

4AM'S PROLOGUE

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Narration begins

NARRATOR:

When I was about 4 or 5, my father accidentally left me in my car seat in his parked Volvo during an errand run in the middle of summer...

PITCH DARK TRANSITIONS INTO A BLINKING EYE OPENING UP FROM A SLEEP.

The narrator
(as a baby) has
just woken up
in the hot car
reliving the
experience in
flashback that
he began
narrating.

THE NARRATOR (FIRST PERSON VIEW) WAKES UP DISORIENTED BY THE HEAT AND LACK OF AIR AND LOOKS AROUND FOR HIS FATHER WHO HAD LEFT TO RUN AN ERRAND. MOMENTS LATER, HE SEES HIS FATHER APPROACHING THE TINTED CAR AND TALKING TO A MAN.

NARRATOR (CONTINUES):

I panicked as my oxygen was quickly running out and i was not able to think straight. I noticed my father approaching with some merchant type guy and they were both carrying a car cover which my dad wanted for his Volvo to ward off any would-be car thieves. Seeing my father calmed me down and I knew I would be alright but the unthinkable happened. I realized that my father had truly forgotten I was in the car as he proceeded to cover the entire car with his new car cover. After the car was fully covered, I panicked and unhooked myself from the car seat and began banging on the windows amid the hustle and bustle of the Nigerian [note: or some other emerging country] streets. No one could hear my calls for my dad or my tiny fists against the window and so i tried to open the car doors by myself but the car cover proved to be a strong

(MORE)

NARRATOR : (CONT'D)
 resistance. It wasn't until the merchant noticed the car cover protruding towards him complemented by tiny screams that he assisted to get me out of the car. I got out to the honks of motorcycles and cars stuck in traffic and the smell of burning fossil fuels, happy as if I had just entered paradise. I was free. My dad's first words to me as he chuckled, and I quote, was "Oh son I didn't know you were there". It was like nothing serious had happened and he continued back with his business.

FADE TO: PRESENT DAY

2 INT. NARRATOR'S BATHROOM

2

NARRATOR IS SEEN AS A YOUNG ADULT THROUGH THE BATHROOM MIRRORS GETTING DRESSED IN A CASUAL SUIT FOR WHAT APPEARS TO BE A DATE. AS THE NARRATOR CONTINUES TO GET READY VIA THE MIRROR, NARRATION CONTINUES.

NARRATOR:
 Since then I have had a fear of suffocation. I never had the courage to learn how to swim or gotten attached to anyone without getting bored or feeling suffocated.

FADE IN:BACKGROUND MUSIC "JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT
 PLAYING"

Narrator leaves the bathroom and exits the apartment and apartment building of a very affluent area in a big city (i.e. Paris, NYC) on his way to meet a woman on a date.

3 INT. RESTAURANT

3

THE FULL LENGTH OF THE SONG PLAYS AS THE NARRATOR MEETS THE WOMAN [A DIFFERENT RACIAL MAKEUP FROM THE NARRATOR] AT A RESTAURANT AND THEY INTERACT, EAT DINNER, WALK THROUGH THE BUSY STREETS AFTER DINNER, AND EACH GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS VIA A CAB RIDE HOME.

4 INT. NARRATOR'S APARTMENT

4

Narrator/main character arrives home

FADE OUT: BACKGROUND MUSIC STOPS

NARRATOR'S MOM:

How was the date?

NARRATOR:

Fine.

Narrator
answers in an
indifferent
manner and
retreats to his
room.

5 INT. NARRATOR'S BEDROOM

5

Narrator calls a friend.

NARRATOR:

Hey James. Whats up!

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)

The date was cool, but I don't
like her smile. And she looks like
one of those girls that likes to
hold hands and show public
affection [laughs].

The narrator's
friend mentions
that the
narrator is too
picky and
critical with
girls and
jokingly states
that he is
going to end up
lonely. The
friend then
quickly
switches
subjects about
the next day
being Monday
and both of
them starting
their
internships in
the city the
next day.

Yeah, looking forward to the

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
 corporate grind. Can't believe
 this Summer is going by so fast!

The friend on
 the phone
 interjects and
 reminds the
 narrator that
 the summer just
 started in
 contrast to the
 narrator's
 belief.

What a waste of living in the
 city! Can't believe my mom won't
 let me live here alone, would have
 been so much better. But anyway
 bro, catch you tomorrow.

