

THE MASKED SINGER

Written By

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Some things take so long
but how do I explain?
When not too many people
Can see we're all the same.

And because of all their tears
Their eyes can't hope to see
The beauty that surrounds them
Isn't it a pity?

- George Harrison

At the behest of our attorneys:

DISCLAIMER

What lies beyond this page is so hellishly nihilistic, so existentially disturbing, so psychosis inducing, that we must beg you: do not read this.

Put it down. Get a coffee. Call your Grandmother. She misses you and you don't call enough.

Or do nothing. Doing nothing is the best. Anything BUT this.

Lie to your boss. Tell them you read it and it's a "hard pass." That's honestly cool with us.

One last thing, and it's a big one: DO NOT forward to anybody at Disney or Fox. Actually, don't send it to anyone at all. Wait, who the hell sent this to you?

Sincerely,

Law Offices of Cellino & Barnes
Injury Attorneys
(800) 888-8888

By turning this page you waive your right to sue us.

Welcome to the circus you crazy motherfucker...



INT. THE MASKED SINGER STAGE - PRIMETIME BITCH!

THINGAMAJIG (yellow, furry monster, AGELESS or ALREADY DEAD) performs to a frenzied crowd -- like Beatle-Mania if Paul McCartney were an anthropomorphic Taco.

POV: Through his googly eyes, we pan through the crowd.

Land on the judges table: **KEN JEONG, ROBIN THICKE, JENNY MCCARTHY**, and **NICOLE SHERZINGER**. (We understand why they're all here.)

NICK CANNON

Alright judges, who do you think is behind the mask?

Or whatever **NICK CANNON** usually says. We've never made it this far into an episode.

NICOLE

It's Meryl Streep. I got you Meryl!

KEN

No! No! Angela Merkel!

ROBIN THICKE

Jackie Chan!

JENNY

I've never been more sure of anything in my life. That's Lin Manuel Miranda.

(to Ken, brag)

I saw Hamilton at Pantages.

We hear the INTERNAL MONOLOGUE of Thingamajig/**VICTOR OLADIPO** (NBA player and real contestant).

VICTOR OLADIPO (V.O.)

Jesus Christ. How am I gonna live up to that? I'm Victor Oladipo, not the Chancellor of Germany. I can't take off the mask now. I don't even think Ken Jeong watched the 2017-18 Pacers season.

NICK CANNON

Thingamajig, it's time. TAKE. OFF. THAT. MASK!

NOTE: As we hold on Nick Cannon, it's important to mention that like everyone, we're appalled by his anti-Semitic rants. But he kept his job on the Masked Singer so we had no choice but to include him in this story. Dankë, FOX!

SUDDENLY our wildly-too-long POV shot turns blurrrrry. The room is SPINNING.

VICTOR OLADIPO
I can't do this...

We exit POV as: Thingamajig collapses!! The Judges rush over.

NICOLE
Does anyone know CPR?

KEN
Stay calm! I'm a doctor!

Ken kneels down by Thingamajig's side.

JENNY MCCARTHY
Jesus Christ! He can't breathe in that thing! Get the mask off!

Nick Cannon saves the moment:

NICK CANNON
America, are you ready for the reveal?!

The crowd erupts in applause as the Judges reveal Victor Oladipo's unconscious face.

NICOLE
Wait... Who is this?

KEN JEONG
...That's Victor Oladipo from the Indiana Pacers. 2017-18 Most Improved Player of the Year.

ROBIN THICKE
What? The producers said to guess really famous people...

JENNY
So Thingamajig is just some quasi-famous guy from Indiana?

As Ken comes up for air while administering CPR:

KEN JEONG
He's from Maryland, he just plays for Indiana.

He continues mouth-to-mouth on Victor.

NICOLE SHERZINGER
 Then who is TOMATOFACE? Just
 like...
 (makes up a name)
 Tom Bergeron?

NICK CANNON
 I don't know how...yes. It's Tom
 Bergeron.

NICOLE SHERZINGER
 Wait...who's Tom Bergeron?!

QUICK SHOT: Tomatoface/Tom Bergeron on side stage throws his
 helmet in the trash, inconsolable.

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE NEWSROOM - EVENING

Two **NEWS ANCHORS** know they'll lose their jobs at *FOX7
 Cheyenne* if they don't praise the golden goose show.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 Fans are still reeling from
 tonight's *The Masked Singer*. Victor
 Oladipo! Who would have guessed!

KEVIN FINNERTY
 Absolutely. I could have sworn it
 was Patty Hearst. Let's go to a
 clip!

CLIP: Victor Oladipo (still dressed as Thingamajig) gives a
 thumbs up from his stretcher as he's loaded into an
 ambulance.

Under the clip while their mics are cut:

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 Patty Hearst? Sleep with her too,
 Kevin?

KEVIN FINNERTY
 Bet she's not "too busy to
 snuggle," Dianne.

Back to the broadcast, they compose themselves:

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 How do you follow Victor Oladipo
 and Tom Bergeron? We'll just have
 to keep watching.

She stacks her papers.

KEVIN FINNERTY
That's right. Now, the only
question America is asking:
Who will be next?

INT. WARNER BROTHERS CASTING OFFICE C - DAY

MICKEY ROURKE (big fans) is mid-monologue before a room of CREATIVES, all younger than the kids he wished he had, including hot young director **MARC-ANDRE DUBOIS** (Damien Chazelle, unattached).

MICKEY
We know things are bad - worse than bad. They're crazy! It's like, everything everywhere is going crazy! So we don't go out anymore. We sit in the house. And slowly the world we're living in is getting smaller.

We very gradually **ZOOM IN** on Mickey, past the Creatives as one-by-one they put down their phones.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Well, I want you to get MAD!

Mickey pauses dramatically, twirling the audience in his palm like a handful of cashews.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I don't want you to protest. I don't want you to riot. I don't want you to write to your congressman, because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write.

Mickey lowers his head, gathering himself before the finale. When he looks up through his eyelash extensions, a Creative **GASPS** at his **incredible acting**.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street. All I know is that first you've got to get MAD!

A single mascara-tear rolls down Mickey's cheek.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
You've got to say: I'm a human
being, goddammit! **MY LIFE HAS
VALUE!**

Mickey collapses into his chair -- *spent*.

Marc-Andre and the Creatives (a decent band name) stand and
roar with applause, except for one who FAINTS from awe.

Mickey lets out a smile as Marc-Andre gives him a thumbs up.

LOU (PRE-LAP)
It's a pass, Mick.

CUT TO:

INT. APA TALENT AGENCY - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LATER

LOU ZERONI (Death of a Salesman) leans against his desk
across from Mickey, seated on the couch.

MICKEY
You're joking. I *killed*, Lou.

Lou shrugs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Like a soft pass?

LOU
They hated it, Mick. They *hated* it.

Lou holds up a FAX that just says: **"NO."**

LOU (CONT'D)
This just came over the wire.

Mickey takes off his lucky non-prescription ROSE TINTED
GLASSES that RDJ gave him at the Iron Man 2 wrap party.

MICKEY
Jesus Christ.

Mickey lights a MARLBORO RED EXTRA LONG and takes a drag.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
That was it, Lou. I just don't know
what these people want anymore.
Without an audience, I'm a brush
without a canvas -- a Harley
without an engine.

Mickey stares out the floor-to-ceiling-windows at a city that used to adore him.

LOU

Don't quit on me yet. Ol' Lou has one more ace up his sleeve. I got you a part on the number one show on television.

MICKEY

The Crown?!

LOU

(scoffs)

Better.

Lou slides a headshot across the table. It's a demonic **HAM & CHEESE BISCUIT** with a face.

It looks like a reject from the McDonald's family of mascots.

MICKEY

Wha-- What am I lookin at here?

LOU

(jazz hands)

The Masked Singer.

Lou pauses for applause that does not come.

LOU (CONT'D)

Fifty million people a night can't be wrong, right?

Mickey leans forward and crushes his cigarette under the pinky ring he fleeced off John Denver outside Topeka.

He presses the ashes into the headshot. Ham & Cheese Biscuit smiles through the flames as Mickey sends him to hell.

LOU (CONT'D)

It's a good role, Mick--

MICKEY

HAM AND CHEESE BISCUIT?! Are you fucking kidding me?

LOU

I know, I know. But they said you can pick the song.

(beat)

As long as it's Barenaked Ladies.

MICKEY

I asked you to find me a legit part. Chris Rock landed *Fargo* and Mickey Fuckin Rourke can't do better than a breakfast sandwich?!

LOU

Chris Rock is great in *Fargo*--

MICKEY

I know he is! He's unbelievable! You think that helps? I should be getting roles like that. Not--

Mickey throws up his hands in defeat. He flashes a look of apology to Lou. *It ain't your fault, Lou. I know.*

LOU

This is the number one show on television... *Fargo* isn't even popular IN FARGO.

(then)

Clearly, Disney understands something about America that the rest of us hacks don't.

Mickey pulls a bottle of pills from his coat pocket.

MICKEY

Isn't this show on FOX?

Lou shakes his head at Mickey's adorable naïveté.

He gestures out the window over the vast skyline.

LOU

It's *allllll* Disney.

NOTE: Disney "claims" they didn't acquire FOX network, but they also "claim" they stand up for human rights in Hong Kong. So, you decide.

Mickey picks up the now-burnt headshot and thinks again.

LOU (CONT'D)

You said it yourself. You need an audience. And there's no bigger audience than this show. This is the Superbowl of food-costumed singing competitions.

Mickey shakes his head as he stares into Ham & Cheese Biscuit's lifeless eyes.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Runnin outta options here, pal.

MICKEY
 Got that right.

Lou crouches down beside his lifelong client and friend.

LOU
 I can push back on Ham & Cheese
 Biscuit.

Mickey looks to Lou. He doesn't need to say it. We can see it. *Thanks Lou, I'd really hate to be that fuckin' biscuit.*

Lou softly punches Mickey in the shoulder. *I know. I know.*

LOU (CONT'D)
 ...but they're pretty firm on
 Barenaked Ladies.

THE MASKED SINGER

FADE IN:

MUSIC: "Don't Know What You Got Till It's Gone" by *Cinderella*

Over OPENING CREDITS, a montage of CLIPS from RED CARPET EVENTS, AWARD CEREMONIES, FILMS, NEWS REPORTS, POLICE REPORTS detailing the ups and downs of MICKEY ROURKE'S historic career in entertainment.

As the CINDERELLA song rings out we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DUSK

Mickey rides his **Harley Davidson Rigid FXR Black Death MOTORCYCLE** that he won off Peter Fonda in a handshake bet of *What's Up Dennis Hopper's Nose?*

He pulls up to a red light next to a car full of YOUNG WOMEN. He smiles and nods politely.

They laugh and drive off, running the red.

GIRL
You wish gramps!

MICKEY
(yelling after them)
Oh yeah?! You wish I was a Grandpa!
(sotto)
So do I...

He glances up at a MASKED SINGER BILLBOARD as he lights another Marb Red.

Smoke obscures the billboard. As it wafts away, the billboard now advertises Mickey's hit movie ANGEL HEART. We are in:

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - 1987

A car full of YOUNG WOMEN pulls up but this time they swoon over Mickey. He smiles at them and drives down Memory Lane.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF MICKEY'S HEYDAY:

- Mickey drives by Pauly Shore chuggin nose-beers outside The Comedy Store.

PAULY SHORE
You're the man Mick! This'll never
end for either of us!

MICKEY
Got that right!

- He rolls past Dan Tana's. The MAITRE'D calls out to him.

MAITRE'D
Your usual table Mr. Rourke?

MICKEY
Not tonight, Rico.

- Two YOUNG BOYS scuffle outside Barney's Beanery. As Mickey drives by:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Keep the fighting inside the ring,
ey boys!

The boys look up in awe.

BOYS
Whoa Mickey Rourke!

MICKY

And stay in school, yeah? School is
coool.

BOYS

You got it, Mr. Rourke!

One boy helps the other off the ground.

We continue down Sunset, taking in a moment of beautiful
serenity until:

VOICE (O.S.)

Mickey Rourke! Hey Mickey!

Mickey SNAPS OUT OF IT.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

A TMZ TOUR VAN shouts at him through the loudspeaker:

TMZ TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)

Get the fuck outta the shot!

A YOUNG BOY in the van looks down at Mickey in pity.

"No hard feelings, kid..." Mickey says with his eyes.

"Fuck off old man" the young boy says with his middle finger.

