

BLOWTORTURE

by
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DRAFT March 2014
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LOGLINE:

A washed-up child-star has grown into a psychotic man and he's roaming around the Hollywood Hills, melting movie stars' faces with a blowtorch and ruining their careers.

SYNOPSIS:

Adonis White used to be one of Hollywood's biggest child stars, practically on the same level as Shirley Temple. But one day there was an accident on a movie set - a stunt gone sour - and his face got burned in a fire. With his cute looks gone, his career died overnight and the public forgot he ever existed.

Flash-forward many years later and now Adonis is a grown, borderline-psychotic man. Years of living in near-isolation - locked away within the confines of a spooky Hollywood Hills mansion - has made him snap. Now he's on a "blowtorching spree", going around the Hills, burning celebrities' pretty faces off with a blowtorch and destroying their careers in movies/TV. As twisted and delusional as he may be, Adonis sees himself as a superhero, making a statement about the CONDITIONAL love that pervades Hollywood. Without a nice face and a good image, he says a person in Hollywood has no value. Only once the shallow outer beauty is destroyed can a person actually discover inner beauty, their true value and find unconditional love.

But even though Adonis has good intentions justifying his actions, there are also clear elements of bitterness and jealousy to his character, as well as a longing for the days when he was a star loved by the public, however conditional the public's love for him was...

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

- Romans 8:1

TITLE CARD - HOLLYWOOD, A FEW YEARS FROM NOW...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD. EVENING

It's an aerial view of Hollywood.

The sky is an orangey-purple, a combination of smog and light pollution.

The bright lights flicker in the valley below - billboards, marquees, headlights, store signs, saggy traffic lights and moving searchlights from an awards ceremony. There's the Capitol Records Building. And the Roosevelt Hotel. And the Scientology Building. The Knickerbocker. Pantages. The Egyptian...

Browning palm trees reach high into the sky and droop their way back into the valley. They look tired and sick.

In the far distance is the Hollywood sign. It grows in size as we move closer to it.

And closer...

And closer.

Soon, the Hollywood sign is all that we see. It looks browned and weathered. Some of the letters are vandalized with graffiti.

We move even closer to the sign.

There is a ghostly SHADOW perched atop the first 'L' of the sign.

The SHADOW is a DARK FIGURE.

The DARK FIGURE is a MAN.

This MAN is extremely creepy-looking. His face looks like it suffered horrible burns at some point in time - there is nothing but hideous deformity and scar-tissue. The man's hair is long and greasy and unkept. His clothes are dark and old and completely unstylish. This is ADONIS.

ADONIS - early 30s - sits atop the horizontal part of the 'L', gazing down to the searchlights running along a sheet of smog hovering over the valley. His eyes burn with a mixture of sadness and rage.

INT. THEATER. NIGHT

It's the Academy Award ceremony (or something very similar, depending on whether the Academy allows itself to be portrayed in this movie).

Hollywood's brightest STARS are all in attendance - the most gorgeous people on the earth in one room at the same time. The ACTRESSES wear the finest designer-dresses by Oscar De La Renta and also the most sparkling jewelry and lip-glosses. The ACTORS wear the most fashionable tuxedos and the finest hair-styling oils. Great manicures. Fantastic make-up jobs...

A gorgeous actress named ANGELINA WITHERSPOON (the presenter) stands at a podium on the stage and opens a manila envelope.

ANGELINA WITHERSPOON
(into microphone)
And the Oscar goes to...

She opens the envelope.

ANGELINA WITHERSPOON (CONT'D)
Christopher Hawthorne...for
SHAKESPEARE'S LIST.

The AUDIENCE erupts into applause.

CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE is one of the most beautiful actors in Hollywood. Everything about him is perfect. Perfectly-styled hair, symmetrical face, blue eyes, broad chest, tan skin, laser-white teeth...

He is absolutely shocked by the announcement. So shocked...that it takes him a moment to move from his chair.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME

ADONIS stands in a dark corner of the room, watching the award ceremony on a giant widescreen television mounted on a wall.

CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE is on the screen.

ADONIS eyeballs the image of him. His face looks eerily stoic.

INT. THEATER. NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE stands from his chair and hugs the PEOPLE around him, especially his MOM (his date), and also all the PRODUCERS/ACTORS that worked on the film with him. There is also a STUDIO EXECUTIVE who gives him a big hi-five.

He eventually makes his way to the stage.

INT. THEATER - THE STAGE. NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER steps his way onto the stage - drunk with shock and dripping with tears of joy.

ANGELINA WITHERSPOON hands the Oscar to CHRISTOPHER. He accepts the trophy and gives ANGELINA WITHERSPOON a gentleman's kiss on the cheek.

The AUDIENCE applause fades.

CHRISTOPHER leans into the podium and tries to gather his thoughts.

CHRISTOPHER
 (into microphone)
 Oh my God...wow...just wow...

He wipes the tears from his cheeks.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
 ...oh my God...

Various MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE are in tears themselves.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
 ...this is amazing. I can't believe
 this is happening.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME

ADONIS stands in the shadows, watching the giant widescreen television.

His breathing becomes heavier. There is rage in his lungs.

INT. THEATER - THE STAGE. NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER finally gathers his composure.

CHRISTOPHER
(into microphone)
I'd like to thank everybody at
Worldwide Pictures. My agent
Richard Weinberg and my manager
Larry Silverstein. I'd also like to
thank God...and, most importantly,
my mom who worked three jobs and
raised my five brothers all by
herself.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME

The TV cuts to a shot of CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE'S MOM looking a lot like Elizabeth Taylor. She mists with tears of joy and blows CHRISTOPHER a kiss.

The shot of the mom sends more rage into ADONIS' face. His breathing becomes heavier.

INT. THEATER - THE STAGE. NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER continues his speech.

CHRISTOPHER
(into microphone)
My mom never stopped supporting me,
the entire time. Through it all,
she was always there by my side.
She's amazing.

He holds the Oscar high in the air.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Thank you so much!

The audience applauds and the pit orchestra swells into a melodramatic theme that manipulates the emotions.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME

ADONIS' breathing gets heavier...and heavier...and heavier.

His eyes burn with rage. The rage crescendoes...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MULHOLLAND DRIVE. NIGHT

A limo weaves its way up the serpentine road.

INT. LIMO - ON MULHOLLAND DRIVE. NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER sits alone in the backseat of the limo, cradling his Oscar in his lap.

He peers out the window, over the "dead-man's curves" and down to the bright-lighted Sunset Boulevard below.

CHRISTOPHER
(to himself)
I did it...

His eyes mist with tears of self-satisfaction.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE'S MANSION. NIGHT

The mansion is guarded by a tall, stucco wall covered with vines and palms and juniper trees.

An enormous wrought-iron gate opens. The initials 'C' and 'H' are mounted in the center of the gate.

CHRISTOPHER'S limo rolls through the gate and drives down a long, never-ending driveway.

The gate closes.

INT. CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The mansion is huge and eerie and vacuous - kind of like the Overlook Hotel in "The Shining". The interior design seems to have been heavily-influenced by Native American culture. There are drums, miniature totem poles and dream catchers.

There is noise in the distance. Footsteps against a Mexican-tiled floor. Keys jingling. And more footsteps.

The footsteps grow in volume. CHRISTOPHER finally enters the room, still cradling the Oscar in his arms.

He walks over to a stone mantle at the far end of the room.

He places the Oscar on the mantle, right next to a photograph of a beautiful young woman. We will later learn that the young woman is TIFFANY DESMOND.

The mansion is silent - nothing but a dull drone from the home's air conditioning system. But, then...

Bee-alee-alee-aleep!!!!!!!!!!!!

There is a high-pitched chirping sound. It's CHRISTOPHER'S smartphone.

CHRISTOPHER leaves the Oscar on the mantle and takes his phone out of his pocket.

Bee-alee-alee-aleep!!!!!!!!!!!!

CHRISTOPHER looks at the caller ID. His eyes twinkle at the sight of the name "Tiffany".

CHRISTOPHER
(into phone)
Hello?

TIFFANY
(over phone)
Heeeey.

CHRISTOPHER smiles.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey.

TIFFANY
I didn't wake you, did I?

CHRISTOPHER turns away from the mantle and strolls through the room.

CHRISTOPHER
No, I just got home from the parties.

TIFFANY
I heard the news. Just wanted to say 'congrats'.

CHRISTOPHER
Thank you. Are you still in New York?

TIFFANY
No, we wrapped on Friday and I just got back to LA tonight...like, *literally* just got back. I got off the plane, heard the news and wanted to give you a call.

CHRISTOPHER'S eyes twinkle again.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, really? Hey, maybe...I
dunno...maybe we can get together
since you're back in town.

TIFFANY
(awkwardly)
Yeah...no, yeah, that would be
great.

CHRISTOPHER
Maybe we can go to Spago or
something.

TIFFANY
Yeah, that might be good...

CHRISTOPHER
(after a pause)
I miss you, Tiffy.

There is an awkward pause in the conversation.

TIFFANY
Chris, I should just let you
know...I'm seeing somebody.

The light in CHRISTOPHER'S eyes dims.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh...

He pauses awkwardly.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Oh! No, that's great. I'm happy for
you. Really. No, that's good.

There is another awkward pause.

TIFFANY
Well, I just called to say
congrats. I know how much you
wanted this. Where you gonna put
it?

CHRISTOPHER
What? The Oscar?

TIFFANY
Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER

I dunno...I just put it on the
mantle for now.

TIFFANY

That's amazing. Well, I better let
you go. Take care, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER

OK. Yeah, take care, Tiff.

He hangs up, looking a little down. Then he turns around and goes back to the mantle. He moves closer and closer to it. The look in his eyes change. There is something clearly wrong.

The Oscar is gone! So isn't the photo of Tiffany...

CHRISTOPHER

(to himself)

What the...

He moves closer to the mantle.

The Oscar and photo are definitely gone.

Suddenly, there is the sound of a cold breeze - a very light wind.

CHRISTOPHER stops in his tracks. He suddenly feels as though he's not alone. He may be right. He turns around...very slowly...

...and around...

...and around...

He *isn't* alone.

WHACK!

He gets hit over the head with the Oscar statuette and tumbles to the ground. Everything fades to black.

There's somebody standing over his unconscious body. We don't see him, but we hear the sound of heavy, Darth-Vader-like breathing.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHRISTOPHER lets out a blood-curdling scream as the pain begins to set in.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmpppppppppppppppp
pppppppppppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

Insert Title Card: BLOWTORTURE

INT. STATE HOSPITAL - DR. SIMONS' OFFICE. MORNING

It is a sterile-looking office with a desk, a phone, some paperwork and boring walls covered with a few certificates from UCLA school of psychiatry.

DR. SIMONS - mid 50s and bald with glasses - sits at the desk in his office. A PATIENT named LORETTA DAVIS sits in a chair across from him.

DR. SIMONS

What is your name?

LORETTA

Loretta Davis.

DR. SIMONS

Where were you born?

The PATIENT pauses a moment, but then answers.

LORETTA

Ohio.

DR. SIMONS

Where did you grow up?

LORETTA

In several different foster homes,
all over the country.

DR. SIMONS jots some notes into a report.

DR. SIMONS

Are you related to Betsy Davis, the famous actress?

LORETTA

Yes.

DR. SIMONS

How?

LORETTA

She's my mother.

DR. SIMONS

There is no record of Betsy Davis having a daughter. No birth certificate, no social security number. Are you sure you're telling me the truth here?

LORETTA

I told you: my mother had me in secret. I was illegitimate and she couldn't afford a scandal. It would have ruined her career.

DR. SIMONS puts his pen down and re-crosses his legs.

DR. SIMONS

Mrs. Davis, do you realize the gravity of your offense? You've been charged with fraud, misleading dozens of acting students into thinking you're Betsy Davis' daughter. This does not appear to be true.

LORETTA

But it is true. I'm Loretta Davis, daughter of Betsy Davis. Do a DNA test and you'll see.

DR. SIMONS

It's my understanding that the judge is trying to make that happen, but he's having trouble getting cooperation from the Davis Estate.

LORETTA

Well, that's not my problem. They're all in denial. I'm Betsy Davis' daughter. I know it's true and that's all that matters.

DR. SIMONS studies her face and writes some more notes into his report.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL - ACTIVITY ROOM. MORNING

A bunch of crazy MENTAL PATIENTS mill around in the room. Some of them play cards or checkers.

Others dance around in their own little worlds. One patient named BRENDA hops from chair to chair, mumbling something about how the CIA is zapping her head with invisible rays. And then there's another patient named GEORGE quoting passages from out of the Bible (nobody's listening to him). And other patients watch a small television that's inside a cage hanging high up on the wall.

DR. SIMONS talks in a corner with another doctor - DR. GRANT. They both sip on mugs of coffee as they overlook the MENTAL PATIENTS. DR. GRANT is also munching on a lemon-filled pastry.

DR. GRANT

Making any progress with that Davis woman?

DR. SIMONS

She doesn't show any signs of delusional disorders.

DR. GRANT

So what are you gonna tell the judge? She's lying?

DR. SIMONS

All I know is that she seems mentally stable to stand trial. It's up for the judge to decide the rest.

DR. GRANT

Why's he even making such a big to-do about it, anyway? I mean, psychiatric evaluations? DNA tests?? It just seems a little much for a minor fraud case.

DR. SIMONS

I think he's under pressure from the media. They want it to be a big deal so he's making it a big deal.

DR. GRANT shakes his head in disgust.

DR. GRANT

They're all a buncha media-whores in this town. Even the judges.

DR. SIMONS

From my experience, sometimes the judges can be the worst ones.

Their conversation is suddenly interrupted by a live news report on the television.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE'S MANSION. MORNING (ON TV)

A Latino NEWS REPORTER named AMELIA SANTIAGO stands in front of the gate to the mansion.

AMELIA SANTIAGO

(into microphone)

Actor Christopher Hawthorne was brutally assaulted in his Hollywood Hills home last night by an unidentified intruder. The assailant was allegedly wearing a welder's mask and melted much of Hawthorne's face with a blowtorch.

A file photo of CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE comes onto the screen.

AMELIA SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

The assault occurred just hours after the world-famous movie star won Best Actor at last evening's Oscar ceremony. Although Hawthorne's Oscar trophy is missing from his home, detectives have denied rumors of the attacker being a bitter Oscar contender.

The television cuts to a press conference.

DETECTIVE CARL MALONE - a middle-aged black man with a mustache - speaks into a bouquet of media microphones. His partner DETECTIVE HENDERSON - a younger Caucasian man in his late 30s/early 40s - stands beside him...

MALONE

(reading from a paper,
into microphone)

At approximately 2am this morning Christopher Hawthorne was assaulted in his Benedict Canyon home by an unknown assailant. It appears as though the intention was not to murder but, rather, to burn Hawthorne's face for unknown reasons. It's clear that whoever this attacker is, he's very sick, psychotic and dangerous...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - ACTIVITY ROOM. MORNING

DR. SIMONS and DR. GRANT watch the television from the far end of the room.

DR. GRANT
 (under his breath)
 Christ...
 (to Dr. Simons)
 A shrink can always find work in
 this town.

DR. SIMONS
 Perhaps a little too much work.

Suddenly, they hear an outburst coming from the far side of the room. It came from GEORGE, the mental patient who was quoting the Bible earlier.

GEORGE
 God is angry!!!

GEORGE bursts out of his chair and points at the television.

The television has images of wildfires on it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (quoting Revelation)
 "Fallen! Fallen is Babylon the
 Great! She has become a home for
 demons, and a haunt for every evil
 spirit, a haunt for every unclean
 and detestable bird..."

INT. NEWS STUDIO. MORNING (ON TV)

A male NEWS ANCHOR with a Botox face and super-bleached teeth reads from a teleprompter.

