen.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN changes the channel.

EXT. AIRPORT. DAY (ON TV)

JOHNNY stands in front of his private commercial jet. He wears a Muslim robe/cap and talks into a bouquet of news station microphones. It's a press conference.

JOHNNY

(into microphone)

You go to a country like Somalia and see how these people live and they instantly become your heros. I thought I had it bad when I grew up in a trailer home and had to wait in line every time I went to the bathroom...

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN changes the channel again.

TV

Among the celebrities at the
charity run were Johnny Cruise...

And again.

TV (CONT'D)

The animal shelter was funded in
large part by Johnny Cruise...

And again.

TV (CONT'D)

And Johnny Cruise.

And again.

TV (CONT'D)

"Wedding Crashers" meets "Four
Weddings and a Funeral" is the most
original comedy to come around in a
long time. The film stars Johnny
Cruise...

One more time.

TV (CONT'D)

And Johnny Cruise.

JOHN surfs the channels.

TV (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!

And surfs.

TV (CONT'D)

Critics are calling "Shawshank
Redemption" meets "Dances with
Wolves!" one of the best films of
the year. "This is Johnny Cruise at
his best," says Wesley Mitchell of
the New York Times. "Johnny does it
again," says Amy Kael of the
Washington Post.

And surfs.

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise!

And surfs.

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise!

And surfs. Speaking of surfing, a SURFER DUDE appears in the television. He is a paparazzo on a TMZ-like show.

SURFER DUDE
Yeah, I got Johnny Cruise outside
the Ivy. He had "lunch"...

He wiggles his fingers to denote the quotation marks.

SURFER DUDE (CONT'D)
...with Pamela Lopez.

JOHN clicks, clicks, clicks through the channels, and stops when he hears...

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise.

Clicks, clicks, clicks...

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise.

Clicks, clicks, clicks, clicks, clicks and clicks...

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise.

He surfs from channel 300 to 350.

TV (CONT'D)
Britney Lohan!

Wait...Britney Lohan? He must have heard incorrectly. Yes, that's got to be it. Perhaps if he scans from channel 350 to 470...

TV (CONT'D)
Angelina Witherspoon!

Or from 470 to 471...

TV (CONT'D)
Paris Spears!

Maybe on channel 472.

TV (CONT'D)
Michael Clooney!

JOHN surfs his way well past channel 1,000 on the digital cable box and not once does he hear the name 'Johnny Cruise' anywhere. This is not good. This is not good at all. This is so bad. This is so damn bad.

JOHN tosses his steaming bowl of weed onto the coffee table and makes a run for the library.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY

The mouse arrow opens up the web browser.

The Google search engine pops onto the computer screen.

JOHN sits at the computer and shamelessly types "Johnny Cruise" into the search engine.

The monitor says, "Displaying 1-10 hits of about 16,300,000."

JOHN stares at the screen for a moment, looking a bit puzzled.

He hops out of his chair and walks over to a giant grease-board on the wall to the left of the computer.

On the board there is a large, hand-drawn chart that compares the number of Google hits "Johnny Cruise" got on a given date.

According to the chart, on Monday, he had 48,000,000 hits. On Tuesday, he had 24,000,000. And on Wednesday he had 18,000,000.

JOHN grabs a dry-erase marker, writes "16,300,000" next to Thursday and starts to look frightened.

VERY frightened.

He drops the marker on the floor and runs out of the room.

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY

JOHN stands by the castle-like door, decked out in full camouflage clothing. His face is painted green and black. A pair of army binoculars hangs from his neck.

He places a hood over his head and a great big pair of black sunglasses over his eyes.

He takes one last huge hit of weed and tosses his bowl over his shoulder.

He puts his back up to the door.

He takes a deep breath.

And he bursts out of the house!

EXT. MANSION. DAY

The exterior of the mansion has a spooky, haunted look: creamy stucco walls, wrought-iron windows and clay roof tiles.

JOHN jumps out the front door and dives behind a nearby hedge that kind of looks like Kid 'N Play's flat-top haircut.

EXT. MANSION - IN HEDGE. DAY

The binoculars rise from the handsomely-groomed hedge and scout the front yard.

Despite a few birds, there is no soul in sight.

EXT. MANSION. DAY

JOHN rolls out of the bush, jumps to his feet and sprints through the front yard.

He dives behind a goldfish fountain in the middle of his circular, cobble-stoned driveway.

EXT. MANSION - BEHIND FOUNTAIN. DAY

JOHN'S binoculars come out from the side of the fountain and check out the scene:

Still no soul in sight. No alarming sounds, either...except for the LAPD helicopters in the far distance.

JOHNNY rolls out from behind the fountain, jumps onto his feet and runs the hell down the driveway.

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY. DAY

The driveway is more like a runway. It goes on for miles. No end in sight. Nothing but a hazy horizon of stone in the distance.

JOHN runs down the driveway. He stops at a bush or tree every ten feet so he can re-scout his course with the binoculars.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - A GATE. DAY

JOHN does a backwards somersault up to the wrought-iron gate, glues his back up to it and catches his breath for a moment.

He takes a remote-control device out of his pocket, looking like some sort of Army Ranger about to blow up a bunch of remote-control explosives.

He pulls out the antenna to this device and types an elaborate code into the keypad.

Suddenly, the gate starts opening.

JOHN pushes the antenna back into the device and pockets it.

The gate opens to reveal...

More driveway. Much more driveway. Another endless runway of cobblestones.

JOHN takes a breath, rolls into the new stretch of driveway, jumps to his feet and runs.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ANOTHER GATE. DAY

JOHN crouches at the foot of another wrought-iron gate, remote-control device out and ready to go. He types in a code.

The gate opens and reveals...

More driveway. Much more driveway.

JOHN makes a run for it.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. DAY

This gate is much more enormous and ornate than the other two.

It is as magnificent and spectacular as what you would imagine the gates of heaven to be - great thick gold-plated bars that go up and up and get lost in the smog.

The initials 'J.C.' are mounted in the very center of the golden gate, intertwined with each other like Tony Montana's. There are also about a dozen surveillance cameras mounted on each spike along the top.

JOHN creeps up to the gate and hides behind the trunk of a lemon tree planted to the side.

He stands with his back up to the tree and catches his breath for a moment.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE. DAY

JOHN'S binoculars creep out from behind the tree and take a look at the world outside his estate.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

There is a wooded area with several Italian cypress trees.

JOHN scans the woods with his binoculars.

He passes one tree...then another tree...then another tree with a weird-looking branch...and then...

Wait!

JOHN backtracks to the tree with the weird branch.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. DAY

JOHN refocuses his binoculars. Is it really a branch???

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

As the binoculars refocus themselves, it becomes clear that the "branch" isn't a branch. But what on earth is it???

Wait! It's moving. No. It's growing!

The branch grows and becomes much more erect. Now it looks like a cross between Pinocchio's nose and John Holmes' unit.

Soon, a head emerges from behind the tree!

This is no branch or nose or unit! It's a lens! To a camera!
One of the longest and most super-duper telephoto lenses on
the planet!

The head, of course, belongs to a photographer named TEX.

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

A Nextel is clipped onto TEX'S belt. It bee-a-leeps!!!

NEXTEL

Bee-a-leep! Tommy Timberlake's at
Guitar Center! Bee-a-leep!

TEX ignores the Nextel and tries to hide himself better
within the trees.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEHIND THE GATE. DAY

JOHN is terribly frightened by the sight of TEX.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

JOHN moves his binoculars away from TEX and away from the
woods and crosses the street. A gigantic box comes into
focus. It's a MAIL-box.

The mailbox is about as ornate as the gate - complete with
the intertwined J.C. initials.

JOHN moves the binoculars to the street below the mailbox.

There's a manhole!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. DAY

JOHN peels the binoculars away from his eyes and rubs his
chin.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEHIND GATE. DAY

JOHN pulls his head back behind the lemon tree and thinks for
a moment.

A light bulb turns on inside his head.

JOHN dashes out of sight! Like a ninja of the night!

EXT. MANHOLE. DAY

The cover to the manhole jiggles. Soon, it rises from the ground.

A pair of binoculars push it up. It's JOHN'S binoculars!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

TEX is still visible. He watches the J.C. gate like a hawk, but so far all is quiet.

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

The Nextel Bee-a-leeps! from TEX'S belt.

NEXTEL

Bee-a-leep! Britney Duff's at the
Comedy Store! Bee-a-leep!

TEX realizes there's still no action across the street and he pulls his head back behind the tree.

EXT. MANHOLE. DAY

JOHN'S binoculars go back down into the manhole.

After a second, the cover to the manhole jiggles and slides onto the street.

JOHN'S head pops out the hole and gives one more quick look to the woods across the street.

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

The coast is still clear. No PHOTOGRAPHER in sight.

EXT. MANHOLE. DAY

JOHN pulls his entire body out of the manhole!

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

JOHN whips open the door to the mailbox!

And sees...

...only a small pile of mail. A small pile of mail within one of the largest mailboxes ever made.

JOHN can't believe what he sees.

He removes his sunglasses to get a better look.

The pile of mail is definitely as small as it seems.

Panic runs through JOHN'S veins. His heart starts beating loud, rapping intensely against the bone of his breast. Christ, he sounds like he's some soon-to-be victim in a horror movie.

He stares at the puny pile of mail.

The puny pile of mail stares back at him.

His muscles start to spasm in panic. They spasm so much that he loses grip of his sunglasses.

They fall from his hand.

And fall.

And fall!

SMASH! They hit the pale-gray concrete below. The lenses shatter to smithereens.

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

TEX'S head immediately pokes itself out from behind the tree. He heard the glasses shatter!

And he sees JOHN!!!

He erects his ten-foot telephoto lens and steps out from behind the cypress tree.

As he takes his step, a twig snaps under his feet.

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

JOHN hears the twig snap!

He whips himself around!

There's an enormous phallus of a telephoto lens aiming right at him!!!

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

TEX glues the camera to his eye.

He fingers the trigger!

His finger presses the trigger!

But it's jammed!

TEX

Dammit!

Suddenly, out from behind another tree, comes the head of another PHOTOGRAPHER. He must have heard TEX!

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Johnny! Hey, Johnny!

And behind another tree there is another PHOTOGRAPHER.

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

Over here, Johnny!

And ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, a VIDEOGRAPHER to be precise.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Lightning Man! Hey, Lightning Man!

And even more PHOTOGRAPHERS! Crap!!! An entire army of PAPARAZZI PHOTOGRAPHERS with foot-long telephoto lenses are headed JOHN'S way!

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

Fear freezes the joints of JOHN'S legs. He doesn't know what to do!

He has nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide! He's doomed!

But, suddenly, there is a sound. A screeching sound. The sound of tires peeling the crap out of rubber.

EXT. THE END OF MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

A red, custom-made Ferrari F430 Spider rounds the corner to the street, speeding and peeling like a madman.

EEEEEEERRRRRCCCCCHHHHH! ROOOOOOM! ROOOOOOM!

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

JOHN sees the Ferrari! It's coming right at him!

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

The PHOTOGRAPHERS are stunned by the commotion.

They see the ferocious Ferrari speeding and peeling and burning its way towards JOHN.

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

The Ferrari burns its way over to the mailbox, peels its way in front of JOHN and screeeeeeeeches!!! to a stop.

JOHN looks into the car and sees the driver:

It's JOHNNY CRUISE!

JOHNNY kicks his door open and pulls his seat forward.

JOHNNY

Get in!!!

JOHN'S joints are still frozen with fear. He doesn't move an inch.

EXT. THE WOODS ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

TEX gets a shot of JOHNNY CRUISE...but not JOHN. From his point of view, JOHN is totally concealed.

INT. FERRARI - PARKED BY MAILBOX. DAY

JOHNNY turns towards the PHOTOGRAPHERS and smiles for the cameras.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

EXT. MAILBOX. DAY

JOHN is still in shock. Calling JOHN a deer in the headlights would be the understatement of the year.

JOHNNY turns away from the cameras, loses his smile and gives JOHN a look that would make the devil shiver.

JOHNNY
Get into the fucking car!!!

JOHN'S legs regain their feeling. The paralysis has lifted!

JOHN grabs the puny pile of mail from the mailbox.

JOHNNY turns back towards the PHOTOGRAPHERS, loses the evil look in his face, puts on a smile and poses for the cameras.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! All the shuddering from the cameras sounds like an endless deck of cards being shuffled.

JOHN jumps into the Ferrari with the mail in hand!

JOHNNY starts peeling out before he even shuts the door.

Eeeeeeeerrrrrrrrcccccccchhhhhhhh! The concrete gets scorched by the Ferrari's hot wheels.

INT. FERRARI - PEELING OUT ON STREET. DAY

JOHNNY looks into the rearview mirror and sees JOHN'S head.

JOHNNY
Keep your head down!

JOHN ducks his head.

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. DAY

The Ferrari fishtails and peels and screeches and burns!

It does a 180-degree spin!

And jerks to a stop!

