Starring The Rock

by Alex Gonzalez
INT. AN ORNATE JAPANESE HOTEL - EVENING

A Japanese man, KEN WATANABE, yes, the actual actor, is running down a hallway. A bunch of men are attacking him swinging axes and bats but KEN takes down each one. The violence is brutal and unflinching. Its gritty and real and makes you not want to root for KEN.

A man attacks him with a fire axe and he grabs the axe, kicks the man in the stomach and drives the fire axe into the man’s head. KEN grabs a gun off the man’s waist and starts popping shots through the hallway dropping bodies.

*GRITTY SHAKY CAMERA ANGLE BEHIND KEN as he makes his way through the carnage. Blood splats on the camera.*

KEN round house kicks a guy in the mouth and snaps his neck. Everybody he’s been mowing through have all been normal looking people.

It becomes clear that KEN is making his way to a room number at the end of the hall. After wrecking his way through it...

*GRITTY SHAKY CAMERA ANGLE BEHIND KEN as he kicks the room door open.*

INT. JAPANESE HOTEL ROOM SUITE - EVENING

A panicky Japanese film actor is trying to open the window. It’s very clear that he’s a posh actor. His suite is lavishly decorated. He turns around to see KEN, caked in blood, approaching him.

ACTOR
(in unsubtitled Japanese)
Ken! Please no. Please no you don’t have to do this. I’ll leave. You can have all my parts. You can have all my awards and money. Please! You won’t see me in another movie ever again I swear!

KEN WATANABE
(in unsubtitled Japanese)
I’m far to in it now. You know that. Its the final scene. You’re the finale. Nobody will miss you. They don’t even know your real name. Just your characters. This’ll be easy. And we all know if I didn’t do it first you’d do it to me.

(CONTINUED)
KEN pulls out a gun -

**GRITTY SHAKY CAMERA ANGLE BEHIND KEN as he blasts the actor in the chest three times. The actor, bleeding out, leans back against the window pane. The glass is cracking behind him.**

VOICE (O.S.)
Do it! The glass is gonna break!

KEN runs and kicks the actor through the glass window! The actor falls, the camera angle quickly jostles to the window and watches the actor’s body fall through the Tokyo skyline and minimize into a speck as it splats on the street.

The gritty camera turns back around to Ken who is crying on his knees.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cut! That’s a wrap! I’m proud of all of you! Good job, dude. Damn.

CUT TO: BLACK

In big blocky letters is: 'STARRING THE ROCK'

Sounds from Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson’s wrestling days are heard. His infamous "Can you smell what the rocking is cooking??" is vaguely heard amongst the faceless sounds of roaring crowds.

FADE TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S HOUSE - DAY

The house is nicely decorated, but not pretentious. It has sleek nice walls, and the sun shines nicely through the windows. Very cool.

PAN:DWAYNE’S HOUSE. HIS WALLS ARE DECORATED WITH WWE POSTERS, POSTERS FROM PAST MOVIES, AND FAMILY PHOTOS. EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE DISPLAYED THEY ARE VERY HUMBLE

A phone has been ringing and the answering machine finally beeps.

DWAYNE’S VOICE ON THE MACHINE
Hey, you’ve reached Dwayne. I’m not in right now. Just leave a message at the beep and I’ll get back at ya. Thanks, bye.

The machine beeps.

(CONTINUED)
VOICE ON MACHINE
Hi. I’m glad I managed to reach you. I have a big movie project for you. Don’t worry about consulting your agent. Respond quickly. You’ll never have to work again.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S AGENT’S OFFICE - DAY
A messy room in a tall building. There are scripts piled high and a big wooden desk covered with papers. The blinds are open and you can see the LA skyline. The Rock’s agent, Charlie Stilts, sits, leaning back, feet on the desk, reading a script for Journey 3. Suddenly the door swings open and Dwayne charges in. He’s wearing a non-discrete baseball cap and aviators.

DWAYNE
What the fuck, Charlie? I’m tired of this. I’m tired of it.

CHARLIE STILTS
Dwayne! My man, how are you doing?

DWAYNE
Cut it, Charlie. I’m tired of the scripts you’ve been sending me. They’re bullshit. Total macho mouth meat head bullshit.

CHARLIE STILTS
What are you talking about? Settle down and quit yelling. And close the door.

Dwayne closes the door and takes the seat. He takes off his baseball cap.

DWAYNE
I’m sorry for yelling.

CHARLIE STILTS
Now what’s going on?

DWAYNE
What is this script you sent me? Monstercock. What? I play a man that eats an alien chicken egg? And becomes half bird and battles the mafia? What are you— are you out of (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE (cont’d)
your mind? I’m just, I’m just actually insulted. This is garbage.

CHARLIE STILTS
Dwayne, that movie is original. You said you wanted new scripts. You said that to me.

DWAYNE
I wanted original scripts that were actually good.

CHARLIE STILTS
That script is good!

DWAYNE
Charlie, I wanna make good movies. I wanna be taken seriously. My kid doesn’t even wanna watch my movies. Simone is embarrassed that I was in *The Tooth Fairy*. Embarrassed. Do you know what that means? As a father?

CHARLIE STILTS
Kids loved that movie! Little Simmy wasn’t embarrassed at the time. She just grew out of it.

DWAYNE
Well it’s time for me to grow to, dammit.

CHARLIE STILTS
What are you talking about?

DWAYNE
No more action movies. I’m off it.

CHARLIE STILTS
You’re talking crazy, Dwayne.

DWAYNE
No. I’m not. I’m off it. I wanna be taken seriously as an actor.

CHARLIE STILTS
You’re not a fucking actor, Dwayne! You’re a wrestler! You’re a big man fighter! You’re "The Rock"!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DWAYNE
I don’t do that anymore!

CHARLIE STILTS
You will when you don’t get a paycheck as a "real actor".

The two just stare at each other for a little bit.

CHARLIE STILTS
I’m sorry. That was a little cold.

DWAYNE
You don’t have faith in me. Do you think I’m untalented?

CHARLIE STILTS
I didn’t say that, Dwayne. You’re putting words in my mouth.

DWAYNE
Mickey Rourke used to fight. He got nominated for an Oscar. That guy is amazing. Did you see The Wrestler? That movie made me cry, man.

CHARLIE STILTS
You wanna make a wrestling movie? I can do that. We can make that happen. A glory days movie. Maybe high lights. I can bring back Johnny C and you guys can do, like, a wrestling by day, crime fighter by night type of thing. That sounds perfect. I can get a treatment by Sunday.

DWAYNE
That’s not what I meant.

CHARLIE STILTS
Look, Mickey was an actor before he was a fighter. He went actor fighter actor. You just wanna go fighter action star actor. You don’t have to be a good actor to be a good action hero. And you are a good action hero. The Rundown? People love that movie. Sure the GI Joe movies aren’t amazing but you gotta-
DWAYNE
Javier Bardem. You know him?

CHARLIE STILTS
Everyone knows Javier Bardem. He’s great.

DWAYNE
Javier Bardem doesn’t believe in violence in movies. His two exceptions were Skyfall and No Country for Old Men which both turned out to be fantastic. I wanna do movies like him. Vicky Christina Barcelona. I love that movie.

CHARLIE STILTS
But...but...I have this script for Journey 3, and I -

DWAYNE
Do you like being my agent?

CHARLIE STILTS
Dwayne. I -

DWAYNE
Charlie, do you like being my agent?

CHARLIE STILTS
Yes. Yes. Yes whatever. Okay.

DWAYNE
I want scripts like that. I want to impress Simmy and Dany. I wanna stop making stupid money.

CHARLIE STILTS
Okay, but can I just say something. Really quick. Total honesty.

Dwayne sits back to listen.

CHARLIE STILTS
You’re not a good actor, man. You might have to take some lessons. It’ll be good publicity too. People will know you’re serious.

DWAYNE
Classes?

(CONTINUED)
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CHARLIE STILTS
I’m sure Javier Bardem did. Here
(handing Dwayne a piece of paper)
here’s the number of an acting
coach I know. Her name is Sylvia.
She’s great. Give her a call and
I’ll see what I got for you. Ok?

Dwayne grabs the paper and is genuinely excited. He looks at it.

DWAYNE
Sylvia. Okay. I can do this. I
won’t let you down.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CHARLIE’S OFFICE - DAY

Dwayne walks down the hall with a new spring in his step.
He’s a happy man now. He has every intention to take this
new phase seriously. Dwayne checks his watch and it reads
1:22pm. He has to pick up his daughter, Simone, at 3:00pm.
He intends to tell her and Dany, his ex wife (if you didn’t
already know that), about his new game plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SIDE OUTSIDE OF AGENT - DAY

Dwayne walks down the street to his car. He puts on his
baseball cap and sunglasses. He drops his towards his phone
to be discrete. Walking past him is Jason Statham. In the
hustle bustle of the LA streets the....

CAMERA FOLLOWS JASON STATHAM past Dwayne. Jason heads up the
street. No baseball cap. No glasses. No disguise of any
kind. People are recognizing him left and right and he is
eating it up. He’s posing for pictures. He’s signing
autographs. He’s pretending to fake fight fans. Jason heads
into the building that Dwayne just left.

INT. JASON’S AGENT’S OFFICE - DAY

A different office entirely. Very neat and organized. The
agent, Cliff Dirks, and the agent’s assistant, Gladdys, sit
on a sofa chit chatting idly. Jason Statham swings open the
door. Jason speaks british accent and all. He is himself
100%.

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Boom! You did it again! You did it again, Marty. That’s why I love ya.

CLIFF DIRKS
What’s up? What are you talking about?

GLADDYS
Hey J.

JASON
Hey Gladdy (wink) What you up to?

GLADDYS
Working hard. Give it a try (playful).

CLIFF DIRKS
Well? What is it?

JASON
Crank 3: Blood Bath is a go. 5 million in hand. For what? A copy and pasted version of the first two movies? Easy. I’d be a bloody idiot if I didn’t do it.

CLIFF DIRKS
Yeah? That’s what I’m talking about J! That’s what I’m talking about! I’m glad you decided to do it. I was getting worried there.

GLADDYS
Yeah I thought you were getting taste for a minute.

JASON
5 million dollars and I’ll put off getting taste my whole life.

CLIFF DIRKS
I kid you not, J. In a year or two, you’ll be the greatest action hero. You know that?

JASON
What? Like I’m not already?

Jason leans back in his chair.
CONTINUED:

GLADDYS
Cocky much?

CLIFF DIRKS
No he’s right, Gladdys. C’mon. He has a flawless streak. My boy is on cloud nine! Crank, Crank 2, the Transporter movies, Parker, Safe, I mean sure you haven’t shelled out a Guy Ritchie one in a while but that’s come and gone.

JASON
The Expendables! People eat that rubbish up. It’s great. Great. So yeah, I just came to say thanks and shake your hand, mate. You’ve really been great.

Jason gets up and shakes Cliff’s hand. Cliff shakes it firmly and smiles. As Jason turns around to exit...

GLADDYS
You’re nothing unless you’re in an H. H. Cloak film.

Jason stops in his track.

CLIFF DIRKS
Not this again. Oh come -

JASON
Who?

GLADDYS
H. H. Cloak.

JASON
Who’s that? Cliff, who’s Cloak?

CLIFF DIRKS
He’s this new sick film maker. He’s movies are just gross. A lot of mindless garbage.

GLADDYS
That’s not fair for you to say. A lot of people think his movies are really artistic.

CLIFF DIRKS
Artistic? No. They’re trash. Just violence. Mindless violence!

(CONTINUED)
Some newspaper in Japan said it was the greatest action movie to ever be made. Yasuki wrote that. You like his reviews.

CLIFF DIRKS
Yasuki doesn’t know -

JASON
Who is this guy? What?

CLIFF DIRKS
He’s this guy. He wanted to make films here but nobody was interested so he moved across seas. So, you know, anything goes over there. A cat can shit on a baby and it’ll be considered art. And -

GLADDYS
And he made an action movie in Japan and the lead retired after with some billion dollars in the bank. Who was he? That Ken Watanabe guy.

CLIFF DIRKS
From Inception.

GLADDYS
Right.

CLIFF DIRKS
But you don’t wanna get involved with this guy. He’s a sicko. His movie will ruin your reputation. That’s why you better be ready to retire.

JASON
Foriegned?

CLIFF DIRKS
No, American. A young guy too. From what I’ve heard.

JASON
And I don’t want him to make me money.
CLIFF DIRKS
Right. I promise. Just go and do what you’ve been doing. You’re doing great.

JASON
You’re to thank for that, Cliffy.

CLIFF DIRKS
You do all the work, J. You’re the star.

CLOSE UP: JASON STATHAM
Jason smiles gratefully.

FADE TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S HOUSE - EVENING
Dwayne is cooking in his kitchen. A nice table is set up. With three plates. Pots sit on the stove simmering. He chops up vegetables. Slow jazz music is playing in the background of his house. He dumps some of the chopped veggies into the simmering pan. He’s making a delectable salmon. He’s dressed nicely.

His doorbell rings and he hurries out of the kitchen wiping his hands on a towel. He opens the door to his daughter Simone and his ex-wife Dany and her date Jamaal.

SIMONE
Hey dad.

Simone gives Dwayne a half hearted hug at best.

DWAYNE
Hey baby. How was school?

Without answering Simone walks past him staring at her phone. Dwayne then turns to Dany.

DANY
Hey Dwayne. She’s been in a bad mood all day.

DWAYNE
Oh? Why’s that?

DANY
The were making fun of Race to Witch Mountain at school.

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
Goddamit.

DANY
Anyway, thanks for inviting us for
dinner. Jamaal loves salmon.

JAMAAL
Yeah it’s my favorite.

Dwayne notices Jamaal for the first time. He’s a young black
guy. Dressed nicely. He’s Dany’s date but he’s in no way
disrespectful to Dwayne.

DWAYNE
Oh! (awkwardly) I’m glad you enjoy
it. Come on in, come on in.

Dwayne leads them through the house to the dining area.
Simone has already made herself at home on his sofa texting
on her phone. They pass all of "The Rock" memorabilia.

DWAYNE
I’m glad you could make it Dany. I
have some good news that Simone
would like too.

JAMAAL
Man. Your house is slick.

DWAYNE
Uh, yeah. Thanks. You know, I try
to stay humble.

JAMAAL
Oh snap!

Jamaal stops at a picture of Dwayne and John Cena hanging
out at a bar.

JAMAAL
I thought you guys hated each
other! You don’t hate each other?

DWAYNE
No, it’s just an act. He’s a good
wrestler though. One of the best.
Super nice guy too.

DANY
Jamaal loves WWE.
JAMAAL
Man, you got that new WWE game for Xbox?

DWAYNE
Yeah I do actually. WWE fighters get those games for free.

JAMAAL
For real? That’s awesome. I always play as you, man. You’re the best.

DWAYNE
(flattered)
Thanks man.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S DINING AREA – EVENING

Dwayne hurries and sets down a fourth plate for Jamaal acting like he didn’t forget. He then starts serving the food out.

DANY
It smells delicious, Dwayne.

JAMAAL
Yeah. Thanks so much.

DANY
Why’d you have us come here so late notice. Simone, stop texting.

SIMONE
It’s just salmon.

DANY
Girl, your father put this together. It’s nice.

SIMONE
I like tilapia better.

DWAYNE
No it’s fine, Dany. Really. (sitting down) I just have good news to share.

DANY
What?

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
(cutting into his fish)
Well. I talked to my agent Charlie
today. And he said he’s gonna only
start giving me serious acting
roles and auditions from now on.

There is an awkward silence. Dwayne is smiling.

SIMONE
But you can’t act.

DANY
Simone!

DWAYNE
No, no, no, no, it’s fine. Simmy, I
know that. But life is all about
improvement. I’m gonna start taking
classes with this woman named
Sylvia. Charlie recommended her. He
said she was great.

DANY
Well, Dwayne, if that’s what you
think is best.

JAMAAL
You’re not gonna make anymore
action movies?

DWAYNE
No, Jamaal I’m not. From now on I’m
going to be taken seriously.

JAMAAL
Are you gonna still wrestle?

DWAYNE
No sir. I don’t think I will. I’ve
been thinking hard about –

DANY
But you get paid to wrestle,
Dwayne. And you get paid a lot of
money to do those stupid movies.

JAMAAL
Mm. The Rundown is not a stupid
movie. Have you seen it?

(CONTINUED)
SIMONE
Race to Witch Mountain is stupid.

DANY
Again with Race to Witch Mountain. Will you give it a rest?

SIMONE
It’s stupid! And so is Scorpion King and Tooth Fairy and The Game Pla-

DANY
Simone!

DWAYNE
Well that’s why I’m trying to do this. No, correction, that’s why I’m going to do this. I’m tired of making stupid money. I want to be taken seriously. Now Simmy, I don’t like that your friends at school make fun of your old man and I know you’re embarrassed about it.

JAMAAL
Girl you’re embarrassed? Shoot. Walking Tall is like my favorite movie. You were just rocking and rolling with that 2x4. Doom was a little shitty. You ever play that game?

DWAYNE
No I haven’t I -

SIMONE
He just takes the pay check. He don’t even care.

DWAYNE
Hey those pay checks are paying for that phone you have. Who are you texting during dinner anyway? Gimme that thing (reaching for the phone).

Simone pulls away.

SIMONE
No one stop!
DANY
It’s that Lambert boy, isn’t it?

DWAYNE
Who’s Parker?

DANY
Her new boyfriend.

SIMONE
Mom!

DWAYNE
New boyfriend??

SIMONE
Get out of my business, dad.

Simone gets up and marches out of the room.

DWAYNE
New boyfriend? What?

DANY
They went on a few dates. He seems like a good kid.

DWAYNE
To who?

DANY
Jamaal met him. He practically chaperone their first date.

JAMAAL
He’s a good guy. Don’t worry though man. I got the situation on lock down. I have three sisters. Nothing gets past me.

Dwayne looks at Dany incredulously.

DANY
(taking the hint)
Jamaal, sweetie, could you talk to Simone and calm her down?

JAMAAL
Alright, sweetie.

Jamaal gives a quick kiss on Dany’s cheek. Before leaving he bends down and takes a big sniff of his plate of food.

(CONTINUED)
JAMAAL
Mmm! Can you smell what The Rock is cooking? I can. I can taste it too!

DANY
Jamaal.

Jamaal heads out of the room to Simone.

DWAYNE
Simone’s dating now?

DANY
It was hardly a date.

DWAYNE
And you’re still with Jamaal.

DANY
You started dating other people before me, Dwayne. Or are you quick to forget about Sarah? And Francine? And Malikah?

DWAYNE
Okay, look. He just is so-

DANY
He’s a good guy and you know it.

Dwayne rolls his eyes and sips from his wine.

DANY
Acting classes, huh?

DWAYNE
Why is this so hard to believe?

DANY
You know I respect your life choices.

DWAYNE
Yeah I kn-

DANY
But lets be realistic, Dwayne. Your money comes from smashing bodies and breaking bones. Not jerking tears. Unless they’re tears from laughing at how bad some of your movies are.
DWAYNE
Thank you for that.

DANY
I’m just saying. You don’t have a good track record for that stuff.

DWAYNE
Not yet. I don’t like being a disappointment to Simmy. Me! A disappointment! I’m "The Rock"!

DANY

DWAYNE
...Can’t I want something? Huh? Can’t I want to change? Better myself? I get crapped on for things you guys insist I keep doing. If its not for my crappy movies then its jackasses telling me that wrestling is scripted. Obviously its fucking scripted but do you think I work out and look like this for nothing. I still take damage, you know? And I do most of my own stunts. Why am I getting shit on so much? Huh?

