

WAKE UP CALL

Written by

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Based on a story by George Presman

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK... Heels marking time as they make their way down a long corridor. Fluorescent lights above, a cold, sterile environment.

The shoes belong to GEORGE PRESMAN, 40s, wiry and tall, clutching a steaming styrofoam cup of black coffee as he stops in front of --

A METAL DOOR

He glances through the glass window, sees 19-year-old TRAVIS sitting at a table, drumming his fingers, bored.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Go on in, George. It's open.

George squeezes the door handle and pulls.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Travis looks up to see George step inside.

TRAVIS
Who the fuck are you?

GEORGE
Wow. Piss and vinegar from the
outset.
(under his breath)
Reminds me of me.

TRAVIS
Okay, so I repeat... who the fuck
are you?

GEORGE
Name's George Presman. You can
call me George. Alright if I call
you Travis?

TRAVIS
Call me whatever you want. What do
I care?

George sits down across from Travis, stares at him over the table as he sips his coffee.

GEORGE
Want to hear a story, Travis?

TRAVIS
Not particularly.

GEORGE
Well, I've got bad news for you
then. You got no choice.

TRAVIS
This gonna start with "once upon a
time in a land far, far away?"

GEORGE
Something like that. Cuba, 1959...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESMAN HOUSE - HAVANA - 1959 - DAY

A very elegant party is in session. The men are dressed in
white tuxes and light colored suits, many wearing Panama
hats. The ladies are exquisite in their cocktail dresses.

George's father, PIPA, a rotund man with kindly eyes and a
vibrant personality, holds court.

GEORGE (V.O.)
My father. Pipa Presman. As good
a man as you'll ever find. Back
then, a lifetime ago, I wanted to
be just like him.

George's sister YOUNG MARSHA sits between two boys slightly
older than her. They are smitten with her.

She's interrupted by George's mother, FANITA.

*NOTE: Dialogue in italics is in Spanish with English
subtitles.*

FANITA
Have you seen your brother?

YOUNG MARSHA
I'm busy, Mama...

FANITA
Where's Georgie?

YOUNG MARSHA
I don't know.

ACROSS THE ROOM *

YOUNG GEORGE, five-years-old but unquestionably the child version of the man in the interrogation room, peeks out from behind the bar. *

He watches his father, entertaining and drinking. Young George mimics his dad's jovial laugh. *

Pipa gestures grandly as he tells a story. Young George mirrors the movement. *

Pipa takes a drink from a bottle of Hatuey. Young George looks up, sees -- *

A bottle of rum. *

Perfect. Young George reaches up, grabs the bottle, opens it and pretends to laugh. *

And drinks right from the bottle. *

As soon as the liquor hits his throat it burns painfully and he begins to cry. *

Fanita hears him and runs to him... *

FANITA *

Georgie! *

She holds him as Pipa comes over. *

FANITA (CONT'D) *

It's okay, Georgie. Shhhhhh. It's okay. *

PIPA *

Ah, Georgie-boy, trying to put hair on your chest so soon? *

Young George looks up at his mom and dad, soaking up every second. *

Young Marsha inches over, points to the bottle, then to the drink in Pipa's hand. *

YOUNG MARSHA *

He was just trying to be like you, Daddy. *

Pipa can't help but grin. *

PIPA

*Yeah? Well, I tell you what,
George... I'm honored.*

Young George smiles right back. Glowing.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Can't beat that kind of love. Kind
that keeps you coming back for
more, week after week...

INT. PRESMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Another lovely party the following weekend.

Young Marsha, in her favorite pink dress, this time sitting
in between six boys. She holds court like Scarlett O'Hara.

FANITA

Have you seen Georgie?

YOUNG MARSHA

Mom, I'm busy.

BEHIND THE BAR

Young George, taking it all in again. Taking a sip of rum.
It burns, tears in his eyes, but he takes another drink...

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A drunk Young George stumbles in, where some of the women at
the party are sitting around a table listening to Fanita
gossip about clothes, jewelry and Fidel Castro.

UNDER THE TABLE

Young George appears, slithering between the collection of
long legs and --

Peeking up the dresses!

INT. PRESMAN HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Most of the guests have gone home. Pipa and Fanita are in the
living room talking to FANITA'S BROTHER.

Young George is passed out on the floor.

As Young Marsha exits the house with her life-size 1950's
Horseman Bride Doll...

FANITA'S BROTHER
Say hi to Babi, Marsha.

YOUNG MARSHA
Bye.

FANITA'S BROTHER
(to Pipa)
*So there is ONE advantage to having
your mother-in-law live next door
to you.*

They laugh.

FANITA'S BROTHER (CONT'D)
*Pipa, I'm surprised Georgie is
asleep already. Normally, he stays
up forever.*

PIPA
Must have had a long day.

FANITA
(laughing)
*Pipa found him sleeping under the
table in the kitchen.*

FANITA'S BROTHER
*Hiding out like Castro in the
mountains.*

PIPA
*I can't believe Guevara and
Cienfuegos have advanced through
the Las Villas province.*

FANITA'S BROTHER
*I know. Guevara's fighters have
also launched a fierce assault on
Batista's army.*

FANITA
What will become of us?

PIPA
*I don't know, but all this
bloodshed is alarming.*

FANITA'S BROTHER
*Everything is going to be all
right, Pipa.*

(MORE)

FANITA'S BROTHER (CONT'D)

*Masferrer tells me everything will
be fine. Don't worry.*

*
*

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

*

Fanita bounds up the steps, full of energy.

*

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - 1958 - HAVANA - CONTINUOUS

*

Fanita applying for visas.

*

AMERICAN EMBASSY WORKER

*

What is your interest in visiting
the United States?

*
*

FANITA

*

Marilyn Monroe.

*

The Embassy Worker shoots her a skeptical look. Fanita
slumps, energy gone.

*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

*

George smiles. Travis yawns.

*

GEORGE

*

She wasn't lying. Not entirely, at
least. She was always a big fan of
the pictures.

*
*
*

TRAVIS

*

Is there a point to all this?

*

GEORGE

*

Passed that love on to the whole
family. Me, Marsha, Brett...

*
*

TRAVIS

*

Who?

*

GEORGE

*

I'll get to that.

*

TRAVIS

*

Sooner rather than later, I hope.

*

GEORGE
In due time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAVANA UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - 1959 - DAY

Pipa examines x-rays as he teaches MARIANO STEDO, a technician.

MARIANO STEDO
*Doctor Presman, I can't thank you
enough for taking time to teach me.*

PIPA
*No problem, Mariano. However I can
help you.*

MARIANO STEDO
*I am glad politics does not stand
in the way of our friendship.*

Fanita enters the room.

FANITA
Pipa!

PIPA
What's wrong, Fanita?

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

To establish --

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pipa stands by Fanita as she talks to the POLICE CHIEF.

FANITA
Why do you have my brother in jail?

The POLICE CHIEF shows her a black-and-white photograph:
Fanita's brother dressed in pro-Batista military gear and
holding a large calibre air-rifle.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
So, what? Your family a bunch of
subversives or something?

GEORGE (V.O.)
 Things aren't always as they
 appear.

FANITA
 My brother, he's not a
 revolutionary! He's Rolando
 Masferrer's personal physician.

INSERT

A copy of the *Gente* magazine circa 1957. On the cover, a B/W
 photograph of a young ROLANDO MASFERRER looking off
 contemplatively with his chin resting on his hand.

GEORGE (V.O.)
 Masferrer was a lawyer . . .

INSERTS

A copy of the *Revista Bohemia* magazine circa 1958. There is
 an article on Masferrer featuring many photographs of him.

REVISTA BOHEMIA STILL 1

Masferrer is wearing a dark suit.

GEORGE (V.O.)
 ...a congressman...

REVISTA BOHEMIA STILL 2

Masferrer is dressed in a white short sleeve shirt, white
 pants and aviator sunglasses at a political rally in
 Chivirico, Sierra Maestra, 1958. His hand is raised in a
 defiant display of protest.

GEORGE (V.O.)
 ...a newspaper publisher...

REVISTA BOHEMIA STILL 3

Masferrer is wearing a dark suit with a white panama hat.

GEORGE (V.O.)
 ...and a Cuban guerrilla leader.

REVISTA BOHEMIA STILL 4

Masferrer is in military fatigues and holding a large calibre
 rifle.

EXT. LOS TIGRES DE MANFERRER HEADQUARTERS - 1958 - DAY *

Guerrilla soldiers march in the Sierra Maestra mountain range *
outside of Masferrer's army headquarters. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

He was the founder of *Los Tigres de* *
Manferrer, a guerrilla organization *
set up to defend Cuban leader *
Fulgencio Batista against Castro. *
He had called upon my uncle to *
treat him for a fracture in his *
ankle. *

INT. MASFERRER HUT - 1958 - CONTINUOUS *

Fanita's Brother applies a splint to Masferrer's ankle. *

FANITA'S BROTHER *

This will only last for a few days. *
Then you must come to the hospital *
so I can put a cast on it. *

MASFERRER *

I do not take orders from anyone. *

He slowly limps around the room . . . *

FANITA'S BROTHER *

It will not heal otherwise. *

MASFERRER *

No matter. *

As he menacingly limps towards Fanita's Brother . . . *

MASFERRER (CONT'D) *

As I approach my victims, they will *
fear the thumping of my wounded *
gait. *

He then draws a rectangular object from his pocket. *

Fanita's Brother flinches back. *

FANITA'S BROTHER *

What is that? *

MASFERRER *

Do not be alarmed. This is a Minox *
Model B, the latest in spy camera *
technology. *

FANITA'S BROTHER

What are you going to with it?

MASFERRER

I would like to take a picture of you.

Fanita's Brother poses for him.

MASFERRER (CONT'D)

No good. Put that military jacket on. It will be more interesting.

As Fanita's Brother puts on the jacket . . .

MASFERRER (CONT'D)

And hold this rifle.

Fanita's Brother takes the high calibre rifle.

MASFERRER (CONT'D)

(pleased)

There. Much better. More like a man. Smile.

CLICK -- he snaps the photo.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The POLICE CHIEF, Fanita and Pipa looking at the photograph of Fanita's Brother.

FANITA

Where did you get this?

POLICE CHIEF

We found it in the home of that coward Masferrer after he fled the country with \$10 million.

FANITA

There must be some mistake.

POLICE CHIEF

Is that not your brother?

FANITA

It is, but...

POLICE CHIEF

Wearing the uniform of Los Tigres de Manferrer, the greatest enemy of Fidel Castro?

FANITA *
There must be some -- *

POLICE CHIEF *
There is no mistake. *

FANITA *
This picture must have been taken *
against his will. *

POLICE CHIEF *
He's smiling in this photo, no? *

FANITA *
My brother is a big supporter of *
Castro. *

POLICE CHIEF *
And I am good friends with Marlon *
Brando. *

FANITA *
I can prove it to you. *

Pipa tries to usher Fanita out. *

PIPA *
Fanita, let's go. *

FANITA *
My husband works with Mariano *
Stedo. *

POLICE CHIEF *
How dare you say that! Mariano is a *
great patriot, a Castro *
sympathizer. I bet you didn't know *
Mariano Stedo was a prisoner here *
before, under that scum Batista. *

FANITA *
I do know because he is good *
friends with my brother. *

POLICE CHIEF *
Bullshit! *

FANITA *
It's true! *

POLICE CHIEF *
You are a liar! *

FANITA

*Why don't you ask Mariano Stedo
yourself or are you afraid of the
truth?*

POLICE CHIEF

*As everyone here is my witness, if
you bring Mariano Stedo here
tonight and have him tell me what
you say is true I will let your
brother go.*

FANITA

It's one o'clock in the morning.

POLICE CHIEF

*Otherwise, first thing in the
morning he will be sent to La
Cabana prison where he will be
executed.*

EXT. MARIANO STEDO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pipa knocks loudly on Mariano Stedo's door. No answer. He
knocks again. A light goes on inside.

MARIANO STEDO (O.S.)

Who is this?

PIPA

Pipa Presman.

INT. 1959 PLYMOUTH - LATER

Pipa driving and Fanita seated in the passenger seat. In the
back, MARIANO STEDO.

GEORGE (V.O.)

*He got dressed right away and went
to the station. But as soon as my
parents walked away, they knew they
had to leave Cuba.*

INT. PRESMAN HOUSE - LATER

George, watching his parents pack up the house, a grin
spreading across his lips.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Thanks to political pressure I knew
absolutely nothing about at the
time, my world was about to
change...

