

HELP 91

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RATTY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bright, golden sunlight illuminates the room.

Graffiti covers the walls. Pieces of toilet paper stick to the floor.

The air conditioner has a sign that reads "Out of order."

CHAD DARREN, a dashing Hollywood actor, 38, sleeps without a bed spread. He is covered in sweat.

He tosses and turns. He moans in pain.

His CELL PHONE rings with a NICK JONAS "JEALOUS" RINGTONE. He struggles out of bed and answers, yawning.

CHAD

Hello?

Chad's agent, JIM, answers.

JIM (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hey, Chad, you up yet?

CHAD

How could I not be? Don't they have beds in this hotel? What's the temp out there, Jim?

JIM (V.O.)

Ninety-eight.

CHAD

Shit. Have you got my limo set up?

Chad yawns and stretches. He scratches and rubs his neck.

JIM (V.O.)

All set, Chad. You have two interviews to do after the premiere, then a meet and greet with fans.

CHAD

Oy. I wonder who else was up for this part?

JIM (V.O.)

Relax, you've done this all before. You're gonna be great.

INT. LIMOSUINE - NIGHT

The driver, KYLE REEVES, 35, looks similar to Chad. He looks angry, possibly mentally disturbed.

He reads a newspaper with a headline about Chad's new movie, "Smash Collins 2: Armageddon."

"Jealous Guy" by John Lennon plays on the radio.

Kyle clenches his fist and grumbles.

KYLE

Chad Darren. Mister Hollywood!

He lets out a deep, sad sigh. His voice breaks.

KYLE

Mister Hollywood...

His voice echoes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CASTING ROOM - DAY

A dozen actors, with varying degrees of likeness, wait for their turn to audition.

SCORSESE (O.S.)

Next!

Kyle stands up and walks toward the director, MARTIN SCORSESE. Kyle reads from the script.

KYLE

"Do you have a name to go with that face, miss?"

SCORSESE

"You can call me Bunny Valentine."

Kyle stifles a laugh.

KYLE

"What the fuck? That's like a Bond girl name. Come on, what's your real name?"

SCORSESE

"You're looking at it, hot cakes."

KYLE

"Your name is not Bunny Valentine, and I'm not gonna order Martinis shaken, not stirred. Just help me nab this fucker before he blows up the world."

Scorsese waves his hands in the air.

SCORSESE

Hold it, hold it. That didn't do it for me. It felt too wooden.

KYLE

It's the dialogue. Who wrote this
shit?

SCORSESE

Aaron Sorkin "wrote this shit." And
this is only an early draft; we can
tweak the dialogue once we get into
production. But your acting is too
wooden for me.

KYLE

Wooden? I studied drama in high
school. I went to Juilliard! I
studied Method acting! And you're
telling me my acting is wooden?

SCORSESE

Frankly, I've seen better acting in
a Roger Corman movie.

Kyle crumples up the script, throws it on the floor, and
stomps on it. He waves his arms around violently.

KYLE

I've never been so insulted in all
my life! I'm being insulted by
Martin Scorsese! Mister Taxi
Driver! Mister Raging Bull!

Kyle continues ranting.

SCORSESE

Security!

Scorsese's voice echoes.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIMOSUINE - NIGHT

Kyle grins psychotically.

KYLE

Chad Darren wants a show, I'll give
him a show.

Kyle chuckles maliciously.

He sets the paper down and drives.

EXT. JOHNSON HOTEL - NIGHT

Kyle pulls up in the limo.

Chad, decked out in an Armani tuxedo, comes outside and
enters the vehicle.

Kyle drives off.

INT. LIMOUSINE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Chad dabs himself with a red handkerchief.

CHAD

Quite a heat wave we're having.

Kyle jitters. He speaks rapidly and shakily.

KYLE

Tell me about it. It was in the triple-digits all last week.

CHAD

You okay, man? How much coffee have you had?

KYLE

No, sir, no coffee. None. Nope.

CHAD

Are you sure you can drive?

No response. Kyle goes into the glove compartment and pulls out a .44 Magnum.

CHAD

You know where Mann's Chinese Theater is, right?

Kyle checks the magazine. Fully loaded. CLICK.

He starts to speak at a normal pace.

KYLE

They call it T-C-L now.

CHAD

Oh.

KYLE

Say, Mister Darren...

Chad leans in.

Kyle stops the vehicle.

CHAD

Why'd you stop?

Kyle locks all of the doors. CHICKA.

Chad looks all around the limo.

CHAD

What's going on, man?

KYLE

Do I look... familiar to you?

Chad observes Kyle's reflection in the rear-view mirror.

CHAD

Can't say you do. Who are you?

KYLE

Remember three years ago, when you auditioned for this Smash Collins role? Remember a dashing young, starving actor... Who gave the best damn performance of the lot?

CHAD

You mean me?

KYLE

No... Me.

Kyle turns around.

He points his gun at Chad, his hand trembling.

Chad jumps and trembles.

KYLE

Kyle Reeves. Marty hated my acting. Every bit of it. "Wooden!" And yet you, a scruffy kid who probably never studied acting in high school, let alone a prestigious school like Juilliard--

CHAD

You went to Juilliard?

KYLE

Marty hated my fucking guts, and yet you -- Mister Hollywood! -- Marty loved you like you were fucking Orson Welles!

CHAD

Do you take medication?

Chad's CELL PHONE goes off.

Kyle's finger taps the trigger.

KYLE

Don't. You. Dare.

CHAD

It's my agent.

KYLE

He can wait.

CHAD

Look, I'm sorry. For everything.
But that's Hollywood.

Chad's CELL PHONE rings again.

KYLE

There are no second chances in
Hollywood. I couldn't find another
gig. Look where I am now!

AGAIN. Chad taps the "talk" button.

Silence. Chad hangs up.

CHAD

What do you want from me?

KYLE

Justice.

CHAD

You mean revenge.

Chad tries in vain to open the door. He manages to unlock
it, and tries to step out.

Kyle STOMPS on the gas pedal. The TIRES SCREECH.

The ENGINE REVVS.

Chad almost rolls out of the moving limo. He slams the door,
catches his breath, and clutches his heart.

Kyle locks the door and STOMPS on the brakes. SCREECH.

He waves his gun around, grinning.

KYLE

Don't fuck with me, Chad.

CHAD

You need a doctor!

Chad takes out his cell phone again.

KYLE

If you use it for anything...

Kyle taps the trigger.

KYLE

...Bang.

Chad dials "nine."

Kyle taps the trigger again.

"One."

Kyle confiscates the phone before Chad has a chance to retrieve it.

KYLE

You deaf, Mister Hollywood? You're not calling the pigs on me. C'pisce?

Chad trembles. He turns toward the rear window. He pauses.

Kyle grips his gun.

CARS HONK angrily outside.

KYLE

You terminated my career.

CHAD

And you're terminating traffic. Come on, I have a premiere to go to.

KYLE

I should be the one walking that red carpet.

Kyle taps the trigger.

Chad breathes fog onto the rear window.

EXT. LIMOSUINE - REAR VIEW - NIGHT

Chad, trembling, writes a message on the window in the fog:
"HELP 91"

KYLE (O.S.)

Fade. Out.

BANG.

FADE OUT.

THE END