The PHOTOGRAPHERS swarm the car like flies on you-know-what.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

JOHNNY is all smiles for them.

JOHNNY
(to photographers)
Hey, guys. What's happenin'?

The PHOTOGRAPHERS come within inches of JOHNNY'S face at the driver's side window and snap multiple shots of him.

TEX

Hey, Johnny, how are ya?

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Johnny, what's up, bro?

The VIDEOGRAPHER shoves his miniDV video camera into JOHNNY'S face.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Lightning Man! Hey, Lightning Man!
Where's your costume?!

JOHNNY'S smile is big, white and bright...not unlike something you would see posted on the wall of a dentist office.

JOHNNY

Haha. It's at the cleaners. Hahaha.

TEX

Is it true you're dating Pamela Lopez?

JOHNNY

Hahaha. No. She's just a friend.
Haha. Just a friend.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

A few of the PHOTOGRAPHERS lean on the hood of the car and imposingly take photos of JOHNNY through the windshield.

Soon, JOHNNY starts revving the engine.

And the enormous J.C. gate starts to open.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

All right, guys.

The PHOTOGRAPHERS cling to the car like hyenas on a carcass.

The tires to the Ferrari start spinning in place and scorch the road beneath it.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Johnny! Wait, Johnny! One more,
Johnny!

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

JOHNNY

All right, guys. Thanks a lot. Nice to see ya.

The PHOTOGRAPHERS finally back off.

JOHNNY floors it!

Eeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrccccccccccchhhhhhhhh!!!!

The Ferrari fishtails its way through the gate and burns down the long driveway.

The amazing gate closes.

The PHOTOGRAPHERS try snapping as many shots as they can before the gate closes.

The 'J' and 'C' eventually come together and the gate is locked shut.

EXT. MANSION. DAY

The FERRARI rips around the goldfish fountain.

It buuuuuurns!!! up to the front door of the mansion and screeeeeeeeches!!! to a stop.

JOHNNY explodes out of the car. He's wearing clothing that he was paid to wear by the hottest designers of the day. Boot-cut jeans with intentional man-made holes. Jeff Spicoli-esque Vans. Vintage Pepsi T-shirt you would find at an Old Navy or Urban Outfitters.

He pulls the seat to his Ferrari forward, reaches inside and grabs JOHN! By the hood!

He yanks JOHN out of the car and practically drags him into the house.

JOAN moans and wails as his body drags against the bumpy cobblestones.

JOHN

Oh! Owe! Ouch!

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY

The front door bursts open. JOHNNY throws JOHN through the door.

JOHN lands on his stomach and cracks a couple of ribs on the tiled foyer floor.

JOHN
Owe!!!!!!!!!!!!

JOHNNY glances over his shoulder, making sure no PHOTOGRAPHERS followed him up the driveway. Then, he slams the door shut, locking it inescapable with a metal latch.

JOHN rolls onto his backside, moaning in pain.

JOHNNY leers at JOHN.

JOHN sits up and looks at JOHNNY. He starts to whimper.

JOHNNY hears the whimpering and snaps.

JOHNNY
Don't even think about it! If I see
one tear roll down your cheek I'm
gonna rip your fuckin' eyeballs
out!

JOHN can't help but whimper.

A tear slides down his cheek.

JOHNNY sees it.

He marches over to JOHN and...

WHAM! Kicks him in the face.

Blood spurts out of JOHN'S mouth. He is kicked so hard that he topples over backward, skull slamming into the tile.

JOHNNY grabs JOHN by his greasy hair, like a pro-wrestler would do to his opponent.

He lifts JOHN all the way onto his feet and whips him at the stucco wall.

JOHN bounces right off the wall like it's the ropes of a wrestling ring and stumbles back to JOHNNY.

JOHNNY clotheslines JOHN with his arm.

JOHN falls backwards into the floor, head SLAMMING!!! into the tile.

JOHN
Owe-how!!!

JOHNNY boots JOHN in the stomach three times: Umph! Umph!
Umph!

JOHN (CONT'D)

Owe! Stop! Please stop!!! Stop!

JOHNNY pounds his fist into various parts of JOHN'S body. Umph! Umph! Umph! There is the most sadistic of all looks in his eyes. The image is reminiscent of a drug-fueled fight outside a club on the Sunset Strip.

After one last punch to the head, JOHNNY gives it a rest.

JOHNNY

If I ever see you outside this
house again, I'll fuckin' kill you!

JOHN rolls around the floor in pain.

JOHN

Owe. Owe. Owe.

JOHNNY hawks up a thick wad of phlegm and spits it onto JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY

(under his breath)

Pussy.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHNNY struts into the room and makes his way over to the coffee table. His movements are now as cool and composed as can be.

He checks the answering machine:

According to the window, there are only fifty-one messages.

JOHNNY can't believe what he's seeing. He presses 'play' and listens to the first message.

AGENT

(over machine)

It's kind of like "E.T." meets
"Edward Scissorhands".

JOHN stumbles into the room, holding his bruised stomach in pain.

JOHNNY stops the machine and glares at JOHN. His face looks like an overcooked potato ready to burst.

JOHNNY
You answered the phone again!
Didn't you?!

He marches over to JOHN...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Didn't you?!

He gets ready to kick JOHN'S ass in.

But JOHN drops to his knees, throws his hands up in the air and pleads for mercy.

JOHN
No, Johnny! I didn't! I swear!

JOHNNY
You're a liar! There's gotta be
more messages than that!

JOHN
No, Johnny. You hardly got any
calls today. There's less calls,
there's less fan mail...

He takes the puny pile of mail out of his sweatshirt pocket and holds it up for JOHNNY.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...See?

JOHNNY grabs the mail from JOHN'S hand and thumbs through it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And the Google hits. There's only -

JOHNNY books it out of the room like one of those Hanna-Barbera cartoon characters. JOHN can't even finish his sentence before JOHNNY is out of there.

The fan mail falls to the floor.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY

JOHNNY bursts into the library and jumps into the computer chair.

He fires up Google and types "Johnny Cruise" into the search window.

Results: displaying 1-10 of 14,435,000 hits.

JOHNNY doesn't like these figures.

JOHNNY
(under his breath)
Fuck.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHNNY runs back into the living room and stops short within the entrance-way.

JOHN has the giant TV on, clicking through channels 100 and beyond.

TV
Seth Smith!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Will Rogen!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Jude DiCaprio!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Leonardo Law!

JOHNNY'S face turns as white as paste as he listens to the television shout out the names.

TV (CONT'D)
Angelina Witherspoon!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Reece Jolie!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Mary Kate Cyrus!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Miley Olson!

Yes, lots of different people, places and things can be seen and heard...but "JOHNNY CRUISE" isn't one of them.

JOHN
See? No Johnny Cruise. You're practically obsolete.

TV
Barbra Midler!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)
Whoopi Williams!

JOHNNY can't bear to hear any more of the names.

JOHNNY
Turn it off!

TV
Ashton Efron!

TV (CONT'D)
Zac Kutcher!

JOHNNY
Turn it off!!!

JOHN fumbles with the remote control a bit and does what he's told. The television shuts off, crackles with static and is then silent.

JOHN
Johnny, if you just let me leave this house. I can take care of this, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Shut up!!!

JOHN flinches from JOHNNY'S shouting.

JOHN
But, Johnny. Just let me-

JOHNNY
You're not leaving this house!

JOHNNY picks the pile of fan mail up from the floor and starts chucking pieces of mail at JOHN. He throws the mail with malicious intensity, like he is a juiced-up baseball player.

The mail hits JOHN with a disturbing negative energy. He cowers to the floor and tries to shield his head with his hands.

JOHN
Ouch...Johnny...please...

JOHNNY throws the last piece of mail and then resumes his pacing.

JOHNNY
(thinking to himself)
This calls for
something...something
really...really...

He freezes in place.

And his lips curl into a mischievous, Grinch-like grin.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Sex scandal...

JOHN pokes his head up from under his hands. He knows exactly what's on JOHNNY'S mind.

JOHN
Oh, no, Johnny. No sex scandal. No-
no Johnny.

JOHNNY barks in JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY
You shut the fuck up!

JOHN
They're gonna think you're a
scumbag if you do that.

JOHNNY
Desperate times call for desperate
measures.

JOHN
What about your reputation as a
golden-boy?

JOHNNY
I'll market the bad-boy image for a
while. And if it doesn't work, no
big deal. I'll go back to Africa.
Save some more refugees. Maybe do
another telethon.

JOHN

But-

JOHNNY is sick of JOHN'S voice.

JOHNNY

Shut up! I'm in control here.

JOHN takes a deep breath and insecurely rises to his feet.

JOHN

No, Johnny. I'm...I'm in control here. This is MY career. I control YOU.

JOHNNY scoffs at JOHN.

JOHNNY

(chuckling)

Oh, yeah? Then control me...

He gets in JOHN'S face and lunges his chest at him.

JOHN flinches like crazy.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ha, pussy? Pussy-pussy. Pussay!

He keeps lunging at him.

JOHN stops, drops and rolls back to the floor in utter fear.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

JOHN tries to keep himself together, though. He gets back on his feet and takes a deep breath of confidence.

JOHN

(shouting)

Wha...what about Heather?!

The name 'Heather' sends a lightning bolt of rage through JOHNNY'S amazing body.

JOHNNY turns around and stabs JOHN'S eyeballs with one of the most evil glares ever.

JOHNNY

What did you say?

JOHN'S confidence crumbles.

JOHN
Um...nothing, Johnny. Nothing...

JOHNNY stomps his way towards JOHN.

JOHN tries to keep his distance from JOHNNY.

JOHNNY
Heather is MARRIED. She REJECTED
YOU! You will never have her, John.
NEVER!

He lunges at JOHN and grabs him by the hood. JOHN screams.

JOHN
Agh!

JOHNNY drags JOHN out of the room.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY

JOHNNY drags JOHN into the room and drops him onto the floor
in front of the computer.

JOHN'S face smashes into the floor.

JOHNNY takes a seat at the computer and awakens it.

JOHNNY
(yelling to the floor)
Get up!!!

JOHN slowly rises to his feet, but tries to avoid eye contact
with the computer screen.

JOHNNY opens the Internet browser and clicks the 'favorites'
icon.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(facetiously)
Still under your favorites. Isn't
she, John?

JOHN
Who?

JOHNNY
You know who.

JOHN
Ye-yes. What of it???

JOHNNY clicks on the "Heather" bookmark and the Facebook profile immediately opens up.

JOHN still tries to avoid eye contact with the computer screen.

But JOHNNY lunges at JOHN, grabs his head and stuffs his face into the monitor.

JOHNNY

Look!

JOHN tries to close his eyes.

JOHN

No, Johnny! I don't want to!

JOHNNY pries JOHN'S eyes open with his hands.

JOHNNY

Look!!!

JOHN can't help but look anywhere else except at the computer.

JOHNNY scrolls down to the "About me" section with his free hand. Then, he starts reading from the screen.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(in a girly voice,
mimicking Heather)

Hee. Hee. Hee. My name's Heather. I
love my cat, my friends and my
husband. E-Hee. Hee. Hee.

JOHN tries to pull himself away, but JOHNNY is too strong.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(in normal voice)

Husband!!! Husband!!! Husband!!!
Hey, John, do you know what a
husband is?

JOHN starts whimpering.

JOHN

Please, Johnny...stop this.

JOHNNY

Do you??? Do you know what a
husband is???

JOHN collapses to the ground and cries like a baby.

JOHNNY swivels away from the computer screen and watches JOHN moan.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ya see this? She's making a mockery out of you, John.

JOHN'S moaning loses its intensity.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

While she's married and living in some white, picket-fenced house with a nice master bedroom where she fucks Alex every night, here you are crying like a big baby! A great big baby!

JOHN'S moans turn into whimpers.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(mimicking Heather's voice)

"Oh my god. Look how pathetic John turned out to be. Look at that big baby rolling all over the floor crying over me. Ahee-ahee hee-hee. I'm glad I stayed with Alex, because his chest is much broader than John's. Plus, it doesn't have acne all over it. Or is it eczema? Either way, I'm just glad I don't have to rub my hand up and down it like I do with Alex when I ride his cock. Speaking of cocks, Alex's is much bigger than John's!"

JOHN wails, moans and cries.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You gonna let her mock you like that, John?

JOHN

Oh, God. Oh, God. I don't know.

JOHNNY

Or ya gonna let me have a little sex scandal? Ya know...give Heather a big FUCK YOU! "Yah, Hi, Heather, look at how much fun I'm havin' without you! Look at all the great times I'm having without you in my life! What's that?

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 You want me back? (cont'd), hun. All right, Dearie. Oh, come here, let me hold you. Yeah, come here, let me hold you sweetie. Come closer. No, get the fuck away! Don't fuckin' touch me! It's too late for you, Heather! Ya hear me? It's too late, you fucking BITCH!!!

JOHN sits upright on the floor, wipes the tears from his cheek and sniffs the remainder of snots up his nose.

