

"REALITY LEAVES A LOT TO THE IMAGINATION"

HOLLYWOOD

GLASS ONION



A MOVIE

GLASS ONION

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[1st edit 10/14/04-10/28/04]

INSERT -- *Reality leaves a lot to the imagination.*

-John Lennon

FADE IN:

INT. A SMALL, GLOOMY, HOTEL ROOM --

A small sculpture of a demon rests on a cheap hotel night stand. Black candles flicker and burn on each side.

Light fractures across its crackled, glazed surface.

The demon's eyes stare into nothingness.

PAN TO -- A DETAIL

Scene Note -- (There are disconnected articles arranged and left behind in a curious assortment of personal items on top of the hotel dresser -- in an orderly semicircle.)

His back to us, a man stands gazing out the window at the vast metropolis of New York City, sprawling before him like a nightmare-riot of light, noise and chaos.

There is a handgun on the bed and a copy of John Lennon's album "Double Fantasy."

The man grabs the album and the gun, exiting the gloomy room.

PAN -- THE DEMON STATUE -- TO THE SLIT IN THE CURTAINS

A.O. -- "A Day in the Life" fades.

EXT. THE DAKOTA, NY CITY -- EARLY EVENING

The Dakota looks as spooky as it did in "Rosemary's Baby."

The Doorman (Jose) holds the door open for Yoko and, as she exits, a limo pulls up.

The man, with his back to us, hangs out at the Dakota's entrance with other autograph-hunters.

John walks out and begins to sign autographs.

YOKO

Come on, John, we're going to be late.

The man approaches John.

MAN

Excuse me, Mr. Lennon. Would you sign this?

With his back still toward us, the man hands John the "Double Fantasy" album.

YOKO

John!... Come on! Late is a sign of weakness.

John takes the album, signing and dating it. He hands it back to the man.

JOHN

Here you go, lad... and please, call me John.

MAN

(excited)

Thank you Mr. Len-... I mean John. I'm such a fan... You can't know.

YOKO

(dismayed)

John!

JOHN

Got to go --

(smiling)

Orders... What's your name?

MAN

(smiling back)

My name's John, too.

JOHN

(grins, shaking his hand)

Small world, isn't it, John?

John walks to the limo, looking back at the man with a prescient look of puzzlement and dread.

He disappears into the interior.

The limo takes off.

FULL SHOT -- THE MAN'S BACK

CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND TO REVEAL -- MARK DAVID CHAPMAN

Chapman stands for a moment, his wide chubby face turning from a grin into a sinister, disturbing scowl.

A.O. A strange voice calls out.

VOICE

See how easy it is... bang-bang,
shoot-shoot! He's dead. We want
him. We want him dead.

Chapman's head sinks to his shoulders, eyes darting, as he
walks on.

CHAPMAN

(to no one, nervously)
I can't do it... I don't think I can
do it.

VOICE

Yes, you can!... You little, little
man... Don't be a nowhere man...

He slinks away into the shadows. The voice follows him.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Everyone on earth will know your
name. You will live forever.

A.O. -- "Forever" echoes into the distance

INT. THE SMALL GLOOMY HOTEL ROOM -- SAME

FULL SHOT -- CLOSE UP --

The demon statue's eyes stare out into the darkness.

The image lingers.

INSERT TITLE -- **GLASS ONION**

EXT. THE RAINBOW ROOM -- SUNSET BLVD. -- EVENING

INSERT -- **LOS ANGELES -- 1975**

A thick, trendy crowd waits in line, hoping to get into the
legendary rock-star hangout.

A stretch limo pulls up and some very large door-goons
surround it.

Out pour Keith Moon, Harry Nilsson, John and three beauties,
from within the limo's plush interior.

The trendy club-goers go nuts, shouting out, "John... Keith...
Harry!"

The trio is hurriedly ushered into the club.

INT. THE RAINBOW ROOM -- SAME

Inside, the club is a kinetic riot of mid-stream disco-age chic.

It is three-to-four deep at the bar.

A comely girl recognizes John, grabbing him and laying a thick, wet kiss on his lips.

She grabs his cock and explodes to everyone within earshot.

RAINBOW GIRL

(excited)

I touched his cock! I touched John
Lennon's cock!

Someone screams from a corner in an English accent.

CUSTOMER VOICE (O.S.)

So, how big is he, Love?

John answers.

JOHN

(shouting)

Bigger than Jesus! You can bet on
it!

The bar roars in spasms of laughter.

The trio make their way through the adoring throng, as the goons hustle them upstairs to the private VIP room.

INT. STAIR HALLWAY -- SAME

The stairway is like below -- packed.

The trio tries to make their way up.

They all come to an abrupt halt and Keith is pissed.

KEITH

(screaming)

Fuck these cows! Move it, now!...
Come on!

Nilsson leans against the wall, in a drunk.

NILSSON

(tipsy)

Why did you want to come here, anyway,
John?

(urping)

I'm going to vomit on these people.

JOHN
Mellow out, lads, mellow out.

The goons shove people aside and, like a domino effect, a path is made.

John is mildly upset.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(stridently, to the
goons)
Hey! We don't need that shit! Fuck
that!

Nilsson takes advantage, stumbling blindly up the stairs.

Keith grabs John and they rush into the privacy of the celebrity roost.

INT. VIP RAINBOW ROOM -- SAME

"Disco Inferno" splits the speakers from all sides.

Everyone there is in the shallow end of the moment.

Hands fly, girls wiggle, lights swirl, in a miasma-drenched scene of revelry.

John is instant in his disapproval.

JOHN
(shouting)
I hate music from Hell!

The goons instantly spring into action and suddenly "Gimme Shelter" wafts out over the sound system.

The trio is all smiles.

The crowd responds to the new meaning of the moment.

Iggy approaches them.

IGGY
(to the guys)
We're having a little party upstairs,
wanna join?

NILSSON
Not me. Point me to the liquid alcohol
trough.

Keith is in agreement.

KEITH
 (to Nilsson)
 Hear! Hear! my fellow... liquid fiend.
 Lead on...

Keith stops Iggy.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 (tapping his finger
 to his nostril)
 Hey, Mate... Any snort about?

IGGY
 (assuredly,
 sarcastically)
 Don't worry, Limey, it's everywhere
 tonight.
 (knowingly)
 Circulate a little...
 (looks him up and
 down)
 Rock Star.

Keith and Nilsson melt into the crowded tide, as Iggy leads John up some inner stairs to the Secret Room -- the inner-sanctum of celebrity cloisters.

INT. SECRET ROOM -- SAME

The room is all cushy cushions and busy bodies.

Beautiful people are doing ugly things.

There are drugs of the vein, people shooting up, and a thick brume of smoke hangs suspended in the air.

A girl is being suckled by another groupie.

FULL SHOT -- A PHALANX OF FOLKS NODDING ON SMACK

John laughs at them like a bad joke.

JOHN
 You people are pathetic and I like
 that in a person.

They all shout out... "Hey, John."

Iggy rigs himself, someone hands him a syringe. He shoots up, looking at John.

The needle directs its current into Iggy's vein.

His eyes disappear into their sockets.

He regains some composure.

IGGY
 (whispering)
 Mao Tse-tung's best, China-whitey
 white, John... You lucked out.

JOHN
 Then by all means...

John sits and exposes his underarm.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Fix me, Ig.

John is rigged by a lovely, angelic groupie.

Iggy prepares a fix for John.

He hands the syringe to the angelic groupie. She shoots John up.

John looks to everyone in the Secret Room, as his consciousness nods and his head dips.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (nodding, smiling)
 Good shit, Ig. Nasty shit, indeed.

INT. VIP RAINBOW ROOM -- SAME

Two suited, mysterious, serious-looking men stand, stolidly staring up the stairs leading to the secret room.

They look somewhat out of place.

One of the Club Goons approaches.

CLUB GOON
 What's the problem, gentlemen?

The two take no notice of him.

CLUB GOON (CONT'D)
 (irritated)
 Who are you here with, anyway? I
 need to see some ID.

One of the men reaches into his breast pocket, retrieving a wallet. He shows the goon identification.

CLOSE UP -- AN FBI IDENTIFICATION.

FBI MAN 1
 Now get lost, you fucking moron.

The other pushes the Club Goon away.

FBI MAN 2
You heard him, fuck off.

A scowl on his face, the Club Goon retreats.

CLUB GOON
(disgusted, flipping
them off)
Fucking G-men, you think you can
push your mashes anywhere!

They continue to haunt their prey, staring back up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECRET ROOM -- SAME

There's a debauched party going on. It ain't as pretty as the participants think it is. Things are just above disgusting.

John is nodding, a stupid smile plastered across his face.

He beams, as he is sucked off.

JOHN
(loudly)
I am the egg-men, they aren't the
egg-men...

The room heartedly joins in with him on the final phrase:

ROOM REVELERS
(riotously)
I am the Walrus!

They all fall about, laughing and groping one another.

TO BLACK:

CUT TO: AS FROM A NIGHTMARE --

(BLACK AND WHITE)

CHAPMAN'S NIGHTMARE

Chapman is a child of nine, sleeping in his bed.

His mother bursts into the room, bleeding from the lip, bruised, terrified.

CHAPMAN'S MOM
(in a fright)
Help me, Mark!... Help me, my baby...
Oh God, he's after me!... He'll kill
us... He'll kill us both!

CHILD MARK

(protective)

I'll help you, Mom... He can't hurt
me and he can't hurt you... Not while
I'm here!

A fiend enters the room... Looking like a hideous mockery of
John, monstrous, looming like a demon.

MONSTER JOHN

(dripping with malice)

You whore... I'll kill you and that
idiot bastard son of yours!

He lurches towards the mother and son.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

He is startled awake, in a state of horror, from his
nightmare.

He gets up and walks to his dresser.

There is a crude mock-up, a diorama of the Beatles made out
of plastic army men before him, resting on the dresser.

Pathetic little cardboard cut-out guitars and a tiny drum-
kit for Ringo play some unfathomable concert on the dresser-
top.

He looks at himself, into his eyes, deeply -- reflected in
the dresser mirror.

A poster of John gazes out from the mirror's reflection.

He gazes at it.

He opens a drawer, and there is a bag of pot, a syringe and
a vial of black-tar heroin.

He ties off and gives himself a fix.

His mother calls out to him.

MARK'S MOM (O.S.)

Mark!? You coming down for breakfast?
I have your favorite. Get out of
bed... Now!

MARK

I'll be right down... Ma... I'll be
down.

The heroin hits his brain-stem, he nods for a second.

He grabs an army man and stares at it, squeezing it until it
cuts his finger open.

He looks at the small trail of blood trickling from the wound.
He looks to his arm where he just needled himself, and smiles.

MARK (CONT'D)
(intensely, quivering)
I'll be down. I'll be down...

He throws the plastic soldier down and, picking up his electric guitar, turns on the small amplifier.

He bangs out an unknown song.

MARK'S MOM (O.S.)
Mark! I thought you were coming down!

EXT. A TRENDY HOLLYWOOD BOUTIQUE -- DAY

The ubiquitous Lennon-limo pulls up.

INT. HOLLYWOOD BOUTIQUE -- SAME

John tries on some expensive leather coats.

He shows them to May (his Asian consort/companion).

JOHN
(jokingly)
You likey? Lookey good?

She shakes her head.

MAY
(sniggering)
Dreadful.

He tries on a mid-calf trench coat and is pleased.

He models it for May.

She nods her head in approval.

JOHN
I'll take this. Bag 'er up.

He and May continue to shop.

John tries on some boots.

He looks up and spots the FBI hounds watching him from across the street.

As they leave the boutique, the two FBI men frown at him like stone-faced, government psychos.

INT. FBI CAR -- SAME

A radio contact is chirping in.

RADIO VOICE
(sort of garbled)
Anything interesting to report?

FBI MAN 2
(into a mic)
Nope, same old shit.

FBI MAN 1
(leaning into his
partner's mic)
And we get paid for this?
(shakes his head)
This guy is a drugged-out, washed-up
pop star... Who fucking cares?

The voice on the other end is emphatic.

RADIO VOICE
We do... Out!

The radio hisses white noise.

John, walking out of the shop, throws them a sneer across the busy street and, with a wink and a kiss, makes their life a little bit more miserable.

He flips them the bird.

EXT. A HOLLYWOOD PARTY IS IN FULL SWING -- EVENING

INT. PARTY HOUSE

"Play that Funky Music White Boy" pumps it up, as '70s-shallow celebrity regalia sweeps across the screen like a sexual come-on, as bodies writhe and schmoozing oozes.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE

Alone, John is leaning against a car, smoking a giant reefer.

Someone bumps up against him.

ELTON
Hey, John.

John coughs and returns the greeting.

JOHN
(laughing)
Good Lord, another John.

ELTON
What are you doing, my friend?

JOHN
(coughing)
Playing famous... And you?

ELTON
(serio-funnin')
Looking for you, of course. Let's
write a Beatles song that never
shoulda been.

JOHN
(takes a deep hit,
sarcastically)
Let's kill the Beatles and say we
did it. We did it willingly, for
King and Country.
(laughing, ducking
unseen bullets)
I'll lie for you, Elton. Trust me.
I will. They'll never drag it out
of me, old boy...