NEWS ANCHOR
 Southern California's lack of rain
 and fierce Santa Ana winds are
 being blamed for the County's
 unprecedented amount of wildfires
 this season. Firefighters are doing
 all they can to keep the fires from
 spreading to heavily populated
 areas, but, still, an average of
 one home is being destroyed every
 four hours.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - ACTIVITY ROOM. MORNING

GEORGE stumbles his way towards the television.

GEORGE

(still quoting)

"...for her sins are piled up to
heaven, and God has remembered her
crimes..."

EXT. WOODS - BY A WILDFIRE. MORNING (ON TV)

A REPORTER interviews a FIREFIGHTER.

FIREFIGHTER

(into microphone)

This is unprecedented fire
behavior. In all my twenty-five
years as a firefighter, I have
never seen flames so angry and
stubborn. It's humbling...and, to
be frank, very frightening.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - ACTIVITY ROOM. MORNING

GEORGE stumbles closer and closer to the television.

GEORGE

(still quoting)

"...She will be consumed by fire,
for mighty is the Lord God who
judges her."

A team of ORDERLIES come and restrain GEORGE.

Meanwhile, DR. GRANT gives DR. SIMONS a look and waves his
finger around his head in cuckoo-like fashion.

DR. GRANT

(to Simons)

Cuckoo.

(louder, to a nurse)

Nurse, give him five milligrams of
Depakote.

INT. CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

It's a crime scene with crime tape and numbers marking certain pieces of evidence. The CSI TEAM is busy dusting for prints, scouring the room for clues and taking photographs.

Detective CARL MALONE and BRIAN HENDERSON enter the room and approach one of the FORENSICS EXPERTS, a bright-looking Asian man named LEE.

MALONE

What do ya got, Lee? Tell me something good.

LEE gets up from the floor and talks to the DETECTIVES.

LEE

There's not a trace of a fingerprint anywhere. And no noticeable sign of forced entry. Whoever did this is pretty good.

MALONE

I was afraid you'd say that.

HENDERSON

I still think it was a sore loser from last night.

MALONE

All their alibis checked out. They were either still out at the after-parties or home asleep.

HENDERSON

Well, it just seems like the most logical explanation.

MALONE

But maybe that's what the perp wants us to think. Maybe that's why he took the Oscar, to throw us off. What do you think, Lee?

LEE

(shaking his head)

All I know is that this wasn't something done spur-of-the-moment. This was very pre-mediated...and whoever did it was VERY good at not leaving any evidence behind.

MALONE

Goddammit, I hate it when they make
my job hard.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

We get a better look at the living room. It is dark and musty and cobwebby and eerie and haunted, kind of similar to Norma Desmond's living room in *Sunset Boulevard*.

In the far distance...there is a giant widescreen television mounted on a wall. There are couches in front of it surrounded by dusty movie memorabilia that's at least two or three decades old, probably more.

On one of the couches sits an older WOMAN, looking almost like a corpse. Her skin is wrinkled like a grape that's been in the sun for too long. The only life in her saggy, leathery body is in her chest, which is abnormally youthful and large - probably because she has silicon implants. This is MARILYN WHITE - ADONIS' mother.

She lies on the couch, looking up to a giant image of "Inside Entertainment News" host RYAN CLARK on the plasma television screen.

RYAN CLARK stands in his bright-lighted news studio sporting an orange-tanned face and Veneered teeth.

RYAN CLARK

(on TV)

Will his face ever be the same again? Hey, folks, Ryan Clark here for Inside Entertainment News. Rachel Demambro is live at Christopher Hawthorne's mansion where she brings us shocking new details of last night's gruesome assault.

The TV cuts to RACHEL DEMAMBRO outside Christopher Hawthorne's house. The news reporter is a young blonde with big bosoms.

RACHEL DEMAMBRO

(on TV)

It was like "melted candle wax". That's how one paramedic is describing Christopher Hawthorne's face tonight after he responded to the movie star's disturbing 911 call...

An eerie shadow appears in the far distance and slowly wanders its way into the living room. The shadow is ADONIS.

MARILYN continues watching her Inside Entertainment News without acknowledging ADONIS' presence. She is like a zombie. She hardly even blinks as she stares up at the television.

ADONIS hovers not too far behind MARILYN and her couch. His presence is creepy and ghost-like. His eyes are on MARILYN.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WAITING ROOM. DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG ADONIS, eight years old, sits in a chair, dressed in a white, Oxford shirt and clip-on bow tie. His face is not only normal, but also extremely cute.

He plays with two Lego airplanes and pretends to fly them around in the air.

MARILYN kneels at YOUNG ADONIS' feet, frantically applying some blush to her son's cheeks.

BURT BASTORACH, YOUNG ADONIS' father, paces in front of his wife and son. He seems nervous.

BURT

Now, Adonis, remember how we practiced it.

(reciting a line)

"Gee-whizz, Mr. Fizz." Say it that way, Adonis.

YOUNG ADONIS half-pays attention to him. He's mostly just interested in his toy airplanes.

YOUNG ADONIS

(as he plays with the toys)

Gee whizz, Mr. Fizz.

MARILYN

No, you don't have the inflection right.

(saying it in a much higher voice)

"Gee whizz, Mr. Fizz." That's how you should say it.

BURT

No, Marilyn, that's not right at all. Say it this way, Adonis. Adonis...

MARILYN realizes ADONIS is hardly paying them any mind.

MARILYN

Adonis, stop that nonsense and pay attention to us.

She takes the toy planes away from him and stuffs them in her purse.

YOUNG ADONIS

But I don't wanna do this. I wanna go home and play.

MARILYN

Don't be an ungrateful brat. You're the biggest star in Hollywood, Adonis. You know how many children would kill to be you?

BURT

OK, now, Adonis. Like this:
(speaking like a
Shakespearean actor)
"Gee whizz, Mr. Fizz."

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (END OF FLASHBACK)

MARILYN continues watching the gigantic television.

RYAN CLARK moves on to a new story.

INT. INSIDE ENTERTAINMENT NEWS STUDIO. DAY (ON TV)

RYAN CLARK stands in the bright-lighted studio and turns into another camera positioned at a different angle.

RYAN CLARK

Tiffany Desmond was spotted leaving Cedars-Sinai Medical Center later this morning after apparently paying Christopher Hawthorne a visit.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

The name 'Tiffany Desmond' immediately pulls ADONIS out of his flashbacks.

RYAN CLARK (O.S.)

Hollywood's favorite girl-next-door just wrapped a new comedy called MANHATTAN MILF that was shooting in New York. Tiffany, of course has had an on-again, off-again relationship with Hawthorne for the past year now. However, recent rumors have indicated that they are officially splitzeville and Tiffany's actually been dating reality-TV star Tommy Timberland...

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY (ON TV)

There is amateur video footage of TIFFANY DESMOND speed-walking out the entrance to the hospital, wearing dark sunglasses and dodging the PAPARAZZI/NEWS REPORTERS.

VIDEOGRAPHER

(shouting like a
paparazzo)

Tiffany! Tiffany! How's Chris? Who do you think did it to him?!

TIFFANY looks down to the ground, hiding her face from the PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TIFFANY

I'm in shock right now.

She disappears into a black SUV as her publicist MARTY SCHWARTZ steps forward and makes the "official statement".

MARTY SCHWARTZ

She finds it deeply disturbing and tragic. Thanks, guys.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

A file-photo of TIFFANY DESMOND fills the enormous television screen.

ADONIS gazes at the image of TIFFANY DESMOND. Love streams into his eyes.

RYAN CLARK (O.S.)

Despite what happened to her ex-boyfriend, Tiffany is still scheduled to attend her autograph signing at the Hollywood Galleria tomorrow...

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. DAY

The room's walls are covered with newspaper clippings, photographs and other memorabilia from what-appears-to-be ADONIS' heyday as a Hollywood child star. Production-stills, head shots, magazine articles and product endorsements. The photographs mostly focus on the face - most everything else is either cropped out or cut off.

There are also phrases written all over the wall, like "Set the Spirit free", "Just another pretty face", "The flesh is a prison" and other things in this vein.

Making things even more freaky, there are quotes from The Book of Romans, things such as...

"There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

- Romans 8:1

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

- Romans 8:6

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

- Romans 8:13

ADONIS enters the room and walks over the dusty bedroom floor, which is littered with old, dusty toys from ADONIS' childhood. He comes to an old, wooden desk that looks like something a first-grader would sit in.

Atop the desk there is a cardboard box labeled "Tiffany" with all sorts of photos and magazine clippings in it. ADONIS rummages through the box and takes out an old VHS tape labeled "DONNIE and TIFFY go Hollywood!" Then he walks over to an old VCR and pops the tape into the machine.

A Disney-type movie pops onto the TV screen, like a Hannah Montana special or something with the Olson twins.

ADONIS sits on the edge of his bed and watches the movie.

INT. CLUBHOUSE. DAY (ON TV)

TWEEN ADONIS and TWEEN TIFFANY - ten years old or almost teenagers - are in the middle of doing a scene together in some sort of cool-looking clubhouse.

TWEEN ADONIS

We gotta go save Spunky! We just gotta!

TWEEN TIFFANY

We can't just up and go to Hollywood!

TWEEN ADONIS

Why not, what's stopping us?! We gotta go save him, Tiffy. There's not much time!

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. SAME TIME

ADONIS keeps watching the movie from the edge of his bed. The room is dark. The TV'S bluish light flickers on his deformed face.

He slowly lifts up a remote control and presses pause.

The video pauses on a close shot of TWEEN TIFFANY'S face.

ADONIS gazes at the image of TWEEN TIFFANY.

And gazes.

And gazes. There is a look of love in his eyes. Or maybe it's more than just love. It's maybe the look of obsession.

INT. HOLLYWOOD GALLERIA - IN LINE. DAY

MASSES OF TEENS AND TWEENS are in a long, slithery line extending throughout the Mall. They're holding DVDs and T-shirts and photos of TIFFANY DESMOND.

ADONIS is amidst the TWEENS in the line and he sticks out like a sore thumb. He wears a faded purple Lakers cap with the frayed brim low to his face, trying to conceal his scars and burns as much as he possibly can.

He holds a bouquet of roses and it shakes in his nervous hands.

INT. HOLLYWOOD GALLERIA - AT SIGNING TABLE. DAY

TIFFANY DESMOND sits at a table with a pile of headshots and a bottle of fancy mineral water.

An OBSESSED FAN (a thirty-year-old male with gelled hair and dark-framed glasses) is in the process of being subdued by BODYGUARDS.

OBSESSED FAN
Can you PLEASE follow me, Tiffany!

TIFFANY ignores the man.

OBSESSED FAN (CONT'D)
Please, Tiffy! Follow me on
Twitter!

The BODYGUARDS escort the OBSESSED FAN out of the store.

OBSESSED FAN (CONT'D)
(being lead away)
I'm on Instagram, too! I love
you!!!!!!!!!! Like my Facebook page!
My user name is MeNTiffany4eva!!!!
Hashtag I love you!!!!!!!!!!

The voice of the OBSESSED FAN fades as the BODYGUARDS escort him all the way out of the Mall.

A LITTLE GIRL is next in the line and she steps up to TIFFANY'S table. She's wearing a pink ribbon in her hair and a Tiffany T-shirt.

TIFFANY looks down to the LITTLE GIRL and smiles.

TIFFANY
Hi there.

The LITTLE GIRL doesn't respond. She is shy.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

LITTLE GIRL
Caaaaaaasssandraaaaaaaaaa...

TIFFANY smiles.

TIFFANY

Oh, you're so cute. What do you want to be when you grow up?

LITTLE GIRL

A movie star.

TIFFANY

It's going to happen. All you gotta do is believe.

She starts writing a personal message on one of the headshots.

INT. HOLLYWOOD GALLERIA - IN LINE. LATER

ADONIS is now only a couple people away from meeting TIFFANY DESMOND.

His eyes roam his surroundings and he sees many of the TWEENS staring at his face. His heart starts beating harder and faster as he feels more and more self-conscious by his surroundings.

Suddenly, he sees a very good-looking YOUNG MAN walk up to the autograph table, greet TIFFANY with a kiss, and sit beside her. This is TOMMY TIMBERLAND, apparently TIFFANY'S new boyfriend.

ADONIS doesn't like the sight of this young man at all. He hears the TWEENS gossiping and chatter-boxing about him.

TWEENS

(in hushed whispers)

O..M..G...it's Tommy!

They refer to their Facebook on their iPhones.

TWEENS (CONT'D)

He and Tiffany are Facebook-official now! O..M..G...they're so gorge!

ADONIS doesn't like this situation at all - not one single bit. He steps out of line and gets the hell out of there.

The TWEENS notice ADONIS leaving, raise their eyebrows, but then forget all about him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. DAY

ADONIS speed-walks down the pink and charcoal-marbled walk-of-fame. He weaves through a strange mix of people: JAPANESE TOURISTS, BUMS, METH-HEADS, SCIENTOLOGISTS, CELEBRITY IMPERSONATORS and CHARACTERS (i.e. unemployed actors dressed up as movie characters, taking photos with tourists for tips).

EXT. NEWSSTAND. DAY

The stand is located on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cherokee, one of the last remaining newsstands in the digital age.

ADONIS grabs a tabloid from off the rack outside and frantically flips through the pages. There are numerous stories about a 'celebutard' being caught without wearing any panties and another story about an actress and her cellulite.

It's not long before ADONIS gets to the page he's looking for: "TOMMY and TIFFY are Facebook Official!" screams the headline. Then, there is a big, blown-up photograph of TOMMY and TIFFANY smooching in New York's Bryant Park.

ADONIS' heart seems to snap in two as he takes a long, hard stare at the photograph. But then there is a VOICE:

IRAQI
(pointing to Adonis' face)
Were you in zee war?

It's the owner of the newsstand, an older IRAQI GENTLEMAN. ADONIS turns around but isn't really in the mood to answer.

IRAQI (CONT'D)
What was it, one of those IED's?

ADONIS just stares. He still doesn't give him an answer, but the IRAQI doesn't seem to care.

IRAQI (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ. I don't know what those assholes are doing in Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, Syria, wherever the fuck else. We got own problems right here!

ADONIS stares at him, but doesn't say anything.

IRAQI (CONT'D)

I want fucking president of United States to come down here on Hollywood Boulevard at six o'clock in zee morning and see all zee bums that are outside here on street sleeping. Is this shit what we bringing to other countries? Clean this shit up first. It's fucking horror show here!

ADONIS stares at the man a couple moments longer, but then says:

ADONIS

I know what you mean. But don't worry. A New Way's coming. Hollywood's going to change.

The IRAQI'S anger dims a bit as he finally notices the creepy look in ADONIS' eyes. He looks a little unsettled.

IRAQI

Well...I fucking hope so.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. EVENING

ADONIS perches himself atop the 'L', like before. He pages through the same tabloid magazine that he saw at the newsstand. He breaths heavily, in and out. There is anger in his chest.

Meanwhile, the sun sets on Hollywood and up rises a full California harvest moon. The sky is purple. The saggy palm trees become pretty silhouettes.

ADONIS takes another long, hard stare at the photo of TOMMY kissing TIFFANY. Then, he tears the page out of the magazine, crumples it into a ball and stuffs it into his pocket.

He leaves the Sign.

INT. CLUB BABYLON. NIGHT

"Burning in the Third degree" by TRYANGLYZ blasts out of the club speakers.

The club has an Ancient Babylonian theme going on with its interior design, very much influenced by D.W. Griffith's silent film *Intolerance*.

But - aside from the interior design - the club is a typical trendy LA nightclub with silhouettes of girls dancing on television screens, snazzy lights, fog, hip DJs wearing Fedoras, waitresses serving shots, and GIRLS sipping Raspberry Stolis, trying to dance sexily with one hand in the air.

