

**Pentagon**

by

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BLACK SCREEN. Words materialize over the blackness. SAGE OF LAMBERENE by Kurt Bestor and Sam Carden plays. "Art and philosophy are only the different aspects and forms of this same content." -Hegel The words "art" and "philosophy" dematerialize and reform as "religion" and "music". It holds, erases again and reforms as the words "Johnny" and "Patty". Again, and then "You" and "Me" take their place. This holds and then fades to white light.

FADE IN FROM  
BLINDING WHITE  
LIGHT:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH. PUSHES IN TOWARDS A RUN DOWN APARTMENT, ENDING UP ON A SLEEPING MAN. A LARGE TATTOO COVERS HIS BACK IN STYLIZED WRITING. HE IS HAVING SOME SORT OF A NIGHTMARE.

PATTY (V.O.)

I tell the story of love, the story of sorrow, the story that saves and the story that destroys. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men die with me on their lips. I am close to the marriage altar, and when the grave opens I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths; I open the lips of lovers and through me the dead whisper to the living. One I serve as I serve all, and the leaders I make my slaves as easily as I subject their slaves. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock ribbed shores, the sighing of the winds in the trees and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of the wheels on city streets. Anonymous.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD EXECUTIVE OFFICE. CAMERA FLOATS OVERHEAD AS JOHNNY READS OVER A CONTRACT AND THEN SIGNS IT. THE RECORD EXEC SMILES BROADLY. (NOTE: EVERY SHOT NOT FILMED INSIDE THE

HOUSE IS A TAD FUZZY AND OUT OF FOCUS)

JOHNNY (V.O.)

How many times have I told this story? A thousand? A million? It's the only story I have left to tell because it's the only one preserved for posterity. If a person cries and no one catches it on camera, did it really happen? Can you retroactively imbue your life with meaning? Fuck. (pause) Eventually, things begin to mean something. Eventually, secrets are revealed. Stop. Rewind. Pause. Play. (pause) "Every form of addiction is bad, no matter whether the narcotic be alcohol or morphine or idealism." Carl Jung.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

TJ, BRAD, BIRD, ZED, and PATTY sit around a table.

TJ

I can't fuckin wait. Can you guys fucking wait? I can't fuckin wait. Holy shit.

BRAD

Dude, shut up.

TJ

You fucking shut up. This is huge. Huge. Am I the only one excited? Even the cameras the last two weeks have fucking freaked me out.

BIRD

I, uh, I-I'm pretty excited. I just have to check and make sure-

TJ

You don't have to check nuthin man, nuthin. This is it. This is the big time.

ZED

(smoking a joint) I don't understand why all of us couldn't go.

BRAD  
It's called being the frontman.

Zed shrugs.

TJ  
Still, we all should have gone.

PATTY  
Johnny'll do what's right.

TJ  
So fucking cool. Seriously. I'm  
getting a new haircut.

BRAD  
Do they do face implants yet?

TJ  
Hah hah, very funny. Yeah, funny.

Johnny walks up, smoking a cigarette, and everyone stands, except for Zed and Bird. Johnny gives a half-smile and throws a pack of papers on the table. TJ snatches them up.

BRAD  
Well?

JOHNNY  
It's not quite what I wanted.

TJ  
We got it!!!

TJ hugs Johnny and starts celebrating.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BATHROOM

Patty talks directly to camera, showing her infinity tattoo and covering up one side of it at a time.

PATTY  
Johnny always said if you put two  
zeros together, they become  
everything. (pauses, tearing up) I  
guess that was us.

FLASH CUT TO:

BLOOD SPLATTERING ON A WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

The band walks into a fully furnished, five bedroom house. Video cameras are built into the walls, security cameras roam from every corner of the house, it is coverage overkill. The following scenes are shot from existing cameras in the house.

TJ

Holy shit. Holy shit look at the c

ameras.

BRAD

(staring into one, horrified) Are these on yet?

ZED

(nodding) Cool.

Bird is standing in the doorway, hyperventilating.

JOHNNY

(smoking) Come on, man. It's cool.

BIRD

I- I don't-I don't photograph well.

JOHNNY

(in a conspiratorial whisper) It's just like the stage, man.

BIRD

(whispering back) But it's not. Those are cameras.

Johnny shakes his head, smiles, and pulls Bird in. The door closes behind him with an audible click. Everyone stares for a second, and then TJ whoops, running from camera to camera.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM He is smoking, and continues to do so through most of the film. The room is filled with books upon books upon books. There is a desk covered with open books and scattered sheets of paper. A picture of Patty sits on the desk.

JOHNNY

How do I feel about it? (starts flipping through his notebook)  
Here. "At the Day of Judgment, we shall not be asked what we have read, but what we have done."  
Thomas A Kempis. A Christian theologian who sits around all day and writes, talking about being eternally judged only for what actions he's done. So it's an action to write something, but not to read it? Same thing today. The only people who are real are the ones who are watched. The rest of the world only becomes real through them.

CUT TO:

DURING JOHNNY'S SPEECH, WE CUT TO THE REST OF THE BAND EXPLORING THE HOUSE. We cut from camera to camera, tracking the members of the band as they discover doors with their names on them, shared bathrooms, and a huge practice room with all new instruments set up.

TJ

Holy Mother of God!

The band files into the killer practice room, and Brad slides behind his new drum set.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT VENUE

The band plays in front of a sea of screaming fans. Johnny howls into the microphone, taking TJ into a wailing, spastic guitar solo.