DANY
Dwayne, calm down.

DWAYNE
No, it’s bullshit! I’m trying to better myself here and what the hell do I get?

DANY
We should go.

Dany gets up and puts her coat on. She starts walking.

(O.S.) DANY
Simmy! Jamaal! We’re going!

Dwayne gets up and swiftly catches up to not make a scene.
INT. THE ROCK’S HOUSE FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE – EVENING

Dany opens the front door and leads Simone and Jamaal out.

    JAMAAL
    Honey, is everything okay?

    DANY
    Yeah. I’m just tired. I think that salmon got to me. Say goodbye to dad, Simmy.

    SIMONE
    Dueces.

    JAMAAL
    Really? The salmon? I didn’t even eat the thing. Hey, can I get it to go?

    DWAYNE
    Are you serious?

    DANY
    Jamaal. We’ll get food on the way home. I don’t feel good.

    JAMAAL
    Alright I’ll drive ya home. Thanks for having us, Dwayne.

Jamaal extends a hand. Dwayne shakes it.

    DWAYNE
    (genuine but sort of bitter)
    It was good seeing you. Get them home safely.

    JAMAAL
    Of course, man.

The three head to the car in the drive way.

EXT. THE ROCK’S DRIVEWAY – EVENING

A man is lurking in the bushes of Dwayne’s drive way. His face can’t be seen. He’s watching Jamaal, Simone, and Dany head to the car..

*GRITTY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF: Dwayne leaning out of his threshold waving bye. Everyone gets in a car...

(CONTINUED)
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DWAYNE
Bye Simone! I’ll see you Saturday.

The figure crouches lower in the bushes.

*GRITTY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF: Jamaal starts the car. They drive away. Dwayne stands in the door way. He seems beaten. He turns inside and closes the door...*

FADE TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S HOUSE LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Dwayne is watching Woody Allen’s Vicky Christina Barcelona. He swapped his wine for a beer. He is laying on his sofa reciting Javier Bardem’s lines quietly. Even the spanish lines. Dwayne’s house phone starts ringing. The same phone that rang earlier. Dwayne looks at it. He doesn’t want to get up and decides not to. He just looks at it and drinks his beer.

DWAYNE
(shouting at the phone)
Go away! My movie is on!

The phone rings for the last time and it beeps and leads to the machine.

DWAYNE’S VOICE ON THE MACHINE
Hey, you’ve reached Dwayne. I’m not in right now. Just leave a message at the beep and I’ll get back at ya. Thanks, bye.

The machine beeps.

VOICE ON MACHINE
Dwayne. Dwaaaaaynnnee. I know you’re home. I have a movie that you want to do. Yes it is an action movie. Yes you’re interested. Yes you’re the lead. I called earlier but you never replied. You’ll never have to work again Dwayne just pick up the phone. I’m you’re number one fan and it would be an honor for you to kick some ass in my movie.

Dwayne just looks at the machine kinda creeped out. The recording ends. It’s all too quiet in his house.

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DWAYNE
(at the phone but still a little creeped out)
I’m not interested, jackass! Go through my agent! Everyone is my fucking number one fan.

Dwayne gets comfortable again watching the movie. Immediately he starts reciting lines again.

The phone starts ringing again. Dwayne shifts in his sofa and looks at the phone like a scared kid. The rings echo throughout the house. Once again after the fifth ring it goes to...

DWAYNE’S VOICE ON THE MACHINE
Hey, you’ve reached Dwayne. I’m not in right now. Just leave a message at the beep and I’ll get back at ya. Thanks, bye.

The machine beeps.

VOICE ON MACHINE
Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson this is your final chance. You do not, I repeat, do not want to miss this opportunity because you were too proud. I’m your number one fan, Dwayne. Get off the couch. Turn off the movie. You’ll never be like Javier Bardem. Just come on, swallow that pride, and do my movie. Whadday say, huh? If not, I will replace you. And if I’m forced to replace you nobody will hear your name again. And you’ll just fade away. Just rot away like an unmarked tombstone. Dwayne. Dwaynneeee. Dwayne. Dwayne. Dwayne. Dwaynneeee!

Dwayne gets up and marches over to the phone. It keeps shouting his name at him when he lifts up the phone and...

DWAYNE
Knock it off! I’m not doing your stupid movie, you little shit. I don’t know how you got my number but I’m not doing your movie or any movie like it. I don’t know who you are but get a fucking life.

(CONTINUED)
Dwayne slams the phone down. As he stares at the phone, through the glass window behind him, in the background, the figure from before stirs. He walks past the window, his silhouette becoming more defined then ever and then he’s gone back into the darkness without Dwayne noticing.

The phone rings again and Dwayne quickly picks up the phone and...

**DWAYNE**

I said knock it off, you fucker!

Charlie Stilts, his agent, is on the phone.

**CHARLIE STILTS (O.S.)**

Woah, woah, big guy what’s the problem? It’s me! Charlie.

**DWAYNE**

Charlie did you give my house phone to some punk?

**CHARLIE STILTS (O.S.)**

What? No. Why would I do that?

**DWAYNE**

Some creep has been crank calling me. I thought you were him.

**CHARLIE STILTS (O.S.)**

No. I’m only calling your house because your phone is off, I guess. You should keep that thing turned on. Anyway guess what! Good news!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK’S AGENT’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Charlie Stilts is chilling in his office smoking a cigarette with the window open. He’s looking a piece of paper.

**CHARLIE STILTS**

I got you a gig for tomorrow. Bright and early. A real simple money in the bag thing. It’s a commercial! I think for some harty mans meal or something.

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

That sounds reall corny.

(CONTINUED)
CHARLIE STILTS
I didn’t know you were fuckin’ Marlon Brando picking his roles. My bad! Shit. This was the only commercial that didn’t involve you in a gym or wrestling something. And you know I could’ve signed you up for advertising Alvin’s Alligator Wrestling! So, you know, c’mon.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL STUDIO - DAY

A fake kitchen is the scene. A commercial film crew gather around with all the equipment. A little girl and little boy sit at kitchen table with two bowls of oatmeal. There is a very cheesy box of oatmeal with bright absurd colors called "Kickin’ Oatmeal! Oatmeal that Rox!". The director of the commercial stands off with the others.

DIRECTOR
And action!

LITTLE BOY
Mmmmm! This oatmeal is delicious!

LITTLE GIRL
Yeah! It’s so good! I want more!

Dwayne walks into the kitchen with an apron on. Shame is all over his face. He’s shirtless underneath the apron. His hulking arms are holding a bigger bowl of oatmeal. There is an awkward silence.

DWAYNE
(choking back pride)
Don’t worry, Sarah. You’ll get more of this body slammin’ nutritious breakfast. It puts your taste buds into a suplex. New Kickin’ Oatmeal: The Oatmeal that Rocks. Can you kids smell what I’m cooking?

The kids scream "Yahhhh!!"

DIRECTOR
Perfect. Perfect. Hey can you just rip off the apron and punch a hole in the table for me really quick. It’ll be our closer.

(Continued)
DWAYNE
What?

DIRECTOR
Just a quick hole. Right into the table. Thanks.

DWAYNE
Um.. I don’t -

DIRECTOR
Hey. Big guy. What’s the problem? Let’s go.

LITTLE GIRL
I got somewhere to be.

LITTLE BOY
He can’t do it. He’s not as strong as John Cena.

DWAYNE
What?

DIRECTOR
Come on! Hole! Now!

Everyone starts yelling for him to do it. Dwayne starts panicking.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE COMMERCIAL STUDIO - DAY

Dwayne barges out of the studio doors. He throws off his apron and is putting on a long sleeve t-shirt. He rolls down the sleeves. He’s marching away. Behind the stage manager is yelling for him to come back and threatening not to pay him a dime. Dwayne is humiliated as he marches off.

STAGE MANAGER
(fading in the distance)
It’s just a table!! You baby!!

Dwayne keeps on marching. He fishes in to his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He dials up Charlie Stilts and it rings, rings, rings, and goes to voice mail.

CHARLIE STILTS (O.S.) VOICEMAIL
Hi there. It’s Charlie Stilts, Showbiz Agent. I’m not here right now because I’m making some dough.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CHARLIE STILTS (O.S.) VOICEMAIL (cont’d)
You know? Haha, just messing. Leave a message though. Thanks, bye!

Phone beeps.

DWAYNE
You fucked me Charlie! You fucked me! I’m at the studio. Hearty man’s meal my ass. It’s a breakfast commercial for oatmeal. They made me look like a moron. I don’t know if there’s a failure to communicate on my part or what, but are you getting what I’m saying? Do you have any idea what it is I want?? Goddamit!

Dwayne hangs up angrily. He digs back into his pocket to put the phone away but then he feels something. He pulls it out and it’s the crumbled slip of paper that Charlie gave him. In pen is scribbled: Sylvia 235-5738. Dwayne looks at it. He takes a seat on the curb.

DWAYNE
(to himself)
You can be an actor... right? I mean how hard can it be? All you have to do is channel some emotions. And you can help me right, Sylvia? Right?

A limo passes by. The back seat window rolls down and its the little girl from the commercial. She’s drinking a smoothie with a silly straw.

LITTLE GIRL
Learn how to act, bozo! This is Hollywood!

The little girl hurls her smoothie out of the window and nails Dwayne on his shoulder. Smoothie splatters everywhere. Thunder cracks and it starts raining.

DWAYNE
Hey fuck you! I can act!

Dwayne looks at the piece of paper and calls it.
INT. PRIVATE GYM - RAINY DAY

Jason Statham runs on a treadmill. The walls of his private gym are decorated obnoxiously with posters of himself. A big screen tv is hung in front of him and is playing his movie The Italian Job. Jason is reciting his OWN lines from the movie. Jason then in the distance hears his phone ringing. He hops off the treadmill and jogs through his ridiculously large house to his phone.

JASON
Hello?

VOICE
Hello Jason Statham! How is your jog going?

JASON
(looking around)
Who is this?

VOICE
Me? I’m just an artist, really. An artist that wants you in his masterpiece.

JASON
How’d you get this number? Did Cliff give it to ya?

VOICE
(laughing)
Lets meet in person Jason. I guarantee you’ll never have to work again after you work with me.

JASON
If this is some prank caller I’m not interested, man, alright?

VOICE
No, no, no, nothing like that. I’m a professional! Just like you! You’re a star Jason and it’s high time people realize that, don’t you think?

JASON
I think people realize it just fine...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VOICE
No! Not just fine, Jason. Not fine. Please. Just come by for a quick glance at what we’re doing. It’ll all make sense. You can even tell your agent where you’ll be going but you have to come alone.

JASON
Ahh... I don’t know, mate. I’d feel a lot more comfortable about the situation if you gave me your name.

VOICE
Howard Hearst Cloak.

JASON
Where are you?

Jason listens intently. He scribbles into his palm.

JASON
Okay. I’ll be there.

VOICE
After this you’ll be the only action hero worthy of the movies.

The line goes dead. Jason looks at the phone and hangs it up softly.

JASON
(to himself)
I should call Cliffy. And tell him.

Jason looks at the phone.

JASON
But why? I mean, he’d just be holding me back... right? Right. Right.

Jason turns around heads for the door. He grabs a jacket off his couch and heads out of the house.

CUT TO:
INT. JASON’S CAR – RAINY DAY

Jason is in his beautiful sports car stuck in typical LA traffic. He keeps looking at his palm with the address written in it. The address isn’t revealed. Jason inches down the road bumper to bumper. He looks out of his window and sees big billboards towering over the highway. One of them is advertising Bruce Willis’ new movie It’s All Gun & Games and it looks positively absurd.

JASON
You’re good competition, mate. I’ll give you that much.

From Jason’s perspective a raindrop lands over where Bruce Willis’ head should be. It looks distorted.

EXT. LOS ANGELES – RAINY DAY

PAN: TRAFFIC IS BUMPER TO BUMPER AND IT’S RAINING BADLY.

PAN: JASON’S CAR GETS OUT OF THE TRAFFIC JAM AND DRIVES DOWN STREETS AND ROADS

PAN: THE ROADS AND NEIGHBORHOODS ARE GETTING SHADIER AND SKETCHIER

WIDE: JASON DRIVES PAST A TEX MEX THEMED BOWLING ALLEY CALLED "GUACABOWLIE"

Jason’s car goes a block past it to...

WIDE: CLOAK’S STUDIO

EXT. CLOAK’S STUDIO – RAINY DAY

A big big rundown looking studio sits in what one would think to be an abandoned vacant lot. There is a terrible graffiti on the sides of the walls. One of the tags says "...COPY OF A COPY OF A COPY OF A COPY OF A COPY..." The rain is coming down hard and splashing off of the slanted roof top. The perimeter of the land is fenced off with half wooden half metal gate. Trash is everywhere. There is one door on the far left that says "ENTRANCE" in bright yellow. And a big yellow 9 is above that.
INT. JASON’S CAR - RAINY DAY

Jason sits in his car. He’s parked across the street. He’s staring at the studio. He looks at his hand. He confirms its the spot. He keeps looking around for any signs of life. He notices a really black car peeking out from behind the east wall.

JASON
I guess this is the place, Jason.

Jason looks at his cellphone.

JASON
One last time to call Cliffy.

Suddenly there is a loud knocking on his window. It startles Jason. It’s just a cop, though, and Jason lowers his window.

COP
Hey you can’t park here, buddy. Oh wait! Hey! Aren’t you Jason Statham?

JASON
Yeah that’s me.

COP
You’re in that movie War with Jet Li right? Man, I love that movie. Hey you can park where ever you want man. Hell, I’ll watch the car for you if you want.

JASON
I really appreciate it but you don’t have to watch it. I should be quick.

COP
Going over to Guacabowlie for taco night?

JASON
Uh..yeah. Yep. Taco night at Guacabowlie.

COP
Nice. Me too! Hey, maybe we can get a lane together with some of my friends there. Huh? Huh?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Yeah. Just wait up.

COP
Bowling with the Transporter! Nice!
See ya in a little.

The cop pulls up the collars of his jacket and walks off into the rain for Guacabowlie. Jason watches him go and as soon as he turns the corner Jason zips up his jacket and leaves his car.

OVER THE SHOULDER: JASON

He locks it a few times and slowly trudges through the rain to the studio which stands ominously. Lightening flashes and thunder cracks in the sky. Jason, with the CAMERA, still almost too close behind him, in one long take, walks across the wet street. He trudges through the muddy front lawn area. Instead of going right to do the door marked entrance he slowly goes around the corner and looks at the nice black car sitting there. The front license plate says "RR" on it. Jason almost too soaked now heads for the studio door marked "Entrance" and as he pushes it open there is a blinding white light...

INT. CLOAK’S STUDIO - RAINY DAY

The "studio" looks like one big gutted warehouse. Iron beams hold up the ceiling. Big white lights flush out everything. There is a legit movie camera in the center. There are crew standing around each doing their own thing. A skinny really tall man is talking to a bunch of people. There is a table with various snack foods, donuts, a coffee machine, on it. Some people mill around. Some crew members eat the food. All the crew members wear black gloves. Everyone. The skinny tall man stands in the crowd. He has big bold gestures and is talking with his hands, waving them around madly. Other people talk over him. There is laughing to be heard. Jason walks in and the entrance door slams behind him. Everyone stops and looks right at him. The big skinny man is Howard Hearst Cloak, the infamous director.

H.H. CLOAK
Holy shit. Is that, yes. Sweet mary of Joseph yes. Jason fucking Statham in the building everyone!!

H. H. Cloak breaks from the crowd. He’s almost too tall to look decent. He takes long strides. He’s wearing high water pants and a shortsleeved button up. His black gloves glisten and his wavy blond hair is messy. His voice is almost
nasally and prepubescent and he’s excited like a little kid. His approach at first seems like he’s extending a hand to shake but as he hurries closer he’s going for a hug.

Jason stands confused. Very confused. Cloak grabs him in a big bear hug and lifts him off his feet.

JASON
(getting squished)
Hey. Hello. Hi there.

Cloak drops Jason onto his feet.

CLOAK
Did you find your way okay? I’m glad you decided to come. You won’t regret this, my British buddy. I guarantee it.

JASON
I’m guessing you’re Howard-

CLOAK
Where my goddamn manners, holy shit, you’re right. (extending a hand) Howard Hearst Cloak of "Cloak and Dagger Films".

JASON
Cloak & Dagger, huh? Where’s Dagger?

CLOAK
My dagger? I think I left it over by the donuts. I was done using it anyway. Come come come.

Cloak starts heading towards the crew.

CLOAK
I’m really glad you decided to come, Jason. You’re a hot commodity around here. Just look!

Cloak spins around and rips open his button up shirt. Underneath it is a black graphic t-shirt with Snatch on it.

CLOAK
Well? Well?

JASON
Yeah that’s really nice.

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
(turning back around walking
to the crew)
Now personally I thought Snatch was
an amazing utilization of your
abilities of an actor despite the
roll being predominantly a comic
straight man to everything else.
You know, Guy Ritchie is a pretty
smart guy but c’mon, you’re not a
straight man Statham. Not by a long
shot. What do you think?

JASON
Well I -

CLOAK
Exactly! You’re a hero. I was
watching your top 10 fight scenes
on YouTube and they’re fucking
ridiculous but, you know, in the
best way possible. However! They’re
not that realistic, you know?
They’re not that gritty. I mean, I
never felt like you were in danger.
There was no suspense. So this
movie, my movie, is gonna change
all of that. I promise.

JASON
What exactly is your movie?

Reaching the crew.

CLOAK
Ladies and gentlemen our leading
man has arrived! Mr. Jason Statham!

The crew respectfully applauds and cheers.

CLOAK
Felix, what time is it?

Felix is the stage manager. A tubby bearded man, gourging
his face at the snack table.

FELIX
Uh.. A little after 6.

CLOAK
Shit already? Okay. We gotta get
rolling!

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Now hang on just a minute. I didn’t agree to anything just yet, Mr. Cloak. I still don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.

H.H. Cloak looks at Jason with a piercing gaze.

CLOAK
Felix, can you bring me the bags please?

Felix waddles off towards a couple of duffle bags at the back of the studio.

CLOAK
What I’m offering you, Jason, is a chance to be the ultimate star. You’ll star in my movie systematically killing off each other action movie star of my choosing until the very end. I will film you in your endeavours and I will sell the movie, make millions, and you will get 90% of the earnings. How does that sound?

JASON
That sounds good, but -

CLOAK
No, no, hang on. You have a look on your face that says you’ve heard of me before. Perhaps my reputation precedes me. You see, it’s hard to be such a success in this world and not have that happen. Yes. I did make the movies in Germany AND Japan. Both of my leads retired and their names were in lights and still are. They’ll never die for I made it my duty to place them in the history books forever and ever and ever. And not just the Cineman books either. My movies impact everyone.

Jason looks like he doesn’t believe him... Very skeptical. Felix returns with two duffle bags. He places them on the floor and unzips one of them. In it are several DVDs, ropes, guns, and a fire axe.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLOAK
Would you like to see my work for some convincing?

JASON
Uh..yeah.

A few crew men wheel over a television set. H.H. Cloak opens up a DVD case and places the DVD into the dvd player. He fumbles trying to find the right channel and setting.

CLOAK
These things are always such a mess. I was gonna bring a VHS tape but I didn’t wanna be laughed at. Who uses those things anyway anymore, am I right? Ahah! Here we go!

The footage starts rolling and its very gritty and unstable looking. On the screen a blond burly man is fist fighting with an older stockier brunette. The blond man is bashing the old man’s face in with a pipe. It’s very clear that the footage is in fact a snuff film.

