

INT. LARGE MODERN HOME, HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

A beautiful modern living room is trashed with shattered beer bottles, chip bags, and paint supplies. The sliding glass door leading to the balcony show the sparkling Hollywood Hills at night.

On the wall hangs a large canvas, and MIKE (24) is painting something. It takes up way too much space.

Mike wears a beanie that covers his dark curly hair. He wears a sweatshirt and sweatpants, and he has a painters apron tied around his waist.

He WHISTLES while he paints.

WINSTON (45) walks through the front door. He is bearded and handsome, but a little fat. And he looks like he's seen some shit. He looks visibly sad.

MIKE

Heyyyy, buddy. How'd the audition go?

Winston slumps down on the messy couch.

WINSTON

Don't wanna talk about it.

He takes out a flask from his coat pocket and takes some large gulps until its empty. He throws it on the floor.

He notices what Mike is painting.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Umm, what the hell is that?

MIKE

(proudly)

Oh, you mean this?

Mike nods to the painting.

WINSTON

(annoyed)

What else would I mean?

We now see Mike's painting, which is a self-portrait of him as a superhero. There's fire around superhero-mike as he flies through the air. It looks like a blind toddler painted it.

MIKE

Yep, spent all day on this baby!  
I'm a superhero!

He spins his apron around him like a cape.

WINSTON

What's with all the fire? You know  
what, I don't wan-

MIKE

Glad you asked! They're from  
molotovs. You know, those glass  
bottles you throw that are also  
homemade bombs. My superhero name  
is Molotov Mike!

WINSTON

That is literally the dumbest thing  
I've ever heard.

Mike picks up a glass beer bottle and holds it up high in the  
air.

MIKE

Molotov!!

He throws it on the ground and it breaks with a SMASH, adding  
to the other wrecked beer bottles on the ground. Winston  
jumps. Mike CHUCKLES.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I've been doing that all day. They  
aren't bombs yet, though.  
Obviously.

WINSTON

Are you high?

MIKE

Only on paint fumes!

Winston SIGHS.

WINSTON

I need a cigarette.

He gets up to walk to the balcony. He opens the sliding glass  
door.

He exits. Mike watches him go outside.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Winston leans against the railing. The view is beautiful. He stares out at it and lights a cigarette. He looks depressed and old. Older than his age.

INT. LARGE MODERN HOME - NIGHT

Mike looks out at Winston being all melancholy. Then he looks over to his self-portrait. He puts his hands on his hips triumphantly and nods to himself.

He marches like a soldier to the sliding glass door.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Mike enters. Winston keeps looking at the view.

MIKE

You know, Winston, I still think  
you're a great actor.

Winston takes a puff of his cigarette.

MIKE (CONT'D)

...Aaand if it makes you feel any  
better, there's plenty of  
unemployed people who are doing  
great still. Like me!

WINSTON

(annoyed)

You're not "doing great," you're  
living in my house smoking weed all  
day.

MIKE

Rent-free!

WINSTON

Just shut-up, Mike. Let me bitch  
about my existence in silence.

Mike shuts his big mouth.

They stare out at the view for a moment. Mike fidgets with his beanie.

Mike looks to the right. We see a shocked reaction on his face. He throws up his hands to cover his mouth. He looks over to Winston with wide eyes. Winston still stares out at the view.

Mike pulls on Winston's coat. Winston shoves him away.

MIKE  
(whispering)  
Winston...

He pulls on his coat again.

WINSTON  
Shut the fuck up, Mike.

MIKE  
Winston, over there...

Mike points to the right of them.

WINSTON  
Can you knock it o-  
(looks to the right)  
Oh my God, Mike, look at Cate  
Blanchett's house! She's getting  
murdered over there!

We see a house with large windows.

INSIDE, popular movie star CATE BLANCHETT (48) is being held at gunpoint by a MASKED FIGURE (30s). She is shot quick with a flash. Blood splatters onto the window.

MIKE  
Caaaate!!!!

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Jesus!

The two HYPERVENTILATE.

MIKE  
That's what I was trying to show  
you! This is some Pineapple Express  
shit...

WINSTON  
What?! This is NOTHING like a train  
that takes kids to see Santa  
Clause!! Pull your head out of your  
ass, Mike! Do you think he saw us?

Mike pulls out a flashlight and starts beaming it into the residence.

MIKE  
I can't see his face very well...

Winston WHACKS the flashlight out of his hand. It falls to the floor. Mike looks discouraged.

WINSTON

Are you stupid?! Don't answer, because the answer is yes. He's definitely seen us now. Where'd you even get that?!

MIKE

What, the flashlight? Molotov Mike always carries one in case of emergencies.

Winston SIGHS in disbelief. Mike picks up his flashlight.