He is suddenly alone in the room. JOHNNY is gone, but the echoes of his shouts reverberate in the room like a ghost's moan.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

JOHN prepares a line of cocaine for himself on the coffee table.

There is an "E! True Hollywood Story" type-deal playing on the enormous television across from him.

INT. JOHNNY CRUISE PHOTOS. DAY (ON TV)

A montage of early, before-he-was-famous images assault various parts of the television screen. They zoom in and out. They zoom fast and slow. They flip and twirl and spin and push and grow large and grow small. A song like Kanye West's "The Good Life" underscores the whizzing images.

VOICE OVER

All alone in Hollywood, sleeping on a sheet-less mattress and living off Big Macs, Johnny had to work five jobs in order to support himself.

INT. POOL HALL. DAY (ON TV)

A FORMER FRIEND gets interviewed in the smoky, dimly-lit pool hall. He wears a leather jacket and smokes an unfiltered cigarette.

FORMER FRIEND

Oh, man, Johnny was just nuts. He took this one job where he had to dress up as, like, a lobster for a seafood joint.

(MORE)

And, you know, he'd stand on the sidewalk and hand out coupons to everyone who walked by...

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

JOHN'S nose snorts a great long line of coke with the help of a rolled twenty-dollar bill.

INT. JOHNNY CRUISE PHOTOS. DAY (ON TV)

More images of the pre-famous JOHNNY CRUISE fill the screen.

VOICE OVER

Exhausted from working long hours and discouraged from all his rejections, Johnny started to show signs of depression...

An image of an old, coffee-stained journal comes on the screen. A subtitle reads "Johnny's journal."

ACTOR'S VOICE

(reading off-screen in an overly depressed tone)

I am the most miserable man on the face of this earth.

INT. E! NEWS STUDIO. DAY

JOHNNY is interviewed by an E! NEWS REPORTER.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I mean, I never had the gun to my head, but yeah. I thought about, you know, killing myself at one point. Yeah. Definitely.

The audio to the interview fades and the image of JOHNNY melts into a dramatic, slow-motion blur.

VOICE OVER

But little did Johnny know that everything was about to change for him...literally overnight...

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

JOHN stumbles over to the television, sniffing up the remaining remnants of coke from his nose hairs.

He presses stop on his remote control. The "E! True Hollywood Story" special was apparently something he found on the cable's "On Demand" service, which offers an additional thousand hours of programming.

As soon as the TV becomes silent, JOHN starts to hear strange drones.

He jingles his stoned nostrils with his finger and tries to listen for the source of the sound.

The drones turn into louder moans - ghostly moans coming from somewhere deep within the enormous mansion.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWELL. NIGHT

JOHN steps into the stairwell and looks up...way up.

Whoa! The stairs go up and up and up and up! There's no end to them in sight.

The ghostly moans are louder.

JOHN begins ascending the stairwell...with extreme caution.

INT. MANSION - LANDING IN STAIRWELL. NIGHT

JOHN stops on the landing for a moment and catches his breath.

The ghostly moans are even louder now.

JOHN looks up:

There is still no end to the stairwell in sight.

JOHN cautiously creeps his way up the next flight of stairs.

INT. MANSION - ANOTHER LANDING. NIGHT

JOHN steps onto the landing, choking for air.

The landing opens up to a dark, musty hallway that also has no end to it in sight.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY. NIGHT

JOHN tip-toes down the hallway. He passes glass display cases on both his left and right.

The cases are filled with Oscars, Golden Globes and People's Choice Awards. There are also photos of JOHNNY posing with other celebrities, political figures, socialites and even American troops. More notably, there is a photo of JOHNNY with the PRESIDENT. And then another photo of JOHNNY with the POPE.

JOHN tip-toes...

And tip-toes...

The echoed moans grow louder and louder and louder.

JOHN passes door after door after door off the hallway.

Soon, the moans are at their loudest. They are now more discernible and less ghostly. They're sexual sounds.

JOHN comes to a door that is slightly ajar. Warm light spills out of its crack and spills into the hallway.

He puts his back up to the hallway wall and sidesteps his way towards the open door.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT

JOHN'S eye appears within the crack of the door and he peeps inside the room.

JOHNNY is in a king-sized bed having sex with who appears to be a Playboy-bunny-like girl, though she's mostly concealed by the bed covers, like a ghost under a sheet. This is PAMELA LOPEZ.

PAMELA moans like a cross between Betty Boop and Marilyn Monroe.

PAMELA

Oh! Oh! Oh!

JOHNNY

Give it to me! Yeah!

JOHNNY videotapes the sex with a hand-held, MiniDV video camera.

JOHN'S eye watches the sex from the crack in the door.

INT. MANSION - OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT

JOHN taps on the door.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT

JOHNNY and PAMELA don't hear him.

JOHN knocks louder.

JOHNNY and PAMELA still don't hear him.

JOHN knocks even louder.

The moaning ceases. So doesn't the movement betwixt the sheets.

JOHNNY

One minute, Pamela.

JOHNNY rolls out from the covers and heads for the hallway, camera still in his hand. He's wearing nothing but a pair of boxers and his naked body is freshly waxed/tanned (as perfect as a porn star's).

INT. MANSION - OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT

JOHN sees JOHNNY coming for the door and takes his eye away from the crack.

The door opens. JOHNNY steps into the hallway and gently closes the door behind him.

JOHNNY

(quietly)

What the fuck are you doing?

JOHN

I heard moans. I didn't know what was goin' on.

JOHNNY

Haha. Yeah, she's a loud one.

JOHN

Who is it?

JOHNNY

Pamela Lopez.

JOHN

Pamela Lopez?! Pamela Lopez is in there?!

JOHNNY
Yeah, John. She's fuckin' hot.

JOHN eyeballs the video camera.

JOHN
You're taping it?

JOHNNY nods.

JOHNNY
Once this tape gets leaked
everybody's gonna be talkin' about
it.

JOHN
I don't know about this, Johnny. I
don't have a good feeling.

JOHNNY
Come on, John, this is what we
gotta do to keep the Johnny Cruise
brand alive. Trust me.

JOHN
Well, all right. But lemme get a
piece of the action.

JOHNNY
What?

JOHN
Come on, I wanna have some sex.

JOHNNY looks into JOHN'S stoned eyes and laughs.

JOHNNY
Hahahaha. Go downstairs and do
another line.

JOHNNY turns to go back into the room.

But JOHN grabs JOHNNY by the shoulders and makes him turn
around.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
What the fuck???

JOHN sticks his finger in JOHNNY'S face, shaking it in a
scolding manner.

JOHN

No, Johnny. I order you to let me have sex with that girl. You do what I tell you. Get outta my way!

JOHNNY shakes his head at JOHN'S stupidity.

JOHNNY

You don't even know how to have sex!

These words muzzle JOHN for a moment. But he tries not to let them bother him.

JOHN

Get outta my way, Johnny.

He tries to get by.

But JOHNNY won't let him.

JOHNNY

This isn't some chick who wants to have sex with a virgin.

The word 'virgin' sends a shocking jolt through JOHN'S body.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Yes, John! A virgin! You're a virgin! You've never had sex!

JOHN'S confidence deflates like a balloon.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You got a dick the size of a baby carrot and an ass that's hairier than a barber's chair!

JOHN'S back slams against the hallway wall. He slowly slides to the floor in agony.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

This girl wants someone who knows how to press her buttons! Not some inexperienced virgin who doesn't know one hole from the other! You'd go in there and start fucking her in the ass and she'll be, like, what the fuck does this douche-bag think he's doing? Obviously this dipshit's a virgin!

JOHN tries to ignore him.

JOHN

No, I'm not listening to you. I'm not gonna listen to you.

JOHNNY gets in JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY

Fuck, John! You don't even know how to kiss a girl the right way. Remember that time you tried to kiss Heather and didn't know what the fuck you were doing, so you just kinda moved your tongue around in circles, hoping you were doing the right thing?

JOHN tries to cover his ears.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Well, ya know what, John? You weren't doing the right thing. You were doing the wrong thing! Heather hated...HATED the way you kissed her. That's probably what made her not like you anymore!!!

JOHN starts to cry.

JOHN

No, Johnny! These are lies! I'm not listening to you!!!

JOHNNY

(pointing at the bedroom door)

That girl in there wants a REAL man! A guy who's humped something other than a pillow cushion! Somebody who doesn't get a major wet-on as soon as a girl holds his hand!

JOHN slams his face into the floor and cries his ass off.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's right, John. A REAL man. Not a big baby who cries over every little thing. Jesus Christ! You have everything in the world that a man could want and what do you do? Cry all day! You cry and cry and cry!

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 That girl is an unappreciative asshole like yourself!

JOHN has never cried so hard.

JOHN
 Johnny, please stop! I feel so awful! I need a hug!

JOHNNY
 Go back downstairs and do some more coke!!! For Christ's sake! There's children with Leukemia who would die to have a healthy body like yours! And you go and fill yourself with all that poison?! See ya in hell, John. We'll all see you in...
 (growling demonically)
 Heeeeeeeeeeeell!

JOHNNY reopens the door and pokes his head inside.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that, Pamela.

He steps the rest of the way into the room and shuts the door tightly behind him.

JOHN is left all alone in the hallway. He curls himself into the fetal position and burps out moans and wails.

JOHN
 Oh-ho. No. Oh, no. God. I need a hug. Somebody. Give me a hug. Please!

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

JOHN does another line of coke from off the coffee table.

The TV is on. Something familiar is on the screen:

It's the old movie JOHN likes to watch.

JOHN jingles his snowy nostrils and trips over the coffee table. Then he crawls over to the giant television.

He shoves his face only inches away from the TV screen and soaks the scene in with his stoned eyes.

He closes his eyes.

Turns around!

Opens his eyes!

And looks at the real living room.

He stares at the living room for several seconds, looking sick and twisted. But, soon, he realizes how ridiculous he's being and snaps out of it.

JOHN
(to himself)
No, Johnny! No!

He stumbles to his feet and starts pacing the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm leaving this house. I'm leaving
this house. Yes. I am...

INT. MANSION - BAR. NIGHT

JOHN'S nose does another long line of coke on the bar's pine counter.

The same movie plays on the bar's widescreen television. This time, it's cued up to the bar scene, of course.

JOHN finishes the line and shoves his face into the television screen.

He looks at the *reel* bar.

He whips his head away from the screen.

He looks at the *real* bar.

But he's not getting the high he's looking for.

JOHN'S pissed! He kicks a bar stool to the ground!

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

JOHN paces in front of the door to the outside world, sucking on a steamy bowl of weed like it's his pacifier.

He takes a decent hit and paces some more.

JOHN
(to himself)
I'm in control here. I control YOU,
Johnny. I control YOU.

He clasps the door's brass handle and starts to pull it open...

But he can't go through with it.

He resumes his pacing, reheats the weed and takes a MEGA-HUGE-hit. This hit could, perhaps, be written into the Guinness Book of World Records for biggest frigging hit ever.

He blows out the hit for what seems like minutes and chucks the bowl over his shoulder.

The bowl 'clinks' against the tile floor.

JOHN grips the brass handle...pulls the door open...and slips out of the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

The enormous J.C. initials glimmer in the moonlight.

JOHN stands behind the gate and scopes out the situation on the other side.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ACROSS MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. NIGHT

There are a half a dozen dark SUVs parked along the opposite side of the road.

INT. YUKON - PARKED ON STREET. NIGHT

TEX sits in the driver's seat of his Yukon, paging through a tabloid magazine like a professional looking through the trades. Every once in a while he looks out the car window to make sure there's no action outside.

There isn't any action.

His Nextel bee-a-leeps from the passenger seat beside him.

NEXTEL
Bee-a-leep! Brad Clooney at the
Ivy! Bee-a-leep!

Then, after a few moments...

NEXTEL (CONT'D)
 Bee-a-leep! George Pitt at Spago!
 Bee-a-leep!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

JOHN sees the PHOTOGRAPHERS in their SUVs, but doesn't seem to be alarmed by their presence.

He takes cover behind a nearby Gardenia bush and takes his remote control gate-opening device out of his pocket.

He pulls up the antenna.

He takes a deep breath.

And he types in the secret code.

The gate unlocks itself and starts opening.

INT. YUKON - PARKED ON STREET. NIGHT

TEX hears the gate unlock and looks up from his magazine:

He sees the gate opening.

TEX
 Show time...

He grabs his camera from off the passenger seat.

Locks!

And loads!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

JOHN re-pockets his remote-control device and prepares to reveal himself.

JOHN
 (under his breath)
 One...

He takes a deep breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Two...

He takes a deeper breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 ...one-thousand...

He takes an even deeper breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Three.

He still doesn't move.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Three.

He doesn't move an inch.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Three.

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. NIGHT

TEX and all the other PAPARAZZI hover around the open, golden gates. But there's no Johnny Cruise to be seen.

TEX
 Where the fuck is he???

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

JOHN still hasn't moved from the gardenia bush.