CLOAK
This is from my work in Germany. That’s Friard Heiko. A really sweet guy, really. Have you seen him in Kugel Ernahrung? He’s so good. Really. Great muscle structure, just look at him.

JASON
(watching in agony)
Oh God.. this is fucking intense. Who- who is that he’s beating up?

CLOAK
That’s Arnold Schwarzenegger. I know, I know, he’s Austrian in reality, and he mainly does movies here, but I figured, ah, what the hell! I gotta tell you, I really thought he’d hold his own.

JASON
Arnold...oh my God... the special effects are insane.

The old crew bursts out laughing.

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
Yeah they are aren’t they?

The DVD cuts off and the crew members wheel it away. Felix opens up the other duffle bag and pours it all onto the floor. A little more than half a million dollars pours on the floor in US dollars. The bills scatter across the floor and Jason bends down and picks some up.

CLOAK
That’s just some of my 10% cut from the Japanese one I did with Ken. He has all the rest. You can have this stuff. It was more, but, you know, the conversion rate from Yen.

JASON
I make a lot of money already, Cloak.

Everyone starts laughing again.

CLOAK
That’s cute, Jason. Really. Here! Let’s just sign you away on this contract, and I’ll give you this duffel bag of money no questions asked.

Felix produces a tome of a contract and places it on the table. He gives Jason a little pen.

JASON
I really shouldn’t. My agent Cliffy would be pissy and I should probably have my agent and -

CLOAK
Holy Shit. Is this Jason Statham pussying out? Oh my God... I think it is...

JASON
I’m not pussying out I just -

CLOAK
Jason... just sign it. I could always go find someone else willing to sign it. And then how awkward will it be when you’re the extra in the movie getting beat up...

Jason still doesn’t get that it’s a snuff film.

(Continued)
JASON
I bet extras don’t get paid as much, huh?

CLOAK
Not a chance. You belong in the lime light. You belong on every billboard. Not Bruce Willis and his 20th action movie. Who cares about that old fart? He peaked after Pulp Fiction and that was in 1994. It’s your turn, baby!

The crew starts chanting "Sign it!" very teenage peer pressure. Jason, looking around, not wanting to be a chump signs away his name.

CLOAK
Yes! Yes! Yes! That’s what the fuck I’m talking about! That’s it!

The crew goes wild!

CLOAK
Looks like we’re making a movie! Yeah!

JASON
(grabbing the duffle bag of money)
Looks like I’ll be going now.

CLOAK
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Don’t you wanna at least do your very first scene? I mean we basically have everything here for you.

JASON
I don’t even have a script, Cloak.

CLOAK
Felix! Get our star a script.

Felix waddles over and gives him a single sheet of paper.

CLOAK
You’ll get the rest as we go. I like to keep things fresh. Overly recited lines grow dull and tenuous. Hell, feel free to Improvise if you want.

Jason looks the script over..

(CONTINUED)
JASON
What’s the title of this movie?

CLOAK
You know, it’s currently untitled but that’s only because we’re having some logistical problems with licensing and copyright. We want something that pops without compromise I’m sure you understand.

JASON
Yeah. Yeah I understand.

CLOAK
So you wanna do your first scene right? Right? Righhhhtttt??

JASON
Yeah! Okay, c’mon. Lets do this. I’m always in the mood to make money.

CLOAK
That’s the spirit! Okay. Gorge, get that camera rolling. We’re doing scene one everyone! Places!

Everyone rushes into position, the few people that actually have duties.

CLOAK
Okay! Jason, baby, just look right at the camera and say the lines. You don’t even have to hide the script. Okay! Lights! Camera! Action!

The clapper walks in front of the camera.

CLAPPER
Starring the Rock. Scene 1. Take 1. (clap!)

JASON
I thought you said the movie was untitled.

CLOAK
Don’t worry about that. It’s just what we have. It’s like a stock title. You know, to get the good syllables that have a hard time (MORE)
being audible on film. Very technical stuff. Just read the script please.

JASON
(looking at the paper)
Hello, my name is Jason Statham.

Behind him, during his little monologue, a crew member is dragging out a man tied up in a chair. It’s out of focus behind Jason. The man has a gag in his mouth and his hands are tied behind his back. He’s struggling and making a lot of noise. The crew member drags him right behind Jason.

JASON
(looking at the camera and the script awkwardly)
You might know me from the movies. I also used to dive. But now, you’re going to know me for one thing: The Greatest Action Hero alive. So sit back, America. Don’t worry, I love you too London. Watch me kick ass. In this first scene I am going to shoot Ryan Reynolds in the head. Wait, what the fuck? Ryan Reynolds?

Ryan Reynolds is the man gagged in the chair. He starts trying to scream. Cloak is jumping with excitement. Jason turns around is freaked out.

JASON
Ryan, is that you?

Ryan starts shouting but his voice is muffled.

JASON
I didn’t know you were in this flick! Man, they start casting early, huh? Sorry they didn’t offer you the part, mate. No hard feelings, right?

The crew member that dragged Ryan there goes to the first duffle bag and searches through it a bit. He finds a .38 snubnose revolver and tosses it to Jason who fumbles with it and grabs it tightly.

JASON
This is heavy for a prop gun.

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
Yeah, uh, you know. The new ones that shoot blanks are pretty heavy. More for a realistic look, no doubt.

JASON
Yeah I agree. It does look really real.

It is but he doesn’t know it. Jason looks at the gun. Ryan Reynolds (obviously played by himself) is totally freaking out.

JASON
I’m totally glad you’re in this movie though, Ryan. I thought I was gonna have to work with a bunch of no names. Do you wanna go to Guacabowlie after this?

Ryan, in disbelief, is shouting at him but his voice is too gagged.

CLOAK
Jason! If you could just hurry. I’m sure Ryan will want to catch up afterwards. Just put the gun to head and shoot. Ryan will die. And we will all go out for taco night.

Jason puts the gun to Ryan’s head.

CLOAK
Whoa whoa whoa! Move over a little bit so we can see (he does) perfect!

JASON
(to Ryan, excitedly)
This movie is nutty! So gritty!

CLOAK
Jason! Please!

Jason, obeying, puts the gun to Ryan’s head. Ryan pleads fruitlessly. Ryan keeps moving his head out of the way and Jason presses it harder.

JASON
Over acting much? (laughing)
Jason pulls the hammer back and fires the gun into Ryan’s head. Blood splatters Jason, the floor, the crew, the camera, and Ryan, with a smoking hole in his head, tips over and crashes to the floor. The crew erupts in applause. Cloak blows up cheering. Jason traumatized just stands there. His arm is trembling. His face drips with blood and Ryan’s brain chunks.

CLOAK
Woooooohh!!! That was awesome!!
Holy Fuck. Felix, what type of round was that? Was it one of those hollow mother fuckers?

FELIX
Yeah I told you Lenny let me have a box full.

CLOAK
Holy Shit. I knew it was supposed to be cooler but wow. That was like a firework in his head. Tell Lenny thank you for me that was worth it.

Jason still stands there shaking.

JASON
W-w-w-what...

CLOAK
Good special effects, huh? Oh come on. He’s only the first scene. He’s barely even considered an action star. And definitely not a hero. I mean, did you see *Green Lantern*? I’m doing everyone a favor after that! It would be a sin not to kill the sap. (starts laughing)

Jason drops the gun and starts throwing up. Even though he’s done this a million times in his movies it’s never happened in real life. He starts crying and vomiting on the floor.

CLOAK
Oh! Booooooo! Booo! C’mon, man. Don’t pussy out now. You can walk out of here with money. Helllooo. Lots and lots of money! And, plus, the bright side, that’s an actor out of the game. Less competition.

Jason puts his hands on his knees and tries to stabilize himself.

(CONTINUED)
You signed the contract. It explains everything that’ll go down in this movie. You should really read and not get so...blinded... by your desires.

Jason, finally coming to, grabs the gun off the floor and swings around pointing the gun at H.H. Cloak’s head. He pulls the trigger three times and each time it just clicks. Jason looks at the gun in shock.

(sighing)
Well now I can’t trust you. You just shot at me 3 times. Three! I never shot at you, Jason. C’mon.

Get me the fuck out of here.

This is a typical reaction. Look, go home and think this it all over. Do you wanna come to Guacabowlie with us tonight? We’re probably gonna go right now.

What are you?

...Your boss. Your director! Your friend.

Jason throws a punch at H.H. Cloak who gets nailed in the face. Cloak stumbles backward and falls down. Immediately Cloak’s film crew springs into action and they all start pummeling Jason. Jason tries his best to hold his own but ***HE’S NOT A REAL FIGHTER! HE CANNOT FIGHT IN REAL LIFE! HE TRIES TO BE GOOD BUT FAILS AND THE FILM CREW STARTS WRECKING HIM.***

(getting up)
Alright! Alright! Lay off him. Ken did the same thing his first time. They just freak out a little bit after they see blood their first time. But then they realize they love the feeling. Like a slut when she pops her cherry. He’ll come around. They always do. Lets go, guys. Taco’s on Felix!
The crew cheers and gathers their equipment.

    CLOAK
    Jerry, keep the camera rolling a
    bit I wanna add something and then
    save that film nicely. I’ll check
    out the dailies later.

H.H. Cloak walks over to Jason who is lying on the concrete floor trying to come to. He tosses the bag of money onto Jason’s chest.

    CLOAK
    I’m a man of my word, Jason. And
    you better hope that you’re one
    too. Hey, check out the ending to
    scene 1. It’s pretty good. Neil!
    (snapping)

Jason, with his eyes, although already swelling, follows Neil, another crew member. A big hulking black guy. Neil walks over to gasoline jug and picks it up and carries it over. He starts dumping the gas on Ryan’s corpse. He then takes out a match and throws it on Ryan’s body. It ignites in flames. Cloak stands by Jerry at the camera for a little bit. He checks his watch and taps Jerry signaling to stop. The crew wraps up and leaves. They shut down the lights of the studio as they leave. The flames throw a hellish glow everywhere and Jason’s face is of pure terror as he slowly faints.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SYLVIA’S ACTING STUDIO - EVENING

It’s still raining and in another part of town Dwayne swiftly walks out of the rain through glass doors. The front lobby is a hip place. There is nobody at the front desk. He can hear ballet music as he peers down one of the halls. There are black and white posters of young up and coming actors hanging out with each other.

Dwayne, thoroughly out of his element, walks down one of the hall ways. Through glass windows he sees little girls practicing ballet. He keeps walking down. The building is very much a community establishment. Dwayne keeps going down and in the next room is a young teens acting room. Two are up there reciting lines from Death of a Salesman. A man with a black turtle neck on is listening intently.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TURTLENECK
No! No! Why would Miller write it like that? You guys are acting juvenile in your interpretations but I know you know that he has no intention in writing a sophmoric drama. So give it some life! (noticing Dwayne) Excuse me, hi. Can I help you? Are you hear to pick up your kid? Because we have five more minutes.

DWAYNE
Oh no, I’m just, uh, a little lost actually.

TURTLENECK
What are you looking for? The bathrooms are in the other direction sir.

DWAYNE
Uh.. Sylvia?

TURTLENECK
YOU have a class with Sylvia? Did you pay? Her classes are pre-arranged. It’s not a simple walk in system. This isn’t Curtain Call Theater, ya know.

DWAYNE
Yeah, I, uh, talked with her on the phone actually.

TURTLENECK
(hardly convinced)
Through the double doors at the end of the hall. Okay! (snapping back to the kids) Jenny, try standing up straight. You look like you have spinal scoliosis.

Dwayne walks away down hall. As he reaches the double doors he pushes them open to a blinding white light...

INT. SYLVIA’S AUDITORIUM - EVENING

Dwayne enters a big auditorium and humbly pulls his wet baseball cap off his head. The auditorium is a little fancier than a community theater. It has nice little seats around a hundred of them. There is a large wooden stage a
few feet higher and around ten adults sit on black chairs. At the base of the stage is a table with food: donuts, coffee, some people’s cellphones and stuff. Some are older than others. 6 women and 4 men. A very small chipper woman stands in front of them. She has short red hair and is only in her 50s. She’s giving notes and the men and woman are intently scribbling down notes. Dwayne comes up a little more and stands watching for a little bit. Eventually the red haired woman, SYLVIA, senses his presence and spins around.

SYLVIA
It’s all about harnessing that passion that I know you guys have in you! Linda, I saw some that today with your monologue from Carnage and I felt it. Something in there resonated with the inner Linda and that’s what’s most important... (turning around) Oh, Hi. Can I help you? These classes are pre-scheduled.

DWAYNE
We spoke on the phone. Charlie Stilts gave me your number. I’m Dwayne Johnson.

BARRY one of the actor students sitting down takes note of this. BARRY is an average looking bearded man. He has glasses and a sweater vest.

BARRY
Whoa! It’s "The Rock"!

All the students then perk up and start craning their necks and whispering. Dwayne’s face melts.

SYLVIA
I’m sorry, who?

BARRY
The Rock! That’s the Rock. Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson!

SYLVIA
Oh! The gentlemen that called earlier...about acting! Yes! Hi!

DWAYNE
Hi there.
SYLVIA
Don’t be a stranger, DJ. Hustle on up here and take a seat. You may feel a little behind but I’m sure you’ll catch up, hon.

DWAYNE
Oh, okay. That’s fine. Thank you.

Dwayne, nervous as all get out, slowly makes his way up the stage. He takes a seat on the far left a little farther from everyone else and he just watches Sylvia move on stage and talk. He watches with eyes of wonder and admiration. Even rapture.

SYLVIA
Okay. Well, lets take that scene from Hamlet once more. You’re a little late DJ, you know that right? I don’t tolerate tardiness. Not in my class.

DWAYNE
Yeah I was held up over at the stud-

SYLVIA
Just don’t let it happen again, DJ. Dennis and Carrie, why don’t you two pick up where we left off.

LINDA
Class is almost over, Syl. Let’s a play game with "The Rock".

DWAYNE
I don’t really like to go by that name. It’s more of a stage name.

LINDA
Well you know what Shakespeare says. The worlds and stage and we’re all -

BARRY
Yeah! Theater games!

SYLVIA
Theater games are for kids.

CARRIE
C’mon, it’ll be fun. He’s a celebrity, Syl! I wanna be able to tell my kids at home about this!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SYLVIA
Okay. Okay! Uh.. they’re called exercises first of all (laughing). Okay! This exercise will end us tonight. It’s really a simple reaction game I taught at Second City. It’s called Little League. Everyone stand up, stand up, stand up and make a circle.

Everyone energetically stands up and forms a circle. Dwayne awkwardly stays seated until people start motioning him to join in. He stands up and awkwardly shuffles his way between Barry and Carrie. Barry offers a hand.

BARRY
I’m a huge fan. Really.

DWAYNE
(shaking his hand)
Thanks I appreciate it.

SYLVIA
Okay! What I have here is a baseball (pantomiming a baseball) and we are on a little league team, okay? I’m going to throw the ball high into the sky and one of you is going to try your oh so hardest to catch it! The rest of your team is going to cheer you on as much as possible! Super excited cheering! But! The one trying to catch the ball is going to fail. And then we are all going to boo him, or encourage him. It’s really up to you. Does everyone understand?

The group cheers and Dwayne slowly claps his hands in agreement but mostly to fit in.

SYLVIA
Okay... (turning to a girl) Tasha! Here it comes Tasha!

Sylvia throws the "ball" high into the sky like an outfielder throwing in towards Tasha. Tasha, in true form, pretends with all her might to catch it. She’s looking into the sky and fixing her imaginary baseball cap. Everyone in the crowd is cheering her on. "Come on Tasha! You can do it Tasha! Come on girl! Yeah! Woohoo! etc" Tasha goes to catch the "ball" and pretends to completely miss it and then everyone boos and jeers her.
TASHA
This one is for you, Matt!

Tasha throws it toward’s Matt and essentially the same thing happens only this time Dwayne plays along. He cheers and roots for Matt and when he inevitably drops it everyone jeers and Dwayne too.

SYLVIA
Toss it here, Matt.

Matt casually tosses Sylvia the imaginary ball.

SYLVIA
Okay, DJ. This one is for you!

Sylvia pulls back and starts winding her arm up. She throws the "ball" high into the sky and everyone blows up yelling at him to go and get it.

SLOW CAMERA PAN ACROSS: Everyone yelling: "YOU CAN DO IT! YOU CAN DO IT!" etc.

Dwayne looks at the ceiling, looking for the ball, and starts running backwards for the fake ball. He starts waving his arms and everone cheers. Dwayne is loving the moment.

SLOW CAMERA PAN ACROSS: Everyone is yelling him on some more but slowly they’re faces turn into fear: "Watch out! Be careful!"

Dwayne, in his moment of committed improv, chasing Sylvia’s imaginary baseball, steps off of the edge of the stage and goes falling off of the side. Dwayne’s hulking body goes smashing through the table of food and straight to the ground. Everyone hurries over and looks over the edge at Dwayne on his back, covered in foods and splintered wood. Dwayne lifts his hand up holding the imaginary baseball.

DWAYNE
I caught it.

Everyone cheers! People jump down and help him up.

SYLVIA
Okay! I think that’s enough for today everyone. Thanks for coming out!

After helping Dwayne up they all start to leave. They wave goodbye and shake his hand. Some people take a picture with him but Sylvia shoos the rest away.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIA
I admire your commitment.

DWAYNE
(standing up)
Thanks. I’ve, uh, smashed through a few things before so it’s not too big of a deal (laughs).

SYLVIA
Whaddaya say we go get some food? We can talk about this whole acting thing you’re interested in.

DWAYNE
That sounds good to me, I’m starving. Should we just leave this?

SYLVIA
Yeah, I’m sure someone will clean it up. Let’s go! You’re driving DJ my car’s in the shop.

The two start walking out Dwayne following.

FADE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (STILL RAINING)

Sylvia and Dwayne sit at a booth in a typical restaurant. Servers walk around the place is bustling with families. Sylvia is sipping out of a margarita and Dwayne is drinking a beer. There are some chips and salsa in between them.

SYLVIA
So, "The Rock", why, uh, why did you decide you wanted to be a real actor? I mean... you make a lot of money as it is.

DWAYNE
I guess... well you see, both my dad and granddad were fighters.

SYLVIA
No kidding?

DWAYNE
Yeah, for real. Rocky Johnson and Peter Maivia. That’s basically how I got the name "The Rock". Uh..I (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE (cont’d)
wanted to do football. I played for Miami in college but...uh... I busted up my legs. And there went that career. So I went to wrestling and just kind of embraced it. Yeah so the whole fighting thing was more or less thrust upon me. I mean, I’m good at it, and I embraced it for sure. But you know, sometimes it gets old a little bit.

SYLVIA
I’ve seen you do movies not wrestling related, though. I mean they’re not amazing but they’re good popcorn flicks I think. Ya know?

DWAYNE
I guess I’m just tired of being the punchline sometimes, you know? Like, shit, other great actors don’t get shit on. They’re respected.

SYLVIA
I feel like you have someone in mind when you say that.

DWAYNE
(sorta chuckling)
I have this one idol, yes.

SYLVIA
Oooooh. Who?

DWAYNE
Javier Bardem..

SYLVIA
(claps!)
Oh! I love him! He’s so good. A true talent, really.

DWAYNE
I love him in Vicky Christina Barcelona. I recite his lines sometimes (laughing).

SYLVIA
Get out! You dont!

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
No, it’s true. It’s true. Not many people know that about me and I don’t really know why I’m telling you.

SYLVIA
I appreciate it for sure.

Sylvia starts picking at the chips inbetween them. Dwayne looks at Sylvia longily. Her eyes glimmer. She’s absolutely beautiful to him. She resonates true in his soul.

