

SHATTERED DIRECTIONS

by Edward A. Dreyfus

16901 Enchanted Place
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272
(310) 208-5700
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FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. EDWARD ALBERTSON (50s), sits at his desk reading over several magazines, newspapers and articles. They are all dealing with the rise of pornography in the U.S.

He opens one magazine. It shows the picture of a pretty young girl with long straight dirty blonde hair, green eyes and freckles. A picture of innocence. The headline reads, "Innocence caught up in the web of Pornography."

He glances at a newspaper article. It is titled, "Young Mother abandons children after being drugged and seduced by pornographers."

A knock is heard on the slightly cracked open door. Dr. Albertson's SECRETARY peeks her head in.

SECRETARY

I'm gonna head out. Do you need anything?

DR. ALBERTSON

No, thank you.

SECRETARY

Have a good evening

DR. ALBERTSON

You, too.

Secretary walks away. A light in the distance is turned off.

Dr. Albertson sits there for a moment, puts a hand to his chin, pondering..

DR. ALBERTSON (V.O.)

It's always the pornographers who are portrayed by the media as the 'evil pornographer', seducing innocent young women with false promises of fame. I've read hundreds of accounts of the pornographer as sleazy, garish, and manipulative with no morals and no values. All "behind the lens" people in the industry are characterized as evil and all the "in front of the lens" people are cast as victims.

DR. ALBERTSON (V.O.) (C ONT'D)
 -But I can't help but wonder
 whether both could be victims of a
 society that values money,
 material wealth, and appearance
 over humanity.

DR. ALBERTSON (V.O.)
 I do know of one such patient.

Dr. Albertson opens a small file cabinet next to his desk. He pulls a file from it and sets it on his desk. The name 'HARRY MOORELAND' is written on it. He opens the file.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: "FIVE YEARS EARLIER"

Dr. Albertson sits behind his desk, patiently.

Before him sits HARRY MORELAND (23), thin, and looking worn beyond his years and like he is carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Harry sits there in silence for a moment, with his head downward, staring at the floor. Harry lifts his head and looks at Dr. Albertson.

HARRY
 I'm here to try and find what
 little piece of redemption that I
 might have left.

Dr. Albertson sits, listening.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Some people tell me I'm a genius.
 I love movies. I know all the
 stars, both old and new, I read
 all of the reviews. Unlike most of
 my friends, I can name every
 single director; I study their
 style, their approach to
 filmmaking, and how they envision
 a project. I even know most of
 their bios by heart; where they
 grew up, went to school, their
 favorite movies and who they
 studied under. I majored in film
 and photography at Ohio State
 University.

DR. ALBERTSON
 You sound very intelligent.
 (MORE)

DR. ALBERTSON (CONT'D)

And the genius comment can't be too far off track. Do you believe people when they tell you you're a genius, Harry?

(pause)

What would you say you are?

HARRY

I'd say I am a fraud.

Harry stares off in silence. His pain runs deep.

DR. ALBERTSON

Tell me about your earlier interests in filmmaking? How did you learn you had this gift and love of movies?

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A nineteen-year-old Harry sits next to his college girlfriend, RACHEL HARGROVE, a cute brunette, amongst a room- full of people. A documentary about prostitution and the slave-trade in the U.S. is finishing up on a large screen.

The lights turn on and the audience applauds. Rachel wipes a proud tear from her eye.

A man in a suit (60s), with a distinguished beard, stands before the room. This is PROFESSOR ORMUND.

PROFESSOR ORMUND

Harry Mooreland, could you please join me up here so you can answer questions on your award winning documentary, "Shattered Directions."

Harry, looking a bit nervous, slowly makes his way to the front of the room. He is applauded again.

Harry takes a microphone. A woman in the audience raises her hand and Harry points at her.

WOMAN

Mr. Mooreland, what made you want to film this documentary?

HARRY (CONT'D)

I wanted to make this documentary because I feel that movies about social injustice are too often pushed in the background and replaced with movies about materialism and fluff. I know I am just one voice. But if I put forth significant and meaningful movies, I think others will not only applaud me, but join me, and together our voices will become stronger.

A teenage girl in the audience raises her hand.

TEENAGE GIRL

Have you ever known anyone involved in prostitution or human trafficking?

HARRY

(nervously)

I- Ah, I can't say that I have actually personally known anyone that was involved in it, but I know that when I walk down the street every day, somewhere around me is a victim of this horrible lifestyle, and just because I don't know them or may not be able to see them, I didn't want that to stop me from portraying their story. Cause their story is one that needs to be told. And if I don't tell their story, who will?

Audience, liking his answer, applauds louder.

A few people walk over to shake hands with Harry as others leave.

Rachel walks over to Harry and slips her arm around him. Professor Ormund walks over and shakes Harry's hand.

PROFESSOR ORMUND

Well done, Harry. You have a bright future in film ahead of you, son. It's been a while since I've seen a documentary that was able to capture the essence of the human spirit. You're a gentle soul with not only talent as a photographer but a good eye as a filmmaker.

PROFESSOR ORMUND (CONT'D)

I look forward to hearing great things from you in the future. And if you ever need a letter of recommendation, you know where to find me.

HARRY

Thank you, Sir.

Professor Ormund looks at Rachel.

PROFESSOR ORMUND

And who might we have here?

HARRY

Oh, this is my girlfriend, Rachel Hargrove.

PROFESSOR ORMUND

(shaking her hand)

It's nice to meet you, Rachel.

RACHEL

Me and Harry have been dating for the past four years and I can't tell you how proud of him I am. I was the one who encouraged him to major in film and photography here at Ohio State University.

PROFESSOR ORMUND

Looks like you've got a keeper here, Harry. Local boy. Local girl. Settle down with this one and have lots of babies. It's always good to have a supportive woman by your side.

Rachel clutches Harry's arm and is all smiles. Harry looks a little uneasy. Professor bids them farewell and leaves.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

HARRY

I wanted to be a filmmaker who made meaningful movies. I wanted to make a difference. Despite my rough childhood, I still thought I could change the world. I was so naive.

DR. ALBERTSON
Tell me about your childhood.

CUT TO:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: "23 YEARS EARLIER"

INT. HOUSE - IDAHO - BEDROOM - DAY

MARTHA MORELAND (30), nine months pregnant, is unpacking a small suitcase and putting clothing in a dresser.

Her husband, CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORELAND (30s), a stern man, dressed in a military uniform, enters and glances around.

MARTHA MORELAND
This bedroom is tiny. The apartment is so much smaller than our place back in Germany.

WILLIAM MORELAND
It's small, but it'll do. You wanted to come back to the United States to have the baby, so we'll just have to make due with less.

MARTHA MORELAND
I thought it would be best to have the baby in an American hospital.

The Captain nods sharply then leaves the room.

The sound of water spilling on the floor is heard. Martha looks down to see that her water has broke. She places a hand on her stomach.

INT. HOUSE - TEXAS - BEDROOM - DAY

Martha's firstborn son, BOBBY MORELAND, now three-years-old, stands next to his twin bed. Captain Moreland stands near him, carefully inspecting the freshly made bed.

The Captain shakes his head. He points at the upper left hand corner of the sheet.

WILLIAM MORELAND
Your sheet is not tucked in all the way. Right there, in the upper left hand side. A soldier always makes sure his bed is made up properly each morning before he leaves his barracks.

Little Bobby walks around the bed and fixes the upper left part of the sheet. Then turns and looks at his father.

Captain Moreland walks over and inspects the bed once more.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

That'll do. Go help your mother
prepare breakfast.

BOBBY MORELAND

Thank you, Sir.

INT. HOUSE - TEXAS - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Bobby is nervously making his bed, sniffing back tears. His father approaches from the other room.

WILLIAM MORELAND

Why aren't you in the kitchen for
breakfast?

Bobby jumps from fright. The Captain glances at the crumpled up sheets on the ground and ignores the yellow pee-stain on them. Then looks to the clean sheets Bobby has put on his bed.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

Report to the kitchen in five
minutes, please.

With teary-eyes, Bobby just stands there as his father leaves. Bobby then bends down and pulls his pee-stained pajama bottoms from their hiding place under the bed and walks over and puts them into his laundry basket.

He wipes his tears and tries to re-gain his composure then leaves his room.

INT. HOUSE - NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

Martha, her husband, now at the rank of Colonel in the military, Bobby, now seven-years-old, and Martha's second son, Harry, four-years-old, sit around a dinner table, eating pork chops in silence.

Bobby makes a face and spits out a bite of his pork chops into a napkin. He then pokes the rest of his meat with his fork and pushes the plate away.

WILLIAM MORELAND

What's wrong with your food?

BOBBY MORELAND
I don't like it.

WILLIAM MORELAND
And why don't you like it?

BOBBY MORELAND
It has too much fat on it.

William Moreland sets his fork and knife down loudly on the table.

WILLIAM MORELAND
Your mother cooked you a good meal
and I expect you to eat every
bite.

Bobby shakes his head no then crosses his arms.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)
(loud)
Do you know how many kids that are
starving in this world would love
to have a good meal like that?

Bobby starts to cry.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)
Don't cry like a sissy boy.

Bobby crawls under the table to hide and sobs below it.

William Moreland ignores Bobby and continues to eat his meal. Martha, though feeling guilty, allows her husband to take control of raising Bobby and the situation. Martha leans over and strokes Harry's cheek.

MARTHA MORELAND
Eat your food, sweetie.

Harry takes another bite of his food. Harry looks down at his sobbing brother, who sits right under his feet. Harry sneaks a piece of meat off of his plate and hands it below to Bobby who takes it, gives him a look of thanks, and then eats it.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MORNING

A group of kids are playing baseball. Harry, now about 10 years old, stands behind the metal fence with his camera and takes pictures of the game.

Harry then moves the camera around and makes a noise, pretending it is a video-camera and acting like he is recording the game. His brother walks over to him.

BOBBY MORELAND

You know that's not a video-camera, right. It's just a camera.

HARRY

I know.. I was just playing.

BOBBY MORELAND

Why don't you come play in the game with us instead of standing out here.

HARRY

I'd rather be out here taking pictures.

BOBBY MORELAND

OK..

Bobby runs back over to re-join the game.

EXT. STREET - NEW MEXICO - DAY

Bobby, now about twelve-years-old, and Harry, now nine-years-old, walk up a city street, with Harry trailing behind.

Bobby picks up the pace and Harry lags further behind. A group of kids a few years older than Harry, exit a liquor store.

TALLER KID

Ew, it's Harry the fairy. What are you doing, Harry the fairy?

Harry freezes; just stands there holding his backpack on his back. One of the other kids grabs Harry's backpack and throws it on the ground. He unzips it and lets Harry's books fall on the ground.

Harry ignores them and bends down and starts to retrieve his books. The taller kid playfully hits Harry on the side of the head and then messes up his hair with his hand.

Bobby walks up to the taller kid and punches him in the face. The kid stumbles backwards. Bobby puts his hand on the back of the neck of the second kid and shoves him onto the ground.

BOBBY MORELAND

Pick up all of those books!

Bobby turns to the third kid, a chubbier kid.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

You too! Unless you want a knuckle sandwich.

Bobby makes his hand into a fist.

The chubby kid hurries over and helps to put all of Harry's books back in his backpack, then dusts it off. Harry just stands there and watches.

Bobby takes the backpack from the kids.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Now scat!

The kids take off running down the street. Bobby puts an arm over Harry's shoulder. Harry looks up at him.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

You OK?

Harry nods.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Come on. We'd better get home!

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

Harry and Bobby are huddled beneath a small home-made fort built from blankets in their bedroom. They each hold flashlights and peek out from under their fort.

Their bedroom door is cracked open and light shines in from the other room. Arguing is heard in the distance.

HARRY

Do you think they'll stop fighting soon?

BOBBY MORELAND (V.O.)

I don't know.

MARTHA MORELAND

I'm gonna divorce you! I'm tired of living this way.

William Moreland laughs mockingly in the distance.

WILLIAM MORELAND (V.O.)

Oh yeah! Is that right?

MARTHA MORELAND

I'm packing my things and I'm leaving!

WILLIAM MORELAND (V.O.)

Fine. Go right ahead! You can take the sissy boy and I'll take Bobby!

MARTHA MORELAND

How could you even think of splitting up the boys!! That will never happen!! I always thought you were just strict, but you are heartless!!

Harry turns to Bobby, shines the light on his own face, looking sad. He starts to cry.

HARRY

Do you think she's really gonna leave? I don't want him to take you away from me.

Bobby wipes his brother's tears.

BOBBY MORELAND

I don't think so. She always says that when they fight.

HARRY

I hope not.

Bobby grabs a little radio with earphones and puts one of the earphones in his ear and gives Harry the other.

BOBBY MORELAND

Let's listen to some music.

Harry stops crying and puts the earphone in his ear.

INT. APARTMENT - OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Harry, now eleven-years-old, sits on the couch watching television with his mother and father. William Moreland chuckles at a comment the late night TV host makes.

The doorbell rings. Annoyed, William Moreland glances at the clock and sees it is 10:30 P.M., then gets up.

WILLIAM MORELAND

Who the hell could that be?

