

HOUNG

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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Hot noon sun glares through the security bars of an open window, highlighting dust in the air. Cars HONK.

WILLIAM HOUNG squints out at a red Hollywood "See The Stars" tour bus idling outside. The noise and black exhaust aggravates an obvious headache.

He shuts the window.

INT. BATHROOM

Water sprays over a messily cropped mohawk mullet. He drinks from an overflowing mug of coffee.

Washes his armpits with a washcloth. Removes a piece of food from his teeth with a fingernail. Turns off the water and backs out of the shower in the small bathroom.

This is tough...

Houng is a 41 year old CENTAUR who's given up on life.

He backs his horse-end over a large funnel installed in his toilet. Most of his business hits home. One apple falls to the floor.

HOUNG

God help me.

Grabs a shovel and reaches around to scoop it up. It goes down with a couple flushes and the help of a poking stick.

INT. APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM

He fries eggs in the corner kitchen of the cramped studio apartment. Slaps two strips of bacon into a grease filled pan. Bad idea. Hot grease splatters onto his bare chest.

He jumps back, knocking over a mug with his rear. Coffee splashes onto a movie poster of "The Centaur's Desire."

Doesn't wipe it off.

Just stares at the image of his younger, leaner self. Rippling abs. Long flowing hair. On the ground, a maiden covers herself with her ripped dress, staring up with a mix of fear and lust.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sun has moved behind the mountains. Tourists amble past the window. A couple stop to look at a star on the sidewalk.

BACKPACK GUY  
Hey, remember this guy?

BLOND GIRL  
He was that comedian, right? I used to love his movies. Whatever happened to him?

BACKPACK GUY  
OD'd two years ago. But his career died way before that.

INT. APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Houng stands in the dark at a raised desk. Stares at the screen of a dirty laptop.

HOUNG (V.O.)  
They say the path to greatness...

His hands hover over the keyboard. He takes a drink of beer and hits delete.

HOUNG (V.O.)  
The first time I saw the lights of Sunset Boulevard, I thought I had reached heaven...

He throws his beer bottle across the room in frustration, smashing it against the kitchen wall. The muffled sound of a BABY CRYING is followed by a hard POUNDING on the wall.

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)  
I'm trying to put the God damned baby to sleep! I swear to fuck I'll come over there, you piece of shit!

The baby cries louder.

Houng grabs his vest. Heads to the door.

INT. HALLWAY

MRS. APPLEBAUM, an elderly lady with sun-leathered skin approaches with her groceries. She looks away in disgust as Houng tries to squeeze past.

HOUNG  
Sorry Mrs. Applebaum.

She flinches as his tail whisks her in the face.

MRS. APPLEBAUM  
I still need last month's rent.

HOUNG  
(calling back)  
Going to get it right now, Mrs.  
Applebaum. Stay beautiful!

She shakes her head as she walks away.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - NIGHT

People pass by. In the city where dreams are made, no one makes eye contact. Unless it helps their career.

To them, Houg is about as interesting as a dude in a Batman costume.

Except maybe to the odd tourist...

A red tour bus stops nearby.

TOUR GUIDE  
Look off to your left folks. Do any  
of you remember Houg, the Centaur?

Several of the bored tourists look over, a couple even smile and take photos with their phones.

TOURISTS  
Ahhh... ohh. Ahhh...

FLASH. FLASH. The lights briefly take him back...

EXT. THEATRE - RED CARPET - THE PAST

Reporters flash their cameras. Female fans, young and old, strain for a better look. Houg stands tall. Proud. His blond hair waves in the wind.

A middle-aged lady breaks from the crowd and rushes toward him. Guards move to stop her, but Houg motions to let her approach.

Leans down and gives her a kiss as the cameras flash.

They call his name...

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD.

TOUR GUIDE

I'm sorry to say, it's not all  
glitz and glamour here in  
Hollywood. Makes you wonder, once  
you've fallen this far, can you  
ever pull yourself back up?

Houng flicks off the tourists as the bus accelerates past.

Up ahead a black car puts on it's brakes and pulls into an  
alley. He trots over. The window unrolls. A HUSKY MAN in his  
40's leans out.

HUSKY MAN

(seductively)  
So, who are you?

HOUNG

I'm Houng.

The man leans out and looks under Houng.

HUSKY MAN

(smiling)  
I bet you are.

HOUNG

You have something I need, or are  
you just here to chat?

HUSKY MAN

Maybe you'd like to chat at my  
place?

HOUNG

Depends on how much you've got.

HUSKY MAN

I've got this.

He flashes a badge. Another man, OFFICER CHANSKIE (late 30's)  
a tough but caring father figure, walks up from behind.

OFFICER CHANSKIE

How many times are we gonna have to  
do this Houng?

HOUNG

You don't HAVE to do anything,  
Chanskie. Ever hear of entrapment?

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
Come on. We kept the stable warm  
for you.

Handcuffs clap onto Houg's wrists.

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
Houg!

Houg leans against the wall. He opens his eyes and wipes a  
stream of drool from his mouth.

Two homeless drunks huddle in the opposite corner of the  
cell, holding their noses.

OFFICER CHANSKIE (CONT'D)  
You shat my cell again!

Houg looks at the large pile behind him.

HOUNG  
When are you going to provide  
proper facilities? I have rights.

DRUNK 1  
Can we PLEASE move cells? That's  
fucking nasty.

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
We'll get it cleaned up. Saddle up  
Houg, your manager's here.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Officer Chanskie hands Houg his wallet and keys.

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
I don't enjoy this you know. I've  
seen people go down this road. I'm  
trying to help you.

HOUNG  
You think I like it? I'm just  
playing the hand I was dealt.

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
You gotta know when to fold 'em. I  
don't want to see you in here  
again. Get some help.

Houng turns to leave.

HOUNG  
Don't pretend you care.

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
Hey!

He moves to block Houng's exit.

OFFICER CHANSKIE (CONT'D)  
I've been shot at, spit on, I've even had prostitutes try to piss on me, and I don't get paid nearly enough for that. So don't you tell me I don't care. I wouldn't be doing this shit if I didn't.

HOUNG  
Nice speech. They say that in Hollywood, sincerity is everything. Once you can fake that, you've got it made.

Houng pushes his way past and through the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION

ALAN SORENSON (50's), sweating in his cheap suit, jogs to keep up with Houng.

ALAN  
Prostitution? Really?

HOUNG  
Cops were bored. It was a set up.

Alan follows Houng into...

INT. CORNER STORE

HOUNG  
Can I borrow 20 bucks for groceries?

ALAN  
What happened to your royalty checks?

HOUNG  
They barely cover the rent now days.

ALAN

I just spent 150 buck to free you.

HOUNG

You know what freedom is? Being able to pay my own bail. How about you get me a job?

Alan hands him a \$20 as they approach the counter.

ALAN

Well, since you mention it... I've got a bachelorette party.

HOUNG

I mean a real job. Another movie. You have to get me back on top. I'm dieing here.

ALAN

It pays 300 bucks.

This stops Houg for a moment, he considers.

HOUNG

(to the cashier)

Give me a bottle of Gordon's and put the rest on the scratchy lotteries.

INT. BAR - PRIVATE ROOM

MUSIC pounds. A loud crowd of women throw back a round of shots. They CHEER with abandon.

DJ

I want everyone to give a shout for Sandra, who's celebrating her last night of freedom.

The group erupts in cheers again.

DJ (CONT'D)

Now I've been told that Sandra's a huge "Houg and the Restless" fan.

The party girls laugh and cheer. Sandra looks around, wondering what the joke is.

DJ (CONT'D)

We've got a little surprise for you.



Sweeping romantic music plays. The lights dim. Fog rolls onto the stage.

Out of the darkness, Houg struts onto the stage. Fans blow his long wig and billowing unbuttoned silk shirt.

He stares majestically into the distance. As the music builds he begins to dance. The crowd eats it up.

Houg smiles. Loving the attention. He gets into the moment.

SANDRA

Take it off!

The shirt comes off. The girls HOOT at the site of his beer gut.

INT. BAR - PRIVATE ROOM ENTRANCE

Two girls show their invitations to a bouncer. AMANDA, model-thin and collagen filled, and her TIPSY FRIEND try to peek in to see what the cheering is about.

TIPSY GIRL

We're with Sandra's party.

AMANDA

Sounds like it's already started.

The bouncer checks the invites and waves them inside.

INT. BAR - PRIVATE ROOM

Houg leans down to let Sandra hug his torso. She giggles as he squeezes her ass. The others cheer.

He looks across the room and notices Amanda. He pulls away.

HOUNG

Shit. Let go!

SANDRA

What the hell?

It's only seconds before Amanda sees Houg. Momentary shock registers on her face.

AMANDA

Holy shit! Houg?

Houg steps back... and off the stage, crashing onto a table of glasses.

When he looks up Amanda is over her initial shock. She doesn't even try to contain her laughter.

INT. APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

The door flies open. Houg staggers in and grabs the bottle of Gordon's from the counter. He takes a huge drink.

Looks at a framed picture on his desk. He and Amanda, a beautiful happy couple posing at the beach. Punches it.

INT. BATHROOM

He stands with his hindquarters in the tub, reaching under to make sure he's aimed properly. A huge stream of urine swirls down the drain.

INT. APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

White laptop screen, blank except for the title

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND

The William Houg Story"

Another pull from the bottle. He shuts the screen roughly.

Sweat beads on his forehead. He pants.

In a fit of rage he pounds the desk.

HOUNG

FUUUUUUCCKKKK! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

The Male Neighbor pounds on the wall.

NIEGHBOR

(muffled)

Shut uuuuuuup!!!

Houg kicks with his hind leg, putting a hole through both layers of drywall. The neighbor peaks his fat greasy bald head through.

NEIGHBOR

(less muffled)

What the hell! You're going to pay for this shit, god damnit!

The baby next door SCREAMS, full-lung. Houg storms out.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He leaps out onto the sidewalk, almost knocking over a young couple.

BOYFRIEND  
Dude, what the hell!

Houng rears up. The couple scrambles back.

Houng breaks into a full run down the sidewalk. People dash out of his way. He crosses traffic, cars SCREECH to a stop.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - NIGHT

He paces the street. Passersby are intimidated.

HOUNG  
This is what you want right?! You  
like big horse cocks?

Two young women shy away and hurry along. He catches a male prostitute staring.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
What?! You got a problem? You ain't  
got shit on me, Mr. Tits!

"She" crosses to the other side of the street.

A heavily tattooed GANGSTER with prison built muscles stares at him.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
You want some? Huh?

STREET GANGSTER  
Nah man. All good.

He moves on.

EXT. CHURCH - SUNRISE

Houng wanders the street with his head down. He's beat.

Sunlight hits Houng. He looks up to see the rays of the sun illuminate a stunning cathedral.

Houng has never been even tempted to go to church. This time it draws him in. He pauses at the entrance, unsure. Then shoves the doors open.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

He walks down the center aisle of the empty church and stops at the alter. Light shines through stained glass windows. The cross looms over head.

Houng is a striking image at the alter. He hangs his head, then slowly drops to his knees.

HOUNG

What is your plan here? I don't  
even know why I exist anymore.  
Can't you just tell me? I just...

He wants to say more, but doesn't know where to start. He bows his head in silence.

The noise of a group exiting a room behind him breaks his moment. They group chats as they gather around a table to pour coffees.

He gives up and walks out.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Houng looks to the sky. There's no sign from God. Just an airplane leaving a brown trail.

He turns to go, and bumps into something.

Actually someone. He's knocked LINDSEY (32), a legless girl in a wheelchair, to the ground.

LINDSEY

What, are you fucking blind?

HOUNG

Oh my God. Are you ok?

LINDSEY

I was until now.

He picks up the wheelchair. Tries to help her up.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Don't touch me. I can do it myself.

She climbs into the chair.

HOUNG

I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where  
I was going.

