

THE BEACH BUM

Written by

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INT. UNIVERSITY OF CUBA - LIBRARY - DAY

Moondog stands at a podium in a mismatched suit. His hair is unkempt. He holds a Mojito, his book of poems is open.

Hundreds of Cuban students and faculty stare up at him. He clears his throat and gently lowers his eyes. He begins to speak forcefully in the microphone.

MOONDOG

And now for a bit of poetic
foreplay. I'm going to lube up
your ear sockets with something I
wrote as a prepubescent turk
growing up in the wilds of Kentucky
surrounded by rednecks and turds
and inbreds and cock jammers,
hostile locals with dead souls and
limp dicks. It's the first poem I
ever wrote as a boy, an innocent,
and I always like to start out each
reading I do with this. It's short
and sweet and it takes me back to a
pure place.

(long pause)

"Swaying on the swing. I smell the
stench of all the losers trying to
bring me down. But I will now bow.
I will not break. I am 8 years old
today. It's my birthday. And I am
a great man. I am the Moondog, and
one day I will swallow up the
world. I hope you all perish
violently. Just kidding. The
end."

Moondog stops and smiles at the audience. They clap wildly.
He laughs to himself.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Wow I am a genius.

He gulps down the rest of his Mojito and licks his lips.

EXT. OCEAN/SAILBOAT/CUBA - MAGIC HOUR

A small boat floats in the water. The Havana landscape is visible in the distance. Steve Miller's "The Joker" blares from the speakers. A fishing pole is set and cast out at sea. The side of the boat reads "Poon Palisades."

I/E. BOAT/CAPTAINS CABAN - MAGIC HOUR

Inside the boat the song grows much louder.

Moondog 40s-50's, lays on a small bed in the captains quarters. He makes out with two topless Cuban women. A joint burns in the ash tray. He kisses one of their nipples and smiles. He holds the joint to her lips. She inhales and shotguns it into the mouth of the other girl.

Moondog grabs a handful of cherries from a gold leafed bowl.

He eats cherries while seductively dangling the stems above his mouth. He spits the pits onto the bed. His lips turn red.

EXT. BOW OF THE BOAT - MAGIC HOUR

We see the fishing line being tugged.

A large bell rings, it sounds like a door bell.

I/E. CAPTAINS CABAN - MAGIC HOUR

The ringing sound goes off again.

MOONDOG

I caught one! Yeah!

He jumps out of bed and quickly puts on an old corduroy jacket. He wears neon Che Gavara shorts. The two girls stare at him and laugh. He takes a quick hit from the joint.

The bell rings again. He looks excited.

He grabs some cherries and spits the pits at the girls.

They crack up.

EXT. BOW OF THE BOAT - MAGIC HOUR

The fishing line tugs again, this time much harder.

The ringing sound intensifies. It echoes across the ocean.

I/E. CAPTAINS CABAN - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog holds a Polaroid camera. He snaps photo's of the girls. They kiss each other. He tosses the photos on the bed.

MOONDOG

Good lord. The lighting in here is magic.

The ringing sound again.

Moondog smiles and then turns up the volume on the stereo, the Steve Miller song is now blasting.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

(screaming over the music)

Don't move too much, I'll be right back. Hold that vibe girls!

He runs out of the room. We follow him through the tight hallways of the boat and onto the bow.

EXT. BOW OF THE BOAT - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog clicks a button on the pole and the ringing stops. He starts to reel it in with all of his might. He looks like he might be pulled over the side of the boat.

MOONDOG

(to himself)

Fuckin great white. Come out of the abyss you bastard. I've finally got you.

A small bit of spittle flies from his lips.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Moby Dick you cock sucker. I'm gonna need a bigger boat.

Wind blows his hair. He uses all his strength to reel it in.

INT. BOAT - MAGIC HOUR

The topless girls walk through the narrow kitchen of the boat. One of them has a joint in her mouth. They stop at the door and watch Moondog's epic struggle. They laugh. A Grateful Dead song starts to play.

EXT. BOW OF THE BOAT - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog is reeling in the line.

MOONDOG
 (to himself)
 I will never give up....you
 bastards. Come and get me.

He begins to reel it all the way in now. He looks at the end of the line and his smile quickly turns to shock.

We see something yellow break through the surface of the ocean. Moondog slows down a bit, leans over and stares.

At the end of the line we see a very large yellow plastic work boot filled with water.

The two topless girls walk out onto the bow.

Moondog reels it in. The boot dangles above his head.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 The yellow boot! In my size even!
 I cant believe this.

He turns and looks at the girls. They are cracking up.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 Don't laugh you wenches! You cant
 buy these anymore!

He unhooks the boot and sets the pole down. He spills water out of the boot, and a live eel slithers across the bow.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 Thank you lord!

He picks up the boot and sticks his foot inside. He grabs the eel. He waddles towards the girls. They stare at his boot. He sticks his tongue in one girls mouth. Without looking he gently grabs the joint from the other girl and takes a puff. He holds the flapping eel towards the sky. They all dance.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 I always loved this song.

The TITLE "THE BEACH BUM," APPEARS OVER THE IMAGE.

EXT. BOAT MARINA/HAVANA - NIGHT

The "Poon Palisades" is docked and rocking with the water.

EXT - BUSY HAVANA STREET - NIGHT

Moondog walks down a bustling street in central Havana. 1950's cars are whizzing by blasting music.

Moondog is a rich poet. His wealthy wife provides most of his income. His wonderful face is aged by constant laughter, and hard living. His hair is in a messy ponytail. He wears a diamond earring in his left ear. His nose is slightly crooked from a fight he had in his youth. His two front teeth are chipped and a bit jagged. He is a free spirit, equal part hippy and anarchist. He is charismatic with a strange heart, and an extreme non filtered lust for life. His pants are hemmed too high and his cuban waiter shirt is a bright canary yellow color.

Moondog walks down the street smoking a cigar. He is slightly hammered and stumbling a bit.

EXT. RUN DOWN OUT DOOR HAVANA BAR - NIGHT

Moondog drinks a beer at the bar. He raises his hand for another. He takes a puff of his cigar and swivels around.

MOONDOG
(to the bartender)
Where's all the snatchy snatch
tonight, Carlito?

He scans the assorted cuban locals and takes a deep breath.

Carlito the toothless bartender points to the sky and smiles.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
I hope there's some good coochie in
heaven Carlito. For your sake
especially.

Carlito smiles.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
But that'll have to wait. I need
something more earth bound tonight.

Moondog takes a swing of beer.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Preferably big breasted and with no
scars.

Carlito shrugs.

EXT. HAVANA STREET - NIGHT

Moondog runs through traffic.

A cab whizzes by and almost hits him. The cab blows his horn.

Moondog smiles and waves.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles along the Malecon with his arms straight out like he is walking a tight rope. Waves splash against his feet.

EXT. BUSY SECTION OF MALECON - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles forward. People are night fishing.

A large man sits on the edge of the malecon playing a tuba. His chubby feet dangle into the water. The man repeats the same note over and over again.

Moondog pulls a beer out of his front pocket and quickly downs it, he softly tip-toes up to the guy with the tuba. He starts bopping his knees up and down in a mock dance move.

Some fisherman off to the side start laughing at him.

Moondog begins laughing to himself. He looks around and swiftly kicks the tuba player into the water.

The tuba player falls off the edge and lands in the water. He looks up at Moondog and starts yelling.

MOONDOG

I apologize sir. Please forgive me.

Everyone laughs.

The tuba player splashes water onto moondog's pant leg.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Please forgive me. It was an accident. Continue playing. It was actually quite beautiful.

Moondog tosses his beer bottle at the ocean and stumbles off.

EXT. HAVANA QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Moondog makes his way down the sidewalk, singing to himself.

EXT. HAVANA BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Moondog cuts down an old alley way.

An old woman wearing curlers sweeps glass into a pile.

Moondog stumbles past her. He sees a tiny kitten lapping up sewer water. He bends down and picks it up.

MOONDOG

Well hello my little angel pussy.
(he kisses the kittens
head)

Where's your mommy? Are you
thirsty? I'm all out of booze or
I'd offer you some. I'm terribly
impolite aren't I? Such a cute
little pussy.

He kisses the kittens paw and it purrs.

EXT. HAVANA BEUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Moondog drunkenly wobbles down the street holding the kitten.
He sings the words to "the Joker" again.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOME IN THE CENTER OF HAVANA'S OLD TOWN -
NIGHT

Moondog pushes his way past the gate. He drunkenly pulls a
key out of his pocket and unlocks the door. He manages to
hold the kitten gracefully.

MOONDOG

Home sweet home.

He kisses the kitten's head again. They walk inside.

INT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - NIGHT

Moondog turns on the lights. The house has beautiful high
ceilings and cuban tiles. Books and artworks line the walls.

MOONDOG

(talking directly to the
kitten)

(MORE)

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

This is my house angel pussy. This is what the house of a poet looks like. I am a great poet and a great lover. Welcome.

He walks through the living room holding the kitten.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moondog stares at a shelf full of his books all translated into different languages.

MOONDOG

These are my books. One day you will read them all angel pussy.

He kisses the kittens head and stares at his books.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moondog sets the kitten on the table. He opens the refrigerator and pulls out a carton of milk. He pours some into a bowl. The kitten laps it up.

MOONDOG

(he whispers "beautiful kitten" in Spanish)
Gatito Hermoso.

He walks out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The curtains blow wildly in the wind. The lights are low. A record plays Leonard Cohen's "Who By Fire".

Moondog holds a joint and prances around shirtless in his Che Gavara shorts. He sings along and takes a puff. He cracks up at his own reflection in the mirror. He karate chops the air.

The kitten looks up at him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moondog lays on his bed, smoking a joint. He watches 1950's Cuban propaganda cartoons on a black and white TV. He takes a drag. The kitten sleeps on the pillow next to him. He blows smoke into the kitten's ear and cracks up.

INT. WRITERS ROOM - NIGHT

Moodnog sits at a table littered with papers and books. The sound of the street outside blends with the cartoons. Moondog stares at a typewriter with a blank sheet of paper resting inside. His unwashed hair sticks straight up. He chugs a beer. He drops the bottle and burps.

MOONDOG

I am a pure genius. Lets let it
flow bitches.

He itches his balls and starts laughing.

EXT. IN FRONT OF MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - NIGHT

Moondog drinks and dances on the sidewalk with a few old timers. Music blares from inside his house. He waves to the passing cars. He does a Karate chop towards the moon.

INT. WRITERS ROOM - NIGHT

Moondog sits down at his typewriter and hits the same key over and over again.

MOONDOG

Ah now we're talkin. This is some
good shit here. I'm a fuckn idiot.
Whoo! Oh yeah!

He drops his head onto the table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The kitten is asleep and purring on the pillow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles to the refrigerator. He takes a beer and chugs it. He collapses onto the kitchen table. With a loud thud he hits the floor, beer bottles everywhere.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The TV flickers as it plays an old Tom and Jerry cartoon.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moondog lies motionless on the floor.

Long pause.

MOONDOG

Ouch.

The sound of cartoon music playing.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The kitten is awake it yawns big and smiles.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - MORNING

The sun rises. The city is alive. The waves splash against the malecon. The music from passing taxi's is audible.

EXT. IN FRONT OF MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - MORNING

We see an old cuban maid move down the street, smoking the nub of a cigar. She wears a faded red baseball cap and mens dress shoes with tube socks. She carries mops and beer.

INT. ENTRANCE OF HOME - MORNING

The maid enters and sees the mess. She walks through the rooms and nods her head. It's a familiar sight. She begins to open up the blinds and let the sun in.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The maid walks in to find Moondog on the floor. She bends down and starts slapping his face.

He opens his eyes and smiles up at her.

MOONDOG

(still drunk)

Hello my love. That feels oh so good. I'm super horny.

She smiles.

CUBAN MAID

Eres asqueroso! (You are disgusting)

MOONDOG
(he looks like he is about
to puke)
You frisky old wench. Get your
foul hands off me.

She starts laughing and then slaps his face harder again.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Is a handjob absolutely out of the
question then?

He growls like a dog.

CUBAN MAID
Cerdo. (Pig)

She continues cursing him in Spanish.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Moondog pees into the bathtub with the door open. He looks
like hell.

EXT. HAVANA BACK OF HOUSE IN THE GARDEN - MORNING

The landscaping is perfect. Gardeners work amongst the
statues and lily ponds.

EXT. HAVANA BALCONY - MORNING

The maid helps a nearly naked Moondog with his clothes. He
holds a bong. The Grateful Dead is blasting. A few passersby
stop to stare up at him. Moondog scratches his balls and
hocks a lugie over the balcony.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Moondog stares at all his translated poetry books. He runs
his fingers over the spines. He can barely stand.

The kitten is licking the side of his bare foot.

EXT. TINY OUTDOOR BAR - MORNING

Moondog hunches over a bar drinking a Mojito. Hard rain pours
down on the tarp behind him. He holds a joint in one hand and
a cell phone in the other, his wife Minnie is on speaker.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
I miss you.

MOONDOG
I miss you too.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
You do?

MOONDOG
Not really.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
I thought so.

MOONDOG
A little bit.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Well I need my husband back here
soon.

MOONDOG
Alright Minnie.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
It's boring here without you.

MOONDOG
OK.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Your daughter and I need you to
come home.

MOONDOG
Home?

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Yes.

MOONDOG
My real home is here in Cuba dear.
I bought this house when I was 19
from a gay cigar farmer. You know
that. This place is my true home.

MINNIE
We need you back in Florida love.

MOONDOG
Yuck.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Back to Palm Beach.

MOONDOG
Fuck Palm Beach.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Stop it.

MOONDOG
Yuck.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
I need help with the wedding.

MOONDOG
Never.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
There are a lot of guests coming.

MOONDOG
Illiterates. All of them.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Stop it. They're your friends and family.

MOONDOG
I have no friends.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Yes you do.

MOONDOG
Fools. All of them.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
And your daughter is glowing and beautiful.

MOONDOG
Glowing?

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Yeah.

MOONDOG
I hope she gets over it.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
It's so cute to watch her.

MOONDOG
Glowing?

MINNIE
(over the phone)
She's so in love.

MOONDOG
She's only seventeen. That's too young.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
She's twenty two.

MOONDOG
Well I wish she wasn't marrying
such a limp dick.

The sound of thunder.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Don't be a jerk.

MOONDOG
OK Minnie.

He downs the Mojito and lifts his joint up into the air.

EXT. QUIET HAVANA SIDE STREET - MORNING

Its pouring rain. The sound of thunder.

Moondog wobbles down the street. A soggy joint dangles from his lips. His pants are rolled up to his knees. He is barefoot and holds his shoes in one hand.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

Moondog is getting a massage. He is naked except for a towel draped across his groin. A nude dark skinned masseuse named Maria rubs oil on his leg. Reggaeton music plays on the radio. A poster of Fidel Castro hangs on the wall. The windows are open, and chickens eat corn off the floor. Moondog takes a drag from his joint and starts coughing.

MOONDOG

The weed here is pretty weak Maria, I have to admit, so I have to smoke a massive amount to feel anything resembling a full body buzz. It's kind of a dull and uninspired home grown version of the good hydro I was getting back home.

MARIA

(sarcastic, she answers in Spanish)
Estupendo. (Great)

Moondog coughs up a fit.

MOONDOG

It's a mellow schrubby sort of high, with hints of lemon candy and basil tart, with a slight melancholy aftertaste.