JOHN
 Three.

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. NIGHT

TEX and the other PAPARAZZI continue to hover around the gate, feeling like total schmucks.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1
 Maybe the gate just malfunctioned.

PHOTOGRAPHER #2
 Maybe he's just fuckin' with us.

TEX
 (under his breath)
 This is bullshit.

Suddenly, he hears his Nextel Bee-a-leeping from inside his Yukon.

NEXTEL

Bee-a-leep! Paris Simpson's at the
Spider Club! Repeat: Paris at the
Spider Club! Bee-a-leep!

TEX can't believe what he's hearing.

He runs over to his Yukon, reaches through the open driver-seat window and grabs his Nextel.

Bee-a-leep!

TEX

(into Nextel)

Paris Simpson at Spider Club?

Bee-a-leep!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

Meanwhile, JOHN says...

JOHN

Three.

And, this time, he isn't bluffing. He steps out from behind the gardenia bush and heads for the open 'JC' gate.

INT. YUKON - PARKED ON MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. NIGHT

TEX listens to the Nextel.

NEXTEL

Bee-a-leep! I'm lookin' at her
right fuckin' now! Bee-a-leep!

TEX looks over his shoulder and says:

TEX

Fuck Johnny Cruise. I'm gettin'
Paris.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. NIGHT

JOHN passes through the open gate and heads straight for the SUVs.

He doesn't see any camera flashes yet, but he hears one bee-a-leep after another.

In fact, there are so many bee-a-leeps that, collectively, the bee-a-leeps make one continuous bleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep!

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. NIGHT

All the engines to the SUVs start!

BRRRRR00000000M! They screeeeech! and buuuuuurn! and fishtail! all around JOHN.

JOHN stands in the middle of all the burning and churning.

The SUVs screech to a stop, rev their engines and floor it down the street.

Within seconds, all the SUVs are gone.

JOHN is left in the dust, alone and confused.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MULHOLLAND DRIVE. NIGHT

JOHN'S shadow makes its way down the serpentine road.

The City of Angels twinkles in the background. The sky is an orangey-purple color from the smog and light pollution.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - WOODS. NIGHT

JOHN'S shadow weaves its way through Cypress and Eucalyptus trees. Coyotes howl in the far distance.

A rattlesnake suddenly appears in JOHN'S path.

It rattles its tail.

And rattles.

And rattles.

JOHN walks a wide circle around the scheming serpent and avoids getting bitten.

EXT. BACK OF THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN. NIGHT

The sign is faded with grime.

The back of the letters are covered with graffiti, most of which consists of 'tags' (i.e. autographs of unknowns desperate to leave their mark in Hollywood).

A DARK FIGURE walks up to the back of the sign, climbs a ladder mounted along its edge and sits within the first 'O'.

The DARK FIGURE is JOHN.

JOHN peers through the 'O' and down to the bright lights of the valley below.

His eyes look disillusioned.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - GATEWAY. NIGHT

A dark figure emerges from the Hills and roams down Whitley Avenue. It's JOHN.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - FRANKLIN AVENUE. NIGHT

JOHN and his shadow move past a strip of pale-yellow stucco-style apartment buildings. Palms and other exotic-looking plant-life surround the entrances to these buildings, almost in a desperate attempt to conceal the awful architecture with a paradise-like veneer.

Every window to the apartments has a satellite dish mounted on its sill, sucking entertainment out of the sky and into the units.

The interiors of each unit flicker with bluish light coming from widescreen televisions. Sound-bites from the hottest TV shows echo out of the open balconies. "Dancing with the Stars", "American Idol", "CSI: Wherever"...

JOHN and his shadow move beneath the balconies to these flickering apartment units. JOHN is the only soul on the deserted street. Everybody else is in their homes being entertained to death.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - WALK OF FAME. NIGHT

The walk-of-fame is very dark and ghostly at this hour. Tourists have been replaced by crazy BUMS AND METH-ADDICTS, who are talking to themselves with obscenities.

JOHN and his shadow drift down the charcoal-marbled walkway - star after star passing beneath his feet.

It seems like everywhere he looks he sees great, thick stalks of concrete grow out of the sidewalks and roofs of buildings. They grow high into the smoggy sky and sprout into bright, colorful billboards.

There are dozens of billboards every which way JOHN looks...but there is no JOHNNY CRUISE to be seen on any one of them...

...well, except for one. There is one image of JOHNNY CRUISE left in the Hollywood sky, but it is in the process of being painted over by a LABORER.

JOHNNY'S bigger-than-life face becomes smeared with white paint. Soon, the persona is completely obliterated.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. NIGHT

JOHN peers through the smudged glass window of the newsstand:

No JOHNNY CRUISE to be seen on any of the tabloid magazines inside.

INT. NEWSSTAND. NIGHT

The "stand" is a small, 24-hour deal where you can also get sodas, cigarettes and lottery tickets. There are autographed portraits of stars lining the walls.

JOHN enters the store and sees a CLERK standing behind the counter watching "Dancing with the Stars" or a similar program. The clerk has long, whitish hair and burnt-out skin. In fact, he kind of looks like Gandalf from "Lord of the Rings".

JOHN

Excuse me.

The CLERK looks up from the TV.

JOHN smiles with his yellow, gapped teeth - fully expecting the CLERK to recognize him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, how ya doin'?

But the CLERK doesn't recognize his ugly smile.

CLERK

Fine.

JOHN gives the CLERK some more time to make out his face.

But the CLERK still doesn't recognize him.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Help you?

JOHN

Oh, yeah, uh...got anything on...

He pauses.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...Johnny Cruise???

CLERK

Johnny who???

JOHN doesn't think he heard right.

JOHN

You know...Johnny Cruise.

The CLERK looks at JOHN like he's a ghost.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise. The movie star.

The CLERK doesn't know what the hell JOHN'S talking about.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Never mind.

JOHN turns around and exits the store. But not before hearing the CLERK mutter something behind him.

CLERK

(under his breath)

Crack-head.

Ouch. That hurt JOHN'S ears to hear that.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. NIGHT

JOHN sulks his way down the sidewalk of bronze stars. His head hangs low to the ground in a walk-of-shame.

Nothing but drunken BUMS and SCHIZOS brush past his shoulders. These lost souls cuss to themselves and mumble incoherent phrases.

He soon sees a disturbing image in the distance:

It is a DRUNKEN BUM, taking a leak right on the sidewalk!

JOHN walks closer to the DRUNKEN BUM and realizes what he's pissing on:

A star! The Johnny Cruise star!!!

JOHN is horrified.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER. NIGHT

The theater is dark and deserted and haunted with the ghostly drone of a midnight Santa Ana breeze.

A dark figure walks into the forecourt of foot-printed concrete. It's JOHN.

He passes over one footprint after another: Marilyn Monroe, Fred Astaire, Rock Hudson, Humphrey Bogart and more. He finally comes to...

JOHNNY CRUISE'S footprints.

He places his own feet within the footprints and stares at JOHNNY CRUISE'S autograph engraved within the concrete.

JOHN'S eyes take on the same twisted look they had when watching the old movie inside his mansion.

He closes his eyes, raises his head into the sky and listens to the drone of the ghostly Santa Ana breeze.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. FEW MINUTES LATER

JOHN now stands in Marilyn Monroe's footprints.

He jumps!

And lands in Fred Astaire's footprints.

He jumps again!

And lands in Rock Hudson's footprints.

He jumps one more time!

And lands back in JOHNNY CRUISE'S footprints.

His eyes look sick.

He raises his head into the air, closes his eyes and listens to the breeze.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. FEW MORE MINUTES LATER

JOHN stands where Humphrey Bogart once stood.

He jumps!

And lands where George Burns once stood.

He jumps again!

And lands where Donald Duck stood.

Another jump!

He lands where Darth Vader stood.

One more time!

He lands back where JOHNNY CRUISE stood.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. NIGHT

JOHN jumps from footprint to footprint. Footprint to footprint. Footprint to footprint...

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. MORNING

The drone of early rush-hour traffic replaces the ghostly moan of the night-time breeze.

The Hollywood Boulevard CHARACTERS take their positions on the sidewalk in front of the forecourt. These are young hopefuls who dress up as their favorite movie characters and take pictures with tourists for tips (e.g. Superman, Batman, Pinhead, Freddy Krueger etc.). Some are young and some are old. Some are men and some are female. Some are sober and others are completely shit-faced.

Deeper into the forecourt, a MEXICAN LABORER is busy hosing down the various squares of autographed cement.

In another part of the court, a group of JAPANESE TOURISTS get kicks out of placing their bare feet within the footprints of the stars.

Over by the Johnny Cruise prints, a BUM is passed out cold. Well, it's not a BUM...it's JOHN, actually.

He sleeps atop his foot-printed square, curled up like a baby in the fetal position.

JOHN smacks his lips and awakens from his slumber.

His vision is blurry at first, but he can make out something in the sky:

It's a billboard. And the face on the billboard looks mighty familiar.

JOHN sits upright and rubs the blurriness out of his eyes. Soon, the billboard becomes clearer - much clearer.

JOHNNY CRUISE! The face on the billboard is that of JOHNNY CRUISE!

JOHN can't believe what he's seeing.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. MORNING

JOHN stands by the foot of the massive billboard.

His eyes follow the enormous concrete stalks up and up and up and up into the sky.

An enormous portrait of JOHNNY CRUISE floats within the smoggy clouds. Someone who wouldn't know any better would think that the image of JOHNNY were God Himself.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - FURTHER DOWN THE STREET. MORNING

JOHN weaves his way through the various boulevard CHARACTERS and TOURISTS and SCIENTOLOGISTS. As he pushes and shoves his way around, he looks high into the sky and can't believe what he's seeing:

Every billboard in every which direction has a massive image of JOHNNY CRUISE on it.

The billboards are massive Towers of Babels, reaching high into the heavens and scoffing at the face of God.

JOHN is stunned. He keeps walking.

He soon sees a clump of TOURISTS swarming one particular star on the walkway.

JOHN moves closer to the TOURISTS and sees that they're snapping photos of...the JOHNNY CRUISE star! Amazing...

JOHN bolts across the street.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. MORNING

JOHN runs up to the rack of tabloids and confirms his suspicions.

JOHNNY CRUISE! JOHNNY CRUISE! JOHNNY CRUISE! The tabloids have nothing but the name "JOHNNY CRUISE!!!" all over them.

But that's not all they say. After "JOHNNY CRUISE", they say "Sex Tape!" - "JOHNNY CRUISE SEX TAPE!!!" "GOLDEN-BOY TURNED BAD-BOY!" "JOHNNY CRUISE SEX-TAPE!!!"

Suddenly, the CLERK appears from behind the rack.

CLERK

Help you?

JOHN

Yeah, I'll...uh...

He grabs one of the magazines from off the rack.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...take this.

CLERK

Dollar-fifty.

JOHN digs into his pockets and hands the CLERK a couple of crinkled, chocolate-stained bills.

JOHN

Keep the change.

The CLERK gives JOHN a once-over with his eyes and seems to recognize him.

CLERK

Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?

The question gives JOHN a good startle.

JOHN

No, don't think so.

CLERK

Yeah, you look like...Joh-

JOHN quickly hides his face with the tabloid.

JOHN

Um...uh...thanks again. Bye.

He turns around and gets the hell out of there.

The CLERK watches JOHN speed-walking down the boulevard. He shakes his head at the "Holly-weirdo".

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. MORNING

JOHN speed-walks down the sidewalk. He shields his face with his magazine whenever he walks past somebody - whether it be a TOURIST, or a SCIENTOLOGIST or even a TRANNY.

His walk soon turns into a trot.

His trot turns into a run!

And then his run turns into a sprint!!!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MOUTH. MORNING

JOHN runs into the mouth of the hills...stops...takes the tabloid away from his face...looks both ways to make sure nobody's following him...throws the tabloid to the ground...

...and runs into the hills. He runs and runs and runs and, soon, disappears.

Eeeeeeeeerch!

Only moments later, a Yukon fishtails its way up and into the hills. It's TEX! He's hot on JOHN'S trail!!!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. MORNING

JOHN runs up and over a hill. He runs and runs and runs and, soon, needs to stop so he can catch his breath.

He drops to his knees on the side of the road and gasps for some air.

But he can't rest long. Suddenly, he hears an eeeeeeeeerch from not too far behind him.

He looks over his shoulder and sees an SUV gunning down the road, swerving and skidding all over the place. It's a Yukon! TEX'S Yukon!

Eeeeeeeeeerch. The Yukon zooms past JOHN and he's relieved to see that he probably wasn't noticed.

But eeeeeeeeeerch. He's wrong. The Yukon skids to a stop about fifty yards or so ahead of JOHN.

EXT. TEX'S YUKON - ON STREET. SAME TIME

TEX adjusts his side-view mirror a bit so he can get a better view of the gentleman he just passed on the side of the road.