As Mickey drives off we hear:

TMZ TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

This is the exact fire hydrant
where Lindsay Lohan flashed cooch
in 2006.

SNAP SNAP SNAP as tourists in Tommy Bahama take pictures
they'll never look at again.

INT. MICKY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A palatial beach house stuck in the 80's.

BOXING TROPHIES and GLOVES, PHOTOS with famous friends, his
GOLDEN GLOBE from *The Wrestler* -- it's a shrine to the past,
a constant reminder to Mickey of what he had and lost.

LIZ (Mickey's younger sister) cooks dinner as her daughter
ANNABELLE (7) is glued to the TV watching 'My 600 Pound Cat'
on TLC.

Mickey enters and kisses Liz on the cheek. He hides the sorrow of his day like the amazing actor he is.

LIZ
Wash up, dinner's almost ready.
Sorry for the mess.

MICKEY
Don't worry. It's nice comin home
to a house that isn't empty.
(to Annabelle)
How's my niece?

ANNABELLE
Good Uncle Princess!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mickey turns on the shower and stares at himself in the mirror. He grabs the EMBROIDERED PILL BOTTLE that Lucille Ball gave him at her second (and best) intervention.

His hand shakes as he holds it over the toilet:

LIZ (O.S.)
How was the audition?

MICKEY
(chokes)
Good.

He closes the toilet seat and pops UPPERS and DOWNERS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dirty dishes on the table as everyone relaxes after dinner.

The soft crash of waves from outside the door.

In the BG, the television is tuned to *Sharks vs Nazis 6* (please contact Verve if you are also interested in that script).

Annabelle gives Mickey a full makeover. He looks like a sad clown.

MICKEY
Easy on the eye shadow.

LIZ
Promise we won't be here forever.

MICKEY

You're my kid sister. You stay till
you're back on your feet.

Liz pulls out a piece of mail that says SECOND NOTICE.

LIZ

And what about you?

She passes him the envelope.

MICKEY

It's fine. We're fine.

LIZ

So how'd the audition really go?

She reads it on his face.

MICKEY

Maybe I can get back in the ring.

Liz holds his hand, scarred from years of fighting in and out
of a boxing ring.

LIZ

You know what the doctor said.

(then)

Mickey... why are you doing this?
Lowering yourself for a nose-bleed
seat at the circus? You did it
already! You won. Look around.

MICKEY

I'm an artist Liz. I gotta work. If
a tree falls in the forest, and no
one was there, did it make a sound?

LIZ

Yes. A big, big sound.

MICKEY

If I act and nobody's there, did I
even act? This is all I've ever
been. An actor and a boxer. Who
will I be after it's gone?

LIZ

You don't need an audience to be an
artist.

MICKEY

That's where you're wrong. Without them, I'm... just a sad old has-been.

Liz scoffs.

LIZ

Hey Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

Yes Mommy?

LIZ

What does your Uncle Mickey do?

ANNABELLE

He's nice and funny and the best Uncle Princess in the whole wide world.

Mickey's eyes water.

LIZ

See? She doesn't even know you're an actor. You'll still be you, Mickey. And I'll be able to help out once I get a job. I have that interview next week.

MICKEY

You're gonna ace it. And I can watch Annabelle.

LIZ

Are you sure? I was gonna get a babysitter.

MICKEY

Save the money. We'll have a tea party, won't we Annabelle?

ANNABELLE

(re: the makeup)

Yes Uncle Princess!

Mickey smiles at Annabelle and then examines the Eviction notice once more.

MICKEY

I gotta make a call.

As Mickey exits, Nick Cannon bellows from the TV:

NICK CANNON
Y'ALL READY FOR THIS?!?!?!?

ANNABELLE
MASKED SINGER TIME!
MASKED SINGER TIME!

Liz rolls her eyes.

NICK CANNON
America is *buzzing* from last week's
reveal! As Moth was unmasked to be
famous kidnappee Elizabeth Smart.

We wish this was a joke but Elizabeth Smart was really on the
show... Dressed as a moth.

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)
She *held* the audience *captive* with
a stunning rendition of Sway by
Michael Buble.

Also real. We see a short clip of this **glitch in the matrix**.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mickey dials Robert Downey Jr on his Blackberry.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (O.S.)
Hello.

MICKEY
Rob! It's M--

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (O.S.)
You've reached the cellular
apparatus of one Bob Downey Jr.

Mickey hangs up. He shuffles through a stack of BILLS and
PILLS on his nightstand. He shakes a bottle. *Empty*.

He sits on the floor, his back literally and metaphorically
against the wall -- and weeps.

His makeup runs as he becomes an actual sad clown.

He dials Lou.

MICKEY
Lou. I'm in.
(beat)
But not that fuckin biscuit.

INT. MASKED SINGER CHANGING ROOM - DAY

SARAH PALIN dressed as a cotton-candy-colored BEAR without the mask, argues with TOMMY CHONG dressed as a PINEAPPLE with sunglasses and six-pack abs -- *because why the fuck not?*

Again, all of these details are so very sadly true.

Mickey sits in the corner, staring in the mirror dead-eyed.

TOMMY CHONG

Sarah, man -- I've been in the clink -- you don't know what it's like! Inmates are people too.

SARAH PALIN

Sounds like some libtard-snowflake-cuck-stoner-fag shit to me.

NOTE: We are out to Tina Fey but if she passes, we're confident we can get the real Sarah Palin.

Tommy takes a long drag off his vape pen. As he exhales:

TOMMY CHONG

Mickey, man, you hearin this? This is terrible.

Mickey can't hear them as his sanity circles the drain.

We watch ON TV as ICE CREAM CONE sings 'Old Town Road'.

HARLEQUIN (costumer) and her assistant RHINESTONE (both early 20s) enter with a RACK OF COSTUMES.

HARLEQUIN

Well hello! I'm Harlequin, this is Rhinestone.

MICKEY

Mickey Rourke.

RHINESTONE

Oh, we know.

Mickey smiles.

RHINESTONE (CONT'D)

Our parents grew up in the 80's.

Mickey un-smiles.

HARLEQUIN

Just got off the horn with Lou --
thank GOD you nixed Ham n' Cheese
Biscuit.

RHINESTONE

Worst costume we ever made.

MICKEY

Really? Wow, I'm so relieved. Nice
to be around some sane people for
once.

Mickey gestures to Sarah Palin rehearsing 'Baby Got Back'
(which she actually sang.)

RHINESTONE

You've got great taste.

HARLEQUIN

We've been saving these costumes
for someone special.

MICKEY

(sincere)

Thanks guys. I'm actually excited.

HARLEQUIN

Number 1 -- Juicebox.

Mickey's smile evaporates as Rhinestone takes JUICEBOX off
the rack.

RHINESTONE

Who doesn't love a juicebox?
Flavor: Fruit punch. Friendly
googly eyes: check! And of course,
arms and legs.

HARLEQUIN

One caveat about Juicebox -- the
oxygen comes through the straw so
it's important we--

Mickey lights a stress cigarette. Harlequin senses it.

HARLEQUIN (CONT'D)

We can come back to Juicebox.
You're gonna really like this next
one. Rhinestone -- Plunger!

Harlequin beckons: *CLAP CLAP!* for Rhinestone to hold up
PLUNGER.

RHINESTONE

So it's basically the rubber part
and the stick. And then arms and
legs. Simple, chic, utilitarian.

Off Mickey's far off gaze --

HARLEQUIN

I hate it too. What were we
thinking right? BUT this one's the
one. I can feel it. Let me
introduce you to the next winner of
the Masked Singer...

Rhinestone and Harlequin drumroll on their knees.

HARLEQUIN (CONT'D)

...AR-15!

Rhinestone holds a human-sized RIFLE up with pride.

RHINESTONE

Lightweight. Carbon Fiber Alloy.
Magazine-Fed. Semi-automatic rifle.
BIG *seductive* googly eyes. And of
course...arms and legs.

HARLEQUIN

Now be careful because she is fully
loaded. No safety.

MICKEY

Is this even legal?

RHINESTONE

Oh yeah, it's licensed. Disney is a
subsidiary of the NRA, a Pornhub
company.

HARLEQUIN

It's a Matryoshka Doll of ass,
brass, and Imagineering.

RHINESTONE

It's fun for the whole step-family.

HARLEQUIN

(confident, re: gun)
I don't think I have to ask
but...this is the one right?

Mickey gives up. He's about to O.K. the AR-15 when he spots
ANOTHER COSTUME on Rhinestone's rack.

MICKEY

What's that?

HARLEQUIN

Oh honey, no. You don't want that.

MICKEY

Show me.

Rhinestone brings out the helmet of PURPLE GREMLIN -- a fuzzy purple creature with a snaggle-toothed smile.

If the helmet could talk it would say "Please God kill me, why did you give me life, oh Lord? KILL ME PLEASE, I DON'T CARE HOW JUST KILL ME!"

MICKEY (CONT'D)

That's the one.

Harlequin and Rhinestone look at each other. *Your Funeral.*

MOMENTS LATER --

Mickey zips up the suit. He feels a hypnotic connection to Purple Gremlin.

ICE CREAM CONE enters and sits down next to Mickey.

He twists off his head to reveal NINJA, the blue-haired gamer and "future of entertainment and sports" according to the ESPN cover story that they unironically wrote.

Mickey has no idea who Ninja is.

NINJA

Oh wow, Mickey Rourke. I loved *The Wrestler* man. It's a real honor.

He reaches out his hand and Mickey shakes.

MICKEY

Thanks kid. Sorry, I'm unfamiliar with your work.

Ninja laughs.

NINJA

Why would you be? I'm a gamer.

MICKEY

What's that mean?

NINJA

People watch me play video games
and give me money to talk to them.

MICKEY

Wha-- They don't *play* the games?

NINJA

No, of course not. People watch
Lebron but don't play pro hoops, ya
know?

MICKEY

There's good money in that?

Ninja leans in and whispers.

NINJA

Facebook just paid me \$30 million
to be exclusive on their platform.

MICKEY

Jesus fuckin Christ.
(re: Satan's dressing
room)
What are you doing here?!

NINJA

I wanted to make *real* art, ya know?

Mickey looks over his Ice Cream costume.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Mickey rips an entire cigarette in one pull.

BACK TO:

INT. MASKED SINGER BACKSTAGE - PRIMETIME ON FOX-DISNEY

Mickey is about to go on. Harlequin and Rhinestone put the
MASK on Mickey for the first time.

Famed Jew Hater (but he's "working on it") Nick Cannon
introduces.

NICK CANNON

We've got a treat for you all
tonight!

(MORE)

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)
 Who knows, he could be the next
 winner and then some. Give it up
 for PURPLE GREMLIN!!!!

Mickey wobbles on stage to the *SONIC BOOM* of the audience applause. He hasn't heard approval like this since he did King Leer at the West End with Anthony Hopkins, barely a faint memory now.

POV: We are inside the mask with Mickey. We hear his deep breaths, feel his sweat and confusion.

He looks out at the faces of the AUDIENCE -- nice, normal people just having a good time.

For the first time, Mickey understands: *they're just here for a reprieve from the harshness of life and to escape into some mindless entertainment.*

QUICK SHOTS OF NATIONAL AUDIENCE WATCHING THE MASKED SINGER:

-- A MIDWESTERN FAMILY gathers around the TV. Mom enters with popcorn.

-- A HOMELESS MAN shivers in the cold as he watches on a wall of TV's outside an electronics store.

-- A NURSE in the hospital breakroom. Stress fades from her face.

-- A BIKER GANG at a dive bar. The BARTENDER turns up the volume.

-- Liz and Annabelle.

BACK TO THE MASKED SINGER STAGE:

The music for "One Week" by *Barenaked Ladies* kicks in but Mickey misses his cue.

He's overwhelmed as we hear lines from earlier:

LOU (V.O.)
 They hated it Mick.

TMZ TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)
 Get the fuck outta the shot!

WOMAN IN CAR (V.O.)
 You wish Gramps!

HARLEQUIN (V.O.)
 It's the rubber part and stick. And
 arms and legs.

LIZ (V.O.)
They're going to take the house.

RDJ'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached Robert Downey
Jr.

The audience murmurs. Nick Cannon snaps Mickey out of it.

NICK CANNON
You alright, Purple Gremlin?

Mickey gives the thumbs up.

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)
Alright, one more time everybody!
Purple Gremlin!

The upbeat music kicks in again. Mickey misses his cue again.

Nick waves off the music.