Elton is laughing, but there is a seriousness to his drift.

ELTON
I saw Yoko the other night. She
wants you to know... This is all out
of love...
(seriously, looking
into John's soul, as
a friend)
John... Mate... She loves you. You
know that... right?

John takes another deep drag, speaking though the suspended
smoky-smog.

JOHN
(pot-headed)
Fuck Yoko... Elton, I wouldn't know
love if it bit me cock off. Look
Mate... All I love is art. Not art
for fuckin' commerce. That shit
just rots on the vine. Fuck it...
Not art for the fucking masses.
(stridently)
Art that sings to me and me fucking
God-head.

ELTON
And that God would be...?

JOHN
 (laughing)
 For you to figure out.

ELTON
 So, you don't want to come up with a
 song... we can record together?
 Because of my descent into the top
 ten?

*

John lifts himself from the car's fender and straightening his (new) long leather coat, thinks a bit, tossing the joint aside.

JOHN
 Count me in... I'm all for exorcising
 my hate in a positive, nurturing,
 way.

Elton takes a packet of cocaine out of a silver case.

He pours some between his thumb and his index finger, offering it to John's willing schnozzle.

ELTON
 Let's seal the deal with a gagger.

John inhales the Inca-dust like a Hoover on steroids.

He gags.

JOHN
 Shit!

INT. PARTY HOUSE -- SAME

John wanders through the party like an escapee from a Dali painting.

The house is alive with rooms full of scenes straight out of a freaky Cocteau fairy tale.

Everything that can be tagged as hedonist is in gear.

Everyone acknowledges John's presence. He is a party God come from the magic mount of celebrity -- Olympus.

Ladies grab him. Guys want a piece of his time. He is handed drugs, he is swirling into an enchantment of excess.

Things fracture and become prismatically kaleidoscopic.

John rushes out onto the deck and, in front of a throng of party-goers, projectile-vomits a stream of brown liquid.

They stand there, shocked.

He looks at them and smiles, spittle dripping from his lips.

JOHN
(grinning like a
bastard)
Hi, folks. Beautiful night, ain't
it?

May steps out onto the balcony, coming to John's aid.

She holds him up.

MAY
John! Are you alright?

John reassures her.

JOHN
(Scroogian-funny)
As Marley's ghost... Ahrrr.

MAY
You look pale. Come inside.

She helps the numbed-one inside and sets him on a couch.

There is a pretty girl next to him, passed out.

MAY (CONT'D)
Maybe we should go, John. I'll get
my things.

JOHN
(puzzled)
Are you mad? We just got here.
I need to talk to Elton. Where is
that poof?

MAY
He's gone, John. He left awhile
ago. Don't worry, he says he'll see
you at the session... I have it
written down.

John is all goofy smiles.

JOHN
That's my May. Always my May. Let's
fuck tonight. I need to fuck you
again.

MAY
(insistent)
Later, John... Now, stay here...
Don't move. I'll get my things.

John holds up his hands as if he's being arrested.

JOHN

As is your wish, my lotus poem.

She disappears around a corner.

John looks to the girl passed out next to him. He tries to get up but is too gone to manage it. He falls back on her.

She becomes semiconscious and begins to kiss him.

As she does this -- "Instant Karma" pounds out of the sound system.

Everyone around John goes nuts and begins to dance to the infectious song.

He takes out his wallet and finds a picture of Yoko (CLOSE UP) and him in a happier time. His eyes begin to tear up.

May returns with her things and is ready to go, but is taken aback by the sight of John's face streaked with tears.

She sighs and gently comes to his rescue.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(looking helpless)

I need you, May... I need you.

They leave.

EXT. A YMCA SUMMER WILDERNESS CAMP DECATUR, GA -- DAY

There is an assembly on the main grounds. All the children, counselors and adults are sitting as the Camp Head is speaking.

The PA is throwing some high-end squeal as the Camp Head speaks.

CAMP HEAD

And now it's time to get to the final award... I know you are all anxious to hear who has won this wonderful title...

The audience buzzes.

CAMP HEAD (CONT'D)

And the award for Camp Counselor of the Year goes to... Mark Chapman.

The audience bursts into applause.

The kids start chanting...

THE KIDS

Nemo... Nemo... Nemo!

Mark walks to the stage and is presented with a cap that says: **King Counselor**.

He is handed a bright, golden trophy. He holds it in the air, triumphantly.

As he gazes out over the throng of admirers they change from kids and counselors into a huge audience, rising to their feet in a giant music hall.

His trophy has turned into a guitar.

The audience is shouting -- going mad for him.

AUDIENCE
Mark... Mark... Mark!

Flashbulbs sanctify the scene.

CLOSE UP --

Mark's chubby grin beams like a light-tower.

EXT. THE CAMP GROUNDS -- LATER

As he heads back to the camp offices, another counselor and friend of Mark's (Michael) approaches.

MICHAEL
(running up to him)
Hey Mark, congratulations my main man!

MARK
(humble)
Forget it...
(smiling)
Just doin' my job.

MICHAEL
Hey, I got a book here I think you might really like.

He hands Mark a paperback book.

MARK
What is it?

MICHAEL
Just read it and give me a review.

MARK
OK... see ya in awhile.

He begins to walk away, stopping himself.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hey, Michael how about some kayaking
later? Say in an hour... I'll meet
you at the ramp.

MICHAEL
I'll be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOAT RAMP -- LATER

Two kayaks are leaning up against a rail.

Michael is standing there, impatiently looking at his watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARKS COUNSELOR'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

He is sitting, deeply into the novel he was loaned.

PULL IN SLOWLY --

FULL SHOT -- THE BOOK -- "CATCHER IN THE RYE"

BLACK AND WHITE -- MARK'S SECOND DREAM SEQUENCE

He is in a giant field of rye.

A huge gathering of children are playing some sort of ball-game.

Mark looks behind him and sees he is perched at the edge of a tall cliff.

Suddenly, as he turns back, a child runs toward the cliff's edge and is about to topple over it.

Mark catches him in the nick of time, pushing him back to safety.

Soon he is preventing other children from falling.

SLOW-MO --

He grabs kids left and right. It's becoming too much for him.

He looks up and sees a dozen kids running blindly towards him and the cliff's edge.

A look of terror fills his features.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM AT HOME -- MORNING

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S EYES

They open up and look out at his surroundings.

He gets up and wipes sweat from his brow.

He goes to his dresser, where there are things arranged in a semicircle -- *Several rows of plastic army men, a small statue of Dorothy from "The Wizard of Oz," a little demon sculpture, a cassette of the Beatles' "White Album," and a well-worn copy of "Catcher in the Rye."*

He picks up the book and holds it to his ear.

MARK

I can hear you.

He walks over to the wall and puts his ear up against it.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can hear all of you.
(stands back and
stretches his arms)
I am your King!

EXT. THE RECORD PLANT -- L.A. -- AFTERNOON

A big white limo is parked in front.

INT. STUDIO A -- SAME

A recording session is going down.

Elton (head clamped in headphones) is at the keyboards banging out a track for "Whatever Gets You Through the Night."

John is in the control room, bopping his head.

Elton fucks up a chord.

ELTON

Fuck it!

John hits the talk-back button.

JOHN

Don't fret, Elt. That was great, really great... We can keep most of that, if not all. Let's move on.

ELTON

John, let me have another pass.

JOHN

No way, Geeves, I'll punch you in.

ELTON

(kidding)
Well U da Paduca.

John sits at the panel.

JOHN

Ready?

ELTON

Hit it.

He starts the playback and when Elton's fuck-up comes up, John snaps in a seamless tape-punch with panache.

He jumps up from his chair and starts a triumphant dance.

INT. STUDIO A -- CONTROL ROOM -- SAME

John dances over to a glass tray.

There are about twenty thick lines of cocaine covering its surface.

John takes out a gold straw and snorts up, gagging, as the song comes an end.

He suddenly jumps to the tape machine to stop it in time.

Elton looks up.

ELTON

How was that?

He sees John's face is caked with cocaine powder and bursts out laughing.

John looks puzzled and hits the talk-back.

JOHN

What's wrong?

John looks down and sees flakes of coke sprinkling onto the control board. He touches his nose and big chunks drop onto the board.

He looks up at Elton, half embarrassed.

John hits the talk-back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Must have run into a chalkboard, eh?

They both bust out laughing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That was great Elt... You're a genius.
Then again, so am I.

INT. THE WHITE LIMO -- LATER

John is smoking a cigi looking out the window.

He spots two comely ladies walking up the street.

He knocks on the passenger privacy window.

It rolls down.

JOHN
(to the chauffeur)
Slow up a bit, Mate.

John rolls down the darkened window and sticks his head out like a dog, tongue out, panting.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to the ladies,
dripping with sarcasm)
I want to eat your children. Eat
them... You hear me!?
(wagging his tongue)

The two girls are startled, then recognize John.

STREET BEAUTY
Oh, my God... That was John Lennon.

They both shout at him.

STREET BEAUTIES
John... Come back!... John! John!

INT. THE WHITE LIMO -- SAME

John tilts his head back laughing.

JOHN
(smug)
They're all whores. Every one of
those creatures is a fucking groupie.
No wonder you don't fuck with them,
Elt.

Elton is a bit miffed.

ELTON
I know one who isn't a whore, or a
groupie... And this poor girl I know,
is in love with a very talented,
messed-up artist.

JOHN
 (looking around
 nervously)
 Anyone I might know? There's so
 many messed up artists out there,
 Elt... Where does one start?

ELTON
 (bringing on some
 reality)
 She wants you to call tonight, John.
 I think you'd better, Mate. You're
 going to die without her. You know
 that... Right?

John looks pensively out the window as the world passes by,
 but says nothing.

EXT. THE TROUBADOUR NIGHTCLUB -- L.A. -- EVENING

A giant crowd is outside.

INT. THE BLACK LIMO -- SAME

Frank is chain-smoking, while John is nursing a thick joint.

John passes it to Frank, who waves him off.

FRANK
 (dead-pan, smirking)
 You know I don't smoke that shit...
 Makes you stupid. You must like
 being really stupid... a lot.

JOHN
 (sniggering, smoky)
 Stupidity is bliss. Too bad it's
 only temporary. There needs to be a
 drug that takes smart away... Forever.

Snuffs out the weed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Speaking of chain-smoking, Frank.
 We all have our addictions. *N'est-
 ce pas? Comprenons?*

FRANK
 (tapping his cigarette,
 deadpan)
 You know, John, when you talk French
 I have to fuck you.

EXT. THE TROUBADOUR NIGHTCLUB L.A. -- SAME

The limo pulls up to the club.

A doorman looks into window.

John rolls down the window a crack, so the doorman can see who it is. He immediately recognizes John and Frank, and waves them into the back parking lot.

The limo pulls around to the well-guarded celebrity entrance.

Some of the press is there to greet them and camera strobes capture the scene.

PAPARAZZI

John, Frank, give us a pose.

Frank takes John and kisses him full on the lips.

John is all for the joke and starts tongue-kissing Frank as the cameras pop and they sashay into the back door.

INT. THE TROUBADOUR NIGHTCLUB -- SAME

The club is mayhem on 11.

The Eagles are "jammin' heavy" with guest stars onstage... Jackson Brown... Bonnie Raitt... the whole California rock scene seems to be up there.

Everyone is slapping John's and Frank's backs, shaking their hands, as they make their way to a private celebrity roost.

INT. THE CELEBRITY ROOST -- SAME

The private celebrity roost is so crowded with other celebrities no one cares 'cause everyone is there.

John passes Nilsson and two beauties, hanging off him, at the private bar.

JOHN

(slapping him on the
back)

Admiral Nilsson, I presume.

Frank walks over to the balcony to watch the band.

NILSSON

(drunk)

Hey, Beatle-Boy... You doin' OK?

JOHN

(smirking)

Maybe not as good as you, Mate...
but, give me time, I'll catch you
up.

One of the beauties starts to hang on John.

BAR GIRL
 (biting John's ear)
 I'd love to turn you ooon...

JOHN
 (full of contempt)
 I'd love to turn you off.

She seems offended.

BAR GIRL
 (tipsy)
 Fuck you... You were always my least
 favorite Beatle, anyway.

JOHN
 (even more
 sarcastically)
 Madam, from you?... That is the
 highest of praise.

Keith comes out of nowhere, even more soused than Nilsson,
 jumping on John's back, dry-humping him.

KEITH
 (cooing, licking his
 ear)
 Oh, yes, oh, John, mmm, John.

JOHN
 (Laughing screaming)
 Will someone please give this dog a
 bone!

Everyone around cracks up.

Nilsson hands John a drink, which he immediately downs.

Frank looks to John from the balcony, waving him over.

John makes his way through the crowd as the opening strains
 of "Dear Prudence" waft up from the stage.

Frank and John watch as the Eagles (et al.) do a killer
 version of D.P.

John and Frank scream and whistle from the balcony.

Elton walks up behind John, tapping him on the shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Did you hear that, Elt?... That was
 fantastic. Better than I ever did!

Frank lights up a cigi and smiles.