Narrator hangs up the phone

NARRATOR LAYS AWAKE IN BED STARING AT CEILING WITH TOP-DOWN
 VIEW FROM CAMERA

Narrator is
 still in his
 clothing from
 his date outing
 and seems
 bothered by the
 prospect of
 starting his
 internship the
 next day as
 well as having
 his mom live
 with him. The
 narrator hates
 being placed in
 positions where
 he is subject
 to the judgment
 of others and
 his not
 confident in
 his
 abilities. He
 remains in his
 suit is an
 attempt to
 freeze time.
 Fear of change.

FADE TO BLACK: NARRATOR'S FLASHBACK

6 INT. CLASSROOM IN NARRATOR'S HOMETOWN IN NIGERIA

6

CLASSROOM SCENE WITH KIDS IN CLASSROOM. THE NARRATOR (AS A YOUNG STUDENT) IS STARING JEALOUSLY AT A FEMALE STUDENT WHO IS CONFIDENTLY ANSWERING THE TEACHER'S QUESTIONS.

NARRATOR:

As a primary school student in Nigeria I always came second to this girl named Dawn and she was also my first true crush. She was perfect in every way, beautiful and always at the top of the class. I came second to her in a male-centric country that would have been more likely to produce a "Rosie the Homemaker" than a "Rosie the Riveter".

Teacher asks another question and only the narrator and Dawn raise their hands to answer but the teacher selects Dawn. She begins to answer the question in the background as the narrator continues in the foreground.

I couldn't beat a girl who I knew I was smarter than but I think her family was well connected or something unfair like that.

The teacher then walks over to Dawn and pats her on the back somewhat suggestively after she gives the right answer.

The narration continues

It's things like that...that make you wonder, why even bother?

JUMP CUT TO:ANOTHER CLASSROOM

7 INT. CLASSROOM IN NARRATOR'S NEW HOMETOWN IN BOSTON

7

Narration continues.

CLASSROOM SCENE WITH NARRATOR (AS A YOUNG CHILD) STARING AT A FEMALE CLASSMATE WHO IS ALSO STARING BACK AT HIM SUGGESTIVELY.

Narration continues.

Anyway, unlike Dawn, my first crush in the US, Sam, was not so bright but man, she was hot...in a South Boston white trash teen mother kind of way. I never had the balls to tell her how I felt and my family moved and that was it. It wasn't until after high school i reconnected with both girls online.

JUMP CUT TO:COMPUTER SCREEN WITH FACEBOOK PROFILE OF BOTH
GIRLS DISPLAYED IN SUCCESSION TO THE NEXT NARRATION

Narration continues.

Dawn was average looking and engaged to some guy she met in school or from some village. I didn't bother asking. And Shauna was occupied with a guy and already had a baby out of wedlock whom she was proudly pimping online in baby pictures...ghetto.

FADE TO PRESENT DAY

8 INT. NARRATOR'S BEDROOM 8

NARRATOR IS STILL IN BED STARING AT CEILING

He abruptly gets up from his bed.

The narrator plans to "sneak" out of the house and prolong his night.

TRANSITION TO NEXT SCENE

9 EXT. OUTSIDE 9

NARRATOR IS JOGGING FROM HIS APARTMENT TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION

JUMP CUT TO: NEXT SCENE

10 EXT. OUTSIDE OF CONVENIENCE STORE 10

NARRATOR IS SEEN SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND CHATTING WITH AN INTELLECTUAL HOBO WHO GAVE THE NARRATOR THE CIGARETTE

HOBO

You know, I despise the idea of charity, philanthropy, volunteering...it's all bullshit.

NARRATOR:

What do you mean? don't you benefit from all those things?

HOBO:

What do you mean? For example, I gave you a cigarette when you asked for one, but you don't see me calling it an act of charity...

NARRATOR:
 ...I don't think its the same
 thing. Your analogy needs work...

HOBO:
 ...Now, don't get me wrong, I'll
 take some spare change in a minute
 from you if you offered me
 some...you wouldn't happen to have
 any on you by the way, would you?

NARRATOR:
 No, sorry.

HOBO:
 So anyway, as I was saying,
 philanthropy really exists to
 validate the Bud Fox slash Gordon
 Gekko rationality where you first
 get rich by any means necessary
 and then help those who are in
 need of help to justify your
 greed.

Narrator inhales and exhales cigarette smoke while nodding
 his head.

