

THE BLACK LIST

HONEY BOY

Otis Lort & Shia Labeouf

Genre: Coming-of-Age, Drama, Family Drama

HONEY BOY

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EXT. WHITE PICKET FENCE AGAINST BARBED WIRE - DAY

OTIS LORT(12) Peering into the camera, smoking a cigarette. Smoke billows out of his nostrils like he's been smoking cigarettes for twenty-two years. He stares into camera for a while. He's laser focused and fine-tuned like an owl statue. He runs his tiny hand through his bowl cut, chucks his smoke and looks to the lens with an adamant, striven for smile.

A whip cream pie smashes into his face.

ON IMPACT - RAMP SPEED: His hardly anything body is ratcheted out of focus into a stunt pad in the distance.

The form of a Stunt Coordinator arrives. He lifts Otis, gives him a weary high five and begins to unclip. 2ND A.C. enters frame with the slate.

Frame up on the slate: 1995

SLATE TO BLACK.

EXT. RALEIGH STUDIOS - LATE AFTERNOON

BLACK: We're over Otis' shoulder, walking stiffly in a body harness out of a dark soundstage on the lot. Adult figures surround him in silhouette. He turns left and sees:

JAMES LORT(35) Inartfully wearing a bandana on his head to cover his pronounced balding. He figures more hair is more hair = beard. His vest tells you he is a full-patch "Mongol". Bell Gardens bottom rocker, front right lapel patches: 13, D.F.F.L., 1%, red wings and a road name plate: "Raisin"

He pitches casually on the lift of the grip truck talking to PAM. A fairly attractive, straight-laced woman circa his age. Otis arrives mid-conversation.

JAMES

...Named her Henrietta Lafowl.

PAM

Henrietta Lafowl?

JAMES

World's first daredevil chicken.

OTIS

Dad, can you loosen the back part?

JAMES

One sec pal... So I'd come out, put her on my head and do cartwheels.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Henrietta'd run from my head to my butt, from my head to my butt...

PAM

Oh wow.

JAMES

Yes, ma'am. Spent a lot of time with chickens... Rodeo. Lot of time.

PAM

I can imagine.

OTIS

Dad, I can't...

James reluctantly starts unbuckling his son's harness while continuing his story.

JAMES

...Used to put her on my head, top of my hat. I'd run an electrical wire down my sleeve hooked up to a little charge, couldn't see it... I'd go and put a K.F.C. bucket on the floor, light the rim on fire... I'd adjust so it all lined up and when I'd hit that charge. Henrietta'd fly off'a my head and land right there in the center of that bucket. Hey-o! They ate it up.

PAM

Oh wow...

JAMES

I once opened for the Stev.....

James is not looking at what he is doing. Otis feels a pinch.

OTIS

Oww... Fuck, Dad.

Pam reacts to the curse word. James tracks that. Gives Otis a "Leave It To Beaver" disciplinary slap on the hand.

JAMES

Hey. What did we say about using those words buster?

They share a knowing look. Otis doesn't wanna cock-block. He plays up his innocence. Dad plays up his caring father. They perform together. What better practice for a young actor.

OTIS
That we... That I'm not supposed to
talk like that.

JAMES
Apologize to Pam.

OTIS
I'm sorry Pam.

JAMES
Go hang up your wardrobe and thank
Donna for the day.

OTIS
Yes, Daddy.

James is wearing his proud father face as he watches Otis
head off. He then pivots instantaneously to chasing pussy
again.

JAMES
In all that time you know what I
learned about chickens... You know
what that white spot is in the
center of chicken poop?

Pam, whose never given as much of a shit about shit prior to
this, is affectionately lost by his air.

PAM
You can curse with me James... I
don't mind... What's in the center?

Subtext: I will fuck you. I will fuck you before you shower.

JAMES
That's chicken poop also.

CUE MUSIC: NEIL YOUNG "Unknown Legend"

EXT. RALEIGH PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

James guns the bike. We stay behind. Delicate leaves swirl in
circles behind the motorcycle.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY WEST - NIGHT

A Burgundy Honda Shadow. 1100 V-twin Motorcycle flies down
the freeway. Cleaving lanes with confidence. Daily commuter.
At the helm is James. Bandanna on his face now in a half
shell helmet.

His passenger Otis, in a full guard helmet and a "Jansport" now reapplying his glove at 90 mph.

In this town, you discern people best by how they maneuver on the freeway. James looks over his shoulder and merges four lanes of traffic to get off at N Eastern.

Asshole. James downshifts, guns the yellow and hits the left on Van Pelt at 40 mph. He expertly slides into his parking spot at The Vista Motel:

A parking lot with twenty-five rooms and a child safety pool.

INT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

Blinds cracked to keep watch over the bike. Parking lot flood-lights illuminating James, laying in the bed near the door, watching "The Little Big Man."

Kool menthol cigarette burning in the ashtray flanking his styrofoam coffee cup sitting on the nightstand. Soft light from the lamp on the nightstand illuminates Otis and the papers he highlights on the desk.

JAMES

Only in Hollywood... Look at this shit. They got this Hoffman cat, playing uh... a schmohawk Indian. Want us to believe this guy killed Custer... Yeah, that's it, that's who did it. This guy here... Rabbi giddy-up.

James switches the channel, finds: "The Searchers"

JAMES (CONT'D)

There we go. Throw me the envelope.

Otis puts down his highlighter rubs his eyes and backs his chair up to open the drawer. It's full of snacks; chips, soda, candy, gum, etc. Otis retrieves a manila envelope and hands it to James.

James takes the money out and tosses the envelope in the trash. Otis moves to the bathroom. Urinates with the door open.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hear that faint trickle... Lil Jew rivulet, You can thank your mother for that... You're like that "Gerono-witz" on T.V.

OTIS (O.S.)
It's enough to get the job done.

JAMES
Got a dick like a golf pencil Otis.

OTIS
No.

JAMES
What job are you gonna do?

OTIS
Girls.

JAMES
Like hell girls? You couldn't fuck
yourself with that thing.

OTIS
I'm twelve.

JAMES
Purebred Cajun dick... Twelve...
sound like a fucking waterfall.

Otis washes his hands; zips his fly and heads back to his pages. James steps toward the bathroom, takes a piss.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hear that? That's Cajun son... Hear
that depth... Fucking soundtrack to
your life, that there... Roots!

James exits without washing his hands. He grabs another smoke and opens the front door, lights his Kool and stares at his bike.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You hear me?

OTIS
Yeah.

JAMES
Roots! Family, This shit matters.
Irene's in her eighties,
peckerwood.

OTIS
Eighty-four.

JAMES

Eighty fucking four.... *"Smell the roses for the camera, kiddies"*... All the time... Never owned a camera neither... funny fucker. Bless her heart... Her birthdays coming... You hear me? Irene's.

James gazes onto his bike. Rubs his beard. Considers his age. Looks to Otis who is running his dialogue in the mirror.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'll stop... I know it takes a lot of concentration to play a twelve-year-old. Have a pie fight. I'm just talking bout' family...

OTIS

...It's not a pie fight.

JAMES

I know what it is. It's clowning, poop-butt... with lines; It's the same thing as clowning. It's rodeo. Same hustle... I'm talking family.

OTIS

It's not.

JAMES

It's not what? You don't know shit, Fontenroy. You never been to rodeo.

OTIS

Yeah, I have.

JAMES

When?... Who took you to the rodeo?

OTIS

Tom.

That hits James. He looks back at his bike.

JAMES

Tom took you?... When I was away?

Otis nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Which one?

OTIS

I don't know... it was a rodeo.

JAMES

You can't remember. See there.
That's a shit rodeo. You come seen
me in Muskogee, boy. You'd remember
what fucking rodeo. Hey-o!... *The*
rodeo... They have clowns at yours?

Otis shrugs "I don't know".

JAMES (CONT'D)

No... Pomona?

OTIS

No.

JAMES

You'd have remembered mine, shit...
Did my own face paint, costume. I
know about performing son. *Commedia*
del'arte, I'm cultured out the ass.

OTIS

It's different.

JAMES

You bet your lil' dick it is, sure.
But it's the same, too... Got the
call sheet for tomorrow poop-butt?

OTIS

It's in the envelope.

JAMES

The envelope?

Otis takes a breathe, puts his pen down and grabs the manila envelope out of the trash. Hands it to James. He applies his focus back on his pages.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Pacoima, We gotta get up early,
then. Five A.M. Peckerwood.

OTIS

I'm gonna ride home with A.J. After
work... Nomo's pitching... I'm
gonna need some of that per-diem.

James reaching for his back pocket.

JAMES

Take it.

He throws a fold on the bed.

OTIS
You want something?

Otis pockets forty dollars and hands his father the rest.

JAMES
Got a funny name, this guy... Nomo.

James puts it back in his pocket.

OTIS
You sure you don't want nothing?

JAMES
Yeah, pass me the... thing.

Otis hands him the remote. James finds another western.

TESS MILLAY(V.O.)
"Whoever would have thought that
you two could have killed each
other.."

James field strips his Kool and closes the door.

JAMES
Here we go. This movie would be a
classic if it weren't for that
faggot there, That whats his
face...

Otis looks up.

OTIS
Monty Clift.

JAMES
Monty Cliff. Yeah... Lot of em' in
your line of work son.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You seen "Red River"?

OTIS
Yeah.

JAMES
When did Little Lord Fontenroy sit
down and watch "Red River"?

OTIS
With Tom.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

James lets the throttle all the way out. Past the Agora Hills exits, we start to see the freeway berm transform into patches of green the city waters on large sprinkler systems.

James looks over his shoulder and pulls off into the hazard lane under the freeway interchange at Lost Hills Rd.

EXT. INTERCHANGE AT LOST HILLS - NIGHT

James lays his bike up and opens his side-saddle. He pulls out a bright "Adopt-A-Highway" safety vest, hard hat, gloves, a pick-up stick, goggles and a white trash bag. He walks up and over to the bank of the freeway and lowers to a knee.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

He pulls a ziplock freezer bag out of his back pocket with what looks like white corn kernels. (Elephant Seeds)

James pokes his finger into the soil up to the second knuckle and lays his seed. He moves a bit further. Pokes a hole; lays seed. We watch him put his crop in the ground.

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN drives past and gives him a "Thank you" honk. James, over his shoulder with an adamant smile, Waves.

EXT. 11455 CHANDLER BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Chandler Lodge's Moto-Meeting Stag. Eighteen men in chairs sit in a circle under an awning smoking cigarettes.

A few who are not club related. Lawyers, A few Dads, An old Veteran, Two twenty-something's from a band, all encircling a "Folgers" can by the twelve or so motorcycles in the back.

CARLOS(40), A thick Hispanic man with a thick mustache, thick head. He holds the Blue Book and a laminated "Traditions" page. He's immediately avuncular. "Uncle Los".

He is wearing a Mongol vest and steel-toe boots. He looks like a man who has been scraping the bottom longer than the top. He's a circuit speaker and James' sponsor.

James watches like a juvenile. Esteem eyes.

CARLOS

Getting shit-faced worked... It worked like a charm. Took away the "cut and dried"... For a bit.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I thought fuck, The more I drank
the less "cut and dried" I felt I
was... Bingo-fucking-Bango... I
didn't want to be obvious my whole
life.

James adjusts his posture to match Carlos. Like little kids
do at theme parks when they take pictures with Superman.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I ran with that because what else
was offered. God?... That didn't
work for me... Now, if it works for
you and you can close your eyes and
feel it... Kudos... I'm not built
that way. If God was real, he built
me with a question.

JAMES

Amen brother!

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

James shoots through a row of stacked cars. Finds the open
road and lets her out. Flying on HWY 2 under the Glendale,
Alvarado, Rampart Blvd signs. We follow him close. PAN DOWN
to his front spoke and wheel, ROUND and ROUND at 120 mph.

INT. C.B'S COIN-LAUNDRY - LATE NIGHT

ROUND and ROUND Go the dryers. Sound of coins clicking
against tumblers as they go. An ARMENIAN MANAGER in
sweatpants and a tucked-in dress shirt is the only other
person in the room.

Our boys load laundry into a dryer. Otis in a Dodger hat,
wearing his glove and throwing socks, shirts, etc. Into the
dryer like a M.L.B. Pitcher. Leg kick and everything.

James leans diagonal on a dryer, occasionally glancing at his
son as he firstly centers on his "Set 4 Life" scratch-off
ticket.

OTIS

They call him Tornado.

JAMES

Go head, name like that he could
probably strike em' out
blindfolded, this guy.

OTIS

Probably.

JAMES

You know what a Japanese blindfold looks like?

OTIS

No.

JAMES

Like a fucking shoelace.

OTIS

He signed everyone's balls.

JAMES

Sure, Nomo... You would too if you were a gay Japanese pitcher.

Otis looks around.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What? Relax, it's just us. I mean, we're in a fucking coin laundry.

OTIS

So, you never know... you're loud.

JAMES

You know what comes into a coin laundry? Humility... Humility comes into the coin laundry.

OTIS

He's not gay. Nomo is just a name.

JAMES

If I had a gay Japanese son, you know what I would name him?

OTIS

Stop Dad.

James is laughing at his joke before he can even get the words out.

JAMES

Sum Ting Wong.

OTIS

Well, he's pennate worthy and I got his signature...

JAMES
 ...Sum Ting Wong... Come on,
 that's... Fuck, you should write
 that down.

Otis throws his anger into the dryer.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Well, Good on you honey boy. Did
 you blow him a kiss?

OTIS
 Tom got... A.J. Got his attention
 and he signed for both of us.

James looks at Otis and catches his breath. That hit a nerve.

JAMES
 Good deal. So you had a good time.

OTIS
 Yeah.

JAMES
 Good.

James starts to help him with the clothes.

OTIS
 You go to your meeting?

JAMES
 Yeah.

OTIS
 Good?

JAMES
 Three cakes. Big time.

James is impatient; he opens the dryer checks the clothes.

OTIS
 Yeah?

JAMES
 Something like forty-five years in
 the room... I'm coming up on four,
 myself.

Otis praising him like the roles are reversed.

OTIS
 That's good Dad.

JAMES
Pretty good, yeah.

Beat.

OTIS
Ugly good.

JAMES
No.

OTIS
Why not?

Beat.

JAMES
It's just not.

Still wet. He closes the door.

OTIS
You go out with them after?

JAMES
No, Just came back, tried to read
some "L'Amour"... Hookers were in
full-blown circus mode last night.

OTIS
Yeah? Well, you don't sleep good
anyway.

James, loading more coins into the dryer.

JAMES
Better on the weekdays. Vista's a
shit show Friday, Saturday...
Why'd you lie about going to the
game with A.J.?