LINDSEY

Oh good, a self-aware Centaur. My favorite kind. Just keep your paws off me alright?

He doesn't correct her.

She tries to roll away, but one wheel is bent. Just enough to rub the frame. He watches her push, stop, push, stop.

HOUNG

Need a hand?

LINDSEY

Want to buy me a new wheelchair?

HOUNG

I wish I could.

LINDSEY

You fucking actors are all the same. Good at pretending to care.

HOUNG

I don't act anymore.

LINDSEY

So Hollywood shat you out too? Let me guess, they were looking for a younger, taller Centaur for Harry Potter.

HOUNG

More like a CG Centaur.

LINDSEY

Sad story. Can I go now?

He looks at her bent wheel.

HOUNG

Not very quickly.

He's got her on this.

LINDSEY

Take me to the bus stop. If anyone I know sees me being pushed by a centaur, I'll shoot myself.

HOUNG

That's funny. I was just thinking about doing that before I met you.

LINDSEY

Stop here.

A bus stops at the curb. Drops a wheelchair accessible ramp.

HOUNG

So, that's it?

LINDSEY

Yeah, nice knowing you.

The ramp lifts her up.

HOUNG

What's your name?

LINDSEY

Lindsey.

HOUNG

I'm Houg.

LINDSEY

Is that supposed to impress me?

The door closes.

INT. BUS

She sneaks a look back at Houg. He winks. She quickly looks away, embarrassed at being caught.

A smile forces its way onto her face.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

It's not an impressive office.

There's a desk. Houg's movie posters on the walls.

Blankets on the couch and clothing on the floor give away the fact that Alan actually lives in this room.

He sits at his desk while Houg watches him eat a sandwich. Mustard drips onto his shirt. He dabs at it. Makes a yellow smear.

HOUNG

They're not going to pay me?

ALAN

You bolted after ten minutes! I barely convinced them not to charge you for the damages.

HOUNG

Come on Alan, two years ago we were turning down six figure offers. What have you gotten me lately?

ALAN

I got you that cell phone.

HOUNG

Fuck Alan. Do Something. I need the to pay my rent. I'd do a fucking kids party for shit's sake.

ALAN

I'm here every day. Working the phones. You know I love you, but you're uninsurable. No one wants to take the chance on you fucking up another film.

HOUNG

If I were actually paying you, I'd fire you.

ALAN

Hey, there's always work at the Renaissance Fair.

HOUNG

Fucking hilarious. I here there's an opening for a pedo-wizard. Can you do me one favour, at least? I need you to help me find this girl I met. She seemed like an actress.

ALAN

Female actress. Got it. No Prob.

He pretends to type on his laptop.

HOUNG

I'm not finished dip-shit. Her name is Lindsey, and she's got no legs. Just get her number.

ALAN

I'll see what I can do.

HOUNG

Sure you can't help me with rent? I know you've got some of that film money stashed somewhere.

ALAN

How about you earn it by finishing that auto-biography?

HOUNG

I'll get right on it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Houng waits at a corner, acting casual. A large pickup truck passes and stops. Houng approaches the passenger window.

ANDRE (45), the type of guy who sweats just from walking to the porn shop, leans across the seat to look out.

HOUNG

What do you want, fat ass?

ANDRE

Don't remember me? I thought you might want to party.

Recognition flickers across Houng's face. He shudders.

HOUNG

You got some shit?

ANDRE

Enough to tranquilize a horse.

HOUNG

And three hundred dollars.

ANDRE

We'll work it out. Get in.

Houng looks at the truck bed.

HOUNG

I'll walk.

ANDRE

My house is too far. It won't be much fun if you're all tired out.

This guy is really disgusting.



HOUNG

This shit better be good.

He jumps into the truck bed and sits his rear down, holding onto the side for balance. The truck speeds away.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Houng avoids eye contact as he is driven through busy streets, then up into Topanga Canyon.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Headlights round the corner of a steep driveway. The truck rumbles up and rolls to a stop.

The driver's door opens. Andre steps out heavily. Walks around to open the tailgate. Houng refuses his hand and jumps out, stretching his legs.

HOUNG

I don't need any help.

He looks around. The property is nestled in hills, but still big enough to hold a small horse corral and stable.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

Quiet place.

ANDRE

Reminds me of the country, not a neighbor in sight.

A horse quietly watches Andre lead Houng to a small bungalow.

Houng looks back at the mare, she turns away. His gaze lingers on her rear for a moment.

HOUNG

Nice.

He enters the house. The door shuts behind him.

A light turns in the window.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - LATER

Music pounds. Houng tosses back a few pills and follows them with a swig from a bottle. He's off balance. He laughs as Andre dances into a lamp. Knocks it over.

ANDRE

Told you this was the shit.

HOUNG

You have no idea how much I needed this.

Andre stumbles over and puts his arm around Houng.

ANDRE

No man, I get it. I do. Sometimes you fucking need a break, right?

HOUNG

(slurring)

Totally. Know what I had to do today? I hadda dance for a buncha MILFs.

ANDRE

Doesn't sound like a problem to me.

HOUNG

It's embarrassing. I'm like a fuckin' circus pony to them.

Andre busts out laughing.

ANDRE

Circus pony! Hah! Ain't that a kick in the oysters?

HOUNG

S'not funny. Then my fucking bitch ex-fiance shows up. I don't have any real friends, jus' my manager and a buncha ol' middle aged fans. And they only like me when I'm on screen. It's like I'm stuck in a zoo.

Andre hands him some more pills.

ANDRE

You were a fucking star, man! I've followed you since the day they found you in China. You were a sensation. Ah, fuck 'em.

Houng downs the pills with a big swig.

HOUNG  
Fuck the critics!

ANDRE  
I know producer looking for actors  
like you.

HOUNG  
Yeah?

ANDRE  
Internet. Entertainment. That's  
where the real money is. Fucking  
bought me this house. Cash! Look at  
this shit!

Andre opens a box on the table and pulls out a stack of  
twenty dollar bills. He flips waves then at Houng, who stares  
longingly.

HOUNG  
Wait. Fuckin' porn?

ANDRE  
That's the best kind.

HOUNG  
You're a porn star?

Houng squints his eyes at the blurry three hundred pound man.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Hahahah! You had me going. Hoo!  
These are getting to me.

He stumbles a bit. Andre sticks a business card into Houng's  
vest pocket.

ANDRE  
People still like you man.

HOUNG  
Nah... I burned all my bridges,  
right to the fucking ground.

Houng laughs and looks at the floor rising and falling  
beneath him.

He tries to focus on Andre, who is no longer laughing. No  
longer dancing. Just watching.

ANDRE

I like you.

Houng is too wasted to respond. He's just trying to keep his balance.

Andre unbuttons his shirt revealing a thick blanket of chest hair. He moves in closer and pets Houng's back.

HOUNG

I don' wanna...

ANDRE

Shhhh...

Andre drop to his knees. Houng's eyes roll back into his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

POV

Houng opens his eyes. The ceiling is at an odd angle. Houng never sleeps fully laying down. He struggles to get his bearings.

Something is not right.

He jumps to his feet and stares in horror at Andre's crushed body.

Panic time.

HOUNG

No, no. You idiot. Idiot!

He runs...

EXT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

...and skids to a stop at the sight of the truck. Hoofprints in the dirt lead from the truck to the bungalow.

The horse in the corral stares with sad eyes.

He runs back inside...

INT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

He wipes fingerprints off the bottle, then looks at the couch. Horse hairs everywhere!

He looks at the body. Short hairs cover Andre's sleazy clothes. It's hopeless.

EXT. BUNGALOW

Houng drags Andre's body down the steps and to the corral.

HOUNG

Sorry to do this to you.

He's talking to the horse.

He opens the gate and props Andre against the wood fence.

He looks back at his hoofprints in the dirt, then steps out of the way.

The mare looks at the body, then at Houng. She walks off down the road.

Houng disappears into the trees.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Houng wanders the streets, ignoring the occasional gawking tourist. Crosses through traffic. Oblivious of the HORNS.

He passes strip clubs, massage parlors and pawn shops.

Finally stops on a bridge over the LA River.

He stares down at the concrete below. Puts his front hooves on the rail. Just as he's about to jump, his cell phone RINGS.

He rolls his eyes and answers.

HOUNG

Alan, I can't talk right now. I'm right in the middle of something.

ALAN (V.O.)

I made some calls about Lindsey.

Houng drop back down off the rail.

HOUNG

Yeah?

ALAN (V.O.)

She was a stunt actress up until a few years ago. She was working on a western and got trampled by a horse. Lost both legs.

HOUNG

No wonder she was so pissed-off at me. You got her number?

ALAN (V.O.)

No. Listen Houg, she's bad news. After the accident she did a couple of late night cable flix under the name Lindsey Legless, then dropped off the map. Apparently she's a big time heroin junkie.

HOUNG

Heroin?

ALAN (V.O.)

Yeah. She's the last thing you need.

HOUNG

Thanks Alan. I've got to trot.

ALAN (V.O.)

Houg, wait -

He hangs up and takes off running.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

At best, the back alleys of Hollywood are dirty places. At night, they're dangerous.

Houg steps over a sleeping homeless guy. Carefully avoids another very angry looking man who is arguing with himself.

He KNOCKS on a nondescript metal door. A muffled voice answers.

WADE (O.S.)

Da fuck you want?

HOUNG

Wade, man, I need to talk to Jerry.

WADE(O.S.)  
That you Houg?

HOUNG  
Yeah, where's Jerry?

A moment of silence.

WADE (O.S.)  
He's not here. Fuck off Houg.

Houg POUNDS on the door, loudly.

HOUNG  
Jerry! I need to talk to you!

The homeless man raises his head at the commotion. The door opens quickly.

WADE  
Get in here, now.

INT. JERRY'S HANGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Houg steps into a dark back room of a converted industrial building. Several junkies drool on old couches.

Wade is a burly man who almost matches Houg's impressive height, and definitely out muscles him.

WADE  
What the fuck are you doing here?  
You know we ain't got shit for you.

HOUNG  
I just want to talk to Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Who is it?

WADE  
It's that shit-bag, half-horse ho.

JERRY storms in. He's a true hiptser grease ball. Long slicked back hair. Soul patch on his chin. Thick black rimmed glasses.

JERRY  
You've got to be fucking shitting  
me.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Unless you're here with triple what you owe me you'd better get you're shit-stained ass out of here before Wade sticks a bridle in your mouth and rides you like a donkey.

HOUNG

I'm this close to landing another gig, I'll get your money -

JERRY

Fuck him up Wade.

Jerry turns to walk out.

HOUNG

No! Wait! I know where to get some cash, I swear. I'll bring you whatever you need tomorrow. That's not why I'm here though. I need some information. Have you ever dealt to a legless girl named Lindsey?

JERRY

Get me *four* times what you owe me then *maybe* I'll remember. Until then I ain't telling you shit, dealer-client privilege. And next time I see you without my money, we'll have a dead fucking horse beating.

Wade opens the door for Houg and smacks him on the ass on his way out.

WADE

Go on, git! Heyahh!

The door SLAMS behind Houg.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS BRUSH - NIGHT

CRICKETS and distant SIRENS define the urban wilderness.

Houg climbs up the hillside through the trees. He sees lights ahead.

He hangs back out of sight. Scopes out Andre's ranch. The horse is still gone, but the gate is closed.

Somebody has been here.



Houng quietly makes his way around to the dark back door of the house. It's locked. A swift kick with his rear hoof opens it right up.

HOUNG

Hello?

He cautiously enters. Maybe he didn't kill Andre...

HOUNG (CONT'D)

Andre?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room appears to have been cleaned up. No body, no drugs. Someone has scrubbed the place. This was not a police investigation.

He heads straight to the cash box. Empty! He kicks the table.

Houng searches around until he finds a safe hidden in a cabinet. Its unlocked door swings open. It has already been emptied out.

