

Man in the Chair

Written by
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03/27/07 Draft

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"MAN IN THE CHAIR"

FADE IN:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

An ELDERLY MAN (80's) sits alone in a darkened theater, watching a film. Vivid, full screen, black and white projected images loom over him.

WE HEAR the SOUND from the movie, combined with muffled projector clatter. Cinematic pictures dance in reflection, as the CAMERA MOVES CLOSE to the his weathered, venerable face.

TITLES OVER: MUSIC CUE: *"SANTA MARIA"* by *The Frames*.

EXT. VICTORY BOULEVARD - DAY

It's a sun filled, seemingly joyless Christmas season in LA-LA land. The man walks along without a purpose; unacknowledged by the masses. The traffic blurs past him.

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - DUSK

The same man sits on top of the Sepulveda Dam in the San Fernando Valley, reading an old leather-bound philosophy book and drinking Wild Turkey whiskey from a small bottle. He watches thousands of cars make their way home in the early night.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

This time, the man watches a color film in the darkened theater. He shouts at the screen, but his VOICE IS MUTED. Even though we can't hear his words, his anger is apparent.

EXT. HILLSIDE COMPLEX- DAY

The man stands on a hillside looking down at a complex of small buildings, surrounded by a chain-link fence. WE CAN'T IDENTIFY exactly what he's looking at; he appears to be lost in his thoughts.

A modest, simple-looking CARGO VAN pulls up to the building. Just as its doors are about to swing open revealing the cargo, WE CUT:

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - DAY

The discontent man rides a city bus. Urban reflections of the city mask his face as he looks out the window.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The man watches another black and white film. He swigs down more Wild Turkey, in the comfort of darkness in the theater.

EXT. MANICURED GROUNDS - DAY

The man sits silhouette, reading a book, in a single chair, composed beautifully beneath a majestic elm shade tree.

The grounds are neatly manicured. He gets up and slowly walks away.

The CAMERA HOLDS on the empty chair.

TITLES END:

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - MORNING

A Street Sweeper with painted flames, drives past an unkept, modest house in the economically strapped area of Woodland Hills. A cheesy, electric Santa's sleigh and reindeer rest atop the roof as CAMERON KINCAID (17), exits the house, jumps on his bike and rides off to school.

EXT. VALLEY VISTA HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The school is a hive of activity as the students arrive for the last day of classes before the Holiday break.

They are an interesting cross section of rich kids and poor ones. The rich drive up in fancy cars, while the others drive older rides, walk, or like Cameron, ride a bike.

Cameron rides in a crosswalk leading to the front of the school. He's nearly run down by an over accessorized 2004 Toyota Supra; driven by a smart ass rich kid named BRETT RAVEN (17).

BRETT RAVEN

Hey Kincaid? Shouldn't you be working some freeway picking up litter, you convict?

THREE BOYS riding with him laugh.

CAMERON

Ass.

Brett Raven locks his brakes up and does a quick bleach burn. His buddies hoot and howl with laughter as the tires "cry" on the pavement.

Cameron takes his bike and does a quick "bunny hop" up onto the hood of Brett's car, rides it over the top of car, then jumps off the rear spoiler. The boys pile out.

BOY #1

Hey kid, get back here!

BOY #2

Yeah, you better run!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT RAVEN
(shocked)
You're dead, Kincaid.

Cameron, rides off, jumping a curb and losing himself in the crowd. Brett and his posse chase after him. The VICE PRINCIPAL, stops Brett's posse.

VICE PRINCIPAL
Hey, slow down! No running.

Cameron rides around a corner and finds his friend, MURPHY WHITE (17), at his locker.

MURPHY
That was totally wicked!! Are you nuts?

CAMERON
What?

MURPHY
Messing with Brett Raven and his pukes.
Do you want to spend the entire Christmas
break in a body cast?

CAMERON
They act like we don't even matter.

MURPHY
We don't matter.

CAMERON
Yeah, get outta here.

MURPHY
No, I'm serious. Remember that movie,
"THE FISHER KING"?

CAMERON
Terry Gilliam, cool director.

Cameron and Murphy "high-five" each other.

CAMERON & MURPHY
Money!!

MURPHY
Alright, well, Jeff Bridges quotes what
Nietzsche says . . .

CAMERON
Nietzsche.

MURPHY
Ok. Well the expendable masses, the
people that don't matter to the rest of
the world. That's us, we don't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Murphy's words don't sit well with Cameron. A School Bell RINGS.

CAMERON
The botched and the bungled.

MURPHY
Right, we don't matter, dude.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Brett Raven notices Cameron and Murphy enter the semi-crowded classroom. He and his cronies sit in the back of the class.

Cameron eyes Brett and Brett eyes him back.

TEACHER
(handing out a test)
I know you guys would rather be someplace else, but we got one more test before I let you go.

The class GROANS.

TEACHER (cont'd)
Knock it off, hats off.

A wall mounted speaker SQUELCHES from feedback as the Principal attempts some last day remarks.

STUDENT (O.S.) FILTERED
Attention fellow students. The faculty and staff want to wish you all the happiest of holidays. There's just a couple of items that will take place over the holiday vacation. There's a Ski Club's trip to Mammoth lakes, the Basketball Tournament at Taft High School and of course the Los Angeles Film School Holiday Short Film Contest. With the winner receiving a full scholarship after graduation.

Cameron and Brett continue to stare at each other.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.) FILTERED
Students involved with these projects stay in touch with your respective counselors. That's it, students. Have a great and safe Holiday break and we'll see you back here in three weeks.

Brett's and his posse high five one another.

TEACHER
Question number one, let's get to it. We're not leaving until it's all done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The students groan quietly. Cameron and Brett give each other a final knowing glance.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Students are dispersing. Brett grabs Cameron as he comes out of the Restroom and throws him up against the lockers. His friends form a small human barrier around Cameron and Murphy.

BRETT RAVEN

I'd sue your ass for scratching my ride,
Kincaid, but I know you're a broke dick.

Cameron says nothing.

BRETT RAVEN (cont'd)

You know what? Forget about the film
contest. Two reasons. One, juniors
never win and two, you can't make a movie
without a little "fundage".

CAMERON

(standing up)
It's a talent contest not a funding
contest.

BRETT RAVEN

Like my dad says, it doesn't take talent
to get work in Hollywood.

CAMERON

No wonder why he always has a job.

BRETT RAVEN

(grabbing Cameron)
You may know alot about old movies but
you don't nothing about making one.
Have a Merry Christmas, Kincaid
(to one of his friends)
Call the lot, get my dad on the phone;
he'll hook us up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

The timeworn, battered marquee reads: *Orson Welles' "TOUCH OF EVIL"*. Cameron rides up on his bike.

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER LOBBY - DAY

He pushes his bike right into the lobby. The MANAGER, MR. KLEIN (50's), wipes down a concession stand. He smiles at his favorite patron when Cameron enters.

MR. KLEIN

Hurry up, Cameron, you've already missed
the big crane shot. You can pay me
after.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
(leaning his bike against the
wall)
Thanks, Mr. Klein.

MR. KLEIN
Okay.

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

"TOUCH OF EVIL" is playing on the screen. Cameron takes a seat near the middle of the theater.

A few rows ahead sits the elderly gentleman from the TITLE SEQUENCE, his name is FLASH MADDEN. Flash bangs a newspaper on the chair in front of him. Welles' policeman character mumbles some dialogue from "TOUCH OF EVIL".

FLASH
Take the marbles out of your mouth,
Orson. How d'ya expect people to
understand your fat ass?

Cameron smiles; another COUPLE is agitated. The man turns around to Flash.

MAN
Excuse me, sir, but could you keep it
down; a few of us actually want to enjoy
this film.

FLASH
Hey, shut up! "Good-for-nothin"
goldbricker. If you had a job, you
wouldn't be here.

WOMAN
I'll have you know, my husband teaches
the virtue of cinematic morals and
economics at C.S.U.N.

FLASH
Cinematic morals, now there's an
oxymoron. How'd the hell you get that
job, win it in a raffle?

MAN
I created it.

FLASH
That can't be true!! You're buying into
your own bullshit!

MAN
You seem to be out of touch, dear man.

FLASH
Out of touch?! Hey look professor, I've
made more movies than you've been to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH (cont'd)
So why don't you just shut your
"cinematic morals" hole and maybe let fat
Orson here might teach you something.

The man cowers, the woman is offended but they say no more.

Cameron's interest in this man is peaked. Flash looks back
at a close-up to Orson Welles' face on the SCREEN and
remembers.

FLASH BACK: (BLACK & WHITE)

CITIZEN KANE SET - 1940

EXT. CITIZEN KANE MOVIE SET - NIGHT

The "CITIZEN KANE" CREW is scrambling to get a shot right for
the arrogant, twenty-five year old director - Orson Welles.

Murray, the first assistant director, barks out orders.

MURRAY
Okay, folks. We're going again. And
Lights!

The mammoth arc lights flare on.

Welles sits behind the camera in the darkness of a deep hole
dug in the middle of the stage floor. His face is barely
illuminated by his cigar.

MURRAY (cont'd)
Roll Sound.

SOUND MIXER (O.S.)
(flipping a switch on his
recorder)
We have speed!

MURRAY
Roll Camera.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
(turning on the camera)
Turning!

ASST. CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
Scene twenty-seven. Take four. Marker.

ORSON WELLES
(out of the dark)
And Action!!!

ACTOR
And that's what you know about Rosebud?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without warning, an arc light, with shutters to simulate lightning, is MISCUED. It FLASHES a beam right across the camera lens creating a nasty lens flare. Welles is incensed.

ORSON WELLES
Cut!! Cut!! Godamnit who flashed that arc light? Murray!!

MURRAY
I'll take care of this, sir. Security.

Murray rushes over and TWO SECURITY GUARDS grab Flash and drag him over to Welles' camera pit.

ORSON WELLES
(out of the dark)
You flashed that light on purpose; you incompetent fool.

FLASH
(looking into the pit)
It was the faulty arc, Mr. Welles.

ORSON WELLES
(out of the dark)
You're all incompetent. You're all trying to sabotage my film.

FLASH
But, Mr. Welles, why would I want to do that? Citizen Kane is gonna be a great film.

ORSON WELLES
(suspicious)
Murray.

MURRAY
Escort this man, off the set.

FLASH
(resisting)
It was an accident. I'd would never do something like that on purpose. I love my job; why would I try to lose it?

ORSON WELLES
(out of the dark)
"If you love your job, you'll never work a day in your life."

FLASH
(yelling back)
Winston Churchill.

ORSON WELLES
Wait! Wait! Bring him back.

The Guards return Flash to the camera pit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ORSON WELLES (cont'd)
(his face revealed from behind
camera)
Churchill? Well, *Bravo*, an electrician
who can actually read, what a pleasant
surprise; well played. What's your name?

FLASH
Glenn Madden.

ORSON WELLES
(smiling)
Glenn Madden . . no, I don't think so.
From now on, your name will be Flash
Madden. You'll go further, trust me.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

WE SEE "*TOUCH OF EVIL*" again. Charlton Heston is on the
SCREEN.

FLASH
Charlton Heston, playing a Mexican!!
Jesus Christ, give me a friggin' break!
You never could act in pants, Chuckles!

Having had enough, the professor and his wife get up and
leave.

FLASH (cont'd)
(yelling after them)
"*PONY EXPRESS*" was the first film he ever
wore pants in. Before that, he'd was in
all those Roman Epics, you know wearing
those fag robes. He was pretty good in
"*BEN HUR*", I'll give him that.

Cameron watches the couple leave and continues to observe
Flash.

FLASH (cont'd)
Thank god you shot this in black and
white.

Cameron laughs out loud. Flash turns around and stares the
kid down.

FLASH (cont'd)
Great, another monument to the next
generation.

The movie screen goes white when there's a foul up on a reel
change over. The theater remains dark with just a blank
screen. Flash turns around and looks up to the projection
booth. Cameron does the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH (cont'd)
Hello! Earth to Beverly. Is anyone
home?

Finally, Flash rises out of his chair and charges up the aisle toward the projection booth.

FLASH (cont'd)
Godamnit!! What minimum wage moron is in
charge today?

He limps a bit, but makes good time. Cameron, intrigued, follows him.

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA PROJECTION BOOTH - DAY

The projectionist, a pimply faced TEENAGER wearing headphones from an MP3 player. He plays with a GAMEBOY, oblivious to the projector problems.

Flash barges in.

FLASH
What the hell is going on in here, an
imbecile convention? Get off your
brains and do something!

The boy startles back to reality.

PROJECTIONIST
Oh, shit!!

The projector's take up reel is spinning out of control. SPARKS begin to shoot out of the projector.

Cameron rushes in just as the projector emits a SMALL ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION. The projectionist backs away slowly as if the projector has metamorphosed into a metallic monster.

FLASH
Gimme the freaking thing.

Flash grabs the Gameboy out of the kid's hands and jams it between the two arc points of the aging projector.

PROJECTIONIST
Oh, my god! My Gameboy!!

FLASH
I'm sure that Santa will bring you a new
one.

A BIGGER EXPLOSION emits an array of sparks. Flash reaches for a nearby fire extinguisher and sprays the sparks out.

PROJECTIONIST
I'm sorry, everybody.

Mr. Klein runs into the booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. KLEIN
My god, is everybody alright?

