

QUANTUM GRAVITY II: VANITY RISES

A MixTape Flick.

The Principal Players

VANITY, early 30's, female, African ancestry, Standard American English with urban soul.

PACHECO, late 20's, male, mixed Latin & European ancestry, multiple accents (Cuban, Standard American, LA urban).

LOU, early 30's, male, Asian ancestry, Standard American English with a touch of late 60's / early 70's urban soul.

LUCY, late 20's, female, Latino or mixed Latino/European ancestry, Los Angeles urban accent.

ISH, late 30's, male, European ancestry, Standard American English with a touch of late 60's / early 70's urban soul.

Key Supporting Players

MARSHALL, early 50's, male, African ancestry, late 60's / early 70's urban soul.

NORINE, mid-70's, female, African ancestry, aristocratic Mississippi Southern accent.

SASHA, early 30's, female, European (Russian) ancestry, Russian accent.

WEEMS, early-30's, male, African ancestry, standard American English with urban soul.

BROOKE, late-30's, female, European ancestry, standard American English with mild central Texas accent.

BEN, late-30's, male, European ancestry, standard American English with mild central Texas accent.

MAJOR, mid-50's, female, Asian ancestry, Beijing accent.

AKI, mid-20's, female, Asian ancestry, Standard American English with mild Japanese accent.

LIMERENCE, late 20's, female, African ancestry, Georgia Southern accent.

FLUFFER, late 20's, male, any ethnicity, person of short stature, standard American English with urban soul.

UMA, late 20's, female, Ukrainian ancestry, Kiev accent.

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Alabama Highway" by Steve Young.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE. AMERICAN FRONTIER. MIDNIGHT. 1898.

Darkness. Stars. Cheshire Moon.

GENERAL JOHN BUFORD, early 70's, male, European ancestry, tall, lanky, looks North. The wind blows his worn cavalry hat from his head. His long locks of grey hair flap in the wind.

Front porch. Frontier cabin. Buford scratches his chin, reflecting. Pondering. Reverie breaks.

EXT. GEORGIA-TENNESSEE BORDER. 1861.

Smoky Mountains. Rolling Hills. Log cabin. Sunset.

JOHNNY REB (to be played by the same actor as PACHECO), mid-20s, male, European ancestry, turns from the sunset and walks the path to his cabin in the hills.

INT. LOG CABIN. SUNSET.

The fire crackles. MARTHA (to be played by the same actor as SASHA), mid-20s, female, European ancestry, lights a candle. Blows out the match. Smiles, warmly.

Martha places her hand on her stomach. Looks to the cradle. Walks to the dinner table. Ruffles the hair of her son, WYATT, 4, male, European ancestry.

EXT. LOG CABIN. FIRST DARK.

Johnny climbs the steps to the front porch. Lays his rifle against the door frame. A freshly pressed makeshift confederate grey uniform lies folded in the rocking chair.

INT. LOG CABIN. SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

Johnny sits bedside with his son Wyatt.

WYATT

When will you be back?

JOHNNY

Just as soon as possible son. But not long. I promise.

Johnny tickles his son's face with his stubble. Wyatt laughs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Now good night son. You're the man
of the house while I'm away. Can
you handle that responsibility son?

WYATT

Yes sir.

JOHNNY

Good man. Good night son.

Johnny kisses his son's forehead and tucks him in.

The fireplace logs crackle & pop.

INT. LOG CABIN. ONE HOUR LATER.

Johnny and Martha lie in bed together. Flushed. Sweating.
Holding each other. No words.

Hot tears stream down Martha's cheeks. Johnny kisses her
forehead. Martha looks up into Johnny's eyes. Her gaze pleads
from the bottom of her soul.

MARTHA

Please. Please don't go. Please
don't. Please.

JOHNNY

Martha.

He pulls her close and holds her.

EXT. LOG CABIN. SUNRISE.

Sunrise in the smoky mountains. Log cabin. Chimney smoke.

EXT. SHALLOW FOREST CREEK. THE LINE. 1862.

Shots ring out all around. Johnny and his Confederate
compatriots kneel in a shallow creek. Reloading. Union blue
charges ahead. Boots splash in the creek. Reloading. Union
blue charges. Bayonets gleam in the sun.

Johnny's eyes steel. Still reloading. Still charging. Close
enough to see the whites of their eyes. Fire! Shots explode.
Smoke. A splash several feet away. The charging Union soldier
falls. Johnny exhales.

EXT. SEMINARY RIDGE. GETTYSBURG. JULY 3, 1863.

The field at Gettysburg.

July 3, 1863. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

George Pickett's Ill-Fated Charge.

A long line of confederate soldiers marches forward in step. Johnny Reb wears a cavalry hat. Other soldiers don Confederate caps. Bayonets. Soldiers forward march.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

Worst ground I ever saw.

Johnny Reb. The ground ahead. Cannon fodder. Explosions. Smoke. A soldier's view.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

That whole army of battle-weary, brave young men, lined up against a battery of artillery, an ungodly march across open unprotected land, and a mass of Union blue looking down on them from the high ground.

A soldier's view. Marching forward. Union rifles aimed straight ahead. Fire. Smoke. Another soldier falls. Forward march. Rifles still aimed. Fire. Black screen.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

The HIGH GROUND you understand?

Another soldier's view. In close proximity to Union line. Hunched over moving forward slowly.

Johnny Reb lies dead on the ground ahead. Gunshot to the right side of his forehead. Johnny's cavalry heat, now on the ground, still ropes his neck.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

What must have gone through their heads, those young men. That moment before the march. Before the charge.

Second soldier's view. Takes aim forward towards Union line. Black screen.

EXT. FRONT PORCH. FRONTIER CABIN. 1898. MORNING.

John Buford rises from his rocking chair on the front porch of his modest cabin. Walks into the open doorway. Retrieves the rifle hung inside above the entryway.

JOHN BUFORD

Goddammit I'm grateful it wasn't me standing there facing certain death that day under ol' Pickett's command.

Walks down the steps. Rifle in the ready position.

JOHN BUFORD (CONT'D)

And die they did. More than half of 'em wiped from the face of history that day by ol' General Lee's vanity. Where was your god that day?

Buford stops at the bottom of the stairs. Feet planted on the ground. Rifle at the ready. Steady eyes.

PREACHER, early 30's, male, European ancestry, persists.

PREACHER

Perhaps. Perhaps good sir. Perhaps we could declare a compromise of sorts. You see. It is in neither the interest of, nor to the benefit of, this humble servant of the Lord...

Buford rubs his chin and clears his throat.

JOHN BUFORD

...you listen and you listen good. You ain't no servant of the Lord. Now it may in fact be true that you serve our Lord's asshole, the devil himself.

Preacher pales. Gulps.

JOHN BUFORD (CONT'D)

Now you peddle that shit of yours elsewhere because I WILL not see you cross my path again.

Buford moves the rifle slightly in Preacher's direction.

JOHN BUFORD (CONT'D)
Isn't that right?

PREACHER
Yes sir.

Preacher mounts his horse.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
No trouble from me.

Buford approaches as Preacher turns his horse towards town.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
Won't see me again. God bless.

Buford smacks the rear of Preacher's horse.

BUFORD
Hyah!

Preacher's horse takes off towards the distance. Buford
stares.

The prairie. The frontier. A gentle breeze. Buford.
Consternation.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Alabama Highway".

CUT TO:

"Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly, when
consternation turns the good man pale?"

- Edward Young, 1742

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "My Favorite Things" by John Coltrane.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS. NIGHT.

Bigfoot West Bar. The 405 Underpass.

EXT. INGLEWOOD. DAY.

Celebrity Hall. Randy's Donuts.

EXT. INGLEWOOD. E. MANCHESTER BLVD. NORTHBOUND. DAY.

A car drives Northbound. A large commercial aircraft hovers
and sways in the sky en route to LAX.

EXT. INGLEWOOD. NIGHT.

Woody's Bar-B-Que. Patrons in line. Chimney smoke.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS. NIGHT.

Culver-Palms Church of Christ. Culver City Mosque.

EXT. VENICE BLVD. TURKISH CAFE. DAY.

PACHECO, late 20's, male, mixed Latin & European ancestry,
sits smoking hookah. Local patrons.

Red '91 vintage Porsche 911 parked in front.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD. COMMERCIAL AUDITION ROOM. DAY.

ISH, late 30's, male, European ancestry, bearded, sits in audition waiting room.

Male & female commercial actors of all ethnicities. Cosplay characters. Kevin Bacon lookalikes.

INT. MIDDLE BAR ON MARKET. INGLEWOOD. DAY.

VANITY, early 30's, female, African ancestry, sings karaoke. My Favorite Things. The house band plays behind her. Sunday afternoon brunch.

INT. CULVER-PALMS. BLUE COLLAR HOME. DAY.

AKI, mid-20's, female, Asian ancestry, in white cotton panties and army green t-shirt ("Nobody needs an AR-15? Nobody needs a whiny little bitch either!").

Aki brushes her teeth.

WEEMS, early-30's, male, African ancestry, clad in his Culver City Police uniform, walks from the closet towards Aki.

AKI

What do you think about free will
vs. fate, you know? Do we choose
things or is it all just destiny?

Weems puts his arms around Aki's waist. Caresses her stomach. Kisses her neck. Aki reaches back with her head and, still brushing, gives him a closed mouth kiss.

WEEMS

Eliminate all contradictions
between the two and there ceases to
be any distinction. Pretty simple.
Wait, you didn't know that?

Aki spits into the sink. Quick rinse. Turns around. Snuggles into Weems arms.

EXT. CULVER CITY PARK. DAY.

MARSHALL, early 50's, male, African ancestry, sits. Beside him, T.J., early-20's, male, European ancestry.

T.J.

Look man I dig. It's just...

MARSHALL

No. You don't dig. You don't even come close to...you think you got this shit zeroed cause you got some paper? Man, ain't nothin'. Ain't real.

T.J.

Ain't you supposed to be my sponsor?

MARSHALL

Fuck you just say to me?

T.J.

I just...

Marshall lets out a long exhale.

MARSHALL

You got a long way to fall before you're ready for being anything other than white-bread.

T.J. gives Marshall an uncertain look.

INT. CULVER-PALMS. WAXING SALON. PRIVATE ROOM. DAY.

WHITNEY, early-20's, female, African ancestry, LA urban soul accent, professionally waxes Ish's back.

Ish, agitated, lies face down on the sanitary table.

ISH

I'm very, very progressive, but I'm definitely not liberal.

WHITNEY

Sounds like you're normal people to me. Common sense is just common sense.

Whitney blows cool air over the hot wax. Smooths wax onto Ish's minimally hairy back.

ISH

In short supply these days.

WHITNEY

True that.

INT. LECTURE HALL. SANTA MONICA COLLEGE.

LUCY, late 20's, female, Latino or mixed Latino/European ancestry, sits taking notes. Crowded lecture hall.

PROFESSOR, early-40's, female, European ancestry, Standard American English accent, lectures.

PROFESSOR

So, see what Carl Jung did is he totally changed the way that one looks at the Bible.

Writing on the blackboard. "Jungian archetypes = deep patterns. Synchronicity = acausal connecting principle."

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Before him we saw the Judeo-Christian literature as the story of man, or the story of creation.

Lucy listens. A book sits beside her notebook. "Answer to Job" by Carl Jung.

Jung turned everything completely upside down and unintentionally...or intentionally? He recast the Bible as the autobiography of Yahweh.

Lucy smiles. Makes a mental note. Writes in her notebook.

INT. APARTMENT. EAST LOS ANGELES. KITCHEN.

LOU, early 30's, male, Asian ancestry, helps Lucy put away the groceries.

LOU

So, consciousness is like a total mystery. That's what you're saying?

Lou grabs some canned goods out of the paper grocery bags.

LUCY

That's what I'm saying.

LOU

But, uh, you know? Don't scientists say it's all nerve cells firing in patterns?

Lou puts the canned goods into the cupboard. Lucy washes her hands in the kitchen sink.

LUCY
They're wrong. They'll never find
it.

LOU
Well, I'm glad I found you.

Lou snuggles up behind Lucy.

LUCY
Aww. Me too.

Lucy hands Lou another bag of groceries to put away.

INT. BIG BOX RETAILER. ORANGE COUNTY. TOY SECTION.

BEN, late-30's, male, European ancestry, negotiates with
SEBASTIAN, 7, male, European ancestry.

SEB
But daddy I need it.

BEN
Ok son I'll give you a choice here.
If you can actually convince me
that you really and truly NEED this
here today then we will buy it.
However, if you try to convince me
and fail, then we will never talk
about buying this toy ever again.

BROOKE, late-30's, female, European ancestry, weighs in.

BROOKE
That's right.

SEB
Oh.

BEN
Or. Instead, I could give you the
opportunity to earn...

Ben reaches his hand out. Playfully takes the toy out of his
son's hands. Looks at the price tag.

BEN (CONT'D)
...four dollars and ninety
nine...let's call it five dollars.
I will give you the opportunity to
earn five dollars this week helping
me to organize the garage.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Then you can buy this toy next week
with money you earned. What do you
say. Deal?

Ben puts his hand out for a shake. Seb looks up at mom. Back
to dad. Seb gets it. Seb reaches in for the shake in an
exaggerated adult fashion.

SEB

Deal.

MOM

Witnessed. Signed sealed and
delivered.

INT. POOL HALL. KOREATOWN. WESTERN AVE. EVENING.

Ish and Lou shoot pool.

ISH

Dude so all these 80's kids
cartoons are basically just long
commercials for toys...

Ish makes the shot. Nine ball corner pocket.

LOU

...and then they show actual
commercials for toys after that...

ISH

...right, so it's no wonder that's
all you want before you discover
sex...or it discovers you...

Ish chalks his cue.

LOU

...then all you want is sex.

ISH

Well yeah. That's what the rest of
life is. One big advertisement for
sex.

Ish aims. Eight ball. Scratch. Game over.

LOU

(cracking up laughing)
You got a funny way of looking at
shit man.

EXT. TURKISH CAFE. CULVER-PALMS. LATE NIGHT.

Pacheco walks out of the cafe. Twirls his keys. Opens the car door. Drives off towards the 405 freeway in his '91 Porsche.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "My Favorite Things".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: FADE IN "Witchy Woman" by Rockabye Baby!.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS. VENICE BLVD. LATE NIGHT.

WITCH, late-60's, female, European ancestry, sleeps atop a flattened cardboard box. Sidewalk.

The Witch awakens suddenly. Alarmed, she sits up, her head shrouded in a hoody. She betrays a slight, penetrating gaze upwards. She speaks to the pavement with malice.

WITCH

Listen closely whilst I yarn a tale
of sated significance, or should I
say to the talisman...

She signals with her smoking hand to a small, brown, tattered stuffed bear beside her. Her voice becomes prophetic, chilling. She speaks with conviction to the stuffed toy.

WITCH (CONT'D)

Behold, a dark force rises within.
Devouring the good. Vanishing all
it absorbs. Ahhh, Vanity. We shall
learn her in time.

The Witch reveals her crystal ball from beneath a shrouded blanket beside the bear.

WITCH (CONT'D)

Look closely as darkness rises when
and where we least expect it.

INT. THE WITCH'S CRYSTAL BALL.

A party. Happy, familiar faces. The Getty Center Museum, perched atop the mountains of Los Angeles.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Witchy Woman".

FADE IN:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "So High - Cloud 9 Remix" by John Legend.

INT. THE GETTY CENTER TRAM. DAY.

Lucy looks out the window and smiles. The tram climbs above the 405 towards the Getty Center as we elevate to higher levels of love.

Lucy points out downtown Los Angeles. JOSHUA, 7, male, mixed ancestry, stands in front of Lucy, pressed against the window.

LUCY

Look hun. There's downtown Los Angeles. Way out there.

JOSHUA

Is this how the city looks to angels?

LUCY

That's a good question Josh. I like it.

Luc tries to snuggle Josh, who playfully struggles to get away from her affections.

Lou, holding JESUS, baby, male, mixed ancestry, in a Baby Bjorn, sits beside Luc & Josh.

The crowd in the tram. Mixed nationalities.

EXT. THE GETTY CENTER. DAY.

The family climbs the outdoor steps. Enjoys the view.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. ORANGE COUNTY. EVENING.

Brooke and Ben laugh. Joe Rogan performs on stage at the comedy club, doing his bit on Caitlyn Jenner and the Kardashians.

JOE ROGAN

Definitely there are people born in the wrong gender. And am I saying they should stay their gender? No, who gives a fuck.

Brooke laughs. Turns to Ben. Grabs his hand. Squeezes. Laughs.

Ben sits with pride, laughing. Takes a sip from his beer.

JOE ROGAN (CONT'D)

BUT! It's also possible that MAYBE.
If you live with crazy bitches long
enough you become one...that's all
I'm saying.

The crowd eats it up. Brooke and Ben applaud. Ben smiles.