SYLVIA
(eating)
But, you know, a lot of that Javier’s greatness in that movie came from Woody Allen.

DWAYNE
Who’s that?

SYLVIA
(staring at him)

DWAYNE
I-I feel like I should be embarrassed now. My ex wife saw it in theaters and wanted it for Christmas. I, uh, bought it for her but her boyfriend got it for her already so I just sorta kept it. One day I was bored so I just put it in. It’s like the only movie I own. I don’t even like my own.

SYLVIA
Is she why you want to be a real actor?

DWAYNE
Dany? No. What? I don’t know about all that.

SYLVIA
Well when I divorced my husband some 20 years back we were living in Chicago and he tried to do everything to get me back.
DWAYNE
I don’t think its that as much as its, just, a matter of honor? I guess? Respect maybe.

SYLVIA
I think people respect you. Did you see how Barry was drooling over you?

DWAYNE
Yeah, yeah but I don’t know if its the same. I’d just be really grateful if you taught me something. I’m a good learner and its something I’m really passionate about.

SYLVIA
Well listen. I get paid a lot of money to teach. I’ve taught DiCaprio. I’ve taught Gosling. I know how to do this stuff, but don’t think I’m some savior that can make all your wishes come true.

DWAYNE
I don’t th-

SYLVIA
Because a lot of the hard work will rest on you. I’m sure as hell not going to spoon feed you. You get the same attention and treatment as everyone else in my class.

DWAYNE
Look, that’s fine I-

SYLVIA
There’s a production we’ve been preparing for at the end of the month.

DWAYNE
(hopeful)
Really?

SYLVIA
You’re not going to have a part.

Dwayne’s face drops.
SYLVIA
I’m not going to turn my production into a headliner for you. You can work backstage until I feel like you’re experienced enough. Everyone starts backstage, honey.

Sylvia looks off to the entrance her girlfriend Elliot is here.

SYLVIA
Oh! Elliot, you sweetheart. (to Dwayne) My ride is here to come pick me up. Listen, I’ll call Charlie my self and tell him you’re all set. You should go thank that man. He bends over backwards for you. Really.

Elliot appears at the table side. A slightly younger brunette woman.

ELLiot
Ready to go, Syl?

SYLVIA
(getting up)
Yes thanks baby. (they kiss, Dwayne’s face melts awkwardly) This is Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson. My new project. He wants to be a star like Javier.

ELLiot
Oh wow... really? Aren’t you...uh.. a wrestler...They don’t really act much.

Elliot extends a frail hand. Dwayne shakes it.

DWAYNE
(to Sylvia)
I thought you said you divorced your husband 20 years ago.

SYLVIA
I did. But, what, a young girl in her prime like me can’t see other people?

DWAYNE
No, I was just, that’s not what I meant I -
SYLVIA
Good evening, DJ. Come by Sunday
same time. Only two hours earlier.
And don’t lie about running late
like last time. Everyone gets
nervous.

Sylvia and Elliot walk away. Dwayne watches them while
sipping from his beer. A server walks up.

SERVER
So I suppose you’ll be getting the
check?

INT. CLOAK’S STUDIO - EARLY MORNING
The studio is pitch black. Some embers of Ryan’s corpse
still glow. Jason can be heard writhing in pain on the
ground. He’s still coming to.

JASON
...Bloody fucking hell...

Suddenly, the sound of cars pulling up outside is heard.
They’re definitely cop cars.

COP 2 (O.S.)
Hey, Roger. Check out that black
car on the side with "RR" on it.
Isn’t this place abandoned?

COP 3 (O.S.)
There is probably some shit going
on inside we should check it out.

JASON
No no no no no please no no no.

Jason tries to scramble to his feet but cannot see anything
for the life of him. Suddenly the entrance to the
studio/warehouse is swung open and long stream of light is
cast towards Jason but not quite reaching him. The cops
enter, they’re feet echoing.

COP 2
Lemme turn on the lights real
quick.

Cop 2 pulls the lever to the lights and the whole studio
illuminates. Everything is flushed brightly again and the
cops immediately see Jason. Jason’s face is nearly
unrecognizable from how badly it’s beaten. Then the cops see
the dead scorched body and the bag of money.

(CONTINUED)
COP 3
Freeze right there!

Jason hops up and bolts, but he then turns around, grabs the duffle bag of money and bolts again towards the back exit of the studio.

COP 3
I said freeze! (to Cop 2) go around the back! Get back up!

Cop 3 takes off after Jason hopping over Ryan’s body. He bursts through the back exit door gun in hand.

EXT. BEHIND CLOAK’S STUDIO - MORNING

The early morning is misty and chilly. As Cop 3 burst through the back stage door Jason was leaning against the wall. Jason immediately swings his duffle bag of money at Cop 3 as he was aiming to take fire. The bag knocks Cop 3 down and the gun fires into the metal door.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF CLOAK’S STUDIO - MORNING

COP 2
We need all units in the area at abandoned Studio 9 on -

The gunshot is heard and Cop 2 drops the receiver of the car walkie talkie and runs in the direction of the fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND CLOAK’S STUDIO - MORNING

Jason stomps on Cop 3’s wrist and starts punching him in the face. Jason yanks the glock out of the cops and hand is about to take off running when Cop 2 bursts through the metal door. Jason immediately runs and charges Cop 2 slamming him against the wall. Cop 2 drops his gun and goes for his stun gun. He pulls it out and shoots the stun gun but Jason pushes his gun in the other direction and the tazer teeth fly from the gun and hits Cop 3 on the ground who starts convulsing. Jason follows up punching Cop 2 who hits the ground hard. Jason goes to run again but Cop 3 grabs his leg and pulls him down to the ground. Jason hits the dirt and turns around kicks Cop 3 hard in the face drawing blood. Cop 2 comes up and starts kicking Jason on (CONTINUED)
the ground and Jason reaches over, grabs the baton off of Cop 3, swings around nails Cop 2 in the shin bringing him down. Now all three fight in the dirt. Jason gets up and starts pummeling the two cops with the police baton. He grabs the pepper spray off of Cop 2 and starts spraying everyone in the eyes. He covers his mouth while he does this and squints his eyes too. The cops start clutching their faces and yelling in pain. He throws the can in the duffle bag and takes off running again. As he does the sound of other cops with their sirens start nearing the studio.

EXT. STEETS - MORNING

Jason runs with the duffle bag around his back. He’s ducking down alley ways. Hopping over fences. He hails a taxi passing by and shouts his address at him. He throws the cabbie a wad of money from the bag and the cabbie tears down the road.

JASON
Hey don’t be so fucking suspicious!

CABBIE
Sorry! Sorry! Just don’t hurt me!

JASON
I’m not. I’m not.

Jason leans back into his seat and turns around seeing a bunch of cop cars turn down the street looking for him. They get smaller in the distance.

INT. JASON’S HOUSE - MORNING

Jason swings open the door and goes inside. He takes the money upstairs to his bathroom.

INT. JASON’S BATHROOM - MORNING

He drops the duffle bag in the bathroom. He undresses and gets the shower running. He just stands under the water. Steam rises. He in no way looks sexually appealing as he normally would naked. His face is bruised and battered. His body is bruised purplish. Blood runs down him and pools in the shower floor......
Jason finishes showering and stands facing the mirror. He’s totally naked. He dries his face with a small towel and leans close to the mirror inspecting his face. He takes a small razor and slices his swollen brow reducing the swelling. Blood starts pouring out. He clenches his face in pain.

INT. JASON’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jason sits on the edge of his bed. At his feet is all the money. He just looks at it and he picks it up and dumps it to the floor. The money falls out everywhere. The pepper spray can rolls out too and a cheap black cellphone falls out with it. Jason looks at his hands red from impact. He bends down and opens the phone and there is a text message that says: "Check your email."

Jason pulls out his laptop and goes onto his email on his bed. There is an email from smackdownloverWWE@yahoo.com

JASON

What kind of email...

Jason opens the downloadable video and it plays it automatically. It’s the footage of when he killed Ryan Reynolds. Jason doesn’t even flinch this time watching it. He’s watching himself. He just peers back over at the money on the floor. Jason then starts smirking a little bit and starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAK’S OFFICE

H.H. Cloak is sitting in a dark room. All over the walls are pictures of wrestlers and action movie posters. Everywhere. Action figures line the shelves. He’s watching a big television play reruns of "The Rock" wrestling. It’s an old match from the 90’s WWE Raw. He watches "The Rock" do his signature move "rock bottom" and "the people’s elbow". He watches with the same admiration and same awe that Jason watched himself with and Dwayne watched Javier Bardem with.

The cellphone rings and without looking away from the screen H.H. Cloak picks up the phone and listens.

H.H. CLOAK

So you’re ready for your next scene, huh?
EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The annual Comic Con is being held at a big convention center. Nerds dressed up in costumes funnel in and out of the building. There is heavy foot traffic. It’s a normal sunny day outside.

A black van sits on the side of the street humming.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Inside of the van Jason sits. He’s getting his face bandaged up by some of H.H.Cloak’s crew. Cloak sits in the back of the van as well facing Jason. Cloak is strapping a little wire onto Jason’s chest, under his shirt.

CLOAK
So you get a lot of chicks with this body or what?

JASON
I get my fair share.

CLOAK
(mimicking)
"I get my fair share" (laughs) Jesus man. Do you ever sound or talk like a normal human being or are you always in hard ass mode?

JASON
I like the footage you sent me.

CLOAK
Yeah? Right on. Right on. I mean, I knew you would. How’d it make you feel?

JASON
Powerful. It made me feel really powerful. Almost justified.

CLOAK
You know you’re going to be the best, right?

JASON
And if I’m not? If this movie isn’t a success?

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
Then it’ll be like most of your flops, right? No harm no foul.

Jason is down right stunned by how ruthless and maniacal Cloak is.

CLOAK
Okay! Well. Inside of that Comic Convention are three things. 1, your target. He’s towards the back. 2, some other people scattered in there to stop you and fight you. It’s okay if you kill them, to be completely honest I was banking on it so I don’t have to pay them. But on the other hand if they live I could use them again.... I don’t know! Choice is yours, hotshot. And number 3, the most important.. I have quite a few of randoms sprinkled there looking like all the other dorks and they have video cameras to film you. Also, a crew member in the security room.

JASON
So no security?

CLOAK
I didn’t say that. He’s just in there to gather the security footage of you kicking ass when your done. I like to have a lot of angles. He’s in no way stopping guards from coming down there for you. He’s just chilling. You got all that?

JASON
Where will you be when I’m done?

CLOAK
Oh as soon as you go we’re gonna take off. I’m not gonna hang around and get busted by the cops. So, you know, when you’re done, just flitter off and hide out. But don’t expect the money immediately this time. I told you, that was just a taste. You get the whole kit and kaboodle after the film is a raging success! You got that, shorty?
JASON
Just gimme my gun and lets do this.

CLOAK
Gun? Why the fuck would I give you a gun? I don’t need you going in popping off stray bullets into civilians. What the fuck is wrong with you? Are you some kind of madman? Use your hands, baldy! Now go!

Cloak swiftly kicks Jason out of the back of the van. The double doors fly open and Jason hits the street. Cloak tosses him a script.

CLOAK
Remember when and where to say your line!

JASON
Wait! Who am I going after?

CLOAK
Oh, it’s Keanu Reeves. Action!

H.H. Cloak pulls the doors shut and the van drives off...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jason just stands in the hot sun. Foot traffic walks around him. He’s wearing a very casual polo shirt with jeans and sneakers on. Very inconspicuous but you can obviously tell it’s Jason. He has no glasses on or hat or anything. He starts slowly walking over to the Convention Center.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jason enters the convention center. Almost immediately people start noticing him. They start rushing to his side and snapping quick pictures. Jason poses for some kids flashes the peace sign as he walks in.

KID
(to some other kid)
I didn’t know there was booth for In the Name of the King!

Jason keeps walking through the crowd. The convention center is multi-floored. Jason gets on a big escalator and takes it up high.

(CONTINUED)
*HANDY CAM FOOTAGE of him riding the escalator, really gritty filming--*

Jason, on the second floor, keeps walking through the tight crowd. He looks at his script and it says in very professional format: "Jason stands on Daredevil Booth and shouts to the Matrix booth: 'Hey Keanu, do you really know kung fu?'"

JASON
This is fucking ridiculous...
Daredevil booth?

Jason keeps walking through the tight crowd until he sees the Daredevil booth. Some graphic novelist is signing copies and a model is dressed like Elektra. Jason hypes himself up and runs and jumps on the booth but as he does some random guy yanks him off and sends him flying on the floor causing a scene. He’s obviously one of Cloak’s hidden men. People scatter and make a circle.

*SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of Jason rising off his knees getting ready to fight. The big man is wearing a blue fleece top and cargo shorts--*

Jason runs and jump kicks at Fleece. Fleece goes tumbling backwards into the crowd. Fleece runs back out swinging his fists and Jason swiftly kicks him in the chin and brings him down and then mounts him and starts punching his face in violently taking advantage of this one weaker opponent.

Jason turns around to climb back onto the Daredevil booth but he turns around into a Bearded guy with a switchblade. Beard starts cutting at Jason who is just narrowly dodging it. Jason grabs a toy super hero and starts attacking Beard with it. The two just brawl in the middle of the convention center. Everyone is watching and taking pictures and filming it. Jason takes the knife away and plunges it into Beard’s leg, immobilizing him. Blood sprays everywhere. He leaves the knife there.

Once again, Jason climbs onto the Daredevil stand and points at The Matrix booth across the convention center.

ZOOM IN: KEANU REEVES SITTING BEHIND A TABLE WITH THE REST OF THE CAST OF THE MATRIX

KEANU is wearing normal street clothes. He’s wearing a black button down with rolled up sleeves and black slacks. He sort of resembles his character Neo from The Matrix. His face is clean shaven.

(CONTINUED)
JASON
(pointing at Keanu and reading from the script)
Hey, Keanu! Do you really know kung fu? I’m Jason Statham, the best hero around, so prepare for my Speed for there are no Replacements. It’s time to reach your...point break? Who the hell wrote this?

ZOOM IN: KEANU FLIPS THE TABLE OVER AND WALKS TOWARDS JASON

*Security camera footage of the crowd in the convention center parts like the red sea for the two men to duke it out. *

KEANU
Get out of here, Statham. You don’t know what you’re doing. You’ve hurt too many people already.

JASON
I know what I’m doing!

KEANU
You should’ve turned him down, Jason. Cloak’s a bad man.

JASON
(getting ready to fight)
You just have to be willing to get your hands dirty. So stop being a pussy and be in this scene.

Keanu stretches and does a very intimidating kung fu stance.

JASON
(intimidated)
...Wait do you really know kung fu?

KEANU
How much did you get paid for killing Ryan Reynolds?

The crowd gasps.

JASON
(shocked)
How did you...
KEANU
There are no secrets in this business.

JASON
None you’ll be sharing anyway.

KEANU
I hope you spend all that cash. Because this scene is about to be cut short.

Jason, looking around at the scared crowd, is filled with rage. He charges Keanu ready to strike. As soon as he gets close enough Keanu, in the most epic way possible, round house kicks Jason and he goes sprawling into a comic book stand. The crowd cheers a little bit and Jason looks up embarrassed.

KEANU
What’s the matter? Did you not learn how to really fight in your movies? That’s a shame.

*Gritty shaky camera footage of the two combatants circling each other...*

They begin fighting. Jason is very much the agressor wildly throwing sloppy punches and kicks that Keanu is very easily blocking and countering. Keanu starts striking Jason with lightening fast punches. Jason is stunned and Keanu kicks him in the stomach and once again sends him sprawling backwards. Jason rolls over and starts coughing and spitting up blood.

Keanu approaches him like a figure of death walking down on his prey. Jason starts trying to crawl backwards, afraid, and the crowd starts booing and calling him a "pussy".

Keanu grabs Jason by the throat and lifts him to his feet. Keanu starts clenching Jason’s throat. People cheer in a pretty maliciious way.

Two security guards run out of the crowd and break up the fight.

GUARD 1
What the fuck is going on here, huh?

GUARD 2
Looks like these two are having a little tiff. C’mon girls. Let’s not do something you’ll regret.

(CONTINUED)
Paparazzi camera flashes start erupting.

GUARD 1
Yeah. Neo, put down the Brit. Okay?

Keanu looks at Guard 1 and drops Jason who collapses to his feet taking big gasps of air.

GUARD 1
You come with me, Mr. Reeves. Carl, take the other guy out the other way. We gotta keep these guys separated.

GUARD 2
Get up, shmuck. Let's go. You're done causing a scene.

Guard 2 grabs Jason by the collar and starts walking him out. Guard 1 has Keanu by the back of the hands and starts walking him out in the opposite direction. Jason and Keanu keep glancing back at each other. Suddenly -

Jason elbows Guard 2 in the stomach. As Guard 2 doubles over Jason grabs the pistol off his belt and starts shooting-

At that exact moment Keanu did the same thing to Guard 1 and the two start approaching each other shooting at each other. The guards are the meat shields taking each other's bullets. Blood is flying everywhere. The guards, being held up by the men, are getting riddled by bullets. They drop the mangled corpses and run at each other shooting at each other like that famous scene from The Matrix. Bullets whizz by each others heads probably whizzing into the panicking crowd nailing civilians. They're popping shots and they leap in slow motion towards each other. Grappling in mid air they fire their guns right by each others heads still missing. They collapse to the floor and jams the pistols to each others heads. Eyes locked. Most people have scattered.

*GRITTY SHAKY CAMERA of the two lying on their sides pointing guns at each other-*

JASON
You're out.

Keanu pulls the trigger. It clicks.

KEANU
So are you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JASON

One left.

Jason pulls the trigger and blasts Keanu in the face. Keanu’s head snaps backward and blood fountains out everywhere. Everyone gets splattered in it.

More security guards come charging in with guns blazing. They see the bloody mess everywhere. Immediately they start shooting at Jason. Jason turns over and holds up Keanu’s body as a shield. Blood splatters everywhere. Keanu is getting turned into swiss cheese. Blood and smoke fill the area of Jason. There is a reprieve from the shooting. Jason tosses the body at the guards and makes a mad dash through the convention center. The guards start chasing him through and shooting everywhere. Jason is just narrowly dodging bullets. Comic book stands get shot up. Booths get shot up. Food stands get shot up. Jason just runs through the center. He runs up the stairs again...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Gun shots still being heard, people are scattering out of Jason’s way. A guard comes up to Jason brandishing his gun. Before he can pull it out completely Jason grabs the gun, head buts the guard, and shoots him in the head. As guards file up the escalator Jason runs backwards just shooting. He misses mostly but he gets a guard at the front in the throat who stumbles backwards and knocks down the others. Jason turns and keeps running. He sees a door that says "EMERGENCY EXIT" and smashes through it. The fire alarms starts whirring...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Jason runs out into the daylight. He’s on some roof of the third floor. The rest of the convention center still towers above him. AC units sit around and he starts running and jumping over them. He spots a fire escape near the back of the building. Behind him, the cops break through the door and keep shooting. Jason runs and runs and runs and descends down the rusty fire escape. The ladder isn’t down, though, so he leaps from the fire escape to the alley ground.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jason runs through the alley and out in the middle of the street. A car comes to a screeching stop and lays on the horn but its too late. The car hits Jason with a thud, cracking the windshield. Jason goes tumbling off the hood. The driver gets out.

(CONTINUED)
Driver
Oh my God! Are you okay?? I didn’t even see you. You came out of nowhere! You came out of fucking nowhere. Let me get help. Let me help.

