

"SPEEDBALL"

by

Matthew Chisholm

First Draft

March 17, 2011

© - Copyright, 2011

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

chismeister_069@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM

B.J. PARSONS (27), thin and handsome with a three day growth, sits in a dimly lit room. He addresses someone off screen.

B.J.
You mind if I smoke?

Silence. B.J. lights up a cigarette. Drags. Exhales through his nostrils.

FEMALE VOICE
Do you think he suspects anything?

B.J.
Who?

FEMALE VOICE
Donnie.

B.J.
That twat doesn't know his dick
from his asshole.

FEMALE VOICE
You've underestimated him before.
He's smarter than you think.

B.J.
You know why they call him "The
Bull"? It's because he's a
brainless animal. People can say
whatever they want about his so
called "cunning", or how he got out
of that mess with the DiSoto's, but
at the end of the day it's because
he's a big, dumb animal. A
psychopath. Who the fuck even knows
how he got to run his own family.

Something is off about his speech: his mannerisms are a little too exaggerated, his enunciation slightly stiff.

INT. OFFICE

The dimly lit room is revealed to be a crowded, sparsely decorated office. B.J. sits alone in front of a camera, mounted on a tripod.

Sitting off camera behind a row of desks are four people: three suit-wearing men and an overweight woman, also smoking, reading from a script.

She casually feeds B.J. the next line.

WOMAN

He killed his way to the top,
that's fucking how. They call him
the Bull because he went on a
rampage like out of one of those
Spanish rodeos. And if he ever
found out about us he'd have your
balls on ice before you could say
olé.

B.J. leans closer to the camera with a gesture like he were taking someone's hand.

B.J.

He doesn't know. And he'll never
get the chance to find out. Another
few days and it's all gonna be
over. I promise.

One of the men, WOMACK, clears his throat and stands.

WOMACK

All right, thank you.

B.J. looks up, surprised at the interruption. He drops his American accent and speaks his natural Australian.

B.J.

That's it?

WOMACK

I think we've got everything we
need, thank you.

Confused and a little embarrassed, B.J. stands to leave.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

B.J. steps out of a non-descript office building and into the bright California afternoon. He heads west toward Downtown LA.

His phone rings. He digs around in his pocket, pulling an out-of-date flip phone. The display reading "CALLER: BUG".

He brings it to his ear.

B.J.
Bug. What's up?

BUG
(through the phone)
Hey, buddy. How was the audition?

B.J.
Ah man I fuckin' blew it. Was in
and out in like two seconds.

BUG
Maybe you so dazzled them with your
thespian brilliance that they only
needed two seconds.

B.J.
I sincerely doubt it.

BUG
Hey, what are you doing tonight?
Wanna go get hammered? I know this
bar where slutty UCLA chicks go to
get liquored up.

B.J.
Nah I'm just gonna go home. Take a
shower.

BUG
All right, I hear you. Don't go
rolling too fast, you hear?

B.J.
Yeah, yeah. I'll catch you next
time.

BUG
Sure thing. I'm sorry about your
audition.

B.J.
Thanks.

BUG
Take care, B.J.

B.J.
Will do. Have fun.

He hangs up and heads across the street for the bus stop.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA

It's close to sunset when the bus comes trundling down the street and pulls to a slow stop in front of a long, sloping park crowded with trees.

B.J. exits the bus and trots across the street to avoid an oncoming car. He heads for a crummy looking apartment building opposite the park.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT

In a word, it's a shithole. A grotty, one room apartment with a kitchenette littered with empty beer bottles, papers and pizza boxes.

There's no bed, only a mattress and quilt in a corner beneath the only window, which is shrouded with an old rug.

A door, swinging open, leads to a puke-coloured bathroom.

B.J. comes in, closing the front door with his foot. He takes a metal folding chair from against the wall and wedges it under the doorknob.

He goes into the kitchen, dropping his keys onto the counter. He opens the fridge, which is empty except for a few cans of tuna, half a watermelon and a few beers.

