

HOLLYWOOD PRIVATE EYE

Base for a T V Series

This is the real on-the-street story of Jake Blake a private eye with his finger on the pulse of Hollywood's dark and darker sides, a character as wild and wacky as the town he calls home. A man with a multiple personality disorder that transforms him into who he thinks he wants to be most of the time.

Jake is a big man, larger than life, a crazed and good humored, loveable teddy bear of a man, a down-on-his-luck gumshoe, working out of a small rooftop apartment overlooking Hollywood and Vine. He makes a meager living from divorce surveillance and finding runaways hiding out on the Boulevard of Broken Dreams. Jake knows how the kids feel; after all he still is one.

Found on a doorstep, Jake was named Jake, because "Jake was the hero in "Chinatown" showing on the movies that week." Jake. J Gittes was the Private Investigator in the film. He became Jake's hero, the man he most wanted to be when he wasn't "having to be someone else." No one knew where Jake was coming from or going to, least of all Jake.

He was a shy, sensitive orphan kid raised in the dark closets of a dozen different foster homes. Many nights he was left alone to scream himself to sleep in "some tiny cot in that clothes closet with no light."

He "lived at the mirror" practicing "cosmetic personalities" cute, loveable, sweet, bubbly? He was "constantly mugging for the camera" to gain the confidence of anyone he thought might adopt him. No matter how appealing he thought he was no one seemed to notice. He was a chameleon, sometimes he got so far into a character he had a problem finding his way back.

Jake was diagnosed with multiple personality disorder at the age of twelve. His psychiatrist described Jake as a "team player" because he had the "same number of personalities as there were players on the Chicago Cubs."

At sixteen he was living in back streets of Chicago Everything frightened him. His only escape was to wear personalities like other people wear clothes.

Jake began acting out imaginary characters to escape and protect himself from the people and things that threatened him. At first he created 'little friends' who lived in his pocket, on his shoulder, or in his head. As he got older, he immersed himself in the images of the movies and TV, taking on his idea of the hero or star he most wanted to be. He impersonated them, copying their walk, their attitude, their clothes, their ideas and everything about them, until he felt he was the hero and could 'access their skills and abilities.' He became Zorro, Captain Hook, The Silver Surfer, and Batman. One time he hung upside-down for so long trying to be a bat, he got stuck that way and his 'parents' had to put roller skates on his hands and feet just to move him from room to room.

tenement slum, chivalrously defending the rights of the oppressed, destroying 'garbage can dragons' with his wooden orange crate broadsword.

As Merlin the Magician he accessed "his magic powers", learning to focus his whole being into a nightmare of nastiness and anger that scared the local bullies. His staring eyes and accusing fingers sent them all running scared to their mothers screaming, "Save me from the zombie nut job, Mom!"

When Jake was Superman, he wore the entire suit from Sears – boots, tights and monogrammed shirt. He had Superman's handsome good looks and all his powers. Jake, The Man of Steel, was a dazzling presence, running across the top of his 8th foster Mother's roof, shining in the sunlight, all the neighborhoods kids cheering him on. Jake's blue cape billowed in the breeze, flying him momentarily off the roof, spinning him like a helicopter into a tree, gracefully dangling him like a yo-yo from a tree branch. Falling, his leg broke on 'Kryptonite' rock 'lying in wait' in the garden below.

In the ambulance, Jake changed personality to Harry Houdini. Feeling the terrible pain in his leg, he attributed it to a bed of nails he thought he was sitting on and remained smiling all the way to the hospital.

As Elvis, singing Kentucky Rain in the pouring rain, Jake's homemade electric light suit shorted out all of its 400 'fairy' lights and convulsed his body into the antics of a pyrotechnic gymnast. The burns were not severe. Jake dealt with the pain like was the firefighter Chief in Backdraft; to him it was part of the job, "no problem."

As Jake got older he wanted to be anyone but himself. He grew up dazed, defused, disorganized and unsure of himself. Every day, he would surf the TV looking for movies until he found a star or hero he wanted to emulate. Then he'd talk himself 'up' in the mirror until he became 'the star' he had chosen to get him through the day.