Otis stops throwing and takes his glove off.

OTIS
The game...

JAMES
...Don't lie to me son...
Tom took you?

James surveys the laundry. Looks at his son. Makes a
decision. He holds up the scratch-off 'Eastwood style.'

JAMES (CONT'D)
*You've got to ask yourself one
question?... Do I feel lucky?*

OTIS
Well... Do you punk?

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING - CONTINUOUS

They walk out of the laundry, past their bike on the curb of the shopping center. Otis runs up ahead and chats over his shoulder. James' leaden-footed pace makes for the demeanor of a bona fide, buckled down bad-ass... He's a peacock.

JAMES
Remember when I showed you that
movie?

OTIS
Carlos's house.

JAMES
When we would go up on the roof of
the garage and BBQ?

OTIS
Termites... The funny smell.

JAMES
Them walkie-talkie wars.

OTIS
Cops-N-Robbers.

JAMES
Cops-N-Robbers, Yeah. See?... I
nurtured that in you. You're still
using that. I gave you some things.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into the liquor store attached to the laundry.

OTIS
Can you buy me some cigarettes?

JAMES
A what?

OTIS
I'll pay for it.

JAMES

Fuck no... Go get some juice.

OTIS

Mom gets em' for me.

They walk up to the counter.

JAMES

Wanna borrow this man's phone?

OTIS

Phone? Why?

JAMES

So you can call someone who gives a creamy shit what she does. Go get your juice... My man, can I get a "Set 4 Life" and a "Wild West Poker."

OTIS

I want a "Set 4 Life" also.

JAMES

Can I get two "Set 4 Life's and one of those... Orangutang... Fucking Orange things... Uhh, hey... What's that juice you like? Hurry up."

ATTENDENT

Orangutang juice?

OTIS

Jarritos.

ATTENDENT

Jarritos?... How is that... Orangutang juice.

OTIS

Because of the commercial.

JAMES

Buuud-weeeiise-errr.

OTIS

Frogs...

JAMES

...Yeah, them frogs.

Otis knows.

ATTENDENT

How is that Jarritos? They are saying Budweiser... The frogs in the thing says it... I mean...

James just stares at him. Otis navigating out of danger.

OTIS

Remember how you said you were gonna build me a tree house, Dad?

James staring at the Attendent.

JAMES

You want this fucking juice or no?

OTIS

No.

Attendent looks away. Otis puts two twenty dollar bills on the counter to pay for the tickets. James hands it back.

JAMES

We never owned a tree, son. Buy me a tree and I'll get to work.

James to the attendant like he has shit in his mouth.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm a friend of "Uncle Los" put it on his tab... I'm sorry for my part of a disagreeable situation.

He exits. Otis follows.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING - CONTINUOUS

They walk out toward the bike.

JAMES

Fuck him.

OTIS

So, you were reading all weekend?

JAMES

I read... I rode around a bit. Went up to the Sun-Downer, had a burger.

OTIS

The tiny spot. They re-named it didn't they?

JAMES

Had too. Used to be the "Squeeze In"... Used to be if you streaked the restaurant they'd give you a sandwich... Go in there every day. Eat for free... Shit. Your pops a fucking legend son... You bet... You ain't the only famous one.

We're in front of the bike. Our boys both scratching off.

OTIS

Didn't they name a sandwich after you, Dad?

JAMES

"The Cold Stream Streaker."

OTIS

Tuna club.

JAMES

That's the one.

Otis tosses his empty ticket in the street.

OTIS

You just went by yourself?

JAMES

I'm friendly enough... Pick that up.

Otis picks his "Set 4 Life" up off the floor. James' ticket comes up short as well. He takes Otis' stub out of his hand and walks back into the laundry. Otis follows him.

OTIS

I know you're friendly, Dad.

JAMES

I wanna meet your pal Tom, make sure he's not a chicken-hawk.

James tosses them in the trash and walks to the dryer.

OTIS

He's not.

JAMES

No?... Don't know why I can't meet him then.

OTIS
Mom thinks you'll get weird.

They start pulling the clothes out of the dryer.

JAMES
Your mother lives in the fucking
clouds.

OTIS
She lives at her job.

JAMES
Why? Your rich.

OTIS
Just in case.

JAMES
In case what?... You dont make it?
Fuck that. Planning for failure. No
plan B's. You hear me son. Your a
Lort and I believe in you Otis...
That's why I'm here. I'm here
because I know you got what it
takes peckerwood... You hear me?

Otis puts his glove on and catches the clothes his father
lobs from the dryer.

OTIS
Yea.

He finds them in his glove like an outfielder. He places them
in piles on the table. Socks go with socks, shirts with
shirts; They have a laundry shtick.

JAMES
You bring Tom up here. I'll give
you a cigarette... Ok?

OTIS
Ok.

JAMES
You gotta smoke at home though. I
don't want people thinking I'm a
shit father.

James gives him a smoke. Otis puts it in his pocket and
follows his father to the bike.

OTIS
No one thinks that.

JAMES

Tom does.

OTIS

That's in your head.

They bungee the laundry bag to the back of the bike.

JAMES

That's the whole reason kids are in that program honey boy. You don't get a "Big Brother" unless you got a shit father.

OTIS

He's just a guy.

JAMES

Your mother put you in there to advertise what a shit father I am. That's her style. It's a passive-aggressive, victimizing Jewish agenda. You know that don't you?

EXT. CB'S COIN-LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

They head back in.

OTIS

He's normal. He's a nice guy Dad. There's no weird... nothing. We don't even talk about you.

JAMES

What do you talk about?

OTIS

Rap music, dirt bikes. I dunno... Whatever.

JAMES

You were saying... He bought you an XR 100, didn't he?

OTIS

I mean, It's his, but he lets me ride it... I'm not Otis Pastrana.

JAMES

What kind of bikes he ride?

OTIS

Sportster I think.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING - CONTINUOUS

They walk out to the bike.

JAMES

Of course, he does, chaps too? Or no?

OTIS

I'm not gonna bring him.

JAMES

Whats he do for work?

They rig the bag onto the back.

OTIS

He's a Zoologist.

JAMES

Fuck off.

OTIS

He's not. He's a cat behavior consultant.

JAMES

Big Brother the fucking cat consultant.

James laughing. For Otis, making his father laugh is a huge deal. His face kindles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Cat consultant would have a Sportster.

The blocking and framing feels like strapping down a saddle on a horse in a western. They finish tying the bag off.

OTIS

I know he works for the state. Consular affairs, something or other.

JAMES

Charles K. Dutcher, this guy.

OTIS

It's his bike, Dad... I ride it.

Otis, putting his gloves and gear on.

JAMES

Four years is four years son...
I'm not asking him to cook me
dinner. Just a start... Planting
seeds ya' know.

OTIS

I'll ask.

Both helmets on. They take off. Otis, expertly holding both his father and the bags of laundry.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY NORTH - DAWN

We watch the city water move over James crop. It's beautiful. Like one of those Vegas water-dance shows.

High rises bulging through the thick haze of Los Angeles smog. The Sierra Madres bitching in distance.

Our boys flying down the freeway 120 mph. It's a rigid operation. Otis holds hard. Chest to back in a tight survival hug. He moves with his father. It's an expert working unit. They understand the rhythm of the road and lean together.

EXT. VISTA MOTEL POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

TOM(40) a strong chinned, half Mexican, half Mid Westerner. Dressed casually and sitting at the plastic table, under the fish print umbrella. James sits opposite him. Otis, swimming.

TOM

...Nah, Nothing fun, I'm a passport specialist.

JAMES

Why the State department?

TOM

Well, I majored in telecommunications, I'm half Mexican... I'm interested in fighting discrimination here in the city... Bit of an idealist.

JAMES

Don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way there... Am I right?

Tom awkwardly giggles, a bit confused as to why. Otis climbs out, dries his hands and tries for one of his James' Kool's.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey... Go get us some sodas.

Otis takes James' money and runs out the gate and across the parking lot to the soda machine. Vista maid doing the rounds.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sorry... so, what about the Big Brothers program? Going for ideal, idealist of the year or something?

TOM

Ya, know. I uh... Ok so, I grew up in Detroit. Pretty normal family.

JAMES

Normal is a setting on the washing machine.

TOM

Well, not normal but no obvious disfunction. Twin sister. Strong support system. Both parents. Three grand parents. Had the church, not religious but had that. Helped me graduate.

JAMES

Church did?

TOM

Not the church per say... We had an Army Chaplain... Not Army but he was in the guard... He was around alot

JAMES

Captain in the guard?

TOM

Yea.

JAMES

Wow.

EXT. SODA MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

We're with Otis ironing his dollars on the corner of the machine. A woman from the building comes up to get a soda.

MAGDALENA: A queen in a T-shirt. You'd guess thirties and be wrong. Not beautiful so much as she is fascinating.

She has a dry face and brittle hair. The whites of her eyes are neon white and a soulful. She leans in when you talk. That type.

OTIS

Jellies.

MAGDALENA

Jellies?

Otis points at her shoes.

OTIS

Jellies.

MAGDALENA

Huaraches chico.

Like a business man, Otis puts his hand out for a handshake. He's twelve. It's strange. She grabs it and begins to thumb wrestle. She wins. She's a winner. He knows that. So do we.

MAGDALENA (CONT'D)

Estilo... Pequeño chico de negocios. Pequeño oso.

She bends down below the soda machine and pulls out a lighter and a roll of money. She attempts to light her smoke and sees it's broken down the center. Otis is about to tip over.

MAGDALENA (CONT'D)

¿Cómo es que nunca estás en la escuela? No es verano?

OTIS

Uno momento.

EXT. VISTA MOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS

James and Tom at the table.

TOM

...Not many kids I grew up around made it to college. You know? No matter how fortunate...

Otis approaches.

OTIS

Dad can I bum a smoke?

JAMES

For you or for her?

OTIS

For me.

JAMES

Ok... Hang on to you're butts.

Tom knows he can't interject but "what the fuck". James tosses smoke's over the gate, Otis runs back. Tom recomposes.

TOM

...I needed someone to let me know right off the bat, that he was gonna be there for me. He was, He was that... I'm just trying to pay it forward.

JAMES

Tom... Look, I love my son. But more than that. I love who I have the opportunity to be to my son.

TOM

Of course.

JAMES

If you went over there right now and asked that boy, who he wants to be like when he grows up. He wouldn't say me.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Would he say you?

James stares into his soul.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm almost four years clean Tom. I've come back from very far away. Now, I don't know what you've heard about me. But I know what you didn't hear. You didn't hear that if I catch you around my son again, in any capacity. I will skull fuck your well-adjusted twin sisters carcass on top of your coffin until my cock runs through the back of her half-Mexican brain plate. You understand?...

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now, You're gonna thank my kid for the soda, turn on your best jerky eatin, cousin fucking, Mid-West charm and smile your silly ass out'a my kids life. Roger?

Tom acknowledges him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

God bless you Tom.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Layers of oil, those belts of black on the grey streets merge with lug nuts, spark plugs and the last coins from someone's pocket.

A homeless man wrapped in an American flag blanket sleeps under the freeway next to his shopping cart.

EXT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

An old cellophane wrapped store-bought salmon cutlet floats on the surface of the pool next to a neon pool noodle.

The Vista Motel, all twenty-five units alive in the distance.

Two girls sit by the pool. One wearing a "Yogi Bear" blanket on her shoulders and loudly singing the hook from Boyz II Men "End Of The Road." The other is blowing bubbles in short-shorts.

INT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

James sits on his bed eating chips and reading from Otis' sides. He's mimicking the mother voice with a high pitch. It's not subtle. Otis is rehearsing naturalistically.

JAMES

...You're part of that sight gag...
I'm just saying; you should at least be standing, right? So they can see you... See your face.

OTIS

Ok, Dad.

JAMES

Workout faces are funny. It gives you an opportunity to...

James makes funny workout faces.

OTIS
That's not funny though.

JAMES
Yours will be better; I'm just giving you some ideas really...

OTIS
Lets just start again.

JAMES (READS FROM SCRIPT)
Ok... *"Jeff, come on it's been over an hour..."*

Otis starts doing push-ups.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Why are you doing that? You're hiding your face again son.

OTIS
I told you, It's just for heart rate.

JAMES
No one cares about that shit; they want you to make funny faces Otis.

OTIS
I care about that shit.

The girls from outside pass by the window. James tracks them.

JAMES (READS FROM SCRIPT)
Ok... ready... *"Jeff, come on it's been over an hour. I gotta fix my hair. I gotta date with Dewey... what are you doing in there?"*

Otis is breathing hard now, with the remote controller in his hand like a dumbbell. Starting to make some genuinely funny faces as he says each word with each rep.

OTIS
"How... Dare... You... What... If... I... Was... Doing... Some... Thing... Stupid... In... Here... Jac... Que... Lin..."

JAMES (READS FROM SCRIPT)
"Uh, as opposed to this?"

Now both girls sing outside. A brightly dressed Latin man with a mase-stick walks past the window. He starts singing as well. At them. Across the parking lot. It's loud.

OTIS

*"I know you wanna hang out with
you're secret buddies but I
have..."*

Argument outside over who should be singing lead. Big noise.

JAMES

Hold on... Fuck.

James grabs a soda from the drawer stash. Opens the door and violently throws the can in the direction of the noise.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I promise you, mother-fuckers! One more time *La-Migra* your migger ass! Shut the fuck up!

OTIS

Lets take a break.

JAMES

No...

He slams the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't wanna take a break; you were getting it. This place is fucking not... How are you supposed to think? Your mother put us here.

OTIS

Chill out Dad, I have the scene.

JAMES

I make a lot of people laugh son. I know what's funny. This is shit right now... You're doing push-ups.

OTIS

Give me a cigarette, Dad.

JAMES

Not until you get this scene. You're gonna make me laugh or were gonna do this all fucking night.

OTIS

I'm doing you a favor... by paying you to be my chaperon. Give me a fucking cigarette, Dad.

JAMES

You're doing who a favor?

OTIS

You... Who else is gonna give a felon a job? I'm not stupid.

Long beat.

JAMES

I don't need you to do that.

James puts the sides down, grabs his Kool's, opens the door. He looks on his bike and touches his beard reflectively. James is about to run. Otis knows he went too far.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't like your tone Otis. Stop talking to me like I work for you.

OTIS

You do work for me.

JAMES

Watch your mouth son. I'm not your mother.

OTIS

Give me a fucking cigarette.

James flicks his lit cigarette at him; it hits Otis in the head and falls on the bed. He pulls another from his pack and lights it.

JAMES

There, you happy now, Little Lord Fontenroy.

OTIS

It's Fauntleroy.