He grabs a stubby, flicks the cap off and downs the whole thing in one. His eyes fall to the papers strewn across the counter.

He begins leafing casually through them. They're bills, with an emerging motif: late payment, overdue, third notice, etc.

His temper flares suddenly and he knocks the papers onto the floor. He takes a few deep breaths and grabs another beer.

AT THE BED

He throws himself onto the mattress and downs half the beer. He reaches under the mattress, producing an old fashioned leather wallet.

He thumbs it open, revealing two tens and a twenty. He fingers the money carefully, as though weighing some big decision.

Suddenly, there is an earth-shattering knock at the door.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Hey, Parsons, open the door. I know
you're in there.

B.J.
(under his breath)
Fuck.

He stuffs the cash into his pocket, peers toward the front door. There is the jingle of keys on the other side and a second later the lock snaps back.

The door opens maybe half an inch before the folding chair stops it dead.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
What the fuck? Parsons, you open
this door you little asshole. Where
the fucking fuck is my fucking
rent?

B.J. ignores him, turns to the window and pulls back the makeshift curtain. He quietly slides the window up and vaults over the ledge.

The landlord continues his angry tired, thrashing against the door like a wild ape.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

It is full night now, the streets quiet and empty. B.J. crosses the street and heads down the path toward an empty bench.

He parks himself down, knee jumping rapidly up and down. He looks nervous, on edge.

A tall BLACK GUY, looking conspicuously inconspicuous in baggy clothes and dark sunglasses, steps out from behind a tree, an unlit cigarette in his hand.

BLACK GUY
(to B.J.)
Can I borrow your lighter?

B.J. turns at the voice and stands up.

B.J.
I only use matches.

The black guy smiles and lifts up his sunnies, revealing one badly scared, completely white eye.

BLACK GUY
Whaddya need?

B.J.
Forty of shards.

The black guy digs around in the back of his pants and pulls out a tightly packed foil package.

B.J. has the cash in his hand and the two exchange the money and the foil in a quick, expert movement.

BLACK GUY
Pleasure doing business with you,
chief.

B.J. stuffs the foil into his pocket.

B.J.
Yeah.

BLACK GUY
Sorry about your audition.

B.J. snaps his head up. How the fuck did he know that?

B.J.
What did you say?

No response.

Looking troubled, B.J. backs away. He turns tail and heads for home.

When he looks back, the black guy is gone.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT

B.J. sits on the edge of the mattress, unfolding the foil package. Inside are the "shards"; crumbled pieces of white crystal meth.

From under his pillow he pulls out a makeshift meth pipe: a short length of hose attached by duct tape to a hollowed out light bulb with a hole in it.

He pushes the meth into the bulbous end of the pipe and grabs a jet lighter from the floor.

He sparks it, places it under the light bulb until the meth liquefies, filling the bulb with a sphere of thick, white smoke.

Then he brings the hose to his lips and inhales deeply, pulling in every last tendril of smoke.

He holds it. And as he does, a change comes over him: his eyes glaze, his fingers unfurl. He lets out the smoke with an ecstatic groan, eyes drifting shut.

His head lolls from side-to-side as the meth washes over his body in wave after wave of crystalline pleasure.

He achieves apotheosis and his eyes snap open.

At the foot of the bed is the only expensive looking thing in the apartment: a stereo system. B.J. kicks off his shoes and punches the on button.

Ambient music drifts out of the speakers as he heads for the bathroom, shedding layers of clothing until he is naked.

The soft tones from the stereo have become Jóhann Jóhannsson's *"The Sun's Gone Dim and the Sky's Turned Black."*

B.J. turns on the shower, adjusts it and steps under the streaming water.

He just stands there, jets of water shooting from his fingers and he lets it all wash over him. The water, the music, the steam.

Soon his knees are shaking and he collapses to the floor with a dull thud. He stares up at the shower head.