TEX
(into mirror)
Johnny! That you?!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. SAME TIME

JOHN stays frozen on the side of the road - saying or moving nothing. But then - BOOM! - he darts across the road like the roadrunner and claws his way up another dusty hill.

TEX slams on the gas pedal and fishtails it the fuck out of there. He knew it looked like JOHNNY!

EXT. HILL. MORNING

JOHN claws his way up a dusty hill. The rattles from rattlesnakes seem to be all around him, coming from every clump of chaparral and under every stone!

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE. MORNING

JOHN makes it to the hill's summit, straddles his way over a rusty guardrail and topples onto Mulholland Drive. Phew. He's safe now. Well, so he thinks.

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeerch. There are some tires peeling some serious rubber down the road. And the sound isn't very far away either.

JOHN looks down Mulholland and sees TEX'S YUKON skidding its way around one of the road's hairpin turns.

JOHN jumps back onto his feet and sprints it the hell out of there.

TEX'S YUKON is hot on his trail.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - ANOTHER HILLY ROAD. MORNING

JOHN sprints around a sharp hairpin turn.

TEX fishtails around the turn, nearly losing control of his vehicle in the process.

JOHN looks over his shoulder and sees TEX right on his ass like a heat-seeking missile, or one of those pesky triangular-winged flies.

He gulps and turns on the turbo!

Up and down the hills he goes!

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS DRIVE. MORNING

JOHN appears at the tip of a hump in the road. And the Yukon appears soon after him.

JOHN sees the golden gate to his estate in the not-too-far distance.

He whips out his remote control gate-opening device!

Pulls out the antenna!

Types in the secret code!

Open Sesame!

But - oh no! - TEX's Yukon isn't far behind him.

JOHN runs and he huffs and he puffs.

TEX gains and gains and gains.

JOHN runs and he pukes in his mouth and he's almost there. He's almost friggin' there!

INT. YUKON - FISHTAILING ITS WAY DOWN THE STREET. MORNING

TEX rips the SUV into a donut and SCREEEEEEEECHES!!! to a stop.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. MORNING

JOHN peers back over his shoulder and sees TEX'S Yukon fishtailing to a stop.

He heads full-speed for the gate!

TEX kicks his door open and jumps onto the street with his telephoto lens all ready to go.

JOHN is just a few feet away from the gate!

TEX raises his camera to his eye.

JOHN dives for the gate!

TEX fingers the camera trigger.

JOHN is in mid-air!

TEX pulls the trigger.

JOHN is just about through the gate!

The camera flashes!

And it just misses JOHN! All it gets is his foot!

TEX checks the photo on his digital LCD screen and it's true: he didn't get any decent shot.

TEX

Shit!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEHIND THE GATE. MORNING

JOHN somersaults behind one of his lemon trees and types another code into his remote-control device.

The golden gate begins to close.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE. MORNING

TEX gets as close to the gate as he can without trespassing the Cruise property. But he can't see JOHNNY anywhere, and the gates are closing on him fast.

TEX

(melodramatically)

No! No!! No!!!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEHIND THE GATE. MORNING

JOHN catches his breath a moment behind the lemon tree.

The 'J' and 'C' initials come together. The gate shuts completely and locks.

JOHN jumps to his feet.

And he runs down the endless runway of driveway.

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY

The door bursts open. JOHN jumps into the house, slams the door shut behind him and presses his back up against it.

He takes a moment to catch his breath and listen to the house's eerie early-morning silence.

Then his eyes roll down to the floor in front of him, where he sees his bowl...just where he left it. Oh how that bowl is candy to his eyes!

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN enters the room, sparking up his bowl as he goes.

He takes a mega-hit, falls into the couch and melts into the cushions.

After a moment, JOHN hears some ghostly giggles coming from somewhere in the house - a combination of male and female giggles.

The giggles grow louder and louder. Soon, the giggles become voices.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
(from the front door)
OK. Bye, Pamela.

JOHN hears the lip-smacking and saliva-crackling sound of a kiss and then the door shutting.

He sparks up his bowl and takes another hit.

Then, there is a voice:

VOICE
Hey...

JOHN blows out his hit and looks to the far side of the room:

It's JOHNNY.

JOHNNY
 Didn't sleep till noon today?

JOHN says nothing - just takes another toke.

JOHNNY shakes his head in disgust, struts over to the coffee table, swipes the remote control from off of it and zaps the remote at the giant television.

TV
 Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY spins himself around like Michael Jackson and changes the channel.

TV (CONT'D)
 Johnny Cruise!

He bends over, puts the remote between his legs and changes the channel.

TV (CONT'D)
 Johnny Cruise!

He jumps onto the coffee table and changes the channel.

TV (CONT'D)
 Johnny Cruise!

He jumps off the coffee table, does a somersault on the carpet and changes the channel.

TV (CONT'D)
 Johnny Cruise!

He runs up to one of the room's walls, walks up it, does a back-flip, - "Singing in the Rain" style - and changes the channel.

TV (CONT'D)
 Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!
 Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY shouts at the television as though it were a person.

JOHNNY
 Say my name!

TV
 Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY
 Say my name again!

TV
Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY
Say! My! Name! Bitch!!!

TV
Johnny Cruise!!!

He cackles wildly.

JOHNNY
Hahahahahahaha!!!

All right, JOHN has had about enough of this nonsense.

JOHN
Johnny, turn the TV off.

JOHNNY whips his head around and leers at JOHN. His face is freakier-looking than an eel's.

JOHNNY
Whad you say?

JOHN
I said turn the fucking TV off!

JOHNNY loses his creepy eel-ish look and suddenly becomes submissive. He looks like a puppy who has just been scolded.

He aims the remote control over his shoulder and shuts the TV off.

JOHNNY
Well, we're mighty assertive this morning, aren't we???

JOHN
We gotta talk about what's next.

JOHNNY
Huh?

JOHN lights up another toke.

JOHN
It's gotta be something big. Like another trip to Somalia or something.

JOHNNY

John, those refugees are amazing heros to me, but I don't have time to help them.

JOHN

Why not?

JOHNNY

John, look...Pamela and I...we've decided to get married.

JOHN chokes on his toke.

JOHN

What?! What are you talking about?

JOHNNY

Pamela and I are in love. We've decided to get married.

JOHNNY starts to leave the room.

JOHN jumps off the couch and runs after him.

JOHN

No. No! No!! NO!!! You're not getting married!

He grabs JOHNNY by the shoulders.

JOHNNY throws JOHN to the ground.

JOHNNY

Get the fuck off me!!!

JOHN

(shouting from the floor)
What about your reputation? Right now, everyone thinks you're a dirt-bag who makes sex tapes with sluts! You gotta go to Israel and help promote peace or something!

JOHNNY

No, we gotta capitalize on the moment. Right now, everybody's talkin' about Johnny and Pamela. If we get married right now, we're gonna be America's biggest power-couple. Hands-down.

JOHN can't believe what he's hearing.

JOHN

No, this isn't right! I'm gonna fix this! I'm fixing this right now!

He heads out of the room.

JOHNNY steps in front of him and creates a roadblock.

JOHNNY

Fix what? Twelve hours ago the Johnny Cruise brand was dead. You should be kissing my ass. I saved your career.

JOHN

MY career? Ha! It's not my career anymore! It's your career!

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, that's because you don't know how to manage a career. If it wasn't for me, you'd already be back East now, asking for your old job back at the supermarket. You'd be washed up! A has-been! A never-was!

JOHN'S eyes start to well up again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

See what I mean? You cry over everything. Pussies like yourself don't have successful careers, John. Pussies like you work in supermarkets their whole life!

The tears run down JOHN'S cheeks.

JOHN

Oh-ho! Oh, no!

For a moment, JOHNNY realizes he's being too harsh. He decides to show a little sensitivity.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry, John.

JOHN

Take it back, Johnny. Take it back.

JOHNNY

All right, I take it back. Come on, buddy. Chin up, now.

He rubs JOHN'S back, like a husband would do to his wife. Then he whips a Playboy magazine out of his back pocket and opens up to the centerfold.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(pointing at the
centerfold)
Look, John. Take one good look at
Pamela. Take one good look at
Pamela and tell me she isn't the
hottest piece of ass in Hollywood
right now.

JOHN sniffs up his tears and checks out the magazine.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Look at those tits. That ass...

JOHN
(shaking his head)
I'm not gonna let you marry a girl
you don't love.

JOHNNY
I LOVE her.

JOHN
That's bullshit. You love Hea-

JOHNNY doesn't let him finish.

JOHNNY
YOU love Heather!

He pushes JOHN in the chest over and over again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
YOU love her!

JOHN shuts his eyes tight, hoping that Johnny will disappear.

JOHN
Shut up, Johnny! Shut up!

JOHNNY tries to slap JOHN'S face with the back of his hand.

But JOHN opens his eyes and grabs JOHNNY'S wrist in midair.

JOHNNY can't believe what's happening.

JOHN shoves JOHNNY'S arm away from him.

JOHNNY lunges at JOHN.

But JOHN throws his fists into the air, getting into a fighting-Irish stance.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stay where you are! You stay there!
I control you! I made you and I
control you!!!

JOHNNY stays where he is.

JOHNNY
Whoa, OK. Chill out. Relax.

JOHN starts to leave the room.

JOHN
This is ridiculous. I'm leaving
this house. I'm leaving Hollywood.

JOHNNY watches him go.

JOHNNY
Heather doesn't love you, John.

JOHN stops in his tracks for a moment, but soon regathers the confidence needed to move on.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Heather NEVER loved you.

JOHN stops again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Heather and her husband are curled
up in bed right now, sleeping off a
long night of non-stop fucking.

JOHN tries like hell to keep his composure. But he can't do it. He loses his strength and drops to his knees.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
But you know what Heather's gonna
do when she gets outta bed, turns
on the TV and hears about the sex
tape? Know how she's gonna feel?

JOHN can't help but listen.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
She's gonna realize how much sex
you're having without her and how
amazing it is.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 She's gonna ~~with Alex~~ with Alex could be more amazing. And then she's gonna see how hot Pamela is and she's gonna see you get married and she's gonna beat the shit out of herself knowing she coulda had you, but it's too late, bitch, it's too late - "oh, come here, hun, let me hold you all night long, NO IT'S TOO LATE, BITCH!!!" You're gone from her forever livin' out the time of your life with a girl who's got better boobs than her, a better ass, cuter face, better hair...the list doesn't end, motherfucker!

JOHN'S eyes look possessed, like he's being put under a spell.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That stupid bitch is gonna live out the rest of her life in complete misery knowing she missed the boat with you! Too late, you fucking bitch! Too late!!!

JOHN tries to shake JOHNNY'S words out of him.

JOHN

No! You're messing with my mind!
 I'm not listening to you. I'm the only one here! You don't exist!!!

He stumbles back on his feet and is so emotionally bruised that he has to limp out of the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm leaving this house...

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY

JOHN limps to the front door, but he's shocked to see that JOHNNY is standing a few feet in front of it, looking like an angry guard dog.

JOHNNY

(growling like a guard
 dog)

You're not going anywhere.

JOHNNY seems to have teleported himself to where he is...like he is a ghost that defies the limits of space and time.

JOHN tries to ignore JOHNNY by walking a wide circle around him.

JOHN
No, Johnny. I AM leaving this
house. I AM leaving.

He grips the brass ring of the door.

JOHNNY grabs his shoulder.

JOHN whips himself around and throws his fists in the air.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get back! Get back!

JOHNNY takes a few steps back.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm in control here, man. You can't
touch me. You can't touch me unless
I let you. I won't let you!!!

JOHNNY takes a few more steps back.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm not afraid of you anymore,
Johnny! I don't even see you! You
don't exist!

JOHN turns back around and starts to open the door.

JOHNNY stays where he is.

JOHNNY
All right, tough guy. Go out there
and fix things. Let the world see
your ugly face. Your hooked nose.
Your craggly skin. Let them see
your yellow teeth. The acne on your
upper back. Your left arm that's
bigger than your right arm due to
excessive masturbation with the
left hand. Let them see your uneven
eyebrows and sideburns.

JOHN can't open the door any further.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Yes, let the public see the REAL
you.

(MORE)

The guy who ~~JOHNNY~~ (cont'd) sits in class all day and never donated one, single ounce of his time to any charity. How much money did you donate to the Red Cross last year, John? How many Aids walks did you participate in? How many children with Leukemia did you be a role model to? None, but you sure as fuck smoked a lot of weed!

JOHN slams the door back shut, collapses to his knees and starts hyperventilating.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Go on, you selfish asshole. Go on and leave the house. Boy is Heather gonna be glad she never left Alex for you. Holy shit is she gonna have some pleasant dreams after a long night of riding Alex like a carousel!

The rest of JOHN'S body collapses to the floor. He starts whimpering.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You walk out that door and you're buying yourself a one-way ticket back East - back to the supermarket - back to your lonely life without a woman, fantasizing about Heather while you jack off to porn every night.

