

STALKING TIMBERLAKE

ESTABLISHING

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD PARTY - OUTDOORS - NIGHT

Typical scene of folks mingling, drinking, milling about --

DANIEL (O.C.)
So, Chloe, you in The Industry?

CHLOE, 20s, in casual garb, & DANIEL, 30s, in hipster garb,
are chatting -- she has a high pitch -- like Carol Kane.

CHLOE
(while smoking)
No. Horticulture.

DANIEL
What's that?

CHLOE
Nature shit.

DANIEL
Oh. Weird.

Disappointed, confused, Daniel doesn't know what to say.

DANIEL
Hmm... So... Eh... You really know
Justin Timberlake, huh?

CHLOE
(through laughter)
That's the second time you've asked
me that! You must be a big fan...

DANIEL
No, no, not really... I've seen a
couple of his movies... Ah, why do
his amigos call him Trouserssnake?

CHLOE
Three guesses. And the first two
don't count.

DANIEL
-- he's hung like a horse?

CHLOE
Bin-go.

DANIEL
Bastard!

CHLOE
He could be a porn star.

DANIEL
Lucky bastard. Dude is blessed.
That's all there is to it. Some
people are blessed. Others aren't.

Chloe half-smiles.

This makes sense to her.

He takes her in; her cuteness.

DANIEL
So, what're ya doing this weekend?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chloe is all smiles on her date with Daniel. A nameless,
faceless waiter drops off a chocolate dessert she ordered.

DANIEL (O.C.)
-- oh I almost forgot, I brought
you something.

CHLOE
Really? yay!

DANIEL
I come with presents!

He slides a small box toward her.

CHLOE
Goody, I love presents.

Chloe lifts top. Inside is a glossy picture of Daniel -- a
cheesy head shot of our very strange friend --

CHLOE
Whaaaa, (what is this)?

DANIEL
Flip it over!

She does --

-- sees list of "credits" on the back.

DANIEL
It's my résumé! I wantcha to give
it to Timberlake. I think I'd be
great in one of his next projects.

CHLOE
I thought you wanted to take me out
-- 'cause you "liked me."

DANIEL
I do like you. A lot. A whole lot.
You're terrific, babe.
So, will you do it then? Will ya-

CHLOE
(processing, confused)
Do, wha, do what? What is it again
you want from me? You retard --

DANIEL
Retard! But why?
Why am I a retard?

CHLOE
You invite me to dinner to get a
part in my friend's next (project)?

DANIEL
I'm networking!! That's how you get
ahead in this town. It's not what
you know but WHO you know. Plus, I
have watched ALL his movies and
wanna get into his canon; maybe
meeting you was like, uhhh, fate?

CHLOE
You said a *couple* the other night;
and you weren't that big a fan --

DANIEL
Things change. I got my *Netflix* on
since. Binge city! And yesterday, I
was watching old bits of his from
S/N/L -- that I uploaded onto my
J.T. *Youtube* channel -- don't come
after me copyright police! Argh,
argh, argh. But yeah, between you
and me, I think I would have been a
better sidekick for him in the
skits for that show; better than
that stupid hack -- Adam Sandler!

CHLOE
You mean -- Andy Samberg?

DANIEL
Either! Either or. I can act
circles around both of those guys.

CHLOE
Of course you can. So, let's take a
look at this *résumé* then... I'm
morbidly intrigued now.
(perusing)
An Emcee? Woooow. For "The Amazon
Kitchen Queens." Impressive.

DANIEL
Thanks. I sold knives, pots, pans,
and other utensils for them.

CHLOE
You were the Queens' bitch!

DANIEL
I was.
(slow on the uptake)
Whoa. Heeeeey! Just a minute here. I
was their bitch -- wasn't I?

CHLOE
Yup.
(perusing more)
"Jerry's Telethon."

DANIEL
For the squids!
Get it?
Squids in-instead of (kids).

CHLOE
Oh, I get it, all right.

DANIEL
See all the comedy roles?

CHLOE
They're all in STUDENT films.

DANIEL
(upbeat)
You gotta start somewhere!

CHLOE
You're 35! Maybe it's time to
ratchet it up a notch -- you think?

DANIEL
Babe, age is just a number. Morgan
Freeman didn't get his first big
part till he was 49. Maybe I'll be
the next Morgan Freeman. Fate is a
fickle phenomena. You NEVER know.

She stares at CAMERA blank-faced -- then turns back to him.

CHLOE
(perusing more)
Special Skillz. With a Z. Nice.
VERY hip-hop of you.

DANIEL
I thought so. But I think it is
"urban" instead of hip-hop -- I
think they say that now -- the
African Americans -- I believe --

CHLOE
I will make a note of it. (still
perusing) World's Greatest Burper?
A legally ordained Minister?
Accents -- Nerd and Indian --

DANIEL
(doing his best 'Indian'
accent)
'Hellllllo Chloe, you look very
pretty this evening.'

CHLOE
That's a Pakistani accent.

DANIEL
Are you sure? Because I have
Cherokee in me like Johnny Depp and
Elizabeth Warren. That was Indian!

She bites her tongue and reads a little more --

CHLOE
Height. Six-Two?

DANIEL
I'm five ten. So what. I squeezed
in a few inches. Big whoop!

-- and is now "done" with this fellow.

CHLOE
Oooo-kay. I've had enough for one
night. It's been fo' realzzzzzzzz.

DANIEL
But we haven't finished-...