JAMES

Get the fucking smoke.

Otis doesn't move.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You just gonna let it burn a hole
in the cover... I don't give a
shit, you're paying for it.

Otis grabs the cigarette.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do son? Huh? You
gonna fire me?

OTIS

I'm not gonna fire you Dad.

Long beat.

James stares at him. Otis looks away.

JAMES

If I wasn't moving your tired ass
around all day. I could be pulling
in eight, ten grand a week. You
understand? I already got shit in
the pipeline, I could be gone
tomorrow...

OTIS

...I want you to be here Dad.

JAMES

Playing nice now? Fucking actor...
Who are you now, Otis?

OTIS

You have good instincts, Dad.

JAMES

I'm from the mud. I got rodeo clown
instincts. I couldn't make it in
Hollywood... I like pussy.

OTIS

You could if you started when I
did.

JAMES

Yeah... Then what?... Then I could
have been something? Stand around
getting paid to fucking pie fight?

OTIS

It's not just pie fights.

JAMES

No? What's the hardest part? Huh?
What's the hardest part of your ten
hour day? Push-ups?... You fucker.

OTIS

I... There's a lot involved.

Beat.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Look, you stay here, I'll go get a
pizza. You can sleep in. I'll take
a cab tomorrow. Ok?

JAMES

So now what, Freaky Friday,
Now, I'm the boss? You work for me
now? Who's who?

OTIS

Do you wanna be right? Or do you
wanna get pizza?

We see through the window, The fashionable Latin man with the
mase-stick returns and knocks on the door. James sees him and
immediately grabs his bike helmet. Otis hops up to look
through the window.

JAMES

Go back over there!

Otis moves back. James cracks the door, helmet in his hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you want?

LATIN MAN (O.S.)

My people call me TINY. My bitches
don't deny me and if you want some
ass then send me...

JAMES

- - Two things about me... I don't
like rap or loud Mexicans.

TINY

You didn't wanna lemme finish my
lil jingle, dog... Look, we're
gonna have to find a way with each
other, you moved onto a working
track...

Magdalena timidly appears in the window next to *her James*.
Otis sees her and waves. She smiles.

JAMES
You believe in God, Mr. Tiny?

TINY
Vuelve allá!

Otis watches her go.

TINY (CONT'D)
God?... No, I didn't go.

JAMES
You don't know the answers, right?

TINY
No.

JAMES
You wanna learn all the answers?

James stares him down. For a while. He puts his finger over his mouth. Then ominously and without blinking.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Shhh.

Long beat.

TINY
Are you serious?

JAMES
As a fucking midnight call.

Tiny looks in his eyes for a beat.

Fuck. New plan.

James watches him walk off. He then comes back in and closes the door. James puts his helmet down and grabs a smoke.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I gotta get the fuck out'a here...

OTIS
I'm gonna go get some pizza. Maybe
just sleep on it.

Long beat.

JAMES

Yeah....

James, long pull on his Kool.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I guess.

Long beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I always did wonder what it would be like to be in your spot?...

OTIS

You did?

JAMES

Course I did.... Be famous, ride around... people chasing me with cameras and shit, Women... Not these junk whores... you know, good ones.

OTIS

What's a good one?

JAMES

Dolly Parton type.

Otis actually laughs now.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What's funny bout that Otis?

OTIS

Dolly and... I just, I always used to picture you somewhere.

JAMES

Yeah? Where?

OTIS

I don't know, different places... On the road... You're always off doing some insane thing.

JAMES

Yeah?

OTIS

Like, bring your parent to school day or something... I always used to think. Shit, my Dad...

(MORE)

OTIS (CONT'D)

My Dad could never come in here and
tell these squares what he does.
They'd arrest him on sight.

JAMES

Well, you got it going now... Don't
you? Making all the right moves...

Beat.

OTIS

Pizza?

Beat.

JAMES

You're paying peckerwood.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - CONTINUOUS

They walk-out into the parking lot and turn right on Van
Pelt, headed for the local Pizza Hut. We go two blocks in
silence.

James field strips his cigarette by rolling it between his
index and thumb until the tobacco and cherry fall to the
ground. He rolls the butt into a ball and places it in his
pocket.

OTIS

Dad, why do you do that?

JAMES

What?

OTIS

With your cigarettes?

JAMES

I'm doing my part... True cowboy is
a land steward, son. Remember that.

Otis grabs for his fathers hand. They walk for a moment
holding hands. Otis is looking at his roots clutched.

A LOUD COUPLE jaywalks across the street up ahead and begins
walking toward us.

James immediately pulls his hand away. Otis dejected, stuffs
it with his hands in his pockets. Silence.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY. MORNING

Under the dew of the first city water of the day. Seedlings growing out of the ground on our fernery in the chute.

A pigeon with a broken wing trying to fly.

Another pigeon close by observing.

EXT. CRAFT SERVICE TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

We're walking towards the crafty truck. Otis looks over his shoulder, coast is clear. He field strips his smoke and places it in his pocket. He takes his backpack off, jumps in and loads it full of his fathers favorite goods. Coke, chips, chocolate, etc. Otis zips up and walks out to the front gate.

A person pulls up alongside.

PERSON IN CAR

You got a ride Otis?

OTIS

Yeah, my Dads at the coffee shop.

PERSON IN CAR

You sure? I didn't see him on set today.

OTIS

Yeah, He's...

Otis points toward the coffee shop.

OTIS (CONT'D)

...Coffee.

Honk Honk. Otis smiles, waves and continues his path off the lot. Cars gone and with it the smile. He walks out the gates onto Melrose Ave. Makes a right and starts walking toward N Western Ave. Otis leaves our frame. We pause.

RACK FOCUS: Set-pieces are being thrown out. Stacked up against the barbwire studio fence is the white picket fence.

INT. VISTA MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

ON THE T.V. "Stagecoach."

JOHN WAYNE (V.O.)

"Well, there are some things a man just can't run away from."

James is watching T.C.M. And Eating cold pizza. Bikes out front. Kool in the ashtray. Otis unzips his backpack and refills the drawer. Throws his Dad a can of Coke and chips. Routine. He's clearly the provider. Otis picks up the phone.

OTIS

Hey Mah... Mr. Walsh came to set today and asked me If I want to be in an M.O.W... about a kid with... No, not about communism. What? M.O.W. Not "Mow"... It's a movie of the week, my character has down syndrome... I know... No he's not a communist, what the fuck Mah? A retarded communist?... Who's gonna make that movie? I know... Ok... I know... OK, I won't, I'm sorry... I know... Yeah, In Vancouver... Yeah... He... I think so, lemme ask... Ok, Hold on...

Otis to his father.

OTIS (CONT'D)

She wants to know if you can leave the country.

JAMES

Oh, what the fuck... Why would she ask you that?

Otis parrots what his parents say as if he were them. As if he were playing them to each-other.

A Young actor prepares.

OTIS

He wants to know "Why you would ask me that"... She said, "because of your record."

JAMES

I know because of "my record", what I'm asking is why she's asking you about it.

OTIS

He knows "why you're asking" but he wants... I'll ask him.

To his father.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk to her?

JAMES

Fuck no.

OTIS

"Fuck no"... Ok... You did...
That's a good idea... She said,
"she can ask Tom to deal with the
passports."

JAMES

Jesus Christ.

OTIS

No, he won't come to the phone...
Ok... And just repeat it... I can
try...

Otis listens for a while. Then to his father as his mother.

OTIS (CONT'D)

"I have long ago forgiven you
James"...

JAMES

Here we fucking go...

OTIS

"Maybe I wanted it, right?
I know I didn't say yes."...

JAMES

This is the shit I've been talking
about Otis, this victim shit...

To the phone as his father.

OTIS

"You always play this victim
shit"...

JAMES

All the fucking time.

OTIS

"All the fucking time"...

He listens. Renders his mother.

OTIS (CONT'D)

"I showered five times that night
James."

JAMES

...What is this?

OTIS
 "What is this?"...

Listens.

OTIS (CONT'D)
 "Don't you think it's weird we used
 to be friends James?... That..."

JAMES
 On and on and on and on.... It
 never fucking ends. Get off the
 phone.

OTIS
 ...Say it again... *evansulated*...
 slower mom... She wants you to know
 ... Go head, Mah... To know "This
 is not advancapating for you."

JAMES
 What?... Some hippy crystal shit.

OTIS
 "It's not advancapating to be
 gentle to a woman, James... It's
 not advancapating to support your
 family, James... To NOT be a junkie
 and a street hustler, James..."

James stands and moves to grab the phone.

JAMES
 Go outside... The fuck is
 advancapating?... No you calm
 down... Emasculating? Let me tell
 you somethi...

Otis runs out to the parking lot.

EXT. VISTA MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

We are walking across the parking lot with Otis to get a
 soda. On the walk he sees Magdalena surveying the ground on
 the perimeter of the cement and the vacant lot behind the
 motel. Otis buys two sodas and walks over.

She is looking at a snake in the grass twisting rigidly.

OTIS
 The fuck is that?

MAGDALENA

Su parto...

CLOSE ON: The snake is rejecting whatever it just ate.

MAGDALENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Está dando a luz a través de su boca.

It throws up a plastic "Cactus Cooler" bottle.

OTIS

Holy shit.

They stare and giggle in amazement. They look at each other.

MAGDALENA

Wow.

OTIS

Wow.

James exits the motel in the B.G.

JAMES

Your mothers on the phone. I'm going to the Alano.

OTIS

Okay.

They both look at the snake as it canvasses the bottle.

INT. ALANO CLUB - NIGHT

James locks his helmet down and walks up the stairs of the Alano club. A small room on the second floor of a Mexican restaurant named "The Chichen Itza" off S Grand St.

We go up the stairs with him, hovering over shoulder as he greets the card players in the front room. They're happy to see him.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hi, I'm James. I'm an alcoholic and an addict. My sobriety date is March 22, 1992. Alano club is my home group. Carlos Naranjo is my sponsor. If you're new, welcome.

James knows everyone in the meeting.

James gives Carlos back his seat holder chip and replaces it with a Magnum condom. Carlos laughs and hands him an envelope he pockets before exiting.

On his way he shadow boxes the old Navy treasurer and tickles the back of central office's neck.

JAMES (V.O.)

I grew up in Mandeville Louisiana.
Father, Dewey Lort was in the Army.
Highly respected, decorated
military man.

We go with James as he grabs coffee. He puts a dollar in the "H & I" can. He gives that young girl holding the literature a long hug.

He heads back to Carlos to deliver his sponsor coffee with a smile. He places a cup on his own seat as well.

JAMES (V.O.)

Came back. Met my mother on a
floating gambling casino, used to
be Lucy Luciano's in the 40's.

He takes off his Mongol vest, the same one Carlos is wearing and heads to the rest-room.

James is eyeing a couple of women along the way who seem interested in the new decor. He shakes the secretaries hand and wishes the birth-day people every blessing.

JAMES (V.O.)

My pop thought the luck rubbed off
on him when he met my mother,
Jacquelin Joy Ginger.

He arrives at the rest-room and walks up to the urinal.

JAMES (V.O.)

She was the barmaid. They were the
only ones left in the bar...

He finishes and heads over to the mirror. James eyes himself in the mirror but doesn't look directly. RUNNING HIS HANDS THRU HIS HAIR.

JAMES (V.O.)

...Love.

INT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

RUNNING HIS HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR. Otis, looking directly into his own eyes. No shame. Not yet. He fingers a pimple on his neck. Then back to his hair, he feels good about it eventually and exits the bathroom into the main room. A pillow flies at him from his father's bed.

We find Magdalena.

JAMES (V.O.)

Because of my father's successes in the service and my mother's hopes. I grew up under the burden of potential.

Otis, timidly sits beside her on the bed as they flip through the channels eating snacks from the soda machine.

JAMES (V.O.)

"Why can't you be more like Tim across the street. Why can't you be more like Matt."

Otis finds a way under her arm. Magdalena holds him like a mother. Gives him warmth. Otis nuzzles like a tomcat.

JAMES (V.O.)

I remember thinking "Ya know, mom. That's sweet-n-all..."

She's gentle; she calms him.

JAMES (V.O.)

...But I'm not really holding back all that much".

Magdalena, with her arm around his shoulder. Otis' eyes immediately gazing down to her chest. He stares. For a while. He reaches out and gently touches her breast.

She pauses him. Sternly. Magdalena pulls money out of his shirt pocket and shows him. He nods. She pockets the cash. *Queen* in a T-shirt.

JAMES (V.O.)

"This is my best shot here."

She then kisses him gently on the lips, backs off and smiles. Otis timidly returns the smile. She moves his other hand to her breast. He goes anemic.

JAMES (V.O.)
I started drinking when I was
eleven.

Magdalena disrobes and lays flat on the bed.

JAMES (V.O.)
I probably didn't need this program
till I was around twelve.

She places her hand on his and starts rubbing the webbing of
his fingers. Otis is frozen solid.

JAMES (V.O.)
I know this is an A.A. Meeting, so
I'll just say when I was nineteen,
I started shooting "outside issues"
into my arm.

She continues her massage up his arm, to his shoulders and
back, she guides Otis to lay beside her. He complies.
Magdalena's hands then begin to glide over his thigh. When
she caresses it his eyes nearly roll into his head. HE CLOSES
HIS EYES.

INT. ALANO CLUB - NIGHT

JAMES OPENS HIS EYES. He's in the middle of his share to a
circle of chairs, approximately fifteen people. James is
alive here. An Unknown legend.

JAMES
I never turned down the opportunity
to get loaded, Not one time. Never.
There was never one time where I
went "Oh well, gee thanks, but ya
know, It's my kid's birthday"... Or
uh, ya know something like that, ya
know, I mean, I didn't have it.
When I was twenty I crossed some
kind of an invisible line. I lost
the power of choice... Lost myself.
I went and joined the Marines to
find him... We had this commanding
officer named Zilmer who would feed
us Tuinal and send us off to go
boar hunting in the hills... I'm
not gonna get into all that went on
there; lot went on... I came home
when I was twenty-two, sloppy...
Three weeks after I came back I
wound up going to a concert...

JAMES BRINGS HIS CUP UP and takes a sip of his coffee.

INT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

OTIS BRINGS HIS CUP DOWN, swallows and places his cup on the nightstand. He is leaning on one elbow next to Magdalena.

JAMES (V.O.)
 ... Having what seemed to me, like
 consensual sex, in a car at the
 venue.

Otis leans forward and begins to softly kiss her on the forehead.

JAMES
 Truth is subjective.

Otis kisses her eyes and cheeks.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Woke up a sex offender...