INT. US CUSTOMS - MIAMI - 1961

The PRESMAN FAMILY are in line with other Cuban refugees.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It took two years but eventually we
found ourselves in Miami.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIAMI - 1962 - DAY

The city of Miami, a lush expanse of art deco homes and neon
lights.

Several blocks from the ocean, an apartment building. A
phone ringing from inside.

INT. MODEST APARTMENT IN MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Eight-year-old Young George and 11-year-old Teen Marsha are
eating breakfast when the phone rings.

Fanita answers. Pipa reads a Spanish language newspaper.

FANITA

Good morning. Yes. Yes. Who's
calling, please? I see. One moment,
please.

(covering phone)

*Pipa, it's the hospital! They want
to set up a time for an interview!*

PIPA

*What hospital? There is some
mistake, I never applied.*

FANITA

I applied for you.

PIPA

What?

FANITA
They're waiting.

PIPA
You're cuckoo!

FANITA
C'mon, Pipa!

PIPA
No!

FANITA
Pipa!

PIPA
*I can't interview! Tell them I
can't!*

Teen Marsha abruptly leaves the room without finishing her
breakfast.

FANITA
Pipa, are you crazy!?

PIPA
Fanita! Do what I tell you!

Young George goes after his sister.

FANITA
(into the phone, calmly)
One second, please.
(covering phone)
Pipa!

PIPA
Fanita!

FANITA
*Your father moved from Poland to
Cuba with nothing! He didn't know
the language and he made a
wonderful life for himself! I dare
you to live up to your father's
name!*

Pipa reluctantly walks towards the phone as he curses under
his breath.

FANITA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
He's coming.

Pipa grabs the phone from her. *

PIPA *

Hello? Yes. I'm sorry, I cannot
accept because I cannot English,
very bad. Yes. Thank you. Good bye. *

He hangs up the phone. Fanita screams as Pipa walks to his
chair to finish reading the paper. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

Travis leans back in his chair, disinterested. *

GEORGE *

What? *

TRAVIS *

Nothing. *

GEORGE *

Am I boring you? *

TRAVIS *

Little bit, yeah. *

GEORGE *

Sorry I'm not a better storyteller. *

TRAVIS *

Mix in a little sex and violence
maybe. *

George can't help but smile. *

TRAVIS (CONT'D) *

What? *

GEORGE *

Just stay tuned, is all. *

TRAVIS *

Okay, but for now -- *

GEORGE *

For now, I'm telling you about a
good man. *

TRAVIS *

Who? You? *

GEORGE

No. No, not me. I'm not a good man. But I'm alive and here today because I know one. My father.

Travis shrugs. George's smile fades.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This matters, Travis. Understand me? This matters.

TRAVIS

Fine, it matters.

They glare at one another across the table. Travis, smirking. George, unblinking. Finally Travis relents.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay, so the old man needed a job...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIAMI UNIVERSITY VA HOSPITAL - 1962 - LATER

An overweight man, in his late fifties, dressed in a lab coat suddenly collapses to the floor and dies of a heart attack.

GEORGE (V.O.)

One day, the Assistant Chief Radiology of University of Miami VA passed away...

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Your pops poison him?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Travis, grunting out a laugh. George, shaking his head.

TRAVIS

What? It was a joke.

GEORGE

I'm telling you... Look, you wanted death, right?

TRAVIS

I said sex and violence. Emphasis on sex.

GEORGE
Like I said...

TRAVIS
Stay tuned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - 1972

13-year-old Teen George steps into the living room, a Super 8 camera in front of his face.

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER

The underdressed, Lolita-ish 17-year-old Teen Marsha, lying on her back, popping bubble gum and flipping through a fashion magazine.

She lowers the magazine, looks into the camera and rolls her eyes.

TEEN MARSHA
Will you put that thing away
already, George? It's not a toy?

TEEN GEORGE

Lowers the camera and smirks.

TEEN GEORGE
I know it's not a toy.

TEEN MARSHA
Besides, if Dad finds out you've
been messing with it, he'll --

TEEN GEORGE
He said I could use it. I'm gonna
make movies some day. Real ones.
Like Hitchcock.

TEEN MARSHA
Whatever.

Teen Marsha raises the magazine. Teen George raises the camera.

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER *

A glass in Teen Marsha's hand goes in and out of focus. *

TEEN GEORGE (O.S.) *

What are you drinking? *

TEEN MARSHA *

Water. *

TEEN GEORGE *

Lowers the camera, eyes Marsha suspiciously. *

TEEN MARSHA (CONT'D) *

What? *

TEEN GEORGE *

Nothing. *

TEEN MARSHA *

Damn right, nothing. *

The doorbell rings. *

TEEN MARSHA (CONT'D) *

(excitedly) *

I'll get it. *

As she gets up to answer the door she trips slightly over her chair. She gives a little carefree laugh. *

TEEN GEORGE *

Who is it? *

She doesn't answer. *

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D) *

Mark Mangoli, I bet. *

Teen George quickly smells her glass of "water" while she is away. From the way his nose crinkles, it's clear this isn't water at all. *

Teen Marsha comes back in with her "friend" MARK MANGOLI, a 23-year-old with gorgeous feathered long-hair, clogs, cut off denim shorts, a v-neck tank top and gold jewelry. *

TEEN MARSHA *

(to Mark) *

My dad's at work and Fanita's spying on him. *

(to Teen George) *

(MORE) *

TEEN MARSHA (CONT'D)

Mark and I are going to go to my
room now, Georgie.

TEEN GEORGE

You don't want to finish the game?

Teen Marsha heads off with Mark in tow.

TEEN MARSHA

Later.

TEEN GEORGE

Marsha, you left the front door
open.

She closes the door to her bedroom behind her . . .

TEEN MARSHA (O.S.)

Close it for me, honey.

Teen George gets up, heads to the door. Sees something
outside that blows him away.

TEEN GEORGE

Holy shit...

He raises the camera.

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER

A cherry red Ferrari Dino 246 GT in their parking space.

TEEN GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

That is freaking sweet...

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Fanita sets the table for dinner.

FANITA

*Georgie! Marsha! It's almost dinner
time. Pipa should be here soon.*

Teen George comes out of his bedroom and plops himself down
at the kitchen table.

FANITA (CONT'D)

Where's Marsha?

TEEN GEORGE

Marsha!

FANITA
Is she at Babi's?

TEEN GEORGE
No, she's here.

FANITA
Go get her, Georgie.

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO MARSHA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Teen Marsha is passed out on her bed. Teen George inches forward, mouth agape.

TEEN GEORGE
Marsha?

He taps her shoulder. Nothing.

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)
Marsha...

He grabs her. Starts shaking.

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)
Wake up...

TEEN MARSHA
(barely coherent)
Hmmm.

A little relief in Teen George's eyes.

TEEN GEORGE
Time for dinner.

As he leaves her room he notices two orange pills on the floor.

Curious, he pockets them and leaves.

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Teen George returns to the table.

TEEN GEORGE
Marsha's sleeping.

FANITA
Again? She's crazy sleeping so much.

(MORE)

FANITA (CONT'D)

You know, Georgie, I love you the most. I don't love Marsha as much as I love you.

Teen George gives her an incredulous look.

TEEN GEORGE

Mommy, you don't mean that.

Fanita looks at him, suddenly realizing what she's said. She waves it off, dismissive.

FANITA

No, of course not. Don't be ridiculous.

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO MARSHA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Teen Marsha puts the phone off the hook and sneaks out of the window.

Teen George pops out of the closet and continues to spy on Teen Marsha out the window.

INT. RED COUPE ALFA ROMEO - CONTINUOUS

Teen Marsha climbs in, sits down beside --

RONNIE, a handsome 20-year-old son of wealthy parents, flashes a warm, sympathetic smile. His half-mast heroin-induced eyes charm the living daylights out of Teen Marsha.

RONNIE

You're the cutest girl in this neighborhood. You know that?

Teen Marsha giggles, blushes.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. You know that. So... the beach?

Teen Marsha doesn't answer. She's busy checking out the luxurious car she's in.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Italian cars are not of this world, Marsha. The lines, the curves, the grace. They make you think they are fast even when they are not moving.

TEEN MARSHA

That's true. I never thought of that before.

RONNIE

You ever been to Italy?

TEEN MARSHA

No.

RONNIE

Bellissima! You haven't lived till you've seen Michael Angelo's *Statue of David*.

TEEN MARSHA

What is that?

RONNIE

Oh, my god! It's a masterpiece of Renaissance sculpture. All made of smooth marble symbolic not only of past victories, but of...

As he stares into her eyes...

RONNIE (CONT'D)

...glorious things to come.

TEEN MARSHA

I can't wait to grow up!

He laughs then holds his head.

RONNIE

Ow.

TEEN MARSHA

What's wrong?

As he takes out a bottle of Aspirin and throws back twenty pills before washing it down with some soda.

TEEN MARSHA (CONT'D)

You gonna be okay?

RONNIE

I remember the first time I laid eyes on you, princessa.

TEEN MARSHA

Yeah?

RONNIE

You were walking and then you
stopped all of a sudden. You got
really still like a statue,
listening for something. You were
so beautiful. The sun on your hair
and your eyes. But there was a sort
of fear that washed over your eyes.

Teen Marsha squirms, uncomfortable.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I hope I haven't upset
you.

TEEN MARSHA

No.

RONNIE

I just call it like I see it.

Teen Marsha starts to climb out of Ronnie's car . . .

TEEN MARSHA

I've gotta go, Ronnie. Good night.

RONNIE

Ciao, bella.

TEEN MARSHA

Will I see you again?

RONNIE

As sure as the sun shines.

TEEN MARSHA

Ronnie?

RONNIE

Yes, princessa?

TEEN MARSHA

That time you saw me when I stopped
like a statue?

RONNIE

Forget it. It's none of my
business.

TEEN MARSHA

Whenever I go home... I stop a
hundred feet away from my house to
see if I hear my parents fighting
or not.

After a moment...

RONNIE

Thank you.

TEEN MARSHA

For what?

RONNIE

Daring to be vulnerable.

His muffler blows out sounding like a bomb going off. Scared by the sound she falls into his arms.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

"Was that cannon fire, or is it my heart pounding?"

She doesn't get the reference.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

That's a line from Casablanca. I love movies.

She kisses him. Enjoys it. But she pulls away sooner than he'd like.

TEEN MARSHA

I better go. If my father catches me, he'll kill me.

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO MARSHA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Teen Marsha sneaks inside, tiptoeing, making every effort to be quiet. But --

Click... The lights come on. Pipa is waiting for her, fuming.

PIPA

Where the hell have you been?!

TEEN MARSHA

Out.

PIPA

What do you mean out?!

TEEN MARSHA

I'm tired, Pipa.

PIPA

Answer your father!