INT. THE GETTY CENTER. GALLERY ROOM.

Lou points out interesting facts on the influence of ancient
Greek art within the Egyptian Empire.

LOU

So the Greeks had lots of different
gods.

JOSHUA

Just like the Egyptians.

LOU

Right! (excited) and sometimes they
shared back and forth.

JOSHUA

Like you and mom?

LOU

Well, yeah. I guess. That's. Gee,
you're a smart kid.

JOSHUA

Ice cream!

LOU

Right! Ice cream.

Lou cradles Josh's head from behind. Luc's smile beams across
the room. She gazes lovingly.

INT. OUTDOOR GUN SHOOTING RANGE. DAY.

Weems, in civilian clothes. Ear protection. Target practice.
Thirty yards. Aims. Glock 9. Pow! Pow! Pow! Target. Bullseye.
Three in a row.

Aki, looking Kpop meets Ginza. Black baseball cap. "COMPTON".
Ear protection. Aims at target. Mock terrorist image. Sprays
with an AK-47 automatic assault rifle. Holes open up all
across the target. Aki. Giant, girly, happy, toothy grin.

Weems admires Aki's work. And Aki. Cute celebration.

INT. FAMILY VEHICLE. ORANGE COUNTY. NIGHT.

Brooke and Ben drive home from the comedy show.

NAVIGATION WENCH
In 500 feet turn right.

BEN
What do you say should we get a
little wild tonight?

BROOKE
What'd you have in mind?

NAVIGATION WENCH
In 200 feet turn right.

BEN
Let's start by breaking Siri's
rules.

Ben turns left.

BROOKE
I think the car wench is Alexa. No,
Siri...wait we didn't name this
one.

BEN
Car wench it is...

They laugh.

INT. APARTMENT. LITTLE OSAKA. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Joshua & Sebastian sit together watching TV.

MAJOR, mid-50's, female, Asian ancestry, babysits.

INT. APARTMENT. LITTLE OSAKA. KITCHEN.

Major bakes. Removes chocolate chip cookies from the oven.
Places platter onto counter. Red dinner plate.

INT. APARTMENT. LITTLE OSAKA. LIVING ROOM.

Major, carrying a platter of cookies, enters the room.

Joshua & Sebastian transfixed. Television. On screen: The
"I.L.L.F.U. Crew" cartoon spinoff.

SEBASTIAN

Who are you? I'm Fluffer!

JOSHUA

No. I want to be Fluffer. You can be Limerence.

SEBASTIAN

I don't want to be a girl.

MAJOR

I'll be Limerence. You can both be little Fluffers if you like.

Seb and Josh jump up in unison, each with one fist in the air.

SEB & JOSH

(in unison)
Fluffer Power!

Major, Seb, and Josh all laugh as the cartoon I.L.L.F.U. Five are introduced on television.

INT. BEDROOM. EAST LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Lucy, clad in lingerie, walks sultrily out of the bathroom. She Eyes Lou, in bed reading. "The Art of Loving" by Erich Fromm. Lucy walks towards the bed.

LUCY

How about some real art of loving baby?

LOU

The baby?

LUCY

HmmMmm. Asleep. You're all mine.

LOU

No love. You're all mine.

They both crack up laughing. Lucy playfully jumps onto the bed and snuggles up with Lou. True relaxation.

LUCY

Baby this is good.

LOU

Yeah. I love your lips.

LUCY
My lips love you.

The lovemaking begins.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "So High - Cloud 9 Remix".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "I Wanna Be A Cowboy" by Boys Don't Cry.

INT. CULVER-PALMS. WAXING SALON. PRIVATE ROOM. DAY.

Ish puts on his shirt. Whitney cleans her waxing station.

ISH
Yeah so I was out at The Savoy last
weekend checkin' out the vibe.

WHITNEY
Haha. That's where my MOM goes.

ISH
Well if she looks like you then...

WHITNEY
Funny Ish.

Whitney gives Ish a quick friendly kiss on the cheek. They
walk together through the door...

INT. WAXING SALON. HALLWAY.

...into the hallway...

ISH
How's your boy?

WHITNEY
He's good.

ISH
And his daddy?

WHITNEY
Still nothing.

ISH
I'm sorry babydoll.

WHITNEY
And so it goes...

INT. WAXING SALON. FRONT DESK.

...to the front desk. VANITY, dressed to the 9's, chats kindly, but authoritatively with the receptionist.

VANITY

Ok. So I will probably be by this location again next month. Wait. (checks calendar). Oh no. I've got Venice that week. Ok well soon then. But keep it up. Store revenue is up 9% month over month and 30% year over year so you guys are all doing well.

Vanity waves her hand. Turns around. Signal gratitude to the entire staff.

ISH

How bout me babydoll. Am I doing well?

Ish, beside Vanity, pays the RECEPTIONIST, early 20's, female, African ancestry, LA urban accent.

Vanity and Ish's eyes lock. And hold. And hold. Neither wants to look away first.

VANITY

Well first of all I'm not your babydoll. And second of all if I were your babydoll I'd tell you to wipe that smirk off your face.

ISH

Oh this isn't me smirking. This is me spellbound.

VANITY

I see.

ISH

There's more.

VANITY

Is there?

ISH

Want to hear it?

VANITY

Yes.

ISH

I was just giving myself a moment to figure out the best way to ask you out.

VANITY

Uh huh.

ISH

Would you like that? If I asked you out on a date? A real date. Like men used to. What do you say? Would you like to go out on a date with me?

Ish turns to Whitney.

ISH (CONT'D)

Could you introduce me to....

WHITNEY

Oh yes of course. Mam. This is Ish. He's a regular. A nice one. This is Mam. Ms. Vanity.

Ish and Vanity shake hands.

ISH

Vanity huh?

VANITY

Yes. Vanity. You won't forget it and my daddy named me to keep me honest.

ISH

And are you honest love?

VANITY

Honestly in a rush today so thank you for your business and ladies...keep up the good work!

Vanity heads out the front door. Tosses her head back.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Oh and Whit...kindly give this gentleman one of my cards. With my number.

WHITNEY

Yes mam. The corporate one?

VANITY

No.

Vanity looks Ish up and down.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Give him my cell.

Vanity, out the door.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Tschüss!

Ish, Whitney, and the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Damn Ish. I've never seen her do that before.

WHITNEY

You be good. Don't screw it up. She's a catch. Owns half of Inglewood.

ISH

Come on ladies you know all that matters to me is whether her heart is true and her intentions pure.

Whitney flutters her lips.

RECEPTIONIST

See you soon Ishey-Bae.

ISH

Bye love.

Ish gives Receptionist a wave and Whitney a quick kiss on the cheek. Ish, out the door.

SOUNDTRACK: END "I Wanna Be A Cowboy".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Elle Donne Son Corps Avant Son Nom" by Iam.

EXT. VENICE BEACH. ABBOTT-KINNEY. DAY.

Pacheco's red '91 Porsche 911 cruises Abbott Kinney.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR. DAY.

Windows down. Pacheco scans the surroundings for fresh meat.

EXT. VENICE BEACH. ABBOTT-KINNEY. DAY.

The ladies notice the car, and Pacheco. Short shorts. Bikini tops. A joint blazes. Witch hats.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR. MINUTES LATER.

Windows up. Music softens. Pacheco speaks to BABYMAMA, mid-20's, female, European ancestry, Standard American English accent, over the phone. Handsfree. Custom Bluetooth system.

PACHECO

(Standard American English)
Participation points? You know the deepest roots of the decline of American culture lie in the idea of participation points don't you?

BABYMAMA (V.O.)

Come on P. He did good. You should have seen it

PACHECO

That's why I always kept my mouth shut in class. No participation points for me.

BABYMAMA (V.O.)

Still. You should come to these things. They only happen once.

PACHECO

It's only preschool, baby. You handle that stuff. I handle tuition.

Pacheco turns left on Venice. Heads towards Mar Vista. Deus Ex Machina restaurant.

BABYMAMA (V.O.)

No one will question your machismo if you come to a pre-school event.

PACHECO

(switching to LA urban accent)
REAL women don't care about machismo. They look past that fake shit to a man's true virility.

BABYMAMA (V.O.)
Yeah and some women find out the
hard way that some losers are just
snakes with silk tongues.

PACHECO
It's smooth though, aint' it?

BABYMAMA (V.O.)
(softens) Yeah. It's smooth.

PACHECO
All right then baby love.

Pacheco ends the call.

EXT. GREATER CULVER-PALMS. SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

Pacheco cruises. Bowlero Mar Vista. To Culver-Palms. The
Canary. 405 Underpass. Bigfoot West. Left on Overland. Right
on Charnock. Left on Western. Porsche pulls up next to an
apartment block.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS APARTMENT BLOCK. WESTERN AVE.

PANCHO, early-20's, male, Latin ancestry, LA urban accent,
does a Menace 2 Society side to side street check, walks
towards the car. Pacheco laughs. Pancho gets in. Hands
Pacheco a stuffed brown envelope. Pacheco stashes envelope in
his secret compartment.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR. SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

Driving. Pancho hits a joint hard. Passes to Pacheco who hits
it harder. The boys take turns emphatically mouthing the
words to French hip-hop, with precision.

EXT. WOODY'S BAR-B-QUE. INGLEWOOD. DAY.

Pacheco's car pulls into Woody's from Market Street. One spot
open. Porsche glides in. The boys walk. The line. Pacheco.

Pacheco hits up WOODY'S GIRL, mid-30's, female, African
ancestry, LA urban accent.

PACHECO
Hey what's going on love.

WOODY'S GIRL
Hey P. How you livin'?

PACHECO
Hard babydoll. You?

WOODY'S GIRL
Harder.

They laugh.

PACHECO
All right let me get a couple of
lunch specials...you know the one
right love?

WOODY'S GIRL
...mmmhmm.

INT. WOODY'S BAR-B-QUE. INGLEWOOD. SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

Pacheco and Pancho sit eating.

PACHECO
Happiness? Mahn, happiness in this
life is a fuckin' myth. You know
that right?

PANCHO
Good piece a pussy? Come on mahn. I
know a good piece of pussy makes
you happy.

PACHECO
Sure mahn. For a minute. But then I
want it again. With someone better.

PANCHO
You tellin' me you ain't never been
happy?

PACHECO
Sure when I was a kid.

PANCHO
What changed mahn?

PACHECO
I found out I was broke. No, poor.
Poor mahn. All those rich fuckers
had shit and I didn't. And I
realized this world is set-up for
the comfort and safety of white-
bread suburban bitches.

PANCHO

True that.

PACHECO

So I started turnin' 'em out.
Trickin' 'em when I could. I figure
fuck em. They grew up pristine,
safe, "Special". So now I come up
real sweet. Make 'em need me ya
know?

PANCHO

You got the sauce, that's for sure.

PACHECO

And then I break a bitch. Break 'em
down. Make 'em earn. That's my joy
mahn. There ain't no better
pleasure than taking some white-
bread college chick and turnin' her
out. I get mine and then she goes
out and gets me some more. All for
the love of P.

PANCHO

P? Pacheco?

PACHECO

Haha. I was thinkin' pussy, but
yeah these bitches love me too.
More than they ever loved their
white-bread daddies that bought 'em
the beamers. I make 'em feel.
Switch that animal shit on inside
'em. Then they're mine. Fuck 'em
and fuck their daddies.

PANCHO

You fuck with the sisters? Chicas?

PACHECO

Hell no mahn. Only best of the
best. Pure white-bread grade A
college cuties. May have fucked the
high school quarterback but ain't
never touched the darkness. I give
'em a taste and they're golden.
Worship my shit and they earn too.
Highest price. Bankers and the
brothers love to hit that shit.

PANCHO

You're ice cold motherfucker.

PACHECO

Word. Ain't nobody helped me in
this life so I'mma help myself.
Fuck 'em. That's what I say, fuck
'em.

PANCHO

Fuck 'em.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Elle Donne Son Corps Avant Son Nom".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Witchy Woman" by The Eagles.

EXT. SLS HOTEL. BEVERLY HILLS. EARLY EVENING.

Vanity exits, dressed to the 9's in a custom black dress.
Black Louboutin stilettos.

Black Car. Mercedes. AMT GT C Coupe.

Vanity slides into the driver seat. Wow.

INT. VANITY'S RIDE. DARKNESS.

Vanity drives. Red interior floor lights. Red dash lights.

Vanity raises her head with pride. A smile. A breath.
Focused. Head sways to the music.

INT. INGLEWOOD HOME. POSH. LARGE. MORNING.

Marshall and Vanity sit at the breakfast table. Marshall
reads the paper. Headline: "Quantum Gravity delivers past all
expectations".

Vanity sips her coffee. Checks her schedule.

CAMMIE, early-20's, female, Vietnamese ancestry, French
accent, stands, pours coffee. The ladies converse in French.

VANITY

Merci beaucoup.

CAMMIE

Merci aussi. et merci de m'avoir
appris sur le bouddhisme theravada.
au vietnam, les gens suivent le
chemin mahayana.

Marshall signals. None for me. Cammie smiles. And exits. Her eyes, ever so briefly, break the fourth wall.

VANITY

Daddy. Can we do dinner tomorrow?

MARSHALL

Yes. Can we do the...oh wait...I'm supposed to meet an old sponsee...can I get back to you?

VANITY

Of course daddy.

Vanity kisses him Marshall on the cheek. Hops up from the breakfast table. Short shorts. Sexy t-shirt. Walks down a long hallway playfully to the rhythm.

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM. DAY.

Executives sit. A long frosted glass table. Tall, black, leather chairs. Suits. No ties. 70-30 male to female ratio.

CHAIRMAN, late-50's, male, Chinese ancestry, British (RP) English accent, questions Vanity's presentation.

CHAIRMAN

To get the type of growth you're asking us to bankroll, half of your business would have to grow 50% while...

VANITY

...while the other half shrinks. Exactly. You got it...

CHAIRMAN

...but that can't happen. Not in that time period. With limited capital. With..

VANITY

Organic growth true. But you're forgetting about market.

CHAIRMAN

Market? It's stable to 1%.

VANITY

Was stable. If you would all kindly open the briefs being placed in front of you...

ASSISTANT, early-20's, female, Asian ancestry, hands out briefing books.

VANITY (CONT'D)
 ...you will see our new data, the
 calculations, and pretty crystal
 clear conclusions that this is a...

The chairman looks up from reading the first page of the executive summary.

CHAIRMAN
 ...a slam dunk. You're right.

The Chairman rises, offers his hand to Vanity.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)
 You have our guarantee.

VANITY
 Excellent sir. You won't regret it.

Smiles and admiration all around the table.

INT. GOSPEL HALL. INGLEWOOD. SUNDAY MORNING.

The church. The doors. The steeple.

A gospel choir sings and sways to the music. A preacher in a blood red suit dances.

Vanity stands alone. Center stage. White robes. Microphone.

Vanity solos. The audience. Tears. Handkerchief. Two people nod to each other in agreement. Yes, the sound of an angel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. THE CULVER HOTEL. EVENING.

Vanity disrobes. Lingerie. Champagne. A smile.

Vanity lounges on the couch in her private suite, enjoys the moment.

Pulls the covers up over her body in bed. White bedding.

Vanity reads. "TRUMP: The Art of The Deal". Thoughtful look. Lights out. Eye shade. Ear Plugs. Snuggles her pillow. Smiles.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Witchy Woman".

FADE TO BLACK.

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Whistle - Acoustic. Ver." by BLACKPINK.

INT. BEDROOM. CULVER-PALMS. BLUE COLLAR HOUSE. NIGHT.

Aki and Weems make love.

AKI
Mmmh. This is nice.

WEEMS
Mmmh.

AKI
You're my refuge Weemsie.

Aki starts to tear up a bit.

WEEMS
Baby. Don't. Aww, it's ok.

Weems pulls her close and holds her. The couple spoons.

WEEMS (CONT'D)
Aww. Come here it's ok. I'm sorry I didn't know you had a bad day.

AKI
It's not just a bad day. It's. It's just when's it going to turn you know? I mean. I have you and of course I'm grateful.

WEEMS
Can't that just be enough?

AKI
And it IS. Believe me baby it is. It's just that.

Aki pulls her thoughts together a bit.

AKI (CONT'D)
It's just that since I got out of the old business everything just seem so much harder. Like I thought I was going the right way, but now it's just harder than ever to make something happen.

WEEMS
I don't know babe. I don't have the answers.

(MORE)

WEEMS (CONT'D)

You know maybe it's not so much what you do, but how you do it. And...

Aki rolls over to face Weems.

AKI

...I mean. Everything seems so much more difficult for both of us since we got together. Like come on you know I love you and all...

WEEMS

...but you feel like something is still missing...

AKI

...yeah, but not you ya know? Something else.

WEEMS

God? Magic? Mystery? You don't believe in all that.

AKI

No not really. Just something. I don't know.