Otis' free hand starts to explore her body gently. Magdalena takes his hand and shows him how to masturbate a woman.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Was sent up to Tehachapi and stayed
 there for three years and nine
 months... Lost a lot... But hey, I
 got a kid out of it... A boy.

She begins to fake an orgasm as Otis grins from ear to ear.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Otis.

SHE CUPS HIS FACE WITH BOTH HER HANDS. Looks him in the eyes and whispers:

MAGDALENA
 Ahora, eres un hombre.
 (Subtitled: Now, you are a man)

INT. ALANO CLUB - NIGHT

JAMES IS BRINGING HIS HANDS DOWN from scratching his beard. We return. We are in the middle of his share.

JAMES
 When I came back, I went home, to
 my mother. Always back to her.
 (MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

There were some other apartments in there... different women, but I would always wind up back on her couch...

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...I want to say in advance, There are parts of my story that I know are not funny... Some of it, I have to tell it like it's a joke... Because uh... The level of powerlessness.... That I walk around with is... It's devastating.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY NORTH - NIGHT

We come up on a White Chevy Camero with beautiful hand painted flame decals on it's sides. We move further and we see the flicker of flame. We move further still and come upon a scorched black front-end.

It's actually on fire.

Sacred glow of a freeway flares spurted fire.

CITY WORKER spraying it with fire retardant. Another CITY WORKER is shovel loading broken glass into an oil drum on the back of his CAL-TRANS flatbed.

The GLITTERY cascade of crushed glass into oil drums.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALF BANGER - DAY

The GLITTERY silver party streamers tacked up as decoration over the entrance of a trailer. James and Otis are playing gin and drinking coffee. T.V. On T.B.S. James smokes Kool's out the door as set-life whirlwinds in the B.G.

JAMES

You're sandbagging... Do what you do, but Ima' catch you with them face cards in your hand.

OTIS

If I had something, I'd put it down.

JAMES

One more of them fuck-ups is gonna put me over.

OTIS

I'm not holding.

James pulls his discard off the top.

JAMES

One more poop-butt. I like those nines too so keep those coming.

Otis lays down all his cards.

OTIS

Gin... Fifty, plus whatever you got in your hand.

Otis grabs the pencil and the paper.

JAMES

Your... Fuck-n-hell... Twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five, thirty-six...

OTIS

Eighty-six...

He writes it down. James stands to use the toilette.

JAMES

I fucking knew it, too.

OTIS

I'm getting better... Learning to lie.

JAMES (O.S.)

I'm officially eighty-six'd... You lie for a living, poop-butt.

OTIS

We all do.

JAMES (O.S.)

I don't.

James comes back, Otis is shuffling.

OTIS

Yeah, you do.

JAMES

I'm a lot of things honey boy. A liar isn't one of em'.

OTIS

You lie.

JAMES

Never in my life.

OTIS

Why won't you hold my hand?

James lights a cigarette. Exhales out the door.

JAMES

I don't want people thinking I'm a chicken-hawk... Deal the cards.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY NORTH - DAY

We watch our sprinklers cascade over James' nursery

RACK FOCUS: to the concretes field of heat waves.

DIRECTOR (V.O)

Action!!!

EXT. RALEIGH SOUNDSTAGE - AFTERNOON

Against a green-screen, sits Otis, in a bathrobe. A long table covered with everything good is stretched between him and the camera.

Next to him is his show Butler, ROYSTON (40's) dressed in a suit and massaging Otis' shoulders the whole time. They look out of place in the sand pit of a desert set.

By the plastic palm tree stands Otis' T.V. Dad, an American dreamboat, who on the action is walking toward the sand pit.

T.V. DAD

That was beautisimiss Otis.

OTIS

It was a fluke.

Otis pulls keys out of his pocket.

OTIS (CONT'D)

You know what, Here... Here's the key to the new house, here's the back door, Take that.

T.V. DAD

Wait, Bobby. Whats going on here?

OTIS

Be careful with mom. She's not a morning person at all these days and sometimes she thinks Royston is out to get her.

Royston nods politely.

T.V. DAD

Is that what you think this is all about, that Mom and me are getting back together?

OTIS

I think she did send you a private postage, I saw it.

T.V. DAD

Royston, do you mind?

Royston nods and leaves but not before making sure Otis' cup is full of fresh coffee.

T.V DAD

Bobby, I know how it feels to want everything but we need to be thankful for the little things... Like Royston...

OTIS

So you're staying?

T.V. DAD

Of course.

OTIS

Wow... It just seemed so impossible. Ya' know.

Jacky puts his arm on Otis' shoulder.

T.V. DAD

I Love you, Bobby... I love you more than words can say.

Otis is feeling far more than what this kids show requires.

And...

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

CUT!

INT. VISTA MOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON OTIS: Same vibe. Sits in the chair in the doorway, looking at his fathers bike. He is smoking a Kool and scratching the pimple on his neck. James is laying on his bed reading "Son of a Wanted Man" by Louis L'Amour.

ON THE T.V.: "Tombstone"

WYATT EARP (V.O.)

*"You gonna do somethin', or you
just gonna stand there and bleed?"*

We stay here long enough for Otis to smoke half his cigarette. He turns toward his father.

OTIS (V.O.)

Dad.

James is totally into the film, unaware of Otis' gaze.

OTIS (V.O.)

I need you to hear me. I'm gonna say some things that I gotta say and I need you to not interrupt me or run off...

CLOSE ON: James face staring into the lens, the glow of the T.V. Flickering off his face.

OTIS (V.O.)

I was thinking the other day when we were talking about Elysian park and the termites... I was thinking about what other happy memories I had of you and I swear to god, All honesty. The only positive memories I had of us were when I was four years old.

Otis, into the lens, lights strobing his damp cheeks.

OTIS (V.O.)

I feel like my entire life I have been waiting for you... Just... a phone call, Not on Christmas or Fathers-day even, but just a call to check in.... Not one time....

James absentmindedly involved in the film.

OTIS (V.O.)
We don't share shit... Nothing.

James' face frozen; eyes to us. Then... We see Otis enter his frame in profile. James keeps his eyes on us. Otis leans close to his fathers ear and whispers.

OTIS
You don't live in another country;
you live right there. In that
fucking bed!!!... I miss you.

James' face is frozen. Eyes into the camera. He slowly turns to his son and stares into his eyes.

OTIS (CONT'D)
It's hard to say that...

Left eye to left eye.

OTIS (CONT'D)
But it's true... I've missed you
for a long time Dad.

JAMES (NO AUDIO)
I love you Jeff... I love you more
than words can say.

James wipes his sons tears away and tenderly holds his face.

JAMES (V.O.)
What are you crying for?

OTIS
What?

JAMES (V.O.)
Otis.

WIDE AGAIN: Otis never left his seat. His cigarette is burnt to it's end. It burns his fingers. He flicks it away.

JAMES
Pick that up. The fuck? What are
you crying about?

OTIS
What? Wh.. I'm not.

Otis walks to the parking lot to retrieve the butt. James yells after him.

JAMES
You're crying about something.

OTIS (O.S.)
Mom told me what you said to Tom.

Otis enters. Lobs the butt, takes a breath and wipes his face.

JAMES
Oh, for fucks sake...

OTIS
Tom was around... He still fixed our passports after you threatened to face-fuck his dead family.

James looks at him.

OTIS (CONT'D)
You're a sex offender. He's a federal employee...

JAMES
...I'm a fuck up. What do you want me to do? Tom's a grown man he...

OTIS
...We can't start this over...

JAMES
...So what do you want? I'm watching a movie Otis; You just wanna beat me up about it all fucking night...

OTIS
Pinky swear... We can start tonight... Promise me.

Otis puts his pinky out. James lights another smoke.

JAMES
What?

Otis closes the door.

OTIS
Put your pinky out, Dad.
Pinky swear... On everything that you're gonna be a better to me.

James moves his pinky like it's talking.

JAMES
Fuck. This. Shit.

OTIS
This isn't a joke.

Long beat.

JAMES
What is this?

OTIS
The end of our agreement.

JAMES
End of our agreement. Is it? Hmm.
Ok... You want me to be a better
father?, Ok... I hear you Otis... I
get it... New start... Lesson
number one, all smart guys know...

James moves to him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
...If you can hit your boss once.

James smacks all vitality out of his boy. WHACK.

CUT TO: BLACK

Moaning.

JAMES (V.O.)
Then you can hit him twice.

WHACK.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Headlights out of BLACK. James in the midst of the fruits of the earth growing on the side of the freeway. In his DIY conservationist regalia, slumped in the grass.

The plants are hale and hearty, he's not.

Sipping a fifth of applejack. Cloven and crooning:

CUE MUSIC: Leonard Cohen's WHO BY FIRE.

JAMES (V.O.)
"Who by fire, who by water,
Who in the sunshine, who in the
night time," "Who by high ordeal,
who by common trial,"

EXT. VISTA PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

Otis, sentimentally walking out to the parking lot. Passing units on the way. Some with open doors. We pass an OLDER WOMAN in a wheelchair in front of her unit smoking. Her cat sees Otis and hurdles as we pass. She waves. He waves.

JAMES (V.O.)
"Who in your merry merry month of
may, Who by very slow decay."

We see Magdalena in a flowing white Primavera embroidered Mexican dress, drinking Tecate with a woman by the pool. She sees Otis head off into the vacant lot behind the motel. She moves across our frame to go after him.

INT. BARE ELEGANCE LAX - NIGHT

James crosses our shot to enter a fairly vacuous strip-club. He sits at his plate of spaghetti. He pulls up his sleeves and starts eating. Smoke machine blasting in his face. Chasing it with the applejack.

JAMES (V.O.)
"And who shall I say is calling?"

WAITRESS approaches, takes his plate and murmurs in his ear. He appears to agree. He stuffs money in the check sleeve. She reaches in her pouch. Quickly pulls *it* out and shakes James hand.

She puts her tits in his face as she looks over his head toward The MANAGER. Who stands at the door with a dour, apathetic mug. The Waitress moves to him and crosses our frame.

JAMES (V.O.)
"And who in her lonely slip, who by
barbiturate,"

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Otis crosses our frame as he heads toward a debased oasis in the distance. The weeds are tall and emerald.

Otis is smoking a Kool in the empty lot. We see the Vista in the distance. Magdalena approaches.

JAMES (V.O.)

*"Who in these realms of love, who
by something blunt,"*

She little by little comes up behind him, throws her dress over his face and wipes gone his tears. She holds his face in her hands through the dress. After a long, long beat. He moves his hands to hold her hands holding his face.

They stay like this in the field. Rocking back and forth under the good looking Los Angeles moon.

The Neon Vista Motel sign blinking "Vacancy" in the B.G. WE PAN UP: Center on the moon.

JAMES (V.O.)

"And who by avalanche,"

INT. BARE ELEGANCE LAX/ RESTROOM - NIGHT

Centered on the vanity-mirror bulb. We move off of it and see cameras hands crush two O.C's on the sink counter of an open faucet In P.O.V.

We take the small piece of scalded tin foil and scrape the crushed pills onto it. Suck it in threw the straw. Cherry ignites. We hold it. *Hillbilly heroin.*

SOUND CUE: city water.

We blow smack out the window.

JAMES (V.O.)

*"And Who by brave assent, who by
accident, Who in solitude, who in
this mirror?"*

SOUND CUE: city water is louder.

Rub the sweating forehead dripping into our eyes/lens. Light the bottom again. One more. Then looking in the mirror. Side glance. James/Lens tries for a doleful grin. He can't. He looks down into the sink. The running faucet over-flowing.

SOUND CUE: city water thunderous.

EXT. VISTA POOL - NIGHT

A light rain falls on the surface of the water. Otis underneath it, in a snorkel staring forward in awe from the deep end. Directly across from Magdalena, who sits legs crossed, on the stairs in the shallows reading a magazine and finishing her warm Tecate.

JAMES (V.O.)
"Who by his ladies command,"

WIDE: A beat. Nothing.

Then she opens her legs and crosses them again. The snorkel shoots water.

INT. BARE ELEGANCE LAX - NIGHT

James is coughing up his Jack. He recovers and wipes it. Then he loafers forward with his elbows on the stage. Watching the heavysset STRIPPER perform, nodding out slightly.

After a while he's called to the stage; He moves indolently.

JAMES (V.O.)
"Who by his own hand, who in mortal
chains, who in power,"

The woman whips out his cock and starts beating him off in front of three additional people, who watch silently in the shadows. She tries to masturbate him but he's too fucked to fuck.

James wipes the white out of the corners of his mouth and peers intently at a rooted point just left below frame.

JAMES (V.O.)
"And who shall I say is calling?"

FADE TO: BLACK

INT. VISTA MOTEL - VERY EARLY MORNING

BLACK: Someone opens the curtains. Empty whiskey bottles and beer cans litter floor. A half empty in the chair.

Otis is yacking innards in the bathroom. Magdalena is getting dressed. James hungover staggers in as she departs.

JAMES
Wait, wait... How did... Did you
fuck my son whore? What did you do?

MAGDALENA

Su tanto una puta como soy, cerdo blanco

JAMES

Get. The fuck. Out.

MAGDALENA

You. Is. Whore!

JAMES

Me is man. You is whore. Get out.

She punches him in the face and pulls a knife from her purse.

MAGDALENA

Para ser entendido tienes que ser una "whore", mierda, mierda!

Otis watching from the bathroom. She stares at James. After a long beat. He sits down. She leaves. James gets up and shuts the door. James takes the remote and shuts the T.V.

Otis grabs one of the cold beers off the floor and puts it up to his swollen lip, sits on the bed.

JAMES

Did you fuck her?

OTIS

She's just friendly.

JAMES

She doesn't give a shit about you Otis. You think she gives a "friendly" fuck about victims?

OTIS

I'm not a victim.

JAMES

It's a crime is what it is. You're twelve years old. That's a victim. Wake up. You think what? You're her friend?

Otis stares at James...

OTIS

I love her.

JAMES

Fuck you; you love her.

OTIS

I do.

JAMES

Love sells diapers.

OTIS

She holds my hand. You slap me in the face.

JAMES

I'm your father. Can't buy that.

James pushes sides off the desk and starts making coffee.

OTIS

Yes, you can.

Beat.

JAMES

Don't... Don't fucking push me.

OTIS

I'm not scared of you.

JAMES

Exactly Fontenroy... Fauntleroy. Suck a dick. I'm going to Irene's.

OTIS

That's what you said about women. That I couldn't even fuck myself.

JAMES

You did fuck her? Got snowed, son.

OTIS

No. You did.

JAMES

I did what? She had a knife... Listen, banging illiterate prostitutes and hustling with street urchins ain't the same thing piss-ant. You got work. Tell Tom to grab a jar of apple sauce and come babysit your fucking ass.