WINSTON

Let me use your phone to call the police.

MIKE

I don't have one. Where's yours?

WINSTON

I threw it into the pool when I was hammered this morning. What happened to yours?

MIKE

I don't own one.

WINSTON

What? I always text you asking to pick up beer. I wonder who I've been texting...

MIKE

I'm broke. I can't afford a phone or beer. Just use the house phone.

WINSTON

It's 2017! Houses don't have that shit anymore! I'm gonna have to *drive* to the police station.

Mike follows Winston back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Winston searches under the couch cushion. He finds his keys.

MIKE

But you've been drinking. You can't drive.

WINSTON

I always have "been drinking," and you don't have a license. So we have no other choice. Lets go.

They head for the door.

MIKE

Wait! I gotta grab snacks!

WINSTON

And beer!

Mike turns and grabs a six pack and a half-eaten bag of chips. They run out the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The two circle the car. Winston jumps in the driver's seat, but Mike pauses.

MIKE

It's been blown...

WINSTON

Mike, this is no time to talk about your fantasies.

MIKE

No, the tire! It's been blown out!

Winston gets out of the car.

WINSTON

The fuck... That dirtbag must be nearby.

MIKE

We gotta go run for help! I run this way to that house over there and you go to the left!

WINSTON

Why do I have to go to the left? That's where that dude is probably coming from.

MIKE

Hey, it could be a girl. And *she's* already been here. *She* could've gone either way afterwards.

WINSTON

Whatever. Fine, but I'm taking some beers.

Winston takes three beers from Mike. He runs to the left.

Mike takes two beers and puts them in his sweatshirt pockets. He runs to the right.

EXT. TO THE LEFT, STREETS - NIGHT

The streets are dimly lit. Winston stops running, out of breath. The closest house looks really far away, even though it's not. Winston hunches over, BREATHING HEAVILY. He cracks open a beer with his teeth and chugs it.

EXT. TO THE RIGHT, STREETS - NIGHT

Mike tip-toes down the street, looking at all his surroundings carefully. He's on superhero high-alert.

Out of nowhere, the masked figure jumps Mike.

Cut to black.

EXT. TO THE LEFT, STREETS - NIGHT

Winston makes it to the first house. He's panting heavily, holding an almost-empty beer. He climbs the steps to the house like they're mountains.

He reaches the top, finishes the beer, and KNOCKS on the door. He BURPS. No answer.

Angrily and pathetically, he throws the glass bottle down on the ground. It doesn't break, but it lands hard on his foot.

WINSTON

(holding his foot)

Bitch!!

INT./EXT. CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Mike's hands and feet are tied up in the back of a car. The mysterious man SLAMS the car door shut.

MIKE

You'll never get away with this!!

Mike wiggles like a worm in the back seat.

EXT. TO THE LEFT, STREETS - NIGHT

Winston is walking now. He finishes his final beer and drops it on the ground.

MASKED FIGURE (O.S.)

Don't move.

Winston sways drunkenly in place. We see the masked man holding Winston at gunpoint.

MASKED FIGURE (CONT'D)

I said don't move!

WINSTON

I'm not!

MASKED FIGURE

Turn around. Slowly.

Winston turns around. Slowly.

WINSTON

Turning... Turning...

MASKED FIGURE

You and your buddy think you can spy in on me?

WINSTON

(drunk and cocky)

Well, first of all, my name is Winston Jockman. You probably already knew that. I'm famous.

MASKED FIGURE

I *did* know that.

Winston throws his hands in the air in celebration. Quickly, the masked figure SHOTS him in the foot.

Winston falls to the floor, clenching his foot.

WINSTON

Bitch!!!

MASKED FIGURE

I *said* don't move! And you were famous Winston. Now, you are a failure! A withering celebrity just dying for another hint of fame!

INT./EXT. CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Mike wiggles around in the car. He is now on the floor of the back seat. The rope around his wrists is loose.

MIKE

One, two, three!

He hurls his body around. Out of his pocket falls a beer bottle.

He GASPS.

EXT. TO THE LEFT, STREETS - NIGHT

Winston still clutches his bleeding foot.

WINSTON

Wait, I know that voice...

The masked figure stares at him for a moment, still pointing the gun at Winston.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Are you Liam Neeson?

MASKED FIGURE

What? No! Ugh-

He pulls off his mask to reveal a face with sharp edges and jet black hair.

MASKED FIGURE (CONT'D)

I'm your agent.

Winston GASPS.

WINSTON

Cosmo?! The agent of me and also Cate Blanchett?! But why?

COSMO

Yes. I am the agent of you and Cate Blanchett. Now that we have that established, I can explain. I don't want to hurt you, Winston. Or your friend, who I have tied up in my car right now.

Silence.

