“Fame is but a slow decay-
Even this shall pass away.”
   --Theodore Tilton

“But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest,
and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”
   --Book of Daniel

“Is demum miser est, cuius nobilitas miserias nobilitat.”
("Indeed, wretched is the man whose fame makes his
misfortunes famous.")
   --Lucius Accius

“There is hardly anyone whose sexual life, if it were
broadcast, would not fill the world at large with surprise
and horror.”
   --W. Somerset Maugham

“Death or glory,
It’s just another story.”
   --The Clash

November 15, 2005
DIRT

IN BLACK

The sound of a shovel into dirt.

FADE IN:

On the shovel, the hands grasping it. Reveal DON KONKEY, of indeterminate age, a schlub, digging a hole. Wears a “MILF HUNTER” T-shirt. Tubby, greasy hair, mouthbreather. Expressionless. His clothes are filthy, you can almost smell him.

He stops digging. Examines his work. It appears to be a grave. He lays down in the hole. Begins covering himself with dirt.

Don covers himself thoroughly. He is now buried.

CUT TO:

INT. STAPLES CENTER

A basketball game in progress. An insanely hot woman sits courtside, wearing a teensy-weensy wife beater and a little denim skirt. She smiles at PRINCE TYREESE, superstar point guard and multi-million dollar endorsement magnet. He’s about to bang a three-pointer, but instead drives inside and SLAMS the ball, hangs from the net staring at the woman. She uncrosses her legs and parts them.

INT. STAPLES CENTER LOCKER ROOM

Prince Tyreese stands there naked, 6’8’’ and tatted, his BOYS lounging around him.

He leans over and whispers something, dispatches one of them.

INT. STAPLES CENTER

Courtside, post game. Tyreese’s homeboy talks to the hot chick in the bg...

While in the foreground, Tyreese poses for the cameras with his perfect, camera-ready FAMILY, beautiful WIFE and FOUR KIDS.

INT. STAPLES CENTER LOCKER ROOM

Tyreese, dressed, leaves the locker room.

As he walks out, the LOCKER ROOM ATTENDANT picks up his cellphone...
EXT. STAPLES CENTER

A HUMMER pulls up. Tyreese’s ride.

INT. BLACK SUV

SUV GUY watches the Hummer pass, makes a call.

    SUV GUY
    Houston, we have a booty call.

EXT. LUCY SPILLER’S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

LUCY SPILLER is looking into the mirror in her office, changing her clothes while talking on the phone. Behind her are blown-up tabloid covers, documenting the rise and (mostly) fall of the rich and infamous.

Lucy is Executive Editor of NOW Magazine (like PEOPLE), THE BOMB (like an even trashier ENQUIRER), and has a decent-sized media empire at her fingertips. She’s good-looking, late 30s-early 40s, and has maximized her assets. She is in the process of putting on a Dries Van Noten suit, a fair amount of her Pilates-ripped body showing. She moves with the voracious, muscled efficiency of a tiger shark.

She smiles, looks like they got this guy.

    LUCY
    Okay. Call me if anything changes.

CUT TO:

DON KONKEY’S POV

Back in his “grave.” We see Prince Tyreese and the Hottie cavorting into frame. Devouring each other.

They stumble into the hot tub, and in a flash she is topless and riding the all-time high scorer...

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce...

She reaches the top of her bounce and we --

FREEZE FRAME

On the hot model/hooker, perched in ecstasis, one arm in the air like a bronc rider, her full lips wet and parted, caught for eternity at the height of sexual bliss.

DON’S POV

Tyreese and the Hooker, from the dirt and leaves. We hear his labored, rhythmic breathing, hear the whisper-quiet shutter of the camera as--
MUSIC COMES UP

The Out Crowd’s “Son Of A Bitch (Plastic Ear Infection Mix)"

And now we see the scene before us --

UN-FREEZE

And FREEZE again, over and over, as he captures the scene before him; the rapturous, whimpering Hottie, the grim and determined Tyreese, unaware his fate is about to change forever.

A SERIES OF STILLS

These include:

--Tyreese spanks her.
--She spanks him.
--He “chokes” her.
--She fastens on a strap-on, grins wickedly...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE -- NIGHT

A crowd gathered around the red carpet. A caste system of (from lowest to highest) fans, paparazzi, “legit” press, and the be-jewelled actors and above-the-liners walking the carpet.

Working the press area with deep intensity is Lucy Spiller. We MOVE with her as she tells photographers and videographers what to get/do/look for...

    LUCY
    (to a videographer)
    Just get anything unflattering. Back-fat, asses, saddlebags, bra straps, bellies...

She moves to a photographer.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    Full body fashion shots only, Damon.

She moves to an ON-CAMERA TABLOID REPORTER.
LUCY (CONT’D)
Ask Carlo about the thing with the nanny...see if you can catch him off guard, he’ll be expecting softballs.

She sees Don off to the side, trying to eat some chili-cheese fries while standing up. Loaded down with all his gear. Still filthy from his earlier assignment, still with the MILF HUNTER t-shirt, but now with a deeply rumpled old sport coat over it. Lucy looks annoyed.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Don.

DON
Hey, Lucy. Want some chili-fries?

LUCY
God, no.

(sotto)
Did you get Prince Tyreese?

DON
(regular voice)
Yes.

LUCY
(sotto)
You got everything?

DON
(regular voice)
I got them having sex for two hours. And the coke. And he choked her. And the strap-on.

Lucy puts up her hands to silence him.

LUCY
Don...not so loud.

DON
‘Kay.

LUCY
And remember, this one’s between you and me. I don’t want Alex to see this footage until I figure out how to break it.

DON
‘Kay.

Don stares at her legs. He puts a handful of chili fries in his mouth. Like he’s watching a movie.
LUCY

Don?

DON

Yeah.

LUCY

Get candids of Holt and Julia, all right?

DON

'Kay.

INT. EXPEDITION LIMO -- NIGHT

JULIA MYERS, 27, superstarlet, queen of Young Hollywood, looks distractedly out the limo window as they creep along Hollywood Boulevard.

Her boyfriend, HOLT McLAREN, 33, a better-looking Sean Penn, vogues to the lighted make-up mirror, pulls at his carefully crafted spiky bedhead.

MICHELLE, their driver, turns around and regards the couple.

MICHELLE

You ready?

HOLT

Ask her, she’s the star.

JULIA

One sec.

She takes out a lip gloss, doesn’t even look in the mirror, applies it in one move and hands it to Holt.

JULIA (CONT’D)

You mind? I don’t have any pockets.

And indeed she doesn’t. The gown is one piece of sheer, clingy fabric.

She steps from the limo out on to the red carpet.

MUSIC: “Ride It On” by Mazzy Star...

SUPER SLO MO -- MOS

As her Jimmy Choo-clad feet touch down on the red carpet. Holt climbs out after her, having to slide across the seat to get there, so his exit is not nearly so graceful. We recognize his camera face from his vogue-ing in the mirror.
Posters and print ads from the movie everywhere; “Subliminal Velocity,” all ice-blue with guns and futuristic wardrobe.

They face a SEA OF FLASHES. The “LEGIT” PRESS elbow the PAPARAZZI...they’re all out in full force, screaming, waving, flashing, taping...we see but don’t hear their hysterics. Spittle on the corners of mouths, grabbing at competitors, faces contorted in desperate pleas for a shot...

ON JULIA AND HOLT

SUPER-DUPER SLO-MO now, as they walk up the red carpet, holding hands. They are the essence of beauty, symmetry, love.

RETURN TO SPEED -- EAR-SHATTERING SOUND

As the PAPARAZZI scream...and behind them, the deafening Greek Chorus that is THE FANS, set up behind ropes that are set up behind ropes. They scream for one glance, one wave, knowing that their Gods will never make it over to them for an autograph.

The photogs and vid-hounds fire away at the couple. We MOVE BACK AND FORTH between the smooth red carpet POV of the stars and the rough, hand-held scrum that is the press pit.

VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHER POVS

As the photos frame up and FREEZE. We watch them move from photos of Julia and Holt, to photos of Julia only, as Holt is framed further and further out, until he’s not in the photos at all.

ONE PAPARAZZO

Can we get a fashion shot of Julia, please?

(A nice way of getting Holt out of the shot.)

Julia and Holt greet KIRA KLAY, Julia’s best friend and fellow it-girl of the moment.

KIRA

(to Julia)
Hey Sexy.

JULIA

Look who’s talking.

They pose together for some photos, Kira doing her trademark wild-child-sticking-out-pierced-tongue thing while Julia goes for classic starlet.

Holt watches as Julia shimmers her way through an interview with “Access Hollywood”.

Holt watches the feeding frenzy on Julia. He gets pushed closer and closer to the velvet ropes, bumping up against the sweaty paparazzi.

DON KONKEY

Stands there among the photographers.

He’s not shooting Julia, but carefully regarding Holt. He sets aside his still camera and flips on his little lapel video.

    LUCY
    Why aren’t you shooting Julia and Johnny?

    DON
    I’m working on something else right now.

    LUCY
    Well, all right....uh, Don?

    DON
    Yes, Lucy?