FLASH
Keep hiring the handicapped, Klein,
they're such fun to watch. I want my
godamn money back.

MR. KLEIN
You never pay anyway, Flash.

FLASH
Why should I, with service like this?

Flash heads to the door and bumps into Cameron.

FLASH (cont'd)
Get out of my way, you little shit!

PROJECTIONIST
He sure yells a lot. Is he hard of
hearing?

MR. KLEIN
No, he just likes to yell!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

Cameron rushes out of the theater. He looks around for Flash
and catches a glimpse of him boarding a City Bus.

The bus takes off. Cameron decides to follow it. He hurries
back into the theater and grabs his bike.

MUSIC CUE: *"It Dawned On Me" by Calla Collisions*

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Flash stares out the bus window. It's easy for Cameron to
keep up with the bus as it slowly makes its way through the
stop and go traffic on Ventura Boulevard.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

The bus stops and lets Flash off near the Hillside Complex
from the TITLE SEQUENCE.

EXT. HILLSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

Flash sits on the hillside drinking Wild Turkey watching the
complex below. The panel truck pulls up and a large PANEL
TRUCK drives away. Cameron, from afar, watches Flash with
interest.

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - DAY

Flash sits alone atop the dam reading a book and swigging
more Wild Turkey. Cameron leans against his bike observing
Flash from afar; he eats a candy bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He decides to approach Flash, but the old man gets up and heads toward the nearby bus stop before Cameron can reach him. Flash boards the bus. Cameron follows on his bike.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

The bus stops on a beautiful tree-lined neighborhood street. Flash gets off the bus and walks toward a large gate with an overhead sign looming above the driveway of a Retirement Home.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS - DUSK

Flash walks through the gate and slowly makes his way up the long winding driveway leading to the main building.

Cameron stops at the gate. WE SEE the sign next to the gate: *MOTION PICTURE FACILITY FOR THE ELDERLY.*

Cameron watches Flash sit in his familiar old chair under the large leafy elm tree. After a beat, Cameron rides away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA, RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Puddles from a recent rain storm leave reflective images in the wet street. Cameron and Murphy look through BINOCULARS, from their position across and down the street, at a 1958 Plymouth Fury in so-so condition.

The car is parked in front of a modest San Fernando Valley house with more than a few burned-out Christmas lights. WE SEE the details of the car described by Cameron.

CAMERON (O.S.)
Double headlights, red and white, big
fins, lots of chrome.

MURPHY
Is it her?

CAMERON
It's her.

MURPHY
Are you sure it's *Christine*?

A quick flash of John Carpenter's "*CHRISTINE*".

CAMERON (V.O.)
Dude, 1958 Plymouth Fury, just like the
one in the movie.

MUSIC CUE: "*Gangstacat*" by Zino & Tommy.

MURPHY
John Carpenter, cool director.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron and Murphy "high-five" each other.

CAMERON & MURPHY
Money!!

CAMERON
(singing ala *George Thorogood*)
B B B B Bad to the bone.

MURPHY
B B B B Baaadd!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (ACROSS THE STREET) - NIGHT

Cameron and Murphy slither up next to the Plymouth Fury parked in a darkened area of the tree-lined street.

Cameron "pops" the wing window out. NOISE from the breaking glass startles Murphy.

CAMERON
Shut the light off.

MURPHY
(looking around)
Will you chill, man?

Cameron opens the passenger door.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Go, go, go, go, go.

CAMERON
Sssssh.

Cameron gets in followed by Murphy, who slides across the front seat, pushing Cameron against the car horn. It honks twice.

MURPHY
Come on. Come on.

CAMERON
Shut up.

MURPHY
I think I see someone. I think I see someone.

Cameron quickly "hot-wires" the ignition and the car roars to life with the back-fire of a faulty muffler. The cars speeds away.

EXT. VAN NUYS HOUSE - NIGHT

The drapes part revealing the pajama clad OWNER (40's), standing taller than his Christmas tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches for the telephone and punches in "911", his eyes continue to look out the window as his car vanishes into the night. WE CAN'T HEAR his voice but we know his intent.

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "MIDDLE EASTERN MAGIC" by Rene Reyes.

CAMERON & MURPHY
Hee Hawww!! Yeah!

CAMERON
Go *Christine*, do your nasty, girl.

MURPHY
Be a bad girl!! Yeah!

CAMERON
I feel like Hans Solo in the Millenium Falcon.

MURPHY
Can I be Chewbacca?

CAMERON
You can be Chewy, if you want.

Murphy imitates Chewbacca's growl.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Tell me that was not Chewy?

MURPHY
That was Chewy, what?

CAMERON
That was the worst Chewy, I've ever heard.

MURPHY
That was a good Chewy.

Cameron and Murphy imitate Chewy's growl.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Whatever.

The boys are enjoying their joyride in *Christine* when stealthily a SOLO L.A.P.D. CRUISER pulls up behind them. Murphy sees him first.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Shit, five-o.

Red and Blue lights, FLASH.

CAMERON
Five-o. Okay, there Snoop Dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON (cont'd)
It's not so bad. Only one. Don't be
harshin' my mellow, Po Po's! It's not so
bad. Relax dude, it's fine.

TWO MORE POLICE CRUISERS follow Cameron and Murphy. A Police
car pulls up to Murphy's window.

POLICE
Pull the vehicle over!

CAMERON
(seeing all the other cops)
Now it's bad.

POLICE
Pull over, now! Do it!

MURPHY
Pull over, dude.

Cameron pulls over. The CAMERA CRANES UP revealing SIX
POLICEMAN, guns drawn and pointing directly at the boys, who
have their hands revealed outside the vehicle.

POLICE
Let's see your hands! Put your hands up!

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE HALL - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE HALL - NIGHT

A very disappointed MOM (mid 40's) and Step Father, FLOYD
(late 40's), greet Cameron as he's released on bail.

FLOYD
So, you're boosting cars now? What's
next, banks?

CAMERON
That's pretty funny, Floyd.

Cameron walks past them, they follow.

FLOYD
Listen, you're through screwing up, buddy-
boy.

MOM
Cameron, they took your license.

CAMERON
They took it six months ago, mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM
And the Principal said that you're cutting classes again. Where are you going during the day?

CAMERON
Teachers don't give a shit.

MOM
Well, we're serious this time, Cameron. We're not bailing you out again.

Cameron smirks.

FLOYD
We'll see how you smile after ten days in "county" with the big boys.

CAMERON
(staring back at him)
You oughta know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron enters and slams the door. His room is cluttered but not messy; several movie posters and film festival posters, old and new line the walls. WE SEE posters for "JAWS", "CHRISTINE", "BICYCLE THIEF", "RESERVOIR DOGS", "CASABLANCA", "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT", "GOODFELLAS", "MEET JOHN DOE", "8 1/2", "MILLION DOLLAR BABY", "GLADIATOR", "SPY GAME", etc.

He falls on the bed and stares above at a "RAGING BULL" poster stapled to his ceiling.

WE HEAR, along with Cameron, his Mom and Floyd arguing about Cameron and how the family isn't working, that he needs more discipline. . . . He's heard it all before; he continues to focus on *Robert Dinero's* face on the poster.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Cameron stands with his bike at the gate. He watches Flash sitting in his ever present chair under the elm tree.

A Hispanic GARDENER (40's) and his SON (15) mow the lawn and rake the leaves of the expansive grounds of the Retirement Home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flash sneaks a long cigar out of his pocket. He lights it and is just about to enjoy the first draw of this fine cigar, when a NURSE races up to take his cigar away.

NURSE
Oh no you don't. There's no smoking for you, Flash. That's the doctor's orders.

FLASH
Come on. Give an old man a break.

NURSE
No way!

Cameron watches the walk away. Flash mutters something under his breath. The gardener's son mows the lawn near the gate by Cameron. Cameron whistles to him.

CAMERON
Come here.

The kid turns off the mower and moves closer to Cameron.

GARDNER'S SON
(in Spanish)
What do you want?

EXT. ELM TREE CHAIR - DAY

Cameron slowly mows his way over to Flash. He finally musters up the courage to "*cut to the chase*".

CAMERON
Nice day, huh?

Flash looks up at the never changing skies of L.A. County then grunts and spits something foul onto the ground.

CAMERON (cont'd)
So, you like movies?

FLASH
Huh?

CAMERON
You like movies?

FLASH
Yeah, some of 'em.

CAMERON
You want to make one?

FLASH
(smirking)
Who's directing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
(with pride)
You're looking right at him.

FLASH
Bugger off and mow the grass, kid.

Cameron sits beside Flash on the bench.

CAMERON
It's uh, it's completely legit. It's um,
it's a high film, it's a student film.
And um, it's about, it's uh, well, we
start prep tomorrow and we start shooting
next week.

FLASH
Who's we?

CAMERON
Me and my friend, my friend Murphy, and .
. . you if you're in.

FLASH
High school? Sounds like bullshit.

CAMERON
Well. . . I could really use your help.
You know?

FLASH
Get out of here and leave me alone, you
good-for-nothing little prick.

Cameron stands up.

CAMERON
Well, I saw you at the Beverly Cinema and
you seem to know alot about movies.

FLASH
Get away, I said.

CAMERON
Maybe you're bullshit.

FLASH
Me, bullshit. Look you little weasel,
I've made more movies that you've been
to.

CAMERON
(walking away)
Yeah, I heard that one.

Flash watches Cameron walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Cameron rides up on his bike and goes inside the store.

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Cameron finds Murphy working in the middle of the store, reshelving dozens of DVDs for a Holiday sale.

CAMERON
Yo, Murph, what's doin'?

MURPHY
Making six seventy-five an hour, that's
"what's doin'."
(holding up a DVD case)
Oh, this movie is so dope!

WE SEE the DVD cover for "WITNESS".

CAMERON
"WITNESS", Peter Weir, cool director.

The boys "high-five" again.

CAMERON & MURPHY
Money!!

They move to the back of the store.

MURPHY
How's your film coming?

CAMERON
It's comin'.

Murphy reaches into his pocket and reveals a small digital video camera. He hits the play button.

MURPHY
Check this out.

Cameron looks at the small screen with interest. WE SEE Brett Raven and his pals setting up a shot for his film.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Brett Raven is already in production.

CAMERON
Are you kidding me?

MURPHY
His old man dropped twenty grand for his film. He's going full tilt for that scholarship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

They must really want him out of the house. This is serious shit. Is that? That's a Panflex.

MURPHY

Yeah. Just thought you'd like to know what you're up against. But, I gotta go.

CAMERON

Thanks.

MURPHY

Later.

They hit hands.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Better get humping on that film idea, man.

CAMERON

(walking away)
Yeah, I'm humpin'. I'm humpin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Flash sits alone on top of the dam reading a book and watching the freeway traffic. His eyes squint when he sees someone approaching, it's Cameron again. Flash shakes his head and takes a swig from his Wild Turkey bottle.

FLASH

I told you, no. Now leave me alone.

Cameron walks up and offers Flash a long, fresh cigar.

FLASH (cont'd)

Cuban?

CAMERON

I think so.

FLASH

Oh no, no, no, there ain't no "think so" when it comes to Cubans. Cohiba or Romeo & Juliet. Damn Monte Cristos are damn over-rated.

CAMERON

Okay, then Monte Cristos are out. But aren't Cuban cigars illegal in this country?

FLASH

I consider it burning their crops.
(taking the cigar)
Give it to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH (cont'd)
(inspecting it)
Nah, it's not Cuban. Well, it'll do.

CAMERON
So, will you help me out?

Flash lights the cigar.

FLASH
Forget it, you little punk.

CAMERON
Just give me a shot.

FLASH
(lighting up)
It'd be like casting pearls before swine.

CAMERON
I don't know what that means.

FLASH
Look, you're on your own, kid. Get out
of here.

Flash takes another puff. Cameron walks away.

FLASH (cont'd)
Thanks for the cigar.

Flash stands and looks out at the endless traffic as Cameron
rides off on his bike.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELM TREE CHAIR - DAY (A DAY LATER)

Flash sits in his chair, watching a group of his peers
playing lawn croquet. He sees Cameron pacing outside the
gate, searching for the words to convince Flash to help.

An annoyed Flash, finally relents and motions to the boy to
come over to his chair.

FLASH
Is there a history of mental illness in
your family?

CAMERON
Does a crazy aunt in Provo, Utah count?

FLASH
(a deliberate pause)
You'll keep bringing me cigars?

CAMERON
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
And a bottle of "Wild Turkey" thrown in
every week.

CAMERON
Okay.

FLASH
Okay.

CAMERON
(nodding)
Then we have a deal?

FLASH
We have a deal.

Cameron nods.

FLASH (cont'd)
Name's Flash Madden.

CAMERON
Cameron Kincaid.

Cameron extends his hand. Flash ignores him.

CAMERON (cont'd)
How'd you get a name like Flash?

FLASH
(yelling)
It's none of your goddamned business.

CAMERON (O.S.)
(taken aback)
It's a skateboard film . . .

Cameron's words FADE OUT as WE SEE:

An excellent SKATE BOARDER performs a series of incredible
flips and tricks with his skate board.

MUSIC CUE: *"Rock Ain't Dead" by Zino & Tommy.*

EXT. SKATEBOARD PARK - DAY

Cameron watches in amazement; Flash watches in bewilderment.

CAMERON
He's awesome.

FLASH
He's a friggin' idiot!!!

