

DANNY COLLINS

An aging rock star decides to change his life when he discovers a 40-year-old letter written to him by [John Lennon](#). Actors are Al Pacino and Christopher Plummer.

Late at night. They are sitting by the pool, looking at Danny's much younger fiancé, passed out drunk in the grass.

FRANK

She looks like a young Jackie O.

DANNY

Yeah. I look absurd with her. We need to make her sign that prenup, don't we?

FRANK

Yes we do.

DANNY

Ahhh. I am way too old to be putting this much shit up my nose.

FRANK

Yes you are.

DANNY

Ah, jeez, Frank. Don't give me all the good stuff all at once, will ya? You're really earning that 10% tonight pal.

FRANK

What do you want me to say? "No, Danny. You look perfectly normal standing next to a coked up teenager who can't keep her nipples covered for more than five minutes. A prenup? Who needs a prenup? I mean, sure you've gone through three wives already but this one seems like the real deal. Oh, look, I can see her vagina. Again."

DANNY

That's cute.

FRANK

Thank you. I try. So, I know how fanatical you are about Lennon, so I started futzing around on the internet and I get in touch with this one guy. A collector. And I tell him that I'm looking to get you something special. Oh, shit . . . I've been holding on to this for three months. No, no. Wait. Hold on. Do you remember doing an interview when you were a kid? Something called Chime Magazine? Fellow named DeLoache?

DANNY

Yeah. Maybe. I don't know.

FRANK

Well, I don't know what you said to the guy but you must have mentioned Lennon or something but that doesn't matter. The point is, Lennon read it. The interview. And . . . he wrote you a letter.

DANNY

What? What the hell are you talking about?

FRANK

John Lennon wrote you a letter, pal, in 1971. He sent it to you care of this DeLoache guy. Now DeLoache smells money so he holds on to it. Never tells you. Then DeLoache dies, but he's not the point. The point is, he sold that letter to a collector. Can you believe this shit?

DANNY

I'm not following this, Frank.

FRANK

Open the box. Open the box. John Lennon wrote you a handwritten letter in 1971. Can you fucking believe it? Read it!

DANNY

"Dear Danny Collins, Yoko and I read your interview. Being rich and famous doesn't change the way you think. It doesn't corrupt your art. Only you can do that. So what do you think about that, Danny Collins? Stay true to your music. Stay true to yourself. My phone number is below. Call me, we can discuss this. We can help. Love, John"

FRANK

It's crazy, right? I've been holding on to this for months now.