    LUCY
    I know you don’t work exclusively for TCM, but people...associate you with us.

    DON
    I know.

    LUCY
    So maybe you could try to...clean up a little.

Don seems to take no offense.

    DON
    ’Kay. Excuse me.

He sidles up to Holt.

    DON (CONT’D)
    Holt McLaren...

    HOLT
    Yeah?

    DON
    You were great in Another Word For Love.
HOLT
Thanks.

DON
I mean....really great. Like stop-the-presses great.

HOLT
(slightly bitter)
And somehow the presses kept going.

Holt looks at Don with equal measures distrust, disgust and hope. Maybe this schlub can do something for him. He doesn’t see the hidden camera.

DON
Haven’t seen you in the trades lately.

HOLT
Uh, yeah...took a little time off.

DON
Yeah, you did like seven movies in a row that all bombed.

HOLT
(smiles)
Yeah, I did. You’re right.

DON
Countdown, Blow Monkey, Pale Assassin, The Growling, Hospitality, 1313 Tellinghouse Lane...

HOLT
That’s only six.

DON
Dead Even. Uncredited cameo.

HOLT
Wow. Creepy.

DON
You’re always good. In everything you do. Authentic.

HOLT
(oddly flattered)
Thanks.

DON
Anything coming up?
HOLT  
Um...I'm like, in talks on a really cool movie. It's a great script. We'll see.

DON  
Sounds pretty vague.

HOLT  
Huh?

DON  
Sounds pretty unlikely. Like the movie probably won't happen.

HOLT  
Uh...anyway, take care.

Holt starts to move back toward Julia but the crowd surges forward with the arrival of JOHNNY COLE...female fans SCREAM and swoon, FLASHES go nuts.

Julia and Johnny's publicists slide the two stars together for photo ops. Johnny snakes his arm around Julia.

Holt stands in the shadows watching Johnny and Julia pose down in front of the press.

DON  
Hey.

Holt ignores Don. Don's used to it.

DON (CONT'D)  
Holt...

HOLT  
What?

DON  
They have great chemistry. He's not very good, but they're good together. They look hot together.

HOLT  
What?

DON  
There was a rumor he fucked her on the movie...

Holt squints, like he's not hearing this guy right.

HOLT  
What? What the fuck--
DON
--But I don’t believe it. I could find out. Definitively. If you want to know...

HOLT
What are you--

Don holds a business card in his grubby hand, proffers it to Holt.

DON
And maybe you could give me -- y’know -- a little piece of gossip, or a big one...and that way maybe I could help you get your career out of the toilet--

That’s it. Holt turns and SWINGS at Don, just missing, as we go to--

HIDDEN CAM POV

And see the familiar tussle of a seemingly irrational movie star shoving at a paparazzo...

The chaotic camera work/Holt’s angry red face/Julia turning to see Holt fighting/Julia in her gown trying to break it up/handlers pulling Julia out/The fans going crazy.

Lucy watches, smiling and shaking her head at Don. He’s a freak, but he’s a playmaker.

AND IN SLOW MOTION

Don’s business card floating to the red carpet.

BACK TO SPEED

Lucy pulls Don up to his feet.

LUCY
Nice work, Don...great work.
I want to see that footage first. We’ll use it for Star Stalkers.
You let me have it exclusively?

DON
’Kay.

LUCY
Get outta here.

A few SECURITY GUYS are finally getting their asses moving, Don sees them and starts to beat his retreat from the melee.
FOUR COPS ON HORSEBACK

Ride up. They seem to appear out of nowhere and Don is startled by them. A white horse, a red horse, a black horse and a pale horse.

Don makes his getaway, looking back as one of the horses rears back a little and we see deep into its--

WILD EYES

Don glances over at the crowd of onlookers, disturbed.

IN THE CROWD

About the third layer of people back in the crowd, a little taller that the rest...

A SAD CAT MAN

Yeah, that’s right. A SAD CAT MAN. Tall motherfucker, too, about 6’4”, whiskers, cat nose and face, rumpled suit. Sad. He looks at Don, deeply and...sadly.

DON

Stares back at Sad Cat Man. Not so much surprised as embarrassed.

SAD CAT MAN

Shakes his head, disappointed. And disappears.
ACT ONE

INT. HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB

The “Subliminal Velocity” after-party. The Industry Types from the screening aggressively noshing on chicken satay and trying to get close to Julia and Johnny Cole. Pools of LIGHT surrounded by darkness.

Lucy Spiller glides through the crowd. She appears next to Johnny and Julia and a house photographer FLASHES. Lucy nails every photo op.

IN THE LIGHT

Johnny holds court, very serious...uses his hands a lot as he talks.

JOHNNY COLE
    And I’m all, “I know Krav Maga, bitch!”

His story completed, Johnny looks around to make sure everyone has properly appreciated it.

Julia stands there with a glass of champagne, smiling politely...Holt glowers into his Rolling Rock.

JOHNNY COLE (CONT’D)
    Hey, Holt, bummer about that a-hole paparazzi dude.

HOLT
    Yeah.

JOHNNY COLE
    So, you workin’?

HOLT
    I’m like, developing a couple things.

JOHNNY COLE
    Right. You were great in Another Word For Love. One a my all-times.

HOLT
    Thanks.

JOHNNY COLE
    I thought, damn, this guy’s good. I thought I was gonna have to like, move aside.

Julia rolls her eyes at the insensitivity of this remark.
HOLT
I’m gonna go sit down.

JOHNNY COLE
(homeboy peace-out)
Keep at it...you got mad skills, dawg!

Johnny Cole regards Holt as he walks away. He nods drunkenly, raises his beer bottle as if saluting a fallen comrade.

IN AND OUT OF THE LIGHT

Holt rummages through the food table and, as carefully as a jewel thief, slips food into his jacket pockets.

TIME CUT TO:

IN THE DARK

At a cocktail table, Lucy slides in beside Holt. Why would she waste her time with cold-as-ice Holt McLaren?

LUCY
Hi, Lucy Spiller. NOW Magazine?

They shake hands.

HOLT
Right, nice to meet you.

LUCY
You too. Sorry about earlier.
That photographer’s a nutjob.

IN THE LIGHT

Julia listens to Johnny droning on.

IN THE DARK

Holt and Lucy lean in to hear one another.

LUCY (CONT’D)
I would love to do a feature on you some time...”The Actor’s Actor.”

Holt gobbles up the attention, but remains self-deprecating.

HOLT
“Actor’s Actor?” Isn’t that a nice way of saying “chronically unemployed?”
LUCY
We’ll just have to find the right thing to do together.

She smiles enigmatically.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Or the right reason.

Holt looks at her quizzically...

IN THE LIGHT
Julia squints into the dark, sees the back of Lucy walking away.

Johnny Cole drunkenly takes off his shirt. Flexes down. Points to his nipple.

JOHNNY COLE
And she fucking pulled the nipple ring out with her teeth! Look, it’s shredded, right? Like a fuckin’ snake tongue!

High fives and fist bumps all around.

IN THE DARK
Holt sits on the sidelines, several Rolling Rocks down, glowering over at Johnny and Julia.

Holt slips his foot back and forth, feels something on the bottom of his boot. He reaches down and peels off...

DON KONKEY’S BUSINESS CARD
He looks at it for a moment, puts it in his coat pocket.

IN THE LIGHT
Julia finally looks openly bored, rolling her eyes and sticking out her tongue. She makes her way over to Holt, saying thank you and fake-smiling to all her well-wishers.

IN THE DARK
She sits next to him. She looks over at Johnny Cole, who’s now busting full crazy martial arts moves.

JULIA
What an asshole.

HOLT
Gee, you think?
JULIA
Easy there, Tyson.

HOLT
I’m sorry I ruined your premiere.

JULIA
Are you kidding? It took their minds off the movie, which sucks.

HOLT
You were great, though.

JULIA
You just love me.

Holt shrugs, resigned.

HOLT
Yeah, I guess I do.

JULIA
You can do better than that.

She takes his hand and guides it under her dress and between her legs.

HOLT
Don’t you think we’ve been in the news enough for one night?

JULIA
You think anyone here sees anything but themselves? Besides, it’s really dark in here...

HOLT
It is. And wet.

JULIA
Make me come.

They sit there for a moment. The MUSIC thumping, Holt concentrating, Julia fluttering, then closing her eyes...

An AGENT walks by.

AGENT
Great performance!

Julia opens her eyes.

JULIA
Thanks.
Julia and Holt both laugh. Beat, then Julia looks surprised...

JULIA (CONT’D)
Oh, God...

She turns to Holt.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Oh, God...I’m coming.

INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Pretty much the apartment you would expect from Don. Filthy. A giant cat condo fills a corner of the place, covered in shag carpet.

And piles of PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS. Leaning against the wall, stacked in piles. They’re blurry, beautiful, disturbing, exceptionally provocative. Somehow deeply spiritual and sensual. These are Don’s other photos. On each photo, in his crazy scrawl, stories are written on the negatives, a world is created.

This is the work of an obsessive: He can’t help but make it, and as such it fits at least one definition of real art; it’s essential to the survival of the person making it.