HIS P.O.V.

Someone has switched his vision from VHS to Blu-ray. Every drop of water is sharp, almost glowing. Every splash is crystal clear.

INT. BATHROOM

He sits huddled in the shower, a fleshy, amorphous being bathed in steam and mist.

FADE OUT.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT - DAY

The rays of first light glide their way through B.J.'s curtain, flooding his apartment with golden light.

B.J. himself is passed out on his mattress, half under the covers, half out. His skin is pale and clammy and there are dark circles under his eyes.

His phone starts blaring, rousing him painfully. He tries to sit up, winces and falls back on the bed. He presses his palms against his temples and opens his bleary, blood-red eyes.

B.J.

Ah, fuck.

He peels back the covers; revealing a throbbing morning hardon tenting in his boxers. He scrambles for his phone and answers it.

B.J. (CONT'D)

Hello?

BUG

(through phone)

Morning, sunshine. How are you feeling?

B.J.

Like Hugh Hefner took a goddamn dump in my mouth and Dirk Diggler is fucking me in the ear.

BUG

I know the feeling. I. Am. Hung. Over. You want to meet for breakfast? My treat.

B.J.

Well, my mother always told me never to pass up a free meal.

BUG

Great. Meet me at Eddie's in an hour.

B.J.

Gotcha.

He hangs up, tosses his phone away and stares down at his erection.

He rubs his crotch disdainfully and breathes out sharply, like it pains him. He heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

B.J. flips the toilet seat up, pulls his boxers down and starts gently massaging himself. He winces in pain. Soon he is breathing sharply and gritting his teeth, then groaning.

He screws up his reddening, sweat-beaded face. He looks on the verge of tears, making noises like a wounded tiger until finally...

Two or three short squirts of urine splash into the bowl and B.J. breathes a sigh of relief. He flushes and leaves.

EXT. EDDIE'S DINER

An ordinary looking diner that could be on the corner of any street in LA.

B.J. (V.O.)
I'm telling you, it feels like my insides are trying to drop out of my dick.

INT. EDDIE'S DINER - BOOTH

B.J. sits across from BUG, a roundish man in his thirties with a slender face and giant, dark eyes that give him the appearance of a grasshopper.

BUG
So see a doctor.

B.J.
I hate doctors. Bunch of know it all wankers in fancy coats.

BUG
Look, if it's a U.T.I., you go to the doctor, gets some antibiotics. Clears it right up.

B.J.
Whaddya mean "if?" What else is it going to be?

BUG
Well...

B.J.
(rolling his eyes)
Don't give me your second year psych bullshit.

BUG
I just think --

B.J.
Everyone knows what you think about everything, Bug. Conversion disorder? Psychological distress manifesting itself as a physical symptom? Gimme a break.

A waitress arrives, refills their coffee cups and leaves.

BUG
Well, you can't keep on like this. Everything that drinks pisses. You should've seen me last night, I was whizzing like a warthog.

B.J.
Do warthogs whizz a lot?

BUG
I dunno. I just couldn't think of a better way to finish my analogy.
(beat)
You want some more food?

B.J.
(shakes his head)
Not hungry.

BUG
You should eat, you look like hammered shit.

B.J.
I feel like hammered shit.

BUG
How long are you going to keep doing this to yourself? Now, look, you know me. I pretty much think altering one's consciousness with mind-blowing narcotics is about the most fun a human being can have. But there's a limit, B.J. There's only so much the body can take. It's no wonder you're not pissing right.

B.J.
Look, I told myself I'd stop when the acting thing took off. It's just... not happening.

Bug gives him a sympathetic cringe.

BUG

Look at you, man. How much green
are you blowing on crystal? Forty,
eighty bucks a day?

B.J. just looks at him, doesn't say anything.

BUG (CONT'D)

You're on a slippery slope, B.J.
What with your mother and all --

B.J.

She's got nothing to do with this.