William Moreland answers the door and sees a police officer standing with a now fourteen-year-old Bobby. Bobby is dressed in black jeans and a white T-shirt with the sleeves rolled up in order to make him look 'cool.'

POLICE OFFICER

Col. Moreland. Sorry to disturb you so late.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

We picked up your son and three other boys this evening after they were caught stealing alcohol from a liquor store down town. Lucky for Bobby, the owner has agreed not to press charges.

WILLIAM MORELAND

Thank you for bringing him home officer. I can assure you he will receive the proper punishment.

The cop nods and leaves. Bobby enters the house and walks off toward his room. William Moreland closes the front door.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

You get your ass back in here, boy!

Bobby walks back into the room.

BOBBY MORELAND

What?

William walks over to Bobby and looks him in the eye.

WILLIAM MORELAND

You got the nerve to come into this house after you have a police officer bring you home and think I'm not gonna question you about it!

William hits Bobby on the shoulder, then smacks him around on the face a few times, taunting him.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

You think you're tough huh? You a tough guy? Come on, let's see how tough you are. Stealing alcohol with those losers you hang out with.

Harry looks frightened. His mother keeps quiet.

Bobby takes several steps backwards as William continues to smack him around.

BOBBY MORELAND

Stop.

WILLIAM MORELAND

No. I wanna see how tough you are. Hit me? Right here in the chin.

(MORE)

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

Give me your best shot.

Bobby throws a punch and misses his father's face. William shoves him harder.

Harry runs over to his dad and Bobby and tries to get in the middle of them to break up the fight.

William pushes Bobby again and he falls against the wall.

William grabs Bobby's arm and is about to pull him back up when Harry starts to cry and pulls on his father's arm.

William looks at Harry.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

Oh, stop that crying, Harry.
You're such a mommy's boy

William drops Bobby's arm and steps away.

WILLIAM MORELAND (CONT'D)

Get out of my sight. I don't want
to have to look at you.

Bobby stands up and walks over to his room.

BOBBY MORELAND

I don't want to look at you
either. One day I'm just gonna
leave and I'm not gonna come back!

WILLIAM MORELAND

(mumbles aloud)
Go ahead and leave...

Harry hears this and goes over to his mother and starts to cry some more. His mother comforts him and holds him close to her.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Bobby, now eighteen, and Harry, now fifteen, stand outside a movie theatre. Both are dressed up for the night out. Bobby is smoking a cigarette.

Harry looks nervous. He looks around.

HARRY

Are you sure they're coming?

Bobby smacks Harry on the back.

BOBBY MORELAND

Relax. Of course they're coming.
Wait till you meet my girl, Sandy.
She's got thick lips, a tiny waist
and gazungas out to here..

Bobby shows Harry her shape with his hands.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Oh, and your date has a cute
little body on her, too. Just
remember..afterwe get about twenty
minutes into the movie, you give
her the old sliparoo..

HARRY

Old sliparoo? What's that?

BOBBY MORELAND

That's when you pretend to yawn
and you stretch your arm out and
put it around her shoulder..then
you leave your hand right next to
her boob so that you can grab a
handful of boob during the scary
parts of the movie. And if she
gives you the look you just act
like you 'slipped.' That's why
they call it the old sliparoo.

Harry looks puzzled. Two girls walk toward them.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Oh, here they are now.

Bobby and Harry walk over to the girls. Bobby kisses one of
them.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Debbie, you look great, babe. This
is my little brother, Harry.

DEBBIE

It's nice to meet you, Harry. This
is my friend, Jill.

HARRY

Ah, oh, hi, Jill.

The couples turn and walk toward the entrance. Harry and
Debbie hold hands. Jill reaches out and grabs Harry's hand.

Bobby winks at Harry and mouths the words, "Old sliparoo."
Harry's cheeks turn red.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

They sit and watch the movie. A scary part comes on and Debbie huddles toward Bobby as he slips his arm around her.

Harry glances over at his brother as he does this.

Another scary part comes on but Harry just sits there frozen; unable to make a move. Jill looks over at him, waiting.

Harry stares straight forward with his hands down at his side.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby and his father are fighting. Martha is trying to stop them.

WILLIAM MORELAND

Well as long as you live under my roof, then you follow my rules!

Harry peeks out from his bedroom.

MARTHA MORELAND

Stop fighting. Both of you!

WILLIAM MORELAND

You're eighteen years old now and you need to get a job and contribute around here!

BOBBY MORELAND

I'll get a job when I feel like it.

WILLIAM MORELAND

You either enlist in the military or you get a full-time job!

BOBBY MORELAND

I'll never join the military!

William is yelling in Bobby's face. Martha tries to hold her husband back. William waves Bobby off and takes a step back.

WILLIAM MORELAND

The military probably wouldn't even take you anyways.

BOBBY MORELAND

The last thing I wanna be is a military man. I don't want to be like you! I don't want to be like someone I have no respect for!

WILLIAM MORELAND

You're not welcome in my house if
you don't have a job!

BOBBY MORELAND

I don't need to be in your stupid
house anymore. I'm leaving.

Harry, still peeking out from his bedroom, looks worried.
Bobby stomps into his room and rummages around, then exits a
minute later with a duffle bag.

INT. HOUSE - HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby steps into Harry's bedroom.

BOBBY MORELAND

I'm leaving. You take care, little
brother.

HARRY

Please don't go.

BOBBY MORELAND

I can't stay here anymore.

Martha is heard yelling from the other room.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

I'm really gonna leave you this
time! I'm tired of you treating us
like this.

BOBBY MORELAND

(pitiful look)

...She'll never leave him. She's
weak, Harry.

Harry looks down at the floor, sadly, then back at his
brother.

HARRY

Where are you gonna go?

BOBBY MORELAND

I think I'll head out to Los
Angeles. I've always wanted to see
it for myself and find out why
they call it the city of angels.

Bobby takes a step forward, then looks back at his brother.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)
I'll get a hold of you whenever I
get to where I'm going.

Harry just looks at his brother with sad eyes.

HARRY
I love you.

BOBBY MORELAND
You, too.

Bobby leaves. Harry lies down on his bed and cries.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL - DAY

Harry is playing basketball alone.

Four male students walk over. One takes the ball away from Harry and tosses it into the hoop and makes a basket.

STUDENT #1
What you doing, Harry?

Harry does not respond.

Student #1 bounces the ball a few times then bounces it to his other friend who makes a basket.

STUDENT #1 (CONT'D)
I heard your brother left town? Is
that true?

HARRY
Yeah.

Student #3 grabs the ball and pretends like he is going to throw it at Harry's face but holds onto it.

STUDENT #3
Think fast!

Harry flinches. The others laugh.

STUDENT #1
So, where'd he go, huh?

HARRY
Who?

STUDENT #1
Bobby?

Harry shrugs. Student #3 holds the ball out toward Harry.

STUDENT #3

You want your ball back?

Student #3 tosses the ball over Harry's head and to Student #4. The four guys take turns tossing the ball over Harry's head.

HARRY

Can I please have my ball back?

STUDENT #3

Why don't you make us give it to you?

Harry looks upset. Student #1 aims the ball toward Harry's face and he ducks and Student #4 catches it.

STUDENT #1

What's wrong, Harry?

Harry just turns and walks away, walking toward the adjacent field. The four students start to follow him.

STUDENT #3

Where you going, Harry?

Harry starts to run. The four students run after him.

STUDENT #1

(yells out)

What you gonna do now that you don't have your brother here to fight your battles for you?

The four students reach Harry and tackle him to the ground and beat him up.

INT. HOUSE - HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harry is sitting in front of a slanted art desk drawing a picture of the tree outside his window. A small blue-jay sits in the tree.

Other sketches are piled up on the table and taped to his bedroom wall.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - OHIO - DAY

Harry, now an eighteen-year-old high school senior, sits in class with other students doing schoolwork. A brunette student, Rachel Hargrove enters the classroom and walks over to the teacher and hands him a slip of paper.

She walks over and takes a seat at the empty desk behind Harry. Harry turns and looks at her. She smiles. He gives a small grin back at her.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: "ONE YEAR LATER"

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - OHIO - DAY

Harry and Rachel sit at a picnic table and have lunch amongst other students.

RACHEL

Do you know what today is? It's been one year exactly since the day we met. I never would have guessed that when I transferred into your math class that it would have led to my meeting my soulmate and first and only boyfriend ever.

Harry pulls out a sealed card from his backpack.

HARRY

I got you something.

Rachel takes the card, opens it and reads it to herself.

RACHEL

Oh, Harry, this is the most heartfelt card I've ever read. You're the most sensitive caring man that I know. And that's why I love you so much.

Rachel kisses him on the cheek.

HARRY

You know, it wasn't easy for me growing up. Living on army bases and moving almost every 12 to 18 months until we got to Ohio. I always had a hard time making friends, and just when I finally found one I clicked with, it was time to move again..

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

But at least I had Bobby. You can say he was my only best friend for a lot of years. And then when he left, I felt so alone. So isolated. Meeting you helped change all that, you know. I don't just consider you my girlfriend, but my best friend.

RACHEL

I've watched you grow into the person you are today. And I'm always glad to be here to support you in all you do. That's why I wanted to give you this.

Rachel hands him a set of papers.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's an application to Ohio State University. They have a great film and photography program there. And this way we can both go together. Maybe we can get a little apartment together on campus. Think about it.

Harry thinks about it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Harry, I just know you're gonna be a great filmmaker and photographer one day.

Harry grins, but looks a bit unsure.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I mean it.

Harry holds up the application.

HARRY

Thank you, Rachel.

INT. COLLEGE - DORM - DAY

Harry sits on a small bed in his shared dorm room and picks up the phone and calls home. A few unpacked boxes sit on a desk near him.

HARRY

Hi mom, it's me. I finally had a chance to call you.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Oh, hello, sweetheart. I'm so glad to hear your voice. Is everything OK?

HARRY

Yes, I like it here. I've got some great teachers and I really like all of my classes.

MARTHA MORELAND

That's good.

HARRY

How's dad?

MARTHA MORELAND

He's OK. He's still not too happy about you not enlisting in the military but he'll get over it.

HARRY

I just had to follow my own path, mom. I don't think I was cut out for the military.

MARTHA MORELAND

I know, son. Neither was your brother. I think your father was more upset when Bobby told him he would never join the military. He always knew you were the sensitive type. You're just like me.

HARRY

Yeah.

MARTHA MORELAND

How is Rachel? Did you two get settled in to your apartment alright?

HARRY

I decided it would be better if I just stayed in the dorm. It would give me my own space. I've got a roommate but he's barely here, so it's almost like I have my own place.

MARTHA MORELAND

Oh, is Rachel in the dorms too?

HARRY

No, she had already signed a lease for an apartment but she has two other girls moving in this week to roommate with her.

MARTHA MORELAND

Well, tell her I said hello. Call again soon, will you, honey.

HARRY

I will mom. Love you.

Harry hangs up the phone.

INT. COLLEGE - FILM CLASS - MORNING

Harry sits in class amongst other students. His professor is at the front of the room lecturing. Harry is wide-eyed with excitement, eagerly taking in every word the professor says.

PROFESSOR

Because learning the fundamentals of filmmaking is key to your success in this industry. Writing, directing, cinematography, design, storyboarding. All very important ingredients in this recipe.

Harry takes notes while the professor speaks.

EXT. OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY - MORNING

The graduating class, who all wear black graduation robes, including Harry, stand and receive their diplomas as each of their names are called by the DEAN who stands next to a podium on a make-shift stage in the grass.

DEAN

Harry Moreland!

Martha Moreland and Rachel, who are seated in the audience next to each other, stand and applaud as Harry crosses the stage.

EXT. OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Harry walks over and meets his mother and Rachel. Rachel gives him a hug and a kiss.

RACHEL
Congratulations.

Martha hugs her son.

MARTHA MORELAND
Congratulations, son.

Harry looks around.

HARRY
Did dad come?

MARTHA MORELAND
No. He had to work, but I'm sure
he would have liked to be here if
he could.

A hurt look comes over Harry's face. Rachel notices and gives
him another hug.

RACHEL
Way to go, babe. Not many film
students graduate one year early
and still get straight A's. Come
on, let's take some pictures.

Rachel takes a photo of Harry holding his diploma. Then snaps
a photo of him and his mom. Martha takes Rachel's camera.

MARTHA MORELAND
Let me get one of you two
together.

Rachel happily poses next to Harry. Martha smiles then snaps a
photo.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry sits there, still looking uneasy. He clears his throat.

DR. ALBERTSON
Would you like some water?

HARRY
Yes. That would be great.

Dr. Albertson stands then walks over to a small fridge in the
corner of his office and removes a bottle of water. He gives
it to Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Harry opens the bottle and takes a big drink.

DR. ALBERTSON

Are you OK to continue?

HARRY

Yes.