MARIA

Eso es genial Moondog. (That's great Moondog.)

Maria squirts a bunch of oil into her hand and then quickly begins rubbing it up and down Moondogs other thigh.

MOONDOG

Go easy on me today. I just had my balls waxed.

MARIA

Si.

Maria slides both of her hands under Moondog's towel.

MOONDOG

Good news though Maria. The writing is flowing, just like the runs I've suffered all week from the food here.

He shifts his body and takes a hit of weed. He coughs and closes his eyes. From the window, the sound of the city and the salsa music mix.

EXT. BUSY SECTION OF MALECON - NIGHT

Moondog walks down the Malecon holding the kitten. As he passes the tuba player, he kicks him into the water again. He scurries away laughing.

EXT. RUN DOWN OUT DOOR HAVANA BAR - NIGHT

Moondog is drinking alone in the corner. The kitten drinks milk from a small bowl on the counter.

Moondog puffs a huge cigar. He quietly talks to himself and laughs. The song "Margaritaville" is playing on the radio.

A group of ominous men watch him from the other side of the bar. Their faces are obscured by a dark shadow that cuts across the dance floor.

A skinny old guy in an oversized pink sequined suit and a lopsided wig is playing a broken tambourine on stage.

Moondog saunters over to stage and starts dancing.

EXT. HAVANA QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles alone. He is still completely soaked. He sings and holds the kitten to his chest.

The ominous men in ski masks appear behind him. They hold machete's. A few people see them and run back inside their homes. The leader runs up behind Moondog and taps him on the shoulder. Moondog turns around and smiles.

MOONDOG

Hello handsome.

(he looks at the group of
men)

Very scary. Very scary. Can I help
you?

The guy whacks moondog on the head. He drops to the sidewalk. His face falls into a puddle of sewer water.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 (under his breath, the
 sewer water submerges the
 side of his face)
 Limp dicks.

The kitten runs away.

EXT. BUSY HAVANA STREET - NIGHT

The kitten moves across the street, miraculously avoiding the cars. It jumps onto the sidewalk and stares back at Moondog, unconscious on the ground. The men hover above him. The kitten purrs sadly, and walks into the darkness.

EXT. HAVANA GHETTO BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The men drag Moondog through puddles, and past housing units. A few kids on bicycles ride alongside and throw fire crackers. They stare at Moondog's limp body. He hums "Margaritaville." Reggaeton plays inside the buildings.

INT. HAVANA ABANDONED GHETTO SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

Moondog is stripped down to his underwear and on his belly, hog tied. He lays on an old mattress. The field is dark. Abandoned cars and blazing trash cans are scattered about. The men stare down at him.

Moondog looks up at them and slaughs. He is partly hallucinating from the blow to his head.

KIDNAPPER 1
 (He yells out "what's so
 funny?" in Spanish)
 Cual es tan divertido?!!

MOONDOG
 (speaking extra fast and
 with a slurr)
 Oh I'm just so happy. I cant
 believe it! I'm soooo Happy!!

KIDNAPPER 1
 Feliz? Contento?

MOONDOG
 Of course! I hadn't been hog-tied
 like this since my senior year of
 grad school.

KIDNAPPER 2

Contento?

MOONDOG

I used to love it. I never thought it would happen again in my lifetime.

KIDNAPPER 2

Que esta diciendo? (What is he saying?)

MOONDOG

I'm so fond of kink and my wife is so deranged. I tried in vain for years to get her into some role playing scenarios similar to this.

KIDNAPPER 3

Tal vez se retarda. (Maybe he is retarded.)

MOONDOG

But in truth Minnie is just a frigid blueblood.

KIDNAPPER 1

Que?

The kidnapers step closer, confused. A kidnapper bends down and sticks the machete directly under Moondogs throat.

MOONDOG

(he starts talking really fast now)

This is such a sweet surprise. My vision is bad, I need a cornea transplant, I cant tell, that thing your holding, is that one of those new fangled anal prongs all the teenagers are using these days? I heard they are all the rage.

The men look at each other and begin laughing.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

If so I'll need to drink a few more Mojitos to get loosey-goosey. Maybe pop a Roofy and snort a line. Mood is everything comrades!

Moondog laughs, his hands and feet bound and trembling.

EXT. DOCKED FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

We see men in masks walk onto the dock.

INT. DOCKED FISHING BOAT- NIGHT

The kidnappers stand around Moondog who is completely bound except for the hand he smokes with.

A masked kidnapper holds a phone up to moondogs face.

MINNIE

(over the phone)

What do you mean kidnapped?

MOONDOG

Yeah its not so bad. I was hog-tied for a while. It was great.

Moondog takes a hit of weed and then passes to the kidnapper.

MINNIE

(over the phone)

Are you fucking with me?

The kidnappers chuckle and pass the joint around.

EXT. OCEAN/YACHT - DAY

The rest of their phone conversation plays of this image.

MINNIE sits in the center of a beautiful yacht. She is beautifully dressed and dripping with jewelry. Her hair is perfect. Her skin is tanned.

MOONDOG V.O

No. I'm for real. It's wild. They are holding me for ransom. A bunch of gnarly goons. Semi retards. I'm gonna write a poem about the experience.

Minnie looks ahead, determined and concerned. There are several armed guards onboard.

INT. MINNIE'S YACHT - DAY

Minnie is in the main cabin of her lavish yacht. She looks at a small hand gun on the glass table.

MINNIE V.O
What do they want?

MOONDOG V.O
They're Gonna kill me if you don't
take a boat over to Havana tomorrow
with a duffle bag filled with cash.

I/E. MINNIE'S YACHT - DAY

Minnie stands on the bow holding her gun and a glass of wine.

MOONDOG V.O
They know how rich you are. They
googled you Minnie.

She stares out at the Havana skyline.

EXT. PORT OF HAVANA - DAY

The boat is docked.

MOONDOG V.O
Your wealth knows no bounds.

Minnie steps off down holding her duffle bag.

EXT. BUSY HAVANA STREET - DAY

Minnie makes way across the street.

MOONDOG V.O
No excuses. Lets hustle love.
It's just another chapter in our
adventure together.

She is flanked by her armed guards.

EXT. RUN DOWN OUT DOOR HAVANA BAR - NIGHT

Minnie walks into the quiet bar.

The same guy from before plays the broken tambourine. The
kidnappers sit in the dark. Minnie approaches them. The sound
of her high heels is magnified. She drops the bag in front of
them. They make kissing sounds. She looks on annoyed.

EXT. HAVANA ABANDONED GHETTO SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

Moondog is alone in the center of the abandoned soccer field. The trash cans are blazing. He is still tied up.

Minnie walks across the field. He smiles and screams out.

MOONDOG

Minnie! My love! You made it! You look so lovely! You dressed up perfectly for the occasion!

She walks up to him and stares down. She starts laughing.

MINNIE

You've got to be kidding me.

MOONDOG

Don't just stand there laughing at me you dirty dog.

MINNIE

Right.

MOONDOG

Lets get frisky. I popped a half dozen quaeludes before I was kidnapped.

MINNIE

What the fuck?

MOONDOG

I was gonna date rape myself but now that your here the timing is perfect.

She wipes the dried blood from his forehead. She unties him.

MINNIE

I don't believe this. You look like total shit Moondog.

Minnie looks around the stadium. His hands are free.

MOONDOG

How hot is this scenario?

He grabs her and pulls her onto the dirty mattress.

MINNIE

Shut up Moondog.

They wrestle around for a moment and then start to kiss.

EXT. HAVANA PARK - NIGHT

Moondog and Minnie walk through a bustling city park. They hold hands. Moondog puffs on a huge cigar, a loose bandage wrapped around his head. Minnie holds her high heels.

The armed guards follow them closely.

EXT. HAVANA RESTERAUNT - NIGHT

Moondog and Minnie sit. A waiter pours wine.

MOONDOG

I think getting kidnapped is good
for my inspiration.

Moondog chugs the entire glass and looks lovingly at Minnie.

MINNIE

Yes it suits you.

MOONDOG

I kind of feel reborn and
exhilarated.

MINNIE

Heard that before.

MOONDOG

Maybe now I'm ready to write
something.

MINNIE

Aha.

MOONDOG

Some poetry with real balls.

MINNIE

OK.

MOONDOG

An epic.

Beat.

MINNIE

Sure you are.

MOONDOG

Something violent and filled with
passion.

MINNIE
(laughing)
Passion?

MOONDOG
Don't laugh.

MINNIE
(still laughing)
Sorry.

MOONDOG
It doesn't suit you love. I'm onto
something.

She stares at him.

MINNIE
Oh Moondog. I do miss you.

MOONDOG
My comeback!

Moondog swigs and coughs into his sleeve. Minnie smiles.

MINNIE
But you know your charm is
dwindling.

She stares at him then sips her glass.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
You were charming and beautiful
when you were young, but your not
aging well dear.

MOONDOG
Bullshit!

Moondog snorts the air and tightens the bandage on his head.

MINNIE
You haven't published a poem in
years.

MOONDOG
True.

MINNIE
Not a word.

MOONDOG
Not a word?

MINNIE

Nada.

MOONDOG

Well time is just an abstract notion. The earth is melting. Fuck it dear.

MINNIE

Right. Who cares anyway?

MOONDOG

Exactly!

MINNIE

That's why I love you.

Moondog ignores her and pushes his plate of food away, he spits his food out in his napkin.

MOONDOG

Poison!!

He picks up the bottle of wine and takes a swig.

He swishes the wine around and gargles it.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

It tastes like fried turd.

MINNIE

Don't embarrass me please.

MOONDOG

(ignoring her, his voice grows very loud)

I remember when I was in China, before we met, and I accidentally ate a human foot.

Some people in restaurant stop and stare. Minnie smiles.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

That was gourmet compared to this Cuban caca!!

Minnie starts laughing.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Turd soup!

(he scans the room and looks in the direction of the waiters)

Bastards are trying to poison me.

Moondog pulls a joint out of his shoe and licks the tip.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna let them get away
with it.

MINNIE
You're so dramatic.

MOONDOG
You wanna little spliff-piff
Minnie?

Minnie shakes her head no.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Your loss. It's mild Guatemalan.

He looks around and lights it. He takes puff and coughs. He blows smoke at another couple. Minnie stares at him.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
You are so sexy lookin when you are
disappointed in me.

MINNIE
Then I must always look sexy to
you.

Moondog laughs.

MOONDOG
That look of disgust on your face
gives me a serious bone Minnie.

He has a coughing fit and kisses her hand. The waiter walks by, annoyed. Minnie smiles and takes another sip of wine.

EXT. DOCK/MINNIE'S YACHT - MAGIC HOUR

Minnie and Moondog are ushered onto the yacht by the guards.

I/E. MINNIE'S YACHT/BOW OF THE BOAT - NIGHT

Moondog and Minnie slow dance on the dock. They are both drunk. The song "Ventura Highway" by America is playing.

I/E. MINNIE'S YACHT/BEDROOM

Moondog and Minnie are asleep in each others arms.

The song continues.

EXT. MINNIE'S YACHT - NIGHT

The waves slap up against the sides of the yacht as it sails. Armed guards look out in all directions. The stars sparkle.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - MORNING

The house is magnificent. A classic Palm Beach mansion. It sits on the edge of the ocean. The yacht is docked.

INT. MOONDOGS WRITING ROOM - MORNING

Moondog sits at a white marble desk with a tiny typewriter. He stares at the blank page. The Grateful Dead plays in the background. A pile of half eaten chicken wings sit on a china plate, beer bottles strewn about.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - MORNING

We follow Moondog walking through his home. Priceless artwork everywhere. Moondog wears Minnie's pink silk bathrobe and matching slippers. His belly pokes out. The Grateful Dead blares. He holds a beer and a fried chicken in the other. He takes a bite and tosses it out of the window.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION/UPPER TERRACE - MORNING

Moondog and Minnie sit on the terrace overlooking the ocean. Minnie eats breakfast and gets a pedicure. A maid in the back sets her dress onto the bed. Moondog rips from a yellow Bob Marley bong. His eyes are nearly closed.

MINNIE

Today is your daughters wedding.

Beat. As he adjusts the gauge full of weed with his knuckle.

MOONDOG

I'm really exited about that.

He blows the smoke into the air.

MINNIE

You should be.

Moondog nods, smoke streams out of his nose.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

She's the only good thing you've produced in a long time.

Moondog stuffs some more weed into the bong.

MOONDOG

Speaking of which.

MINNIE

Yes?

MOONDOG

I'm meeting my agent for lunch.

MINNIE

Lewis?

MOONDOG

Yeah. That castrated limp dick. Pure fool.

MINNIE

Great.

MOONDOG

Goin over the new book.

MINNIE

(makes a face)

What new book?

MOONDOG

Its not written yet. But fuck it. He's really excited about it.

MINNIE

(makes a face)

Right.

MOONDOG

He thinks it could be the big one.

Minnie starts cracking up.

MINNIE

Just make it quick, I want everything to go right for Heather tonight.

MOONDOG

Don't worry. I'm fucken golden.

MINNIE

Jimmy pulled out all the stops.
It's so nice he's letting us have
the wedding at his place.

MOONDOG

Jimmy. Jimmy Buffet. Mr.
Maragaritaville. Whatever.

MINNIE

He's your friend.

MOONDOG

You're just a groupie, and I have
no real friends. You know that.
And the earth is melting. Fuck it.

(beat)

Is it a bad thing that I loved
being kidnapped?

Moondog shrugs and lights the bong.

MINNIE

(smiling)

Fuck it all.

Minnie drinks her mimosa and laughs.

A huge stream of smoke blows out Moondog's nostrils.

I/E. CONVERTIBLE FERRARI - DAY

Moondog races around the multi million dollar homes of Palm
Beach Florida. His hair flaps in the wind. He swigs a beer
and wears a tuxedo. He tosses the bottle against a large
mansion gate. The bottle shatters. Moondog hits the gas and
speeds off. His silk scarf flaps in his face.

EXT. PALM BEACH COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Moondog urinates on the side of the road by the entrance. The
ferrari is idling, classical music blares from the radio.

EXT. PALM BEACH COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE - DAY

Moondog and his pudgy faced book agent Lewis are playing
golf. Lewis is well dressed in a bright colored suit.

Moondog holds a tall boy as he putts from 6 inches away and
misses the hole. He smiles and taps the ball in with his toe.

LEWIS

I hate to say it Moondog but your a
has been now.

Beat.

MOONDOG

Is that a bad thing?

LEWIS

As your life long agent I have to
tell you the truth.

MOONDOG

The truth is overrated Lewis.

LEWIS

Well.

MOONDOG

And your a shitty agent.

Beat.

LEWIS

Its sad Moondog.

MOONDOG

Yes it is.

LEWIS

You've wasted all your talents on
booze and drugs and women, money
and total excess.

MOONDOG

Don't be a douche. Be honest.

LEWIS

It's sad for me to see.

MOONDOG

What's so sad about that?

LEWIS

You were a poetic genius in your
youth.

Beat.

MOONDOG

Very true. I was a king maker.
Touched by Jehovah.

LEWIS
A revolutionary writer. A radical.

MOONDOG
An icon even.

Lewis makes a face.

LEWIS
Well I don't know.

Lewis putts the ball perfectly and sinks it into the hole.

MOONDOG
Cheater!

Beat.

LEWIS
But you know sometimes lightning
only strikes once in a persons
life.