TEEN MARSHA *
None of your goddamned business. *

PIPA *
Do not disrespect your family! *

TEEN MARSHA *
All my friends can go out! *

PIPA *
You crazy?! *

TEEN MARSHA *
You never let me do anything! *

PIPA *
Shut up! *

TEEN MARSHA *
I hate you! I hate you all! *

TEEN GEORGE *

Stands outside Teen Marsha's room, watching helplessly as the *
argument grows louder and louder. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
Marsha's life had gotten crazy *
since we'd moved to Miami. *

TRAVIS (V.O.) *
Sounds like it. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
And when you're the youngest... *
shit trickles right on down to you. *

EXT. MIAMI BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY *

Teen George and his friend JOEY are eating lunch in the *
cafeteria. *

Joey rips a fart, getting a giggle from the GIRLS nearby. *

GIRLS *
Ooooo, Joey laid a gasser. *

Joey revels in the attention. Teen George shakes his head. *

TEEN GEORGE *
You're a sick-o, Joey. *

JOEY *
Takes one to know one. *

Teen George takes a napkin out of his pocket and hands it to *
Joey. *

As Joey starts to wipe his mouth with it -- *

TEEN GEORGE *
No, dummmmy, look inside of it. *

JOEY *
What is it? *

TEEN GEORGE *
Marsha had'em. *

Joey grins. Looks up. Teen George mirrors the smile. *

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D) *
What? *

JOEY *
Know who'd buy these offa you? *

TEEN GEORGE *
You? *

JOEY *
Jeff. *

EXT. MIAMI BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - LATER *

After school, Joey and Teen George are waiting as a very *
stoned Jeff BECK walks by, wearing a *Butterflies are Free* t- *
shirt, jeans and a beaded necklace. *

TEEN GEORGE *
Jeff... *

Teen George stops him, holding out the pills. *

JEFF *
Right on! *

Before Teen George has a chance to react, Jeff takes the *
pills and swallows them. *

TEEN GEORGE *
What the fuck, man?! *

JEFF *
What? *

TEEN GEORGE *
You gonna pay up or what? *

Jeff grins. *

JEFF *
How about a trade? *

INT. JEFF BECK'S BEDROOM - LATER *

Joey and Teen George sit in bean bags as Jeff rummages *
through his dresser. Teen George is mesmerized by Jeff's *
psychedelic room, staring at -- *

The yellow lava lamp, the blacklights, the swirling deep *
purple/orange walls, the shag rug and exotic looking incense *
burners. *

JEFF *
This should make up for the *
secanols. *

He produces a big green marijuana bud. *

JOEY *
What is that? *

JEFF *
You kidding me? *

TEEN GEORGE *
I know what it is. *

JEFF *
Yeah? What? *

Teen George doesn't answer. Jeff shakes the bag, opens it, *
takes a big whiff. *

JEFF (CONT'D) *
You may not know right now but you *
ain't never gonna forget. *

He holds the bag out for Teen George and Joey to sniff. *

JEFF (CONT'D) *
Feast your olfactoryies on this *
motha-fucking weed, bitches... *

Jeff loads a pipe, takes a massive hit. Teen George and Joey *
both watching Jeff enjoy it. *

Soon, they're both hitting from the pipe. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
Some say marijuana is the gateway *
drug. Well, they're right. *

Teen George leans back, buzzed. Staring at the walls again. *

The deep purple/orange walls swirl around, real trippy. *

Joey, trembling. Getting a bad buzz. Paranoid. Teen George *
looks over at him and smiles a goofy smile. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
Well, for some people, that is. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - PIPA AND FANITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

As Pipa and Fanita sleep, Teen George goes through Pipa's *
pants and takes out a \$20 bill out of his wallet. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
Gateway to everything. To *
anything. To whatever it takes to *
get that fix... *

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. - 1975 - DAY *

Teen George's lime green '72 Plymouth Road Runner cruises *
down the road. *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY *

Teen George behind the wheel, Jeff in the passenger seat *
holding one pound of Black Gangi Tar in his lap. *

As he pulls up to a red light, Teen George notices a few *
POLICEMEN smoking cigars at Eddie's Newsstand. *

Teen George revs the engine. *

THE POLICE look over at the car, fuming. One in particular -- *

OFFICER McCORMICK, 30s, a tough guy with piercing eyes and a *
dominating persona. *

Teen George locks in on the cop's badge. *

TEEN GEORGE *
Hey, McCormick, catch me if you *
can, donut-muncher! *

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. - DAY *

Before the light turns green, Teen George peels away at lightning speed leaving a cloud of dust behind. *

The POLICE jump into their cop car and give chase. *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR *

Teen George, twisting, turning the car in a wild demonstration of badass driving, swerving around cars, braking, roaring ahead. *

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER *

The car wheels into a garage and just sits there as the cops roll past, unaware. *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR *

As Teen George lights up a bowl. *

TEEN GEORGE
Let's go to Fun Fair! *

EXT. MIAMI - NIGHT *

The car weaves through Miami, the neon of the city reflecting against the windshield as Teen George and Jeff grow progressively more stoned... *

GEORGE (V.O.)
We got so stoned I couldn't see in front of me. My eyes were weighing me down. *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR *

Teen George revs the engine, unleashing the monster under the hood. *

JEFF
Let's see this bulldog run. *

Teen George grins, enjoying the challenge. *

TEEN GEORGE
Time it. *

Jeff readies his stopwatch. *

Teen George hits the gas, quickly shifting gears. *

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT *

The Road Runner leaving a trail of dust behind it. *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR *

The speedometer, racing upwards. 80, 90... 100 mph. *

Teen George, whiteknuckling the wheel, staring -- *

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD *

As the city flashes by in a blur. And then, in clear focus... *

FREEZE FRAME *

On a canal up ahead. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

There was no way I could slow down *

in time. *

UNFREEZE *

As Teen George's eyes bulge... *

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT *

The Road Runner speeds down the road, hits the bridge, goes AIRBORNE!!! *

The Road Runner is in mid-air when -- *

JEFF (O.S.) *

Oh -- *

TEEN GEORGE *

-- shit! *

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT *

Teen George and Jeff sharing a terrified look for a split-second before -- *

CRASH! *

They impact water and start to sink in a hurry. *

FADE OUT. *

FADE IN: *

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

Now Travis is engaged again. George savors the attention. *

TRAVIS *
You fucking bullshitting me, man? *

GEORGE *
True story. *

TRAVIS *
No. *

GEORGE *
Yep. *

TRAVIS *
You're bullshitting me. *

GEORGE *
Don't shit a shitter. That's *
something my old man used to say. *

George smiles, lost in thought... *

DING-DONG -- A doorbell. *

Off George's reminiscent look, we: *

DISSOLVE TO: *

I/E. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - 1972 - DAY *

Pipa answers the door to find -- *

TWO GIRLS, each 16-years-old, jabbering in unison: *

GIRLS *
Georgie's been in an accident! *

PIPA *
What happened? *

GIRL ONE *
He's hurt! *

PIPA *
How? *

GIRL TWO *
Um, I don't know. I, uh, well -- *

GIRL ONE *
See, someone else -- *

PIPA *
Give it to me straight, girls. *
Don't shit a shitter. Now... *
where's Georgie? *

EXT. FUN FAIR - LATER *

Fun Fair, on the 79th Street Causeway, is an art deco style *
hangout for teenagers. *

High schoolers... *

- eating hot dogs and french fries in cardboard trays *
- playing pin-ball and skeeball in the game room *
- recording their voices on a record in a booth *
- smoking pot on the dock *

Dripping wet from head to toe, Teen George plays Williams' *
Fan- Tas-Tic pinball game. As Teen George shakes the machine *
with a pelvic thrust to save the ball, he recounts the car *
crash to an excited group of youngsters. *

The crowd parts as Pipa pushes them aside and grabs Teen *
George by the elbow. *

PIPA *
Now what are you going to do? *

Teen George doesn't answer. Just grins. *

TRAVIS (V.O.) *
Well? What did you do? *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
I sued the city. *

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Officer McCormick and Pipa are amongst the few audience members as Fanita addresses the Judge.

FANITA

Your honor, my son is innocent. I am Chairman of the Latin American Advisory Board of the State of Florida.

Teen George, grinning. Getting away with it.

FANITA (CONT'D)

He did nothing wrong, your honor. There was no barrier on the canal...

GEORGE (V.O.)

Fanita won the case.

EXT. PRESMAN CONDO - DAY

Teen George stands in the driveway, Super 8 camera in front of his face, filming.

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER

A brand new Road Runner.

GEORGE (V.O.)

The city bought me a new car.

MONTAGE - HOME MOVIE STYLE

-- Teen George, behind the wheel of a black '72 Oldsmobile Cutlass. The car totaled.

-- Pipa, Fanita & Teen George at a car lot.

-- Teen George, behind the wheel of a chartreuse '72 Plymouth Duster. The car totaled. Pipa, Fanita & Teen George back at the same car lot.

-- Teen George, behind the wheel of an orange '72 Chevrolet SS Chevelle Sport Coupe. Car totaled.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - LATER *

Teen George, totally high, and Teen Marsha, a little tipsy,
are playing backgammon. *

The doorbell rings. *

No one stirs. *

The doorbell rings again. *

TEEN MARSHA
Georgie, will you get that? *

TEEN GEORGE
(intensely staring at the
game)
Huh? *

The doorbell rings again. *

TEEN MARSHA
Georgie... *

TEEN GEORGE
I think I just heard the doorbell. *

TEEN MARSHA
Will you get that? *

TEEN GEORGE
(referring to the game)
Is it my turn or your turn? *

TEEN MARSHA
I got it last time. *

TEEN GEORGE
What? *

The doorbell rings yet again. *

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)
Someone's at the door. *

Teen George stumbles out of his seat. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER *

Teen George opens the door to find Mark Mangoli standing
there. *

As Mark walks past him, Teen George sees -- *

A yellow 1972 Porsche 911 2.7 RS Prototype parked in their parking space next to George's Road Runner. *

Teen George eyes it, turns, follows after Mark. *

TEEN GEORGE *

Mark, what do you do? *

Mark gives him a "leave me alone kid" look. George grabs him by the arm. *

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D) *

Listen, dude, I'm cool, man. I get high everyday. What do you do? *

MARK *

Tell you what, kid. You tell me what I want to know and I'll tell you what you want to know. *

FREEZE on MARK'S face. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

Marsha was sleeping with Ronnie and Mark. One of 'em had knocked her up. They had nice cars, they took her out to dinner and they hated each other. They both wanted to know whose kid it was and Marsha would tell both of them it was their kid so they would give her money every month. What can I say, she was a pro. But for the life of me, I didn't know whose baby it was. *

UNFREEZE and continue... *

TEEN GEORGE *

It's yours, man. So what do you do, Mark? *

Mark smiles from ear to ear, then... *

MARK *

Coke. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

At that time I didn't know anything about cocaine. *

EXT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - 1976 - DAY *

17 year-old Teen George checks the mail. *

 GEORGE (V.O.) *

 But I was a quick learner. *

He pulls something out, eyes it. Grins. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - MOMENTS LATER *

Teen George smiles at a 1976 postcard of a little town with a sign above a store that reads "DRUGS." *

 GEORGE (V.O.) *

 Thanks to Mark, I would get two *

 ounces a day in postcards, straight *

 from Colombia. *

He takes out the cocaine that has been smashed flat and wrapped air-tight inside the postcard. *

 GEORGE (V.O.) *

 \$200 an ounce. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO GEORGE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

Teen George cuts the coke up . . . *

 GEORGE (V.O.) *

 I cut it up into grams. 28 grams in *

 an ounce. *

INT. MIAMI BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - LATER *

Teen George opens his locker and hands a pimply faced kid a little baggie in exchange for \$100. *

 GEORGE (V.O.) *

 And sell it for \$100 a gram. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Teen George stands in front of his mirror practicing some cool dance moves as disco music plays on his new stereo. *

Pipa bursts into the room. *

 TEEN GEORGE *

 Dad, privacy! *

Pipa thrusts a postcard in Teen George's face. *

PIPA *
What is this, Georgie? *

TEEN GEORGE *
You're going through my mail, too?! *

PIPA *
For your own good! One day, you'll *
get that. For now... *

Pipa heads for the bathroom. *

TEEN GEORGE *
That's mine! *

Teen George bolts forward, chasing his father to the *
bathroom. *

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS *

As Pipa is about to drop the postcard into the toilet Teen *
George grabs it from him. They fight over it, screaming at *
each other. *

TEEN GEORGE *
I hate you, man! *

Pipa stops for a second. Those words cut him to the core. *

But he turns, looks Teen George in the eye. *

PIPA *
That's okay, George. You go ahead *
and hate me. Long as you stop *
hating yourself, stop filling your *
body up with this... this poison... *
you can hate me all you want. *
Because I'll always love you. *

Teen George shoves his father, fights him for the coke. *

TEEN GEORGE *
Fuck off! *

Fanita enters, trying to get in between them. *

Three-year-old BRETT, Marsha's son, peers around the corner *
watching it all. *

Teen George hysterically pushes Fanita away. Pipa snatches the postcard back, then shoves Teen George violently into the bathtub, and finally drops the postcard into the toilet. *

He pushes the lever and -- SWOOSH! -- down goes the cocaine. *

Teen George glares at his father, fuming, hatred in his eyes. Pipa pushes past him, returning to -- *

GEORGE'S BEDROOM *

Pipa goes straight for the Super 8 camera sitting on the dresser. *

Teen George steps in behind him, shocked. *

TEEN GEORGE
What are you doing? *

Pipa holds up the camera. *

PIPA
Taking this. When you get yourself straight, you can have it back. *

He storms out of the room and Teen George slumps onto the bed, defeated. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY *

Travis looks up, shocked. *

TRAVIS
He took your camera? *

George nods. *

GEORGE
It was his anyway. Said I could have it back when I got straight. One thing you gotta say for Pipa Presman, when he tells you something, he means it. *

TRAVIS
So what did you do? After that, I mean? *

EXT. GAINESVILLE STATE COLLEGE - 1978 - NIGHT

Happy students studying and talking...