OTIS

You can't leave.

JAMES

I can do what the fuck I want. I'm an adult; you're a piss-ant peckerwood... You can't make it away from the nest...

OTIS

...Teach me.

JAMES

What?

OTIS

I don't know... Anything...

JAMES

Call Tom, go to Gorman.

OTIS

Let me in Dad.

JAMES

You're in. You're in already. You're so FUCKING IN!!... You made it. I never could. Good on you.

James starts clapping.

OTIS

None of it's real though.

JAMES

Who cares none of it's real... It's more valuable that way... That's the... That's why I drink. Chase the bullshit son... Forever. That's advice. That's my fatherly advice.

OTIS

What?

JAMES

Nothing is as perfect as you can imagine it... Nothing... Ever.

OTIS

Mom says...

JAMES

...Fuck the burning man shit your mother pitches. It's naive. Truth is stone crumbles. Wood rots. People die. Dreams... legends...

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)
that shit goes on and on and on and
on.

OTIS
I don't understand.

JAMES
Of course not, you're twelve
fucking years old, Otis.

OTIS
I want stories too, though.

JAMES
You have em'... They hand you new
ones every-week.

OTIS
I want my own stories.

JAMES
You fucked a prostitute. Chapter
one. In the can.

OTIS
Let me come with you to Irene's.

JAMES
You think it feels good having your
son pay you? Having your child talk
to you like you talk to me?

Beat.

OTIS
No.

JAMES
I'm thirty-five, Prime of my
fucking life. I can still rally.

OTIS
I'd trade it all in, in a second.

JAMES
Just stop already, Please.

OTIS
Here's my money, we could go...

JAMES
FUCK YOUR MONEY!!

Silence. Long beat...

JAMES (CONT'D)
I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT!!!

Long beat.

OTIS
From what?

Beat.

JAMES
Real life don't impress me no more.
It don't. That's why... What the
fuck... You're twelve.

OTIS
That's why... Let me in Dad.

JAMES
Who are you talking to? To what?...
In what?

Otis doesn't know.

OTIS
...Nothing.

JAMES
Nothing?

OTIS
Yeah.

JAMES
... Nothing.

OTIS
Yeah... Nothing.

JAMES
Nothing more or nothing less?

OTIS
Nothing more.

JAMES
Why?

Otis shrugs "I don't know." James pulls out a Kool, Lights his smoke and thinks it over himself.

Otis pulls out his pack. Lights his nimbly. James, surprised he has his own pack tries to hide a smile.

JAMES (CONT'D)
How much time do you have off?

OTIS
Three months.

JAMES
Three months, huh?... I'll tell you what. I'll make you a deal... Horse trade?

OTIS
Ok.

JAMES
Stop talking to me like I'm beneath you. Stop reminding me of how I fucked up, bringing up the past, all that... Give me a fresh start and I'll share with you what I know... Ok? Give you what I have...

OTIS
Deal.

James offers him a pinky. Otis crosses his. They lift it once. Then bring it down. It feels Sacrosanct.

JAMES
I've been growing son.

OTIS
I know... I see it.

JAMES
Shut up you see it. No, On the side of the freeway. I've been growing 'Sensemilla.'

OTIS
What?

JAMES
You're in your last season... Hiatus, right?. I'm in my first. I made plans. That's what drunks do. I'm growing weed again, poop-butt.

OTIS
What if they catch you Dad?

JAMES
Who?

OTIS

The city.

JAMES

There are two-hundred and forty-seven shoulder miles considered adoptable on the 101 alone. They're watering it for me... City land... No tail. Crop works, I'm gonna plant along the whole freeway. Then we can build us a tree house with a fucking glass suspension bridge... Ok. Trust me. I'm your father.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Our boys hit the road. Ride from the caravansary to the conservatory. Father and son. Allies. Otis' hand surfs the wind to flip someone off.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They dismount the bike and lock helmets. James positions his bright yellow "Adopt-A-Highway" vest on his son. Takes the hard hat, gloves and goggles. Otis grabs the pick-up-stick and the white trash bag off the back. James reaches into his side-saddle. He pulls out croquet stickpins.

EXT. 101 BANK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

They walk up to the nursery looking like authenticated city workers. We see the crop; they're handsome.

JAMES (O.C.)

You wanted a tree house?

James starts pinning the trees down with the stickpins. The remaining culture is that of a small endemic shrub patch. From afar, you'd never guess it was a marijuana farm.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yes sir... Man of my word

Otis smiles, runs hard to James. Touches his leg to slow his momentum. Then Otis puts his hands in his pockets. Beat. He takes them out again and twists his Dad's shirt.

OTIS

They're like nativity trees.

JAMES

Yeah, I guess... Here, get away
from the traffic...

They walk through the grass. Otis holding the back of his
Dads long "Sturgis 90" shirt, hanging under his vest.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nativity would be much, much
bigger, peckerwood. It's the
fucking Nativity, come on. Think
about it... This ain't that.

We walk to the outermost available tree. Through the crop.
The 101 feels blocked by the density of the reap.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nativity is big, big. You know?
Momentous... This is "Po'dunk."

OTIS

Burning a bush is "Po'dunk."

James laughs.

JAMES

I like that... Shit we gotta write
that down. Here, pin the rest.

OTIS

What's a God tree then. Isn't that
a Nativity tree... or is that not
right to say in a sentence?

JAMES

Fuck knows.

Beat.

OTIS

What's a God tree then?

JAMES

A God tree?... This... Maybe a...
Fuck, any tree, really... Every
tree. A willow maybe.

OTIS

Hippy.

JAMES

Here, sit down...

They sit in an overlook by the most isolated section of the plot. Facing the traffic. It's private. We're on backs.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I see it different than the hippies. Seasonally. Historically.

OTIS

What God? Or Seasons?

JAMES

God.

OTIS

Like a God for every year like the Chinese or something...

JAMES

...No, Chinese do it different, but same shit.

OTIS

Do what different?

James pulls out a smoke.

JAMES

Shit, the storytellers run the world, son... Remember that.

He lights it.

OTIS

How?

JAMES

Well... look at... Ok, Chinese... Lets start there, we're talking bout them... The Tang Succession. That's the main Dynasty, now... You following me? That's their origin narrative. Genesis.

OTIS

Yeah China. First thing...

JAMES

...The Tang is their American miracle right. Their "Golden age"... It's all... It's an invention... It's a story, son... Modern China is a myth dynasty. They got us all to roll with it... Oh yeah, same with the bible.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Don't tell Linda I said that. But it's the fucking Chinese "t" trade truth, you follow?

OTIS

Like a story, story. Like what?

JAMES

Like a country. Like a God. Like Love. Like money, fake as a two dollar bill. They got contrived archives... Fudged dates... the works... They got hundreds of years unaccounted for, look son, what I'm saying is... Follow the winners poop-butt... Always follow the fucking winners out here.

OTIS

What if you can't find any?

JAMES

Then get alone.

They watch the crop shindig to the cars inertia for a while.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Build you a gutter-garden.

Beat.

OTIS

If Tang is fake... Is America fake?

JAMES

Yeah. It's a better fake.

OTIS

A better fake?

JAMES

Yeah...

OTIS

How can you be a better fake?

JAMES

And The Oscar goes to... America.

They laugh.

JAMES (CONT'D)

They got made up shit kings. Made up wars...

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

and we gotta wear these vests like couple trash pickers... Shit.

They look at each other.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is real. This is God if I know one... So fuck yeah, nativity trees. Yes. That gets a yes from me because it's fitting. This is my God... Burning bush... I'm about four weeks into this harvest. This is when you start determining what the sex of the plant is. Get your lil ass up, here.

They get up. James grabs one of the plants.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is a male plant. You can tell because the males usually have these tall, stout stems, see that.

Otis leans close. James shows him the difference in girth. Cars zoom past us in the B.G. With no regard, mutually. Our boys are in a world of their own back here. Near evanescence.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Males almost always have fewer leaves... When it starts showing its sex, it grows these little crab claws. See that?

James puts his arm on Otis. They lean forward together. It is as affectionate as we've seen them. James pushes his middle finger through the elbow, exposing the crab claw.

JAMES (CONT'D)

See these little balls bunching up?

OTIS

That's a male?

JAMES

It's the Stamen.
Male fertilizing organ.

*

Mesmerized.

OTIS

Plant dick.

JAMES

Here, come over here. These...
These are females, call em' the
"Pistil". See these little white
hairs here. Translucent almost.
It's always gonna grow between
these inner branches Come here get
close up, here... That's God.

OTIS

A woman?

JAMES

Yeah.

OTIS

Really?

JAMES

That's why I'm going to hell.

They laugh. James offers Otis a peek. Otis sees his father is
really in his element, enjoys it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

These little hairs always appear in
pairs... If it's a good plant, they
increase in number. *Bingo-fucking-*
Bango. You're on your way.

OTIS

Then what.

JAMES

See this...

James pulls seeds out of his pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)

See, the seeds look like this. So
you can't determine sex till four,
five weeks in... Can't see it,
right?

OTIS

Right? But can't you just cut the
males down now. I could do that
part. I'm good at cutting.

JAMES

No. You can't... Then the world
falls apart... The female stops
producing.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Look Otis, No matter what they say,
No matter who you meet. The facts
are the facts. We're needed son.
Men. It's Science... See, she's
trying to lure him in, That's why
she's producing T.H.C. to begin
with. Her purpose is to procreate.

OTIS

She needs his pollen. That's her
purpose? That's not fair though.

JAMES

Yep.

OTIS

So she produces as long as she
doesn't let him in?

JAMES

Yep.

OTIS

Once she's fertilized it stops.

JAMES

That's it.

Otis takes that in.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Look here... See this... Sometimes
you get this. This here is a
hermaphrodite. This is the Otis
plant; plant can fuck itself...

Otis throws one of the croquet pins at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...These gotta be cut also.
Otherwise, They start pollinating
our girls over here. See these
little clusters.

OTIS

Cut em.

JAMES

Here come on, pin that one down and
lets find another spot.

OTIS

What if you just left it all wild?
Would you have to cut it all?

JAMES

Usually... Not always, but usually,
if you're trying to grow smoke and
you have your seeds already... You
gotta prune... You gotta prune to
grow, honey boy.

EXT. WRECKED PARKING LOT - MAGIC HOUR

Random old refrigerators, broken cars, scrap metal parts:
Everything that can't be salvaged.

A young woman runs past. WE PAN WITH TO FIND:

OTIS LORT(22) Peering into the camera, smoking a cigarette.
Smoke billows out of his nostrils like he's been smoking
cigarettes for forty-four years. He stares above the camera.
He's laser focused and fine-tuned like an owl statue.

CLOSE ON: Otis suddenly sees something, we can't see. It's no
good - He chucks his smoke and starts backing up terrified.

Although NOTHING visible to us is hitting him - He reacts as
if he just got hit in the face.

ON IMPACT - RAMP SPEED: Blood flies, Skin ripples. Otis is
ratcheted hard through the parking lot, across the flipped
cars, through a brick wall and into a propane tank in the
B.G. On impact the tank and Otis explode in flames out of
focus. He stands up on fire and runs out of frame. The
Coordinator arrives and sprays the set. 2nd A.C. Enters with
the sticks.

Frame up on the slate: 2005

SLATE TO BLACK.

INT. STAR-WAGON - LATE AFTERNOON

Black: Door opens. Light switch. Otis enters his plushy
trailer. Fruit basket. Chandelier. Starwagon. It's nice, it
looks neat. Otis looks a mess, smothered in duvetyne, foam,
gun-powder, shrapnel, fire jelly, etc.

He is still in his body harness. He puts his things down and
reaches for the back strap. He can't get it. He tries again.
Nope. He grabs a bottle of water and takes a sip. A breath.
Looks at the couch. Sits down. Shakes his arms. Leans forward
and tries again. He touched it. He touched the strap!

He stops. New plan. He finds room in the middle of the trailer, bends down starts swaying with his arms around his back, trying to catch the strap. He starts swaying to get the strap into the fatty part of his hand. Left, Right. Fuck... Almost.

He takes a break. Looks for his pack of smokes. Can't find them. He looks under his bag, The shirt, In his pockets, nothing. He moves to the closet to try the pants on hangers. He looks in the shoe box. He tries the cabinets. Drawers. He sits on the couch. Uncomfortable in the harness. He stands up. He opens the fridge, closes it before he looks inside and runs out of the trailer

Our shot remains locked off.

OTIS (O.S.)
ANYBODY GOT A WALKIE! FUCK ME!

We see the water in a glass on the table settle. We watch the chair stop spinning. Then we hear Otis run past us the other way. His breathing has quickened. We hear him punch the side of the trailer in frustration. BANG!

We watch the water in the cup ripple. It settles to complete stillness.

OTIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Basecamp is empty and I'm in this
fucking... FUCK MAN!!! You fuckers
lit me on fire and left me in a
vice!!! FUCK YOU!!!

He storms back in the trailer and leans forward. Stretches his arms in front of him and slowly brings them around. He folds his elbows placing his forearms in the spine of his back. He starts swaying again. Left and Right. Left and Right. One more, Left and Rightttttttttt.... Fuck.

He straightens out takes a deep breath. He reaches back with his left arm and sways. Nothing. His arm drops heavily to his hip. He paces in the room. From the driver seat to the bed. Back and forth. Muttering to himself. Front to back and again. Kicks the wood panel by the stove.

He open the trailer door. He looks out, comes back in and looks under his bag again. He walks to the bed. Back to the drivers seat, leans down. Arms back. He sways. Nothing. FUCK!!!

Otis kicks the stove again. He kicks it again and again.

Then he sits on the couch and looks at it. He stands up and opens the trailer door.

He props the door open and sits on the stairs. He fold his arms. He's uncomfortable. He stands up walks back in. Paces to the bed, Then back to the door with half his body in frame.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I'M HERE!!! I'M ALONE IN HERE!!!
AND I CAN'T REACH THE THING-FUCK!!!

We see his hand go white as he grips the door rail. He re-enters and paces. He looks in the mirror. Hands at his hips in the bathroom mirror. He looks down and is about to break. He runs the water and wipes his face, sits on the bed and picks that pimple on his neck.

He rises, walks back to the door and dents it with his fist.

Otis enters, leans his forehead on the top drawers. He breathes. For a long, long, long time. His breathe purrs like when you're about to cry. He opens one of the drawers and pulls out a bottle of vodka. He takes a few hard swigs. Puts it back and takes a breath.

He tries one last time with his left hand. He leans forward. He feels the clip in his fingers. He starts rotating and breathing hard. He is about to move it to the fat of his fingers. Nope. Fuck almost. But now he's inspired.