MOONDOG
Well at least I'm rich and well
hung.

LEWIS
Well your wife is rich. And your
not well hung.

Moondog shrugs and lets out a belch.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

The conversation continues.

Lewis pees into the urinal. Moondog sits on the sink and
smokes a small roach attached to a metal clipper.

LEWIS
(staring at Moondog)
Truth is I can barely even book you
readings anymore.

MOONDOG
Not true.

LEWIS
You show up drunk.

MOONDOG
Booze is my creative lube.

LEWIS

You make jokes. Get in fights.
Urinate on stage.

MOONDOG

Only for dramatic effect. I'm a
showman.

LEWIS

Pass out on the podium. Your a
train wreck.

MOONDOG

I only passed out that once when I
accidently smoked heroin. You cant
hold that against me Lewis. It
coulda happened to anyone.

Moondogs chokes on a massive hit. Lewis flushes the toilet.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

The conversation continues.

Lewis and Moondog are standing in front of his Ferrari.

LEWIS

Your daughter is getting married
today?

MOONDOG

Correct.

LEWIS

That's fantastic.

MOONDOG

Heather. Big day.

Beat.

LEWIS

(sarcastically)
I really appreciate the invite.

MOONDOG

Your welcome.

LEWIS

(slightly upset)
I wasn't actually invited.

MOONDOG
No?

LEWIS
Nope.

MOONDOG
Oooops.

LEWIS
It's OK though Moondog.

MOONDOG
I'm sure it was lost in the mail.

Moondog adjusts his groin.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. There was only
room for 1200 of our closest
friends.

Beat.

Moondog sticks his clubs in the trunk of the Ferrari.

LEWIS
I saw her picture in the paper.
Heather. Beautiful girl. Looks
like her mother thank God.

MOONDOG
Yeah she's a beauty.

LEWIS
I read that you got Jimmy Buffet to
do the ceremony. He got himself
ordained for the wedding?

MOONDOG
Yeah he's Minnie's friend.

LEWIS
That's very cool.

MOONDOG
They're old pals. From her cock
and roll days. She was a groupie
when I met her. She gave Anthony
Keidas a handjob.

LEWIS
Wow!

MOONDOG
And Huey Lewis.

Lewis starts to walk away.

LEWIS
That's very cool.

Beat. Moondog stares at Lewis as he walks away.

MOONDOG
(Shouting in a semi
serious tone)
I have one great book left inside
me. I'm golden lewis! Golden.

Lewis smiles and walks away. Moondog slams the trunk.

EXT. OUTDOOR BEACH BAR - EARLY EVENING

Moondog is getting hammered with the locals.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH AREA/HAMMOCKS BY THE SEA - EVENING

Moondog is passed out in a hammock with his pants down, part of his ass exposed. The buzz from his cell phone wakes him. He looks at the phone and his eyes light up.

I/E. FERRARI - EVENING

Moondog is racing through the streets of Palm Beach.

Minnie is talking to him over the cars speaker phone.

MINNIE
(panicked over the phone)
Where are you Moondog?

MOONDOG
Yoga class. Just finished up.
Downward doggy style.

MINNIE
(over the phone)
Your gonna miss your daughters
wedding!

MOONDOG
(smiling)
Not a chance Minnie!

MINNIE
 (over the phone)
 We're about to start without you.

Moondog smiles and hits the gas. He turns the volume way up.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog pulls up and tosses his keys to the valet.

EXT. BACKYARD OF JIMMY BUFFETS PALM BEACH MANSION - NIGHT

The wedding is under way. Hundreds of guests are sitting. The spread is magnificent.

Jimmy Buffet is mid way through the ceremony. Moondog runs through the courtyard and jumps over an old lady in a chair. He grabs a glass of wine from someone's hand.

He runs up to his daughter Heather at the alter. He kisses her. Heather laughs. Moondog squeezes the grooms balls. The crowd shrieks. Moondog grabs the mic from Jimmy.

MOONDOG
 (while gripping the grooms
 balls)
 Just wanted to see what we're
 working with down there.

The crowd laughs nervously.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 Nice package. Five inches flaccid?
 I guess I was wrong about you.

More people start laughing.

Moondog hands the mic back to Jimmy. Jimmy smiles, confused.

JIMMY BUFFET
 OK folks. Lets do this. Lets
 proceed then.

Moondog stands next to Heather. He leans into her ear.

MOONDOG
 (whispering)
 I love you angel.

HEATHER
 (whispering back)
 Love you daddy.

Heather squeezes Moondog's hand. The groom is blushing, he adjusts his tie and looks at Moondog with a sheepish grin.

EXT. WEDDING STAGE - NIGHT

The Groom is in the center of the stage making a toast. Everyone is standing around with their glasses held high.

GROOM

This is the greatest night of my
life. I'm the luckiest man in the
world. Heather, you're my princess.

Heather walks up and kisses him. Everyone throws rice.

Moondog is urinating into a fountain off to the side.

MOONDOG

(to himself)
Great speech lightweight.
(he hocks up a loogie and
spits it into the
fountain)
Peasant.

He sneers.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Later.

Moondog makes his way through the mansion. He loosens his bow tie. He walks up the stairs. The sound of Jimmy Buffet music is playing in the room at the end of the hall.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Moondog opens the door and enters. The room is filled with smoke. Jimmy stands in the middle of the room smoking a huge spliff. He wears gold sunglasses and shorts.

Several men in tuxedos sit and smoke. Video games are everywhere. The TV plays a silent football game. The men look like wealthy ex hippies and Palm Beach aristocrats.

Moondog takes a deep inhale of the smoke in the air. His eyes light up. A Rastafarian guy plays a steel drum by the window.

MOONDOG

Well well well.

JIMMY BUFFET
Moondog!

MOONDOG
My brother.

JIMMY BUFFET
Hot damn!

MOONDOG
Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET
Your lookin good dude.

MOONDOG
(runs his hand through his
hair)
I thought I smelled something
cooking inside here.

JIMMY BUFFET
Well you have a good nose Moondog.

MOONDOG
Good lordy What do we have here?

Jimmy smiles and motions for him to come over.

JIMMY BUFFET
Come on over here Moondog. Try some
of this.

He holds the foot long joint up in the air and motions.

Moondog licks his lips.

EXT. BOAT PEIR BEHIND THE MANSION NIGHT

Minnie and Heather look out at the moon. We hear the party
behind them. Minnie drinks rose wine from the bottle.

HEATHER
He almost ruined the whole night.

MINNIE
(starts laughing)
It wasn't so bad.

HEATHER
He's sick mom.

MINNIE
That's just Moondog.

HEATHER
Don't make excuses for him.

Minnie takes a swig.

MINNIE
He's sort of from another
dimension, but you just have to
love him the way he is.

HEATHER
He's like an infant.

MINNIE
His mother coddled on him too much.
He wore a diaper till he was eight.
What do you expect? And she put
brandy in his baby bottle.

Heather laughs. Minnie smiles and passes the bottle of wine.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Moondog smokes the huge joint. Jimmy watches, smiling.
Moondog closes his eyes as if experiencing pure bliss.

JIMMY BUFFET
You like it?

MOONDOG
Jimmy this is unreal weed man.

JIMMY BUFFET
It is isn't it?

Jimmy starts laughing.

He looks around at the friends in the room. Several bongos are
being passed around. A few guests lay comatose on the floor.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
Take another hit man.

MOONDOG
Don't mind if I do.

JIMMY BUFFET
It really kicks in hard around 8
Mississippi. This shit is super
trippy.

(MORE)

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
First time I smoked it I went into
a coma and forgot how to breath.

Moondog takes a hit. He closes his eyes and lifts his head as
if talking to the heavens.

MOONDOG
(slurring his speech, his
eyes are nearly shut)
I never felt anything like this.

JIMMY BUFFET
Herb of the Gods.

MOONDOG
Jimmy?

JIMMY BUFFET
It's serious dude.

MOONDOG
My whole life.

JIMMY BUFFET
Its intense.

MOONDOG
I've waited for this moment.

JIMMY BUFFET
A perfect high.

MOONDOG
Full body tingle.

JIMMY BUFFET
Yes indeed.

MOONDOG
Loins throbbing.

JIMMY BUFFET
Yep.

MOONDOG
I'm starting to see minor visions
here.

JIMMY BUFFET
Yep.

MOONDOG
Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET

Yep Yep.

MOONDOG

Shapes are shifting.

JIMMY BUFFET

Yep.

MOONDOG

Angels dancing.

JIMMY BUFFET

Oh yeah man, those angels, cute little fuckers.

MOONDOG

The sounds of tiny children laughing.

JIMMY BUFFET

I hear them too.

MOONDOG

Cripple children laughing.

JIMMY BUFFET

Cripple children everywhere .

MOONDOG

Inspiration abounds.

JIMMY BUFFET

It's happening man.

MOONDOG

It's like the spirit angels have finally tapped in hard to my soul.

Beat.

JIMMY BUFFET

Yeah dude its the goooooood shit!!!

The entire room starts cracking up.

EXT. WEDDING CEREMONY - NIGHT

We see the celebration in full swing. Heather and the groom cut a piece of the cake and rub it into each others faces. More confetti falls. The music is loud.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog and Jimmy make their way through the mansion. Both are high and staggering a bit.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS SECRET HYDROPONIC WEED ROOM - NIGHT

Moondog and Jimmy open the door and enter. Jimmy hits the lights to reveal a state of the art weed facility. In the center of the room on a metal table is a single marijuana plant. Spotlights beam onto it.

Moondog looks around the room completely amazed.

MOONDOG

Jimmy what is this?

Jimmy pushes him forward.

JIMMY BUFFET

Moondog. My friend. Fellow Comrade and artiste'. This is a place I rarely show anyone. It's hallowed ground. Its like the NASA command center of Marijuana dude.

Moondog walks over to the weed plant. He stares at it.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)

And that right there is what you just smoked. The Mona Lisa of weed. The grand lady.

Moondog touches the plant, a tear falls from his cheek.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)

Touch lightly old friend. It's a fragile lover.

MOONDOG

(in a whisper)

Wow.

JIMMY BUFFET

Pure virgin high grade.

MOONDOG

Sweet Jesus Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET

I've been smoking her since the late 60's. She's called the "The Magical Stoner."

MOONDOG
 (whisper)
 Magical Stoner.

JIMMY BUFFET
 I was first introduced to her down
 in Key West, by Ernest Hemingways
 gardener Leon.

MOONDOG
 Leon?

JIMMY BUFFET
 A strange dwarfy Jamaican dude with
 an odd face, shaped kind of like a
 surfboard.

MOONDOG
 The Magical Stoner?

Moondog bends down and examines the plant.

JIMMY BUFFET
 That's right moondog. It only
 grows in one isolated pond in
 Jamaica. It sprouts out of a
 fluorescent pink moss patch.

MOONDOG
 Wow.

JIMMY BUFFET
 Sixteen miles southwest of Bob
 Marley's birthplace outside
 Kingston.

MOONDOG
 I'm blown away man.

JIMMY BUFFET
 A small group of wayward
 Rastafarians devote their entire
 life to growing it. They don't
 even eat solid food, they just
 smoke that weed for nourishment.

MOONDOG
 (whispering it again)
 The magical stoner.

JIMMY BUFFET
 Its the rarest herb in the world.
 I wrote all my greatest hits on it.
 Margaritaville, everything.

MOONDOG
Your secret weapon?

JIMMY BUFFET
Yeah it's been my secret weapon to
success dude.

MOONDOG
Inspiration.

JIMMY BUFFET
I thought you'd appreciate it
moondog. I know your a
connoisseur.

MOONDOG
How can I get some of this?

JIMMY BUFFET
I fly up to Jamaica on my private
jet about once every year and get a
big stash and fly right back. I
bribe the government with a free
concert in the park. They turn the
other cheek. It works out perfect.

Moondog sniffs the leaf.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Minnie looks for Moondog. We hear the sounds from the party.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR DECK OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE ESTATE -
NIGHT

Moondog and Jimmy Buffet pass a bong and look out.

Moondog takes a hit. His eyes pop out, and he wipes swath of
drool from his cheek. He looks up and recites a poem.

MOONDOG
Softly, in the dusk, a women is
singing to me; Taking me back down
the vista of years, till I see A
child sitting under the piano, in
the boom of the tingling strings.
And pressing the small, poised feet
of a mother who smiles as she
sings. In spite of myself, the
insidious mastery of song, betrays
me back, till the heart of me weeps
to belong.

Moondog opens his eyes and lowers his head.

Jimmy Buffet sobs. He wipes his tears. Moondog smiles.

JIMMY BUFFET
That's the most beautiful thing
I've ever heard Moondog.

MOONDOG
Thank you Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET
You wrote that?

MOONDOG
Yes. Yes I did. In my younger
years.

JIMMY BUFFET
That's amazing Moondog.

Beat.

MOONDOG
Actually I didn't write it.

JIMMY BUFFET
No?

MOONDOG
No it's D. H. Lawrence. But I
memorized it in high school.

Jimmy starts laughing. Moondog takes another hit.

EXT. BEACH AREA BEHIND JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog runs down the beach like an airplane. He holds a beer
and sings. He runs up to a wave and kicks it.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR DECK OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE ESTATE -
NIGHT

Minnie sees Jimmy alone, staring down at the wedding
ceremony. She smiles and walks up to him.

MINNIE
Hay Jimmy. What are you doin out
here all alone?

JIMMY BUFFET
Well hello Minnie.

MINNIE
You seen Moondog?

Jimmy smiles and takes her by the hand.

JIMMY BUFFET
I was just with him but I think he
went out for stroll on the beach.
He's completely baked.

Jimmy takes her hand and pulls her closer. He kisses her.

EXT. BEACH AREA BEHIND JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog continues reciting the poetry. He falls into the ocean and a small wave drenches him.

He drops his beer bottle and dives beneath the surface.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We see several guests get into cars and drive away.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Moondog is on his back floating in the ocean.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR DECK OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE ESTATE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Minnie make out. Stray fireworks go off.

EXT. WEDDING CEREMONY - NIGHT

Heather dances cheek to cheek with the groom.

EXT. BEACH AREA BEHIND JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog is soaked. He walks back towards the house.

MOONDOG
(reciting the poem to
himself)
The glamour of childish days is
upon me, my manhood is cast. Down
in the flood of remembrance, I weep
like a child for the past.

As moondog recites the final bit of poetry we see fireworks shooting up to the sky. He looks up and smiles.

EXT. WEDDING CEREMONY - NIGHT

Everyone stares up at the fireworks.

Moondog walks up to Heather and throws his wet arms around her. He clumsily spins her around and hugs her.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles through the mansion to the sound of fireworks and music.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR DECK OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE ESTATE - NIGHT

Jimmy kisses Minnie as the fireworks go off in the back.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moondog walks through the hallway and towards the open doors of the deck. He looks out and then stops in his tracks.

Jimmy and Minnie are passionately kissing. Fireworks light up the sky behind them. Jimmy squeezes her ass with both hands.

Moondog smiles, then his face becomes motionless.

MOONDOG

Wow.

He watches them, then quietly steps back. Fireworks continue.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog walks out the front gate past the valet and guests. He crosses the street and almost gets hit by a car. He flicks the bird.

EXT. PALM BEACH STREET - NIGHT

Moondog staggers down a street. He sings "eye in the sky" by The Alan Parsons Project. He throws his jacket into the road. He wraps his bow tie around his head like a bandana.