Weems begins to lovingly seduce her and makes a move to go down.

AKI (CONT'D)

No Weems. I'm serious.

Weems, stunned, pulls himself up, leans against the headboard beside Aki.

WEEMS

Uhh. You're really talking about this.

AKI

Yeah. I think I am.

WEEMS

Wow. Wait. Really? But.

AKI

I know. I mean I don't know, but just. It's. Something's off. Not you. Maybe me. Maybe. I don't know!

WEEMS

Ok. Baby. I hear you. Just calm down. Ok? Relax.

AKI

I think I need some time to myself. To sort some stuff out.

Weems, shocked, gets out of bed. Walks towards the mirror & dresser.

WEEMS

Time for what? To go chase some more dragons? To find? Look your daddy's not coming back. He's...

Weems catches himself.

WEEMS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That wasn't fair. And it wasn't what I really think. You know that.

AKI

Yeah. I know.

WEEMS

Ok.

AKI

Ok.

(beat)

WEEMS

I'll stay with one of the guys from the force tonight. That will give you time to pack up your stuff.

AKI

Thank you.

WEEMS

Your place is still good right?

AKI

Yeah. I'll be fine.

WEEMS

Fine.

The gravity of the situation sinks in.

AKI
Weems?

WEEMS
Yeah.

AKI
Will you hold me? I'm scared.

Weems, tears in his eyes, gets back into bed. Holds Aki tightly.

WEEMS
Of course. You know I...

AKI
Yeah. Me too.

WEEMS
Just rest now love.

AKI
Ok.

Aki relaxes. Sleeps. Safe in the loving arms of Weems.

Anime thought bubble: "...for the last time :(".

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Whistle - Acoustic Ver."

FADE TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Liberian Girl" by Michael Jackson.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. WEST HOLLYWOOD. EVENING.

Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood street crowd. Fairfax Ave.

EXT. RESTAURANT. WEST HOLLYWOOD. EVENING.

The valet. The bouncers. The entryway.

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING.

The bar. The crowd. Dimly lit. Candlelight. Very affluent.

Ish and Vanity sit eating their appetizers. They flirt.

VANITY
So this is where you wanted to have
dinner?

ISH
No? Nice place right? Look at
her...

Signals with his head to a woman wearing a big feathery
sweater jacket.

ISH (CONT'D)
Come on that's cool right?

They laugh.

ISH (CONT'D)
So. Your job's really important to
you. I get that I think.

VANITY
No. Not really. Look do you want to
keep doing this tinder fake dancing
get to know you stuff or do you
want to talk. Huh? Really talk.

ISH
Yeah. Ok. Game.

VANITY
So you could have your pick of any
woman in the world right now to
have a shag with this even...

ISH
...have a shag? I believe we say to
shag, shag this evening...

VANITY
...whatever. Look. Wait. You want
to play or not?

ISH
No no. I'm game this is real.

VANITY
Good. So you can shag anyone in the
world tonight. No consequences. Who
do you pick?

ISH
Present company excluded of course.

VANITY
Of course.

ISH
Ok...then, well. I think I gotta go
with Lucy Liu.

VANITY
Charlie's Angels?

ISH
No. Kill Bill Lucy. Half Japanesey,
whatever it was. Matter of fact
I'll take Go-go too if we're
really...

VANITY
...Oh why not Uma as well...

ISH
Hey there's...haha. Ok fine.

VANITY
Wait isn't she post-menopausal?

ISH
Even better. No baby scares.

VANITY
Nasty boy.

The laugh together.

ISH
So what about you? Who would you
shag?

VANITY
A young Denzel. No contest.

ISH
Yeah.

VANITY
Huh?

ISH
No. Yeah. Mean he's cool. I mean he
is Mo'better you know. Makes that
movie. That's a cool cat. Look you
want to get out of here? Go
someplace more...I don't know.
Real?

VANITY
MMhhh. Ok I'll bite. Let's see just
how real Ishy's real can get.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Liberian Girl".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Feathered Indians" by Tyler Childers.

INT. APARTMENT. CULVER-PALMS. DOWNSTAIRS. MOOD LIGHTING.

Ish gives Vanity "the tour".

VANITY

So where are you from anyway?

ISH

Kentucky. Or as Mr. Lewis
said...Can-tuck-eee.

Ish waits for a glimmer of recognition. Nothing.

ISH (CONT'D)

Last of the Mohicans?

VANITY

Haven't seen that one.

ISH

Geez we're gonna have to work on
educating you right here.

VANITY

Oh. Well I'm sure I've got a thing
or two I could teach you myself.

ISH

Oh my. I like the sound of that.

VANITY

Kentucky? Basketball right?

ISH

Yeah. Went to the same high school
as Michael Shannon.

VANITY

Who?

ISH

Michael Shannon. The acto...jesus.
huh huh. Ok. Uhh. He was in
Revolutionary Road. Killed it as
Nelson. Just like the book.

VANITY
 Didn't see that one.

ISH
 Yeah, big surprise there...oh. He
 was in Bad Boys...no Bad Boys two.
 Tall white dude. Bad guy.

Vanity springs to life with recognition.

VANITY
 Oh yeah I like him! Gives good
 face.

ISH
 Ok Vogue. Or is it Vanity Fair? GQ?

VANITY
 Funny.

Ish leans in for the first kiss. It's a good one. Longer than
 expected.

VANITY (CONT'D)
 What is this music we're listening
 to?

ISH
 What...Tyler
 Chidlers...Country...or
 Bluegrass...Appalachia really.

VANITY
 That kiss get you stuttering a bit
 love?

ISH
 Mmmhhhh. Come here.

Vanity leans in this time as they fall back together on the
 couch. Vanity on top of Ish. Fireplace. Sensual making out.
 Framed Kadinsky print.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Feathered Indians".

FADE TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Before I Let You Go" by Blackstreet.

EXT. PRIVATE UNIVERSITY. GRASSY SQUARE. SUNNY AFTERNOON.

University. Campus. Tradition. Students.

Pacheco sits on the grass with ROMEO, dog, male, Shih-tzu / Pomeranian mix.

PACHECO

All right buddy. That's the one right there. Go get her.

Pacheco unleashes Romeo, who takes off across the grass towards a group of three co-eds.

The women study. Sociology textbooks. Romeo frolics into the group of three and jumps into the lap of MICHELLE, early-20's, female, European ancestry, Standard American English accent.

MICHELLE

Oh my god. Hi there baby. Aww.

Romeo affectionately licks Michelle as she cradles him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Aww. What are you doing out here all alone? You're just adorable.

TAYLOR, late teens, female, European ancestry, Standard American English accent, pets Romeo.

TAYLOR

He looks just like the one in your pictures.

ARDEN, early-20's, female, European ancestry, Standard American English accent, chimes in.

ARDEN

Yeah. The one in the picture from your dorm room.

MICHELLE

Babsy! Yeah this little girl...

Checks under Romeo's belly

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

...boy reminds me of her a bit. Aww, I miss my dog so much.

TAYLOR

It's meant to be. Haha.

PACHECO approaches the group and kneels down. Romeo stays with Michelle.

PACHECO

(kind, smooth) I'm sorry ladies. It seems my little friend here got away from me.

MICHELLE

This little angel is yours?

PACHECO

Indeed. Been with me since I graduated.

TAYLOR

Graduated? Where? ITT Tech?

ARDEN

Be nice Taylor. Not every person of color is out to get in your pants.

PACHECO

Actually love I did start at ITT. Then I transferred to UCLA. But I was talking about two years ago when I graduated b-school.

TAYLOR

You did an MBA?

PACHECO

Yes mam. Set me right up in life. Got me everything I needed.

MICHELLE

Well, I think that's sweet.

PACHECO

Everything that is except the right lady to spend time with and take care of.

ARDEN

Well, we don't need Anyone to take care of us. Girl power, right ladies?

TAYLOR AND ARDEN (IN UNISON)

Delta Gamma, what's up.

They all laugh.

PACHECO

What do you think there...

Hangs on the last word.

MICHELLE
Michelle. It's Michelle.

PACHECO
Michelle. From Orange County I bet?

TAYLOR
How'd you know?

PACHECO
Intuition love.

ARDEN
Intuition. (flutters lips)

PACHECO
Truth is I was about to go in and grab a coffee, but Romeo here isn't allowed to come inside.

TAYLOR
Romeo...haha. That fits.

ARDEN
You should get him registered as a service dog.

PACHECO
You guys watch him for a minute while I grab a drink?

ARDEN
Sure!

PACHECO
Be right back.

Pacheco turns and starts to walk towards the coffee shop. Stops, turns back.

PACHECO (CONT'D)
Actually. I'm not so sure you ladies won't run off with my little friend here. What do you say Michelle? Come with me? Chat a bit, grab a drink? Give your friends a chance to earn my trust?

(beat)

MICHELLE
Ok. Sure. Why not.

TAYLOR
Michelle, we've got to...

PACHECO
(still focused on Michelle) Ok.
Let's go love. Ladies, we'll be
right back. Anyone want anything?

ARDEN
I'm good.

TAYLOR
Fine. Good.

PACHECO
All right then. Michelle, let's
take a walk. Romeo, take care of
these ladies for a few minutes
while Michelle and I get to know
each other.

Romeo jumps into the lap of Taylor. Jumps to lick her face.

TAYLOR
Go. Go. He'll be fine.

Pacheco and Michelle walk off together towards the coffee shop. Pacheco gently touches Michelle's hand and, sensing no resistance, places his hand together with hers, interlocking fingers. Michelle looks up and smiles bashfully. Pacheco smiles with kindness.

EXT. CAR WASH. CULVER-PALMS. AFTERNOON.

Car wash. Workers. Traffic.

Pacheco and MICKEY, mid-20's, female, Chinese ancestry, Singaporean accent, sit waiting for their cars.

Pacheco signals towards COMMERCIAL MODEL, mid-20's, female, any ancestry, tall, slim, getting into her Mini Cooper. COMMERCIAL MODEL smiles. Signals, call me. Drives off.

MICKEY
That's quite the game you've got
going there loverboy.

PACHECO
You know, I don't usually fuck with
the Asians, but I might make an
exception for you.

MICKEY

You're smooth. If you've got six hundi I'm yours.

PACHECO

You're on the hustle too? Good college girl like you?

MICKEY

Girl gotta eat. No one knows me here anyway.

PACHECO

Eastside huh? Who you work for? Aki's crew?

MICKEY

Fuck that bitch. Keeps half. I'm solo, but started with the Russians.

PACHECO

Still connected?

MICKEY

I can introduce you. You want Sasha.

PACHECO

Sasha huh?

MICKEY

With her hustle and your game you guys could clean-up in this town.

PACHECO

What's in it for you?

MICKEY

20% and I'll feed you fresh cooter from campus.

Pacheco laughs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Think you can run that campus game forever? One word to my friend in security...

Pacheco raises an eyebrow.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

...and you won't be able to come within 100 yards of ANY campus.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

AND. Just for fun I'll tell him you got me drunk and tried to rape me.

PACHECO

Ice cold. Damn girl I like that.

MICKEY

So I'll set it up with Sasha?

PACHECO

Word. Twenty percent.

MICKEY

Good. What are you doing tonight?

PACHECO

You babydoll.

MICKEY

You got the paper?

PACHECO

Damn girl. You are ice cold. Fuck it. Only live once. How bout 4 hundi for a future co-worker?

MICKEY

Six hundo loverboy. Hit me up at this address. 8 o'clock.

Mickey hands Pacheco a folded piece of paper, reaches up, and kisses him seductively. Teasing him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You won't regret it.

Mickey steps into her orange BMW i8. Drives off.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Before I Let You Go".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Rumbletump - Original Mix" by Nick Warren.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK. CULVER-PALMS. TWILIGHT.

Ish strolls past a group of five young men of Latin ancestry standing in a circle.

ISH

Gentlemen. What's happening.

PANCHO, early-20's, male, Latin ancestry, LA urban accent, the leader of the group scowls.

PANCHO

Sup.

Quick defensive glares from the other members of the group.

ISH

You guys live here right?

PANCHO

Why. Something wrong?

ISH

Nah I just figured I'd introduce myself. Live down the street. Figure if I'm cool with you nobody'll fuck with me.

PANCHO

Ah it's not like that

ISH

Just being neighborly man.

LEFTY, early-20's, male, Latin ancestry, LA urban accent, second in command, fronts hard.

LEFTY

Look motherfucker maybe we don't speak white-bread vernacular english.

ISH

(smoothly)
Thank god for that...

Pancho and Ish laugh. Lefty cracks a smile. Slight chuckles.

LEFTY

That a joint man?

Points to Ish's ear.

ISH

Yeah man. You guys wanna smoke?

PANCHO

Nah man. We're good.

ISH

Maybe another time.

PANCHO
All right then.

LEFTY
See you 'round neighbor.

Pancho gives Ish a quick fist bump.

Ish continues his stroll as the boys go back to business.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD. CORNER OVERLAND & VENICE. LATE NIGHT.

Ish gives MIKEY, early-50's, male, European ancestry, Boston accent, homeless, a wave from a half a block away.

Mikey pulls his cart to the side of the sidewalk. Steadies himself. Ish arrives.

ISH
Hey Mikey. What's happening. How
are you man?

MIKEY
Oh you know I'm ok.

ISH
Did you eat today?

Mikey points casually to some aluminum, plastic and other recyclable scraps in his shopping cart.

MIKEY
Oh I'll make something off this.

ISH
All right then. You'll let me know
though if ever. Right?

Mikey and Ish's eyes meet.

MIKEY
Oh yeah. Oh yeah.

ISH
So what do you know about that uh
Mexican crew of kids down the
street. What's their deal?

MIKEY

Oh the drugs. Blow. Got a connection from some Cuban guy down in Mar Vista I think.

ISH

Huh. Maybe I can use them. Matter of fact Mikey I'm pulling together this new hustle. Side thing. Ice. Shabu. Crank, you know?

MIKEY

Ah Ish don't mess with that stuff. Poison. Pure poison. It's like the Great Nothing. Devours everything in its path.

ISH

I don't fuck with the stuff. I just move it.

MIKEY

Okay Ish.

ISH

So you're not interested in making a bit of change? I mean you're out here most nights anyway. Could be a lotta cash.

MIKEY

I appreciate it man, but I can't go that way. Just not right.

ISH

Alright Mikey. Well do this. Keep an eye on those Mexican kids. I think I can use them to get this thing going.

MIKEY

Ok then.

ISH

All right then.

Ish hands Mikey a fiver.

ISH (CONT'D)

Go ahead and get yourself some Jack in the Box or something before bed.

MIKEY

I do appreciate that.

Ish continues down the sidewalk. Turns the corner towards home.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNDROMAT. MIDDAY.

Ish and Lefty sit outside, talking.

ISH

I don't know man that shit hurts my ears.

LEFTY

They look fine though. That's all I'm thinking about that.

ISH

To each his own brother. So look man. Tell me bout this uh Pacheco guy you get your stuff from.

LEFTY

Ah yeah he's this cuban cat. Well actually he ain't cuban he just talks cuban.

ISH

Ok.

LEFTY

Yeah he uh figured all the mexicans saw you know Tony Montana so if he talked like Tony you know they'd fear him.

ISH

Wait wait wait. You're talkin' bout TONY Pacheco?

LEFTY

Yeah that's him I think.

ISH

Shit man. Haha. We were in class together ages ago. We went out uh did a scene together for uh audition for the Actors Studio. Oh shit man.

LEFTY

Yeah well.

ISH

Ok that's cool. Uhh. All right.
Look man I'm gonna talk to Pacheco.
You guys are gonna work for
me...sellin' this new
stuff...crank. I'm saying I got
that work! I got...forget about
Heisenberg, the blue shit...We call
this "The G'mork".

LEFTY

Damn. The G'mork. Fucking death
wolf. That's no joke.

ISH

Nope. You're right.

LEFTY

Yeah. I'll line up the boys.

ISH

Cool.

LEFTY

All right then.

Quick fist bump and then Ish rises, walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT. VETERANS PARK. CULVER-PALMS.

Lou shoots from the free throw line. Makes it. Ish rebounds.
Tosses it back to Lou. The routine continues.

ISH

I don't know man. I think it's time
to hang it up on this acting shit.

LOU

Again? Just a bad day Ish. You know
remember...you never know what's
just around the cor..

ISH

Yeah I saw the fucking movie man. I
get it. Just don't today.

LOU

Ok man. I was just trying to...

ISH

Well don't.

Ish takes the ball and sits down on the bench.

ISH (CONT'D)
How's Luc? Josh? The baby?

LOU
They're good man. Thanks.

ISH
Man it's just. You know I do the right thing. Try to do it right you know? I'm not a total piece of shit to other people. I know people like me. But man god damn if I just can't catch a break ya know?

LOU
What's changed man?

ISH
Changed? Nothing that's the fuckin' pro...

