

PSSSSSSH -

ECU ON CAPPUCCINO MACHINE STEAM PIPE -

INT. SPANISH STYLE MANSION -- MORNING

PULLBACK TO REVEAL - FRED, 28, massive African American in a Sean Jean sweat suit. He stands next to the cappuccino machine.

IN THE BACKGROUND - DEKE STRANGE, aging, heavily tattooed British rock-star, shuffles out of the bedroom wearing a fluffy white robe and comfy slippers.

FRED
Damn man, you look like shit.

DEKE
Wicked night.
(rubbing his temples)
Still a bit knackered.

He extends his hand like an addict needing a fix.

FRED
Comin' up.

Fred quickly positions a cup and turns the steam valve. The machine begins to *COUGH* and *SPURT*.

FRED (CONT'D)
Oh no you don't.

INSERT STEAM PIPE - dripping and spitting, then - blasting hot milk into the cup.

FRED (CONT'D)
(jumps back)
Ah!

Deke's white robe is now splattered with coffee and foam.

FRED (CONT'D)
Shit! Sorry man.

Ignoring the stain, DEKE goes straight for the java.

DEKE
(slurping)
No worries mate.

PHONE RINGS -

Deke picks up the cordless.

DEKE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (chipper)
 Good morning!

DEKE
 (into phone)
 Hello luv. Where'd you run off to?

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

ARIANA, 26, Latin hottie, flowing auburn hair, designer bike outfit, helmet and gloves, straddles a top-of-the-line, titanium mountain bike.

ARIANA
 (into phone)
 I had a burst of energy, so I'm riding to the sign.

DEKE (V.O.)
 (laughing)
 You're bloody crazy.

ARIANA
 (into phone)
 It's beautiful out. How are you?

BACK ON DEKE -

DEKE
 Severely wounded. Please be careful.

ARIANA (V.O.)
 Always am. Is Fred there?

DEKE
 (into phone)
 Of course. Why?

ARIANA (V.O.)
 (purring like a cat)
 I left you a little surprise I'd rather he didn't see.

DEKE
 Mmmm...Now that's what I'm talkin' 'bout, baby.

ARIANA (V.O.)
 When you have a moment, take a peak at the video camera. It's on your desk.

The color suddenly runs out of Deke's face.

DEKE
 (into phone)
 The what?

BACK ON ARIANA -

ARIANA
 (into phone)
 I know, I know. I'm not supposed to
 touch your precious little camera,
 but I couldn't help myself.

DEKE (V.O.)
 (stern)
 Ariana, I told you to never--

ARIANA
 (into phone)
 Would you just relax? You'll love
 it -- I promise.

She snaps her phone shut, tucks her hair up and rides off.

BACK ON DEKE - he slowly lowers his phone.

DEKE
 Bollocks!

INT. DEKE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ECU ON DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA SITTING ON THE DESK. The Camera is palm-size, streamline in design, fitted with a silver lens cap and attached to a thin shoulder strap.

IN THE BACKGROUND - DEKE opens the glass doors and enters.

DEKE contemplates the Camera before picking it up. He turns it on, slowly opens the viewing monitor and pushes REWIND.

DEKE
 Please Lord...

He focuses on the mantle across the room.

INSERT FRAMED PHOTO - a smiling young Deke accepts a Video Music Award. The title of his hit song, "*Careful Whatchya Wish For*", is projected on the screen behind him.

PAN TO ANOTHER PHOTO - Deke is locked in a loving embrace with a beautiful blond rocker chick. A corner of the frame is wrapped in black ribbon.

DEKE (CONT'D)
 ...Not this time.

He cautiously pushes PLAY.

CU ON DEKE - watching the Video with intense concentration.
He slowly breaks into a smile.

ECU ON VIDEO MONITOR SCREEN - Ariana is in the garage, dressed in her little outfit, straddling her bike. A digital Date and Time indicator runs in the corner: "SUN 08:32:04 AM"

BACK ON DEKE - grinning ear to ear.