EXT. OUTDOOR BEACH BAR - NIGHT

Moondog gets drunk next to an old Asian couple at the bar. The Asian couple pass a vape and down shots of Jagermeister. Moondog downs a shot, a bit of drool on chin. He turns and looks at the old couple.

MOONDOG

Jimmy's weed. It's a miracle. The
Magical Stoner. I feel it coming.

The old couple smiles and tries to ignore him.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

With Jimmy's weed I'll be able to
write again.

OLD ASIAN MAN

That's great.

MOONDOG

Secret weapon!

Moondog leans over the bar and rubs his hand on the old mans cheek. He gently kisses the old women on the lips.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make you guys proud of me
again.

The bartender walks up and taps the bar with his knuckles. Moondog looks up. The bartender points to the door. Moondog turns to see Minnie standing there laughing. She looks beautiful in the light. Moondog cracks up. He walks over to Minnie and they kiss.

EXT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Minnie drives Moondog home in the convertible at top speed. The Simple Minds song "don't you forget about me," is blasting. Moondog waves his hands in the air.

I/E. FERRARI - NIGHT

Minnie shifts the gear and steps on the pedal. They sing the words. It's a beautiful moment. The two of them stare at each other for a brief moment. Minnie smiles and hits the gas.

In the distance, bright lights move towards them. The lights get brighter until they overtake the screen. Minnie swerves.

CUT TO BLACK:

The sound of cars crashing.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION/OUTDOOR PATIO - NIGHT

Jimmy stands on the patio strumming a guitar. He looks out and sees smoke fill up the sky.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Moondog is in an ambulance staring at the ceiling as they race down the highway.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Minnie is in a separate ambulance. Her eyes are shut.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Moondog sits on a bench in front of the ER where Minnie is being treated. His suit is still wet and torn up. There is soot all over his face. His bow tie is still wrapped around his forehead. A doctor walks past him and closes the door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moondog stumbles through a series of lonely hospital hallways. He stares through windows at the sleeping patients. He seems like a clown or a silent movie actor.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

He stares at his dirty faced reflection in the mirror.

MOONDOG

Oh Minnie.

He turns on the water and tries in vain to wipe the soot off.

INT. HOSPITAL MINNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Minnie lays motionless. Moondog looks at her. She is hooked up to a machine. Nurses scurry as Moondog grabs her hand.

MOONDOG

Wake up you old wench.

He kisses her hand.

Minnie opens her eyes and smiles.

MINNIE
 (barely audible whisper)
 Moondog. You're such a fuck up.

Her eyes quickly dim as she takes her final breath.

I/E. BLACK CADDY, FUNERAL PROCESSION - DAY

Moondog rides in a caddy with Heather and her husband. They follow the hearse down Royal Palm Ave. He smokes a joint and blows smoke out of the window. The Grateful Dead is blasting.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Minnie's family and friends listen to a priest say his final words as they Lower the coffin into the ground.

Moondog has his arm around Heather. The wind blows.

EXT. HEARSE/SIDE OF CEMETERY - DAY

Moondog sits on the hood drinking a beer. His bare feet dangle. Family and friends walk past him and wave.

Jimmy walks up to him and puts his hand on his shoulder.

JIMMY BUFFET
 She was a fabulous lady and She
 loved you very much Moondog.

Moondog looks at Jimmy and belches. People walk by and stare.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
 You were a lucky man to have had
 her.

Moondog takes a swig of beer and smiles, he shrugs.

MOONDOG
 Thank you Jimmy. Lets hang soon
 and smoke some of that good stuff.

JIMMY BUFFET
 You got it buddy.

Moondog nods. Jimmy walks away.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

Moondog lays in bed staring at the ceiling fan. He wears Minnie's robe. The sun outside is shining. We see palm trees swaying in the wind. The song "Eye in The Sky" by the Alan Parsons Project plays on the record player.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - MINNIES BATHROOM - MORNING

Moondog is holding up a framed picture of him and Minnie together on vacation. He is staring at the photo.

MOONDOG

You remember this trip to Ibiza?
You cought me doin blow in an alley
way. We had that wild threesome
with the midget. You were the best
Minnie. So understanding.

He kisses the photo.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

My partner in crime. I love you.

Moondog puts the framed photo back on the sink.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - BEDROOM CLOSET - MORNING

Moondog is staring at Minnies dresses. His lifts one up off the rack and smells it. His eyes flutter.

INT. MOONDOGS WRITING ROOM - DAY

Moondog sits at his typewriter tapping one key over and over.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Moondog watches Jaws. He laughs as the shark eats the captain.

MOONDOG

(speaking to the TV
screen)

Eat this dick you old son of bitch.

He grabs his balls and laughs.

EXT. FANCY BEACH AREA - DAY

Moondog walks Minnie's toy poodle. He wears red shorts, Gucci loafers, and a pair of Minnie's sunglasses. He has a newspaper under his arm.

EXT. PALM BEACH GOLF COURSE - DAY

Moondog dangles a joint from his lips, he relaxes into a perfect golf stance. He hits the ball as hard as he can into the water. The ball makes a loud splashing sound.

CADDY

Nice shot Moondog!

Moondog smiles and hands the caddy the club.

MOONDOG

Yeah that felt good.

CADDY

Your finally getting the hang of things now.

Moondog starts hacking into his hand. He nods in agreement.

They step onto the golf cart and quickly drive away.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS YACHT - DAY

We hear the sound of Moondog having a conversation with his lawyer. The conversation plays over the following scenes.

Jimmy performs on the deck for all his friends. Everyone is dancing and getting stoned.

LAWYER V.O.

As your lawyer I gotta tell you.
Your fucked.

MOONDOG V.O

Come again.

LAWYER V.O.

Minnie left strict instructions in her will.

MOONDOG V.O

I didn't know she had a will?

LAWYER V.O.

Well she did and it's very precise.
She was concerned that if anything
ever happened to her you would piss
away the fortune.

Moondog wears Che Guevara shorts and a life preserver. He
holds two bongos and dances with blonde MILFS in g strings.

I/E. MINNIE'S WHITE CONVERTIBLE BENTLY - DAY

The conversation continues over the image.

Moondog drives through Palm Beach listening to a jazzy Jack
Kerouack book on tape.

LAWYER V.O.

Minnie was adamant. Your to
receive nothing.

He tries reciting the words but eventually gives up.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Moondog sits at a desk across from his lawyer. The lawyer
scans Minnie's Will.

MOONDOG

What's nothing mean?

LAWYER

Nothing means nothing. Not a single
red cent until.....

MOONDOG

....Until What Lewis?

LAWYER

You must publish your novel.

MOONDOG

Poems!

LAWYER

Whatever it is.

MOONDOG

I write poetry.

LAWYER

And until then Half of everything goes to Heather and the other half of yours sits frozen in escrow for a bit of time until you fulfill the requirements stated here.

MOONDOG

Minnie was brilliant. Forcing my hand like this.

LAWYER

Those were her wishes.

The lawyer nods.

EXT. LAWYERS OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Moondog watches his Bently get towed away.

LAWYER V.O.

You are to be immediately removed from your house and all personal belongings taken away, effective immediately, you can go home and grab your typewriter and some underwear and leave and that's it. Starting now the clock is clicking.

Moondog stares as the Rolls is towed away.

INT. PALM BEACH COUNTRY CLUB/DINING ROOM- DAY

Moondog sits alone eating a large lobster. He wears a plastic bib. His hair sticks up. He sips his bloody mary, then slurps juice out of a tiny lobster leg.

LAWYER V.O.

You are now persona non grata. Minnie owned everything. It was all her family money, in her name. You're basically a bum. She owned the cars, the clothes, houses, country club memberships, the dogs and cats.

He wipes the butter from his lips onto his coat sleeve. Some club members stare at him with disgust.

EXT. PALM BEACH STREET - DAY

Moondog walks home smoking a joint.

LAWYER V.O.

Minnie loved you very much but she
also hated to watch you throw it
all away. It may not seem like it
but this is a blessing. It's a
gift to you.

He sings the Cindy Lauper song "Girls Just Wanna Have fun."

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - DAY

He walks to the gate. A police car sits in the driveway.

LAWYER V.O.

Good luck to you Moondog. You
better start writing.

He tosses the remainder of his joint into the bushes.
Moondog looks annoyed. Two officers walk up to greet him.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - DAY

Moondog walks through his mansion. The two police officers
follow. All of the hired help stop and stare.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY

Moondog puts on a a tuxedo top and yellow swim trunks.

MOONDOG

Its best to be a bit formal up top
and then casual down below. Fuck
it. How do I look?

He picks silver Uggs with pink hearts from Minnie's closet.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

I'm wearing these puppies as a
little reminder of my wife, and her
message to me.

He squeezes his feet into them.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

(looking up at the police
officers)

(MORE)

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 Minnie had massive feet. But great
 style.

The officers smile.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 Her toes were long and distorted.
 I have to admit I'll miss sucking
 them though.

The officers laugh.

INT. MOONDOGS WRITING ROOM - DAY

Moondog sticks his typewriter into a flowered pillow case.
 The officers watch him closely.

INT. MOONDOGS BOOK SHELF - DAY

Moondog stares at the middle shelf at his books of poems.
 The cops are next to him. He points to the books.

MOONDOG
 I wrote all those.

He turns and smiles.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 I'm sure you don't read though.
 It's cool. No pressure.

The cops don't respond.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

Moondog walks past the pool. His pillow case is slung over
 his shoulder. He looks at Jose the Pool Boy who cleans the
 water with a large scooper.

MOONDOG
 Jose! Turn the heat up! You know
 I like it toasty in there.

JOSE THE POOL BOY
 Yes Mr. Moondog.

MOONDOG
 Jam it past 110 degrees.

JOSE THE POOL BOY
 I put it to 120.

MOONDOG

Nice! Light it up. I'll be home soon man.

JOSE THE POOL BOY

Yes Mister Moondog.

MOONDOG

Extra chlorine! I'm planning a serious gang bang in there when I get back. We can invite your mother next time.

Jose looks at him with sad eyes.

JOSE THE POOL BOY

Bye Moondog.

Moondog waves.

MOONDOG

Later Jose.

The Police officers tap Moondog, motioning for him to go.

EXT. PALM BEACH STREET - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog walks towards town with the typewriter slung over his shoulder. His Ugg Boots glisten. Cars whiz by.

EXT. BEACH SIDE PAY PHONE - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog is talking on the phone.

MOONDOG

Heather I just need to crash on the couch a few days.

(beat)

No. I don't have any friends Heather.

Moondog pulls a joint out of his pocket and lights it.

EXT. HEATHER'S PALM BEACH CONDO/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Moondog stares at Heather with puppy dog eyes. Heather is standing in doorway looking up at him. Her husband hovers.

HEATHER

I love you dad but I'm not gonna let you stay here.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Mom did this for a reason. Let me
 know when your ready to get
 straight.

MOONDOG
 I am straight. Straight awesome.

HEATHER
 No your not dad.

MOONDOG
 Could I at least borrow a little
 cash? Something to tide me over.

HEATHER
 I'll be here for you but don't come
 back till your ready.

MOONDOG
 Sure. No problem. It's all good
 sweety.

HEATHER
 I cant watch you ruin yourself.

Heather looks sad, tears well up in her eyes. Moondog wipes
 one of her tears away with the side of his hand.

MOONDOG
 You will always be my angel. I'll
 be back better then ever.

Moondog glares at her husband.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 (quickly changes
 expression)
 I just cant believe you married
 such a mouth breather, with no
 style, no magic, a real lughead,
 and definitely a closet case.
 (beat)
 Oh well, I had such high hopes for
 you Heather.

Heather's husband flicks the bird. Heather closes the door.

EXT. BEACH SIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT

Moondog stands on the curb with a few beach bums. They blast
 Black Sabbath from a parked Jeep. They pass a joint around.
 Moondog holds a tall boy and does karate. The surfers laugh.

INT. PALM BEACH MOTEL CHECK IN - NIGHT

The song continues.

Moondog stands in front the check-in counter. The scrawny hotel clerk hands him a room key.

EXT. PALM BEACH MOTEL SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

The song continues.

Moondog sits with his legs swinging off the balcony, a case of beer next to him. He stares out as the cars drive by. His hotel door is open and we hear the TV playing cartoons.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Moondog sits on his bed talking to Lewis on the phone.

MOONDOG

(a bit of desperation in
his voice)

....If you cant float me for the next few weeks then I need you to do something else, book me something. Anything man. I'm just trying to get enough loot so that I can fly back to Cuba.

(beat)

I'm destitute man. I'd gladly do a reading at the Public Library. A retirement home. I'll read poetry at Mapco man. They can pump their gas and listen to me read. I'm cool with that. I have no pride. You know that.

(beat)

Remember I was a great poet. Still am dammit.

We hear Lewis yelling over the phone. Moondog hangs up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Later.

Moondog lays in his underwear on the bed. He leans over and rips from a cheap bong. He coughs. He turns the volume up on an old Mickey and Minnie episode. He talks at the screen.

MOONDOG

There you are Minnie. You look beautiful sweetie. For a minute I thought you had left me.

Minnie kiss Mickey. Moondog blows out smoke.

EXT. LONG PIER - DAY

Moondog staggers past the yachts towards Jimmy's boat at the end of the pier. A six pack of beer dangles from his wrist. He is sunburnt, a wet cigar hangs from his mouth.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETTS YACHT - DAY

Moondog walks up to two armed guards in front of the yacht.

MOONDOG

Is Jimmy in?

GAURD 1

No.

MOONDOG

Where is he?

GAURD 2

Jamaica.

Moondog smiles and stares down the gaurd.

MOONDOG

(his eyes light up)
The Magical Stoner?

Moondog steps closer to them.

The guards are silent.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Say no more comrades. No problem.
I get it. Your silence is code.

Beat.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Why do you guys have guns?

The guards glare at him.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 You ever watch that show Magnum
 P.I?

The guards grip their guns.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 It was based on my life, and I used
 to love watchin that shit.

Moondog turns around and walks away.

INT. WHORE HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Moondog sits naked at a table, a joint in his mouth. His typewriter sits next to a wad of bills. Three naked tattooed whores dance to a Jimmy Buffett song. Moondog is sloshed. He taps the typewriter and cracks up.

EXT. FANCY STREET/PALM BEACH - EVENING

Moondog walks through his old neighborhood.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - EVENING

Moondog stares at his old house. He sings the song "Yesterday." He sips beer from can and tosses it at the gate.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Moondog walks up to the register and puts down a six pack.

MOONDOG
 Can I also get a lotto and cigar?

The register guy rings him up. Moondog hands over his card.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
 You don't sell acid do ya?

CASH REGISTER GUY
 No.

MOONDOG
 No LSD?

REGISTER GUY
 No.

The guy swipes the card.

MOONDOG

No trippy-trip? I guess I was told false information then. I thought this place was just a front.

CASH REGISTER GUY

Your card is declined. Want me to slide it in again?

MOONDOG

Slide it in?
 (he laughs to himself,
 reading the guys name
 tag)
 Don't be a putz Waldo.

REGISTER GUY

OK.

MOONDOG

Your not sliding anything inside me. Do I look a freak?

CASH REGISTER GUY

Huh?

MOONDOG

I don't even know you man.

The guy is confused. Moondog throws a few crumpled bills.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Fucken pervy-perv Waldo. You can't reject my card and get away with it.