LOU
No man. Last week you didn't have no job, you were still basically a bum like today.

Ish gives a reluctant laugh.

LOU (CONT'D)
Serious though. You had bad days, but you know you were still you. You still had your hope, conviction you know. That it'd all be ok.

ISH
Yeah. Dafuq happened to me?

LOU
Vanity man.

ISH
V?

LOU
Yeah man. Look remember last week you was happy in love cloud 9'in and shit.

ISH
Yeah I always do that. Get excited about some idea, something new and then I latch onto it.

LOU

So there.

ISH

But man she's loaded. Loaded. Like I'm into her and I think she's into me too. Like we're INTO it you know. This could be...well I ain't got shit you know?

LOU

Aside from the charming sense of humor.

ISH

Hmmm. Look man with you going clean I'm not making what I used to. I'm happy you've got your little family hustle going. Really dude. You know I'm happy. But man I gotta eat too you know?

LOU

I checked into Pacheco. Like you asked.

ISH

And?

LOU

He's pretty clean. Untraceable. Picked up a few times for small shit, but if you know him from back in the day I'd say he's a pretty safe bet for steady supply.

ISH

Good. That's what I was hoping to hear.

LOU

But Ish man. Watch it with those little street hustlers down the way.

ISH

Aaahh, I got those guys. They work for me now. They'll earn with me. That's all they really care about.

LOU

If you say so. I'm just saying.

ISH

Yes! I was warned. Got it. And thanks man. Forgot how much I missed these talks. But I'm happy you're so busy now brother. Gives me a chance to work on my game.

Ish jumps up, hits the court, and starts draining threes. One. Two. Three. Four. Ish taunts.

LOU

Funny flyboy.

Laughter. Neighborhood kids on the other basketball courts.

INT. FOOD COURT. WESTFIELD MALL. AFTERNOON.

Pacheco, in character as Tony Montana, and HEMINGWAY, early-20's, male, African ancestry, Standard American English accent, sit drinking soda. Large paper fountain cups with long paper straws.

PACHECO

What's with these straws mahn?

HEMINGWAY

The turtles. You've seen the videos right? Fuckin' ripping those red plastic ones out with pliers. Shit's wack.

PACHECO

Fuckin wack something or somebody around here thats for sure.

HEMINGWAY

What did you say you do?

PACHECO

I didn't say. I work in uh sanitation. You know? Crazy peoples. Wipe they ass and shit mahn...

AGGRETUKO, early-20's, female, African ancestry, walks by.

HEMINGWAY

MMhhh. She's cute.

PACHECO

That's right mahn. I'm just saying if it was me and her on the same plantation mahn. You know?

HEMINGWAY

Fuck man. You can't say that shit.
That's racist as fuck man!

PACHECO

No mahn. It's ok. We're all people
o color here mahn. You know. You.
Me. Together and shit.

Ish joins the group. Pats Pacheco on the shoulder. Speaks to Hemingway.

ISH

You know this whole routine is
bullshit right? He came up with it
for a commercial audition cause he
couldn't swing it white-bread.

PACHECO

(still in character)
That's right mahn. I not gonna fold
for no corporate types mahn.

HEMINGWAY

Motherfucker.

ISH

Don't worry man. Got me the first
time too. So if I remember Pacheco
we probably just said some
inappropriate comment about an
underage woman?

HEMINGWAY

Well she was of age.

ISH

(to Pacheco) Good man! You're all
grown up now. Finally dealing with
adults. Real women. Good man. Good
man.

PACHECO

(out of character)
Haha motherfucker.

HEMINGWAY

Ok boys as fun as this is and all.
I thought we came here to talk
business. And first of all why are
we in the middle of a mall anyway?

ISH

I come here for inspiration. Should try it sometime. Might help with your writing.

HEMINGWAY

My writing's just fine thank you.

PACHECO

Yeah I heard they're gonna turn that thing you did into a comic...

Gives Ish a wink.

HEMINGWAY

That was only by accident. I didn't intend for it to be a mainstream piece.

ISH

What was it?

PACHECO

They turned Hemingway's novel here into a Japanese sex manga series.

Ish and Pacheco look at each other. Pause. Bust up laughing.

HEMINGWAY

Yes well my agent...

ISH

Hey man at least you got paid.

PACHECO

That's all I'm talking about.

HEMINGWAY

(chuckles) True.

ISH

Well good then let's just keep on talkin' because gentlemen I've got a proposal for you that I believe can make us very comfortable. Rich even. You dig?

HEMINGWAY

Yeah man.

PACHECO

Go on brother.

ISH
 Ok so the line is that shipments
 come through...

SOUNDTRACK: END "Rumbletump - Original Mix".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Little Giant" by Roo Panes.

INT. FOOD COURT. KOREATOWN PLAZA. LOS ANGELES. SUNDAY.

The gang (Ish, Vanity, Lou, Luc, Ben, Brooke, Seb, Josh, baby Jesus) sits around a large table in the corner of a busy food court. Immersed in conversation.

LUC
 ...oh He's not liberal.

BEN
 Well "liberalism" didn't used to
 mean being Liberal.

ISH
 Says the biggest liberal you'll
 ever meet.

BEN
 Uh uh. I'm not liberal. I'm
 progressive. There's a difference.

LOU
 Well can you progress me over some
 of that kimchi there chief?

Ben reaches over and hands Lou a large plate of kimchi.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Ham sah hamnida.

BEN
 (with gravity)
 Nay.

SEBASTIAN
 What's a liberal?

ISH
 They fight the power. WE use the
 force.

Ish does a force push motion to Seb who returns the gesture.
 They battle silently.

LUC
 What is it with the boys and
 politics?

BROOKE
 I guess it makes them feel smart or
 something.

VANITY
 Well if you ask me...

ISH
 ...baby don't.

LOU
 Oh I'm sorry did you just silence a
 lady?

ISH
 No. She's just bound to make us all
 look bad. She went to Haaahhhhvarrd
 you know.

LUC
 Wait so did you

ISH
 Yes, but I floated above the ivory
 tower. I didn't live in it.

BROOKE
 Yes Ish the philosopher. What would
 we have done if Lou never
 introduced...

BEN
 ...Ouch...

ISH
 ...No no. She has a point. I do
 ruffle feathers from time to time.
 As I enjoy a good ruffle myself.

Tips his drink to Brooke. They smile and laugh.

BROOKE
 Well V. What do you think about
 politics?

VANITY
 I don't much. I think about
 business and...

ISH
Yeah, she voted for Trump.

LOU
Wha?

LUC
Come on. No way.

ISH
Yes. It's true.

VANITY
Well that's not the whole story. I
voted for him in the primaries and
then abstained from the vote in the
general election.

BROOKE
Ok...that makes no...

VANITY
...yeah, I know...he was a phase...

LOU
...like Ish...

They all laugh.

BEN
...curious girl you've got here
Ish. I'm starting to like her.

VANITY
Aww...I really like you guys too.
Thanks.

BROOKE
So...go on. Please.

VANITY
Well um uh ok. I think Plato had it
right. To me it seems what he
figured out is that dialogue is the
most elevated literary form, maybe
an elevated form of art in and of
itself. See, he never put a stake
in the ground himself, but he let
his characters stake a claim and
then danced around them as they
struggled to defend their vanities.

ISH
Sounds like avoiding the question.

LOU
Ish...

ISH
Hey...I'm just.

VANITY
I just like the art of dialogue.
For me it all grows from there.

Gives Ish a quick playful smile.

VANITY (CONT'D)
But good luck with that these days.

BEN
Here here.

SEB
Here!

JOSHUA
Here here!

BROOKE
Yes. Here indeed.

LUC
So how did you two meet?

Signals to Ish and Vanity.

VANITY
Well Ish was getting waxed at one
of my salons...

LOU
Ok Hollywood.

ISH
Please.

VANITY
Anndd...he gave me this really
sweet look, took time to appreciate
the moment, and then politely and
confidently asked me on a date.

LUC
You asked her on a date?

LOU
1950's-Ish.

BROOKE

Oh come on guys a little old fashioned is ok.

BEN

Old fashioned yes. Vintage? No.

ISH

Well it seems it worked out just fine thank you very much.

VANITY

Yes it did. It worked. And it's still working.

Reaches over to give Ish a quick kiss.

ISH

Oh now not in front of the ladies. Or the children! We must think of the children!

Vanity gives Ish a quick peck on the lips.

SEB

Yes the children!

VANITY

Indeed.

Vanity smiles. They all laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURGER JOINT. CULVER-PALMS. NIGHT.

Marshall speaks with Lucy. Parental. Authoritative. Kind.

MARSHALL

We are all the chosen ones. This was the truth that was lost. From all tribes and all corners of the world. Each of us chosen to serve. But we forget. And we serve ourselves. Such a shame to see so many skirt so close to the light and turn away just right before that moment of reckoning. Unwilling to take that leap, you know? Mmmmmhh. I suppose that's all gettin' a little too philosophical for a place like this, wouldn't you say?

LUCY

Oh I don't know 'bout that
Marshall. But uh, I do...

Lucy starts to tear.

MARSHALL

It's ok love. You're going to be
just ok. Okie dokie?

Lucy laughs.

LUCY

No it's not I'm not sad it's just
thank you. Truly. From the bottom
of my heart thank you.

MARSHALL

You don't say another word now
child. You're the one did the work.
Took the steps.

LUCY

Heh heh heh (sniffs) ok. Yeah.
(sniffs) Ok.

(beat)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ok. So anyway. I know that was ages
ago. But you know seeing you here,
in this place, brought back the.
Well. I said my thanks (smiles). So
what was this other thing you
wanted to talk about.

Marshall leans back a bit in his seat.

MARSHALL

Ok now this may sound a bit odd,
but uh I just need you to do
something. I need you to keep an
eye on Ish.

LUCY

Ishy? What's...

MARSHALL

...look it's just an intuition and
I don't want to create any
problems, but if he uh well if you
see him around any...gee I don't
know exactly how to say this but
uh.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

If you see him with any sketchy looking Latinos you know? Like uh I don't know drug types you know?

LUCY

Yeah. I know. No, he's straight now.

Lucy laughs heartily to herself.

MARSHALL

What's so funny?

LUCY

Huh huh it's nothing. No I meant he's out of that industry. A few loose ends he and Lou are clearing up, but that should all be done in a year or so. They're legit now.

MARSHALL

Yeah. I know. But still. You'll tell me if you see anything right?

LUCY

Yeah, you know I will. Lou, Josh, little E. I wouldn't put them at risk.

MARSHALL

Okie dokie. That's that. I'm gonna grab some uh more fries. You want anything else?

LUCY

Marshie. Don't you think that paunch or pouch or whatever that little thing on your stomach is out there. Come on man. You gotta lose that.

MARSHALL

What come on Luc. You know I trim down and I'll have to be fighting off the ladies and well, I'm just too old to be able to take on that sort of responsibility of breakin' so many hearts.

LUCY

Pshhh...haha.

INT. ARCADE. KOREATOWN. AFTER LUNCH WITH THE CREW.

Lucy and Josh play video games. Smiles and laughter. Mother and son. A team. Together through thick and thin. Love :)

SOUNDTRACK: PLAY TO END "Little Giant".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Just Because You Can" by Catherine Russell.

INT. DEAR JOHN'S RESTAURANT. BOOTH. NIGHT.

Ish, speaking to Lou in a Boston accent, getting visibly angered and frustrated, continues.

ISH

Look man. I got nothing. I'm a fuckin' two bit hustler who never made it in the real game. Came close a few times, but I never made it.

LOU

Man you never know what's around the corne...

ISH

Fuck you man. I'm trying to talk to you.

LOU

Fuck me?

ISH

Yeah fuck you. That's right. Fuck you and you're whole lot.

LOU

(calmly) my whole lot?

ISH

All you fuckin' sellouts. Find a good lady, get a nice hustle on and then suddenly yous forgets that you once upon a time that you ever broke bad.

LOU

Can the accent man. You can be real with me Ish.

ISH

Man I thought we was brothers.

Ish drops the accent.

ISH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Look man. I need help on this. It's a bit sketch and I'm in deeper than I thought. I want to go straight too man.

Lou gives a little chuckle.

ISH (CONT'D)

Funny. I'm not talking about that...I'm tired of the hustle. That's why I've been trying to produce. Finding a good lady. Treating her right. You know. Want to make a go at this.

LOU

Yeah look I get it and I'm behind you. But I can't get involved.

ISH

Some much for brother's keeper huh? Guess you forgot about that one there hey chief.

LOU

Ish I got kids now.

ISH

Yeah. Kids. Well maybe I had kids once too. You ever think of that? Man we're supposed to be brothers. Why does everyone always hide behind their fuckin' kids.

LOU

Listen here brother. I'm gonna tell you something. And then we probably won't talk again after that, but that's fine because I love you and you need to hear this shit.

ISH

Oh yeah?

LOU

You're the fuckin' problem man. You. Your ego. Your fuckin'...Vanity?

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

She doesn't give a shit what you do. How much you're worth. Who you were. She loves you man. Focus on that and build from that.

ISH

Yeah. For now. She's into it while it's fresh. But man without a score I'm just some broken-down white-bread middle-aged hustler you know?

LOU

If that's what you truly think of yourself then you're already fucked. I can't save you. She can't. No one can. What happened to the fuckin' Ish that cold called agents tellin' em he was the next Tom Cruise. And sold em on it. Got signed that week?

ISH

And got dropped the next year.

LOU

But you fuckin' tried man.

ISH

(sarcastically) yeah, that's what they'll write on my fuckin' tombstone..."he TRIED".

LOU

Well there you go man.

Ish gives Lou a look of contempt.

ISH

Was a fuckin' joke. Nobody wants to be remembered as the loser who tried. And failed. And got nothing to show for it.

LOU

Fuck man. You think a woman like V would take notice of a loser? Take notice of someone who couldn't steer straight whether they broke bad or not?

ISH

Yeah. Guess so. Just man. Just fuck it. You know sometimes it gets so fuckin' hard. I keep tryin'.

(MORE)

ISH (CONT'D)
Keep trying to take that next step.
The right one you know. But.

Lou sees the hint of tears starting to well in Ish's eyes.

LOU
Yeah.

(beat)

ISH
Anyway man fuck it. It's like that
kid in The Goonies said. You know
when they're in that wishing well
and all. This one's for me. I'm
taking this penny for me.

LOU
Yeah.

ISH
Well this deal's for me. I'm taking
this one. I earned this and I'm
takin' it. And then I'm out.

LOU
You do what you have to, but I
can't...

ISH
Yeah. I know brother. I'm sorry I
pushed you into it. It's cool.

(beat)

ISH (CONT'D)
So who you think is gonna pick up
the Oscar this year now that fish
fuckin's had its day in court?

LOU
I don't know. Maybe Shannon.
Michael?

ISH
Fucker's in everything these days.

LOU
Good to.

ISH
Yeah. Yeah. Real damn good.

(beat)

ISH (CONT'D)

You know he went to high school.
Same city as me? Same fuckin' town
in Kentucky.

LOU

There you go. Must be a sign. Get
your crystals out and start
chanting. Manifest that shit.

They both start laughing.

ISH

Yeah maybe that should be my next
hustle. Become a guru or some shit.
Hustle those witches out on
Melrose.

LOU

Well there you...

ISH

All right man. Gotta bounce. Thanks
for the talk. Give my love to Luc
and the kids. I'll see ya next week
at my place for the potluck.

LOU

All right then.

ISH

All right.

LOU

And Ish...hang in there man. I
gotta believe things will turn at
some point.

ISH

Yeah. Otherwise what's the point
right really?

Lou laughs at Ish's impersonation of WEHO bitchy-cool.

INT. RESTAURANT. BELIZE CARIBBEAN. INGLEWOOD. DAY.

Marshall and Ish. The talk.

MARSHALL

It takes a long time to heal your
soul. Get into all the crevices and
little shocks and fears. Work those
through. It's not easy.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

So I stay in touch with most of my sponsees even though that was a long time ago for me now and huh well you might say it was only straight up for me after that. And straight up is how I raised my little angel. Vanity.

ISH

Yes sir.

MARSHALL

Now I know you've got a bit of a past, but now I also know you've been headin' in the right direction for a long time now and feels like things have turned for you. You're headed up.

ISH

Yes sir. I hope so sir.

MARSHALL

Now I'll skip the usual speech on what happens if you hurt my little girl but uh let's just say that uh

Marshall suddenly goes into an ice cold impersonation of Jules from Pulp Fiction.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

The lord is my shepherd and
yay...though I walk THROUGH the
valley of the shadow of death I
Shall fear No evil...get The
picture Ish?

ISH

Yes sir. Excellent impersonation
sir. Truly. Stellar work.

Marshall relaxes a bit.

MARSHALL

All right then. So that's that.

ISH

Yes sir. I do believe that's that.

MARSHALL

All right then.

ISH

So let's get this to go?