FRANK
(deadpan as ever)
Would you two like to be alone?

He sniggers and walks away.

ELTON
Follow me.

John is hesitant.

JOHN
(always sarcastic)
This wouldn't be a sex sandwich thing,
would it?

He takes John to a far corner.

The band begins a version of "My Guitar Gently Weeps."

Two club goons protect a small corner table.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(still puzzled)
What's the scoop-poop?

The club goons part and a small woman is sitting at a table,
alone.

He looks up and sees it is Yoko, sipping a drink.

ELTON
(putting a hand on
his shoulder)
We love you, John.

He walks off.

The guitar sweeps and weeps -- the music swells.

John's eyes begin to tear as he slowly walks towards her.

To John... she looks like an infinitely patient Japanese
princess, who knows the score... his score.

He sits next to her as the club goons close the gap,
protecting the moment from prying eyes.

He sits next to her and, with tears streaming down his face,
rests his head on her bosom.

She strokes his hair.

The song ends, the crowd goes nuts.

YOKO
Come home, John. Come home.

He begins to weep.

PULL OUT -- (The scene is sweet and lovely and emotional, as the nightclub-kinetic is oblivious to the tender moment).

EXT. THE TROUBADOUR NIGHTCLUB -- SAME

The two FBI Men are parked across the street eating pizza.

The radio voice chirps in.

RADIO VOICE

What's going on?

FBI MAN 1

We're eating pizza, asshole.

RADIO VOICE

Have you observed any reportable information?

FBI MAN 2

(looks to his partner,
disgusted)

Yeah, observe this!

He flicks off the radio. They both laugh and return to their pizza.

FADE OUT:

INT. YMCA OFFICES -- DAY

A kindly, important-looking man is looking over Mark's record with the organization. He looks up...

SUPERVISOR

I like what I see, Mark. Really...
Outstanding.

(thinks)

How would you like to go overseas
for us? We have a mission in Lebanon
that could use a man like you.
Interested...?

Mark is excited.

MARK

Oh, yes, sir. Yes, sir... I would
love that. When would I leave?

SUPERVISOR

Day after tomorrow OK?

Shocked but excited.

MARK
 (thinking, mulling)
 Yeah, I think I can. Yeah... I can
 do it. Lebanon? Like the Lebanon?

SUPERVISOR
 That's the place.

MARK
 I'm in.

EXT. YMCA INTL. OFFICES, LEBANON -- DAY

INSERT -- **Lebanon, 1975**

INT. YMCA OFFICES -- SAME

People are packing to leave, in a hurry. They are in a rush.
 Soldiers are helping everyone, as an EVAC is underway.
 Gunshots and mortar fire can be heard in the background.
 Mark is running around the offices looking for something.
 A mortar comes close... BOOM!
 A soldier calls out.

SOLDIER
 Get moving... move it, people!

Mark finds his copy of "Catcher in the Rye," stuffing it in
 a satchel.

EXT. YMCA OFFICES -- SAME

Mark exits the building, looking around like a lost puppy,
 as smoke and civil war from a city in chaos swirls all around
 him.

He gets into an armored transport and it takes off.

INT. YMCA OFFICES -- DAY

SUPERVISOR
 How would you feel about helping out
 our Vietnamese brothers and sisters?

MARK
 (weary but still full
 of the Holy Ghost)
 Anything to help the Lord.

EXT. FORT CHAFFE, ARK. -- DAY

INSERT -- **Ft. Chaffe, Arkansas**

Mark is playing in the main yard with refugee Vietnamese children.

They shriek with delight in a game of tag.

INT. A CLASSROOM -- DAY

He teaches some of the kids guitar.

EXT. A STREET CORNER -- DAY

He hands out church flyers on a corner, a large wooden cross hanging from his neck.

A pretty girl takes a flyer from him.

JESSICA

Hi there. What's your name?

MARK

(fumbling)

Mark... Chapman... you?

JESSICA

Jessica... We're having a Bible-study tonight... wanna come?

MARK

(turning red)

Um... Yeah, sure... how?

She writes down a number.

JESSICA

Call me... OK?

Mark's eyes dart.

MARK

Yeah, I will...

(enthusiastic)

I will.

She smiles and walks away.

INSERT -- **Two months later**

EXT. PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN. -- DAY

INSERT -- **Presbyterian College, Lookout Mt., Tenn.**

Jessica is giving him his ring back.

He looks like the lost puppy he is.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Mark... I really am, but...
Some things about you scare me. It
just isn't going to work out, I'm...
so sorry.

She kisses him on his cheek, turns and leaves him in the lurch.

INSERT -- **Two months later**

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- DAY

Mark is dressed in a security guard uniform.

His supervisor calls him into the office.

SECURITY CHIEF

Mark... You've been doin' so well,
here... I think it's time you get
your security license. The pay is
much, much better, you know, but...
You're gonna have to learn how to
use a gun... That bother you?

Mark beams... his chubby face lights up.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY

Mark displays his better-than-average marksmanship.

INT. A LICENSE OFFICE -- DAY

He signs his Class A gun license.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- DAY

Mark sits at a lunch table, a gun at his side, reading a brochure on Hawaii, munching on a sandwich.

A big grin spreads across his face.

MARK

(shit-grinnin')
Paradise... I'm going...

EXT. HAWAII INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

INSERT -- **HAWAII, May 1977**

Mark's plane lands and taxis into paradise.

EXT. MOANA HOTEL -- DAY

Mark is lying by the pool drinking exotic concoctions.

EXT. A MAIN DRAG -- EVENING

Mark tastes the night life, hospitality of the islands, going to nightclubs and strip clubs. All the time drinking heavily.

EXT. A ROAD LEADING INTO THE HILLS -- AFTERNOON

Mark has rented a car and is gleefully driving around the island, taking in its intense tropical beauty.

He sits at an overlook, drinking rum, taking in a vast panoramic view.

The "White Album" is blasting on the car's cassette player.

Mark takes the little demon sculpture out of his pocket and sets it on the curb so it, too, can take in the magnificent view.

Mark holds up the bottle of rum, toasting the occasion.

MARK

To you, my most tasteful friends.

The little demon's dead eyes stare out to the horizon.

INT. MOANA HOTEL -- MARK'S ROOM -- EVENING

A fifth of rum sits, half empty, on a table.

O.S. Mark is talking to someone on the phone, as the camera snakes around the corner.

MARK

(more than tipsy,
slurry)

... Yes, it's me... God Jessica...
It feels so good to talk to you again,
What?... I'm in Hawaii... No...
Really... Yeah, that's right...
Hawaii... I got a job, so I flew out
here... Oh... you know... Um... I
work for the...

He looks around trying to think of a lie that may work. He sees a matchbook with the hotel's name on it.

MARK (CONT'D)

I work at the Moana Hotel... I help
book the entertainment here... Yes,
really. Jessica, wait, Jessica...
the reason I'm calling is I... I
think we should get back together...
Work things out... You know how much
I love you... I really do... I want

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

to be with you... I want to marry you...

(nervously)

I don't think I can live without you... No, No... I'm not suicidal... For Christ's sake, I just need you... I'll fly home tomorrow... Just say we can do this, and I'll fly home... What about my job?... My job?...

(irritated)

Fuck my job!

Obviously she is not going for it, as Mark gets more despondent.

MARK (CONT'D)

What do you mean it's out of the question?... I'm different now... Jessica... Wait! Jessica... Wait!...

(screaming)

WAIT!

She hangs up on him.

MARK (CONT'D)

(crying)

Wait... Wait... Fuck... Fuck...

Fuck...

He throws down the phone and stomps on it, bawling his eyes out. He grabs the rum bottle and chokes down the rest of its contents.

He staggers to the bathroom.

FULL SHOT -- THERE IS SEMICIRCLE OF MARK'S LITTLE ARMY MEN ON THE COUNTER

He looks down at them. He begins to talk to them.

MARK

I'm going to kill myself. As your king, my good subjects, I will kill myself... What do you think of that?

The army men stand there, motionless, soulless.

Mark looks into the mirror and then presses his forehead against it until it cracks.

A trail of blood trickles down his hairline from a small cut.

He looks down at the plastic army men.

MARK (CONT'D)
 (smiling, possessed)
 You all would like to see me bleed...
 Wouldn't you? Every last drop...
 you fucking pigs! This is revolution.
 I rule over you!

He sweeps the army men off the counter with the back of his hand.

INT. MOANA HOTEL -- MARK'S ROOM -- MORNING

His room is thrashed.

He is naked on the bed surrounded by his plastic army men and more bottles of booze.

He is dreaming, mumbling incoherently.

BLACK AND WHITE -- MARK'S 3RD DREAM SEQUENCE

John crawls down off a cross in his nice white suit.

The bus from "Magical Mystery Tour" pulls up.

John invites Mark for a ride.

They ride along until they reach the rye field.

Dozens of children run alongside the bus.

Mark sees John is headed for the cliff.

John increases the speed, as the cliff's edge gets closer and closer.

Mark looks at John.

MARK
 Are you gonna kill us, John?

John ignores him, and as the bus hurtles over the cliff, a demonic-looking John stares into Mark's eyes.

JOHN
 I'm more popular than Jesus, Mate.

The bus is about to hit the bottom, when...

There is a knock at the door and the maid enters.

MAID
 Housekeeping.

Mark quickly tries to cover himself.

She sees Mark naked on the bed and excuses herself.

MAID (CONT'D)

Sorry, sir... Please... Next time,
put out your "Do not Disturb" sign.
Sorry...

She backs away and shuts the door behind her.

Mark tries to shake his hangover away. He leans back moaning.

He walks out onto the balcony, naked, and shouts down at the street.

MARK

Fuck this life and everyone in it!

INT. SHOWER STALL -- LATER

Mark has his head under the shower-head, singing.

MARK

(almost cheery, loudly)
For the benefit of Mr. Kite... There
will be a show tonight on your TV...
All the Chapmans will be there as
Mark slits his throat from ear to
ear...

INT. MOANA HOTEL LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

Mark, with his small overnight bag, checks out of the hotel.

INT. A HARDWARE STORE CLOSE TO THE BEACH -- LATER

Mark buys a long vacuum hose.

EXT. A ROAD LEADING INTO THE HILLS -- LATER -- DAY

He drives out to the lonely vista point from the earlier scene.

He smokes a giant joint and takes swigs off a rum bottle.

He duct-tapes the hose from the exhaust to a crack in the driver's-side window and then seals that with duct-tape.

He gets into his rental and revs the engine, sucking the carbon monoxide deep into his lungs.

He puts on the "White Album" and "I'm So Tired" plays on the small speakers.

He begins to cough and wheeze, singing along with the lyrics.

MARK

I wish that I could ca-ll you, but I
know what you would doo-oo-oo...

All of his little army men sit in the passenger seat, along with the little demon statue.

He looks down at them, singing to them, coughing.

Suddenly there is a light in front of the car.

The light seems to split and a lovely angel drifts down from the sky.

Mark, still coughing, turns the engine off, cutting the song off in mid-chorus.

Mark looks at the apparition with believing eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come to me...
 (tears streaking his
 features)
 Come to me...
 (pleading, sobbing)
 Come to me!

The beautiful angel smiles at him and holds out her hand.

Mark's hands seem to melt right through the glass as he reaches for her.

Things become prismaticly bright.

WHITE OUT:

EXT. VISTA-POINT -- MARK'S CAR -- SUNSET

A spectacular island sunset is framed through the car's windows.

Everything is silent except the wind.

ANGLE DOWN TO REVEAL -- MARK, UNCONSCIOUS, NEXT TO HIS CAR

He slowly comes to, woozy, staggering to his feet.

He looks at the glass where his hands went through.

There are two noticeable cracks.

He looks at his hands, which are bruised and cut.

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S FACE --

He is white as a ghost.

He looks out at the sunset and is silhouetted by the fiery sky.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE MOANA LOA SANITARIUM

FULL SHOT -- A SIGN ANNOUNCING: MOAN LOA SANITARIUM --
EVENING

INT. ADMISSIONS DESK -- SAME

Mark stumbles to the admissions desk.

He looks exhausted, pale and sick and dirty, suffering from the effects of carbon monoxide poisoning.

MARK
(trying to breathe,
wheezing)
I want to be admitted. I just tried
to kill myself!

His eyes roll back in his head and he collapses to the floor.

FADE OUT:

INT. AN OBSERVATION ROOM -- LATER

FULL SHOT -- MARK IN A HOSPITAL BED --

He is in a deep sleep.

There are tubes going into him and a respirator taped in his mouth.

There is a one-way mirror on the far wall of the room.

Mark's image is reflected in it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- BEHIND THE GLASS -- SAME

FULL SHOT -- MARK'S THINGS ARE SPREAD ON A TABLE

His army men, the demon statue, a scrapbook, the cassette of the "White Album" and his ever-present copy of "Catcher in the Rye," sit on the gleaming tabletop.

Two doctors are having coffee, looking at Mark through the glass.

DOCTOR 1
So, where is he?

DOCTOR 2
He'll be here.

DOCTOR 1
I don't like this. I don't like
this at all. We got a sick kid here.

DOCTOR 2

I don't think we have a choice in the matter.