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)
That's live TV for ya, folks!

Nick cuts his mic and leans in to Mickey.

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
You okay?

MICKEY
Sorry, sorry. The music's too fast.
I can do it without the music.

NICK CANNON
You joking?

Mickey's disguised voice sounds like a dog's squeak toy.

MICKEY
Please.

Nick turns back to the audience in performance mode.

NICK CANNON
Alright, break out your textbooks
because we're making Masked Singer
history tonight with the FIRST
acapella performance EVERRR!

The crowd erupts and then simmers into silence as Mickey
inhales oxygen and exhales all his hopes and dreams.

His performance starts upbeat.

MICKEY
 Iiiiiit's been! One week since you
 looked at me!

As he continues, his voice cracks and he slows the song. The audience can hear him fighting back tears.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Cocked your head to the side and
 said, "I'm angry."

The song continues as a 10-round bareknuckle cage match between *Barenaked Ladies*' **relentlessly hopeful tempo** and Mickey's **emotional breakdown** -- the 'Ladies are winning.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Five days since you laughed at me
 Saying, Get that together, come
 back and see me.

The audience is shocked but enamored with this rare display of authentic emotion.

QUICK SHOTS OF NATIONAL AUDIENCE WATCHING THE MASKED SINGER:

-- The Midwestern Family cheers him on.

MIDWESTERN DAUGHTER
 C'mon Purple Gremlin!

-- The Homeless Man sings along.

-- Other DOCTORS and NURSES join in watching.

-- A Biker sheds a tear.

-- Liz and Annabelle.

ANNABELLE
 What's happening, Mommy?

LIZ
 I have no idea, hun.

BACK TO MASKED SINGER STAGE:

MICKEY
 Three days since the living room
 I realized it's all my fault, but
 couldn't tell you.
 (MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Yesterday, you'd forgiven me,
But it'll still be two days 'til I
say... I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE NEWSROOM - MORNING

KEVIN FINNERTY
Purple Gremlin is trending #1 on
twitter after a heart-wrenching
performance to remember!

They show footage of the roaring crowd after Mickey's
performance. Purple Gremlin bows. Jenny McCarthy calls her
father.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
I haven't seen celebrity worship
like this since Republicans
invented lying to poor people.

The crowd chants:

CROWD
(on TV)
PUR-PLE GREM-LIN!
PUR-PLE GREM-LIN!
PUR-PLE GREM-LIN!

KEVIN FINNERTY
I don't know who it is, but one
thing's for sure: this is just the
beginning for Purple Gremlin.

The TV shuts off.

REVEAL: We're in:

INT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Mickey puts down the remote.

ANNABELLE
Hey I was watching Purple Gremlin!

MICKEY
You like that?

ANNABELLE
I love Purple Gremlin!

LIZ
God help us.

She smirks at Mickey. He fakes a smile.

LIZ (CONT'D)
That's not real art, darlin'.

Mickey winces.

ANNABELLE
What's real art?

Liz turns this over before speaking.

LIZ
It's sharing a part of yourself
that helps people feel good and
make sense of themselves.

ANNABELLE
Like Purple Gremlin!

Mickey's phone rings. It's Lou.

LIZ
(to Annabelle)
That's enough Purple Gremlin talk
for one day. Let's go outside.

Mickey answers the phone. As Liz and Annabelle exit:

LOU (O.S.)
This is big, Mick. Huge!

MICKEY
Unbelievable.

SPLITSCREEN: MICKEY AND LOU

LOU
Your fans even have their own
nickname already.

MICKEY
Really?

LOU
Bieber's got his Beliebers. Beyonce
has her Bee Hive. You've got
Maskturbation Nation.

MICKEY

I would have preferred
Masketeers...

LOU

They're talkin Purple Gremlin
movies. TV shows. This is a
franchise, Mick.

MICKEY

Come on, no one even knows it's me.

Mickey runs his hand through his hair and pulls out some
purple fur. He looks around and runs it in the disposal.

LOU

But they will! In the meantime, we
gotta raise PG's profile, build
suspense for the reveal. You gotta
wear it around town.

MICKEY

That's insane. I'm not wearing this
thing anymore than I have to.

LOU

We're just edging America now,
Mick. And then the more you edge
'em, the bigger the load when we
reveal.

MICKEY

Dear God.

LOU

America's got heavy balls today.
Let 'em maskturbate all over you.
Make this count.

MICKEY

No way! I'm not gonna wear the
suit. End of discussion.

LOU

You say you want Fargo? A Marc-
Andre Dubois film? This is your
shot. You play the game, build that
load. Trust me.

MICKEY

Lou, I've listened to you my whole
career and look where it got me.

LOU
(indignant)
What the hells that supposed to mean?

MICKEY
What happened when you told me to pass on *Top Gun*? I passed.

Mickey Rourke really passed on *Top Gun*.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What about when you said Quentin Tarantino was a one-hit hack? Travolta got *Pulp Fiction*.

Mickey Rourke really passed on *Pulp Fiction*.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What happened when you told me Eddie Murphy didn't have "*it?*" I passed on *48 Hours* AND *Beverly Hills Cop*!

This also really happened.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What happened when you said *Silence of the Lambs* was "too scary!"

LOU
It is too scary! I'm not taking the *L* on that!

To save time, here are some other movies Mickey passed on:

Bad Boys
The Big Chill
Caddyshack
Dead Poets Society
Highlander
Platoon
The Thin Red Line
Tombstone
The Untouchables

Mickey peers over his Chuck Schumer READERS at a stack of bills and foreclosure notices. He hears a *KNOCK* on the window.

Annabelle presses her nose against the glass and laughs.
Mickey smiles and waves.

MICKEY
I gotta go.

EXT. THIRD STREET PROMENADE - DAY

Mickey and Liz hold Annabelle's hands as they walk down 3rd Street.

They pass a BUSKER outside Kreation Juice as she finishes up a song. A small crowd applauds.

BUSKER
Thank you. I'm not normally a fan of singing competitions, but I think we were all moved by the Masked Singer last night.

Annabelle tugs at Mickey's hand to stop and watch the next song. They stop.

BUSKER (CONT'D)
This goes out to the Purple Gremlin in all of us.

She kicks into the sad rendition of *Barenaked Ladies*. Mickey hands Annabelle a DOLLAR to put into the Busker's jar.

The **FREE SAMPLES GUY** outside Kreation leans over to Mickey.

FREE SAMPLES GUY
Hey Mickey Rourke, can I get a selfie? I'm an actor. Or trying to be, ya know?

MICKEY
Course.

They snap the selfie.

FREE SAMPLES GUY
Thanks. The Wrestler really helped me through some shit.

MICKEY
I really appreciate that.

FREE SAMPLES GUY
I wish you still acted, man.

This stings.

MICKEY
Me too kid.

Mickey watches Annabelle dance in front of the Busker.

INT. MASKED SINGER CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Mickey opens the closet and stares at his Purple alter-ego.

MICKEY

You can do this, Mickey. You do
this one thing and then it's smooth
sailing. Liz. Annabelle. Fargo. The
Crown. Dubois. America's balls.

REVEAL: Rhinestone in the corner.

RHINESTONE

Should I be here for this?

Mickey takes the costume off the hanger.

MICKEY

Strap me in, Rhinestone. I'm ready.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF PURPLE GREMLIN'S RISING FAME:

-- Purple Gremlin rides his motorcycle past the same TMZ Tour Bus as earlier, but the bus *erupts in excitement* this time.

-- Purple Gremlin is plastered over a BILLBOARD for a Van Gogh exhibit at LACMA.

-- CROWDS swarm to buy Purple Gremlin costumes at Party City.

-- FAMILIES at Disneyland line up to take pictures with Mickey Mouse and Purple Gremlin mascots.

-- PAPARAZZI take pictures of Purple Gremlin leaving Craig's with ANA DE ARMAS (definitely not attached) on his arm.

-- Purple Gremlin is on The Tonight Show. He's the first guest seated beside Marc-Andre Dubois.

MARC-ANDRE DUBOIS

I am obsessed with you, Purple
Gremlin.

Jimmy slaps his desk and laughs hysterically.

JIMMY FALLON

Seriously, who are you!?

Jimmy jokingly reaches to take off the mask, but just pets Purple Gremlin's fuzzy head like he did to Donald Trump - in yet another odd effort to humanize a literal monster.

JIMMY FALLON (CONT'D)
Stick around for musical guest,
Sarah Palin! We'll be right back!

The Roots play them out with *Barenaked Ladies*. Jimmy and Marc-Andre wave to camera as Purple Gremlin stares into the void.

INT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Ding Dong. Mickey, dressed as Purple Gremlin, wakes up surrounded by EMPTY VODKA BOTTLES. He picks himself up and opens the door to find:

LOU
Answering the door as PG?! I coulda
been anyone!

MICKEY
Nobody visits Mickey. C'mon in.

They enter and sit in the living room.

LOU
C'mon take off the mask, I got good
news.

MICKEY
Forgot I even had it on.

Mickey removes the helmet and places it preciously on a mannequin.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Beautiful snaggle-toothed bastard.

This is bizarre, even for Lou, but he moves on.

LOU
Sure, alright.
(then)
Anyway, thought I'd stop by to
celebrate.

He hands Mickey a PAYCHECK. As Mickey opens the envelope --

LOU (CONT'D)
We're gonna remember this moment
Mick.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)
This is the turning point in *both*
our careers. The first Purple
Gremlin paycheck.

MICKEY
Finally. Couldn't have come at a
better time. I--

We see the check is from The Tonight Show, not Masked Singer,
for scale: \$553.00

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Lou--

LOU
Now before you freak out, this is
the tip of the iceberg.

MICKEY
Where's the Masked Singer check?

LOU
No contestants get paid on the
Masked Singer.

This is bizarrely true. How is that legal???

Mickey clenches his fists.

MICKEY
Lou. I. Am. Losing. My. Mind.

LOU
You just did Fallon! You don't get
there without heat! Fill up
America's balls, remember?! Then
when we take off the mask,
Hollywood is going to be cumming
cash all over us!!! They're gonna
creampie us with jobs, facefuck us
with Oscars, go ass to mouth with
appearance fees!!! We're so close!

Mickey deflates into the couch.

MICKEY
This isn't enough. I owe the bank.

LOU
I mean, you are supporting Liz and
the kid...

MICKEY
Don't fucking go there.

LOU

Well what'd you expect?! This was our last shot. But it's working! And it's going to take some time and patience.

Mickey is getting angry now.

MICKEY

Patience?! I'm doing way more than my contract stipulates. I wear this thing from dawn to midnight. I am Purple Gremlin. And I deserve my cut of what Disney-Fox is raking in. They aren't selling Plunger at Party City. It's me!

LOU

What do you want me to do?

MICKEY

Renegotiate my deal.

LOU

Mick--

MICKEY

Just get me some upfront. You said they're going to make a movie? Let's get a little of that.

LOU

We can't...

MICKEY

Get me a meeting with Cindy Dupont-Disney. I've known her since she was a tike in diapers. Her pops and I go way back. She'll listen.

LOU

That's not a good idea.

As Mickey chops up lines to quell his anger:

MICKEY

When America finally finds out it's me under that mask, every agent in town will be knockin on my door. Better hope I don't answer.

Mickey rips a line.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Set the meeting or I'll find
someone that will.

Lou shakes his head.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
They're gonna take the house, Lou.

LOU
You can stay in my condo until
things come together.

MICKEY
I'm not losing my house. Set the
meeting or you're fired.

Lou is hurt by this.

LOU
After all we've been through?

Mickey stares at him with desperate anger. Yes.

LOU (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll set it up.

INT. DISNEY-FOX DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - NEXT DAY

Tighter security than the Pentagon. DISNEY-FOX GESTAPO SOLDIERS, adorned with MICKEY MOUSE EARS on their swat helmets, stand outside the brass double doors of a boardroom. It's the Third Reich of Entertainment.

Mickey sits in the lobby pretending to text a friend.

He gets a call from Lou and sends it to voicemail.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (O.S.)
Mr. Rourke!

MICKEY
Cindy, great to see you. Done well
for yourself kid.

CINDERELLA "CINDY" DUPONT-DISNEY VII (28, heir to the Disney empire) leads him into the mega boardroom. Mouse ears on the golden chairs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
How's your Pops? We had some crazy
nights, I'll tell ya.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Frozen.

MICKEY
Right, right...