COSMO (CONT'D)

What, you have no reaction to me holding your friend hostage?

WINSTON

He's an idiot. I'm more surprised he's not dead.

COSMO

Well... like I was saying. Cate was going to fire me, and she was the only promising client I had left. The rest are doomed to live in a black hole of Activia commercials and guest roles on Law and Order for the rest of their pathetic lives.

WINSTON

Okay, ouch. But why kill her if she's your only promising client?

COSMO

That will get me publicity, and my other clients. We'd all be like "boohoo" about our good friend Cate. There's our spotlight.

WINSTON

Let me get this straight. You'd rather commit *murder* than lose a client?

COSMO

(snapping)

Hollywood is a tough industry!!

(calming down)

But think about it, Winston. You could be famous again. All you've ever wanted. I could put all my focus that used to go to Cate on you. Together, we'd make millions.

Cosmo helps Winston to his foot. They stand facing each other.

WINSTON

I don't know if your plan actually makes any sense...

COSMO

It does! But it only works out two ways.

(MORE)

COSMO (CONT'D)

We can walk away from this together, and you would be more famous than you ever used to be, but your friend will have to die. He knows too much.

WINSTON

Or? You said there were two options.

COSMO

(annoyed)

Yeah, I know. Let me finish. Or, I kill you, and I'll pretend like I was just being your agent coming to your house to see how that audition went, and I found you dead. Your roommate will fill in the other details, and we'll forever search for Winston Jockman and Cate Blanchett's killer.

WINSTON

Don't you think you'd be, like, a prime suspect?

COSMO

No. Hollywood never really looks into celebrity deaths. They'll probably just say you both overdosed or something.

WINSTON

On bullet wounds??!

COSMO

Shhh.... So what's it gonna be?

Winston's face looks contemplative. He frowns.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Mike is lying on his stomach with a beer bottle in his hands, which are still loosely tied up. He gives a big heave and they come undone.

MIKE

Wooo!!!

He flips around and unties his feet. Then, he gives a big GRUNT and throws the bottle as best he can with all force.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Molotov!!

It breaks the window. He GASPS gleefully. He grabs the second bottle, now on the seat next to him.

He pauses a moment before leaving. He hesitantly opens the car door normally. He shrugs at the window he broke and exits the car.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Molotov Mike is comin' for ya,  
Winston!

He runs to the left.

EXT. TO THE LEFT, STREETS - NIGHT

Cosmo and Winston still stand in the same positions.

COSMO

Is that your final answer?

WINSTON

(sarcastic)

What is this, "Who Wants to be a  
Millionaire?" Yes, yeah. Final  
answer. Jesus.

Winston looks down to the floor.

COSMO

That's too bad. I did always hate  
you, though. You were literally my  
worst client. And you always drunk  
texted me to get you beer. Idiot.

We see Cosmo raise the gun to Winston's face. Winston closes his eyes.

MIKE (O.S.)

MMMMMMMM-

COSMO

What the-

Cosmo turns his head.

MIKE

MMMOLOTOV!!!

Mike throws a beer bottle from behind at Cosmo.

It hits Cosmo, and then falls to the floor. It doesn't even break. They all stand there for an awkward moment.

Then, Winston jumps on Cosmo. Together, him and Mike tackle his agent to the ground.

They beat the shit out of him.

They slow down, out of breath.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Phew! Can't believe we got her.

WINSTON  
It was a guy, Mike.

MIKE  
Are you *suuure*?

Mike pulls out his flashlight and shines it directly on Cosmo's face.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Oh, you're right.

COSMO  
(barely able to speak)  
Is that heaven?

MIKE  
Oh...  
(turning off flashlight)  
No, no. You're not dead yet.

Mike and Winston slump back onto the concrete. Cosmo lays defeated, twitching in pain.

COSMO  
(barely able to speak)  
We could've had it all, Winston...

There is silence for a minute.

MIKE  
What is that supposed to mean?  
(gasps)  
Were you gonna die for me?!

WINSTON  
I was gonna die because I want to die. Saving you was just an added bonus.

Winston picks up Mike's failed beer-bottle-molotov. He cracks it open with his teeth and drinks it.

MIKE

You shouldn't want to die, Winston.  
You've got a great life.

WINSTON

Maybe.  
(awkward but thoughtful)  
It would've been worse if I saved  
myself and not you, though.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

I have no idea what the hell you  
are talking about, but thanks,  
buddy. I love you too.

He pats Winston on the shoulder.

WINSTON

I never said I loved you.

MIKE

Yeah, but I felt it.

They sit in silence. On the side of the street, the view of the hills is visible. They look at it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sure is pretty, huh?

Winston drinks his beer.

WINSTON

Sure is.

Cosmo's body gurgles up blood.

Fade to black.