HOUNG

Fuck!

He grabs a few tissues and wipes his new fingerprints off.

Looks down at the dirty hoofprints on the floor. He finds a mop in the kitchen and mops his way to the back door.

Sets the mop down. Wipes his fingerprints off the handle.

Steps out and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

A couple of pedestrians watch Houng emerge from the trees onto the sidewalk. He brushes leaves from his hair and stomps the dirt from his hooves.

Someone nails him with a half-empty beer can from a passing car.

PASSENGER.

Go back to China, dirtbag!

Houng hangs his head and walks down the street.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

He paces back and forth in front of the church. Occasionally looking up at the door. Finally, he works up the nerve and climbs the steps.

The sign on the door reads "Hey Sinners, good news! The confessional is open. Everyone welcome."

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Houng pokes his head into the confessional booth. He can only fit his front half in, so he closes the curtains as well as he can over his body.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Houng looks around in the dark. A little unsure of what to do. He jumps when the window slides open.

HOUNG

Hi. Uh, this is my first time in the in confession. Actually, I've never really gone to church. I guess I didn't really even know what sin was until I was brought to L.A. as a child. Here it's like I'm trapped in contest to see who can sin the most. It was easy for me. See, I've got this really huge cock...

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Time passes. People come and go. Houng's rear remains poking out of the confessional.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - PRIESTS SIDE

The priest wipes sweat from his brow. He closes his eyes as he squirms in his seat.

HOUNG (O.S.)

...so I'm frikken' blitzed out of my mind and Andre's all like, "I like you," and gets on his knees -

PRIEST

That's enough! God knows your sins.  
(sighs)

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We have a narcotics anonymous meeting starting downstairs right now. I implore you to go straight down there.

HOUNG (O.S.)

So we're all good then?

The priest holds his sleeve over his nose.

PRIEST

It's a start. Go in peace.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Houng backs out and turns to follow the sign that points to the NA meeting.

The priest sneaks out of the confessional and hurries away.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT DINING ROOM - MORNING

Tables have been folded and stacked against the wall. About ten people sit in a circle. Facing each other.

Houng enters the room quietly.

DANNY (18), a former child star wearing sunglasses and a Justin Bieber hair-style, finishes up.

CHILD STAR

They don't know. They don't know!  
They think I'm this innocent  
"Funtime Playhouse" kid who had it  
all and threw it away. But they  
don't know shit. Things were fucked  
up from day one. Two weeks in, and  
I'm sitting on Mr. Honey Bunny's  
lap, smoking a joint in the  
dressing room. I was thirteen! How  
is a thirteen year old supposed to  
deal with that?

He puts his hand to his eyes and hangs his head.

A huge BIKER, (50s) with a spider tattooed on his neck, wipes away a tear. Puts his arm around Danny.

BIKER

We're all with you brother.

Danny wipe some snot away with his sleeve. Looks up with a red face and his best screen smile. He puts his hands together and nods to the biker.

CHILD STAR

Namaste.

JEFF, a 26 year old hipster with a lumberjack beard, 1890's short styled hair and hoop rings in his ears, claps.

JEFF

Very good. Thank you for sharing. I think we can all relate. Each one of us has our own "Honey Bunny" in our lives.

Houng feels uncomfortable and begins to back out of the room.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Well hello! I see we have a new visitor. Please come in.

Jeff jumps up and pulls another folding chair to the circle.

HOUNG

I'll stand.

A toilette FLUSHES in the adjoining room. Everyone respectfully ignores the sound.

JEFF

Welcome to our group. Would you like to introduce yourself? First names only here. I'm Jeff.

HOUNG

William. But everyone just calls me Houng.

Houng is pleasantly surprised to see Lindsey roll out. She see Houng and rolls her eyes.

JEFF

Okay, Houng. Would you like to share anything about yourself?

Houng smiles at Lindsey as she pulls up to the circle.

LINDSEY

I'll share.

The others MURMER. She's never spoken up before.

JEFF

(surprised)

Really? Well okay! Lindsey, tell us-

LINDSEY

I was a stunt performer. An insanely good one. Then one day, I'm doing a fall from a horse. I've done it a hundred times, but this time an explosion goes off at the wrong time. The idiot fucking horse gets spooked, backs up and does a dance on my legs. They were good strong ones, but when a fat ass horse tramples your legs, they're gone. Fucking mush.

She glares at Houg.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

The production company shut down. Assholes didn't have proper insurance. My husband left me a week later. No one would hire me. When every one abandons you, bangin' "H" starts to seem like a great idea. I'd shoot it right into my stumps. It became the only friend I needed.

The group shifts uncomfortably. Houg stares.

JEFF

Well... Thank you for telling us about yourself.

LINDSEY

I guess I saying you really don't want to get to know me. Everyone here is a bit weird. But, I am FUCKED. UP. Seriously. And you know what? I'm better off alone.

JEFF

Well. Okay. Let's reflect on that over the coming week. We all struggle with our earthly desires. We know what we do is wrong but we do it anyway. These are issues that we can't handle on our own. But I have good news. You aren't alone. You are loved. And if you chose to accept this love into your heart it will save you.

INT. MAIN HALL

The group mills around the coffee table. Some chat quietly. Others stand alone, drinking their free coffee.

Houng brings two cups over to Lindsey. Offers her one.

He towers awkwardly over her wheelchair. She shakes her head in disbelief and takes it.

LINDSEY

You don't take hints, do you?

HOUNG

I know how fucked up things can get. And I've got *four* legs.

(beat)

I just mean I'd be bitter too, if I were you.

LINDSEY

So you think I'm bitter? Fuck you.

HOUNG

(smiling)

Obviously you're not bitter. You're the queen of good cheer.

LINDSEY

Alright, smart-ass. What's your story? I thought you were a big shot. Shouldn't you be on an island somewhere?

HOUNG

You think maybe I should have saved my money? Well shit, where were you two years ago? Money can go faster than you think. How was I supposed to know I'd wake up one day and everyone would just decide to abandon me?

LINDSEY

Welcome to the club. At least you can still work. So you're not a fucking star anymore. Get over yourself. Take a part in the Hobbit, or some Narnia shit.

Houng sits down on his rear legs. His shoulders slump.

HOUNG

I can't even get those parts now. I miss a few days of shooting because of some bad tranquilizers, and they think I'm a junkie. One producer told me CGI is cheaper than my insurance.

LINDSEY

I hate to break it to you, but you are a junkie. We all are. Even when we're sober. You never get over it.

HOUNG

So what's the point of this then?

He waves at the room.

LINDSEY

It's a shot at an almost normal life. I've been sober 89 days now. One more, and I beat my previous record. Tomorrow I'm going to celebrate by eating some ice cream and binge-watching Breaking Bad.

Jeff flicks the lights off and on a couple of times.

JEFF

Alright folks. That's it for tonight. We'll see you here next week. Stay sober.

Jeff ushers people towards the door.

LINDSEY

Are you coming next week?

HOUNG

Well, I don't really need to...

She writes her number on a Narcotics Anonymous pamphlet.

LINDSEY

If you change your mind, give me a call. I'll save you a spot.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

Houng struts proudly down the street. His hair waves in the wind. His shirt blows open to reveal his still impressive chest muscles.

His confidence shows.

Two moms sit at an outdoor cafe feeding their babies. They smile at him and whisper to each other. One baby drops his bottle which rolls onto the sidewalk.

Houng kneels down to pick it up and hands back.

HOUNG  
Dropped something.

MOM #1  
Oh my god. I can't believe I'm meeting Houng.

MOM #2  
We were huge fans. When does your next movie come out?

HOUNG  
I'm just headed to my manager's office to find out.

MOM #1  
I hate to ask, but Can we get a picture with you.

HOUNG  
Are you kidding? Of course. Anything for a fan.

They jump up and crowd in next to him to take selfies. The cameras flash. Houng smiles proudly.

EXT. ALAN'S OFFICE BUILDING

He enters a run-down office building.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE

Climbs several flights of stairs to Alan's office.

Houng walks right in.

A young aspiring ACTRESS (18), stands in front of Alan's desk She quickly pulls her shirt closed. Embarrassed. Her audition interrupted.

HOUNG  
He's not a casting director, you know.



ALAN

Don't listen to him. You're fantastic. I'll help you meet all the casting directors. You'll be auditioning in no time.

HOUNG

Sorry bunny, time for the adults to talk. Alan, how about getting your only client an audition?

Houng picks a bra off the desk and hands it to the Actress.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

Here you go sweets. Alan will have his people call you.

She hurries out the door.

ALAN

Was that necessary?

HOUNG

You gotta help me get back on top.

ALAN

I'm not a magician.

HOUNG

I need money asap. I'll do another bachelorette party. Anything.

ALAN

There are no more bachelorettes. You fucked it up. That's it. They never want to see you again. How are things otherwise. Are you okay?

HOUNG

Great! Things are... great. Really good. I saw Lindsey again. We really hit it off. Got her number.

Houng shows him the pamphlet with her number on it.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

I at least get an advance on my next project to pay off some debts.

ALAN

There are no next projects. I don't have any money. Business isn't exactly booming, and you just ran off my only other potential client.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing with that junkie anyway? I warned you about her.

HOUNG

(pleading smile)

Aren't we all junkies? In a way?  
Where's your heart?

ALAN

Go home. I can't do this right now.

INT. HOUNG'S APARTMENT - DAY

We hear the sound of keys RATTLE in the front door. The handle turns. Houg enters. His smile turns to shock.

The apartment is trashed. Wade sits on the counter.

WADE

You weren't kidding. You've literally got nothing of value. Except this shitty laptop.

HOUNG

I need that. It has my autobiography on it.

WADE

Is that worth anything?

HOUNG

It's just the first sentence.

WADE

I'll keep the laptop to pay for my trip over here. Where's the cash?

MRS. APPLEBAUM (O.S.)

(calling from the hallway)

Houg?

Houg takes a step back to the door. Wade shows him the gun in his pants.

WADE

Go ahead and close the door.

MRS. APPLEBAUM (O.S.)

Do you have the rent money?

HOUNG

Soon, Mrs. Applebaum!

Houng shuts the door.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
I almost had it I swear.

Wade takes the gun out of his jacket.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
Wait!

Houng digs a business card from his shirt pocket.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
I've got a plan, but I need one  
more day.

WADE  
Why don't I believe you?

HOUNG  
No really, here.

He hands Wade the Porn King's business card.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
I really don't want to do this, but  
I will. It pays well. It should  
cover everything.

WADE  
(laughing)  
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

HOUNG  
It's not funny.

WADE  
Let's for a walk.

EXT. JERRY'S HANGOUT - DAY

Houng hesitates as Wade opens the door.

HOUNG  
What are we doing here? I told you,  
I just need one more day.

WADE  
Shut up.

Wade lets Houng in, then follows.

INT. JERRY'S HANGOUT

A trashy looking girl looks up from a couch. She rubs her eyes and tries to focus. The sight of a centaur is too much. She lays back down and buries her head in the cushions.

Houng looks around uncomfortably as Wade leads him down a hallway.

Wade KNOCKS on a door.

WADE  
(calling)  
It's Wade!

JERRY (O.S.)  
Come in.

Wade opens the door. Jerry looks up from his desk.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

WADE  
Someone here to see you.

JERRY  
So you got my money?

HOUNG  
(confused)  
I, uh...

He looks to Wade for guidance.

WADE  
Better. He's looking for the "Porn King." Wants to work off his debt.

Jerry leans back in his chair, very amused.

JERRY  
Well, well! The great Hollywood romance star. Looking for his big comeback in internet porn.!

It starts to dawn on Houng.

HOUNG  
You're the porn king?

JERRY  
Multi-leveled business strategy.  
It's a whole new world these days.  
Got to be smart to stay on top.

HOUNG

With porn?

Jerry gets up, takes a digital camera from his desk and starts walking around Houg.