Jake became a pastiche of every person he had ever 'been,' from Robin Hood to Detective John McClane in Die Hard, from President John F. Kennedy to John Lennon or Bond or Einstein or Popeye or Geronimo. He would borrow from them at will or fall into them by mistake. From each person he learned 'his idea' of their abilities, their skills, their attitudes and their secrets. He built an arsenal of 'star power,' or what he believed was the star power, 'ready to be accessed at a moment's notice.'

Jake didn't work; he was always lost in genius daydreams of who he thought he was or who he thought he could be. Everyday jobs were beneath him because he was a star, with a star's ego, 'and everybody knows stars don't work,' so Jake didn't.

For a long time Jake was broke, hungry and without a roof over his head. He was forced to take a series of demeaning jobs. Dishwasher, laborer, gardener and toilet cleaner, every one ended in disaster because, invariably, Jake turned up for work in battle fatigues with a towel wrapped round his head thinking he was the war-torn Captain Willard from Apocalypse Now.

Jake knew he was destined for great things. Early on, he had read somewhere "what you truly believe, you can achieve." It became his mantra. Fame was in Jake's stars he "just knew it". He had known that since he had 'accidentally traveled Back to the Future.' whilst eating a De

become a celebrity it was in his stars” in his eyes.

Jake yearned to be the hero of the people, who would embrace him with all the celebrity and wealth that implied. He could see the headlines in his mind: his face was on every magazine cover. . .the world was at his door. "A word for the press, Mr. Blake? " Smile for the camera, please." "An autograph for my child, Mr. Blake?"

Jake's fantasies constantly overwhelmed his good sense. He aspired to the 'good life' and pursued it by impersonating 'his ideas' of Getty, Onassis and Howard Hughes. He felt like they did, acted like they did, and he was them. Unfortunately for Jake, he was never able to access any of their money, a fact that became immediately apparent one day at a Beverly Hills bank when Jake, who had accidentally become “Goldfinger,” tried to cash a 'gold bar' he had 'bought below market value' from a Hollywood props company.

"Damn it, man, don't you know who I am?" snapped Jake, angry at the teller. But nobody knew who Jake was, not even Jake. He was utterly humiliated. His ability to see himself as someone else was shattered. Jake decided he needed a 'real' job.

He trained as a security guard and slipped into becoming Elliott Ness of The Untouchables. As a trainee cosmetologist he thought he was Andy Warhol painting soup cans in New York, and as a ladies' hairdresser, unfortunately, he became Edward Scissorhands; it was hopeless. Jake had lost his grip on the reality he never had. Stress made him become people he didn't want to be.

Jake knew no boundaries in his hunt to find the love and attention he so desperately needed. Eventually, he found it on the stage doing improv and a lot of actresses. Now he was an actor. He moved to Hollywood.

In Hollywood's milky way of stars Jake acting coach told him “You're a remnant of humanity” lacking the self-control and self discipline to fit anyone's starring role”. Jake knew then he wasn't an actor, He was a down and out improv man who always called the shots usually when they were pointed at him.

Walking down Hollywood Blvd, a gust of wind lifted a single sheet newspaper a few feet in front of Jake and wraps itself to his face. The dirty crumpled newspaper screams the headline "Private Eye Gets \$1 Million Reward!" It was fate! It was meant to be, just like it was for George Bailey in It's a Wonderful Life. Right there and then, Jake “knew” God wanted him to become a private eye. He would access all of his personalities and all of their talent and put it all to good use in surveillance and detective work

Jake took a short correspondence course from the “famed and accredited” Sherlock Holmes School for Private Detectives. Now he was ready to become anyone necessary, to investigate underground criminal activity in Holly

For the last few months Jake has been doing undercover work spying on the porn star wife of a jealous husband. Jake now has intimate knowledge of his subject and her chosen career. Jake “got the naked truth out of her.” Her husband paid for everything.

Jake loves his work, whether he's playing James Rockford skulking around the back alleys of Hollywood trying to find some lost kid. or playing John

out of the local Starbucks. Jake prays for his big break but 'til then. . .He loves Hollywood: the movies, True Crime magazine, Super Hero comics, Hawaiian silk shirts, The New York Times, his beat-up '86 Jaguar, and 'being cool.' Jake is cool. He listens to his heart, believes in God when necessary and laughs at everything, including himself. He is a real man, with his eye firmly planted on the rear end of every passing female.