The fantastic trickster catches an edge and loses it badly.
He crashes to the ground in undeniable pain. His spiraling
skateboard sails through the air like an unmanned rocket.
Cameron is crest fallen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH (cont'd)
No more idiot.
(looking at Cameron)
What else ya got?

EXT. ELM TREE CHAIR - LATER

Back to scene:

A lawn croquet ball is SMACKED toward a waiting wicket.

CAMERON
I have another idea about a guy who, he
makes a motorcycle from vacuum cleaner
parts. And he meets a girl . . .

The croquet ball rolls up next to Flash's feet. He kicks it
back, then holds up his hand to stop Cameron mid-sentence.

FLASH
You need a writer . . . badly.

CAMERON
I'll fix the script up later, during
filming and editing.

FLASH
Look kid, you can't polish a turd. I
know a writer . . . a good one.

CAMERON
What about a crew?

FLASH
A crew? They're closer than you think.
(pointing to a man walking
across the way)
You see that geezer over there?

CAMERON'S P.O.V. An OLD MAN walks slightly hunched over.

FLASH (cont'd)
(waving back)
Hey Richie, how you doing, today?

The man notices Flash and acknowledges him with a wave.

RICHIE
Hey not bad, Flash, same ol' same ol'.

FLASH
(quietly, to Cameron)
That's Richard Butler. He won the Oscar
for Art Direction on "GIGI".

CAMERON
No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
Yeah. He sold it fifteen years ago for seven grand to pay his nursing home bills. Now he lives here, with us, the dearly "almost" departed.

CAMERON
You can sell an Oscar?

FLASH
Everything's for sale, kid. It's either need or greed. Meet me tomorrow at the bus stop nine A.M.

Flash gets up. Cameron reaches out to help Flash up, but Flash will have none of it.

FLASH (cont'd)
(rudely)
Hey, leave me alone. Don't touch me, I'm fine.

CAMERON
(taken aback)
You're still gonna help me out?

FLASH
(without looking back)
Nine A.M.

CAMERON
What's your writer friend's name?

FLASH
Mickey Hopkins.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

His Mother and Floyd eat a casserole dinner in silence until:

FLOYD
Where's the kid, out screwing around again?

MOM
(giving him a look)
He's in his room working on his computer.

FLOYD
Probably some internet scam.

MOM
No, Cameron really focused, yeah, that is the word, he's focused on something these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD
(lighting a cigarette)
Yeah right. So, we got dessert?

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron is on the internet doing a Hollywood Search for *Mickey Hopkins*. His dinner plate lay untouched by the computer. He clicks the mouse on Mickey's name and the screen comes alive with Mickey's biography and credits, there's also a picture of him in the 40's sitting at a Royal typewriter. Cameron reads the computer screen:

ON SCREEN:

"Mickey Hopkins, born May 18, 1909. The son of Jewish immigrants from South Wales. He was raised in Racine, Wisconsin, where he began showing promise as a cellist at age ten. At 12 he was a circus acrobat for a brief spell and at 17 he ran away to Chicago, where he began his writing career as a reporter. By the mid 20s, he was embroiled in Chicago literacy scene, much respected for his youthful achievements as a crack reporter, astute foreign correspondent, columnist, short-story writer and budding novelist. In 1929 he arrived in New York penniless. A telegram from Writer Herman Mankiewicz, an old friend, offering Hopkins a Paramount contract, brought him to Hollywood in the following year. Over a period of 40 years Hopkins received screen credit, alone or in collaboration, for the stories or screenplays of some 70 films, but he was also known to have collaborated on many films credited to other writers notably, *BACK STREET* (1932), *TOPAZ*, *QUEEN CHISTINA* (1933), *GONE WITH THE WIND* (1939), *FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT* (1940), *THE OUTLAW*, *LIFEBOAT* (1943), *KISS OF DEATH* (1947) and *ROMAN HOLIDAY* (1953)." Cameron's eyes light up.

CAMERON
Holy shit! This guy's a legend.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Flash drinks and stares at the now familiar building complex below. The cargo van pulls up again. TWO MEN pull several DOGS on a group leash out of the panel truck and lead them into the building.

Flash gets up and makes his way down to the chain-link fence surrounding the building. He now can clearly hear the whines and muffled barks of the dogs. This is where dogs are being destroyed by the Animal Control Board.

He sneaks through the open gate and spray paints something on the side of a parked car. He swigs down the last of his Wild Turkey and hurls the empty bottle at the main door of the building.

FLASH
You, PRICKS!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MAN appears to check out the noise. WE READ: *ANIMAL CONTROL BOARD* on his uniform. He walks over to his car, WE READ: *DOG KILLER*, painted on the side of his car. He looks out into the night. Flash has vanished.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, LA BREA AVENUE - DAY

WE SEE a red traffic stoplight; when the light turns green, the CAMERA BOOMS to the urban scourge of L.A. city traffic.

Flash and Cameron ride a city bus as it chugs its way along La Brea Avenue in the middle of mid-morning traffic.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

CAMERON
Mickey is amazing. I looked up his credits online last night. Well, *ROMAN HOLIDAY*, *Jesus*.

As the bus crosses Sunset en route to Fountain, Flash sees something, he elbows Cameron.

FLASH
You see that building over there? Used to be Charlie Chaplin's studio when he was running United Artists with Mary Pickford back in '23.

CAMERON
Wow.

EXT. CORNER OF NORMANDY AND DELONGPRE - DAY

Flash and Cameron get off the bus and make their way to an old run down, squalor-like building.

EXT. MICKEY'S OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

It's an old folks home of sorts. It's been ill-managed and neglected for years.

They come to door #18 and KNOCK.

MICKEY HOPKINS (85) opens the door. He's a sight, shirtless with awful sores on his arms and back. He squints through heavy cataract eyes and thick lenses of his glasses.

MICKEY
Yes, may I help you?

Cameron and Flash can't believe the state of Mickey or his apartment.

FLASH
Hey, Mickey, it's Flash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
(squinting)
Who?

FLASH
Flash, you know, Flash Madden.

MICKEY
(thrilled with a big smile)
Flash Madden, oh my god, how wonderful!
Come in, Flash. Please make yourself at
home.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A few cockroaches munch away on a plate of inedible food
which lay untouched on a make-shift kitchen counter.

Cameron notices a dead rat in a tray under the bed just as
Flash sits down on it.

MICKEY
Flash, it's been a hundred years since I
saw you last.

FLASH
Two hundred!

Mickey laughs then becomes self-conscious when he sees
Cameron looking at his sores. He grabs an old shirt and
covers himself. There's an awkward silence in the room.

Mickey doesn't say anything. Flash and Cameron don't know
what to say. Finally, Flash breaks the new found ice.

FLASH (cont'd)
(referring to the shirt)
That's a good idea, Mickey. It's colder
than a well digger's rear in here.

CAMERON
Yeah, you should turn up the heat.

MICKEY
(not moving)
Yeah, I will.

Another pregnant pause.

FLASH
The kid, here, is about to make a movie.

CAMERON
It's a student film.

FLASH
He's asked me to help him. I mean what
the hell. But when I heard his idea, I
knew he needed a writer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
Really?

FLASH
Yeah, you know it's that, "if it ain't on the page, it ain't on the stage", kinda thing.

MICKEY
(very excited)
I know exactly what you mean.
(moving to his closet)
We had a similar problem . . .
(looking at Cameron)
. . . first of all, there are no problems, only solutions. We had a similar situation on "*THE OUTLAW*". Howard Hughes could not figure out how to end it.

Mickey reaches up high in his closet but can't reach something.

CAMERON
Wait. Here you go. Here, I'll get it.

MICKEY
Thank you, dear boy. Bring it over here to the table.

Cameron reaches up and discovers an old Royal Typewriter still in its case, probably the same one from Mickey's Internet photo.

He hands it to Mickey. Cameron's eyes widen when he notices a stack of vintage scripts. "*GONE WITH THE WIND*", "*ROMAN HOLIDAY*", etc., neatly stacked in pristine condition, forgotten for all time.

MICKEY (cont'd)
(excitedly fumbling some typing paper)
Well, I'll just get some paper in and we'll get started on a brief outline.

Mickey tries to get the paper in but struggles with his arthritis. He's a bit overcome by it all. His feeble hands start to shake from nerves and excitement.

FLASH
Hey kid, give us a minute, will ya?

Cameron senses Mickey's discomfort.

CAMERON
Yeah, sure, Flash. I'll go for a walk outside.

Flash and Mickey watch the boy leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY
Stay away from Room 12.

INT. MICKEY'S OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

MUSIC CUE: *"SILVER EYELASHES" by David Poe.*

Cameron walks around peering into various rooms, seeing more of the same. The rooms stink of urine in this old folks ghetto. Every elderly person has it just as bad as Mickey.

An ELDERLY WOMAN stares out a window.

Another ELDERLY GENTLEMAN coughs badly by his bed.

Cameron looks in on another sickly OLD GENTLEMAN when an INTERN intentionally closes the door in Cameron's face.

Cameron wanders back and pauses outside Mickey's slightly ajar door. He listens.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

MICKEY
(choking back tears)
It's been thirty-five years. . . thirty-five years since someone asked me to write.

FLASH
Can you believe it?

MICKEY
I don't think I can do it.

FLASH
No, well I'm sorry, Mickey. I thought you might get a kick out of this kid. I mean who else in this town is gonna give a couple of old farts like us a job?

MICKEY
I'm sorry, Flash. It's too long. I've lost the gift.

Cameron listens at this one time talented writer falling apart.

FLASH
We never lose our gifts, only the opportunity to open them.

MICKEY
That's pretty eloquent for a gaffer.

FLASH
Even us juicers have our moments. Hey, pal, don't worry. Think about it for a few days. Take your time. We'll get back to ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

We'll get back to you. That's the last thing I heard Louis B. Mayer say to me in '57.

Flash pats him on the back.

FLASH

But we're not MGM. We'll be back.

Mickey looks out his window like he's done a million times before; not noticing Flash and Cameron leaving in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

A solemn Flash and Cameron sit in silence on the bus ride back to Woodland Hills.

Cameron notices an ELDERLY BLACK GRANDMOTHER(78) sitting with her GRANDDAUGHTER (22). A bag full of small wrapped Christmas gifts lay at their feet. The girl adjusts a shawl around her Grandmother's neck, who smiles approvingly.

CAMERON

Doesn't Mickey have any family?

FLASH

(looking out the window)
He's got a daughter in New Hampshire, I think.

CAMERON

Then how can she let him live like that?

FLASH

I doubt if she knows. Out of sight - out of mind.

CAMERON

I never knew places like that existed.

FLASH

Well, now you know. This country's famous for shitting on their elderly. God help you if you don't have family.

CAMERON

Why can't he live where you live? It's nice there.

FLASH

Don't think he was in a union that provides for it. I'm lucky. It's the only good thing Hollywood ever did for me. America is all about the young, the beautiful, the winner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron notices an OLD HOMELESS MAN passed out on a sidewalk. Several unaffected PEOPLE walk past him.

FLASH (cont'd)
You know, kid, in Europe, Asia and especially Africa, the elderly are truly respected. They're almost treasured by the young people. Not here though. Oh no. We live in a throw away society, if it breaks, throw it away. If a new one pops up, throw the old one away. If your puppy grows up to be a pain-in-the-ass dog, dump it, someone will kill it. If your marriage isn't working, hey, divorce, throw it away. Marry someone else and if you get sick of them, throw them away too.

CAMERON
That's what my dad did to my mom. She's different now.

FLASH
So then he's an asshole, right.

CAMERON
Yeah, probably.

FLASH
You're better off without him.
(resigned, looking out the window)
The world's upside down.

Flash notices Cameron's depressed look.

FLASH (cont'd)
But hey kid, don't worry. Nobody else does! Be happy! You're young; you've got the world by the short hairs.

CAMERON
Not me. I'm a nobody.

FLASH
Yeah, says who?

CAMERON
My friend Murphy, he says guys like me don't even matter. The "botched and bungled"; something that Nietzsche (mispronounces) said.

FLASH
Nietzsche, you stupid ignorant fart.

Cameron looks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH (cont'd)
"It's not the strength . . . but the
duration of great sentiments, that makes
great men."

The bus arrives at their bus stop.

EXT. WOODLAND HILLS BUS STOP - DAY

Flash and Cameron get off the bus.

CAMERON
What?

FLASH
Nietzsche said that too. What do you
know about Nietzsche? What do know about
anything, you're a kid?

CAMERON
(sadly)
No, I meant . . .

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME, COVERED WALKWAY - DAY

FLASH
Nietzsche was full of shit most of the
time; Tolstoy says that Nietzsche was
stupid and abnormal and so is your friend
Murphy.

CAMERON
Yeah, well you got the abnormal part
right.

FLASH
I'd keep an eye on him. Oh, not to
change the subject from Nietzsche and the
Great Murphy but . . . how're you doing
on my Cubans?

CAMERON
(looking around)
Just what the doctor didn't order!

Cameron reveals a couple Cuban cigars.

FLASH
Well. . .Bless you, child!!

CAMERON
(still dejected)
Later, Flash.

FLASH
Hey, don't be so down in the dumps.
We're gonna make this movie. Right? Got
it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Got it. Tomorrow?

FLASH
Make it tomorrow night. I want to show
you something.

CAMERON
Okay!!

FLASH
(lighting a cigar)
I didn't hear you. I'm old, damnit!!

