

PAPARAZZI

Written by

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MAGNIFICA

FADE IN:

1. DREAM NO. 1

WHITENESS. BLACKNESS. Depths of space. Dark brown emerges – and from it a large, wooden TABLE, square one.

A LIBRARY appears on the left. A number of shelves are filled with colorful books.

MJ, the world's greatest pop star, goes to the table. He is dressed in a white jacket and bell-shaped trousers, which are cut in the back, along the entire length of the calves. He also wears a white hat with a fussy violet feather.

The strange thing: MJ is small, as if he's been shrunk, and the table is giant. On the tabletop, opposite each other, are two round bowls – aquariums filled with clear turquoise water to the very brims.

MJ is coming. He walks boldly between the two bowls.

Then, SUDDENLY, from one of them a fluorescent, animated FISH pops up in TECHNICOLOR: MO! It speedily goes to the second aquarium for a cup of cappuccino.

The fish dances to the music. Its swinging tail fins are going crazy, and the small tip of its dorsal fin also.

Mo! reaches the second aquarium and takes his CAPPUCINO from the depths of the water. He inhales the aroma and returns to his aquarium. One of his pectoral fins settles on his waist, and the other holds the cup. He passes just before Jacko.

MJ is surprised – he splits like a film frame, in HALF, then in THREE. However, in a moment he comes back to himself and completes his path to the end.

From the edge of the table he throws himself into the depths, straight ahead, toward the library. The power of his drive scatters the shelves.

A radial, penetrating WHITE light is coming out.

WHITE CUT:

2. EXT. TREE/CENTRAL PARK/NYC - NOON

I sleep IN A TREE in the park.

LITTLE BOY

Excuse me! Excuse me, sir!

I start to wake up. I notice the persistent LITTLE BOY standing under the tree.

LITTLE BOY

Do you have the latest Bradley chewing gum?

I

Huh?!

I am still sleeping.

LITTLE BOY

I'm asking, do you have the chewing -

I

Fuck off, whipster!

I am not asleep anymore. The kid runs away with all his might. I hope his mother doesn't come in a minute.

I (V.O.)

Nobody likes me. I don't give a shit. I just like watching things happen. And there was a lot going on. It was 1964. It looked like we were heading into the beginning of the Vietnam War.

I jump down from the tree.

I (V.O.)

As the Italians say, *È ora di togliersi i guanti bianchi* - it was time to take off the white gloves.

It's fucking BLOWING today. So I follow the shortest street to get out of here as soon as possible. I pass PEOPLE IN THE PARK the whole way. And so I get out into the street.

3. EXT. STREETS/MANHATTAN/NYC - CONTINUOUS

I enter the city, NEW YORK.

I go ahead. I involuntarily absorb the colorful looks of PEOPLE IN THE STREETS, all original, but collectively tendentious.

Every now and then I pass photos of celebrities - on walls, concrete walls of houses, everywhere.

I (V.O.)

The 1960s definitely belonged to MM and MJ.
There were quite a lot of them...

Or rather, unmanufactured IMAGES of all kinds of stars or IMITATIONS OF THE KING OF POP.

I (V.O.)

Years of ubiquitous music, ubiquitous pop culture, and colorful style...

I boldly walk along a large city street. On the right is a wall in vertical white and blue stripes with huge posters of the face of one of the stars, LATAKIA, stuck on.

I (V.O.)

Workaholics, unlike alcoholics, are proud of their addiction. I must admit that I am a fanatic of my work. Information is power.

CUT TO:

4. RETROSPECTION: EXT. STORE/NEW YORK - DAWN

I enter the camera store as a JUNIOR.

5. RETROSPECTION: INT. STORE/NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

1. Among the large, heavy, and expensive cameras, I notice one that looks nice. A bit amateurish - but it's mine. It's first love. THE GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER packs it up efficiently.