He grabs his beer and walks out.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Moondog lays down on the dirty sidewalk drinking his beer. He picks dirt off his Ugg Boots. He lights a joint and starts hacking. He tries to use the curb like a pillow.

EXT. PALM BEACH STREET - NIGHT

Moondog walks down the sidewalk with his typewriter slung over his shoulder like a strange cosmic hobo.

EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY BRIDGE OVERPASS - NIGHT

Moondog is passed out amongst empty cans. Cars zoom by. His typewriter sits next to his head with a blank sheet of paper.

EXT. BEHIND AN ABANDONDED STRIP MALL - DAY

Moondog sits on the sidewalk with a few homeless guys. They pass around a bottle of rot gut whisky. Moondog gulps.

MOONDOG

(reciting a poem)

...And the wind, the wave, the
star, the bird, the clock will
answer you: "Time to get drunk!"
Don't be martyred slaves of Time,
Get drunk! Stay Drunk!

HOMELESS PHIL

Is that Poetry?

MOONDOG

Yes it is, you toothless illiterate
chump. It's Baudelaire fool!

HOMELESS PHIL

Bottle Tare?

MOONDOG

Yeah exactly. Bottle Tare.

A few of the homeless guys start laughing.

HOMELESS PHIL

That's bullshit. If it don't rhyme
is don't count for shit Moondog!
It just sucks!

MOONDOG

(nodding)

No you suck Phil.

Moondog passes him the bottle.

HOMELESS PHIL

Here's one.

MOONDOG

One what?

HOMELESS PHIL

A poem.

MOONDOG

Go for it.

HOMELESS PHIL

It's famous. It goes "Fuck you. Fu
Man Chu!"

Homeless Phil starts cracking up.

Beat.

MOONDOG

I have to admit that's not bad
Phil.

The rest of the homeless guys start cracking up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A radio on the sidewalk blasts a ZZ Top song. We watch as the homeless guys and Moondog take turns riding a broken skateboard around the parking lot. A few of the them dance.

EXT. TENT CITY- NIGHT

Moondog and the homeless guys sit around a fire drinking. Moondog takes a whiff of the air and gags from the smell.

MOONDOG

When was the last time you guys
took a bath? The stench here is
ridiculous.

They stare at him and start to chuckle.

I/E. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Moondog is sitting on the city bus with twenty homeless guys.

EXT. FANCY BEACH AREA - NIGHT

Moondog and the homeless guys walk down a posh residential street. People stare. Moondog leads like the Pied Piper. He still holds his typewriter. Homeless Phil plays a flute.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - NIGHT

Moondog and the homeless guys are in front of the huge gate.

Moondog presses a security code and the gate pops open.

MOONDOG

Still works.

HOMELESS PHIL

Those fools never did change your
code.

The homeless guys stare up at the mansion in amazement.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Moondog and his friends walk up the estate towards the house.

INT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - NIGHT

Total party chaos. The group runs through the house like
animals. They smash things and flip furniture.

They laugh hysterically. Grateful Dead music blasts as they
clean out the booze from the liquor cabinets.

A Homeless guy hangs naked from a chandelier.

Moondog walks through the house in Minnie's G-string. He
smashes everything with a golf club.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - NIGHT

Police cars screech up to the gate.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

The home security alarm is going off.

Nobody pays attention to the alarm. Moondog and his friends
splash around the pool. Many of them are skinny dipping. A
huge homeless guy does a belly flop. The water is dark from
all the dirt. Some of them float on rafts. It is mayhem.

EXT. MOONDOG'S PALM BEACH MANSION - NIGHT

We see the police lead the men into police vans.

MOONDOG

(yelling out to nobody in
particular)

They needed to bath officers.

(MORE)

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

The stench was killing me. It was my civic duty! These men are nothing more than putrid criminals.

They are all wrapped in beach towels and in handcuffs.

I/E. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The van moves down the street. Moondog and the men sit handcuffed next to one another. They sing "Eye of the Tiger."

INT. POLICE STATION/HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Moondog and his friends sing "Eye of the Tiger" In a cell.

Homeless Phil's dentures fly out of his mouth. Moondog picks them up, and puts them back in. They keep singing.

INT. POLICE STATION - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Moondog is sitting across from a distraught Heather.

HEATHER

Why did you smash up your own house?

MOONDOG

Boredom.

HEATHER

Dad?

MOONDOG

Yes dear?

HEATHER

What is wrong with you?

Beat.

MOONDOG

Hay kiddo. Don't fret. It's gonna be OK. I have a few issues to work out that's all.

She starts to cry. Moondog yawns.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Moondog stands before the judge. He is still in a g-string. His shirt is unbuttoned and has no shoes on his feet.

JUDGE

...Your choice Moondog. Prison or rehab?

MOONDOG

Is there a third option your honor?

JUDGE

Nope. Last chance.

Long pause. Moondog's lawyer elbows him lightly. Moondog clears his throat.

MOONDOG

Rehab it is then judge. Maybe somewhere tropical?

JUDGE

I'm remanding you directly into your daughters custody. The court worked it out with her already, she will drive you right now to a rehab facility.

MOONDOG

Nice!

JUDGE

You will need to spend a mandatory twelve months getting your life together and making a real change Moondog.

MOONDOG

Perfect! Twelve days!

JUDGE

(irritated)
Twelve months.

MOONDOG

Gotcha.

JUDGE

It all stops now. This foolishness.

MOONDOG

I need a change of pace.

JUDGE

And if you mess this up its jail
time your doing.

MOONDOG

Wonderful! Your honor if I may
suggest?

JUDGE

Yes Moondog.

MOONDOG

I was once told of an amazing rehab
facility somewhere in the Virgin
Islands with an open bar policy and
24 hour Thai massage. A little
jerky jerky to take the edge off
during the detoxification period.

Moondog makes a jerkin motion.

JUDGE

Excuse me?

MOONDOG

I don't wanna overstep here but I
heard through the grapevine that
the therapeutic value of a groin
massage during the acute withdrawal
phase was off the charts.

Beat.

JUDGE

Not gonna happen.

MOONDOG

(shrugs his shoulders like
a spoiled child)

OK.

The judge stares long at hard at Moondog.

JUDGE

I was a real fan of your writing.

MOONDOG

Oh yeah?

JUDGE

It amazes me that someone who
writes so beautifully can be so
crude and reckless.

Moondog looks proudly over his shoulder at his homeless friends sitting in the back of the courtroom.

MOONDOG

Thank you your honor.

JUDGE

Please don't betray your gift.
Don't throw it all away.

MOONDOG

Never!

JUDGE

Don't let us down Moondog. We're rooting for you.

The judge taps his wooden gavel.

I/E. HEATHER'S MERCEDES/HIGHWAY - DAY

Heather drives Moondog silently down the highway.

MOONDOG

Would you be so kind as to let me
have one final beer?

Heather looks over at him. He looks like a puppy dog. He starts making monkey noises. She smiles.

EXT. GAS STATION BY HIGHWAY - DAY

Moondog and Heather stand in the parking lot. Moondog drinks a tall boy and smokes a huge cigar. She stares at him.

MOONDOG

Can I ask you something?

HEATHER

Of course.

MOONDOG

Did Minnie really love me?

HEATHER

Yes dad.

MOONDOG

She said that?

HEATHER

Of course.

They look at each other and smile.

I/E. HEATHER'S MERCEDES/HIGHWAY - DAY

The radio is on.

MOONDOG

...Did she ever say I was a genius?

HEATHER

She thought you were brilliant.

MOONDOG

She said that?

HEATHER

That's why she stayed with you all those years.

MOONDOG

An amazing lady your mother was. She had an incredible ass and she could fellate a python.

He rolls down the window.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

I miss her dearly.

He chugs down the beer and then tosses it. He belches loudly.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Lets go to rehab.

Heather smiles.

I/E. HEATHER'S MERCEDES/IN FRONT OF REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Heather and Moondog pull up to the entrance.

HEATHER

Love you dad.

MOONDOG

Love you too angel. I'm gonna do better now.

Moondog opens the door.

Heather leans over and kisses him.

EXT. REHAB ENTRANCE - DAY

Moondog buzzes the intercom.

INTERCOM VOICE

Hello?

MOONDOG

Hi it's Moondog.

Moondog does a karate chop into the air.

INT. REHAB/DRUG COUNSLER'S ROOM - DAY

Moondog is sitting across from his female drug counsler.

DRUG COUNSLER

We are really happy your here
Moondog. We have your entire year
planned out. When you leave us you
will be a changed person.

Moondog shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

INT. REHAB GROUP ROOM - DAY

Moondog sits in the back of the room snoring.

A bald man in a neck brace stands on stage giving an account
of his drug use. Moondog smacks his lips and adjusts his
groin. A few patients turn around and look at him, annoyed.

INT. REHAB CAFATERIA - DAY

Moondog sits alone eating fruit and a chocolate bar.

MOONDOG

(under his breath)

Pussies.

He stares at the other patients with suspicion and disgust.

EXT. REHAB/OUTDOOR SMOKING AREA - DAY

Moondog and his drug counsler smoke a cigarette together.

DRUG COUNSLER

It's gonna be amazing for you here.
You just need to listen to the
counselors and take it one day at a
time. I bet your poetry will get
better then ever.

Moondog glares at him.

EXT. REHAB - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Moondog and the other male patients hold hands in a large
circle. They recite the serenity prayer. The prayer finishes.

MOONDOG

(coughs really loudly)
Bullshit!!

The patients all stop and stare at him.

Beat.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

Sorry. I have Tourette's.

Moondog shrugs as if it were a nervous twitch.

INT. REHAB - MOONDOGS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Moondog enters. His roommate Flicker is a tan, dim witted
beefcake in his 20's. He has a Jerry curl and tribal tatoo's.
His face is kind looking.

Christian heavy metal blasts from his computer. Flicker holds
a bible in one hand and plays air guitar with the other.

Moondog puts his typewriter on the desk. He looks at flicker.

MOONDOG

(trying to speak above the
music)
I didn't know white guys wore Jerry
curls anymore.

FLICKER

Yeah.

MOONDOG

It's kinda retro. I like it.

FLICKER

Thanks!

MOONDOG

What type of music is this?

FLICKER

Christian metal dude. You like it?

MOONDOG

Yes very much actually.

FLICKER

This band is from Albuquerque New Mexico. The lead singer blew himself up on accident.

Moondog takes an instant liking to him.

MOONDOG

That's cool.

FLICKER

I was in a cover band that used to rock this shit.

MOONDOG

Well it's dam good. I don't blame you.

FLICKER

What's your name?

MOONDOG

Moondog. What's yours?

FLICKER

Flicker?

MOONDOG

Flipper?

FLICKER

No Flicker. Flick. Like flicking.

He makes a flicking motion with his finger.

MOONDOG

Flicker. That's great!

They shake hands.

INT. REHAB/SWIMMING POOL AREA - DAY

Moondog and Flicker tread water. Patients splash around.

FLICKER

I been here six months already. My father is a preacher. He sent me.

MOONDOG

Why?

FLICKER

He caught me sniffing glue in the basement one night. And I was breaking into houses and burning shit. Arson and robbery were my main passions.

MOONDOG

Nice!

Moondog floats onto his back.

EXT. REHAB/OUTDOOR SMOKING AREA - NIGHT

Moondog and Flicker share a cigarette and look at the stars.

FLICKER

Out there is the real world. In here is the fake world. Out there is where things really happen. The seasons change. Babies are born.

MOONDOG

Beautifully put Flicker. Very eloquent.

FLICKER

Moondog we gotta get out of here dude. We gotta join up with the real world.

Moondog looks at Flicker who is transfixed by the sky.

INT. REHAB/TV ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Moondog and Flicker sit in the back. The other patients are close to the TV. They watch "One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest".

INT. REHAB - MOONDOGS ROOM - NIGHT

Moondog sticks his typewriter into his pillow case and slings it over his shoulder.

MOONDOG
Lets get out of here.

FLICKER
Lets do it.

Moondog smashes the window with his typewriter.

An alarm goes off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Flicker and Moondog are running away together.

EXT. OCEAN SHORELINE - NIGHT

Flicker and Moondog walk on the shore. Moondog pants heavily. He looks at his shaking hands. The waves crash.

MOONDOG
Where are we going?

FLICKER
Key West! It's just straight down
from here.

Flicker points to the ocean.

MOONDOG
Aright, but I think I need a drink
first.

We hear police sirens in the distance.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Flicker walks down the pier. There are boats docked on all sides. People in formal clothes walk to and fro.

Moondog is huffing in the back trying to keep up.

EXT. END OF PIER - NIGHT

Flicker runs towards a large red speedboat that's docked on the end of the pier. Moondog trails far behind him.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Flicker jumps into the boat. A young bride and groom stand on the boat drinking wine. The motor is on. They approach him.

MAN
Can I help you?

FLICKER
Did you guys just get married?

They look confused.

MAN
Yes.

FLICKER
Congrats dude.

Flicker smiles and throws him overboard. The woman screams. He picks her up and tosses her as well. Moondog jumps in.

MOONDOG
Is everything OK here?

Flicker tosses two life preservers into the water.

FLICKER
Yeah man they just married.

MOONDOG
Well lets celebrate then brother.

Moondog stares at the couple treading water, his eyes light.

I/E. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

The boat is lit up with neon. Flicker drinks whiskey and steers. "Margaritaville" blasts on the speakers. Moondog chugs a bloody mary.

EXT. KEY WEST DOCKS - NIGHT

The red speedboat is docked.

EXT. DUVAL STREET/KEY WEST - EVENING

Moondog and Flicker walk past throngs of drunk tourists.

EXT. KEY WEST BAR - EVENING

Moondog and Flicker stare at patrons. Moondog winks at an older female who is dancing on the floor.

MOONDOG
(licks his lips)
We need some money man. I need a
few drinks.

Flicker turns and smiles at moondog. He flexes and nods.

EXT. KEY WEST/SIDE STREET - EVENING

Flicker and Moondog follow a drunk tourist down the street. Flicker sneaks up and hits him on the head with a wine bottle. The man falls to the ground and Flicker takes the wallet from his back pocket.

MOONDOG
(looking down at the guy)
I'm starting to feel inspired
again. Once I write my next batch
of poems its all gonna be
different. I'll get published
again. I'll be taken care of. My
inheritance will come in. I wont
need to participate in this type of
activity. But for now it's survival
of the fittest.

Flicker flexes his muscles and nods his head.

FLICKER
Fuck yeah bro!

Flicker's eyes light up when he sees the cash in the wallet.

EXT. KEY WEST MOTEL/OUTDOOR TERRACE - NIGHT

The door to their room is open. The TV flickers. Jimmy Buffett music is playing from inside.

INT. KEY WEST MOTEL - NIGHT

The motel room is a wreck. Moondog sits next to the open door holding a bong. His typewriter wrests on his knees. Flicker is passed out on the bed wearing only a jock strap. Moondog takes a big pull from the bong.

MOONDOG

(reciting a poem as the
weed smoke drains from
his crooked nostrils)
O setting sun! Though the time has
come, I still warble under you, if
none else does, unmitigated
adoration.

He sets the bong down and stands. He adjusts his groin and looks at the remaining cash next to a faded bible on the night stand. He looks down at Flicker who snores loudly. Moondog stuffs the cash into his pocket.

EXT. KEY WEST BEACH - NIGHT

Moondog skinny dips in the ocean and cleans himself off. He holds a tall boy and chomps on a soggy cigar.