If he rotates his shoulder counter-clockwise, over his hip and can get the weight off his right leg... The bed.

He lays in the bed and reaches behind for the strap while pushing his foot onto the wall of the trailer for leverage and leaning on the edge of the bed wedged in the passageway of the trailer.

He pushes. He has it in his hand. He rotates His body and sits up with a red face, the strap in his hand right hand. Then he stops abruptly and looks towards the entrance.

Knock knock.

Enter - The woman we saw running on set in the opening shot.

SANDRA(20's) She is Latin. She is mixed with something else too but you wouldn't guess right. She's humble. She is the kind of beautiful that would feel asshole'ish dressed up and she knows that. Perceptive and kind. You also get the feeling that this girl knows everything in the world, in the best way. The intelligent way. Good at helping others way.

SANDRA
Ready?

OTIS
Sandra?

SANDRA
Yeah, you good?

OTIS
Fuck yeah I am.

INT. M/U TRAILER - NIGHT

Two people in the trailer. Otis and Sandra. He wipes off his face with a hot towel. She sits in the swivel chair. Drinking a Modelo out of a six pack. We watch them in silence.

OTIS
Let me see your underwear.

She smiles. Then slowly opens her legs. He smiles. She closes them. She giggles. He looks her in the eyes.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Leonardo... You?

She laughs.

SANDRA
Donatello.

Knock knock. Door opens.

A.D.
Stepping.

The A.D. Is a jolly, ham fisted woman in her early 20's wearing a "Pulp Fiction" shirt, carrying an open metal tray.

A.D. (CONT'D)
You guys mind signing out for me?

OTIS
Sure.

SANDRA
Yeah.

She signs first.

A.D.
What'cha got on the books this weekend?

SANDRA
I'm gonna probably go see my
sister.

He signs.

OTIS
Chill with the fiancé.

A.D.
Any plans for tonight?

SANDRA
No... Long day.

OTIS
Fuck yeah... I'm going to Drop acid
and hit a Kirk Franklin concert.
Lose my cookies. Wanna go?

Sandra laughs.

A.D.
Enjoy it. Good week guys. Amber
will e-mail you Mondays prelim.

A.D. Leaves. They stare at each other for a while. Then...

OTIS
You know what the white spot is in
the center of chicken shit?

SANDRA
Chicken shit.

OTIS
Yeah.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They walk to Otis truck drinking beer out of their six pack.
It's a pace that feels like chatting speed, not in a rush.

SANDRA
Does she know about me?

Beat.

OTIS
No.

SANDRA
Are you gonna tell her?

OTIS

No... We're... No, I won't.

SANDRA

Do you love her?

OTIS

We fight a lot... neither one of us is happy, neither one of us wants to leave... So... I don't know, we keep flattening each other over and over and saying it's something it ain't... Blah Blah Blah. Look. We're going to a Kirk Franklin concert and ain't nothing wrong with being nice to gods kids. Right?

She laughs as he opens the door for her. She squeezes the tip of his nose twice. We hear an actual car horn.

HONK HONK!

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO/ 405. NIGHT

HONK HONK!

Close on Sandra's hand pushing the horn. Come up to find them in the car. Otis in the drivers seat.

SANDRA

Asshole... What the fuck was that?
It's the carpool?

OTIS

He was on a bike though.

SANDRA

Freeway always reminds me of what most people are, ya' know...
Straight dog-shit.

OTIS

You think?

SANDRA

Yeah, They're all the same.
Airports too. They want you to lose so they can win... I mean It was *solid* yellow line. What the fuck is that?

OTIS
America.

Beat.

SANDRA
I'm not a cynic, dont worry.

OTIS
I'm not worried.

SANDRA
A cynic would get joy out of this
shit. That's not who I am.

OTIS
What's your name?

She looks at him. He looks at her.

OTIS (CONT'D)
What?

She rears back and slaps his face numb. Truck swerves.

SANDRA
Are you fucking kidding me? We've
been on this job for six weeks...

OTIS
I'm driving Sandra. Fuck... Rap
name... What are you gonna decide
on? Relax... Jesus Christ... It's
an honest question. I'm asking...

SANDRA
Don't play with me, Otis.

OTIS
I don't. I'm asking.

SANDRA
Sandra.

OTIS
No... Rap name... You hit hard as
fuck girl, damn.

SANDRA
Yeah, Sandra

OTIS
What? As your rap name?

SANDRA

Yeah, sorry... I meant to slow it down... But yeah, If I put something out. Like a real project with real production. Then yeah, same name. Sandra Meruello.

OTIS

Really?

SANDRA

Yeah, all that "lil this, lil that's" dead. Honesty is the new wave.

OTIS

Tye said I gotta hear you spit.

SANDRA

Put on a beat then?

OTIS

You know J Dilla. You know about Vintage Volume Two?

SANDRA

Put it on.

MUSIC CUE: J Dilla - "It's Dope 432Hz"

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Give me a word...

OTIS

Get it.

SANDRA

Get it... Get it... Ok...
Look... I get it/ message
transmitted/ Yeah, The Gods like me,
Sandra sooo gifted/- I'm a queen to
these hoe bitches/ Shark with gold
fishes/ bitch, vicious/ Thin
wrist'ed/ Thick skind'ed/ chick
with cheeks that thick different/
Big titted misfit bitch that bitch
different./ Listen...

OTIS

...Fuck.....

Otis mouth agape.

SANDRA

...Give me a another word/ syllable
or a verb/ criminal is a bird/
killing all of you herbs...

OTIS

...So Dope...

SANDRA

...Ok... Dope, Listen.... I'm dope/
Bitches all know/ No joke/- I came
to putt this game in a choke/ No
rope/- How you looking to excel
with no hope?/ That's like trying
take a nap on some coke, Nope....
Ughh... I'm me and you, you/ and
boo hoo/ I'm true/ like one and one
is two/ I'm running up on you if
you ever get confused/ Listen...
Listen... Sandra/ on the/ mantra
promise/ Nostradamus flow/ This no
Pocahontas/ This no baby mama/ I'm
a/ bout that cheese like I'm moms
lasagna/ got the/ phenomenon
vagina/ make you fast/ for this
ass/ call me Rah-madonna... Fuck, I
lost it...

He turns the volume down.

OTIS

You're incredible.

SANDRA

Thanks

OTIS

Rah-madonna. That was... You're a
special person.

She giggles.

SANDRA

It's messy. It's just off the
top...

OTIS

Fast, like Ramadan... Fly like
madonna. It makes sense... You're
really good.

SANDRA

Nah... It's whatever.

OTIS
 Rah-madonna... Like an Arab pop
 star or something.

They Laugh. He exits the freeway on Temple St. He turns left
 onto Traction Blvd. Lake View Terrace.

OTIS (CONT'D)
 I could fuck with just Sandra.

SANDRA
 Yeah. I like it, simple.

OTIS
 Pretty name.

SANDRA
 Yeah.

OTIS
 Pretty girl.

SANDRA
 You go.

Otis is nervous, he looks down and finds half a cig in the
 coin holder. He lights it, steering with his knees.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Pick a beat.

OTIS
 Fuck.

SANDRA
 Pick one.

OTIS
 How can I follow that.

SANDRA
 First you pick a beat.

OTIS
 Fuck

Beat.

OTIS (CONT'D)
 9th Wonder - The Thanks I Get.

SANDRA
 Strong.

She finds it. It plays. He smiles. She smiles.

OTIS

Ok...

She looks at him as the city flies by in the windows.

BOBBY CALDWELL (RADIO)

"The thanks I get..."

OTIS

This the thanks I get/ for paying
rent/ In Velcro tennis shoes
without a parents presence.

Beat drops.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I got a forms consent/ My norms
descended into darkness and despite
the dent/ I'm armed with strength.
Present the facts as I see em/ Open
up for dead human beings like
mausoleum/ I got options with my
feelings/ I'm a boss and I'm
appealing/ I'm so easy with this
shit that I'm just talking while
I'm steering.
Chris Walkin with an earring/
I walk in to the clearing/ Always
watch how I'm appearing. Fresh.
Outside looking in/ My Mouth is
soaked with gin/ Though I vowed to
cut the shit this is how it all
begins. Fuck it.
We're compatible/ if you're
fallible/ I'm a average joe got his
hands on some capital/ And I got a
heart that is flammable/ Echo park
to international/ Art to the
rational/ Partly impassable/ Hang
in street all night like a placard
do/ Keep these women wetter than
Havasu...

She hits him in the arm.

OTIS (CONT'D)

... It's just... part of my charm/
Now she's... hard on the arm/ with
the... Heart of her palm/ And
I'm... looking for calm/ While
she's... looking for cum...

BANG.

RAMP SPEED: A Toyota Tacoma hits the breaks hard just as it makes a full impact at 70 mph, causing the front end to go low. This shovels the truck, sending it up and over.

Everything goes silent including the song. All we hear is the voice of Bobby Caldwell from the original "Open Your Eyes".

We watch in slow motion as the whole world turns upside down. Otis holds onto the window frame and Sandra as they corkscrew through the intersection.

BOBBY CALDWELL (RADIO)
"...The thanks I get for loving."

IMPACT TO: BLACK

JAMES (V.O.)
 What do you mean, no fucking
 insurance?

INT. BURBANK EQUESTRIAN CENTER - DAY

BLACK: Were on the move over shoulders. James, (now 45) Dressed like a Felliniesque clown. Wearing a wool felt bakerboy, Greek fisherman hat. White face paint streaking down his face. Pushing a stolen, jimmy rigged, hotel cart.

Hand-painted and fully fathomed, Re-purposed and gussied up to be a one man circus: Hot-dog, Snow-Cone, Stereo, Elixir locker, A one man holiday on wheels. The original Echo Park Food-Truck.

We walk with Otis and the one-man circus out of a dark stable toward the Riverside bike path.

Otis pushing the cart with his right hand while cradling the cat on his left.

JAMES
 On the truck?

OTIS
 No, on me.

JAMES
 On you? You have S.A.G. Insurance.

OTIS
 The film won't insure me.

JAMES

But you had it on the truck?

OTIS

Yeah.

Beat.

JAMES

The girl?

OTIS

They hit the breaks just before we made contact... Shoveled her side... No impact. She's sore.

JAMES

Fuck me.

OTIS

Doctor said she has a chest contusion... She's shaken obviously... I mean...

They hang a right at the bike path. James transfers the cart to Otis. As we turn the corner we see the side of the cart has been beautifully, meticulously hand painted with a logo: "The Snow Cone Family Circus."

JAMES

...If you would of hurt her... mother-fucker...

OTIS

...I know.

JAMES

No coming back from that, Otis.

OTIS

I know.

JAMES

You don't... The other car have insurance?

OTIS

Yeah... I mean no. No, they didn't. I got out and got her to the curb. I turned and saw them switching seats. When I got to their window to see if they we're good. Dude pointed at my hand... I told John. They told him I am uninsurable.

JAMES
They didn't have insurance?

OTIS
Did you hear what I just said? I'm
talking about the film. I can't
fucking work anymore, Dad.

They push the cart home in silence... A long silent beat.

JAMES
There are other things.

OTIS
What?

JAMES
Tons of things... Be a man, get on
a horse... Take your bike out...
Glassblowing. There's tons of
shit...

OTIS
...Works the only thing that never
took nothing from me.

James boomerangs.

JAMES
You got your head so far up your
own ass. You're wearing Ray-ban's
on your stomach... Kick rocks with
that shit... Otis, you'll work.

OTIS
No, I won't.

JAMES
Look bud, when I was your age - -

OTIS
- - I don't give a fuck about when
you were my age... you weren't
doing shit when you were my age.
This is big money. They need to
trust me... Think about it.

JAMES
You got your hand.

OTIS
Fuck a hand.

Beat.

JAMES
Masturbation.

OTIS
What?

JAMES
When you fuck a hand.

James pulls out a Kool on the walk. Offers his son one.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Lemme see it. Where did it get you?

OTIS
Middle finger... Ring finger.

Otis stops pushing and shows him the cast.

JAMES
Left hand, so your wedding finger?

OTIS
Yeah.

JAMES
Oh, honey boy... And your middle
finger too, huh?

Cars drive by.

OTIS
Yeah, below the middle knuckle.

JAMES
You know what that means, don't
you?... Fuck getting married...
Hey-o!!!

Otis pulls his hand back. Starts pushing the cart again. Otis
looking at the floor..

JAMES (CONT'D)
What are they gonna do?

OTIS
I saved the nail beds.

JAMES
They're gonna fix it?

OTIS

Gonna take bone out'a my hip and a skin graph from my ass... Middle ones gonna need a screw.

JAMES

You call your mother?

OTIS

Nope.

JAMES

Maybe that's best.

OTIS

She came to the hospital.

Cars pulling out of the 'Pickwick.' James waves.

JAMES

Did she?

OTIS

Where were you?

Honk Honk.

JAMES

What?

OTIS

You didn't come. John was there, Matt was there... Tom showed up. Where were you at?

JAMES

I'm doing service. I don't like being around none of those people.

OTIS

Yeah, but I almos...

JAMES

...Don't start this shit with me... You don't know what the fuck I was doing this morning... I had to go up and down the street knocking on doors, like a fucking asshole...

OTIS

...I almost died- -

JAMES

- -You don't know what it's like to introduce yourself every ninety fucking days... "Hi I'm James Lort I'm the neighborhood sex offender. I live three blocks that way... Don't mind me... I'm just doing my Megans law rounds. Have a good fucking time.

James moves close to his face.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I look in the mirror when I take a piss in this nice-looking doll house you set me up with and my head says. "Hey, there you are partner. That's you..."

He almost breaks.

JAMES (CONT'D)

..."How LOW can you get today... How FUCKING LOW can a person get..."... I am HORRIFIED Otis. You know about that yet? Being absolutly HORRIFIED... Huh?

OTIS

You always have to shit on me.

JAMES

I just wanna hustle my act and make people smile... That's all I ever wanted out'a life... I dont wanna live off you no more, Otis. It's not good for us... I knew about your hand. I called. You didn't pick up. I called again. You didn't pick up. I waited an hour. Called again... Nothing. I called you this morning. You're busy, "Call back in an hour". I wait. I call. It rings. Nothing. WHAT ABOUT A MAN'S DIGNITY MOTHER FUCKER!!!

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Only time I see you is on the screen or when there's trouble.

They can't look at one another.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You could have called me.

Beat.

OTIS
You hate a person... you don't beg.

JAMES
So, now you hate me.

OTIS
Yeah.

A man rides up in a Subaru.

JAMES
Hey Rudy!

RUDY
You gonna get squared away and come
meet us at the uhh, open mic.

JAMES
No, not tonight.

RUDY
Deb's comin.