Mickey sits at one end of the boardroom table - Cindy a football field away at the other end.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Told you this before, but I watched Angel Heart until the tape wore out. Got me through my eldest's un-adoption. So to have you on the Masked Singer is a dream come true.

MICKEY
(flattered)
Thanks, Cindy.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
And look...I know it's not high art, but it keeps the lights on ya know?

She gestures to the King Midas boardroom.

MICKEY
Totally. And that's why I think you can relate to my predicament.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Mr. Rourke...I know why you're here. People don't go on the Masked Singer to make a ton of money. They go on to revive their careers. Get on stage. A little sizzle to sell the steak. Angel Heart 2? Who knows?

Mickey looks hopeful.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Not us, but maybe someone else.

Less hopeful.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Remember to stay the course. *Googly eyes on the prize.*

Mickey sighs.

MICKEY

I just think with all the Gremlin-mania, it makes sense to take another look at my contract. I've been doing a lot of extra appearances for the show.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

Mr. Rourke...

MICKEY

Listen, I'm supporting my sister and her family. I haven't asked for much. Maybe just something to keep my lights on.

Cindy stands and stares out the window. The shades lower.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

If we renegotiate with you, we'd have to with everyone.

MICKEY

Just a gesture of good will. An upfront payment on the Purple Gremlin movie?

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

The what?

Fuckin Lou.

MICKEY

A piece of merch sales then?

Cindy scoffs.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

Over my Father's frozen body.

Mickey slams the table as he loses patience.

MICKEY

C'mon Cindy! My Q ratings are higher than Santa Claus!
(degrades himself)
How bout just a mini-fridge in the changing room? Anything! Extend the olive branch!

Cindy pinches the bridge of her nose.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
This is so sad. What happened to
you?

MICKEY
(indignant)
Look pipsqueek, cough up the
lettuce...or mini-fridge... or I
walk! I am Purple fucking Gremlin.

Cindy shakes her head and laughs maniacally. She turns round
on Mickey.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
YOU are Purple Gremlin?! REALLY?
Nobody even knows it's you!

With every word Cindy gets redder, meaner and downright
scarier.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
You're no more Purple Gremlin than
the flaccid impersonators outside
Grauman's.

Mickey scoffs, calling Cindy's bluff.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Oh you don't believe me? Armie
Hammer was Ice Cream Cone for THREE
WEEKS before he asked for ONE smoke
break. Look what we did to him.

MICKEY
You did that to Armie Hammer?

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
He can't even see his kids anymore.
They think he'll eat 'em. But they
don't know that I'M the one who
EATS.

MICKEY
Jesus, Cindy. I thought you were my
friend.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Friend...?

As if she doesn't know the meaning of the word.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Are you familiar with the machine,
Mr. Rourke?

MICKEY

The wha?

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

Oh, you don't know the machine? The machine is all around us. We're in it right now in fact.

She gestures all around.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

The machine stops for no one. Not even me. Let me tell you about the machine, Mr. Rourke. The machine is \$200,000 student debt. The machine is Joel Osteen taking Granny's social security check -- tax fucking free.

Cindy walks to the decadent BAR.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

The machine is people's miserable fuckin jobs, and their miserable fuckin lives, that fry their brains from 9 to 5.

She pours herself a drink of something brown.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

The machine kills your dreams. It takes away hope. So you think your only shot at happiness is to hit it big, win the lottery, get famous.

She chugs it.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

The machine is keeping the poor poor, the rich rich, and convincing the middle: "the only reason you ain't rich is 'cause of the poor."

She *SMASHES* the glass on the ground.

CINDY DYPONT-DISNEY VII

When the game is rigged, you don't want to play. It whispers: Don't spend all your time becoming a doctor or a lawyer or astronaut. No, just try to become the next cranberry-juice-drinking skateboarding sensation.

(MORE)

CINDY DYPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Because in America, we worship
celebrity and nothing else. THAT'S
the new American dream... Fame.

She runs her fingers over the Mickey Mouse ears on her chair.

MICKEY
You're a monster.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Oh no no no nonono, Mr. Rourke.
We're not the bad guys. We give
people relief. The machine makes
you sick. We hand you the medicine.
Escapism, primetime, every night on
Fox-Disney!

Mickey trembles.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
Because once the machine grinds you
down into a powder, and you come
home, throw on the TV, all you want
is the mindless bullshit we tell
you to like. Something to turn your
brain off and smile. Make you
forget you've got to do it all over
again tomorrow.

Cindy sits down next to Mickey and tries to appeal.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
I didn't invent the machine. I just
got on board. And I recommend you
do the same, Mr. Rourke.

MICKEY
I'll never be like you.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
You think I like this skid mark of
a TV show?!

Cindy scoffs.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)
My job is to keep the people numb
enough to not ask questions and
keep pouring their money back into
the machine.
(beat)
FUCK Angel Heart.

She spits on the ground.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

I've had Wanda Sykes under contract since 1988. If you don't fall in line, she'll be Purple Gremlin faster than you can say Armie Hammer. Now get the fuck outta my office.

On a shocked and defeated Mickey.

Mickey hasn't been this scared since he sold Liza Minelli expired 'ludes at Carson's Moulin Rouge divorce party. Everything was aces 'til strippers started droppin like Milton Berle's nutsack on Jerry Lewis' forehead. Liza knew something was wrong when she missed the C# major at the bridge in *Cabaret*. There she was... twirlin her stuff like she just burst outta a goddam birthday cake on New Years... shakin it on the Steinway with Bob Fosse. Lightnin Hopkins on the black n whites. Suddenly, she goes down faster than Peter O'Toole's breakfast 'tini. Foam in out the mouth. Shittin out her slacks. The works. Johnny holds up the pill bottle like, "Weird, wild shtuff!" Mickey can't call the ambulance cause of Johnny's recent 'nose trouble' and the blowback he was gettin from the brass at NBC. Fuckin' Leno. So Mickey throws Liza in the sidecar and scoots his bike down to Cedars -- the celeb entrance. If you don't know where that is, stop reading this script now, hot-shot-wannabe-piece-of-shit. So Liza leaves a trail o' tummy volcano from Johnny's all the way to Dr. Singh's waiting room. The long of the short of it is, Liza lived and sang her heart out at the Oscars that year -- nailed that C# major. Not a dry pocket meat in the house. She didn't thank Mickey per se, nor was he invited to the ceremony -- academy bureautwats -- but when she winked into camera, he knew it was for him. And the rest is cinema history.

THAT was the last time Mickey was this scared.

Cindy hits the intercom.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII (CONT'D)

Get me Sykes.

EXT. PICO PAWN PARKING LOT - DAY

Mickey and DEMETRI (Pawn shop owner) circle Mickey's motorcycle as Mickey describes it.

MICKEY

Harley FXR Black Death.
Indestructible Falicon crank shaft
assembly. Nine thousand RPM but
still smooth at low speeds.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)
She's custom from tits to ass.
Drives as good as the day I got
her.

DEMETRI
Ten thousand.

MICKEY
Ten thousand?! This is the most
famous bike in the world! This bike
has a longer IMDB than Steve
Buscemi!

DEMETRI
Eleven thousand.

MICKEY
(worn down)
Is that really all you can do? I'm
in a tough spot, Demetri.

DEMETRI
Aren't we all? Look, if you want
the cash today, I can give you
eleven thousand. Otherwise take it
to a dealer and they'll give you a
better price.

Off Mickey's defeated stare --

INT. PAWN SHOP BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Demetri counts out eleven thousand dollars. Every bill that
falls kills a piece of Mickey's soul.

MICKEY
How much for this?

He puts his GOLDEN GLOBE on the counter.

Off Demetri's surprised look --

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - PRIMETIME BABY

Mickey is mid-song as Purple Gremlin. He snaps his fingers
along to "Love" by Nat King Cole.

MICKEY
L! Is for the way you LOOK at meee!

He's playing ball. His inauthenticity is palpable.

QUICK SHOTS OF NATIONAL AUDIENCE LOSING INTEREST:

-- The midwestern family check their phones.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(on TV)
O! Is for the only one I seeee!

-- The Homeless Man pees on the shop window.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(on TV)
Veeeee!

-- The Nurse returns to work.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(on TV)
Is very verrrrrry!

-- The Bikers change channel to the football game.

BRENT MUSBERGER
(on TV)
Look at her. I've always found
quarterbacks have the hottest
girlfriends.

-- Liz and the kids.

MICKEY
(on TV)
E! Is even more!

ANNABELLE
What happened to Purple Gremlin?

LIZ
I don't know hon.

She changes the channel.

INT. MASKED SINGER CHANGING ROOM - LATER

Helmet off, Mickey sucks down a post-self-coital cigarette in front of the TV, watching his replay.

KEN JEONG (ON TV)
Something tells me it's Wanda
Sykes!

JENNY

Great guess! I'm gonna piggyback on that! WANDA! We know it's you!

NICOLE

WAN-DA! WAN-DA!

The entire audience joins this chant. Mickey rips the TV off the wall and *SMASHES* the mirror with it.

MICKEY

WANDA ISN'T PURPLE GREMLIN! IT'S ME! I'M PURPLE GREMLIN!

As the TV slowly dies, we hear ROBIN THICKE's guess.

ROBIN THICKE

(fades out)

Waaaaaandaa..

MICKEY

IT'S MICKEY ROURKE! MICKEY ROURKE IS PURPLE GREMLIN!

He stares into the shattered mirror.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

If I'm not Purple Gremlin, no one is! If I'm not Mickey Rourke, no one is!

His psychosis really digs in as he slurs his thoughts:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

But if I'm not Purple Gremlin... And I'm not Mickey Rourke...

As he stares into the shattered mirror, all that looks back is the Purple Gremlin.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

...who am I?

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE - THAT NIGHT

DIANNE MCGONOGAL

Well not Purple Gremlin's best, I'll be honest.

KEVIN FINNERTY

Still pretty good though. Masked Singer always delivers.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 And deliver they did...as we tune
 in next week for a new
 contender...HAM N CHEESE BISCUIT!

They show a picture of the costume Mickey hated from earlier.

KEVIN FINNERTY
 Gotta say, that's the best costume
 I've ever seen. Should hang in the
 Smithsonian when it's all done.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 Ham n Cheese Biscuit makes Ice
 Cream Cone look like Plunger had a
 baby with Thingamajig.

They smile and wave as the broadcast ends.

INT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Liz folds laundry. In one of Mickey's many PIRATE BLOUSES,
 she pulls out a PATCH OF PURPLE FUR and inspects it.

She calls Mickey. *Voicemail.*

LIZ
 Hi just making sure you're on your
 way? Have to leave for the
 interview soon.

Annabelle sets up a tea party in the living room.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Annabelle's waiting on Uncle
 Princess for your playdate.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THOMAS MIDDLEDITCH'S BI-ANNUAL SEX PARTY

Purple Gremlin in an all-day fuckathon.

THOMAS MIDDLEDITCH (yes the guy from Silicon Valley publicly
 said he participates in orgies because we live in a
 simulation) bites Purple Gremlin's googly eye.

PURPLE GREMLIN
 Not the eye Zuckerberg.

ADDENDUM: We wrote this before the harassment allegations
 against Thomas Middleditch.

This script has really messed with our sense of reality, like some sort of macabre crystal ball. We could've changed the character, but what's the point? Whoever we pick will meet the same fate.

INT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Liz waits by the door in her business suit. She calls Mickey again. *Voicemail*. She checks out the window and shakes her head at Mickey's absence.

LIZ
Okay hun, field trip. If we're
super good, I promise ice cream
after.

ANNABELLE
Yayyyy!

INT./EXT. TM'S BI-A SP - TIME IS AN ILLUSION

MICKEY
Feel like I had something to do.

THOMAS MIDDLEDITCH
Yeah, chow this box.

Purple Gremlin goes down on Thomas Middleditch.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Liz enters the interview office.

MALE INTERVIEWER
Wel--

Annabelle follows in behind Liz.

MALE INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
-come. You must be Liz. And...we
brought the family.

LIZ
(re: Annabelle)
I'm so sorry. Babysitter bailed
last minute. I hope that's okay.

We see on MALE INTERVIEWER's face: *it's not*.

MALE INTERVIEWER
Sure, it's fine.

EXT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz drinks wine. Mickey enters, glistening from his day.

MICKEY

Hey sis. What a day. Things are finally comin up Rourke, am I right?

He chugs water.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Parched. Where's the kid?

LIZ

At her Dad's.

This catches Mickey off-guard.

MICKEY

How come?