JERRY

Drugs and porn. Perfect synergy.

He starts taking photos of Houg from various angles.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Look at yourself. One day you're coming to me for your next fix, now you want to act in my movies. It's beautiful. Everyone wins.

HOUNG

I don't know. This might not -

JERRY

You really don't have much choice now do you? How else are you going to repay me, huh? Hollywood knocking on your door?

Houg shifts uncertainly.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Now listen, I want you to be happy. We'll both come out ahead on this.

Jerry smiles and pets him. Houg recoils at his touch.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'll even help you find your girl.

HOUNG

I already found her.

JERRY

Well, some extra money then. You need to pay bills right?

HOUNG

My manager -

JERRY

Isn't doing dick! What has he done for you lately? Where are the big offers? Are you even getting auditions? Your film career is over. Who gives a shit about those Hollywood pricks anyway, right?

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you know how much money the porn industry makes?

HOUNG

I need the money, but -

JERRY

Come on, man! This is your chance to get back on the screen!

HOUNG

What would I have to do?

Jerry winks at Wade. He's won.

JERRY

Don't worry about a thing, we'll guide you through the whole way. You're going to love it. Everyone's a little shy at first, but when the action starts, you'll forget the camera's even there. Saddle up, Bronco. Let's go.

Wade moves to a door at the back of his office.

HOUNG

What? Now?

JERRY

Hey, you're lucky I want you at all. As it happens, my biggest actor just blew his last money shot. We found him dead at his own house. He was 300 pounds of pure sex. See, we're a specialty shop here. You'll fit right in.

He opens the door to a huge warehouse with a sex dungeon set in the middle of it. Houg recoils at the smell.

An incredibly tall DOMINATRIX in leather whips a midget hanging in a sex harness.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome!

INT. HOUNG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Houg stumbles through the door. Tosses a brown paper bag onto the table and runs to the bathroom.

The sound of the shower starts.

A closer look at the bag reveals a small stack of twenty dollar bills spilling out.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Houng emerges. Towels off his hair. He looks at the money on the table, then at his trashy apartment.

Empties the vodka bottle into the sink.

Dumps pills into the toilet.

Puts on his best shirt and looks in the mirror. It has a hole in it.

He swipes the money from the table and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Houng emerges from a Melrose clothing store with a new button down shirt. With his cleaned up look, people around him seem to react to his natural handsomeness.

He looks around in pride. Pulls out his phone and dials Lindsey.

HOUNG

Hey. Is this Lindsey?

(beat)

Yeah, it's me.

(beat)

Definitely, I'll be there next week. I think it was really good for me... Hey, I was wondering... If you weren't busy now, I thought you might like to meet me for a coffee?

(beat)

Really? I'm down on Melrose I'll be up in a few minutes.

Houng ends the call and takes off at a run.

He dodges past people, takes a turn at the corner, hooves skids across the sidewalk.

He dodges in and out of traffic. Cars honk.

A mom steps out in front of him with a stroller, he leaps over bench to avoid her and keeps running.

Finally he reaches Hollywood Boulevard and comes to a halt. He catches his breath and looks through the crowd.

He spies Lindsey waiting outside a restaurant in her chair. She's holding two coffees. He waves and trots over.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

You didn't have to do that, I wanted to treat you.

LINDSEY

It's just coffee. Where are we going?

HOUNG

Let's just go for a walk.  
(looks at her chair)  
...you know what I mean. I thought we could just enjoy the night.

Houng takes the coffees and they head up the street, towards the Mann's Chinese Theater. Her chair squeaks every time the bent wheel rubs the frame.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

I'm going to get that fixed.

LINDSEY

Don't worry about it. There are better things to spend a hundred dollars on.

People stare as they pass. One takes a picture.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Don't they ever irritate you?

HOUNG

The tourists? They used to. Then when my career crashed, I hated them for abandoning me. Now? I guess I'm just tired of being angry. I'll take what I can get. You know what I mean?

LINDSEY

I guess so.

HOUNG

Oh shit, LARPERS. I take it back, they're the worst. Turn around.



A group of people in a mix of fantasy and anime costumes catch site of Houg and start to stir. He turns and walks right into...

A massive, heavily tattooed JUICER (30), in a tight UFC T-shirt, and his boy, DILLON (6). Houg tries to back away but it's too late...

JUICER

I can't believe it. The fucking centaur! Check it out Dillon. This guy used to be Houg.

HOUNG

Yeah... still am.

Houg tries to smile. The Juicer pets Houg's back, showing Dillon.

JUICER

Go on, touch its fur. It's just like a real horse.

HOUNG

Okay, okay. Nice to meet you. Have a good night.

He looks over his shoulder, the Larpers close in. He tries to leave, but the JUICER grabs his arm.

JUICER

Hey, will you give my boy a ride? He's never seen a real centaur before.

HOUNG

Alright, very funny. I'm actually on a date here, so why don't you just move along, okay buddy?

Dillon's face turns red. He tugs his dad's arm.

JUICER

You got a problem bro? I'm just asking for God damned ride for my kid.

DILLON

(crying)  
I want a ride, God damnit!

HOUNG

(to Lindsey)  
Let's go.

JUICER

Wheel Girl can wait for five  
fucking minutes, asshole!

The Juicer's veins bulge on his muscles. He shoves Houg violently.

One swift kick from Houg's front leg sends the Juicer sprawling onto the sidewalk. He's out for the count.

The crowd that had formed around them cheers. Dillon tries to wake his dad up. A guy in a superman costume swoops in to give mouth to mouth. The Juicer moans.

LINDSEY

(smiling)

So this is a date, huh?

HOUNG

We should probably leave.

EXT. LAKE HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

From high up the hill, the city lights flicker through a haze of smog. Down below the sound of GALLOPING breaks the silence. A figure moves along a path by the reservoir.

CUT TO:

TRAIL

Hooves beat the cement, then veer off onto the dirt.

Lindsey holds her arms tightly around Houg's chest as he races up the mountain.

LINDSEY

Wooooo!

HOUNG

Hang on!

He leaps over a boulder and continues up the hill. Her hair whips in the wind. She laughs with exhilaration.

They finally come to a stop above the Hollywood sign. They both catch their breath.

LINDSEY

I never thought I'd ride again.

HOUNG

I never thought I'd be ridden.

Houng sits down and helps Lindsey dismount. She leans her back on him.

LINDSEY

(laughing)

The guy never knew what hit him. He was going into full-on roid rage and you just knocked him flat!

HOUNG

I didn't want to.

LINDSEY

He deserved it. He'll never fuck with a centaur again, that's for sure.

Houng stares out at the city.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I didn't know it was possible to get up here. It's so quiet.

HOUNG

I come up here to get away sometimes.

LINDSEY

Do you remember your childhood at all? Before you came to the U.S.?

HOUNG

I remember the farmers who found me and raised me. Before that, just bits and pieces. Mostly feelings. Being lost and afraid. I also remember a kind of freedom that I've never had since.

LINDSEY

That's Hollywood. Once it swallows you up, you're trapped.

HOUNG

Until it vomits you out, and you wish you were back in.

LINDSEY

Would you ever go back? To China? Maybe there are other centaurs.

HOUNG

I thought about it when things got really bad. Now? I don't know.

He looks her in the eyes.

LINDSEY

I think you should stay.

They kiss in front of the full moon.

INT. HOUNG'S APARTMENT - DAY

On the wall there is a movie poster for "Centaur Nights." Houg, with rippling muscles and long blond hair, kisses a fair maiden.

Houg sleeps on a mattress below the poster. The human portion of his body rests on a soft chair.

A KNOCK wakes him up.

MRS. APPLEBAUM (O.S.)

I could hear you snoring, I know you're in there.

HOUNG

What do you want?

MRS. APPLEBAUM (O.S.)

It's Friday. You promised me the rent.

Houg gets up and grabs the stack of cash off the table.

Opens the door.

HOUNG

I told you I'd get the money. Why do you always worry so much, Mrs. Applebaum?

He removes several hundred dollars and hands it over. She counts.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

This covers last months rent. We're already halfway through this month.

HOUNG

(hesitates)

Sure, of course here you go.

He hands over more. She frown and walks away, leaving him with 100 dollars.

He shuts the door and makes a call.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

It's me. What are you doing this afternoon?

(beat)

Great. We're getting your wheel fixed.

(beat)

No I insist. It's your ninety-days-sober present.

(beat)

Five o'clock? Perfect, I'll swing by your place.

EXT. A BUSY HOLLYWOOD STREET - LATE DAY

Houng and Lindsey pass a crowd in front of a trendy restaurant.

HOUNG

Excuse me, lady coming through.

People step aside to make room for Lindsey to pass. PAULO (30's), a slick looking director with a trendy entourage, turns to look.

PAULO

Holy shit, Houng! I thought you died.

HOUNG

I've been around. You just never call.

PAULO

It's been crazy busy. I just finished directing Mermaniac, and I've got two more scripts in development. God, I wish there were two of me.

HOUNG

Good problem to have, I guess. Hey, I want you to meet Lindsey -

PAULO

The studio said they might be pushing Mermaniac for a Teen Choice award.

Houng looks back to Lindsey. She's getting crowded out as people push toward the restaurant entrance.

HOUNG

Well, it was great seeing you.  
We've got to run.

PAULO

It's early! You got to join us for  
a quick drink.

TYLER (28), a personal assistant who looks more like a Calvin Klein model, calls back from the entrance.

TYLER

We got our table.

PAULO

Make space for two more...

Paulo stretches to catch a look at Lindsey through the crowd.

PAULO (CONT'D)

One centaur and one wheelchair.

They push through. Houng makes his way back to Lindsey.

HOUNG

Just one drink? Ten minutes, tops.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT

The music pumps. Patrons shout to be heard. Paulo sits at a large corner booth surrounded by his entourage.

Tyler on his right. CELINE (18), an attention craving aspiring actress, on his left.

ANTON (38), sits with his arm around Celine. He laughs too enthusiastically whenever Paulo talks.

Houng and Lindsey are uncomfortably squeezed in next to the table. They lean out of the way when the WAITRESS brings a round of drinks.

PAULO smiles as the stunning Waitress leans over to set down the drinks. He winks at her.

PAULO

I know who I want at my next  
audition.

ANTON  
 Hahahaha! That's great!  
 (To the waitress)  
 He's serious you know. Call me.  
 We'll arrange a meet.

He hands her a business card. She's used to this crowd. She smiles politely and leaves.

PAULO  
 The waitresses here are ice on the inside, but they are smokin' on the outside, right Houg?

ANTON  
 Hah! Hahahaha! It's true! You've got to put that in your next movie!

PAULO  
 So how did you meet this one?

HOUNG  
 I met Lindsey at a church.

Paulo acts like he's been shot. Anton guffaws.

PAULO  
 Oh my god. Houg at a church? My world-view has just shattered!  
 Let's drink. To Houg going straight!

They all lift their glasses, except Lindsey.

CELINE  
 Wait. You're not a nun are you?

Paulo gives Houg a look. Houg leans over to Lindsey.

HOUNG  
 (whispers)  
 Just one drink, we'll be gone in five minutes.

Lindsey puts on a pretend smile. Reluctantly lifts her glass.

ALL  
 Cheers!

HOURS LATER

The group listens, enthralled with Lindsey's story. She takes a drink of gin and tonic. Sets it down next to several empty glasses.

LINDSEY

So I get in the car, and I'm like, "Where's the fucking roll cage?" The producer says they can't afford one. So I say, "you can't afford a seat belt either?" The fucking shoulder belt is gone. Then the stunt coordinator says the last time they tried this stunt the driver was killed. The seat belt kept him from ducking when the car landed on it's roof. "So what the fuck do you want me to do?" He ties a rope to the passenger door handle and says "If you flip, just pull your self down with this rope."

ANTON

Fuck.

CELINE

Is that how you lost your legs?

Paulo leans forward, curious. Houg loves it.