GEORGE (V.O.)

Dad sent me to college. Said it
was time for a change. So... I
changed to Quaaludes.

INT. GAINESVILLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Teen George parties with a bunch of kids from the college as
disco music blares from the stereo.

Roommate JACK, 21, enters with a stack of law books under his
arms, surprised to find his peaceful home has turned into
party central.

JACK

Dude, what the fuck?!

Teen George passes the groovin' party crowd to end up
greeting Jack with some smokin' disco moves.

TEEN GEORGE

A great attitude. What the fuck...

At the end of the inspired dance, Teen George presents a
smorgasbord of colorful pills to Jack.

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)

Party-hardy, Jack.

JACK

What is that?

TEEN GEORGE

Ludes, dude.

JACK

Thanks but no thanks.

Two GIRLS dance seductively towards Teen George eyeing the
pills in his hands.

Teen George nudges Jack, nods in the direction of the girls.

TEEN GEORGE

Jack be nimble, jack be quick. Jack
these chicks want to get on your
dick.

JACK

I still have a lot of studying to do.

Teen George dances with the girls, putting a pill in each of their mouths.

GEORGE (O.S.)

It all seemed so nice and easy at the time. You know, what the fuck... But things that start easy rarely end that way.

BANG-BANG-BANG -- Knocking...

INT. PRESMAN NICER CONDO - LATE NIGHT

Pipa is surprised to find a shaken up Teen George at the door.

PIPA

Georgie, what are you doing here?

Teen George storms past him into the room.

TEEN GEORGE

I've gotta get out of the country.

Phone rings.

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't answer it, Dad!

Fanita, who has awakened, picks up the phone.

FANITA

Hello? Yes, this is Fanita Presman.

She looks over at Teen George. Bad things in her eyes.

FANITA (CONT'D)

No, I have not seen my, son. He is in Gainesville in college. Is everything okay? Oh my god. There must be some mistake. My son is a good boy. Okay. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone.

FANITA (CONT'D)

There's a warrant out for your arrest.

TEEN GEORGE

I told you not to answer it! But she doesn't fucking listen, Dad.

FANITA

The phone was ringing!

TEEN GEORGE

I ask you one simple thing but you don't fucking listen!

FANITA

You are selling drugs to the police! Are you crazy!?

TEEN GEORGE

Go fuck yourself, Fanita!

PIPA

George!

FANITA

I do everything for you! I give you money, I get you a nice place.

TEEN GEORGE

Yeah, money! That's Dad's money!

FANITA

No!

TEEN GEORGE

Right, Dad!? Dad, is it your money!?

Pipa doesn't answer.

FANITA

You've never had to work! You have everything! Nice cars. You're like the Prince of Monaco!

TEEN GEORGE

What have you done!? You've never worked a day in your life!

FANITA

I do this, I get you lawyers. You don't think that's work?!

TEEN GEORGE

Yeah! You get me the cheapest fuckin' lawyer: YOU!

(MORE)

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)

She's crazy, dad. They were gonna
put me away for 15 years...

FANITA

No, George!

TEEN GEORGE

You're always saying no!

FANITA

NO!

Pipa sits quietly as Teen George keeps looking to him for
approval. Though there is deep hatred in Teen George's eyes,
the hint of tears beginning to form can be seen...

But he smiles to cover.

FANITA (CONT'D)

I got the nice apartment for you.

TEEN GEORGE

Fuck the apartment.

FANITA

I...

TEEN GEORGE

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP! I'M TALKING
TO DAD!!! MARSHA WAS THE SMART ONE!
SHE GOT THE FUCK OUTTA HERE WITH
HER BABY!!

FANITA

Enough!

TEEN GEORGE

Enough out of you! Why don't you
shut up, bitch!

FANITA

Talk with respect!

TEEN GEORGE

I want to kill you!

Fanita begins to tear up...

TEEN GEORGE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Fanita. Cry. Why don't
you cry?

FANITA

I'm not going to cry. No one tell
Marsha. We don't want to upset her
or Brett.

TEEN GEORGE

They're in Vegas, Fanita! What are
you, crazy?!

Fanita picks up the phone and dials.

FANITA

I'm gonna call the supreme court
justice from Tallahassee. He's a
friend of mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

George finishes his drink, stares down into the empty cup.
Travis taps on the table...

TRAVIS

Hello?

GEORGE

What?

TRAVIS

So what happened? This judge, he
help out?

GEORGE

Fanita and Pipa made a deal. I had
to...

George stops, laughs.

TRAVIS

What?

GEORGE

I had to leave the country for a
while.

TRAVIS

Back to Cuba?

GEORGE

No. Once you leave Cuba, believe
me, you don't go back. Not under
any circumstances.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, the Dominican Republic.
General was a friend of Pipa's. So
many bridges I burned and so many
times Pipa was willing to use his
chits to help me out. And at the
time, shit, I had no idea. No idea
whatsoever. Know what I mean?

He looks to Travis. Travis shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah, well... you will.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL DEL ESTE - 1979 - DAY

Pipa is at the registration desk.

REGISTRAR

How can I help you?

PIPA

*My son, George Presman, is here in
medical school.*

REGISTRAR

Congratulations!

PIPA

*Thank you. Can you tell me where he
is exactly? I'd like to surprise
him.*

REGISTRAR

One moment, please.

As the Registrar checks the files Pipa looks around at the
impressive university, filled with pride.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, did you say George
Presman?*

PIPA

Yes.

REGISTRAR

*I'm sorry. There's no one
registered here by that name.*

PIPA

There must be some mistake.

REGISTRAR

*Sir, I'm sorry, there is no one
here by that name.*

INT. COSTA DEL SOL I HOTEL SAN PEDRO DE MACORIS - LATER

Pipa enters George's messy room. No one to be found. Just empty bottles of booze scattered about the floor.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I took Pipa's money for the hotel room but I didn't even register at university.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

So? Where were you?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Miami. Getting in deeper. Getting in with Alisa. The love of my life...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - 1980 - DAY

An adult George walks up as Alisa walks away from a probation officer's desk.

GEORGE (V.O.)

We had the same probation officer.

George watches Alisa as she walks away in SLOW MOTION.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It was love at first sight.

He checks out her tight skirt, then her nice ass, then her great legs and finally her ankle monitor.

GEORGE

I'm going to marry you!

Alisa turns back to him, smiles, then turns back around and walks out.

George sits down to meet with PROBATION OFFICER VALERIE RYDEL.

VALERIE

George...

GEORGE
(grinning)
Valerie...

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

George's car pulls up alongside Alisa at the bus stop.

ALISA
Nice Mercedes.

GEORGE
Hi, Alisa.

ALISA
I can't believe Valerie told you my
name.

GEORGE
You want a ride? You're going to
Transitions Sober Living, right?

ALISA
Did she give you my fucking social
security number too?

He laughs nervously.

GEORGE
I just moved out of *Transitions*.

ALISA
Are you shittin' me or what?

GEORGE
Philip was my counselor.

ALISA
Grateful Phil?

GEORGE
Grateful to get my ass-tapped hard
from crack cocaine...

ALISA
...to give me that real thorough
First Step experience.

They laugh.

GEORGE
That's Phil, all right.

ALISA
Are you sober?

He hesitates for a moment, then --

GEORGE
Four months.

EXT. TRANSITIONS SOBER LIVING - LATER

George and Alisa sitting in the car outside, talking.

GEORGE (V.O.)
We talked for hours. I wanted to
know everything about her. Then she
said...

ALISA
I'm a registered nurse from a good
Jewish family.

GEORGE (V.O.)
...and I knew I had to have her.
Pipa would love it that she was a
nurse, Fanita would love it that
she was Jewish.

INT. GEORGE'S CONDO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alisa is asleep on the couch when George comes out from his
bedroom.

GEORGE
Alisa. Alisa?

ALISA
Yeah, honey.

GEORGE
I know what those prison beds are
like. Share my bed. I promise I
won't touch you.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Believe it or not, I meant it.

INT. GEORGE'S CONDO BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alisa and George are sleeping on George's bed.

Alisa has barricaded herself on one side of the bed with blankets.

GEORGE (V.O.)
But honorable intentions rarely
beat human urges...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S CONDO BEDROOM - LATER

George and Alisa getting it on, hot and heavy.

GEORGE
I would love to know what it would
be like to have sex with you on
crack.

Without a second thought, Alisa is on the phone.

GEORGE (V.O.)
An ounce of cocaine later, it was
on. Everything changed.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

George smiling as he remembers. Travis, curious.

TRAVIS
What?

GEORGE
The shit we did...

TRAVIS
Yeah. Well, from what I hear,
Miami's the place for doing shit.

GEORGE
And then some. Miami's a tough
place to be clean. Damn near
impossible if you've got the itch.
Know what I mean?

TRAVIS
I guess.

GEORGE
So I left.

TRAVIS *
Where'd you go? *

George snorts out a laugh. He can't believe it himself as he *
says: *

GEORGE *
Las Vegas. *

A laugh from Travis. *

TRAVIS *
(sarcastic) *
Oh yeah... that's better. No *
temptation there. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - 1982 - AFTERNOON *

A plane lands on the runway. *

PILOT (V.O.) *
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *
Las Vegas, Nevada. Local time is *
three-sixteen p.m. and the *
temperature is one-hundred-seven *
degrees. *

INT. MARSHA'S VEGAS CONDO - LATER *

George sets his bags down to greet nine-year-old Brett, who *
is watching the film *Scarface* on HBO. *

GEORGE *
Brett! Aren't you gonna give your *
Uncle Georgie a kiss? *

BRETT *
Hey, Uncle George. *

George gives him a big kiss. *

BRETT (CONT'D) *
I'm watching *Scarface*! *

GEORGE *
(quoting) *
"I always tell the truth. Even when *
I lie. I'm Tony Montana." *

BRETT *
Best day of my life. *

GEORGE *
Today? *

BRETT *
No. The day I skipped to school to *
hang out on the set. *

A blank look from George. *

BRETT (CONT'D) *
The set of *Scarface*. I was there. *
Remember? *

GEORGE *
No. No, I don't. *

BRETT *
Geez, George, really? I mean, you *
were the one that told me it would *
be fun. You were the one got me *
excited about movies in the first *
place. Told me they were the great *
escape. *

George looks down, a little embarrassed. *

GEORGE *
Guess I found another escape... *

Marsha, very much an adult now, steps in behind Brett and *
taps him on the shoulder. *

MARSHA *
Brett, why don't you help Uncle *
Georgie with his bags? *

BRETT *
Mom, I'm watching -- *

MARSHA *
It'll take two minutes. *

As Brett takes George's bags into one of the back rooms. *

MARSHA (CONT'D) *
Please be careful what you say *
around my little Brett, Georgie. *

GEORGE *
What? *

Brett comes back in and plops right back down watching
Scarface.

EXT. MARSHA'S VEGAS CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Marsha takes George to the patio, showing him the view of the
Vegas Strip.

MARSHA
Look at that. Nice, huh?

GEORGE
Beautiful.

George lights a cigarette.

MARSHA
Everyone's worried about you.

GEORGE
Yeah, well, let 'em worry.

MARSHA
They have been.

GEORGE
Leave it alone, Marsha. Okay?

MARSHA
Pipa and Fanita figured maybe I'll
help you stop.

GEORGE
In Vegas?

MARSHA
You know, it's funny... I came out
here originally cause I felt I
could drink around the clock and do
drugs.

GEORGE
That your women's intuition kicking
in?

MARSHA
But I'm sober now.

GEORGE
Get out.

MARSHA
True story.

GEORGE
How you make that happen?

MARSHA
It's through a spiritual program,
Georgie.

GEORGE
You don't miss Miami? Come back
with Brett, for him to see his dad
and --

MARSHA
Ronnie?

GEORGE
Yeah.

MARSHA
Ronnie's gone. The pills and the
heroin and... I had to get away
from all of the madness, Georgie.
You know why?

George shakes his head.

MARSHA (CONT'D)
I always wanted to be a mother.
Just pure love, like the way Babi
was with me.

Marsha looks lovingly back at Brett who is engrossed in his
film.

MARSHA (CONT'D)
I love being a mother. And now, I
really am one.

INT. MARSHA'S VEGAS CONDO - CONTINUOUS

George and Marsha step back inside.

MARSHA
We'll go to a meeting tomorrow and
I'll introduce you to some of my
sober friends.

GEORGE
Any hot girls?

MARSHA
You're incorrigible.