DOCTOR 1

Tinkering with this kid's psyche is going to do nothing but worsen things.

DOCTOR 2

How do you know that?
 (looking back over to Mark)
 You don't know that.

There is a knock at the door.

FULL SHOT --

As the door swings open, three men enter, dressed in dark suits.

Two of them guard the door.

FAVORING ONE OF THE AGENTS

AGENT MANNING

(Greeting them)
 Doctors... I'm Agent Manning. This are agents Dunn and Folke. How's our patient?

DOCTOR 2

(looking at mark through the glass)
 He'll live, but he's still pretty sick.

Manning walks to the table and begins looking through Mark's things.

He picks up the small scrapbook and looks through it.

There are pictures of the Beatles, John Lennon, Todd Rundgren.

All the pictures of John are drawn-on. Some look demonic, some look devilish, some are completely scribbled over.

He picks up the cassette of the "White Album," which seems melted from sitting in the sun.

AGENT MANNING

You say he exhibits signs of psychosis?

DOCTOR 2

And maybe mild schizophrenia.

Manning picks up the demon statue and looks directly at it.

AGENT MANNING
(to himself)
Perfect.

Manning walks to the mirror and looks out at Mark.

AGENT MANNING (CONT'D)
I want to start him on the treatment
next week.

DOCTOR 1
Next week? That won't be possible...
He needs more recuperation.

DOCTOR 2
Seems a little early, doesn't it...
Agent Manning?

AGENT MANNING
Next week, Doctors... Next week.

DOCTOR 1
Well, it's your soul.

Manning puts Mark's things in a bag and tosses it to an agent.

AGENT MANNING
(looking hard at Doctor
1)
My soul?... is the soul of a nation...
Understand?

Mark becomes semiconscious and, slowly turning his head,
stares blankly at the mirror.

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S BLANK, GLASSY EYES

INT. A MEDICAL ROOM AT THE SANITARIUM -- DAY

Mark is sitting up in a black steel medical chair.

A laboratory technician swings a very strange looking
apparatus towards him.

There is a mechanical arm, with a visor head-device attached
to its end.

The lab-tech positions the odd machine and carefully fits
Mark's head into it.

MARK
This is kinda cool. What is it?

LAB-TECH
 (professionally)
 It's a machine to alleviate inner
 stress. It's a very calming
 experience... Sit back please, I
 need to run a test.

Mark sits back and makes himself comfortable.

He looks like he's hooked up to an alien instrument of mind
 torture.

FAVORING -- THE LAB-TECH

LAB-TECH (CONT'D)
 Ready?

MARK
 Test away.

LAB-TECH
 Tell me when and if this hurts.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. MARK --

A bluish light washes over his senses.

MARK
 Not at all. It's kinda pretty.

LAB-TECH
 Keep watching.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. MARK

The blue light starts to intensify and then vibrate... Bluer
 and bluer, like the most intense blue sky.

MARK
 This is cool.

Suddenly, the brightest red in the world sears itself into
 his ocular senses.

MARK (CONT'D)
 FUCK!!
 (in pain)
 Cut it off. Cut it off.

The calming blue returns.

LAB-TECH
 Sorry.

Doctors 1 and 2 enter the room, as well as Agent Manning.

Mark can't see anything.

DOCTOR 1
Hello, Mark. How are you?

MARK
Better... Still feel queasy, a bit.
How're you, Doc?

DOCTOR 1
(looking towards
Manning, with a slight
sneer)
I've had better days.

DOCTOR 2
Hi, Mark.

Mark smiles under his strange headgear.

MARK
(exclamatory)
It's the two doctors!

DOCTOR 2
We're about ready here, Mark... So,
sit back and relax.

LAB-TECH
Mark, I'm injecting you with a muscle
relaxant. It may sting a little
going in... OK?

MARK
OK.

Mark flinches.

The needle goes in.

Manning looks on with great interest.

LAB-TECH
(soothing)
Just relax, Mark... just relax...
that's it... now... R-e-l-a-x.

AUDIO -- His voice becomes echoic.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. MARK

Colors begin to wave across his vision. Beautiful colors -- greens, maroons, aquamarines, translucent colors, dream colors.

They dance and quiver.

MARK (V.O.)
(slurry)
This is so cool.

As Mark begins to descend into a semi-stuporous state, fragments of speech spill from his lips.

MARK (CONT'D)
(drugged)
My dad didn't love... He didn't...
My mom?... My mom is a goddess...
Fucking goddess... She would come
into my room... Bloody lip...
Fucker... I want to kill all of you...

He suddenly stops talking, drifting into an enchantment.

The lab-tech checks his vitals.

The two doctors look at Agent Manning.

Manning smiles.

CONT. MARK'S P.O.V. --

3-D images start to flash and merge into one another.

(There would be images of forests... pines, rain forests, galaxies, planets, animals, buildings, New York, The Dakota, The Dakota entrance, John, clouds, dark clouds, John, John speaking, "I'm Jesus, you're not. I'm your lord, you are an insect." ... Images of horrific violence -- Images of torture, beheadings... The American Flag (pulsating like a life-form)... The word: Rye, Rye, Rye, strobing... blinking. More images of John... His car, his fame, shallow images of a life... The Beatles, Mark's father, mother, guns, bullets, death from bullets... John, John. The images increase, flutter, multiply, fuse)--

The visual assault is overwhelming.

FULL SHOT -- THE MACHINE.

The image of Mark's head in the hellish machine lingers.

FADE OUT:

INT. MARKS ROOM AT THE SANITARIUM -- MORNING

He gets up and stretches.

He hits an intercom button.

MARK
Can I stretch my legs before
breakfast?

INTERCOM VOICE
I don't see why not.

The locks on his door are electrically opened.

Mark puts on a robe and steps into the hall.

An attendant is there to meet him.

ATTENDANT CARL
Hi, Mark... Let's go.

MARK
Hi, Carl... What's up?

ATTENDANT CARL
You and your little stroll... Shall
we?

They walk around the halls of the sanitarium.

Carl stops him.

ATTENDANT CARL (CONT'D)
Hey, Mark... I'm gonna have a quick
cigi, you want one?

MARK
Not this early. I'll just stay here.

ATTENDANT CARL
You better, or we're both in trouble.

Carl opens the sliding-glass door and lights a cigi on the terrace.

Mark looks around and recognizes this corridor of the hospital.

He walks down the hall and stands before the door leading to the room where they experimented on him.

He tries the door handle and finds it unlocked.

Entering the room, he notices that all has changed. There is nothing left of the strange machine.

It is a storage room, piled high with towels, equipment, cases, what-have-you.

Carl calls to him.

ATTENDANT CARL (CONT'D)
Hey, Mark... Get back over here...
What are you up to, anyway?

MARK
Nothing. Don't worry, just curious.

ATTENDANT CARL
(ordering)
Well, don't be.

INT. THE MEDICAL ROOM -- SAME

He shuts the door from the outside.

TO BLACK:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- NYC -- EVENING

A.O. -- Thunderous applause and stomping of feet.

INSERT -- **Madison Square Garden -- 1978**

A.O. --

JOHN
(onstage)
Thank you... I mean you and you and especially... you. Here's a song for the ages. Dig it!

The band prepares.

John talks to the musicians on the monitors.

JOHN (CONT'D)
"Instant-Karma," boys?

The camera snakes out of the darkness of the backstage guts. There are cables running everywhere and plywood-and-steel stage reinforcement as the opening strains of "Instant-Karma" kick in.

The audience responds with a massive cheer.

And then, BOOM!

WIDE-SHOT -- WE ARE ONSTAGE.

The quintessential version of the song transports the audience to another plane of existence, as they throb like a gas-engine to the infectious groove.

FULL SHOT -- JOHN --

He is in full control of the moment, resplendent upon the stage. He is a god.

Elton bangs the keys with expert aplomb.

The musicians home John's song in like fine radar.

The moment is electrical, phantasmagorical.

The song concludes to a universe-shattering response from the audience.

Sweat pours from John's brow, as he acknowledges the adoration.

The moment fades into distant echoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- NYC

INSERT -- **The Dakota** -- NYC -- 1979

INT. JOHN AND YOKO'S BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT

IN FAST MOTION A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HOUSE HUSBAND JOHN

A.O. "The Two of Us," binds the scene.

1. He and Yoko getting up in the morning.
2. They take a shower together and have sex.
3. Yoko dresses for a business day.
4. John comes in and, lifting her skirt, has sex.
5. They kiss as she leaves.
6. John smokes some grass.
7. John takes care of his toddler son, Sean.
8. He smokes some grass.
9. He watches TV while feeding his son.
10. He smokes some grass.
11. He drinks cup after cup of coffee.
12. He smokes some grass.
13. He feeds his son.

14. He plays with his son in comic vignettes.

15. He watches more TV and smokes some grass.

16. He dusts and cleans the apartment as his son plays.

A.O. There is a loud knock on the door.

John answers the door with a joint in his mouth.

FULL SHOT -- THE DOOR OPENS

David is at the door. Looking like the "Thin White Duke."

INT. JOHN'S HOME STUDIO -- LATER

John and David are quietly jamming on headphone-mode, John on the bass and David on electric guitar.

Sean is asleep on an expansive white couch.

David is semi-singing some scribbled lyrics on a music stand.

John is bopping along.

John leans over and stops tape.

JOHN

Great, Dave. Let's do a descending
harmony on the tag.

DAVID

Command me, Lord.

JOHN

Ready?

DAVID

Let's stripe one.

The tape records the moment, as they continue bopping.

John stops tape.

JOHN

Great, Dave, I think we got it.
Listen.

They both groove to the infectious descant playback... played low so as not to wake Sean.

David retrieves a snuff device out of his pocket and takes a deep snort -- up both nostrils.

He offers some to John, but John waves him off and lights up a fat joint instead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Fuck that snow-shit, Mate. I'm into
dope, cigarettes and a touch of vodka,
now and then... period!

DAVID
(congratulating John's
restraint and then
self-effacing)
Good for you... Bad for me.

He does another gagger that snaps his head back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(breaking the moment
and in all seriousness)
You need to get out more. The world
misses you, John... Art-land just
ain't the same without you...

JOHN
Thanks, Dave, for the vote of
confidence.

DAVID
Andy's throwing a little "art-fag"
get-together tomorrow. It won't be
a late affair... You can leave early.
Interested?...

John emerges from his smoky "ganja" sacrament.

JOHN
(Cheeky)
... Will Mick be there?

DAVID
Absolutely not.

JOHN
(Cheekier)
Sounds better and better.

DAVID
Bring Yoko... you'll love it.
Burroughs and Ginsberg'll be there.
You love those two fags to death.

JOHN
I don't know... Yoko works her arse
off all day. I'm not one for parties
anymore...

DAVID
Make an exception.

JOHN
 (thinking)
 We'll see... I'll ask her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDY'S ARTSY LOFT PARTY -- NIGHT

PAN SWEEP -- A small, but feisty, gathering of thoroughly NY Art-People is swinging into Felliniesque territory.

A "Carnival of Faces" parades before the camera.

Everyone that needs to be there -- is there.

John looks like a lost puppy. Everyone is coming up to hug Yoko and him. He looks paranoid and not comfortable at all in his own skin.

Elton appears and hastens the couple into a private alcove.

ELTON
 (excited)
 William has written a routine for you. We're all waiting. Come on.

YOKO
 That's so wonderful, don't you think, John?

JOHN
 (puzzled)
 Really?... For me?

They enter the room.

There are a phalanx of celeb-types in anxious expectation of the performance.

There in the center, sitting like an Art-Guru, is Andy.

He immediately gets up and goes to hug John and Yoko.

ANDY
 (excited, yet droll)
 You've finally brought him out to us...
 (hugging John and Yoko)
 We miss you, John.
 (looking around the room)
 Don't we?

The room agrees.

William, a skinny, aging art-god dressed in a suit, tie and fedora, slowly gets up and turns on a small spotlight behind a desk.

WILLIAM

(announcing)

I wrote this routine for you, John.

Andy shows John and Yoko to a seat.

All is quiet as William sits and begins to recite, in an acid monotone.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

This is called Onion Rag...

John and Yoko smile.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(droll, quickly
cadenced monotone,
intense and deeply
felt)

"I met the victim in a deserted bar, just outside Columbus, Ohio. He said he was trucking a load of Granny Goose potato chips and pork rinds to Reno. For some reason he recognized me 'I know you... Bill, isn't it?' He looked me up and down. 'Yeah, you're the Bill I know.'... Maybe this escapee from a Burt Reynolds CB opus... knew me from my books, or TV, or my recordings... I thought... Or, maybe I reminded him of a guy he raped and murdered in a dog-shit hobo-camp, outside Baton Rouge. My imagination raced... I should have split right then... But, I was puzzled. What was this intrigue? How would a handsome, but obvious regress from some beer-drenched nightmare know me?... We kept drinking... and he handed me some bennies, which I chewed, gulping them down in acrid clumps. 'I like what you do, but that's beside the point,' he said, his moron-head full of artless sheep-brains. After awhile, the bennies kicked in... hard, drying, vacuum-packed, clamping my jaw shut like a vascular seizure. Through clenched, grinding teeth, I politely tried to excuse myself, but he stopped me, screaming in Charismatic-Christian Flatulent tongues, burning the air

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 all around me... 'We'll get your
 kind and your little dog too... We'll
pull the soul of the eternal artist
 right out the asshole of a dead
culture... and there's nothing you
 can do about it... Fag.' I then shot
 the bastard through his right eye
 socket with a greasy derringer I had
concealed in my jacket pocket. As I
 recall, it left an unusually large
exit wound, but was a bullet well
 spent. Then, of course, it was time
 to run. And, to this day, I remain
 on the lam."

He leans over and signs it with a pen: **To: John from: W.S. Burroughs**

The audience responds with claps and cheers.

William walks over and shakes John's hand, kissing him on the cheek and handing him the poem.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 (whispering in his
 ear)
 Genius does not hide. Stop hiding.

INT. ANDY'S ARTSY LOFT PARTY -- MOMENTS LATER

John is talking to Frank, and constantly throwing glances at Yoko, who is talking to an impeccably dressed older gentleman.

FRANK
 (smoking as usual, in
 good humor)
 What's this I hear?... You're doing
 pilot tracks for a new album? What,
 I'm not on your A-list? Gee, I'm
 offended, you arrogant fuck.

JOHN
 (amused)
 Cat's out of the bag?... Already?

FRANK
 We all know David can't keep a secret.

John spies David in a corner.

Dave turns and waves to him. John throws a weary smile back.

JOHN
 I was meaning to call you between
 joints.

FRANK
 (sniggering)
 The evil weed clouding your grasp of
 reality again?

JOHN
 What else, Mate... You got a better
 idea?

FRANK
 I'd be lying if I said I did. You
 got a title for the project?

JOHN
 I was thinking about 'Double Fantasy,'
 and making it a double album.

FRANK
 (grinning)
 I likey... Double Fantasy... Always
 the ambitious Beatle, aren't we?

JOHN
 Screw that.

FRANK
 Just kidding, Johnny... I'm happy
 for you, man and I'd like to help.
 Let's get to work.

Yoko waves John over.

JOHN
 I'd be honored... I'm going to need
 a little help. Maybe lots of help.
 (excusing himself)
 I'll call you on Monday, Frankie.

John is obviously ready to go as he approaches Yoko.

YOKO
 (introducing)
 John, this is Randall. He wants to
 sponsor a gallery showing in
 Australia.

John shakes his hand, smiling broadly.

JOHN
 It would be a great honor, sir.
 Would you excuse my wife and me for
 a sec?

The man nods his head.

PARTY RANDALL

Certainly... certainly... We will
talk later then?

YOKO

We'll be right back.

John gently moves Yoko to a corner.

JOHN

(tired)

I'm spent, me Love. I really want
to get back home to our son... Maybe
do a little writing. I just feel
the crush of personalities closing
in... you understand... Don't you?

Yoko is as gentle and understanding as she can be.

YOKO

Of course I do. I'll do a little
more business and catch a ride home.
Will you be alright?

John nods and kisses her.

JOHN

I love you.

She smiles and kisses him again.

YOKO

(sweetly)

I love you too.

As he walks to the door, he retrieves William's poem from
his pocket, holding it up for her to see.

JOHN

And kiss William for me, OK?

She nods, smiling back, as Randall and a tall, exotic woman
begin to engage her in conversation.

John stands for a moment, feeling lost again, then exits.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- EVENING -- LATER

The limo pulls up to the Dakota, and the doorman, a Cuban
fellow, hustles to open the limo door for its occupant.

JOSE THE DOORMAN

(with an accent)

Good evening, Mr. Lennon.

JOHN

Evening, Jose... And Jose, I'm sick of this 'Mr. Lennon' shit. From now on say 'evening John'... and I'll say 'evening Jose,' alright?

JOSE THE DOORMAN

Whatever you say, Mr. John.

John breaks up, laughing.

Jose goes to open up the door, but John waves him on.

Jose is called inside and for a moment, John is by himself, on the outside. He lights a cigarette and looks around.

Cars and people pass him by without a second glance. He feels the rush of un-recognition.

He looks directly at a couple as they walk past. They think he's weird, but do not recognize him. He laughs out loud and starts strolling down the street.

He takes a joint out of his pocket and lights it up.

He passes people and says "Hi." They treat his greeting as that of a stranger.

He jauntily walks into Central Park.

He takes a seat on a bench, continuing to enjoy his joint in anonymity.

Some teenagers walk past him.

One of the kids speaks to him.

TEEN

Hey, man... is that a spliff?

JOHN

You bet, Mate.

TEEN

Can we join you?

JOHN

Why not?

They all pass the joint around, having no idea who they're smoking it with.

TEEN

(coughing)

Good shit, man. What's with you tonight?

JOHN
Just getting some air, Mate.

TEEN
Hey, you're English... What a trip.
Where you from, in England?

JOHN
Liverpool.

The teens crack up.

TEEN
Liverpool. What a shitty name for a
town... No offense.

JOHN
It's shittier than you can imagine.

One of the teens starts singing "Imagine."

TEEN 2
"Imagine there's no pussy... How
fucked up would that be?..."

They all laugh like stoners, John included.

John gets up to leave and gives the teen-crew another joint.

They are appreciative and start to light it up, but John is
moving on.

JOHN
Keep it. Gotta split.

TEEN
Thanks, man. You watch out for
yourself, man.

The teens all tell him to "keep it real."

John walks off into the gloom.

He walks the park for a short while, then turns and heads
back towards the Dakota.

As he does this, he sees a man pointing a handgun at him.

THIEF
(piercing)
All of it! NOW!...

John quickly hands him his wallet.

The thief is about to take off when, he recognizes John.

THIEF (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Fuck me! I know who you
are!

(backing off, in awe)

... Forgive me. Forgive me...

The thief hands John back his wallet and disappears into the night air.

John stands there quietly, as the sounds of a midnight city punctuate the eerie scene.

INT. JOHN AND YOKO'S BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT -- LATE NIGHT

John is cuddled with his son, asleep, in his home-studio, on the large white couch.

Yoko enters the apartment, wandering into the room, finding the two gently dreaming.

There are candles flickering, John's guitar is nestled nearby.

There are a pile of pot-roaches and cigi-butts in an ashtray and a half-drunk bottle of expensive vodka cluttering a table.

She goes over to them and kneels before the couch, stroking their hair.

YOKO

(smiling to herself,
empathetically)

My little men, all asleep.

She sings a soft, beautiful, Japanese lullaby.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN --

INT. A HONOLULU TRAVEL AGENCY -- DAY

An attractive Japanese-Hawaiian girl is handing an unseen customer a travel itinerary and airline tickets. Her name is Gloria.

GLORIA

... I've been able to arrange a stop-over for you in Thailand, just for a few days. I've been there before.

(smiling, flirtatious)

It's quite a place.

REVERSE ANGLE -- MARK, SITTING ACROSS FROM HER, SMILING

MARK

Cool.

She leans over in a 'bat-squeak' of sexuality.

GLORIA
I'm excited for you. You're going
to see all of Asia.

He smiles back.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What fascinates you about the Orient?

MARK
Everything... It's where spirituality
was born.

She continues flirting.

GLORIA
What are you doing tomorrow night?
I'd like to treat you to a going-
away dinner, Mark.

MARK
(dumbfounded)
You're kidding... me?

GLORIA
You don't want to come?

MARK
(hesitant)
Sure... sure, I'd love to come...
What time?

GLORIA
Meet me here at 7... That's when I
get off.

MARK
(grinning like a
Cheshire Cat)
I'll be here.

EXT. THE MOANA LOA SANITARIUM -- LATER

Mark drives passed the sanitarium sign.

INT. AN OPEN ROOM IN THE SANITARIUM -- LATER

Mark is playing guitar, leading some elderly patients in
song.

The song ends and everyone claps.

A nurse, watching over the scene, approaches Mark.

NURSE

Mark, we all have a going-away present
for you.

She hands him a beautifully framed photograph of him shaking
President Ford's hand.

Mark is touched.

MARK

I forgot about this picture... How'd
you find it?

NURSE

We have our ways.

MARK

God bless you... God bless all of
you.

They all come forward, hugging and patting Mark on the back,
saying, "Have fun... Come back to us... Don't forget to send
some postcards," etc.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT ON THE GROUNDS -- LATER

Mark enters his little apartment on the sanitarium grounds.

FULL SHOT -- THE DINNER TABLE

He is startled to see an air-mail package on the dinner table.

Upon opening the mysterious package, he finds: his little
army men, his scrapbook, the demon statue and his copy of
"Catcher in the Rye." The scene is full of disturbingly
electric portent.

He looks at the return address, which says simply: **U.S.
Government.**

CUT TO:

He fondles his prized possessions. He kisses the demon's
feet.

MARK

(a tear in his eye)
I've missed you. I've missed you
all for so long.

He pulls the shades and lights candles. He carefully lays
the obsessive objects before him in a semicircle and then
strips naked. Something has clicked off in his brain and
the sick ritual of a diseased mind transpires.

MARK (CONT'D)
 (holding the demon
 statue aloft with
 one hand, violently
 masturbating with
 the other)

I am your King...! I am your King...!

INT. A VERY NICE JAPANESE RESTAURANT -- EVENING

The camera creeps up to Mark and Gloria sharing a pleasant supper.

GLORIA
 You have a girlfriend, right now?

MARK
 (bashful)
 Nah... not me. You're so beautiful...
 I'm kinda speechless.

GLORIA
 Don't be, Mark. I think you're
 beautiful and talented. The work
 you do at the institution is
 inspiring.

MARK
 You really think so? I just want to
 help.

GLORIA
 I really admire you.

She takes his hand and caresses it.

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Mark and Gloria are in the throes of sexual gratification.

PAN -- THE ROOM

In a corner, on a chair, Mark has his things bundled.

On top is the demon statue, carefully placed there so it can watch.

INT. HAWAII INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

Gloria is seeing Mark off on his plane.

GLORIA
 I hope I see you when you get back.
 You will see me, won't you?

MARK

See you?... I want to marry you.
What do you think of that?

GLORIA

(dearly touched)

Well, good lord, Mark. We'll see...
OK?

They hug and kiss.

Mark vaults down the gangway.

Mark puts his carry-on bag above his head, but not before he retrieves a plastic army man.

He sits down, rubbing it with his thumbs like a stress-stone.

Gloria watches as his plane taxis away.

INT. THE PLANE -- SAME

Mark has a shit-eating grin plastered on his face as the plane rushes to take off.

He watches the ground pull away and suddenly, a vast ocean fills the horizon as he thumbs the toy soldier, flying into a new, unknown adventure.

Gloria watches as the plane disappears into the billowing tropical clouds.

INT. JOHN'S HOME STUDIO -- DAY

John is laying down pilot tracks for the future "Double Fantasy" album. He is laying down a guitar and rough vocal. He stops tape, then starts again. "(Just Like) Starting Over" pours out of him like a vision of light. It is a beautiful thing.

He plays tape and puts the mix through the main speakers.

He gets up and wanders the apartment like a ghost, listening to his soul.

He lights a cigarette and stares out over NYC and the green island of Central Park.

He walks into his son's playroom.

Sean is playing with his toys.

He looks up at John and smiles, as "(Just Like) Starting Over" concludes.

John smiles at his son.

He returns to his studio and reaches into a space behind the bookcase.

He sits down and opens a hollowed-out book.

There is a syringe and a vial of "China white" hidden within its pages.

He fixes himself up with a load.

He shoots up.

His head dips.

MONTAGE -- BLACK AND WHITE --

A.O. Labored breathing --

Dream-like images of: the Beatles -- India -- Paul and the boys -- "A Hard Day's Night" -- the Walrus -- Magical Mystery Bus -- meeting Yoko -- The Bed-In's -- Peace demonstrations -- FBI surveillance -- soulless-parties -- drugs -- Vietnam -- Yoko, the guiding light of her face beams out into his universe -- Yoko's image... all flicker across John's mind's eye.

CLOSE UP -- JOHN'S EYES FLICKER

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA -- DAY

Mark (ever the tourist) comes over a rise, breathing heavily, smiling broadly.

He looks out over the vast vista, as the Great Wall disappears over the horizon.

A Chinese woman bows to him.

He bows back.

EXT. THE FORBIDDEN CITY -- DAY

Mark walks amongst its surreal beauty.

INT. JOHN'S HOME STUDIO -- EVENING

The camera studies the guts, the pith of the recording experience. The art of musical creation.

He is working (hard) on a song, as Yoko enters.

YOKO

John, we have a dinner date with Dick Cavett tonight, remember?

JOHN
 (working away)
 Fuck him.

Strumming his guitar, thinking creative thoughts, as Yoko becomes insistent.

YOKO
 (seriously)
 We're going to be on his show next week... John, surely you...

John becomes enraged.

JOHN
 (throwing his guitar,
 yelling)
 Fuck it!... I'm trying to find my fucking soul and you're talking about being on TV! God, fuck that shit!

John's toddler son stands at the doorway, crying.

Yoko picks Sean up and comforts him.

John hangs his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (clutching his face)
 Sorry, Babe... Fuck me! I'm wound up. I need a drink.