JOHN breaks out in cries.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Stop that crying, pussy!!! You're one of the most rich and famous motherfuckers in the world! You make twenty-mill a picture! You're a bigger brand than McDonald's! You live in one of the biggest houses in the Hollywood Hills! Stanley Hitchcock's old house! Your favorite filmmaker shot some of his best work right here where we stand and you're crying like a big baby??? Know how many motherfuckers out there would die to live in this house? And you wanna leave it?! Something's not adding up here, John!

JOHN tries to sniff up the cries, but it's to no avail.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You always want more and more and more! You're never happy! Millions are starving in Africa! People are repressed by dictatorships! Houses are being bombed in Iraq and Afghanistan! What the fuck do you have to be sad about?!

JOHN keeps crying.

JOHNNY boots him in the stomach.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(growling like a beast)

I said what the fuck do you have to be sad about?!!

JOHN cries and cries.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Shut up!!! Shut up, motherfucker!!!
Shut up!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

JOHN keeps crying.

JOHNNY is now gone, but the echoes of his demonic screams reverberate throughout the house for what-seems-like ever.

JOHN slowly sits upright, hugs his knees into his chest and whimpers.

JOHN

I need a hug. Somebody give me a hug. Oh, God.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (1980'S-STYLE MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

NOTE: Ideally the song "You're the Best" by Joe Esposito should be playing over this montage, reminiscent of the montage in the movie KARATE KID.

A colorful tabloid shouts the headline "Johnny and Pamela tie the knot!"

There are exclusive paparazzi-style photographs of the wedding taken from a helicopter. The photos are reminiscent of Madonna and Sean Penn's Malibu wedding photos.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY stands in front of the enormous television wearing his wedding tuxedo.

He dances and flips the channels...flips the channels and dances.

TV

Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!
Johnny Cruise!!!

JOHNNY cackles in orgasmic delight.

JOHNNY

Hahahahahaha!!! Yeah! Yeah!!!

JOHN sits on the edge of the couch with a crack-pipe. He sparks up the pipe - rolling it around in his mouth - and takes an enormous hit.

The sweet smoke seeps out of his nostrils as he exhales.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY sits at the computer, still cackling like wild.

He types "Johnny Cruise" into Google:

He sees the results and stops cackling.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN argues with JOHNNY in the middle of the room.

JOHN

No! No kids!

JOHNNY

Think about it John. My good
looks...Pamela's good looks...we'll
give birth to the most gorgeous
baby in the world!

JOHN

No! I won't let you bring kids into
all this! This is where I draw the
line.

JOHN heads out of the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm putting a stop to this once and
for all.

JOHNNY follows him.

JOHNNY

I can see it now: Heather waiting
at the airport. Just so she can see
you get off the plane and take the
cab back to your job at the
supermarket. "Phew," she'll say to
herself. "Glad I never left Alex."

(screaming)

Because Alex has a much better job
than you!!!

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

Headline on tabloid: "Is it a baby-bump???"

A paparazzi-style photo of PAMELA walking down Rodeo Drive is
below the headline. A square highlights and zooms in on her
"baby-bump".

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN has his favorite movie on.

He looks at the *reel* living room inside the television.

Then he looks at the *real* living room.

He takes a hit from his crack-pipe, closes his eyes and
repeats.

INT. MANSION - BAR. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN'S nostril snorts a line of coke on the bar counter.

He looks at the *reel* bar.

And at the *real* bar.

He takes a hit from the crack-pipe.

And chases it with a hit of weed.

He closes his eyes to let the high soak in.

Suddenly, he hears the ghostly cry of a baby. It echoes throughout the house, almost tuning in and out of frequency.

JOHN opens his eyes.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

Headline - "Johnny is a Dad!"

Below the headline is a photo of JOHNNY and PAMELA and the BABY standing outside the hospital. The photos are reminiscent of Matthew Broderick/Sarah Jessica Parker baby photos.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN sits like a potato on the couch, smoking a fresh bowl.

He hears a ghostly echo of a baby crying.

He looks across the room and sees a woman (PAMELA) carrying a BABY in her arms, trying to burp it.

PAMELA doesn't really walk by - she seems to almost hover, like a ghost.

JOHN gets up from the couch and follows the apparition.

Whoa! PAMELA floats through the wall with the baby!

JOHN is confused. He runs into the next room.

INT. MANSION - NEXT ROOM OVER. SAME TIME (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

PAMELA and the BABY are nowhere to be seen.

JOHN is frustrated and confused.

He suddenly hears laughter. It's JOHNNY'S.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY struts through the room, carrying a load of fan mail in his arms and letting it spill everywhere.

JOHNNY
(cackling)
Hahahahahaha! Yes!!!

JOHN pokes his head into the living room and sees JOHNNY.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY continues cackling.

JOHNNY
Hahahahaha!

JOHNNY sits at the computer, opens up Google, types in his name and...

Stops laughing.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

Headline: "Another baby-bump???"

Another paparazzi-style photograph shows PAMELA in Griffith Park with another possible baby-bump.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY is still at the computer. He moves the mouse arrow up to the "refresh" icon on the web browser.

The Google page refreshes itself.

And the cackling resumes.

JOHNNY
Hahahahaha!

JOHN stands in the doorway.

JOHN
No, no more kids! I'm in control here! No more kids and that's final!

JOHNNY nods.

JOHNNY
OK, John. My mistake. You're in control.

JOHNNY logs onto Orbits.com.

JOHN sees what he's up to.

JOHN
Wha-what are you doing?

JOHNNY
Oh, just buying you a one-way
ticket back East.

He makes some clicks.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
You OK with an aisle seat? Wanna
fly direct?

JOHN
Look, I wanna have kids with
Heather!

JOHNNY immediately opens up another window on the browser.
HEATHER'S Facebook page pops onto the screen.

JOHNNY
Wait, you're gonna have kids with
THIS Heather!?

JOHN tries to avoid eye contact with the computer screen.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
This Heather who's sucking off Alex
as we speak!??

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"It's confirmed: Pamela's Prego!!!"

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN peels the plastic wrapping off a bottle of Elmer's glue.

JOHNNY paces in front of the coffee table.

JOHNNY
She thought she was so cool fucking
Alex every night while you were in
your parents' basement looking at
porn! But now she'll see the
wonderful family you have and ya
know what, John? She's gonna be
like, oh, if only I knew John had
genes like that and could give me
such a good-looking family! "What's
that, you want me back?"

(MORE)

Oh, come here, Johnny, come here,
 baby. No, back off! Fuck you! It's
 too late!!!"

JOHN stuffs the spout of the Elmer's glue bottle up his nose and inhales.

His eyes roll back into his head.

Suddenly, he hears the ghostly cry of a baby coming from somewhere within the mansion.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"John-Pam have twins!"

There are paparazzi-style photos of JOHNNY and PAMELA each pushing a separate stroller through a playground. The photos are reminiscent of "Tom-Kat" baby photos, or "Brangelina" baby photos.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN'S silhouette paces in front of the enormous television, puffing on a fresh bowl of weed.

The Oscars are on the television behind him.

INT. KODAK THEATER - OSCAR CEREMONY. NIGHT (ON TV)

A gorgeous ACTRESS leans into a microphone.

ACTRESS
 (into microphone)
 And the Oscar goes to...

She opens an envelope.

ACTRESS (CONT'D)
 (into microphone)
 Johnny Cruise for "Shawshank
 Redemption" meets "Dances with
 Wolves."

The audience erupts into applause.

JOHNNY kisses PAMELA'S cheek.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN watches JOHNNY run up to the stage.

But he suddenly hears childish giggles echo throughout the house.

He turns around and sees child-like apparitions running every which way. But then they disappear.

He takes an enormous hit from his bowl, raises his finger up to his nose, does a bump of coke and tries to shake the apparitions out of his vision.

INT. KODAK THEATER - OSCAR CEREMONY. NIGHT (ON TV)

JOHNNY reaches the stage, gives the gorgeous actress a kiss on the cheek and leans into the microphone.

JOHNNY
(into microphone)
Wow...I'm...wow...

The audience cheers.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
It's just so hard to believe that only ten years ago I was sitting in my trailer home watching these awards on TV while my dad was working eight jobs and my mom was taking care of my ten brothers all by herself.

JOHNNY takes a moment to gather his composure.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
This is for my brother who was hit by a car when he was eight! Thank you!

He holds the Oscar high in the air.

The audience erupts into more applause!

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN pops a bunch of prescription pills into his mouth and washes them down with a beer.

But they don't stay down. He pukes all over the floor.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"Best Actor goes to Johnny!"

There is a photo of JOHNNY posing with his Oscar in front of a wall covered with corporate logos.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY stands with his head between his legs and clicks the remote.

TV
Johnny Cruise!

He spins around, weaves the remote in and out of his legs like a basketball and clicks again.

TV (CONT'D)
Johnny Cruise!

JOHN lies on the couch with a bucket of vomit by his side.

JOHNNY stuffs the remote into his face.

JOHNNY
Change the channel!

JOHN doesn't move.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Change the fuckin' channel!

JOHN'S shaky hand reaches for the remote and gives it a click.

TV
Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY
Again!

JOHN clicks it again.

TV
Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY is relentless.

JOHNNY
Again!!!

The channels surf.

TV
Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!
Johnny Cruise!!!

JOHNNY cackles wildly.

JOHNNY
Again!!!

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY cackles at the computer. But then he types two words into Google. And the cackles cease.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"Johnny cheating on Pamela???"

INT. MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN and JOHNNY argue by the door.

JOHN
You're an asshole! You have kids,
for Christ sakes.

JOHNNY
She cheated on me first!

JOHN
That's it. I'm really leaving this
time.

His hand grips the brass ring.

JOHNNY
(mimicking Heather's
voice)
"I love you, Alex."
(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 To think that I work as a cashier in a fucking supermarket and lives with his parents thought I would leave you for him! Hahahaha! What a douche, don't you think? Don't you think John's a douche?!"

(mimicking Alex's voice)

"Yes, I do. Now suck my big, awesome cock that's bigger than his!"

(back to Heather's voice)

"Don't have to ask me twice."

JOHNNY makes a slurping noise with his tongue.

JOHN can't go out the door.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"Pamela files for divorce!"

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHNNY is half-dead on the couch, looking like absolute shit. His face is unshaven and his hair is all over the place.

He gulps down a handle of Jack Daniels.

JOHN stands over him.

JOHN

What are you doing? Stop doing that to yourself! You're gonna kill yourself!

JOHNNY

She took everything from me, John. I can't live without her and the kids.

JOHN

That's bullshit! You never loved her! And those kids are nothing but trophies to you!

He tries taking the bottle of Jack Daniels away from him but JOHNNY whacks his hand away.

JOHNNY

I have a problem, John. I need help.

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

"Johnny checks into rehab!"

There is an extremely long-lensed photo of JOHNNY entering a rehabilitation building.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

JOHN places a Tic-Tac-sized chunk of heroin onto a silver spoon and squirts some water onto it with a syringe. He stirs the water and heroin together with a wooden toothpick and heats the bottom of the spoon with his Humphrey Bogart lighter.

The heroin turns into a bubbly goo.

He drops a Skittle-sized cotton ball onto the spoon. Then he takes a syringe, pricks the needle into the cotton and sucks up the dirty juice.

JOHN takes the syringe of black-tar heroin from off the coffee table and pumps it into his arm.

His pupils shrink to the size of pinpoints.

He drops the empty syringe on the floor and grabs the remote control from off the coffee table.

CLICK!

EXT. REHAB CLINIC. DAY (ON TV)

JOHNNY stands in front of a podium covered with Channel 2 and 4 and 5 and 7 microphones. It's a press conference.

JOHNNY
(into microphones)
I don't know...I just wanna thank
God for helping me through this.
And I'm looking forward to a fresh
start.

A NEWS REPORTER shouts from somewhere off camera.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (O.S.)
What's next for you?!

JOHNNY

I got a film coming out tomorrow
called "Blair Witch Project" meets
"The Ring."

Another unseen NEWS REPORTER shouts from the crowd.

NEWS REPORTER #2

Is it true that you signed on to
make a "Mrs. Doubtfire" meets
"Schindler's List"?

JOHNNY

Sorry, guys. I'm not allowed to say
anything about that, but I will say
there's gonna be a "Speed" meets
"Lethal Weapon 2" out next summer.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN changes the channel.

INT. TALK SHOW SET. DAY (ON TV)

JOHNNY sits on an Oprah-like set.

JOHNNY

No, it was a very scary time. A
VERY scary time.

JOHNNY'S eyes well up in tears.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

But life is full of challenges. I
mean, for a guy who grew up in the
ghetto and saw people getting shot
down by gangs every single day...I
felt like I could get through
anything, you know?

TALK SHOW HOST

How did you make it through the
days?

JOHNNY

I focused my attention on God and
how beautiful life is when you're
sober.

The AUDIENCE erupts into applause.

Various AUDIENCE MEMBERS have tears running down their cheeks.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN hears the front door open in the distance. He shuts the television off and looks across the room.

JOHNNY is already in the room, holding some suitcases in his arms.