CHLOE
You can have the dessert.
I lost my appetite along the way...

DANIEL
No. I wasn't talking about that. We
still hafta pay; that dumb waiter
hasn't dropped the bill off yet.
We're going dutch, right? I hope I
didn't give you the wrong idea --

CHLOE
Well you were the one who asked me
out. (to God) What did I do to
deserve this? Did I kill someone in
a previous fucking life or what?!?

DANIEL
Half is all I ask. That's fair. You
guys wanted the equal rights...
like they say, 'careful what you
wish for.' Now, ante up, babe!

WAITER arrives, drops check off between them --

WAITER
Whenever you two are ready... Take
your time and enjjjoy that dessert.

CHLOE
Thanks, sweetie.

Daniel does math in his head after looking at the damage.

DANIEL
So, it's right around twenty-three
dollars a piece, but just to show
what a stand-up-guy I am, just give
me a twenty and we'll call it even.

Chloe (now officially angry) puts \$20 in his open palm.

DANIEL
But I figure since I paid a little
extra, I will take our dessert.
Like I said, it seems only f(air)--

Her eyes intensify. The flip has switched.

He reaches for dessert to take home --

CLOSE --

KNIFE from their table in her hand --

-- crashing down on his palm --

KNIFE sticks in table.

His hand embedded.

DANIEL
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

CLOSE UPS --

Chloe picks up the untouched dessert -

CHLOE
Be careful what you wish for.

She seals the ornate to-go box from the table --

Saunters toward our CAMERA -- dessert in hand --

DANIEL
I'D EXPECT YOU TO GET THAT résumé
TO TIMBERLAKE NOW!!! IS THE LEAST
YOU CAN DO. THAT'LL MAKE US EVEN!

Chloe turns, rips IT to pieces --

DANIEL
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa-?!

-- tosses its shreds in the air.

DANIEL
YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT, CHLOE!
(looking around; falsetto)
Can someone get me some napkins???

Blood profusely seeps from his hand in an Absurd manner.

CUT TO:

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Chloe chills out with a glass of red wine and a cigarette,
then decides to check her text messages:

- wut Timberlake say? @ u hear back?
- hand hurts / owie zowie
- i suffer for my art
- ZzzzLMAOoorolfff
- miss me?
- ????????
- u r sexy when angry

Chloe shakes her head and scrolls through more texts.

- lunch 2 morro ? wanna?
 - tell J/T i said hi when u tlk 2 him nxt
 - saw he just checked in @ restaurant nearby on FB
- maybe i'll go say HI

Chloe sets cell on a small table. Sips wine. Her CELL vibrates. She picks up, sees another text from Daniel.

- nite babe

INT. TIMBERLAKE'S PLACE - DEN - NIGHT

Chloe hangs with TIMBERLAKE (YES, that TIMBERLAKE).

CHLOE
Where do I find 'em?

TIMBERLAKE
I don't know.

CHLOE
He loves you.

TIMBERLAKE
Great. What do I tell Jessica?

Chloe smiles, continues --

CHLOE
He told me to tell you "hi" the next time we hung out together.

TIMBERLAKE
Well, tell him I said "hi" back.

Chloe chuckles, grabs her beer off the coffee table in front of them. When she grabs it, she looks up to see, yep, Daniel against the sliding glass doors, a new résumé in his bandaged hand. Daniel waves pliantly, like the deluded nut that he is.

Chloe SCREAMS.

TIMBERLAKE
What's wrong?

CHLOE
IT'S HIM! YOUR STALLLLLLLLKER!

Daniel presses completely against pane and pleads into it.

DANIEL
Timberlaaaaaaake! I pumped out a new résumé! We need to work together! I CAN FEEEEEL IT! I've seen "Friends With Bennies," literally, a hundred times! I can recite it backwards and forwards! And it has nothing to do with jerking off to Mila Kunis's ass during all a' the sex scenes!!!!

Timberlake is, like, "What the fuck?"

DANIEL
I LOVVVVVVVVVE YOU, TROUSERSNAKE!

EXT. TIMBERLAKE'S PLACE - NOT LONG AFTER

Daniel is rolled along a stretcher by two PSYCH-WARD-HELPERS.

DANIEL
If J.T. would just give me half-a-
chance, I could show him, see?

PSYCH-WARD-HELPER
Oh, sure...

PSYCH-WARD-HELPER 2
Absolutely.

DANIEL
Chloe, the girl who called you
guys, who I know still wants me, I
told her I can act circles around
Sandler or any of Trouser's homies.
No one can hold my jock-strap when
it comes to comedic acting! I am
the greatest actor in the world!!!

PSYCH-WARD-HELPER
Now that's funny.

PSYCH-WARD-HELPER 2
It is.

DANIEL
SEE!?

REVERSE ON

Timberlake & Chloe -- STRETCHER rolls away from them.

They chagrin, head back to finish their beers, etc.

CUT BACK TO:

Daniel keeps pleading his case to Helpers (MOS) --

as he is ushered toward ambulance --

-- its white doors wide open.

A smiling physician waits inside w/a giant, sedating needle
in hand --

(SHE has very red NAIL POLISH on her long fingers)

TILT UP when --

Daniel enters --

-- and doors SHUT --

Camera continues on --

PUSHES INTO

The spinning RED CONES --

-- toward the blue/black sky --

-- the stars --

-- & city of lights --

Drifting, drifting in air, hovering over all the lost angels
pining for a new life, new dreams, until we go --

-- BLACK.