INT. CLUB BABYLON - BY RESTROOMS. NIGHT

There is an extremely attractive Perfect-Ten model named AUTUMN standing to the side of the bathroom entrances. She's talking to a paparazzo named RON, late 40s/early 50s. He wears a white T-shirt with a black sports jacket. He also sports his sunglasses at night, kind of looking like Joey Ramone.

RON
Remember, don't make your move
until you're outside. It's gotta be
in a public place.

AUTUMN
I know the drill. You got my money?

RON
You'll be paid upon completion.

AUTUMN
Bullshit.

RON
Hey, that's the deal.

AUTUMN
Yeah, well you can find someone
else, then.

She starts to leave.

RON
Okay...okay.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a fat envelope and hands it to her.

RON (CONT'D)
Here...it's all there.

AUTUMN takes the envelope, opens it up and thumbs through a thick wad of twenties. Everything looks good to her.

RON (CONT'D)

Hey, Autumn, I gotta couple extra twenties here.

He holds up a couple of folded twenties and rubs them together like sandpaper.

RON (CONT'D)

I was thinkin' maybe we could go in the bathroom real quick...

AUTUMN

Fuck off, scumbag!

She walks off into the club.

RON

Just a blowjob!

AUTUMN gives him the middle finger without turning around and keeps walking.

RON (CONT'D)

(sneering like an eel)
Lesbian.

INT. CLUB BABYLON - VIP SECTION. NIGHT

TOMMY TIMBERLAND sits in a semi-circular booth with his entourage of friends: MATT, ROBBIE and the fat one called FRANKIE. They're all getting wasted off Jameson shots and Jeigerbombs.

ROBBIE

So, have you fucked her yet?

TOMMY

Who, Tiffy? You fuckin' kiddin' me?
Of course I fucked her.

MATT

How is it?

TOMMY

Dude, it's the worst sex I've ever had. Like humping a corpse. She doesn't even know how to kiss the right way - just rolls her tongue around in clockwise fashion and thinks it's sexy. Shit, my fuckin' grandma kisses me better than that girl!

ROBBIE
I'm tellin' ya, bro, the hotter
they are, the worse they fuck.

FRANKIE
True dat.

MATT turns to FRANKIE, knowing he's full of it.

MATT
Whada you know? You haven't gotten
laid since we got out here.

FRANKIE
Yeah I have.

MATT
Who?

FRANKIE
I flew ya mother in last night.

MATT
Fuck you.

FRANKIE
You WISH...

TOMMY
Boys, you're killing my fucking
buzz! Tonight's supposed to be a
celebration, bro. I mean, look at
this shit...

He whips out his smartphone and shows the screen to his
friends.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I have more than a million fucking
likes on Facebook now. This
relationship is the best thing that
ever happened to me, fellas.

ROBBIE
Wow, dude, I'm pretty sure you're
goin' straight ta hell.

TOMMY
Fuck it...everybody in this town's
doin' the same thing. They say
they're in love but it's all lip
service.

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 It's all about careers in this town, bro. Anybody saying otherwise is full a shit.

He reaches for his shot of whiskey.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 But enough talk. Let us drink...

He holds up his shot of whiskey and his friends do the same.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 To the new relationship...

They suck the shots down like a bunch of tough guys and slam the glasses onto the table upside down.

But, suddenly, their little party is interrupted by a VOICE.

VOICE
 Hey, aren't you Tommy Timberland?

TOMMY looks up from the table and sees AUTUMN, the Perfect-Ten model, smiling at him. His eyes immediately peruse the contours of her smoking-hot body.

FRANKIE, ROBBIE and MATT know "it's on" for their good buddy.

ROBBIE
 Uh-oh.

FRANKIE
 (quietly, so Tommy doesn't hear)
 I'd give my dick to be that guy for a night.

ROBBIE
 Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose of being him, though?

FRANKIE
 You know what I mean.

Meanwhile, TOMMY finally gets around to answering AUTUMN'S question.

TOMMY
 Yeah, I'm Tommy Timberland. Wanna sit?

AUTUMN smiles.

AUTUMN

Sure.

EXT. CLUB BABYLON - ALLEY. NIGHT

TOMMY stumbles out of a secret side exit to the club; he's giggling and wasted out of his mind. AUTUMN is giggling and hanging all over him, too. But it's all an act.

They stumble down the dirty, dark alley. As she's pretending to stumble, AUTUMN glances over her shoulder.

She sees the silhouette of a MAN lurking in the shadows.

The man is RON. He crouches down and takes cover behind a rusty dumpster. He has his 600 millimeter telephoto camera locked, loaded and ready to go. All he's waiting for is Autumn to make her move.

AUTUMN sees RON is in position and she knows what she has to do.

AUTUMN

(to Tommy)

Kiss me.

TOMMY

No, baby. What if Tiffany finds out?

AUTUMN

(pretending to look around)

Nobody's around.

TOMMY

Oh, fuck it.

He makes out with AUTUMN, hot and heavily. Lots of tongue. AUTUMN pretends to be into it, but she's clearly disgusted.

Meanwhile, RON pokes his head out from behind the dumpster and fires off the photos.

RON

(to himself)

Eaaaaasy money.

TOMMY soon breaks the kiss and AUTUMN smirks, knowing she just gave RON the best friggin' photos the sleazy paparazzo could ever ask for.

TOMMY grabs AUTUMN'S ass and tries to escort her to where his car's parked.

TOMMY
C'mon, let's go back to my place.

AUTUMN
(taking his hand off her
ass)
Um, excuse me? I'm not that kinda
girl, mister.

TOMMY
Whadaya mean you're not that kinda
girl? This is LA! Every girl's that
kinda girl!

AUTUMN
I need to be wined and dined.

TOMMY
You just made out with me!

AUTUMN
And that's all you're gonna get.

TOMMY - clearly getting pissed - grabs AUTUMN by the arm, and practically starts forcing her in the direction he wants to go.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
Don't touch me!

She breaks away from him, but he grabs her again.

She takes a canister of pepper spray out of her purse and sprays him in the eyes.

TOMMY
Agh! You bitch!!!

AUTUMN runs off.

TOMMY is infuriated.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Whore!
(ranting)
You just blew the opportunity of a
lifetime! I coulda made you rich!
Famous! I'm gonna be on Dancing
with the Stars, ya little twat!
(MORE)

You just fucked (cont'd)
 TOMMY (cont'd)
 the next
 contestant on Dancing with the
 Stars!!!

AUTUMN disappears into the night and TOMMY is left alone, stumbling down the alley, ranting and raving. He can't see where he's going so he collapses onto the pavement with his back up to the building wall.

He tries to wipe his eyes so he can see clearly. He's not completely positive, but there seems to be a man hovering over him now. A shadow. Then he hears a sound that sounds like the shaking of a can...the rattling of an aerosol can. But his vision is still blurry, so he's not sure.

Whoever's there sprays TOMMY down with what-Tommy-thinks is more pepper spray, but it's really hairspray...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Agh, you back for more, bitch?! I
 know people who can have you
 killed!

Sssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss. There's the sound of gas seeping. It's at this point that TOMMY realizes it may not be AUTUMN.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Who's there?

He keeps on trying to wipe his eyes clean, but the shadow in front of him is still blurry. And then there is the sound of...

FLINT!

Sssssssssssssss.

FLINT!

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Who's fucking there?!!

Wooooooooooooosh. The shadowy man apparently has a blowtorch! And this man with a blowtorch is currently in the process of burning TOMMY'S face off. Indeed, this man is ADONIS.

TOMMY'S not quite sure what's happening to him, but he knows it doesn't feel good.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Aaaaaaggggggghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

EXT. CLUB BABYLON. MORNING

News Reporter AMELIA SANTIAGO reports live from outside the club.

AMELIA SANTIAGO

(into microphone)

Amelia Santiago reporting live outside Club Babylon where Reality TV star Tommy Timberland was viciously attacked by an unknown assailant. Though there is no confirmed connection, the attack was strikingly similar to the Christopher Hawthorne assault that occurred only two nights ago.

The news report cuts to an interview with DETECTIVE MALONE.

AMELIA SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

(into microphone)

Detective, is there any connection between this assault and what happened to Christopher Hawthorne?

MALONE

(into microphone)

No definite connections can be drawn at this time. Mr. Timberland was extremely intoxicated when the paramedics arrived and he didn't remember anything that happened to him.

AMELIA SANTIAGO

Is there a reason why this happened to both Tiffany Desmonds' ex-boyfriend and now her current boyfriend?

MALONE

We can't speculate on that right now. We're currently searching for some witnesses who may be able to shed light on the situation.

INT. DR. SIMONS HOUSE - KITCHEN. SAME TIME

It's a nice Beverly Hills home. Paintings on the walls and sculptures on the shelves.

Granite counters and stainless steel refrigerator. Pots and colanders hanging from the ceiling. The works.

DR. SIMONS - all dressed up and ready to go to work - sits at the kitchen table watching the news report on a widescreen TV mounted on a nearby wall. He is completely engrossed in what he's watching.

His WIFE - sitting across from him at the table - sees her husband transfixed with the story and senses something may be wrong.

WIFE

What's wrong, honey?

DR. SIMONS

Huh? Oh, it's...um...nothing. We should probably start locking up, though. Looks like there's a crazy one on the loose.

The news returns to the NEWS ANCHOR in the TV studio.

INT. NEWS STUDIO. SAME TIME

A NEWS ANCHOR who looks like BARBIE flashes her bleach-white teeth into the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news, firefighters are still battling countless wildfires today, but so far most of the fires have not been extinguished or even contained. Hundreds of families find themselves homeless as the fires burn their way through Northern LA County.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY. MORNING

TIFFANY DESMOND comes running down the corridor and bursts into one of the rooms.

INT. HOSPITAL - TOMMY'S ROOM. MORNING

TIFFANY busts into the room and sees...

TOMMY...in bed. He's wearing a johnny and his face is wrapped in gauze, kind of making him look like a mummy.

There are also two detectives in the room: Detective CARL MALONE and his partner HENDERSON stand over the bed.

TIFFANY
(shocked by the sight of
Tommy)
Oh, baby!

TOMMY
(unable to see)
Tiffy, that you?!

TIFFANY
I came as soon as I heard!

TOMMY
Oh, babes, I'm so glad you're here.

MALONE and HENDERSON give the couple some space. TIFFANY runs beside the bed and holds his hand.

TIFFANY
Who did this to you?

TOMMY
I have no idea. I don't really remember a thing. I was just out with the guys, having a cupla drinks, and suddenly I'm in the hospital with my face burnt off! I musta been drugged or something!

TIFFANY
They'll find who did this. I'll make sure of it.

MALONE clears his throat, making his presence known.

MALONE
Miss Desmond...excuse me, my name's Detective Malone and this here's my partner Detective Henderson.

TIFFANY
Please tell me you guys have a lead.

MALONE
We're stuck right now, Miss Desmond. Can you think of anybody...anyone at all who woulda done this?

TIFFANY

No. Absolutely not.

MALONE

Do you have any jealous ex-boyfriends out there? Stalkers? Restraining orders on anyone?

TIFFANY

None that I know of.

MALONE looks at HENDERSON. HENDERSON looks at MALONE. They seem to almost be communicating telepathically with one another.

HENDERSON

Miss Desmond, I'm a really big fan, by the way, so I apologize in advance for asking this question...but where were you last night?

TIFFANY is completely taken aback by such a question.

TIFFANY

Are you kidding me? You think these tears are fake?

TOMMY starts squawking from his bed.

TOMMY

How dare you suggest my Tiffy did this! Nobody talks to my baby-cakes like that!!

HENDERSON

We just have to ask.

TIFFANY

I was asleep in my condo. Eight-hundred Sunset Tower.

HENDERSON

Can anybody confirm that?

TIFFANY

Just about ever security camera in my building can confirm that. I can't leave or enter the place without it being on camera. That place has more security than the White House.

HENDERSON

Again, we just had to ask. This is the second victim who you have some sort of...association with.

TIFFANY

Do you think this all has something to do with me?

MALONE

We don't know. It's probably more a coincidence. But, just in case, you may wanna be a little extra cautious. Lock up well. Maybe have a bodyguard if you're out in public...that kinda thing.

TIFFANY

Please catch who did this.

MALONE

We'll do everything we can

MALONE and HENDERSON leave. TIFFANY sits beside the hospital bed, holds TOMMY'S hand and continues to comfort him.

TOMMY

Oh, fuck my life! What's a star without a face? My career is over!

TIFFANY

It's all right, baby. Everything's gonna be OK.

TOMMY

Thanks, hun...I'm so lucky to have a girlfriend like you. I'm really gonna need your support right now during this difficult time.

Suddenly, TIFFANY hears a little chime noise in her purse. It's her smartphone alerting her that she has a new text message.

She reaches into her purse, pulls out the smartphone and checks the message. It's a text message from a girlfriend saying: "Go to TMZ NOW!!!"

TIFFANY

(to herself)

Oh, boy, what now???

TOMMY
What's wrong, babsicles?

TIFFANY
TMZ trouble.

TOMMY
Beaver shot? Hee hee.

TIFFANY
Gross. No. There shouldn't be...

TIFFANY hits a few buttons on her Iphone, pulls up TMZ and all she has to do is read the first headline: "Tommy cheating on Tiffany?" She scrolls down a bit and there is a grainy photograph - zoomed in nice and close - where TOMMY'S making out with the Perfect-Ten model AUTUMN. TIFFANY doesn't have to see any more. She slams TOMMY'S hand down on the bed, grabs her purse and starts running the hell out of the room.

TIFFANY
Fucking scumbag!

TOMMY - blindfolded with the gauze - doesn't know what hell's going on.

TOMMY
Huh? Wha?

TIFFANY
Good luck with your new face!

She storms out of the room.

TOMMY
What are you talking about? Baby-luv, wait...

She's already gone.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What happened?

INT. POLICE STATION - MALONE'S OFFICE. DAY

The office is a small room with awards/certificates covering the walls, Venetian-blinded windows, and also sporadic family photographs.

DETECTIVE MALONE sits at his desk, analyzing some photographs taken at both the CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE and TOMMY TIMBERLAND crime scenes.

He takes out some Jack Daniels and pours a double-shot into a glass.

MALONE'S especially disgusted by the close shots of CHRISTOPHER and TOMMY'S melted faces.

MALONE
(to himself)
Dear God. What the hell's happening
in this world?

He takes a swig of the whiskey and swallows it whole.

HENDERSON enters the office abruptly and MALONE has to hide the whiskey.

HENDERSON
Well, I got some good news and some
bad news.

MALONE
The bad news?

HENDERSON
We checked the security tapes from
Tiffany's building.

MALONE
And?

HENDERSON
She was at her condo all night. We
also confirmed that with the
security guard there.

MALONE
Ok. What's the good news?

HENDERSON
We got another lead. Look at this
article...

HENDERSON hands MALONE his smartphone. MALONE takes it and doesn't know how to use it.

MALONE
What am I supposed to do with this?

HENDERSON

Just drag your finger along the screen.

MALONE tries doing what he's told, but he's clearly not used to working with smartphone technology and it's awkward.

MALONE

Whatever happened to a newspaper?

He drags down the screen and sees a bunch of paparazzi photos.

MALONE (CONT'D)

What the hell am I looking at here?

HENDERSON

Tommy Timberland was last seen with a model named Autumn Harrington.

MALONE

Why didn't Tommy tell us this?

HENDERSON

Probably didn't want Tiffany to find out.

MALONE

(sighing)

All right, then. Let's go find Autumn Harrington.

He gets up from his chair and the two DETECTIVES leave the office.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO. DAY

AUTUMN is doing a photo shoot in a sexy bikini on a set designed to look like she's outside on the beach somewhere.