Don holds his cat, TRISTAN, on his lap. Tristan is in bad shape, his small cat body wracked with cancer, hair thinned by chemo and radiation.

Tristan looks back at Don dolefully.

DON
You’re okay, Tristan...you’re okay...you’re okay, buddy....you’re okay ...that’s right, Tristan, that’s my buddy...

He places a pill at the back of Tristan’s throat, then closes the cat’s mouth and massages his throat.

DON (CONT’D)
You’re okay, buddy...

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE -- MORNING

Lucy wakes up. There’s a SNORT next to her. A long-haired ROCK GOD-looking dude is asleep next to her. They’re both so naked. He is early 20s, look-of-the-moment beautiful.

LUCY
Oh God ohgodohgodohgod...
She quietly disengages from the Rock God. He SNORTS again, making her jump. She reaches into the back of her drawer and pulls out a stun gun.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    Hey!

Rock God SNORTS again, this time Lucy is undeterred.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    HEY!!

He wakes up and sees her leveling the stun gun at him. He flips his long hair back reflexively.

    ROCK GOD
    Whoa...Sinead...what are you doing?

    LUCY
    Sinead?

    ROCK GOD
    You were so awesome...

    LUCY
    I don’t know who the fuck you are or what the fuck you’re doing in my bed, but you have sixty seconds to get the fuck out of my bed and out of my house.

    ROCK GOD
    Sinead...honey? It’s Kai...from Velvet?

    LUCY
    I don’t know what any of that is.

    ROCK GOD/KAI
    The club? Where we met?

    LUCY
    I have never seen you before. Just get out.

    ROCK GOD/KAI
    (as if this will clear everything up)
    You took my pants off on the dance floor?

Lucy brandishes the stun gun.

    LUCY
    Twenty seconds.
ROCK GOD/KAI
You said you could help my
band...Student Driver?

She nails him with the stun gun.

ROCK GOD/KAI (CONT’D)
AAAAHHGGGH!

Drops him like a bag of hammers. He recovers and cowers from
her. Gathers his clothes.

LUCY
Go.

He runs from the house.

Lucy breathes heavily, shaking with emotion.

INT. VETERINARY ONCOLOGIST OFFICE -- DAY

DR. LUSK, the veterinary oncologist, applies radiation to
Tristan. The radiation gun makes a dull buzz every time Dr.
Lusk fires it.

Don looks on, blank but anxious. Bzzzzzz goes the radiation
gun.

DR. LUSK
Cats do much better with radiation
than humans.

Don nods. Beat.

DON
How do you know that?

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...Dr. Lusk fires.

DR. LUSK
Well, for one thing they have fewer
pain sensors.

Don looks at Tristan...his hair is thin and sickly, ears flat
back against his head.

Tristan turns his head and looks straight at Don.

TRISTAN
I feel that you could have caught
this cancer earlier, Don.

DON
I do too, buddy.
Ground Zero for unassigned paparazzi. Don stands off to the side of the other paparazzi, who schmooze and jockey for position, photographing B-Listers who actually want to be photographed.

Lucy leaves her car with the valet and starts to go in.

Don ignores the activity on the ground. He’s staring instead at the SKY:

DON’S POV

SFX: A mass of clouds swirling into a black vortex...SOUND of STATIC, of HORSES GALLOPING...

Don gapes at the sky, wind whips his hair. A few raindrops of blood fall on his face. He wipes his face and looks at the blood.

AT THE OUTDOOR TABLES

Lucy sits with her brother, LEO. He’s in his 30s, bi, working the whole urban neo-Mr. Clean look; worked bod, shaved head, earrings in both ears, neck tat.

LEO
I don’t understand...you blacked out and woke up with some stallion in your bed?

LUCY
Yeah. Naked. Both of us.

LEO
I gotta start tagging along.

LUCY
Don’t be an asshole, Leo. I...screwed this guy or something, and I don’t remember.

LEO
How many drinks did you have?
LUCY
You know me...drinking and bars
don't really mix. I had one
martini.

LEO
You don't remember anything?

LUCY
I guess I remember him sitting next
to me...then nothing. Is there
such a thing as blackout sex?

LEO
Nothing?

LUCY
Nothing. Until I woke up.

LEO
Sis. You got roofied.

LUCY
What?

LEO
Rocker boy roofied you.

It dawns on Lucy...of course.

LUCY
Son of a bitch. Sonofabitch!

OFF LUCY, we TRACK a few tables down, where Holt sits with
his manager, CHERYL STEEN, short and cute with a huge rack
and an even bigger crush on Holt.

CHERYL
Baby...baby...I'm so sorry.

HOLT
I mean...what the--

CHERYL
I know sweetie...they suck.
They're idiots. If you could get a
little press, or even like, do Will
& Grace or something...

HOLT
I'm not doing fuckin' Will & Grace.
What did Sydney Pollack say
exactly?
CHERYL
I couldn’t get him on the phone.
JJ went on this whole rant about
how you’re not “bankable” or “hot”
or whatever--

HOLT
Awright, awright...I get it.

Holt stares into his grilled vegetable salad. Looks up to see LUCY staring at him. She smiles and waves. He waves back.

ON LUCY AND LEO

LUCY
Oh Christ, here she comes.

LEO
Look at her, like she could eat us both.

An older woman, DOROTHY SPILLER, wild-eyed but very put-together, heads toward them, pissed off, a Belizean NURSE on her arm.

LUCY
Hi, mom.

DOROTHY
Batida tried to poison me this morning.

Batida, the nurse, rolls her eyes. These two loathe each other.

LEO
And yet, here you stand.

DOROTHY
Tried to give me a mango.
(to Batida, furious)
What’s wrong with you?

BATIDA
What’s wrong is you’re still alive.

LUCY
I’m sure she didn’t know about your allergy.

DOROTHY
My tongue puffs up like a blowfish.
LUCY
Well, looks like you made it. Do you want your Cobb Salad?

DOROTHY
Yes, I want my Cobb Salad...my mind is like an old sponge and even I know I always have the Cobb Salad.

Leo nods to a waiter...the Cobb Salad.

DOROTHY (CONT’D)
Did you read Maureen Dowd this morning in the Times? Made a real case for Syria.

Leo glances at Lucy...here we go.

DOROTHY (CONT’D)
Now there’s a journalist.

Lucy grits her teeth.

LUCY
Yeah, she’s great.

DOROTHY
She didn’t squander her journalism degree.

LUCY (for the millionth time)
Not like some people.

DOROTHY
Well, as long as you’re happy...maybe if you had a family...

LUCY
Then I could pass this glorious mother/daughter legacy on to her.

DOROTHY
Well...more likely you than Mr. Clean here...out homo-ing every night...

LEO
I’m bi, mom--

DOROTHY
Ahh!! Don’t say it! God!

LUCY
Hey, Dorothy. That’s your son.
DOROTHY
Bi...what is that? Faggotry for cowards.

LUCY
Hey mom, let’s get back on what a disappointment I am...I feel that one’s really got legs.

Leo looks at her with gratitude, but still says:

LEO
I can take care of myself, Lu.

LUCY
(smiling)
Actually, no, you can’t.

They share a moment of conspiracy in the misery of their mother.

The Cobb Salad is deposited in front of Dorothy.

DOROTHY
What’s this? Where’s my breakfast?

OVER THE IVY

The giant mass of clouds swirls. Don stares up at it while the world moves around him.

INT. TRANSCOMMUNICATION MEDIA CONSOLIDATED

MOVING FAST...Lucy. She may be a mess off the clock, but Lucy is back in tiger shark mode at the office. Some co-workers see her and literally flee in the opposite direction. Some hand her proofs. Some beg favors. Some simply suck up.

ALEXANDER BARROW falls into step next to Lucy. While he is technically her boss and the publisher of the media group, she’s the one who runs the day to day and without whom the thing wouldn’t function.

Barrow wears an absurdly sharp bespoke suit, walks with an actual swagger, and speaks with a thick Australian accent.

BARROW
Why’d you have guys on Prince Tyreese?

LUCY
(superfuckincool)
He’s the basketball player?
BARROW
Yes he’s the goddamn basketball player. He’s the highest paid spade in the world.

LUCY
We always have people on him. He’s got a squeaky clean family man image and he’s a total slimeball. That’s what people want us to do.

Barrow looks at her blankly.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Produce slimeballs. We’re either chronicling the meteoric rise of some dipshit as they crawl out of the slime or taking him off the top of the caviar pile and pitching him into the shit with the rest of us. That’s what we do, Alex. And I do it better than anybody else. But I guess it’s hard to know that when all you do is take advertisers out to Lord of the Dance and review our expense reports. I pad mine, by the way.

Barrow, somewhat used to her rants, plows ahead.

BARROW
Did you get anything on Tyreese?

LUCY
Why? You want an autographed ball? (shakes her head) Sonofabitch loses us every time.

BARROW
You realize that Transcommunication Media has a 30 percent interest in the team.

LUCY
Shame on you, Alex. As journalists we’re not supposed to cave to corporate interests.

BARROW
Is that how you get through the night? Pretending to be a journalist?

LUCY
(caught, glibness gone for a second) (MORE)
LUCY (CONT’D)
No.
(recovering)
How do you get through the night?

