

HOLLYWOOD IS DEAD



by

Those Dirty Little Rabbits

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WHAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Decrepit. A pile of broken looms and ratshit infested garment bolts are the only hint this place was once a textile plant.

On the grimy pavement, a man, WINSLOW (20), is upon his knees, he begs for mercy as he holds his broken hand.

WINSLOW

Please! I... I just wanted to be
the best --

A DEEP VOICE, monotone, rings out from the shadows --

DEEP VOICE

The best what? The best Hog-Smoker
in town? That why you're on your
knees, fruitcake?

A gun is put to Winslow's temple.

WINSLOW

Please... can we just dispense with
all the weird phallus references. I
just wanted to be the best Gimp-
runner in west Hollywood. You can
keep everything east of that.

DEEP VOICE

Haven't you heard, kid? Hollywood
is dead!

The man in the shadows pauses to take a long, unnecessarily
creepy, orally fixated haul off a cigarette.

DEEP VOICE

Besides, I need to keep the title;
how else am I supposed to be
remembered? My movies? Did you see
'The Game'? Fucking travesty if you
ask me.

WINSLOW

Don't be so hard on yourself. It
wasn't *that* bad. Perhaps a bit
camp, but --

CLICK! The gun is cocked and driven deeper into Winslow's
temple --

WINSLOW

Wait, wait... banana! You said the safety word was banana!

DEEP VOICE

I lied. It's... Banana Smoothie.
You like banana smoothie's, kid?
(beat)
That's not an innuendo.

Winslow sighs, relieved.

WINSLOW

In that case, yes! Oh gawd... I love banana smoothies! Let's forget all these shenanigans. The marathon of broken hands and dreams, the unaccounted for cause and exorbitant donations, and let's just go get a freakin' banana smoothie, man. Whatta ya say?!

DEEP VOICE

Nothing's ever a lost cause, kid... not if you put your heart and pole into it.

WINSLOW

I want a fucking banana smoothie!

DEEP VOICE

I bet you say that to all the boys.

WINSLOW

Oh, for fuck's sake!

BLAM!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A dude's tug-palace. Pics of nude women and rock icons take up every square inch of wall space. The overhead door is up.

MARIO (20), in full 80s workout gear, sweats it out with a skipping rope. He's got 'Maniac' full blast on the vegamatic.

MARIO

*I'm a maniac, maniac on the floor,
and I'm shredding like I've never
shredded befo-ee-ore!*

Winslow rides up the driveway on his bike as Mario tosses the rope, sits in a chair, and pulls a nearby cord. Overhead, a bucket of water tips, fully drenching him à la 'Flashdance'.

The song ends.

MARIO

Whooo!

WINSLOW

Da' fuck, homeslice?!

Mario towels off.

MARIO

Just getting my montage on, man.
Prepping for the big race.

WINSLOW

Race?

EXT. EDGE OF ZOO PARKING LOT - DAY

Winslow quickly checks to see if anyone is about, then... skips in behind the treeline. He draws a ball-peen hammer, puts his hand on a tree stump, and raises it up high --

WINSLOW

You can do this, man.

A long drawn out beat before... he can't. He wimps out and tosses the hammer in the grass. He hangs his head in shame.

WINSLOW

What am I doing?

CRACK!

WINSLOW

Aaaaaahhhh!

He looks up. His hand is pulp, smashed to shit from the hammer. He cowers as an ominous figure looms above him.

DEEP VOICE

Now *that's* a big ol' ball-cock
hammer. You wanna see my hammer,
kid?

WINSLOW

(whimpers)

No.

DEEP VOICE

Then get running, and don't stop
running till I find you, or I'll
break your other hand too!

Winslow, shit-scared, hauls ass out of the treeline and
across the parking lot. He whimpers as his broken hand
dangles like a Gimp.

DEEP VOICE

(calls out)
Safety word is 'banana'!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Mario towels off from his workout.

MARIO

Just getting my montage on, man.
Prepping for the big race.

WINSLOW

Race?

Mario points to an poster bill tacked to the garage wall.

INSERT POSTER: 3RD ANNUAL RUN LIKE 'MICHAEL DOUGLAS'
MARATHON. SATURDAY 1PM. ZOO PARKING LOT.

WINSLOW

Really? Okay. You know what's even
more disturbing than that?

MARIO

What?

WINSLOW

It was a rhetorical question,
dipshit.

MARIO

Pfft. You're just jealous you can't
run like Magic Mike.

WINSLOW

Why the fuck would I -- did you
just call him... Magic Mike?

MARIO

Yeah. All the 'Run Like Michael
Douglas Marathon Runners' are on a
first name basis with Mr. Douglas.
As for the running...

Mario hits a button on a remote control. In the corner, a VCR/television setup starts to play.

MARIO

Pure Hollywood magic, and you're about to be schooled, big-time.

TELEVISION

End scene of 'Falling Down' plays. William "D-Fens" Foster (played by Michael Douglas) hauls ass down the pier.

BACK TO SCENE

MARIO

See the way he's running? Like he's holding onto something? Like, maybe the fifty cents he saved from that can of Coke before losing his shit and trashing that convenience store? And his other hand looks broken, all taped up n' shit. It's, it's like he's a...

WINSLOW

A Gimp? I see a Gimp, no magic.

MARIO

Exactly! A hyper-focused Gimp!

EXT. ZOO PARKING LOT - STARTLINE - DAY

FIRE! Goes the cap gun, the race is on as all the other RUNNERS have started the marathon. Suddenly, Winslow comes screaming across the parking lot and whizzes by them as if they're all standing still. His broken hand dangles nasty.

WINSLOW

Aaaaahhh! Help, he's crazy!

RUNNERS

Look at that limp wrist style!/He went full Gimp!/He's fast!/Is that Magic Mike?!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Winslow stares with intent at the VCR.

WINSLOW

I could totally run like that.

MARIO

No, You run like a little bitch.

WINSLOW

Fuck you! I'm running that
marathon, and I'm gonna be the best
Magic Mike in west Hollywood!

Winslow grabs his bike and rides off in a huff.

MARIO

You're not allowed to call him
Mike! Plus, you don't even know how
to montage train! I've been montage-
ing my shit for four months, man!
You're nuthin', fucker... nuthin'!

EXT. ZOO PARKING LOT - DAY

A fair turnout for a community marathon. About 30 or so
runners mull about, stretching, chatting it up.

Mario, alone at a table, fills a mug from a huge canister of
coffee. Winslow comes up on the table to fill his mug. They
snuff each other.

MARIO

Pffft. Didn't think you'd show.

WINSLOW

Yeah? Well... you thunk wrong. I'm
here to show you up, bitch.

MARIO

You're dreaming. I won last year,
and the year before that. You'd
have to pull some serious Hollywood
Magic out of your ass to beat me.

WINSLOW

(smirks)
Hocus Pocus.

Winslow walks away. Mario's face contorts as he thinks...

MARIO

(sotto)
What's he up to?

FADE OUT.