Harry sets the bottle of water down on a table near him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

After graduation...I just felt. Lost. I worked so hard to graduate early and to reach that goal, but then, I don't know. I still felt like I had missed out on so much. Everyone always had a life plotted out for me. My dad had a life planned out for me. My girlfriend had a life planned out for me. My teachers. My mom. My brother. Everyone but me. I had been so used to growing up as the kid that didn't fit in. And suddenly, even though I had this diploma in my hands, this grand achievement, it all came flooding back to me. I felt like that kid again.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Of course Rachel was very hurt when I told her I was leaving town one day on the spur of the moment. She still had one more year in college and was hoping I would stick around until she graduated..I know deep down she always thought we would get married and have children, but, I don't know..that just wasn't me. It was like it just hit me out of nowhere.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I couldn't stay in that town anymore. I had to leave and I had to leave quickly. I just got the itch... To run.. To escape for a while.. Whatever you wanna call it. -And that began my two-year trek to California.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Harry stands on the highway with a backpack and a duffel bag.

He has his thumb out. An older pickup truck pulls over. Harry jogs over to it.

A heavysset man with a beard sits inside the car. Rolls down the passenger-side window.

Harry just stands there for a moment, looking unsure.

HEAVYSET MAN

Well, are you gonna just stand there, or are you gonna get in?

HARRY

Yeah...

Harry opens the passenger-side door, tosses his bags in the back of the truck, then climbs inside.

The truck drives off.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Harry sits on the curb holding up a paper cup. A few people pass by.

HARRY

Could you spare any change? Excuse me, could you spare a quarter maybe?

The people just walk by without stopping.

A hippy girl, who goes by the name of FLOWER, with long dirty-blonde hair and a flowery-crown in her hair sees Harry and walks over and sits down next to him.

FLOWER

You gotta do it like this. Give them a face they can't say no to.

A person exits the store and walks in their direction. Flower grabs Harry's cup and looks the person in the eyes, giving them a big puppy-dog look. They put a dollar in her cup.

FLOWER (CONT'D)

See. What did I tell ya, man!

Flower hands Harry the cup with the dollar.

HARRY

Thank you.

FLOWER

They call me Flower, what's your name?

HARRY

I'm Harry.

FLOWER

It's nice to meet you, Harry.

HARRY

Likewise.

FLOWER

Me and my friends were just headed out to Colorado. We were gonna do a little singing. Do a little dancing. And they have the best Mary Jane out there, you know?

Flower looks over at a hippy van next to a gas pump. A half a dozen of her hippie friends are packing into it with snacks as one pumps gas.

FLOWER (CONT'D)

Why don't you come with?

Flower stands up and grabs him by the hand.

FLOWER (CONT'D)

Come with, Harry.

Harry shrugs then grins, grabs his backpack, and runs over to the van with her and climbs inside.

INT. HIPPIY VAN - NIGHT

Flower sits with Harry and five other female and male hippies ranging from the age of 17 to 20 in the back of the van.

DAVE, a guy with long hair, is playing guitar and everyone is singing.

They take turns passing around a joint. Flower inhales some marijuana and then passes the joint to Harry.

Harry inhales and coughs. Flower laughs. She takes the joint and takes another hit.

They continue singing as they drive into the night.

EXT. ABANDONED SUMMER CAMP - DAY

The Van pulls up to an old abandoned summer camp. A wooden sign that says "CAMP HAVEN" dangles from a large wooden building.

Dave hops out of the van with his guitar. He runs over to a chain that blocks off the road into the summer camp and uses some chain-cutters to cut it open.

Dave motions for the driver of the van to enter. He pulls in and parks behind the main building.

Everyone climbs out. Harry climbs out last. The others unload sleeping bags and food then run off toward some old cabins.

Harry follows and looks around cautiously.

HARRY

What is this place?

DAVE

It used to be a summer camp.

Harry looks back at the chain Dave cut.

HARRY

Is it safe to be here?

DAVE

Sure it is, brother.

Dave and a few of the others enter some of the old cabins.

HARRY

(to Flower)

Are you sure we can't get arrested for staying here?

FLOWER

This place has been abandoned for a decade

HARRY

(looking at chain Dave cut)

But-

FLOWER

They replace the chain about once a year. Relax, babe. We stay here all the time.

EXT. ABANDONED SUMMER CAMP - NIGHT

The hippies and Harry are gathered around a bonfire. Dave plays his guitar as the others sing. Flower and another girl, VIOLET, a petite brunette with short hair, are dancing.

One of the other guys goes out and dances with the girls. Flower motions for Harry to join them. He brushes her off at first but then Violet runs over and pulls him out to dance with them.

Harry and the others dance as everyone starts to clap. Harry lets go of his worries and joins in the music and the dance.

Violet hands Flower a handful of pills and she puts two in her mouth then attempts to put one in Harry's mouth.

FLOWER

What's wrong?

HARRY

I don't do that stuff. Just marijuana.

FLOWER

Just try it once. It'll expand your mind. It's really psychedelic stuff.

Violet turns to him.

VIOLET

Come on, Harry.

HARRY

I don't know...

Flower slowly presses the pill into his lips.

FLOWER

Please.. For me?

Harry allows the pill to be pushed into his mouth.

Colorful images start to swirl all around Harry as they dance into the night. Blurry images of the girls and other guys dancing and laughing fill his view.

INT. CABIN - ABANDONED SUMMER CAMP - NIGHT

Harry is asleep in a sleeping bag on the ground. Flower enters carrying a lantern.

Harry wakes up and looks at her.

FLOWER

Hey there, sleepy head. How you
feelin'?

HARRY

OK. Wow, that was quite a trip.

Flower sets the lantern down then sits down next to Harry. She leans over and kisses him. He smiles and touches her flower crown then kisses her back.

Flower takes off her top. She is braless underneath. She crawls into his sleeping bag. They kiss some more and start to have sex.

As they have sex, Violet quietly enters the room, then suddenly removes her dress, also braless, and crawls over to them. Harry realizes she is there, and is surprised.

Violet kisses Harry on the neck then tries to join them. Harry pushes her away.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No, you don't have to do this.

VIOLET

It's alright, I want to. We share
everything here, Harry.

Violet grabs onto his body with her hand and Harry flinches.

HARRY

I'm sorry. I can't.
(looking at Flower)
It just doesn't feel right.

Violet stands back up, her body is tanned. She shrugs her shoulders like it's no big deal, puts her dress back on and leaves.

Flower kisses him and snuggles up to him. Harry leans his head on her chest and cuddles close to her bosom almost as if she were his mother.

EXT. ABANDONED SUMMER CAMP - THREE MONTHS LATER - MORNING

Harry, with his backpack strapped on his back, walks out toward the entry way to the summer camp with the hippies.

The hippies all take turns hugging Harry. Flower gives him a big hug then a kiss. Violet kisses him on the cheek.

FLOWER

Are you sure you won't stay here
with us a little longer?

HARRY

These past three months have been
great, but it's time for me to
continue on my journey.

One of the guys nods in understanding.

FLOWER

Take care of yourself, love.

HARRY

Are you sure you don't have a
phone number you can give me, or a
way to get a hold of you later?

FLOWER

Remember what Spirit teaches
us...if we're meant to find each
other again in this life, our
paths will cross again. We can't
try and shape our destiny. It has
to find us.

HARRY

I'm sure gonna miss your wisdom
and your kisses, Flower. I'll miss
all of you.

Harry nods goodbye then hurries off toward the van.

Harry turns and waves toward his little family again.

They all wave back.

Flower, Violet and another girl all lift their shirts and
flash their breasts at Harry.

FLOWER

Bye, Harry!

VIOLET

We'll miss you.

Harry laughs and waves back then climbs into the van.

HARRY

Thanks for giving me a lift, Dave.

Dave, who has his window rolled down, a cigarette in his mouth
and a cowboy hat on, nods then drives off.

DAVE

No, problem, brother.

The hippies watch from the distance as the van slowly drives away.

EXT. STREET - NEW MEXICO - DAY

It is a hot summer day in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Harry sits on a city street filled with other artists; painters, illustrators, portrait and all types of experimental artists sell their work from small wooden tables, chairs, or even the curb.

Harry, now sporting a full grown beard and looking wiser and older, sits at a little table next to an easel that displays some of his sketches.

A woman and her husband walk by. Harry stands and approaches them.

HARRY

That's a lovely dress you have their ma'am. How would you like a sketch to commemorate this lovely day. I can either do one of you alone, or one of you with your husband.

The woman looks toward her husband with a pleading look.

WOMAN'S HUSBAND

How much are they?

HARRY

Forty dollars.

The man looks a bit hesitant.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's twenty-five dollars off my usual rate. And I can sketch you in the picture, too, like I said.

The woman grabs her husband by the arm.

WOMAN

Oh, please.. Can I get one?

WOMAN'S HUSBAND

(pulling out wallet)

Oh, all right. But let's have him do it just of you.

(MORE)

WOMAN'S HUSBAND (CONT'D)

I need something beautiful to hang
on the wall of our new house.

The woman kisses her husband on the cheek. The man hands Harry
the cash, and Harry offers her a chair to sit in.

The woman has a seat. Smiles a pretty, nervous smile.

HARRY

(politely)

Can you fix your dress so it sits
neatly across your lap. I'd like
to get it in the drawing.

The woman fixes her dress and Harry stands behind his easel
then looks at her intently and starts to sketch.

Fifteen minutes later, the woman's husband glances at his
watch.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm just putting the finishing
touches. There. There. OK, I think
I'm done.

The woman stands, fixes her dress.

WOMAN

I can't wait to see it.

Harry turns his easel around and shows the woman the drawing.
It is beautifully done for such a quick job. When the husband
sees it he looks impressed and shocked at how good it is.

WOMAN'S HUSBAND

I'm impressed. You've got some
talent there for sure.

Harry is about to give the woman the sketch.

WOMAN

Can you sign it for me?

Harry pauses for a second.

HARRY

Oh, sure.

Harry signs the sketch then hands it to the woman.

WOMAN

Thank you.

HARRY

Thank you for the business.

The couple walk away looking pleased.

EXT. STREET - NEW MEXICO - DAY

It is about 5:00 P.M. Harry is carrying his easel and folded chair under his arm and backpack over his other.

Harry walks around checking out some of the other artists.

He stops next to a young Hispanic girl and checks out some of her paintings that are all Chicano Theme.

HARRY

Rosa, your work is getting so much better. I don't think I've ever seen someone so young do work like this. It takes most artists years to master the techniques you use.

ROSA

Oh, thank you, Harry. I've been painting since I can remember. My mom said I was born with a paintbrush in my hand.

Harry eyes her paintings some more.

HARRY

These should be hanging with all the other Chicano Art in Los Angeles.

ROSA

Did I tell you my mom mailed a portrait I did to Cesar Chavez? He wrote me a hand written letter three days after he got the painting. He said he had never seen anyone do a painting of him that was so realistic. We have the letter framed and hanging on our living room wall.

HARRY

Wow! That's great, Rosa. I bet he was shocked to learn you were only fourteen.

Rosa smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Did you read over the information
I gave you on those colleges?

ROSA

Yes, but my mom thinks someone
like me won't be able to go to
college. I almost had to drop out
of school a few times to help her
take care of my brothers and
sisters.

HARRY

Rosa, promise me you will never
drop out of high school. You
promise? Pinky promise?

Harry holds out his pinky and Rosa presses her pinky to his
and they shake.

ROSA

Alright, I promise.

HARRY

It would be a waste for someone
with your talents not to graduate
high school.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And if money for college is a
problem, all you have to do is
talk to the person in charge of
the art departments at any of the
colleges you want to go to and
just show them a portfolio of your
paintings and you should get a
full scholarship. And remember, if
you need my help, just let me
know.

Harry takes out twenty dollars and hands it to Rosa.

HARRY (CONT'D)

For the college fund..

ROSA

Oh, no, Harry, you're too kind to
me already. I can't take your
money.

HARRY

Then give me something for it. A
small piece of your artwork.

Rosa grabs a small painting and hands it to Harry.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NEW MEXICO - EVENING

Harry walks toward a liquor store with his head down.

Two men are harassing a homeless man who sits on the curb with a donation cup asking for money.

MAN ONE

What makes you think you're
entitled to free money while us
real men work all day on a
construction site?

The second man kicks over the man's cup and some change and a couple dollars fall out. The man struggles to pick up the change as the men laugh.

Harry looks up and hurries over to the homeless man.

HARRY

Why don't you leave him alone and
go pick on someone your own size.

MAN TWO

Oh, someone our own size. You mean
like you?

The second man gives Harry a little shove.

HARRY

Cut it out. He wasn't hurting you,
there was no reason you needed to
harass him like that.

The men get in Harry's face. A police officer, in uniform, walks around the corner and glances their way, and the men immediately step away from Harry.

The police officer walks into the store.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Best be on your way, boys. You
wouldn't want to get yourself into
any kind of trouble, would you?

Man one looks at the other.

MAN ONE

..Why don't you hippies go and cut
your hair...

The men walk off. Harry shakes his head then bends down and helps the homeless man collect his money.

DENNIS

I recognize you. You sell art a few blocks over, right?

HARRY

Yep. I've been here almost a year. I'm on my way out of here though... The name's Harry.

DENNIS

I'm Dennis..So Where are you headed next, Harry?

HARRY

I'm gonna hitch over to Portland, Oregon. There's a commune a few buddies I met told me about that I think I'm gonna stay at for a while. You should come with me if there's nothing holding you here?

Dennis looks around and thinks about it.

EXT. HWY - DAY

The wind is blowing as a vehicle's wheels are heard roaring down the highway.