A big wave crashes down and knocks him over.

EXT. KEY WEST BEACH/SHORELINE - NIGHT

Moondog walks along the quiet beach. He makes a sharp turn and walks towards the city lights. His typewriter is in the pillowcase, slung over his shoulder.

EXT. TROPICAL ASIAN THEMED WHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Moondog stares up at a few scantily dressed women on a second story balcony, deep red neon lights cast them in a glow.

PROSTITUTE 1

(yelling down to Moondog)
What are you doing tonight cutie?

MOONDOG

I don't know what's goin on up
there?

PROSTITUTE 1

Just having some fun. Why don't
you come up and see?

The girls motion for him to come, he looks around and smiles.

INT. TROPICAL ASIAN THEMED WHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Moondog stands in the living room of the whore house. Ten women of every shape, size, and ethnicity are lined up in front of him. They wear lingerie. The light is red and glowing. There are photos of palm trees on the wall.

Moondog stares at a six foot tall blonde with giant fake boobs that stick out like missiles, he touches her boob.

FLICKER

Are those natural?

The blonde nods yes.

INT. WHORE HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moondog is strapped to a bondage device hung from ceiling. Three of the prostitutes whip him. He howls like a wolf.

EXT. WHORE HOUSE/BALCONY - NIGHT

Moondog sits at a table on the balcony in front of his typewriter. The sound of the ocean is heard. The three topless prostitutes sit across table and stare back at him. The light is soft and romantic. They pass a joint around.

Moondog taps repetitively on a single key. He looks straight ahead at the girls sitting in front of him.

PROSTITUTE 1

What are you doing Moondog?

MOONDOG

Waiting.

PROSTITUTE 2

Waiting?

MOONDOG

Yeah just waiting.

He continues to tap.

PROSTITUTE 3

For what?

He takes a breath and looks at the ocean. The girls chuckle.

EXT. KEY WEST BAR - NIGHT

Moondog downs shots at the bar. A live band plays "Low Places" in the back. People are dancing.

MOONDOG
 (to nobody)
 I feel cleansed!

Moondog drops his head on the bar and passes out. A bit of drool makes its way down his cheek.

EXT. BEACH AREA - NIGHT

Moondog sleeps on a hammock, his things scattered around the beach.

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

Moondog pees into the ocean and drinks a beer.

EXT. DUVAL STREET/KEY WEST - MORNING

Moondog walks down the sidewalk. He sees a fishing pole in a trash can and grabs it.

EXT. FISHING PEIR - MORNING

Moondog fishes at the end of the pier next to a short, salty old man wearing a dirty sailors hat. Captain Wack has a parrot on his shoulder. The sunrise beams through the clouds.

CAPTAIN WACK
 ...Business is so good I bought a second boat. I named the boat "Success." Its easy work. I just take the tourists to the outer key and when you see a dolphin I just act real fucken stoked and then tell 'em to dive in. Make sure they don't drown, although I'm completely indemnified and covered by insurance. I've only ever had four deaths on my watch.

Captain Wack starts reeling in a fish.

MOONDOG
 Only four deaths?

CAPTAIN WACK

Four deaths in over eight straight years of doing dolphin tours is a terrific record. I'm fuckin stellar. I'm minted in this industry. They love ole' Captain Wack in these parts.

He spits onto the floor and then takes the fish off the hook.

EXT. CAPTAIN WACKS HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

We see a small rundown houseboat floating in the ocean. The sound of Jimmy Buffett music blares from the speakers.

INT. CAPTAIN WACKS HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

The interior looks like an insane packrat has lived there. Guns and weed plants are scattered about. Music plays. Captain wack burns the fish on the stove. The room fills with smoke. Moondog takes a huge hit from a neon pink bong.

CAPTAIN WACK

You can come and work for me Moondog. It's gonna be great man. Dolphin's are great. The way they go up and down in the water dude. Like a porpoise.

MOONDOG

Sounds good man. I'm into it.

Moondog blows out some smoke and nods.

CAPTAIN WACK

Your gonna love being out there in the abyss dude. Skimming the waves.

Captain Wack picks a piece of burnt fish from the pan and feeds his Parrot. Moondog picks up a gun and stares at it.

CAPTAIN WACK (CONT'D)

I need a partner man. I have a good sense about you.

Captain Wack waddles over to the kitchen counter. There are lines of cocaine cut up, he picks up a straw and snorts one.

CAPTAIN WACK (CONT'D)

We're gonna kick some ass together man.

He puts a little cocaine on his finger for the parrot. The parrot licks it. It spreads his wings and begins to talk.

PARROT

Good Stuff! Good stuff! Thank you
Captain!

Captain Wack starts cracking up.

EXT. BOAT PIER - DAY

The two of them walk past the docked fishing boats. Tourists move about. Captain Wack uses a machete like a cane.

One of Captain Wack's legs is shorter than the other and he wobbles from side to side. Moondog watches Captain Wack walk.

MOONDOG

I love your swagger man.

CAPTAIN WACK

Thank you Moondog. I got nicked in
Nam, makes me walk like a pimp.

Moondog follows drinking a beer. He tries to walk like Captain Wack but nearly falls off the dock.

INT. "SUCCESS" BOAT/PIER - DAY

Moondog and Captain Wack drink and smoke out the boat. The Grateful Dead plays on a cassette player. Captain Wack leans over and pulls down a window.

CAPTAIN WACK

Here we go!

He sees a tourist family and motions for them to come over.

I/E. BOAT/OCEAN - DAY

Captain Wack speeds along the ocean. The family sits together staring at the gorgeous clear water.

Dolphins leap out of the water.

Moondog tries to balance a beer on his stomach.

Captain Wack is shirtless with a soggy joint dangling from his lips. His Parrot on his shoulder.

CAPTAIN WACK

(yelling into the wind)

We are in the middle of dolphin mating season! If you see humping they are doin it! Don't turn away, its cool looking. It's nature in it's glory!

The parents look concerned. The kids stare at the water.

MOONDOG

(screaming into the wind)

Listen closely kids! He's the greatest dolphin guide of all time.

CAPTAIN WACK

Thanks Moondog!

Moondog grabs his beer off his stomach, downs it, and tosses it onto the deck. The kids look up at him.

MOONDOG

But what he failed to mention kids is that dolphins also have cork screw penis. Freaky and wild lookin things.

CAPTAIN WACK

That's true kids!

The ocean water hits the side of the boat and flies into Moondog's face. He nearly falls off the boat.

CAPTAIN WACK (CONT'D)

And sometimes dolphins get super horny and engage in aquatic style orgies!

Moondog opens another beer. Captain Wack starts cracking up.

MOONDOG

Keep a look out!

CAPTAIN WACK

This is orgy season. Hopefully we'll get to see it. Its wild stuff.

The entire family seem confused and disgusted.

MOONDOG

(glaring at the little kid)

(MORE)

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes peeled junior!
Lemme know if you see anything!

Moondog stands on the bow pointing to nothing in particular. He looks like he might hurl.

I/E. BOAT/OCEAN - DAY

Later.

The boat is anchored. Captain Wack stands up in full scuba gear. He stares out through binoculars. The family looks at him, confused.

CAPTAIN WACK
I see a few down there. We're in business. Who wants to dive with me?

The entire family shake their heads no.

CAPTAIN WACK (CONT'D)
It's prime mating season. The seaweed is an afrodesiac.

He tosses the Binoculars down and puts on some goggles. He walks to the edge of the boat.

CAPTAIN WACK (CONT'D)
Last chance. Any takers?

The family stares, wide eyed. Captain Wack starts cracking up, jumps in, and starts swimming out. Several large sharks pop their heads out of the water and start circling Captain Wack.

MOTHER
(She looks at her husband)
That doesn't look like a dolphin fin.

FATHER
Nope.

All the kids start screaming. The mother covers the smallest kid's eyes. Moondog is passed out on the bow of the boat, empty beer bottles rolling around.

Captain Wack is oblivious as he swims towards the sharks. He turns and looks up at the screaming family. He laughs at all the excitement.

CAPTAIN WACK
(staring through foggy
goggles)
Yeah the water is perfect!!! Get
in!!

A large shark pops his head way out of the water and swims directly towards Captain Wack. The shark opens his mouth wide. Captain Wack motions for the family to jump in.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE SOUND OF CAPTAIN WACK SCREAMING.

I/E. BOAT/OCEAN - DAY

Later.

Moondog races back in the boat. He drunkenly sings "99 Bottles of Beer On the Wall."

Captain Wack lays on his back screaming. The mother and father try to comfort him. Blood is everywhere as he holds his leg, his foot is missing.

The teenage boy stands on the other side of the boat holding up a small fishing net with Captain Wacks severed left foot inside it. His little brother walks up and stares.

TEENAGER
Wow that's cool lookin!

KID 1
Yeah.

KID 2
When was the last time he cut his
toe nails?

The kids laugh. Captain Wack howls.

Moondog continues singing. He gulps another beer and rides towards the shore.

I/E. AMBULANCE - DAY

We are in the back of the ambulance as it races down the road. The medics furiously work on Captain Wacks leg to stop the bleeding. Moondog lifts up a plastic bag with Captain Wacks severed foot inside.

MOONDOG

(smiling)

Don't worry Captain it's gonna be
fine. Minor flesh wound. You're
gonna be up and dancing in no time.

Captain wack looks at him incredulously

CAPTAIN WACK

You goin somewhere?

MOONDOG

It's been real man.

Captain Wack sticks his hand out and they shake goodbye.

INT. RUNDOWN BEACH BAR - NIGHT

Moondog downs shots at a crowded bar. The house band plays a
Phil Collins song, people are dancing.

EXT. DUVAL STREET/KEY WEST - NIGHT

Moondog stands on the corner singing a Doobie Brothers song
with drunk tourists and stray homeless guys. They spray
bottles of cheap champagne into in the sky.

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT

Moondog staggers through a rainstorm.

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT

Moondog stands under a neon resteraunt awning smoking a joint
and staring at the rain.

Moondog blows smoke into the rain.

Thunder crashes in the sky.

EXT. UNDER A PALM TREE BY THE BEACH - SUNRISE

Moondog is passed out with his head on the typewriter.

EXT. KEY WEST DOCKS - DAY

Moondog jumps into the red speedboat. The keys are in the engine. He opens the mini fridge and takes beer. He turns the radio on.

I/E. SPEEDBOAT/OCEAN - DAY

Moondog speeds along the ocean. The sunset is vivid. The song "Come Monday" by Jimmy Buffett plays on the radio. He puffs a joint. He starts singing along. He sticks his arms out to feel the breeze.

I/E. SPEEDBOAT/OCEAN - MAGIC HOUR

Later.

Moondog steers the boat toward the dock. A sign reads "welcome to Palm Beach".

EXT. ENTRANCE OF JIMMY BUFFETS HOUSE/PALM BEACH - NIGHT

Moondog approaches a massive gate and rings the buzzer.

JIMMY BUFFET
(he speaks through buzzer)
Whose that?

MOONDOG
Hay Jimmy it's me.

JIMMY BUFFET
Who?

MOONDOG
It's Moondog.

JIMMY BUFFET
You kiddin me? Stick your head up
closer to the security camera. My
eyes are bad.

Moondog sticks his face right up.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
Holy shit Moondog.

MOONDOG
Hay Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET
It is you! You look like hell
mother fucker!

Moondog leans in closer so that his eye touches the camera.

The gates open up.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION/FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Moondog makes his way up the front yard past the fancy cars parked in the driveway. Moondog looks deranged. He clears his throat and spits into a fountain.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Moondog look at each other. Jimmy wears pink surf shorts and a yellow tank top. His eyes are glazed over.

JIMMY BUFFET
Good lord man. What the hell
happened to you man?

Moondog rolls his eyes and shrugs.

MOONDOG
Nothing much.

Jimmy smiles and puts his hand on Moondog's shoulder.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

They walk down the hallway, Jimmy's music is playing

JIMMY BUFFET
I heard you escaped and the cops
are looking for you now.

MOONDOG
Wow that's pretty cool.

JIMMY BUFFET
Your a wanted man apparently.

MOONDOG
(smiling)
Nice!

JIMMY BUFFET
A fugitive.

They approach the door. A haze of smoke streams out.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Jimmy stands barefoot on a stage singing with his guitar.

The stage is covered in sand.

A bunch of Jimmy's wealthy friends listen and get stoned. A few aging Rastas gingerly play steel drums by the bar.

All the massive TV's play formula one racing videos.

Moondog is in the center of the room watching Jimmy sing.

Jimmy is midway through the song. The Lyrics are about a man with wasted talent who spends all his days and nights drinking and getting stoned and running away from his gifts. The chorus just repeats the words "Moonfog, Moonfog, Moonfog, Moonfog," over and over again. Jimmy performs as if there were thousands of people in the audience. Moondog stares.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION/OUTDOOR PATIO - NIGHT

Later.

Jimmy slurps a huge bowl of Lucky Charms cereal. Moondog is slumped down sitting on the counter drinking a beer.

JIMMY BUFFET

The name of that song is "Moonfog"!

Moondog shrugs. Beat.

MOONDOG

Whose it about?

JIMMY BUFFET

(laughing)

You man.

MOONDOG

Me?

JIMMY BUFFET

It's about you.

MOONDOG

I guess I should be honored.

JIMMY BUFFET

I wrote it right after Minnie died.

MOONDOG

Wow.

JIMMY BUFFET

I was smoking so much of that magic reefer and I was thinking about you.

MOONDOG

That's fantastic.

JIMMY BUFFET

Almost like a great tragedy.

Moondog's face crinkles a bit.

MOONDOG

Right.

JIMMY BUFFET

No offence of course.

Moondog takes a big swig.

MOONDOG

None taken.

JIMMY BUFFET

And I got so inspired that the lyrics just poured out of me like rain, it's the single greatest song I've written man.

MOONDOG

Great.

JIMMY BUFFET

People always love a good song about burnouts and the death of a dream.

MOONDOG

Sure.

JIMMY BUFFET

No offence Moondog.

MOONDOG

I'm glad I could help.

JIMMY BUFFET

It's been climbing up the charts
like a mother fucker man, with a
bullet. "Moonfog" is on fire!

Jimmy cracks up, milk pours from the sides of his mouth.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS YACHT - NIGHT

We see his beautiful yacht slowly float down the ocean. The
sound of his music plays on the speakers.

I/E. JIMMY BUFFETS YACHT/BOW - NIGHT

They stand on the bow looking at the ocean. A guy in a
skippers uniform walks up to Moondog and hands him a bong.

JIMMY BUFFET

I need to get something off my
chest though.

MOONDOG

What is it Jimmy?

Jimmy turns to Moondog, he puts his hand on his shoulder.

JIMMY BUFFET

I need to come clean man.

MOONDOG

About what?

JIMMY BUFFET

I had an affair with Minnie for
several years. Behind your back.
It was very sexual and I was
completely in love with her.
Wildly in love with your wife.

Jimmy stares at Moondog who barely pays attention as he
fiddles with the lighter and then eventually sparks the bong.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)

I feel so much guilt about it
though. I needed to get it off my
chest man.

Moondog smiles and blows the weed smoke out his nose.

MOONDOG
(he shrugs and starts
coughing from all the
smoke)
Oh yeah. I figured.

Beat.

JIMMY BUFFET
How's that?

MOONDOG
I saw you tongue her down on the
balcony.

JIMMY BUFFET
You saw that?