BUG

(defensively raising his
hands)

I'm just saying if I spend the
first eight years of my life being
burned with cigarettes and bathed
in ice water, I'd want to escape
too.

(beat)

You've got serious baggage, man,
that's all I'm saying. Maybe you
need to get some help.

B.J.

I know what you mean by help, and
that's not what I need.

BUG

Then let me help you. What can I do
to help?

B.J.

You really want to help me? Then
give me money. What I really need
is money.

Bug cracks a smile.

BUG

I'm not going to give you money.
But maybe I can get you the next
best thing.

B.J.

Whaddya mean?

BUG

You went to college right?

B.J.
Yeah, I took a few courses. Why?

BUG
Did you go to many wild, college parties? Sex, booze, strobe lights, that kind of thing?

B.J.
(shrugs)
Only my share.

BUG
Did you ever have a homosexual experience?

B.J. laughs.

B.J.
What? What could that possibly have to do with anything?

BUG
I'm not hearing a "no."

B.J.
All right, fine. I made out with a guy when we were playing spin the bottle. I was totally wasted and the next morning we woke up in bed together. I don't know how much we did, or who did what to whom, but there you go.

BUG
So you're not averse to gay people?

B.J.
Not that I'm aware of. Why?

Bug pulls a pen and a business card out of his sports jacket. He starts writing.

BUG
I know a guy, don't ask me how. Now I'm not gonna lie to you, this guy's into some pretty freaky stuff. But he pays good for money for not much service.

He hands the card over to B.J., who flips it to the blank side, where Bug has scrawled a name and number.

B.J.
 "Mister E?" Bug, I'm not going to
 get paid to have sex with some
 faggy weirdo.

BUG
 Not have sex with. Not if you don't
 want to. He just likes the, uh...
 company.

B.J.
 Are you fucking kidding me?

BUG
 Look, give him a call. If you don't
 like the sitch, then walk away. But
 you gotta ask yourself, just how
 bad do you want it?

B.J. considers this, gently fingering the corner of the card
 as he does.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT

B.J. paces his apartment with the card in one hand and his
 phone in the other. His recently used pipe likes smoking on
 his mattress.

He dials the number on the card and puts his phone to his
 ear. It dials, he waits. It keeps dialing. He becomes
 impatient.

He moves to hang up the phone when a strange, breathy voice
 answers. Easily male, but also effeminate.

MISTER E
 (through the phone)
 Yes?

B.J.
 Uh... is this Mister E?

MISTER E
 Yes. Who's this?

B.J.
 I'm B.J. I got your number from
 Bug... er, Andrew Bukowski.

MISTER E
 (giggles)
 B.J. That's a very appropriate
 name. May I ask what it stands for?

B.J.
Benjamin Joseph.

MISTER E
I like that. And your accent. Are you Australian?

B.J.
I am, yeah.

MISTER E
(giggles again)
Mmmm. That's nice. How big is your cock?

B.J.
Excuse me?

MISTER E
How big is your cock? In inches, if you don't mind.

B.J.
Uh... about seven and a half. Maybe eight.

MISTER E
Ooo. A big boy. Are you interested in making some money?

B.J.
I guess so.

MISTER E
All right then, B.J. Here's what we're going to do. We're going to have a trial, a dry run if you will.

B.J.
Like an audition?

MISTER E
An audition, sure. I'm going to listen to you while you jack off. Would that be okay?

B.J.
Um...

MISTER E
I'll give you three hundred dollars, if that helps.

B.J. can't believe it.

B.J.

O-okay.

He heads for his mattress, sits lies himself down with his head against the wall. He reaches down hesitantly, then starts rubbing his crotch.

MISTER E

Good. Are you touching yourself?

B.J.

Yes.

He unzips his fly, putting his hand beneath his underpants.

MISTER E

Does it feel good?

B.J.

(closing his eyes)

Uh huh.

MISTER E

How hard is it?

B.J.

Like a rock.