Harry and Dennis are sitting in the back of a tiny pickup truck. The truck bed's latch is broken and removed. Both men have hold of the side of the truck, holding on for dear life.

DENNIS

(speaking loudly)

This wasn't exactly what I had in mind when you said we'd hitch a ride.

HARRY

(yelling back)

Me either! But hey, it's a new adventure, right?

They share a laugh. The truck hits a bump and both men slide down the truck bed a little then regain their grips.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Whoa!

INT. COMMUNE - PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

Harry, now clean-shaven with his head completely shaved, sits next to Dennis, who is also clean-shaven with head shaved. They both wear loose-fitting clothing.

Harry stands up on a chair with a hammer and nails and repairs a loose board on the ceiling.

Three women enter, all wearing flowery dresses and headscarfs and carrying groceries.

Harry immediately climbs off the chair.

HARRY

Let me help you with those, Lilia.

Harry takes the groceries from the woman and carries them into the kitchen.

INT. COMMUNE - PORTLAND, OREGON - EVENING

The residents of the commune are all seated at a long table as the women and children set plates and food on the table. Most of the men are clean shaven with shaved heads.

Everyone has a seat and everyone bows their head in prayer.

LILIA

Dear Lord, we want to thank you for this food you've given us. We also want to wish our brother Harry safe travels on his journey to California. May he be prosperous, safe and happy in his travels.

EVERYONE

(together)

Amen.

Everyone starts to serve themselves and pass the food around.

HARRY

Dennis, have you decided if you'd like to take me up on my offer and come to California?

DENNIS

I've given it a lot of thought, and while I appreciate the offer...

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I think I've found my true home
here with everyone.

A few of the others smile and cheer and look toward Dennis.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And I have you to thank for that,
Harry. It's been a long time since
I felt like I had a real family.

HARRY

I respect your decision, Dennis.
And I'm so glad you are happy
here.

INT. COMMUNE - PORTLAND, OREGON - NIGHT

Harry stands at a phone that hangs from the commune wall. He picks it up and dials a number. It rings several times. He hangs up then tries again, getting a machine.

HARRY

Bobby, I don't know if this is
your number anymore but I wanted
to try you one last time before I
head out to California. I don't
have a phone, so, I guess, I'll
find you when I get to Hollywood.
Hope to see you soon, brother.

Harry hangs up the phone. Lilia walks by.

LILIA

Still no luck?

HARRY

No. But Bobby's always lived life
the way he wanted to. I'll hunt
him down when I get there.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Harry exits a train with a camera bag, a backpack and a small suitcase in hand.

He stops and checks out his new surroundings; taking it all in.

A guy that looks like his brother but with longer hair passes by with a group of people. Harry sees him and hurries after him, leaving his suitcase sitting unattended.

HARRY

Bobby!

The group keeps walking. Harry hurries over to the guy and touches him on the back of the shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, Bobby!

The guy turns around. It is not Bobby, just a guy that looks like him. He and the others give Harry a weird look.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. I thought you were someone else.

Harry sluggishly walks away and goes back over to where he left his suitcase. It is gone. He looks around at all the people coming and going and does not see his suitcase anywhere.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Harry walks down Hollywood Blvd, checking out the celebrity stars on the strip as he walks. Some are dirty and have lost their shine, while others still shine bright.

He notices an elderly black man who is bent down, cleaning one of the stars with special liquid and a brush.

Harry stops next to the man and looks down at the star.

ELDERLY BLACK MAN

That's my grandfather. One of the finest Jazz Musicians the world ever did see. I come down here once a week and fix up his star so it's good as new.

Elderly man looks at some of the other stars.

ELDERLY BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

It's a shame...some of these stars, cracked and broken and thrown away. A lot like a lot of the people who come here with stars in their eyes looking for fame, only to end up discarded and broken like many of these stars here.

Harry nods.

HARRY

You have a good day, sir.

Harry continues walking, noticing a different vibe in the air. He turns and realizes he is now surrounded by tons of erotic and pornographic shops.

He looks up at a place called "PEEP SHOW" and sees photos of pretty girls plastered on the building and in the windows. Some of the girls are topless or have tiny covers over their nipples. Other girls have their mouths open, signifying sexual acts.

The girls in the photos look very young, some still look like they could be in high school. Many of them look like they could have been the Prom Queen or Most popular girls back at their small town high schools.

He walks past three clothing shops that strictly sell clothing for strippers.

He walks by another shop and stops then realizes there is a girl up in the window of the shop next to him. She is dancing on a stripper pole. When she sees Harry, she walks over to the glass next to him and motions for him to come inside.

She unbuttons her blouse a bit and presses her cleavage up against the glass.

Harry just makes a face; as if feeling sorry for her.

The woman knows he is not gonna come inside and doesn't like being looked at like that. She gives him the finger then mouths the words "fuck you," and walks back over to her pole.

INT. HOSTEL - DAY

Harry walks into the dingy office of the Hostel. A woman is at the desk. Two men with packs strapped onto their backs walk through the office and down a hall.

WOMAN

Hi, there.

HARRY

I was told that you have rooms here where I might be able to stay?

WOMAN

We have a few spots left. Do you know how hostels work?

HARRY

I'm not too familiar.

WOMAN

You'll be staying in a room with several other travelers. A few have bunk beds, others have cots.

HARRY

That would be fine.

WOMAN

Do you have any I.D. on you? I just have to take down your name.

Harry takes out his driver's license and shows it to her and she writes his name on a clipboard.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Follow me, and I'll show you where you'll be sleeping. Is that all you have? Just the backpack and camera?

HARRY

I had a suitcase, but someone stole it right after I got off the train.

Woman makes a face.

WOMAN

Welcome to Los Angeles, Harry.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHY SCHOOL - MORNING

Harry approaches a building that says "PHOTOGRAPHY SCHOOL." He is wearing worn clothing and his camera strapped over his shoulder. He looks up at the building, then steps inside.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY SCHOOL - DARK ROOM - NEXT DAY - DAY

Harry and the other film students are developing some of their photographs. They hang each photo up one at a time. INSTRUCTOR JENNER (50s), looks over each students work.

Instructor Jenner stops and admires Harry's work. Most are black and white photographs of people around town.

INSTRUCTOR JENNER

I have to tell you once again, Harry. This is some great work.

The Instructor points at a photo of a woman bending down and smelling a flower as she leans over a small fence.

INSTRUCTOR JENNER (CONT'D)

The way you captured the essence of this photograph, it's as if we are standing there with her smelling the flower. And by the expression on her face, you can see the hint of excitement, as if she knows she's taking a risk by peeking her head into someone else's garden.

INSTRUCTOR JENNER (CONT'D)

Oh, I spoke to a friend of mine at Samy's Camera shop and he said they have an opening. I already put in a good word for you. Here's his address. Go and see him tomorrow, and be ready to start work.

Instructor Jenner hands him a business card.

HARRY

I really appreciate that.

INSTRUCTOR JENNER

No problem, son.

EXT. STREET - HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Harry puts change into a pay-phone and punches in a number. It rings several times, then someone finally picks up.

BOBBY MORELAND (V.O.)

Hello?

HARRY

Bobby?

BOBBY MORELAND (V.O.)

Little brother! How's it going?

HARRY (V.O.)

OK. I'm here. In Los Angeles.

BOBBY MORELAND

When did you get here?

HARRY

Two days ago.

BOBBY MORELAND (V.O.)
Really, why didn't you call me?

HARRY
I tried calling you a few times
but your machine answered.

BOBBY MORELAND (V.O.)
Where are you? I'll come pick you
up.

EXT. HARD ROCK CAFE - HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bobby pulls up in a red convertible and parks at the curb. He hops out of the car and goes over to Harry and hugs him. Several cars honk at Bobby, who is illegally parked.

Bobby teasingly messes up Harry's hair with his hand.

BOBBY MORELAND
Little brother, good to see you.
Hop in.

They get in the car and cruise down the street.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bobby drives Harry through the streets of Los Angeles, giving him a feeling for the sprawling, horizontal metropolis. They turn onto Hollywood Blvd..

BOBBY MORELAND
Have you had a chance to do much
sightseeing since you got here?

HARRY
I took a walk along the walk of
fame and checked out the wax
museum. That's about it.

BOBBY MORELAND
You been to this area yet?

HARRY
No.

They turn onto Sunset Boulevard and Harry looks curiously at the melange of people, past the few remaining studios, and along the unincorporated length of roadway called Sunset Strip.

Harry looks around wide-eyed and with wonder.

BOBBY MORELAND

That there is the House of blues.
I've run into a couple of rock
legends there.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

These little bars right here are
always happening places. Some of
the hottest, loosest women in L.A.
hang out there.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

And, man, getting drugs and booze
in this town, is as easy as
ordering a pizza.

Harry turns and looks at his brother, who still looks mostly
the same with a few added wrinkles and a new wardrobe.

HARRY

It's been eight years, man.

BOBBY MORELAND

I guess whoever said 'time flies'
wasn't kidding. It's been quite
the ride for me the last eight
years. I came here with nothing,
but learned the ropes and how to
make good money in an expensive
town. It's not like what your used
to Harry, here you can be anyone
you want. The sky is the limit, as
long as your willing to just go
for it.

HARRY

I'm just glad I'm finally here.

BOBBY MORELAND

I'm sorry you weren't able to get
a hold of me when you first pulled
into town. Sometimes my work keeps
me busy.

HARRY

What kind of work are you doing?

BOBBY MORELAND

I built myself up a nice little
business. Hey, could you imagine
what the punks back home would say
if we cruised through town in this
ride?

They share a laugh.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Where did you stay the last few nights?

HARRY

I stayed at a hostel. It wasn't so bad, a little crowded.

BOBBY MORELAND

You're staying with me for now on, bro.

They turn off Sunset just before Beverly Hills and onto Doheny Blvd into the city of West Hollywood and up to Bobby's luxury apartment on Cynthia Street.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Bobby sits on the couch enjoying a glass of scotch. Harry enters from the hallway.

BOBBY MORELAND

You all settled in? You want a scotch?

Harry sits down on the couch and gets some scotch.

HARRY

This is fancy. I didn't realize you were living in a place like this.

BOBBY MORELAND

It's alright.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

So, how are things back home? How's Major Hard-Ass doin'?

HARRY

Oh, he's the same. Though, he's now, "Colonel Hard-Ass."

Bobby chuckles.

BOBBY MORELAND

(does a salute)

Oh, really. Colonel? Yessir, Colonel! Well, that's what he always wanted. And ma?

HARRY

She's good. We talk on the phone at least once a week.

BOBBY MORELAND

You always were her favorite.

HARRY

Don't say that. She loves you just as much.

BOBBY MORELAND

Yeah, I suppose your right. She still talking about leaving him?

HARRY

At least every other month. She finally joined a book club, so at least she did one little thing for herself..She was always so nurturing to me growing up and I felt so sorry for her with the way dad treated her.

BOBBY MORELAND

Military life is one thing I will never understand. I don't think I could ever put my child through that. Not that I'd want to bring any children into this world, but you know what I mean...

HARRY

It was rough on both of us. Moving every 12-18 months all around the world.

HARRY (C ONT'D)

Saying goodbye to your friends right after you finally felt like you made a real friend, and the awkwardness of having to make new ones.

BOBBY MORELAND

Colonel Hard-Ass thought if he beat me enough, I would cave and end up just like him. Beat me into submission.. But I would never give him the satisfaction of joining the military. With every beating he gave me, the more it would make me hate the military.

HARRY

Dad was always unfair to you and never had the right approach when it came to family.

BOBBY MORELAND

You can say that again. I still have scars from some of the beatings.

Bobby lifts his sleeve and shows a scar on his shoulder.

HARRY

I'm sorry he did that to you, Bobby. Sometimes I used to wish he'd hit me instead of you.

BOBBY MORELAND

(downing his drink)

He probably would have if it wasn't for the coddling you received from mom.

HARRY

I really appreciate the years you spent protecting me from bullies back in grade-school and junior high. I don't know how I would have survived school without you.

BOBBY MORELAND

Well, you always defended me against dad all those years, or at least tried to.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

And you were so small, standing in between us when we were fighting, mother wouldn't dare let him hit you, so that made him back off me a lot of the time. I appreciate that.

HARRY

It was hard for me when you left. I really missed you. That was the first time I had to take care of myself. I got into a lot of fights and since you weren't around to have my back, I lost most of them.

Bobby leans back in his chair, re-filling his drink.

BOBBY MORELAND

I still like my alcohol and my drugs and to party hard.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How do you manage to party and still afford such a large, nicely furnished apartment?

BOBBY MORELAND

I share a little of my stash with a few friends and make a few bucks.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, I can fix you up with some girls like I did in the old days. When's the last time you got laid?

HARRY

It wasn't too long ago. Her name was Flower. I lived with her and a group of hippies at an abandoned summer camp for a while. It was great. We spent our nights around the campfire smoking, telling stories, and playing music.

BOBBY MORELAND

Oh, really. Sounds like you did quite a bit of living these past few years. That was just what you needed.

Bobby stands up and puts on his coat.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

You wanna hit a few clubs with me tonight? I can really introduce you to this city!

HARRY

I was gonna hit the sack soon. I'm starting a new job tomorrow.

BOBBY MORELAND

Suit yourself.