They round the corner in the art department, where Don stands at a light table. He uses a loop to make his selects.

Don quickly covers the Prince Tyreese photos he’s working on and puts some shots from the premiere on top of them.

BARROW
Don Konkey! The last pap to shoot on film.

Don flinches, brought out of his reverie in the photos.

DON
Hi, Mr. Barrow.

He stares at Lucy. They share a moment of quiet conspiracy.

LUCY
Hi, Don.

DON
Hi.

Now Don looks down at his feet. Barrow plows ahead.

BARROW
Really great job on the Holt McLaren and Julia Myers of it all. Very nice. You’re a terrific playmaker... keep it up.

Don doesn’t answer. Just keeps working. Finally Barrow just starts off. He stops and turns back to Lucy.

BARROW (CONT’D)
You’ll let me know if you turn up anything on Prince Tyreese.

LUCY
(cold)
You’re always my first call, Alex.

Barrow exits.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Don?

Don stops his work and looks at Lucy. Looks away.

DON
Yes.
LUCY
See if you can get any dirt on the lead singer of a band called Student Driver. His name is Kai... something.

DON
'Kay.

INT. JULIA MEYER’S BIG HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE -- DAY

Holt sits in front of Julia’s massive plasma screen watching TV.

HOLT
Oh, crap...here it is...

JULIA
Don’t watch it. It’ll just make you crazy.

ON TV
A ridiculous GRAPHIC spins into relief:

STAR STALKERS!

Followed by the coiffed and heavily made-up ANCHORS of the show, DEBBIE CALHOUN and MITCH SAVAGE. They do cheerful banter over a shot from Don’s handicam of Holt taking a swing at camera.

FREEZE FRAME on the ugliest, most angry shot of Holt.

DEBBIE CALHOUN
Can you say “anger management issues?”

MITCH SAVAGE
Anger management issues!

DEBBIE CALHOUN
Very good!

MITCH SAVAGE
I’m Mitch Savage...

DEBBIE CALHOUN
And I’m Debbie Calhoun...

MITCH SAVAGE
And tonight we’ll see how a little jealousy...
Now a shot of Julia and Johnny with their arms around each other posing for photos...then again the ugly shot of Holt swinging at Don...

DEBBIE CALHOUN
Goes a lonnng way...

MITCH SAVAGE
From deep in the “where-are-they-now” file...the tortured romance of America’s Sweetheart Julia Myers and hot-head Holt McLaren...

MITCH AND DEBBIE
On Star Stalkers!

DEBBIE CALHOUN
Julia Myers and Johnny Cole are heating up the screen in the new thriller, Subliminal Velocity...

MITCH SAVAGE
But Julia’s unemployed real-life love interest, Holt McLaren put a damper on the movie’s premiere last night when he started a fight with a journalist--

Julia turns off the TV.

JULIA
Let’s go to Kira’s party and get really high.

EXT. TOMKAT THEATRE -- DUSK

KAI, the hair farmer who roofied Lucy, walks into the Tomkat. The marquis proclaims, “NOW PLAYING, SCHINDLER’S FIST”

CLICK CLICK CLICK

Pick up Don taking photos from his pap ride.

Don gets out and enters the theatre.

INT. TOMKAT THEATRE -- DUSK

He pays his money and walks through the turnstile.

ON THE SCREEN

A bunch of young naked men in a barracks. One of them is surreptitiously masturbating. His bunk mate sees what he’s up to. And they’re off...

IN THE THEATRE
It’s very dark. By the light of the screen, we see Don watching the movie dispassionately.

Don produces a small NVDV (Night Vision Digital Video) camera and palms it. It’s so dark we can’t really see, so let’s play the rest of the scene through NVDV.

He makes his way through the theatre. Huddled figures, some seated, some standing, engage in various sex acts. Don spots Kai...another guy is walking away from him through the aisle.

Don sits down near Kai.

DON
Hey.

Kai doesn’t say anything, just starts rubbing Don’s cock through his trousers. Don panics.

DON (CONT’D)
Ow!

KAI
Sorry...you into it or not?

DON
Uhhhhhm...wanna go somewhere?

KAI
Here’s cool. C’mon, dude, I’ll do you so good...

DON
Um...wanna be with me and...my girlfriend?

KAI
Sorry, dude...not into fish.

Don stands abruptly and walks away.

DON
'Kay.

INT. DON’S CAR -- DUSK

Don shows the tape of Kai to Lucy. She watches in silence.

DON
Is he a friend of yours?

LUCY
No.

DON
Is he famous?
LUCY
No, and he never will be.

EXT. KIRA KLAY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Hot valet parking girls sprint for cars. Beemers, rice rockets, vintage muscle cars, all manner of tight rides pull up. Beefy security guys chase away paparazzi.

INT. KIRA KLAY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

MUSIC plays throughout: Acid Mothers Temple’s “Psych Drone.”

Actors, directors, models...most of them on the upward trajectory of their careers, a few on the slippery slope down. The feeling is aggressively casual, every person aware that their every move is being studied and summarily judged, while acting as if they’re just hanging out with their dear friends.

None more so than Kira Klay and Julia Myers, in the brief flower at the height of their celebrity. And they huddle at the center of the party feeling the envy wash over them. They laugh at each others’ private jokes, clutch each other, kiss each other...each a narcissistic mirror for the other.

All around the party, a bazaar of drug and alcohol choices; it’s a frat party with money. Coke over here, tabs of acid there, E, shrooms, weed, Jagermeister, Chardonnay, Jack Daniels, beer...

JULIA
Your skin...

KIRA
What?

JULIA
It’s like...glowing! Are you getting laid?

Kira looks away.

KIRA
I wish.

JULIA
Hey, some guy gave me some E.

KIRA
E...how retro.

Kira just opens her mouth and puts out her tongue like she’s receiving communion, hands in prayer position. Julia lays the pill on her tongue. They do their actress-y bi-curious schtick.
KIRA (CONT’D)
Bless me father...

JULIA
Watch it, I may try to bugger you.

Kira grabs a beer from a passing young actor dude, washes down the E.

TIME CUT:

INT. KITCHEN
Holt zones out looking into the fridge.

CLOSE ON HOLT
On his face with the glow from the fridge light on it. His mouth is slightly agape. He’s wrecked.

OFFSCREEN
Other people try to get inside the fridge, but Holt is frozen there, looking in to the land of chilled bright bottles. We see Holt hearing the following exchange...one of those moments where you can hear perfectly people who think you can’t hear them at all.

OFFSCREEN VOICE
Hey, dude...it’s just a fridge.

OFFSCREEN VOICE 2
C’mon, I wanna get a beer.

OFFSCREEN VOICE
He can’t hear us. He’s cashed.

OFFSCREEN VOICE 3
Hey, it’s Holt McLaren.

OFFSCREEN VOICE
He was awesome in Another Word For Love.

We’re still on Holt, no change in his expression.

OFFSCREEN VOICE 2
What’s he been doing since then, besides selling out?

OFFSCREEN VOICE 3
He’s been in fronta this fuckin’ fridge!

They all laugh. Holt does not move.
INT. KIRA’S DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM

Holt staggers in, the California King bed is covered in coats. Beautiful coats from Barneys and Fred Segal. Coats of new money.

He looks at the coats with longing. Then he falls on to the bed, burrowing deep into the coats, until he disappears into a pile of shearling and vintage leather.

INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

From above, Don’s bed.

A dirty Bed, Bath and Beyond comforter. Next to him, Tristan is curled, asleep.

Don’s face is obscured by a copy of Celebrity Skin. He stops on a picture. One hand goes under the covers. The magazine lowers slightly, revealing Don’s face, beginning to give over to some kind of flatlined ecstasy.

The dirty covers move rhythmically. We CRANE UP and away from the bed.

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Looking down on Lucy’s bed now. Lucy is lying down, literally surrounded and almost buried in tabloid headlines and pictures...she has all the mock-ups in bed with her, working. The graphic, soulless Prince Tyreese pics next to pictures of pregnant stars, fat talk show hosts, Elvis pics...

She moves one aside and now she’s looking right up at us. She looks small and lost in the sea of tabloids. She stares into CAMERA for an uncomfortable moment.

She puts both hands to her face, as if to hide.

INT. KIRA’S DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM

Kira and Julia enter the bedroom, both gakked on E.

KIRA
You look hot.

Kira takes out a vial of coke and gives Julia a bump.

JULIA
You look hot.

Now Kira takes a bump. She looks at Julia, for a second it looks like she’s going to kiss her, but she bursts into tears.
JULIA (CONT’D)
What?  What’s wrong, sweetie?

Kira does another bump.

JULIA (CONT’D)
What?  You can tell me, whatever it is.

KIRA
I’m fucking pregnant.

JULIA
Oh, baby...

She holds Kira.  Kira loses it.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Who?

KIRA
That indie art-house loser Jeff Stagliano.

JULIA
Oh, crap...how--

KIRA
(unhinged, through her tears)
I met him when they were doing a retrospective of his films at the Egyptian...can you imagine a retrospective of that shit?  I’m just so screwed, Julia...