LINDSEY

Nope. Fucking nailed the flip. If you want to know about my legs, I'm going to need another drink.

Tyler stands up in the booth and WHISTLES loudly.

TYLER

Waitress! Another round!

LATER STILL

Lindsey tries to keep her eyes open. Anton makes out with Celine.

Houg has managed to squeeze his front legs into the booth in a half sitting position. Tyler takes a picture of him and Paulo with their arms around each other.

They're all trashed.

PAULO

I missed you, man.



HOUNG

We had some epic fucking times!

PAULO

We've gotta do a project together,  
you know?

HOUNG

Totally. How come we never worked  
together?

PAULO

You were doing that romance shit,  
but you know what? You're a stud.  
You should be doing big action.

HOUNG

I love action. I could totally do  
that.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM

The muffled drums of the music pound through the walls.  
Photos of drunk girls flashing their breasts in the  
restaurant decorate the room.

Paulo bursts in through the door. Houg follows with Lindsey.  
Tyler enters last and locks the door behind them.

He pulls a bag of coke from his pocket. Sets up at the sink.

PAULO

Don't tell my producer. Anton hates  
this shit. But fuck it, right? You  
only live once.

Paulo does a line.

HOUNG

Solid advice.

PAULO

Woo! Go for it.

LINDSEY

Fuck it!

Lindsey grabs the straw. Snorts. She instantly wakes back up.

Houg momentarily considers what just happened, then shrugs  
and dives in.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

Houng wakes up on the floor. His head rests on Tyler's lap who is passed out on the couch.

He looks around. The house is beautiful, though obviously trashed from an after-party last night. Bottles on the floor. Clothes on the furniture.

He calls quietly.

HOUNG

Lindsey?

No sign of her.

The back sliding glass door is wide open. He stumbles outside and squints in the sun.

He smacks his lips, parched. Grabs a glass from a table and takes a drink. He cringes and looks in the glass. A cigarette butt floats in the dirty water.

He pukes into the pool.

Wanders off down the hill.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Houng reads a schedule posted outside the church. There's an NA meeting at three PM. Currently in progress. He heads in.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Houng looks in. Lindsey sits off to the side. She's looking rough. And angry.

He makes his way to the circle while everyone stares.

Jeff actually glares at him. He seems to know what Houng was up to last night.

JEFF

Please continue.

CHILD STAR

When they told me I had to share a dressing room, I just flipped. They couldn't even spare one room?

BIKER

Wait, that's your excuse?

JEFF

We're here to support each other,  
not judge.

Houng trips over a metal chair. It CLATTERS loudly to the floor. The noise pounds his headache.

He finds a spot next to the Child Star. Sits on his hind legs.

The kid sniffs. Looks over at Houng's puke stained shirt. Scoots his chair over.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Are we all settled?

HOUNG

Carry on.

JEFF

So Houng! How long have you been sober?

HOUNG

Dude, are you wearing lululemons?

Jeff crosses his legs. His tight pants stretch comfortably.

JEFF

Men do yoga too. Let's focus on you.

HOUNG

Alright. My name is Houng and I'm not an addict. I've been sober for about...

He looks at his watch. Laughs.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

Actually, I think I'm still drunk -

LINDSEY

Why don't I share?

She wheels up to the group.

JEFF

It's not really...

LINDSEY

Today would have been my ninety first day sober. I'm a recovering drug user and sex addict.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I don't mean I traded sex for drugs. I had loads of money from my stunt work. To me the two went together. I loved the rush. Work hard play hard right? But that's where it all gets so dangerous. I kept reaching for that new high. Sex was just another challenge to me. I was always looking for the biggest dick in the room. Now I actually found him.

The group's mouths hang open in shock. Child Star smiles, he loved the story.

Lindsey's face is red. She wheels out of the room.

HOUNG

Lindsey, Wait!

He scrambles to his feet. His hooves slip on the slick linoleum and he falls awkwardly on his side.

He finally stands up and limps out of the room after her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Houng catches up to her at the bus stop. The same place where they first met.

He spins her chair around.

HOUNG

Will you just talk to me for a minute?

LINDSEY

Let go of my chair.

He does. Backing away.

HOUNG

What was all that in there?

LINDSEY

That's me. That's what my shitty life was like when I was using. That will always be a part of me. It's fucking ugly, but I have to live with it. You don't.

She turns away.

HOUNG

I want to. Well, not that, but you.  
I like you, flaws and all.

LINDSEY

Well, I don't. There are parts of  
me I never want to see again. But  
you just brought them right back  
out last night.

Houng's phone RINGS. The bus turns the corner and approaches.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Better answer it. Hollywood's  
calling.

The bus pulls up and starts to drop for the wheelchair.

Houng ignores the RINGING.

HOUNG

Please. Just give me a chance.

The ramp lifts her up.

LINDSEY

I can't talk to you right now.

The doors close behind her. Houng's phone RINGS again. The  
display says "Alan". He answers, annoyed.

HOUNG

What!?

(beat)

Why?

(beat)

Okay, fine. I'll be there in a few.

He watches the bus drive away.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Houng opens the door.

Paulo sits on the desk chatting with Alan. He stands up,  
smiling broadly. Holds his arms out for a hug.

PAULO

There he is! My favorite actor with  
a horses body!

Houng looks at Alan, confused.

ALAN

Paulo called me up this morning. He had some very interesting things to talk about.

HOUNG

(defensive)

Woah, hang on. I had nothing to do with anything. I was just trying to have a nice date with-

ALAN

No, no. Paulo's here for business.

Paulo laughs heartily.

PAULO

You don't change, my friend. Woo, I missed you!

HOUNG

What going on?

ALAN

Just listen.

PAULO

Remember those scripts I was developing? Well, you're all wrong for those. BUT, while those are in the pipe, the studio wants me to take on one of their biggest franchises. Now this one, you'll be perfect for!

Houng looks to Alan to confirm that this is real. Alan nods.

HOUNG

What is it? Like a fantasy picture? I'll do any part. Even if it's just a few lines.

ALAN

It's a lead role.

PAULO

Co-starring. It's a sequel to The Littlest Detective.

HOUNG

With that kid?

PAULO  
Yep. Hayden LLOYD. He is super hot  
right now.

ALAN  
Rising fast.

PAULO  
This time he gets assigned a  
partner.

Alan spreads his arms theatrically.

ALAN  
You!

HOUNG  
That's... great. The studio is on  
board with this?

PAULO  
Absolutely. I told them and they  
loved the idea!

ALAN  
Remember your three picture deal?

HOUNG  
That was for the Centaur's Bride  
trilogy. They said the third one  
was dead.

ALAN  
Technically, they have to pay half  
your fee whether it's made or not.  
Turns out, the contract doesn't  
actually state the title of the  
movie. It's win-win.

HOUNG  
So that's it? No audition or  
anything?

Paulo roars with laughter again.

PAULO  
He's shocked! That's how I roll. I  
told them you ARE this part. Paulo  
gets what Paulo wants. There's just  
a couple of little conditions, but  
otherwise, we're golden!

HOUNG  
Conditions?

PAULO  
Little ones. No big deal. Then  
we're good to go.

Paulo looks to Alan for clarification.

ALAN  
Well, they want you to cut your  
mullet. I know it's your signature  
look, but it doesn't work for this  
new image.

Houng shifts uncomfortably. Touches his hair.

HOUNG  
And?

ALAN  
Lose twenty pounds.

HOUNG  
Done. Anything else?

ALAN  
Your contract contains a... zero  
tolerance clause. If you do  
anything, that even slightly casts  
a bad light on the project, you're  
fired. No drugs, public  
drunkenness, fights... If you even  
so much as show up one minute late  
for work, you're fired. That won't  
be a problem, right?

HOUNG  
No. None at all.

Paulo gives him a bear hug.

EXT. JERRY'S HANGOUT

Houng POUNDS on the door. He sweats in the hot So-Cal sun.

HOUNG  
Open up! Jerry!

He knocks again. Nothing.

He backs up, frustrated. No windows or any other way in.

He turns around and lifts his hind leg. Just as he kicks the  
door starts to open. The door SLAMS against the wall.



Wade flies across the room.

Houng rushes in. Wade MOANS on the floor.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
Oh shit, Wade. Are you alright?

WADE  
(weakly)  
Damn-it Houng...

HOUNG  
I'm just... I need to talk to  
Jerry. Is he... I'll go ahead and  
head on back.

Wade is too out of it to respond. Houng steps over him.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

Houng enters. No Jerry.

He looks around the office. Shuffles through various porn DVDs. They all have the "Porn King" logo, and none are straight porn. Houng shudders.

He jumps when the door at the back of the office opens. A tall DOMINATRIX in a full-on latex body suit backs in.

She calls into the other room.

DOMINATRIX  
Where?

JERRY (O.S.)  
By the dildos!

Houng looks for a place to hide, but he's huge, so no luck. She turns to see him standing there. She gasps.

He reaches to the shelf of dildos and picks up a whip.

HOUNG  
Looking for this?

DOMINATRIX  
(calling)  
Jerry? The stallion's here!

Jerry rushes into the room. Looks around.

JERRY  
(to Houg)  
Where's Wade?

HOUNG  
He uh... He fell down. He's going  
to be fine. I'm pretty sure.

In two steps Jerry is behind his desk. A gun emerges from the drawer. He holds it casually.

JERRY  
You know I operate by appointment  
only. How come you never call  
ahead, Houg?

HOUNG  
You can't release that video.

JERRY  
(laughing)  
Oh, that's what you're here for? Do  
you know how many times I've heard  
that? Don't worry, as soon as it's  
online, you'll be begging me to  
shoot another one.

HOUNG  
No. I mean, I've got a job. I'll  
pay you back the money you gave me.

JERRY  
It's not that easy.

HOUNG  
I'll pay for the whole shoot. I  
just can't let it get out.

Jerry fiddles with his gun.

Aims it at the tile floor in front of Houg and fires. A tile  
EXPLODES in front of Houg's hooves.

Houg leaps back with his hands out.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa!

JERRY  
Do you know how much that video is  
worth? With your name, and your  
beautiful body? Not to mention the  
Lapers, they go fucking ape shit  
for fantasy porn.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

I can get 30k in the U.S., alone.  
Wait till it hits the Asian  
markets. I'll clear a hundred grand  
easy. It's porn gold.

HOUNG

Can't we just -

Jerry aims the guns at Houg's face.

JERRY

Get the fuck out.

INT. SOUND STAGE

Carpenters hammer away in the background, finishing up the three-quarters set of police station.

Actors gather around a long table, chatting and introducing themselves.

Houg enters. He's sporting a stylish dressy shirt, and a sharp new haircut. He looks good.

Paulo spies him and rushes over. He enthusiastically kisses Houg's cheeks.

PAULO

Right on time. I knew you'd make  
it.

HOUNG

(nervous)  
Of course.

PAULO

Hey everyone. Welcome our co-star  
and my good friend, William Houg!

Everyone CLAPS and CHEERS.

Paulo guides Houg to mingle with the group. Celine, the young actress from the bar, greets him with a hug.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The cast sits around a long table with their scripts. Houg stands at the end.

Paulo takes notes. Occasionally whispers to Anton who nods in agreement. Anton records the reading with his laptop camera.

Hayden, an irritating 11 year old is the Littlest Detective.

Wilson, a wrinkled, slightly effeminate acting veteran, reads as The Chief.

Celine texts on her phone, totally board.

SALLY, an older actress who has spent the later part of her career off-broadway, reads her line.

SALLY

George never could hold handle his wine. It was only a matter of time before he walked off that balcony.

HAYDEN

We found blood in the apartment. Do you want to tell me whose that was?

SALLY

George's. I heard the scream and rushed down to the street to help him. I had his blood on my hands when I went back up to call the police.

PAULO

(reading stage direction)  
The Chief knocks.

Wilson knocks on the table. Mocks opening a door.