JOHNNY

Hey!

JOHN droops his strung-out head towards the floor.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Well, aren't you gonna congratulate me?

JOHN

For what?

JOHNNY

For my sobriety.

JOHN

(stoned as hell)

Fuck you, Johnny.

JOHNNY drops his suitcases on the floor.

JOHNNY

Whad you say?

JOHN'S eyes are small, shivering slits. He's so high.

JOHN

I said fuuuuuuck. Uuuuuuuuuu.

JOHNNY marches over to JOHN and gives him a big slap across the face.

JOHN

Agh!

JOHNNY

Don't you ever say 'Fuck you' to me! I own you! Hear me? I've got your ass!!!

He snatches the remote control out of JOHN'S hands and turns the TV back on.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ya see this?

He changes the channel.

TV

Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!
Johnny Cruise! Johnny Cruise!!!

JOHNNY nearly orgasms himself.

JOHNNY

Yes. Yes! Yes!!!

The television can't stop saying the name...

TV

Johnny Cruise!

JOHNNY shoves his ass into JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY

Kiss my ass!

JOHN doesn't move.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Kiss my ass!!!

JOHN

I'm not kissing your ass.

JOHNNY rubs his ass into JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY

(growling demonically)
Kiss it, motherfucker! Kiss
it!!!!!!

JOHN coughs for air.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Kiss it! Kiss it! Kiss it!!!

JOHNNY finally takes his ass out of JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

By the way, you can't hang out in
here anymore.

JOHN

What?

JOHNNY

Yeah, I signed on to do this cool Reality TV show and they're gonna be taping it here at the house. Think "Breaking Bonaduce" meets "The Bachelor."

JOHN

Reality TV show? You're not doing any Reality TV show!

JOHNNY

Uh, yes I am. I already signed the contract. So get off the couch and go upstairs. They're gonna be here any minute.

JOHN

I'm not going anywhere. If you're doing a Reality TV show, I'm staying right here.

JOHNNY

But this is where most of the show's gonna be taped.

JOHN

Well, that's fine.

JOHNNY sits on the edge of the coffee table and gets in JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY

Oh, yeah, that makes for some really good TV. Watching you sit on the couch, shooting dope into your vein. That's good, quality entertainment. You'd break the camera with your face!

JOHN

Johnny, don't do this. Please.

JOHNNY

Remember that time you were videotaped in television production class and you couldn't believe how ugly you looked because you had a big cold sore on your lip? Don't you remember that, John?

JOHN tries to cover his ears.

JOHN

No, not this time, Johnny! I don't hear you. You don't exist. If what they want is reality then I'm reality! You're a sack of lies!

JOHNNY

(doing Heather's voice)

Hey, Alex! Alex, come here and look at this show.

(doing Alex's voice)

What the hell is this? Ha! Who the fuck is that loser shooting heroin into his vein?

(back in Heather's voice)

Can you believe this is the guy who said he was in love with me?

(Alex's voice)

No way. Oh my God. Hahaha. THAT schmuck? Ha!

(Heather's voice)

Can you believe that guy thought there was a fat chance in hell that I would leave you for him?

(Alex's voice)

Hahahahaha! Ah-hahahahaha! Stop it, Heath. I can't breath. Hahahaha!

(back in Heather's voice)

Why isn't that motherfucker off the air already? Come on, Alex. Let's go have sex!

JOHN'S eyes are waterfalls.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. DAY

The closet is about ten feet by ten feet and completely empty except for a few clothes-hangers, some dust bunnies and a bunch of dirty syringes.

JOHN sits on the dirty, dust-bunnied carpet, pumping a syringe of rusty heroin into his vein.

As he pumps in the junk, he suddenly hears ghostly chatter coming from outside the closet.

He looks down to the crack beneath the closet door and sees the flickering of ghostly shadows.

JOHN crawls over to the door...opens it a crack...

And pokes his head out.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

JOHNNY is lying in the bed being videotaped by two CAMERAMEN.

The CAMERAMEN don't see JOHN, but JOHNNY does. His eyes roll over to him and give off a stone-cold look of death.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. DAY

JOHN shuts himself back into the closet, crawls back over to his drug paraphernalia and prepares another rig.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. LATER

JOHN sits amidst an even bigger pile of dirty syringes.

He injects more heroin into his vein.

The ghostly chatter grows in volume.

JOHN drops the now-empty syringe onto the closet carpet and tries to slap the voices out of his head.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. EVEN LATER

JOHN is now knee-deep in dirty syringes and other paraphernalia: candles, spoons and even bases of aluminum cans (functioning as bigger 'spoons').

He pumps another syringe of heroin into his bloody, track-marked arms.

The ghostly chatter becomes even louder.

JOHN tries to shake the voices out of his head, but he can't.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

The closet door opens and JOHN pokes his head into the bedroom.

Nobody is there. The coast is clear.

JOHN takes one step out the closet door, like he's testing the waters of a bath.

But he can't go through with it. He SLAMS!!! the door back shut.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. DAY

JOHN swaggers around the closet, stoned as hell.

JOHN
(to himself)
No, Johnny. I'm going downstairs
now. You listen to me. I'm going
downstairs now...

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

The closet door opens again.

JOHN pokes his head out.

And, then, he takes a step out.

But, SLAM!!! He goes back inside.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. NIGHT

JOHN swaggers and stabs himself with another syringe.

JOHN
(to himself)
I control you, Johnny. You listen
to me. I control...
(nearly breaking down)
YOU!

He drops the empty syringe and half-dives/half-stumbles into the closet door.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT

The closet door bursts open and JOHN'S body spills out of it, landing face-down on the floor.

He stumbles onto his feet and wobbles out of the room. Well, 'wobbles' is putting it lightly. He looks like a cross between Herman Munster and a baby taking his first steps.

EXT. MANSION - POOL. NIGHT

JOHNNY stands in front of a "line-up" of beautiful WOMEN. The WOMEN are dolled-up in lovely evening gowns, high heels and silver anklets. Their lips are freshly glossed, their skin has an orange tan, and their teeth are freshly Veneered. The whole scene is basically a rip-off of the 'elimination session' you would see in that show "The Bachelor".

JOHNNY wears a sharp-looking tuxedo and holds a red rose in his hand.

JOHNNY

Bianca, please step forward.

A blonde, Malibu-Barbie-like girl named BIANCA steps forward from the line.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Bianca, I think you're amazing.

BIANCA

(in a whisper, getting
misty-eyed)

Thank you.

JOHNNY

BUT...

BIANCA doesn't like that word 'but'. It makes her extremely nervous.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I don't think you're here for the right reasons. I don't think you love me for who I really am.

BIANCA

Johnny, I...I think you're amazing. I've never felt this way about anybody before. I just wanna be with you. Please give me a chance.

JOHNNY nods his head down to the patio and takes a long, dramatic pause. But, suddenly, there's a shout in the background.

JOHN

Johnny!

Yes, it's JOHN stumbling out the kitchen's french doors and wobbling all over the pool patio.

He passes by several TV CREWMEN, but they don't seem to see him.

JOHN takes a closer look at the TV CREWMEN.

There is something weird about these people. They aren't completely whole. They're partially transparent, and those who are actually moving seem to float rather than walk. Yes, they are as ghostly as Pamela and the kids were! Very strange. Very odd.

JOHNNY sees JOHN tottering all over the place, looking like he just stepped off a frigging merry-go-round. He isn't pleased with what he's seeing.

JOHNNY

Cut! Cut!!!

The show's DIRECTOR runs into the scene with a pair of headphones dangling from his neck.

DIRECTOR

(to Johnny)

What's the matter?

JOHNNY

I need a minute.

The DIRECTOR is frustrated, but Johnny is the star and what the star says goes.

DIRECTOR

(to the cast and crew)

All right, everybody. Take five!

All the WOMEN in the 'line-up' break out of character, as though they were just playing roles in a movie.

JOHNNY scoots away from the DIRECTOR and tries to restrain JOHN as discreetly as possible.

JOHNNY

(to John, so the others
don't hear)

What the hell are you doing? You're gonna ruin everything.

JOHN

(slurring his words)

No, Johnny, I'm leaving this house.

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ. You're talking like a retard.

JOHN

No, Johnny. No-no Johnny...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. NIGHT

JOHN (O.S.)

(from outside the closet)

I'm not staying in here! I'd rather be back East than in here! I'd rather be working at the supermarket, living with my parents, looking at porn!

BOOM! The closet door bursts open.

JOHNNY throws JOHN against the closet wall.

JOHN'S face smashes into the drywall.

He falls to the floor, ass-backwards.

JOHN

Ugh!!!

JOHNNY has a bunch of chains and shackles in his arms. He immediately starts to restrain JOHN with them.

JOHNNY

Do you know how many people out there would die to be in the position you're in right now? You won the American Dream and all you do is cry about it every second of the day!

JOHNNY wraps one of JOHN'S wrists in chains.

JOHN wiggles to free himself, but he's too weak.

JOHN

No! This is no dream! This is a nightmare!

JOHNNY is appalled by what he just heard. He gives JOHN a scolding slap to the face.

JOHNNY

Watch that mouth, you ungrateful
shit! Know what Heather's gonna say
when the first episode of that show
airs? She's gonna stop banging
Alex, she's gonna put on some pants
for Christ sakes. And then she's
gonna say...

(mimicking Heather's
voice)

"Oh, my God. I'm so stupid for not
leaving Alex for John. Now he's the
star of one of the hottest new TV
shows and holy shit I wish I woulda
left Alex for him."

JOHN

No, Johnny! Shut up!!!

JOHNNY wraps another one of JOHN'S wrists in chains.

JOHN struggles to keep himself free.

JOHNNY

(still mimicking Heather)

"I wish I hadn't let him get away
from me. I wish that when he told
me how much he loved me that I had
the brains to leave Alex right then
and there and marry one of the most
famous motherfuckers in history..."

He wraps one of JOHN'S ankles with chains.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

"Somebody who was really gonna be
something! Really gonna leave his
mark in the earth! Write a place
for himself in history! Man-oh-man -
so many years I wasted riding the
wrong dick!!!"

He chains JOHN'S other ankle.

JOHN bursts into cries.

JOHN

No, Johnny! I'm not listening to
you!

JOHNNY

Stop crying! There's people in Cambodia being blown up by mines as I speak! There's people being beheaded! There's children who can't find one single bite to eat! You're here on your high perch and you have everything in the world and you're crying like a baby! A big fuckin' baby!

JOHN can't hold in the tears.

JOHNNY shoves his lips into JOHN'S face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!!!

JOHN is shackled to the closet walls with chains, like some poor bastard in a medieval dungeon.

He yelps and moans and wails.

JOHNNY is gone now. Only the ghostly echoes of his last "Shut the fuck up!!!" remain.

JOHN

Help! God! Somebody!!!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET. DAY

Much time has passed, but JOHN is still chained to the closet wall. He now has an untamed, Jesus-like beard. His clothes are tattered and torn. His rib-cage protrudes from his emaciated abdomen. He looks like a cross between a Carnival-Worker and a starving Ethiopian.

The sounds of ghostly chatter are fainter than before. They gradually fade and soon there is nothing but silence.

Silence...but, soon, there is one sound - a door opening to the bedroom. And then there's the sound of feet walking on hard-wood floor.

Then, the shadows of two feet appear below the closet door.

The closet door opens. There is a silhouette. It's JOHNNY.

JOHN tries to lift his head from the closet carpet and open his eyes.

His vision is weak and blurry. JOHNNY gradually comes into focus. He's looming over him.

JOHNNY

Hey, bud.

JOHN tries to muster up enough energy to say...

JOHN

The show...what's happening with the show?

JOHNNY

I'm sorry, John. The network pulled it.

JOHN'S neck-muscles give way. His head droops back down to the carpet.

JOHN

What now?

JOHNNY

Well, that's the thing: there's nothing else to do.

JOHN

Time to go back East, then.

JOHNNY takes a seat on the carpet across from JOHN, right by a dirty syringe.

JOHNNY

No, John. It's time to die.

He takes off his belt and rolls up his shirt sleeve.

The strength returns to JOHN'S neck muscles. He lifts his head back up from the carpet - slowly but surely.

JOHN

Huh?

JOHNNY

I'm tired. I'm spent. People are sick of Johnny Cruise.

JOHNNY chokes his upper arm with the belt.

JOHN

No, you...you don't have to do that. I don't want this anymore.

(MORE)

I wanna go back home. I miss the East.

JOHNNY

You go back home and I die. But if I die right here - right now - I live forever.

JOHNNY fills one of the syringes with heroin.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ready?

JOHN

Wait a minute! Put the...put that syringe down.

JOHNNY stops what he's doing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm in control here. I'm not gonna let you kill yourself. This is ridiculous! I'm not gonna let you do that. I can fix things.

JOHNNY

OK. Fine.

JOHN tries to free himself from the chains.

JOHN

Unchain me!

JOHNNY doesn't budge.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Unchain me!