LIZ

Where were you today?

MICKEY

Thomas Middleditch's sex thing. Thought I told you.

LIZ

No, you definitely did not tell me that. What the fuck does that even mean? You stood me up! I had to take Annabelle to the interview. Remember?

MICKEY

Oh, Christ. How'd it go?

LIZ

How do you think?

MICKEY

(no accountability)
Doesn't matter. I'm *almost back*, Liz. We nabbed a golden goose. Just gotta hang on a little longer until I empty America's balls.

Liz is disgusted.

Mickey looks around and whispers with confidence:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I'm Purple Gremlin, Liz.

LIZ
Fuck you, Mickey.

MICKEY
It's true!

LIZ
That's even worse. You know how I
feel about that fucking show.

MICKEY
That's what I thought too! But I
was wrong! It's been the best thing
to ever happen to me. *To us!*

LIZ
Look at yourself. You forgot about
me and went to a sex party at noon
on a Tuesday? You drink and pop
pills like a teenage pharmacist?
You are unwell.

Mickey doesn't want to hear it.

MICKEY
Evvverybody's jealous, huh? I
finally get some heat, and the only
person I can talk to about it,
isn't even happy for me.

LIZ
Jealous?! The brother I know would
die before he took a job like that.
The brother I know cares about art,
craft, decency. That show is the
death wheeze of humanity.

MICKEY
This is who I am now, OK?! And
everyone but you is onboard!

LIZ
Nobody knows it's you.

MICKEY
They will! *Soon!*
(beat, echoing Lou)
This is a good role, Liz.

Liz starts packing a bag.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
They'll love me again!

LIZ
Mickey -- if you don't love
yourself, how can anybody else?

She takes her bag and heads for the door.

MICKEY
(defensive)
Fine! You don't want to support me
while I support you? Get out! This
is the thanks I get?!

Liz cries as the door slams behind her.

Mickey turns around and sees the TEA PARTY SET that Annabelle
made for them. Off Mickey's disappointed look --

INT. MASKED SINGER CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Harlequin and Rhinestone take measurements of WANDA SYKES
when Mickey enters.

WANDA
You sign one contract in 1989 and
they got your career by the balls
forever.
(re: Mickey)
Oh hey, Mickey! You on this show?

Mickey keeps his cool for like 2 seconds.

MICKEY
Oh hey Wanda -- WHAT THE FUCK ARE
YOU DOING HERE?

WANDA
Excuse me?

MICKEY
Who the hell do you think you are.
(to Harlequin)
Put down your needles.

HARLEQUIN
Mickey, keep cool.

RHINESTONE
This isn't our call.

WANDA

Wait, you actually want to do this show? It sucks.

MICKEY

Bite your tongue wench.

RHINESTONE

(sotto)

Armie Hammer all over again.

Mickey punches a hole in the wall next to Rhinestone's face.

MICKEY

If you put that suit on Wanda Sykes...I...will lose...my mind.

WANDA

I'm out. They can sue my ass.

Wanda exits.

HARLEQUIN

This came from the top Mickey. We're really sorry.

MICKEY

Over my dead body. I will bring this whole fuckin ship down with me.

HARLEQUIN

There's nothing you can do. Nothing any of us can do. Disney-Fox will dance on our graves a thousand generations after we're gone.

MICKEY

We'll see about that.

He grabs the Purple Gremlin suit and runs for it.

INT. BACK OF AN UBER - NIGHT

Some Purple Gremlin fur peeks out of a half-zipped DUFFLE BAG. He's on the phone with Lou.

MICKEY

Did you know?

LOU (O.S.)
Mickey...I told you not to mess
with Cindy! This is what happens
when you fuck with a gal like that.

MICKEY
Did you fucking know?!

LOU (O.S.)
I didn't think it was a done deal.
I've been on the phone all day
trying to shut it down. I'm not
giving up!

Mickey stuffs his mouth full of pills.

MICKEY
Cindy shouldn't have gotten into
the ring with me.

LOU (O.S.)
Don't do anything drastic.

The Uber stops in front of Mickey's house.

As Mickey walks up to the door, he sees:

EXT. MICKEY'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

EVICTON NOTICE on the boarded-up doors.

He's lost his house, his job, and his family...and he SNAPS.

LOU (O.S.)
Mick? You there?

More pills.

MICKEY
(gargles pills)
Lou. You're fired.

LOU (O.S.)
Mick, please don't do thi--

Mickey hangs up and curses the heavens like Andy Dufresne.

INT. MICKEY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey's tattooed arm smashes through a window as he breaks
into his own house.

WOOP WOOP WOOP! The ALARM sounds. He climbs through the shattered glass and turns it off.

INT. MICKEY'S MOVIE PROP ROOM - NIGHT

PROPS from Mickey's movies, boxing TROPHIES, PHOTOS with famous friends.

He puts on the Purple Gremlin suit, straps on a GRAPPLING HOOK, and a BULLET PROOF VEST.

He takes three fingers of shoe polish and draws a streak across Purple Gremlin's face like the camouflage in *Platoon*.

He fills a DUFFEL BAG with DRUGS, ALCOHOL and MARTIAL ARTS EQUIPMENT.

He grabs his KARATE BLACK BELT (that he won at Pat Morita's Police Auction) and ties it around his waist.

PURPLE GREMLIN
(impersonates Nick Cannon)
Ladies and Gentlemen... it's Purple
Gremlin time.

EXT. CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY'S MEGA MANSION - MIDNIGHT

Armed DISNEY-FOX GESTAPO patrol the grounds like Scarface.

A GUARD passes by the Caesar's Palace replica pool when --

-- Purple Gremlin rises from the depths like a ninja assassin, covered in seaweed.

He wears NIGHTVISION GOGGLES over Purple Gremlin's googly eyes.

POV NIGHTVISION GOGGLES: Purple Gremlin scans for guards and submerges back into the pool.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A guard monitors the WALL OF TV's. One of the screens goes blank. He taps it to see if it's a glitch.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A GUARD hears something. He turns, but *Mickey gets him from the other direction.*

Absolute silence as the Guard is pulled into the darkness.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another screen goes out. And then another. *And then all.*

SECURITY ROOM GUARD
All units check in.

Silence.

SECURITY ROOM GUARD (CONT'D)
Check in goddammit!

Through his WALKIE TALKIE we only hear screams:

GUARDS (O.S.)
IT'S A FUCKING BLOOD BATH!
SOME SORT OF PURPLE DEMON FROM HELL
IS--

He's cut off by the sound of blood gurgles --
GGGGRRRRSSSSLLLLLAAUUU!!!!

Security Room Guard makes a break for Cindy.

INT. TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CRYO-CHAMBERS line the walls. The **FROZEN BODIES** of *WALT DISNEY* and his *MALE DESCENDANTS* (horrible band name), surrounded by eighty years of OSCARS and TROPHY HUNTS alike.

Purple Gremlin is in an *all-out brawl* with FIVE GUARDS.

They're no match for his movie weapons training.

They try shooting him but can't get off a clean shot.

The LAST GUARD whimpers in the corner as Purple Gremlin approaches.

LAST GUARD
Please...I have a family.

Purple Gremlin picks up the OSCAR for *Fantasia* and smirks.

PURPLE GREMLIN
Always wanted one of these. Lost to Sean Penn in Milk. Can you believe that?

LAST GUARD
W-wait -- Purple Gremlin is Richard
Jenkins?

Purple Gremlin smashes the glass of Cindy's Father's Cryo-
Chamber.

MICKEY
(re: frozen head)
Hello old friend.

Purple Gremlin strokes his dead friend's frozen hair.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(to: frozen body)
I'm looking for Cindy.

The guard gags from disgust. Mickey turns to him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(to Guard)
Now, where is she?

INT. CINDY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy hides in the corner of her bathroom. We hear footsteps.
Bump. Bump. Bump.

She shakes with fear. As the door creaks open...

SECURITY ROOM GUARD
Ms. Dupont-Disney! We need to make
a run for the panic room!

INT. CINDY'S GRAND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DOZENS OF UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS line the hallway.

Security Room Guard and Cindy leapfrog the bodies to the
Library.

A STRUGGLING GUARD gasps after them:

STRUGGLING GUARD
It's Richard Jenkins! Run for your
liiives!

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The Guard pulls WALT'S SIGNED COPY OF MEIN KAMPF (inscribed: "See you next summer! Thanks for the laughs! Your pal, The Fuhrer").

The bookcase reveals the SECRET PANIC ROOM.

INT. PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They dive in. The Guard slams the door shut...but *right before it closes* a PURPLE CLAW FROM HELL wraps its furry fingers around the corner and pries it open.

Security Room Guard empties his clip through the bookcase.

A beat of silence.

SECURITY ROOM GUARD

I think I got h--

WHOOSH! An Oscar flies through the air like a ninja star and knocks the Guard out cold.

Cindy pisses her pants as a blood-splattered Purple Gremlin emerges from the shadows.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

Please...

PURPLE GREMLIN

I just wanted a mini-fridge.

Lights out.

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

A secluded hangar in the middle of the desert.

Cindy's unconscious body is tied to a chair. She's awakened by the *BEEP BEEP BEEP* of A BOMB VEST strapped to her chest.

"Stuck in the Middle with You" by *Stealers Wheel* kicks in as Cindy groans to life.

PURPLE GREMLIN (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen! Please put
your paws together... for the one!
The ONLY! THE TRUE! PURPLE GREMLIN!

A powder-nosed Purple Gremlin dances into frame with a straight razor. It's an homage to Michael Madsen in Reservoir Dogs, but way, way more disturbing.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
What have you done?!

Purple Gremlin slurs his way through the chorus as he approaches Cindy.

He wheels out an old CRT TV and sets it in front of Cindy.

PURPLE GREMLIN
Stuck in the middle with yoouuaahh.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Please. I'll do whatever you want.

Purple Gremlin doesn't even acknowledge.

PURPLE GREMLIN
Okay Judges! It's time to guess.

His voice swells in volume and rage.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)
WHO IS THE REAL PURPLE FUCKING
GREMLIN!?!?!?
(then, menacingly quiet)
I wonder.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
You don't have to do this, Mickey.

PURPLE GREMLIN
WHO'S MICKEY?!
(then)
Now, GUESS! Is it Wanda Sykes? Ryan
Gosling? Elian Gonzalez?
MALALA?!?!?!?

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
You can keep the part.

Purple Gremlin holds the straight razor to Cindy's jugular.

PURPLE GREMLIN
GUESS!!!!!!

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
It's Mickey Rourke! MICKEY FUCKING
ROURKE IS PURPLE GREMLIN!

Purple Gremlin hands Cindy the oldest cellphone known to man - a gift from Coppola after *Rumble Fish* went #1.

PURPLE GREMLIN
Make the call. Sykes is out. And
I'll need a new suit.

Cindy dials with her nose.

CUT TO:

SHOTS OF PURPLE GREMLIN-MANIA:

-- Purple Gremlin struts down the Venice Boardwalk like Rocky in Philly. EVERYONE applauds or high-fives him.

-- Women faint and flash him. Men congratulate him. Roses are thrown.

-- A MOTHER presents her BABY and he kisses its forehead.

-- A PRIEST tosses his collar in the trash.

-- Purple Gremlin jogs onto the basketball court. They pass him the rock and he pops a no-look three. *SWISH*.

BASKETBALL EMCEE
Nobody got the moves like Purple
Gremlin!

-- On the beach:

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Help! Help! My gorgeous girlfriend
needs CPR!

Purple Gremlin baywatch jogs to the unconscious SUPERMODEL and administers CPR, in costume.

She wakes up and keeps making out with him.

CONCERNED SURFER BRO (O.S.)
Yo yo buddy! What're ya doin man?!!

REVEAL: Mickey is shaken back to reality. He was actually making out with a DEAD SEAL on the beach. He's foaming at the mouth and hallucinated the whole thing.

CONCERNED SURFER BRO (CONT'D)
Bro you're makin out with a dead
seal! I wouldn't do that if I were
you!

MICKEY
 (dazed)
 Ehhnnahn nono I'm Purple Gremlin,
 see?

He holds up his hand and realizes he's not even in costume.

CONCERNED SURFER BRO
 Nah man, you're just like a crazy
 homeless dude.

MOTHER (O.S.)
 That's the guy!

The Mother of the baby Mickey kissed from the hallucination,
 flanked by the BODYBUILDERS from Muscle Beach.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 That's the guy that tried to steal
 my baby!