MARSHALL
Was hoping you'd ask.

They both laugh and signal to the waiter for the check.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Just Because You Can".

FADE INTO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Rainbow Connection" by The Get Down Boys.

INT. APARTMENT. EAST LOS ANGELES. MORNING.

Lou speaks on the landline phone. Lucy walks in the front door. Lou quickly acknowledges Luc. Back to the phone.

LOU
Well I guess that'd be fine. Later today. Ok. I'll see you there.

Lou hangs up the phone. Confides in Luc.

LOU (CONT'D)
(to Luc) That was my dad.

LUCY
The dad you've never met dad?

LOU
Yeah.

Lucy walks over and places her hand on Lou's arm.

LUCY
You ok?

LOU
Yeah.

LUCY
I guess it was just time.

LOU
Yeah.

LUCY
Want me to come with you?

LOU
No babe. I'll do it myself. But thank you.

Josh walks from his bedroom and gives Lou a high five. Lucy smiles. Lou ruffles Josh's hair.

EXT. PARK BENCH. LATE AFTERNOON. CLOUDY WEATHER.

Lou sits beside his father, DARYL, early-60's, male, Filipino ancestry, Standard American English accent, on a park bench.

The men stare into the distance at a scene of natural beauty. We hear birds chirping.

DARYL

Son. I hope you don't mind me coming here.

LOU

No. I'm grateful. It's just uh you know sounds kind of odd to hear that word "son". You know.

DARYL

Yeah. Yeah. Well. I wish I knew what to say about that time. I was young you know, doesn't excuse it, but I was young. And. Kind of once you've stayed away for so long it just sort of sticks and uh the idea of coming back to find your child just seems I don't know. A hurdle that can't be cleared. You know, too terrifying.

LOU

It's alright man. I forgave you a long time ago. Even though I didn't know you. Didn't know what you looked like even really. But I forgave you.

DARYL

Thank you.

LOU

Truth is that I pity you. Or I did. Pitied you all those years. You know to do something or to leave someone is one thing. The act, you know. The hurt it causes. But then you know you do what you can to heal that hole in your heart. But you man. I can't imagine.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

You might have had some fun, or worked, or traveled, or did whatever to try to forget, but I know always in the back of your mind whenever you were truly alone, sometimes late at night, sometimes first thing in the morning, always there in the back of your mind that nagging feeling of remorse. Of moral failure. Man. The things you must have suffered to hide that feeling from yourself. Can't imagine. So I pitied you. And. Now you're here. And I'm glad you're here. If it was forgiveness or absolution or whatever that you came for...well, dad you have it. If it was something more you were looking for...friendship, or some sort of relationship then well I'd say again thank you for coming and uh let's just sort of see where it goes from here. Ok?

DARYL

All right son.

LOU

All right then. And uh. We'll speak soon. I've got your number. You've got mine.

DARYL

All right then.

The two men embrace with sincerity. Lou walks off towards his parked car. Daryl takes a stroll through the park. Birds. Flowers. Trees. Swing set. A father pushes his daughter in the swing. Daryl smiles. Sunshine. A rainbow.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Rainbow Connection".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "No Ordinary Love" by Sade.

INT. GREEN ROOM. TELEVISION TALK SHOW.

The "I.L.L.F.U." Crew (Ish, Lou, Limerence, Fluffer, Uma) kicks it with Pancho and Pacheco in the green room.

PACHECO

You mean this country? This country
Mahn. Mahn I don't like this
country.

ISH

True that.

LIMERENCE

No. For real.

PACHECO

For reals baby love.

Fluffer creeps up on Pacheco. Mocks his Tony Montana accent.

FLUFFER

Hey Pacheco. How bout you let me
give you som of that baby love, eh?

PACHECO

These fairies mahn..(to Lou)..they's
just keep getting smaller and
smaller...

They all laugh. A blunt makes its rounds through the Crew and
their cohorts.

PACHECO (CONT'D)

No mahn...it's like this country.
This Country mahn. Shit's wack you
know.

To Lou.

PACHECO (CONT'D)

Well you know mahn. My right? Ya
know?

Fist bump between Lou and Pacheco.

LOU

I dig man.

LIMERENCE

But come on boys. California girls?
Nothing compares to some American
lovin' baby boy....mmmhhh.

Uma and Ish look at each other and laugh. Pacheco crescendos.

PACHECO

Oh mahn. Don't get me started on da
woman. Da women! Fuck mahn.

(MORE)

PACHECO (CONT'D)

There ain't another god damn
country in this whole motherfuckin'
forsaken rapidly ungreening green
planet of ours that is as DifiCult
to get a piece uh pussy as this
here fuckin' US of A is mahn!

UMA

Darling has a point there my love

Pacheco rouses.

PACHECO

Mmmmmmmmm. Uma Ukraine babydoll. I
know your work. Oh yeah. Mmmhmmm.
Respect. Respect love.

UMA

Oh my. Why thank you.

ISH

Cheesy fucker.

PACHECO

No. No!. That hoverboard scene. You
were poetry in motion. Truly.

Tips an imaginary cup to Uma. She salutes.

FLUFFER

Here here lads. Here here!

Red signal light on the wall goes green.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "No Ordinary Love".

SMOKY FADE INTO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Ramble On" by Led Zeppelin.

EXT. FREEWAY. I-5 SOUTHBOUND. SUNNY WEATHER.

Ish and Pacheco head South in Pacheco's red '91 Porsche 911.
Minimal traffic. Windows down. Slow motion wind. Fronting.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

PACHECO

All right man. So if you could go
on a road trip with anyone, and I
mean anyone, who would you pick?

ISH

You mean living? Dead? Anything?

Pacheco passes a lit joint to Ish.

PACHECO

Only living. Don't complicate it.
Not a trick question. Who would you
pick to road trip with?

ISH

Well then I guess...I can't take
Gandhi?

PACHECO

Dead.

ISH

Ok then I guess uh Seth Rogan.

PACHECO

Mother fuckin' Seth Rogan?

ISH

Guy's funny man. And uh he's on the
level ya know. I mean that kermit
rainbow shit was genius.

PACHECO

And he blazes hard.

ISH

Respect.

Fist bump.

PACHECO

Word.

Passes the joint back to Pacheco.

ISH

So who would you pick?

PACHECO

What do you mean?

ISH

Who would you pick to go on a road
trip with?

PACHECO

Mila Kunis. Are you kidding me?
Fuckin' Seth Rogan...

ISH
...well I didn't know we could...

PACHECO
...what, bring a lady to ride on
your lap...

ISH
...well I doubt Mila Kunis would be
riding...

PACHECO
...you fairies mahn. You worry me
mahn. See I'm a dying breed. This
is not a world of men. This is not
a world of men.

ISH
Glengarry scarface mashup. This is
what you've become. A cliché man.

PACHECO
Hey mahn...

Ish ignores.

PACHECO (CONT'D)
Mahn. Hey.

Ish acknowledges.

PACHECO (CONT'D)
What's a cliché mahn?

They both bust up laughing.

PACHECO (CONT'D)
Mahn, I'm hungry. Let's get some
food.

ISH
Word.

ISH (CONT'D)
So tell me 'bout the this source.
Who are you sourcing the gas from?

Pacheco takes another drag from his joint. Shakes his head.

PACHECO
Not who. Where. Just South of
Rosarito.

ISH

But that's your blow connection,
right? What about the crank?

PACHECO

Same place. I just never bothered
with that shit.

ISH

Bad mojo or something?

PACHECO

Damn straight. They don't call it
"The G'mork" for nothing.

Traffic has arrived. Bumper to bumper. Car crash.

ISH

So tacos then? Mexican?

PACHECO

Mother fuck make you think I want
Mexican? Cause I got brown skin?
Fuck that man...

Ish listens playfully.

ISH

...Sweet. Pull off up the road here
in a bit. We'll grab pho in Little
Saigon and then hit up the coffee
shops.

Pacheco know what that means.

PACHECO

Bikini coffee. Nice I like your
thinking.

ISH

Then when we're amped and ready to
jam we hightail it down South to
Old Mexico.

PACHECO

Hyah!

ISH

Hyah!

(beat)

ISH (CONT'D)

So no tacos then?

Pacheco laughs.

PACHECO
 (in Standard American English)
 Tacos only in Mexico. Street. Real
 man. Not that fake LA shit.

ISH
 Hipster now? Nice. A misogynistic
 hipster...whaawhaat uh I uh don't
 even uh know what to call y...

PACHECO
 ...Fuck this shit mahn.
 (Usual Suspects Fenster accent)
 Hand me the keys you fucking
 cocksucker mahn what the fuck?

They both bust up laughing.

INT. VIETNAMESE BIKINI COFFEE JOINT. LITTLE SAIGON.

Coffee. Ladies. Ish and Pacheco drink coffee. Eye candy.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR.FREEWAY. LAST STOP BEFORE MEXICO. EVENING.

Ish and Pacheco drive to the last US Southbound exit. Tijuana
 appears on the horizon.

EXT. LAST STOP BEFORE MEXICO. PARKING. EVENING.

The Porsche parks. The men exit.

EXT. US-MEXICO BORDER CROSSING. EVNING.

The two men walk the long skybridge over the freeway to the
 old border crossing.

Revolving metal gate. Mexico.

EXT. MEXICO BORDER. EXIT. EVENING.

Taxis wait. Pacheco hails. The men jump in. Off we go.

EXT. HOTEL. DOWNTOWN TIJUANA. NIGHT.

The taxi pulls up. The men exit.

INT. HOTEL. DOWNTOWN TIJUANA. NIGHT.

Registration. Hallway. Hotel room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Double room. Two queen beds. Ish flops down on one bed.
Pacheco checks his hair in the bathroom.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Ramble On".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "View 2" by Sasha.

EXT. AV. REVOLUCION. LATE NIGHT.

Dance club. Back alleyways. Homeless beggar. Tourists. Local partygoers. Disco. Food. Darkness. Merriment.

Ish and Pacheco share a blunt, sizing up every person that comes into their view.

PACHECHO

No man it's it's. Man these people.
Some of em. They live in this world
where man all you know is fear you
know? All you know. It's like their
world's so shrouded in mystery but
all they can see is what's right in
front of their face.

Pacheco exhales.

PACHECHO (CONT'D)

Man. It's just. Just steppin'
across that border you know? And I
can have thoughts about things that
I just can't you know fathom when
I'm stateside. So like...

Pacheco runs his fingers through his hair. Scratches his head. Exhales.

PACHECHO (CONT'D)

It's just so heavy you know? Such a
drag have to carry around that uh
ah man I don't know how to say it.
It's just different when you're
outside the states.

ISH

What, you mean like third world? We got this down in Watts.

PACHECHO

No that's not. I mean. Look man it's like this ok. Like when you were a kid you believed in Santa Claus right? Like really believed?

ISH

Yeah till I wised up.

PACHECHO

Ok. Fine but for a while you were in. In this fantasy bubble right? Like Santa Claus is real right? And then one day it bursts and you find out the truth that Santa ain't real. He was a fun fantasy and all, but he ain't real ya know? So. It's like that for me now with all that American shit. It's just American shit man. That's all it is. My world's bigger now you know.

ISH

So let Washington burn what are ya saying there chief?

PACHECO

No not at all. Just. I think it's.. you just gotta know when you're in it that you're swimmin' in American shit. And it looks pretty similar to other countries shit and all, but ya know at least you know there are different types of shit ya dig?

ISH

So your worldly travels and geopolitical expertise have basically reduced you to an aficionado of shit?

They both laugh and crack up for a bit.

PACHECO

Ah man shit.

The two men settle down. Case out their surroundings.

PACHECO (CONT'D)

Ah wait. These two. Come on.

ISH

Ah man I don't want to do this
shit.

PACHECO

Come on man it's fun. Besides we
might score some scratch. Just do
your best Duke impersonation.

ISH

Fine. The donkey show routine? Hard
sell then you take half up front
right? I stay, then jet?

PACHECO

Donkey show works every time.

ISH

Fine.

PACHECO

Ok get into character...

Two middle-aged business man approach. BILLY, late-40's,
European ancestry, Standard American English accent. GRAHAM,
early-50's, European ancestry, Standard American English
accent.

PACHECO (CONT'D)

Hey mahn. You wanna see the donkey
show mahn?

BILLY

Donkey show?

PACHECO

That's right. Not cheap though.

GRAHAM

That's shit's not real.

PACHECO

Ok it's not real.

ISH

Hey there pilgrim, what my partner
here's trying to say is that...

EXT. CAESAR'S RESTAURANT. AV. REVOLUCTION. TIJUANA. BRUNCH.

High society crowd. Tourists. Salad tossing.

Ish and Pacheco seated. Brunch on the patio.

PACHECHO

You know my great great
grandfather...maternal
grandfather...fought for the
confederacy?

ISH

Like civil war confederacy?

PACHECHO

That's right.

ISH

How's that ev...well, Ok. I
guess...

PACHECHO

He died at Gettysburg. Pickett's
charge.

ISH

Shit man.

PACHECHO

Seventy percent casualties on that
charge man.

ISH

Can you imagine being in that line
of infantry? All lined up there.
Marching to certain doom across
that field.

PACHECHO

Seventy percent. Man.

ISH

Old General Lee's vanity got the
best of him huh. The army of
Northern Virginia, the confederacy,
the whole lot.

PACHECHO

The night they drove old Dixie
down.

ISH

Yeah man I always dug that song.
Like the ghosts of something, I
don't know, the ghosts...these
images always popped into my head
when I'd hear that song.

PACHECHO

Anyway man. So plan is we head down deeper South past Rosarito. We'll hook up at the place and settle the details on supply there.

ISH

Let's get to it then...oh, you don't mind if we make one short stop along the way do you?

Pacheco looks quizzically at Ish.

PACHECHO

The beach?

ISH

Sort of, but not the type of beach you're thinking. More the coast.

PACHECHO

Cool with me. Vamanos!

ISH

Hold up I wanna get some tacos to go.

PACHECHO

(Tony Montana accent)
You and your tacos mahn. Like a fuckin beaner mahn.

Local guests eye Pacheco.

SOUNDTRACK: END "View 2".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Elijah's Church" by Steve Earle.

EXT. MEXICO HIGHWAY. SOUTHBOUND. DAY.

Taxi. Gas station. Large Mexican flag waving in the wind. Up the mountain. Down towards the coast. Fruit vendors. Rosarito Beach. Further South.

INT. ROADSIDE VENDOR. SMALL SHACK. DAY.

Ish and Pacheco sit drinking Coca-Cola from ice cold bottles.

Pacheco chats with BLACK ELK, mid-70's, male, Oglala Lakota ancestry, Mexican accent.

BLACK ELK

Son, you don't hate people. You
don't hate life. You hate god.

Pacheco laughs. Ish wanders off to admire the landscape.

BLACK ELK (CONT'D)

You don't mind that Santa Claus
doesn't show up anymore, or never
did show for most. You don't mind
that the Easter Bunny stopped.

Pacheco laughs again, but starts to pay more attention.

PACHECO

I'll admit you've got me there sir.

BLACK ELK

Because you know they're not real,
at least not real the way most of
us mean it. But God. You toss and
turn and try to prove or disprove.
But deep down you believe. And deep
down you hate. For whatever reason
you have.

Pacheco chuckles again to himself, but this time with less
conviction.

BLACK ELK (CONT'D)

I want to tell you a story son.
When I was a younger man I adopted
a child and raised her as my own in
every way. Full kin, same as blood
you understand. Taught her. Cared
for her.

Black Elk takes a long hard stare out into the distance. He
turns slowly to look back at Pacheco.

BLACK ELK (CONT'D)

And then the time came in her life
when she needed someone to blame
for her struggles. And I let her. I
ALLOWED her to blame me. Hate me.
Because she needed that.

Pacheco nods his head, thinking he understands.

PACHECO

And you did nothing wrong?

Black Elk gives Pacheco a deadpan look with both kindness and
resolution. He shakes his head slightly.

BLACK ELK

No more than any parent. The time came when life was too much for her and I took that burden on for her myself. Carried her weight so to speak. Allowed her to hate me out of love.

PACHECO

That's tough. Good man.

BLACK ELK

I look at you and I see a man who believes deeply in some greater truth. Otherwise it wouldn't torment you so. Most make themselves comfortable against the uncomfortable truth of existence. But you, you rage against it. A quiet rage inside. Burning behind the kindness you show to those you deem worthy of it.

Pacheco pales. He knows this man has his number.

BLACK ELK (CONT'D)

Son, hate the power. Hate the rules. Hate the action. Hate the injustice. But never hate the man.

Pacheco looks down at the ground. Sullen, stunned. He knows truth when he hears it.

PACHECO

Your daughter. What happened?

Black Elk smiles at Pacheco. MISO, mid-20s, female, Native American ancestry, British (RP) English accent, approaches from the back of the shack.