GEORGE

Don't know what that means but I'll
take it.

INT. MARSHA'S VEGAS CONDO BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Clock reads: 3 a.m. The phone rings. Marsha answers . . .

MARSHA

(into phone)
Hello? OH MY GOD!!!

Brett stirs, sits up.

BRETT

Is Uncle George in trouble again?

MARSHA

(into phone)
We'll be right there.

She hangs up the phone.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Get dressed, Brett. Uncle Georgie
is in jail.

EXT. MARSHA'S CONDO PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Marsha and Brett look around for their car.

MARSHA

Where in the fuck... Shit, sorry
Brett. Don't say what Mommy says.
Or what Tony Montana says either.
But fuck, where in the heck is my
car?!

GEORGE (V.O.)

I felt bad about stealing her car.
And her checkbook.

Realization dawns on Marsha. She balls her fists, looks up
to the heavens above --

And SCREAMS.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Felt even worse about crashing that
car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

George, smiling as he tells the story. Travis shaking his head, smirking. *

GEORGE *

Marsha, she wanted to teach me a lesson. Wanted to leave me in that cell. But Fanita, I gotta give it to her, she never gives up. Called Marsha so many times she couldn't take it anymore so eventually she sprung me. *

TRAVIS *

Man, you take and take and take. *

GEORGE *

Now you're starting to understand. *

TRAVIS *

And your family, all you do them, they still help you out? *

GEORGE *

And all I did was take some more. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. PRESMAN CONDO BEDROOM - 1983 - DAY *

George, holding a hammer, opens the closet door as Alisa, holding a crowbar, watches. *

ALISA *

You sure Fanita's not coming back, Georgie? *

GEORGE *

No, she's going to come here with my dad holding his heart in her hand. What the fuck do you think? *

ALISA *

We should visit Pipa in the hospital, Georgie. *

As he takes a safe out of the closet. *

GEORGE *

We will, but we need the fucking money, Alisa! *

As he hammers the safe like a lunatic . . . *

SERIES OF SHOTS *

Of George trying every possible way to break the safe open
with a hammer and a crow bar. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

It took me six and a half hours
before I finally broke into that
thing. *

George and Alisa take in all the cash, \$40,000 worth. *

GEORGE *

Wooo-hooo! *

Alisa jumps in his arms. *

ALISA *

I love you, Georgie! *

GEORGE *

Do that cute dance I love. *

She begins to move around the room like a cartoon version of
Jayne Mansfield while exclaiming in a baby voice: *

ALISA *

Shoo, shoo. Shoo-shoo-shoo. Shoo,
shoo. Shoo-shoo-shoo. *

George smiles at her lovingly. *

ALISA (CONT'D) *

Where are we going to put all that
beautiful cash, baby? *

George takes out an old brown suitcase from the closet. *

GEORGE *

In here. *

EXT. COPY MAX - 1983 - MIAMI - LATER *

As George enters the store, he smiles at a family walking out *

GEORGE (V.O.) *

We bought drugs, got a hotel room,
and I left Alisa there to watch our
shit. *

EXT. COPY MAX - 1983 - MIAMI - MOMENTS LATER *

George places a duplicate safe on the counter. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
I went to Copy Max to get the same *
safe. *

INT. PRESMAN CONDO BEDROOM - 1983 *

George puts the new safe where the old one had been. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
After I replaced the old one... *

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER *

Alisa blows George as he smokes crack. *

GEORGE (V.O.) *
I could finally relax. *

Phone rings. George makes Alisa stop. *

ALISA *
Don't answer it. *

GEORGE *
But it might be about Pipa. *

He answers the phone as Alisa smokes more crack. *

GEORGE (CONT'D) *
Hello? *

FANITA (O.S.) *
(from phone) *
YOU BETTER BRING THAT MONEY BACK! *

INT. PIPA'S ICU ROOM - LATER *

It is long after visiting hours. George enters -- *

PIPA'S NURSE (O.S.) *
You have three minutes, Mr. *
Presman. I could get in trouble for *
this. *

GEORGE *
Thank you. *

He quietly walks over to his father who is asleep. He is alarmed by the reality of his father's condition. He gently grab's Pipa's hand and begins to pet it lovingly.

PIPA
(weakly)
Is that you, Georgie?

GEORGE
Yes, Dad.

He continues to pet Pipa's hand.

PIPA
I want you to know one thing. You never have to worry about money.

George's eyes begin to tear up.

PIPA (CONT'D)
And please take care of mother. She loves you.

GEORGE
I promise, Dad.

PIPA
And Marsha and my grandson, Brett.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Wait, your pops was in the hospital when you did that shit? When you robbed him?

GEORGE (V.O.)
Yeah, but... I would come back every night no matter how stoned I was.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

GEORGE (V.O.)
See, it was love that connected us. No matter what. I loved him because he loved me. No matter what...

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI - 1985 - DAY *

Sunny beaches, hot girls in brightly colored bikinis. Lots of crimped hair, lots of wayfarer shades. *

Just beyond the beaches... *

OCEAN FRONT DRIVE *

Luxurious condos line the street, overlooking the sexy city below. *

In every window, beautiful decor visible inside. The richest of the rich live here. Business taking place inside, sex taking place, all while looking out at the beach. But on the top floor of the tallest building -- *

The shades are drawn tight. *

INT. PRESMAN CONDO - GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY *

Darkness. Cold and black. Until -- *

A Zippo sparks. A flame shoots upward, burns the tip of a cigarette, flickers against George's face. *

GEORGE

One of these days, I gotta fucking quit.

George taps ash into a marble ashtray sitting on a coffee table. On the bed next to the table... *

Alisa, passed out and tied to the bed. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

I need my car. NOW! *

EXT. CONDO - DAY *

George smacking a single into a VALET's hand. Climbs into his beautiful, black convertible Mercedes 280C. *

TIRES SQUEAL as he tears off into the city. *

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

An ATM machine, spitting \$300 into George's hands. *

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

George's Mercedes speeds down Biscayne Blvd. *

INT. MERCEDES *

George, scanning, searching. Eyeing CRACK WHORES and HOOKERS. *

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD - MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes on the side of the road, George smoking a cigarette and staring out at -- *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY *

Late 20s, skinny, leaning against a palm tree. Tight Gucci shirt, Burberry barrette in her hair, filthy Fendi bag, and DKNY jeans cut into short-shorts. *

GEORGE

Hey, Name Brand Beauty, you party? *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

You a cop? *

George flashes a grin. *

GEORGE

I look like a cop? *

Name Brand Beauty mirrors the smile. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

I don't know *what* you look like. *

INT. MERCEDES - DAY *

George, gunning it. Name Brand Beauty in the passenger seat, both sucking down cigarettes. *

GEORGE

Know what makes a smoke more than a smoke? *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

What? *

GEORGE

Head. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY *
 You asking? Or offering? *

George pumps the brakes. *

GEORGE *
 Depends. This gonna cost me? *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY *
 I'm not a hooker.

GEORGE *
 You want to score, I'm your man. *
 But only if you get down. *

She eyes him suspiciously.

NAME BRAND BEAUTY *
 I'm getting sick. You got any *
 heroin?

George takes out his crack pipe and lays it on his crotch. *
 Name Brand Beauty stares down at it, considering. *

EXT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - LATER

A run down 50's deco dive. The Mercedes grinds to a stop *
 outside the front door and George and Name Brand Beauty climb *
 out. *

INT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

George pays PEDRO, the overweight manager, in cash. *

GEORGE *
 Two hours. All we're gonna need. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY *
 Real classy, a no-tell motel.

PEDRO *
 We prefer "Whore Heaven," *
 sweetheart.

GEORGE *
 (to Name Brand Beauty) *
 Go to the room and wait for me.

INT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER *

Name Brand Beauty walks down the hallway heading to their *
 room when a HOOKER exits a room nearby. *

She puts a sign on the door and saunters off. They eye each other cautiously as they pass one another.

Name Brand Beauty eyes the sign. It reads: "Out to lunch. Go fuck yourself." *

EXT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

George waits impatiently around the back of the motel by a trash can until a DRUG DEALER appears. *

DRUG DEALER

You rang?

George hands over a c-note in exchange for an 8-ball. *

INT. SURFSIDE MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

White sheets cover the windows. A shirtless Name Brand Beauty blows out smoke, hands the pipe to George, peels away her bra, kneels down and unbuttons George's pants. *

He takes a hit while she gives him head. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

This was... for me... as good as it gets. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

LATER *

George and Name Brand Beauty, drenched in sweat, writhing about on the bed in carnal ecstasy. She climaxes, he doesn't. She collapses on top of his sweaty, bare chest. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

I had you nailed down the minute I saw you. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY (V.O.)

What, that I'm a little crack whore? *

LATER *

George and Name Brand Beauty, sharing a post-coital smoke. *

GEORGE

All the way. A hot-pussy little
whore who came to Florida to escape
her puritanical past.

The phone RINGS. Name Brand Beauty reaches for it... George
smacks her hand away, snatches the receiver from her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

If you say a word, I swear I'll
fucking...

Shock in her eyes. George swallows, relents, hands her the
pipe and a rock.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Take it to the bathroom.

She does.

SPLIT-SCREEN
WITH:

INT. GEORGE'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Alisa barks into George's phone, having somehow freed herself
of the bondage.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello?

ALISA

WHO ARE YOU FUCKING, YOU ASSHOLE?!!

GEORGE

Calm down, Alisa.

ALISA

FUCK YOU!

GEORGE

Alisa, I needed a break.

She throws a crack pipe through the window. SMASH!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

ALISA! I just went to get us a dime
bag --

ALISA

BULLSHIT, YOU FUCKER!

Name Brand Beauty comes back into the room. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
Everything all right? *

George rips the phone line out and throws the phone across
the room, smashing it into pieces. *

GEORGE
Hunky-fucking-dorey. *

END SPLIT-SCREEN *

George climbs off the bed, starts dressing. *

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
Where are you going?

GEORGE
I need a fix.

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
I know a drag queen named Anita
Fix.

GEORGE
I need a hit or I'm gonna fuckin'
kill somebody!

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
Okay, look. I gotta bring you to my
drug dealer. He's got the best
shoot.

GEORGE
What!?

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
The best!

GEORGE
The best what?

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
You may say "S", "H", "I", "T", but
I say shoot. I don't like to swear.

GEORGE
Really?

NAME BRAND BEAUTY
And I would appreciate it if you
didn't either.

GEORGE

What, you suck dick, you smoke crack but you don't swear? What the fuck?!?

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

Everyone has their limits.

GEORGE

Go suck a bag of dicks, nut job.

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

The Bible says "let your yes be yes and your no be no. Anything else is from the evil one."

George just stares at her in disbelief. *

INT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - LATER

BOBBY, a 23-year old Haitian drug dealer, makes pancakes while George and Name Brand Beauty sit around a kitchen table filled with plates, coffee cups, dirty dishes, cash, cocaine, plastic bags and a weigher. The dingy room is cluttered with stereos, cameras and jewelry. *

BOBBY

You sure you crackheads ain't hungry?

George and Name Brand Beauty violently shake their heads. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Don't skip breakfast. It's the most important meal of the day.

George looks at the clock -- 3 a.m. *

GEORGE

If this shit's good, I'll be your best customer.

BOBBY

You know why they call it breakfast, don't you?

GEORGE

What?

BOBBY

Breakfast. Do you know why we call it breakfast? Why it's called breakfast?

FREEZE ON BOBBY'S face.

GEORGE (V.O)

See? This is what I'd become.
This is where the addiction took
me. To a skeezy little dump where
some lowlife Haitian thought I gave
a good-goddamn about why breakfast
is called breakfast...

*
*
*
*
*
*

UNFREEZE

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You mind if we just --

*

BOBBY

You know what a fast is, right?
(nodding toward skinny
Name Brand Beauty)
I bet anorexic girl here does.

*
*

NAME BRAND BEAUTY

Bobby, could we please just get our
8-ball and leave?

Bobby throws a pancake at her like a frisbee . . .

BOBBY

Why you always in a rush, girl?
Spazzin'. That ain't what we mean
by fast. Me and uh...

GEORGE

George.

BOBBY

...George, here, are talkin' about
extended periods of time when we
don't eat. That type of fast. Now,
since most of us don't pull no,
pardon my french babe, Ghandi-type
shit, the longest we go without
eatin' is nighttime. So when do we
break that fast, kids?

*

GEORGE

In the morning?