Off Mickey's foaming stunned look, as Bodybuilders take turns
 punching him in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - THAT NIGHT

Purple Gremlin is fuuuucked up.

But goddam he nails the last verse of "Barbie Girl" by Aqua.

PURPLE GREMLIN
 I'm a Barbie girl, in the Barbie
 worrrrld!
 Life in plastic, it's fantastic!
 You can brush my hair,

Purple Gremlin brushes his hair.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)
 Undress me everywhere!
 Imagination, life is your creation!

The crowd goes wild.

NICK CANNON
 THAT WAS IN-CREDIBLE!!!
 Alright, Purple Gremlin, it's time
 for some hints!

KEN JEONG

PG...we know you can sing, we know
you can dance. Tell us something we
don't know.

PURPLE GREMLIN

Well, well, well. Let's see, shall
we!

The crowd chuckles.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)

After years of playing nice, bein
the good guy, a loyal friend,
decent brother...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Annabelle watch on TV.

PURPLE GREMLIN (ON TV)

I was told I'm nothing. I'm nobody
anymore.

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Cindy cries as she watches.

PURPLE GREMLIN

Someone told me, I'm not really
even Purple Gremlin.

The crowd boos at this.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JENNY MCCARTHY

(missing the point)

Sounds exciting!

He hams for the crowd:

PURPLE GREMLIN

I think I proved them wrong, huh?!

The adoration from the crowd washes over him.

NICOLE SHERZINGER

How can you possibly top yourself?

PURPLE GREMLIN

I gave everything to Disney. And it still wasn't enough. They fired me. And I don't know about you, but I'm sick and tired of getting kicked around by the big man!

The crowd all cheers in agreement.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you agree.

The crowd at a fever pitch.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)

That's why I kidnapped the head of Disney...

RANDOM CROWD MEMBER

Wait, what'd he say?

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

On TV, Purple Gremlin holds up his PHONE. We see LIVESTREAM FOOTAGE of Cindy strapped to the bomb.

PURPLE GREMLIN (ON TV)

...I strapped a bomb to her chest. And it's gonna. Go. BOOM. LIVE! On FOX! 8/7 central. PRIME TIME!

Cindy screams.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

PURPLE GREMLIN

Does that sound like something you'd all be interested in?

Off the judges and crowd's stunned silence, we see:

QUICK SHOTS OF TRACKING CHARACTERS:

-- Midwestern Family, Homeless Man, Nurse, Biker Gang and Liz, dumbfounded.

INT. DISNEY-FOX DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - MINUTES LATER

The boardroom from earlier, now filled with WHITE MALE EXECUTIVES.

DONALD DISNEY (late 60s, now first in line for the Disney throne) sits in the center of the room flanked by his sons **HUEY, DEWEY, and LOUIE DISNEY** (40s).

They're on a Zoom with the White House -- **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES** and **JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF**.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Let me get this straight. This lunatic has kidnapped a woman, is obviously going to kill her, if he hasn't already... and you are still going to put him on the air.

DONALD DISNEY

What's your question?

SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

How could you do this?! We need to know who Purple Gremlin is, NOW!

DEWEY DISNEY

Before SWEEPS?! You're fuckin high!

HUEY DISNEY

Everybody cool out. Nobody's touchin Sweeps.

(then)

Now look, we ALL want to know who the Masked Singer is. That's the beauty of the program.

DEWEY DISNEY

But we gotta wait for the reveal at the end of the season! There are laws here, people.

The Disney Family and Executives all nod in obvious agreement.

DONALD DISNEY

Don't you watch the show, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Of course I do! Everyone does! But we can't air an execution!

DONALD DISNEY

Face it Mr. President. You're outgunned.

Donald hangs up on the White House.

LOUIE DISNEY
So who do you guys think it is?

INT. SHADY SHORES MOTEL - NEXT MORNING

Mickey comes to, extremely hungover and bruised.

INT. KREATION JUICE - A LITTLE LATER

Mickey hears *hushed whispers* about last night's episode.

KREATION JUICER
Number 48, Clarity Elixir with a
blue boost!

Mickey squeezes through a crowd of FITNESS MOMS.

MICKEY ROURKE
Scuse me, pardon me.
(to Juicer)
Thanks Chief. Rough night.

Mickey takes the juice.

KREATION JUICER
(doesn't care)
Next.

EXT. KREATION JUICE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey breathes in the fresh air as he exits the shop.

He notices Free Samples Guy from earlier.

MICKEY
Oh, hey man. How's the acting
going?

FREE SAMPLES GUY
Not great. Callin it quits.

MICKEY
Oh no. How come?

FREE SAMPLES GUY
You see Purple Gremlin last night?
Pretty messed up stuff.

MICKEY
He'll be fine.

FREE SAMPLES GUY
No like, what this town does to
people. I don't want to end up like
that.

Ouch.

FREE SAMPLES GUY (CONT'D)
Fame isn't worth giving up my whole
identity. I can be happy without
it.
(re: sample tray)
Wheatgrass?

INT. SHADY SHORES MOTEL - LATER

Mickey flips on TMZ. He's badly bruised in more ways than
one.

TMZ EMPLOYEE
I fuckin love Purple Gremlin guys.
Can you remember a more fun time to
work at TMZ? The now RICHEST
company in the world!

HARVEY LEVIN
Suck it Apple!

Mickey furiously masturbates to the attention.

They all raise a glass.

TMZ EMPLOYEES
To Purple Gremlin!

A tear streams down his cheek as he cums across his own
Purple Gremlin face on the TV.

MICKEY
EUHUHEHHH!

He chops up some celebratory lines when --

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Knew you'd come crawlin back, Liz.

He opens the door and it's ROBERT DOWNEY Jr.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Rob?!

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
Hey brochacho.

MICKEY
What're you doin here?

He keeps the door half closed to hide the coke.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
You haven't returned any of my
calls. Liz told me where to find
you.

Mickey's touched.

MICKEY
That is -- how is she?

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
Worried.

RDJ peaks around the door and squeezes by. He eyes the coke
on the table and the TV cumshot.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (CONT'D)
Everything alright man?

MICKEY
Yeah doin great. Just been super
busy. Finally getting good work.
You know what that's like after a
drought.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
Gotta say...you've looked better.

MICKEY
I know, I know. The coke was just a
little juice in the ol' duracells.
I'm fine. Really. Just trying to
get on your level.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
What's that mean?

MICKEY
Ya know man. Everyone loves you.
You're Iron Man!

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
Yeah, at red carpets and Children's
Hospitals. Everywhere else I'm just
Rob.

(MORE)

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (CONT'D)
(then)
C'mon. Talk to me.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

They walk along the beach.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
My low point wasn't work related.
My low point was my low point
because I fucked myself up so bad I
ended up in jail for two years.
Judge Mira threw the book, gavel
and bench at me. But I deserved it.
He saved my life. Bouncing back
wasn't Iron Man. Bouncing back was
getting clean.

MICKEY
That's easy to say when you're on
top.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR
I'd say the same thing if I were
doing theater at the Pasadena
Playhouse. I have *my life* back
Mickey. A family. People who never
gave up on me. I owe it to them.

Mickey thinks about Liz and Annabelle.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (CONT'D)
Someday, there'll be a new Iron
Man. People will move on. I have to
be okay just being me, and hang on
tight to the good people in my
life.

A change washes over Mickey's face.

INT. APA TALENT AGENCY, LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

Lou on the phone.

LOU (INTO PHONE)
'Subaru?' No, if the racecar bed
isn't Ferrari then Vilanch walks.

Knock Knock. Mickey stands in the doorway.

LOU (CONT'D)
I gotta go, Lorenzo.
(to Mickey)
Come in!

Lou locks the door and whispers.

LOU (CONT'D)
What the hell's goin on? Did you
kidnap Cindy Dupont-Disney? Tell me
that was a joke.

They sit on the couch.

MICKEY
I don't know what's real anymore,
Lou. But the kidnapping was
definitely, definitely real.

LOU
Jesus, Mickey.

MICKEY
But that's not why I'm here. I owe
you an apology. You've always been
there for me. Always. You're a
loyal friend and I treated you
terribly.

LOU
No man, *I'm sorry* for getting you
into this. All I ever wanted was to
make you happy, and I thought that
was by making you rich. And I see
those things aren't the same
anymore. I just care about my
friend.

They hug. Mickey brushes his mascara off Lou's shoulder pads.

LOU (CONT'D)
So how do we get you outta this
thing?

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY

A moat of EMPTY SOYLENT CACAO MEAL REPLACEMENT BOTTLES
encircles Cindy. She's been watching the Masked Singer on
loop for days. Her soul is gone.

Mickey feeds her a fresh bottle through a PURPLE GREMLIN
CRAZY STRAW (that he still hasn't seen any back-end on.)

MICKEY

Atta girl.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

Please just kill me.

MICKEY

Cindy, we're friends right?

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

No!

MICKEY

And as your friend, I've been doin
a lot of thinkin. A lotta hum-
drummin.

Cindy slurps down the last sip of Soylent.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

People who say they're empaths
almost never are. But I am.

Cindy looks over the bomb vest like *WTF?*

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ya know, kidnapping isn't all it's
cracked up to be. It weirdly didn't
solve all my problems. I'm actually
starting to think it got me into
MORE trouble.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

You are the clinical definition of
a psychopath.

MICKEY

So what say you...

Mickey claps.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

...we get you outta that vest, you
go home, I do the show, and we tell
the press it was all for ratings.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

You serious?

MICKEY

You betcha.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII

You still want to go on?

MICKEY
(optimistic)
I was hopin...I've got to make
things right. *Please.*

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Listen carefully. I'd rather die
than let you on our network to
preach your bullshit. And if I know
anything about my family on the
board, they won't air another
second of Masked Singer until I'm
found.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Huey and Dewey Disney play golf.

HUEY DISNEY
Think it'll be our highest ratings
since 9/11.

Thwack! He hits the ball.

DEWEY DISNEY
And this time only one person had
to die.

HUEY DISNEY
(re: golf ball)
C'mon, stay left.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
Not. One. Second.

MICKEY
(sincere)
Seriously, Cindy. I want to let you
go.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
(insane laugh)
You're dead Mr. Rourke.

MICKEY
 (full of regret)
 I tried.

Mickey leaves Cindy strapped in, Masked Singer on full volume.

CINDY DUPONT-DISNEY VII
 (calls after him)
 Dead, Mr. Rourke! Hear me?! Dead!

INT. MOCHA JOE'S COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Mickey waits with a LARGE COFFEE in front of him. Purple Gremlin on the cup in a sponsorship deal he's seen no action on.

The place is full of SCREENWRITERS (unnamed and unimportant, as in life). Mickey can't help but listen to the table next to him.

SCREENWRITER 1
 What's even the point. All people want is dogshit.

SCREENWRITER 2
 I know man. We just have no compass. Whatever we think is good, they don't want. Whatever we hate, is the biggest shit on TV.

SCREENWRITER 1
 Did you see they had Kermit the Frog on Masked Singer? Dressed as a snail? A fictional fucking character.

That actually happened.

SCREENWRITER 1 (CONT'D)
 If Jim Henson wasn't already dead he'd kill himself.

SCREENWRITER 2
 (re: Purple Gremlin coffee cup)
 I mean look at all this Purple Gremlin mania. The line between satire and reality has been snorted up the nose of America and then drove head-on into an eighteen wheeler of Kardashian lip filler.

This stings Mickey.

SCREENWRITER 1

We can't possibly write anything that dystopian.

SCREENWRITER 2

Let's try to come up with the worst idea we can.

SCREENWRITER 1

(joking)

The Masked Chef and they just keep cutting themselves because they can't see.

SCREENWRITER 2

Hey, that's not bad. Write that down.

Liz enters. Mickey stands out of courtesy.

MICKEY

Thanks for coming.

They sit. She leans in and whispers.

LIZ

What the fuck is going on Mickey? Did you kidnap Cindy Disney?

MICKEY

A lot's happened. It's hard to tell what's real and what's not.

LIZ

Isn't that the coke?

MICKEY

Definitely. But...listen. In the past year, I lost my career, my house, my family... and I lost myself just trying to get it all back.

Liz reaches across the table and holds his hand.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I talked to Bob D Jr. I'm sorting my shit out. I'm going to fix this, Liz. And just wanted to say...I'm sorry. To you. To Annabelle. For everything.

LIZ
So you're sober?