CAMERON
(louder)
I got it.

FLASH
Alright.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron, at his computer again.

WE SEE on the computer screen: GAO Assails Nursing Home Care
in State; Nursing Home Abuse and Neglect Information Center.
Cameron listens to an AUDIO BIOGRAPHY through his computer
speakers.

CAMERON'S VOICE
Pennsylvania Department of Health
receiving complaints regarding Nursing
Homes and Long Term Care.

Cameron clicks his mouse on another Nursing Home Neglect
Case.

CAMERON'S VOICE
The halls reek of urine. Old people lie
helpless in their beds hour after hour,
their soiled diapers unchanged. These
were the smells and sights at a nursing
home in Huntington Beach.

Cameron shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME, FLASH'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

MILDRED (80) thinks she's 25, slinks seductively into Flash's
room. Flash is going through an old film journal with notes,
contact names, etc. He doesn't see Mildred.

MILDRED
Somebody's been smoking again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
It's a new cologne. *Eau de Cohiba.*

MILDRED
(getting close)
Breaking the rules, again? That just makes me so horny.

FLASH
You're always horny.

MILDRED
That's not such a bad thing, now is it?

A Black NURSE named Juanita enters.

JUANITA
Just the thought of you two "bumpin' uglies" messes me up! C'mon Mildred, you've got plenty of other men to tease.

MILDRED
Teasing's not such a bad thing, now is it?

JUANITA
(escorting her away)
No honey, it's not. Flash, you got a phone call back in the lobby, some kid.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME LOBBY - NIGHT

A phone lay off the hook near the front desk. Flash picks it up the receiver.

FLASH
Hello.

INTERCUT WITH CAMERON'S BEDROOM.

CAMERON
Hey, Flash. It's Cameron. How're you doin'?

FLASH
Women keep throwing themselves at me. Thank God for Viagra.

CAMERON
(laughs then gets serious)
So, I called because I changed my mind about the film.

FLASH
You what?! Now listen to me, kid . . .

CAMERON
I don't want to do that "motorcycle slash vacuum salesman" thing anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
You can't do this, kid. What about my
Cubans and the Wild Turkey? Come on!
Don't give up on this movie.

CAMERON
No, Flash, I just gave up on the
motorcycle idea, not the actual film.

FLASH
Well, what the hell are we gonna shoot?

CAMERON
I want to do a docu-drama about those
crap places like where Mickey lives.

FLASH
What d'ya mean?

CAMERON
(reading off his computer)
Hold on. "In 2005, in L.A. County, 91%
of the nursing homes had violations."

FLASH
You're some surprise, kid . . . and noone
surprises me anymore.

CAMERON
I want to get with Mickey again; because
we could still use his help.

FLASH
Go easy on that, I'm not sure he's ready.
We'll talk about it first.

CAMERON
We need him. Alright, are we still on
for tomorrow night?

FLASH
Yeah.

CAMERON
Okay, I'll meet you at the bus stop at
seven.

FLASH
Yeah, well you make it eight. And you be
there.

CAMERON
Okay, eight.

Flash hangs up.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Hello? Flash?

EXT. MILDRED'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Flash walks back toward his bungalow. He pauses, steps back and watches Mildred sitting at her vanity.

INT. MILDRED'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

She fussily applies some makeup. Her tender smile hides the affliction of aging. She tries a few tricks but it's no use. Her smile fades as she stares at her withering image in the mirror. Flash walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORNER OF NORMANDY AND DELONGPRE - DAY

Cameron gets off the bus and heads toward Mickey's place.

EXT. MICKEY'S OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

Mickey opens the door. He's not exactly glad to see Cameron.

CAMERON
Hey, Mickey.

MICKEY
Hello, kid. Where's Flash?

CAMERON
Well he's . . . I really need your help, Mickey.

MICKEY
I'm no good to you, son, too far gone.

CAMERON
No, listen, can you just hear me out?
Can I come in for a minute?

MICKEY
Of course.

Mickey steps aside and lets Cameron in.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Flash said you'd be back.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE AT BRONSON - NIGHT

Flash and Cameron get off a bus and make their way to the Studio Security Gate. Flash notices a stack of discarded cardboard boxes near a dumpster.

FLASH
Hey Cameron, pick up one of them boxes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron grabs one.

FLASH (cont'd)
No, the bigger one.

CAMERON
You called me Cameron.

FLASH
That's your name isn't it?

EXT. STUDIO GATE - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD watches a LAKER GAME on his small TV when he sees Flash and Cameron approach carrying the BOX. They walk right past the Guard.

GUARD
Pass the ball. That ain't no foul. That ain't no foul. Thank god, it's Shaq. Thank god, it's Shaq. Hey, whoa, hey. .

FLASH
(referring to the box)
Expendables, Stage 10. The kid's with me.

GUARD
(standing up)
You got ID.?

FLASH
(handing over his ID)
No problemo. What's the score?

The guards punches Flash's info into a computer. Flash familiarly scribbles his signature on a clip board.

GUARD
Lakers by two, double overtime.
(reacting to the TV)
Bingo!! Shaq just missed another free throw.

FLASH
Some things never change.

GUARD
I haven't seen you before, you new?

FLASH
I'm anything but new.

The Guard doesn't get it because he's concentrating on the Lakers.

FLASH (cont'd)
Meaning I'm old, get it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Stage 10 right
around the corner.

FLASH
(walking away with Cameron)
Merry Christmas.

The Guard is delighted when he looks back to the Laker game
on his TV.

GUARD
Merry Christmas, to you too.

EXT. STUDIO CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Flash and Cameron walk along dwarfed by the huge sound stages
on the lot. Cameron sees a sign: STAGE 10

CAMERON
Where is Stage 10?

FLASH
(tossing the box aside)
We're not going to Stage 10. C'mon.
Lose the box.

Cameron follows Flash to the last building on the lot. It's
a set lighting storage house.

INT. SET LIGHTING HOUSE - NIGHT

Flash leads him past set lights and C-stands.

CAMERON
How hot do the lights get?

FLASH
Hot.

CAMERON
Are these C-stands? I love C-stands!

Flash leads Cameron up a rickety stairway in the back.

CAMERON (cont'd)
So, can we actually come back and grab
some of this stuff?

INT. SET LIGHTING HOUSE - CATWALK - NIGHT

Flash and Cameron reach the top of the stairs that lead to a
catwalk high above the lighting and grip equipment storage
area below. Cameron is both spooked and intrigued by the
props hanging everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

This place is actually kind of creepy.
Seems like the kind of place that would
be haunted.

Flash says nothing.

CAMERON (cont'd)

What would happen if we got caught in
here?

FLASH

It's been a long time, but I'm sure it's
still here.

CAMERON

What's still here?

They start up more stairs.

FLASH

They must have sealed it off.

CAMERON

Well, then we should probably head back
then, right?

FLASH

Not likely.

Flash removes a piece of wood from the door and peeks inside.
A big smile appears on his face.

FLASH (cont'd)

It's still here.

Flash breaks a few more boards away and throws them down the
stairs. He opens the door.

CAMERON

Is this like breaking and entering?

FLASH

Who broke in? The door just opened.

INT. GRIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Inside, Cameron stands in amazement, Flash stands in
appreciation. They've discovered an old forgotten crew or
grip lounge, complete with a couple old dusty couches, a
poker table, an old fridge, and a few large china hat type
lamps. Flash tries one it doesn't work.

FLASH

Oh shit! It's the godamn fuse box.

Flash pulls out a mag-light and follows the beam over to the
fuse box. He fiddles with a couple wires and the lamps flare
on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
How'd you do that?

FLASH
I'm a gaffer for christsakes.

CAMERON
Oh, right.

Cameron's attention goes to the walls of the old lounge. There are DOZENS of old vintage framed production stills, crew shots and candid photos.

FLASH
Well, this is it. This is our room. The crew's room. It used to be the old prop room but we cleaned it up and made it our own.

CAMERON
(approaching the wall of photos)
This is so cool. How is it still here?

FLASH
Present management doesn't know about this room, never did. Thank god, they'd turn it into a Starbucks.

CAMERON
Yeah, right. So, this place was like a club house?

FLASH
Yeah, sort of. But it was a tough club to get into. No "above the line" wankers that's for sure.

CAMERON
Above the line?

FLASH
Producers, directors, writers, actors, those creeps.

CAMERON
So, you know all of these people?

FLASH
Most of 'em. A lot of them are dead.
(a sigh)
But these are my friends.
(pointing to a photograph)
There's me with the crew of *Citizen Kane*.

CAMERON
You worked on *Citizen Kane*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH
Yeah, that's me, the skinny guy in the middle.

CAMERON
That's so amazing.
(scanning the photo)
Is Orson Welles there?

FLASH
These are "crew only" photos, for christsakes.

CAMERON
Oh, so no directors, no wankers.

FLASH
Right.

CAMERON
I've always wanted to be a wanker, a director.

FLASH
A director, huh? The man in the chair, huh?

CAMERON
I guess.

FLASH
You guess? The man in the chair can't ever be a guesser, he's got to make decisions, boom, boom, boom, he's gotta know what he's doing. Frank Capra says if you're half right you'll be a genius.

CAMERON
Frank Capra, cool director. Money!!

He reaches out to "high-five" with Flash, but Flash has no clue about the routine.

FLASH
Hello?

Cameron retrieves his hand.

CAMERON
Did you ever direct a movie?

FLASH
Got close to it a couple times, but it wasn't exactly my cup of tea, if you get my drift.

CAMERON
You had a little booze . . . drinking problem . . . thing . . . problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FLASH
Oh yeah, I had my fair share of missed opportunities.

CAMERON
(pause)
Flash?

FLASH
Yeah, kid?

CAMERON
You're the only one who can help me out with this. I wanna know everything there is to know. Teach me how to make movies, how to watch 'em, everything.

FLASH
It means that much to you, to be the man in the chair?

CAMERON
Yeah, it does, everything.

FLASH
Will you be willing to pay the price?

CAMERON
Cigars and Wild Turkey?

FLASH
No, well yeah . . .no! I mean the real price.

CAMERON
What's that?

FLASH
A promise, to me, that if you ever make it, you won't crap on people like Mickey and others,
(referring to the photographs)
Like these fine folks; and that you'll never forget how and who got you to the chair.
(getting very serious)
Can you make that promise?

CAMERON
Sure, Flash.

FLASH
Now we're talking, Technicolor!!

Flash pats Cameron on the back.

CAMERON
Well, it will actually probably be 24P digital video.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FLASH
Whatever.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Flash and Cameron walk along a "full-tilt" Christmas decorated Hollywood Boulevard en route to their bus stop at La Brea Ave. Cameron seems very impressed with all the stars on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

CAMERON
You know all these people?

FLASH
Yeah, most of 'em.

CAMERON
Do you have a star?

FLASH
The only thing in the ground with my name on it will be a gravestone.

CAMERON
Why? You made some great movies.

FLASH
(laughs)
Oh, come on, you gotta be famous, adored - I'm neither.

They arrive at the bus stop.

CAMERON
You should get a star just for helping out me and Murphy.

FLASH
Hey, remember this, "the glitter ends at La Brea".

CAMERON
What does that mean?

FLASH
(pointing to the pavement)
See the glitter that the city puts in the pavement where the stars are?

CAMERON
Yeah.

FLASH
Well, look, it ends at La Brea - no stars - no glitter; in other words it don't last forever. Like fame in Hollywood, it lasts for only a second, if at all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH (cont'd)
So, don't freaking worry about getting famous, get good at your job, if the fame comes along so be it.

A City bus pulls up.

CAMERON
You're famous to me.

FLASH
(boarding the bus)
Because you don't know anybody else.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME, LOBBY - NIGHT

Flash bursts through the door full of excitement. He "gooses" one of the Nurses as he passes by her.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME REC ROOM - NIGHT

He rushes into the main rec room of the home, where MRS. ERSKINE (80's) and several other ELDERLY WOMEN are making a quilt, other MEN and WOMEN watch a big screen Television, SPEED (80's) an old sound mixer, sits very close to the TV so he can hear better. OTHERS play cards and keep themselves busy one way or another.

BIG JOHN (75) six foot-six; sits on the couch, watching TV.

BIG JOHN
C'mon, Speed.

RICHIE
Move back please, Speed, so we all can see.

SPEED
What?

Flash rushes over to the TV and shuts it off.

OTHER FOLKS
Hey! Well, what's happening. Flash, I was dancing. I was watching that . . .

FLASH
Wait a minute. Shut up. Shut up. I got something to tell you. We're going on location!!!

SPEED
(cupping his ear)
It's time for my medication?

BIG JOHN
No, we're going on location.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEED
Speed!!

BIG JOHN
Not yet, we're not rolling.

MILDRED
I just love location shooting. The hotels, the parties, the fun, the dancing.

Juanita shakes her head.

MRS. ERSKINE
Slut!

JUANITA
Mrs. Erskine!

MRS. ERSKINE
Oh, she's a tramp.

MILDRED
Silly old bitty.

MRS. ERSKINE
Why your chariot is so low, it's dragging the basement floor.

MILDRED
Get a life.

Mildred shakes her leopard skinned behind.

FLASH
Hey, ladies.

MRS. ERSKINE
Is that animal planet?

FLASH
Hey ladies, relax, ladies, we're not exactly going on location but we are going into production.