He starts moving his hand faster and faster. He pushes his hips up to slide his pants down around to ankles. He's masturbating furiously now, sweat building on his forehead.

MISTER E

What are you thinking about?

B.J.

Angelina Jolie. Sucking my dick.

Through the phone, Mister E gives a loud laugh. B.J. chuckles along as he continues to stroke, relaxing into it.

FADE OUT.

INT. GRUBBY HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator dings and B.J., clean-shaven and wearing a dress shirt and some decent jeans, steps into a grotty, dilapidated apartment building hallway.

He heads straight, passing doors on either side.

A pair of black children chasing each other through the corridors race past.

B.J. turns a corner and heads for the door at the end. Above the peep hole are the numbers "312".

He takes a deep, nervous breath and knocks.

MISTER E (O.S.)

It's open.

B.J. turns the knob and steps into --

INT. MISTER E'S APARTMENT

It is a large, low-roofed apartment lit only by dozens of candles and daylight filtered through purple curtains across three large windows running along the back wall.

It is furnished mostly by chintz chairs and beanbags, except for a ridiculously huge, elaborately pillowed bed beneath the windows.

Across the room, the door to the bathroom is slightly ajar. B.J. can see shadows moving under the door.

B.J.

I, uh... hope I'm not early.

MISTER E

No, no. Right on time. I'll be out in a minute. Just make yourself at home.

B.J. crosses the room, passing a small, round coffee table crowded with jars of burning incense.

Smoke drifts up in thick curls toward the ceiling, which has been painted with Michaelangelo-styled cherubs and angelic figures.

Above the bed, underneath the windows are shelves crowded with photo frames. B.J. takes off his jacket, lays it on the bed and examines the photos.

Most show Mister E, a tall, burly man, out and about. Sometimes a blond, sometimes a redhead, always in drag and elaborate make-up with a drink in hand and two or three oiled-up muscular men on his arms.

Except for a smaller one at the end, which shows Mister E just as he is, in jeans and a polo shirt, with a small, dark-skinned boy resting on his knee.

The bathroom door creaks open and MISTER E's dark figure darkens the bathroom light. B.J. sees this reflected in the photo's glossy glass.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

His name was Kukomo. That was taken in Tanzania on his eighth birthday. You can't see it but he was missing a foot.

B.J. responds without turning around.

B.J.

What happened to him?

MISTER E

Don't know exactly. A militia gang from the Rwandan border came to his village. His mother was raped to death. He and his brothers disappeared. That was seven years ago.

Mister E takes a few steps toward B.J., who turns around to see him. Mister E wears light make-up, fake breasts and a dark wig.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

Can I get you a drink?

B.J.

I'll have one if you are.

Mister he heads for the bar, starts mixing drinks. B.J. sits on the edge of the bed, fidgeting nervously as he examines his host.

A gold, strapless dress that comes halfway down his thighs, with a pair of heels to match. His legs are smooth. His round ass is prominent in the dress.

MISTER E

I hope a martini is okay.

B.J.

Uh, sure.

Mister E finishes mixing, B.J. stands to receive his drink.

MISTER E

Cheers.

B.J. forces a smile. They clink their glasses together. B.J. downs half of his. Mister E sips gently.

B.J. blows a "that's a strong drink" breath. Mister E smirks, amused.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

So... I think I owe you some money.

He puts his drink down on the coffee table and bends to open a small side-drawer.

When he straightens up, he has a money-clip stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

From the clip he removes six bills, rolling five of them and handing them to B.J. He takes them quickly, stuffs them in his pocket and looks at the sixth bill.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

And...

B.J.

What's that one for?

MISTER E

This.

He leans in and presses his lips against B.J.'s. His entire body suddenly stiffens and he moves as if trying to back away and he keeps his eyes open.

But as Mister E folds the sixth hundred dollar bill into B.J.'s free hand, B.J. begins to respond, opening his mouth to receive Mister E's tongue.

