

It's Only Rock 'N' Roll

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INT. TRASHED HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

SOUND: Loud humming of speaker distortion.

Mountains of bottles, food packets, recording equipment and trash, line the floor of an expensive hotel suite.

The curtains closed; room in partial darkness.

Passed out people sleeping on the floor.

JOHNNY, 35, shirtless, greasy haired and gaunt, sitting bolt upright on the floor in the center of the mess.

He slowly opens and closes his eyes, holding his head in his hands; in pain by the noise coming from the speaker.

When he re-opens his eyes, everything is seen through a misty haze and spinning.

INT. TRASHED HOTEL SUITE - DAY

He blinks heavily twice and the spinning subsides.

Two young women are standing around the bed buttoning up their shirts.

He looks at the wedding ring on his left hand as they grab their things and head for the exit.

He reaches out; clumsily patting the floor to find cigarettes.

Empty bottles CHINK as they are disturbed.

He finds a box, pulls out a cigarette and places it between his chapped lips. He pats the floor to look for a lighter.

He rummages underneath the rubbish that surrounds him and finds a fluorescent green lighter.

He picks it up and sparks it. It doesn't spark.

Johnny throws the lighter over his shoulder: still searches.

Manically rifling through the mess, he slices his hand on a piece of broken glass on the floor.

Johnny SHOUTS in pain.

Blood pours from his hand which he clutches with the other.

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He pulls himself up from the floor, manages to stand and walks towards the door; through a valley of passed-out people.

He kicks the speaker making the humming noise which BANGS, and then goes silent. Johnny winces in pain from the noise.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The huge bathroom light flickers and creates shadows over the, now cracked, bathroom tiles.

Johnny runs his hand under the tap; the water runs pinky-red.

Johnny looks at his tired face in the mirror; the unlit cigarette hanging out from the corner of his mouth.

On the sink sits 3 blue pills.

Johnny puts all three in his mouth and swallows hard.

In the mirror's reflection, LYLA, 23, young, pretty and pale, is passed out and unconscious in the bathtub behind Johnny.

He wraps his hand in toilet paper and walks towards the bath.

Around the bath sits various drug paraphernalia.

He looks from the drug mess, then to Lyla in confused horror and falls to his knees.

Panicking, he quickly places his hand on her neck.

SOUND: THUMP of a heartbeat.

Johnny closes his eyes and EXHALES with relief.

He gently moves Lyla's body; looking for a lighter around where she's sleeping.

He pulls from under her a huge dildo.

She stirs and snorts but stays asleep.

He looks at the dildo then back to Lyla with surprise.

He leaves the bathroom and stumbles through the open door and towards the kitchen; carrying the dildo.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Incoherent radio noise. The kitchen, trashed and slightly lit by the bright sun, peeking through the ripped curtains.

A broken mirror, covered in lipstick marks, sits in the sink; the glass of which makes reflections on the stained wall.

Johnny shuffles into the kitchen; his bare feet patting on the tiled floor.

He chucks the dildo on the kitchen table.

He opens the kitchen cupboard; bottles and cups fall out.

They CRASH as they cascade from the counter onto the floor.

Johnny closes his eyes and shakes his head in pain.

Underneath the bottles and cups are two coffee mugs which Johnny gets out and places on the counter.

He pats his jeans and pulls out a pair of women's underwear.

He squints at them, panics and quickly puts them in the bin; hiding them.

The gas hob is littered with rubbish.

Johnny sees the gas hob and lightly jumps towards it; quickly removing the mess from the top of it.

He turns on the gas and cranes his neck to hover the cigarette in his mouth over the jet.

SOUND: Gas HISS.

It does not ignite.

Johnny tries again and holds the button for longer, but it still doesn't ignite.

Johnny, annoyed, moves his head towards the gas jet and strongly shoves the button in with his thumb.

The gas rink BANGS and emits a huge flame; burning Johnny's eyebrows, face and hair.

Johnny SCREAMS.

He stretches out for a glass on the side board. It's half filled with a clear liquid, sat close to a bottle of vodka...

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He quickly pours the liquid over his head.

Johnny recoils in pain, his eyes stinging. He rubs them with his hands, which only rubs the vodka into the wound.