He sits like a defeated clown.

Yoko is as patient as ever.

YOKO
 (sighing)
 You do your thing, John. I'll meet with Dick. Don't worry... you create.

John gets up and walks to her, hugging them both.

JOHN
 Have I told you, I love you two...
 Lately?

His young son grabs his ear.

BABY SEAN
 (giggly)
 Da-da... Da-da...

EXT. THE DEMILITARIZED ZONE -- KOREA -- DAY

Mark stares out at the divide that separates Capitalism from Stalinist Communism.

He looks into high-powered binoculars at the guard towers beyond the lush expanse.

A tour guide shows maps of the Korean war theater.

Mark looks upon a commemoration to all the dead of that "next-to-forgotten" war... There are thousands of names of the dead.

His companions from the YMCA tour have him snap a picture at the North-South checkpoint.

EXT. MOUNT FUJI -- DAY

Mark hikes to a lookout point, facing Mt. Fuji, which looms before him like an unfathomable force of nature.

INT. A HOSPITAL FOR THE IMPAIRED -- JAPAN -- DAY

Mark entertains a group of disabled Japanese children.

A YMCA missionary snaps a picture, freezing the moment.

EXT. AN OLD RUIN IN FORESTS OF THAILAND -- DAY

Mark sits on a stone talking with other missionaries.

INT. IRANIAN MOSQUE -- DAY

Mark wanders through an ancient mosque.

He takes the demon statue out of his pocket and fondles it.

The image lingers.

(The blast of wind from the tag of "Back in the USSR" punctuates the disturbing image).

A.O. "Dear Prudence" fades in

TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

AERIAL SHOT --

EXT. NYC SKYLINE -- DAY

INSERT -- **NYC 1979** --

CUT TO:

EXT. A BLACK LIMO -- NYC -- SAME

INT. THE LIMO -- SAME

EXTENDED -- Shot like a music video --

"Dear Prudence"... John is alone, going through the ritual of shooting-up heroin, in the back of a limo.

He takes out his spoon and cooks up a shot.

He dips in a cotton ball.

He carefully draws out a hit in the syringe.

He taps the bubbles out.

He ties himself off.

He searches for a vein.

He injects the drug.

EXT. THE LIMO -- SAME

NYC glides by the darkened windows.

The limo glides by a throng of commingling humanity.

Buildings reach for sunlight like light-starved flowers.

A bum dances down the street, oblivious to his predicament.

Hundreds of people walk in front of the limo at a stoplight.

John sucks on his cigi-butt, smiling, tripping.

The street is lined like a skyscraper canyon.

He takes a crisp \$100 bill out and lets it fly into the street-scene.

He takes out another and another and lets them fly into the air.

INT. THE LIMO -- SAME

John smiles and, nodding, lights a cigarette, marveling at the city sights like a karma-junkie.

More sights of a vibrant city slip and slide by.

The limo pulls up to a packed gallery.

"Look Around, 'round... 'round..."

TRACKING -- THE GALLERY

John's art is hung everywhere.

"Look Around... 'round."

Yoko, with Sean on her hip, kisses John.

There is applause.

Everyone loves them, why not?

The camera explores the gallery scene with careful emphasis on John's art, while a thick schmooze-fest swirls around like a cognoscenti-tornado.

John (if a bit unsteady) networks like an (out of practice) pro, talking to everyone, while Yoko is the gracious hostess.

Flashbulbs capture images... A film crew is recording it all.

Deals are being struck, champagne glasses tinkle, important art-folk mingle.

(All is good... but things are not as they seem).

As John takes his son from Yoko's hip, he sees himself reflected in a mirror.

He looks like Marley's ghost. It is a haunting image.

It lingers.

A.O. "Dear Prudence" Fades.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HONOLULU -- DAY

AERIAL -- THE TROPICAL OCEAN

PULL UP -- THE ISLAND SHORE

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APARTMENT -- SAME

The camera snakes around the apartment.

Gloria is on the phone.

GLORIA

(upset)

... He's driving me insane. He goes out and buys these expensive art-works...

A Dali print hangs on the wall.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

... sells them for half of what they're worth... He's spending all our savings... On nothing... I mean nothing. He smashed the stereo last night... He's drinking again... I don't know who I married anymore!

She puts her hand on her mouth and starts to sob.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 No, he never hits me... No, he
 doesn't... ever... I just think he's
 going nuts. I love him, but... He's
 going nuts.

INT. THE BATHROOM -- SAME

Mark is taking a shower, humming "Strawberry Fields," rocking
 back and forth.

He stops and thinks.

MARK
 I need to go to the record store.

INT. A RECORD STORE -- LATER

Mark picks through the stock of John Lennon titles.

He goes over to a poster section and picks out a Todd Rundgren
 poster.

MARK
 (looking at the poster,
 smiling)
 I think I'll let you live.

He walks down to the shoreline-esplanade and sips hard liquor,
 concealed in a dirty paper bag.

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT. -- BEDROOM -- EVENING

INSERT -- 1980

He is reading "Catcher in the Rye" aloud, as Gloria tries to
 sleep.

GLORIA
 Mark, will you please just go to
 sleep? How many times must you read
 that book? Don't you know it by
 heart?

MARK
 (scornful)
 This is not a book, it is a Bible...
 to be read and re-read and read again.
 You just don't get it... Do you?

She rolls her eyes and turns over.

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT -- MORNING

Mark sits in his underwear, splicing together tape fragments of Beatle songs and "The Wizard of Oz."

GLORIA

I'm going out... Are you OK, Mark?

Mark rocks back and forth.

MARK

Me? Yeah... I'm doing some research on Beatles songs.

She smiles halfheartedly, walks over and kisses his forehead.

GLORIA

You sure?

MARK

Don't worry about me...

She leaves.

Mark slips his underwear off and, naked, gathers his obsessive possessions around... His army men, his copy of "Catcher in the Rye," his demon statue and a small statue of Dorothy from the "Wizard of Oz."

He turns on his tape player. It plays a strange edited mishmash of Beatles songs, John being interviewed, bits and pieces of "The Wizard of Oz" soundtrack. It is a creepy scene full of dread.

He walks to the kitchen, retrieving a fifth of rum and gulping a good portion of it down.

He sits back down amongst his things.

He rocks back and fourth, singing and talking gibberish, reading from "Catcher."

MARK (CONT'D)

(looking at his little men)

I'm going to New York.

A voice answers back.

A.O. --

VOICE

Why? What's in New York?

MARK

John Lennon is in New York. I want him killed.

The voice sounds surprised.

VOICE

Why would you want him killed? We thought John was a hero of yours.

MARK

(angry)

He's no hero of mine. I despise him and all the phoniness he stands for. He needs to die.

VOICE

As your security councilor, I would advise doing some solid intelligence work before putting the operation into action. You'll need some help.

MARK

Help?

VOICE

You won't be able to handle it alone. We're all behind you, Mr. President. You can count on us.

The tape starts playing the aural-mayhem tag at the end of "I am the Walrus."

MARK

Can you hear that?

He stops tape, playing it back. He stops it again and plays it back.

MARK (CONT'D)

(excited)

See... You see? He wants me to kill him so he can be free of his phony little life.

VOICE

Yes, Mr. President, we can hear it. He wants us to kill him.

Mark stands up, twirling around and around.

MARK

Then it's set... We begin planning tomorrow.

He falls down in a gleeful heap, dizzy, laughing.

VOICE

Yes, we will begin the planning stages tomorrow. We must prepare.

INT. JOHN'S HOME STUDIO -- DAY

Sean is asleep on the big white couch, as usual.

PANNING -- FAVORING JOHN

A.O. -- The final mix of "Starting Over" plays out.

John is swaying his head back and forth to the rhythm.

PANNING (CONT) --

Paul is listening intently, sitting stolidly.

The song concludes.

JOHN

Well?

Paul gets up.

PAUL

(thinking)

Well, well, well...

JOHN

(concerned)

Seriously, Mate... What ya think?

Paul walks over to the window, then walks to John.

PAUL

Stand up.

John looks confused.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No really, John... Stand up.

John stands and Paul hugs him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Brilliant, simply brilliant... I
always suspected you had talent...
fancy that... John... You dug deep
and you struck gold.

John is beside himself. Praise from Paul is all he needs to know he's created something transcendent.

JOHN

(smiling)

It wasn't easy... It wasn't easy,
Paul.

PAUL

Where's Yoko? I wanted to see her.

JOHN

(sighing)

She's out doin' me business. Like
always... Zeus bless her.

He looks at his lifelong friend.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Without her, I'd be dead.

PAUL

Without women covering our asses,
we'd all be dead. I fancy a smoke...
Should I count you in?

JOHN

I hope it's that Hawaiian shit... I
like that.

They step out on the deck and Paul lights up.

NYC throbs in the background.

They pass a joint.

PAUL

I talked to George the other night...
for hours I think. He loves you,
you know. He says you looked skinny,
last time he saw you. You're not --
you know -- riding the dragon?

Paul pantomimes shooting heroin.

John looks out over Central Park, taking a hit.

JOHN

I'm better, now... I'm much better
now... But, that shit opens up me
mind up and then I can't shit for a
week, Goddamit... I'm nothing like I
used to be... Not close... Not even
close. Those dark LA days are behind
me.

PAUL

The stuff you played me is all top
drawer shit... Just don't die on all
of us... OK?

JOHN

(crossing his heart)

You got me promise on that, brother...

Paul hugs him like a prodigal son.

INT. A GUN-SHOP ON THE ISLAND -- DAY

Mark is examining a gun.

He takes the demon statue out and sets it on the counter.

He shows the statue the gun.

The gun-shop proprietor curiously throws a glance at Mark but sloughs the strange scene off. He wants to make a sale.

Another customer comes in the store and he drifts over to him.

A.O. -- They talk as Mark examines a five-shot, short-barrel, .38-caliber Charter Arms Special.

He checks its weight. He points it and draws a bead on a hippie couple walking by the store.

GUN-SHOP GUY

You, OK? Mister...

MARK

(smiling)

I'm just messing around... My son made it for me.

Mark picks up his demon statue and thrusts it into his pocket.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think I'll take this one.

Mark holds up the gun.

He excuses himself from the other customer, sensing a sale.

GUN-SHOP GUY

An excellent choice, sir... Some ID please.

Mark takes out his Class A gun permit.

The Gun-Shop guy looks at it carefully.

GUN-SHOP GUY (CONT'D)

Very good, sir. That will be \$169 plus tax... Bag?

CLOSE UP -- Mark's eyes look ghostly vacant.

MARK

You have a box?

FULL SHOT -- A TV SCREEN

John and Yoko are being interviewed on a talk show.

INTERVIEWER

Congratulations, your album is #1...
How does that feel?

YOKO

It feels great... How would anyone
feel?

JOHN

Yeah... It's great scoring, you
know... After all, I was given up
for dead. I thought it was about
time I paid me fans back... It's
still hard to believe I had any
left...

Yoko laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But, I gotta say... without Yoko,
there would be no #1 album... There
would be no John. We would not be
having this conversation.

The audience claps, Yoko is embarrassed.

YOKO

(sighing)

John...

PULL BACK --

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT. -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mark is in his underwear, on the bed, watching this unfold
on his TV.

He fondles his new gun, as his demon speaks.

VOICE

Gloria is coming.

He hides the gun under the sheets as Gloria enters.

GLORIA

I'm going out, Mark... I wish you'd
come. All our friends will be there.
You need to get out, Mark... you
listening to me?

Mark is spaced out.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Mark?

He comes to.

MARK

I have a lot on my mind, Hon... a
lot on my mind. You have fun...
I'll be alright. Maybe next time...
OK?

She comes over and kisses him on his forehead.

GLORIA

Alright... I won't be too late...
Take care.

She leaves the bedroom and, walking down the hall, exits.

Mark slips out of his underwear and prowls the apartment
naked, brandishing his newly acquired gun, his demon-psychosis
set free to run its course.

He goes into the bathroom and points the gun at his reflection
in the mirror.

He sets the gun down and searches the apartment for his demon
statue.

Finding it, he sets it on the bathroom counter and swigs a
fifth of rum like it's water.

CLOSE UP -- THE DEMON STATUE'S DEAD EYES

VOICE

Where is it? Show us.

Mark places an airline ticket before it.

It says: **Honolulu to NYC -- DIRECT**

VOICE (CONT'D)

Very good... very, very good. A
deep-cover reconnaissance mission is
exactly what's in order.

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT. -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mark is packing his suitcase.

He sneaks into the hall to see what Gloria is doing and finds
her on the phone.

He takes the gun from its hiding place and stashes it in his
overnight bag.

He takes his plastic army men and his Dorothy and his demon
statue, stashing them in the bag.

Mark turns -- and there is his wife at the door.

MARK
Shit... Gloria, you startled me.

GLORIA
You ready to go?

MARK
Yeah, let's go.

As they leave the apartment, the camera snakes back to the bedroom, stopping on Mark's (ever-present) copy of "Catcher in the Rye." Mark has forgotten to pack it.

INT. GLORIA'S CAR -- LATER

GLORIA
I hope you find what you're looking for.