Flo is Jake's cheerleader and personal assistant, in charge of his sanity but not her own. She is Jake's ex-girlfriend. It never worked out for them; she was devoted to Jake but she was never sure of who he was from moment to moment. Jake was always a ladies man; every attractive woman turned him into become Dirk Diggler from Boogie Nights. After that it was just sex, sex, sex.

Flo couldn't take it. Now she "just takes care of Jake's business." She still dresses sexy, sometimes like a slut, often saving Jake from himself with 'a little love to get him back on track' when he's down in the dumps or stuck in a personality he can't get out of. Flo is Jake's Gracie Allen. She can't cook, can't sew, loves Latin music, and forgets everything.

Jake, on the other hand, can pick a lock, tap a phone and scale a high wall. He carries 'no weapons of any kind' and his wits are his 'only defence.' Deep down, he is a mix of Don Quixote and J. J. Gittes, the private eye in Chinatown. He is a defender of the underdog a kind, compassionate man who stands up for what is right and left.

Recently Jake saved the life of a 'very smelly homeless man' who was choking to death on a Kentucky Fried Chicken bone outside The Pantages Theatre. There was a big bug-eyed crowd around the bug-eyed man. He lay there withering, choking to death, turning blue under his beard, while the crowd 'umbed and arh'd' about what to do. Nobody helped, nobody wanted to get too close for fear of being overcome by the man's smell. They just watched, while the incredible stinking man's gurgling noises cried for help.

Jake, scared and terrified for the man, evokes the Dr. Ross character on ER and walks straight through the gawking crowd, pulls the man to his feet and does the Heimlich Maneuver on him like the 'seasoned professional' he is.

The chicken bone shoots out of the man's mouth toward the crowd. All eyes are on the bone as it flies through the air. The anxious crowd parts like the Red Sea in Exodus and the bone hits the street with a voodoo rattle. Dr. Ross evaporates.

Jake gave the homeless man a couple of bucks and sat him on a bench to catch his breath. Feeling infected, Jake went home to clean up. When he returned the man was gone. Nobody saw him go, no one was interested.

"The guy lived, what's the big deal?" says the meter maid with a smirk.

The 'chicken bone incident,' as Jake called it, shook him up. He just couldn't believe so many people would just hang out and watch someone choke to death without trying to help. He hung out quietly with Flo, recuperating. Wanting to make a fresh start, Jake placed an ad in the Hollywood Reporter for detective work.

A couple of days later, Jake received a phone call from David Stephens, an attorney, a prospective 'new client' living in the hills above Hollywood.

"Some exciting new challenges have come to light, Jake, and you maybe are the right man to help. Let's meet."

The new client's home was an old Italian villa, overgrown with bougainvillea and ivy, overlooking the entire city and with a view all the way from the Hollywood Sign to the shimmering Pacific Ocean. A pretty professional woman in her early thirties, calling herself Janet, met Jake right outside the front door. She showed Jake around the side of the house, through the overgrown gardens and across the lawn.

Sitting on an ornate wrought-iron chair watching the sunlight dance on the edge of the pool, sat David Stephens, an elegant man, smiling broadly, immaculately dressed in a white linen suit and a Panama hat.

"My client," he says, "is a name in Hollywood. As your benefactor, he needs you to find some things he has lost. As his attorney, I manage his affairs. I am able to offer you the opportunity to be his private investigator. You come highly recommended."

"By whom?" quizzes Jake.

"That's not important. What is important is that you will be responsible to me and contact me only by phone, at prearranged times. Is that clear?"

Jake is turned to stone, unable to speak.

David Stephens smiled broadly. "I know a little about you, particularly your ability to 'become other people.' You're gonna need those talents where you're going. This is your big chance to be every star you think you are." The man, completely amused by what he has just said, laughs aloud and passes Jake a weighted box. "This will get you started," he says. "Remember, I want secrecy, no press and no police or you're finished."