Jason gets to his feet and clutches his head. He looks back at the convention center behind him.

Jason points in the opposite direction of the convention center.

Driver
But the hospital is right around the block.

Jason yells this and starts coughing up blood. And some teeth. The driver is freaked out beyond belief.

Driver
Okay. Okay! Get in. Lets go!

Jason climbs into the back seat and lies down hiding from the window.

Driver
Shit man. You look terrible. Did I do that? God...

Jason nods in and out of consciousness.

Driver
Hey man, don’t pass out! Where the fuck do you live??

Jason
1532 Greendale Ave..

Driver
Wait, like by Beverly Hills? Are you a celebrity or something?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
....yeah....

Jason closes his eyes and passes out. The driver freaks out and speeds off...

INT. THE ROCK’S AGENT’S OFFICE - DAY

Dwayne slowly enters Charlie’s office with a box of donuts. Charlie is on the phone and he sees Dwayne enter.

CHARLIE STILTS
Hang on, I’ll call you back.
(hanging up phone) Dwayne? What are you doing here? I thought you were going down to the comic book convention for some autographs and shit. Gotta smoosh with the fans, you know?

DWAYNE
John is doing it instead. So I decided to come up here with some donuts for my man and thank him!

CHARLIE STILTS
For what?

DWAYNE
Sylvia, man! Sylvia! She’s great, man. Really. I can just feel like I’m gonna learn so much from her and her students love her, Charlie. You know we went to get -

CHARLIE STILTS
Easy easy easy! Slow it down there, man. Don’t think I forgot about that pissed off voicemail you sent me. And you made me look like a freaking idiot when you walked out on the commercial. You owe me you know? I want an apology.

Dwayne, actually infatuated with Sylvia, puts the box of donuts on the desk and plops in the seat across. He sighs.

DWAYNE
Dude. She’s amazing. So fun! So real! We played a theater game where we had to -

(CONTINUED)
CHARLIE STILTS
You know she’s a lesbian? And in her 50’s.

DWAYNE
I don’t think age is much of a problem...

CHARLIE STILTS
What about her being a lesbian?

DWAYNE
I’ve converted before. Well almost. I think have the capability to. I’ll try that’s for sure! Gah, I can’t wait to learn from her. Really. I can just feel my skill as an actor improving. Really! Already. You know I –

Suddenly Gladdys bursts through the doors in tears!

GLADDYS
Turn on the tv! Turn on the tv!

CHARLIE STILTS
What’s wrong? Gladdys!

Gladdys grabs a remote and turns on the tv to the news.

DWAYNE
What’s going on?

The news shows helicopter footage of the LA Convention Center that Jason was just at. The news then cuts to a camera shots of the gore and bodies in the building and the dead cops lying around. It’s a news report.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Famous actor Jason Statham reportedly went on a shooting spree at the Comic Con downtown in the Gregaldi Convention Center. The body of other actor Keanu Reeves was found among other dead security guards and wounded civilians. Witnesses say it was crime of jealousy but the question of what still remains.

DWAYNE
Oh my god... I could’ve been there... John was there! He took my spot!

(CONTINUED)
CHARLIE STILTS
What the fuck...

GLADDYS
I don’t know what happened!
(sobbing)

She starts crying on Dwayne’s shoulder.

CHARLIE STILTS
Gladdys, where is Cliff? Does he know?

GLADDYS
He went to Jason’s house. He figured Jason would return home and he thinks he can to talk to him and straighten out all of this stuff.

DWAYNE
He’s going to his house? Hey, if Jason just shot up a convention center I don’t think he’s very safe.

Dwayne’s cell phone starts ringing. Gladdys stands up and cries to Charlie and Dwayne picks up the phone -

DWAYNE
It’s Dany. Hold on.

Dwayne answers the phone.

DWAYNE
Hey, it’s me. I’m alright. I’m alright. I didn’t go today.

Dwayne goes out into the hallway, on the other line just a lot of crying and panic talking is heard.

DWAYNE
Dany, I’m fine. I’m fine! I know, it was bad. Oh God.. tell Simone I’m fine. You guys gotta stop crying. I know. I know. I was scared too. I’m with Charlie. Okay. I gotta call John. Alright. Send them my love. Bye.

Dwayne starts dialing for John Cena.
Dwayne!

Dwayne leans back into Charlie’s office.

CHARLIE STILTS
I’m going to take Gladdys home. She’s a wreck. Go home.

DWAYNE
Alright, Charlie. Everything will be okay, Gladdys.

She keeps crying. They get ready to leave and hurry out past Dwayne down the hall. Dwayne stays in the hall and calls John Cena.

DWAYNE
John! John, dear God, are you alright man?

JOHN CENA (O.S. THROUGH PHONE)
Dwayne! Yeah. I’m fine. I’m fine. Shit was mad crazy though, man. He was fucking capping people. It was nuts. I’ve never seen anything like it. Blood everywhere.

DWAYNE
Oh God. What a fucking lunatic.

JOHN CENA (O.S. THROUGH PHONE)
Yeah man. It was fucking planned. Like, he b-lined for Keanu Reeves. Like, like, like it was a mission or something. Like a fucking job.

DWAYNE
Jesus Christ.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. JASON’S BATHROOM - DAY

Jason is in his bathroom with his arms ductaped behind him. He’s slumped over in his shower. His legs are ductaped together and he has ductape on his mouth. The DRIVER that he got into the car with stands above him. Jason is all bloodied up and still unconscious. The DRIVER has his two buddies with him, LUKE and AMAR. LUKE is tall skinny guy with a beard. AMAR is broadshouldered and has weird balding comb over. AMAR has a shotgun in his hands and LUKE is holding a shovel.

(CONTINUED)
LUKE
Well, uh, shit. What the fuck did you do?

DRIVER
I, uh, he... I hit him with my car. But then got in and told me to drive him here and he wouldn’t press any charges. But, then I recognized him from the movies! Jason fucking Statham. And then on the news!

AMAR
He’s the fucker that shot up the place.

DRIVER
Exactly! So I thought, well shit. We can do something with this.

LUKE
Wait. Hang on. Herm, goddamn it. Don’t you think the cops will be here right away? Huh? Don’t you fucking think that the first place they go to will be the murderer’s house? What the fuck were you thinking???

HERM
Oh shit... I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize! I, uh, I panicked!

LUKE
You’re gonna get us all busted. If the fucking cops come in here and see us with this guy...

HERM
We can be heros!

LUKE
And then when they do a background check on us??

AMAR
We gotta move him.

AMAR
We should take him to Mad Jack’s Dump. The cops know that’s not their territory.

HERM
Fuck Mad Jack. I’m not going to that guy. He’s a psycho.

LUKE
We don’t have much a fucking choice. Amar, pick this murdering scumbag up. Herm. We’re taking your car.

HERM
We can’t take my car. There’s blood everywhere. And the windshield is busted. We gotta take your car.

LUKE
Fuck. Okay. Amar lets go. Herm, clean this place up.

EXT. JASON’S HOUSE DRIVEWAY – DAY
Cliff Dirks is in his car. He’s pulling up into Jason’s drive way. In the drive way is a big rusty jeep (Luke’s) and Herm’s busted up sedan. Cliff doesn’t recognize either of the cars...

CLIFF DIRKS
Oh.. Jason.. What did you do...

Cliff sees the front door open slightly and he drives around the corner maneuvering his car behind a fence and out of sight. Out of the door comes Amar holding Jason over his shoulder. Luke looks around suspiciously and swings open the back door of the jeep. Cliff gets out of his car and sneaks up to the fence to watch.

CLOSE UP on JASON: Jason slowly comes to as he’s being jostled around and placed in the car.

Herm goes to the front door...

HERM
Guys! Guys! I was looking for sheets to clean the mess, and I found a big duffle bag of money in his room. Come check it out!

(CONTINUED)
Luke and Amar shut the jeep door and run after Herm into the house. Cliff peaks out a little bit and slowly, crouched, makes his way from car to car up to the jeep. He peeks through the window and sees Jason writhing in the tape now awake.

CLIFF DIRKS
Oh Jesus Christ what the hell happened...

Cliff opens the car door and takes his car keys and starts cutting at Jason’s taped feet. He takes the tape off his mouth.

CLIFF DIRKS
They really did a number on you, huh?

JASON
....ugh.....

CLIFF DIRKS
Do they put you up to this? Were you forced to do this? What happened man? C’mon lets get you to a hospital.

Cliff pulls Jason out of the car and onto his feet. Cliff turns him around and starts carving at his hands. Jason faces the front door... groggy eyed. Cliff, behind Jason, is carving at his wrist tape. Amar approaches the front door with the shotgun.

AMAR
Step away from the actor.

Cliff stops and looks at Amar over Jason’s shoulder.

JASON
Just let us go.

AMAR
Now why would I go do that?

CLIFF DIRKS
Who the fuck is this guy, Jason?

JASON
I don’t know.

AMAR
I guess another body doesn’t really make a difference.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Amar goes to blast the two with his shotgun but Jason flings open the jeep door absorbing most of the shot gun blast. Then Jason and Cliff swiftly leap behind the busted Sedan and crouch low.

**AMAR**
Goddamn it! My fucking car. You’re gonna get it now, asshole.

Amar cocks the gun again and shoots at the sedan. Silence..

Behind the Sedan crouch Cliff and Jason. Jason motions Cliff to go to the jeep but Cliff shakes his head scared. Jason nods. Cliff shakes. Jason pushes Cliff out from cover and Cliff dives behind the jeep. Amar turns to shoot Cliff but Jason slides across the hood of the car and grabs the gun. The gun fires into the jeep again and Jason heads but Jason and then smashes the gun across his face like a baseball bat.

**LUKE (O.S.)**
Amar! Amar! You okay! I’m coming!

As soon as Luke crosses the threshold into the sunlight of the drive way Jason fires his gun from the waist and just blasts Luke back into the house. Blood flies from inside the house all over the white cement of the driveway.

Cliff comes out from behind the jeep. Jason turns around to see Amar getting to his feet. Jason shoots him in the side. Amar goes rolling down the driveway his blood and guts trailing behind him.

**JASON**
I think that’s it...

**CLIFF DIRKS**
No. There is a guy upstairs. He said he found your money.

**JASON**
Oh shit!

Jason runs back into the house with the shotgun locked and loaded.

**JASON**
(pointing to Luke’s body)
Grab his gun.
INT. JASON’S BEDROOM - DAY

Herm is on his knees going through the dufflebag and then going through other drawers.

HERM
(to downstairs) Is everything okay, Luke??! Help me search some more! I heard some gunshots! Is everything okay! Oh God....

Herm doesn’t hear Jason come upstairs. Herm is too busy but behind him comes Jason through the door with the shot gun loaded. Jason sneaks up slowly and puts the shotgun to the back of his head.

JASON
Guess what I did for that money.

Herm stands frozen. He lifts his hands up.

HERM
You...you...you... killed somebody... didn’t ya?

JASON
Yeah. And I’ll do the same to keep it.

HERM
Pl-

Before Herm can finish his plea for mercy Jason fires the shotgun into the back of Herm’s head. It explodes everywhere covering the entire room with brain and skull chunks. Herm’s headless corpse falls forward on Jason’s bed. Jason crouches down and starts putting all the money into his duffle bag and he zips it all up and stands up.

CLIFF DIRKS
Jesus Christ... Jason, what the hell...? You killed for that money?

JASON
I was acting. It’s my latest roll.

CLIFF DIRKS
(looking at him scared)
Cloak.

Jason, in one swift motion, puts the dufflebag strap over his shoulder and shoots Cliff in the chest with the shot

(CONTINUED)
gun. Cliff flies backwards into the book shelf. Jason goes up to Cliff’s bloodied body. Cliff clenches his stomach and coughs up blood. Jason grabs the pistol from his hands and the car keys from his pocket.

JASON
I’m sorry, man. You were good. Really. But... I won’t need you anymore. It’s nothing personal. Its just showbiz, baby.

Jason points the pistol to Cliff’s head. But then decides to leave without shooting him.

EXT. JASON’S HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jason walks out of his house and opens the garage. He goes inside the garage and grabs a can of gasoline. He then walks back into the house.

INT. JASON’S HOUSE - DAY

Jason showers the floor with gasoline and the stairs too.

EXT. JASON’S HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

He makes a trail from the house to the cars in his driveway. He douses those too. He listens and hears sirens approaching. Jason shoots the almost empty gas can. It ignites and an orange flame travels along the river from car to car to inside the house. Jason hurries into Cliff’s car and starts it.. As he drives off all the cops turn the corner to Jason’s driveway not noticing the burning cars. Too many cars pile up for them to all back away smoothly and the Sedan and Jeep explode creating a huge wreck as the firey car flies into the street separating the police from Jason driving away.

INT. CLIFF’S CAR - DAY

Jason speeds along the road swerving between cars and down alleys. The duffel bag is in the passenger seat and Jason fumbling with the cellphone that Cloak gave to him. He dials the number.

CLOAK (O.S.)
You’re still alive! That’s awesome!

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Yeah. I was almost killed by some fucking kidnappers. I had to kill Cliff.

CLOAK (O.S.)
Aw. What a shame. Look, I’m watching you on the news right dude. You’re in a lot of trouble you know that?

JASON
I know I’m in a lot of fucking trouble! You put me in this fucking trouble!

CLOAK (O.S.)
Haha! Easy, tiger. You’re doing swell. Where are ya headed?

JASON
I don’t know. I have nowhere to go that’s not crawling with cops. Why don’t you just give me the next target and I’ll just fucking do it now.

CLOAK (O.S.)
I admire your enthusiasm but we’re not ready for that yet, kiddo.

JASON
Don’t call me that.

CLOAK (O.S.)
Ouch. Okay. I’ll tell ya what... Have you lost the cops yet?

JASON
Yeah, I lost them a few streets back.

CLOAK (O.S.)
Okay.. Come to my place. It’s kind of hard to find. I’ll direct you hehehe.
INT. THE ROCK’S CAR - DAY

Dwayne drives home. On the news is the report about Jason. He turns off the radio.

DWANYE
Shoulda quit the action biz... Shit gets to your head.

Dwayne pulls into his house. In his drive way is Dany’s car. Standing outside of it is Dany.

EXT. THE ROCK’S DRIVEWAY

Dwayne gets out of his car. Dany is waiting by her car. She’s a wreck.

DANY
(running to Dwayne)
Oh God! I was so scared!

DWAYNE
Hey, hey, hey, it’s fine. I’m fine.

DANY
I was so afraid I was going to have to tell Simone something terrible.

Dany starts crying into Dwayne’s chest.

DWAYNE
Dany, I’m fine. John took my place today but he’s fine too. Everything will be okay. I’m alright. I’m alright.

Dwayne hugs her closely.

DWAYNE
Simone’s not scared is she?

DANY
(wiping her eyes)
I turned off the radio as soon as I could... I think you should lay low for a while.

DWAYNE
What do you mean?
DANY
Today Keanu Reeves was killed.

DWAYNE
I know that.

DANY
They found the body of Ryan Reynolds too. Apparently he was murdered a few days ago.

DWAYNE
Who’s Ryan Reynolds?

DANY
That actor that played, uh, The Green Lantern. He’s in that movie you like with the chubby kid?

DWAYNE
That guy is Ryan Reynolds?? He’s dead??

DANY
The police found his body near where Celina lives. They think it’s tied to what happened at the Convention Center today.

DWAYNE
What do you mean? Like an actor hitman?

DANY
Not just actors. Action hero actors.

DWAYNE
You’re making leaps and bounds.

DANY
Am I? Am I? Why would that be so hard to believe?

DWAYNE
We live in California! I’m in show biz! There are crazy crimes happening all the time. Two actors were killed.

DANY
Not just killed. Like, murdered. Like they were chosen to get killed
DANY (cont’d)
and then that Statham guy killed them!

DWAYNE
Statham killed Ryan Reynolds?

DANY
Well I don’t know. The report didn’t say that but it’s not that much of a stretch is it?

DWAYNE
Dany, I’m not going to stop my life just because two guys were killed. The cops probably have Statham as we speak.

DANY
What if you go out there and something terrible happens?

DWAYNE
It won’t.

DANY
Well what if?

DWAYNE
Then something terrible happens. I don’t know what you want me to tell you! Why me?? Why in the world do you think it’ll be me?? I’m nothing compared to who really should be worried. I’m small league. Small fry. I’m safe now, though. Okay? And I’ll be safe.

Turns around and walks back to car.

DWAYNE
Dany, I’m not going to let some chaos take away my life. You gotta be strong. Who even cares about me anyway? I don’t do action movies anymore! And my movies aren’t anywhere as good as Keanu’s! The Matrix? C’mon. I’m not even on the radar.

DANY
Just be safe, Dwayne. Okay? You’re still Simone’s father.
DWAYNE
I’ll be fine.

Dwayne closes the car door for Dany and she drives off.

EXT. CLOAK’S HOUSE – AFTERNOON

PAN: ACROSS H.H. CLOAK’S MASSIVE MANSION ESTATE

There are absurd fountains and columns that hold nothing. Jason, in Cliff’s car, driving pulls up along the long long long drive way...

INT. CLIFF’S CAR – AFTERNOON

Jason drives slowly looking at all the weird mansion things he’s passing. The estate is like a weird carnival from another land. Random iron workings stretch in tangled masses from the ground. There’s a carousel spinning backwards and instead of animals it has kids on all fours. The low orange sun casts a hellish hue on everything distorting faces and shadows...

Jason drives past three giant iron crosses with a man being crucified on each...

Jason stops the car in front of the house. There is a large staircase leading up to the front door. H. H. Cloak comes out of the front door and leans against a column.

EXT. CLOAK’S HOUSE – AFTERNOON

The sun is a deep orange in the sky. The whole scene looks surreal.

CLOAK
Took you a while.

JASON
I had trouble finding the place.
You’re not on GPS.

CLOAK
Yeah, I like it that way. It cost a lot of money to hide from the satellites but I think its worth it. You know why?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Why?

CLOAK
Because I can go find anyone, really. That’s easy for me. But when people come to me.. that means they’re truly lost.

Jason stands silently. He looks around.

CLOAK
(laughs) Come on in! I was gonna make some popcorn and watch Smackdown!

INT. CLOAK’S MANSION — AFTERNOON

Jason and Cloak enter the mansion and Jason is immediately taken aback. The floor is a deep white ivory and the ceilings shoots up high. There is an echo.

CLOAK
The crew is somewhere around here.

JASON
They live with you?

CLOAK
Most of the time, yeah. I like to keep them close. And they get free room and board so they don’t really complain, you know? Anyway! So.. (laughs) you burnt down your house in a dire escape.

JASON
How’d you know?

CLOAK
Bro, c’mon. Don’t be stupid. You’re our star! We never take our eyes off of you. (noticing Jason’s confusion) Don’t be so creeped out by the place. All that shit outside is just artwork some friends made.

JASON
Friends? You have friends?
CLOAK
Fuck you, man. I run with a very elite group of artists. We just chill around cafes and drink coffee. I’m fucking kidding, man. But I do like coffee. You want some?

JASON
I just want to know my next target.

CLOAK
I’ve decided to not allow that term anymore. "Target". "Targets" are for hitmen. We call them scenes. We’re professional.

Cloak leads Jason into a huge living room area with a massive sofa sitting in front of a giant plasma screen tv. Running on the tv is WWE’s Smackdown.

CLOAK
Sick tv, right? Got it from a film I did in Japan. They called it "The Citizen Kane" of Japanese cinema. Pretty sweet, right?

JASON
With all due respect, Cloak, I don’t really fucking care. I just want to do my next "scene", get my money that you promised, and get far, far away. I lost my fucking best friend because of you.