NARRATOR:
 So are you blaming your
 predicament on the greedy? Without
 the excess created by greed, how
 would the needy be helped?...

The hobo scratches his head and proceeds to answer but the
 Narrator continues

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
 Or are you suggesting that we all
 become socialists and abandon the
 market economy?

The Hobo chuckles

HOBO:
 Now there's an idea!

They both laugh

HOBO: (CONT'D)
 Why is socialism and market
 economy made out to be two
 mutually exclusive ideas? A case
 study like China will tell you
 they are not. Look youngblood, I'm
 not saying everyone has to be rich
 (MORE)

HOBO: (CONT'D)
 like you but the government has
 the obligation to reign in on
 excess that's being accumulated at
 the expense of the disadvantaged.
 Housing, warmth, and food are
 rights for every citizen.

The narrator continues smoking callously and rolls his eyes
 as the Hobo continues.

HOBO: (CONT'D)
 Call me a socialist, anarchist,
 communist or whatever. All I'm
 saying is this...all I'm saying is
 philanthropy is a joke.
 Philanthropists are usually
 assholes looking for recognition
 from the common people. An attempt
 to take a break from their stale
 and corrupt social bubbles.

The narrator is
 impressed at
 the hobo's
 insight.

The narrator throws his cigarette on the ground to put it
 out.

NARRATOR:
 I dont get you man, but thanks for
 the cigarette. I have somewhere to
 be.

The narrator checks his watch and proceeds to leave

HOBO:
 Take it easy man. by the way, nice
 suit!

The narrator walks away

THE CAMERA STAYS ON THE HOBO AS HE PROCEEDS TO TAKE OUT A
 NEW CIGARETTE

The narrator walks back to the hobo and begins speaking

NARRATOR:
 You know, when I was a young boy
 in Nigeria I experienced firsthand
 poverty and what it can do for an
 environment without
 philanthropists to ease the burden
 on governments.

TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK SCENE

NARRATOR:

We were traveling from one city to another separated by around 300 miles. The names of the cities are not important and if I remember correctly, it was me, my brother and uncle and we were making our way to the American Embassy. The cheapest form of travel for us was by bus, and im not talking about your greyhound...more like some broken down overcrowded bus like the ones you see in movies set in some piss-poor African country. So anyway the bus typically stops along the way for bathroom breaks or gas breaks and etc. Oh I forgot to mention that it was dark out, early morning dark. During one particular break stop, I got out to pee and remember hearing and seeing a small truck approach our bus. They parked directly in front of the bus and came screaming out commands with guns drawn and full blown machismo. All the bus passengers are escorted out and searched. I remember my uncle pleading with the gunmen that he had no valuables and how poor he was. The truth was that my uncle had a big stash of cash hidden in his underwear that he was probably going to use to bribe some embassy official...but anyway long story short, they never found the cash on his person and they were gone as quickly as they came. Surprisingly, guns never phased me as a youth, they were a part of my norm. You know, I once witnessed a live firing squad outside of a police station...it didn't phase me. But now if I were to see a gun, I'd probably act like a bitch.

FADE TO NEXT SCENE

12 INT. LOCAL DINER

12

NARRATOR IS AT A DINER

He is eating waffles and eggs as the diner client next to him gets some steak delivered to him by a waitress

They both glance at each other and nod at each other as a form of greeting.

The narrator
seems enticed
to order some
steak but he is
a vegetarian

DINER GUEST:
How are the waffles and eggs? You
a little overdressed for this
place son.

NARRATOR:
I just came from a date.

THE NARRATOR CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE STEAK AND CALLS THE
WAITRESS OVER.

The waitress comes over and the narrator orders a steak.

The narrator looks over to the diner guest and speaks

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
You know, I was a vegetarian for
about a year.

DINER GUEST:
When did you stop?

NARRATOR:
Just now.

The guest looks over and chuckles.

DINER GUEST:
Well, you still have time. You
haven't taken a bite yet.

NARRATOR:
When i was 20 I became a
vegetarian, all thanks to a girl
named Florence. We had this fight
about politics, religion, or
something polarizing and it was
rough on me because I was
attracted to her and knew this was
a hurdle we couldn't overcome.

DINER GUEST:
 Florence your girlfriend?

NARRATOR:
 Man there truly is no free lunch.
 She was perfect in every way
 except in her head. She was a
 virgin, but she let me get the
 farthest with her sexually with
 her than anyone before me. She was
 conservative but to a fault and we
 seemed to disagree on
 everything...it was exhausting.
 But none of that mattered to me.
 Apparently it did to her and we
 just couldn't make it work.

DINER GUEST:
 If you felt so strongly about her,
 you shouldn't have given up
 and let her have her way. Should
 have fought harder or compromised,
 chicks dig that.

NARRATOR:
 You have anyone special waiting
 for you at home?

DINER GUEST:
 If I did, I sure wouldn't be here
 alone and having this chat with
 you.

NARRATOR:
 You have anyone special waiting
 for you at home?

DINER GUEST:
 If I did, I sure wouldn't be here
 alone and having this chat with
 you.

They both chuckle and shake hands to make self-introductions

The waitress brings over the narrator's steak and refills
 their water

The diner guest looks over at the steak and at the narrator

DINER GUEST: (CONT'D)
 Welcome back from Pussyville son.

The narrator chuckles

NARRATOR:
A Nigerian that doesn't eat meat,
what was I thinking?

The narrator smirks

DINER GUEST:
Nigeria huh?
the diner guest
asks in a
surprising
manner
What you doing all the way over
here? Isn't that supposed to be a
beautiful country?

NARRATOR:
Beautiful? No doubt!

The narrator pauses

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
You know what the hallmark of a
fucked up country is?

DINER GUEST:
What.

NARRATOR:
If the country's leader chooses to
seek medical treatment outside of
his or her own country...its a
fucked up country.

The diner guest joins in on the fun

DINER GUEST:
If the government cant afford to
provide all its citizens with
clean tap water...its a fucked up
country

NARRATOR:
If a country's leader speaks
loudly and carries a small
stick..its a fucked up country.

DINER GUEST:
Good one (chuckle). If the
population at large has no access
to world affairs or new...or
disagrees with how its leaders are
chosen and can't do anything about
it...its a fucked up country.

NARRATOR:

If the government denounces science in favor of school taught creationism...its a fucked up country.

DINER GUEST:

If a country denies its citizens economic prosperity but imports luxury items for its leaders...its a fucked up country.

NARRATOR:

If toilet paper is a luxury...its a fucked up country.

DINER GUEST:

If natural disasters cause deaths in the thousands...its a fucked up country.

NARRATOR:

If mass protests are a national pasttime...its a fucked up country.

DINER GUEST:

If witch doctors are an alternative to medically trained doctors...its a fucked up country.

The narrator pauses to smile

NARRATOR:

I actually dislocated my ankle as a young child in Nigeria.

FADE TO NARRATOR'S FLASHBACK

13 EXT. NIGHTTIME OUTSIDE OF A HOME IN NIGERIA

13

NARRATOR:

It was a pretty bad accident. I had just gotten back from receiving a vaccination from the hospital with my uncle. I remember because the doctor had just injected a needle in my right butt cheek and I remember feeling dizzy. When I got home with my uncle, i struggled to walk straight and started making my way up our flight of stairs.

JUMP CUT TO:PRESENT DAY AT DINER

14 INT. LOCAL DINER

14

NARRATOR TAKES A BREAK FROM NARRATING AND TALKS TO THE DINER CLIENT

NARRATOR:

I know you're probably thinking that I made it up the stairs and fell off and broke my ankle, but that's not what happened.

JUMP CUT TO:FLASHBACK SCENE

15 EXT. NIGHTTIME OUTSIDE OF A HOME IN NIGERIA

15

NARRATOR:

I made it to the second step and lost my footing against the mud brick step hurting my ankle pretty badly. My uncle carried me up the stairs to assess my feet and iced it to prevent swelling. It was pretty late so he put me to bed and elevated my wounded leg with some pillows...The next morning was painful and my ankle was on the verge of exploding. My uncle immediately took me to a...you guessed it...a witch doctor, or as we liked to call them...village doctors. Much cheaper than a regular doctor and much closer to where we lived. So anyway the village doctor proceeded to wet my swollen ankle with some cold white paste and pressed hard on my ankle ignoring my screams as he chanted. Looking back, there was no way this guy knew what he was doing behind the facade of his mysterious chants and equally impressive facial impressions. After wiping away my last tears, the witch doctor had already covered my ankle in a grayish green paste and wrapped me up in a cast type material. I can still smell the pungent smell of the paste.

JUMP CUT TO: PRESENT DAY

16 INT. LOCAL DINER

16

DINER GUEST:

Well I'm assuming you are all
healed up now? Gussed all his
voodoo worked on ya!

They both chuckle.

Kevin checks
his watch and
seems to have a
realization/
epiphany after
the Diner
Guest's
comment.

NARRATOR:

I have to be somewhere man. It's
been a pleasure!

Narrator leaves in a hurry and leaves two \$20 bills near his
unfinished meal.

He then begins to walk, hands in pocket, to an unknown
destination

JUMP CUT TO: UPSCALE LOUNGE

17 INT. DIMLY LIT CLUB/LOUNGE

17

CAMERA IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE NARRATOR AS LOUD
BACKGROUND MUSIC PERMEATES THE SCENE.

The narrator is
in a
club/lounge
staring off
ahead and seems
a little
apprehensive.

The narrator walks toward the direction he was staring at
and meets up with the same girl he went out on a date with
earlier.

The girl seems him approaching and smiles

GIRL FROM DATE:

Wow, you actually came! That's a
surprise.

NARRATOR:

I'm offended [jokingly]. I said I
would do my best to come.

GIRL FROM DATE:
Well that usually means no.

They both smile awkwardly

GIRL FROM DATE: (CONT'D)
Look its ok if you aren't that
into me. I know our moms set this
all up but we can just still be
friends, no strings attached. I
think you're a cool and smart guy,
maybe a little pretentious but
you're alright.

They both chuckle

NARRATOR:
Ouch! [laughing]
I haven't heard that one before
[sarcastically].

GIRL FROM DATE:
[laughing] Well I didnt mean
anything bad by it. You pull it
off really well and its kinda
cute.

NARRATOR:
Hey look, its kinda loud in here,
mind going outside to chat for a
little bit?

GIRL FROM DATE:
Uhhh...I don't think that's a good
idea

The girl views
the narrator as
a flake and
does not think
they would ever
work out
together and
does not want
to lead him on
unnecessarily
Its nothing personal, just that i
just got here and tonight should
be all about Pat's birthday party
right?

NARRATOR:
No, you're right! Not sure what I
was thinking [awkward chuckle].
Would you like to hit the dance
floor?

GIRL FROM DATE:
Uhhmm...rain check?

NARRATOR:
Yeah sure
There's an
awkward silence
and the
narrator tells
the girl he
will go get two
drinks at the
bar for them

The narrator goes over to the bartender and orders two shots of whisky, both of which he takes down before leaving the club and abandoning the girl from his date.

He goes outside and hails a taxi to take him home.

18 INT. TAXI

18

CAB DRIVER:
How can I assist you tonight sir
[foreign accent]?

NARRATOR:
Take me home please.
Narrator is a
little buzzed
from the two
shots and
doesn't realize
that he did not
give the driver
the address.

CAB DRIVER:
My friend, unless you plan to come
home with me, I am going to need
an address.

NARRATOR:
Sorry about that sir, please take
me to (narrator's address area), I
live by the Westin Hotel.

CAB DRIVER:
No problem. Nice suit by the way.
Sit back and relax man, we are
going to hit a lot of traffic
headed back to (area where
narrator's address is).

The narrator interrupts

NARRATOR:
 Traffic?! This late in the
 morning? You're not trying to con
 me right...I'm not that drunk.
 Just kidding [chuckle].

CAB DRIVER:
 [chuckle] No sir, I wouldnt do
 that. I have no idea why, but I
 think there was some sort of gas
 pipe explosion or so in the area.

NARRATOR:
 Really?! Sure it wasn't terrorism?
 [jokingly]

The cab driver who is of middle eastern descent looks
 through his rear-view mirror at the narrator, smirking and
 shrugging his shoulders

CAB DRIVER:
 Who knows man!

NARRATOR:
 That would explain why my mom
 called me 100 times. Is your mom
 this annoying? Hasn't she heard of
 text messaging or voicemail?

CAB DRIVER:
 She is just being a mom, man.
 Appreciate the love now because
 once she's gone, you will miss it.

NARRATOR:
 Whatever man.
 The narrator
 then quickly
 changes
 subjects and
 talks to the
 cab driver
 about the woes
 of being a
 senior and
 having to wait
 until the
 Winter to
 graduate
 college and how
 its going to be
 a tough
 adjustment
 after college.

They continue this dialog.