Jake opened the box – \$5,000.00 in hundreds. He is amazed; he fans the notes in his hands like a deck of cards. At once he's a suave Rhett Butler gambling on a Mississippi river boat. It's 1873, a cold December. Five desperate angry men sit around the table. Rhett counts 'their' money. One of the players reaches for his gun. . . Quick as a flash Rhett pulls a .38 from the box. David Stephens' voice breaks into Jake's dream.

"I'm going inside to make a call to our employer. You'll take the job, right?"

"Yeah, I want the job but I don't need a gun," says Jake. He hands the .38 pistol back to Stephens almost absentmindedly.

His attention is on the handwriting on a small envelope on top of the bills.

"Assignment #1. Find Lucy Jane Callahan, \$5,000.00 a week plus expenses. \$20,000.00 payable on your finding Lucy. Phone Bradley on 310.555.8282 only when you locate Lucy, you will be paid immediately. I will give your next assignment at that time. Should you or any of your iron force be captured Mr. Phelps. . ."

Jake is Phelps, chairman extraordinaire from the I.M.F. team of Mission Impossible. In front of him a tape recorder plays; it's Bradley Stephens' explanation to Jake. . . "Amongst the contents of the box is a single photo of a young woman. "If she's alive, she's twenty-eight years old now. She was an actress, a beautiful, talented girl, a thrill-seeker, hellbent on breaking hearts and all the rules. Unfortunately, she hung out with the wrong people, a lot of big shots, criminal types and drug users. She wouldn't listen, got sucked in, and disappeared on her twenty-fourth birthday. My client wants her back."

Jake wakes from his Mission Impossible briefing.

The sun is going down. He meanders up to the French doors at the back of the house. Looking for the attorney. The house is locked and empty – no

woman. Confused, Jake walks over to his Jag, ready to leave. A lady realtor is putting an open house sign on the front lawn of the house.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" Jake says. "What's the story on this house?"

"Thirty-six hundred square feet, built in 1910. They're asking \$3.6 million."

"Bit rich for my taste," says Jake, getting into the Jag. "Whose was it?"

"I don't know his name," replies the realtor, "he was one of those Hollywood types. The house has been empty for a couple of years. Supposedly the owner went crazy and died."

"Some people have all the luck," says Jake as he drives off.

Jake drops in on his good friend Andy, a Jewish New Yorker, an over-amped, migitised man who does electrical repairs in the back of his rundown 'Halloween Costume Shop.' The shop has been a favourite haunt of Jake's for years now. It is a place where Jake can truly relax, a place where he can never be himself.

Bursting with energy and enthusiasm, Jake tells Andy the story, asking him to be his right hand, to watch his back and to be his squire while he is fighting the 'Windmills of Hollywood's deception.' "Together," spins Jake as Bill Clinton, "we will save the day, rescue this young woman from those who would exploit her. . .and realise our American dreams!"

Jake examines Lucy's photo again. She has a special quality; something about her gets to him. He feels attracted to her, as if she were familiar. He checks out the rest of the contents of the box. Lucy's acting resume, a collection of 'last-seen' addresses, a copy of a 'missing persons' police report and three newspaper clippings about the Mafia trying to get control in Hollywood.

Jake feels a shiver run down his spine. He realizes now his investigations will take him into the heart of the Hollywood fast track, with its celebrities, gangsters, hookers, wannabes, and all its wild 'n' crazy characters. Jake will have to be them all if he is to gain their confidence and find his own.

"Perfect," Jake says to himself. "Now I get to be anyone I want, in the clubs, the flash parties and the homes of Hollywood's rich and famous!"

Jake's exhilaration fades as he realizes what he has gotten himself into. As a defense his J. J. Gittes automatically kicks in; he needs answers now! . . ."

Where is Lucy Jane Callahan?. . .is she alive?. . .or dead?. . .Who is the anonymous client paying Jake's bills?. . .Why did David Stephens call him Jake's benefactor?. . .Why did Stephens disappear?. . .Why did Stephens give Jake a gun?. . .What does Stephens know that he's not saying?. . .How is the Mafia involved?. . .Drugs?. . .Violence?. . .Pizza?. . .Why all the secrecy?. . .Is Jake being set up to be a fall guy?
Who will Jake become? Who is Jake Blake, Hollywood Private Eye?

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