JULIA
Well, you can always, y’know--

KIRA
Dude, I am so totally Catholic.

JULIA
Does he know?

KIRA
Nobody knows.  Except you.

SFX -- A WHITE SCREEN

With an almost-invisible speck of DARK.
The speck GROWS in size until we descend far enough to realize we are CRANING DOWN, as if from heaven, toward the bedroom and its contents...descending, spirailing down an endless white chimney until we can see the outer periphery of the room, Kira and Julia hugging, the bed...

...And we PUSH IN closer on the bed, on the coats, until we can see a crack between the coats and see--

HOLT’S EYES

Wide, burning.

We PUSH IN until the eyes fill the screen.

We PUSH IN further, until one blazing orb fills the screen, and PUSH IN still further, until it is just his pupil and we

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- DAY

Don wakes up, gasps.

DON’S POV

Hovering over the bed, the Sad Cat Man.

Don quickly looks over next to him, Tristan is sleeping. He looks back and the Sad Cat Man is gone.

INT. DON’S BATHROOM -- DAY

A table lined with pill bottles. Dozens and dozens of them. Don looks through them. He talks on the phone.

DON

I...don’t want to come in. I just need the Zeldox, the Risperdol, the Zymprex and the Ariprozole. Why can’t she just refill them over the phone? I don’t...want to. I don’t want to.

INT. KAI’S HOUSE -- DAY

Kai enters and sees Lucy sitting in his living room. He tries to act cool.

KAI

Oh, hey...Sinead.

LUCY

What did you do to me that night?

KAI

We...went home and...y’know...

Lucy is furious, shaking...She holds up Don’s tape.

LUCY

The Tom Kat. You don’t like girls, Kai. What did you do to me, you sonofabitch? You got about five seconds before I find a way to make you a news story and then bury you for the rest of your life.

KAI

Okay...okay...I know who you are. I know you’re Lucy Spiller.
LUCY
So what?

KAI
So you’re a starmaker. I wanna be a star. I thought if you thought we were fucking...you’d want to help me.

LUCY
You didn’t actually want to--

KAI
I’m 22. Look at me. I quit modelling to focus on my band. I mean, no offense, but you’re what...forty?

LUCY
(quietly)
More or less.

KAI
You really think a 23 year-old model’s gonna hit on you just for sex? People want you for who you are, for what you can do for them.

Lucy stands up.

LUCY
Stop talking before this tape finds its way into the public eye. It might find its way there anyway.

KAI
So you’re definitely not gonna help us--

LUCY
Shut up, before I bury you.

She stands at the door.

LUCY (CONT’D)
And I listened to your demo. It sucks.

EXT. THE IVY -- DAY

Holt pulls up outside the Ivy, where Don sits in his blacked-out paparazzi-mobile with his camera rig. Holt’s window opens just a crack.

HOLT
Follow me.
DON

‘Kay.

Don pulls into traffic to follow Holt. Holt’s car leaves a luminous rainbow trail behind it.

INT. DON’S CAR -- DAY

Don blinks rapidly, trying to banish the luminous trail. Now WHISPERING VOICES begin, voices we will come to know.

WHISPERING VOICE ONE
Don! Don! Don! Don! Don!

WHISPERING VOICE ONE laughs, a high and disturbing laugh.

WHISPERING VOICE TWO
You’re a worm...no, you’re a...paramecium!

WHISPERING VOICE THREE
Don? I love you, Donny. Don? I love you, Donny. Listen to me!

DON
No, no, no, no, nonononononono.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PARKING LOT ROOF -- DAY

The two cars are pulled up alongside one another, like they’re making a drug deal. Holt looks pained and hung over. Don is looking a little panicky, trying to stay focused.

HOLT
...and no matter what, my name can never be used.

DON
Your name means nothing.

HOLT
Thanks.

DON
They wouldn’t want to use your name for something like this.

HOLT
Well, they can’t. No matter what.

DON
‘Kay.

HOLT
(from some deep, terrible place)
(MORE)
HOLT (CONT'D)
And I want some cash and I
want...some kind of good press. I
want stories in your magazines. I
want stories...that make it seem
like I’m getting offers...

DON
I need to have some idea how big a
story you have...

HOLT
Big.

DON
Whether we get it exclusively...

HOLT
You do.

DON
And I have to talk to Lucy. For
all I know we already know all
about it.

HOLT
You don’t. Nobody does.

DON
They’ll want more than just the one
story.

HOLT
(cold)
I’ve got as much as they can
handle.

Holt starts to raise his window. Don appears to want to hang
out.

DON
How’s your big project?

Holt just keeps the window going until Don is staring at
blacked-out glass.

DON (CONT’D)
I’ll call you.

Holt speeds off.

INT. DR. SHAMBAJ’S OFFICE -- DAY

DR. SHAMBAJ, a pretty and impossibly young-looking
psychopharmacologist, examines Don.
DR. SHAMBAN
And you haven’t been seeing a therapist?

DON
Nope.

DR. SHAMBAN
I’m going to recommend very strongly once again that you see a therapist. You have the money, you have insurance. I have a list here.

DON
If I could just get the--

DR. SHAMBAN
You can’t treat these drugs like a smorgasbord and just take the ones you feel like taking, Don.

DON
‘Kay. Could I just get the Zeldox, the Risperdol, the Zyprexa and the Ariprozole?

DR. SHAMBAN
Don, you are one of the lucky people who have a form of schizophrenia that’s manageable. Most people aren’t so fortunate.

DON
I know.

DR. SHAMBAN
You have to respect the disease and respect its treatment.

DON
‘Kay. I’ll respect the disease. Could I get the Zeldox, the Risperdol, the Zyprexa and the Ariprozole?

Dr. Shamban shakes her head. Not getting anywhere.

DR. SHAMBAN
All right. But I want to see you in three weeks.

Off Don, eyes glued to her prescription pad.
INT. RITE AID PHARMACY -- DAY

Don walks to the pharmacy at the rear of the store. The VOICES are back.

WHISPERING VOICE ONE
Don! Don! Don!

WHISPERING VOICE TWO
Hey, cockass...hey!...Donny littledick!

DON
Am not. I’m average.

WHISPERING VOICE TWO
Hey, dickweed, I can read your thoughts. And I work for NASA. We have the satellite pointed at you.

IN THE PHARMACY LINE

Don stands there with his prescriptions. Different SHAPES move at the periphery of the scene, ducking into the aisles. Don is getting pretty twitchy, mumbling responses to the voices.

WHISPERING VOICE THREE
I love you, Donny.

DON
Please...just...go back.

Don looks up to see the back of the head of the guy in front of him. The back of the guy’s head is morphing into the face of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

WHISPERING VOICE THREE/BACK-OF-HEAD-WOMAN
Kiss me, Donny. I love you so much, just kiss me.

DON
No...not here.

WHISPERING VOICE THREE/BACK-OF-HEAD-WOMAN
I’ll scream.

DON
No!

WHISPERING VOICE THREE/BACK-OF-HEAD-WOMAN
I’ll scream, Don. Kiss me.
Don closes his eyes and leans forward to kiss the face in the back of the guy’s head...

Don stumbles. The guy has moved forward in line, the face is gone.

Don breathes in sharply. A SLITHERING, DEMONIC SHAPE slimes by and into one of the aisles. Don is wigging out.

PHARMACIST’S HELPER
Can I help you?

Don thrusts the scrips into her hands.

DON
I need the Zeldox, the Risperdol, the Zyprexa and the Ariprozole.

PHARMACIST’S HELPER
No problem. It’ll be about forty-five minutes.

DON
’Kay.

WHISPERING VOICE TWO
She’s been hired to poison you.

DON
No!

PHARMACIST’S HELPER
I’m sorry?

Don turns and runs out of the store.

EXT. RITE AID PARKING LOT -- DAY

Don is pressed up against the side of the building, breathing deeply, sweating.

INT. TRANSCOMMUNICATION MEDIA CONSOLIDATED, BARROW’S OFFICE -- DAY

Lucy enters on her cell.

LUCY
I’ll call you back. Yeah.

BARROW
You have something working with Holt McLaren?

LUCY
I have more things working than you could possibly imagine.
BARROW
Whatever you’re working, I want a piece of it.

LUCY
You’re the boss. You have a piece of it, regardless. Just don’t get confused and think that means you could wipe your ass without me. I’m placing this piece in The Bomb, it’s too dirty for NOW magazine.

BARROW
I want credit if it goes somewhere and Corporate wants to know whose piece it is.

LUCY
Tell you what: Why don’t you stop behaving as if I’m gonna lop off your manhood and let me do my job. I develop sources, find stories, get the biggest scoops in the world...and you take the advertisers to Benihana and grab credit for it all while going home with five times my salary. Sound good?

Barrow just looks at her.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Because if it doesn’t, my sources could dry up or go to the Star.

BARROW
You want my job.

LUCY
I’d kill myself if I had your job. I like to get dirty.

BARROW
So I hear.

She goes to the door.

LUCY
I don’t want your job, Alex. I want your salary.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- DAY

Don climbs out of his rig; today it’s a black Mercedes SUV with dealer plates.
He appears to be somewhat back on his game, handling his equipment deftly. He shoulders his Canon and carries a Starbucks cup. He walks toward an estate wall.