A flaky BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHER with pink hair and a studded leather belt snaps one photo after another.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's great, Autumn. Beautiful!

He keeps snapping shots.

Suddenly, the photo session is interrupted by the presence of MALONE and HENDERSON, whom have both just entered. AUTUMN sees them and she loses all her composure.

The PHOTOGRAPHER'S back is turned to the detectives and he doesn't know what's going on.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(to Autumn)
What's wrong?

He turns around and sees the men.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Oh. Can I help you, gentlemen?

MALONE
(to Autumn)
Miss Harrington?

AUTUMN is clearly nervous.

AUTUMN
Ye-yes.

MALONE
Can we have a word with you,
please?

AUTUMN
Um, yeah, sure.

MALONE
(looking at the
photographer)
In private.

The PHOTOGRAPHER gets the hint and goes into his office.

AUTUMN
(to Malone)
What's this all about?

MALONE
I think you know what this is
about.

AUTUMN
Huh?

MALONE
We have photos that prove you were
last seen with Tommy Timberland
last night...

AUTUMN
Oh...um...yeah...

MALONE

You do realize what happened to him?

AUTUMN

Yeah, I heard. But I didn't even know it was him at the time. He was just some guy I met. He walked me out of the club, and I took off. Whatever happened, it happened after I left.

She scratches her nose, folds her arms, unfolds her arms and, overall, looks rather nervous.

MALONE and HENDERSON give each other a look, knowing full-well that she isn't saying everything she knows.

MALONE

You're acting awfully nervous, Miss Harrington. You got something else you wanna tell us?

AUTUMN

Na-no. That's all that happened. That's the story.

MALONE

Hmmm...well, why don't we take a ride downtown and see if that story changes at all.

AUTUMN

Wha-why? I haven't done anything.

MALONE

I've been interrogating criminals for more than thirty years, Miss Harrington. I can read people like a book. Your body language alone is giving us all the probable cause we need. Please put your hands behind your back.

AUTUMN

What, no wait!

MALONE and HENDERSON hold off for a moment.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

All right, no, I'm not telling you everything.

(MORE)

AUTUMN (cont'd)
 Look, I was paid a parazzo to be seen...kissing Tommy Timberland in public. So he could get some stupid photos that would make him money.

MALONE

What else?

AUTUMN

That's it. I kissed him, he wanted to take me home, I said 'no', he got rough with me and I pepper-sprayed him. Then I got the hell out of there. That's all I know, I swear. I checked with a lawyer. I did nothing that's illegal.

MALONE looks at HENDERSON and HENDERSON seems to believe what she just said.

HENDERSON

So you set him up?

AUTUMN

Look, nobody was twisting his arm. He kissed me out of his own free will.

HENDERSON

Why would you do something like that? For a little money?

AUTUMN

It was either that or start doing porn in the Valley...

HENDERSON

How much are we talkin' here? A couple hundred bucks?

AUTUMN

(sneering)

Try like a few thousand.

HENDERSON

And how much did the photos end up selling for?

AUTUMN

I don't know. You'd have to ask Ron.

HENDERSON

Ron?

AUTUMN

The photographer who took the photos.

MALONE studies TIFFANY'S body language, trying to determine whether he can believe one word she's telling them.

MALONE

Where can we find this Ron?

AUTUMN

Down on Skid Row.

MALONE

What?

AUTUMN

I mean in one of those new lofts. Y'know...the ones all the yuppies are moving into.

MALONE keeps studying AUTUMN'S eyes.

AUTUMN feels a little uncomfortable.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Are we done here? I'm kinda busy.

MALONE keeps staring at her.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(repeating what she said before)

I did nothing wrong. My lawyer said everything's legal.

MALONE senses the attitude in her voice and can't help but make one more last comment:

MALONE

(to Autumn)

You know, Miss Harrington...you might have a pretty face but I can see through people like you and you know what I see beyond that pretty little face?

AUTUMN

What's that?

MALONE
One ugly goddamn soul.

AUTUMN
(almost with a smug smirk)
But it's the face that makes me the
money, isn't it? That's all that
really matters in this town.

MALONE
(shivering with disgust)
C'mon, Henderson. Let's go down to
Skid Row where the shit doesn't
stink so bad.

He and HENDERSON leave.

MALONE (CONT'D)
Good day, ma'am.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL. DAY

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

The apartment door opens about as far as the chain lock will allow it. The greasy face belonging to RON appears in the crack to the door. He looks like he's been up all night doing bumps of coke.

RON
Who is it?

MALONE and HENDERSON are in the hallway.

MALONE
Detectives Carl Malone and Brian
Henderson.

RON
Whadaya want?

MALONE
To ask you a few questions.

RON
Can I refuse?

MALONE
Why would you want to do that?

RON
I'm fucking tired, that's why.

MALONE

It'll only look suspicious.

RON

(rolling his eyes)

Agh, fuck me!

Ron shuts the door, unlatches the chain and reopens the door.

RON (CONT'D)

Come in.

MALONE and HENDERSON enter the apartment.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON enter the loft. The walls are lined with some of Ron's finest paparazzi work and the floors are littered with surfboards, guitars, photo albums and other framed photos that Ron has yet to find a place for. The entire back wall of the loft is essentially comprised of large windows that provide an unobstructed view out to concrete, barbed-wire fences, dirty-looking palm trees, rusty shopping carriages and bums.

RON cranks open one of the windows a crack, lights a cigarette and takes puffs out of it.

RON

(taking a whiff of the air
outside)

Gotta love the smell of piss and
shit in the morning...

HENDERSON

Morning? It's about two in the
afternoon...

RON

My morning.

He takes another drag.

RON (CONT'D)

So how can I help you gentlemen?

HENDERSON

We wanna know what you did after
you took the photos...

RON

What photos?

HENDERSON
Of Tommy and Autumn.

RON
Of who?

MALONE
Cut the crap. We know you took
those photos of Tommy Timberland.
We just spoke to Autumn Harrington.
Where'd you go afterwards?

RON takes a long drag from his cigarette. He knows the jig is up.

RON
I went home.

HENDERSON
And then?

RON
Photoshopped the photos a bit.

HENDERSON
And then?

RON
Emailed them to TMZ.

HENDERSON
And?

RON
And then I went to fucking sleep.

MALONE
That's it?

RON
That's it.

MALONE and HENDERSON stare at him in silence for a moment.

RON (CONT'D)
Look, I have no beef with Tommy
Timberland. Why would I want to
fuck him up like that? I got my
photos and I left. It's just rotten
luck on my part that he got all
fucked up right after I left.

MALONE studies RON'S body language like he did with AUTUMN.

RON (CONT'D)

If you guys got evidence I
blowtorched Tommy's face, I wanna
see it. Otherwise, I've got things
to do...

MALONE and HENDERSON give each other a look. MALONE gives his
partner a nod.

MALONE

Thank you for your time, Mr...

RON

(smirking like a sleeze-
ball)

Ron, just Ron.

HENDERSON

That your real name?

RON

Fuck no. It's my paparazzi name.

HENDERSON

Why the paparazzi name?

RON

It's like doing porn. We're too
ashamed to use our real name.

HENDERSON

Then why do it?

RON

Cuz it makes us a lotta fucking
money.

MALONE

C'mon Henderson. We don't have time
for this shit.

MALONE and HENDERSON start to leave, but RON jumps up from
his smoking window.

RON

Wait!

MALONE and HENDERSON turn around.

RON creeps closer to the detectives and lowers his voice to a
whisper, as though somebody could overhear him, but obviously
nobody's around but the detectives.

RON (CONT'D)

Do you guys have access to the pictures of Tommy's face? I mean after it just happened.

MALONE

What?

RON

We're talking tens of thousands of dollars here. I can make you gentlemen rich.

MALONE

I would shut up now before we arrest you for bribery.

RON

(looking sheepish)

Ok...

EXT. SKID ROW. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON exit the apartment building and head for their Crown Vic parked on Skid Row. Skid Row is filled with the usual LOST SOULS - CRACK HEADS, BUMS, PROSTITUTES etc.

HENDERSON

Did you believe a word he was saying?

MALONE

He's a scumbag, but I don't think he did it. If he had any involvement he wouldn't be stupid enough to sell photos to a tabloid that placed him right at the scene of the crime.

HENDERSON

Yeah, I think you're right. Ok, so Ron's out for now. We ruled out Tiffany and Autumn. They're out. So now what???

MALONE

Don't know. We may just have to wait 'til he strikes again and hope this psycho slips up somehow. Let's just hope whoever gets it next, deserves it.

HENDERSON

In this town the chances of that
are pretty good.

MALONE

No shit, huh?

They hop into their unmarked Crown Victoria.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - PARKED ON STREET. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON settle themselves in their car. MALONE is about to start the engine, but he looks out the window and takes a moment to study all the Skid Row riff-raff (i.e. HOOKERS, ADDICTS, PUSHERS, BUMS) and hesitates.

He holds off starting the engine and sighs.

MALONE

Henderson...

HENDERSON

Yeah?

MALONE

You ever wonder what the point is?

HENDERSON

Huh?

MALONE

We spend all this time catching one
nut-job and three more are born
that same day. There's no stopping
the madness.

HENDERSON

It's not about stopping it. It's
about containing it. That's our
job.

MALONE

But where's the satisfaction? I've
been doing this job thirty years
and nothing's changed. What's the
point?

HENDERSON

(sighing and shrugging his
shoulders)
What's the point of ANYTHING in
this world?

(MORE)

It's a way to make a living. That's
 the way I look at it.

MALONE

Yeah, I guess you're right. It's a
 job...

MALONE starts the engine and drives off.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. DAY

ADONIS sits in the dark at his computer. The TV is on in the
 background. "DONNIE and TIFFY GO HOLLYWOOD" is playing again.

ADONIS clicks on TIFFANY DESMOND'S Facebook page and scrolls
 down to her relationship status.

Single.

The word gets bigger.

And even bigger.

SINGLE.

He opens up a new page, clicks, types in a website address,
 then clicks again...

A tabloid website pops up (something like TMZ). There is a
 story about how TOMMY was seen with the Perfect-Ten model and
 how he and TIFFANY are now "Splitzville".

ADONIS seems pleased with what he sees. He swivels in his
 computer chair and resumes watching the "Go Hollywood" movie
 on the TV. It's the same scene that was playing before...

TWEEN ADONIS

We gotta go save Spunky! We just
 gotta!

TWEEN TIFFANY

We can't just up and go to
 Hollywood!

TWEEN ADONIS

Why not, what's stopping us?! We
 gotta go save him, Tiffy. There's
 not much time!

ADONIS pauses the movie on a close shot of his face.

He takes a good look at his face, staring and staring at
 it...

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WAITING ROOM. DAY (FLASHBACK)

MARILYN frantically tries to apply makeup to TWEEN ADONIS' face, which is now burnt, scarred and deformed.

TWEEN ADONIS is practically in tears because Marilyn's rubbing it in so hard.

BURT paces the floor in front of them.

BURT

What are you doing, Marilyn? That's only making him look worse.

MARILYN

Well, what else am I supposed to do?

BURT

You're using the wrong shade. Try something darker.

MARILYN

Know what? If you're such an expert on makeup, why don't you try it, then?

She throws the makeup at her husband's chest.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY (FLASHBACK)

TWO PRODUCERS and a CASTING DIRECTOR sit behind a desk covered with water bottles, scripts and some headshots. There is also a video camera mounted on a tripod.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Next up is...

She scrolls her hand down the page.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(with fake enthusiasm)

...Oh, it's...um...Adonis.

BURT and MARILYN bring TWEEN ADONIS to the front of the camera.

The CASTING DIRECTOR looks up from her paper and takes a good look at TWEEN ADONIS. Her smile fades for a couple seconds when she sees how messed up TWEEN ADONIS' face is.

But since the smile is fake to begin with, she's easily able to fake it again.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Of, hi, Adonis. How arrrrrrre
youuuuuu???

TWEEN ADONIS

Good.

CASTING DIRECTOR

So great to see you working again.
You're amazing, such an
inspiration. Whenever you're ready,
honey.

TWEEN ADONIS takes a deep breath and gives it a go:

TWEEN ADONIS

(reciting a line)

I'd like some sprinkles on that,
mister...um...mister...

He seems to have forgotten the line. BURT leans into TWEEN ADONIS' ear and whispers...

BURT

Arbogast.

TWEEN ADONIS

Arbogast!

MARILYN and BURT roll their eyes in disappointment.

The PRODUCERS give each other awkward looks, but keep smiling.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Wow, Adonis, that was amazing!
Thanks so much for coming in. We'll
be in touch!

TWEEN ADONIS knows he doesn't have a chance in hell of getting the part.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY (FLASHBACK)

MARILYN and BURT walk TWEEN ADONIS out of the office.

MARILYN

(keeping her voice low)

You didn't say it the way we told
you, Adonis.

(MORE)

"I'd like ~~MARILYN~~ ^{MARILYN} (cont'd) that, Mr. Arbogast!" You didn't articulate your 'R's' well enough.

BURT
Come on, Marilyn. You know that's not why he didn't get the part!

MARILYN
No, Burt I don't! Maybe you know something I don't know!

BURT grabs TWEEN ADONIS' shoulders and forcefully turns him around, practically stuffing his face into MARILYN'S.

BURT
Look at him!

MARILYN tries to look away.

BURT (CONT'D)
Look!!!

MARILYN, again, tries to keep her eyes away, but BURT makes it impossible for her to do so.

BURT (CONT'D)
This isn't the face you see in movies, Marilyn!!!

TWEEN ADONIS is in tears.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. DAY (END OF FLASHBACK)

ADONIS - dozing off in the chair - awakens from his "dream" with a sudden jerk. He's sweating and seems frazzled.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY

MARILYN lies on the couch, gazing up to the Inside Entertainment News on the widescreen television.

RYAN CLARK
(on TV)
Billy Daniels is not only one of the highest paid child actors in the business, he's one of the highest paid actors...PERIOD!

Footage of BILLY DANIELS comes onto the screen. He is adorable and about the age Justin Bieber was when he was first getting famous.

ADONIS - coming from down the hall - appears in the shadows and moves closer and closer into the room.

RYAN CLARK (CONT'D)

Billy's new movie "Field Trip" will premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater tomorrow night and we'll be there providing you with live coverage of the event. Billy - along with his costar Tiffany Desmond - will be in attendance.

The name "TIFFANY DESMOND" obviously gets ADONIS' attention. He looks away from his mother and up to the TV screen.

RYAN CLARK (CONT'D)

If you're in Los Angeles and plan on attending the event, please be advised that there will be heightened security. After last week's riots during the DJ T-Money parade, Hollywood Station said it's not taking any chances on the boulevard...

ADONIS keeps watching the news.

RYAN CLARK (CONT'D)

When we return...SHOCKING NEW details of the Tommy Timberlake assault. Does Los Angeles have a serial *Blow-torturer* on its hands?

RYAN CLARK smirks at the camera because he came up with such a clever pun.

RYAN CLARK (CONT'D)

All this and more, right here on the Inside Entertainment News Network. The only channel giving you Entertainment News twenty-four hours a day...

ADONIS leaves the room.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER. EVENING

It's a grand, red carpet premiere.

Hundreds of FANS are behind waist-high steel barriers, trying to catch a glimpse of a MOVIE STAR. SECURITY GUARDS and LAPD are basically all over the place.

ADONIS is among the FANS. He holds a bouquet of roses in his hand and looks weird/out-of-place.

Most of the FANS have digital cameras and smartphones and Ipods and a bunch of other devices that can record video or at least take photos.

ADONIS, however, has nothing. He just stands with his arms to his side, staring towards the red carpet.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER - RED CARPET. EVENING

A limousine pulls up to the red carpet. The door opens. Out comes BILLY DANIELS, about 13 or 14 years old, wearing the most fashionable clothing and looking like a stud.