MOONDOG
You were slurping on her Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET
Dang man.

MOONDOG
Yeah.

JIMMY BUFFET
You knew?

MOONDOG
Yeah man. Of course.

Moondog passes the bong to Jimmy. He looks taken aback.

JIMMY BUFFET
I feel so relieved.

Jimmy looks over at Moondog and continues talking.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
But dude I just want you to know
man, she didn't love me. She loved
you. She was still totally in love
with you.

MOONDOG
She was?

JIMMY BUFFET
She thought you were a genius. I
was just a temporary diversion.

MOONDOG

Well that's nice at least.

JIMMY BUFFET

I was just a rock star with a huge penis.

MOONDOG

I get it.

JIMMY BUFFET

And you were just so damn wasted man.

MOONDOG

That's true Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET

I think she just needed a little bit of my attention is all.

MOONDOG

I understand.

JIMMY BUFFET

And her love was completely Volcanic. Sexually speaking.

Pause.

MOONDOG

Minnie was a complex women.

JIMMY BUFFET

Passionate beyond anything I had ever previously experienced.

Moondog looks as if he's getting annoyed now.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)

You forgive me man?

Jimmy puts his hand on Moondog's shoulder. Moondog nods and looks out. The moon casts a glow onto the ocean.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS YACHT - MORNING

Jimmy and Moondog sit on the couch watching "Weekend at Bernie's." They wear matching Margaritaville silk bathrobes. A few of Jimmy's friends are passed out around them. One of the Rastas is still playing the steel drum. Jimmy holds a massive joint and wears aviator sunglasses. The smoke travels towards Moondog's nose, he seems lulled by the aroma.

JIMMY BUFFET
(whispering to Moondog)
Listen man, I'm not a criminal
mastermind like these guys in the
movies.

MOONDOG
I know your not.

JIMMY BUFFET
(he points to the TV
screen)
But you need a new identity.

MOONDOG
What do you mean?

JIMMY BUFFET
If they catch you you're goin to
jail.

MOONDOG
Jail?

JIMMY BUFFET
Yeah man. You violated hard.

MOONDOG
I can't go to jail.

JIMMY BUFFET
You need a new identity dude.

MOONDOG
(whispering back)
OK.

JIMMY BUFFET
You just cant be a pussy though.

MOONDOG
OK.

JIMMY BUFFET
I have ideas, I'm Jimmy Buffett
dude. You gotta just say fuck it.

MOONDOG
I know you are.

JIMMY BUFFET
And you gotta trust me.

Moondog seems too stoned and confused to understand. He looks up at the movie and starts to giggle.

I/E. JIMMY BUFFETS WHITE ROLLS ROYCE CONVERTIBLE/PALM BEACH STREET - DAY

Jimmy and Moondog drive down Royal Palm Avenue. It's a beautiful day. Jimmy waves to friends as he drives.

JIMMY BUFFET
I'm gonna help you Moondog.

MOONDOG
I need it.

JIMMY BUFFET
Gonna help get you out of all this
shit once and for all.

Moondog smiles.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
I feel like I owe it ya.

Jimmy smiles and turns up the radio. It is his song "Moonfog." They drive past the ocean.

EXT. PALM BEACH SHOPPING MALL/PARKING LOT - DAY

Jimmy and Moondog sit in a parked Rolls Royce.

JIMMY BUFFET
Your a fuckn fugitive man.

MOONDOG
Is that a bad thing?

JIMMY BUFFET
And I cant risk getting caught out
here with you.

MOONDOG
I get it.

JIMMY BUFFET
I'm not gonna let them bust you
either. Your a great poet.

MOONDOG
(deep puff from the roach)
A living legend.

JIMMY BUFFET
Exactly. We're too high profile man

Moondog tosses his roach onto the sidewalk.

MOONDOG
Too high is more like it.

Jimmy puts a baseball hat and sunglasses on Moondogs face.

INT. UPSCALE SHOPPING MALL/FOOD COURT - DAY

Jimmy and Moondog sit on a bench sipping frozen Margarita's.

MOONDOG
What are we gonna do?

JIMMY BUFFET
I had a vision that you became a woman.

Beat.

MOONDOG
A woman?

JIMMY BUFFET
Just temporarily. Till we figure out what to do with you.

MOONDOG
That's ridiculous man.

Jimmy scans the food court with suspicion.

JIMMY BUFFET
Just roll with it brother. It's just a temporary disguise. You gotta follow my vision quest dude and embrace the madness. I'm Jimmy Buffett mother fucker.

Jimmy licks salt off the rim of his glass.

INT. WOMENS APPAREL DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy stands outside the curtain.

Moondog exits the changing room in an elegant striped Gucci gown and bare feet. He looks mortified. Jimmy smiles.

MOONDOG

How do I look?

JIMMY BUFFET

(starts laughing. His
eyes light up)

Damn! That looks good Moondog.

MOONDOG

I feel like a freak.

JIMMY BUFFET

You are a freak dude. You're a
fuckin weirdo.

Moondog shrugs and turns to look at himself in the mirror.

MOONDOG

I look horrible.

JIMMY BUFFET

Well besides that swollen camel toe
and sun baked cankles an the eczema
on your kneecaps, you have pretty
decent legs.

MOONDOG

I do?

JIMMY BUFFET

Yeah but just try and tuck in your
package a bit better, it's hard for
me to look at you.

MOONDOG

(looks down at his crotch
area)

My nuts?

JIMMY BUFFET

Yeah dude, it looks like you got
some serious low-hangers down
below. I'm gonna start callin you
Droopy.

Jimmy looks over his shoulder and makes sure nobody is
watching. Moondog blushes a bit and adjusts his balls.

MOONDOG

Is that better?

JIMMY BUFFET

Yeah that's better. Your kind of
like a weird lookin slut.

MOONDOG
Is that a bad thing?

JIMMY BUFFET
No I like it man, it suits your
personality, looking like an
unhinged psychedelic tranny.

Moondog smiles and looks proud.

MOONDOG
Nice.

Beat. Staring at himself in the mirror.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Not bad.

Moondog adjusts his balls again.

I/E. ROLLS ROYCE/DRIVING BY THE BEACH - DAY

They drive down a quiet street with the top down.

Moondog adjusts his wig and smokes a tiny roach.

JIMMY BUFFET
Its a perfect disguise. The pigs
wont be lookin for you like this
man.

MOONDOG
That's great news.

Moondog inhales with all his might. His face turns purple.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - DAY

The white Rolls Royce is parked in the driveway.

INT. JIMMY BUFFETS SECRET HYDROPONIC WEED ROOM - DAY

Jimmy and Moondog stand in the middle of the most beautiful
marijuana plants imaginable.

The Rasta stands in the corner playing the drum, his eyes are
glazed and a large joint dangles from his lips.

MOONDOG
Is this what heaven looks like?

JIMMY BUFFET
 Pretty much.

Moondog walks around in his high heels. His face is awestruck as he gently touches the leaves with his fingertips.

JIMMY BUFFET (CONT'D)
 Just got a new supply from the
 Jamaicans.

MOONDOG
 This is what I came here for Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET
 I know it is pal.

Beat.

MOONDOG
 Inspiration.

JIMMY BUFFET
 Your gonna be so inspired.

MOONDOG
 Yes!

JIMMY BUFFET
 I'm gonna hook you up with enough
 grade-A hydro that you'll be able
 to write ten novels worth of that
 poetry shit.

MOONDOG
 (whispering to himself)
 Poetry.

JIMMY BUFFET
 Poems flooding out your asshole
 dude.

MOONDOG
 Yes! Beautifully put.

Moondog pulls a wedgie. He loudly sniffs a purple weed leaf.
 The Rasta grins.

EXT. JIMMY BUFFETS MANSION - DAY

A couple of cop cars pull up to the front gate.

EXT. BACK EXIT - JIMMY BUFFET'S MANSION - DAY

Jimmy, Moondog, and the Rasta push a wheelbarrow full of weed into the back of a black van.

The house buzzer rings.

Jimmy looks at the security monitor and see's several cop cars. A police officer staring directly into the camera.

JIMMY BUFFET

Aww shit.

MOONDOG

What is it?

JIMMY BUFFET

Guess your costume didn't work dude.

MOONDOG

Why not?

JIMMY BUFFET

Looks like a bust.

RASTA

The pigs!

Moondog adjusts his wig and then shifts his balls back.

MOONDOG

(perplexed)
It didn't work?

The Rasta walks up and stares at the monitor.

JIMMY BUFFET

Lets get him out of here.

The rasta slams the trunk closed.

I/E. BLACK VAN - DAY

The three of them drive past the beach. The windows are down and weed smoke steadily streams out.

The Rasta drives. Moondog is sandwiched tightly between them.

MOONDOG

I need to say goodbye to Minnie.

Moondog hands Jimmy the joint. Jimmy nods in agreement.

EXT. UPSCALE PALM BEACH CEMETERY - DAY

Moondog and Jimmy stand in front of Minnie's ornate marble tomb stone.

Moondog downs a tall boy of beer.

The rasta stands a ways back playing the kettle drum.

MOONDOG

Minnie my love. I miss you
dearly. And I want you to know
that I'm gonna make you proud from
now on. I'm gonna make it up to
you baby. I know you never
expected to see me looking like
this here. In womens clothes.
With make up. Like an old whore.

Moondog hiccups and chugs the rest of his beer. He tosses it.

JIMMY BUFFET

Is that it?

MOONDOG

Yep.

The rasta keeps playing.

I/E. BLACK VAN - DAY

The three of them drive again. Smoke pours out of the widows.
The Grateful Dead play on the radio.

JIMMY BUFFET

(pointing to the Rasta)
The Rasta is gonna fly you in my
seaplane all the way to your place
in Cuba. Just lay lo. Get some
work done.

MOONDOG

OK.

JIMMY BUFFET

You can set yourself up till all
the shit settles down here. Get a
little poonanny and chillax.

MOONDOG

You got it.

JIMMY BUFFET

I have good lawyers, and the district attorney in Palm Beach owes me a favor, I hooked him up with about 200 Ecstasy pills back in the day. His wife Clairra was a nympho.

(beat)

We used to race sail boats together. It should all be fine.

MOONDOG

I really appreciate that Jimmy.

JIMMY BUFFET

It's cool man.

Moondog smiles as the breeze from the open window blows his wig back. The sun shines on his face.

EXT. BEUTIFUL YACHT DOCK - DAY

The van is parked in front of a row of yachts on the pier. They stack bales of weed into the wheelbarrow.

EXT. YACHT PIER - DAY

The rasta smokes a joint and pushes the wheelbarrow towards Jimmy's seaplane. A few locals stare. Moondog and Jimmy walk behind him. Moondog wobbles in his heels, he looks at the rasta.

MOONDOG

Is he a good pilot?

JIMMY BUFFET

He's pretty good.

MOONDOG

Pretty good?

JIMMY BUFFET

He has Glaucoma in both eyes but if he's stoned enough he starts seeing visions and hallucinating in such a way that it actually evens him out. Your fine man.

The rasta takes a hit of weed and nods to a few of the people staring at him, his eyes are red and glassy.

MOONDOG
OK perfect.

Jimmy starts cracking up.

EXT. BACK OF THE YACHT DOCK - DAY

The rasta loads the weed onto Jimmy's Seaplane.

Moondog stares at him for a minute and turns towards Jimmy.

MOONDOG
Thanks for everything.

JIMMY BUFFET
Don't mention it.

MOONDOG
I appreciate it.

JIMMY BUFFET
It's been my pleasure brother.

Jimmy pulls out a wad of cash and shoves it in Moondogs bra.

MOONDOG
See ya soon.

The two of them shake hands.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
We'll meet again soon on a distant
shore.

JIMMY BUFFET
And I'll bring the Margarita mix
and Ecstasy.

Beat.

MOONDOG
Perfect. Your a champ.

Moondog looks a little sad to be saying goodbye.

JIMMY BUFFET
(smiling)
You'll be aright. Just don't fuck
it all up. And make us proud.

Jimmy and Moondog hug.

EXT. SKY - EARLY EVENING

The seaplane flies under the clouds. Weed smoke pours out of the pilots open window.

I/E. SEAPLANE - EARLY EVENING

The rasta pilot has a huge joint dangling from his lips. They hit some turbulence. The plane is filled with weed smoke, almost nothing is visible. Reggae plays on the speakers. Moondog is strapped in and staring down at the ocean below him, he seems on the verge of a panic attack.

RASTA
(thick Jamaican accent)
I'm 98 percent blind!

MOONDOG
That's great.

RASTA
...But when I smoke enough weed and drink the shroom tea mixed in with a couple lines of dainty white Bogota coca, woof-woof man, I begin to have insane visions, and the visions guide me like a spirit, in a direct line to our final destination. And I don't fuck around. Safe and sound!

The Rasta smiles at Moondog. Some weed falls off the wheelbarrow in the back.

Moondog is sweating and dry heaving, he stares at the Rasta and then readjusts his wig.

EXT. HAVANA/OCEAN IN FRONT OF THE MALECON - MAGIC HOUR

The seaplane lands roughly on the oceans surface. Several people stand on the Malecon watching in disbelief. Smoke still pours out of the open window.

EXT. BUSY HAVANA STREET - NIGHT

Moondog and the rasta push two wheelbarrows full of magic weed down the center of the street. People stop and stare.

The rasta holds a small machete between his teeth. Moondog kicks his high heels into the gutter.

EXT. QUIET HAVANA SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Moondog and the Rasta push the wheelbarrows through the streets of Moondog's Havana neighborhood. A few teenagers on bikes recognize moondog and start laughing, they ride on all sides of him and a small procession of people begin to follow them. A few little kids run up and try to steal some of the buds but the rasta quickly shoes them away.

EXT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - NIGHT

Moondog and the Rasta push the wheelbarrow up to the front door. There are at least fifty people from the neighborhood following them, staring at the weed and laughing. A few people dance. Someone in the back blasts the radio. It's a party atmosphere. Moondog puts his hand on the doorknob, he pauses, and turns around to face the crowd.

Beat.

MOONDOG
(beaming with pride)
Would you like some weed?

The crowd screams. The rasta looks concerned, he takes the machete from his mouth.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
OK I come bearing gifts!

The crowd screams.

Moondog grabs two handfuls of beautiful green buds and tosses it into the crowd. The crowd goes crazy, everyone tries to grab the weed. It's a total free for all. A young boy grabs a massive bud and takes a whiff, his eyes light up.

INT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - NIGHT

Moondog opens the door and walks in with the wheelbarrow. The rasta follows. We hear salsa music playing on the radio.

the Cuban Maid sits at the table. She has red curlers in her hair, and her false teeth are resting in a glass of whiskey. The slightly older kitten sits on her lap. She realizes the person wearing a dress is Moondog, and her eyes light up.

MOONDOG
Honey I'm home!!

CUBAN MAID
Moondog!

MOONDOG
Let's get this party started!

The cuban maid sticks her false teeth back in her mouth.

Moondog runs over and picks her up off the ground. He plants a huge kiss on her lips. He slaps him hard on the cheek.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
Just like old times! I love it.

He puts the cuban maid back down. He raises up the kitten.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)
I knew we'd meet again little
pussy.

It purrs. Moondog kisses it. The rasta looks like he's hallucinating.