HARRY

Oh Bobby. Would you mind giving me a ride in the morning?

BOBBY MORELAND

Sure thing.

Bobby nods and leaves.

SUPER IMPOSED CAPTION: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

INT. SAMY'S CAMERA SHOP - DAY

Harry is busily working behind the counter. He hands a customer their prints in a large envelope and rings them up.

A teenage girl walks in and hands Bobby a few rolls of film that need to be developed. She turns and walks away, wearing short-shorts that show off her long tan legs. TOM (20s), taps Bobby on the shoulder.

TOM

Take a look at those nice thick thighs. What I would give to have those wrapped around me for a few minutes.

HARRY

Are you kidding? She couldn't be more than fifteen.

Tom stands there, making a face.

TOM

So?

HARRY

So, she's still a kid. Duh...

TOM

Oh, I guess so...Why do you always gotta kill my fantasies, Harry?

Harry just shakes his head and drops the rolls of film into envelopes and labels them.

TOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing this weekend?

HARRY

I'm photographing two weddings on Saturday.

TOM

What about Sunday? You wanna catch some waves with me?

HARRY

I've got a Confirmation to shoot that day. It's gonna take all day cause there's several clients.

TOM

You're still doing that crap on the weekends?

HARRY

Hey, it's money! Don't knock it. I was able to save enough money to get my own apartment in Hollywood because of it.

TOM

I already told you I need to introduce you to my photographer friend who shoots for the girly magazines.

HARRY

I do boudoir shoots already, and hey, sometimes I even get laid.

Tom uses his hands to make the shapes of women's breasts, hips and groin area as he speaks.

TOM

The 'Girly' magazines I'm talking about will pay you six times the amount of money you make at those stupid bar mitzvahs and things.

TOM (CONT'D)

..Just talk to my friend the next time he comes in. That's all I'm saying.

HARRY

...Alright, if it means you'll stop bugging me about it, then I'll talk to him.

TOM

OK.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Harry is photographing a bride and groom and their family in front of a church. Everyone moves away except the bride, and groom and Harry photographs them alone.

He pauses after he finishes and just stares at them for a moment, lost in thought.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry lies in bed. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

HARRY

Rachel?

RACHEL

Harry? Is that you? What time is it?

HARRY

It's one o'clock in the morning.

RACHEL

...I was beginning to think you hated me. Harry, it's been almost a year since I've heard from you.

HARRY

I could never hate you, Rachel. You're too good of a person. I don't think anyone could ever hate you.

RACHEL

Where are you?

HARRY

I'm in L.A. I enrolled in photography school, got a job and got my own little apartment.

RACHEL

Did you track down your brother?

HARRY

Yeah, he's here too.

RACHEL

That's good. Tell him I said hello.

HARRY

I will.

Harry is quiet for a moment.

RACHEL

...Are you OK?

HARRY

Can I ask you a question?

RACHEL

Sure.

HARRY

How do you know you're headed in the right direction in life? You know, that you're in the place your supposed to be at the right moment?

RACHEL

I don't know. I guess you don't. You just hope that your in the right place and follow your heart.

HARRY

That makes sense.

RACHEL

Harry, I know you can do anything you want to if you put your mind to it.

HARRY

Thanks, Rachel. For always being there when I needed you.

RACHEL

I'll always be here for you Harry. But promise me that your next phone call won't take as long as this one did.

HARRY

OK. Good night, Rachel.

RACHEL

Good night.

He hangs up.

INT. SAMY'S CAMERA SHOP - MORNING

Harry walks in, yawning. Tom is standing next to another man, JAMES (40s), good-looking, looking at photographs.

TOM

Oh, Harry, there you are. Come over here, I'd like you to meet someone.

Harry walks over.

TOM (CONT'D)

Harry, this is my friend, James, who I was telling you about.

JAMES

(shaking his hand)

It's nice to meet you, Harry. Tom was just showing me some of your work. You've got a great eye, kid.

HARRY

Thanks.

JAMES

Now what I do is a little different than some of your shots here. Sometimes the girls I shoot need images for their portfolios like this.

James sets down a sheet of images of fully dressed girls with makeup or in specific outfits or glamor shots.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Others want something a little risque.

James shows him some images of girls in lingerie.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And then we have the bigger money makers for guys like us. The 'Girly' magazine shots.

James sets down three magazines. He opens one and points out a few photos he took.

HARRY

Uh, I don't know-

JAMES

Before you say anything, do me a favor. Take these magazines home for a few days and just look them over. Here's my card. And here's the rate sheet showing what you'd be paid for various images. I need a guy like you with your eye. I'm overloaded with work right now and I'm offering to unload some of the cash into your pockets.

HARRY

But I've never shot anything close to this before.

JAMES

Call me.

James walks out of the store.

TOM

Just consider it, Harry. It's really not that big a deal. Heck, if I could produce the quality of photographs you could, I quit this job and do that full time!

Harry thinks about this.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry is lying in bed, watching television. He glances over at the magazines that sit on the dresser next to his bed, then back at the TV.

He pauses the TV, picks up a magazine and looks through it. It is filled with half-nude and nude photographs of women. Some photos are more tastefully done and in black and white, others are quite vulgar.

Harry cringes when he looks at some of the images, then his expression turns to one of sadness and confusion.

Harry picks up the rate sheet and looks it over, seeing how much money he will earn for various shots.

His eyebrows rise when he gets to the end of the rate sheet.

Harry picks up the phone and dials the number on James' card.

He takes a deep breath.

HARRY

James. This is Harry, from Samy's.
I'll take the job.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Harry enters the small studio. Boxes and stacks of paper fill the front area. James enters from a back area.

JAMES

Harry, you made it...Sorry about the mess, I just relocated here last month and still haven't gotten things in order. Follow me into the back.

Harry follows James into a back room area. Several white sheets hang from the wall. A small leather chair and a bed are seen.

A girl with curly hair, dark eye-shadow, fake eyelashes, and hot pink lipstick enters.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Harry, this is Nicole. Nicole,
Harry.

NICOLE

Hello.

Harry nervously nods a hello. Nicole peels off the Jean jacket she is wearing and hangs it up. Next she removes her shoes and then her top.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(to James)

Where do you want me?

JAMES

Why don't we start on the chair.
Then we can move over to the bed.

Nicole nods and removes her bra and pants. She stands in a lace G-string. James stands behind Harry.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You can start shooting.

HARRY

Oh, OK.

Harry takes a couple shots, careful not to make direct eye-contact with Nicole. Nicole stands and stares at him, then walks over to him and lifts his chin.

NICOLE

Relax, you're way too tense. Now,
come on. Let's have some fun!

James puts on some music and tosses a blown up beach ball to Nicole and she laughs and teasingly bounces it toward Harry. Harry laughs and begins to relax.

Harry photographs her on the chair. Then she moves over to the bed, puckering her lips in one shot. Next she uses her fingers and gives the "come here" signal.

Harry grins.

She bends over, sticking out her bubble butt toward the camera. Then she looks at Harry and teasingly lowers her panties a little at a time.

She tosses her panties at Harry and they land on his camera.

Harry removes the panties and continues to photograph her as she poses provocatively on the bed, slowly climbing onto it and showing more and more with each pose.

James checks out the shots as Harry shoots them, nodding his head in approval.

They finish, and Nicole puts her clothes back on, leaving her button up top open to reveal her bra. She walks over to Harry and sticks her finger in his mouth then sucks on it.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

So, how was it Harry? Getting your cherry popped?

Harry's face turns bright red.

She kisses him on the mouth then walks away.

Harry picks up her underwear from nearby.

HARRY

Wait, you forgot these.

She turns and looks at him.

NICOLE

Keep them.

Nicole turns back around and leaves the room.

MONTAGE OF IMAGES ****HARRY
PHOTOGRAPHS GIRLS FOR GIRLY
MAGAZINES OVER THE NEXT SIX

**** Harry photographs two nude girls in a similar bedroom scene. The girls slowly undress each other then climb onto the bed together and erotically pose, teasing the camera.

**** Harry is in the desert photographing a girl in a white sundress. The wind blows her dress up and she slowly peels it off. She is completely nude beneath.

**** Harry is at home counting a pile of money.

**** Harry and Bobby drink and snort cocaine at Bobby's

**** Harry jumps onto a red bean bag and a cute girl with long brown hair, red panties and topless, jumps on top of him and makes out with him.

**** Harry photographs a blonde woman in a room wearing nothing but high heels.

*** Harry finishes another shoot and the girls he shot start to get dressed. James puts a hand on his shoulder to say good work. Harry, tired, starts to pack up his gear.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Harry gets ready to photograph a young girl who looks like the innocent, girl next door type. She looks nervous and cautiously looks around the room and then at James.

Harry turns to James.

HARRY

James, would you mind leaving the room?

JAMES

Seriously? Oh, alright.

James exits the room. The girl stands there covering herself and wearing only her bra and panties.

HARRY

What's your name, sweetie?

YOUNG GIRL

Caroline.

HARRY

That's a pretty name. Where are you from?

YOUNG GIRL

Indiana.

HARRY

Are you nervous?

She nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Is this your first time taking pictures like this?

YOUNG GIRL

Yes.

She starts to tremble a bit.

HARRY

You seem like a smart girl. If you're not comfortable doing this, then don't do it. Just walk out that door and never look back.

The girl lifts her head and looks at him with surprise.

Harry walks over and gets her shirt and hands it to her. She puts it on. Her eyes well up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't be embarrassed. There's nothing wrong with crying. I don't think this is the right job for you. You can make clean money other places, trust me. And you wouldn't want your family and friends back in Indiana seeing pictures of you like this, you think?

Realizing he is right, she takes her clothes and puts them back on. She hurries toward the exit, and turns back to him.

YOUNG GIRL

Thank you.

She runs out the door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

About 50 people enjoy a party in an upscale home.

Harry and Bobby are drinking and visiting with guests. James approaches them.

JAMES

What's up? Glad you could make it.

HARRY

This is my brother, Bobby.

JAMES

How's it going, Bobby? You guys want anything? Some blow? Crystal?

BOBBY MORELAND

I was waiting for you to ask.

James pulls out some cocaine and does some. Bobby does some next then passes it to Harry. Harry hesitates for a moment, with a look of guilt, then does some.

JAMES

Bobby, your little brother here is quite the money man these days. I'm getting so many requests for him, I don't know what to do. Do you study photography at all?

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

It run in the family?

BOBBY MORELAND

No, he's always been the one to fool with cameras and stuff. Ever since we were kids.

JAMES

What do you say, Harry? You up for some extra work this weekend? It's 12 hour days but I'll pay you double what I normally do?

HARRY

Well...I guess.

James smacks Harry on the back.

JAMES

I knew I could count on you.

Harry looks happy to have James' approval.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Keep this up and in a few years, I might have to make you partner.

Harry does not look too interested.

HARRY

What I'd really like to do is direct movies. Feature films. Becoming a filmmaker has always been a dream of mine.

James is busy filling his nose with more cocaine.

JAMES

(half-listening)

Oh, yeah..

James spots two men in leather jackets across the room.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'll catch up with you guys later.
I gotta go talk to someone.

Harry stands there, thinking. Looking out of place. He looks at his brother, who is now chatting with a waitress, touching her hair flirtatiously, then getting her phone number. His brother seems to fit right in with this crowd.

Harry steps away, slowly makes his way down a hallway and into a small bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Harry locks the door. He turns and looks at himself in the mirror. He has dark circles under his eyes. He stares at an image he is not too happy with. He removes some eye-drops and puts a few drops into each eye.

He places his hands on the counter and puts his head down.

Someone bangs on the door from outside.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Is anybody in there? Hello?

Harry opens the door. A girl holding her stomach hurries inside.

FEMALE
Move over! I gotta piss.

The girl lifts her skirt and sits on the toilet and pees.

Harry steps out, closing the door behind him.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Harry, James, Tom and James' date, a sexy blonde woman, sit at a table outside a nice cafe and eat lunch.

The waitress brings over the bill.

HARRY
I'll take that. Thank you,
sweetheart.

The waitress winks at Harry and walks away.

James pulls out his wallet.

HARRY (CONT'D)
No, no, it's on me.

Harry sets down a small bundle of cash next to the bill.

A silver rolls royce pulls up and parks at the curb. It is a beautiful car. They all look over at it. A chauffeur holds open a door and an Indian man (60s), extremely well-dressed in a silk suit, sunglasses and a hat, exits the vehicle.

TOM
(makes whistling sound)
Check out that Rolls?

HARRY

Who's that?

JAMES

Adrian Tarrington..He's a big shot
in the industry.

The chauffeur gets in the vehicle and drives off to park.

Adrian enters the cafe and speaks to a waitress. He asks her a question in the distance and she points in the direction of where Harry and his friends are sitting.

Adrian makes his way through the cafe and to the outside seating area and over to their table.

James' date can't take her eyes off Mr. Tarrington, puckering her lips, trying to look good; she can smell the money on him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mr. Tarrington, what brings you here?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Business. Always business.

JAMES

Have a seat.

Adrian Tarrington immediately removes a file from his briefcase and displays various photographs of girls.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I'm here to track down the photographer of these. I was told I could find him here.

HARRY

Those are my shots.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Are these really your shots, son?