JAMES
Keep it simple. Trust God. Call me
after.

Honk Honk.

OTIS
You con all these people. You're a
fraud... Trust God? Fuck you.

JAMES
I'm the asshole of the day and you
rolled a truck with your co-star in
it... How does that work. Push the
fucking cart Otis.

OTIS
You're a terrible person.

JAMES
Shut the fuck up.

OTIS

You are. You're a shit father.
You always been a shit father,
nothing new...

JAMES

...Ain't nothing new, what in the
fuck are you bitching about? Huh?
Shut your mouth and push the cart.

OTIS

...I'm saying....

JAMES

...Don't, Don't say shit. Why don't
you just not say shit and deal with
the cards you don' dealt yourself,
You dealt yourself a shit hand.

OTIS

Fuck you.

JAMES

Shit-head with a shit-hand.

OTIS

Ok. Ok Fucker.

He kicks the break on the hotel cart. They move off onto the
curb by the 'Horseshoe apartment buildings'. A woman walks by
with her dog. She waves they dont notice her. No time. War.

JAMES

What are you gonna do piss-ant?

OTIS

Lets go.

JAMES

What? What are you gonna do?...
What the fuck is a one-armed faggot
like you gonna do to me?

Cars drive by.

OTIS

Take your teeth out.

JAMES

Then what?

OTIS

You'll see right now, take your
teeth out.

JAMES

You're your mothers son, Otis. A
pissy bitch kicking up dust...

OTIS

Take em' out. I'm not gonna warn
you again.

James takes his false teeth out and puts them in his pocket.
James backs up and puts his set-up in the middle of Riverside
Blvd and Jesse.

JAMES

Lets go faggo - -

Otis hits him in the mouth with his cast. James drops. Otis
stands over him and continues hitting him with hard blows.
Blood flying.

BLACK

MONTAGE 100 FPS:

-Otis is wearing an old western vest and a button up puching
someone else on the ground.

LINDA (V.O.)

We did it super.

OTIS (V.O.)

What?

LINDA (V.O.)

The hand... We did the hand...
Now, what are we doing for your
soul?

-Otis is wearing a T-shirt and jeans at a diner. He jumps off
and punches someone across the table.

They roll to the ground and into the camera as one body.

OTIS (V.O.)

I'm not gonna drink. That's all I
know, ok...

LINDA (V.O.)

You have to stop but never lose
your kick, Otis... Never.

-The two men roll off the camera. Otis is up, he's now wearing an army uniform. He runs charging into a much BIGGER group of men and starts punching them.

It's hard to tell if this is a rehearsal for a film or a real fight. Otis is giving them hell but they are many.

OTIS (V.O.)
What the fuck would you know about kick?

LINDA (V.O.)
I fight in my way.

OTIS (V.O.)
When?

LINDA (V.O.)
It is in my nature to fight. Thank you. It's natural... I'm a woman

-Otis gets buried under the group of men.

OTIS (V.O.)
What the fuck does that mean?

LINDA (V.O.)
This world is built for men. Women fight everyday.

-Otis crawls from under the group of fighting men. He's nude and we now realize he's on A SET. He starts dancing.

LINDA (V.O.)
Otis. Women are a serf class in this society. Enslaved by all of it, by paternity, by patriarchy, by habits..

-Otis' dance becomes violent and sexual.

LINDA (V.O.)
Their only power in this powerless situation is their sexuality and they get punished for using it, punished when they lose it...

OTIS (V.O.)
What are you talking about?

Two cops come on set and arrest Otis while dancing.

LINDA (V.O.)

Listen to me you fucking potato...
You're down right now... I know.
You got a lot of cogs moving... You
and Daddy will always have your
paradox... He will never give you
what you want. He can't...

-Otis, still nude fighting the cops and punching one of them.

LINDA (V.O.)

He just can't, Otis... ..No one
taught him how to love... James
never loved himself. That's what he
handed you. So yes, you deserve it.
You deserve all of it. Everything.
Every glorified thing there is to
want... But the El Chapo of these
merits... The Biggy, The Daddy Pac
of these qualities is the ability
to feel love, Otis...

-Otis is wearing a old western vest and a button up, getting
punched by a fist off screen and thrown into an old medieval
dark jail cell.

LINDA (V.O.)

To know what that feels like, to
love... Your father can't tell you
this... Some people are so
spiteful, they can't... I saw
change in him when he got out of
jail...

-Otis is coming out of a jail cell wearing a T-shirt and
jeans, getting chased by Paparazzi. He punches one of them.
The Paparazzi punches him back.

LINDA (V.O.)

He was going to church. He was
working... It didn't stick, he lost
his way... Look... Some people are
very bitter, my love.... Those are
the ones you gotta be the most
selfless toward. They won't tell
you this on set or this place we're
going. But it's true super...

-Otis, nude, running away. We run with him for a while.

LINDA (V.O.)

It is an actual choice. You wanna
smoke and fuck around. It
reverberates. It's all connected...

(MORE)

LINDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 How you love yourself is how you
 coach others to love you... Your
 father never caught on...

-Otis trips while running and falls on his face. He gets up
 with a Cowboy hat and a bloodied face.

LINDA (V.O.)
 Look at me... Look at me, Otis... I
 tried my best. I thought you needed
 a father... That's what I thought.

-Otis takes off his Cowboy hat.

LINDA (V.O.)
 You have to stop asking why at some
 point and move forward...

-Naked Otis stares into camera with a bloodied face.

LINDA (V.O.)
 You need to work on you now.

Otis spits his blood in the lens.

BLACK.

EXT/INT. C.M.C. WATSONVILLE. LATE AFTERNOON

Out of the car we're over Otis' shoulder as he approaches the
 two R.S' Who wait by the Manor door. One older chubby Irish
 gentleman reaches for the luggage. We follow them inside.

He is asked to take his shoes off. He sets them by the pile.
 People mill about the house in pajamas. Holding board games
 and pizza.

We follow Otis and the Irish R.S. Upstairs and through a
 hallway. We walk through the door to a medical examination
 room.

Otis strips behind a curtain and hands the R.S. His clothing.
 After the clothes are looked through he is handed back his
 clothing to dress.

INT. C.M.C. OFFICE. DAY

Otis sits in a swivel chair. Dr. Jeff (late 40's) sits in the
 other. There is a small cactus in the room and a computer. A
 white board with twelve names, small colored dots next to
 each name. With weekly S.U.D.S scores and treatment profiles.

DR. JEFF
You have P.T.S.D.

OTIS
No I don't... From what?

DR. JEFF
Your childhood.

Otis' face.

OTIS
Does that add time?

INT. C.M.C. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Otis lays in bed with his eyes to the ceiling. Next to him another bed. In that bed is REM. A black man in is his early 30's. Placidly reading "Nat Geo" in bed next to his Guitar.

Otis looks over at him.

EXT. C.M.C. WATSONVILLE/ WOODS. NIGHT

Rem and Otis sit in two chairs by a fire pit. Rem expertly plays Robert Johnson's "Stones on my passageway" on his guitar.

It brings them to tears. They laugh at each other.

OTIS
Fuck you Rembert.

REM
Rem.

OTIS
Fuck you Rem.

REM
Fuck you Robert Johnson.

Beat.

OTIS
Fuck you Robert Johnson.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH. NOON

Rem and Otis eat lunch, alone. Chickens run across the lawn.

INT. C.M.C. OFFICE. DAY

Otis sits in a swivel chair. Dr. Jeff sits in the other. Otis stares at the cactus. Adorned with orange and brown thanksgiving inspired decor.

DR. JEFF

None of it is mandatory... Tell me what you object to and I'll have Izzy change the schedule. Easy.

OTIS

The massage.

DR. JEFF

The massage what?

OTIS

I don't want to do it.

DR. JEFF

Now or never.

OTIS

Never.

DR. JEFF

Have you ever had one?

OTIS

No.

DR. JEFF

Would you be open to it.

OTIS

No.

DR. JEFF

How you feeling right now?

OTIS

70.

DR. JEFF

Lets bring it down. Name four things in the room.

OTIS

Glass... Window... You... Pen.

DR. JEFF

One more.

Otis contains his frustration.

DR. JEFF (CONT'D)

It's ok to be frustrated. That is gonna happen, that is what exposure is about. I'm gonna need you to do some of the writing on your own but the rest we do together. Ok?

OTIS

Yeah.

INT. C.M.C. GYM. NIGHT

Otis alone in the gym aggressively running full speed in his underwear.

INT. C.M.C. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Otis and Rem lay in their beds. Rem is sharing the fruit he saved from lunch.

REM

...You pray before you eat?

OTIS

No... After.

REM

Why?

OTIS

I'm fucking with you. I dont.

Beat.

REM

Bow your head.

OTIS

Your fucking with me?

Rem closes his eyes.

REM

Lord our father...

OTIS

Nah man... Not me.

Rem opens his eyes and stares at him.

REM
I gave you my fruit.

OTIS
You did.

Beat.

REM
Close your eyes.

After a long beat Otis closes his eyes.

REM (CONT'D)
Heavenly father... I gave this man
my fruit from lunch. He has a
problem talking to you. Let us mark
for one another this moment.

Otis opens his eyes and watches a solemn Rem continue with
his eyes closed.

REM (CONT'D)
Close your eyes g.

Otis laughs and closes his eyes.

REM (CONT'D)
This warm fruit - These humble few
inches of water in styrofoam...
This represents Otis' first
conversation with you...

OTIS
...Fucking stupid...

REM
...So let us properly mark this
moment here, when Otis said talking
to you is: fucking stupid... And
the moments coming where he asks
why.

OTIS
I'm not asking why though.

REM
...Because he is filled with anger
and ambition, both of which serve
to keep him away from this... The
present.

OTIS
I'll save my own fruit Rem...

Rem opens his eyes and stares at Otis.

REM

So, lets mark this moment dear
Lord. Let the record note I gave
this man my fruit and he said: God
is stupid...

OTIS

...I didn't say that...

REM

...And I said: Give it a chance...

OTIS

...That's not...

REM

...And he said... And you said:
No...

OTIS

...I'm praying Rem...

REM

...And I said: Close your eyes. He
didn't. Did he?

Otis smiles.

OTIS

Fuck you Rembert.

REM

But I prayed anyhow Lord... I
did... And here Otis... Here is
where you say something really big.
I was thinking to myself "Boy this
right here, this is a great time
for him to say something that might
change his little life, so shit
works out."

Otis is about to say something.

REM (CONT'D)

I know that's unfair dear Lord. I
know there is no way for him to
know that it was time for him to
say some awesome shit. But right
there, Otis... That was when you
should have come with the goods.
And you said: Fuck you Rembert.

Otis looks at him and tries to find something.

Beat.

He got nothing.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP. DAY

Otis and Rem retrieve eggs and place them in construction buckets. Otis picks up some chicken shit in his glove and looks at it for the first time in his life. Its just shit.

INT. C.M.C. OFFICE. DAY

The group of twelve clients, gathered in a circle. They are all hugging themselves, facing a CLINICIAN who sits on a yoga ball in front of a white board with the S.U.D.S. List. She holds herself as she speaks to them in a hushed tone.

CLINICIAN

Hugging yourself releases the
cuddle hormone... Can you feel
that?

Group sorta agrees.

CLINICIAN (CONT'D)

You can always go here.

Otis raises his hand.

CLINICIAN (CONT'D)

Yes Otis?

OTIS

You can't really do this everywhere
though... Like court.

Rem smiles.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Isn't hugging yourself like
tickling yourself?

CLINICIAN

Entirely different.

Otis holding himself in every-way.

OTIS

Oh. Thanks.

EXT. C.M.C. WATSONVILLE/ WOODS. DAY

Alone in the woods. Otis picks his neck pimple and takes a deep breath. Then he lifts his head and screams as loud and as long as he physically can. Until he is shaking and we hear a small shrill sound... Into rationalization and hysterical piss yourself laughter.

INT. C.M.C. OFFICE. DAY

Otis sits in a swivel chair. Dr. Jeff sits in the other. Cactus has Mickey Mouse ears. Otis is passionately reading from a note pad as tears streak his face. He holds his index to a post it on the wall marked: DAD.

OTIS

Not until you get this scene.
You're gonna make me laugh or were
gonna do this all fucking night.

Points to himself.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I'm doing you a favor... by paying
you to be my chaperon. Give me a
fucking cigarette, Dad.

Points to Dad.

OTIS (CONT'D)

You're doing who a favor?

To himself.

OTIS (CONT'D)

You... Who else is gonna give a
felon a job? I'm not stupid.

Dad.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I don't need you to do that

Otis breaks. We hear his pain.

Beat.

DR. JEFF

What are your S.U.D.S. now?

Otis explodes out of his chair

OTIS

I DON'T FUCKING KNOW WHAT THE
S.U.D.S. ARE!!! I'M NOT A FUCKING
NUMBER!!! I CANT... FUCK!!!...
I'M... I'm... It hurts, I'm hurt
and your forcing me to do this
shit... I already do this at
work... I been doing this Exposure
work my whole life. What is the
fucking point of putting a number
to it? Im not Data.

DR. JEFF

So we can chart progress.

OTIS

FOR FUCKING WHO!!! If this works
I'll know won't I?

Beat. He sits.

OTIS (CONT'D)

80.

Dr. Jeff writes it down. Otis looks at the fucking cactus.

EXT/INT. C.M.C. CAMPUS. LATE AFTERNOON

We walk from the treatment facility across the campus to the
housing unit as the sun drops.

INT. C.M.C. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Otis is typing on his laptop at the desk. Rem is reading
"Nat-Geo" on the bed.

REM

Aye... Did you know that snakes
can't back up?

OTIS

Snakes?

REM

Yeah.

Otis stares at him.

Something clicks.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH. LATE AFTERNOON

Rem and Otis sit in the wicker patio furniture smoking a cigarette by the metal smokers receptacle.

OTIS
They said I have P.T.S.D

Beat.

REM
Oh word.

Beat.

REM (CONT'D)
They got you doing exposure.

OTIS
Yea.

REM
Fuck... That's big boy shit g.

They share the smoke.

REM (CONT'D)
Here... How long is it?

OTIS
Six weeks at least.

REM
Six weeks.... Good. I hate those good-bye groups anyway... It always turns into... Just goes fake as fuck with a quickness. Ya know?

OTIS
When are you going back... You get a date yet?

REM
I could only afford a month... I can't keep asking my people for money no matter what they tell me. I... I fucking hate asking my family to pay for this shit. I mean, I spent all my shit on coke and now I'm drinking these sparkling waters on my grand mothers dime... Hard to overcome the guilt I came here for, while it's stacking up...