EXT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - OUTDOOR PATIO - MAGIC HOUR

Moondog sits on his patio next to his wheelbarrow. He looks at the palm trees and the street below. He lights a joint. His typewriter sits on the table with a blank page rolled inside. The sunset is dramatic. The Grateful Dead play in the back. Moondog takes a pull from his joint, and he closes his eyes. The wind blows his wig. He smiles and begins to type.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE WORDS "THREE MONTHS LATER" APPEAR ON SCREEN.

EXT. RUN DOWN BAR/HAVANA - DAY

Moondog walks up to the entrance of the bar, he's still wearing womens clothes, he holds a beer and chomps on a cigar. He greets a well dressed reporter.

REPORTER
Hi. Nice to meet you.

MOONDOG
Fuck man. I haven't been
interviewed in a long time.

REPORTER
Well its a honor.

Moondog is surprised to hear this, he straightens his back.

MOONDOG
You shittin me?

REPORTER
Of course not. It's an amazing
story.

Beat. Moondog adjusts his balls.

MOONDOG
(beaming)
Fuck that's awesome man.

The reporter smiles.

INT. RUN DOWN OUT DOOR HAVANA BAR - DAY

Moondog and the reporter sit at the bar. Moondog is nearly drunk. There are several empty glasses scattered about a small recorder. A cigar burns in the ash tray.

REPORTER
Its an amazing story. How did you
pull it off?

MOONDOG
I don't really believe in anything
too special. I just love getting
stoned man. And it's all kind of
written in the stars. I just try
and enjoy myself. I love boats. I
love good poon tang. I follow the
sunlight. The sun is good. It
makes me happy. I follow the
waves. I love naked women. I
don't stress it.

Moondog picks up his cigar and blows a perfect smoke ring.

I/E. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - OUTDOOR PATIO - MAGIC HOUR

The conversation from the interview plays over the image of Moondog at his typewriter.

MOONDOG V.O
I don't think about things too
much. I drink a Mojito.
(MORE)

MOONDOG V.O (CONT'D)

It's perfect. Puff a cigar or some magic reefer. I start flying. Buzzing out in all directions. My brain gets all soupy and the words come to me. It's a gift.

He types rapidly. A huge joint dangles from his lips. His wig slips to one side. Behind him we see the stoned rasta banging on a drum. The kitten sits on the table. The wheelbarrow full of magic weed sits off to the side.

INT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - DAY

The interview continues over the image.

We see Moondog's manuscript, the pages stacked high.

MOONDOG V.O

I just needed the right motivation. The breeze and the weed man. That's all I needed. The magic cocktail.

Moondog walks up and sticks the pages in a large yellow envelope. He licks the edge and seals it shut.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - DAY

The interview continues over the image.

Moondog stands on the Malecon staring out at the ocean. He holds his manuscript in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other. His raggedy skirt falls off his hips. The kitten's head sticks out of his handbag.

MOONDOG V.O

I look at everyone. So busy. So stuck in their ways. I just try and have fun. Sometimes I cause a little trouble. No one pays much attention though.

The chubby Tuba player sits alone playing. Moondog walks over and kicks him into the water. He starts cracking up.

EXT. RUN DOWN OUT DOOR HAVANA BAR - DAY

We are back in real time. Moondog blows a smoke ring.

MOONDOG

I just wanna enjoy it while it lasts dude. It's all good. I'm a beach bum man. And this ride is a mother fucker. I do feel changed though. Like I've been through something, some weird magical journey. I think I'm more compassionate. I'm a different person now.

Moondog turns to the reporter and smiles. The reporter clicks off the cassette tape and drinks the rest of his Mojito.

REPORTER

That's perfect. Amazing stuff.

MOONDOG

Yes I'm amazing stuff.

Beat.

REPORTER

Off the record though. What's up with the womens clothes?

Moondog shrugs.

MOONDOG

What? My outfit?

REPORTER

Yeah. The cross-dressing thing?

MOONDOG

You know. It is what it is. It started out as a disguise at the behest of a good friend, a costume. Because I'm a fugitive you know? I was tryin to hide.

REPORTER

(smiling)
Right.

MOONDOG

But it just kinda took hold. I thought it was cool. But there's no real reason. It just feels cool. And sometimes a costume just becomes the reality, it becomes the real thing. You understand man?

The reporter nods and smiles, they shake hands.

EXT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Moondog stands next to Lewis. They stare out at the action below them. Lewis wipes the sweat from his forehead. He has sunburn and wears a white linen suit that's bursting at the seams. Moondog wears a red bra and floral shorts. They drink Mojitos. There are beautiful Cuban women lounging around drinking and smoking, the Grateful Dead is playing.

LEWIS

(out of breath)

....I had to come to Cuba for this.

MOONDOG

It's a real surprise Lewis.

LEWIS

Hopefully its a nice surprise?

Moondog makes a face.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Its so strange being here.

MOONDOG

Seein you in Havana, sweating like a pig on my porch.

LEWIS

Your book man!

MOONDOG

Yes.

LEWIS

Everyone is flipping out. Saying you wrote a modern classic.

MOONDOG

I thought you'd given up on me man?

Beat.

LEWIS

I did. I did give up on you. But You were a burnout.

Beat.

MOONDOG

Until now?

LEWIS

Listen man.

MOONDOG

I'm listening.

Moondog walks over and starts dancing with one of the women.

LEWIS

(almost passing out from
the heat)

I had to tell you in person.

MOONDOG

Tell me what?

Moondog grabs one of the women and starts to make out.

LEWIS

Your up for the Pulitzer. I just
got word. And the National Book
Award. Your a shoe in for both.
Its fucken incredible.

Moondog turns and stares at Lewis for a second then walks
over to the balcony and looks out at the water.

MOONDOG

You shittin me?

He lets out a loud belch.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

(under is breath)

The magic weed. It is real.

Moondog straightens his bra and stares out at the palm trees.

INT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - DAY

Moondog talks on speaker phone to his lawyer, he holds the
kitten. The cuban maid mops and smokes a cigar.

The rasta sits on the couch. He leans and snorts a line off a
glass table. He rubs his nose and plays the kettle drum.

LAWYER

(over the speaker phone)

As your lawyer I gotta tell you its
a miracle. You completely
fulfilled Minnie's requests and
requirements. You published a book.
You unlocked the fortune.

(MORE)

LAWYER (CONT'D)

The money is yours. Your entire inheritance. All of it. Congratulations.

Moondog smiles and gently caresses the kittens head.

MOONDOG

I want it all in cash.

Beat.

LAWYER

What was that?

MOONDOG

I want it all in cash.

LAWYER

Come again?

MOONDOG

Cash man. I don't trust banks you know that. I don't want gold bars either. I want it all in cash man. Take some money out separately and buy a sailboat. A 150 footer. A nice one. Preferably something vintage. Don't skimp. Then I want you to fill the sailboat. Fill that bitch up with the cash and then have someone sail it over from Palm Beach into Havana. I'll be here waiting. You might need some guards to protect it from pirates.

LAWYER

But that's over 15 million in cash Moondog.

MOONDOG

Perfect! Don't fuck it up man.

Moondog hangs up and kisses the cat. The rasta gives Moondog a thumbs up.

EXT. HAVANA STREET - DAY

Moondog drives a motor scooter down the center of a busy street in his red bra. He wears a helmet and smokes a joint. He beeps at swerving cars.

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - DAY

The scooter is parked on the sidewalk in front of the whore house. Music comes from inside.

INT. WHORE HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Moondog sits on the bed with a towel over his lap. Two naked prostitutes massage his shoulders. The room is lit neon blue, communist radio is on.

MOONDOG

(speaking in Spanish)

In truth it was all Minnie. She knew what was up. I know for a fact shes up in heaven now. Toking on some reefer. Beaming with pride.

One of the prostitutes rubs her breast onto Moondogs shoulder. He picks up a bowl of cherries and feeds her one.

EXT. PULITZER PRIZE CEREMONY - NIGHT

Moondog stands at the podium looking down at his new book. He chews on a half lit cigar. He wears a floral tuxedo and a lovely blonde wig. He has a bloody mary with a pink umbrella.

The room is packed with people in evening attire. Everyone in the room stares up at Moondog. Heather is sitting in the front row beaming with pride.

MOONDOG

This is a poem I wrote at 3am after I was coming down from an two day acid trip in the Virgin Islands. Just kidding.

(he begins to read slow and with a full poetic exaggeration in his delivery)

It's called The Beautiful Poem. "I go to bed in Havana thinking about you. Pissing a few moments ago I looked down at my penis affectionately. Knowing it has been inside you twice today makes me feel beautiful."

He closes the book. Beat. The crowd erupts into applause. He smiles and gulps the rest of his drink.

INT. PULIZER PRIZE CEREMONY/AFTER PARTY - NIGHT

Moondog and Heather are dancing together.

HEATHER

I have to admit I didn't think you
could do it dad.

MOONDOG

No?

HEATHER

You pulled it off somehow.

MOONDOG

People can change.

Heather starts to laugh.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

And you should never bet against
the Moondog.

Moondog spins her around and then kisses her on the cheek.

EXT. OCEAN/SAILBOAT - DAY

An amazing old sailboat is gliding down the ocean.

I/E. OCEAN/SAILBOAT - DAY

A few armed guards, mercenary types, stand inside the boat.
It is filled with massive stacks of cash, 15 million dollars
worth, wrapped in plastic.

EXT. BOAT PIER HAVANA - DAY

Moondog stands next to the Rasta. They stare out at the
sailboat in the sea. Moondog holds the kitten.

RASTA

(weed smoke pours from his
nose)

Nice boat.

Moondog smiles.

I/E. BOAT DOCK/SAILBOAT - DAY

Moondog stands on the bow of the sailboat. He stares down at his cash. It's an amazing sight. The armed guards look at Moondog. Moondog puffs a joint and passes it to the rasta.

MOONDOG

What do you think? I feel like we should throw a party or something.

The rasta gives him a thumbs up.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

And invite all the mother fuckers I know.

Moondog breaks the plastic and pulls out a stack of cash.

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

First I wanna get some fireworks though. We should light the sky up as a big fuck you to the world.

He puts the cash in his mouth and grabs his balls. Everyone in the room cracks up.

EXT. HAVANA STREET - DAY

Moondog zips through traffic on his scooter. The kitten is poking out of Moondogs handbag.

INT. FIREWORKS SHOWROOM HAVANA - DAY

Moondog walks quickly through the aisles of a run down fire works factory. He holds two Coronas and a joint. The owner of the place follows closely behind him with a clip board.

MOONDOG

(in Spanish and very animated)

I want it all. Lets blow it all up. Fuck it all man. I'm in a good mood. Lets light up the sky.

FIREWORKS OWNER

OK.

MOONDOG

I want the best fireworks display in the history of Cuba.

(MORE)

MOONDOG (CONT'D)

None of that communist sparkler
bullshit you use to impress babies
and lesbians and pregnant women.
Lets light it all up maestro. Do it
big. Lets wake up Fidel.

FIREWORKS OWNER

(in Spanish)
Everything?

MOONDOG

Fuck yes! Make it awesome. For
Minnie!

Moondog takes a hit and coughs. He hands him a stack of cash.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - NIGHT

Moondog walks down the Malecon with the kitten. He holds a
bottle of wine and sings to himself. Fireworks erupt in the
sky. Everyone on the street stops and stares. Moondog looks
at their faces. It's a beautiful moment.

EXT. BOAT MARINA/HAVANA - NIGHT

Moondog walks towards his sailboat. Fireworks in the sky.

EXT. BOAT MARINA/SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Moondog steps onto the massive sail boat. He motions for the
armed gaurd to leave. The fireworks display is on the edge of
the water, next to the marina. We see people on the Malecon
stare up at the thunderous lights in sky.

EXT. SAILBOAT - NIGHT

The boat slowly sails into the harbor. The fireworks are
falling from the sky and disappearing into the water.

I/E. SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Moondog lays on top of the stack of money. He drinks straight
from a bottle and laughs. He stares at the fireworks.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The burning embers from the fireworks fall onto the ocean.

I/E. SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Moondog watches the fireworks. The embers begin to fall onto the boat. Moondog stands up and laughs. He is drunk, he pulls a roman candle out of his purse. He lights it and holds it upsidedown. It shoots out and hits the money. The plastic wrap around the money catches fire. Smoke fills the air. Moondog laughs for a second, then looks confused. He tosses his bottle of tequila onto the burning money. It flares up.

MOONDOG

Oooops.

Moondog grabs the kitten and walks to the bow. Smoke fills the sky. The whole boat becomes engulfed in flames.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

From a distance we see the sailboat burn.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - NIGHT

People line up to watch the sailboat burn. We hear sirens. Fireworks still go off in the sky.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The sailboat explodes. Burning money floats into the sky.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - NIGHT

Women and children run after the burning cash.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

We watch the sailboat burn.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The fireworks fade and we are left with the moon. We hear Moondog cracking up.

I/E. TINY RED RAFT - NIGHT

Moondog is covered in soot, holding the kitten. He floats down the ocean on the tiny red raft. He has a soggy joint dangling from his lips.

MOONDOG

That was a close one. For a second
I thought we were goners man.

He picks up the kitten and kisses it.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - NIGHT

The chubby tuba player sits alone. Half burnt hundred dollar bills fly into his tuba as he plays. He stares out at the little red raft floating in the distance. He stops and laughs.

EXT. MALECON HAVANA - MORNING

Moondog and the kitten sleep in the red raft. They are washed up onto the shore. A few fisherman look down at them.

EXT. BOAT MARINA - AFTERNOON

Moondog stands on the edge of the Malecon staring at what's left of his burnt sailboat floating in the water.

MOONDOG

(speaking to the kitten)

That's pretty cool lookin man. I
never seen a burnt sailboat like
that. I'm definitely gonna restore
that to it's natural beauty.

He is covered in soot and his dress is torn down the side exposing part of his butt.

EXT. RUN DOWN OUTDOOR BAR - AFTERNOON

Moondog drinks Mojitos alone. There are a few burnt bills on the bar. The Peter Tosh song "legalize it," is playing on the juke box. Moondog sings the words and sways his head.

EXT. HAVANA STREET - EVENING

Moondog staggers home. He looks like a total wreck.

EXT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - EVENING

Moondog walks up to the house and opens the door.
"Margaritaville" plays inside.

INT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - EVENING

Moondog walks in. All the lights are cut off.

MOONDOG

Hello?

Beat. All the lights flash on.

EVERYONE

Surprise!!!!

Moondog's eyes light up.

We see all of Moondogs friends and family. The bartenders, Lewis, the strippers and prostitutes, his kidnappers, Jimmy, the maid, Heather and her limp dick husband, the Rasta, the Caddy, the Lawyer, Jose the pool boy, Homeless Phil, Flicker, a footless Captain Wack, an assortment of Palm Beach socialite stoners, and cuban locals.

Jimmy starts playing "The Joker" in the living room. Everyone drinks, smokes, and dances. We follow the interactions, jump cutting between moments. We watch everyone sing the words to the song. It's a moment of bliss.

Moondog looks around and smiles. He picks up the kitten and walks out.

EXT. MOONDOGS HAVANA HOME - OUTDOOR PATIO - NIGHT

Moondog stares at the sky. He puffs a joint and drinks a Margarita. The moon is out. Everyone downstairs sings. Moondog is drunk. He sings as well.

Two beautiful cuban women walk onto the balcony. Moondog kisses them and begins dancing. He holds the kitten.

The title, The Beach Bum appears once again.

Credits begin to roll over the image.

The end.

(CONT'D)