Miso gives Black Elk a kiss on the cheek. Eyes the two men with kindness.

MISO

Who's this papa?

BLACK ELK

Oh, just another lost traveler.

MISO

He doesn't look so lost to me.

BLACK ELK
No he doesn't does he?

Ish saunters up, map in hand.

ISH
Come on P let's get going. Want to
make it to the border before
sunset.

PACHECO
Oh, ok man. Give me a minute. I'll
be right there.

Ish takes measure of the conversation in play. He gives a
warm smile to Miso & her father.

ISH
Sure man.

Ish exits the scene.

PACHECO
(to Miso)
What's your name love?

MISO
Miso. And you?

PACHECO
My friends call me Tony.

Miso looks at Tony with kindness.

MISO
I think you'll be all right.

PACHECO
(stunned)
How's that?

MISO
I think you'l be just fine.

Miso smiles. Walks back into the small store.

PACHECO
Seems like you and her turned out
ok. She's sweet.

BLACK ELK
Yes she is. Although it wasn't
always so.

PACHECO
Yes sir. Thank you sir.

BLACK ELK
Be well, son.

Pacheco nods. Turns, catches up with his buddy Ish.

PACHECO
Let's hit the road man.

ISH
What'd that old kook say to you?

PACHECO
I think he told me it was ok to
hate god.

Ish laughs.

ISH
Well you go right on hating that
fellow 'cause lord knows the lord
hates you!

The both laugh heartily.

INT. RENTED TAXI. LATE AFTERNOON.

Pacheco and Ish continue Southbound.

EXT. MEXICO COAST.

The taxi winds down a narrow road towards the coast. Ocean waves splash. The two men exit the taxi.

EXT. COUNTRY COASTAL ROAD. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ish and Pacheco walk down the road. Thumbs out.

EXT. OCEANSIDE. SUNSET.

Ish and Pacheco jump out of the back of a pickup truck.

The pickup drives off in a cloud of dust. The two men get their bearings. The ocean breeze. Palms. Sunlight.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Elijah's Church".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: FADE IN "Silent Night" by Rodney Crowell, etc.

EXT. COUNTRY SHACK. SUNSET.

Ish and Pacheco approach the shack. A car sits in the driveway ('64 MGB ragtop, racing green, fully restored).

Ish lovingly touches the car as the men walk past. The men remove their hats as they enter the shack.

INT. COUNTRY SHACK. LIVING ROOM.

Darkness. A ray of light illuminates a dark figure. A long shadow casts across the floor.

The two men remove their shoes, sit on the floor

NORINE, mid-70's, female, African ancestry, sits in a rocking chair, resting.

NORINE

Oh I'm sorry boys I was just
listening to this beautiful music.

The boys look at each other, slightly perplexed.

NORINE (CONT'D)

Ish! Oh. My boy.

Ish stands and gives Norine a kiss on the forehead. She cradles Ish's face and smiles a long, kind smile.

NORINE (CONT'D)

Tell me son. Did you find your
Quantum Gravity?

ISH

Oh. Hehe. You could say that of
sorts I suppose. But it's always
changing isn't it?

NORINE

You're learning son. Stay with it.

ISH

Everything's so uncertain though.
All the time.

NORINE

Yes. That does seem to be a
consequence of giving up control!

Norine gives a hearty laugh and Ish can't help but join in. Even Pacheco gives a slight chuckle.

NORINE (CONT'D)

And who have you brought here with you today?

ISH

Oh yes of course. I'm sorry. My manners. Norine this is Pac..

Pacheco, now standing, leans in and offers his hand.

PACHECO

...mam, I'm Tony. An associate of Ish's.

NORINE

Associate. Hmm. Do you hear that? It's those kind boys. All together again. Singing. Laughing. Such a beautiful sight.

Pacheco hears nothing, but understands.

PACHECO

Yes mam. Most beautiful indeed. Truly the sound of angels.

NORINE

You know? The Blues. Ah, the Blues. What would we do without the Blues?

ISH

Be happy all the time I suppose.

Norine gives a quick shudder.

NORINE

Ooh..dreadful! Just dreadful.

They all laugh for a good moment.

ISH

Mam.

NORINE

Oh boys I know you came here looking for answers. Hoping I had the Secret to tell before I passed...

PACHECO

Mam it's not like that.

NORINE

Haha.

ISH

She's just joking with us. She didn't mean it that way.

NORINE

Of course not love. Ish would you please hand me that blanket over there?

Ish kneels down beside Norine and places an extra blanket over her.

NORINE (CONT'D)

Thank you love.

Norine gives a deep, long exhale.

NORINE (CONT'D)

Well, I can only tell you this today. It seems to me that each of us needs both a mother and a father. And that if we don't get those by birth they find us through life. And then we do likewise for others.

PACHECO

Yes mam. That's seems to make sense.

NORINE

And so it goes with god...

ISH

Mam?

NORINE

And so it goes with God.

PACHECO

Yes mam.

The men kneel in silence. Norine exhales a final breath. As she does, the light remains, but her shadow slowly fades out. Norine rests, illuminated, sans shadow.

The boys remain kneeling for several moments.

SOUNDTRACK: PLAY TO END "Silent Night".

FADE TO BLACK:

"The reason? Malevolence, and her true name, Reason."

- Lucifer, Judgement Day, 2046

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Any Time, Any Place" by Janet Jackson.

EXT. VANITY'S PAD. INGLEWOOD. NIGHT.

Street lights. Full moon. Ish's '64 MGB, ragtop, racing green, now fully restored, parked in Vanity's driveway. Vanity drives up. Walks to front door. Corporate-sexy. Louboutin stilettos.

INT. VANITY'S PAD. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ish in underwear. Black boxer briefs. Black wife beater. Lounging on Vanity's white fabric couch. Fireplace blazes. Faux animal skins. Mood lighting.

The doorway. Vanity walks in. Shoes come off. Jacket comes off.

VANITY

See you let yourself in.

Vanity walks towards Ish.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Are you all right? Baby are you all right?

ISH

I got to feeling like a machine.
That's no way to feel.

(beat)

ISH (CONT'D)

Come here baby.

VANITY

No you come here Mr. Shaft.

Ish smiles. Pulls Vanity to him. They kiss. Lava lamp.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. ARTS DISTRICT. LOS ANGELES. AFTERNOON.

Pacheco walks in. SASHA, early 30's, female, European (Russian) ancestry, gets up from her table. The two shake hands. Pacheco, astonished.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT. HOURS LATER.

Animated discussion. Sasha seduces.

PACHECO

Sounds cheesy, but I feel like I've known you forever. Sure we've never met?

SASHA

I'm sure. Probably just remind you of one of your conquests.

PACHECO

No this is...something...

Sasha quickly, and discreetly, checks her watch. Pacheco smitten. The coffee shop closes.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT.

Pacheco and Sasha walk hand in hand.

INT. VANITY'S PAD. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Ish reclines. Vanity places one foot on the bed. Stockings slide down. Ish smiles.

Vanity on top. The lovers ease into bed. Sensual kissing. Vanity moves down. Kisses Ish's clavicle. Chest. Stomach kisses. Ish cradles her head.

Spoon position. Ish gently blows in Vanity's ear. Ecstasy. Kisses her neck. Caresses her breasts. Vanity squirms slowly. Her foot caresses Ish's leg.

Missionary. Groin movement. Ish licks Vanity's chin. Vanity arches backwards in pleasure. Top view. Two delicate female hands dig into Ish's back.

INT. RESTAURANT. KOREATOWN. LATE NIGHT.

Sasha and Pacheco sit alone. Dumpling soup. Engrossing conversation. Hands touching. Pacheco interrupts the conversation with a kiss.

INT. PACHECO'S CAR. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Late night LA freeway. Pacheco. Sasha. His right hand on her left thigh as they drive. She leans over. Turns his head. Tongue kiss.

INT. VANITY'S PAD. BEDROOM. HOURS LATER.

Ish on his back in bed. Arm around Vanity. Vanity asleep, ear against her man's chest.

Ish kisses his woman's forehead. Ceiling mirror. Ish stares at his reflection. Pensive. Calm. Content. Home.

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. BEDROOM. LATE.

Sasha and Pacheco make love. Sasha on top. Pacheco caresses her breasts.

Pacheco and Sasha. Seated in bed making love. Squeezes Sasha's buttocks. Kisses her neck. Sasha. Very slight glance away as Pacheco moves in.

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. BEDROOM. SUNRISE.

Pacheco slumbers. Sasha eases away from Pacheco's embrace. Sits on edge of bed. Checks her phone. Dresses. Exits.

INT. VANITY'S PAD. BEDROOM. SUNRISE.

Ish in bed. Arm around Vanity.

Vanity rouses. Ish. Smiles. Snuggles in. Closer.

VANITY

Hey you.

ISH

Hey yourself.

Sunrise. Vanity's street. Birds chirping. The two cars.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Any Time, Any Place".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Woman's World" by BJ The Chicago Kid.

INT. LUCY'S HOME. EAST LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Joshua waves a report card in the air. Beams with pride.

JOSHUA

I'm so proud of you mom. All A's!

LUCY

Haha. Well thanks Josh.

JOSHUA

Look dad, I mean Lou! Mommy got all A's. I can't even do that!

Lou sits beside mother & son.

LOU

Wow babe. That is something. That's really something.

INT. RESTAURANT. WEST HOLLYWOOD. DAY.

Vanity and Marshall seated. Brunch.

Vanity spellbound in love.

VANITY

Daddy, he treats me the way you always told me a man should treat a woman.

MARSHALL

With respect and care?

VANITY

The deepest of both.

MARSHALL

I'm happy for you. But take it slow kiddo.

Vanity playfully teases.

VANITY

Yes daddy.

INT. BOBA TEA HOUSE. LITTLE OSAKA. AFTERNOON.

Aki sips boba tea and speaks with Weems over the phone.

WEEMS

So work is good? You're doing ok?

AKI

Yes. Thanks for asking. Means a lot to me to know you're out there somewhere.

WEEMS

Of course. You know I still care.

AKI

Thank you.

(beat)

AKI (CONT'D)

Weems?

WEEMS

Yeah?

Fear gets the best of her. Aki withdraws again.

AKI

Nothing.

Weems. Disappointment.

INT. APARTMENT. ORANGE COUNTY. BREAKFAST.

Brooke and Sebastian talk at the breakfast table. Sebastian dressed in his baseball uniform.

BROOKE

What did daddy say?

SEBASTIAN

He said I can't watch cartoons for one month.

BROOKE

Aww. I know how much you like cartoons. That must feel icky.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah.

BROOKE

Well I agree with daddy.
Aaaaannnd...how bout a cookie?

Brooke reaches over her shoulder to grab the tray of cookies cooling on the kitchen counter.

SEBASTIAN

Cookie? Ok. Yeah!

INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL. UNIVERSITY BUSINESS SCHOOL. DAY.

Vanity speaks to a group of twenty young women. Rapt attention. Smiles. Admiration.

VANITY

In this world you gotta go out
there and be strong and be
yourself. And if you don't know who
that is yet then some hard work
will help you start to answer that
question.

Vanity speaks slowly, with clarity.

VANITY (CONT'D)

You are not your thoughts.

INT. TRAINING DOJO. DAY.

The two "ILLFU Crew" ladies practice a fight sequence. Uma slowly attacks downwards with a wooden sword. Touches Limerence's arm. Conversation. Repetition. Faster. Uma whacks her. Ouch! Uma fearful. Limerence laughs it off. They hug. Laughing.

INT. APARTMENT. LITTLE OSAKA. DINING ROOM. DAY.

Major and Lou speak. Mother and son. Happy. Connected.

Major places her hand over her son's hand on the table. Love.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Dim lighting. Smoky. Sasha counts money. Fat brown envelopes. Extra empty brown envelopes. Mexican pesos. The G'mork. USD.

Pacheco holds Sasha from behind. Kisses her neck. Caresses her stomach. Sasha's eyes on the prize.

EXT. LACMA. THE LAMPOSTS. NIGHT.

Vanity in love. Swings around the poles. A dance.

INT. VANITY'S PAD. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Vanity admires Ish. Ish admires Vanity. You're the most beautiful thing in the world. No, you're the most beautiful thing in the world.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Woman's World".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "The Cattle Call" by Eddie Arnold.

EXT. VETERANS MEMORIAL PARK. CULVER-PALMS. AFTERNOON.

Death and Romeo run and frolick in the grass. Trees. Basketball courts. Birds in the sky.

EXT. VETERANS MEMORIAL PARK. BASEBALL DIAMOND. LATE AFTERNOON.

The baseball diamond. Little League. Two teams. Culver-Palms Black Aces. Aliso Viejo Red Diamonds. The crowd. The boys. Vanity.

The outfield. A Red Diamond runs to pick up the ball. Sebastian. Throws to the infield. A Black Ace rounds first base. Short stop catches the throw from Sebastian. Black Ace turns back to first base. Brooke cheers. Ben fist bumps another dad.

Joshua. Black Ace uniform. Batting helmet. Lucy effervesces. Lou adjusts his baseball cap. E in Baby Bjorn. Daryl.

Joshua walks to the plate. The pitcher. The umpire. Joshua in the batting stance.

Joshua takes the pitch. Parents chatter.

BEN

Hey batter batter batter batter
batter batter batter batter batter
batter batter batter...

ORANGE COUNTY MOM 1

....The boys so good this year they
are you know...

ORANGE COUNTY MOM 2

...It's true the best I've seen in years. Well years, but that may in fact be hyperbole...

BEN

...Suhwing! Batter!

Strike one. Joshua steps back from the plate. Lucy grabs Lou's hand. Nervous excitement. Lou calms her.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey batter batter batter batter
batter batter batter batter batter
batter batter batter...

ORANGE COUNTY MOM 1

Where do you get those nails so fine. For free?

ORANGE COUNTY MOM 2

No. No. I pay. It's true today.

ORANGE COUNTY MOM 1

I see.

BEN

...Suhwing! Batter!

Joshua hits it! Line drive. Lucy erupts. Joyful. Lou leans forward. Hands on the chain link fence. Joshua rounds first. Red diamonds chase the ball. Third base coach. Waves his arm. Go home. Outfield. Red diamond with ball. Joshua rounds third. Throw to infield. Joshua running towards home. Short stop. Catches ball. Throws to home. Joshua hits home plate. Ball flies over catchers head.

Crowd erupts. Lucy jumps up and down. Lou's paternal pride. Joshua and his teammates.

Change sides. Death and Romeo. Ben & Brooke. Lou & Lucy. Major. Parents. Red Diamonds bat. Happy coaches.

The kids shake hands. Good game. Bad game.

Lou, Lucy, and Joshua walk together, lovingly towards the parking lot. Lou ruffles hair from behind. Lucy beams lovingly towards her men. Sunset. A heart. Rainbows.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Cattle Call".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "B flat Tuning Minor" by The Blue Devils.

INT. FLAT. EAST LOS ANGELES. DUSK.

Closet opens. Purple velvet. Money bag. Weapons rack. Weapons of all kinds. Assault rifles. Shotguns. Handguns.

Pancho loads a shotgun. Shells. Bullets. M-16. Lefty. Glock-9. Bullets. M-16. Pancho & Lefty. Black '67 Chevy Impala. Cruising.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE. DUSK.

Sasha. Black racing suit. Uzi. Backpack. Samurai sword. Motorcycle. MV Agusta F4 CC. Mounted. Throttle. Cruising.

SOUNDTRACK: PLAY OUT "B flat Tuning Minor".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Huwag Na Mong Sasabihin - Version2" by Kitchie Nadal.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS. WESTERN AVE. DUSK. **SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE.**

Ground zero. Ish's apartment.

INT. ISH'S APARTMENT.

Vanity. Ben, Brooke, Sebastian.

EXT. WESTERN AVE. DUSK.

Lucy, Lou (w/baby Jesus), and Josh walk from Venice towards Ish's apartment.

INT. ISH'S APARTMENT. DUSK.

Ish brings snacks to the guests.

EXT. VENICE AVE. DUSK.

Weems pulls over an intoxicated man on a bicycle. Speaks with him.

INT. ISH'S APARTMENT. DUSK.

Ben plays guitar. Seb listens. Brooke, Vanity, Ish in the kitchen.

EXT. WESTERN AVE. FIRST DARK.

A black Chevrolet Impala turns the corner from Charnock onto Western. Tinted passenger window rolls down.

EXT. ISH'S APARTMENT. FIRST DARK.

Major walks down the exterior steps leading to Ish's apartment. Waves down the street to Joshua. Joshua runs ahead of Luc and Lou. Smiles.

Impala approaches. Open window. Assault rifle barrel. Lefty.

Ish follows Major out the apartment door. Stands in doorway. Looks left.

Impala approaches. Closer.

Ish in doorway. Close. Oh shit.

Luc and Lou see what's coming. Terror.

Impala reaches Apartment. Automatic rifle sprays.