He SCREAMS again, this time clutching his hand.

He stumbles back knocking over chairs and more rubbish which CLATTER and BANG on the floor.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

SOUND: Huge BANG from the kitchen.

Lyla wakes up in the bath with a start and clutches at her head in pain; running her hands through her tangled hair.

Lyla gags, heaves herself out of the bath, runs towards the toilet and LOUDLY throws up.

Behind the toilet is a pink lighter.

Lyla looks at the lighter and picks it up.

She returns to the bathtub and picks up a slightly crushed cigarette box which she was sleeping on.

She climbs back in the bath.

It 'squeaks' as her skin rubs against the porcelain.

Lyla takes out a cigarette, places it between her lips and sparks the lighter.

She lights the end of the cigarette and breaths in.

She looks at the new wedding ring on her hand and smiles.

SOUND: Distant coughing and hacking coming from the kitchen.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

SOUND: Incoherent shouting and loud traffic creating a cacophony of sound.

A journalist slyly hangs around in the street outside.

They notice Johnny's outline from the window on the 7th floor and points towards him.

The journalist notices him and begin taking pictures; maneuvering to find the best spot to stand.

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SOUND: Frenzied camera clicks, flashes and yelling.

Johnny opens the window and rests on the window frame.

The bright sun beats down on him.

He squints at the light of the sun and grabs at his burnt hair; then gently strokes the new burns on his face.

He looks down at the puny journalist on the ground.

Johnny sticks his middle finger up towards them and pulls an intentionally ugly face.

SOUND: Mock cheering and laughing.

Johnny disappears from the window.

(beat)

He reappears and throws the huge dildo at the pack of journalists.

It hits the journalists in the face; knocking him over. Johnny scoffs, surprised by his accuracy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny dramatically closes the curtains with his uninjured hand. They billow in the breeze.

SOUND: Phone message PING.

Johnny GROANS with exaggerated agony.

He wanders over to the kitchen table and picks up his phone with his injured hand.

He flinches in pain, so quickly swaps hands.

He unlocks the phone, and squints at the bright screen.

The screen reveals a grainy video of Johnny, setting up a camera with another woman waiting behind him.

Johnny's face turns ashen as the video plays.

Lyla trudges into the kitchen, half-way through smoking her cigarette, and falls into a chair; phone on the table.

Johnny quickly shoves his phone in his back pocket, guiltily grins at Lyla; trying to act normal.

Lyla looks inquisitively at Johnny's blackened face.

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The kettle roars and then clicks.

Johnny stumbles towards the kettle and begins to pour the boiling liquid into the two cups.

Sound: Lyla's phone PINGS.

Lyla reaches out for her phone.

Johnny walks towards Lyla with the coffee cups and places one next to her.

He looks over her shoulder at the phone to see the same grainy video of him having sex with another woman.

SOUND: Sex noises from the phone.

He panics and pours hot coffee over his bare feet.

Johnny YELPS.

Lyla angrily looks at him as he dances in pain and stands up from the table. She drops her cigarette on the floor.

Johnny snatches at Lyla's phone and carelessly fumbles at it; trying to remove what's on the screen.

He drops the phone.

Lyla and Johnny both leap for the phone on the floor.

They grapple for the phone as it slips out of their hands.

Johnny hurriedly picks it up and throws it at the wall.

The phone SMASHES into pieces.

Lyla grabs Johnny's phone from his back pocket.

She unlocks his phone; the same video immediately plays.

She looks from the phone to Johnny.

She stands up slowly; he mirrors her.

Johnny tries a coy smile.

Lyla slaps his face and knees him in the balls.

She walks to the window, tosses his phone and her wedding ring out in the direction of the journalist.

Johnny sinks to the floor.

Lyla grabs some clothes tossed over the back of a chair and storms out of the room.

SOUND: Door SLAMMING shut.

Johnny rubs the side of his face with his injured hand and clutches at his groin with the other. He winces in pain.

Johnny picks up Lyla's still smoldering cigarette butt.

He holds it against the end of the cigarette in his mouth.

His cigarette CRUNCHES as Johnny inhales.

He slowly breathes in and breathes out the silky smoke.