WILSON

Shaun.

HAYDEN

Please wait here, Mrs. Chandler.  
(beat)  
Her story checks out Chief. Just got word from forensics, his wounds were consistent with blunt force trauma from the fall.

WILSON

(overly gruff Chief voice)  
Well I just got word from headquarters. George has important friends. They sent over an investigator to help with the case.

HAYDEN

What?! This is an open and shut case. It doesn't make any sense.

HOUNG

Does it make sense for a man to take a swan dive right after making a fifty-four million dollar business deal?

HAYDEN

My new partner is a centaur?

HOUNG

(Sarcastic comedy stinger)  
Whaa, Whaaa....

Paulo stands up irritated. Anton stops the video recording.

PAULO

Let's break here. Great job today.  
Rest up, we shoot tomorrow!

Wilson leads the group in self-congratulatory applause. His tough demeanor disappears. The group erupts in conversation.

WILSON

Oh wonderful! I love this script,  
Paulo.

SALLY

Hayden you are just as cute as a  
button. Everyone was fantastic.

Hayden rolls his eyes as she pinches his cheek.

HAYDEN

Of course I was good. I've done  
three of these already. I AM Shaun.

CELINE

When is my line?

Anton puts his arm around her.

ANTON

You'll have to read the script to  
find out sweetie.

Houng sneaks away to graze at the food table, too embarrassed by upsetting Paulo to schmooze. He eyes all of the good food and deserts. Reluctantly grabs a carrot to eat.

Looks back, everyone is still congratulating themselves.

He take out his phone and checks it. The chat window consists entirely of texts from him with no responses from Lindsey.

"Hey", "U There?", "Hey", "What are you up to?", "Call me."

Pulls up Lindsey's number. He tries calling. No answer.

PAULO  
Enjoying the snacks?

HOUNG  
I've never seen so much goat  
cheese.

PAULO  
Take this movie seriously.

HOUNG  
I do. I love the script. I was just-

Paulo leans in and speaks so the others can't hear.

PAULO  
You fuck this up and I'll replace  
you with a fucking retarded Bononbo  
Monkey and probably still get a  
better performance! Then I'll  
personally chop your fat ass up and  
sell you for glue.

Paulo scoops up a wad of goat cheese with a cracker and  
flicks it at Houg.

Cheese slides down his cheek as he watches Paulo walk away.

Houg looks back at the table. He empties a plate of cookies  
into his backpack. Packs away an unopened bottle of sparkling  
juice.

He checks his messages again. Nothing.

Then he remembers the "Find my Friends" feature. Searches for  
Lindsey. A locator appears on the map. She's headed down a  
street.

He runs out.

EXT. A HOLLYWOOD STREET

Houg spies Lindsey at a crosswalk. She works her way across,  
slowed up by a crowd of tourists pushing past her. The light  
turns green before she reaches the side walk.

An impatient ASSHOLE in a convertible lays on his HORN.

Lindsey stops in front of him and SLAMS her hand on his hood.

LINDSEY  
 Fuck yourself to hell, you shitty  
 ass taint rabbit!

ASSHOLE  
 How about you move your crippled  
 ass off the street, bitch!

She turns her chair to face the car. She's not moving.

Asshole puts his car into reverse. The car behind him edges  
 up so he can't maneuver. Traffic starts to pile up.

LINDSEY  
 My crippled ass is fine right here.

Houng runs up, out of breath.

HOUNG  
 Lindsey!

LINDSEY  
 Oh, fucking wonderful.

ASSHOLE  
 Hey "Lindsey", you're stud's here.  
 You can fuck off now.

Houng glares down at the Asshole as he walks past the  
 driver's side door.

LINDSEY  
 What do you want?

HOUNG  
 I need to talk to you.

ASSHOLE  
 Why don't you talk to you're  
 girlfriend back at the freakshow?

Houng's tail swishes, whipping the Asshole in the face.

HOUNG  
 I've been trying to call you. I'm  
 sorry about the other night. It got  
 out of control. I swear it won't  
 happen again.

LINDSEY  
 I can't be around you. We aren't  
 good for each other.

The Asshole HONKS his horn. Houg let's out a massive horse fart next to his head.

HOUNG  
(to Lindsey)  
This guy bothering you?

LINDSEY  
I don't need your help. Just leave  
alright?

ASSHOLE  
Both of you fucking leave.

Lindsey swings a bag a groceries down hard, denting his hood. This time he lays on his HORN without letting go.

Houg reaches around and smacks him. The horn stops.

LINDSEY  
I can handle myself!

HOUNG  
Okay. I won't get involved.

Houg backs up. His ass pushes against the guys head.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
I'm going.

He farts again. Lindsey reluctantly cracks a smile.

LINDSEY  
Don't mess with me Houg. I can't  
have my heart broken again.

HOUNG  
I won't bother you again, ohhhh...

Houg holds his stomach in pain. Lindsey looks a bit worried.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
I'll just, unngh.... I don't feel  
so good...

Suddenly he lets loose a massive crap right into the furious Asshole's lap. Lindsey cracks up.

Police SIRENS approach in the distance. Asshole scrambles out of his seat, frantically wiping himself off.

LINDSEY  
I think we should go now.



HOUNG

Yep!

He comes around and pushes her wheelchair to sidewalk. They take off down the street.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - GOLDEN HOUR

Lindsey rides on Houg's back down the beach. Her hair blows in the wind. Water sprays up as he races through the surf.

She hugs his neck tight.

MOMENTS LATER - SUNSET

They lay in the sand by her wheelchair. Lindsey rests her head against Houg's chest.

He unscrews the bottle of sparkling grape juice and hands it to her.

HOUNG

Promise you won't leave me again?

LINDSEY

I swear. But now you're stuck with me for life.

Houg holds her tight and kisses her.

LINDSEY

I wish my high school friends could see me now.

They watch a homeless man in a Speedo pull a partially eaten sandwich from a trash can and walk away.

HOUNG

Livin' the dream.

She sits up and turns to him.

LINDSEY

I serious. Right now, they're probably all back in my boring old bumfuck backwater hometown working in a ketchup factory. Here I am, laying on a beach in California with my movie star boyfriend.

HOUNG

Pshh. I'm not a movie star anymore.

LINDSEY  
You will be soon.

HOUNG  
I'm not so sre about that.

LINDSEY  
So it's a shitty movie. It's a  
stepping stone to bigger and  
better.

HOUNG  
It's not the movie I'm worried  
about.

LINDSEY  
Come on, they're going to love you.

Houng stands up.

HOUNG  
Doesn't matter. I've already fucked  
it up. Like I always do.

He turns away. Ashamed.

LINDSEY  
What aren't you telling me?

HOUNG  
They told me "one mistake..."

LINDSEY  
What did you do?

HOUNG  
It was before I even got the job.  
Before we were dating.

LINDSEY  
(worried)  
What was? If you really love me,  
you have to tell me everything.

Houng hesitates. Afraid to tell her the truth.

HOUNG  
There's this drug dealer, Jerry.

LINDSEY  
The Porn King?

HOUNG  
Uh, yeah. You know that asshole?

LINDSEY

What can I say? I used to buy a lot of drugs. What does he have on you?

HOUNG

A video.

LINDSEY

Oh shit. That kind of video?

He hangs his head.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh...

HOUNG

I'm sorry. I screw everything up.

She doesn't know what to think. Houg in porn? She doesn't blame him... She shakes it off. Determined to support him.

Houg tries to hide the tears in his eyes.

LINDSEY

We have to destroy it. If that comes out, your career is done.

HOUNG

Don't you think I already tried!? It's just all fucked.

He turns away.

LINDSEY

You can't just give up. Do you want to blow this chance like you did with everything else?

This stings. He stops for a moment. Then leaves. Ashamed.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that! Houg!

Her wheelchair is a few feet away. She can't catch him.

Tears roll. She pounds the ground with her fist.

EXT. JERRY'S HANGOUT - MORNING

BANG, BANG, BANG! Lindsey pounds on Jerry's door.

LINDSEY

Open this goddamned door or I'm  
burning this place to the ground  
you piece of shit retarded whore  
abortion -

The door flies open. Wade sticks his head out and looks around, worried. He pulls her chair inside.

WADE

Just shut up and get in here!

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jerry pours a glass of whiskey and offers it to Lindsey.

LINDSEY

I don't drink anymore, Jerry.

He's shocked. Shakes his head and sets the drink on the desk.

JERRY

What is happening in this town? You  
used to be one of my best  
customers.

LINDSEY

What can I say? I've turned a new  
leaf.

JERRY

Okay. So why were you at my door  
yelling like a crack queen on fire?

LINDSEY

You shot a video with Houg.

Jerry smiles. He love being in a power position. He slides the whiskey back toward her.

JERRY

So you and Houg are a thing? How  
can I discuss business with someone  
who won't even have one drink with  
me?

LINDSEY

I told you I can't.

JERRY

So you don't truly love him?

Lindsey stares at the glass. He's got her.

She leans over and picks up the drink.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - MORNING

The guard lets Houg in through the car security check.

He strolls dejectedly through the alleys between the sound stages until he reaches the set.

The cast and crew move about getting ready for the first day of shooting.

Paulo spies him and approaches. He calls back over his shoulder.

PAULO

Breanna!

(to Houg)

Glad you showed up! Let's nail this picture, then we'll both be on to bigger and better. Ah, here she is!

Breanna (mid-20s), a no-nonsense make up artist on her way up the ladder, eyes Houg with skepticism.

PAULO (CONT'D)

Breanna, this is Houg. Bree's the best makeup artist I've ever worked with. She'll show you to your trailer and make you look like incredible. See you on set.

Paulo rushes away before Houg can even speak.

HOUNG

So...

BREANNA

Come on.

She walks. Houg hurries after her.

EXT. HOUNG'S TRAILER

Houg stares. The trailer is a good sized horse hauler. She pulls the back doors open.

BREANNA

I'm not happy about this, but it'll have to work.

They walk up the ramp.

It looks like the set decorators did their best to spruce it up. A makeup table and well-lit mirror stand at the back.

Breanna looks him up and down. Shakes her head.

BREANNA (CONT'D)

First scene's on the beach. Lose the shirt.

Houng strips down. She pokes his protruding gut. Pinches his back fat.

HOUNG

It's hard to lose twenty pounds. Is there anything you can do?

BREANNA

It won't be easy, but that's what they pay me for.

She looks at her watch and sighs.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lindsey leans back on the couch. Her eyes at half mast.

Jerry has his arm around her. Like a creepy friend.

LINDSEY

I don't know what it is. I love him you know? He has this energy about him, but at the same time he's this mysterious dark creature that needs to be saved...

Jerry laughs.

JERRY

I still can't believe it. You and Houng. It's so perfect. You sure you two don't want to work for me?

LINDSEY

No! Making features is what makes him truly happy. You should have seen him when he was with that director guy. He just lit up.

JERRY

We'd be making movies. Look, I've already got a cover designed for Houng's debut.

He shows her a one-sheet printout of "Houng Back Mounted."

Houng is green-screened in front of a desert mountain. A greasy looking man with a huge beard and a cowboy outfit stands behind him with a whip and a huge dildo.

Lindsey shudders.

LINDSEY

I'm serious. This is his only chance for a comeback. If you release that video it won't just kill his career. It'll destroy him.

JERRY

I'm not a bad guy -

LINDSEY

I know you're not...

Lindsey drunkenly reassures him. He takes a drink.

JERRY

But it's business. I paid him well for it, and he didn't have any problem taking my money.

LINDSEY

That was before he got this job. We can pay you back now. Double.

JERRY

Wouldn't even cover the shooting costs.

Lindsey runs her hand up his leg.

LINDSEY

I could sweeten the deal.

Jerry looks her over. He shakes his head.

JERRY

You don't understand. Do you know how much I can make with a porn video starring Houng? I could get out of dealing drugs and go into porn full time. I want to help you, but I can't. Unless you have some way for me to cover my losses.