HARRY

Yes.

Adrian removes his sunglasses and looks Harry directly in the eyes.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I usually don't leave my office cause I'm such a busy guy. But I had to track you down in person. I have never seen work like yours before..

(MORE)

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

There's just something about it that has such a unique quality, a sensuous and artful flair. It's something that's not often found in my films, but it's something I'd like to try.

Harry's eyes light up when he hears the word 'films.'

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I'd like to contract with you to produce a series of films for a new venture.

HARRY

What kind of films?

Adrian chuckles.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Erotic films, of course.

HARRY

You mean, pornography?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Same as you've been doing here with these photographs, only on tape.

Harry looks conflicted.

HARRY

Oh, I don't know if I could do those. Shooting the pictures is one thing. But filming...

JAMES

Come on, Harry. You said you wanted to be a director, filmmaker, right?

HARRY

Yes, I do.

JAMES

Well, this will give you some behind the camera experience. It's a step in the right direction.

HARRY

I guess. But, I, I don't know.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I think you'd do really well at it. And what you're getting paid as a photographer, is peanuts to what you could be making with me. Why don't you come over to a set where we're making a movie and see what you think. You can have James drive you to the location. I'll send him the details. How does that sound?

HARRY

OK.

TOM

Can I come?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

We can only have a minimal amount of people on set.

Tom frowns. Adrian stands and shakes Harry's hand.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I'll be seeing you soon, Harry.
And I look forward to it.

HARRY

Nice meeting you, Mr. Tarrington.

Adrian slides his glasses back on and walks away. His Rolls Royce pulls up to the front of the cafe.

JAMES

You must have impressed the hell out of him. Adrian never - I mean, never, leaves his office. I bet he's had his eye on you for a while. Looks like I better find myself a new photographer to fill your gigs.

HARRY

I didn't say I'd take the job yet.

James grins at him and gives him a look.

JAMES

Oh, you will! You will.

Harry just looks down at the table, again conflicted.

INT. PORN STUDIO - DAY

Harry steps inside and sees a few cameramen and Mr. Tarrington standing around a man and woman on a bed.

Adrian motions for Harry to join them.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I'm glad to see you. Right in time for the good part.

The woman is topless and wearing panties. The man, dressed in jeans with no shirt, kisses down her neck. The woman climbs on top of the man and lowers herself a bit.

The main cameraman moves closer.

The woman licks her cherry lips.

PORN ACTRESS

I want you to give me some cock...

The man shoves her head down to the front of his pants. She unbuttons his pants and slides his penis into her mouth and starts to give him a blow-job.

The cameraman moves close up to the bed and continues filming.

The actors finish and the woman wipes her mouth.

CAMERAMAN

Take a short break.

Female actress stands and puts on a white silk robe, ties her hair back. The male actor gets out of bed fully naked and walks away. He goes over to a small bar area, sits down naked and pours himself a cup of water.

Harry looks over at the male actor. Adrian chuckles.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

You'll get used to seeing a lot of naked people around here. After a few jobs, you'll barely notice it anymore.

Adrian chuckles at his own pun.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

(to camera man)

Chuck, this is Harry. The guy I told you about.

Chuck nods.

CAMERAMAN

I've seen your work in Beaver Magazine. You're talented.

HARRY

Thanks.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Harry, I'd like you to film the next scene.

HARRY

But I just got here.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

That's how I like to work around here.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT 'D)

You gotta jump in and get your feet wet. It'll be over before you know it. Come on, take the camera.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Chuck, what do you have next?

Cameraman shows Adrian his schedule on a piece of paper. Adrian nods.

HARRY

I- I still don't know if I can do this.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I'll tell you what, son. I can promise you that I can get you a big time movie to direct in the future. My connections run deeper than just porn.

The cameraman steps aside and Harry takes the camera.

The porn actors walk back over and remove all of their clothing then get on the bed. The woman puts her hands near the headboard so that her butt is pointed toward the camera.

CAMERA MAN

Anal scene, take one!

Harry's muscles tense. Adrian puts his hand on Harry's shoulder and gives a gentle squeeze.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
Just point and shoot, Harry.

Harry swallows his pride and starts to film as the male actress moves up behind the woman.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry is bent over his toilet vomiting.

CUT TO:

INT. PORN STUDIO - DAY

Harry is filming three girls dressed in different red and white sexy Santa Claus outfits. They all hold giant plastic candy canes and are having a playful sword fight on the bed.

The girls start to slowly undress each other and take turns kissing each other.

Adrian walks over to Harry.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
Good work my boy, good work

Harry seems calmer and more at ease.

MONTAGE OF IMAGES: HARRY LIVING THE HIGH LIFE

**Three girls hug Harry after a shoot.

**Adrian hands Harry a paycheck. He looks at it and his eyes light up at the amount.

**Harry in line at the bank, then walking over to the counter to open up a bank account.

**Harry sitting on balcony of a Beverly Hills restaurant with a few business associates.

**Harry being handed the keys by a salesman to a brand new silver Mercedes Benz that sits on the showroom.

**Harry shooting a romantic scene with the lights dimmed on a porn set.

**Harry in editing room with Adrian. Leaning over a screen and looking at a scene. Adrian looks pleased.

**Harry in an expensive men's clothing store. Trying on a suit that a worker is measuring to be specially tailored. Harry looks in the mirror; he looks like a whole new person.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry and SUNNY, a cute blonde, blue-eyed girl who is brand new to the porn business are lounging on some bean bags in his living room. Sunny wears tight black pants and a short gray half-shirt that shows off her thin physique.

Harry has a beer in his hand. He downs the rest of it.

SUNNY

Thanks for letting me crash here
the past two months.

HARRY

Don't worry about it, babe. I like
having you here, and besides,
we've been dating two months, so
that officially makes you my
girlfriend.

SUNNY

Does it?

Harry pulls her onto his beanbag and kisses her.

HARRY

Yes, Sunny from Michigan, I think
it does.

SUNNY

It's so different here than the
small town I grew up in.

Harry puts his hands on each side of her head and presses her hair behind her ears.

HARRY

Sunny, I want you to quit porn.
You've only been doing it a few
months, quit before you get in too
deep.

SUNNY

I don't want to talk about that
again..

HARRY

You're too sweet for it. It'll
destroy you. I've watched it ruin
so many nice young girls.

SUNNY

Ever since I was thirteen, I
decided I would do anything to get
famous. Even porn.

HARRY

I'll tell you what. We can quit together. You quit now and I'll quit in six months. I can film my own feature! And you can star in it. A drama. Or a thriller. What do you say?

She smiles.

SUNNY

Really?

HARRY

Yeah! I've been saving. And I know a few people I think would invest.

SUNNY

But I don't think I'm a good enough actress yet.

Harry pulls her closer to him.

HARRY

I think you're a good actress. And, besides, you have a nice butt, and it looks great in a tight pair of jeans.

She laughs and pushes herself up and looks toward a table.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You can enroll in acting classes. Start getting serious about them. Come on, what do you say?

Sunny's eyes dart around the table.

SUNNY

Where's the coke? I thought I left it here?

HARRY

Did you hear me?

She nods.

SUNNY

Oh, there it is.

She grabs a small mirror and a straw and does a line of cocaine.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry sits on the couch. He takes a sip of vodka then sets his drink on the side table next to him. He picks up his phone and punches in a number.

HARRY

Mom, it's Harry. I wanted to call and make sure you got the money I sent you.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Yes, I did. That was very sweet of you. You didn't have to do that.

HARRY

I wanted to.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

That was a lot of money, are you sure you can spare it? You should let me send it back to you so you can put it in the bank.

HARRY

It's no big deal, besides, I have more than enough money in the bank right now.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Alright then. What's new?

HARRY

I've been shooting a lot of films lately, learning the ropes and what it's like to work in the movie business.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Well, that's great, son.

HARRY

Yeah, I guess..

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

You don't sound so happy about it? It's what you've always wanted to do. You should be happy.

HARRY

I am. It just takes a lot of getting used to...

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Nothing good ever comes easy.
Remember that.

HARRY
I will.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
I'd better let you go. I have to
get ready for my counseling
appointment.

HARRY
Counseling?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
That's right.

HARRY
Is dad going with you?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
No. It's just me. I started seeing
a counselor two months ago.

Harry looks shocked.

HARRY
And how is it? Counseling?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
It's been pretty good. I'm
learning a lot about myself. I
never realized what a big help it
would be to talk to someone.

(pause)

I know I put you and your brother
through a lot that you shouldn't
have had to go through. I wish I'd
done more to protect both of you
boys as children.

HARRY
Don't say that. You always
protected us.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
If only I had known then what I
know now. Too bad I hadn't gone to
counseling twenty years ago. Maybe
things would be different.

HARRY
What do you talk about there?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
All kinds of things? It's a big relief. Feels good to let go of some things.

HARRY
I'm glad you're going if it makes you feel better.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Me too. Love you, Harry.

HARRY
Love you, too. Bye.

Harry hangs up the phone.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Harry and Bobby are playing a game of pool. Harry leans over and makes a shot.

HARRY
Boom.

BOBBY MORELAND
Good one.

Harry whistles toward a man at the nearby bar.

HARRY
Another round.

BOBBY MORELAND
Look at you, big-shot. You're quite the man about town, driving a Benz, taking lunch at the Bistro. Who woulda' thought, my innocent kid brother who used to get nervous speaking to girls would grow up to be a pornographer.

HARRY
It's only temporary. And I prefer the word Director.

BOBBY MORELAND
Ok, Ok. But hey, it pays great, call it what you want, it's all gravy. You done well for yourself, kiddo.

HARRY

Yeah..

Bobby leans over and makes a shot then smacks the table. He walks over to Harry and puts his arm around him.

BOBBY MORELAND

How's about throwing a little cash this way. Can you spare a thousand?

HARRY

Sure, no problem.

Bobby pats Harry on the shoulder.

BOBBY MORELAND

Thanks, kid. I appreciate it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - STREET - NIGHT

Harry is walking along the street alone, thinking. He comes across some bright lights. He looks up.

Men in suits and women in fancy dresses enter a movie premier at a theater.

A limo arrives and an actress and the director of the movie exit. They wave to onlookers as flashing cameras take their pictures.

Harry pauses and his eyes light up as he looks at them in awe. Someone bumps into him from behind. It is another man walking along the street. The man gives him a look.

HARRY

Oh, sorry. I didn't see you there.

INT. ADRIAN TARRINGTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry enters. Adrian, who is smoking a cigar and looking down at his accounting books, looks up at him.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Harry, my favorite filmmaker. What brings you here?

Adrian motions to his cigar.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

You smoke Cubans?

Harry shakes his head and has a seat.

HARRY

I wanted to talk with you about something. Have you had a chance to talk to your contacts who film mainstream features?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

What's the rush. I told you I'd put in a good word for you with them in time.

HARRY

I know, but-

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

What? You don't think I'm paying you enough money? You want more money, is that what this is about?

HARRY

No, of course not.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Then what's the problem?

HARRY

..It's not that I don't appreciate everything you've done for me, but I'm just afraid if I stay in this business too long, I'll never get to filming the kind of movies I want.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

What kinda movies do you want to film? Dramas? Romance? Thrillers?

HARRY

Yes. All of those and more.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

How about we do a nice dramatic pornographic film about a young woman who is kidnapped by three brothers, and falls in love with all three of them. Bangs one of them after the other. I'll give you full creative control, you can make it as romantic as you want.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Look, Harry, with your talent we can change the nature of the industry. It is not just porn. It is erotic films; it's a new genre.

(MORE)

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Full-length erotic films.

Harry looks let down.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Harry, don't give up on me just yet. I want you to come stay with me and my family at my ranch this weekend. Go home, pack, and I'll send a car for you in two hours.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Harry is putting some clothes into a small suitcase.

He opens a bottom drawer in his dresser, removes a small box. Opens it. It is empty. He looks around in the drawer, then in a few others.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Harry walks into the guest bedroom abruptly.

Sunny is asleep in a bed. Harry walks over to her and shakes her. He then pulls her silk sheet off.

HARRY
Are you gonna sleep all day?

Sunny is topless and wearing only underwear.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I had five hundred dollars in my room. Have you seen it?

SUNNY
No.

HARRY
Sunny, you know, you don't have to steal from me. If you need something, I'll help you.

SUNNY
Why would I fuckin' steal from you. Don't come in here accusing me of shit.

HARRY
Sorry, I didn't mean to accuse you.

She sits up and grabs a small mirror and some cocaine that sits on her dresser and snorts it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think you've had a little too much of that.

Sunny opens and closes her hand to signify that he is talking too much.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You don't have to be so childish. I hate it when you act like that. What do you have planned for today?

Sunny snuffles and wipes her nose?

SUNNY

What do I have planned for today? Well first I have to go get fucked by two different guys. Once in the front and once in the ass. Then I'll end off my day with a cock in the mouth. How about you?

Harry just shakes his head, disgusted, and starts to leave.

HARRY (V.O.)

I'll be back on Monday.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Harry arrives at a beautiful sprawled out ranch.

Adrian and his wife, Leticia (40s), walk over to greet him.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Harry, you remember my lovely wife, Leticia.

Harry nods, and shakes Leticia's hand.