(MORE)

REM (CONT'D)
 Everyday I'm here is like a
 thousand dollars out'a her pocket.

OTIS
 Did you tell Carrie?

REM
 Yea, but what the fuck is she gonna
 do... It's a business... I get it.

Beat.

REM (CONT'D)
 I'm grateful I got a month.

Otis heard that.

INT. C.M.C. INTAKE - NIGHT

Otis unwraps a cardboard box in front of Paige the ambitious
 R.S. He pulls out a 3 x 5 tissue-wrapped object. A card falls *
 out. He impulsively starts to unwrap the object.

It is an acrylic painting of Otis on his father's lap. In *
 front of a tree house with a papier-mache three dimensional *
 arm coming out of the canvas. Otis flipping the bird.

Otis face falls. He panics. He sits hold his knees and starts
 to hyperventilate. Paige gets on her phone.

INT. C.M.C. OFFICE. DAY

Otis sits in a swivel chair. Dr. Jeff sits in the other.

Cactus now decorated with Christmas lights.

Dr. Jeff reads questions from a note pad, to Otis, who sits
 in a chair rubbing a half dollar in his hand.

DR. JEFF
 Four years is a long time where
 were you?

OTIS
 I couldn't reach you.

DR. JEFF
 So now you're here because I'm sick
 and you feel guilty about the time
 lost between us with you being a
 bitch?

Otis rubs the coin

OTIS

Yeah.

Dr. Jeff looks back to the note pad.

DR. JEFF

How is Hollywood poof butt.

With a smile.

OTIS

Poop butt.

DR. JEFF

How's Hollywood you fucking asshole.

Otis closes his eye and rubs his coin.

OTIS

It's fine.

Dr. Jeff not reading.

DR. JEFF

It's fine? I read about you fucking up in the paper. Apple dont fall far huh? You won the scratch off and now your gonna throw it away.

Otis noticing him getting creative with it. It's infuriating.

DR. JEFF (CONT'D)

Fucking clown.

Otis giggles.

DR. JEFF (CONT'D)

Why are you giggling?

OTIS

I... uh... I dont like this.

DR. JEFF

I know you dont. It's hard work Otis. Tough stuff. This isn't a fucking joke man. You're doing well. Hold that coin.

OTIS

I am but...

Beat.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Man, I wanna fucking destroy you right now... It's crazy.

DR. JEFF

Hold the coin.

OTIS

I am.

DR. JEFF

That's just a Quarter but lets say it was a magic coin. Lets say it was your favorite coin. Ok.

OTIS

Ok.

DR. JEFF

Look at it.

Otis does.

DR. JEFF (CONT'D)

What's your favorite side of it?

OTIS

The face.

DR. JEFF

Why?

OTIS

It's smooth.

DR. JEFF

What does that remind you of?

OTIS

Coconut oil... My mother.

DR. JEFF

The other side?

OTIS

It's busy... engravings lines...
It's just busy.

DR. JEFF

If you shaved down that side and made it smooth... smoothed out the engravings.

(MORE)

DR. JEFF (CONT'D)

Your coin would be worthless. Ok...
To enjoy the magical face side you
have to put up with the engravings.

OTIS

Yeah.

DR. JEFF

Take that with you when you go.

OTIS

Ok... Thank you.

DR. JEFF

You're welcome. You're a good
person Otis.

That hits him hard. Very, Very hard. Otis is surprised by how much he needed to hear that from someone. He cracks open.

He moves past us into a hug. It lasts. We move in on Dr. Jeff. He cares so fucking much. Amazing man.

EXT. DOUBLE WIDE - AFTERNOON.

Off Otis back we come up and over his shoulder, holding two boxes of pepperoni in one hand and a CARD:

"Do you wanna be right or do you wanna have pizza? Irene's."

Otis closes his eyes and strains to slow his inhale. We watch this until he can steady. Then sincerely...

OTIS (MURMUR)

Help me.

He places the note in his pocket and knocks.

INT. DOUBLE WIDE - AFTERNOON.

ON THE T.V. "Lonesome Dove." Otis and James sit in silence for a while. The dumpy front room is a fug of smoke. Big slide window with a view of a fake-grass laid B.B.Q. area. A fold-out couch and a recliner. A metal T.V. tray holds a small plastic cup of water. "Samsung" 19" On T.M.C.

James is weathered he appears unwell. Wearing his bathrobe and moccasins settled in his bed. Otis reclines in the chair. Eating pizza and smoking.

OTIS

How long you been up here?

JAMES
I came up for her but got word
while I was here. So, since Irene.

OTIS
Three months?

JAMES
Fuck if I know.

OTIS
You buried her?

JAMES
Yeah.

OTIS
Where?

JAMES
In the back.

OTIS
In the back?

JAMES
Yeah.

OTIS
What, you just dug a hole and threw
her in?

JAMES
No, asshole. They have a... It's a
service, they come to the house...
You got assistants and what not.

OTIS
...Oh.

JAMES
Yeah.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Made her a headstone.

OTIS
You did?

JAMES
It's in the back there, you can go
look.

OTIS
You make headstones?

JAMES
Irene's.

OTIS
How?

JAMES
Just mortar mix and a frame.

OTIS
... Then what? Just use a stencil
for the lettering?

JAMES
Stone stamps... Cheap too. Seventy
bucks.

OTIS
No shit.

JAMES
Normal headstone cost you eight
hundred... Thousand bucks.

OTIS
What does it say?

JAMES
What?

OTIS
The headstone.

JAMES
"Irene Guidry. 1912 - 2005
Smell the roses for the camera."

OTIS
What the fuck did that mean? I was
always too scared to ask.

JAMES
It was her thing. Said it all the
time... Didn't own not one fucking
camera...

OTIS
I know Dad.

JAMES
You know.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Fake it till you make it.

Otis reaches in his pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)
She was a good girl.

OTIS
I know.

JAMES
Yeah?... How would you know?
You never came up to see her.

OTIS
I did.

JAMES
When?

OTIS
I don't remember.

JAMES
Course not.

OTIS
I came up.

JAMES
Right.

OTIS
How do you think I got up here
asshole? ...Memory, you didn't
leave an address.

JAMES
I figured If you couldn't find her
house we didn't have nothing to
talk about... But you're here.

Beat. They look at each other. Then James looks away.

JAMES (CONT'D)
It'll go.

OTIS
What'll go?

JAMES

We all go homeless eventually.

Otis pulls his coin out of his pocket. Rubs it in his hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Memories... Once they start to fade
you're fucked... When they're
gone... Poof, you're homeless.

OTIS

Homeless people are homeless...
You're not homeless. Don't say
that. I never let you get there.

JAMES

You're spoiled, Fontenroy... Mister
fucking showbiz, wanna come down
here to visit the folk, Huh? We
dont even talk anymore... Only time
I see you is in them fucking
movies. That's how we communicate.
You dont... Hmmm.

James catches himself.

Otis is rubbing his coin.

It works.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...You send me money... Through
Chris. Whats his last name?

OTIS

I dont know.

JAMES

You dont know?... Fuck me.
You're... Unbelievable. I'm doing
you a favor taking that money. So
you can sleep at night.

Otis looks around biting his lip.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Thanks son.

Otis stares out the window, Trying to process. Trying not to
explode.

OTIS

It's nice Dad.

James tracks his son bubbling.

JAMES
Thank you.

OTIS
You're welcome.

JAMES
(loud)
Look at me...

Otis does.

JAMES (CONT'D)
For the money. I mean it. This is
me saying thank you.

OTIS
You're welcome.

Beat.

OTIS (CONT'D)
No curtains?

JAMES
I don't like curtains.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Never have.

OTIS
Whats wrong with em'?

JAMES
Nothing I just dont like em'.

They both look out the window.

OTIS
You want someone to look in and see
you.

Beat.

JAMES
Up it to thirteen grand and I'll
get some real nice curtains.

OTIS
Yeah.

James coughs. Fingers through his pack of Kool's. He's out.

JAMES
Give me one of yours.

OTIS
You should stop.

JAMES
You want me to quit now? After the
check up Huh? How much sense does
that make Otis?

Otis takes that in.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You know what the fuck I'm saying.
It is what it is. I'm here till I'm
not. Give me a lighter.

Otis stands and lights him. James takes a shallow pull...
Exhales. Otis sits back down.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I read what you got into. Thought
you were getting real jail time
this round.

OTIS
That wasn't me.

JAMES
Who was it then?

OTIS
You.

JAMES
Here we go with this shit.

OTIS
When I drink, you take over. It's
magic. Poof.

JAMES
That must be nice. Does your dick
get bigger too?

OTIS
Feels good to disappear.

JAMES
Must be nice to have someone to
blame.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wish I had that but I love the truth too much. Always been my weakness.

OTIS

So what... You're the truth seer. Fuck me. So you speak truth and I'm what? I'm a liar?

JAMES

Been paid to lie since you were up to my knee.

OTIS

Acting is not lying.

JAMES

What is it then Peckerwood?

OTIS

It's survival.

JAMES

Right. I'll tell you what... Pass me the bottle under your chair so I have more patience for your fucking wise old owl act.

Otis looks under the chair and pulls a bottle.

OTIS

You drinking?

JAMES

Hey-o.

OTIS

What happened?

JAMES

Acting.

OTIS

You're in pain.

James laughs.

JAMES

What does a man that makes a living from lying, think about before he falls asleep at night? That's what I want to know.

OTIS
I been dealing with my shit.

JAMES
How?

OTIS
Rehab.

JAMES
You went cause the judge told you
to, You're a better liar than that
boy.

Otis rubs his coin.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Any time you pay somebody to tell
you what to do, you're going to be
a fucking nobody.

OTIS
You think.

JAMES
Yeah... all that shit. There's
nothing that teaches you more, Than
fucking up and moving on. Go to a
meeting.

OTIS
What if you can't?

JAMES
Can't what?

OTIS
Move on?

JAMES
Why can't you move on?

OTIS
Why can't you?

JAMES
You're not me poop butt.

OTIS
Only one you.

JAMES
You never thought highly of me.
That's from your mother.

Otis' jaw goes.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Do you believe your mother?

OTIS
Stop.

JAMES
You believe that I raped her?

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Go on.

OTIS
I do.

JAMES
Yea... You love your mother don't
you?

Otis stares at James.

OTIS
I do.

JAMES
Then you have hope.... I was
sixteen when I killed off my female
side... Yours is still alive.

OTIS
What do you mean?

JAMES
Just... Empathetic. That was
gone... Bang. You're not me though.
You have your mother in you too and
she loves life. I love her for
that... I'm not that. I can't ride
across a bridge without thinking
about suicide. Happens every
time... I can't look at an ocean or
a lake without thinking about it...
Edge of a building...

OTIS
You never told me.

JAMES
It doesn't hang out all day. Just
pops up on me.

OTIS
Like what?

JAMES
I dont know...

OTIS
...A flash...

JAMES
...Yeah, A flash... just for a
second.

OTIS
I have that too.

Coughing. James covers his mouth & wipes mucus off his beard.

JAMES
How do you make a fire with two
sticks?

OTIS
What?

JAMES
How do you make a fire with two
sticks?

OTIS
You're lit already.

JAMES
I know I'm lit. Piss-ant... You
always do that... You kill my
fucking jokes Otis.

OTIS
How?

JAMES
By breaking the momentum.

OTIS
No, *How* do you make a fire with two
sticks?

JAMES
You killed the rhythm of the
joke... Leave it alone.

OTIS
Now you're not gonna tell me?

JAMES
You ruined it.

OTIS
Ok.

Beat.

James can't hold it.

JAMES
Make sure one is a match.

OTIS
That's your joke?

JAMES
Fuck you.

OTIS
That was a terrible joke.

JAMES
It's timing asshole. If I say, "How do you make a fire with two sticks?" And You say "What? You're lit already," there's no more joke.

OTIS
You're bout as funny as sticking a bundle of carrots up your own ass.

James laughs.

JAMES
But that's funny, though.

OTIS
I know.

JAMES
No, dumbass, you're saying I'm funny with that. But that wasn't your original point... What's funny now is how you just fucked yourself trying to argue that...

OTIS
...You know what I meant.

JAMES
I did... Because I know you. You're my son. You're a funny fucker...

Coughing.

OTIS
Drink the water Dad.

He does. Then sits back and resets.

JAMES
Everybody likes a roller coaster
ride, don't they?

OTIS
Yep.

Beat.

JAMES
Up and down... Fuck me, I could
never get the dips right. It all
turned on me somehow... I'm scared
Otis.

OTIS
I know.

JAMES
That's why I been telling you jokes
and shit.

OTIS
Let me take you to the hospital.

JAMES
What for?

OTIS
They can help. Get you more time.

JAMES
There's nothing to help with. I've
been dead for years Otis. Even
before you were born. I was just
too scared to admit it. Now I'm
finally gonna be free... Fear is
prison. Remember that.

Otis tears up.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Don't cry.. You should be happy for
me... I wish that for you too.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

If there's anything I wish for you,
it's that you stop being scared and
ashamed of who you are... There's
nothing to win Otis.

OTIS

You're incredible Dad.

JAMES

It's good to hear you know that.

OTIS

I'm gonna make a movie about you.

JAMES

You are?

OTIS

Yeah.

JAMES

About me?

OTIS

Yeah.

JAMES

Make me look good honey boy.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY NORTH - SUNSET

Two birds flying together above us.

The film Lonesome Dove echoes.

LARRY MCMURTY (V.O.)

*"...All of Hat Creek Outfit,
including particularly Augustus
McCrae, want Call to accept the boy
as his son."*

PAN DOWN: Our boys cut through it like a crazy knife on
wheels. Otis and James are gliding down the freeway. It's a
tight operation. Otis at the helm, James holds tight. He
moves with his son. Hugs him at 120 mph. Full Speed Love.

CUE MUSIC: NEIL YOUNG "Motion Pictures"

EXT. 10 FREEWAY NORTH SHOULDER - NIGHT

On their backs, Passing a joint back and forth, facing
traffic. We stay here till the song ends.

NEIL YOUNG

*"Motion pictures
on my TV screen,
A home away from home,
livin' in between
But I hear some people
have got their dream.
I've got mine.*

*I hear the mountains
are doin' fine,
Mornin' glory
is on the vine,
And the dew is fallin',
the ducks are callin'.
Yes, I've got mine.*

*Well, all those people,
they think
they got it made
But I wouldn't buy,
sell, borrow or trade
Anything I have
to be like one of them.
I'd rather
start all over again.*

*Well, all those headlines,
they just bore me now
I'm deep inside myself,
but I'll get out somehow,
And I'll stand before you,
and I'll bring
a smile to your eyes.
Motion pictures,
motion pictures."*

FADE TO BLACK.

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