The distance between their bodies closes, the kiss growing a little more passionate until --

They break apart.

B.J. can't bring himself to look Mister E in the eye. He polishes off the rest of his drink.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

How about something a little stronger than gin?

B.J. looks up at him with glistening eyes, nodding.

He follows Mister E over to the bed. Mister E kneels and slides a long, black wooden box from under the bed and flicks it open.

It is lined with red velvet, inside is a two-foot long, elaborately crafted ivory opium pipe. He removes this and two pull-string velvet bags.

He sits on the edge of the bed, pulling a small mortar and pestle out of the box as well. He motions for B.J. to join him. He obeys.

Mister E opens the first bag, which is filled with meth shards. B.J.'s eyes glisten. Mister E pours a large amount of it into the mortar and replaces the bag.

He opens the second bag, filled with a fine, white powder, and pours about half as much of it over the meth. He replaces the second bag and takes the pestle to the drugs and begins mixing with a slow, even rhythm.

B.J.
What's that?

MISTER E
The stairway to Heaven, honey.

The mixture ready, he pours about half of it into the open end of the pipe. He takes a lighter from between his tits and hands the pipe and lighter to B.J.

He looks at them, a little hesitant, then flicks the lighter on and places it at the end of the pipe.

B.J.
Will this fuck me up?

MISTER E
It'll make you God. The meth you should feel straight away, but the H might take a few minutes.

B.J. takes a huge breath and hands the pipe to Mister E, who takes a deep inhalation as well.

B.J.
This is heroin?

MISTER E
(nods)
Ever done it?

B.J.
No. I was always too scared.

MISTER E
Being scared is good. Means you have something worth being alive. Being afraid of something usually means you should do it.

B.J.'s eyes slide semi-closed as the familiar crashing waves of ecstasy overwhelm his nerves.

Mister E leans close, almost putting his tongue in B.J.'s ear.

MISTER E (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

Seemingly in a trance, B.J. kicks off his shoes and stands facing Mister on the bed. He very slowly removes his shirt, letting the fabric glide softly against his skin as it falls.

He unbuckles his belt and throws it away. He lets his jeans slide down his thighs to his ankles and steps out of them.

He puts his thumbs in the rim of his underwear and with a final moment of hesitation -- of resignation -- he lets them drop too.

The two stand for a moment, a frozen tableaux.

Then Mister E gets down on his knees in front of B.J. He puts his hands gently on B.J.'s lower legs.

WE SEE WHAT B.J. FEELS

Mister E's fingers lightly touch B.J.'s thighs and a shower of bright gold sparks shoot from his skin. Mister E traces his fingers slowly up B.J.'s leg, a shower of sparks following.

B.J. gasps slowly, his eyes fluttering closed. His head lolls back and forth.

He puts his hands on Mister E's shoulders with an explosion of green sparks that swirl around him.

HIS P.O.V.

Looking at the ceiling, which has become a living portrait of cherubs circling, slowing with white light and leaving trails across the painted sky.

Some are fucking each other, others smoking long pipes.

RESUME

Mister E places his face against B.J. and starts kissing his stomach in slow, delicate movements. B.J. gasps, moving his hand to cup Mister E's hair at the back of his neck.

Suddenly Mister E grabs B.J. around the waist and tosses him onto the bed. B.J. lands hard with a grunt.

Mister E climbs on top of him, hitching his gold dress to position his thigh across B.J.'s lap.

He kisses B.J. hard. B.J. responds in kind, tongues moving in and out of each other's mouths with long swirls. B.J.'s eyes are closed.

Mister E moves down to kiss B.J.'s neck, his hands still on B.J.'s hips.

B.J. writhes and groans. Little beads of sweat have appeared on his forehead and chest.

Suddenly, B.J.'s eyes snap open and he pushes Mister E off violently --

INT. MISTER E'S BATHROOM

B.J. bursts into the bathroom, stark naked, stumbles but manages to make it to the toilet before he collapses to his knees and vomits violently.