CLOAK
I don’t remember me telling you you had to kill Cliffy.

Cloak leans backwards over the spine of the couch and plops into the cushion, laying on his back.

CLOAK
Shit this sofa is nice.

JASON
I lost my house!

CLOAK
I don’t recall telling you to do that either. Look, we’re gonna have dinner here soon. We’ll talk about it then. Go over there to the (MORE)
CLOAK (cont’d)
intercom and buzz those fuckers
saying that dinner should be ready
soon. We’re having turkey. I think
we’re having turkey. My cook said
we’d be having turkey. Or did he
say duck? It was a bird. (pointing
to the wall intercom) Go on, Jason
boy. Go! Over there!

Jason looks at the intercom. He starts to walk towards it.
His footsteps echo loudly.

CLOAK
(O.S.)
Wait!! He’s coming out! Shut up
shut up!

Jason turns around and Cloak is sitting like a little kid on
the edge of his seat. On the giant plasma television it
shows Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson coming out from behind a
curtain to fight as he does in Smackdown.

CLOAK
This is an old episode. I think its
when he calls out CM Punk. Its one
of my favorites.. Just look at how
he commands the stage! My god....

JASON
The Rock -?

CLOAK
No, the fucking referee, yes The
Rock! Now hush up.

JASON
You know that’s all scripted right?

Cloak stops moving and slowly turns his head towards Jason.
He looks back at the tv without a word.

CLOAK
These guys are, like, the fucking
gladiators of America, you know?
Look at that showmanship. That
fucking pageantry. That’s what you
need, Statham. Pageantry.

Jason presses the intercom:

(CONTINUED)
JASON
(into the intercom)
Dinners almost ready. It’s bird.

Jason turns around and Cloak is up right behind him with his arms crossed. He startles Jason.

CLOAK
I think you need some pageantry too.

JASON
What the hell are you talking about?

CLOAK
You wear a fucking suit in every movie. It’s stupid. You wore this shit today didn’t you?

JASON
What’s wrong with this?

CLOAK
It’s really not threatening. It holds no weight. If I saw you trying to kill me in that I’d think you were a lost angry tourist.

Before Jason can respond crew members start coming down the stairs and head towards the kitchen.

CLOAK
We’ll talk about it over dinner. C’mon. This way.

They start to follow the crew members.

CLOAK
I think we’re having Turkey.

INT. SYLVIA’S AUDITORIUM – EVENING

Dwayne enters the auditorium with a notebook, a pencil behind his ear, and little reading glasses. He’s totally ready to learn how to act. However, the auditorium is empty and Sylvia sits on the edge of the stage swinging her legs. She lights up when she sees him.

SYLVIA
Hey! You’re not 2 hours late!
DWAYNE
(looking around)
Am I two hours early?

SYLVIA
No, I canceled today’s class.

DWAYNE
Oh, should I get going?

SYLVIA
No, no! We gotta catch you up anyway, mister. I’m making you my special project. Come on up here!

Sylvia stands up and Dwayne climbs onto the stage.

DWAYNE
Am I gonna break another table today or what?

SYLVIA
I hope not. Here. Its an excerpt from a play I wrote myself.

DWAYNE
You write too?

SYLVIA
Yep! It’s nothing big really. Okay. I’ll be Vanessa Marie and you be Marshall. Okay? Start from your third line down. Don’t be nervous I just wanna see your natural reaction to dialog.

Dwayne looks at the script. And at Sylvia. And at the script. He straightens his glasses.

SYLVIA
Cute glasses by the way.

DWAYNE
Thanks. I got them from -

Sylvia clears and her throat and points at the script. Dwayne begins reading the lines. He’s not terrible but it’s kind of awkward to watch.

DWAYNE
"Marie, you can’t live out there like that. You’re not that type of girl. Where did you get that idea?"

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIA
You’re supposed to have a southern twang, hon.

DWAYNE
Oh, shit. Okay, uhh...

Dwayne repeats the lines in a southern twang. It’s god awful.

SYLVIA
We’ll just do it without an accent.

INT. CLOAK’S DINING ROOM – EVENING

Cloak and Jason enter the dining room area and it looks like some kid’s game room. The food is set up buffet style and the crew members pile their plates high with food and then walk around and plop on a couch. Some people play billiards, some throw darts, foosball, table tennis, and, once again, there is a huge television, only this time they’re playing video games on it. Decorating the walls are action movie posters. The Matrix, Die Hard, Payback, The Rundown, Terminator, Hardboiled, Pointbreak, The Transporter, Mission Impossible, Bad Boys, etc.

Cloak grabs a plate and starts slopping food onto his plate.

CLOAK
(shouting to crew)
Is this Turkey or duck??

RANDOM CREW MEMBER
(O.S.)
Its fucking chicken!

CLOAK
(to Jason)
We can pretend its duck. (doing a very offensive Asian impression) Me Chinese, me eat duck. Howwahhhhh.

Jason just looks at him.

JASON
You have a lot of fucking problems, mate.

CLOAK

(CONTINUED)
Cloak walks through the dining area stuffing food into his mouth. Jason follows with a much smaller plate of food.

CLOAK
Like I was saying, you need more pageantry. So I was thinking... for this next scene you’ll have a costume!

Cloak opens a door at the other side of the room and Jason and him enter —

INT. CLOAK’S HOME STUDIO - EVENING

H. H. Cloak’s home studio is a big white studio room. Classical music plays. The door slams behind them. The room is harshly lit and there are all of his other artist friends lying around and being "artistic". There is a big canvas that’s not painted at all and girl with a half bald half pink hair stands in front of it. She’s covered in paint as if she’s done anything.

PINK
(without looking at Cloak)
How do you like it? I call it...
"Nefarious".

Cloak looks at it. Then at Jason. Then, with a mouth stuffed with food, he gives a thumbs up and rolls his eyes.

CLOAK
(stuffed mouth)
Mm. Its great. Really.. thought provoking.

The two keep walking and stepping over drugged out artists. Graffiti is on the wall in random areas. They pass a big fat guy taking pictures of the floor.

JASON
What’s that guy doing?

CLOAK
Silas! What are you doing?

SILAS
I stomped on this rat and now I’m taking pictures of it in its last moments of life. I’m gonna call this album "The Berlin Wall".

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK (passing him)
Whatever the fuck that means.

They walk on.

INT. SYLVIA'S AUDITORIUM - EVENING

CLOSE UP: on Dwayne. His lips are quivering. He’s trying hard to cry. Trying really hard. But nothing is happening.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
C’mon. Have you never cried in a movie?

DWAYNE
I don’t cry in my movies.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
Oh sorry, Mr. Johnson. Forgive me. Whens the last time you cried in real life?

DWAYNE
Uh...shit. I think the first time i watched Vicky Christina Barcelona. It was the same day I heard my daughter say she was glad to be living with my ex wife. And I, uh, I felt fucking useless.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
Why?

DWAYNE
Because I’m supposed to provide and I failed as a husband and as a father. I’m supposed to be the big man. The hero. The man of the house.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
And they didn’t you, huh?

DWAYNE
They still don’t need me.
SYLVIA
(O.S.)
Well then go back to then.

DWAYNE
I’d rather not.

SYLVIA
(O.S.)
How is any audience member going to empathize with you when I can’t even empathize with you. Give me a reason to do that! C’mon!

DWAYNE
I don’t know... I just don’t know if I can grab onto that.

SYLVIA
(O.S.)
Try. Just try. Think back to that. Think of all the emotions you’ve felt. Think of how much she meant to you. C’mon. I know you have it in there somewhere.

Dwayne closes his eyes tightly. Seconds past. His face relaxes a little bit. Syvilia looks hopeful.

SYLVIA
(whispers)
It’s okay. Being able to cry is a beautiful thing, you know that? To be an actor is to be damaged. You can do this. Let me cry with you.

Sylvia gives Dwayne a big hug and buries her face into his chest. She starts crying really hard. Dwayne opens his eyes. He hasn’t shed a tear. Now he just stands there while Sylvia sobs into his chest.

DWAYNE
I-I uh... I couldn’t cry...

Sylvia just sobs harder. Dwayne slowly puts his arms around her.

WIDE SHOT: The two just embracing in the big empty auditorium. Sylvia’s cries echo.

SYLVIA
That felt good. Didn’t that feel good?

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
Uh, yeah. Yeah it did.

SYLVIA
That took a lot out of me. Let's go get some food. I know a good place.

Sylvia hops down from the stage and grabs her coat off a chair. Dwayne still stands there.

DWAYNE
But we just started tonight.

SYLVIA
Uh... your homework is to cry!

DWAYNE
(laughing)
But I paid for this class.

SYLVIA
Hey, it'll buy me dinner. Let's go. Unless you don't wanna buy a distraught lady something to eat.

DWAYNE
Okay, okay, okay, I'm coming.

INT. CLOAK'S MASSIVE CLOSET - EVENING

Jason stands with Cloak in a big closet. Outfits hang on hangers that cover the walls. There are women clothes mixed in. Cloak has his hands on his waist, and he stands looking at something off screen. Jason stands with him. He's very confused.

CLOAK
Now, seriously, I think it'd be fucking hilarious if you wore this for your next scene.

JASON
Fuck no. I'm not going to wear that. What is it?

CLOAK
What do you mean was it? It's a fucking frog, man!
ZOOM IN: There is a big frog mascot hanging up. It’s a big fluffy green mascot costume. The head is a big frog head with googly eyes and a big circle for the person’s face. The long green legs have fluffy webbed feet. The hands are only slightly webbed. It’s absurd looking.

JASON
I know it’s a bloody frog, mate. I’m not gonna wear it. A) It looks retarded. B) I’d get fucking killed in that thing. I wouldn’t be able to run anywhere. C) The visibility with that mask is impossible. and D) It looks bloody retarded.

CLOAK
Yeah but it’d be hilariously ironic. Well, I mean, I think it’d be. And on second thought, I think that’s all that matters. I also think you don’t really have a say in the matter.

JASON
But why? How would it be hilariously ironic?

CLOAK
Haven’t you ever seen Magnolia?

JASON
Steel Magnolias? Yeah, sure but -

CLOAK
No, just Magnolia... by Paul Thomas Anderson? No? Fuck man. What? Were you born under a barn?

JASON
You mean under a rock? Or in a barn?

CLOAK
No. I mean under a - look, just wear it. It’d be funny. I promise.

JASON
Okay... when?

CLOAK
Tonight!
EXT. BARKIE’S – EVENING

Barkie’s is a fancy restaurant. It’s snug between two buildings and has a little awning with “Barkie’s” written in golden cursive. It’s the hottest hang out for movie stars and stuff. Cars pass by, some valet parkers take the cars of guests. Fancily dressed couples walk in and out hand in hand. Cameras and stuff go off, the paparazzi is legit waiting outside to snap photos of celebrities.

INT. BARKIE’S – EVENING

Dwayne follows Sylvia through the restaurant past fancy celebrities and such. They follow a posh waiter.

SYLVIA
(to Dwayne)
This is the hottest place in the city! All of the big time movie stars come here to eat. And that’s you.

DWAYNE
I’ve actually never been here before. You excited?

SYLVIA
Please, I’ve been here abazillion times. I did shots with Richard Gere, once.

DWAYNE
Who’s that?

SYLVIA
Uh.. Nevermind.

POSH WAITER
Here is your table, ma’am.

SYLVIA
Thanks, honey.

Sylvia and Dwayne take a seat at a table. Not a booth. The Posh Waiter pulls out the chair for Sylvia. Dwayne waits for the same but the Posh Waiter just looks at him. Dwayne seats himself awkwardly.

POSH WAITER
Your server will be with you in a moment.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIA
Thank you.

DWAYNE
Thanks, man.

The Posh Waiter leaves.

SYLVIA
So. I think we’ll get tears out of you one way or another.

DWAYNE
Good luck. It’s not really, I don’t know, my thing.

SYLVIA
So you’re gonna be an emotionless rock in all your new movies?

DWAYNE
No, no, I - uh, can’t they do special effects for tears? Like a spray bottle?

SYLVIA
Oh my God, I know you didn’t just suggest a spray bottle. Are you serious?

DWAYNE
What? They do that all the time, don’t they?

SYLVIA
Hey, don’t look now, but over there is Tom Cruise. At the bar.

PAN: The camera pans through the restaurant over to chill looking Tom Cruise at the bar. He’s laughing and having a good time. He’s talking to people and drinking a beer.

DWAYNE
Holy shit, you’re right. That’s awesome.

SYLVIA
(laughing)
You’re so cute. You’re so excited!

ZOOM IN: on a security camera behind the bar facing Tom Cruise-
SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE: Tom Cruise just laughing with people and having a good time...

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF BARKIE’S – NIGHT

Bus boys carry trash in and out of the restaurant. At the end of the alley is a black van. Walking out of the black van, up the the back door of Barkie’s is Jason Statham fully dressed in the frog costume. In his webbed hands he’s pushing a cart with a big birthday cake on it. He walks through the back door and into the kitchen...This is very much a new low for him.

INT. BARKIE’S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Chefs and bus boys and waiters hustle and bustle around the kitchen. Jason, as giant frog man, walks his way through. A bus boy tries to take the cake from him to help –

JASON
No, I got it thanks. I have to deliver it. Mate’s birthday, you know how it is. You got a knife to cut it with?

Without even thinking twice, the bus boy hands Jason a big kitchen knife.

BUS BOY
You want me to light these candles?

JASON
No, it’s fine.

BUS BOY
You sure?

JASON
I said it’s fine.

Jason pushes the cart out of the kitchen into the restaurant towards Tom Cruise at the bar...

INT. BARKIE’S – NIGHT

Everyone’s dancing and having a good time. The restaurant is totally bumping. Sylvia and Dwayne are eating their appetizers. Sylvia has a salad and Dwayne has a soup.
SYLVIA
- I mean why would I right?

DWAYNE
Right, right, I totally get it.

SYLVIA
If you’re not gonna commit to learning the lines. The lines that the playwright no doubt spent years on, and you’re gonna improvise? Then why the hell should you have the stage?

DWAYNE
So what did you do?

SYLVIA
I sent him packing! He’s not gonna be in my show, that’s for damn sure. (taking a forkful of salad) Oh look, it must be Tom’s birthday.

Sylvia points in Tom’s direction with her fork. Dwayne looks smiling.

Tom sits at the bar and Jason waits behind him with the big cake on the cart. He’s holding the kitchen knife threateningly. A woman besides Tom taps his shoulder and points towards the cake. Tom turns around laughing.

TOM CRUISE
Oh, what is this? (laughing) It’s not my birthday...

Jason stands there looking at him.

TOM CRUISE
What’s going on? Did someone dare you to do this? Am I being Punk’d?

Jason stands there.

INT. CLOAK’S VAN – NIGHT

Cloak is staring into screens that’s showing the security footage of inside Barkie’s. He’s on a mic...

CLOAK
Francis, take out your camera and discreetly film from region six. He’s gonna do it.
INT. BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Tom Cruise is not having fun anymore.

   TOM CRUISE
   Seriously, what’s going on? The jokes over, pal. What are you doing?

   JASON
   What am I doing? I’m quietly judging you.

   TOM CRUISE
   What?

Jason swings the kitchen knife at Tom. Tom jerks backwards onto the bar. The knife swings past Tom and Jason swings it again. Tom swipes the arm out of the way and the knife slices the throat of the girl he was talking to. Her blood sprays out and Tom falls off the bar stool. People start panicking and screaming. A black suited body guard runs up towards Jason. Tom lies on the floor scrambling backwards. The body guards runs up, hand on holster, and Jason jerks around throwing the knife into the body guard’s chest.

   TOM CRUISE
   Fuck! Fuck help! Someone call the cops!

People jump from their seats and start yelling and screaming. Dwayne and Sylvia get up.

   SYLVIA
   What the fuck is going on over there?

   DWAYNE
   I don’t know, lets get the hell out of here!

INT. CLOAK’S VAN - NIGHT

Cloak watches closely at the screens in his van.

   CLOAK
   Jason, forget Tom. Not now. Rewrites, rewrites, go for the old bitch "The Rock" is with. She’s headed out the door now!
INT. BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Jason takes the gun out of the holster of the dead body guard. Tom gets up and runs out of the restaurant through the kitchen. Jason looks at the kitchen and at Dwayne and Sylvia exiting the restaurant through front door. Jason’s torn between what to do.

CLOAK (O.S.)
Jason! The red head! Now! Out the front door! Fucking move!

JASON
(pressing the ear piece)
But she’s not anyone special. She’s innocent! Tom is who you want!

CLOAK (O.S.)
If you let her go I’ll fucking kill her myself you son of a bitch!

JASON
Fuck!

Jason runs out after Dwayne and Sylvia. People scream and scatter out of his way.

EXT. STREETS IN FRONT OF BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Dwayne runs down the street clutching Sylvia’s hand. Everyone runs and panics in different directions.

DWAYNE
Where did Valet put your car?

SYLVIA
I don’t know! I don’t know!

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Tom Cruise bursts out the back kitchen door and runs down the alley. He runs out into the street and Cloak’s Black Van is still waiting across the street. Tom turns right and starts running down the sidewalk!
EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S – NIGHT

He grabs a Valet guy smoking on break, confused.

TOM CRUISE
Where the fuck did you put my car??

INT. CLOAK’S VAN – NIGHT

Cloak looks out the side window of his van. He sees Tom Cruise yelling at the Valet guy.

CLOAK
Holy shit, holy shit. (to others in the van) Get the dashboard camera on, we can’t miss this scene!

Cloak grabs a machine gun out of a milk crate of weapons and kicks open the back doors of his van headed to deal with Tom himself!

EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S – NIGHT

Tom holds the kid and yells at him.

FOREGROUND: TOM IS YELLING AT THE KID

BACKGROUND: Out of focus, visible between Tom and kid, Cloak gets out of the van.

TOM CRUISE
(shaking the kid)
Well? Where the fuck is my car?

VALET
I don’t know, man, I don’t! We park all the cars by the front!

TOM CRUISE
Where the fuck are my keys??

As the Valet begins to answer a loud machine gunshot is heard and a bullet blasts the side of the valet’s head. Blood splatters Tom some more and the body drops to the street. Tom looks terrified towards the gunshot.

ZOOM IN: on H. H. Cloak holding a machine gun at his waist and walking towards Tom.

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
Just come play, Tommy Boy! You knew
I’d come for you!

Tom just runs down the street some more headed for where the cars are parked. Cloak takes shots at him just narrowly missing. Tom Cruise covers his head as he runs scared.

EXT. STREETS IN FRONT OF BARKIE’S - NIGHT

People run and panic some more. Jason is now in the street. He runs down the street after Dwayne and Sylvia. His big floppy webbed frog feet are hilarious. He spots Dwayne and Sylvia and he fires his pistol!

The bullet whizzes past Sylvia and hits a street light. Sylvia yells.

SYLVIA
Was that at me?! Was that at me?!

DWAYNE
There the cars are! Stay low!

Sylvia is too scared for this.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Tom runs towards where the cars are. He sees cars pulling out and he sees Dwayne and Sylvia running in.

Cloak runs back towards the van and gets into the drivers seat. He throws the van into drive and floors it after Tom.

EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cars peel out of there like bats out of hell. People run and panic and scream in all directions. From one direction Tom Cruise runs there being chased by Cloak’s accelerating van. From the other direction, the actual entrance, Dwayne runs in holding Sylvia’s hand. Following them, in a floppy frog costume, is Jason Statham popping off shots from his pistol.

DWAYNE
Where the fuck is your car??