JOHNNY

You know what's gonna happen if you go back home?

He resumes preparing his hit.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna become one of those stars on Hollywood Boulevard - you know, the ones people go up to and say, "Who the fuck is that?" Then some Japanese tourist is gonna go to the Chinese Theater, look at my footprints, and they'll say, 'Johnny Cruise?

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 What were they smoking when they decided to give HIM a spot here??? And then eventually they're gonna dig me up and throw me in the basement with all the other mistakes.

JOHNNY sticks the needle into his vein and pumps in the heroin.

JOHN

No, Johnny, stop! I don't care about all that!!!

JOHNNY completely ignores him.

JOHNNY

Think about it, John: do you think James Dean woulda been the legend he is today had he lived to be, like, 80 years old? Or Marilyn Monroe or Elvis or all the other motherfuckers? No, they'd all be has-beens and nobody would give a fuck about them! It's time to die, John!

JOHN struggles to free himself from the chains.

JOHN

Heather...I love Heather...I'm gonna go back East and find Heather!!!

JOHNNY fills another syringe with smack.

JOHNNY

For the last time! Heather doesn't love you. Heather gave up on you a long time ago when she saw how wonderful your life with Pamela was and when she saw you become a father and have your own TV show! You're such a fucking idiot. She hasn't thought of you in the longest time!

JOHNNY fills his vein with smack.

JOHN manages to pull one chain out of the wall.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know what Heather's doing right now? She's definitely giving Alex a fuckin' blowjob!

He makes slurping sounds with his mouth.

JOHN pulls another chain out of the wall!

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And while she's sucking she's thinkin' to herself, "Boy am I glad I married Alex after all, because John has the worst case of acne on his upper back. And, oh yeah, his arms are different sizes from each other due to excessive masturbation with the left hand! Also, his teeth are yellow as piss and he's got a fuckin' unibrow."

JOHNNY fills up yet another syringe with smack!

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know she knew about your porn addiction! You know she knew how pathetic you were, lying in bed for hours every night thinkin' about how you would someday marry her!

JOHN pulls another chain out of the wall! He's almost free!

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

All this while she's sucking and fucking her husband, John. You're a piece of shit!!!

JOHNNY pumps one last dose of heroin into his vein.

His eyes roll into the back of his head.

JOHN finally frees himself from the wall! But the chains are still attached to his arms and legs.

He and his chains run over to JOHNNY.

JOHNNY collapses to the floor and starts foaming at the mouth.

JOHN rips the syringe out of JOHNNY'S vein.

JOHN
 Johnny! Johnny! Wake up!!! Wake
 up!!!

JOHNNY doesn't wake up.

JOHN shakes, punches and slaps him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (hysterical)
 Wake up! Wake ah-hup!!!

Soon, JOHN breaks down and cries.

JOHNNY is dead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (to the corpse)
 Fucking idiot!

He jumps to his feet.

He and his chains run for it!

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

JOHN bursts out of the walk-in closet, chains dragging and clanging behind him.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWELL. DAY

JOHN descends the stairs, chains clanging over each step.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN and his chains run into the room.

The television is on:

EXT. MANSION - THE MAIN GATE. DAY (ON TV)

A NEWS REPORTER stands outside the gate, solemnly speaking into a microphone. The J.C. initials are purposely framed within the shot.

NEWS REPORTER
 (on TV)
 Johnny Cruise's demons caught up
 with him today.
 (MORE)

The actor NEWS REPORTER (cont'd) a
heroin overdose...

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

JOHN watches the television in disbelief.

The channel changes by itself.

EXT. MANSION - THE MAIN GATE. DAY (ON TV)

Another NEWS REPORTER stands outside the gate.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

The nation and much of the world
is in a state of mourning as we
remember Johnny Cruise: one of the
brightest stars ever to shine in
Hollywood.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

The channels start to surf.

TV

Johnny Cruise!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise!

Click.

TV (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise!!!

Click.

BRIAN SEACREST

(on TV)

Johnny OD'S? Hey everyone, I'm
Brian Seacrest for Inside
Entertainment News. Johnny Cruise
was found dead in the walk-in
closet of his Hollywood Hills home
today. His body was allegedly
surrounded by drug paraphernalia.

Click.

PETER GIBSON

(on TV)

Good Evening, folks, and welcome to World News Tonight. Our top story comes to us from Los Angeles where actor Johnny Cruise was found dead in his Hollywood Hills home. The LA County Coroner suspects there will be a preliminary toxicology report released to the public within 48 hours.

Click. A FAN is being interviewed by a REPORTER on Hollywood Boulevard. She is drenched with tears, mascara running all down her cheeks.

FAN

(on TV)

I can't believe it. I keep on saying to myself 'this isn't happening. When am I gonna wake up from this bad dream?'

Click!

TV

Johnny Cruise!

Click!

TV (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise!

Click!

BBC ANCHOR

(British accent)

It's being reported in America that Hollywood actor Johnny Cruise has died. The news of his death has been treated with shock and disbelief.

Click!

TV

Johnny Cruise!

Click!

TV (CONT'D)

Johnny Cruise!

Click! Another FAN - a LITTLE GIRL - is drenched in tears.

FAN

(on TV)

It's awful. This didn't have to happen.

One more time.

PETER GIBSON

(on TV)

Again, Johnny Cruise...the king of Hollywood. Dead at the age of 33.

JOHN starts walking backwards in shock.

He trips over his chains and falls ass-first onto the floor.

He stumbles back to his feet and rattles out of the room.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR. DAY

The door bursts open. JOHN comes leaping through it, chains dragging behind him.

He sees a coroner's van parked in his driveway. Two CORONER'S OFFICERS push a stretcher into the back of the truck. The stretcher has a bagged corpse on it.

JOHN

Hey, wait a minute!

The OFFICERS don't hear JOHN. They continue rolling the stretcher to the truck.

JOHN runs up to the stretcher and takes a peek into the bag.

It's JOHNNY'S corpse!

JOHN shouts at the OFFICERS.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wait, guys. Guys! I'm not dead. This isn't me. I'm the REAL Johnny Cruise.

The OFFICERS don't hear or see him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Guys! Hello!!!

They still don't hear him.

JOHN takes a closer look at the OFFICERS. They gradually become see-through apparitions. Ghosts.

JOHN freaks out. He runs!

Down his driveway he sprints! Chains dragging! Clanging! He looks like a doped-up Jacob Marley!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE MAIN GATE. DAY

JOHN runs for the gate and can't believe what he sees on the other side of the golden bars.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OTHER SIDE OF GATE. DAY

Hundreds of NEWS REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS and PAPARAZZI (including TEX) have set up camp on the street outside his house - so many FLASHES! and SNAPS! and BEE-A-LEEPS!

The J.C. gates start to open...but nobody notices.

JOHN and his chains come running through the gate.

JOHN
It's all right! I'm alive! I'm
alive! It's me! Johnny Cruise!

Nobody sees or hears him.

He runs behind a NEWS REPORTER who's in the middle of a live report.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey! It's me! I'm alive!

He waves into the camera.

Nobody sees him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE. DAY (ON TV)

The same NEWS REPORTER reports live.

NEWS REPORTER
(into microphone)
Johnny Cruise was known for his charm, his wit and his grace - both on and off the screen. He was a man of great faith. A philanthropist. A gentle soul...

JOHN should be in the background, but he isn't. He's invisible to the camera lens.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE. DAY

JOHN keeps jumping and yelling, but soon realizes it's no use.

He does a double-take and realizes that all the NEWS REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS are apparitions too.

JOHN panics.

And he runs.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. DAY

JOHN and his chains run up and down hills!

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE. DAY

JOHN and his chains snake themselves around the curves of the serpentine road.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - GATEWAY. DAY

JOHN runs out of the hills like a bat out of hell.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. DAY

JOHN runs down the walk-of-fame, chains dragging over the bronze stars.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. DAY

JOHN runs up to the rack of tabloids and sees some incredibly shocking headlines...

"JOHNNY CRUISE OD'S!"

"JOHNNY CRUISE IS DEAD!"

"WAS IT A SUICIDE?!"

"HOMICIDE?!"

"REMEMBERING JC!"

"THE KING OF HOLLYWOOD IS DEAD!"

"THE KING IS DEAD!"

"SPECIAL JOHNNY CRUISE TRIBUTE!" yells the headline on Time Magazine.

"JOHNNY CRUISE EDITION!" shouts Newsweek.

"JOHNNY CRUISE: COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE!" shouts People.

"JOHNNY CRUISE: A LIFE IN PICTURES!" shouts Life.

The CLERK steps out of the newsstand and onto the sidewalk.

JOHN sees him and tries to get his attention.

JOHN

Hello! Excuse me!

But the CLERK doesn't see him!

JOHN (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Hello! Are you deaf?!

The CLERK doesn't hear him. He is see-through, an apparition.

JOHN freaks out and runs.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. DAY

JOHN and his chains run along the marble and bronze on the boulevard. As he runs, he looks high into the sky:

There are nothing but JOHNNY CRUISE billboards. Everywhere! Amazing...

He runs further down the walk-of-fame and sees an enormous clump of FANS gathered around one particular star:

It's the Johnny Cruise star.

JOHN runs up to the CROWD and cuts his way through all the FANS.

There are bouquets of flowers and candles and photographs surrounding the star, all creating a shrine to JOHNNY. A couple FANS even kneel beside the star and fold their hands in prayer.

JOHN

Hey! I'm alive! Hey!

The FANS don't hear him. They are ghosts.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Somebody listen to me! What the
hell is going on???

He tries grabbing one of them, but his hand goes right through the body.

JOHN looks at his hands in utter panic.

And he runs.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. DAY

The situation at JOHNNY'S footprints is similar to how it was at his star. There are flowers and incense and candles and photos, but also DVDs and action figures. Then, there are Johnny Cruise IMPERSONATORS. And even "CHARACTERS" dressed as Johnny's most famous role: LIGHTNING MAN.

Dozens of FANS are in tears. CATHOLICS kneel. MUSLIMS bow. BUDDHISTS chant.

JOHN plows his way through all the FANS.

JOHN
That isn't me! THIS is me! I'm
Johnny Cruise!!! I'M JOHNNY
CRUISE!!!

The FANS, of course, don't see or hear him.

JOHN loses it. He screams like a devil drowning in a lake of fire.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaaaaagggggggggggghhhhhhhh!!!
Aaaaaaaaaaagggggggggghhhhhhhh!!!

He collapses onto the autographed cement and passes out.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. LATER

The FANS are gone.

The candles surrounding JOHNNY'S footprints have flickered out. The flowers have browned and withered. The DVDs have been stolen.

JOHN sleeps next to his handprints.

His ears twitch upon hearing the sound of a loud bus engine, squealing brakes and the hiss of the hydraulics.

JOHN'S eyes flicker open and he fully awakens from his deep slumber.

A bus fades into his blurred vision. It's stopped on the far side of Hollywood Boulevard.

The bus soon pulls away to reveal a YOUNG HOPEFUL (i.e. a young man in his 20s) behind it. He wears a Yankees cap, sandals and khaki shorts. He also looks rather Jewish.

The YOUNG HOPEFUL'S eyes are filled with innocence, awe and wonder.

He rolls his suitcase across the street, over the marble sidewalk and enters the court of foot/handprints.

JOHN watches the YOUNG HOPEFUL from the ground.

The YOUNG HOPEFUL looks at all the foot and handprints with thrill and amazement. There are stars in his eyes.

He eventually makes his way to JOHNNY CRUISE'S prints.

JOHN shuffles onto his knees and looks up to the YOUNG HOPEFUL. A combination of fear and concern surges into his eyes.

The YOUNG HOPEFUL doesn't see JOHN, even though he's right under his nose...literally. He steps into JOHNNY CRUISE'S footprints and closes his eyes.

He listens to the gentle Santa Ana breeze whistle through his ears.

Then he jumps!

And lands in an open square with no foot or handprints.

He opens his eyes and looks down to his feet. He grinds his feet into the cement, as if pretending to leave his mark.

JOHN watches the YOUNG HOPEFUL with a confused expression. He still doesn't understand why he can't be seen.

The YOUNG HOPEFUL becomes transparent - so transparent that he eventually evaporates into thin air.

All the other TOURISTS in the forecourt vanish as well. Same with all the boulevard CHARACTERS.

Every living person disappears. The sounds of Hollywood traffic become muffled with silence. Even the light Santa Ana breezes die.

JOHN is scared and angry and confused. He lets out the most horrible scream ever, but he can't really get the noise out. It's kind of like he's in a bad dream where no matter how hard he tries he can't scream. Instead, he creates a negative-sounding noise. It sounds like a howl. The noise grows and grows in volume. He sounds just like Axl Rose in that song "Welcome to the Jungle".

JOHN

Whooooooooooooooooooooooooahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. DAY

JOHN'S haunting howl echoes throughout Hollywood. The song "Welcome to the Jungle" starts playing as everything fades to black and the credits start to roll.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END