It splashes into the toilet bowl. B.J. retches a few more times, coughing and spluttering.

Mister E hovers in the doorway as B.J. falls back against the towels hanging on the rack with a groan halfway between fear and pleasure.

MISTER E

Are you all right?

He sounds like he were a million miles away speaking through a microphone.

B.J.

I... I've never... I've never felt so...

MISTER E

(coming toward him)

Alive?

B.J. slowly looks up at him with eyes wide and glistening, pupils dilated enormously. He nods.

B.J.

Alive.

MISTER E

This is just the beginning.

Mister E holds out his hand. Nine Inch Nails' *"Into the Void"* begins to play.

B.J.'s face cracks open with a strange, almost maniacal grin as he takes Mister E's hand and is hoisted up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISTER E'S APARTMENT

THE SEX

Hot. Ferocious. Raw.

B.J. is pinned underneath Mister E, his face contorted into an animalistic mask of rapture. Mister E fucks him like a jackhammer, his hips gyrating with lightning-quick thrusts.

A MONTAGE OF RAPID IMAGES:

-- B.J. on top, riding Mister E, hips bucking in ecstatic frenzy.

-- B.J. flat on his stomach getting fucked from behind, his face being driven into the pillows.

-- B.J. on the edge of the bed, legs open. Mister E buried between them, pounding with short, savage thrusts.

-- The two of them smoking more of the heroin/meth mixture and trading smoke with their mouths.

-- In missionary again, with B.J. underneath. His eyes are widening with awe and wonder like he were crossing into another dimension.

Again, we see what B.J. sees through his fragmented perception of reality:

The entire room becomes outlined with a shimmering, golden light, like a thin, shimmering sheet over everything. It throbs and ebbs like it has a pulse.

It grows with intensity, becoming blinding, all consuming as B.J. and Mister E reach mutual orgasm.

Suddenly, Mister E is gone and B.J. is alone on the bed. His head moves instantly from side-to-side like his mind were skipping frames.

HIS P.O.V.

Scanning the room, which is distorted like a kaleidoscope. Mister E is on the other side of the apartment, finishing his martini.

With another jump, he is right in front of B.J., leaning in close with a mocking kind of smile.

MISTER E
You still with me, sunshine?

His voice is distorted, like he were speaking from a huge, empty bathroom.

Another jump and Mister E is on his phone, pacing before the bed.

MISTER E (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yeah, Yoshi, you should see this guy... he's spaced like I've never seen. It's like he's not even here. Get your ass over here.

Mister E is suddenly in front of B.J. again, holding the opium pipe.

MISTER E (CONT'D)
We're gonna have some fun.

RESUME

B.J. dimly registers some kind of danger. He tries to pull himself up, but his arm doesn't move the right way.

Mister E forces the pipe onto his lips. B.J. pulls his head away, but Mister E grabs his hair and forces his mouth onto the pipe.

MISTER E (CONT'D)
Breathe. Do it. Breathe.

B.J. takes a breath, pulling more smoke into his lungs. He groans like a wounded puppy.

Another jump cut brings us into B.J.'s point of view --

A short, bald Japanese man, with a bushy grey moustache is standing in front of him. This is YOSHI MURA.

He is flanked by two enormously muscled, also bald black men covered with tattoos and facial piercings.

Mister E is arm-in-arm with Yoshi, laughing with him.

Yoshi says something in Japanese and laughs, Mister E replies in his language. Yoshi motions to one of his lackies.

He comes forward, up to B.J.

RESUME

The lackie snaps his fingers in front of B.J.'s face. He very slowly blinks.

Then the lackie slaps B.J. across the face. B.J.'s head sags to one side and he groans. The lackie hits him again, hard enough to start B.J.'s nose bleeding.

He slams his eyes shut. A single tear forms in the corner of his eye and suddenly --

B.J.'S FANTASY

We're on a long, golden beach. Crystal blue waves crash against the shore rhythmically.