SYLVIA
I don’t know! I don’t know!
(pointing to it) There! It’s over there! I think my keys are over in that rack!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ZOOM IN: on key rack.

DWAYNE
Okay, I’ll get the keys, you stay low!

A bullet hits a car. The alarm starts bellowing into the air. Dwayne and Sylvia crouch low ducking from car to car trying to give Jason the slip.

*GRITTY SHAKY CAM FOOTAGE: from the street side. No doubt one of Cloak’s men...*

JASON
It’s gonna fucking happen, Rocky! Just show me your little head and let me blast it wide open!

Jason jumps up on top of a car and starts hopping from car to car looking for the two.

*DASHBOARD CAM FOOTAGE: from Cloak’s van’s perspective. It’s gaining on Tom Cruise as he runs hysterically towards the valet lot, approaching the chain link fence.*

Jason hops to a car on the edge of the lot. He sees Dwayne making his way to the key rack.

PAN: one other car to the right is Sylvia hiding in between her car and another car. She’s holding her legs close.

Jason sees Dwayne’s large shoulders trying to be sneaky. He takes aim with his pistol.

JASON
(to himself)
Where’s your little girlfriend, buddy...

At this very moment Tom Cruise runs and leaps up onto the fence of the valet lot. He scrambles up over the fence, trying to get in. As he gets to the top of the chain link fence Cloak’s van slams into the fence wildly. The fence buckles and bends and Tom goes flying backwards, tumbling off the roof the van, and landing on the street. Cloak, thrilled beyond belief, doesn’t take his feet off the gas and the van speeds right through without a hiccup. Tom slams on to the street and van heads right to the car Jason is on. At the last minute Jason leaps off his car out of the way of the van. The van plows through the car with such force that it collides with the car to the right of it and then with the car to the right of that one. Dwayne, having just reached the key rack, grabs the keys to Sylvia’s car and

(CONTINUED)
turns around just to witness Sylvia getting splattered by the cars sent flying by Cloak’s van. She totally gets crushed. Sylvia is nothing anymore. Blood paints the twisted and smashed up metal and glass. The van even moves a little further grinding metal as it goes.

DWAYNE

No!!!!

Dwayne falls to his knees.

INT. CLOAK’S VAN - NIGHT

The windshield is shattered and the equipment in the van is all disarray. His crew in the van are all on their sides and aching. Cloak, with a bloodied face and laughing, swings open door.

EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOAK

(to the others in his van)
Get the footage from the dash and get to my place. The cops will be here any minute. (laughing) Did you guys see this old bitch splat? (laughing).

He stumbles around using busted up cars as support.

CLOAK

Fuck me, I’m woozy. Jason! Get Tom.
It’s not Dwayne’s time, yet.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Jason gets off his knees up to his feet. He takes off the stupid frog hat. Jason starts slowly approaching Tom with is gun out. Tom is trying hard to get to his feet.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S - NIGHT

A fast red car is approaching the scene of all this chaos.
EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cloak, machine gun still strapped to chest, walks up to Dwayne who is on his knees. Cloak grabs his chin and stares into his eyes. Dwayne’s face is of pure terror. He’s experienced nothing like this before.

CLOAK
Holy shit holy shit holy shit holy
shit. It’s you! It’s actually you!
Oh my god... You know, it could’ve been you. You know that, right?
Don’t go boohooing it could’ve been you from the start! You could’ve been my lead! That’s what I wanted!

DWAYNE
Who are you?

CLOAK
Me? I’m your biggest fucking fan!

EXT. STREET BEHIND BARKIE’S - NIGHT

Jason approaches Tom with his gun out. Then, out of nowhere, that red car swerves between Jason and Tom. Jason jumps backward at the last second and lands on his back. Out of the car stands, Bruce fucking Willis.

BRUCE
Get in the fucking car!

Without a second thought, Tom flings open the back seat of the car and leaps in. Bruce starts shooting at Jason who scurries behind a car parked on the side of the street. Jason starts returning fire.

JASON
Cloak! What the fuck!

BRUCE
(to Dwayne)
Hey baldy! Get in the fucking car!

EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOAK
Oh, fuck no! How the fuck did he know about this! It’s not your fucking scene yet Brucie but I like you coming early!
Cloak takes out his machine gun and starts shooting at Bruce who takes cover behind his red car.

INT. BRUCE’S CAR - NIGHT

Tom is cowering in the back seat of Bruce’s car. Broken glass is falling on Tom as he clenches his head.

TOM CRUISE
Let’s fucking get moving!!

BRUCE
Not without him! (to Dwayne) Lets fucking go! I’ll cover you!!

Bruce stands up and starts shooting at Cloak.

EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cloak jumps behind a car and Dwayne gets to his feet and takes off running towards Bruce’s car. He’s hauling ass as bullets fly back and forth.

INT. BRUCE’S CAR - NIGHT

Tom swings open the back door for Dwayne. As Dwayne gets to the car Cloak pops off a shot and the bullet whizzes through Dwayne’s leg.

DWAYNE
Fuck! Ah!!

Dwayne gets into the car, they shut the doors, and Bruce peels out of there and down the road out of sight.

EXT. VALET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOAK
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What the fuck was that, Jason! Huh? Goddammit!

Jason comes slowly crawling out from behind a car. He looks pathetic.

CLOAK
Tom got away. You’re a fucking pussy, you know that?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
I was gonna shoot him first thing but you made me go for the old lady!

CLOAK
Yeah. It’s okay. We got good footage of that old bitch splatting. Alright look. You let Tom go. That’s fine. It’ll make good writing. It’ll seem legit. This just makes your job a whole lot harder because now the three of them will be together. (to everyone) People! Grab keys from the rack and get a car that’s not completely totaled. We’ll meet back up at my place! If any cops or witnesses interfere just kill them. We’re running behind schedule. Go in different directions. If you get caught, you know what to do!

INT. BRUCE’S CAR (SPEEDING THROUGH TRAFFIC) - NIGHT

Bruce drives with the pedal to the metal. Tom is climbing into the front seat, brushing glass from the windows onto the floor. In the back is Dwayne clutching his leg. There is big bloody hole in his thigh.

DWAYNE
Fuck! Fuck! Ahh!! This hurts a lot fucking more than I thought it would!! Ahh!

TOM CRUISE
Ah, shit, shit, shit, I can’t believe that actually happened! Are you okay??

DWAYNE
I’m bleeding everywhere!

BRUCE
It’ll be okay! It’ll be okay! Just hang in there! It’s just a flesh wound! We’ll take it out at my place!

TOM CRUISE
Your place? We need to go to a fucking hospital, man! What are you out of your mind??

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
We can’t go to a hospital! There are too many people there!

TOM CRUISE
What?? Are you afraid of the fucking paparazzi??

BRUCE
No, I’m afraid of that fucking guy! He’ll mow everyone down to get to us!

DWAYNE
Who the fuck even is that guy??

Bruce makes a sharp turn drifting through traffic. Inside the car Bruce, Tom, and Dwayne all shift to the side. Dwayne’s head hits the door.

DWAYNE
Ah! Easy!

BRUCE
Sorry!

DWAYNE
Ah! Fuck.. He fucking killed Sylvia! He fucking killed her! Who is he??

BRUCE
Just calm the fuck down!

INT. NEW CAR (SPEEDING THROUGH TRAFFIC) - NIGHT

Jason and Cloak drive in a car. Felix, the stage manager, is in the back seat.

CLOAK
Woo!!!! (banging on the dashboard) Are you as a good a driver as in your flicks! Huh?! The Transporter! Fuck yeah! Do a drift! Do a drift!

JASON
I don’t know how!

CLOAK
Oh, come on! Just do it! We gotta turn here! Go!

(CONTINUED)
Jason tries to drift his car around the corner but it’s sloppy and hits the side mirrors of cars parked on the side of the street.

CLOAK
Heyhey! That wasn’t so bad!

Felix’s walkie talkie starts going off. It’s one of Cloak’s men.

BRAD (O.S. WALKIE TALKIE VOICE)
The cops got us surrounded. We’re not gonna make it.

FELIX
I think that was Brad.

CLOAK
Fuck. Is he by himself?

FELIX
No, I think Earl and Mikey went with him.

CLOAK
Fuck. That’s audio. Okay. Tell him he’s served us well. We’ll finish this movie for them!

FELIX
Brad, it’s Felix. I’m with Cloak. He thanks you for all your hard work. We’ll finish this movie for you!

INT. BRAD’S CADILLAC (SPEEDING) - NIGHT

Brad, one of Cloak’s men, drives. Mikey and Earl shoot out of their windows at the police.

BRAD
(into the talkie)
It was a pleasure. (to the others)
This is it men!

Brad slams on the breaks and turns. The cop cars try turning out of the way but nail into him. There’s a big car pile up clogging the streets. Brad’s car totally flips over. Cop cars crash into citizen cars. Flip off each other.

Brad, upside down in his seat belt, bleeding everywhere rips open his vest. He looks at Earl and Mikey (who is already dead).

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
R-r-r-eady, Earl?

Earl, dying, rips open his vest too. Strapped to both of them is tons of explosives. Earl gives a thumbs up. They both detonate themselves and the street, and the cars, errupt in a firey awesome explosion.

*Helicopter footage of explosion in the streets. Carnage everywhere.*

EXT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bruce’s red car comes to a screeching halt in front of the house.

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The men run through the hallways of the building trying to hold up a limping Dwayne. Bruce is holding a pistol in his hands and people and bystanders are freaking out and watching.

BRUCE
Everyone mind you’re own fucking business, okay!

DWAYNE
Ahhh!! Get this bullet out of my fucking leg!!

TOM CRUISE
(holding up Dwayne)
How the fuck are we gonna do that??

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open and Dwayne hobbles in and falls back onto the dining table.

BRUCE
We gotta take off your pants!

DWAYNE
What?? Why!

BRUCE
To get this fucking bullet out!

(CONTINUED)
Tom Cruise starts undoing Dwayne’s pants and yanks them off. The pants get caught around Dwayne’s ankles though and Tom starts struggling to yank them off.

TOM CRUISE
Your legs are too fucking big, man.
Jesus Christmas!

Tom pulls harder on the pants and Dwayne’s ankles pop free suddenly and Tom goes stumbling back into a shelf knocking down vases and shit. Bruce grabs the pants, jumbles them up, and puts it into Dwayne’s mouth. Dwayne looks really confused. He’s just in his underwear.

BRUCE
You’re gonna wanna bite down. Tom, get me something I can take this bullet out with!

Tom runs and leaps over the kitchen counter. He starts going through cabinets and drawers and stuff.

BRUCE
Look, it’s gonna hurt like a bitch. I don’t really know what I’m doing, but the faster I get in there the better it should be. Tom, turn on the frying pan. (back to Dwayne) I don’t know where the bullet is. I don’t know if digging for it will make it worse, but what if it gets infected or something?

TOM CRUISE
This is what I found!

From the kitchen Tom throws Bruce a fork and a steak knife.

BRUCE
Don’t throw the kni-!

Bruce misses catching the steak knife and it sticks right into Dwayne’s other leg!

DWAYNE
(eyes closed)
Ah!!! Fuck me!! Did you do it!!? Is it done!?

BRUCE
Uh... Not yet...

Bruce yanks out the steak knife.

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
AH!!!

BRUCE
Chill out chill out! I’m going for it! Tom, get this guy some whiskey. Top cabinet.

Tom, once again, starts digging through the kitchen.

TOM CRUISE
Found some! Here!

Tom throws the glass bottle of whiskey!

BRUCE
No don’t throw the -!

The glass bottle of whiskey hits Dwayne in the face. And he passes out.

BRUCE
Well. That’ll make this easier.

Bruce puts the knife and fork into Dwayne’s leg and starts digging around. He sees the bullet. He cant seem to get it out.

TOM CRUISE
Do you have any tweezers or something? Man, it looks bad!

BRUCE
No, we’re good, we’re good. I don’t think I’ve cut anything bad yet... Okay, look. If I can expose the bullet, get it with your fingers.

TOM CRUISE
You want me to get it with my fingers?? Hell no.

BRUCE
This guy’ll die!

TOM CRUISE
I don’t even know who he is!

Bruce gives Tom a dumbfounded look.

BRUCE
Just do it! Now!

(CONTINUED)
TOM CRUISE
Okay, okay... I think I did this once in a scene..

Tom rolls up his sleeve and very nimbly gets the bullet out of Dwayne’s fleshy and bloody leg. Tom gets the bullet out and throws it away and starts freaking out.

TOM CRUISE
I got it! I got it! Oh god, his bloods on my hand, I’m gonna throw up, I’m gonna throw up, I’m gonna throw up!

BRUCE
We need to cauterize the wound.

TOM CRUISE
How?

BRUCE
Get the pan!

Tom runs back in and out of the kitchen with the frying pan.

BRUCE
Don’t you fucking throw that!

TOM CRUISE
I wasn’t gonna! Here.

BRUCE
Okay... Stab wound or bullet hole first?

TOM CRUISE
He got stabbed? When did he get stabbed?

BRUCE
Bullet hole it is!

Bruce presses the hot frying pan onto Dwayne’s leg. It grossly sizzles and Dwayne jolts awake yelling.

DWAYNE
Fuck! Ah!!!

BRUCE
You’re fine! You’re fine!

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
You’re cooking my leg!!

BRUCE
We’re done!

Bruce pulls the frying pan away and gross burnt flesh remains.

BRUCE
See? Now this leg..

Bruce puts the pan on Dwayne’s fresh stab wound. Blood sizzles and spurts. Tom Cruise just throws up all over the floor. Bruce lifts the pan. Then starts alternating wounds. Then stops.

BRUCE
I think you’re good... I think you’re good! Let’s just bandage you up..

Bruce runs off and returns with gauze and tape. He applies it to both of Dwayne’s legs.

BRUCE
There. Good as new..

Dwayne passes out.

TOM CRUISE
I think we did a pretty okay job..

INT. CLOAK’S MANSION - NIGHT

Workers are all running into the house. Cloak stands on a chair and directing them as they run in. Jason sits on the floor with his back to the wall.

CLOAK
Nobody followed you men right?? Go get equipment! I want group B on security detail! I want group A getting the shooting equipment, tonight may be our final chance! Deklin, get the Chief on the phone! If he breaks his deal there’ll be hell to pay! We already lost Brad and them. May god have mercy on their souls! They’re in a better place now!

People are bustling everywhere to get stuff done.

(CONTINUED)
CLOAK
We have a chance at filming one of the best scenes ever! You guys realize that? We have three people all probably held up together! Tom, Bruce, and The Rock. (to Jason) If you can pull this off, Jay Dog, then you’ll be a legend. Can you pull this off?

JASON
Can I take this stupid outfit off?

CLOAK
Yeah. Yeah you can wear whatever you want if it’s gonna get this shot.

JASON
I won’t let you down. Where are they?

CLOAK
Not entirely sure. Also not sure if they’re staying. Or where they’re going.

JASON
Then what do we know?

CLOAK
Well, I know that you’re gonna find them. And kill them. Follow me.

Cloak hops off the chair and makes his way through the bustling mansion. Jason gets up off the floor and follows him. At this point, Jason is beleaguered and out of it. His face is brutal. His eyes lost their sheen. It’s a dark day for Jason to be sure. What has he become?

INT. CLOAK’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Cloak’s bedroom is a very large very lavish bedroom but you couldn’t tell from everything he’s hoarding in it. Comic books pile high. Video tapes pour off of shelves. Movies are scattered everywhere. The bed is unmade. It looks like a teenager’s room.

CLOAK
Jay-Swag, we’ve been fucking pretty hard, you know?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
What?

CLOAK
We’ve been working hard. Non stop. And you haven’t really caught a break, I know that.

JASON
I’m starting to regret this decision.

Cloak stops in his tracks. He turns to Jason. He starts cracking up.

CLOAK
(containing laughter)
Now?? Now you’re starting to regret it?!

Cloak laughs even harder.

CLOAK
I’m serious man. I don’t know what I got myself into!

JASON
Oh my God, you’re serious. You’re actually serious right now aren’t you?

JASON
Yeah I’m fucking serious. How do I do know that all this will pay off for me? Huh?

CLOAK
It will, J-Money. I promise, man. You still have that money right? From Ken?

JASON
Yeah, it’s in the car.

CLOAK
Even if this doesn’t pay off, there’s enough money in that bag to be untouchable. But just imagine WHEN this pays off. You’ll live a life of luxury and, most importantly, you’ll never be forgotten. And look, you’ve been great, and we haven’t helped you. So here.
Cloak leads him to a big closet and opens up the door. He flicks on the light switch and the room illuminates bright and white. On the walls are tons of guns and melee weapons. In the center is a classic black suit and tie on a coat hanger with a paper tag on it that says: "J.Statham".

JASON
Whoa... is all this for me?

CLOAK
Yeah, so don’t let it all go to waste.

JASON
The suit? Isn’t that a little hokey?

CLOAK
(lying, rambling)
The suit is you, you know? If we casted someone else they probably would’ve worn something else. But it was always you from the start, big guy.

JASON
Really?

CLOAK
Yep! Number one choice. Nobody can do what you can do.

JASON
Thanks, mate. I won’t let you down.

CLOAK
You’ve come this far. C’mon, lets get you suited up and ready for action. It’s now or never.

A random crew member enters.

CREW MEMBER
We’ve located Bruce’s apartment. We think they’re still there!

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Dwayne wakes up. He’s still on the table. The room is still a mess. He can hear mumbling coming from a room nearby. He slowly eases himself off the table. He has trouble walking but he’s managing his way towards the voices. It’s Bruce and

(CONTINUED)
Tom discussing stuff. Dwayne leans into the door and opens it up. He hobbles in. Tom is leaning against a wall. The sliding glass door is open and Bruce is leaning against the rails with a cigarette in his mouth. He’s smoking hard.

TOM CRUISE
Hey, you’re up. Glad to see you’re on your feet.

BRUCE
(without looking)
You should sit. Let your legs heal.

Dwayne obliges and rests in a chair.

DWAYNE
Now what’s going on?

TOM CRUISE
We were just discussing that. And what our next plan of action is. I don’t see why we haven’t called the cops yet.

BRUCE
(turning around, taking a drag)
We can’t call the cops. I know he has a man on the inside.

TOM CRUISE
That doesn’t make sense, though. Jason has been on the news. Cops have chased him. He’s being hunted.

BRUCE
No, don’t you see. It’s all a show. It’s all one big act. If they really wanted to catch him they could’ve.

TOM CRUISE
Why would officers be getting intentionally killed for this guys flick?

BRUCE
The same reason we’re being hunted down. It’s all about money. And ignorance. They don’t know they’re being filmed. They don’t know that everyones in on it but them.
DWAYNE
Is this that Cloak guy?

TOM CRUISE
Yeah. Mother fuckers crazy.

BRUCE
If you haven’t noticed he’s had that short guy come killing off celebrities. Like a snuff film. Real fucked up. I’m guessing you turned him down.

DWAYNE
Yeah.. Well, I didn’t know it was him at the time. I mean I definitely turned down a roll, though. But that was like several weeks ago.

TOM CRUISE
Hang on.. who are you?

Bruce and Dwayne look at each other.

DWAYNE
I’m - uh - (real uncomfortable)

BRUCE
You serious? He’s a wrestler. The Rock. He’s "The Rock".

TOM CRUISE
Wait. This guys hunting down big time action stars and you’re up here with me and Bruce Willis? What the fuck is that?

Bruce laughs. Dwayne too.

DWAYNE
Hey, by all means, I’d rather not be in this mess at all.

BRUCE
It’s actually weirder than that. In the streets. He didn’t kill you when he had the chance.