DEKE (CONT'D)
Whatchya gonna do baby?

BACK ON MONITOR - Ariana blows a kiss and begins grinding on the bike's bars. She slowly unzips her shirt and mouths the words, "I love you."

DEKE (CONT'D)
(grabbing his crotch)
I love you, too.

The Video flickers.

WHIRLING SOUND -

The Camera switches to FAST FORWARD, quickly advancing the Video through a series of blurred images.

CU ON DEKE - His smile sinks fast. He smacks the Camera and screams.

DEKE (CONT'D)
Stop!

The Video flickers again, then resumes PLAY. The scene slowly comes into focus revealing: Ariana's mountain bike, smashed and mangled at the bottom of a rocky cliff.

DEKE (CONT'D)
(shaking Camera)
Damn you!

He quickly pushes PAUSE, leaving the last frame frozen. Date and Time on the monitor indicates "SUN 10:04:51 AM". He checks his watch. It reads 9:52 AM.

DEKE (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He studies the location, then flips open his cell phone and speed dials.

DEKE (CONT'D)
C'mon...C'mon, pick up...Pick up!

FRED bolts through the door.

FRED
Yo Deke. You okay?

Deke waves him off.

BACK ON ARIANA - doing a little bunny-hop as she whips down a dirt trail.

ARIANA
Yeeeeha!

She skids around a corner, spraying the lens with gravel.

BACK ON DEKE - still in his coffee-stained robe and slippers, he slings the Camera strap over his shoulder and bolts out.

INT. DEKE'S GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Customized cars and SUV's fill a "Cribs" style garage. DEKE jumps on a new BMW enduro motorcycle and fumbles to attach his mobile phone's headset as he powers past Fred.

DEKE
(into headset)
Damn it, Ariana!

BACK ON ARIANA - barely avoiding the edge of a cliff.

ARIANA
(nervous laughter)
Whoa!

She steers back to the trail and pedals even harder.

BACK ON DEKE - taking a turn too tight, he plows into a row of trash cans, dropping his bike and phone.

DEKE
Shite!

He snatches up the phone, rights himself and pushes REDIAL.

DEKE (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Come on, come on!

He takes off again, popping a long wheelie -- his now garbage covered robe flies open like Evil Knievel's cape.

BACK ON ARIANA - skipping over a ridge. She hits a divot.

ARIANA
Uh!

Swerves to avoid a rock.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

Oh!

Then hits a deep hole that launches her airborne.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

Shiiiiit!

She watches the trail pass below her as her bike sails over the edge of the cliff.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Ahhhh!

BACK ON DEKE - rounding a corner, he swings the Camera around to take another look.

DEKE

(into headset)

Goddamn you Ariana! Pick up!

DEKE'S POV OF THE CURVE AHEAD. Ariana's mangled bike comes into view at the bottom of a ravine -- just like in the Video.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god!

Deke quickly looks up, just in time to see Ariana limping into his path.

ARIANA

Deke?

DEKE

Look oooout!

He slams right into Ariana - *THUD!* She sails over the edge as Deke skids and wipes out hard.

ENGINE DIES -

ANGLE ON SPINNING MOTORCYCLE TIRE - A shaking and bloody Deke struggles to pick himself up.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Ariana!

Desperate, he leaps over the edge - thrashing, sliding, tumbling down the slope.

Deke reaches the bottom and is stunned by what he sees -

ANGLE ON ARIANA'S MOTIONLESS, BLOODY LEG.

DEKE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

I told you...I told you.

He stares at her blankly for a moment, then unslings the Camera and stumbles off in his tattered, coffee, garbage and blood stained robe.

INSERT VIDEO CAMERA - clutched in his trembling fist.

Deke staggers through the brush to a clearing. He winds up -

DEKE (CONT'D)

Never again, mother fucker!

And pitches the Camera as far as he can.

DEKE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Never again.

He collapses, crying uncontrollably.

SLOW CRANE PULLBACK TO REVEAL THE "HOLLYWOOD" SIGN - looming large behind him.

FADE TO BLACK: