

Idolatry

Revision 1

Timothy Wright

Revision 1

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Lights, cameras, and tons of equipment stare down two people.

MICAH HARRINGTON, late teens/early 20s, in stylish clothes, with perfectly coiffed hair, sits opposite NANCY, a female interviewer, 30s. *

We are on the set of "Wake Up, New York!", a popular morning news program. Think Good Morning America.

A huge glass window sits behind Micah and Nancy, where fans look inside. Today, there are countless GIRLS; five to fifteen years old.

Every one of them is screaming, but the sounds are silenced by the glass. Some hold up signs reading, "Marry me, Micah!" and "Harringtonian 4ever!".

Micah stares into the camera. He turns around for a quick second to check out the scene behind him, but then snaps right back, ignoring the fans. *

Micah's team finishes last minute make up touch ups. He nervously twiddles his thumbs, but smiles.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Here we go! We're live in 5, 4, 3, 2...

NANCY

Good morning, everyone. Thanks for tuning in to, "Wake Up, New York!" and spending your Saturday with us. Today, we have a very special guest, teen pop sensation Micah Harrington.

MICAH

Hello, everyone. I'm glad to be here.

NANCY

So, Micah, tonight is a big night for you. You'll be performing at the world's most famous arena, Madison Square Garden. *

MICAH

I can't even believe it. It feels like a dream.

NANCY

Not only did you sell out Madison Square Garden, but your entire tour sold out in less than sixty seconds. That is crazy.

*

MICAH

I thought my manager was joking when he told me that.

Micah flashes a smile to a man past the camera crews.

BROCK SPARDA, 30s, Micah's manager, winks at Micah and gives him a thumbs up. He is flamboyant in his appearance and his mannerisms. He buries himself back into his phone.

NANCY

So, it's no secret that you have a very devoted fan base. They call themselves, "Harringtonians."

The blood drains from Micah's face. He blinks rapidly for a few seconds. He shakes his head, trying to regain his composure.

MICAH

Yeah. What about them?

NANCY

Well, what type of relationship do you have with your fans?

MICAH

Umm...

Micah loses control of his senses and stops talking.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Micah runs to his limo, surrounded by BODY GUARDS. TWEEN GIRLS weasel their way through the burly bodies.

*

*

A horror-stricken Micah is attacked by fans in slow motion. Girls scream in his face and shove in for selfies.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TV STUDIO

Micah has a distant look in his eyes.

MICAH

Oh, we have a great relationship.

NANCY

That's great. A lot of these stars don't seem like they even care about their fans.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

More girls attack in slow motion. One kisses him on the lips and is escorted by security. Another girl edges in to hug him. Security pulls her away, but not before she sneezes right in Micah's face.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TV STUDIO

He begins to twitch ever so slightly. *

MICAH

I agree. You have to be appreciative.

Micah giggles nervously. Brock signals at him to keep going.

MICAH

Without them, I wouldn't be here.

NANCY

Well, Micah, you're very talented and you seem like a great kid. We wish you the best of luck at your show tonight.

MICAH

Thank you so much. Thanks for having me.

INTERVIEWER

Stay tuned! We'll be back right after this commercial break.

Lights flash signaling the start of the commercial break. Nancy heads back to the desk while Brock rushes from behind the cameras up to Micah.

BROCK

Brilliant. Fabulous. You were a star up there.

MICAH

Really? Are you sure I didn't look nervous or anything?

BROCK

There were moments, but that's normal. You looked great. You said great things. You were fantastic. But enough of this. We gotta get you to MADISON. SQUARE. GARDEN.

Micah removes his microphone from his shirt and waves goodbye to the production team.

INT. LONG HALLWAY

Brock and Micah continue down a brightly lit, whitewashed walkway, heading towards the door with a limousine.

MICAH

So, what's the schedule for tonight?

BROCK

At this rate, we should be at The Garden around 12. We'll get you some lunch. Around 4, we'll run sound check, then at 8, your opener will go on, and then finally, at 9, you'll go on and be wonderful and fabulous and blow everyone away.

MICAH

Sound check is at 4 and I got on at 9? There's usually not that much time to kill. What am I supposed to do?

BROCK

Well, we planned a little something.

MICAH

What?

Brock grows shifty-eyed. He pulls out his phone and avoids eye-contact with Micah.

MICAH

Brock...What did you do?

BROCK

Mmm nothing. Hey, did you see this video of Bieber puking on stage?

MICAH

Brock, don't change the subject. Tell me what's happening.

Brock sighs, bracing himself for a storm of epic proportions.

BROCK

Nothing major. Just a little meet and greet with the fans.

MICAH

Ha. That's pretty funny. You almost had me for a second. But really. What's going on?

*

BROCK

I just told you. From 5 to 6, you'll be meeting one hundred fans. Signing autographs, taking pictures, the whole nine yards. It'll be fabulous. And just THINK of the glowing publicity.

Micah stops dead in his tracks. His face goes white. He is too terrified to be furious.

MICAH

No no no. Brock. You know how I feel about those girls. They're crazy.

Brock closes his eyes and gives an understanding nod.

BROCK

I understand all of that, but it's too late now. These girls spent thousands of dollars of their parents' money. There's no turning back. Let's get going, we're gonna be late for our FABULOUS show at MADISON. SQUARE. GARDEN.

Micah's face remains blank. He begrudgingly follows Brock to the limo.

EXT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Brock opens the door for Micah as four burly SECURITY GUARDS wait to escort him to his limo.

GIRLS. Dozens of them. They are held back by barricades on either side of the sidewalk. Their screams are deafening. Some are jumping up and down. Others are in tears.

BROCK
Remember, suh-mile!

*

Micah washes the horror off of his face and smiles. He gives a few waves and blows a few kisses. Things are going fine until-

BANG.

The girls knock down the barricades. Nothing is holding them back.

Girls try their best to wiggle their way through the security guards. A picture. A hug. They are hungry for anything.

Micah drops his head down and starts breathing heavily.

BROCK
Get him to the limo. Let's go.

The security guards push through the sea of girls. Micah and Brock get through unscathed.

Micah attempts to catch his breath. He is clearly shaken.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Lavish beyond your wildest dreams, Micah and Brock work themselves into a spacious limousine, decked out with premium leather seating and tons of food and drinks.

*

*

*

BROCK
Are you ok, Micah?

MICAH
No. They are out of control. This is exactly what it's gonna be like tonight.

BROCK
We have the best security in the world. They will make sure all of
(MORE)

BROCK (cont'd)
 the girls are orderly and
 calm. You have nothing to worry
 about. NO-THING.

Brock's plea falls to pieces when a GIRL jumps onto the limousine and hangs herself through the moon roof. She is suspended upside down like a bat.

The girl screams in Micah's face out of excitement. Micah screams back out of horror.

The girl rips Micah's shirt off. Brock tries to throw himself in front of Micah. Before the girl rips Micah's shirt off completely, a security guard pulls her back through the moon roof. *

He looks down at his neck, and sees a scratch with a little pool of blood. Micah looks at Brock, crazed and frazzled. *

BROCK
 I'll go ahead and hire some extra
 security. *

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

Micah walks onto the stage. He only takes a few steps before he stops in his tracks. He is in complete awe. *

Brock follows shortly behind and puts a hand on his shoulder. *

BROCK
 Can you believe it? *

MICAH
 No. *

BROCK
 Two years ago, you were a nobody. Now, you're one of the biggest stars on the planet. This is where every musician dreams of playing. You've made it and you're barely 20. *

MICAH
 It's incredible. I just need to take it all in. *

Micah glances around the arena, staring at all of the empty seats. He gets a little choked up. *

BROCK

Well, you have about 30 more
seconds to take it all in because
we are on a SCHED-U-LE. Let's get
this sound check rolling. Take it
away, champ.

A crew member comes from backstage and hands Micah his
microphone. An instrumental track of his smash hit, "Love
Me Baby" booms throughout the arena.

MICAH

(singing)

They say a picture's worth a
thousand words

But your smile's worth a million

Micah is full of energy in sound check. He runs to each
side of the stage, nailing his choreography. Things go well
until he sings the line-

MICAH

(singing)

When I look into your eyes

FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

The lyric conjures up terrifying memories. The girl from
the limo. Her face is right up in Micah's with big, beady
eyes staring right into his. She screams. He screams.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Micah has been staring into space for a few seconds. He
missed a few of his lines and dance moves. Brock watches
from the audience and signals at him to keep going.

Micah shakes his head and carries on.

MICAH

(singing)

So I want you to

So I want you to

Love me baby

This line strikes another chord with Micah. His face goes blank again.

FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

EXT. TV STUDIO - DAY

A girl wiggles through the security guards. Micah balls up, trying to shield himself from the insanity. All he can hear is the cry of a tween GIRL.

GIRL
Have my babies! Have my babies,
Micah!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The music has stopped for a few seconds. Micah is no longer mentally present. He is screaming into the microphone.

MICAH
Have my babies! Have my babies!

Brock is shrugging with a face of contempt from the audience.

BROCK
The line is "love me baby" not
"have my babies!". Come on,
Micah. There are going to be
children in the audience.

Micah stares at Brock and then darts off of the stage. Brock goes chasing after him.

Micah goes to the Craft Service table, grabs a water bottle, and collapses against a wall.

After a few seconds, Brock finds him and crouches down next to him. *

BROCK
Micah. Just WHAT in heaven's name
are you doing?

MICAH
I c-can't. I can't stop-

BROCK

You can't stop what?

MICAH

These girls. They've screwed me up. They're tiny and terrifying. They're all I can think about. There's no escape. I can't focus on anything else.

Brock drops his head as Micah continues to rant.

MICAH

And now you're forcing me to meet these crazies. You're basically locking me in an insane asylum. I can't do it.

BROCK

Micah. It will last 30 minutes tops. I will be right there with you. If a girl so much as blinks at your fabulousness the wrong way, they're out of here.

MICAH

Brock. Please. I'm begging.

BROCK

I told you. I can't do anything about it. We just have to get through it. And we will. Come on.

Brock helps Micah up to his feet. Micah takes a swig of water and catches his breath.

BROCK

You sounded great just then! You know, when you were singing the right words.

MICAH

Sorry about that. The thought of those girls kept throwing me off.

BROCK

It's ok. But really, you sounded STU-PEN-DOUS. It sounds like you're finally getting over that cold, too!

MICAH

You know how I got that cold,
right?

BROCK

No, how?

MICAH

Remember when that one girl licked
my face after the San Francisco
show?

BROCK

Oh.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Micah walks around into a huge dressing room filled with
three racks of costumes. One wall is a gigantic
mirror. Some snacks are laid out around the room.

Micah is finishing up getting dressed. His outfit is the
typical teen-sensation type. He glances in the mirror,
checking himself out.

He looks at his watch. 4:55. Five minutes until he
experiences hell.

There's a knock on the door.

MICAH

Uhh, one second.

BROCK (O.C.)

It's me, superstar!

MICAH

Come in!

Brock bursts in. He has a clipboard and a walkie talkie in
hand, clearly running an organized event.

BROCK

Alright, Micah. Guess who is right
outside your door.

MICAH

Hundreds of demon spawn?

BROCK

Micah. You. Slay me.

MICAH
Brock, I really don't think I can
do this.

Like clock work, the eruption of squeaky voices can be heard chanting "Micah!" repeatedly.

Micah looks at the door in horror, knowing what's on the other side. He turns to Brock and begins to breathe heavily.

MICAH
Nope. No way.

BROCK
You know there's nothing I can do. They expect you out there in three minutes. I told them all how excited you were to meet them.

MICAH
Lies and deception.

BROCK
Without these "demon spawn" as you so eloquently put it, you wouldn't have a career.

MICAH
I know. I get that. It's just-

BROCK
Then you can suck it up for five minutes and show some GRAT-I-TUDE. Come on.

Brock stands up and heads towards the door. He puts his hand on the handle and pushes down.

BROCK
Let's get this over with.

The look. Micah is staring into space again. This time, right at the door.

Brock is rolling his eyes as Micah continues to freak out.

MICAH
No. No. No.

Micah bolts to the bathroom and locks himself inside. Brock goes running after him.

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom is extremely glamorous. A huge bathtub, a shower, and the toilet has a bidet.

Micah is curled in a fetal position next to the toilet. He is sobbing uncontrollably.

Brock yells to him from outside.

BROCK (O.C.)
You've got five minutes.

Micah stands up and is still rattled. He turns on the sink and splashes some water in his face. He sees his broken expression in the mirror and collapses back onto the floor.

INT. BACKSTAGE

The GIRLS are all in a single file line, clutching their pens and cameras.

BROCK
Ok, girls. Micah isn't feeling too great, so he's just going to be a few more minutes.

Some girls are annoyed. Others look concerned.

One girl in the crowd, ELISSA SLATER, 18, walks towards Brock. She is tall and beautiful, clearly a sore thumb in the mob of pre-pubescent tweens.

ELISSA
Is he ok?

BROCK
Yeah, he's just a little nervous about the show is all. He'll be ready in a few minutes.

Two of the Harringtonians decked out in full Micah Harrington apparel overhear the conversation. Upon hearing Brock's explanation, they start to stir the pot.

HARRINGTONIAN 1
Micah is supes nerves, you guys. *

HARRINGTONIAN 2
Yeah. We need to make him feel better.

HARRINGTONIAN 1
We should go in there and talk to him.

BROCK

No no no. That won't be necessary. Just be patient and he'll be out here soon.

Brock makes his way back into the dressing room. The girls remain standing around.

ELISSA

He better come out. I paid a thousand bucks for this.

HARRINGTONIAN 1

Oh em gee stop being so insensitive.

HARRINGTONIAN 2

Yeah a true Harringtonian would understand that's he's nervous. *

ELISSA

Shut the hell up.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Brock heads over to the bathroom door and knocks.

BROCK

Are you coming or not?

INT. BATHROOM

MICAH

I told you I can't.

BROCK (O.C.)

You're making a huge mistake.

MICAH

I don't care. I've had too many mental breakdowns. Tell them it's canceled and they'll get their money back.

BROCK (O.C.)

Fine.

INT. BACKSTAGE

The girls in line are all waiting around, tweeting about who they ship him with and their favorite Micah songs. They see the door fling open and jump up, expecting it to be Micah, but instead see Brock. *

BROCK

Ladies, I have some bad news. Our little superstar is too sick. We're going to have to cancel the meet and greet.

All hell breaks loose. About a dozen of the girls collapse to their knees and start wailing. Others scream. Elissa and the two tweens storm over to Brock.

HARRINGTONIAN 1

What's wrong with him? What's so bad that he can't see us?

HARRINGTONIAN 2

Yeah. We can help.

ELISSA

This is bullshit.

BROCK

I understand. You were all looking forward to meeting MISTER. MICAH. HARRINGTON. However, he really is not up to it. But believe me, tonight will be his best show ever.

ELISSA

We all paid a thousand dollars for this though.

BROCK

And you'll get your money back.

ELISSA

Not good enough.

The two Harringtonians walk back to the crowd of emotionally crippled girls and whistle for their attention. They all look up.

HARRINGTONIAN 1

We did not sign up for the Harringtonian Army e-mail newsletter and get VIP access to the exclusive pre-sale to not meet Micah.

*
*
*
*
*

HARRINGTONIAN 2

Yeah, and he needs us. Let's go in there and show him how much we love him.

The army of girls give cheers of support and start to storm into the dressing room. Brock starts to freak out.

BROCK
Security.

ELISSA
Serves your asses right.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

The girls pour in to the dressing room. The room is too small to comfortably fit all of them, but they make it work.

They search left and right for Micah. Nothing.

HARRINGTONIAN 1
Where is he?

INT. BATHROOM

HARRINGTONIAN 2 (O.C.)
Yeah, where's Micah?

Micah begins to hear the cries of the girls in the dressing room and jumps up. He looks out the peep hole and has his suspicions confirmed. Countless girls.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT

Micah is fast asleep in his massive bed. A police siren and flashing lights pierce through the window. He groggily gets up and looks outside.

A huge commotion is happening right on his front lawn. He runs downstairs and stares out of his front door.

His SECURITY GUARD is working with two POLICE OFFICERS. The three are handcuffing five GIRLS who were trying to break into his house.

The handcuffed girls turn around and see Micah peeking through the door. They break from the hold of the security guard and the officers and bolt towards the door.

The girls smash their faces against the door and scream at the sight of Micah. Their eyes are bulging. One turns around, and with their hands still cuffed, tries to break open the door.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM

The scene is almost exactly the same as the flashback. Crazy girls at his door and now the handle is shaking. The girls are trying to break in.

Micah begins to panic. He searches feverishly for any other exit. Nothing. He flings open the cabinet under the sink. Toilet paper. Towels.

A tool box.

Micah flings open the tool box and finds a hammer. He stares at it for a quick second. He is beyond the point of rational thought. All he can think of is surviving the mob of girls.

Micah takes the hammer to the mirror and it shatters into pieces. Micah finds the sharpest shard and grabs a hold of it.

He takes a deep breath as the girls successfully kick down the door. Micah hides the shard behind his back.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

The room is flooded with bodies. Every aspect of the room, the racks of clothes, the Craft Service table, are being inspected by the girls. *

When the bathroom door gets knocked down, they all rush to him. *

HARRINGTONIAN 1

Micah.

The sea of girls scream and cheer.

MICAH

Hey.

HARRINGTONIAN 2

We were so worried. Are you ok?

MICAH

Yeah. Just a little nervous.

HARRINGTONIAN 1

Aww, it's ok. You'll be great.

Harringtonian 1 runs up to Micah and wraps herself around him. A dead stare goes over Micah's eyes.

Every flashback comes rushing back to him.

The sneeze. *

The stalkers. *

The selfies. *

The girls screaming in his face. *

The nightmarish hell scape is upon him once again. This time, it's too much.

SLASH.

A deadly hug. Micah takes the glass shard right to the Harringtonian's neck. Blood pours from her neck as she falls to the ground, gasping for air.

All of the girls freeze and stare at Micah.

HARRINGTONIAN 2

Haha. That's a pretty great
prank. What is that, ketchup?

Harringtonian 2 walks up to Harringtonian 1's twitching corpse and runs her finger in the pool of blood. She realizes this isn't a prank. As she begins to look up from the corpse to Micah-

SLASH.

The bloody mirror shard is now in her neck. Micah pulls it out. Harringtonian 2 makes a horrific noise as she collapses on top of her friend.

Two dead.

Micah's face is emotionless. He is far gone.

The rest of the girls stare at Micah. Nothing is registering. They don't want to believe that their idol just killed two young girls.

Brock barges in to the dressing room with two SECURITY GUARDS.

BROCK

None of you are allowed to be
here! Everyone step out-

Brock notices that the room is dead silent. He looks over to Micah. His face is whitewashed. Brock looks down to see the two bodies. He dry heaves for a split second and then makes his way through the crowd to Micah.

BROCK

Micah. What. Are. You doing.

MICAH

You did this.

BROCK

Micah-

MICAH

You have been with me since the beginning. You have seen these genetically challenged, snot face children destroy me.

The girls all gasp, clearly insulted.

MICAH

And what do you do? You set up this shit to make it easier for them to latch their little claws onto me. I have had nightmare after nightmare. Every little sight and sound makes me think of them. I can't go five minutes without freaking out. It's like you're on a mission to make it worse.

BROCK

I tried to cancel it but they stormed their way in. We can work through these problems.

MICAH

No we can't. It's too late.

With a complete lack of emotion, Micah takes the glass shard to Brock's neck.

Brock collapses to his knees. He looks up to Micah. His face reads complete devastation and betrayal. He takes his dying breath and collapses onto the pile.

Three dead.

Micah steps over the bodies and walks towards the door to the dressing room. The security guards go to catch him, but he slams the door in their faces and locks it before they have the chance.

Micah stares down the crowd of girls.

MICAH

I just want you all to know that
you have ruined my life. Who's
next?

The girls are crying and screaming, but this time, for all of the wrong reasons. They disperse, looking for ways out.

Micah grabs one young girl by the shirt. An easy target. He slits her throat with the glass shard and drops her to the ground.

He does the same with another. Five dead.

The girls are scattering like cockroaches, trying to get past him and break down the door. Security guards can be heard trying to bust down the door from the other side.

Micah grabs another girl by the shirt and she tries to break away. That's when he locks eyes with Elissa.

Something about her strikes Micah. Her age. Her relative poise. Something we haven't seen in awhile from Micah. A smile. He lets go of the girl and walks right over to Elissa.

Elissa stares right at him.

The other girls all put their efforts into knocking down the door. Micah kneels and drops the bloody shard on the ground.

MICAH

Hi.

ELISSA

What are you doing?

MICAH

I...umm...

Micah begins to blush.

ELISSA

Why the hell are you killing
people?

MICAH

My life may seem like a dream, but it's actually a nightmare. I've been bombarded by fans in the most terrifying ways nonstop for two years. It messes you up.

ELISSA

What did you expect? You're a male pop star. Obviously girls are going to be all over you.

MICAH

Well, you aren't.

ELISSA

I'm eighteen. I can actually control myself a little bit. These girls all think you're going to fall in love with them and marry them.

MICAH

It's crazy.

ELISSA

It's normal. Listen. I get that all of this has to be crazy, but if you think these girls are terrifying, just wait until your skinny white ass is in prison.

MICAH

I wish all of my other fans were as normal as you.

ELISSA

Most of them are. They're just not the ones who you see, because they have lives apart from stalking your every move.

MICAH

I guess you're right.

BANG.

A large crash comes from the front of the dressing room. The girls knocked down the door. They trip over each other to get out. Two COPS and security guards run in to the room with guns drawn.

ELISSA

Come on! Let's get you out of here.

Micah stops dead in his tracks. Everything goes white. *

CUT TO: *

INT. TV Studio *

We are back at the start of the interview. *

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Here we go! We're live in 5, 4, 3, 2... *

NANCY *

Good morning, everyone. Thanks for tuning in to, "Wake Up, New York!" and spending your Saturday with us. Today, we have a very special guest, teen pop sensation Micah Harrington. *

MICAH *

Hello, everyone. I'm glad to be here. *

Was it all his imagination? *

CUT TO: *

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN *

MICAH *

(singing) *

So I want you to *

So I want you to *

Love me baby *

Love me baby *

Brock claps from the audience. Micah flashes a smile. No ticks, no distant stares. *

Micah walks off the stage. *

CUT TO: *

INT. BACKSTAGE *

Micah is at the Craft Service table, except this time smiling and not horrified. *

BROCK *

Fantastic. Wonderful. Are you ready for your meet and greet in an hour? I know how those fans can be. *

MICAH *

Definitely. I'll be fine. *

BROCK *

That's my little superstar. Go freshen up and get ready. *

Micah heads into his dressing room. *

INT. DRESSING ROOM *

Micah is glowing from ear to ear. The dressing room is the same as before; costume racks and snacks. *

Micah whistles as he opens a closet door with een more costumes. And bodies. *

Two dead bodies. *

The Harringtonians. *

Micah reaches past the bodies and pulls out a leather jacket. *

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. *

Micah jumps up and opens the door to find TWO POLICE OFFICERS. *

OFFICER 1 *

Mr. Harringtonian *

OFFICER 2 *

Y-yes? *

OFFICER 2 *

We have some questions for you. *

Micah's face flushes. He's been caught. *

OFFICER 1 *

Can you sign my walkie talkie? *

OFFICER 2

And can we get a selfie?

*
*

Micah is taken aback, but smiles.

*

MICAH

Of course. Anything for a fan.

*
*

THE END.