TOM CRUISE
Yeah, he only killed that girl.
BRUCE
He was going for Tom... I think you’re the star of this picture of his. Like.. he’s saving you for last.

DWAYNE
What? Why?

TOM CRUISE
Who fucking knows.

DWAYNE
I don’t even know this guy.

BRUCE
It doesn’t matter.

TOM CRUISE
So he got that fuckin’ prick Jason Statham to do it.

BRUCE
That asshole will do anything for a buck.

TOM CRUISE
Even kill.

DWAYNE
Shit... shit.. my wife warned me about this.. fuck. We gotta go to the cops.

Dwayne quickly stands up but his legs hurt too much so he sits back down grimacing.

BRUCE
No.. Not the cops. You guys can’t go anywhere. He has people everywhere. You can’t escape it.

TOM CRUISE
Okay.. What’s the plan?

DWAYNE
Guys, I- I don’t know if I can do this stuff. What I do is fake. Real fake. I don’t think I’ve gotten into a real fight since college.
BRUCE
Just let them come.

Bruce smokes his cigarette on the balcony. The night is thick. Tom and Dwayne look at him.

TOM CRUISE
He’ll kill us all if he traps us.

BRUCE
No matter what the fuck you guys decide to do, it’s not gonna be like the movies. You’re not gonna hide somewhere and ambush them. You’re not gonna have a fuckin’ duel in the streets.

TOM CRUISE
I’m not gonna fucking wait around to die!

BRUCE
I’ve been waiting for this.

TOM CRUISE
What the hell does that mean?

BRUCE
I’m tired of this shit. I’m too old. I can’t do this. I almost had a heart attack just driving. I look fucking ridiculous. I wanna die at my peak. Not make shitty sequels til I’m old and decrepit. I don’t wanna be a fucking laughing stock in my old age.

DWAYNE
I’d kill for your career. I’d be happy if my stupid movies were half as successful as yours.

TOM CRUISE
What are you saying?

BRUCE
I’m done, Tom. Statham can come here and kill me if he wants. I’m done. Maybe I’ll get some sort of posthumous award (laughs to himself).
CONTINUED:

TOM CRUISE
Then why'd you save us? If you’re not gonna fight with us then what the hell was that back there?

Bruce takes a drag from his cigarette. The cig glows and lights up around his face in the dark night.

INT. JASON’S NEW CAR – NIGHT

Jason is in a new black car. It’s no doubt Cloak’s. He’s in a black suit and tie with a white shirt. He looks devilish. The traffic lights throw a hellish red glow on his face. In his passanger seat is a big duffle bag of weapons. He drives fast.

INT. HELICOPTER – NIGHT

Cloak is in a helicopter above the city. It’s following Jason’s car make its way to Bruce’s apartment.

CLOAK
(to the pilot and crew)
Stay close to the car but not too low! Access the security cams in the building!

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM – NIGHT

TOM CRUISE
Fuck this. I’m out of here. You coming with me, Stone?

DWAYNE
It’s Dwayne. And... yeah. Yeah I’ll come.

Dwayne struggles to his feet.

DWAYNE
Lets get going. Where to?

TOM CRUISE
If we get down to the streets I can have my driver pick us up. Maybe we can fly the fuck out of here.
INT. APARTMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

Jason parks in the parking garage. He looks at the bag of weapons.

*GRITTY Security footage of his car just sitting there*

He tightens his grip on the wheel. He’s just sitting there. He starts to cry softly. He quickly wipes away his tear and starts slapping himself in the face to get him hyped up. He stares himself down in the rear view mirror.

JASON

You’ve come a long fucking way.
It’s now or never. You know that right? Just go in there. Kill Brucie. Kill Tommy. Then let Cloak come down to help kill The Rock.
It’s fucking easy. You’re the best around. You know that. You’re the fucking best. This is it. You’re a star. You’re gonna be a star. They say some stars shine so bright they burn out before their time. But not you. If you die then you’re making a fucking black hole and sucking in everyone with you. It’s you. It’s always been you.

He stares at himself some more. He gets out of the car and throws the duffle bag around his shoulders. He heads for the elevator and gets in. He takes it to the top floor.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

CLOAK

Set me down. I wanna be there! It’s the fucking Rock, man! I gotta be there!! Set me down! Set me down!
Right here! I don’t care!

Cloak’s helicopter starts descending in the middle of the intersection in front of the apartment building. He hops out and jogs for the building.

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Dwayne and Tom Cruise get ready to leave. Bruce smokes, leaning on the balcony.

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE

Hey.

Dwayne turns around. Tom’s opening the door to the hallway.

BRUCE

You really gonna fight?

DWAYNE

More like run.

BRUCE

Here.

Bruce reaches pulls the pistol out from his back waist band. He hands the gun to Dwayne.

TOM CRUISE

Dwayne, lets go. C’mon!

DWAYNE

Thanks, man. You sure you don’t wanna come? Please. I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing, man. You know. We fucking need you.

BRUCE

I aint got nothing left to give. My script ran out of pages some years back. I’ve just been reciting the same ol’ goddamn lines. You’re still young. You can change that.

Bruce takes a drag from his cigarette and leans on the balcony. The wind blows in his face.

TOM CRUISE

Lets fucking go!

Dwayne turns around and hobbles away to Tom Cruise. The two leave the room and close the door behind them. They hobble down the hallway.

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom and Dwayne head down the hallway.

TOM CRUISE

We should take the stairwell at the end of the hall. That’s probably our best bet.
DWAYNE
I can’t. I can’t go down stairs with my legs like this. It hurts!

Behind them, down the hall, the elevator doors open and out comes Jason Statham. He immediately pulls out a pistol and starts taking shots. The bullets echo through the halls and chip at the walls.

TOM CRUISE
Fuck! C’mon!

The two run down the hall.

JASON
(into an ear piece)
I only see Tom Cruise and The Rock. I don’t know where Bruce is.

EXT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT – NIGHT

Cloak runs up the street pushing people out of the way.

CLOAK
(into ear piece)
Okay. He’s probably in his room. Take him out. Look, there are no camera men over there. So drag him into the halls for the security cameras to film. Where are the others headed?

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY – NIGHT

JASON
(into ear piece)
You got it. The others are headed down the stair well.

Jason heads down the hall. He goes to the door the others just exited. He lets them head down the stairs. He approaches the door and with a swift kick he kicks it open. The room is silent.

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM – NIGHT

Jason enters the room, leaving the duffle bag in the threshold. He keeps his pistol ready and aimed. He makes his way through the room. The dining table is still a mess and the wind blows through the room. He spots Bruce Willis just leaning on the balcony smoking.

(CONTINUED)
JASON
I’ll fucking shoot you!

Bruce doesn’t turn around.

JASON
I mean it! I’ll shoot you!

Nothing. Jason approaches Bruce and grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around. Bruce’s eyes are red. He may have been crying. His cigarette is nearing its end.

JASON
...Come with me!

Jason grabs him by the collar and pressing the pistol to his head moves him to the hallway.

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

JASON
You thought you guys were better than me, huh?

INT. STAIRWELL

Tom and Dwayne enter the stairwell.

TOM CRUISE
C’mon! It’s down here! This should lead to the lobby!

DWAYNE
We can’t fucking leave him! He’s gonna get killed!

TOM CRUISE
He wants to die. Let him! Lets go!

*SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of the two arguing in the stairwell.*

DWAYNE
We can save him!

TOM CRUISE
We’re not fucking heroes, Dwayne. Don’t you get that? That’s what this is all about!

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
This isn’t every man for himself!
We need to stick together!

TOM CRUISE
Do you wanna die?

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

JASON
You ready to die?

Bruce just stands there. He smirks. Jason looks at him.

JASON
You won’t be smirking in a minute.

Jason shoots him in the knee.

BRUCE
Fuck! Ahh!!!!

The cigarette falls to the carpet. Bruce falls to his knees. He’s clutching his leg in pain.

JASON
I bet you thought you were gonna win. (laughs) Maybe now you’ll realize who’s the best around, huh? Yeah? Maybe now you’ll fucking get it. I guess I better make this one count.

Jason puts his pistol into his waist band and looks around the hallway. He opens his duffle bag and pulls out a fire axe. He takes aim like a baseball player at the plate.

*SECURITY FOOTAGE of Jason getting ready to swing at Bruce’s head.*

INT. STAIRWELL

DWAYNE
I can’t just let him die! Don’t you get that? I’m going back up!

TOM CRUISE
You’ll get killed too! Think of your family, man!

(CONTINUED)
DWAYNE
I- I- I-

TOM CRUISE
Fuck this. I’m out of here!

Tom heads down the stairwell quickly.

CUT TO:

Cloak runs up the stairwell quickly.

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

JASON
Any last words? Look at that camera when you speak.

BRUCE
Do you think this will make you happy?

JASON
You know. The funny thing is...
Yeah. Yeah I do. .. Yippee Kiyeah mother fucker.

Jason lifts the axe high into the air and swings it down splitting Bruce’s head wide open. The wedge gets stuck in his skull and blood gushes everywhere. Jason puts his foot on Bruce’s head and uses it as leverage to yank the axe out and then WHAM! Back in the axe goes. Blood gushes more everywhere.

*SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of Jason Statham murdering Bruce Willis*

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Crew members watch on the screens as a black and white Jason murders Bruce Willis. They’re all cheering.

INT. CLOAK’S VAN - NIGHT

Crew members all watch the same thing cheering loudly!
INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY – NIGHT

Jason yanks out the blade and Bruce’s body slumps to the floor. His head guts spill everywhere.

Dwayne, a little ways back, silently and hurredly hobbles down the hallway. He’s leaning against the wall for support. He takes out the gun that Bruce gave him and he tries his best to make his way to Jason to get a perfect kill shot.

Jason drops the axe to the floor.

INT. STAIRWELL

Cloak runs up the stairs. Tom Cruise runs down the stairs. They meet up in the middle. They stare at each other.

TOM CRUISE
Uh-uh—they’re on the 14th floor. Dwayne is wounded. His legs are weak. He can’t walk...

CLOAK
Okay.

Cloak walks past Tom Cruise. Tom shudders and shrinks away.

CLOAK
I’ll let you live. But you’ll wish I hadn’t.

Tom Cruise just runs scared and confused down the steps. Cloak hurries up the stairs.

INT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT HALLWAY – NIGHT

Jason packs up his duffle bag and stands up and turns around. Dwayne has the pistol pointed right to his head.

JASON

Dwayne says nothing.

JASON
When you pull that trigger a real bullet is gonna come out. It won’t be faked. It wont be staged. A

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

JASON (cont’d)
bells not gonna ring and you’re not
gonna go back to the locker room
and live a happy life. You’ll be a
killer.

Dwayne’s too scared. Jason strikes! He knocks the pistol
into the Bruce’s room and headbutts Dwayne. Dwayne reels
backward. Jason jumps kicks Dwayne through the door way.

INT. BRUCE’S APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Dwayne stumbles backwards and lands on his back. Jason jumps
on him but Dwayne rolls out of the way. He gets to his feet
and grabs Jason by the neck and WHAM! Dwayne choke slams him
through the table! ROCK BOTTOM!! Wood splinters and crashes
everywhere! Jason scrambles to his feet and uses a counter
to get himself back up. Dwayne goes to kick Jason but the
pain in his leg is too much.

DWAYNE
(grabbing his leg)
Gahh!!

JASON
(being choked and struggling)
You’re not a fucking hero.

DWAYNE
Neither are you!
Dwayne pulls the trigger and the bullet blasts through Jason’s head. Blood splatters Dwayne’s face. Dwayne starts crying. A lot. Dwayne has killed someone. He has taken Jason’s life. This is a lot for him to handle.

There Dwayne is. A hulking man weeping over Jason’s dead body. Footsteps are heard quickly approaching. It’s no doubt Cloak.

CLOAK (O.S.)
Did you do it? You didn’t do it yet did ya??

Cloak runs into the room and sees the terrible scene.

CLOAK
Oh thank God. He didn’t kill you, yet. You know, I was worried. I mean, I know I told him too but then I realized how much I wanted to be there. And how much it would mean for me to do it.

Dwayne does not budge. He’s still crying. He’s killed someone for Christ sakes. He’s a little out of sorts.

CLOAK
Oh what the fuck. Are you crying? (laughs) I thought you were supposed to be a fierce fucking warrior? Isn’t that what all those stupid tattoos are for? C’mon man. You’re killing my hard on right now. Don’t fucking cry. You’re The Rock! Helllooo!! The mother fucking Rock!

Dwayne doesn’t move.

CLOAK
(looking at the broken table) Oh my god.. did you? Oh my god! Did you send Jason to Rock bottom?? That’s fucking awesome! I missed it?? Goddamn it! Was it like with CM Punk? Was it awesome? You didn’t do the people’s elbow too did ya? Man I miss all the fucking fun. Dude. You’re my hero. Really. I’m so glad we get to have this moment! You know, when we first met it wasn’t under the best circumstan-
Dwayne swiftly raises from Jason’s body and grabs Cloak by the neck and pins him against the wall.

CLOAK
(choking)
Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit. Is this really happening??

DWAYNE
Look at what you’ve done.

CLOAK
I’ve made you a hero! A real hero!!

Dwayne throws Cloak across the room. He stumbles and hits his face on a counter top. His mouth bleeds.

CLOAK
Ah! Jesus crow. Well I don’t think I deserved that!

Dwayne kicks Cloak really hard in the stomach and Cloak is trying hard to breath. But he has never once stopped smiling.

CLOAK
Don’t you understand? I’m your number one fan!

Dwayne punches him hard in the face. Cloak spits out a tooth.

CLOAK
I’ve wanted you to be a real life hero for so long...

Dwayne punches him in the face again. Cloak’s nose is bleeding now.

CLOAK
And now you are one! I knew you could do it! I knew you had it in you!

Dwayne backs away. His fist is bloody. He takes a few steps back. He’s trying to process everything right now.

CLOAK
You’re the best! You’re the hero of my movie! Don’t you see?? Statham was the villain the whole time. You did it! You fucking did it!!

(Continued)
DWAYNE
What the fuck is wrong with you??

CLOAK
When you first turned me down I was pretty upset sure...

Cloak manages to get to his feet.

CLOAK
But then it occurred to me. Of course you turned it down! You’re not a bad guy! So then I had to find one..

Cloak spits blood on to the floor and starts shambling towards Dwayne. Dwayne starts backing up.

CLOAK
Jason. Now Jason is a bad guy. He’s been a bad guy from the start. Not you, though. You were destined to be a hero since you started on RAW. I knew it! (spits up blood) The hero of the people!! Team Just Bring It!!

*GRITTY HANDY CAM FOOTAGE of Cloak approaching Dwayne.. It seems to be filmed from the doorway..*

CLOAK
And now lookatcha! You’re amazing!! Here, (Cloak hands Dwayne a gun) now you gotta end the movie. Kill the bad guy. Kill the villain! Kill the mastermind! Or, do what all these movies have been doing and take the noble way out. Leave me to live and rot in prison. But you know I’ll escape. You know I’ll do it again and then we’re in an endless cycle of sequels (laughs). So go on. Kill me.

Cloak puts the gun into Dwayne’s hand and lifts it up so it’s pointing to Cloak’s head.

CLOAK
Go on.

Dwayne is teary eyed. His eyes are darting left and right. He has no idea what the hell to do.
*GRITTY CAMERA FOOTAGE of Dwayne pointing a gun to Cloak’s head. And Cloak holding his hands in place.*

DWAYNE
I’m not a killer.

Dwayne throws the gun on to the floor. Cloak looks terribly disappointed.

CLOAK
Oh come on now. Don’t do that.
Don’t be like that. That’s so fucking cliched.

DWAYNE
This isn’t a fucking movie. You’re gonna jump to the first place on death row.

CLOAK
No... No I’m not. But I’m just glad we got to do this together. I’ve always wanted to die with my hero.

Cloak rips open his shirt and he has an explosive vest strapped on.

CLOAK
Now you’ll be a legend.

Cloak pulls the cord and the entire room explodes in a fiery burst of flame!!

EXT. BRUCE’S FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Their floor bursts in fire and flames. Windows shatter everywhere! A giant blast of fire funnels out of the windows.

EXT. STREETS IN FRONT OF BRUCE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom Cruise is running down the side walk to his driver’s car. The burst of fire scares him. He turns around terrified. People run and scream and point. He just looks at the fiery gape in the building. Sirens start whirring. Tom Cruise gets in the car.

FADE TO BLACK

Several news broadcasts chronicling the events that transpired are shown. Some videos of Dany being interviewed,
she’s crying really badly. Some videos of Demi Moore and Willis’ kids are being interviewd. They’re crying. A relative of Jason Statham is shielding his face from the camera. Gladdys is crying on camera talking about how she never expected it and all that. Charlie, Dwayne’s agent, is all depressed in an interview. There is some footage of a shrine for The Rock because he is, after all, a hero now. More people and news anchors and citizens are saying things like "What about Mr. Tom Cruise? How’d he get away?" "Why did he let Tom Cruise live?" "Why didn’t Tom Cruise seem to help?" etc.

FADE TO BLACK

Over a black screen in white text it says "SOME TIME LATER"

INT. TOM CRUISE’S HIGH RISE APARTMENT

Tom Cruise sits in his bedroom. He’s in his underwear. He’s unshaven and unkempt. On his bedroom floor are newspaper clippings just headlining the tragedy of what happened and everyone that died in the wake of H.H. Cloak. Tom is on his computer and he has just received an email from smackdownloverWWE@yahoo.com. The subject of the email reads "Scene 11/12. Only 1 scene left". Tom clicks it and it’s the final footage of Dwayne’s last moments in Bruce’s apartment. Tom’s eyes are bloodshot and baggy. The glow of the screen makes his face look ghostly. He clicks the video clip and adds it to a collection of other video clips he has... Scenes 1-10 of 12.. He clicks play..

The title saying "Starring the Rock" is shown...

*Dwayne being stalked outside his house is shown.*

*Ryan Reynolds getting into his car.*

*Killing Ryan Reynolds is shown.*

Tom Cruise’s eyes grow wider...the entire snuff film. Near completion is right before his eyes.

*Jason killing other people is shown.*

*More killing.*

*Keanu Reeves eating at a cafe.*

*The Convention shootings*

*Cop killing*

*Citizen killing*

(CONTINUED)
*Creepy stalker footage of Dwayne just watching Vicky Christina Barcelona*

*Dwayne waving goodbye to his family.*

*Bruce playing with his kids.*

*A dinner scene at Cloak’s mansion*

Tom’s face is crushed. He’s terrified at what he’s watching.

*More killing is being shown, but much faster, like a montage.*

*Stabbing at Tom Cruise.*

*Bruce playing with his kids.*

*Axing Bruce Willis*

*Blowing up Dwayne*

*Then the video goes static...*

Tom pushes away from his desk and throws up into his trash can. He takes a pull from a flask of whiskey. He’s obviously guilty.

TOM CRUISE

I could’ve saved you... Oh god... I fucking ran away...

Tom drinks some more.

ZOOM IN: on the email saying that the scene is only 11/12...

There is a scene missing...

Tom scribbles "I’m Sorry I’m not a hero" on a piece of paper and stands up on his chair. He ties a noose around his neck and tightens it. He takes a pull from the whiskey.

*GRITTY CAMERA FOOTAGE (from a hidden location) of Tom Cruise throwing the flask away and kicking himself off the chair and hanging himself. His feet kick and his arms pull and clasp. He twirls and spins and kicks the screen, it sparks and bursts. His legs stop kicking and Tom Cruise is now dead. The camera slowly zooms in on his face.*

BLACK

END