Ish avoids. Major turns. Joshua still running.

Ish grabs pump rifle above doorway.

Vanity shocked.

Major goes down. Ish jumps from porch.

House sprayed. Impala drive-by.

Lucy runs. Lou shields baby Jesus.

Joshua goes down.

Lucy. No!!!!

Impala passes apartment.

Lucy runs through field of combat. Untouched. No!!!!!!

Impala continues down Western towards Venice Ave.

Shotgun. Ish blasts. Impala back window shatters.

Lou reaches Luc & Josh.

Sasha and her motorcycle turn the corner.

Ish pumps and runs. Second shot.

Impala. Rear right tire blows out. Impala swerves. Car hits curb towards end of Western Ave. Over the curb. Immobilized.

Weems on Venice. Hears the action. Holsters weapon. Runs.

Ish pumps and runs.

Lefty stumbles out of Impala. Passenger side.

Sasha nears.

Ish blasts. Lefty goes down.

Sasha sprays.

Ish. Shot to the shoulder.

Weems running. Rounds the corner to Western.

Ish falls. Sasha passes.

Impala. Pancho injured in driver's seat.

Sasha reaches Impala. Pancho sprayed. Pancho goes down.

Shots fired in Sasha's direction. Who?

Weems. Aiming. Pow. Pow.

Sasha peels out. Bullet hits bike.

Sasha sprays right. Weems covers.

Sasha left on Venice. Right on Overland.

Ish's apartment exterior. The aftermath. A moment.

Lucy wails. Cradles Josh's bloody body.

Vanity in shock. Surveys ground zero.

Ish. Looks back towards home. Shame.

Brooke, Ben, Sebastian rise from apartment floor unscathed.

Lou holds Major. Major bleeds out. Major. Baby E. A moment.

Weems calls it in. Ambulance sirens. Police sirens. Venice.

Lucy cradles Joshua. Eyes open. Hurt bad. Still alive.

Ish's face. Consternation. Eyes close. Vanity.

Lucy & Joshua. Vultures circle in the sky.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Huwag Na Mong Sasabihin - Version2".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Georgia" by Mary Ann Redmond.

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Major plays the piano. Vanity stands on stage.

Major. The black and white keys dance as she sways and bobs in time with the melodies flowing from her fingers. She is in the zone.

Vanity. Sultry. Saddened. The Blues. Seeks inspiration upwards. Mature. A woman. Vanity sings.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

Ish does a take for "Dickie".

Ish, moustached, in character as Dickie. Limerence, off-camera, interviews Dickie.

Dark. Smoky. The Blues.

ISH

...well I'd say I should know. I was born a cracker you know? That's a true story. See I always thought it was better to be a cracker. You know. Mean I didn't uh you know have prejudice or anything I just knew I was happy to Be a cracker. You know. But man I don't one day things just sort uh started to change. It's like...well, shit man it's it's like this. I've known crackas of all shapes and sizes. All colors too...mmmmhmmmm. That's right. I known brown crackas, yella crackas, white crackas...known a lot uh them. huh huh huh. Shit man, I've even known me some black crackas.

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Vanity Sings. Major Plays.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

Dickie opines.

ISH

Well there was um this uh one lady I knew. Man she wuz whoo. Just thinking about it gives me chills man. But uh you know. She whatunt born a cracka. She became one ya know? Damn man. That shit Still gets me. Like man she bought into it all. Yeah. I think that's it. She bought in. And uh that was that. Then uh she was black and I was white. And that was it.

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Major Plays.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

Dickie chuckles.

ISH

I'm sorry man. I just. It just breaks my goddammed heart to think my angel she uh can't see me no more ya know? To her I'm just some blue-collared bum or something. But uh shit man. Don't we all kinda wear white collars these days ya know? haha. This shirt's white ain't it?

Dickie signals to his shirt. Blue and white long-sleeved checkered shirt with pearl snap buttons.

ISH (CONT'D)

I mean we live in the same world. Ya know?

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Major Plays. Vanity sings.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

Dickie continues.

ISH

You know most of us uh
crackers...well, when it came to
Rodney Kind all we saw was a
...well, let's just say he wadn't a
black cracka, ya dig? And that was
that. But man if he didn't drop
some heavy shit man. Why can't we
all get along? Shit man I don't
think even God's got the answer to
that one you know. Haha I mean shit
I feel sorry for the bearded
brother up there you know? God damn
that's a tough job. I mean it's all
laid out for us and we just keep
fuckin' it all up.

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Major Plays.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

Dickie continues.

ISH

Oh...I don't know man. I guess just
from where I sit. I don't see no
world but this one...at least right
now. There ain't no blue or white
or country or ghetto ya know...well
I mean there is, but they ain't too
ya know?

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Vanity sings.

INT. COMEDY CLUB. AFTER HOURS.

The interview wraps up.

DICKIE

I mean I see a bum, and there's a
man. He's got a story. He's got a
heart. He's you know who knows what
he's seen ya know. Where he's been.
Or you know, if you're selfish then
you know what secrets he can tell.
He's been around.

(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

He can see what's going on. Maybe there was time you could see too you know? Maybe you still can if you just pay attention, look closely ya know? Ah man I'm sorry love. I didn't mean to lay it on ya like that. Just sometimes, you know, I really just don't get it. Shouldn't be this damn hard. You know I once heard Townes say...well anyway. Huh. All right then. I guess that's uh pretty much all I've got to say about that.

LIMERENCE

Thank you so much for your time Dickie.

DICKIE

You're welcome mam.

Ish and Limerence shake hands.

INT. CONCERT HALL. DARK STAGE. SPOTLIGHT.

Major plays for the last time as the spotlight goes out.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Georgia".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "It Ain't Fair" by Aretha Franklin, featuring Duane Allman.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL.

Ish is fingerprinted. Enters prion cell. Door closes. Caged.

EXT. CEMETERY. GREATER LOS ANGELES AREA. RAIN.

Major's funeral. Lou stoic. Stands over open coffin with baby Jesus in his hands. Brooke, Ben, Sebastian. Small crowd. Sebastian holds Death. Daryl cries.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. ARTS DISTRICT. LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Lou and Daryl sit together in silence. Lou rubs his eyes. Daryl comforts. Townes Van Zandt poster. "Be Here To Love Me".

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. CULVER CITY. NIGHT.

Joshua in hospital bed. Lucy talks with doctors. Critical condition. Consternation. Lucy sits holding her son's hand tight. Tears. Lucy looks upwards for help.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL. PHONE ROOM.

Vanity visits. Ish speaks through the phone. Consternation. Vanity. Hand on the glass. Ish tears. Vanity. Last goodbye.

INT. APARTMENT CULVER-PALMS. DAY.

Pancho & Lefty's families. Food. Framed pictures of the fallen boys. Mother crumbles and breaks down. Comforted by another mother. Catholic statue.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL. DARKNESS.

Ish alone in his cell. Worn black Bible beside him. Consternation.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL. COMMON AREA. DAY.

Ish walks the common area. Men working out. Free weights. Scary looks in Ish's direction.

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. LATE NIGHT.

Sasha and Pacheco fuck. Top view. Sasha back tattoo. Pins Pacheco's arms down. Ride 'em cowgirl.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. CULVER CITY. LATE NIGHT.

Lucy sleeps in a chair next to Joshua's bed. Her torso lays gently on her son's body. Joshua. Critical condition. Hospital bed and monitor. Monitor. Beep. Beep.

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. LATE NIGHT.

Sasha dressed. Little black dress. Pacheco asleep in bed. Sasha approaches bed. Samurai sword. Pacheco goes down.

EXT. PACHECO'S PAD. LATE NIGHT.

Sasha exits carrying two large black duffle bags and samurai sword. Bags partially unzipped. USD \$\$\$\$. "The G'mork".

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. LATE NIGHT.

Romeo jump into Pacheco's bed. Licks Pacheco's hand. Curious head tilt. Pacheco's corpse. Romeo. Consternation.

EXT. PACHECO'S PAD. LATE NIGHT.

Sasha drives away. The night sky. Cheshire moon.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL. PRISON CELL. DARKNESS.

Ish kneels. Consternation.

SOUNDTRACK: END "It Ain't Fair".

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL. BOTTOM BUNK. DARK.

Ish kneels, hands together, prostrate, praying.

ISH

Our Father. Who Art in heaven.
Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come, Thy will be done, on Earth as
it is in heaven. Give us...

Ish take a moment, gathers himself, looks up to the ceiling.

ISH (CONT'D)

Father. Grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change.
The courage to change the things I
can...oh.

Ish lets out a long exhale as he changes tactics.

ISH (CONT'D)

You know father, I've been praying
for a lot of years now. Not always
regular, I understand that, but you
know. I think if you look honestly
you'll see a man who's trying
to...you know?

(MORE)

ISH (CONT'D)

Like I know I ain't perfect, but
I'm trying. If you could just...

Ish wipes his eyes. Begins speaking more familiarly.

ISH (CONT'D)

Just you gotta hold up your end of
the bargain ya know? You gotta give
me the wisdom to know the
difference. Right? That's the deal?
The wisdom to know the difference?
Courage to change?

Tears stream.

ISH (CONT'D)

Lucy's kid. My nephew. You're gonna
save him. You're gonna save him you
hear? I don't know what you got to
do and I don't know how you're
gonna do it. But you are gonna fix
this. Ya hear? You're gonna fix
this. I ain't asking. I'm telling.
You will do this. Now you do what
you want with me. But you are gonna
help that kid goddamnit. And that's
all there is to it.

Ish changes his tone, speaking now with authority.

ISH (CONT'D)

Now get to it man. Get to it. Get
it done. You will do this. I know
you will. I know you can. For thine
is the kingdom and the power and
the glory. Forever and ever amen.

Ish takes a moment, rises from his knees to his feet. He
walks to the small metal sink in his cell. Washes his face.
Stares long and hard into the mirror.

ISH (CONT'D)

Get it done. You got to make
yourself known. You've got to make
yourself known. Where are you?
Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. CULVER CITY. LATE NIGHT.

Joshua in bed. Lucy asleep. Holds Josh's hand.

Heart monitor. Beep. Beep. Beep. Flatline.

FADE TO BLACK:

"No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher."

- Henry David Thoreau, 1854

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Shakedown Street" by The Grateful Dead.

EXT. THE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG. JULY 3, 1863. ANIME.

The landscape. Confederate line. Union line.

Waves of confederate troops advance. Union canon. Fire.

Johnny Reb in his confederate cavalry hat. His brothers wearing standard issue confederate caps.

Artillery shell hits fifteen yards away. Confederates fall.

Johnny Reb advances with the line.

EXT. THE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG. THE UNION LINE. ANIME.

Barricades. The Union line. Union soldiers fire. Smoke.

Union line. Artillery explosion. Union soldiers fall as a section of barricade explodes.

EXT. ADVANCING CONFEDERATE LINE. ANIME.

Johnny Reb makes a slight crouching movement as artillery fire explodes in close proximity. Checks his surroundings. Fallen comrades. Continues to approach the Union line. Several confederate soldiers push ahead.

EXT. THE UNION LINE. ANIME.

The line. John Buford on horseback. Rifle. Approaching confederates. Buford shoulders rifle. Johnny Reb.

EXT. ADVANCING CONFEDERATE LINE. ANIME.

Johnny Reb. Limited visibility ahead.

EXT. THE UNION LINE. ANIME.

Buford. Johnny in sight. Cock's trigger.

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD. ANIME.

The clouds part. Bright sun. White doves.

EXT. THE UNION LINE. ANIME.

Buford briefly blinded. Fires.

EXT. ADVANCING CONFEDERATE LINE. ANIME.

A strong sudden wind blows Johnny Reb's cavalry hat. Johnny crouches slightly. Grabs hat. Pow. Bullet to the left hand. Hits the deck. Looks around. Checks his hand. Limited visibility ahead. Several confederate soldiers retreat past Johnny.

EXT. THE UNION LINE. ANIME.

Johnny Reb retreats. Buford. Consternation.

EXT. GEORGIA-TENNESSEE BORDER. MORNING. ANIME.

The smoky mountains. Johnny Reb walks the path to his log cabin. Walks up the steps. Home.

INT. JOHNNY'S LOG CABIN. ANIME.

Martha runs to greet Johnny. His son Wyatt, now six years old. Johnny picks Wyatt up.

EXT. LOG CABIN. SMOKY MOUNTAINS. DUSK. ANIME.

Johnny chops wood. Teaches Wyatt. Now seven years old.

EXT. FOREST CREEK. AFTERNOON. ANIME.

Johnny and Wyatt cross a forest creek. Now eight years old.

JOHNNY

When you find your happiness don't wear it too loosely on your sleeve son. Some people will try to crush it.

WYATT

Why?

Johnny helps Wyatt across the stream.

JOHNNY

I'm not sure. That's just how some people are. But some people will try to help you too.

WYATT

How do I know the difference?

JOHNNY

I'll teach you son. Then you'll know.

Wyatt nods. Deal. The two continue their walk.

EXT. FOREST. CAMPGROUND. FIRE PIT. EVENING. ANIME.

Johnny and Wyatt sit round a blazing fire. Both sharpen sticks with their knives. Now nine years old.

JOHNNY

A man is his word son. You understand?

WYATT

I think so.

JOHNNY

Never break your word. But also remember not to bite off more than you can chew.

WYATT

Yes sir.

INT. LOG CABIN. SMOKY MOUNTAINS. DINNER TABLE. ANIME.

Johnny, Wyatt, and Martha sit together at the dinner table. Now ten years old.

JOHNNY

Treat every woman you meet with respect. She might have been a friend or a relative in some past life.

Martha smiles.

WYATT

Yes sir.

JOHNNY

But son. Not all women are honest like your mother. So be careful who you trust. And if someone breaks that trust, you take the high ground and you'll be the better man for it.

WYATT

Yes sir.

The three hold hands and prepare to say grace.

EXT. GARDEN. DAYTIME. ANIME.

Johnny and Wyatt shoot rifles at rows of corn. Now eleven years old. The men aim.

JOHNNY

There are going to be times in your life when things get hard. You'll be tempted to get ugly, be nasty.

Johnny blasts an ear of corn.

WYATT

Yeah. I know that feeling.

Wyatt misses.

JOHNNY

Don't give into it son. Resist the temptation. And if you do succumb to bitterness, make amends. Repair the hurt you've caused and move forward.

Johnny makes a correction to Wyatt's aim.

EXT. LOG CABIN. MORNING. ANIME.

Johnny and Wyatt. Now twelve years old. Seated on log stools. Shaving kit. Johnny lathers.

JOHNNY

Son don't worry too much about what other people think about you. Worry about what you think about yourself. Make sure you can always look at your reflection and feel comfortable with who's staring back at you.

WYATT

Yes sir.

Wyatt begins to lather.

JOHNNY

And remember. Nobody likes a critic.

WYATT

Yes sir.

Johnny reaches for his razor. Brings it to his face.

EXT. COUNTRY TRAIL. AFTERNOON. ANIME.

Wyatt and Johnny trot on horses down the country path. Now thirteen years old.

JOHNNY

A man is not his livelihood, but he is what he does. How he acts. How he treats people, particularly how he treats people weaker than him.

WYATT

How are we supposed to treat people?

JOHNNY

Just try to put yourself in their shoes son, and then treat them the way you would be want to be treated. When in doubt be kind.

WYATT

Yes sir. Hyah!

Wyatt slaps the side of his stallion and takes off down the road. Johnny smiles. Admires his son. Hyah! In fast pursuit. The two men race. The landscape. Sunshine.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Shakedown Street".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "You Think You Know (feat. The Get Down Boys)" by Cristina Vane.

EXT. SANTA MONICA. PRESENT DAY. SUNRISE.

The sun rises. Cityscape. The ocean. Two seagulls. The coast.

INT. PACHECO'S PAD. EARLY MORNING.

Romeo at the foot of the bed. Lick's Pacheco's toes. Foot shakes. Romeo shuffles up the bed to Pacheco's face. Licks Pacheco. Pacheco's hand cuddles Romeo. Pacheco's face. Smile.

Sasha in the bathroom doorway. Laughs. Walks towards the bed. Pets Romeo gently on the head. Kisses Pacheco.

EXT. WEEM'S BLUE COLLAR HOME. CULVER-PALMS. MORNING.

Aki's car. Parked outside Weem's home. Aki. Walks the steps to Weem's front door. Bouquet of flowers in hand. Knocks. Weems opens door in bathrobe. Elated.

AKI
I'm sorry Weems.

WEEMS
I'm sorry too love.

AKI
I think...

WEEMS
...it was just a little fight.

Weems signals towards the interior.

WEEMS (CONT'D)
Come in love. I was just cooking
breakfast.

Aki giggles. Throws her arms around Weems. Big kiss. Happiness.

EXT. VANITY'S PAD. INGLEWOOD. AFTERNOON.

