

THE HUNT

Written by

Joe Russo

Based on
"Fag Hunting" by Joe Russo

941-716-4215
Joerusso8@fullsail.edu

OVER BLACK :

JOHNNY (V.O.)
My name is Johnny Cooper and on
June 19th I shot and killed my
boyfriend.

INT. BAR - STAGE - NIGHT

Past the small tables littered with empty beer tables, the floor covered in glitter and small drops of water (sweat?) and to the stage where, sitting on a stool, is JOHNNY COOPER, 22, blond hair with a typical gay mans "man" body- not too skinny but skinny enough - with a microphone in his hands.

JOHNNY
(to himself)
Just like a prayer... you take me
there. Just like a prayer...

He looks up to the BOOMING sounds of APPLAUSE and CHEERS. CAT CALLS AND WHISTLES. "JOHNNY" "JOHNNY" He steps down, off his stool, and walks out to the -

BAR

He takes a seat nearest the bathroom, all the way in the corner. Johnny holds up TWO FINGERS and the BARTENDER, 44 short and robust, makes Johnny his drink, a Shirley Temple. MEN crowd around Johnny, all in their underwear.

MAN #1
Great set tonight, Johnny.

MAN #2
Looking as good as ever, Johnny.

MAN #1
What are you up to tonight, Johnny?

JOHNNY
Not you.

The bartender sweeps over, SHOOING the men away.

BARTENDER
Can the man have his drink in
peace.

JOHNNY
Every night I ask myself the same
thing... What am I doing here?

BARTENDER

You ask it and I answer it... What else would you be doing?

Johnny laughs to himself and catches the eye of a MAN sitting three seats away from him. This is OLIVER STANTON, 21 a Greek God - almost - think Apollo if Apollo was gay. He looks around as if he's cared, nervous, or shy. Johnny moves down. Holds up two fingers.

JOHNNY

What's your name?

MUSIC starts to blast through the small bar and Oliver doesn't hear Johnny or pretends not to hear.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Hey! What's your name?

OLIVER

(thick Greece accent)

Oliver. I'm called Oliver.

JOHNNY

Oliver! I'm-

OLIVER

I know who you are. Your posters... hang all over.. Singer? You are?

JOHNNY

I am. And you are from...

OLIVER

Greece. Here to the America's on a... what you call.... Trip.

JOHNNY

A vacation.

OLIVER

Yes.

JOHNNY

Who knows you're here?

OLIVER

Well my family, yes, but that's all. California is big yes?

JOHNNY

Very. I could show you around sometime?

OLIVER
Okay... yes.

They both finish off their drinks and leave the bar to the GROANS of the people inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Johnny and Oliver walk in. Johnny flips on a light.

OLIVER
So that was the bridge..

JOHNNY
The Golden Gate bridge yes.

OLIVER
Big.

JOHNNY
And red.

Johnny steps closer. closer. He touches Oliver's arm.

OLIVER
My mother was worried I come here.
Say Americans are...

Johnny kisses him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(in Greek)
Crazy.

Johnny pushes Oliver back, ripping at his shirt, fumbling with his pants.

BEDROOM

Johnny pushes the door open. Throws Oliver on the bed. Johnny takes off his shirt.

OLIVER
It's my first time with a man.

JOHNNY
That's okay.

He leans over and they kiss again. Oliver closes his eyes. Its happening. Fast. Johnny gets pushed aside. Oliver opens his eyes just as a bat crashes down on his face.

LIVING ROOM

Johnny sits on the couch. He looks towards his bedroom door. It opens and a MAN, 22, medium build but still short enough to roll up his pants at the legs. steps out. HE is covered in blood. He DROPS the bat to the ground. CLANG.

HIM

Where'd you meet this one?

JOHNNY

Where do you think I met him?

HIM

Did anyone see you?

Johnny doesn't answer. He steps closer. Grabs Johnny's face.

HIM (CONT'D)

Did anyone SEE YOU?

JOHNNY

I'm not sure. Probably!

He walks away.

HIM

Clean this shit up... we're going back.

JOHNNY

No.

He stops. Picks up the bat.

HIM

Listen here boy...

Places the bat against Johnny's head. Tense. They look into each other's eyes. He hurls the bat to the wall. Grabs Johnny's face again and plants a kiss right on his lips.

HIM (CONT'D)

I can't.... I can't....

(pause)

Clean this shit up.

JOHNNY

Can't you help me this time?

He doesn't answer. He walks out of the apartment. The door SLAMMING shut.

BEDROOM

Johnny wraps up Oliver's lifeless body in a sheet. He cries like a child who just saw the monster under the bed.. He leans against the bed. Blood covers it.

JOHNNY (PRE-LAP)
It wasn't always this bad.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (3 MONTHS AGO)

Johnny stands on the stage. He adjusts the microphone.

BARTENDER
What do you mean?

JOHNNY
I thought that by now I would be a
world class singer. Class A. Like
Gaga. Or Barbra.

The DOOR BELL JINGLES. Johnny looks up -

HIM

Younger, cheerful. Happy. His eyes transfixed on Johnny.

BARTENDER
Sir? Sir we don't open for another
half hour. Sir?

He takes a seat. Grabs his wallet from his jeans. Holds up a
HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

HIM
Rum and coke. Little ice. And
whatever he wants.

LATER

Johnny and Him sit at the bar, drinking, laughing and having
a good time.

JOHNNY
What brings you here?

HIM
A change of scenery.

JOHNNY
Where'd you come from.

HIM
Some small back water town in
Texas.