HARRY

It's nice to see you again.

Leticia puts an arm around Harry and walks him toward the house.

LETICIA

I can't tell you how happy I am that you came to stay with us. Let me show you to your room.

They walk over to the beautiful ranch house and enter.

INT. RANCH - STABLE - DAY

Adrian is brushing a tan and white horse with a long brush. Harry is sitting on a bench nearby.

HARRY

She's a beautiful horse.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

She's an Arabian. Her parents were both from two of the finest bloodlines in the world. Can you guess how much I paid for her?

HARRY

Twenty grand?

Adrian laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

A hundred grand?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Two hundred thousand. I bought her for my wife as an anniversary gift. She's quite the horse-woman.

He finishes brushing her and hangs the brush up on the wall.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Harry, did I ever tell you that when I came to this country as a boy, I only had twelve dollars in my pocket. My parents sent me, their only son, here all alone because they wanted me to have a better life. To have what they never could. I was only eleven years old.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

My father was a good man. Very loyal. Just like you. He was a wood carver. He could make amazing pieces, even furniture out of wood. He took pride in his work. I miss him.

Harry smiles.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Both of my parents died before they were able to see what a success I became. How I turned those twelve dollars into millions.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

There's nothing I wouldn't give to see my father one more time..

Adrian's eyes tear up.

HARRY

That must have been hard.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

But there's a plan for each one of us, you know. And it takes hard work, struggle and dedication to get there. Nothing in life comes for free.

Adrian smacks Harry on the back.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Let's get back to the house. Leticia has cooked up a feast for us and you're the guest of honor.

Harry grins, feeling at home.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - EVENING

Harry and Adrian enter.

HARRY

Can you excuse me for a moment. I just need to use your bathroom?

Adrian points it out. Harry walks over and goes into the bathroom then exits a moment later.

Adrian's daughter, THERESA (19) with jet black hair and flawless pale skin, is standing in front of Harry in the hallway.

THERESA

You're nothing special, you know.

HARRY

What?

She just turns and walks away.

Harry follows her into the dining room area. She has a seat at the table, which is filled with food, and Harry takes a seat next to Adrian's.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I see you've met my oldest daughter, Theresa.

Two other girls, ages six and eight, are also seated at the table.

LETICIA

And these two are Tami and Tina.

HARRY

Are they twins?

LETICIA

No, but a lot of people ask that. Tami is six and Tina is eight.

HARRY

You have a lovely family, Leticia.

Theresa gives Harry a dirty look, like she wants to gag.

LETICIA

I hope you like duck. I prepared it just for you.

Harry looks down at his plate.

HARRY

It looks delicious.

Leticia raises her glass of wine.

LETICIA

Well, bon-appetite!

They all enjoy their food.

LETICIA (CONT'D)

I can't tell you again how nice it is to have you here, Harry. It's almost like, like having Charlie back home.

HARRY

Who's Charlie?

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

He was my son. But he's been abroad the past few years.

THERESA

Was you're son? Why do you talk about him like he's dead.

Adrian clears his throat.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Sweetheart, let's not get into this right now. Harry is our guest.

THERESA

He's your son who disowned you eight years ago. He wants nothing to do with you cause you're a pornographer.

Theresa looks at Harry.

THERESA (CONT'D)

And as far as I'm concerned, you're no better!

HARRY

Hey, you shouldn't speak to your father that way.

THERESA

(mockingly)

Of course you'll defend him. You're on his teat, too. It's all about the dollar with you both, isn't it!

LETICIA

(to Theresa)

And just who do you think pays your bills? Or for your schooling? And all of your clothes?

THERESA

I think I'm done. I'll excuse myself.

Theresa gets up and dramatically exits the room and is heard running up some stairs in the distance. Leticia takes a big drink of her wine.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I'm sorry about that, Harry. Theresa is the feminist of the family.

There is an awkward pause.

TAMI

Mommy, what's a pornographer?

LETICIA

I don't know, sweetie.

TAMI

But Theresa called daddy one.

Harry tries to act normal and takes another bite of his meal.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry is sitting on a couch in the living room watching TV in the middle of the night.

Theresa, dressed in black silk pajamas, walks into the room.

THERESA

You couldn't sleep either?

HARRY

I'm a little surprised to see you.

Theresa has a seat on the couch.

THERESA

I know I come off abrupt, but if you'd been through everything I've been through, then you'd understand me.

HARRY

Point taken.

THERESA

I despise what my father does for a living. As far as I'm concerned, it's all dirty money. And I don't understand how you can film stuff like that?

HARRY

I'm just gonna do it a little longer. I think of it as a stepping-stone to a bigger career.

THERESA

Oh yeah, what? To pimping?

HARRY

(offended)

No. And I don't appreciate you saying that. I want to be a real filmmaker. I want to film features and bio-pics, things that matter.

THERESA

Then why don't you enroll in film-school and quit doing this crap.

HARRY

I'm just doing it for the experience.

THERESA

And the money.

HARRY

So what, who are you to judge me?

THERESA

Just a girl who is sick and tired of seeing young innocent girls exploited. That's somebody's daughter you're filming, you know.

HARRY

Well, they're doing it of their own free will. It's not like I'm forcing them to. -And trust me, I've tried to get a few out of the business, but that didn't always work out so well.

THERESA

Oh yeah. That's good to hear.

Teresa holds a bottle of wine and takes a long drink.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I swear if I'm still in this house by the time I'm twenty-five, I'm gonna be an alcoholic just like my mother.

HARRY

Then why don't you leave?

THERESA

I ask myself the same question everyday.

HARRY

And what's the answer?

THERESA

I don't know... I guess
I'm...scared.

HARRY

In a perfect world, where would
you be right now if you weren't
here?

Theresa's face lights up, she looks upward and thinks.

THERESA

I guess I'd be in fashion school.
Maybe somewhere like New York.

HARRY

Your dad is well off, why won't he
pay to send you to fashion school?

THERESA

Are you kidding? He wants me to
stay right here where he can
torture me. He hangs his money
over my head, threatening to cut
me off if I ever leave.

Theresa takes another gulp of wine.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I guess I'm no better than the
rest of them. He uses fear to keep
me here, but I'm addicted to his
money, too.

HARRY

You should try going out on your
own. Get a job, or move to New
York and get an Internship at a
Fashion Company. They have those,
you know? Or even the Otis Fashion
Institute right here in L.A.

THERESA

You think I could really do it?

HARRY

Sure you can. You don't know if
you don't try.

Theresa softens.

THERESA

It was nice chatting with you Harry. You're not so bad, you know?

HARRY

Promise me, you'll look into the fashion intern thing or Otis.

THERESA

Only if you promise you'll think about leaving the business.

HARRY

I'll think about it.

THERESA

(smiling)
Good night.

She walks out of the room.

INT. ADRIAN TARRINGTON'S STUDIO - DAY

Harry and a Camera Man are standing near a camera.

CAMERA MAN

Where the hell are they? These stupid porn-stars, are always late.

Sunny and another female porn-star burst through the door.

HARRY

Where have you been? You're almost two hours late?

OTHER FEMALE PORNSTAR

We were just rehearsing for our scene. And then we had a little shopping to do.

The camera man rolls his eyes.

HARRY

Andy, get back out here!

A tall tan male with curly brown hair enters the room. Camera man points over at two white couches and a living room set.

HARRY (CONT'D)

In the living room scene.

Andy removes his robe and sits down on a couch in his underwear. The camera man looks at his watch.

Sunny and the other woman run over and sit on the couch near Andy.

Camera man looks into his camera as Harry observes.

CAMERA MAN

Action.

The two girls both start to kiss on Andy. He removes both of the girls' clothing and then Sunny slides down near his feet and pulls her hair to one side and puts her head in his groin area, while the other girl remains on the couch kissing him.

Camera man pulls his head away from the camera.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

Wait! Stop!

He turns to Harry.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

You don't see that?

Camera man walks over to Sunny and grabs one of her arms and then the other and looks at them.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

Needle marks.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

(to Harry)

She's gotta go. You know how Adrian feels about this kind of thing.

SUNNY

Wha-?

Camera man motions with his thumb that she should hit the road.

Harry scoops her up and leads her away.

CAMERA MAN

Don't let her come back till she's clean!

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry and Sunny are in the midst of an argument. Sunny wipes her tear-stained face.

HARRY

Just let me take you to rehab. One month. That's all I'm asking you to do. I'll pay for it.

SUNNY

I'm not going to no stupid rehab.

Sunny grabs a wine glass and throws it across the room. It smashes onto the floor.

HARRY

Sunny, please.

SUNNY

I don't need you. I don't need anybody.

HARRY

But, I love you.

SUNNY

You think you love me? Well, you shouldn't. I'm not worth loving.

Sunny turns and storms away.

HARRY

Where are you going?

She grabs a duffle bag from a nearby bedroom and throws it over her shoulder.

SUNNY

I have other people I can stay with. I don't need to stay here anymore.

Harry walks over to her and tries to hug her.

HARRY

You're not being rational. You can stay here, this is your home, too.

SUNNY

I told you I have other friends.

Sunny shoves him away.

HARRY

Who? The same friends that got you into this?

Harry grabs one of her arms and points out a needle mark.

She yanks her arm away and hurries over to the front door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(tone changing)
If you go, I won't help you next
time!

Sunny huffs, opens the door and slams it as she exits.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry is sitting on his couch drinking some vodka. He sets his glass down and dials a number on his cellphone.

Rachel answers.

HARRY
It's nice to hear your voice.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Harry. To what do I owe this late
night call to?

HARRY
I don't know...

RACHEL (V.O.)
Let me guess.. Girl troubles?

HARRY
No.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Harry, we're not together anymore
and we live in different states.
It's perfectly normal for you to
have a new girlfriend. I've been
seeing a few different guys
myself.

HARRY
Oh, really.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Nothing serious. Just dating.
Playing the field. So, what's
going on with you?

HARRY
I've really fuckedup my life,
Rachel.

RACHEL (V.O.)

How.

HARRY

Doing things I'm not proud of.
Forgetting my morals. Selling out.
You name it. And my girlfriend's a
drug addict. I guess the clues
were right in front of me all
along but I just didn't want to
see them. I just don't know how I
can help her. I try and I try but
she refuses to accept my help.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Maybe you need to show her some
tough love. Sometimes that's the
only way.

HARRY

I suppose- She's a sweet kid,
really.

HARRY (C ONT'D)

Just got caught up in a town that
eats girls like her for breakfast.

RACHEL (V.O.)

I'm sorry to hear that. And I'm
sorry you're so down. Is there
anything I can do?

HARRY

You're doing it right now.

RACHEL (V.O.)

(smiling through phone)

I'm glad I can be there for you,
Harry.

INT. PORN STUDIO - DAY

Harry is behind the camera filming three girls involved in a
threesome. The girls walk out of the frame and onto a nearby
bed and start to undress each other.

Harry is zoning out and instead of moving the camera to follow
them, he leaves it locked in place as he stares into space.

One of the girls stops kissing another and looks over at him.

CAMERA MAN

Harry! Harry, aren't you gonna
film them?

Harry snaps back to reality.

HARRY

Oh, sorry. Just got lost for a moment.

Camera man looks at Harry.

CAMERA MAN

(to girls)

Take five!

Camera man puts his arm around Harry, who looks pale.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

Are you alright, man? You look like you haven't slept in days.

HARRY

Yeah, I'm ok. Just have a lot on my mind.

CAMERA MAN

Have you heard from Sunny yet?

HARRY

Not for the past few months. I just hope she's alright.

CAMERA MAN

She'll turn up sooner or later. Trust me, in this business, they always come crawling back into porn.

The camera man turns and walks away.

HARRY

(to himself)

That's exactly what I'm afraid of.

Harry walks over to a nearby bathroom and goes inside.

INT. BATHROOM

Harry pulls a small bottle of whiskey from behind a vent, takes the cap off and takes a big drink.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry enters. His phone rings. He goes over and picks it up and has a seat on the couch.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Hey, sweetheart, it's me! I'm glad
I caught you.

Martha has a new tone to her voice, she sounds upbeat.

HARRY
I'm glad you did too. I've been
meaning to call you.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
I have some news for you. Harry, I
left your father.

Harry freezes for a moment.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Harry, are you still there?

HARRY
Yes, I'm here. Are you serious?
You really left dad.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Yes, I did.

HARRY
When did this happen?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
A month ago. I would have told you
sooner, but a lot's been going on
in my life. I moved into an
apartment with a roommate.

HARRY
Roommate?

Martha giggles.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)
Yes, isn't that great? I feel like
I'm in college. Oh, she's great,
you'd love her. She's about
fifteen years younger than me and
we go out all the time. She talked
me into joining a yoga class with
her.

HARRY

Wow.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

I can't wait for you to meet her. We're going to take some other classes together too. I just have to schedule them around my new job. Oh, I didn't tell you. I got a job at the local library. It's only part-time for now but they promised me full-time within six months.

HARRY

How do you like it?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

I love it.

HARRY

And how are you feeling about leaving dad?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Honey, I've never felt more at peace, and I don't think I've been this happy in a long time. Me and your father agreed we would always be great friends. I tried to get him to go to counseling with me to try and work things out but he refused.