Don leans against the estate wall and sips his coffee. A look of consternation crosses his face.

IN THE SHRUBS
Don pulls down his trousers and squats.

DON’S FACE
As he squeezes one out.

OFFSCREEN
The sound of an IDLING VEHICLE. Don holds his breath.

DON’S POV
Through the shrubs, a beat-up ‘58 Chevy pickup.

The driver is not visible. Just a hand on the steering wheel...well, a large paw.

The Sad Cat Man GUNS the old pickup and it drives off with its signature throaty purr.

DON
Pulls up his pants and walks over to the estate wall. Climbs it.

He hops down and begins scaling a eucalyptus tree with a view of the house below.

IN THE TREE
Don, perched like a schizophrenic Koala bear, struggles to get a shot lined up.

IN THE HOUSE
We’ve been here before. It’s Kira Klay’s house. She paces in and out of frame, back and forth, eyes puffy, in her sweats.

Suddenly, into frame walks JEFF STAGLIANO, an indie film actor/director a la Vince Gallo. Grungy.

JEFF STAGLIANO
I think babies are beautiful.

KIRA
Shut up.
JEFF STAGLIANO
I’m cool with just bein’ the baby daddy.

KIRA
I’m not. I slept with you once.

JEFF STAGLIANO
So? I sleep with a lot of people once.

KIRA
That’s my point, Jeff.

JEFF STAGLIANO
Okay, so just say someone else is the baby daddy.

KIRA
Please don’t say it like that.

JEFF STAGLIANO
Like what?

KIRA
Like you’re P diddy or something. God! I cannot believe I ever threw you a bang. And I am trying to tell you that The Bomb already knows you’re the father because that whore Julia Myers told them.

Jeff comes up behind her and rests both hands on her belly.

JEFF STAGLIANO
Well, whatever’s going on, you should take it easy and not get so tweaked.

She closes her eyes for a second, enjoying the touch.

DON’S CAMERA POV
FREEZE FRAME
On this tableau: Father with hands tenderly on mother’s belly.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
As Don nails the money shot.

IN THE HOUSE
Kira begins to emerge from her reverie.
KIRA
You need to take your hands off me now, Jeff.

DON’S CAMERA POV
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
FREEZE FRAME as the image becomes the COVER of THE BOMB magazine, complete with all the tabloid graphics...

“SHE’S HAVING HIS BABY!!”

INT. JULIA’S BEDROOM
MUSIC: The La’s, “Man I’m Only Human”
Julia is face down on the bed, sobbing. Holt sits next to her, rubbing her back.

JULIA
(between sobs)
She thinks I told The Bomb about it...she thinks I told them...they sent her publicist a fax saying they were gonna run it in the next issue. She said she’d never speak to me again. I would never...you know I would never...

CLOSE ON Holt

JULIA (CONT’D)
Kira has nobody...I’m so lucky I have you.

Music continues as--

EXT. HOLLYWOOD NEWS STAND -- DAY
Julia and Holt look through the news stand. Julia spots the magazine.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Here it is!

She pulls out the magazine. Holt looks at it with her. We catch a look at it; Holt and Julia at a premiere, Holt tutoring an inner-city youth, the usual drivel.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Baby, it’s awesome! I can’t believe they just did a nice little piece on you.
(insinuating)
Maybe they know something I don’t.
Holt’s eyes flash.

HOLT
What would they know?

JULIA
Maybe they know a certain sexy young leading man is about to get a big movie or something...

HOLT
Yeah, stranger things have happened.

JULIA
Hey, look at this!
(reading)
“Wagging tongues in the rumor-mill say that Holt has several big movie deals in the works.”

HOLT
Wish they’d let me know about them.

JULIA
Doesn’t matter. If they think you’re hot, you’ll be hot.

HOLT
If you say so.

JULIA
Babe...I am so proud of you.

She puts her arms around him. She squeezes him innocently. She starts to let go and he holds her tighter.

He looks out at the sea of magazines plastered with famous faces and hangs on to Julia with everything he has.

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lucy drinks from red wine from a big glass. DiStefano sings Boito’s Mefistofele (Death of Faust) loudly on the stereo.

She looks at the Prince Tyreese photos. They are damning by any measure; graphic, weird, violent, drug-filled, even a series of the Prince getting banged with a strap-on.

She lines several of them up together. Clicks on her large computer monitor through several layouts she’s roughed out.

They are typical tabloid headlines of the “CAUGHT!”, “BUSTED!”, and “FALLEN IDOL” variety. She takes a huge belt on the wine.
She picks up the phone, calls. INTERCUT Leo as necessary.

LEO
Hello?

LUCY
It’s me. Why are you home picking up on the first ring?

LEO
Because I’m a lonely bisexual man with a shaved head.

LUCY
One thing a bisexual man should never have to be is lonely.

LEO
What are you doing? Trolling the internet for someone to drug you and bang the crap out of you?

LUCY
Funny...nothing...looking at pictures of Prince Tyreese.

LEO
Naked?

LUCY
Actually, yes.

LEO
I’ll be right over.

LUCY
Right...like you’d ever leave your cave at night to see your sister.

LEO
I didn’t say I was coming to see you, I said I was coming to see my man the Prince.

LUCY
Don’t bother...it’s depressing.

LEO
You’re a little drunk, aren’t you?

LUCY
I might be, yes.

LEO
I’m glad I don’t have your job.
LUCY
I love my job.

LEO
Oh yeah, I can tell. Do you think someday we’ll have to pay for our sins?

LUCY
What’s that supposed to mean?

LEO
Don’t be so sensitive...it’s just a question.

Lucy turns the pictures over. Shakes her head. Now from the stereo, the basso profundo of the Devil...

LUCY
(sarcastic)
Well, you’ve made my night.

LEO
Yeah, this has been great. Think I’ll go run a bath and slit my wrists.

LUCY
Does this mean you won’t be bugging me any more?

LEO
Bye.

The wailing tenor of di Stefano is now joined by the voices of the Mefistofele chorus...Lucy finishes the wine.

INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Don carries Tristan in his arms, cradling him like a newborn.

Don reaches his shag-carpeted living room and sets Tristan down on a cat bed. Goes to an old-fashioned portable Hi-Fi and turns it on. We hear the warm HISS of the old vacuum tubes coming to life.

He carefully slides an old phonograph record out of its sleeve and lays it on the turntable. Sets down the needle.

HAWAIIAN MUSIC, dreamy and nostalgic, especially with the static of the phonograph. Steel pedal guitar, far-away vocals, 'ukulele...

Don pets Tristan.
DON
Hey Tristan, that's my buddy...you like that...that's my buddy.

TRISTAN
It's all coming to an end, Don.

Don blinks, looking at Tristan. The sweet music continues.

DON
What, buddy?

A LOUD RUMBLING, like an earthquake. Don looks up; a small but definite CRACK appears in the wall of the apartment. The record skips, then continues on. The overhead light fixture sways. SOUND of GALLOPING HORSES.

Don carries Tristan to the window and looks outside. People walking and driving, nothing out of the ordinary, except--

HUGE FLASHES OF LIGHT in the sky illuminating what appear to be ARCHANGELS, winged heroic figures...the light flickers and they're gone. The Hawaiian music continues as--

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

Lucy opens her eyes. She’s hung over. Sits up and gets out of bed.

She walks into the--

KITCHEN

And starts to make coffee.

PHONE RINGS...she lets the machine pick up.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Hello? Hello? Am I...oh...Lucy?

Lucy almost picks up, can’t bear it.

DOROTHY (CONT’D)
I just woke up and...is it just
because I’m sick, or...is it all
changing? Is the world
more...closed in? I just want you
to be happy. Your father and
I...after the war...we were
happy...I think...

The machine cuts her off with an abrupt “Thank you for your call.”

Lucy looks down into the counter. Clicks the coffee machine on.

INT. SYDNEY POLLOCK’S OFFICE -- DAY

Holt sits in the outer office, trying to act cool.

SYDNEY POLLACK comes out of the office.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Jeremy! Hey, c’mon in...

HOLT
Hey. Um, it’s Holt. Holt McLaren.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Right! Of course. We’ve had so
many people in and out of this
part.

HOLT
Yeah.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Anyway, c’mon in...
INT. SYDNEY POLLACK'S BUNGALOW

Sydney Pollack and Holt sit there uncomfortably.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Great piece the other day in NOW. You're all over the place.

HOLT
Oh, thanks, yeah...

SYDNEY POLLACK
Now, with all this stuff you have in the works, are you still available?

HOLT
For what?

SYDNEY POLLACK

HOLT
Oh my God...thank you. Yes, I am absolutely available.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Great. We're closing Clooney's deal and just had the offer accepted by Kira Klay.

A beat.

HOLT
Oh...I know Kira. She's...a friend.

SYDNEY POLLACK
See the way things work out? Fantastic. Anyway, I have a three o'clock. Congrats, Galt.

HOLT
It's...thank you.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE -- DAY

As she and Barrow look at the photos.

BARROW
Are you kidding?