The FANS erupt in cheers and screams.

FANS

Billy! Over here, Billy! Marry me,
Billy! Billy, Jesus loves you!!!

BILLY smiles for the cameras, waves to the FANS and makes his way down the red carpet.

BILLY'S MOM exits the limousine behind her son. She's dressed in fur and draped in jewelry.

She makes her way down the red carpet as well.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Mrs. Daniels! Mrs. Daniels!!!!
Over here, Mrs. Daniels!!!

She basks in all the attention, enjoying it even more than BILLY is.

ADONIS pushes his way through the crowd of FANS. He eventually makes his way to one of the steel barriers and gets a better look at BILLY.

BILLY catches a glimpse of ADONIS. The look of the man with the creepy face makes him feel uncomfortable.

ADONIS stares at BILLY.

BILLY looks away, but then he gives one more glance to ADONIS.

ADONIS keeps staring at BILLY.

BILLY is still creeped out.

But at this point the FANS scream like a banshee and ADONIS' attention is diverted towards another limo that has just pulled up to the red carpet. TIFFANY exits the limo.

FANS

Tiffany! Over here, Tiffany! Marry me, Tiffany! Jesus loves you! Accept him as your savior!!!

TIFFANY - dressed in a lovely evening gown - strolls down the red carpet, smiling for the PHOTOGRAPHERS. She's surrounded by BODYGUARDS.

ADONIS stares at her in admiration. He awkwardly holds his bouquet of roses higher into the air, trying to get her attention. Then he starts saying her name...

ADONIS

Tiff...Tiffany...

His voice is shy and soft, but then it grows a little louder.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Tiffany. Tiffany!

His shouts are nowhere loud or assertive enough. TIFFANY walks right past him unseen.

BILLY and TIFFANY are escorted up onto a little stage in the middle of the theater forecourt. The Honorary MAYOR of Hollywood waits for them up there. He has a microphone and is going to interview the two stars in front of the crowd of fans.

BILLY is in the hot seat first.

MAYOR

(into microphone)
How does it feel to be here tonight, Billy?

BILLY

(into microphone)
It's pretty amazing.

MAYOR

What was it like working with Tiffany Desmond?!

BILLY

It was really amazing.

MAYOR

Anything you wanna say to your fans?

BILLY

You're all amazing.

The FANS scream like a banshee. And then they start chanting something...

FANS

Do..the..dance. Do...the...dance.
Do..the...dance...

MAYOR

(humoring the fans)

Can you do the dance for us, Billy?

BILLY does some silly dance for the FANS and the PHOTOGRAPHERS - something he made popular in one of his past movies.

The FANS scream and the cameras flash like crazy, creating a disorienting strobe effect.

BILLY finishes doing the dance and the MAYOR interviews TIFFANY.

MAYOR

(to Tiffany, into microphone)

What was it like working with Billy?

TIFFANY

(into microphone)

He's an amazing actor and an amazing kid. So professional and, yeah, just amazing.

MAYOR

Any chance you'll be working with him again?

TIFFANY

Well, it's funny you mention that...

She turns to the FANS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I have an exciting announcement to make.

The FANS hush up.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I'd like to be the first to announce that there will be another two sequels for FIELD TRIP. There's going to be a FIELD TRIP TWO and THREE.

The FANS scream.

Then TIFFANY and BILLY pose for a photo in front of a large, six-sheet poster that says "FIELD TRIP TWO AND THREE COMING SOON!!!".

TIFFANY leans down to BILLY'S height and gives him a kiss on the cheek. The cameras flash like crazy. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

ADONIS stands behind the steel barriers amidst the FANS.

He stares at BILLY with his eerie eyes. There is a clear look of anger and jealousy in them.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - HALLWAY. NIGHT

It is a dark hallway, echoey and vacuous. It seems haunted, complete with a feeling that exudes imminent doom.

There are ghostly echoes coming from somewhere deep within the mansion - violent gunfire and explosions. They are sound effects from a video game.

There is warm, orange light spilling out a door at the far end of the hallway. The noises seem to be coming from this room.

A shadow of a man steps into the foreground, breathing heavily. It's ADONIS.

He creeps his way down the hallway.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT

BILLY has what-seems-like the entire FAO Schwarz store in his bedroom. Enormous stuffed animals. A huge Lego city. The best model trains. Arcade games. Skee ball. And, of course, a humongous widescreen television with every video game console a kid could desire.

BILLY sits in a beanbag and plays the latest "Grand Theft Auto 8". He's running around the streets of Los Angeles with an AK47, shooting at random people.

His eyes look pretty stoned as they look up to the giant television screen. He presses pause and takes a toke from a steaming bowl of weed. Then, he resumes playing the game.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - HALLWAY. NIGHT

ADONIS opens up a fuse-box in the hallway and finds one of the breakers labeled 'bedrooms'.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT

BILLY'S room goes dark. The TV screen goes blank. All power is lost.

BILLY

Ah, shit.

He slams the controller down to the carpet.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(shouting into the
mansion)

Mom!!!

There is no answer.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Mom!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - POOL ROOM. NIGHT

There is a small, heated pool and a jacuzzi. MRS. DANIELS is in the jacuzzi, relaxing with some sort of beauty mask on her face. The jets are on full-blast so she can't hear BILLY'S calls.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT

BILLY runs over to a wall, presses a button and yells into an intercom.

BILLY

(into intercom)

Mom!!!! Mom!!!!

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - POOL ROOM. NIGHT

The jets are so loud in the jacuzzi that MRS. DANIELS can't even hear the intercom.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT

BILLY tries the intercom a few more times.

BILLY
 (into intercom)
 Mom!! Mom!!!!

But it's no use. He's not getting any response. He heads out of his room.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - HALLWAY. NIGHT

The hall is very dark now but faintly lit with some pale, blue moonlight spilling in from various places. BILLY'S shadow comes out of his room and moves down the hallway.

BILLY sees that the fuse box is open and goes to check it out.

He takes a lighter out of his pocket and tries to light it so he can see what he's doing. But all the lighter does is spark. It seems to be low on fluid.

He tries to work the lighter again and again, when suddenly...there is the sound of...

Sssssssssssssssssssssss.

And then.

Flint!

Flint!

Woooooooosh...BILLY now has all the light he needs, because ADONIS has just fired up his blowtorch. In fact, BILLY is blinded by the light.

BILLY
 Aaaagh!

He backs away from the torch, squinting his eyes from the brightness of the flame.

He's basically half-blind right now, but he can make out a man behind the light and the man seems to be wearing a welder's mask.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Who are you?!

Behind the mask, ADONIS' voice sounds Darth Vader-like or maybe like an astronaut.

ADONIS

I am the man who's going to wake you up.

BILLY

Wha-what?!

ADONIS

Right now, you think the whole world loves you. But that love is conditional.

He moves closer to BILLY with the blowtorch.

BILLY takes a few more steps back.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Soon you'll see the world for what it really is. And you'll discover what TRUE love is.

ADONIS lunges after BILLY.

But BILLY runs the hell out of there.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT

BILLY runs into his room.

ADONIS chases after him.

BILLY jumps into a tube-slide built into the wall.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - IN THE TUBE SLIDE. NIGHT

BILLY slides down the slide. It weaves its way down the various floors of the mansion.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - KITCHEN. NIGHT

BILLY comes tumbling out of the slide and waits a moment to see if ADONIS is coming down after him. There's no sign of him, so he gets the hell out of there.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - FOYER. NIGHT

BILLY runs into the elegant marble foyer and heads right for the door. But he has to screech to a stop when he sees that somebody's blocking his way out.

It's ADONIS, still sporting his welder's mask. Ssssssssss. Flint! Woooooosh. ADONIS fires the blowtorch back up and comes after him.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The dining room has a long, oak table with candelabras and shelves of first-edition books but - more notably - there is a thick, fiberglass floor that sees through to the indoor pool in the basement below.

BILLY runs into the room, drops to his knees and pounds on the fiberglass.

BILLY
Mom! Mom!!!!

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - POOL ROOM. NIGHT

The jets are so loud in the jacuzzi that MRS. DANIELS still can't hear her son screaming.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - DINING ROOM. NIGHT

BILLY keeps pounding on the glass, but it's no use. His mother can't hear him. He looks behind him.

ADONIS has entered the room and the blowtorch is still lit.

BILLY grabs a chair from the dining room table and throws it at ADONIS' legs. ADONIS trips and nearly falls to the floor.

BILLY is able to get out of the room.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - SPIRAL STAIRCASE. NIGHT

BILLY runs down a spiral staircase.

ADONIS is not far behind him.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - HOME MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT

BILLY runs into the theater, which has about a dozen leather recliners and a seventy-five-foot movie screen.

He runs to the back of the theater where there is another exit, as if it were an emergency exit in a regular movie theater.

ADONIS chases after him.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - GYM. NIGHT

BILLY runs through a personal gym and fitness center, complete with all sorts of treadmills and other exercise machines.

ADONIS chases after BILLY.

BILLY grabs the biggest weight he can lift and chucks it at ADONIS. But he can't throw the weight far enough and it lands on the floor before it even gets close to Adonis.

BILLY runs out of the gym, gasping for breath.

ADONIS follows.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - AT DOOR TO POOL ROOM. NIGHT

BILLY comes running up to the door and begins to open it, but it gets slammed back shut with a hand that isn't his own.

BILLY
(screaming)
Mom! Mom!!!

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - POOL ROOM. NIGHT

MRS. DANIELS - still soaking in the jacuzzi - can't hear her son calling for her.

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - AT DOOR TO POOL ROOM. NIGHT

BILLY turns around and sees ADONIS right in front of him. Before he can let out another blood-curdling scream, he gets sprayed with hairspray. Much of it blinds his eyes and goes down his throat, making him cough.

Woooooosh! The blowtorch flame grows!!!

BILLY
Aaaaagggggghhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

INT. BILLY DANIELS' MANSION - POOL ROOM. NIGHT

MRS. DANIELS is living the dream, soaking it up in the jacuzzi. But, finally, she hears a dim scream over the jets. She flips a switch, turns the jets off and the scream is even louder now.

She scurries out of the jacuzzi, trots over to the door, opens it...

And a small body plops into the room.

It's BILLY and his face is melted like a cheese pizza.

MRS. DANIELS
(horrorified)
Oh, my God! Billy!!!!!!!!!!

INT. HOSPITAL - BILLY'S ROOM. DAY

BILLY sits upright in his hospital bed, looking similar to how Tommy Timberland did. There is gauze all around his face.

BILLY
They're gonna be able to fix it,
aren't they, mom?

MRS. DANIELS sits in a chair beside him, holding a cup of ginger ale up to his face so he can sip some liquids through a straw.

MRS. DANIELS
Oh, sure, honey. Don't worry:
everything's gonna be OK.

A DOCTOR enters the room and he has a very serious look on his face.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Daniels, can I speak to you in private for a moment?

MRS. DANIELS

Oh, sure.

(to Billy)

I'll be right back, honey.

MRS. DANIELS follows the DOCTOR out of the room and into the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY. DAY

The DOCTOR and MRS. DANIELS step out into the hallway.

MRS. DANIELS

All right, doctor. Let's cut to the chase: what are we lookin' at here?

DOCTOR

The truth, Mrs. Daniels??

MRS. DANIELS nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

His face is never gonna be the same again.

MRS. DANIELS turns as pale as a ghost.

MRS. DANIELS

I don't believe you. I thought science could work wonders these days.

DOCTOR

The best that could be done is a face transplant, but even then...it wouldn't be his face anymore...and it would still look rather deformed.

MRS. DANIELS

He's a movie star, dammit. He needs his face.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Mrs. Daniels.

MRS. DANIELS grabs hold of her diamond necklace, as though worried that it's all going to be taken away from her.

INT. HOSPITAL - FURTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON march swiftly down the hall. HENDERSON is on his smartphone.

HENDERSON
(into phone)
OK, thank you, Tiffany.

He ends the phone call.

MALONE
What did she have to say?

HENDERSON
She still has no idea who it could be.

MALONE
Is she secure at her condo?

HENDERSON
She said she had to go into the studio but she's safe. I guess she has some meetings going on...she said something about contractual obligations...screen tests, I dunno...her cell phone was dropping in and out.

MALONE
What?

HENDERSON
She said they were important.

MALONE
And her safety isn't?

He shrugs his shoulders.

HENDERSON
She said she was safe. Who knows...maybe these assaults have nothing to do with her...maybe it's all just a coincidence.

MALONE
Billy Daniels is the third victim we can link to Tiffany. Two's a goddamn coincidence. Three's goddamn not.

HENDERSON

But the other two were
boyfriends...he's just a costar.

MALONE

It doesn't matter. Somebody out
there can't stand to see anybody
closer to Tiffany than they are.
It's pretty clear now that Tiffany
Desmond has a stalker.

MALONE and HENDERSON arrive at Billy's room where MRS.
DANIELS and the DOCTOR are still conversing.

MALONE

Mrs. Daniels...

MRS. DANIELS

Yes...

MALONE shows her his badge.

MALONE

My name's Detective Malone. And
this here's my partner Detective
Henderson.

HENDERSON nods.

MALONE (CONT'D)

We'd like to ask your son a few
questions about what happened
tonight.

MRS. DANIELS

(sounding depressed)

Um...yes. Yes, of course.

INT. HOSPITAL - BILLY'S ROOM. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON enter the room, followed by MRS.
DANIELS.

MALONE takes a seat in a chair beside BILLY'S bed.

MALONE

Hi, Billy. My name's Detective
Malone. You must be real shaken up
right now, but please...try and
tell me what happened. I wanna find
the guy who did this to you.

BILLY

Well, I was playing video games in my room, when - all of a sudden - the power went out. I went to go check the fuse box and there he was.

MALONE

Did you get a good look at him?

BILLY

Not really. He was wearing one of those square masks...you know, with the window.

MALONE and HENDERSON give each other a look.

MALONE

A welder's mask?

BILLY

Yeah...think so.

MALONE

Now, Billy, I want you to think really hard. Has anybody been following you around, or stalking you? Have you noticed anything like that??? Do you have restraining orders against anyone?

BILLY

Um...no...don't think so. Oh, wait, there was a strange guy at the premiere last night. He really stuck out from the crowd. Gave me the chills.

MALONE

Did he say anything to you?

BILLY

No, he was there with all the other fans. Just stared at me. Freaked me out. Actually, his face was all messed up, too.

This last detail piques MALONE'S interest.

MALONE

How so?

BILLY
Kinda looked like Freddy Krueger.

MALONE doesn't quite understand, but HENDERSON seems to get it.

HENDERSON
You mean his face looked like it had been burned?

BILLY
Yes.

MALONE turns to his partner.

MALONE
Henderson...call for a sketch artist.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY

News Reporter AMELIA SANTIAGO gives a live news report from outside the hospital.

AMELIA SANTIAGO
(into microphone)
This is Amelia Santiago standing outside Cedars Sinai Medical Center where child-actor Billy Daniels is currently being treated for third-degree burns to his face. Daniels was allegedly attacked in his Bel Air home tonight and it's beginning to look like we have a serial ki...

She catches herself.

AMELIA SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
I mean, a serial Blowtorch on our hands.

MALONE exits the hospital with HENDERSON, holding a sketch in his hands.

AMELIA SANTIAGO sees MALONE and flags him down.

AMELIA SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
Detective, detective!!! Are all these attacks linked?!

MALONE steps up to AMELIA SANTIAGO and is happy to give her an interview.

MALONE
(into microphone)
We're beginning to think that it's
a good possibility.

INT. DR. SIMONS' HOME - KITCHEN. DAY

DR. SIMONS watches the news report from his kitchen table,
sipping on his coffee and munching on some toast.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY

MALONE continues speaking with AMELIA SANTIAGO.