Zed plays bass, Brad sweats over his drum set and Bird settles nervously in the darkness of the stage, saxophone around his neck. Patty dances furiously in the front row of the pit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Bird is frozen, staring at the enormous amount of cameras in the practice room. There must be thirty cameras, all remote controlled. A few zoom and pan, focusing on him.

ZED

Dude.

BIRD

D-d-do they need this many cameras?

TJ

Fuck yeah!

BRAD

It is a little absurd. Johnny enters, whistles.

JOHNNY

Nice set.

BRAD

Thanks. So what's the deal?

JOHNNY

The cameras?

ZED

That'd be a great place to start. What happened to the camera crew?

TJ

Yeah, they got some killer footage of me last week.

BRAD

And explain to me again why I had to turn over all my home videos?

ZED

Yeah.

BIRD

Y-you said it was going to be like the Real World. Johnny slumps down.

JOHNNY

That's what he told me, the guy.

TJ

The big-shot producer? Bird sidles out of the room.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Here's what I know. They release Howl and Scream exactly two months before our second album, which has to be conceived and written here. They're allowed to tape the whole process and do whatever they want with the footage. We can't leave the house.

TJ

Fuck yeah!

ZED

And if we don't?

TJ

Don't what?

JOHNNY

There is no don't.

BRAD

And we can't leave until we finish the album?

JOHNNY

Nope.

BIRD (O.S.)

Um, guys?

BRAD

Yeah?

BIRD (O.S.)

There are cameras in the shower and over the toilet. There's cameras in the bathroom.

BRAD

Are you fucking serious?

BIRD (O.S.)

There's cameras in the bathroom. Lots of cameras. (pause) In the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. TJ'S ROOM

TJ

My theory is this. The bigger of a band you are, the more obscure places you can play. So like, a tiny band has to make all the big stops. LA, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, all that shit. But if you're in like U2 or something, you play places like Timbuktu or Pago Pago, shit like that. Hello Tunisia! We are here to fucking rock your tits off! (gets real close into the camera) And I am here to be huge. Fucking huge. I want to play the tiniest fucking places in the world. That's how big I am. (He puts his mouth around the

amera)

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

The band stands around, staring at the cameras everywhere.

BIRD

What if I have to...

ZED

(nodding) Whack it?

BIRD

No!

ZED

What?

BRAD

Shower?

BIRD

Yeah.

JOHNNY

(quietly) I don't know.

TJ

I do!

TJ moons the camera and gives the rock and roll sign. The band files back into the main room. A computer sits on a desk. Everyone grabs a seat and just stares for a second.

ZED

So we're on camera right now?

BIRD

I guess so.

BRAD

All this for a thirty minute show?

ZED

Do you have the contract with you?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

Johnny goes to grab it.

TJ

It'll be good to get away from the fans for a while, anyway. This is like a vacation, isn't it?

ZED

Fans?

BRAD

What are you talking about?

TJ makes eyes at the camera and then gestures with his head.

TJ

I barely get any sleep anymore, what with all the phone calls and paparazzi.

BIRD

What?

BRAD

I think the point of reality TV is that there aren't any secrets, TJ.

TJ

Secrets?

BRAD

Or lies.

Johnny enters and hands the contract to Zed. It is weighty.

JOHNNY

So what now?

BRAD

Well, I guess we have an album to write, don't we?

TJ

Fuck yeah. I'll grab my axe.

BIRD

Axe?

ZED

Here. Ramblin Media reserves the right to broadcast any and all

footage shot at 1623 Woodbridge Way-

BRAD

That's here, right? Johnny nods.

ZED

...in any form, including, but not limited to, film, television, internet and multi-media packaging.

BIRD

Internet?

BRAD

Multi-media packaging?

A bell is heard from the computer. TJ rushes over, reads it, and looks disappointed.

TJ

Brad?

BRAD

What?

TJ

It says, "Brad, an interview has been requested in your room. Press the print button for a list of questions."

BRAD

An interview by whom?

TJ

Doesn't say.

The computer beeps again.

BRAD  
This is fucking creepy.

BIRD  
Do I have to answer any questions  
about...

TJ  
Your sex life?

BIRD  
No! I was going to say my mom.

ZED  
Dunno. If the computer tells you  
to, I guess you do.

JOHNNY  
(reading the contract) All other  
media. He just said he wanted to  
make a six episode reality show.  
One that no one would probably see  
anyway.

BRAD  
(standing up to go) I'm sure it's  
fine man. They just don't want the  
camera crew interfering, I bet.

JOHNNY  
Internet?

BIRD  
D-did a lawyer go over this before  
you signed it?

BIRD(CONT'D)

My mom said to make sure to always get legal counsel before  
signing anything, even a blank piece of paper. Johnny looks  
upset. He begins to say something, but stops.

ZED  
Got a quote for this one?

JOHNNY  
(flipping through his  
notebook, furiously)  
Yeah.

ZED

Go ahead.

JOHNNY

'There is no life without pain just  
as there is no art without  
submitting to chaos.' Rita Mae  
Brown.

ZED

Ahh. Yes. Chaos.

JOHNNY

(looking around) Yeah.

ZED

(looking startled) Huh. Deja Vu.

CUT TO:

BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN A WALL.

CUT TO:

PATTY DANCING FURIOUSLY.