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
 Graduating college is like...
 I don't know but I can see why
 some criminals get used to prison
 life and are hesitant to leave
 prison or end up back there after
 their release. Physical freedom is
 overrated man, it's all mental.
 All relative right? Think about
 it, we are all confined to this
 ball we call earth, you don't hear
 people being claustrophobic...or
 then again maybe as a race thats
 why we went to outer space? I
 mean, is claustrophobia just a
 fear or is more of a
 want?...Anyway, to my earlier
 point, I dont like being in school
 but graduating is something I know
 I don't want.

CAB DRIVER:
 You think too much man. You don't
 have to have all the answers. Is
 that why you are going home alone?
 [chuckling]Just messing with you.

NARRATOR:
 Yeah. Not my first time hearing
 that. Ever since I was a child,
 I've always tried to be
 independent. I can still remember
 the earliest instance of this
 stubbornness...

JUMP CUT TO:FLASHBACK SCENE

19 INT. AIRPORT

19

THE NARRATOR IS SHOWN WITH YOUNGER BROTHER AND GRANDMOTHER
 AT AN AIRPORT

NARRATOR:
 I was around 8 years old and
 getting ready to fly to the U.S.
 from Nigeria with my illiterate
 grandmother and 6 year old brother
 to reunite with my parents, who
 had left us to set the foundation
 for a new life in Boston. Prior to
 flying out, my uncle placed all
 responsibility on me for our
 travel and told me to pay
 attention to the airport signs
 when transferring on our last leg
 (MORE)

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)

to the US. I thought nothing of it as I have always been held to a high level of responsibility as the oldest sibling. When my plane landed in Europe, I think in Amsterdam, for our transfer, I remember seeing people of all backgrounds and walks of life for the very first time and being in awe. So when I started trying to read our tickets my grandma had given me to decide where to go next, I remember being confused by all the signs in the airport that were in multiple languages. We wandered around quite a bit and I noticed we may be lost and I was beginning to get frustrated with myself, not to mention my grandmother who seemed to be getting tired of walking. There was a point in our wandering where for the first time in my life I knew I had let my uncle, myself, and brother and my grandmother down and I didn't know what to do. I could have asked a passerby for help but was just too embarrassed. The next thing came so naturally: I started to cry out loud (I mean, I was bawling) and people just kept walking around me and my grandmother was asking me what was wrong and my little brother was just staring at me cry. An airport employee noticed me crying in the middle of the airport and decided to come over. He asked what was wrong and I couldn't speak, I just kept crying. He crouched down to try to comfort me over his shoulder and kept saying its OK in a strong European accent, and I remember vividly crying louder and saying that I didn't know where to go. So he picked me up and carried me as we all walked to his office. When we got there, my grandmother gave him our tickets and papers and he started to work on his computer as I sat on his lap sniffing and calming down. In retrospect, I remember feeling so comfortable with him, a self-less

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (CONT'D)
 stranger, embracing me and us as
 people he already knew and my
 grandmother hoping no immigration
 concerns came up on his computer
 that would disrupt our flight
 plan. Anyway, his compassion for
 others really rubbed off on me and
 his last act of kindness toward us
 was walking us to our next gate.
 If he is still alive, I wish I
 could meet him again, just to say
 hi, regardless of whether he
 remembers me or not.

FADE TO PRESENT DAY

20 INT. TAXI CAB

20

NARRATOR:
 But to my earlier point, asking
 for help has never been my thing.
 Even today, I still am a know-it-
 all to a fault.

CAB DRIVER:
 Alright man, we're here.

NARRATOR:
 Appreciate it man, you take
 plastic?

CAB DRIVER:
 Yeah, but the screen console back
 there is broken. Let me swipe the
 card up here.

The narrator takes his card out and looks in his wallet and
 at the time displayed in the taxi's dashboard

The time is
 4AM.

THE CAMERA REMAINS ON THE NARRATOR'S FACE AS HE LOOKS INTO
 HIS WALLET

The narrator then proceeds to open the taxi door and appears
 to be running out on his cab fare as the taxi driver curses
 him out.

The driver gets out of his cab staring at the running
 narrator while shaking his head. As he goes over to close
 the back cab door, he looks inside the cab and notices a
 \$100 bill on the back seat.

The cab driver looks over at the direction the narrator took
 off in and smirks saying:

CAB DRIVER: (CONT'D)
Troubled kid.

The cab driver drives off.

21 END

21