OTHER FOLKS
How wonderful! Really!! Okay! It's been years. What's the rate? That's great! That's hot! Etc.!!!

RICHIE
Let him talk!

FLASH
I met a kid who needs our help with his student film.

MONTANA (75) an older Native American woman raises her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONTANA
Hey, Flash?

FLASH
Yeah, Montana?

MONTANA
What's he need?

FLASH
(big smile)
He needs your help with wardrobe. Rich,
he needs your help with art direction.
Speed can help with sound.

SPEED
What?

BIG JOHN
You can do the sound.

Mrs. Erskine shakes her head.

FLASH
Bernie, here can give him a hand with
props.

BERNIE
(walking out of the room)
I'm retired. I got out of the rat race a
long ago. Thank you.

FLASH
Butch can help with camera, me with
lighting, Big John with grip.

BIG JOHN
You betcha.

FLASH
Oh boy. Does he have the best crew in
town?

MRS. ERSKINE
Well, the oldest crew anyway.

SPEED
What?

MRS. ERSKINE
And the only one with a deaf sound mixer.

SPEED
I heard that.

MILDRED
Flash, I'm available.

MRS. ERSKINE
News flash!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIG JOHN
So, who's the kid?

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Cameron and Mickey walk up the grand stairs of the library.

CAMERON
We're just doing research. You'll be fine.

MICKEY
I don't know, Cameron.

CAMERON
It's cool. You'll be alright.

MICKEY
Flash said you were a pushy little so and so!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Cameron pushes Mickey's chair uncomfortably close to a large computer monitor. Mickey shies back as if it's some kind of alien. Cameron laughs and reaches for the mouse.

CAMERON
Don't be afraid, Mickey. It's only a computer. It's real easy, okay? Computers are really stupid, they do exactly what you tell them to.

MICKEY
That's what I'm afraid of - what to tell them.

CAMERON
(using the mouse)
No problemo! Check it out. We can Google.

MICKEY
(confused)
Google?

CAMERON
Yeah, a lot of *bloggers Google*.

MICKEY
Bloggers that Google.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Or they *Dogpile*.

MICKEY
Dogpile.

CAMERON
Dogpile or *Hotbot*, or *Lycos*, *Linkslut*,
Ask Jeeves, *Webcrawler* . . . you can
always *Yahoo*.

MICKEY
Yahoo? Tell me something, when do we get
to the easy part?

CAMERON
(laughing)
Those are just search engines. Here,
let's just *Google*. Click on search,
right there. And now type in anything
you want.

MICKEY
Anything?

CAMERON
Yeah, anything? Think of something.

MICKEY
Fly-fishing.

CAMERON
Type it in, "fly-fishing".

Mickey's feeble fingers hit the appropriate keys.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Now press "enter".

Mickey does and the screen comes alive revealing an full
color array of several sources for fly-fishing locations and
products.

CAMERON (cont'd)
There it is.

MICKEY
(smiling broadly)
Well, I'll be a striped ass baboon. Hey,
what about tractors? I've always had a
thing for tractors.

CAMERON
Just type it in.

Mickey does and the screen changes to new colorful images of
tractors and tractor retailers.

MICKEY
This is wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

Here. Check this out. Check this out.

Cameron opens the *INTERNET MOVIE DATA BASE* and types in *Mickey Hopkins*. Mickey is amazed when his own image and credits come to life before his very eyes.

Mickey continues to click on new windows of information about himself and his body of work as a gifted writer. As the windows open, a flood of memories return. He looks up at Cameron. A tear wells up as he smiles at the boy.

MICKEY

Thank you very much for this, Cameron.
Thank you, that's nice.

CAMERON

See, you haven't been forgotten, Mickey.

MICKEY

Did you look up Flash?

CAMERON

Yeah, I showed him his resume and his credits.

MICKEY

What'd he say?

CAMERON

Yeah, big "F-bomb" deal.

MICKEY

That sounds like Flash.

CAMERON

Mick, go back to *Google*. Click on search and type in, "nursing home neglect".

Mickey types it and the screen changes quickly to several sources and additional webs sights for nursing home neglect.

MICKEY

Top 10 of 775,062 matches.

CAMERON

Try that first one.

Mickey mouses to the icon and hits enter. His smile fades away when images of old people mired in terrible conditions appear on the monitor.

MICKEY

Does that mean there's 775,061 others like this?

CAMERON

Yeah, it does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICKEY
Crimmonies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY COMPUTER ROOM - HOURS LATER

Mickey and Cameron sit at separate computer monitors,
continuing their research on the internet.

MICKEY
(reading aloud)
"Nursing Home neglect in the last year,
complaints in Texas are up 60%.
Medication errors, understaffing,
unsanitary conditions, substandard care
and injuries in an unsafe environment."

CAMERON
"The quality of care at thousands of the
nation's nursing homes is poor or
questionable at best."

MICKEY
How d'ya think they'd rate my place?

CAMERON
Sucky to very sucky!!

MICKEY
I agree.

CAMERON
(reading off the monitor)
"Activists sue nursing homes for fraud
and malnutrition in New York".

MICKEY
Federal Authorities move in to correct
irregularities in the Arkansas agency
responsible for nursing home oversight.

CAMERON
Florida General Attorney takes aim at
substandard nursing home care." It's
everywhere.

MICKEY
I think you turned over the wrong rock.

CAMERON
Or the right one. You good with all that
internet stuff, Mick?

MICKEY
(mousing with flair)
Sure, it's a piece-a-cake!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
(leaving with a smile)
See you at the production meeting,
tomorrow?

MICKEY
(not looking at Cameron)
No problemo!!

CAMERON
Peace.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - NIGHT

Cameron unhappily watches an angry Flash down the last of the Wild Turkey stolen from Murphy's Dad. Flash is drunk and continues to smoke his cigar even though it's burned out.

FLASH
Don't you have anyplace to be, for
christsakes?

CAMERON
No, not really.

FLASH
Home life that great, huh?

CAMERON
My step dad's always on my ass, all the
time.

FLASH
All the time? Well, that's maybe cause
you miss your real dad.

CAMERON
Yeah, I miss him, but Floyd's still a
dick.

FLASH
He's here isn't he? He's with your mom,
right? He brings home the bacon, right?

CAMERON
My mom works too.

FLASH
Where does your real dad live?

CAMERON
(nodding toward the city)
Out there, somewhere. I don't know.

FLASH
Here in L.A.? And you never see him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

It's a big town. He's out of sight - out of mind, right?

(pause)

I saw Mickey today.

FLASH

You what? I told you to keep away from Mickey. You'll break his goddamn heart.

CAMERON

Mickey was fine. He was fine today, I know it.

FLASH

You don't know shit! No, I take that back. You know just enough shit to be dangerous.

CAMERON

You're a mean drunk.

FLASH

Fucking A! Mean when I'm sober, mean all the time. That's how I like it. I like being alone.

CAMERON

(getting up and leaving)
Don't let me get in the way.

FLASH

(quietly)
I'll die alone; a lot of dry eyes at my funeral.

CAMERON

(without stopping)
I heard that.

FLASH

What?

CAMERON

I heard it! I'm young, damnit!

Flash watches Cameron disappear into the night. He sits back down, starts to relight his cigar, then tosses it aside.

He pulls a fresh bottle of Wild Turkey out of his coat.

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE - Flash opens the bottle and drinks it hard. He's dwarfed by the massive dam looming over him.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME REC ROOM - NIGHT

A make-shift Production meeting is in progress. Cameron and Murphy stand before the group of geriatric filmmakers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron uses a lap-top with power point, that displays sketched-out scenes on the group's television.

Mickey is there too.

CAMERON
So, Mildred is passing out the packet with the script outline on it and schedule. It's a ten minute short film.

Mildred hands a packet to Mickey. She starts to give him the "eye".

BIG JOHN
You shooting 35 or 16?

CAMERON
24P and some 16 film.

BIG JOHN
Which lab?

CAMERON
Well, Flash and I haven't worked that out yet.

BIG JOHN
Money, right?

RICHIE
Surprise. Surprise.

BIG JOHN
You don't have it yet.

CAMERON
Flash and I will get it.

Flash staggers into the room. He's drunk again.

FLASH
Are you kidding? Are you kidding? Who, the hell, in his right mind, is ever gonna give us money for a stupid little film about old people? Like someone gives a rat's ass.

Cameron is taken aback. The rest of the group turn toward Flash. A few look away, they've heard Flash go off before.

MICKEY
Don't say that, Flash.

FLASH
Oh, I'm sorry, Mickey!! Any news from New Hampshire? I forgot how close you and your daughter have become over the last few years.

Mickey looks away. Flash then turns on the mumbling crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH (cont'd)
Hey, don't feel bad about Mickey.
Because nobody gives a good goddamn about
the rest of you pathetic jerks either.

Flash's words sting with truth. They look at one another.

MICKY
Cameron does!

FLASH
Cameron??
(laughing)
No. He doesn't give a hoot and holler.
He only wants to sleaze his way into film
school.

CAMERON
Shut up, Flash!

FLASH
He's even more screwed up than we are.
He actually lives with his family and
they still hardly speak to him. He's
just a tax deduction, an inconvenience,
like us. Next year when you turn
eighteen, step daddy's going to be number
one - troubled teenager out the door;
just like your old man.

CAMERON
Screw you, Flash.

Cameron gathers his notes. Murphy closes up his laptop; the
television screen goes blank.

FLASH
Don't worry, kid, you can dump on your
poor mother later when she's old and
feeble. You know? Give her the old
Chicago Ride, chugga, chugga, chugga, you
know "one-way", all the way to the
nursing home. Some stranger will look
after her.

Cameron leaves. Murphy follows.

FLASH (cont'd)
Hey, that's right! That's right! Keep
walking, son! Keep walking! We've been
betrayed by people better than you. Even
people we've loved.

There's an uneasy prolonged silence. Mickey, finally stands
up and walks out. He says nothing as he passes Flash.

FLASH (cont'd)
You know more than anyone what I'm
talking about Mickey. Your daughter
dumped you like a dog.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FLASH (cont'd)
She said, "I haven't got time for him."
But she had time for some drunk back
east.

Montana, Mildred and the others each get up and walk past
Flash without a word.

FLASH (cont'd)
Oh. Oh. Well we're all leaving. We all
got the Chicago Ride. You're nothing but
a bunch of forgotten souls. Go on get
out of here you "Has beens" and "never
was". Freaks! Jerks! Piss ants!

Flash swipes the chess pieces across the room.

FLASH (cont'd)
Nobody gives a Rottweiler's shit about
you!

Flash stands alone.

FLASH (cont'd)
Or me.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cameron, drinking a beer, is stretched out on one of the old
dusty sofas. Murphy, with his beer in hand, checks out the
pictures on the wall.

MURPHY
Dead people kinda creep me out.

CAMERON
I can't believe Flash turned on me like
that.

MURPHY
Forget Flash, dude, he's a senile old
bastard.

Suddenly, security FLASHLIGHTS shine into the grip lounge.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Shit!!

SECURITY GUARDS
You can't be in here! Hey, what are you
kids doing?! Hey!

The boys nearly knock down the two SECURITY GUARDS entering
the room. The Guards seem confused when they look around
this previously undiscovered room. They take off after the
boys.

EXT. STUDIO GATE - NIGHT

Cameron and Murphy run through the gate in a hurry, the pursuing Security Guards stop; one keys his mic and speaks into it. The boys get away.

MONTAGE - MUSIC CUE: Reprise "SANTA MARIA" (2nd half) by The Frames.

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - NIGHT

Flash sits alone drinking and weeping.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mickey stands alone in the dark, looking at his typewriter with an unfinished page still in it. He slowly pulls the page out. He glances at it. His hands hurt when he painfully crumples it up, then tosses it aside.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME REC ROOM - NIGHT

Big John, Richie and the rest of the gang play poker. Mildred, seductively walks behind the men, touching their shoulders while checking out their cards.

Mrs. Erskine and her Lady Friends continue with their quilting. Speed sits real close to the television so he can hear better. A COUPLE STAFF MEMBERS are keeping an eye on the group.

EXT. BEVERLY CINEMA - NIGHT

Mr. Klein puts changes the marquee yet another time.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He closes his type writer case, sits down by the window, then rubs some anti-inflammatory cream on his hands. The flashing lights from an L.A.P.D. Cruiser blur past his building. He hears the sirens and other noises of Los Angeles outside his window.

EXT. ANIMAL CONTROL BUILDING - NIGHT

Flash peers through the chain-link at the building. His eyes are full of tears.

EXT. ANIMAL CONTROL BUILDING - NIGHT

Flash sneaks, stumbles really, around to the back of the building. He peers inside a window.

(READER'S NOTE: The following scene is to be primarily played on Flash's face instead of exploiting images of unwanted dogs being exterminated by the city.)

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL BUILDING - NIGHT

Flash sees TWO MEN working on a bench with a group of dogs. The first man takes a freshly injected dog and lays its limp, lifeless carcass on a pallet loaded with six other recent kills. Their vacant dead eyes seem to stare at Flash.

The second man holds another dog who squirms with discomfort and fear. He injects the dog with the lethal dose; then coldly watches the dog's life slip away.

EXT. L.A. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Cameron rides while Murphy drives, they continue to drink beer. Just as Cameron swigs his beer, he sees Brett Raven's car parked outside an all night bowling alley.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY (REAR ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

Cameron and Murphy enter through a back door.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY PINSETTER AREA - NIGHT

Cameron and Murphy walk along as the bowling balls explode into the pins with loud effect.