AMELIA SANTIAGO
Is there a reason why all the
victims seem to have a connection
with Tiffany Desmond?

MALONE
Um...the pattern of the assaults is
still unclear. But Billy Daniels
was able to describe a man to us,
and this is an artist's rendition
of the description.

He holds up the paper.

AMELIA SANTIAGO
(speaking to the camera
man)
Can we get a close shot of that,
please?

The camera zooms in on the sketch.

INT. DR. SIMONS' HOME - KITCHEN. DAY

DR. SIMONS nearly spits out his coffee as the camera zooms in
on the sketch. The face he's looking at right now seems
awfully familiar to him.

MALONE
(on TV)
We're currently looking for a
person who - like the victims -
also has a face that was burned at
some point in time.

AMELIA SANTIAGO

So is this man a suspect,
detective?

MALONE

No, he's merely a person of
interest at this time. If anybody
knows who this man might be, please
contact the Los Angeles Police
Department as soon as possible. We
need the public's help on this one.

DR. SIMONS still can't believe what he's looking at. He drops
his toast onto his plate and says...

DR. SIMONS

Good God...

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON march through a row of cubicles.

HENDERSON

We're getting close now, I can feel
it. I think that sketch was our big
break.

MALONE

Get Tiffany on the phone and see if
she can ID the sketch.

HENDERSON

One step ahead of ya, Boss. I
called her during the press
conference.

MALONE

And?

HENDERSON

Went straight to voice mail.

MALONE

Call her again.

HENDERSON rolls his eyes, takes out his phone and dials the
number.

HENDERSON

(shrugging)
Goes straight to voice mail.

MALONE

Keep trying. If you need me, I'll be busy making myself a cup of coffee.

He walks over to a coffee pot.

HENDERSON

It's probably been on all night.

MALONE

I don't care if it's been on all year. So long as it's got caffeine in it...

MALONE grabs a pot of coffee that does, indeed, look like it's been roasting on the hot plate all night. But before he even pours, the station SECRETARY - PEG - brings the two detectives some interesting news.

PEG

Carl! I got a Dr. Simons on line two. Says he has information about the Blowtorcher...

MALONE

I'll take it in the office, Peg.

MALONE hurries into his office.

INT. POLICE STATION - MALONE'S OFFICE. DAY

MALONE enters his office, throws his jacket on a chair and picks up line-two.

HENDERSON stands in the doorway and listens.

MALONE

(into phone)
Detective Malone here.

INT. DR. SIMONS' HOME - KITCHEN. SAME TIME

DR. SIMONS is in the kitchen, talking into his cordless phone.

DR. SIMONS

(into phone)
Mr. Malone: I think I know who you may be looking for.

INT. POLICE STATION - MALONE'S OFFICE. SAME TIME

Needless to say, the doctor has captured MALONE'S attention.

MALONE
(into phone)
Who is this?

DR. SIMONS
(over phone)
My name is Doctor Simons. I'm a
psychiatrist at the State Hospital.
The sketch that was on the
television...I have reason to
believe he may be a former patient
of mine.

MALONE
I see...

INT. DR. SIMONS' HOME - KITCHEN. SAME TIME

DR. SIMONS' WIFE pops her head into the kitchen.

WIFE
Honey...who are you talking to?

DR. SIMONS takes the phone away from his ear and covers the
mouthpiece with his hand.

DR. SIMONS
(whispering)
Um...just the hospital. No worries.

The WIFE shrugs her shoulders and leaves the room.

DR. SIMONS resumes the phone call.

MALONE
(over phone)
How positive are you?

DR. SIMONS
(into phone)
About seventy-five percent.

MALONE
And you said you were his
psychiatrist? Is this guy a real
nut-job?

DR. SIMONS

Well, no, yes...I don't know. See, that's why I'm only seventy-five percent confident. I never thought he'd do something so violent. He was troubled, though I never deemed him aggressive. But I must say...that sketch on the TV looked just like him.

MALONE

Tell me where I can find him...

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION - ON STREET. DAY

The Crown Victoria pulls up to the mansion. MALONE and HENDERSON hop out of the car.

HENDERSON

(taking a look at the dilapidated-looking mansion)

Looks like something outta *Sunset Boulevard*.

A flake of ash falls from the sky and lands on MALONE'S coat.

MALONE

What the hell? What's this? Snow?

HENDERSON brushes some flakes off his coat as well.

HENDERSON

No. It's ash...from the wildfires.

MALONE looks high into the sky and sees a pinkish smoke in the air. Eerie. Apocalyptic-looking.

MALONE

(to himself)

Jesus Christ. God help us all.

He looks away from the sky and back up to Adonis' house.

MALONE (CONT'D)

All right, let's go have a talk with this guy.

MALONE and HENDERSON walk through the gate and disappear down a long driveway.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION. DAY

The outside is run-down and overgrown with weeds. Green mildew covers the cracked, stucco walls. Rust reddens the wrought-iron windows.

MALONE and HENDERSON make their way towards the house.

HENDERSON eyeballs the weeds and dilapidation.

HENDERSON

What a waste. These people buy
these huge houses...and they don't
even know how to take care of 'em.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON step up to the front door.

MALONE places his hand on his holstered Glock.

HENDERSON does the same.

MALONE gives him a nod.

HENDERSON clasps the knocker and knocks three times.

There is silence. An eerie silence. A ghostly silence.

Several moments pass. Still nothing but silence.

Another several seconds pass. Silence.

HENDERSON looks at MALONE.

MALONE looks at HENDERSON.

But, suddenly, there is a click. The door handle snaps out of place and the door starts to creak open.

Creeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaak...

MALONE and HENDERSON grip their guns.

But everything is safe. It's only MARILYN.

MARILYN looks even worse than she looked on the couch. Like a zombie. A ghost. The undead. Very thin and frail, like a small earthquake could come along and shatter her to pieces.

She stands within the frame of the doorway, staring at the men with a blank expression.

MALONE and HENDERSON stare at her like they're looking at a ghost.

MALONE
Mrs. White?

MARILYN'S eyes roll from HENDERSON to MALONE.

MARILYN
(in a gravelly smoker's
voice, a la Mrs. Bates in
PSYCHO)
What's the meaning of this?

MALONE
Mrs. White, my name's Detective
Malone. And this here's my partner
Detective Henderson.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - FOYER. SAME TIME

ADONIS hides in a pool of darkness, watching his mother talk with the two men.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. SAME TIME

MARILYN stares at MALONE with her jaundiced eyes.

MARILYN
(to Malone)
What is it? What do you want??

MALONE takes a step forward.

MALONE
We need to speak with your son.

MARILYN
Why?

MALONE
Just to ask a few questions. He's
not in any trouble. May we please
come in?

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - FOYER. SAME TIME

ADONIS continues watching the visitors from a distance - breathing heavily.

But, then, he disappears into the darkness.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION - AT FRONT DOOR. SAME TIME

MARILYN hesitates for a few more moments, but then steps aside and lets the gentlemen in.

MARILYN

His room's upstairs...sixth door on
the right.

MALONE and HENDERSON enter the house.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - FOYER. SAME TIME

MALONE and HENDERSON move through the dark, dusty and dank foyer. There are cobwebs hanging from an old chandelier. The place looks like an old castle in Transylvania or something along those lines. The loud echo of RYAN CLARK'S voice echoes off the walls. It sounds like the groans from ghosts or ghouls.

The DETECTIVES ascend a large, stone staircase that looks like something out of Dracula. MARILYN, however, doesn't follow them. She goes back to the living room to watch her Inside Entertainment News.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - HALLWAY. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON make it to the top of the stairs and turn down the dark, spooky hallway. The floor is dusty and there are cobwebs everywhere.

They slowly creep their way down to the proper door, sixth door on the right...it's open a crack.

MALONE looks at HENDERSON.

HENDERSON gives MALONE a nod.

Both men grip their Glocks and MALONE gives the door a light knock.

No answer.

MALONE knocks louder.

Still no answer.

MALONE
(insinuating that they
should enter)
Shall we?

HENDERSON
We don't have a warrant.

MALONE
She invited us in. We don't need
one.

HENDERSON shrugs his shoulders.

MALONE creaks the door open...and both men enter...with
caution.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON move into the dark room.

MALONE
Hello???

There is no answer.

The first thing the detectives notice are the walls, which
are covered with all the large photos of ADONIS' face...when
it was much better-looking. The walls are also covered with
photographs of ADONIS from when he was a huge star - photos
of him on set, posing with celebrities, American troops, the
President, the Pope etc.

MALONE eyeballs all the photographs.

MALONE
Who the hell's this boy? In all the
photos?

A VOICE from behind answers his question.

DR. SIMONS
That's Adonis...

Startled, MALONE and HENDERSON turn around, hands on their
holstered Glocks.

DR. SIMONS stands within the frame to the doorway.

MALONE

Who the hell are you?

DR. SIMONS

I'm doctor Simons. The man you spoke with on the phone.

MALONE

What are you doing here?

DR. SIMONS

I thought I could speak with Adonis before you got here. But apparently I'm a few minutes too late.

MALONE

You shouldn't have come. It could be dangerous.

DR. SIMONS

Adonis has a very fragile mind and I wasn't sure how he'd react to the police. I was confident he'd be calm as long as I was here first. He knows me well. He's comfortable with me.

MALONE

We're big boys. We can handle whatever comes at us.

DR. SIMONS

When you're dealing with a mind like Adonis', you never know what could happen. I was merely looking to keep things as peaceful as possible.

MALONE checks out more of what's on the walls. There are the spooky phrases written all over the wall, like "Set the spirit free", "Just another pretty face", "The flesh is a prison" and other things in this vein. Then, of course, there are the passages from the Bible...

"There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

- Romans 8:1

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

- Romans 8:6

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

- Romans 8:13

MALONE is disconcerted by the passages to say the least.

MALONE

Ok, so why don't we cut the crap. Who the hell are we dealing with here, doc? What the hell's this guy's story?

DR. SIMONS

Adonis White was a very big child star back in the day. One of the biggest child stars in Hollywood.

INT. MOVIE STUDIO. DAY (FLASHBACK)

TWEEN ADONIS is shooting a scene in a hot air balloon. The balloon is positioned in front of a painted backdrop that creates the illusion he is in the middle of a field somewhere.

HENDERSON (O.S.)

Wait, Adonis...Adonis White? He was involved in some sorta accident, right?

DR. SIMONS (O.S.)

Correct. He had an accident on a movie set.

There is a bunch of white mist and then a ball of fire comes out of the balloon, burning TWEEN ADONIS' face. Tons of CREWMEN rush to extinguish the fire.

DR. SIMONS (O.S.)

There was some sort of explosion, a stunt that went sour...

INT. OPERATING ROOM. DAY (FLASHBACK)

TWEEN ADONIS lies on an operating table. DOCTORS are performing skin grafting surgery.

DR. SIMONS (O.S.)

He suffered horrible third-degree burns.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY (FLASHBACK)

TWEEN ADONIS sits up in a bed. The DOCTORS unravel the gauze/bandages from his face.

MARILYN and BURT bear witness to the process, biting their fingers, hoping that the face doesn't look as bad as anticipated. But they're out of luck. The face is hideous.

DR. SIMONS (O.S.)

His face was terribly deformed, and his career in Hollywood came to an abrupt end.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - ADONIS' ROOM. DAY (END OF FLASHBACKS)

MALONE and HENDERSON keep studying the walls.

HENDERSON

So what, he's bitter now? Going around burning everybody's face off? To ruin their careers, too?

DR. SIMONS

If he is this so-called Blowtorcher, then I don't really know what his intentions are...

MALONE

If he is the Blowtorcher, then he's a nut-job. And nut-jobs don't need intentions.

MALONE, HENDERSON and DR. SIMONS check out the room some more. Most significantly, there is a freshly-polished Oscar trophy sitting atop a wooden desk. DR. SIMONS spots it first.

DR. SIMONS

That's funny...I didn't think he ever won an Oscar. He always regretted that he never had the chance.

HENDERSON takes a closer look at the Oscar and reads the inscription.

HENDERSON

That's because it's not his Oscar. Look, Carl...

MALONE takes a close look at the trophy and reads the inscription.

MALONE
Christopher Hawthorne...

DR. SIMONS takes another closer look at it.

DR. SIMONS
(more to himself)
Jesus...I was afraid of this.

MALONE whips out his gun.

MALONE
Looks like we got our guy.

He takes out his radio.

MALONE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
10-54. We need all available units
at 3110 North Beachwood Drive. We
have reason to believe the
Blowtorcher may be here.

Meanwhile, HENDERSON sees the photo of Tiffany Desmond that Adonis lifted from Hawthorne's place.

HENDERSON
Wait...isn't that...

MALONE
Tiffany Desmond.

HENDERSON looks up to the ceiling above the bed. There are photos cut out from pretty much every magazine that ever had TIFFANY DESMOND in it. There are also DVD covers of TIFFANY'S movies, TIFFANY filmographies - anything and everything TIFFANY.

HENDERSON
(looking up at ceiling)
And up there...isn't that...

MALONE
Tiffany Desmond.

HENDERSON
Yep...uh...I think you were right,
Carl. Looks like we got a stalker
here...

MALONE
Jesus Christ.

EXT. 800 SUNSET TOWER. DAY

800 Sunset Tower is basically the tallest building on the Sunset Strip, towering over everything else. Each floor to the tower houses the highest of high-end condominiums on the Hollywood market.

EXT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - GARAGE ENTRANCE. DAY

A nice, black Bentley with tinted windows pulls up to an iron gate, which opens up into an underground garage.

The window rolls down and TIFFANY DESMOND types a code into a keypad. The gate opens for her, she drives through and enters the garage.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - PARKING GARAGE. DAY

Tiffany's Bentley rolls down the ramp and parks in an open space. The echoey garage is quiet and deserted - kind of spooky.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
(into phone)
I don't think you understand,
Richard: I'm SCARED. First it was
Chris, then Tommy, now Billy. I'm
starting to think this definitely
has something to do with me. Do ya
understand that?

PRODUCER (O.S.)
(over phone)
I do understand, we're all scared
by this. I just saw the sketch on
TV. This guy looks like he's
straight out of a horror movie...

TIFFANY
Wait, what sketch?

PRODUCER
They released a sketch of a suspect
earlier. You didn't see it?

TIFFANY

Of course I didn't see it. You guys had me locked in a studio all day doing screen tests with practically every child actor in Hollywood.

INT. BENTLEY - PARKED IN GARAGE. SAME TIME

TIFFANY is still on her smartphone as she parks her car and shuts off the engine.

PRODUCER

(over phone)

I guess Billy just saw some weird guy at the premiere and the police had a sketch drawn up. Don't worry, they'll have this guy arrested by the end of the day.

TIFFANY

(into phone)

Well, until that happens I'm barricading myself here in my condo and I'm not leaving.

PRODUCER

Look, Tiffany...I know you're scared, I GET THAT, but we NEED you back at the studio. We just found out Jeffy Holmes is available to do this thing and we're almost positive he's our new Billy. But we can't be sure until we do a screen test with you.

TIFFANY

Is that all you people care about? Recasting Billy as soon as possible so you can keep your franchise alive?!

PRODUCER

It's not like that, Tiffy. This is business. The investors are on the verge of pulling the plug on this franchise altogether. We need to prove Billy can be recast with a bankable actor.

TIFFANY

You're lucky I showed up there earlier today.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)
 Do you have any idea how difficult
 it is doing dozens of screen tests -
 the same scene over and over again -
 when you're as scared and
 emotionally drained as I am? I'm
 not doing any more screen tests
 today!

PRODUCER

You're contractually bound to be
 here!

TIFFANY

Then sue my ass!