She just looks at him?
BARROW (CONT’D)
You know what they’re gonna say in corporate?

LUCY
The strap-on looks painful?

Barrow slides the photos back across the desk at her.

BARROW
You can’t run these.

Lucy tries to contain her rage...

LUCY
Do you know how hard I worked to get these photos? Do you have any idea what they’ll do to circulation? You can’t just--

BARROW
I can’t just what? You walk around here like you got my balls in a vise...but you know who calls the shots here, don’t you?

LUCY
(smiles)
Yeah, the suits over in the corporate. Sure as hell ain’t you.

BARROW
Oh, yeah? Try this: Run these and get fired. Leak ‘em and get sued.

Off Lucy--

INT. KIRA KLAY’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kira sits on the floor of her big house, a copy of The Bomb with the damning cover next to her. And a mirror. And a couple empty bottles of Dom.

She leans down into the mirror and we see her in extreme red-eyed, glassed-out CLOSE-UP...

INT. CLUB VELVET, DANCE FLOOR -- LATE NIGHT

DANCE MUSIC is up and bumping, shirts are coming off, sweat pouring...

A group of HOLLYWOOD GROOVSTERS, Holt and Julia at their center, dance in a big circle, cutting loose...

Holt is finally letting go, enjoying a moment of success and celebration...
Julia dances with Holt, dirty-dogging him, giving him her booty. She turns around and pulls off his shirt, uses it to wrap around him and grind him in closer...

Feather in...MUSIC: Yoko Ono, “Listen The Snow Is Falling”

INT. KIRA KLAY’S HOUSE -- LATE NIGHT

The Yoko Ono track surging now...

Back on the floor. The mirror, the empty bottles, but no Kira.

TRACK through the darkened house, to a brightly lit bathroom, door ajar. White floor tile. Kira’s perfect, pedicured feet.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD, OUTSIDE CLUB -- VERY LATE

The group stumbles out of the club.

Julia’s cell phone rings.

JULIA
Hello...what? What...slow down.
Okay....okay, thanks.

She looks at Holt.

JULIA (CONT’D)
It’s Kira. She OD’d.

Holt stands there, Sunset swirling around him.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. SYDNEY POLLACK’S BUNGALOW -- DAY

A table read. All the actors are milling around, drinking coffee and checking each other out. P.A.s run around preparing a table with bagels that none of the actors eat.

Holt sits at his place at the table, just two away from the star of the movie. He mouths lines, looks at his already-dogeared script, tries to calm his blown-out nerves. No sign of Clooney or Kira Klay.

Sydney Pollack enters the room gravely. Everybody quiets down.

SYDNEY POLLACK
Well, this is a crazy day. A movie I’ve been trying to get made for four years is cast, with a cast any director would die for. So today began as a high point for me. I even got new shoes.

He holds out a foot with a new shoe. Actors laugh nervously.

SYDNEY POLLACK (CONT’D)
I’m driving over here and on the way I get a call from Kira’s manager, Amy Blenson...she tells me Kira’s had a medical emergency. She’s okay, but she’s not only out of the movie, she’s going to be taking time off from the business and really re-evaluating her place here. I thought, okay, as long as she’s okay, there are a dozen actresses who can play the part. Not forty five seconds later, I get a call from Clooney. Can’t imagine anyone but Kira in the part...says it’s too delicate, like gossamer, it’s gotta be her or he’s out.

The whole picture begins to dawn on Holt. He opens his mouth wide, like a fish on the deck of a boat, impotently trying to get a breath.

SYDNEY POLLACK (CONT’D)
So...enjoy some coffee and a bagel. I hope it all changes in the next 48 hours...but I’ve been doing this long enough to know how these things tend to play out.

Some of the actors grab their bags and go, several just mill around.
Holt sits in his seat, going through his script. He looks at his careful notations, the highlighted lines...

His face sets into a mask of deep anger and resolve. He storms out, leaving his script behind.

EXT. THE ROAD -- DAY

Holt speeds through Hollywood in his old Carera.

INT. LUCY’S OFFICE -- DAY

Holt sits watching Lucy on her wireless headset walking around. Don sits at the other end of the couch.

   LUCY
       (into headset)
       Right...well, you talk to legal,
       see what they have to say.

Holt stands up, tries to interject, but Lucy holds up her hand, she’ll be done in a sec.

Now Holt is standing, not knowing what to do with himself.

   LUCY (CONT’D)
       Anyway, I have to run...a friend
       just stopped by.

As she finishes up the call, Alexander Barrow enters.

   LUCY (CONT’D)
       Love to Raj...bye.

Lucy turns her gaze on Holt and Don and Barrow.

   LUCY (CONT’D)
       Now, what can I do for the
       exceptionally talented Holt
       McLaren? Besides receiving his
       undying gratitude for the beautiful
       profile in NOW Magazine?

Holt’s a little thrown, but plows forward.

   HOLT
       I’m not going to give you any more.
       Not about my friends or my enemies.
       Kira is in the hospital because I
       told you--

   LUCY
       Kira’s in the hospital because
       she’s a drug addict. And she’s
       going to be fine.
HOLT
That’s not the point. The point is that you people--

LUCY
First of all, you’re welcome for the nearly 800-word profile in NOW Magazine as well as the three other carefully crafted tidbits we’ve managed to pepper throughout our little media empire, which any publicist would sacrifice a left nut for. Secondly, you are now a source. And I feel that we can do great things together. You, me and Don here. Not that Don is an employee, actually a freelance contractor.

Don looks around.

DON
I like this office.

HOLT
I don’t give a crap what he is, I’m not gonna help you guys out anymore.

LUCY
Poor Julia.

HOLT
Don’t give me that--

LUCY
When she finds out about your betrayal. Poor thing. I know she adores you.

Holt takes a deep breath, willing to lose it all.

HOLT
You know what? She’ll either understand or she won’t. I don’t care. You can tell her whatever you want. I love her and she loves me.

LUCY
Brave.

HOLT
Fuck you.

Barrow shakes his head.
LUCY
Don, will you get the lights?

HOLT
What are you doing?

Don goes over to the door and turns off the office lights.

LUCY
You know what we love here at Transcommunication Media? Home movies. Nothing has the smack of the genuine like home-made porn.

Lucy puts a DVD in the deck. Blue-screen comes on, then a home-made video flickers to life.

THE VIDEO
A poorly-lit DV. Broken down and pixilated, but ultimately engaging.

JULIA MYERS sits on a messy bed.

JULIA
I am so wasted.

OFFSCREEN VOICE
(unintelligible)

JULIA
What are you doing?

OFFSCREEN VOICE
(unintelligible)

A body crosses frame, then again, then...

JOHNNY COLE
Sits on the bed next to Julia. Starts kissing her.

JULIA
....don’t Really want to do this...

JOHNNY COLE
You know you do.

JULIA
Can’t even focus my eyes...

He kisses her, takes off her shirt. It all moves very quickly now.

We move from the video to Holt’s face in the dim light.
Now Johnny Cole is behind Julia. He wraps her long hair in a knot around his hand and snaps her head back.

JOHNNY COLE
You like that?

JULIA
(faintly, high)
Yes...

Lucy stops the tape. Walks over and turns up the lights.

LUCY
That’s enough.

Holt looks down at the floor.

DON
Hoo-ee.

BARROW
So, if that were to be released, it might not square too well with your gal’s wholesome image on her TV show. And you come off like a little cuckold bitch. Bad all around.

Holt is shaking, quiet.

LUCY
Or, you supplement your thin little guest-spot income with our generous story fees, and get great press along the way. And you and Julia ride off into the sunset. I honestly would rather not leak this.

Holt stands up and starts to walk out. Stops at the door.

HOLT
(simply)
I’m an actor. It’s all I ever wanted to do.

LUCY
(quietly)
No, you wanted to be famous. There’s a big difference. You can give your dirt to Don. Whenever. No rush. Just make sure it comes regularly.
Holt is gone.

Lucy sighs. She looks exhausted. Don still sits there, disassociated, whispering to himself.

    LUCY (CONT’D)
    You can go, Don.

    DON
    Huh?

    LUCY
    Go. Both of you.

EXT. PARKING LOT, TRANSCOMMUNICATION MEDIA -- DAY

Don walks toward camera. We see--but Don doesn’t--Holt charging into frame...

HOLT SMASHES DON

A roundhouse sucker punch to the ear. Don goes down hard onto the concrete. We pick up the RINGING and IMPAIRED HEARING of Holt’s punch on DON’S POV...

    DON
    Oh--

    HOLT
    You piece’a shit! Scumbag!

Holt kicks him.

DON’S POV

Looking up at Holt. The sun backlighting Holt, causing an angelic silhouette.

    DON
    It’s okay...

Several FIGURES now; Holt, the Sad Cat Man, and other strangely powerful ANIMISTIC TOTEMIC FIGURES (think Miyazaki). They stand around in a circle, as if in some bizarre druidic meeting. SOUND of HORSES GALLOPING.

The Figures talk in a strange, almost-identifiable language, ancient and low. They seem to be conferring over Don’s very soul.

    DON (CONT’D)
    It’s okay, buddy. It’s okay, Tristan. That’s my buddy.