*

BOBBY

Break-fast! Between you and me,
though, I wish it was called break-
slow 'cuz I love to take my time
when I'm eatin' me some pancakes.

George share Name Brand Beauty an incredulous look. *

EXT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - MORNING *

The sounds of SEX wafting out from sheet-covered windows. *

INT. SURFSIDE MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The room's a mess. Crack pipes, screens, empty cigarette packs, liquor bottles, porno on the TV producing the sex sounds... *

And a jacked-up, naked Name Brand Beauty, the Hooker who left the sign earlier and George as they crawl around the room desperately searching for more crack on the floor. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

If crawling around on the floor of a nasty motel with a hooker and a cracked out Jesus freak looking for a rock ain't pitiful and incomprehensible demoralization, I don't know what is.

HOOKER

What are we gonna to do?

GEORGE (V.O.) *

And do you think that's bad? *

'cause it gets worse. *

INT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - LATER

As BOBBY weighs out some coke, George takes out his wallet. *

GEORGE

Fuck! I don't have any cash.

BOBBY

There's an ATM at the corner of...

GEORGE

I already maxed it out today.

BOBBY

Guess you got a problem.

GEORGE

Help me out, man.

BOBBY
No dough, no blow.

GEORGE
I've got the money, dude.

George hooks a thumb toward the window. *

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You think I drive a car like that
if I didn't have any money?

Bobby eyes George's hand. *

BOBBY
Gimme the rings.

GEORGE
What?

BOBBY
You wanna get high?

GEORGE
My mom gave me these.

BOBBY
Gimme the rings and I'll float you
a couple of rocks. Go back to the
motel, chill with the betties.
You'll be straight till the bank
opens.

GEORGE
Yeah. Okay. I'll be back, though,
man and you better have my rings.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

George's Mercedes, parked behind some trees, hidden away from
any streetlights. George in the driver's seat, taking a hit, *
when -- *

A cop car rolls past. *

INT. MERCEDES *

George's eyes bulge. Panic. Worry. About to drive off when *
he sees -- *

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD *

George's Drug Dealer running out from behind the dumpsters. *

FOUR COPS rush out of the cop car and tackle him. *

They find the Drug Dealer's crack cocaine stash and proceed to beat the shit out of him.

GEORGE *

Slinks down in his seat... *

And takes a hit. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

Travis shakes his head as he stares at George. *

TRAVIS *
You're fucked up, dude. *

GEORGE *
And then some. *

TRAVIS *
So... *

GEORGE *
So what? *

TRAVIS *
What happened next? *

George grins. He's hooked the kid with his story. *

GEORGE *
It gets uglier. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

EXT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - 1985 - DAY *

George pulls up, skitters out of the Mercedes, red eyes peeking through windows until -- *

He sees an open window. *

INT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE

George slinks through the window, SLAMS to the floor below. Jumps up, starts grabbing everything in sight: cameras, rings, stereo gear...

GEORGE (V.O.)
I was looking for dope, but I figured I'll take everything.

EXT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

George's car, filled with stolen goods, as he steps out of the cottage, a Fender amp in his arms.

Bobby rolls up on his bike, climbs off, glances at the amp.

BOBBY
(very cool)
What are you doing?

Without missing a beat...

GEORGE
I came back for the rings and I saw someone was trying to break into your house. I grabbed him, but he ran away.
(nodding toward the amp)
I'm bringing this back to you.

BOBBY
Cool. Appreciate that, man. C'mon inside, let me show you how much.

George shoots a glance at the car. Overflowing with stolen shit. Bobby doesn't seem to have noticed.

GEORGE
I really oughtta be going --

BOBBY
Naw, come in, man. I owe you.

Bobby wraps his arm around George's shoulder, ushers him toward the door.

INT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

George, on the couch, red eyes darting. Worried. Looks up at the sound of a door opening and sees --

Bobby, stepping out of the bedroom, a .22 pointed straight at George. *

GEORGE *

Oh shit... *

BOBBY *

You damn right, motherfucker! *
Think you can fucking rob me?! *
Huh?! You know who I am? *

Bobby inches forward. George stares down the barrel... *

GEORGE

Look, I got your shit in the car. *
I'll go get it and bring it back, *
you'll never see my face again. *
Man, I was just looking for my *
rings. They're valuable.

BOBBY

GET ON THE FUCKING FLOOR!

The gun shakes violently. George glances around, searching for an escape. Eyeing the door... *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR OR I SHOOT YOU!

BLAM! Bobby fires in the air to show his seriousness. *

George bolts, throws open the door, charges outside as -- *
BLAM! BLAM! -- bullets shred the wall beside him. *

EXT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE *

George jumps into the Mercedes, PEELS OUT, tossing crack out the window as he goes. *

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. - MOMENTS LATER *

The Mercedes, speeding down the street. *

INT. MERCEDES *

George, still looking panicked, searching for help. Eyes darting. Then -- *

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD *

He sees Bobby's bike round the corner. Right in front of *
him. Guy has no idea he's riding in front of the very man *
he's looking for. *

GEORGE *

Thinks about it a split-second and -- *

Punches the gas. The Mercedes lurches forward, hits the *
Bobby's bike tire, sends the drug dealer flying. *

George grins, pleased. Until... *

Pain in his chest. He tightens up, hands dropping from the *
wheel, gripping his midsection. *

George glances down at his hands. Covered in blood. *

His eyes flutter and close. He's losing it... *

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. *

The Mercedes veers to the left, rolling over Bobby's bike, *
and careening toward a palm tree. *

CRASH! It hits the tree hard, the hood crumpling around it, *
as the HORN BLARES and George goes slamming into the *
windshield. *

Gradually, onlookers make their way over to the chaotic crash *
scene. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

Travis, eyes wide, enraptured by the story. George, taking a *
moment to sip his coffee. *

TRAVIS *

You die? *

GEORGE *

I look like I died? *

TRAVIS *

Kinda, yeah. *

George smiles. *

GEORGE

Well... you're right. I did. But
if I hadn't died that day, I
wouldn't be alive talking to you
now.

Travis scrunches his face -- WTF?

George recognizes the confusion, continues with the story.

SMASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - 1985 - LATER

The doors slam open, George is rushed in a stretcher towards
ICU.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

EMT's hurriedly wheel George, two IV lines, each connected to
his arm, tangled in EKG cables.

NURSE (V.O.)

He's lost a lotta blood, his
stomach's open, if there is
anything else in the belly, we have
to perform a laparotomy.

INT. GEORGE'S PARENT'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pipa, talking on the phone.

PIPA

Give it to me straight. Don't shit
a shitter. What could happen?

Whatever he hears on the other end isn't good. Pipa's face
falls.

Across the room, Fanita looks on, seeing the worry in her
husband's face.

GEORGE (V.O.)

These were the dark times. The
worst of the worst...

INT. GEORGE'S PARENTS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Pipa and Fanita, racing to the hospital. Both gripped with
fear.

INT. SURFSIDE MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Hooker steps out of the bathroom to find Name Brand Beauty on the other side of the door passed out, face down on the floor. *

She's dead, another victim of a drug overdose.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

A DOCTOR, comforting Pipa and Fanita, accompanies them from one of the emergency operating rooms and leads them through a pair of swinging doors into a -- *

WAITING AREA *

Officer McCormick stands up and approaches them. *

FANITA

Joe, how could anyone do this to my son?

OFFICER MCCORMICK

Fanita, I love you, but when are you going to wake up and smell the goddamn coffee?

Alisa storms into the room. *

ALISA

OH MY GOD! WHERE'S GEORGIE!?
WHERE'S GEORGIE!?

FANITA

GET THAT CRAZY COOKIE OUT OF HERE!

ALISA

WHERE'S GEORGIE!?

FANITA

STUPID IDIOT, BROKE MY WINDOWS! HOW
COULD YOU DO THIS TO HIM?

Officer McCormick escorts Alisa out of the room as she kicks and screams. *

ALISA

YOU CAN'T KEEP ME FROM MY GEORGIE!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

A chaotic scene as doctors frantically try to save George until --

BEEEEEEEEEEPPPP...

The heart monitor goes off. George flat-lines. Dead.

Fanita and Pipa charge in --

FANITA
GEORGIE! GEORGIE!

-- and the Doctor yells out to McCormick.

DOCTOR
Officer McCormick, get them out of here!!!

As they are being escorted out, the Doctor shocks George's heart -- his body leaps into the air.

Nothing.

He shocks it again.

Again, nothing.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
C'mon, George.

He shocks it a third time.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... The heart monitor tells the tale -- George has been brought back to life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Pipa and Fanita listen intently to the Doctor's report.

DOCTOR
I understand that you are a radiologist.

PIPA
That's right, Doctor. So be honest with me, please. How is my son?

DOCTOR
He is in a coma.

FANITA

Is he alive?

PIPA

Yes, Fanita. Let him finish.

DOCTOR

(to Fanita)

An individual in a state of coma is alive but unable to move or respond to his or her environment.

FANITA

How long will he be like this?

PIPA

Fanita!

DOCTOR

It's all right, Doctor Presman. Unfortunately, Mrs. Presman, I cannot predict when your son will come out of the coma.

DOCTOR(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I do know, however, that he is extremely lucky to be alive. He was shot with a .22-caliber pistol. The bullet entered into his chest on the right side --

*
*

FANITA

Oh, my god.

DOCTOR

-- bounced off his thoracic cavity descending downward, then deflected off his pelvic cavity making a diagonal beeline for his heart. Miraculously, the bullet stopped one centimeter short of his heart.

*
*

Fanita stumbles backwards, going faint.

*

PIPA

Fanita!!!

*
*

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - LATER

Pipa and Fanita are sitting by the comatose George's side.

*

FANITA

Georgie, we love you. Pipa and I
love you very much. Isn't that
right, Pipa?

He does not respond. He simply stares at his son.

FANITA (CONT'D)

We are here for you, Georgie.
(under her breath)
I cannot believe the fucking,
stupid idiot who would do this to
you.

(to George)

But that's okay. We love you,
Georgie. Pipa and I love you.

To escape from showing any emotion . . .

FANITA (CONT'D)

I'm going to get us some food.
Won't that be nice, Georgie? Some
tilapia, black beans, garlic. Won't
that be nice? Pipa will wait here
with you and when I get back, we'll
have some nice Cuban food.

As Fanita retrieves her purse . . .

*

FANITA (CONT'D)

*Pipa, I know you don't like to say
much. But, please, talk to your son
while I'm gone.*

*

PIPA

Fanita.

FANITA

Please, Pipa.

*

PIPA

Talk to him about what, Fanita?

FANITA

Anything. It's good for him.

PIPA

He can't hear us, Fanita.

FANITA

We don't know that.

PIPA

Go get the food.

FANITA

Please, Pipa. I'm begging you.

*

PIPA

Fanita!

FANITA

Talk to him. Talk to your son. You may never get a second chance.

PIPA

That's enough, Fanita!

A little auditory activity from George's heart monitor startles Pipa.

*

*

FANITA

We're not fighting, Georgie. Don't worry. I'm just going to get some delicious Cuban food.

The heart monitor goes back to normal.

FANITA (CONT'D)

Pipa, not a word to Marsha. We don't want to upset her or Brett. I love you, Georgie.

*

She leaves. A long silence follows as Pipa takes in his dying son. Then...

PIPA

It is crazy what you are doing. I cannot understand how my son, no one in my family is in drugs. I have a tremendous, how do you say, in my mind... nobody in my family, big family... I can't understand how this could happen to you... maybe you will change, I am doing everything for you to get better. Georgie, you were such good kid, such a great childhood.

*

*

*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

LATER

*

Pipa, sitting next to the comatose George, muttering. On the verge of tears.

*

*

PIPA

Son... Son...

*

Fanita enters carrying a bag full of Cuban food. *

FANITA
Hi, I'm back.

Pipa straightens up, hides the emotion. *

PIPA
Hi, Fanita.

FANITA
Ready to eat some delicious Cuban
food, Georgie? I got your favorite.

As she prepares the food . . .

FANITA (CONT'D)
How is he, Pipa? *

PIPA
The same.

FANITA
I'm going to make a plate for you,
Georgie. If you want to eat with me
and Pipa you just let us know.

PIPA
*Fanita, why do you bring him food
if he can't eat?*

FANITA
*The same reason you talk to him
when he can't hear.*

She gives Pipa a warm smile.