Mark sits silently.

Gloria strokes his hair.

INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

Gloria and her parents see Mark off.

INT. THE PLANE -- (*IN FLIGHT*) LATER

Mark is intently reading the Playboy interview with John.

He unfolds the centerfold and stares at it, smiling.

There is a middle-aged woman sitting next to him.

PASSENGER WOMAN
Young man, I would appreciate your looking at that on your own time.

MARK
(apologetic, charmingly)
Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot my place.
Guys can be so dumb, sometimes.

She smiles at him.

ANGLE UP -- THE OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DAKOTA -- EVENING

John and Yoko exit the building.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- SAME

A limo pulls up and they get in.

REVERSE ANGLE -- MARK'S (POV)

He watches them like a hawk on a mission, as the limo takes off.

ANGLE DOWN -- MARK'S HAND

He thumbs the demon statue.

VOICE

Excellent.

He walks across the street and approaches Jose (the doorman).

MARK

(to Jose)

Hi, I was wondering... I'd like to get an autograph from Mr. Lennon. Does he sign autographs?

JOSE THE DOORMAN

He didn't use to, but he may make an exception with you.

Jose smiles knowingly at Mark.

MARK

Well, thank you...

JOSE THE DOORMAN

Call me, Jose. You're welcome.

MARK

Sure... Thank you, Jose...

Mark walks across the street.

VOICE

Excellent...

INT. MARK'S ROOM AT THE WALDORF -- NYC -- LATER

He has his obsessive objects on a table (in the familiar semicircle) on a table, before the TV screen.

He is watching Entertainment Tonight. There is a bit on John's release party for his new album "Double Fantasy."

Mark is sitting naked, fondling the gun, putting bullets in the chamber, pointing it at the TV. He has half a bottle of booze before him.

CLOSE UP -- THE DEMON STATUE'S EYES

VOICE

I think some R & R is in order. Let's go to a movie.

INT. A MOVIE THEATER -- EVENING

We see Mark watching "Ordinary People," as the Timothy Hutton character decides he must commit suicide.

Tears are streaming down Mark's face.

INT. MARK'S ROOM AT THE WALDORF -- NYC -- LATER

He is talking to Gloria on the phone.

Mark has his obsessive objects before him.

His demon statue stares back at him in silence.

MARK

Gloria, I'm coming home.

MARK (CONT'D)

I won a great victory. Your love has saved me.

GLORIA

I'm so happy, Mark. Please, come home.

MARK

(smiling, beaming)

The voices are gone. I'm free...
I'm free.

GLORIA

Come home to me, Mark.

Mark takes his obsessive possessions and throws them into the trash, including his prized demon statue.

He packs his bags and leaves.

CLOSE UP -- THE DEMON STARES OUT FROM THE TRASH CAN

FADE OUT:

INT. JOHN AND YOKO'S BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT -- EVENING

John is watching the news, Yoko's head cradled in his lap...

The news-head is talking about Ronald Reagan's inauguration.

John puts out his cigarette.

JOHN

(pissed)
 Fuckin' hell, who died and made this
 devil president. Jesus, Yoko... I
 can't believe this. I'm going to
 get a million people to march against
 this evil li'l shit.

The phone rings and Yoko answers it.

YOKO

Yes, Abby... Yes, he's here. John
 it's Abby...

(holding the phone
 aloft)

He wants to talk to you.

JOHN

Huh... That Commie fag... He's reading
 me fuckin' mind again.

He grabs the phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, what do you need from me this
 time, Abby? Last time I got involved
 with you people the FBI followed me
 around for five years.

John listens.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Of course I think Reagan's a shit.
 So, what? The world is shit.

Listening.

JOHN (CONT'D)

OK, I'll think about it... But, I
 have a new album out. I need positive
 publicity... Understand? Alright...
 alright, I'll think about it. I
 gotta go... Take care... I said I'd
 think about it.

He hangs up the phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Damn it Yoko, when does it end?

Yoko hugs him.

YOKO

It's not your fault that people
 respect you.

JOHN
 (acerbic)
 It's theirs.

He hugs her back.

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Mark and Gloria enter from the outside, returning from the airport.

He has his overnight bag with him.

MARK
 I'm going to unpack, Hon. Could you
 make me a sandwich, or something?
 I'm starved.

She kisses him.

GLORIA
 I thank God you're back.

He heads into the bedroom and begins to unpack.

He still has the gun and stashes it.

He unpacks his clothes and on the bottom is the box he put his obsessive possessions in.

He opens it -- and there they are, every last one.

MARK
 (distressed)
 No... No... I threw you away. No!
 No! Not possible!

GLORIA (O.S.)
 You OK, Mark?

Mark is panicked. He knows he threw them away.

He tries to regain his composure.

MARK
 I'm alright, I tripped is all.

GLORIA (O.S.)
 Tripped? You OK?

Mark looks down at his obsessive possessions, nervously stroking his face.

MARK
 I'm OK.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Do you want mayo?

The demon statue looks at him.

VOICE
You can't get rid of us that easily,
Mark. Where would you be without
us?... Where would you be?

GLORIA (O.S.)
Mark... mayo? Do you want mayo?

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S PANIC-STRICKEN EYES

He gropes for the hidden gun and finding it, places the muzzle
in his mouth.

Shaking like a newborn, he shuts his eyes, mumbling.

MARK
No... No... No...

Gloria walks in, horrified by the bizarre scene.

Mark sees her and removes the gun from his mouth.

MARK (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
I'm sick, Gloria, I'm still sick.

INT. THE MOANA LOA SANITARIUM -- LATER

Gloria is in the waiting room, reading a magazine.

INT. DOCTOR 2'S OFFICE -- SAME

Mark is sitting in Dr. 2's office, looking at his feet.

DOCTOR 2
I wouldn't worry, Mark. This is
common amongst mild psychotics. I'm
going to give you a sedative.

Dr. 2 prepares an injection and administers it to Mark.

His head sinks back.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

MARK
Great...
(slurry)
Much better.

DR. 2 presses an intercom.

DOCTOR 2
You can send him in.

Agent Manning enters the room.

AGENT MANNING
Well?

DOCTOR 2
He's ready.

Agent Manning takes a strange, pen-like device out of his pocket.

AGENT MANNING
This won't hurt, Mark.

MARK
(stoned)
OK.

AGENT MANNING
Look into the light.

MARK
OK.

A laser-like light strobos into Mark's eyes.

Agent Manning steps back.

AGENT MANNING
He's ready... Discharge him.

INT. GLORIA'S CAR -- LATER

Mark is staring straight ahead, if a bit groggy.

MARK
I feel so much better, now. Thank
God I have you, Gloria. Where would
I be without you?

She smiles at him.

GLORIA
I love you. I want you well.

He smiles back at her and takes her hand, squeezing it.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT. -- BEDROOM -- EVENING

INSERT -- **One Month Later**

Gloria is sound asleep.

The camera snakes out of the bedroom and finds Mark naked, listening to his chopped-up, edited tapes in the headphones.

His obsessive possessions surround him in a semicircle.

VOICE

The mission is a GO... You need to make arrangements, Mark.

Mark rocks back and forth.

MARK

(in dulcet tones)

Don't tell me what to do. I'm way ahead of you... Way ahead.

VOICE

We'll see...

He takes the headphones off.

GLORIA

Mark... come to bed...

MARK

I'm hungry... I'll be right there...

GLORIA

I hope you're not drinking.

MARK

Just hungry, Hon. Just hungry.

He puts the headphones back on.

INT. A PHOTO STUDIO -- NYC -- EVENING

Annie is taking a shoot for Rolling Stone.

She poses them, always snapping a picture.

ANNIE

... Good, turn... Good. Stand beside each other... Good... Look at each other... Good. Now, turn side-by-side... Good. Stand back to back, good...

JOHN

(interrupts, cheeky)

Hey, Yoko... Want to get naked? Annie likes shameless nudity.

YOKO

No, once is enough. For now, at least.

Everyone there cracks up.

INT. JOHN AND YOKO'S BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT -- EVENING

John is removing roasted garlic and bread from the oven.

He stirs a sauce on the range.

There is a small party going on.

Expensive champagne corks are popping.

John serves up a beautiful dinner for everyone.

PAUL

(digging in)

I like the way you trained him, Yoko.

Can he move in with us?

(hugging Linda)

Paul kisses his wife.

RINGO

(rises and hosts a
toast)

John? George wanted to send you his
love and regrets he couldn't be here.

He wants to know if he can receive
any royalties from "Double Fantasy."

The room cracks up.

RINGO (CONT'D)

(raising a glass)

For you and Yoko...

The room complies: **Hear, Hear...**

John is embarrassed and touched.

JOHN

(with humor)

Tell him to fuck himself, Richard.

More laughter fills the room.

INT. A TV STUDIO -- DAY

John and Yoko give an interview.

INTERVIEWER

(faux-seriously)

What has this recent return to the
limelight meant for you... and for
Yoko?

John thinks for a moment.

JOHN

(in all humility)

When I was singing and writing this and working with her, I was visualizing all the people of my age group. I'm singing to them, I'm saying, "Here I am now. How are you? How's your relationship going? Did you get through it all? Wasn't the '70s a drag, you know? Here we are. Well, let's try and make the '80s good, you know?"

The interviewer smiles.

INTERVIEWER

Where do you two go from here?

YOKO

On tour... I think... John?

JOHN

Why not... why not take it on the road?

INTERVIEWER

(to the camera)

Why not, indeed.

John and Yoko exit the TV studio, disappearing into the confines of a limo.

The two familiar FBI agents are stationed across the street.

They sip coffee and grub on pizza.

RADIO VOICE

What is going on?

FBI MAN 1

We are tailing... get back to you.

RADIO VOICE

Don't lose them... you losers.

FBI MAN 2

And fuck you, too.

They smile and take off after the limo.

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- HAWAII -- DAY

Mark walks to the office.

The manager walks up to him.

MANAGER

I hear you're leaving us. True?

MARK

I have a job offer in New York.

MANAGER

That's great. Doing... ?

JOHN

Music -- I'll be doing my music.

MANAGER

Mark. That's fantastic, Mark... I have a few release papers for you to sign... You'll keep us informed, won't you?

MARK

Of course I will... Why not?

He signs his occupational release papers: **JOHN LENNON**

Mark looks up at the manager, who strolls to a file cabinet.

Mark leaves the building for the last time, walking to his car.

VOICE (V.O.)

Excellent...

INT. MARK AND GLORIA'S APT. -- BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Mark is packing for his flight back to NYC.

Gloria is on the phone in the kitchen.

GLORIA

I'm excited, Mark thinks he might have found a job in the music business... I'd love to move to New York.

She giggles.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'm so excited...

Mark is in the bedroom packing his things.

He puts his obsessive possessions in a box and packs them along with his gun, taking special care to pack the demon statue.

VOICE (V.O.)

We are all set for the mission... We can only hope you are... Mark? Are you? Are you clear?

MARK

Don't worry about me. I worry about you...

VOICE

Don't worry about us... We are clear.

MARK

I am clear.

VOICE

Good... Then put the plan into action.

MARK

It is set... all is set... I am going to do this.

Mark hefts his overnight bag.

MARK (CONT'D)

Gloria, are you ready to leave?

EXT. JFK -- NYC -- EVENING

INSERT -- **DEC. 6th, 1980**

Mark's plane lands.

He walks out of the terminal.

He walks towards the camera... pudgy, determined, transcendent.

VOICE (V.O.)

We are walking into history, Mark...
We are walking into history... You
and us, into infamy...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S (YMCA) CHEAP HOTEL -- LOBBY -- NYC -- EVENING

Mark signs the hotel register: **JOHN LENNON**

Mark sets up his obsessive possessions on a grungy nightstand. His army men, Dorothy and his prized demon statue are carefully placed in the familiar semicircle.

A.O. -- The sounds of the city percolate upwards.

He sets black candles on each side of the demon statue, lighting them.

He gets up and prowls his room muttering gibberish, shedding his clothes.

He downs half a bottle of rum.

He sits before his dark soul's counterpart, praying in a mumbled monotone.

MARK

(heartened)

I need you, Satan... I need you to guide me... Guide me on my quest to kill usurpers to the throne... Help strengthen me... Satan... I need your strength... Come before me. Come before me, now... Help me kill this soul.

CLOSE UP --

The candles flicker in an unknown breeze.

Mark begins to ritually masturbate.

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S FACE (*IN A PINCHED UNWHOLESOME ECSTASY*)

MARK (CONT'D)

(orgasmic)

Help me... Help me... Help me!

FULL SHOT -- THE DEMON STATUE

The demon's eyes are as eerily blank as ever.

Shadows fill the gloomy room like disturbing apparitions, whispering in a mishmash of tongues.

MARK

Come to me... NOW!

INT. THE DAKOTA -- SEAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Sean is asleep in his room.

The camera prowls his bedroom.

There are pictures of his dad and mom, and a mobile of the "Yellow Submarine" characters from the cartoon movie, dancing in the dappled light.

The camera prowls the empty apartment.

There are photos of the Beatles and such, lining the walls. There are Yoko and John, posing for their "bed-in for peace" pictures. There are pictures of John and Yoko's life together... everywhere. There are framed gold and platinum albums, and the famous photo of John and Yoko naked.

