

STARSTRUCK

**BY**

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**INT. Offstage.**

A wall of rock star photos and memorabilia. JOEY strikes a pose in the vanity mirror. It looks ridiculous. His shoulders sink.

IRA (O.S.)

(playful teasing, casual)

Those poses are *pretty* goofy, huh?

Joey startles as IRA hooks an arm around him.

ANTON

(agreeing, kind, encouraging)

Yeah Joey! We never needed *those* in my garage!

Anton flanks his other side, and they squish Joey in a hug. He laughs despite himself.

JOEY

(cheering up, reassuring them he's fine)

(laughing) Okay, okay! (beat) I'll meet you guys out there.

Joey watches his friends go, then looks at his reflection. He sighs, then- a glint: the STAR SUNGLASSES on the wall.

**INT. Stage**

The band bursts into song, buzzing with energy. Joey dances with his friends.

He belts a high note, then glances at the audience. They're distracted, barely watching. Joey's voice falters. He pulls out the Star Sunglasses.

The crowd turns. Joey, with glasses on, transforms into a Glam Rock Star. He sings with blazing confidence. Anton and Ira beam.

Joey snatches Anton's drumstick, twirls it, and steps on the drum. The crowd cheers. Anton's grin fades in disbelief.

Ira launches into her solo, but Joey grabs her guitar and smashes it. The crowd goes wild.

Spotlights converge on him as he strikes the mirror-pose, this time perfectly.

## **CURTAINS.**

### **INT. Stage**

Joey spins towards his friends, glowing with triumph-

JOEY

(ecstatic, elated)

They loved me-

**BAM!** Ira's punch lands. The glasses fly. Joey crumples back to normal.

ANTON

(disbelief, confusion, hurt, he doesn't recognize the glasses, but knows they did something to Joey)

What are those glasses?

IRA

(cold, short, angry, hurt)

Whatever they are, have fun as a solo act.

She opens the door and looks at Anton to follow.

ANTON

(hurt)

Come on man, is this really what you want?

Realization washes over Joey's face. He looks at his friends, then picks up the glasses to break them. Anton and Ira look hopeful. **CRACK!** Sparks shoot out. Curtains fly open. Magic engulfs him, flickering his Glam Rock form. The crowd roars. Joey beams at the audience, then considers his friends. He turns towards the audience.

ANTON

(pleading, desperate, hurt)

Joey wait! Stop! Joey Please! Wait! (etc) J-

Ira stops him with a hand on his shoulder. They both turn away, betrayed.

Joey slides the glasses back on, fully transforming. He strides into the spotlight.

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