JOHNNY
Texas. Ugh.

The boys don't see another man, BISCUIT, 51, coming up behind them.

BISCUIT
Johnny... great set once again. But
listen... Who do I go to to ask for
you to show a little more skin?

Biscuit touches Johnny's arm.

BISCUIT (CONT'D)
Really gets the crowd going...

He watches this. His eyes turn mean. He stands, SMASHES his
drink over Biscuit's head. Biscuit falls to the ground.

HIM
Don't EVER touch him again. Ever!

A CROWD forms. Johnny looks on. He turns around and grabs
Johnny's hand.

HIM (CONT'D)
Let's get outta here.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Johnny rips the sheet of his bed. A KNOCK is heard.

HIM
Let's go.

JOHNNY
Coming.

Johnny stands. Wipes his hands on his jeans. Opens the door
to his -

CLOSET

Johnny pulls out a shoebox. He takes the lid off inside -

A GUN.

He checks it. Loaded. Puts it in his pocket. Covers his shirt over it.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The boys drive past shops, diners and empty street benches. Quiet.

INT. CAR

Johnny taps the gun. Safe and sound.

JOHNNY

Why?

He looks over at Johnny.

HIM

You know why.

JOHNNY

Why me?

He doesn't answer.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why not kill me?

HIM

I promised I wouldn't hurt you.

JOHNNY

Why?

The car comes to a red light. He looks over at Johnny and places a kiss on his cheek.

HIM

That's why.

Pause. Johnny looks out the window. The bar in the distance. A long line of PEOPLE waiting to get in. He pulls up to the curb. Turns the engine off.

HIM (CONT'D)

I love you. Find someone good this time.

They both get out of the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Johnny turns at the door to see Him, still outside, smoking.
Johnny looks at the people who whisper amongst themselves.

INT. BAR

The stage sits in front of Johnny. MEN and WOMEN mingle around. The Bartender stands before the bar, cleaning glasses.

BARTENDER

John- John. Back again?

Johnny looks around. At the FACES- young, happy, cheerful.
Grabs his gun from his pants pocket

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Johnny? What are you doing? Johnny?
Man?

Johnny turns around, PUSHES the door open and walks back -

EXT. STREET

He walks right up to Him. Ready to shoot. The gun hidden behind his back.

A YOUNG GUY, CAM, 19, skinny and frail a gust of wind can sweep him away, walks up to Johnny. He notices the gun but -

CAM

Cool prop.

JOHNNY

Stay away.

CAM

Is that for a set piece?

JOHNNY

STAY AWAY!

Johnny pushes Cam back. He sees this. He STOMPS out his cigarette.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Please! Go back!

CAM

You're Johnny Cooper?!

He walks up behind Cam and grabs his arms. Cam starts fighting.

JOHNNY
Stop! Let him go! STOP!

He pushes him up against the car pinning Cam's arms behind him. The crowd CHEERS.

CROWD
Get it Daddy!
(and)
Woo-hoo me next!

Johnny pulls out the gun. Cam and Brett stop fighting. The crowd starts to run away, SHOUTING.

HIM
What are you gonna do? Shoot me?

Johnny cocks it.

JOHNNY
Let him go, Brett.

MONTAGE - HIS TEENAGE YEARS

-- INT. LOCKER ROOM - BOYS, naked, wet and Him - looking. The BOYS LAUGH as he stands... "EXCITED"

-- His MOTHER holds out a BIBLE. SHAKES her head no.

-- His FATHER LASHES out several beatings.

BACK TO SCENE.

HIM
Gay was a sin. Being gay was a sin.

He turns around.

JOHNNY
It doesn't need to be.

HIM
What am I doing? What am I DOING?

He HITS the ground. On his knees. TEARS line his face. He GRABS the gun from Johnny's hand and places it against his head.

HIM (CONT'D)
Please do it.... Please do it....
DO IT! PLEASE!

JOHNNY
I can't.

Johnny resists.

He wraps his hands around the gun. Around the trigger.
Tighter. Tighter. Cam looks on.

HIM
Please.

JOHNNY
Please? What?

HIM
Pray for my forgiveness.

BANG.

The gun drops.

JOHNNY'S FACE.

Covered in blood.

RED and BLUE lights surround the scene. Car DOORS SLAM shut.
RADIOS are heard. A POLICEWOMAN, 34 walks over to Johnny.

POLICEWOMAN
Sir? Sir? Are you alright? Sir?

JOHNNY
I killed him. I killed him.

POLICEWOMAN
Sir? I need to come over to me
please. A few steps over to me...

Johnny turns. Blank. The Policewoman grabs him.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)
We're gonna take you down to the
station alright. We're gonna ask
you some questions. Alright?

Johnny doesn't answer. They walk to the nearest cruiser and
Johnny is placed in the backseat. He looks out the window. No
tears. Instead a simple... grin.

OVER BLACK :

JOHNNY (V.O.)
My name is Johnny Cooper and on
June 19th I shot and killed my
boyfriend. On June 19th he killed
Oliver Stanton. On May 6th he
killed Mason Brady. On May 2nd he
killed Chase Bowers.

JOHNNY'S FACE.

Clean.

JOHNNY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all of
this.

INT. BAR - STAGE

SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER

Johnny sits on a stool, microphone in his hands, a single
beam of light down on him.

JOHNNY
You are not what you seem just like
a prayer your voice can take me
there.

A new crowd dressed, not in underwear, but in formal clothes
APPLAUD. There sitting at the first table is Cam who winks at
Johnny. Johnny smiles.

THE END.