TIFFANY hangs up in disgust. The phone immediately starts
 buzzing again. TIFFANY rolls her eyes and powers down her
 phone.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - PARKING GARAGE. DAY

TIFFANY opens her door and hops out of the car carrying her
 bag.

All of a sudden, there is a whisper...

ADONIS

Tiffany...

The whisper startles TIFFANY. She turns around and sees a
 spooky man lurking in the shadows.

TIFFANY

Huh?

ADONIS steps out of the shadows and creeps closer to TIFFANY.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

I've been hoping to talk to you.

He walks up to TIFFANY.

TIFFANY is unsettled by ADONIS' presence. She reaches into
 her hand-bag and clasps a can of mace.

TIFFANY

Who are you?

ADONIS emerges from the shadows and his face becomes
 illuminated.

ADONIS

Tiffany, it's me...

A look of recognition slowly seeps into TIFFANY'S face.

TIFFANY
Donnie?!

ADONIS nods.

ADONIS
Yes.

TIFFANY
Oh my God. Donnie...it's amazing to
see you.

There is an awkward pause.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Come here, you...

They hug and ADONIS closes his eyes to savor the moment. He is so madly in love. He hugs tighter and tighter and it's apparent that Tiffany's starting to feel a little uncomfortable so she ends it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Wow. Adonis...it's been so long.
How are you?

ADONIS
I'm good.

TIFFANY
That's great...

ADONIS nods.

Tiffany nods back. The awkwardness is palpable.

ADONIS
Tiffany...

TIFFANY
Yes??

ADONIS
Tiffany, I believe we are meant for
each other.

TIFFANY
(caught off guard)
Um...hmmm...what's that?

ADONIS

Do you remember all those good times we had? On set together?

TIFFANY

Yeah...I remember. Of course.

ADONIS starts getting excited, almost like a little boy.

ADONIS

Remember how we used to play tricks on Lenny the gaffer? And he would think he was losing his mind?

TIFFANY

Yeah...I remember.

ADONIS

And that other time we were exploring in the studio and found the wardrobe room. I dressed up as Anthony.

TIFFANY

(smiling)

And I dressed up as Cleopatra.

ADONIS

I just wanted you to know...I loved you so much back then. And I never stopped loving you since. I love you, Tiffany.

TIFFANY'S smile fades.

TIFFANY

Oh...Adonis...I don't know what to say.

ADONIS

You don't have to say anything.

TIFFANY

I'm very flattered, but, um...

ADONIS

I'd like to start seeing you again.

TIFFANY

Oh, Adonis I remember all those great times we had with each other. It was so much fun.

(MORE)

Some of the best memories I have is of the movies we made together and all the fun we had on set. But so much has changed...

ADONIS' joy has dimmed. He looks down to the concrete below, almost looking ashamed.

ADONIS
You mean my face...

TIFFANY
No-no-no...I didn't mean that. I mean...well...I've changed. I was a different person back then. I'm a different person now.

ADONIS is crushed. He starts getting emotional. There is desperation in his voice.

ADONIS
Tiffany...don't you get it? That voice you've been communicating with telepathically...that voice has been me. We've been communicating telepathically this whole time...

TIFFANY
Um...what?

ADONIS
Our spirits have been communicating for quite a long time now. But the flesh and these...these...

He looks over himself in disgust.

ADONIS (CONT'D)
...these bodies have been in the way.

TIFFANY
(a little freaked out)
Um...OK...

The awkwardness is off the charts right now.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Donnie...do you live in the building here?

ADONIS looks down to the concrete, looking sheepish.

ADONIS

No...

TIFFANY

How'd you get in here?

ADONIS says nothing, just stares at the concrete. Tears are streaming down his face.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Um...well, I wish you the best, Donnie. Really, I do. But I better get going now. I'm...I'm late for an appointment.

ADONIS looks back up at TIFFANY and stares at her with his deformed face.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

It was amazing seeing you, though.

ADONIS still says nothing. He looks crushed.

TIFFANY shuts her car door, beep-beeps the alarm and speed-walks towards an elevator on the far side of the garage. As she walks, she takes a peek over her shoulder, making sure that ADONIS isn't following her.

ADONIS is in the same place she left him, standing completely still and staring creepily at her.

TIFFANY walks into an elevator, the doors shut and she disappears from sight.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO. DAY

It's a hip-looking bachelorette pad. All the walls are pink and there are black, Victorian-era couches.

TIFFANY walks into her condo, locks every lock on her door and heads into the kitchen.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - KITCHEN. DAY

TIFFANY heads into the kitchen, places her bag on top of the granite counter and immediately turns on a widescreen TV mounted on the wall above the kitchen table.

Inside Entertainment News comes on the TV.

RYAN CLARK

(on TV)

We've got exclusive breaking news that you'll only hear on Inside Entertainment Television. According to reports, a home in Beachwood Canyon is currently being searched by the LAPD. Sources say that former child star Adonis White has been pegged as being the suspected Blowtorcher...

The sketch of ADONIS appears on the screen.

TIFFANY catches a glimpse of the sketch and can't believe what she sees.

TIFFANY

Holy...shit.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION. DAY

HENDERSON is on his smartphone. It keeps ringing, but nobody seems to be picking up his call.

HENDERSON

Dammit.

MALONE meets up with him in the driveway.

MALONE

Still no word from Tiffany?

HENDERSON

Just goes straight to voice mail. What's the status on the house?

MALONE

It's all clear. There's no sign of him in there.

HENDERSON

What did the mother say?

MALONE

She said he might be at the Hollywood Sign.

HENDERSON

The Hollywood Sign?

MALONE shrugs his shoulders.

MALONE

She's bat-shit crazy.

DR. SIMONS overhears the conversation.

DR. SIMONS

It's true. He always liked hanging out there.

MALONE

What, why??

DR. SIMONS

He just liked hiking up there and hanging out. He always said something about it making him feel 'on top' again, I don't know. It's not far off from here...

They look up in the direction of the Sign.

MALONE

Maybe we should check it out.

But before they can check anything out, they're interrupted by the police radio.

RADIO

Calling all units! The Blowtorcher has been spotted at Tiffany Desmond's condominium building. 800 Sunset Tower. I repeat, 800 Sunset Tower...

MALONE

Oh shit, we gotta go!

DR. SIMONS

I'm coming with you.

MALONE

It's too dangerous, doctor.

DR. SIMONS

But I can talk to him. I can keep things peaceful...

MALONE

We got guns, doc. Our guns'll keep things peaceful.

DR. SIMONS reluctantly stays behind as the DETECTIVES peel it the hell out of there.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO. DAY

TIFFANY cowers in her kitchen with the knife, basically paralyzed with fear. But, suddenly, she hears a blowing sound coming from somewhere outside her condo. It grows louder and louder and louder.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - LOBBY. DAY

A young, twenty-something SECURITY GUARD sits at a desk with a bunch of camera monitors on it.

In one of the monitors, there is a hallway with a man dressed in black, blowtorching a door. It's ADONIS.

The SECURITY GUARD is completely oblivious to what's going on in that hallway because his face is buried in his smartphone. He's busy playing some sort of game on it.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - BY DOOR. DAY

The blowing sounds are louder now. They seem to be coming from the door.

TIFFANY pokes her head into the room and sees the door and doesn't know what the hell is going on. But, then, suddenly, the sounds stop...and there is quiet for a few moments.

But, then, BOOM! The door gets kicked open and ADONIS appears inside the doorway, brandishing his blowtorch.

TIFFANY screams.

TIFFANY
Aaaaaaaaagh!

ADONIS steps into the condo.

TIFFANY grabs a lamp from off a stand and throws it at ADONIS. It shatters on his mask, but doesn't phase him.

ADONIS moves closer.

TIFFANY slashes him with the knife.

ADONIS
Ugh!

It's a deep wound and it starts bleeding profusely. ADONIS is a little hurt but he swats the knife out of TIFFANY'S hand like it's a fly.

TIFFANY runs out of the room.

ADONIS pursues.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - KITCHEN. DAY

TIFFANY runs through the kitchen. She opens the refrigerator door on her way and slams it into ADONIS' body. The wind gets knocked out of ADONIS, but - other than that - he isn't too phased by it.

TIFFANY runs out of the room.

ADONIS stumbles a bit, but then chases after her.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - BEDROOM. DAY

TIFFANY runs into the bedroom and realizes she has nowhere else to go. She cowers to her knees and begs for mercy.

TIFFANY

Adonis, please! Why are you doing this??? Don't kill me!

ADONIS stands over her, but kills the blowtorch.

ADONIS

Kill you? Is that what you think? I would never bring any harm to you.

TIFFANY

Then what are you doing with...

She nods at the blowtorch in ADONIS' hand.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

...that?

ADONIS

I want to show that my love for you is unconditional.

TIFFANY

Look, Donnie, I'm not in love with you, OK? Our whole relationship was arranged. By the studio! It was all bullshit.

ADONIS ignores her. He turns the valve on the torch.
Sssssssssssssssssss...

ADONIS

To everyone in this town, you're
just another pretty face. And once
that face is gone, they won't love
you anymore.

He sprays down TIFFANY'S face with the hairspray. TIFFANY
chokes, loses her vision and starts balling her eyes out.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

But I'm different. I see the beauty
that's inside of you, and I will
love you for that and that only.

FLINT!

TIFFANY

(bawling)

Please, you have to get over me and
move on.

ADONIS

You'll thank me afterwards, because
your vision will be like mine.
You'll wake up, to reality. You'll
see people as spirits, not faces.

FLINT!

TIFFANY

Don't do this. Please. You're sick.
You need help.

The suggestion that he's sick angers him. His eyes roll back
into his head, almost like they're channeling rage from deep
within.

ADONIS

No, I am NOT sick. Everyone else in
this town is sick, everybody whose
love for each other and themselves
is conditional. They're considered
normal, ordinary people, but
they're all sick! I'm the only
healthy person in this town.

(calming down a bit)

But don't worry, Tiffany. I'm here
to make you healthy, too.

And, with those words, FLINT! Wooooooooooooosh, ADONIS fires up the blowtorch and goes to town on TIFFANY'S face.

TIFFANY screams like hell.

TIFFANY
Aaaaaaagggggghhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

ADONIS torches TIFFANY'S face for a good ten or fifteen seconds, making sure it's nice and burnt. TIFFANY'S screaming the entire time. Then, ADONIS cuts the gas and stares at TIFFANY for a bit.

ADONIS
See? I still love you, Tiffy, even without the pretty face. And, now...hopefully you can see...the beautiful spirit within me.

TIFFANY moans and groans for a few moments without saying anything. But then her eyes roll up towards ADONIS' face.

ADONIS smiles down to her.

TIFFANY gazes into his eyes for a few seconds more.

TIFFANY
All I see...is that you're still one crazy motherfucker!!!

Whoa, ADONIS' smile fades. He didn't expect that kind of response. His heart seems to be crushed all over again. He doesn't know what to say, or what to do.

He twists the valve on his propane tank and - ssssssssssssss - the gas starts to seep out.

FLINT! WOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

TIFFANY
Aaaagggggghhhhh!!!

ADONIS burns TIFFANY'S face some more...and some more...and some more. Her screams turn into moans. Her moans turn into whimpers. Her whimpers turn into silence.

ADONIS' eyes look possessed, as though rage has fully consumed him. After a few more moments of the silence, he kind of snaps out of it and realizes he may have torched her a little too much. He shuts the blowtorch off and sees that TIFFANY isn't moving or making even a peep.

ADONIS
 Tiffany? Tiffany??? Oh no,
 Tiffany...Tiffany! Tiffany!!!

He shakes her, trying to wake her up. But it's no use. She's gone.

ADONIS (CONT'D)
 (panicking)
 Tiffany, No! What have I done?!!
 What have I DONE??!!!!!!

He cries, but then he suddenly hears sirens outside. He scurries up from the floor and takes a peek outside the bedroom window, which is five floors up from ground level.

Sure enough, a police cruiser has just pulled up outside the Sunset Tower condominium building.

ADONIS knows he has no choice but to get the hell out of there.

EXT. 800 SUNSET TOWER. DAY

MALONE'S Crown Victoria screeches up to the entrance. He and HENDERSON burst out of the car and run to the tower entrance.

They try to open the lobby door, but they can't get in. MALONE bangs on the glass.

The dumbfounded SECURITY GUARD appears at the door, still holding the smartphone in his hand.

MALONE
 (shouting into glass)
 LAPD, let us in!!!

The SECURITY GUARD nervously opens the door.

SECURITY GUARD
 What's going on?

MALONE and HENDERSON ignore his question.

MALONE
 What unit's Tiffany's?!

SECURITY GUARD
 Wha-what?

MALONE
 What unit's Tiffany Desmond's!

SECURITY GUARD

5b!

MALONE and HENDERSON run off.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - LOBBY. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON rush into the building, try to get an elevator but it's too slow. They eventually decide to take the stairs.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - STAIRWELL. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON rush up several flights of stairs.

INT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - FIFTH FLOOR. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON bust out of the stairwell and into a hallway, huffing and puffing away.

They trot down the hall and see that TIFFANY'S door has been busted in. MALONE and HENDERSON draw their guns and throw their backs up against the hallway wall...

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON come busting into the condo, their guns waving all over the place - ready for anything. It's all clear so far, but they see that there's been a struggle.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - KITCHEN. DAY

MALONE and HENDERSON bust their way into the room. All clear in here as well, but they see the signs of struggle.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONDO - BEDROOM. DAY

TIFFANY'S carcass is still on the carpet and still smoking. But ADONIS is gone.

MALONE and HENDERSON bust into the room. It takes a moment for the two detectives to catch sight of the burnt carcass on the rug.

MALONE
(under his breath)
Good God...

MALONE runs over to check her vitals.

HENDERSON stays where he is and pulls out his walkie-talkie.

HENDERSON
(into walkie-talkie)
10-54. We need an RA-unit. Now!

MALONE checks for a pulse. There is none.

MALONE
Cancel the RA unit. We're gonna
need the coroner.

EXT. 800 SUNSET TOWER. DAY

AMELIA SANTIAGO is outside the condominium building, giving a live report of the breaking news.

AMELIA SANTIAGO
(into microphone)
Well, the Blowtorch has struck
again. This time, the victim is 33-
year-old Tiffany Desmond and she
has actually been confirmed DEAD.
The nation and much of the world is
in a state of mourning as it
remembers one of Hollywood's
brightest stars...

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD HILLS. EVENING

The ash from the sky has started to fall at an even steadier clip.

A shadow moves its way up the hilly street:

It's ADONIS, getting snowed on by all the ash. He's holding his arm. The stab wound that Tiffany inflicted on him still bleeds.

He keeps walking, but then his mind wanders into a traumatic flashback.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. DAY (FLASHBACK)

BURT - now looking burnt-out and disheveled - is in MARILYN'S face, shouting at her. He looks intoxicated.

BURT
 (slurring his words)
 Come on, Marilyn. It's only for a
 coupla nights. What, do you want me
 to live on the streets? Like a
 bum?!

MARILYN
 I don't care where you live!

BURT
 Jesus, Marilyn. I let you have the
 kid. The least you could do is-

MARILYN
 -like you wanted him!

BURT
 'Paid every cent of my child
 support.

MARILYN
 You paid me to keep him! You
 couldn't even stand to look at his
 face!

BURT snaps.

BURT
 You know why?! Because he reminded
 me of you!!!

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD HILLS. EVENING (END OF FLASHBACK)

Burt's "You!!!" echoes in ADONIS' head. He tries to shake the
 memories out of him, but has extreme difficulty doing so.

He finally arrives at his destination:

His house. But there's a couple of police cruisers still
 there. He needs to sneak around to the back.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. EVENING

MARILYN lies on the couch, still watching her twenty-four-
 hour Inside Entertainment Television.