Cameron bends low to see Brett Raven through the pinsetter.

CAMERON'S P.O.V.

The atmosphere of the bowling alley is electric. Rock and roll music blasts over the loud-speakers. The room is in "black light" mode with pins and bowling balls glowing with illumination.

Cameron, drunk on his butt, smiles and heads toward the lanes inside the bowling alley.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Brett Raven takes aim and lets the ball roll. Cameron steps into Brett's lane. He kicks Brett's ball into the gutter.

Brett takes off toward Cameron who takes off toward Brett. They run at full speed and collide. Brett's bowling shoes cause him to slip and Cameron flails away, getting the best of Brett.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A L.A.P.D. Police officer leads a handcuffed Cameron to a waiting police car.

END MONTAGE:

FREEZE/DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Cameron and Murphy sit in the lock up. Cameron looks at Murphy.

MURPHY
Dude, we're gonna make it.

CAMERON
Yeah, I know, but . . .

A large, JAILER, approaches, his keys jangle with his walk.

JAILER #1
Murphy White??

MURPHY
Yeah.

JAILER #1
You made bail. You're out of here.

MURPHY
Cool, can my friend come with me?

JAILER #1
No, nobody's came for him, yet. He'll be here all night.

MURPHY
Sorry, dude.

Murphy gets up and goes with the Jailer.

MURPHY (cont'd)
I'll call your mom.

CAMERON
Don't worry about it. She already knows.

The Jailer approaches, a white shirts and gray pants in his hands.

JAILER #1
I gotta dress you down and put you with the rest of the guys, Kincaid. You'll be arraigned on Monday. Let's go.

He tosses the orange suit to Cameron, who finally realizes he's really on his own now. He nods to the Jailer and starts to undress.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE LOCK UP - NIGHT

Cameron joins twenty-five other young inmates in a large sleeping area. Cameron is the last to join the group. He slowly walks amid the bodies already turned in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves to an empty bunk in the back. Several scary faces, notice his arrival.

Cameron crawls into bed but definitely doesn't fall asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE LOCK UP - DAY

Cameron, still awake, stirs when the Day Shift JAILER bangs on the cell with his night stick.

JAILER #2
Rise and shine, my wannabe felons.
Breakfast in five minutes.

The group mumbles as they start to get ready for the day.

JAILER #2 (cont'd)
Who's Cameron Kincaid?

CAMERON
Yeah?

JAILER #2
You made bail. You're gone.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY JUVENILE HALL - DAY

Cameron, back in his street clothes, walks out of the building. He shields the bright sun from his eyes.

A solemn looking Flash is waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs. Cameron just looks at him for a beat then walks right past him.

FLASH
I can get you the money.

CAMERON
Forget it.

FLASH
Don't you want to finish the movie?

CAMERON
(turning around)
Finish the movie? We haven't even started filming the movie! And with more bullshit like you pulled last night, we never will.

FLASH
That was my fault.

CAMERON
Yeah, you're totally right. It was your fault. It was your bad!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
I know, I know it was my, ah . . . bad.
It won't happen again. I won't do it
again. I just got pissed off.

CAMERON
Pissed off about what?

FLASH
It's a long story.

CAMERON
I got all winter.

FLASH
Look, I gotta eat a shit load of crow to
get you your money. A guy I haven't
talked to for some forty years. A guy I
hate.

CAMERON
You hate everybody?

FLASH
But this one's special vintage.

CAMERON
So, why can't we get the money from
somebody else?

FLASH
We can't. Not so quick, anyway.

CAMERON
Okay, Flash you know that so many people
are in on this thing now, that if you go
off again, it won't just be me that
you'll be letting down.

FLASH
You think I don't know that. Come on.

Flash flags down a bus with his cane. Cameron walks up to
him.

CAMERON
Okay, when we started this thing, you
made me make a promise to you. Now you
have to make a promise to me.

FLASH
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I got it.

CAMERON
No more drinking. No more drinking until
we're wrapped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH
Yeah. Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The bus pulls away revealing Flash and Cameron walking toward a huge, ornate driveway gate.

CAMERON
The guy that pissed you off lives here?

FLASH
Yeah.

CAMERON
What's his name?

FLASH
Taylor Moss.

Cameron stops in his tracks.

CAMERON
Taylor Moss. Taylor "three time academy
award winning producer" Moss??

FLASH
That's right.

CAMERON
Jesus.

Cameron follows Flash to the mansion.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION GATE -DAY

They stop at the gate. Flash pushes the intercom button.

CAMERON
What'd Taylor Moss do to piss you off so
bad?

FLASH
He screwed my wife?

The speaker crackles.

CAMERON
What . . . ?

BUTLER (O.S) (FILTERED)
May, I help you, sir?

FLASH
We're here to see Taylor Moss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTLER (O.S) (FILTERED)
Whom shall I say is calling?

FLASH
Calling? We're not calling, we're here .
. standing . . waiting . . on you.

BUTLER
I do beg your pardon, sir.

Cameron looks around nervously.

FLASH
Tell him it's Flash Madden. Now, go get
him, show some *huevos*.

The butler clicks off.

FLASH (cont'd)
Pretentious prick, act like he got a
butler.

The gate opens.

They walk through the gate on a winding driveway leading to a
massive Hollywood Hills Mansion.

FLASH (cont'd)
Anyway, this guy Moss, not only screws my
wife, she runs off with him.

CAMERON
What?

FLASH
Broke my heart in a million pieces.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

They reach the bottom of the stairs leading to the mansion.
A neatly dressed BUTLER awaits their arrival.

FLASH
So, where the hell is he?

The Butler motions toward the front door, revealing TAYLOR
MOSS (mid 70's), sharply dressed in an expensive tennis
outfit.

MOSS
I don't believe my eyes.

FLASH
Well. if it ain't Pancho, "oy vay",
Gonzales?

Taylor Moss slowly frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOSS

I see those stand-up classes really paid off.

FLASH

Up yours and Happy Hanukkah.
(walking in like he owns the place)
This here is Cameron. He needs your help.

CAMERON

(awkward)
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Moss.

MOSS

(nodding)
Cameron.

Moss closes the door, shaking his head.

Flash notices a framed portrait of his ex-wife on the living room wall.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION, SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Taylor Moss, Cameron and Flash sit under a pool-side cabana on the veranda next to his large indoor pool. A MEXICAN MAID (young 30's) pours them all some fresh lemonade. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (late 20's) swims laps. Flash scowls at Moss while Cameron explains their situation.

CAMERON

(noticing the swimming woman)
So that's our story. It's about \$5,000 in hard costs.

MOSS

(looking at Flash)
She died a couple of years ago.

FLASH

I heard.

MOSS

She was the greatest person I ever knew.

FLASH

Tell me something I don't know.

Moss opens a nearby humidior and holds it out to Flash.

FLASH (cont'd)

(nodding toward the girl)
I can see that you really miss her.

TAYLOR MOSS

It was two years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
Seems like yesterday to me.

MOSS
Cigar?

FLASH
(taking a long Churchill)
Don't mind if I do.

Moss hands Flash the cigar cutter, but Flash uses his teeth.

MOSS
(offering the humidor)
Cameron?

CAMERON
No thanks, I'll watch and learn.

FLASH
Thanks for the cigar. But don't confuse
it with a calumet!

CAMERON
A what?

MOSS
(to Cameron)
A peace pipe.
(to Flash)
After forty years, no forgiveness, huh?

FLASH
Forty-three. Forgive you - hey, screw
you!

MOSS
I'm sorry that your life has been so
joyless, so unhappy, so sad.

FLASH
And your's is so fulfilled, right? Don't
confuse activity with achievement. I've
seen those pieces of shit, those
celluloid abortions that you call movies.

MOSS
They weren't all stinkers. Even won a
couple of brass dolls.

CAMERON
Three of them.

MOSS
The picture business has been good to me.

FLASH
Cut the bullshit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOSS
That bullshit is the reason you're here.

FLASH
You made your point. So, do we get the
five large or not?

Cameron flinches.

MOSS
(nodding)
Sure, Flash. For old times sake.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS - EVENING

Cameron walks Flash up the driveway to the main building.

CAMERON
Listen, I'm sorry I screwed up your life,
Flash. I didn't mean to get you into
this.

FLASH
A man's has to kill his own snakes.

CAMERON
You did me a solid today, Flash. I owe
you big time.

FLASH
(not turning around)
Well, we'll cash the check tomorrow and
don't you worry kid, we'll get this epic
of yours on the road.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME, LOBBY - NIGHT

Flash walks slowly through the door.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME REC ROOM - NIGHT

Speed watches TV. Mildred plays "Texas Hold'em" poker with,
Bernie, Richie and others. Mildred deals.

MILDRED
Two of hearts, Ace of diamonds, a bullet
and Jack of clubs . . .

Flash makes his way to the main rec room of the home, where
Mrs. Erskine and her lady friends are back making their
quilt, some of the others watch TV. All activity stops when
they see Flash.

Flash turns off the TV with a remote. The mood in the room
is quiet. All eyes are on Flash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH

Well, I could say that I got buttered,
that Wild Turkey did most of the talking;
but, you know, I've been hiding behind
that longer than I care to admit.

RICHIE

Surprise. Surprise.

FLASH

I'm real sorry about what I . . . about
last night. I didn't mean what I said.
You're not forgotten souls. You're not a
bunch of pathetic jerks . . . just me.

Nobody says a word.

BIG JOHN

So? Does that kid still want us to make
his movie or not?

FLASH

Well, we raised a little money today and
it looks like we're back on. If you
still want to . . .

Montana raises her hand.

FLASH (cont'd)

Yes, Montana?

MONTANA

(looking around the room)
What time is call?

FLASH

Seven A.M., Monday morning.

ABBY SINGER

Then we're in.

SPEED

Speed!

BIG JOHN

Why the hell not? Speed!

BERNIE

I think you lot are insane. All of you.

Flash smiles as the group is rejuvenated with excitement
about the film being back on.

FLASH

(softening)
Godanmit. You folks are the best.

MRS. ERSKINE

Goody! Goody!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH

That kid is so lucky to have you on his team.

BIG JOHN

It's your team too, Flash.

FLASH

I guess I'm lucky, too.

SPEED

We're going to make a movie!

Mildred gives Flash a big hug. The others join in and pat Flash on the back.

MILDRED

We love you, Flash.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John Ford's weathered, patched-eye face from a 1978 New York Film Festival poster hangs above Cameron's monitor.

WE SEE on the computer screen: GAO Assails Nursing Home Care in State; Nursing Home Abuse and Neglect Information Center. Cameron listens through his computer speakers.

CAMERON'S VOICE

Nursing home abuse and neglect has become widespread and a growing epidemic.

WE SEE on the computer screen: Nursing Home Negligence.

CAMERON'S VOICE (cont'd)

The last two to three years have seen an increase in litigations against nursing homes and rather sizeable verdicts across the country.

WE SEE on the computer screen: Nurseweek/Healthweek President George W. Bush proposes nursing home reforms.

CAMERON'S VOICE (cont'd)

As the population of the United States gets older and older, more and more people end up in nursing homes. Moving a parent to a nursing home is one of life's most difficult decisions.

Cameron is both moved and saddened by what he reads. He stares at John Ford's face, logs off and leaves the room.

INT. CAMERON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron enters. He notices some dirty dishes not yet cleared from the dining room table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs an armful and walks to the kitchen. He notices Floyd watching television in a nearby room.

INT. CAMERON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cameron's mom is loading the dishwasher when Cameron enters with the plates.

MOM
(surprised)
Thanks honey, I really appreciate that.

CAMERON
Sorry, for being a pain in the butt. I mean going to jail and the fight.

MOM
Maybe you learned something, this time.

CAMERON
I think I did.

MOM
I hope so. You realize why we didn't bail you out, don't you?

CAMERON
Yeah, I know.

MOM
Is something else on your mind?

CAMERON
Mom, you know that if anything ever happens to you, that you get old or sick or something, that I'll take care of you.

MOM
Honey, nothing's going to happen to me.

CAMERON
I know. Knock on wood. If "numb-nuts", there ever, I'm sorry, Floyd, if he ever dumps you, gets rid of you, I'll take care of you. After I kick his ass.

MOM
(laughing)
We'll both kick his ass.

CAMERON
(serious)
I mean it, whatever happens to you that I'll take care of you.

MOM
(touched)
I believe you.

She hugs Cameron, soapy hands and all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM (cont'd)
We'll take care of each other.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A December RAIN pelts the neighborhood in a steady stream. Mickey sits at his window watching life go by. He notices Flash footing it up his walkway.

EXT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Flash is about to knock on the door when he sees Mickey quietly staring at him. Each man exchanges looks at one another. Flash senses that Mickey's not going to let him in.

FLASH
Don't tell me. Let me guess. I've reached an "all time" low. Right?

MICKEY
The film business is a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run wild and good men die like dogs. There's also a negative side.

Flash approaches the window.

FLASH
That's Hunter S. Thompson. I miss him.

MICKEY
A couple weeks ago, I was happily bored and miserable, then you came by with that kid and tantalized me with a little hope. How dare you toy with my life. Get out of here.

FLASH
You are so sexy when you're mad.

Mickey shakes his head. A tiny smile creeps onto his face.