MICKEY
I'm comin down. I will be. I just need one more performance before I call it quits. I'm stepping off the ride.

LIZ
Are you kidding? Get off now. Why go back out there?

MICKEY
My whole life, everything I've ever learned, has somehow been leading to this moment. To this performance.

LIZ
The cops are looking for you.

MICKEY
I know. I'm sorry, but I have to do this. I'll either end up dead. Or in jail with my friends. But if I can save even one person from going down this road... it'll be worth it.

Liz holds back the tears.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I just came here to say goodbye.
And thanks for never giving up on me when everyone else did.

Mickey leaves before Liz can get a word out. He wipes a tear as he pushes through the door.

INT. MICKEY'S MALIBU MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

The calm before the storm. Mickey prays, kneeling beside his cheap motel bed.

MICKEY
God, I know we haven't talked in a while.

QUICK SHOTS OF MICKEY GETTING HIS LIFE TOGETHER:

-- Mickey windexes his cum off the TV screen.

MICKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Admittedly, things have gotten out
of hand.

-- He sweeps lines of COKE into the toilet.

MICKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've hurt the only people who love
me. Who are always in my corner.

-- He empties BOOZE into the shower.

MICKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I lost myself chasing fame. I
mistook it for self-worth.

-- He kisses his pill bottle and throws it in the ocean.

MICKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm not asking for forgiveness. I
just wanted to say I'm sorry. And
if you get me outta this alive,
I'll put the rest of my life into
making good on my past.

-- Mickey opens his closet and stares at Purple Gremlin.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
One last ride, old friend.

-- Back to the prayer. He doesn't know how to dismount.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Okay... Bye God. Thanks for bein
such a good God. And for the 80's.

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE - DAY

KEVIN FINNERTY
We're coming to you with aerial
coverage of Disneyland, where the
LIVE Season Finale of the Masked
Singer is due to begin in just a
few minutes...

We see aerial footage as it's described:

EXT. DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN FINNERTY (O.S.)
 ...and still no sign of Purple
 Gremlin, as the Army has erected a
 barricade around the amusement park
 to prevent PG from making it to
 stage.

REVEAL: The Army's barricade of TANKS, ROAD SPIKES, etc. in a
 standoff with the Disney Gestapo guarding the Disneyland
 gates.

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE - CONTINUOUS

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 The White House has released a
 statement claiming they will not be
 intimidated by the Magic Kingdom.

KEVIN FINNERTY
 Quote, "Disney's attempt to air an
 execution while aiding and abetting
 a kidnapper in the name of ratings
 cannot and will not be tolerated."

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
 Disney's counter statement, "Our
 first and second amendment rights
 will not be infringed upon. Use
 promo code: WHEREISCINDY for 10%
 off Gremlin merch."

KEVIN FINNERTY
 Fine people on both sides.

INT. DISNEY-FOX DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Disneys watch the news on the jumboscreen.

DEWEY
 Father, all the entrances are
 blocked.

HUEY
 I don't know how PG gets in without
 casualties.

DONALD
 No troops are dying for profits.
 We're not Lockheed Martin.

HUEY

I don't see any other option.

DONALD

Boys, boys, boys. Where there's an unlimited pile of money, there's a way.

LOUIE

Does that mean we can rescue Cindy?

DONALD

Doesn't matter. It's a win-win. If she lives, we're heroes. If she dies, we get the keys to the castle.

He hits the intercom.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Operation Dumbo Drop is a go.
Deploy.

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN FINNERTY

Nobody knows how Disney will circumvent the United States military, but you can be sure they'll try.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL

Will Purple Gremlin make it to stage? Will Ham n Cheese Biscuit nail the high notes?

KEVIN FINNERTY

Will hundreds of soldiers die for ratings?

DIANNE MCGONOGAL

Beats oil!

KEVIN FINNERTY

All that and more! On tonight's Masked Singer!

DIANNE MCGONOGAL

Stay tuned.

As they go to commercial break, we stay on Kevin and Dianne.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL (CONT'D)

Don't you think this is a little
much? This could all be avoided if
they just tell us who Purple
Gremlin is.

KEVIN FINNERTY

Are you stupid, Dianne?

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH - DAY

BEACHGOERS lay out in the warm sun and play in the ocean.

WHOOM. WHOOM. WHOOM. A gargantuan shadow blots out the sun.
As it crosses the beach, everyone looks up and sees:

INT./EXT. BOEING C-17 CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Purple Gremlin looks out the open cargo door. He's wearing
that crazy TACTICAL HALO JUMPSUIT Tom Cruise wore in *Mission
Impossible*.

His fur flows in the wind as he looks down on the urban
sprawl of Anaheim.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The President and Joint Chiefs.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Enough with these corporations
playing God and living above the
law. It ends today.

SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

They won't get through us, Sir.
(into walkie-talkie)
Status, General?

EXT. DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

The barricade.

ARMY GENERAL

(into walkie-talkie)
We're sealed, Sir. No way in.

LIEUTENANT runs to Army General.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, we're picking up unidentified aircraft approaching Disney airspace.

ARMY GENERAL

Mother of God.

(into walkie-talkie)

He's not comin on the ground, Sir.
He's comin from the skies!

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM

SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

Scramble fighters! DO NOT let them enter restricted airspace!

EXT. DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT

Restricted airspace?

ARMY GENERAL

Disneyland's the Vatican. Outside our jurisdiction.

INT. BOEING C-17 CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The RED FLOODLIGHT turns GREEN.

AIRMAN gives the thumbs up to Purple Gremlin right as TWO F-15 HORNETS flank the plane in synchronization.

AIRMAN

We've got company!

The Hornets see Purple Gremlin and report to General.

HORNET PILOT

We've got eyes, Sir.

BEEP BEEP BEEP as the Hornets lock missiles.

Purple Gremlin runs to the cockpit.

PURPLE GREMLIN

We gotta jump!

PILOT

Negative! We have orders!

Pilot kisses his ROSARY BEADS.

PILOT (CONT'D)
It's been an honor!

PURPLE GREMLIN
Fuck your orders! I'm not letting
anyone else die for Nick Cannon!

PILOT
Tell my wife I love her! And I'm
sorry!

PURPLE GREMLIN
TELL HER YOURSELF!!!!

He grabs Pilot by the collar and wrangles him to the cargo door.

Airman straps Pilot to his parachute. They *SCREAM* over the *WHIPPING* air and *ROARING* jet engines.

PURPLE GREMLIN (CONT'D)
RENDEZVOUS AT TOWER OF TERROR!

AIRMAN
IT'S GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY NOW!

PURPLE GREMLIN
OH YEAH, I FORGOT!!!!

POV: Hornet Pilot.

HORNET PILOT
Missiles locked, Sir.

ARMY GENERAL (O.S.)
Engage.

Both Hornets fire a barrage of missiles!!!

Purple Gremlin, Pilot and Airman jump RIGHT AS THE PLANE
EXPLODES!

EXT. LONG BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Beachgoers watch fiery debris fall into the ocean.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

Army General watches the explosion from the ground.

ARMY GENERAL
(into walkie-talkie)
Status!

Beat of radio silence.

HORNET PILOT (O.S.)
He made it out, Sir.

EXT. THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

Purple Gremlin falls and flips like a floating purple Baryshnikov. His fur dances like the grass waves of Bologna (Google that shit.)

He's magnificent.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

POV: Through binoculars, Army General sees Purple Gremlin parachute in behind the Guardians of the Galaxy ride.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARMY GENERAL (O.S.)
Mr. President... he got through.

The President *SLAMS* his desk in frustration.

ARMY GENERAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your orders, Sir?

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
Stand down, General. We've been outplayed.

Moment of silence.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Should weeee... turn on the Masked Singer?

INT. DISNEY-FOX DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POP! The champagne flows.

Donald Disney changes the channel on the jumbo screen from the news to the Masked Singer broadcast.

Their cheers dissolve into the applause of the crowd:

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd goes nuts -- almost all wearing PURPLE GREMLIN COSTUMES AND MASKS.

NICK CANNON

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to
the BIGGEST night in Masked Singer
history!!!

Disney Gestapo guard the doors.

Nick presses his earpiece.

NICK CANNON (CONT'D)

And I've just received word that
Purple Gremlin is IN. THE.
BUILDING!!!

The crowd is losing its collective mind.

INT. MASKED SINGER CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Purple Gremlin sits in front of the mirror for the last time.

A new COSTUMER enters and brushes Purple Gremlin's fur.

PURPLE GREMLIN

Where's Harlequin and Rhinestone?

COSTUMER

Who? Oh, the last girls? They esca--
I mean went on vacation.

PURPLE GREMLIN

(sotto, happy for them)
Son of a bitch. They got out.

A PRODUCER pokes her head in.

PRODUCER

We're on, PG.

Mickey gets a text from Liz: "Make us proud, Mickey."

We assume Mickey is crying but can't see through his googly eyes.

INT. MASKED SINGER BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

POV: We're in the Purple Gremlin helmet as we make our way to the stage. We hear Mickey's deep breathing, feel his sweat.

As we approach the wings, we hear voices in his head:

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (O.S.)
My family never gave up on me. I
owe it to them.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)
I love you, Uncle Princess!

LIZ (O.S.)
You're my big bro. We're all we've
got.

LOU (O.S.)
Empty America's balls.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

NICK CANNON
The moment we've all been waiting
for. Ladies and gentlemen. Will he
nail his final performance and win
the Masked Singer? Will he murder
someone on LIVE TV? All that
matters is you stay glued to that
screen. Going acapella like his
first performance, put your paws
together, for the one, THE ONLY,
Purrrrple Gremmmmmlin!!!!

Purple Gremlin waddles to centerstage. He breathes in the
moment.

MICKEY
Actually Nick, I'd like to say a
few words if that's okay.

NICK CANNON
Oh he wants to do the execution
before the song!

INT. ABANDONED AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Cindy whimpers and tries to wriggle out of the vest faster.

MICKEY (ON TV)
No, no, it's not the execution.

JENNY MCCARTHY (ON TV)
Awww man.

MICKY (ON TV)

In fact...the bomb was never real.

Cindy breathes a sigh of relief. Upon inspection, she sees the bomb is just a prop signed by the cast of *Expendables 3*.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

NOTE: We know you're looking ahead at this daunting monologue and thinking "I don't wanna read something that long" but just know that's the entire point.

Like you, we'd probably just read the first line, the last line and glance at the middle -- and that is exactly what this speech is about -- so please, please, PLEASE, against all better judgement... read it all you lazy hippies. We promise you possibly won't regret it.

MICKY

I've been doing a lot of soul
searching these past few days.
Reflecting on my journey as Purple
Gremlin. And on myself as a person.
Thanks to some special people in my
life that never quit on me, even
when I gave them every reason to.

INTERCUT SHOT: Robert Downey Jr has dinner with his family, not watching the Masked Singer.

MICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I got caught in this swirling
toilet bowl of attention and
drowned in it. I thought other
people's approval was more
important than my own.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKY (CONT'D)

I was much more interested in fame
than happiness, in noise rather
than silence... And I feel that we
need a lot more silence and
reflection in our lives. Because oh
my, what a noisy world it's become.

Off Nick Cannon's confused look.

INTERCUT SHOT: Midwestern family all on their phones except the daughter.

MIDWESTERN DAUGHTER
Mommy, something's happening!

They put down their phones.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY
We pipe techno music into doctor's
offices and give kids iPads at the
dinner table. We conflate loudness
with rightness, just so we don't
have to be alone with our quiet
thoughts for five seconds.

INTERCUT SHOT: Nurse at the hospital calls in her colleagues
to watch.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everything goes so fast. And the
faster things go, the more we lose
the part of ourselves that likes
quiet.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
That can live in quiet without any
stimulation. And then we wonder why
every year we get angrier, sadder,
more hostile. We get so wrapped up
in ratings, numbers, money. We
worship celebrity. And I mean
worship.

INTERCUT SHOT: Thomas Middleditch takes a five second break
from going down on LARPer's to take stock of his life.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But celebrities aren't better than
anyone else. Maybe worse, actually.
Fame for fame's sake is the
emptiest form of art. But we buy
into it because it's glitz and glam
and shiny and easy to swallow.

INTERCUT SHOT: Homeless Man shivers as he watches the wall of
TV's.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And like I said, I'm the worst of
all. I always felt like I didn't
fit in.

(MORE)

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Like I wasn't what anyone wanted.
In my career and my whole life.