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

George's eyes well up. Travis watches, holding back tears of
his own. *

A long moment of silence. *

Finally, George looks up, past Travis, at the person visible
through the glass window of the door beyond him. *

He wipes away tears and continues. *

GEORGE

Day after day after day, this man,
 who I'd done so much to, who's love
 I'd forsaken time and again, sat
 beside me. Talking. Talking.
 Talking.

TRAVIS

He never gave up?

GEORGE

Never.

TRAVIS

Could you hear him?

George nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - 1985 - DAY

Pipa is sleeping in a chair next to George when he's awakened
 by a RINGING PHONE.

PIPA

(into phone)

Hello? Hi, Fanita. My love.

In the bed, a spark of motion in George's fingertips. Then,
 stillness.

PIPA (CONT'D)

Fine, fine. Don't worry. You take
 care of that and I will be here.
 Yes, I'm sure. Fanita, bring me
 some clean clothes. Bye.

He stretches, washes his face in the sink. Checks himself out
 in the mirror. Starts shaving.

Still talking to George as he does so.

PIPA (CONT'D)

It seemed like yesterday when you
 and Marsha were...

His voice trails off. Lost in thought. He shakes it off,
 resumes shaving.

PIPA (CONT'D)

Jesus, Georgie, what went wrong?

He turns, glances at George. Perfectly still. *

PIPA (CONT'D) *

No answer, huh? Well, let's figure
it out... *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - 1985 - DAY *

Pipa sits beside George's comatose body. *

PIPA

Maybe I could not give more time to
you. But I don't blame myself. I
blame your friends to put you in
that situation. The problem is the
people you are going with. *

Pipa stops, thinks, taps George's arm. *

PIPA (CONT'D)

All of those people get you into
trouble.

Officer McCormick enters. *

OFFICER MCCORMICK

How's our favorite crackhead, Pipa? *

PIPA

Hi, Joe. How are you?

OFFICER MCCORMICK

Well, we got a call today from the
airport about a baby on board that
hadn't moved a muscle on the entire
flight from Colombia.

PIPA

What was wrong with the baby?

OFFICER MCCORMICK

Turns out it had been dead for
quite some time. Some motherfucker
had cut its body open, stuffed it
with cocaine and then sewn it shut.

PIPA

Incredible.

OFFICER MCCORMICK

So, to answer your question "How are you?" Just another day in paradise, Pipa.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)

He shoulda been a comedian. Woulda saved me five years from prison.

*

MONTAGE FLASHBACK - 1975-1985

The years go by and they are SUPERIMPOSED as they pass.

-- George smoking weed, getting pulled over by McCormick, throwing the pipe out, making a run for it, ending in him getting arrested.

*

-- George, slightly older, smoking crack, getting pulled over by a slightly older McCormick, throwing the pipe out, making a run for it and again ending in getting arrested.

*

*

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McCormick paces, eyes George's still body. Pipa sits still next to him.

*

*

OFFICER MCCORMICK

How's Georgie doin'?

*

PIPA

The same.

OFFICER MCCORMICK

I'm sorry to hear that.

PIPA

Thank you.

OFFICER MCCORMICK

Two weeks in a coma is a long time.

PIPA

Yes.

OFFICER MCCORMICK

You let us know if he comes to so we can get him to identify the guy who shot him.

*

PIPA

Of course.

*

*

OFFICER MCCORMICK
Okay, I'll be in touch. Take care,
Pipa. *

PIPA
Bye, Joe.

Officer McCormick turns to leave. As he reaches the door... *

PIPA (CONT'D)
Joe? *

Officer McCormick turns back around. *

OFFICER MCCORMICK
Yeah, Pipa. *

PIPA
What do you have against my son?

OFFICER MCCORMICK
You mean besides being a drug
addict and a criminal? *

PIPA
Yeah. Besides that. *

OFFICER MCCORMICK
George and I are on opposite sides
of the tennis court. Whacking that
ball back and forth.

PIPA
It's true, he has done some things
I am not proud of. But he has a
good heart. He is my son. It's the
terrible people who are around him.

OFFICER MCCORMICK
I don't know what I'd do if that
were my son lying there. I hope to
God George pulls through for your
sake and Fanita's.

PIPA
Thank you.

OFFICER MCCORMICK
Pipa, you have risked your
reputation, your hard earned
wealth, your happiness and on
occasion, your life for Georgie. *

PIPA
That's right.

OFFICER MCCORMICK
But he fucked up. You've gotta quit
defending him.

PIPA
I am helping him. What's wrong with
that?

OFFICER MCCORMICK
There's a difference between
helping someone and enabling them.

PIPA
Joe, I will never give up on my
son. Never.

There is a moment between the two men, then . . .

OFFICER MCCORMICK
Good day, Pipa.

He leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Recognition in Travis' eyes. He hooks a thumb toward the
door.

TRAVIS
He --

GEORGE
Yeah.

Travis starts to turn. George reaches out, grabs him by the
wrist, turns his attention back to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
There's more, Travis.

TRAVIS
Somehow I knew there would be.

GEORGE
They kept coming back, day after
day, for weeks...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - 1985 - DAY

Fanita cleans up the plates of Cuban food as Pipa sits next to George.

FANITA

Maybe you'll want to eat tomorrow, Georgie. You want to come home with me tonight, Pipa?

PIPA

No, Fanita. I'll stay here.

FANITA

See how much your father loves you, Georgie? He has been by your side for three weeks.

(to Pipa)

Sometimes, I can sense he hears us but other times, I'm not so sure. Maybe he's sleeping. Good night, Pipa. I'll see you tomorrow.

PIPA

Good night, Fanita.

Fanita leaves. A few moments pass. Alisa sneaks in.

ALISA

Is Fanita gone?

PIPA

What are you doing here?

ALISA

I just got out of jail . . .

Upon seeing George . . .

ALISA (CONT'D)

Oh, Georgie. Oh, god. Oh, god!

The sight of him sends her into shock. She goes to Pipa and cries quietly in his arms...

PIPA

It's going to be okay, Alisa.

ALISA

I don't know what I will do if anything happens to Georgie.

PIPA

He's going to be fine.

ALISA
I love Georgie, Pipa.

PIPA
I know.

ALISA
I'm so sorry about the windows I
smashed.

PIPA
What you do is crazy, Alisa.

That only makes he cry more. *

PIPA (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it. Don't worry
about nothing.

He gets her a napkin.

ALISA
Please be honest with me, Pipa.
Look me in the eyes and tell me he
is going to be all right.

Pipa doesn't answer right away. He looks inward, answering
the question for himself. Then... *

PIPA
He is going to be fine. You are so
skinny, Alisa.

ALISA
I've been jogging everyday.

PIPA
Where are you staying tonight? You
need some money?

She nods her head. He gives her \$300. She stares at him.

PIPA (CONT'D)
That's not enough?

ALISA
I need tampons.

Pipa nods. He knows the drill. *

PIPA
How much for tampons?

ALISA

Hundred.

*

He hesitates for a second, then gives it to her.

ALISA (CONT'D)

Thank you. I love you, Pipa.

PIPA

I love you too.

She walks over to George.

ALISA

I love you, Georgie. I just want you to know, baby, I didn't mean any of it. I'll be back tomorrow night after Fanita's gone.

Alisa kisses him on the forehead and leaves the room.

*

Pipa gets his blanket to get ready to go to sleep.

*

PIPA

I'll never understand, Georgie, how you could fall in love with Alisa. She's too crazy. But... you love her. And she loves you. And that matters. That matters...

*

*

*

Pipa closes his eyes.

*

PIPA (CONT'D)

Love matters.

*

*

GEORGE (V.O.)

And on and on and on it went. For another month after that...

*

*

*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - 4 WEEKS LATER - DAY

*

The DOCTOR has just finished examining charts as an exhausted Pipa stares at George. The Doctor leaves.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)

And still, Pipa never gave up.

*

*

PIPA

Let's see... I don't know what else to talk about, Georgie?

*

(MORE)

PIPA (CONT'D)

I have never talked so much my
entire life. But last week, it's
different. Like Fanita says, you're
not listening any more. You're not
there. Completely absent.

Pipa stares at George as we hear the eerie rhythmical beating *
of the hospital machines, then... *

PIPA (CONT'D)

Dear God, what went wrong?

He beats his heart... *

PIPA (CONT'D)

I could help my grandson all these
years but I couldn't help my own
son!

He begins to cry.

A few moments later he walks over to George and holds his
hand tight.

PIPA (CONT'D)

God, please help him not to die.
Please help him, God. Help him not
to die. Please, God. Help him not
to die.

The heart monitor goes off.

The Doctor and NURSES rush in and begin pumping George. *

Tears stream down PIPA'S face.

THEN... *

GEORGE'S eyes pop open! He's been revived.

George smiles weakly as Pipa's tears continue to pour forth. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

That was the first time I ever saw
my dad cry.

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY *

George, eyes distant as he remembers. Travis leans back in *
his chair. *

TRAVIS *
Holy fuck. *

GEORGE *
Well said. *

TRAVIS *
So you survived, cleaned yourself *
up -- *

GEORGE *
Man, you have no idea, Travis. No *
idea how much I wish that's how *
this story ended. But no, I'd sunk *
lower than that. And I had a *
little farther to sink yet. *

TRAVIS *
You still -- *

GEORGE *
Yeah. Yeah. I mean, I tried to *
get clean. I really did. But, *
frankly, even death didn't make me *
desperate enough to really make a *
change. You know what my worst *
enemy was? Do you? *

Travis thinks, really trying to come up with the answer. *
George waits politely. Then... *

TRAVIS *
Boredom. *

George grins. He's getting through. *

GEORGE *
Boredom. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. PRESMAN CONDO LIVING ROOM - 1985 - DAY *

George watches *Miami Vice* on television. Eyes rolling with *
incredible boredom. *

GEORGE *
This is bullshit. *

The phone rings. *

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Alisa?

*

ALISA (V.O.)
(from phone)
I've got a quarter ounce of
cocaine. Want to come over?

*

*

*

GEORGE
Don't you know I've been shot?

ALISA (V.O.)
Sucky, sucky. Fucky, fucky.

*

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER

George smokes crack while Alisa gives him head.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)
She sucked my dick for one and a
half hours. We smoked for three
days straight. Absurd and
incomprehensible.

*

*

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

George lies in a stretcher as the ambulance races to the
hospital.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)
I had started to bleed internally.

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - LATER

George lies in the bed as the Doctor and Pipa argue.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)
They wanted to perform a dangerous
surgery but my father insisted --

*

PIPA
No, my son will heal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S ICU ROOM - LATER

Pipa sits silently by George's side.

*

GEORGE (V.O.)
After thirty days I stopped
bleeding. You would think any sane
person would of had enough of this
shit.

INT. CHARLIE'S ARMORY - A MONTH LATER

George purchases a .22. *

GEORGE (V.O.)
Well, any *sane* person would.

EXT. HAITIAN DRUG DEALER'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

George, the .22 tucked in the back of his pants, knocks on
Bobby's door. *

GEORGE (V.O.)
I went to kill the guy who shot me.

Bobby opens the door. *

GEORGE
Remember me? *

BOBBY
No.

A long, quiet moment between the two of them. Consideration. *
Then -- *

GEORGE
Okay. You think I can get an ounce?

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER

Alisa and George, in the middle of a fight. *

ALISA
Eat my pussy!

GEORGE
Where's my pipe?

Alisa holds up the pipe... *

ALISA
Eat my pussy, motherfucker!

GEORGE
No more crack for you!

ALISA
You're not gonna give me any dope?!

She bites the crack pipe, glass shatters everywhere. Her lip *
starts to bleed... *

GEORGE (V.O.)
I'm thinking, "Fuck! She's
bleeding. She can't suck. I'm outta
here."

EXT. SAMY'S EASTSIDE AFTER HOURS CLUB - LATER

As George exits the club he tells the DOORMAN: *

GEORGE
I'll be right back.

He walks less then a block when -- BANG! BANG! -- the MAN who *
was standing in front of him goes down as an '85 Cadillac
Fleetwood Brougham speeds off.

George continues walking . . . *

GEORGE (V.O.)
I couldn't stop even though I
wanted to.

INT. MERCEDES 280 C - MOMENTS LATER

George has a couple of hits. *

EXT. SAMY'S EASTSIDE AFTER HOURS CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

George passes the dead body of the MAN on his way back into *
the club.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I was way beyond human aid. Sooner
or later I was gonna get locked up,
die or even worse, keep on living
this insanity.

INT. SAMY'S EASTSIDE AFTER HOURS CLUB - LATER

George orders a drink at the bar. *

GEORGE
(to the bartender)
Gimme a drink.