MICKEY
(standing)
Come on in, sin no more.

A relieved Flash heads back.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Flash walks in and sits down.

MICKEY
You were right about my daughter and all, dumping me like a dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH

I was talking out of my ass. She didn't dump you.

MICKEY

The hell she didn't. Time I realized it, too. I ought to be more like you, hate everybody and everything.

FLASH

A lot of good it's done me.

MICKEY

You seem to deal better than most.

FLASH

It's a front.

MICKEY

Flash, do you think they really don't love us anymore?

FLASH

I'm sure they do, but they got problems too, you know, distractions . . .

MICKEY

I really miss talking to my daughter.

FLASH

Then maybe you should call her. What the hell?

MICKEY

I think I will.

FLASH

(getting up)
So, I'm leaving. So, we're good, huh?
All's forgiven and all?

MICKEY

All's forgiven.

FLASH

(walking away)
You're a better man than me, Mickey.
Forgiveness was never my long suit.
(turning back)
Oh, I patched it up with Cameron and the gang at the home.

MICKEY

You've been a busy apologizer, huh?

FLASH

So to speak. Well, hope is alive, the film is back on and Cameron will be over tomorrow to help you with the script.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY
Great, I like that kid.

FLASH
All's right with the world.

Flash leaves while Mickey busies himself with the phone call to his daughter.

EXT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It continues to rain. Flash heads for the wet street but curiosity gets the better of him; he returns to watch Mickey talk to his daughter.

MICKEY
I hope her number is still the same.
(into phone)
Hello? Honey? Yeah, it's daddy. Yeah,
I know. I just wanted to call and see
how you're doing. Oh, you gotta go out?
I just wanted to talk to you. Yeah, I'll
call you another time. Bye-bye, honey.

The conversation seems quite hopeful and positive by Mickey's reaction. Because of the rain, WE CAN'T HEAR but he seems upbeat and animated. The call is short lived though. The smile on Mickey's face fades and his energy drops when she obviously can't talk any longer. He hangs up the phone.

Flash watches for a reaction, but Mickey doesn't sadden or fret; he reaches for the typewriter and starts to type with a purpose.

Flash walks away in the rain while Mickey types away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY STREET - NIGHT

Cameron watches Brett Raven's CAMERA CREW setting up a shot, through his binoculars.

Flash and Murphy sneak over to the generator.

FLASH
Sabotage is essential in warfare. Brett
Raven's ahead of you, we gotta slow him
down.

CAMERON
(hesitantly)
Flash, are sure about this?

FLASH
Are we going to do this or not?

CAMERON
You're clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flash unscrews a tiny valve; gasoline pours out onto the ground.

FLASH
Well, It's a myth that scripts are the
lifeblood of Hollywood. It's gasoline.

When the tank goes dry, the generator starts to kill; causing the lights to pulsate then eventually go out.

FLASH (cont'd)
Whoops, no more lifeblood.

Through the Binoculars, a POSSE of flashlight beams come running toward the generator.

CAMERON
Oh man!

MURPHY
Oh no!

Flash accidently drops his cigar, igniting the gasoline.

FLASH
Oh shit!!

Cameron, Flash and Murphy take off running. There's an EXPLOSION. Brett Raven and his crew watch helplessly as the generator burns.

MUSIC CUE: *"THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA" Theme from "2001: A Space Odyssey by Richard Strauss.*

Flash, running, actually passes the out-of-shape Murphy but not Cameron. They finally are safe when they take refuge by jumping on a city bus, just pulling away.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mickey finishes the final touches on Cameron's script. Cameron enters the room, noticing a PAINT CREW working on the courtyard and hallway.

CAMERON
Hey.

MICKEY
Hey, Cam.

CAMERON
Looks like an extreme make-over or something going on out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

Yeah, they started to spruce the place up when they heard about our little project.

CAMERON

(smiling)

I wonder how they found out about that?

MICKEY

I'm proud of this.

CAMERON

Yeah, me too.

MICKEY

TA-TA!!

CAMERON

(getting up)

It's finished?

MICKEY

For now, you don't write in this business, you rewrite. We have a screenplay!

CAMERON

This is great.

(reading a page)

It's great dialogue. You're the man, Mick.

MICKEY

Thanks . . . the man for what?

CAMERON

You know? You the man!!

MICKEY

Anyway, it's not the dialogue, it's the "subtext", I'm concerned about. The unspoken calendar of intentions, feelings and inner events. That's what matters to me.

CAMERON

Sounds cool.

MICKEY

Let's go make a movie!!

CAMERON

Money!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: CAMERON'S FILM SHOOT

MUSIC CUE: "I'D LOVE TO CHANGE THE WORLD" by Ten Years After.

ANGLE - 110A, BARBERSHOP

Mickey gets a haircut. Flash demonstrates the proper way to use a light meter to Cameron. He points it toward the light and the needle reacts. Cameron smiles when he understands.

ANGLE - 110B, RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS

Richard, ("GIGI" production designer), goes over some set designs with Cameron and Murphy. He shows them detailed, professional drawings and a palette of colors and wardrobe swatches.

ANGLE - 110C, ROWDY MCDOWELL ROSE GARDEN

Montana shows Cameron a swatch ball with a variety of costume choices. She shows motions to a statue of Caesar from *The Planet of the Apes*.

ANGLE - 110D, RETIREMENT HOME REC ROOM

Bernie gives Cameron and Murphy a very thorough "show and tell" of all the props he's absconded from various nursing homes, including his. Flash smiles approvingly.

ANGLE - 110F, MILDRED'S BUNGALOW

Mrs. Erskine demonstrates several types of make-up on Mildred who "hams" it up to the hilt. Cameron and Murphy laugh. Mrs. Erskine rolls her eyes.

ANGLE - 110G, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

OMIT

ANGLE - 110H, RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS

While others putt on a practice green, Big John shows Murphy and Cameron how to put a "century stand" together and bag it properly. The boys try to do it but screw it up. Flash buries his face in his hands. The patient Big John shows them again. They get it this time.

ANGLE - 110J, SEPULVEDA DAM

Speed shows Cameron his old stereo Nagra Recorder. Speed hands the headset to Cameron, who listens and starts nodding in agreement. Murphy hands Speed a small DAT Recorder who ejects the tape. Speed holds the tiny digital tape in his weathered hand in amazement. He smiles.

ANGLE - 110JA, STUDIO STAGE

Flash shows Cameron how to work an old camera, while Murphy shoots his video camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - 110U, CAMERON'S ROOM

Cameron and Murphy shoot internet footage off the computer monitor in Cameron's room. Mickey clicks the mouse to manipulate the images. Flash sits on Cameron's bed and rests.

ANGLE - 110K, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Mildred stands in frame and smacks the slate. She gives a cute, little wink to the camera.

ANGLE - 110L, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Cameron directs an ELDERLY ACTOR in a scripted death scene. Even some of the crew are moved by the scene. Mickey gives him a "thumbs up".

ANGLE - 110M, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

While looking through the camera, Cameron guides Flash with his finger, helping Flash block a lens flare with a flag. He tells Flash to "lock it off". Flash smiles proudly at Big John. They boys are learning quick.

ANGLE - 110N, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Taylor Moss stands in the background as Cameron directs a scene at an old neglected nursing home. His stoic mood and attitude are hard to read.

ANGLE - 110P, HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

OMIT

ANGLE - 110Q, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Cameron interviews many people, including doctors, nurses, old people, mail-carriers, nursing home managers etc. Speed is right there with him, getting every word on tape. Murphy handles the boom operator duties.

ANGLE - 110R, HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Cameron lay on a gurney, under a sheet. Big John and Flash push the gurney along. On cue, Cameron lifts the sheet, reveals his camera and starts shooting footage of horrible conditions. Suddenly, a MAN chases them out of there. All three take off in a hurry.

ANGLE - 110S, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Cameron shoots a series of inserts: bed pans, filthy conditions, old swollen joints, bed sores, malnutrition, horrible food, gnarled up hands, dirty beds, rancid laundry, awful bath tubs, empty mail slots, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - 110T, TAYLOR MOSS LIMO

Taylor Moss watches dailies on a laptop computer in the back seat of his limo. He's very impressed with Cameron's talent and sensibility. He puts his cellular phone to his ear.

ANGLE - 110V, BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER

Flash and Cameron sit together, watching another old film at the Avalon Theater. Flash points out various details on the screen. Cameron nods. He's attentive and impressed with Flash's amazing range of film knowledge.

ANGLE - 110W, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Flash helps Big John carry a heavy light; he pauses to catch his breath. He feels light-headed, but laughs it off and grabs the light like he used to in his younger days.

ANGLE - 110X, HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Cameron pushes Flash in a wheelchair, who is posing as a prospective patient. Taylor Moss accompanies them. He distracts the manager with some questions. Flash whips out Cameron's video camera and shoots more "dolly" like shots of another hell hole. Cameron holds a blanket up, shielding Flash from the manager's point of view.

ANGLE - 110Y, NEGLECTED NURSING HOME

Cameron shoots a series of many amazing faces of the most interesting people he's ever met. He's especially moved by one lady's sweet face, even though terribly mistreated, she still maintains a smile and quiet dignity.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are finally finished. They all "high-five" each other. There's a lot of satisfaction in the room.

CAMERON

That's a wrap! We're done! That's a wrap! I can't believe we did it.

Cameron gives Flash a big hug, Flash hugs back weakly.

FLASH

You did it, kid.

CAMERON

Get out of here, we all did it. You want a cigar?

FLASH

Dumb question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron digs a bag of cigars out of his top dresser drawer.

CAMERON
Time to burn some more of Castro's crops,
huh?

He hands Flash a beautiful, long, fresh Cuban "*Presidente*".

FLASH
Call it national pride, *amigo*.
(looking inside Cameron's top
drawer)
Oh my god, you don't keep the cigars in
your underwear drawer?

CAMERON
It's the best humidior around.

MICKEY
I can imagine where the humidity comes
from.

FLASH
(lighting up)
Yeah, my point, exactly.

CAMERON
(looking thoughtfully at Flash)
You sure you're alright, Flash?

FLASH
(dismissing it)
Yeah, yeah, I'm a little tired that's
all. My last film was in 1968.

MURPHY
Money, dude!

MICKEY
What the hell does that mean? Money?

MURPHY
I don't know. It means . . . money. I
don't know. I'm going to go to the lab.

FLASH
That clears it up.

MICKEY
I'm out of here, right behind you.

FLASH
Me too!

CAMERON
Wait, my mom will give you guys a ride
home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY
You sure she doesn't mind? We don't want
to be any trouble.

FLASH
(adamant)
We'll take the ride.

MICKEY
We'll take the ride. Thanks, kid.

CAMERON
I'll go get her.

Cameron runs out of his room.

FLASH
Next shot's in a glass.

Flash takes a flask out of his coat and takes a long well
deserved swig of Wild Turkey. His first since he made his
promise to Cameron.

Mickey smiles.

MICKEY
Go ahead, Flash, you deserve it.

FLASH
(puffing the cigar)
Don't mind if I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE COMPLEX - NIGHT

An upbeat Cameron and Murphy climb the hill looking for
Flash.

MURPHY
I don't know. The edit's looking really
good.

CAMERON
It could work. We might have a chance.

MURPHY
Are you kidding, dude? It rocks.

CAMERON
Something's missing.

MURPHY
You're whack, dude.

CAMERON
What the hell is Flash doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They spot Flash climbing over the fence into the compound.

MURPHY
Oh, this can't be good.

EXT. ANIMAL CONTROL BUILDING - NIGHT

Flash struggles but gets over the fence just as Cameron and Murphy get to him.

CAMERON
Flash, be careful!!

MURPHY
He means don't get caught.

FLASH
We did it boys! We made a movie!

They talk through the fence.

CAMERON
You promised not to drink.

FLASH
Only 'til we wrapped.

MURPHY
What are you doing?

FLASH
I'm doing the right thing.

CAMERON
What are you talking about?

FLASH
(walking away)
I'm not going to leave without 'em.

CAMERON & MURPHY
Without who?

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL BUILDING - NIGHT

BARKING. WE SEE dozens of cages full of barking dogs.

MURPHY
Definitely, not good.

Flash smiles a drunk smile. Cameron flicks on a light and moves over to the cages.

He sees the dogs in terrible condition, urine and feces everywhere.

CAMERON
Hey, roll on this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPHY
(pulling out his video camera)
Alright, you got it.

CAMERON
This looks familiar, right?

MURPHY
I'm feeling ya; dogs and humans - there's
no difference.

Cameron sees Flash opening the cages.

CAMERON
Flash, what the hell . . .What the hell
are you doing?

FLASH
I'm setting them free!! What in the hell
do you think I'm doing?

MURPHY
Cameron, we can't get busted again.

CAMERON
Murph's right, Flash. We can't . . .

FLASH
(opening more cages)
Murph's a coward. Just like that son-of-
bitch Nietzsche.
(to the dogs)
Hey, let my people go. Run doggies.

Dozens of DOGS run free in the complex.

CAMERON
Run where, Flash? Where?

FLASH
Where? I know a place.

CAMERON
Where?

FLASH
Get the truck.

CAMERON
Flash we can't!

Cameron and Murphy don't move.

MURPHY
No. No way.

FLASH
You pussies! I'll get it myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Flash goes over to the truck and starts looking for the keys.
Cameron runs over and joins Flash.