RYAN CLARK fills the television screen with his bright, white
 smile.

RYAN CLARK

(on TV)

Child stars gone bonkers! Hey everyone, Ryan Clark here for Inside Entertainment News. It's just come to light that the Blowtorcher has been positively identified as being ex-child actor Adonis White. If the allegations are true, Adonis will be added to a long list of child actors grown up to be troubled adults.

MARILYN soaks the news in with her lifeless eyes. She doesn't seem to have much reaction to anything she's hearing.

Then, something suddenly appears in the distance behind her.

It's ADONIS and he's holding his blowtorch.

He stares at MARILYN. Various pieces of flashback echo in his head.

YOUNG ADONIS (O.S.)

Gee whizz, Mr. Fizz!!!

MARILYN (O.S.)

You paid me to keep him.

BURT (O.S.)

Because he reminded me of you.

TWEEN ADONIS (O.S.)

I'd like sprinkles with that...

BURT (O.S.)

This isn't the face you see in movies.

CASTING DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Wow, Adonis that was amazing. We'll be in touch.

MARILYN (O.S.)

You didn't say it the right way, Adonis.

Tears stream down ADONIS' face.

He walks over to his mother's couch and hovers beside it. RYAN CLARK is still blabbering on the TV...

RYAN CLARK (O.S.)
Struggling Hollywood character
actors Burt and Marilyn White
married each other in 1985, gave
birth to Adonis a year later, and
immediately started trying to turn
their only child into one of the
biggest superstars since Shirley
Temple. Adonis' success as a child
actor was unprecedented, but a
freak accident on a movie set
changed everything for the White
family and Adonis became a
Hollywood 'nobody', literally
overnight...

MARILYN feels a presence. She slowly looks up and sees who it
is.

ADONIS says nothing. All he can do is stare.

MARILYN
(in her smoker's, Mrs.
Bates-like voice)
The police have been looking for
you.

ADONIS says nothing - just continues to stare.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What have you done?

ADONIS still says nothing, just stands there with his
blowtorch.

MARILYN sees the blowtorch, but is too half-dead to really
react in any way.

ADONIS keeps staring.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What have you been doing with that
thing?!

ADONIS says nothing.

MARILYN grows more agitated.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Answer me when spoken to!

The tears stream down ADONIS' cheeks.

ADONIS
 (softly, almost to
 himself)
 You told the police it was me,
 didn't you? Your own son?!

MARILYN
 What are you talking about?

He whips out the can of hairspray and sprays it all over his mother - not just her face, but her entire body.

ADONIS
 (louder)
 Now Tiffany's dead because of you.
 It's all your fault! It's all your
 fault!!!

ADONIS finishes spraying down her entire body, fires up his blowtorch and burns MARILYN - not just her face, but her entire body.

MARILYN
 Aaaaaaaaaagggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!
 !!!!!!!!!!!

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - FAR INTO THE HOUSE. EVENING

MARILYN'S haunting scream echoes in the far distance.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION - AT GATE. EVENING

There are two POLICEMEN stationed at the gate. One of them thinks he heard a subtle scream in the distance.

POLICE MAN #1
 You hear something?

POLICE MAN #2
 (shrugging shoulders)
 Eh, probably just a coyote. They're
 all restless from the wildfires.

INT. ADONIS' MANSION - LIVING ROOM. EVENING

ADONIS torches every square inch of MARILYN'S body.

MARILYN screams and screams.

ADONIS keeps burning her body.

MARILYN eventually stops screaming. ADONIS keeps burning her and burning...and burning...

Eventually, he stops torching her. MARILYN'S carcass is burnt to a crisp. She looks like the victim of a Napalm bomb.

EXT. 800 SUNSET TOWER - ENTRANCE. EVENING

MALONE and HENDERSON exit 800 Sunset Tower and walk towards their cruiser.

HENDERSON

There's no sign of him anywhere.
This guy's like a ghost.

MALONE

We need all available units
scouring the streets.

HENDERSON

They're already out there. What
more can we do?

Their conversation is suddenly interrupted by the police radio.

WALKIE TALKIE

All available units, possible
sighting of Blowtorcher in
Beachwood Canyon area. A resident
has reported a suspicious man
roaming the streets.

MALONE

Christ, he's going back to his
house?! C'mon, let's go!

He and HENDERSON run for the Crown Vic.

INT. BMW - DRIVING ON ROAD. EVENING

DR. SIMONS listens to a news report on the radio.

RADIO

We've just received some breaking
news regarding the Blowtorcher, who
is now wanted for the murder of
actress Tiffany Desmond.

(MORE)

RADIO (cont'd)
 There is currently a man-hunt on
 for ex child-star Adonis White who
 is currently thought to be
 somewhere in the Beachwood Canyon
 area. Anybody living in the area
 has been urged to stay in their
 homes with the doors locked. Police
 are sealing off a five-mile
 perimeter around the
 neighborhood...

DR. SIMONS takes a sharp turn.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. EVENING

DR. SIMONS' BMW makes a sharp turn and guns it up North
 Beachwood Drive.

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON. EVENING

Flashing red and blue lights. There is a police blockade.

DR. SIMONS' BMW slowly rolls its way up the drive and brakes
 at the blockade.

POLICE
 (yelling at Simons)
 You can't get through here.

DR. SIMONS
 I *need* to get through...

POLICE
 The neighborhood is on lock-down.
 We're not letting anybody in or out
 until further notice.

DR. SIMONS
 Damn...

DR. SIMONS looks up and out the window.

He catches a glimpse of the Hollywood Sign.

A light-bulb turns on in his head and he drives off.

EXT. ADONIS' MANSION. NIGHT

Flashing reds and blues. The police presence is ridiculous.

MALONE and HENDERSON'S Crown Vic pulls up to the mansion and they're met by a DEPUTY to give them the latest 411.

MALONE
(to deputy)
Any sign of him?

DEPUTY
No, they searched the house all over again. They didn't find him, but they found something else.

MALONE
What?

DEPUTY
Mrs. White's body. She's dead.

MALONE
What, how?!

DEPUTY
Torched.

HENDERSON
Christ, he killed his own mother?
How the hell did he pull that off?

DEPUTY
We don't know how he got by us.
There's no sign of him anywhere.

MALONE
Jesus Christ.

He looks around.

MALONE (CONT'D)
He's gotta be around here
somewhere.

MALONE looks up, catches a glimpse of the Hollywood Sign and does a double-take. A light-bulb flickers in his head, too.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. NIGHT

The sky is getting dark and the sign is becoming a silhouette. There is a silty hiking trail running up to the sign and there is a person on the trail.

This person is DR. SIMONS. He walks the trail, stumbling up the steep incline as he goes.

There is a rattling sound in one of the patches of dry chaparral. Creepy coyotes also howl in the far distance.

He arrives at the bottom of the letters and circles around to the back of them. He starts pacing the length of the Hollywood sign.

There is spooky graffiti all over the back of the letters - ominous, satanic-looking art. Tags. Symbols. Names.

The bright lights of Hollywood twinkle in the valley below. A blanket of smog hovers above the town.

DR. SIMONS is moving further down the sign - passing by the second 'O' and approaching the initial 'H' - when, suddenly, there is a great gust of Santa Ana wind. It almost knocks DR. SIMONS off his feet.

After the gust, DR. SIMONS hears a noise: the sound of a twig snapping.

He turns away from the Hollywood Sign and sees...

...ADONIS, staring right at him - from about ten feet away.

DR. SIMONS

Adonis!

ADONIS says nothing - just stares.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

Adonis, it IS you!

ADONIS keeps staring.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

You must stop this at once.

ADONIS

Stop what?

DR. SIMONS

Your destruction.

ADONIS pauses a moment without saying anything, but then...

ADONIS

I was simply waking people up, Dr. Simons.

DR. SIMONS

I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean.

ADONIS takes a few steps closer to the doctor.

ADONIS

Before my accident, I was living in a world of illusion. I thought people loved me, but their love for me was conditional. It wasn't until I got my new face that I learned what real love was. Now other people will learn what I did. And, gradually, this town will change for the better.

DR. SIMONS

But, Adonis, you have no right to be doing this to others.

ADONIS

Right now, all anyone in this town sees is pretty faces. But with the face removed, there is nothing left to see but the beauty within us. The spirit...that's reality, Dr. Simons. The flesh...that's but a mask that blinds us from reality.

Another gust of wind nearly knocks DR. SIMONS over.

DR. SIMONS

God knows you've had a rotten upbringing, Adonis, and I sympathize with you for that. But you're breaking the law here!

The wind blasts at Adonis' face, too.

ADONIS

I follow God's laws, not man's! And God wants people to be loved for what's inside of them...and not for the pretty face they may have.

DR. SIMONS

But God doesn't want you burning people's faces off with a blowtorch!

ADONIS

It seems destructive, I understand that. But I did them a favor. And, eventually, they'll thank me for it.

DR. SIMONS
You murdered somebody, Adonis...

The word 'murder' slaps ADONIS in the face. He tries to hold back the tears.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)
...Tiffany Desmond: a young and beautiful woman who had a bright future ahead of her. Tiffany is dead. How could God support something like that?! Your cause...is lost!

ADONIS
(almost growling)
That was a mistake.

DR. SIMONS
How about stealing that Oscar from Christopher Hawthorne? Was that a mistake, too?

ADONIS grows more and more angry. The doctor is getting on his nerves.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)
You're full of bitterness and jealousy and I don't blame you. But you're destroying lives!

ADONIS' anger swells even more.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)
You must give yourself up now, Adonis. I may be able to help you. Maybe the judge will let you come to the hospital instead. Maybe we can plead insanity.

ADONIS
Insanity?!!

DR. SIMONS realizes ADONIS is mad and he may have just made things worse.

ADONIS (CONT'D)
You think I'm insane and belong in the hospital with all the other crazies?!

(MORE)

You wanna ~~see crazy then~~ ADONIS (cont'd) take a walk down Hollywood Boulevard or watch some Reality TV or the Inside Entertainment News and THEN you'll see crazy. I'm the only sane person in this world. YOU'RE all fucking crazy!!!

DR. SIMONS waves his hands in "calm down" fashion, trying to diffuse the anger.

DR. SIMONS
Now calm down, Adonis. Calm down.

ADONIS
It was you, wasn't it?

DR. SIMONS is confused.

DR. SIMONS
What?

ADONIS
It was you who identified me to the authorities.

DR. SIMONS
I...I saw a sketch on the television. Yes, I told them I thought it could be you...

ADONIS is consumed with anger. He creeps closer to DR. SIMONS.

ADONIS
You ruined everything. Tiffany's dead, and now Mother's dead, too! It's all YOUR fault!

He lunges at DR. SIMONS and starts strangling him with his own bare hands.

The doctor struggles to get free but his strength is no match for Adonis' furious anger. ADONIS squeezes and squeezes and squeezes. There is nothing but violence in him. DR. SIMONS gasps for air. His face is turning blue and he is starting to black out. Suddenly, there is a noise:

POP!!!

It's HENDERSON and MALONE. The latter detective has just fired off a warning shot.

MALONE
(aiming the gun at Adonis)
Get off him!

ADONIS suddenly kind of snaps to it and realizes what he's doing. He let's go of the doctor.

DR. SIMONS collapses onto the chaparral, holding his neck and choking for oxygen.

ADONIS starts walking backwards.

MALONE
(fingering the trigger)
Hands in the air! Let me see those hands!

ADONIS puts his hands in the air, but keeps walking backwards.

MALONE (CONT'D)
Freeze!

ADONIS keeps walking a few more feet.

MALONE (CONT'D)
I said freeze!

ADONIS doesn't freeze. He keeps walking until he's at the very base of the Hollywood sign, right below his favorite "L".

HENDERSON
(into radio)
10-85. Suspect is at the Hollywood Sign. I repeat: suspect is at the Hollywood Sign.

ADONIS mounts a ladder leading to the top of the letter.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(to Malone)
What's he doing? Fucking with us???

He lowers his weapon a bit.

MALONE
I don't know...

ADONIS sits on the letter just as an LAPD helicopter arrives at the Sign. It hovers right over the Sign and shines a big, bright spotlight on ADONIS.

ADONIS takes the hairspray out of his bag and then starts spraying himself down.

HENDERSON hears the spraying and realizes what he's doing.

HENDERSON
(to himself)
Oh, God, this doesn't look good...

MALONE
No shit...
(shouting)
Adonis, cut the crap and get down
here! Let's end this now!

But ADONIS doesn't listen to him. He continues spraying himself down, until the can is empty. Then he takes out the blowtorch.

Meanwhile, DR. SIMONS is still sitting in the silt, choking for air. He manages to choke out some shouts...

DR. SIMONS
(still choking)
Adonis! Don't do anything foolish!

Ssssssssss. Flint! Flint! Wooooooooooooosssshhhhhh.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)
Adonis!!!!!!!

ADONIS takes a crumpled photograph of TIFFANY out of his pocket and gives it one last look. His eyes burn with tears.

There is a gust of wind and ADONIS releases the photo into it.

The photo blows several yards away, lands in a patch of chaparral.

He brings the flame from the blowtorch closer and closer to his arm...

ADONIS
(quoting the Book of
Romans)
"For if ye live after the flesh, ye
shall die: but if ye through the
Spirit do mortify the deeds of the
body, ye shall live..."

And, with those words, wooooooooooooosh. He ignites himself with fire...

HENDERSON

Holy...

MALONE

...shit.

DR. SIMONS is horrified. He has to close his eyes. The image of ADONIS burning is much too disturbing.

ADONIS slowly shuts his eyes and peacefully allows the flames to consume him.

His burning body eventually falls off the sign and ignites the brush below.

All the underbrush beneath the Hollywood Sign catches fire and starts burning...

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON. NIGHT

Flashing red and blue lights. Police cruisers are everywhere. Ambulances. Fire Engines. News Vans. Spotlights.

MALONE and HENDERSON look up to what's left of the Hollywood Sign:

The Sign looks like it's roasting on an open fire. All the underbrush is still on fire.

HENDERSON

Well, I guess he did us all a favor. Another man in prison is another mouth to feed. He saved the taxpayers' dollars.

MALONE

But avoided justice.

HENDERSON

He'll get what he deserves. On the other side.

MALONE

If there *is* another side.

HENDERSON

You don't believe?

MALONE

I don't know, I guess I do. When you live in a place like this...you gotta believe there's something else out there. Even if you don't believe, I guess you gotta pretend you believe...

He turns around.

MALONE (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go...

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON - BY AMBULANCE. NIGHT

The truck's two back doors are open and DR. SIMONS sits inside of it, shivering in a blanket.

MALONE and HENDERSON come by to check on him.

MALONE

How you feeling, doctor?

DR. SIMONS

I'll live. Thanks for saving my life.

MALONE

To protect and to serve. That's our job.

DR. SIMONS

Of course.

He sighs.

DR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

I can't help but blame myself for this. Maybe I could have done something different. To help him.

MALONE

He was a monster, Dr. Simons. You can't blame yourself for that.

DR. SIMONS

I suppose you're right. He was a monster. But I can't say it was his fault...

MALONE nods to HENDERSON.

MALONE

All right, Henderson. On to the next, I guess.

HENDERSON

Yep. On to the next...

MALONE

Take care, doctor. I'd say it was a pleasure...but...it wasn't.

They walk off and converse amongst themselves.

HENDERSON

I think I need a vacation.

MALONE

I think I need a retirement.

DR. SIMONS peers up to the Hollywood Sign that looks like it's roasting on an open fire.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. NIGHT

Water from the firefighters pours onto the fire.

A burnt carcass steams nearby. It's completely black and charred. The mouth is wide open, almost grinning maniacally. The teeth are still intact...

It's ADONIS' remains.

His carcass smokes.

And steams.

And smokes.

THE END