He looks over at an attractive, blue eyed BLONDE, in her late twenties. In her fashion, she's a cross between Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan* and Michelle Pfeiffer in *Scarface*: huge coke-head sunglasses, early eighties makeup, beads, crosses, bracelets, etc.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Do you party?

BLONDE
I just got out of treatment.

GEORGE
I got some dope.

BLONDE
Let's go.

As George escorts her out... *

BLONDE (CONT'D)
I have to leave my car at my
parents' place. They need it.

GEORGE
Let's go to my car, take a couple
of hits - then we can do whatever
you want.

INT. MERCEDES 280 C - LATER

George hands her the crack pipe. *

BLONDE
I've been sober for two months.

She holds the pipe for a second.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I was waiting to hear the two last
words I always say right before I
relapse.

BLONDE
Fuck it.

She takes a hit. *

EXT. BLONDE'S FISHER ISLAND LUXURY HOME - LATER

After the Blonde parks her 1985 silver Jaguar XJ-S HE in the driveway of her parent's Fisher Island Villa, she runs to George's car. *

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER

The Blonde, passed out. *

George stands over her going through her purse. He pulls out a set of keys. *

EXT. BLONDE'S FISHER ISLAND LUXURY HOME - LATER

George pulls up to the Blonde's home. *

INT. BLONDE'S FISHER ISLAND LUXURY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

- George is amazed by the huge home that overlooks the water. He walks around quietly, hoping no one is home. *

- He enters her bedroom but finds no money.

- He enters her parents' bedroom and is delighted to find no one home. After a bit of searching he comes across some jewelry and \$450 cash.

- He puts the money into his wallet.

- He then opens the walk-in closet door, revealing 30 shoe boxes. *

- George takes one down and opens it. It is full of cash, at least \$35,000 worth. *

- He dumps the money into a pillow case and puts the shoe box back.

- He takes another shoe box down. As he opens it . . .

GEORGE (V.O.)

I got scared. These guys got to be gangsters.

- He puts the second shoe box back intact.

- Carrying his pillow case full of cash, he takes his wallet out again and puts the \$450 back where he found it. He does the same with the jewelry.

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER

The Blonde, still passed out, does not notice George as he lifts a part of the false ceiling to hide the money. *

Once the money is safe and sound, George takes out some more coke that he has recently copped. *

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - NEXT MORNING

The Blonde picks up the phone. George sits up in bed, curious. *

GEORGE
What are you doing?

BLONDE
I have to call my parents.

GEORGE
Why?

BLONDE
I don't want them to worry about me. They're worriers. Especially my mom. *

(into phone)
Good morning, Mom. I'm fine. I'm sorry I didn't call you. I just slept over at Alison's. What? Oh, my gosh. Are you okay? How about, Daddy?

GEORGE
What happened?

BLONDE
(to George)
We were robbed last night.

GEORGE
That's incredible.

BLONDE
By a guy named George Presman.

GEORGE
What?

BLONDE

(back into phone)

I'm sorry, Mom. I'm just glad that you and Daddy are okay.

GEORGE

How do they know it was George Presman?

BLONDE

(into phone still)

Yes, I'm still sober. I'll be home real soon. I love you, Mom.

She hangs up the phone. George stands over her in a panic. *

GEORGE

How do they know it was George Presman?

BLONDE

They found his wallet.

George immediately searches his back pocket. Sure enough, his wallet is gone. *

BLONDE (CONT'D)

This guy's in deep shit because you don't know who my father is.

GEORGE

I can guess.

BLONDE

The whole North Bay Police department is going to be looking for you.

INT. TAXI - LATER

George is in the back, holding the pillow case real tight. *

GEORGE (V.O.)

Police? It was all so corrupt back then it was too confusing to try and figure any of it out. I called Alisa and told her to meet me at a motel in North Miami. My parents were in California, living with Brett, my successful Hollywood director nephew. Alisa and I were good for a month until the money ran out. *

INT. SEEDY CRACK MOTEL - LATER

George, very sick looking, is on the phone as it rings.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARSHA'S VEGAS CONDO

Fanita answers the phone.

FANITA

Hello?

GEORGE

Hello, Fanita?

FANITA

Georgie, where are you? We didn't know if you were alive or . . .

GEORGE

The police are after me! I'm being chased!

Pipa grabs the phone from Fanita.

PIPA

No whores, no drugs, Georgie!

GEORGE

Dad, I want to, I'm sorry...

PIPA

When are you gonna stop?!

GEORGE

You know I love you!

PIPA

I know, Georgie.

George stops talking. Dead silence as he considers. Then, in all seriousness:

GEORGE

I will. I will stop.

INT. PRESMAN CONDO LIVING ROOM - LATER

The place is a mess. Dirty dishes, crack pipes, dirty laundry, you name it.

George, on the couch, watching Alisa perform a psychotic slow dance wearing Pipa's lab coat. *

ALISA
We're in Paris!

The front door opens and Pipa steps in. *

GEORGE
Pipa, what are you doing here?

Pipa ignores him as he slowly walks around the condo. *

ALISA
(still dancing)
Gay Paris.

GEORGE
Shut up, Alisa! I'm real sorry,
Dad. I can pay for all of this.
I'll never do this again. Me and
Alisa will clean this up. I
promise. *

George takes another hit from the crack pipe. *

Pipa stops. He looks at George and stands motionless. *

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You're scaring me, Dad.

Very calmly and very slowly, Pipa takes something out of his coat pocket. *

After several seconds, he speaks, completely devoid of any emotion - with a sense of detachment.

PIPA
This is a one-way ticket to Los Angeles. *

GEORGE
You know I can't fly.

PIPA
The train leaves tomorrow at noon.

GEORGE
Pipa, you know you better be buying
a ticket for... *

Pipa pulls out another ticket. *

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...for Alisa.

PIPA

You either come to Los Angeles and get help or you can stay here and die. It's up to you.

Pipa sets the tickets down and leaves.

George just stands there, staring, the ticket beckoning him...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

George, beaming. Travis, leaning forward, taking it all in.

TRAVIS

You can stay and die?

GEORGE

Yeah. That's what he told me. See? It was my choice all along. But until someone put it to me in those terms, in those exact terms, until I was threatened with losing everything, even the person who I thought would never walk away from me, I didn't get it.

TRAVIS

He knew you'd come.

George shrugs.

GEORGE

Who knows? But he knew it was the only play left to make.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMTRACK TRAIN - 1985 - DAY

A train roars across the American countryside.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It was a five day trip. Five long days...

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Families and businessmen enjoying the view of the Gulf coast. *

GEORGE AND ALISA'S COMPARTMENT *

The two of them, sitting there. Shaking. Detoxing. Alisa's head on George's shoulder, both going pale and sweating, going through hell. *

ALISA *

I don't think I can do this, George. *

GEORGE *

We have to. *

Alisa scratches her arms violently. *

ALISA *

I gotta cop. I gotta cop. I saw a kid on the train, looked like he was probably holding. All the signs. We could -- *

GEORGE *

No... NO! *

George grabs Alisa's hand, stops it from scratching. *

GEORGE (CONT'D) *

We cop, we're dead. Simple as that. *

Alisa looks down at George's hand clutching her arm. His hand, trembling like crazy. *

ALISA *

Just for the train ride. Just to get us there. Then, clean. *

George, really looking like he's considering. *

PIPA (V.O.) *

It's up to you. *

George takes strength in his father's words, forcibly tries to still his shaking hand. *

GEORGE *

We're going to make it, Alisa. *

ALISA

How do you know?

GEORGE

Cuz we got no choice. Together,
we're going to make it. You wanna
cop, I'm gonna stop you. I look
sketchy, you gotta step in.
Understand?

He looks her in the eyes. She's still not sold.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alisa?

She looks down at George's hand, still shaking just a bit.
Looks like she's not going to go for it. And then --

She reaches down with her free hand, wraps it over top of
George's.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

ALISA

Yeah.

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN BATHROOM - LATER

We see George and Alisa puking in the toilet from crack
withdrawal.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I don't know how we did it...

EXT. LOS ANGELES TRAIN STATION - DAY

Pipa stands alone at the train station, waiting patiently as
passengers surge off the train. His hands are behind his
back.

GEORGE (V.O.)

...but we did it.

Pipa's face lights up when he sees --

George and Alisa, stepping off the train, tired but clean.

No words spoken as George rushes over and wraps his father in
a great big bear hug.

PIPA

I've got something for you, Georgie-boy...

As Pipa reciprocates the hug, the thing he was hiding behind his back becomes visible...

The Super 8 camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

George swallows tears. Travis's mouth drops, agape.

TRAVIS

The camera?

GEORGE

Yep.

TRAVIS

The one he took away when you --

GEORGE

The very one.

TRAVIS

Wow. Man of his word.

GEORGE

Yep.

TRAVIS

So then what happened?

George smiles at Travis' enthusiasm.

GEORGE

Life.

TRAVIS

Life?

GEORGE

I've been sober for years.

TRAVIS

I don't believe it.

GEORGE

Me neither. And believe me, if I can do it, anyone can do it.

Travis's grin fades as he thinks long and hard. Then...

*

TRAVIS

No offense, but... I'm not like that, you know? I mean, I'm not a crack head. I just like herb. I mean, everyone parties when they're young.

*

*

GEORGE

Yeah, they do. But, Travis, not everyone gets arrested for possession.

TRAVIS

That was just bad luck.

GEORGE

Twice?

Travis looks away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Look, maybe you're right. Maybe it was bad luck. I don't know. And I'm not gonna sit here and tell you what to do.

TRAVIS

Then why are you telling me all of this?

GEORGE

I just flew out here from L.A. because your father...

George nods to the person visible through the glass window in the door, watching nervously. Travis' father...

*

*

Officer McCormick.

*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...asked me for help.

TRAVIS

I thought you were afraid to fly.

GEORGE

And I thought you weren't listening. I'm a changed man. I walk through my fears today.

TRAVIS

Don't you ever miss partying?

GEORGE

Fuck yeah! You know, sometimes I think I should just say "fuck it", get an ounce and get my dick sucked in a motel for a couple days.

Travis laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But it's just a thought. That's all. Passes like a cloud in the sky. I don't act on it anymore because I know where it takes me: jails, institutions, and almost death.

TRAVIS

So what do you do for fun?

George laughs.

GEORGE

Live life. I know it sounds cheesy but it's the truth. I never knew before how to do anything but party. Now, I'm living my dreams instead of my sick thoughts. I just went to Cannes for the first time.

TRAVIS

What's that?

GEORGE

There's a big film festival there in France. And I got second place for a short film I did.

TRAVIS

That's cool.

GEORGE

Yeah it is. Imagine me, a royal fuck up, making films and winning awards. Fuckin' incredible.

TRAVIS

I want to be a stunt car driver.

GEORGE

That's great. And I bet you can do it.

TRAVIS

Yeah?

GEORGE

Definitely.

TRAVIS

If my dad let's me.

GEORGE

All of my problems are of my own making. The crack and the weed and the booze and the girls and the you fuckin' name it were just symbols. I had to stop fighting anybody or anything.

TRAVIS

I don't understand that.

GEORGE

Travis, if you want to keep partying, that's cool. If you don't want to keep partying, that's cool too. All I can do is share my experience with you. I put my father through hell. My mom. My whole fuckin' family. But you're still young. You don't have to do that.

TRAVIS

I know what you're sayin'.

GEORGE

You're lucky, bro. Your dad is there for you like my dad was.

TRAVIS

Yeah, I know.

GEORGE

And you know what? He may not be able to say it right now, but he loves you. He's just scared.

TRAVIS

Can we talk about something else?

GEORGE

Yeah, you're right. Enough of all this serious talk. I tell you what, why don't you go tell your dad I told him to go fuck himself?

TRAVIS

Are you serious?

GEORGE

Yeah, I'm serious. Tell him,
"George says, go fuck yourself,
Officer McCormick!"

Travis goes to the door, about to knock on it when it opens
and Officer McCormick sticks his head in.

George watches as Travis and his father laugh about the
message that's delivered.

A "thank-you" look from Officer McCormick to George as
McCormick and son step out into the hallway.

George takes his time finishing his coffee, then he rises,
heads toward the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

George steps through the door, shoots a look at Officer
McCormick, walking with his arm around Travis's shoulder.

George swallows tears, turns, and heads the opposite
direction. Shoes clicking and clacking against the floor
until he rounds a corner...

Gone.

FADE OUT.