ELECTRONICS STORE MANAGER invites Homeless Man inside.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
At some point, I don't know when,
the art stopped being about the art
and became about politics and money
and power of mega-corporations
feeding us comatose entertainment.
But I ate it up.

INTERCUT SHOT: The Biker Gang turns up the volume.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Because our lives have become so
brutal that we just want to spend
our evenings guessing which
celebrity from the 80's they might
cram into a snail suit.

INTERCUT SHOT: Cindy has broken out of the fake bomb vest but
keeps watching the TV.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Then they firehose us with
nostalgia to give us a fleeting
taste of how it felt before we had
bills and jobs. So we keep feeding
the machine, within us and without
us, until it gets so big we don't
even realize we're living inside
it.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Myself included. I've done terrible
things to people who loved me. All
in that pursuit. I feel tremendous
guilt for what I've done. I think I
knew in the back of my mind what I
was doing, that something bad could
happen. But I silenced that voice a
long time ago.

INTERCUT SHOT: Liz watches with Annabelle on her lap. A proud
sisterly smile sneaks across her face.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We're at a crossroads now. Where
 the fabric of society is being torn
 apart by bad actors who manipulate
 huge swaths of people to do
 anything they want.

INTERCUT SHOT: The Disney Execs watch in their boardroom.

DEWEY DISNEY
 Who is he talking about?

HUEY DISNEY
 What the hell is he doing?!

DONALD DISNEY
 Get him off the stage!

Dewey Disney picks up the phone.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY
 They make money when we keep our
 heads down and don't ask questions
 and distract us from what matters.

INT. MASKED SINGER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The CREW watches in amazement. The phone *RINGS*.

DEWEY DISNEY
 (through phone)
 Shut it down.

PRODUCER
 Yes, sir.

She hangs up.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
 (to Engineer)
 Don't touch anything. We keep him
 on air.

MICKEY (O.S.)
 They pick our pocket while we
 mortgage our planet and ourselves
 for the quarterly report.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Somewhere along the way, we stopped dreaming. We quit moving forward. We're at a point in time when people need a hard break from these things. The short-term dopamine feedback loops that we've created are destroying us.

INTERCUT SHOT: The President and Joint Chiefs watch from the situation room.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No civil discourse. No cooperation. Misinformation. Mistruth. And this isn't about Russian ads. It's a global problem. It is eroding the core foundations of how people behave by, between and for each other.

BACK TO STAGE:

We focus on the enraptured audience.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

We curate our lives around this perceived sense of perfection. Our brains get rewarded by these temporary drug highs. Hearts, likes, thumbs up. And we mistake that for value and we mistake that for truth.

INTERCUT SHOT: At FOX7 Cheyenne, Dianne places her hand on Kevin's. They look at each other and smile.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And what it really is, is fake brittle popularity that leaves us even more vacant and empty than before.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I don't have a good solution. My solution is just that I'm stepping off the ride. Putting these toys in the attic. Deprogram. I can't save the world, but I can clean up my corner.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The machine will always exist in some form, but if enough of us don't participate, it'll have no choice but to change.

Mickey pauses. He looks out at the crowd -- full of Purple Gremlin costumes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Everyone tuned in tonight to find out who the Purple Gremlin is.

The crowd erupts in excitement.

CROWD

Take off the mask!/We love you!

Nick Cannon leads the crowd in a chant:

NICK CANNON & CROWD

Take. Off. That. Mask!

Take. Off. That. Mask!

This is the moment Mickey had been waiting for. Global fame... but he keeps the mask on.

INTERCUT SHOT: We watch with Lou in his one bedroom apartment.

MICKEY (ON TV)

I'll tell you right now who I am.
I'm you. And you're me. It doesn't matter what my name is. My name alone isn't worthy of your attention and love.

LOU

Get em, Mick.

BACK TO STAGE:

We focus on different AUDIENCE MEMBERS as Mickey speaks.

MICKEY

Instead of asking: who is the Masked Singer? Ask: who is that neighbor I pass everyday and never talk to? Who is the bus driver who gets me to work? Who's that kid pouring me a coffee every morning?

INTERCUT SHOT: Donald Disney & Sons get into HELICOPTER.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Art isn't C list celebs guessing D
 list celebs. There shouldn't even
 be a list.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 True art, true beauty, doesn't
 require lights, cameras or Nick
 Cannon. Or even Richard Jenkins.

INT. RICHARD JENKINS LOVELY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Richard Jenkins watches with his adorable family.

RICHARD JENKINS
 The fuck?

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY
 It doesn't require costumes or
 advertisers or even viewers. In
 every town in every country there
 is real art happening every single
 second. A billion dollar movie or
 #1 show is no more valuable than
 singing an intimate song for four
 people at a coffee shop in
 Sheboygan. Or a great set at the
 Tampa Improv. Or the person sitting
 next to you *right now* at home, that
 always makes you laugh and somehow
 knows how to nourish your soul like
 hot soup in winter. The only thing
that matters is being one-to-one
with each other in this moment.

INTERCUT SHOT: At FOX7 Cheyenne, Dianne and Kevin vigorously
 makeout on the newsdesk.

BACK TO STAGE:

A Disney Gestapo presses his earpiece, receiving orders.

Mickey clocks this and knows his time is running short.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 What's essential is invisible. Not
 material. Inside us all is the
 child we stopped listening to.
 (MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The voice that knows the truth and who we really are deep down. It's not our fault we lose that voice and it's not an on/off switch. It happens gradually over time. We hear it a little less and less and less until one day we don't even realize it's gone, and can't remember what made us us in the first place...But we can get it back!

INTERCUT SHOT: The Helicopter lands and the Disney Gestapo escort Donald Disney & Sons into the building.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

If we can only learn to listen to that voice again, we've got a shot. I've been lucky to have some voices in my life that reminded me of that recently. Who am I when everything leaves? Am I good company to myself? Do I like me, without the suit? To work in this world, it helps to be loved. And I've learned to love myself for the very first time. And now, I can be a decent friend, human... and Uncle Princess.

INTERCUT SHOT: Annabelle hears this and can't believe it.

ANNABELLE

Did he say Uncle Princess?

LIZ

He sure did hun.

BACK TO STAGE:

MICKEY

Children deserve better. They *need* better. We all do.

Donald, Huey & Louie Disney burst into the back of the auditorium, Gestapo in-tow, guns trained on Mickey.

DONALD DISNEY

(to Gestapo)

Hold fire until commercial.

Mickey doesn't stop.

MICKEY

And I promise you... everyone...
I'm gonna do it! And you can do it
too! No matter what you are in
life! No matter what you've done!
It's never too late! It's never too
late to start all over again! Never
forget that, and never forget each
other! So turn off your TV! Now! Do
it! Turn me off and be with one
another! Because that's the only
thing that matters! Each other! And
together we can begin to--

Click. Click. Click. Click.

All of our tracking characters turn off their TV's to be with each other, in the moment.

-- Midwestern family plays a BOARD GAME.

-- Homeless Man has a coffee with Electronics Store Manager who takes the "Hiring" sign out of the window.

-- Nurse fluffs the pillows of an elderly man.

-- Bikers put their arms around each other and sing drinking songs.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The entire crowd and judges rise to their feet for an emotional standing ovation.

INT. LIZ'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Annabelle cheer on Mickey, until...

BEEEEEEP! "TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES" takes over the screen.

INT. MASKED SINGER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dewey Disney's fist is on the kill switch. He raises his Lilo & Stitch branded WALKIE TALKIE.

DEWEY DISNEY

(into walkie talkie)

We're off air. Take him down.

INT. MASKED SINGER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey sees the RED LIGHT on the camera turn off.

Disney Gestapo open fire! Everybody scatters!

Mickey Army-rolls off the stage and into the crowd.

HUEY DISNEY

Get him!

Disney Gestapo scan but there are so many Purple Gremlin costumes in the crowd.

GESTAPO 1

Which one is he?!

A Gestapo wrestles a Purple Gremlin to the ground and takes off the mask of a RANDOM CIVILIAN.

GESTAPO 2

Is this him? Is this a celebrity?

LOUIE DISNEY

Check his instagram!

Gestapo 2 holds his RIFLE to Random Civilian's temple.

GESTAPO 2

How many followers do you have?!

Left and right, Gestapo take down Gremlins, but none of them are Mickey.

GESTAPO 3

There's too many of them!

DONALD DISNEY

Just start arresting people!!!

Bedlam as Gestapo tackle every Purple Gremlin they can get their hands on.

GESTAPO 1

Are you in SAG?!

GESTAPO 2

We don't even know who we're looking for!!!

CONTROL ROOM --

From the CONTROL ROOM, Dewey Disney watches on the wall of TV's.

DEWEY DISNEY
Mother of God.

STAGE --

An endless maze of Gremlins getting arrested.

This continues for the perfectly appropriate amount of time.

EXT. BUS STOP - MINUTES LATER

A MAN in an amateur, LOW-QUALITY PURPLE GREMLIN MASK gets on the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The Man sits next to a little OLD LADY and removes the mask.
IT'S MICKEY!

OLD LADY
(re: Mask)
Who is that?

MICKEY
Nobody.

OLD LADY
Hey, aren't you Mickey Rourke?

Mickey laughs.

MICKEY
You're goddam right I am.

OLD LADY
You got robbed of that Oscar.

EXT. ANAHEIM POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mickey steps off the bus.

He tosses the Purple Gremlin mask in a trash can.

He takes a deep breath and then walks up the steps into the police station.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. PASADENA PLAYHOUSE - EVENING**CHYRON: Six Months Later**

A packed parking lot outside a quaint theater.

A POSTER for Mickey starring in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

INT. PASADENA PLAYHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey wraps up the final monologue.

Free Sample Guy is in the BG, on stage with Mickey.

MICKEY

And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be
friends,
And shall restore amends!

As he sticks the landing, the PACKED HOUSE rises to its feet for a standing ovation. We see:

Liz, Annabelle, Robert Downey Jr., Lou, Richard Jenkins, even Cindy, all applaud Mickey's performance.

Mickey looks out at the people who love him, and who he loves, and can't help but feel whole and at peace.

He blows a kiss to Annabelle. She catches it.

Mickey exits STAGE LEFT towards two CORRECTIONS OFFICERS backstage.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER 1

Great show, Mick.

MICKEY

Thanks, Tito.

Tito cuffs Mickey in the nicest possible way.

FREE SAMPLES GUY

See you tomorrow Mickey!

Mickey nods to Free Samples Guy.

MICKEY
That was your best show yet,
Johnny. Keep it up.

Johnny beams as the GUARDS escort Mickey to...

EXT. PASADENA PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

...a LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS VAN. As the van door shuts on a clear-conscience Mickey --

DIANNE MCGONOGAL (PRE-LAP)
It's been six months since Purple
Gremlin captured the heart of
America.

INT. FOX7 CHEYENNE - NIGHT

Kevin and Dianne now have wedding rings on.

KEVIN FINNERTY
The man behind the mask, Mickey
Rourke, turned himself in after his
riveting speech.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
Now, you can catch him performing
six nights a week at the Pasadena
Playhouse. That is, if you can get
a ticket.

KEVIN FINNERTY
Never before has an actor been
nominated for a Tony while on work-
release.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL
It seems his acting career may even
outlast his sentence.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL (CONT'D)
Cindy Dupont-Disney has publicly
forgiven Mickey for his actions as
Purple Gremlin and...

TV CLIP: Cindy's resignation press conference.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL (CONT'D)
...she's even credited Mickey
Rourke with her decision to resign
from the board of Disney.

KEVIN FINNERTY

On a personal note... I just wanted to say thank you to Mickey Rourke. You made me realize that what I loved was right in front of me the whole time.

He looks into Dianne's eyes as they both tear up.

DIANNE MCGONOGAL

In other news, America can't stop buzzing about the new number one show on television! **The Masked Chef!**

TV CLIP: A HUMANOID **TRUMPET** cuts it's thumb trying to slice an onion.

TRUMPET

(bleeped for TV)

Fuck!

DIANNE MCGONOGAL (O.S.)

What will they think of next?!

As Trumpet's blood sprays everywhere.

TRUMPET

I need a fucking medic!

Trumpet bumps into the stove burner and BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

NICK CANNON

If you can't stand the heat, get outta the kitchen!

TRUMPET

Help me! Please help me! I'm the Chancellor of Germany!

CUT TO BLACK.

*Lovingly dedicated to Mickey Rourke
and every artist who inspires us
to keep our googly eyes on the prize*