CAMERON
Flash, this is not cool. This is grand theft auto, okay? And I know a little something about it and I won't do it again.

FLASH
(drunk but serious)
I am not leaving without those dogs! I mean they're gonna kill'em. Don't you care?

CAMERON
Flash, of course, I care . . .

FLASH
After all I've done for you. You can't do this one small thing for me.

MURPHY
This one small felony.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The panel truck chugs along the boulevard. Cameron drives the truck; Flash sits in the passenger seat. Murphy stands behind them amid forty-seven barking dogs.

FLASH
I know a dog park in Boyle Heights.

MURPHY
(shooting a close up a dog's face ten inches away from his)
Yeah, at least dumping dogs in a dog park is only a misdemeanor.

FLASH
Who goes to dog parks? Dog owners, dog lovers!! People who give a shit.

CAMERON
Yeah, but they already have dogs, that's why they go there.

MURPHY
And it's midnight, no one is even going to be there right now, anyway.

FLASH
Yeah, I know that. But in the morning when the dog lovers show up, hey, who knows, the dogs may get lucky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPHY
Dog people are crazy.

FLASH
They're nuts. When they get together,
it's worse than an AA meeting.

Cameron laughs.

FLASH (cont'd)
But the bottom line is they love dogs
more than life itself and that's perfect
for us.

MURPHY
And our seventeen friends.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG PARK - NIGHT

The panel truck backs up to a fence at the dog park. The gate is clearly marked by a sign that reads: *"Abandoning dogs is not allowed and is punishable by law, L.A. City Ordinance 3749"*.

Murphy points to the sign.

MURPHY
See, Flash?

FLASH
They don't mean it. Open it up.

Cameron and Murphy swing the doors wide open. All forty-seven dogs run into the park. They jump and frolic with each other, thoroughly enjoying their new found freedom. Murphy video tapes the release.

FLASH (cont'd)
Ain't that a pretty sight.

CAMERON
I have to admit. They are a happy bunch.

MURPHY
Right, but Animal Control will come and pick them up tomorrow.

FLASH
At least they have tonight.

CAMERON
Come on, let's get out of here before
"human control" comes and picks us up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Flash and Cameron eat Christmas dinner (turkey with all the trimmings) with his mom and Floyd.

FLOYD
Leaders are born.

CAMERON
Leaders are made.

FLASH
To be a leader, all you need is followers.

FLOYD
Have you ever heard the term, "natural born leader"? Why do you have to argue about everything that I say?

FLASH
He's not arguing, Floyd, he's topping. He's a topper. What ever you say, he tops. It's a kid thing.

CAMERON
That's horseshit.

MOM
Cameron, please.

CAMERON
Sorry, mom.

FLASH
Kids are trying to find a voice. You know? They want to be heard, they want to be respected.

FLOYD
It's easy to respect back when they respect us.

FLASH
It's one thing to demand respect, it's another to command respect. Am I right, Floyd?

CAMERON
Is he right, Floyd?

A very vexed Floyd finishes off his beer.

FLOYD
Yeah, right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
(changing the subject)
That was the best Christmas turkey I have
eaten since . . . before I started eating
strained prunes on an irregular basis.

MOM
Thank you, Flash. It was my pleasure.

CAMERON
It was great, mom.

FLASH
(raising his wine glass)
Well, it deserves a toast. Let me tell
you.

Cameron and his mother immediately raise their glasses.
Floyd hesitates, looking at Flash with some contempt.

FLASH (cont'd)
Come on Floyd, you don't have to be a
dick everyday of your life.

MOM
Good god, Flash.

CAMERON
(bursting out laughter)
Easy. Easy, Flash.

FLASH
I'm just messing with him, right Floyd?
You and me, we understand each other,
right?

FLOYD
Yeah, I think we do.

Floyd smiles then gets up, takes his beer glass and walks
outside to the patio.

Tension is in the air. Mom tries to break the mood.

MOM
I'll get coffee and dessert.

They both walk out the room. Flash gets up, grabs Floyd's
beer bottle and goes out to talk with Floyd.

EXT. CAMERON'S PATIO - NIGHT

FLASH
Do you have to work at being an asshole
or does it come naturally?

Flash pours the rest of Floyd's beer into Floyd's glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD
(eyeing him suspiciously)
Thank you.

FLASH
You're welcome. Because it comes real
natural for me.

FLOYD
Your point is?

FLASH
Point is, pal, that being an asshole
everyday of your life is a dead end for
loneliness. One day you're going to wake
up and find there's no one else left to
be mean to. And on that day, hey, hey,
hey you die.

FLOYD
What crap!!

FLASH
I've been meaner than a snake to most
people I know. But now that I'm at the
end of my game, there are precious few
left.

FLOYD
My ass bleeds for you.

FLASH
(smiling)
It felt good for you to say that, didn't
it?

FLOYD
As a matter of fact, it did.

FLASH
I know, I used to take great pleasure in
doing shit like that. I was a master at
it.

FLOYD
Fascinating.

FLASH
(getting in Floyd's grill)
Listen to me, you dim-witted mud-hook;
I'm trying to tell you something . . .
something important . . .
(getting scary)
and you choose to crack wise. Now trust
me, if you want your ears boxed, I'll
gladly oblige! I know I may be getting
on in years but I can still knock you off
the porch. You get my meaning,
simpleton!!!

Floyd cowers a bit, taking another gulp of beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH (cont'd)
Now, lay off Cameron. He's good people.

FLOYD
He doesn't like me and I don't like him.

FLASH
I don't like you either, but I love that boy.

FLOYD
I'm happy for you.

FLASH
You don't get it, do you? You don't see his worth, do you? But mark my words that boy will make you proud, if you just give him a chance.

Floyd listens.

INT. CAMERON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron and his mother enter with the coffee and dessert. Flash and Floyd return to the dining room table.

FLASH
Hey, Cameron, we were just listing your short comings.

Cameron looks at Floyd who looks back at him.

CAMERON
I know; I gotta do better.

FLASH
(taking a bite of pie)
My god, mother Kincaid, what a culinary wizard you turned out to be.

CAMERON
I know, she's the best, right?

FLOYD
Yes, she is.

MOM
(kissing Floyd on cheek)
Thank you, honey.

CAMERON
(handing Floyd a piece of pie)
Here, Floyd. Here you go.

FLOYD
Thank you.

Flash smiles and eats his pie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD (cont'd)
How's your movie coming?

CAMERON
Huh? Oh, it's good. We're editing now.

FLOYD
I'd like to see it.

CAMERON
Yeah, as soon as it's done.

MOM
(excited)
I can't wait.

CAMERON
Flash, is the man! We could not have
done it without this man here.

FLASH
And the entire west wing of the "*MOTION
PICTURE RESIDENCE*."

They give Flash a brief applause.

FLASH (cont'd)
Hey, the toast then. Let me think. Let
me think.
(a beat)
"Even though we may fall into misfortune,
still let us remember what it was once
like here, when we were all together,
united by a good and kind feeling, when
we were . . . perhaps better than we
are." Yeah, that's it. That's it.

They look at one another then "clink" their glasses
together.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

The double feature marquis READS: "*VERTIGO*" and "*REAR WIN . .
. .*" Mr. Klein, standing on a tall ladder, adds the *D, O,*
and *W,* to make it READ: "*REAR WINDOW*".

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - DAY

Flash and Cameron sit alone in the middle of the theater.
They are watching "*VERTIGO*". WE SEE a scene between *James
Stewart* and *Barbara Bel Geddes*.

FLASH
(pointing to the screen)
See how *Hitchcock* only shoots in singles
in this scene? We never see *Barbara Bel
Geddes* or *James Stewart* in the same shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron looks intently at the screen.

FLASH (cont'd)
We never feel like we're watching from the outside. We're involved; we're in the scene. It's like the actors are talking to us.

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - DAY

Flash rides Cameron's bike who runs along side.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - DAY

A very proud Mickey and a very nervous Cameron watch over Taylor Moss' shoulder as he watches final-cut footage from Cameron's film on an Final Cut Pro 4 computer, WE SEE:

INT. MOVIE NURSING HOME - DAY

The intercut footage reveals a MONTAGE of dogs in cages and old people in their own horrible situations. The seamless dolly shots cut beautifully together.

MOSS (O.S.)
This is great, Cameron, really great. Just make the few tweaks I asked for and it'll be ready to submit.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Yeah, today's the day, in by five o'clock. No exceptions!!

The SCENE changes to the ELDERLY ACTOR laying alone in his bed. His world has abandoned him and he starts to slip away, our greatest fear, to die alone.

As his eyes start to flutter and ultimately close, WE HEAR his bedside telephone ring, but it's too late.

The film finishes and the computer goes black.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM -DAY

MOSS
Five o'clock, huh? Can you make it?

CAMERON
No problemo.

Taylor Moss smiles. The telephone effect keeps RINGING. It's an eerie feeling but Mickey, Cameron and Taylor Moss realize that it's Cameron's home telephone ringing in the other room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The scene of the old man's death plays in their heads as the phone continues to RING. Cameron's mother answers the phone.

MOM (O.S.)
Hello.
(listening)
Yes, this is she.
(listening)
Yes.

Cameron's mother enters his room. She clutches the phone to her chest.

MOM (cont'd)
Cameron, it's Flash!

CAMERON
(reaching for the phone)
Oh good, I need to talk to him.

MOM
(softly)
No, honey, It's about Flash.

CUT TO:

INT. VALLEY VAN NUYS HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Taylor Moss finishes a conversation with a DOCTOR in an abandoned corridor. He approaches Mickey, who sits on a chair crying. He tries to comfort him with a gentle pat on the back. He looks at a clock on the wall, IT READS: 4:50 P.M. Moss looks at his watch, IT READS: 4:55 P.M.

Through the door, he sees, Cameron standing next to Flash's bed. He moves to warn Cameron about the time.

INT. VALLEY VAN NUYS HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Flash lay in bed, not unlike the actor in Cameron's film. Cameron is next to him. Tears begin to well up in his eyes; his dear friend is dying and he can't do anything about it.

MOSS
(looking at his watch)
Cameron.

Cameron turns to Moss with tears in his eyes. The boy's look says it all. Moss relents about the deadline.

MOSS (cont'd)
I'll check on Mickey.

CAMERON
Thanks.

Taylor Moss leaves the room as Flash's eyes flutter open for a brief moment. He smiles when he sees Cameron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH
(weakly)
The man in the chair.

CAMERON
Hey, Flash.

FLASH
(weakly holding his hand up)
Cameron Kincaid, cool director!

Cameron gives him the "high-five". A tear rolls down his cheek.

CAMERON
Money.

FLASH
Money. How was the rough cut?

CAMERON
(wiping away a tear)
Rough. Very rough.

FLASH
Stick to your guns, kid. Don't let that prick Moss get you down.

CAMERON
They call it creative differences.

FLASH
Yeah, you're creative and he's different.

CAMERON
Flash . . . Flash.

They look at one another. Neither can find the words to say how they feel.

FLASH
. . . I know, kid, I know.

He reaches out for Cameron's hand and holds it for the first and last time.

FLASH (cont'd)
Before I go, I want to thank you for being a friend, . . . your my last and best friend; hey, you opened my eyes about life, you did you know.

Cameron starts to cry.

FLASH (cont'd)
(his voice fading)
I always dreaded this moment. I thought I'd be cold and lonely. Oh Jesus, I was so scared . . . but I'm okay now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH (cont'd)
I'm warm, I'm not alone . . . because I'm
with my friend.

The life goes out of Flash's body. Cameron knows it.

CAMERON
(overcome)
I'll never forget you, Flash.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FILM INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

An awards ceremony is in full swing. An EMCEE in a tux
stands at the podium.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRIP LOUNGE - DAY

A crew of CUSTODIANS dismantle the grip lounge. Pictures are
being thrown away into a large trash bin while the furniture
and everything else is being hauled away.

INTERCUT WITH:

EMCEE (V.O.)
The Best Student Short Film winner is,
Brett Raven from Chatsworth High School,
in Chatsworth, California.

Brett holds the statue high in the air, gloatingly reveling
in the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - NIGHT

Cameron sits alone staring at the freeway traffic like Flash
used to do.

INT. BEVERLY CINEMA THEATER - NIGHT

WE SEE cuts of Cameron's film, "*Human Dogs*" and the reaction
of those watching. All are impressed with Cameron's
expertise.

There's a muted sustained applause from the crowd. Mildred
moves first then Cameron is embraced by his family and crew.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

It's RAINING near a not so traveled area of the Walk of Fame.
Klieg lights from a Hollywood Premiere arc the night sky in
the distant background. A few Christmas CAROLERS stroll by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron holds his jacket over Murphy, who stencils Flash's name on a blank star with gold spray paint.

With respect, Cameron places a burning candle next to Flash's name.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME GROUNDS - DAY

Flash's vacant chair sits beneath the majestic elm tree.

Cameron enters FRAME and slowly moves to the chair. He hesitates then sits in the chair.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Brett Raven won the scholarship, not a big deal. This is my film school. I learned more in a month than he will in a life time. And Flash was right. Nietzsche was full of shit most of the time. There are no expendable masses in the world. Every person matters. What we do, who we are; can affect a generation. It's not the strength . . . but the duration of great sentiments, that makes great men. Nietzsche got that one right.

FADE OUT.

END TITLES.

- THE END -