INT. HOUNG'S TRAILER - MORNING

Breanne has worked her magic. Houg's hair is perfectly styled. Makeup highlights his star quality features.

She puts the finishing touches onto 300-stlye stomach makeup that makes Houg look like he has a six pack.

Houg checks himself out in the mirror. He's looking good. Then he lets his stomach relax. The gut comes back.

BREANNA

Just suck it in for the first scene. I'll get you a girdle.

HOUNG

You are an artist. I don't know if it'll matter after today, but thank you.

He backs out of the trailer and squints in the sun. A PA ushers the cast into the sound stage.

Houg's phone CHIMES. He reaches back into the trailer and picks it up. He reads a text.

LINDSEY

(text message)

*Jerry won't release the vid! Kick ass on your shoot today!*

Houg's heart leaps. He can't believe she did it!

HOUNG

(text message)

*Nice! How the hell did you do that?*

The PA waves Houg to the set. He puts the phone back in the trailer, sucks in his stomach, stands tall and hurries over.

INT. JERRY'S HANGOUT

Lindsey slumps down on the couch, barely aware. Jerry takes the cell phone from her hand and turns it off.

He lays on the coffee table next to a heroin needle.

JERRY

Good girl.

He gets up and pushes a button on his desk. Seconds later Wade enters.



JERRY (CONT'D)

We're going to shoot the biggest,  
greasiest gangbang ever seen.

WADE

What people will do for love...

JERRY

Well, she thinks it's a solo photo  
shoot, but you know how these  
things evolve.

He picks up a pair of handcuffs and smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Start calling the boys. We need  
every actor, every dealer and every  
costumer he have.

WADE

How about Homeless Tony from the  
alley?

Jerry puts his hand on Wade's shoulder.

JERRY

This is why you're my second.  
You're always thinking. Get to  
work. We shoot tomorrow afternoon.

Wade heads out. Lindsey stirs and mumbles something  
incomprehensible.

He sits back down and strokes her hair.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You're going to be a star, baby.

EXT. SOUND STAGE

Houng and the rest of the cast and crew line up at the  
catering truck for lunch. Everyone is optimistic.

WILSON

My dear boy I must say it's a  
pleasure watching you work.

HOUNG

Well, you make a great chief.

SALLY

The casting is brilliant. The idea of having a centaur as a partner both compliments and exacerbates the challenges faced by a child detective working in a man's world.

HAYDEN

I like to push the envelope. We already have blacks and Chinese, even lady cops, but we're the first to break the species boundary in a cop movie.

WILSON

Except "Cop Dog."

BANG. The sound stage door slams open. Paulo emerges and heads straight toward the cast. They shuffle nervously.

PAULO

Houng!

Houng looks to the others for support. Paulo stop and looks him straight in the eyes.

PAULO (CONT'D)

I made a huge mistake with you...

Everyone holds their breath.

PAULO (CONT'D)

I should have cast you in all of my movies. You're not a romance actor, you're an action hero!

Everyone breaths a sigh of relief. The cast and crew break out in APPLAUSE and congratulations.

INT. HOUNG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Houng looks around his depressing apartment. It's quiet. He clears a spot on the table and sets down a beautiful gift basket.

Checks his phone. No texts.

Calls. No answer.

He tries Alan, who picks up after the first ring.

ALAN (V.O.)  
 There's my boy! They loved you  
 today! We're back in the game!

HOUNG  
 Feels great. And hey, I can afford  
 my rent now!

ALAN (V.O.)  
 Rent? Hell, you'll own a house in  
 the Hills.

Houng smiles at the thought.

HOUNG  
 (serious)  
 You haven't seen Lindsey have you?

ALAN (V.O.)  
 No, everything alright?

HOUNG  
 I just haven't heard from her all  
 day. I'm starting to -

There's a KNOCK at the door. Lindsey rolls in, looking tired.

HOUNG (CONT'D)  
 Nevermind, here she is.

ALAN  
 Fantastic. Call me if you need  
 anything. Any time, alright? I'm  
 here for you baby.

Houng puts the phone down. Excited to see Lindsey.

HOUNG  
 Where have you been? How'd you get  
 Jerry to not release the video?

She sets her purse on the table.

LINDSEY  
 All I had to do was ask. He said to  
 pay the cost of the shoot and  
 you're even.

HOUNG  
 That's awesome!

He tries to hug her, but she shrugs away.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Are you alright?

LINDSEY

It's just been a long day.

HOUNG

Let's celebrate. Any restaurant you want.

LINDSEY

I'm just want to go straight to sleep tonight. You can go out if you want.

She rolls into the bathroom and shuts the door. He stares after her, suspicious.

He looks through her purse. Nothing.

Makes a call on his cell phone.

HOUNG

(whispering)

Alan. I need a favor...

EXT. STUDIO LOT - THE NEXT MORNING

It's a beautiful morning. Houg strolls along with Lindsey, carrying two coffees. He hands her a cup when they reach the sound stage.

HOUNG

Sure you don't want to hang out and watch today? We're shooting the climax.

LINDSEY

(smiling)

No, this is your thing. I want you to be able to focus.

HOUNG

I'll be thinking of you all day.

Anton walks by with his arm around Celine, who looks incredible in a sundress. They're all smiles.

Houg tries to put his arm around Lindsey. She looks away.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

Hey. You still like me?

LINDSEY

Of course. I'll miss you too.

HOUNG

You sure everything's alright?

LINDSEY

I'm just tired. Have a great shoot today. You're going to nail it.

He bends to kiss her. She gives him a small peck.

Houng watches her roll away. Takes out his phone. Calls.

HOUNG

She's on her way.

INT. CAR

Alan sits in an older Suburban SUV outside the studio gate. He wears sunglasses and a baseball cap. Very inconspicuous.

ALAN

I see her.

He takes a bite of a fast food breakfast sandwich. Watches her catch a bus.

HOUNG (O.S.)

I owe it to her to make sure she doesn't start using again. Let me know if she does anything suspicious. What's she doing now?

ALAN

Getting on a bus. You just focus on your job. I'll text you updates.

He hangs up. Takes a last bite. Crumples the wrapper and tosses it onto a pile of garbage on the passenger seat.

Starts the car.

INT. SOUND STAGE - POLICE STATION SET - LATER

An elaborate hillside set has been built with a massive green screen behind it.

Houng stands on his mark while someone holds a light meter in front of him. Paulo watches the monitor. Discussing the shot with Anton.

Houng's phone CHIMES. He checks his texts.

ALAN

(text)

*She's getting off the bus.*

HOUNG

(text)

*Where?*

PAULO

Houng! Look up!

Houng straightens up. Holds his phone high. CHIME.

ALAN

(text)

*Sketchy neighborhood.*

Breanna approaches. Touches up a forehead wound with fresh prop blood.

HOUNG

(text)

*What's she doing now?*

Houng waits for a response while Breanna works on messing up his hair and dirtying his face. Finally another CHIME.

ALAN

(text)

*She's heading into an alley.*

HOUNG

(text)

*What alley?*

Houng is getting impatient.

Hayden approaches and lays on the grass in front of Houng. Breanna adjusts his costume and adds a drip of blood to the corner of his mouth. CHIME.

ALAN

(text)

*She's knocking on a door.*

HOUNG

(text)

*What door? Describe it.*

PAULO

Alright, let's do this.

ANTON  
Quiet on the set!

CHIME.

ALAN  
(text)  
*I don't know. It's a door.*

HOUNG  
(text)  
*Is there a homeless guy sleeping in  
the alley? Call me.*

PAULO  
Houng! Put the phone away!

He reluctantly drops the phone into his empty gun holster.

Fog machines start up. Rain and leaves start to fall. Giant fans are turned on.

PAULO (CONT'D)  
Roll cameras.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)                      SOUND GUY (O.S.)  
Rolling!                                      Sound Speed!

PAULO (CONT'D)  
Action.

MOVIE SCENE

Houng stands atop a mountain, the city lights below. A storm whips the rain fog and leaves around him. He looks at Shaun's body on the ground. Yells in anguish.

HOUNG  
Shaun. Shaun!

PAULO (O.S.)  
Louder!

HOUNG  
Shaun!!

PAULO (O.S.)  
Again! Keep going! More passion!

HOUNG  
Shaun! Shauun!! Shaun!!!! Shaun!  
SHAUNNNN!!! **SHAAAAAUN!!!**

His phone RINGS. He answers.

ALAN (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
Someone just answered.

PAULO  
Cut! Houg, what the fuck?!

HOUNG  
Hang on!  
(into the phone)  
Who? What does he look like?

The storm dies down.

Paulo and Anton argue with each other off screen.

ALAN (V.O.)  
Like a wrestler.

HOUNG  
Wade. Fuck! She's at her dealer's.

ALAN (V.O.)  
I told you she was bad news.

HOUNG  
She needs help.

ALAN (V.O.)  
I'm done here. You need to decide  
what's more important, your career  
or a girl you can't trust. Some  
people you just can't fix.

Houg hangs up. Paulo stomps over.

PAULO  
Do we have a problem here?

HOUNG  
No.

PAULO  
I can still replace you. I'll have  
a new actor here in ten minutes.

HOUNG  
I'm fine, let's go.

PAULO  
Is this about that legless junkie?  
Because, fuck her. Anton will get  
you any whore you want. Just don't  
you dare fuck my movie up.



Paulo turns to walk away.

HOUNG

Hey!

Paulo stops. Looks back.

Houng stares him in the eye. A stream of piss hits the floor. It grows to a torrent. Paulo's face burns.

PAULO

FUUUUUUCCCK YOUUUU!!!!

Houng walks out.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Houng watches the last of a steady stream of men enter Jerry's place.

HOUNG

Da fuck?

He makes sure there are no more, then runs up.

INT. JERRY'S HANGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Houng opens the door slowly. Peaks inside. No one there.

He steps in. Heads down the hallway to...

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey lies on the couch. Passed out.

Houng quickly checks the bathroom. No one.

He listens at the door to the warehouse. Countless men TALK and LAUGH on the other side.

He leans down. Shakes Lindsey.

HOUNG

(urgent whisper)

Lindsey! Wake up!

She doesn't move. He picks up half a glass of whiskey from the coffee table. Inspects it.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

What did you do...

The CHATTER in the other room quiets down. The door knob RATTLES, then pauses. He faintly hears Jerry's voice.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Who's ready to start?

CHEERS and HOOTS erupt.

Houng scrambles into the bathroom. Leaves the door open a crack. He spies as Wade and Jerry enter the office.

Houng texts Alan.

HOUNG  
(text)  
*At Jerry's. Lindsey's been drugged.  
Need a ride NOW. Hurry!*

Jerry slaps Lindsey's cheek. He picks up the glass.

JERRY  
She's still out cold. How much did you put in here?

WADE  
She'll wake up soon. Can't wait to see that bitches face when she does.

Wade walks toward the bathroom.

JERRY  
What are you doing?

WADE  
I gotta rock a piss.

JERRY  
Later. Help me carry her in.

Wade turns back. Houng's cell phone CHIMES with a text.

Wade and Jerry both look.

Wade throws open the bathroom door. Stands face to face with Houng. His fist flies straight into Houng's nose.

The lights go out.

INT. JERRY'S WAREHOUSE

Houng blinks.

The room slowly comes into focus...

150 men in revealing ogre and goblin costumes stand around a Middle Earth style film set.

These men are disgusting. Greasy old dudes, bikers, drug addicts, male prostitutes. Some too fat. Some too skinny...

Just nasty.

Houng tries to move, but he is tied down. His mouth gagged.

LINDSEY  
(groggily)  
Where are we?

He turns his head. Lindsey lies suspended, face up in the sex swing. She's wearing a sexy princess dress. Elf ears stick out from a long red wig held on by a silver head piece.

JERRY  
They're awake! Let's get this party started.