The camera continues to prowl.

INT. JOHN'S HOME STUDIO -- SAME

John is alone in his cloistered retreat.

He is listening to some new tunes in his headphones.

Sean is running around, being a toddler.

He runs up to John, banging on his guitar.

John loves him with a hug, happy in the moment.

INT. A RECORD SHOP -- DAY

Mark buys a copy of "Double Fantasy" and slinks out of the shop like he's buying porn.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- AFTERNOON

He hangs around the entrance like death's dealer, mixing in with the autograph hunters.

No one seems to take notice of the chubby fan or his nervous demeanor.

John and Yoko are not showing up. As the crowd disperses, Mark is one of the last to leave.

The doorman approaches him, smiling.

JOSE THE DOORMAN
You look familiar.

MARK
Yeah, I've been here before.

JOSE THE DOORMAN
What's that?

Mark shows him the "Double Fantasy" album.

MARK
I'd sure like to get this signed.

Jose smiles at him.

JOSE THE DOORMAN
Come by tomorrow around dinnertime.
I'm sure you'll catch him then.

MARK
Gee, thanks for the tip. I'll do that.

Jose continues to smile at him, as he goes back to his job, opening and closing the huge Dakota doors.

Mark waves to him and walks up the street.

MARK (CONT'D)
(talking to himself)
People back in Hawaii aren't gonna believe this.

He checks his pocket, where he has stashed his gun, continuing to talk to himself as he ambles up the street.

For some reason, people seem to get out of his way.

The two familiar FBI men are tailing Mark, watching him closely.

Mark looks back and spies them. He is nervous. He is carrying a gun. They look like plainclothesmen. He turns a corner. They follow. He is getting sweaty, more nervous.

He decides to confront them.

They walk straight up to him.

FBI MAN 1
Hi Mark, you have a light?

MARK
Who are you?

FBI MAN 1
No one, you got that light?

MARK
(indignant)
I don't have anything.

He begins to walk on.

FBI MAN 2 grabs his coat, turning Mark around.

He shines a strange pen-like apparatus into his eyes.

It strobos into his pupils.

Mark goes semi-limp, as the light continues to strobe, red, yellow, blue, red... red, yellow, blue, red.

A large man walks past.

STREET MAN
What's going on here? Leave him alone.

FBI MAN 1 produces an FBI ID and shoves it in the guy's face.

FBI MAN 1
This man is being questioned... Now
fuck yourself off.

The large man moves on.

FBI MAN 2 releases Mark.

FBI MAN 2
Thanks for the light. You have a
nice evening.
(chuckling)

MARK
(groggy)
Sure, no problem... I think.

FBI MAN 2 motions to his partner and they continue walking
up the street.

Mark stands there for a moment, stunned, wondering what just
happened and then continues walking.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN --

INT. MARK'S CHEAP YMCA HOTEL ROOM -- NYC -- MORNING

He has the "Double Fantasy" album propped up on a pillow.

He squats down in a military position, gun in hand, practicing
his aim. The scene is eerie, disturbing, as shadows dance
behind him in candlelight.

VOICE
Excellent... excellent, Mark... The
mission is a go. The mission is a
go!

CLOSE UP -- MARK'S EYES

They are dilated to the point of looking alien.

INSERT -- **December 8, 1980**

INT. THE RECORD PLANT -- NYC -- AFTERNOON

Yoko is the control room, reading Rolling Stone with her and
John on the cover.

Sean plays with army men at her feet.

SEAN
Boom!

He lets several army men fly across the room.

YOKO
 (motherly)
 Settle down, sweetheart.

Sean smiles back at her.

SEAN
 I'm a bomb, Mommy. I'm a bomb.

Yoko smiles at him.

YOKO
 You're not a bomb, you're a beautiful
 boy.

John is busy at the controls recording a guitarist in the
 main room.

He looks back at them and smiles at his son.

JOHN
 You're a beautiful bomb... hey,
 Yoko... How's the "Stone" treating
 us?

YOKO
 I think they love us.

JOHN
 That's a plus. I think I love them
 back... You fancy dinner at home?

Yoko smiles and nods, as John continues tracking.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- AFTERNOON

A limo pulls up and John and Yoko exit.

John stops and signs a few autographs. There is no sign of
 Mark, as the camera searches for him.

INT. MARK'S CHEAP YMCA HOTEL ROOM -- NYC -- AFTERNOON

FULL SHOT --

He sits, propped up, on the bed, naked, curtains drawn,
 reading "Catcher in the Rye," the gun and "Double Fantasy"
 at his side.

There is a voice from the bathroom.

VOICE
 Mark, come here.

Mark at first ignores it.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 (insistent)
 Mark, come here!

Mark gets up and wanders into the bathroom

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Look at yourself... You are a demon warrior.

MARK
 I don't think I can do this... I can't kill... I can't do it.

VOICE
 Look at yourself.

Mark looks deeply into the mirror, as his features morph into those of a horrible, bat-like demon.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 You are our warrior... The mission is a go... It is a go... Don't let us down. You are a demon... You are full of hate... The hate will give you strength. Remember that... Clear?

Mark looks at his demon face in the mirror, mesmerized.

MARK
 I am a demon... I am a demon... I am a demon...

VOICE
 Excellent... You are a demon and your mission is a go.

TO BLACK:

-- *(The scenes opening the film repeat themselves... but, dreamy, gauzy, using different camera angles to tell the set-up)* --

INT. A SMALL, GLOOMY, HOTEL ROOM --

A small sculpture of a demon rests on a cheap hotel night stand. Black candles flicker on each side.

Light fractures across its crackled, glazed surface.

The demon's eyes stare into nothingness.

PAN TO -- A DETAIL

(There are disconnected articles arranged and left behind in a curious assortment of personal items on top of the hotel dresser -- in an orderly semicircle.)

His back to us, a man stands gazing out the window, as the vast metropolis of NYC sprawls before him like a nightmare-riot of light, noise and chaos.

There is a handgun on the bed and a copy of "Double Fantasy."

The man grabs the album and the gun, exiting the gloomy room.

PAN -- THE DEMON STATUE -- TO THE SLIT IN THE CURTAINS

EXT. THE DAKOTA, NYC -- EARLY EVENING

The Dakota looks as spooky as it did in "Rosemary's Baby."

The Doorman (Jose) holds the door open for Yoko and, as she exits, a limo pulls up.

The man, with his back to us, hangs out at the Dakota's entrance with other autograph hunters.

John walks out and begins to sign autographs.

YOKO

Come on, John, we're going to be late.

The man approaches John.

MAN

Excuse me, Mr. Lennon. Would you sign this?

With his back still to us, he hands John the "Double Fantasy" album.

YOKO

John!... Come on! Late is a sign of weakness.

(giggling)

John takes the album, signing and dating it. He hands it back to the man.

JOHN

Here you go, lad... and please, call me John.

MAN

(excited)

Thank you Mr. Len-... I mean John. I'm such a fan... You can't know.

YOKO

(dismayed)

John!

JOHN

Got to go--
 (smiling)
 Orders... What's your name?

MAN

(smiling back)
 My name's John, too.

JOHN

(grins, shaking his
 hand)
 Small world, isn't it, John?

John walks to the limo, looking back at the man with a prescient look of puzzlement and dread.

He disappears into the interior.

The limo takes off.

FULL SHOT -- THE MAN'S BACK

CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND TO REVEAL -- MARK DAVID CHAPMAN

Chapman stands for a moment, his wide chubby face turning from a grin into a sinister, disturbing scowl.

A.O. A strange voice calls out.

VOICE

See how easy it is... bang-bang,
 shoot-shoot! He's dead. We want
 him. We want him dead.

Chapman's head sinks to his shoulders, eyes darting, as he walks on.

CHAPMAN

(to no one, nervously)
 I can't do it... I don't think I can
 do it.

VOICE

Yes, you can!... You little, little
 man... Don't be a nowhere man...

He slinks away into the shadows. The voice follows him.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Everyone on earth will know your
 name. You will live forever--

A.O. -- "Forever" echoes off into the gathering gloom.

INT. A SMALL CAFE -- LATER

Mark sits at a cafe, drinking coffee.

He takes the demon statue from his coat and sets it on the table.

He watches humanity pass by.

He takes out his well-worn copy of "Catcher" and reads.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT -- NYC -- EVENING

Yoko is reading a magazine in the control room, as John cuts a track.

JOHN

That's great, let's listen back.

The track plays back as John ambles over to Yoko, kissing her, necking with her. She giggles and reciprocates.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NYC -- LATER

Mark walks back to the Dakota, a grim determination etching his features.

He passes stores gaily decked out for Christmas.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- LATER

Mark is sitting on the corner, reading "Catcher" as a throng of autograph-hunters gather.

It gets later and later, and the crowd thins.

Jose the Doorman notices Mark and gives him a wink.

The two FBI men are parked, unassumingly, across the street, watching.

Mark looks up at them and sees the strobing light... *red, yellow, blue, red... red, yellow, blue, red...*

(Time seems to slow down, reality becomes fogged. The air seems charged with what is about to happen).

Mark continues his reading, as the crowd thins out.

A man dressed in a Santa suit walks by him.

SANTA

(to Mark)

Merry Christmas.

Mark takes no notice of him, deeply lost in thought and his book.

VOICE

The mission is a go, Mark. You must gather strength.

MARK

I'm not sure I can do this.

VOICE

Gather strength, Mark... Don't let us down.

MARK

I'll try.

VOICE

Don't try... Do!

A limo pulls up.

Mark looks over with untold anticipation.

He looks around.

All the other autograph-hunters have left.

The limo door opens and Yoko exits.

She makes her way up the Dakota steps, as Jose the Doorman holds the door open for her.

Mark looks at the limo's door, sweating.

Slowly, John exits the limo.

The two FBI weasels' car pulls out into traffic and disappears.

Mark sees this.

Mark sets down his copy of "Double Fantasy" on a fire box.

EVERYTHING GOES INTO EXTREME -- SLO-MO --

A.O. -- The crescendo from "A Day in the Life" saturates the scene, building (ever-so) slowly.

John exits the limo.

A.O. (*I'd love to... turn... you... on*)...

Mark reaches into his pocket and retrieves the gun.

John turns around and notices Mark. He smiles but then notices the gun.

As his expression turns to horror, he turns to shield himself.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Do it! Do it! Do it!... NOW!...
NOW!

CLOSE UP -- THE GUN'S MUZZLE --

The gun fires, over and over. It seems like forever.

Bullets explode through John's back, sending blood and viscera towards the camera lens.

John wheels around as blood pumps from his wounds like a spray-gun.

He staggers towards the door.

Mark throws his gun down, backing away.

A.O. -- *(The crescendo of "Day in the Life" is approaching the ominous final chord, as John throws back the door).*

INT. THE DAKOTA -- LOBBY -- SAME

He staggers into the foyer, gurgling.

JOHN

I've been shot!

He collapses on the tiled floor in a bloody heap, as the final apocalyptic chord explodes.

John's lifeblood pools before him, as Yoko rushes over in horror.

YOKO

(screaming)

Call an ambulance... Call an
ambulance!!!

She kneels beside him sobbing, taking his bloody hand in hers.

JOHN

(gurgling)

This is it, Yoko... This is, is...
is...

His voice trails off. His eyes flutter.

YOKO

No... John... No...!

A crowd gathers around them.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- SAME

Mark stands there like a blank slate.

Jose the Doorman approaches him.

JOSE THE DOORMAN
Do you know what you've just done?

Mark stares back at him, pale, ghostly, vacant.

MARK
(in a monotone)
I've just shot John Lennon.

JOSE THE DOORMAN
Get out of here... Get out! Go...
NOW!

Jose kicks the gun to the gutter and runs back into the building.

Mark just stands there like a zombie.

VOICE
We've done it! Mission accomplished!
In twenty minutes you will be the
most famous man in the world.
Congratulations, Mark. It is a great
awakening...

Mark walks over to the curb, as the Voice trails off, and takes a seat, while NYC swirls around him like a tornado.

He takes out his copy of "Catcher in the Rye" and begins to read.

A hellish demon walks to his side.

He sits down next to Mark, putting an arm around him, and like a brother, consoles him.

No one seems to notice, as the world goes on with its business, oblivious to what has just transpired, oblivious to the mad duality that haunts the human soul, oblivious to the banality of tragedy... NYC passes by, as Mark sits with his demon.

The demon continues to comfort Mark.

Mark shares the book with the disturbing apparition.

As they both read from J.D. Salinger's paean to adolescent male angst... Together --

A.O. -- THE SEDUCTIVE INTRO TO
"HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN" WASHES OVER
THE SCENE.

A.O. -- "She's not a girl that misses
much" etc.

SLOWLY PULL BACK --

INSERT -- In 2004 Mark David Chapman was denied parole and remains incarcerated after 24 years at Attica State Prison, N.Y.

He was never declared insane.

In 2000, John Lennon was named one of the most influential people of the 20th century...

... just behind Albert Einstein.

A.O. -- As the song kicks in...

CUT TO BLACK:

Roll main credits --

The End