Holt kicks him again.
HOLT
Fucking nutball.

Holt stands over Don, ready to kick him again, then sees that he’s completely out of it. A brief moment of regret, then he turns and walks away.

The Totem Figures begin to gather in an ever-tightening circle around Don, laying their hands on him. From one of the figures, GIANT WINGS EMERGE.

END DON POV

Just Holt now, walking across the parking lot, leaving Don curled up on the ground.

INT. CHUCKY CHEESE -- DAY

Wild, filled with SCREAMING KIDS, PRINCE TYRESEE and his brood front and center. His wife, CHELLE, policing kids and pizza slices.

Prince and three of the kids are skeet bowling, laughing their asses off, cutting loose, the kids hyped up on sugar and games.

A MOTORCYCLE MESSENGER, helmet on, visor up, walks in and approaches Tyreese. Hands him an ENVELOPE before he has time to react.

Chelle, with the younger kids, notices her husband receiving the envelope.

Tyreese opens the envelope. Looks. Drops it. Quickly picks it up. We see a corner of one of the now-familiar photos. He quickly seals the envelope as Chelle calls over to him.

CHELLE
What’s that?

Tyreese, his cocky demeanor gone, just shakes his head, chokes out:

TYRESEE
Paperwork.

INT. JULIA’S HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

MUSIC: Elliott Smith, “Waltz #2 (XO)”

Holt lays in the massive bed with its turbo thread count sheets, knuckles raw and bruised. He smokes a joint.

Julia enters. Boxer shorts and a wife beater. Her long hair down.
Holt takes another hit, can’t really look at her.

Julia doesn’t say anything. Just takes the joint and hits deeply off it.

They sit up next to each other in bed. Smoking the joint. Finally:

    JULIA
    This from Surfer Sean?
    
    HOLT
    Yeah.
    
    JULIA
    You know I can’t smoke this stuff.
    
    HOLT
    Why?
    
    JULIA
    It makes me too horny.

She straddles him on the bed. Takes the joint and puts it out. They start kissing. More and more intensely, violently. She moves on top of him...

Holt pushes Julia off of him and moves her to her stomach.

Now he is grinding on top of her. He pulls her boxer shorts off and is inside her almost instantly.

    JULIA (CONT’D)
    Yes...yes...ohmygodyes...

From behind her, Holt sees her long hair...

He takes her hair deliberately and wraps it in a knot around his hand. Snaps her head back. Just like Johnny Cole.

    HOLT
    You like that?

Julia GASPS, with pleasure or pain or recognition.

    JULIA
    Yes...

EXT. DON’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Don approaches his apartment. His face is bruised and he limps. Don opens his door.
INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

In the living room, on the floor, the dead body of Tristan the cat. A small pool of vomit haloing around his head.

Don walks in and looks at Tristan. His normally affectless demeanor drops away. He falls to his knees.

    DON
    No.

He sobs, picking up Tristan and cradling him in his arms.

He rocks him and rocks him.

KNOCKING
At the door. Insistent.

KNOCKING
Louder and louder.

And under it, WHISPERING VOICES, building in volume.

KNOCKING     WHISPERING
    KNOCKING     KNOCKING
    WHISPERING
KNOCKING     WHISPERING
KNOCKING     KNOCKINGKNOCKINGKNOCKING.....

EXT. DON’S APARTMENT

CLOSE ON--

A HAIRY PAW/HAND KNOCKING.

INT. DON’S APARTMENT

Don cradling Tristan, the WHISPERS louder and LOUDER......

    SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.....................

.....................SILENCE

INT. HOLT’S CARERA -- NIGHT

Holt drives, Julia in the passenger seat. Some unspoken thing vibrating in the car between them.

Holt’s cell RINGS.
HOLT
Hello?
Oh, hey Mr. Pollack...Sydney, sorry...
Yeah...yeah...really?
That’s great news...
No...I haven’t booked anything else...
Are you kidding? Of course I do.
I can’t believe Angelina signed on to do the part...
Okay, I’ll be there. Thank you...
(beat)
Yeah, I heard about what happened to Kira...
(beat)
What? When?
(beat)
Yeah. She was a really good person...
(beat)
Right...at the memorial.

Holt keeps driving. Doesn’t say anything. He pushes the car, redlining the RPMs before shifting up. Julia just looks at him, waiting.

HOLT (CONT’D)
Kira’s dead. She had a brain bleed.

JULIA
Oh, God...

He double-clutches and blows into third. Now they’re easily doing 95 through Hollywood traffic.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Holt, slow down.

HOLT
And the movie’s back on. I still have the part.

Holt cranks up the STEREO. “I Want to Die” by Brian Jonestown Massacre. Holt smiles bitterly and floors it. The whole car shakes, maxing out.

JULIA
Holt, what are you doing?!

The engine SCREAMS. The car pulls around a line of cars, ripping past all of them...Julia is crying.

ON HOLT
A grim smile. FASTER.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Holt, please, please, I’m sorry...
oh God, oh God, oh God,
ohgodohgodohgod...

A JACKED-UP TRUCK

Doesn’t see the low-slung Porsche and goes to make a left turn...

JULIA

Looks astonished as the big four-wheeler completely blocks their path...

HOLT

Sighs with some perverse form of relief...

THE PORSCHE

Grinds under the truck, sending up a bright, beautiful shower of sparks through the L.A. night.

The Porsche is smashed free of the truck and rolls once, twice, lands on its roof.

Long, ticking beat of SILENCE on the tableau, then:

STARTING RIGHT-SIDE UP

Or so it appears, Julia, eyes wide, surprised, gorgeous, blood pooling in each ear, and dripping up.

NOW ROTATING

From upside down to right-side up, Julia and Holt hang in their seatbelts. It is only when we arrive at both of them upside down that we reveal Holt, unharmed, awake, staring at Julia. She has been frozen in what appears to be death, but suddenly she COUGHS, breathes deep, vomits.

She looks at Holt in terror.

JULIA (CONT’D)

Sorry...

HOLT

It’s okay. It’s okay...

The car is smoking and ticking... Poof! A tiny fire ignites near the back of the car...Holt wrenches himself free and out through the window of the car...
OUTSIDE THE PORSCHE
A crowd is gathering, but no emergency vehicles on scene...

Holt runs around and tries to open the door to get Julia out. The flames are rising on the Porsche...

Holt looks around, panicked...he sees--

A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS
Several holding up cell phone cameras, one with a video camera.

Holt takes a rock and SMASHES the window. He takes off his shirt and lines the door frame with it, then proceeds to pry Julia loose from the car and drag her out. The FIRE creeps into the gas tank and IGNITES for real as now-shirtless Holt carries Julia away from the wreckage...

Julia is bleeding badly, sheet-white from shock.

SIRENS WAIL.

INT. DON’S APARTMENT -- LATE NIGHT

Don sits holding Tristan, the only light coming from his television...the HAWAIIAN music plays on the old hi-fi.

DON’S TV

A live feed of the local news, showing the outside of the now-familiar home of Kira Klay.

Another shot with the gruesome crash sight. An inserted RED CARPET SHOT from “Subliminal Velocity” of Holt and Julia with Kira.

Now the handi-cam footage of shirtless Holt carrying Julia from the crash site as the Porsche ignites in FLAMES behind him, with the headline: “REAL LIFE ACTION HERO.” He does in fact look like a chiseled action hero...and you can bet Hollywood is thinking the same thing.

Don sits slack-jawed, staring at the television.

KNOCKING

At the door again. Don clutches Tristan and rocks him.

ON THE TV

MATCH CUT TV at--
INT. LUCY’S HOUSE -- VERY LATE NIGHT

HAWAIIAN MUSIC CONTINUES

Lucy looks at the tv...the footage of Holt carrying Julia from the wreckage...

Now a HEADSHOT of Kira Klay. “CELEBRITY SUICIDE?” Asks the super.

Lucy draws a sharp breath, something giving way a little. Pours herself a glass of Pinot. Drinks unsteadily.

Picks up the phone. Fully herself again:

LUCY
Hi, it’s Lucy...yeah, I know what time it is...why, you wanna look for another job? Okay, tell acquisitions we need to lock up all the Holt McClaren footage...right, motion and still. We’ll go up to eighty, higher if we have to...right. We can use some of the Don Konkey stills of Kira. Try to get someone into the house...with all the coroner’s people and cops...Don’ll do it...see if he can get something...uh huh...just do it. I’ll be there in an hour.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

HAWAIIAN MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

JULIA

Intubated, unconscious, heavily bandaged...

HOLT
Sits there next to the bed, head in hands...

DON
Loading his cameras and packing up his photo gear...carefully places Tristan in a shoe box and takes him along...

PRINCE TYREESE
In his office at home. He looks at one of the photos, puts a match to it...

KIRA
Lying on the coroner’s slab, alabaster, perfect and lifeless...

LUCY

In her walk-in closet. She stands there dressing, putting on another one of her signature sexy-but-efficient suits. She looks straight into CAMERA...we are the mirror, until she is suited up and turns abruptly and snaps the LIGHT OUT.

The HAWAIIAN MUSIC continues in BLACK.