The crowd erupts in CHEERS. They start to CHANT.

CROWD  
Speech! Speech! Speech!

Jerry holds up his hands, flattered. His robe falls open, showing just white briefs underneath.

JERRY  
Alright, alright. I want to thank all of you for your support my new, growing porn empire.

Houng struggles with the ropes. Tries to SHOUT through the gag.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
And of course this wouldn't be possible without our willing and adventurous participants. Will Houng and Lindsey Legless!

APPLAUSE.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
In fact, Houng was here filming just last week. He's already back for more punishment.

LAUGHTER. The crowds excitement builds.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We already have safe words worked out in advance. I'll stop you if I hear them. Until then, they want you to know not to hold back. The more brutal the better.

Lindsey tries to lift her head. Her eyes roll back.

LINDSEY

(weakly)

No. I don't wanna...

JERRY

She's already in character! Are you ready?! Roll the cameras! In five...

Houng closes his eyes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Four..

Houng's lips start to move in silent prayer...

JERRY (CONT'D)

THREE... TWOOO!...

BANG! The door SLAMS open. Alan walks in with an AR-15 aimed at the crowd.

ALAN

Any of you cock suckers move and I kill every last one of you!

Dead silence.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You two! Hobbit guy and the dude with the Dragon tattoo. Untie them. Quickly!

The two hurry over to untie Houng and Lindsey.

Jerry slowly backs up to the props table. His hand feels around for the handgun that's sitting amongst the sex toys.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Help her up!

They help lift her up and set her on Houng's back. She holds on tight to his torso. The sheet still covers her.

Jerry's hand BUMPS the gun on the table. It CLATTERS.

Alan swings the AR-15 to aim at Jerry. Simultaneously, Jerry raises his arm and aims at Alan.

BANG!!!

A single SHOT reverberates through the room. Alan and Jerry stare at each other.

Jerry looks in his hand. He holds a black dildo. The gun is still on the table.

He looks down. A blood stain spreads across his underwear.

He drops the dildo. Alan drops his gun, in shock.

JERRY

You shot my dick!

ALAN

Run!

Alan turns and bolts. Houg slams through the crowd and follows him.

Jerry swoons as the pain sets in.

JERRY

Fucking get him!!

150 naked and nearly naked men rush for the door.

EXT. ALLEY

Alan dives into the Suburban. Houg throws open the passenger door. Puts Lindsey in.

HOUNG

Meet me at the lot! GO!

Alan starts the engine.

Houg turns, rears up and kicks at the first person to exit the door. The huge biker falls, choking the outflow of fat, fleshy dudes.

Houg runs down the alley in the opposite direction. Diverting attention from Alan's SUV as he races away.

Wade pushes his way out and FIRES a handgun at Houg, who rounds the corner just in time.

Wade waves his gun at the others.

WADE  
Bring him back here or you're all  
dead!

They race for their cars.

Jerry stumbles out. Dizzy from blood loss. He has the AR-15.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You need a hospital.

JERRY  
(through gritted teeth)  
I want Houg! Let's go.

Wade helps him into a badass black muscle car. Jumps behind the wheel.

He guns it and they take off after Houg. The men filling the alley dive out of the way.

EXT. STREET

Houg races down the street. Looks back.

Several cars skid onto the street from the alley. Wade's car ROARS as it barrels out next. They weave in and out of traffic, gaining on Houg.

Houg turns the corner. Traffic is backed up.

HOUNG  
Shit!

He jumps up and runs over the tops of the cars. Leaving smashed windows and irate drivers behind him.

Houg jumps to the sidewalk. Looks back.

Several cars also race down the sidewalks on both sides of the street. People dive out of the way.

Jerry leans out and fires bursts of .22 Caliber rounds from the AR-15.

Windows shatter in front of Houg. Small bullet holes pepper parked cars.

He reaches a residential area and turns into a yard. Leaps a fence.

Wade screeches to a stop. Jerry waves for some cars to turn around and others to go ahead. They'll flank the neighborhood.

WADE  
(yelling)  
Head him off!

EXT. BACKYARDS AND STREETS - INTERCUT BOTH SIDES

Houng jumps the fences like hurdles. Shocking the occasional dog or homeowner.

Cars fly through traffic, causing accidents.

EXT. STREET

Houng reaches the next street and heads across.

HOOONK! BAM! A garbage truck T-bones him. He goes down hard.

He struggles to his feet. Rubs his front left leg. Wade's muscle car rounds the corner up ahead.

He tries to jump another fence. He SLAMS into it, his weak leg isn't strong enough. Wade's car screeches to a stop in front of Houng.

Several cars box him in. Half naked men get out and block his exit.

Jerry limps out with the AR-15.

JERRY  
It was just a video, asshole!

HOUNG  
You can hurt me. You can degrade me, but you never should have fucked with Lindsey.

Jerry staggers. Lowers his gun as he grabs the car for balance.

JERRY  
You idiot. I knew Lindsey before she lost her legs. She was a dirty slut then and she always will be.

Houng runs straight at Jerry.

Jerry raises his gun and fires. His aim is wild but several bullets hit Houg as he barrels into Jerry, knocking him to the ground.

He rears up and brings a hoof down on Jerry's head. CRUNCH!

Wade pales in shock at the sound. The semi-circle of half naked men stare with their mouths open.

SIRENS approach in the distance.

Houg runs.

Wade runs to Jerry and kneels by his lifeless body. He tears up. Looks around helplessly.

WADE

What are you waiting for!?

No one moves. This has gone way too far.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Wade fires his gun into the air.

WADE (CONT'D)

Fucking find him!

They get back in their cars and PEEL OUT.

EXT. STUDIO LOT

Houg limps up to the gate. Blood drips onto the street.

GAURD

Holy shit, Houg! What the hell happened?

HOUNG

Had an accident. Have you seen Alan?

GAURD

Yes sir. He's waiting for you by the sound stage.

HOUNG

Good.

He steps over the gate without waiting for it to open. The guard calls after him.

GAURD

Can I call you an ambulance?



HOUNG

I'm fine!

EXT. SOUND STAGE

Alan finishes hooking up Houg's dressing room trailer to his hitch. He looks up to see Houg stumbling toward him.

ALAN

Oh my god! We have to get you to a hospital!

HOUNG

No. They'll find me. I'll be alright.

ALAN

Come on. I've got a first aid kit.

Alan grabs a bag from his SUV and leads Houg to the trailer.

INT. HOUNG'S TRAILER

Houg walks up the ramp. Lindsey waits in a chair. She's still a little groggy, but looks stronger.

LINDSEY

You've been shot!

HOUNG

It's nothing...

He falters on weak legs. Sits down.

Alan opens up the large first aid kit. Pulls out some bandages.

LINDSEY

We need to get the bullets out first.

Alan looks helpless. Lindsey reaches over and takes out a pair of large tweezers and a bottle of alcohol.

HOUNG

She's got this. Just get us out of town.

ALAN

Do you need anything from your apartment? Your memoirs?

HOUNG  
Never got past the first page.

LINDSEY  
Where are we going to go?

ALAN  
Don't worry about anything. I've  
got a place.

Alan steps out. Closes the door behind him.

Lindsey pulls off Houg's shirt and looks at his wounds. He took a bullet in the arm. One in the meat of his upper thigh. Another grazed the side of his chest.

LINDSEY  
Oh Houg. I'm so sorry -

HOUNG  
He didn't hit anything important.

He winces as she wipes the blood away.

LINDSEY  
What about your movie? Your career?

HOUNG  
I don't care about that anymore.  
Everything in this fucked up city  
is fake. You're the only real thing  
in my life.

She hugs him. He cringes in pain. Hugs her back.

Tight.

The trailer lurches. They're moving.

EXT. STREET

Distant sirens WAIL in every direction.

Alan inches out to the street. He checks both ways carefully before pulling out. It looks clear.

He turns onto the road.

INT. DRUG DEALER'S CAR

A shirtless, skinny DRUG DEALER covered in prison tattoos watches from an old beater of a car. Picks up his phone.

## DRUG DEALER

I found them. They're leaving the studio. Heading east in a horse trailer.

## INT. WADE'S CAR

Wade weaves through traffic. Listening on his phone.

## WADE

Don't let them out of your sight.

He slams on the brakes. Spins 180 degrees to a stop in the opposite lane. Cars SCREECH to a halt to avoid hitting him.

He looks over at Jerry's headless body sitting in the passenger seat.

## WADE (CONT'D)

I'm want to kill them myself.

He guns it.

## EXT. WADE'S CAR

The rear tires SQUEAL as they spin on the asphalt. Smoke fills the air. The car ROARS away.

## INT. ALAN'S SUV

Alan pulls the trailer through the city streets. Traffic is painfully slow.

He turns onto the on-ramp for the eastbound freeway.

Only then does he see the flashing police car lights at the top of the ramp. Too late to turn around.

An officer checks inside each car before letting them past.

Alan inches forward. Starting and stopping.

## INT. HOUNG'S TRAILER

Houng rests his head in Lindsey's lap, his eyes almost closed. His lower wounds are bandaged.

Lindsey carefully digs for the bullet in his arm with the tweezers.

The trailer lurches forward. The tweezers poke into the bullet hole. Houg cringes.

LINSDEY

I can't do this. What's going on out there?

HOUNG

Don't worry. Alan will handle it.

LINSDEY

Where will we live?

HOUNG

Anywhere but here.

He looks up at her. Touches a bruise on her cheek.

HOUNG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I got you into this.

LINDSEY

Shh.

She comforts him.

EXT. ALAN'S SUV

Alan approach the roadblock. Sweating

Officer Chanskie walks up.

Alan rolls down his window. Chanskie recognizes him.

OFFICER CHANSKIE

Alan.

ALAN

Hi Officer Chanskie. Everything alright?

OFFICER CHANSKIE

There was a huge mess today. Some guy dressed like a horse just made oatmeal out of a drug dealer's head. Know anything about it?

Alan puts his hands up. He knows he's done.

OFFICER CHANSKIE (CONT'D)

You ask me, he did the world a favour. This guy was one of the worst.

Just then a throaty engine RUMBLE catches their attention. Wade's black muscle car comes to a stop at the bottom of the ramp. It waits.

OFFICER CHANSKIE (CONT'D)  
Where were you headed?

ALAN  
Montana.

Two more cars pull up and wait by Wade's car. Chanskie eyes them, then looks at the trailer.

OFFICER CHANSKIE  
Have a nice trip. Don't come back.

He pats the door. Straightens up and talks to his radio.

OFFICER CHANSKIE (CONT'D)  
This is officer Chanskie. I'm going  
to need some backup at -

Alan merges onto the freeway. Drives off into the distance.

DRIVING MONTAGE

City turns to desert...

Desert to Farmland...

Farms to Mountains. ..

The trailer winds through canyons and forests.

EXT. CABIN

A small log house sits on a grassy hill that slopes gently down to a beautiful blue lake. Snow capped mountains stand majestically in the distance.

Lindsey sits in a chair on the porch. A knitted shawl keeps her warm in the cool mountain air.

Alan joins her from the cabin. Hands her a warm cup of coffee. She holds it with both hands and breaths in the steam.

They quietly look out at the expanse of land.

ALAN  
So much for his Hollywood. Is he  
going to be okay?

Houng appears over a hill in the distance. He gallops at full speed.

LINDSEY  
Yeah. We both are.

EXT. MEADOW

The wind rushes past his head. Houng breaths hard. Thundering across the grass.

He slows to a stop and looks out over the lake. Steam comes off his body in the cool air. Clouds of breath drift away.

Sunlight breaks through the clouds. Houng looks up at the sky, basking in the warmth.

He turns to look at the cabin and sees Lindsey and Alan.

He smiles and waves.

EXT. CABIN

Lindsey waves back.

They laugh as Houng dances in the meadow. He stops to look at them again. He turns and runs.

She sips her coffee.

They are finally free.