HARRY

That's no surprise.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

But honestly, I don't think things were repairable. Our marriage has been broken for a long time.

HARRY

How is he taking it?

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

He's doing alright. He was always married to his career, so he still has that. We've been meeting for breakfast every Sunday, and I don't think we had talked like that in years. Like friends. It's been nice.

HARRY

That's really good, mom. I'm proud of you.

Harry smiles admirably to himself.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

I'd better let you go. Can you do me a favor and tell your brother to call me? I've been trying to call him but he's not answering. I wanted to be able to give him the news myself.

HARRY

Sure thing, mom. Love you.

MARTHA MORELAND (V.O.)

Love you too.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry walks into his bedroom and climbs into bed. He sets his phone next to his bed. He reaches over to a lamp and is about to shut it off when his phone rings.

HARRY

Hello?

SUNNY (V.O.)

(slurring voice)

Hey Harry, it's me..

HARRY

Who is this?

SUNNY (V.O.)

It's Sunny.

Sunny's voice sounds distant and fades in and out.

HARRY

Sunny, where are you? Are you OK?

SUNNY (V.O.)

I'm in the city. I need you to do me a big favor. Please.....Harry. I just need to borrow some money. Just five-hundred bucks.

HARRY

Why don't you meet me some place for breakfast tomorrow and we can talk about that.

SUNNY (V.O.)

No- I need it tonight. It's real important..Can You please do this for me. I'm really sick and I need it.

HARRY

Sunny, I don't want to give you money if you're gonna buy drugs with it.

SUNNY (V.O.)

Harry, remember when you told me you'd always be there for me? That you'd do anything? Well, I need you right now. I just need five hundred, or four. I'll pay you back I promise.

SUNNY (VO.) (CONT 'D)

Can you meet me somewhere and bring it to me, please!

HARRY

Sunny, I'm trying to help you.

SUNNY (V.O.)

(voice louder)

No, you're not! You're only trying to hurt me cause you can't control me anymore.

HARRY

That's not it at all. You know I care about you.

SUNNY (V.O.)

If you really cared about me, you'd get into your car and drive over here and meet me tonight! Please. I promise I'll never ask you for anything again if you do!

HARRY

I can't do that, I'm sorry.

SUNNY (V.O.)

(crying)

I'm dying here, Harry. And I have no one else. Nobody who can help me. Please, just this once.

Harry swallows.

HARRY
Goodbye, Sunny.

Harry hangs up the phone. He turns off his lamp and lies there in the dark and takes several deep breaths.

HARRY (CONT'D)
..I hope I did the right thing.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Harry is asleep in bed. Loud knocking is heard on his front door. More knocking.

Harry wakes up and gets out of bed.

HARRY
I'm coming, I'm coming.

Harry goes into the living room and answers the front door.

One of Sunny's porn-star friends is standing at the front door, looking a mess. She is crying.

PORN-STAR
Harry, Sunny's dead. They found her in an alley this morning.

HARRY
What? That can't be true!

PORN-STAR
It's true. They think she overdosed on Heroin.

HARRY
But she just called me last night. She said she didn't have any money. Who gave her money for heroin?

PORN-STAR
She stole an old woman's purse. The cops are still investigating. They figure she must have got a bad batch or something.

HARRY
You don't think she would have tried to hurt herself, do you?

Porn-star starts crying even more.

PORN-STAR

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

Harry, whose eyes are starting to tear up, gives her a hug.

PORN-STAR (CONT'D)

I just thought you should know. I know you were good to her. -I gotta go, my ride is waiting for me.

Harry peeks outside and sees long-haired, sleazy looking guy, standing next to an old Thunderbird, waiting.

HARRY

Are you gonna be OK?

PORN-STAR

I don't know... Are you?

Harry just freezes. He grabs onto the door frame for support. The porn-actress turns and leaves. Harry shuts the door.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Harry balls both of his hands into fists and throws his head back and screams.

HARRY

NOOOOOO!

He goes into his kitchen area. Grabs a vase off the table and throws it to the ground. He grabs six plates one at a time and throws each one across the room, letting each one crash onto the ground, or wall, into dozens of pieces.

Harry sinks to the ground, crying frantically. He shoves his arms over the sides of his head, breaking down.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

MONTAGE OF IMAGES: HARRY SPENDS THE NEXT FEW DAYS LOCKED UP IN HIS APARTMENT, SINKING INTO DEPRESSION

*** Harry sits on his couch in his boxers and a white T-shirt. The house is a mess. He has a bottle of whiskey in

*** Harry doing a line of cocaine

*** Harry looking at himself in bathroom mirror. He has dark circles under his eyes

*** Harry crouched down in his shower as water sprays over

*** Harry looking at a photograph of him and Sunny in happier times.

*** Harry picking up his cellphone. Adrian Tarrington's name is on the display. He ignores the call.

*** Harry lying in bed in the day. Several knocks are heard on his door. He ignores them.

*** Harry sitting on ground in his bedroom at night, next to the door. A bottle of alcohol is in one hand.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Harry and Tom stand next to Sunny's fresh grave. Harry's phone rings. He looks at it and hangs it up.

TOM

That Adrian again?

HARRY

Yes.

TOM

You can't just keep ignoring his phone calls. You gotta face him again sometime.

HARRY

I know.

Harry sets a bouquet of multi-colored flowers on Sunny's grave.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming with me, Tom.

TOM

No problem, man.

HARRY

This just seems so unfair. She didn't deserve this. I wish I could have done more. I should have been there-

TOM

There was nothing you could have done. You did a lot more for her than most people around here. She's in a better place now.

HARRY

I know, but I can't stop thinking about it. What if I would have just gone to her that night.

Tom places his hand on Harry's shoulder.

TOM

That's dangerous territory. You'll only destroy yourself if you keep thinking about that. You have to let her go now.

HARRY

I don't know if I can.

Harry keeps staring at Sunny's grave.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry, still in his suit, steps into his apartment. He goes into the kitchen area and gets himself a glass of water. Takes a drink.

Knocking is heard on his front door.

Harry goes over and answers it. Bobby steps inside. He runs his hand through his messy hair. He looks stressed.

BOBBY MORELAND

Hey, little bro. How is it going?

HARRY

How is it going? Are you kidding me? It's going pretty bad, that's how it's going.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Where were you?

BOBBY MORELAND

What do you mean?

HARRY

I've been trying to call you all day. Sunny's funeral was today. You were supposed to go with me, remember?

BOBBY MORELAND

Oh, that. Sorry, I forgot. I can drive you to the cemetery if you want.

HARRY

The funeral's over now.

BOBBY MORELAND

Oh, wow. Did you miss it?

HARRY

No, Tom went with me.

Bobby looks around nervously, grabs a bottle of alcohol and pours himself and Harry a drink. He downs his. Harry just holds his.

BOBBY MORELAND

Drink up.

Harry sets the glass down on the counter.

HARRY

This is the last thing I need right now.

BOBBY MORELAND

(putting arm around him)

I need a big favor. I got this big cocaine deal going down, and I need to borrow some money. Twenty grand, bro, tell me you can help your big brother out?

Harry steps away from Bobby. Looks stunned.

HARRY

What?? You come here on the day of my girlfriend's funeral and ask me to borrow twenty grand? Are you fucking kidding me?

BOBBY MORELAND

Come on, man. I know you're good for it. Look at how good you're doing, hot shot. If the tables were turned and you needed the cash, I'd help you.

Harry lowers his head and stares at the floor.

HARRY

(in low voice)

Get the fuckout of here.

BOBBY MORELAND

What?

Harry lifts his head.

HARRY

I said get the fuck out of here!

BOBBY MORELAND

You can help me out! I've done so much for you! Ever since we were kids. And now you can't help me this one time.

Harry does not respond.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

All those years, growing up!
Fighting all your fights cause you were too weak.

Bobby walks closer to Harry and points a finger into his chest.

BOBBY MORELAND (CONT'D)

Remember who always had your back when everyone in school wanted to kick your ass!

Harry gives Bobby a solemn look, knowing this may be the last time he ever sees his brother.

HARRY

Get out of my house, Bobby.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Albertson is leaning back in his chair.

DR. ALBERTSON

That's quite a story, Harry.

HARRY

Now that I've told you my story, what should I do?

DR. ALBERTSON

That's up to you.

HARRY

I need you to tell me what I should do.

Dr. Albertson looks at him intently.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Harry, I think you already know what you need to do.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No, I don't. That's why I came to you. Aren't you supposed to tell me what I need to do?

DR. ALBERTSON

I'm here to listen. I am not the Colonel, Harry, telling you what to do. I know you're confused and overwhelmed. We can figure this out. The answers lie within you; it's up to us to find them.

DR. ALBERTSON (CONT'D)

Similar to your journey across the country, this is a journey inside you.

Dr. Albertson looks at his watch. He gathers some items on his desk.

HARRY

But I still have so many questions.

DR. ALBERTSON

You can do this, Harry. Look inside your heart, you already know the answers to any questions you can ask me. We'll continue the journey next week.

Dr. Albertson stands up and grabs his briefcase.

Harry nods. And stands up.

DR. ALBERTSON (CONT'D)

I'll walk out with you.

They both turn and walk out of the office. Dr. Albertson flips the lights off.

INT. ADRIAN TARRINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry enters Adrian's office. Adrian sits behind his desk on the phone. When he sees Harry, he hangs up.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
(to caller)
I'll call you back.

Adrian stands up and opens his arms.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Harry, I'm so glad to see you. You
ready to get back to work?

HARRY
No. I just came to give you this.

Harry hands Adrian a letter.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
What's this?

HARRY
It's my letter of resignation. I'm
done with this business.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
What? Sit down, let's talk about
this. You know as well as I do,
you need this job.

HARRY
There's nothing to talk about. I
appreciate all you've done for me,
but it's time for me to move on.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
What are you gonnado, huh? Go back
to work at that camera shop where
I found you?

HARRY
No, I'm gonna go out on my own.
Open an Indie production studio
and start making movies.
Documentaries too.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON
Just stay a little longer. With my
contacts, you can start off a
studio with a bang when you're
ready.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY
No, thank you. I'll make contacts
of my own. I just came to drop
that off in person. Face to face.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

I appreciate that Harry. But if you just have a seat, we can go over a few things.

HARRY

Now's where we part ways. I have to go. Goodbye, Adrian.

Harry turns and starts walking away.

ADRIAN TARRINGTON

Don't walk out that door, Harry. You'll regret it. No one walks away from me.

Harry exits.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Harry is sitting with Theresa at a picnic table. They are eating sandwiches.

THERESA

Thanks for meeting me here, Harry. You've become a great friend. I never would have built up the courage to leave from under my father's thumb if I hadn't of met you.

HARRY

Same goes for me. How have things been in New York?

THERESA

I admit, it was scary at first moving there all on my own. But I got a job in a little dress shop and the owner's hooking me up with an internship at a fashion firm. So things are getting really excited.

HARRY

I'm so happy for you.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the sandwich. And you know what, it's a much better view out here than at the Bistro.

They share a laugh.

THERESA

Yeah, who needs a fancy dish when you have good old fashioned turkey and rye.

INT. AA MEETING ROOM - DAY

We see a room full of people of all ages. A man in his sixties stands at the front of the room, finishing his pitch.

MAN

And so that's my story. Thank you for listening.

People in the room clap.

Harry gets up out of a chair and walks to the front of the room.

He looks around at all the faces that fill the room.

HARRY

Hi, my name's Harry and I'm an alcoholic. I'm also a drug user and have other addictions that I'm starting to conquer. I grew up in a household where my military father ruled with an iron fist. For so many years, I grew up thinking my mother was the weak one. She put up with my father's outbursts and mental abuse for years and years and years.

(pauses then continues)

But just recently, my mother, who I thought was so weak for so long, told me she was divorcing herself from her husband of over thirty years. For so many years I thought my father was the strong one, but a light-bulb went off, and I finally saw what was right in front of me all along.

HARRY (C ONT'D)

That my mother was the strong one, not my father. And, now I stand here today, pledging not only to divorce myself from alcohol and drugs, but from anything and anyone who only bring me down or affects me in a negative way. Because life's too short to have any of that in our lives.

(MORE)

HARRY (C ONT'D) (CONT'D)
 And life's too short for any of us
 to be anything but happy. And
 that's all I have to say today.

The room is silent for a moment. Then Rachel, who sits in the front row, starts to clap. And, one by one, the others join in and applaud Harry.

Harry is beaming, his smile lights up the room and he looks happier than he has looked in his entire life.

EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Harry leans against a U-haul truck, smiling.

From the back of the U-haul truck, Rachel pops her head out, holding a box.

RACHEL
 You gonna have me unload
 everything by myself?

HARRY
 Of course not..I Was just admiring
 the view.

Harry walks over to Rachel and kisses her on the top of her head. She smiles. He takes the box.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 I'm really glad you decided to
 join me out here.

Rachel puts her arm around his back.

RACHEL
 Me too.

THE END

ONSCREEN CAPTION: "HARRY WENT ON TO FILM OVER TEN SUCCESSFUL FEATURE FILMS AND SEVERAL AWARD WINNING DOCUMENTARIES. HE STILL MAKES MOVIES TO THIS DAY."