TWO YOUNG BOYS

Play in the shallow surf, splashing each other, play-fighting, wrestling each other to the ground.

Now there is an ADULT WOMAN, wearing a one-piece bathing suit and sarong, playing with the boys, her face hidden by the glare of the sun.

The whole thing looks like a badly-shot home movie.

Mixed in with this are sudden, violent images of B.J.'s attack.

Being raped by Yoshi. Being spit-roasted between the two black men. Being lead around the apartment on all fours by a leather leash.

YOSHI'S VOICE

Bark, doggy. Bark! *Wroof! Wroof!*

MAN'S VOICE

Hey, B.J.

This voice is new and suddenly one of the young boys on the beach turns to the camera, smiling.

YOUNG B.J.

Hello, daddy!

DAD (O.S.)
Tell us what you're gonna be when
you grow up, bud.

YOUNG B.J.
I'm gonna be a movie star!

DAD (O.S.)
A movie star, huh? How many Oscars
are you gonna win?

YOUNG B.J.
Ten!

DAD (O.S.)
Ten, huh? That's a lot. You're a
real winner, huh?

YOUNG B.J.
Yeah, I'm a winner. I'm a winner.

BLACKOUT.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT

The first rays of early sun shine through the gap in the makeshift curtains. The digital display on the dormant stereo reads 6:56.

The front door rattles open and a disheveled, strung-out B.J. comes staggering in. He slams the door behind him.

He heads straight for the kitchen, not bothering to prop the door closed with the folding chair.

Onto the counter he puts two items: a big wad of hundred dollar bills and a zip-lock bag bulging with crystal shards of meth.

He heads for the bed and throws himself down on it. He curls himself into fetal position and pulls the pillow over his head.

Then his phone rings.

B.J. rolls over and digs it out of his pocket, brings it to his ear.

B.J.
(raspy voiced)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WOMACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Womack sits behind his desk in a cramped, but modern-looking office.

WOMACK

Mr. Parsons, this is Leo Womack
from the audition.

B.J. is suddenly more alert.

B.J.

Yeah, I... I remember.

WOMACK

I'm sorry to be calling you so
early. I hope I didn't wake you.

B.J.

No, that's fine.

WOMACK

I'm just calling to let you know
that we have made our decision and
we would be delighted to have you
in this film.

B.J. blanches.

B.J.

That... that's amazing. I, uh... I
don't know what to say.

WOMACK

(laughs)

We get that a lot. We really liked
your energy the other day. You were
the best we saw.

B.J.

Oh my God, Mr. Womack, thank you.
This is really amazing.

WOMACK

We're going to need you in a few
days for a table read. My secretary
will call you later with the exact
dates, but we'll need you pretty
soon.

B.J.

I'm, uh, I'm ready whenever you
need me.

WOMACK

That's great to hear. We'll be in touch. Good to have you aboard.

B.J.

Thank you. Thank you.

He doesn't know what else to say, but he is smiling. He shuts his phone and puts it back in his pocket.

For a moment he just sits there. Then he goes to the counter and picks up the bag of meth. He examines it, as though weighing some big decision.

Then he goes back to the bed, removes his makeshift meth pipe and smokes up once again.

When the meth has taken effect he flicks his stereo on and stands. This time it is Metallica's "*Nothing Else Matters*" that we hear.

B.J. strips off his clothes and heads for the bathroom. But instead of turning for the shower, he heads straight for the toilet.

He flips the lid up, positions himself correctly and waits. And as the lyrics of the song kick in, B.J. starts to piss. A steady, constant stream.

B.J. lets out an elated sigh of relief as he continues to urinate. His face slowly dissolves from the relief of urinating, becoming tainted with confusion, then sadness.

INT. B.J.'S APARTMENT

We PULL BACK, leaving B.J. stark naked at his toilet with his dick in his hand. About to face his future.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END