Vanity walks down the front steps. Waves backwards to Marshall. Marshall, less consternate, waves. Vanity gets into her car.

INT. ISH'S CAR. AFTERNOON.

The PCH in Santa Monica. Ish drives. Ragtop down. Windows down. Wind blows his hair. Freedom.

Ish turns onto Vanity's street. Stops in front of her house just as she is starting to get out of her car. Vanity. Sunglasses in hand.

Ish walks towards Vanity. Carries tray with three coffees. Marshall comes down the steps waving. Vanity opens car door. Ish hands coffee. Vanity and Ish kiss. Ish and Marshall shake.

ISH

You're coming to the show tonight
right Marshall?

MARSHALL

Wouldn't miss it. Those kids
they...

ISH

...yeah, I get choked up too. Haha.

VANITY

Both my men are nothing but a
couple of big softies.

The three of them laugh.

INT. LUCY'S HOME. EAST LOS ANGELES. EARLY EVENING.

Lucy and Lou and baby Jesus. Lou feeds Jesus. Giggles.

INT. APARTMENT. ORANGE COUNTY. EARLY EVENING.

Brooke, Ben, and Sebastian seated at the dinner table. Laughter. Happy conversation. Brooke playfully teases Sebastian. Ben beams with pride.

INT. APARTMENT. LITTLE OSAKA. EARLY EVENING.

Major and Daryl seated at the piano.

MAJOR
The past is the past.

DARYL
Still, I'm sorry.

MAJOR
Apology accepted.

The two gently kiss. Framed pictures.

SOUNDTRACK: The bridge begins...

INT. LUCY'S HOME. EAST LOS ANGELES. EARLY EVENING.

Joshua, dressed in smart casual, runs to the family. Wrestles with Mom. Lou and baby Jesus join the fun. Joshua and Lucy. Lucy kisses. Josh tries to get away. Lou laughs. Josh and Jesus bond. Lucy beams.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. CULVER-PALMS. EARLY EVENING.

Ish, Marshall and Vanity arrive in Vanity's car. Parking lot. School. Kids walking in with families.

Look there's Lucy, Lou, Josh, and little E! Everyone excited. Joshua runs up to high five Ish. Ish kneels to greet Death. Death growls. Lunges at Ish.

LUCY
Hi. Ishy. Gee I'm sorry.

Lucy reaches down and picks up Death.

JOSHUA
That's weird. Death is usually pretty friendly with you.

Ish ruffles Joshua's hair.

ISH
He probably feels cheated or something.

Ish speaks to Death.

ISH (CONT'D)
Is that it? You feel cheated boy?
Aww. It's ok.

Ish and Death make up and become friends once again.

Pacheco and Sasha arrive.

SASHA
(to Luc) Hey!

LUCY
Hey there!

LOU
Tony. Good to see you.

Lou and Pacheco shake hands.

PACHECO
Louis. Ishmael.

Ish and Pacheco shake hands.

ISH
What's with the formality man?

PACHECO
The kids Ish. The kids.

The men laugh. Sasha kneels to speak to Joshua.

SASHA
Are you ready for your big speech?

JOSHUA
Ready Freddy!

Sasha and Josh high five. Marshall coos baby Jesus.

The family. The school. More people arrive. Excitement mounts. Major & Daryl. Waves.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM.

The crowd. The stage. Kid's backstage. Lou, Lucy and Jesus. Brooke, Ben, Sebastian. Lucy and Brooke's meet eyes. Lucy giggles. Brooke smiles. Ben and Seb wave.

The stage. Podium. A teacher's introduction. The kids backstage. Lights dim.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "You Think You Know".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Mandolin Rain" by Bruce Hornsby.

INT. AUDITORIUM. STAGE.

Kids speak on stage. Different ancestries. Different ages.

RALPH, 8, male, any ancestry, speaks at the podium on stage.

RALPH.

...so that's why when I grow up I
want to be a fireman...or a
caterpillar!

Parents laugh. Ish to Vanity.

ISH

That kid's pretty funny.

VANITY

(laughs) You're mean.

MEGHAN, 9, female, Chinese ancestry, speaks at the podium on stage.

MEGHAN

...I sometimes wonder what would
have happened if I was never born.
Not in a sad way. But who would
miss me? And then I'm happy.
Because I know so many people love
me. Thanks mom & dad.

Sasha and Pacheco in the crowd. Sasha waves. Pacheco smiles.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

And that's why what I want to be
when I grow up is a kind person.
Like all the kind people in my life
today.

The crowd applauds. Sasha and Pacheco smile.

GWYNETH, 8, female, Filipino ancestry, speaks into the microphone.

GWYNETH

So I just speak into this thing
here?

TEACHER, early-40's, female, Latin ancestry, off-stage, concerned.

TEACHER
Yes just speak into the microphone.

GWYNETH
So I just speak here?

TEACHER
Yes, just speak.

GWYNETH
Right here?

Gwyneth gives a wink to the audience. Ish, Lou, and Pacheco bust up laughing. The teacher is being punked by a pupil.

LOU
(to Ish) You sure she's not one of ours?

ISH
Haha. Right? I know.

They laugh. Vanity pinches Ish.

Joshua walks on stage. Lou and Lucy. Smiles. Major and Daryl.

MAJOR
This is it.

Brooke, Ben, Sebastian. Ish, Vanity, Marshall. Fluffer fist pump. Joshua laughs.

INT. THE STAGE. MINUTES LATER.

Joshua on stage.

JOSHUA
...anyway that's what I think.

Joshua adjusts himself.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
People ask me all the time what it was like when I flatlined.

Lucy and Lou look at each other. Lucy closed mouth smile.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Well I don't really remember that.
I don't really really know what
flatline is. What I do remember was
darkness and a warm blanket...oh
and my dog Death was there with me.
On my lap.

Sebastian smiles. Listens with rapt attention.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I remember feeling safe. There was
nothing to be afraid of. I wanted
to go back to Mommy and Daddy but
something told me it was ok and
that I could stay.

Lucy touches Lou's arm. Vanity places her hand in Ish's.
Major and Daryl smile.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I remember feeling sad that I
didn't give Sebastian a cookie the
time he asked me to share. I wish I
had shared with my friend.

Sebastian waves. Joshua, breaking form, waves back.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I remembered the smell of my dad's
socks when he took his shoes off
after work. It smelled bad.

Lou laughs. Lucy nods in agreement.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Smelly socks always smell bad. But
it smelled good too. Like home.
Daddy.

Lou tears up.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Gram was there. And all my old
friends from pre-school that I
haven't seen in ages. Oh and that
deer we passed on the road one day.
The one that got hit by the car. He
was there too and he let me pet
him. It was all so beautiful.

The teachers listen. Rapt attention. The crowd. Parents.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Now when I look at adults they
sometimes seem strange to me.
They're always doing something.

Pacheco and Sasha. Pacheco playfully wags his finger at
Sahsa. Sasha laughs.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. CULVER CITY. MORNING.

Joshua in bed. Lucy asleep bedside. Joshua's hand touches his
mothers head.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

And it all seems so important to
them. I wish I could tell them that
there's nothing to worry about.

Lucy wakes up.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

That they don't have to be afraid.

The life returns to her worried face as her son smiles
directly at her.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. STAGE.

Joshua continues.

JOSHUA

But, hey, I'm just a kid.

Lucy and Lou beam with pride.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe you have no
idea what I'm talking about. But
don't worry. One day you will.

Ish smiles.

The audience applauds. Cheers. Whistles.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. CULVER-PALMS. EARLY EVENING.

Lucy. Josh that was so good. Lou. Well done son. RED SECOND
PLACE RIBBON. Sasha and Pacheco. Pacheco's hand on Meghan's
shoulder. BLUE FIRST PLACE RIBBON.

Josh reaches out to shake Meghan's hand. Meghan kisses Joshua on the cheek. Josh. You complete me sign language. The parents. Aww. Lucy beams.

The gang surrounds the kids. Smiles all around.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Mandolin Rain".

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Carry You" by Novo Amor.

INT. RESTAURANT. ARTS DISTRICT. SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The restaurant. A party. The DJ spins.

Lucy, Lou, and Joshua eats sausages. Lucy holds Jesus. Joshua sneaks a bite to Death. Lucy and Lou kiss.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

So, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, cis and trans, po' and rich. What's it all about? Really. What's it all about?

Major and Daryl seated beside each other. Daryl puts his hand on Major's. Major smiles.

Norine and Black Elk talk. Animated conversation. Smiles. Miso passes the mustard to Norine. Thank you. Smiles.

Ish, Vanity, and Marshall share french fries. Ish's arms around Vanity. Telling jokes to Marshall. Everyone laughing.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

Well, now I can only tell you what I've learned all these years here on the trail. Seen a lot of things, a lot history, but for me it's pretty simple really. I believe in the power of kindness. That what's gifted is returned in unexpected ways.

Brooke, Ben, and Sebastian eat. Sebastian rushes to finish. Joshua and Meghan pull Sebastian away to play.

Limerence, Uma, and Fluffer sit at the bar. Cheers. Laughter. Smiles.

Whitney, Receptionist, and Mickey all gossip while eating. Kindness. Laughter. Mickey happy.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

I believe in the wisdom and strength of a still mind. Vulnerable trust in the unseen, benevolent or not, but mostly benevolent. I think that what goes around does come around, in one way or another, in this life and the next.

Mikey, Pancho, and Lefty chat. Happiness. They are each their best selves. Mikey gives a wave to Ish. Smiles.

Pancho and Lefty stand. Assisting their parents. The boys sit. Fist bump. The family laughs and eats. Smiles.

Aki. Weems. Stallion. A family. Aki giggles. Weems snuggles.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

I believe everything happens for a reason. And sometimes that reason is because you're a shithead. But fear not. While you can't polish a turd, you can flush it away down the toilet. And then you get to start fresh all over again. Rebuild your character from the ground up, but with deeper roots this time.

Michelle, Taylor, and Arden jam with the DJ. Smiles. Happiness.

Pacheco, Sasha, and Meghan. Seated near Ish and Vanity. Speaking across tables to each other. Pacheco's arm around Sasha. Ruffles Meghan's hair.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

We're all struggling to find our footing. We all want pretty much the same things. We're all trying in our own misguided and individual ways to find that holy grail of satisfaction. We've all got more in common than you might think. Both sinners and saints we.

Sebastian, Joshua, and Meghan play. Caveman walking. Thumping their chests. The three dogs play with them.

INT. QUANTUM GRAVITY I FLASHBACK. ROLLER RINK.

Lucy and Lou hold hands rollerskating.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

It's amazing how far basic common sense will get you when you stop trying to prove yourself to everyone.

INT. QUANTUM GRAVITY I FLASHBACK. EXTENDED CARE FACILITY.

Norine and Ish speak in Norine's room.

EXT. QUANTUM GRAVITY I FLASHBACK. SANTA MONICA BEACH.

Lou and Ish as boys. Running on the beach. Death in tow.

JOHN BUFORD (V.O.)

'Course you already knew that. You even already know what you're supposed to be doing next. You know what you want, or if you're feeling elevated, what's being asked of you right now. You probably even know the next step you need to take to get you there.

EXT. QUANTUM GRAVITY I FLASHBACK. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

Lucy sends Joshua off to school.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. AFTER THE SHOW.

Ish and Vanity smile. Sasha and Pacheco kiss. Lucy snuggles Lou.

The kids. The party. The kids and Fluffer. Fists in the air. Fluffer Power! Freeze frame.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH. FRONTIER CABIN. 1898. SUNSET.

General John Buford rises from his rocking chair on the front porch of his frontier cabin. Walks down the steps and out towards the horizon.

JOHN BUFORD

So you take that step and you take that leap. And then you take the next one. And the one after that.

(MORE)

JOHN BUFORD (CONT'D)
 It may not always be smooth, but
 you will be supported. Of that I'm
 certain.

Buford walks further towards the horizon.

JOHN BUFORD (CONT'D)
 Point your feet in the right
 direction and get to walking.
 Time's running out there partner.
 You get it done now, ya hear? Get
 it done. And do it with love. Adios
 amigos.

Buford looks Westward. A smile of satisfaction. A beautiful
 sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS SEQUENCE 1

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Black and White America" by Lenny Kravitz.

Two sets of moving images tastefully interlace with credits.

Moving Images 1 - Moving images of individual cast members
 dancing to the music.

Moving Images 2 - Moving images of individual Grateful Dead
 cartoon dancing bears.

SOUNDTRACK: END "Black and White America".

CUT TO:

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN "Adagio" by Rolf Lovland.

EXT. CREEK BED. OUTSIDE GETTYSBURG. DUSK. 1863.

Two Union soldiers, African ancestry, run through the creek
 bed. Water splashes. The men's faces. Consternation. Look out
 behind. Boots splash in pursuit. Gunshot smoke. Shots ring
 out.

The two Union soldiers turn the corner. Ten yards away.
 Confederate Army uniforms. Five soldiers, African ancestry.
 Rifles. Fire! The two Union soldiers fall.

EXT. COUNTRY TRAIL. DUSK. 1863.

SCOUT, early 30's, male, African ancestry, gallops down the trail. Horse hooves hit the ground. Trail dust. Scout.

EXT. CONFEDERATE HEADQUARTERS. FIRST DARK. 1863.

Confederate Headquarters, July 2, 1863

Scout arrives on horseback. Rapidly dismounts as horse screeches to a halt. Dust. Cavalry gloves. Confederate aide rushes the soldier inside. No faces.

INT. CONFEDERATE HEADQUARTERS. GENERAL LEE'S TENT. 1863.

The rear of General Robert E. Lee, bearded, seated in a rocking chair. Gas lamps. Confederate aide speaks off camera.

AIDE (O.C.)
General Lee?

GENERAL LEE
Mmmh...

AIDE (O.C.)
Sir, our scout is back from the perimeter.

GENERAL LEE
Very well.

Scout enters the tent in ragged country clothes.

SCOUT
Mr. Lee sir. General Robert E. Lee?

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)
Yes son that's me.

SCOUT
Well, I. I'm back from the perimeter. And it seems the Yanks have amassed quite a force against us for the morrow.

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)
Is that so.

Lee rises and turns to face Scout. General Robert E. Lee, late-60's, male, bearded, African ancestry (to be played by the same actor as MARSHALL).

GENERAL LEE (CONT'D)

Well we'll just have to see about that now won't we son.

Lee steps forward. Speaks with conviction.

GENERAL LEE (CONT'D)

We have not chosen this ground to fight here today. But fight we shall.

Lee. Eyes of Fury.

GENERAL LEE (CONT'D)

And the Army of Northern Virginia. We shall prevail.

EXT. CULVER-PALMS. VENICE BLVD. SIDEWALK. MIDNIGHT.

The Witch cackles.

SOUNDTRACK: FADE OUT "Adagio".

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS SEQUENCE 2

SOUNDTRACK: BEGIN AND PLAY TO END "Sweet Dreams - Radio Killer Remix" by Andra.

APPENDIX: SOUNDTRACK: Quantum Gravity II Playlist (Spotify)**OPENING.**

1. "Alabama Highway" by Steve Young

ACT I.

2. "My Favorite Things" by John Coltrane
3. "Witchy Woman" by Rockabye Baby!
4. "So High - Cloud 9 Remix" by John Legend
5. "I Wanna Be A Cowboy" by Boys Don't Cry
6. "Elle Donne Son Corps Avant Son Nom" by Iam
7. "Witchy Woman" by The Eagles
8. "Whistle - Acoustic Version" by BLACKPINK
9. "Liberian Girl" by Michael Jackson
10. "Feathered Indians" by Tyler Childers
11. "Before I Let You Go" by Blackstreet
12. "Rumbletump - Original Mix" by Nick Warren
13. "Little Giant" by Roo Panes
14. "Just Because You Can" by Catherine Russell
15. "Rainbow Connection" by The Get Down Boys
16. "No Ordinary Love" by Sade
17. "Ramble On" by Led Zeppelin
18. "View2" by Sasha
19. "Elijah's Church" by Steve Earle
20. "Silent Night" by Rodney Crowell, etc.

ACT II.

21. "Any Time, Any Place" by Janet Jackson
22. "Woman's World" by BJ The Chicago Kid
23. "The Cattle Call" by Eddie Arnold
24. "B flat Tuning Minor" by The Blue Devils
25. "Huwag Na Huwag...Version 2" by Kitchie Nadal.
26. "Georgia" by Mary Ann Redmond
27. "It Ain't Fair" by Aretha Franklin, feat. Duane Allman

ACT II.

28. "Shakedown Street" by The Grateful Dead
29. "You Think You Know" by Cristina Vane
30. "Mandolin Rain" by Bruce Hornsby
31. "Carry You" by Novo Amor

The END.

32. "Black And White America" by Lenny Kravitz
33. "Adagio" by Rolf Lovland
34. "Sweet Dreams - Radio Killer Remix" by Andra