back to one
BLANK SCREEN

MUSIC: A steel guitar version of "Time Is On My Side"

WHITE TEXT BUILDS ON SCREEN

"Everyone has a vision for their future. Then life happens"

FADE OUT:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - HOLLYWOOD -- MORNING

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

Suite is cluttered from one hell of a party. Cocaine stained mirror, cigarette butts, liquor bottles and clothing are tossed about.

JIM HARRIS, (40's) International film star is perched at the edge of the bed rubbing his hands through his salt and peppered hair.

Naked behind him stirs the most BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (20's) you can imagine.

Sunlight cuts through the drawn curtains.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers slowly.

    JIM HARRIS
    I need five.

The Beautiful Blonde reaches for him but he pops away just before contact

Jim quickly pieces an outfit together from the cluttered floor.

Beautiful Blonde moves in for a kiss.

    BEAUTIFUL BLONDE
    Can't believe I met you.

Jim dodges her advance and quick steps toward the door without a word.

The door CLICKS behind him, but not before he snatches up a bottle of champagne from the ice bucket.
INT. HOTEL LOBBY - HOLLYWOOD -- CONTINUOUS

Jim exits the elevator and is joined by ELLIOTT (mid 20s), personal assistant and miracle worker.

JIM HARRIS
How behind are we?

Jim swigs from the bottle.

ELLIOTT
Not so behind that you can't put on your shoes. Tylenol?

Elliott offers up two pills that Jim quickly washes down.

Jim slips on his loafers and they are off.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Joanna's in the car and she's gonna tear both of our dicks off if you show up looking like this.

JIM HARRIS
Shit. Forgot my watch.

ELLIOTT
Where did you go? We weren't even halfway through the junket and you casper.

JIM HARRIS
I love that watch.

ELLIOTT
Fuck the watch. Joanna's been doing damage control with the studio all morning.

Elliott snatches the champagne from Jim and puts it on a passing bell cart.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
As a friend, I'm telling you, you've got to get it together.

EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY - HOLLYWOOD -- CONTINUOUS

Paparazzi pounce on them exiting the hotel. Camera flashes POP wildly.

(CONTINUED)
JIM HARRIS
What makes you think we're friends.

BLACK LIMO pulls up and they hop in.

INT. LIMO - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Jim sits across from his manager, JOANNA (40's).

JOANNA
I suppose you're quite proud of your little stunt.

JIM HARRIS
Good morning to you too. You look radiant as ever.
(to Elliott)
What's the schedule?

ELLIOTT
Denzel's people called--

JOANNA
--Shut up Elliott.

Joanna tosses her phone to Jim.

ANGLE ON: phone screen shows risque photo of Jim and the Beautiful Blonde.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
You seem fixated on destroying your career.

Jim cycles through the photos. They get worse.

JIM HARRIS
(smirking at her)
You think these are good? You should see my shots.

JOANNA
(knocking on the divider glass)
Lawrence. Stop the car.

The limo pulls to a quick stop and Joanna dramatically throws open the door.
CONTINUED:

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I will gladly get out of this car and watch you fuck your career in the ass. However, I won't go down with you.

JIM HARRIS
Joanna, relax. No one is getting fucked in the ass. Except maybe Elliott.
(beat)
Come on. Can we get back to business? Elliott, please fill me in on the essentials for the day.

Joanna signals for Elliott to pause and she gives Jim a very serious look.

JOANNA
Listen up, and listen good. The studio says last strike.

Jim tosses her a snarky look.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
One more mess and you're gone. All of it.

Jim stares out his window. Joanna battles to keep his attention.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Hello. You know as well as I that if they pull your deal you're fucked.

She shuts the limo door and signals Elliott to continue his morning briefing.

ELLIOTT
Denzel's people called and they are waiting on you to sign on. Production called, they need to switch the nightclub scene with the shower scene.

Jim checks his coat pocket, finding his watch.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Soon as you arrive we have a sit down with Access Hollywood--

(CONTINUED)
5 CONTINUED: (2)

JOANNA
--I don't know how you pull it together? Look at you.

ELLIOTT
Here's your talking points.

Jim puts the watch on his wrist and inspects the face.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

6 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NEW BEDFORD, MA -- AFTERNOON

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Close up on the watch face, 3:45.

JIMMY HARRIS (20's), fresh faced younger version of the man we just met, taps his watch.

He's sitting atop a reading table scattered with PERFORMING ARTS books. His hand holds a collection of SHAKESPEAREAN HISTORIES.

He pops from the table and leans around the corner checking a large wall clock, 4:10.

JIMMY
SHIT!

An OLD WOMAN (70's) SHUSHES him.

Jimmy grimaces and hurriedly picks up his backpack and runs through the library.

MRS. FULLER (60's) the librarian, hails him down.

MRS. FULLER
JIMMY!

Jimmy turns on his heels.

JIMMY
I'm late!

MRS. FULLER
Which one?

JIMMY
Histories.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MRS. FULLER
Again?  Ok, go, go, go.

EXT.  PUBLIC LIBRARY - NEW BEDFORD, MA - CONTINUOUS
Jimmy hustles down the steps of the library.

EXT. MAIN STREET -  NEW BEDFORD, MA -- CONTINUOUS
Hurrying down the street Jimmy passes vacant store fronts and foreclosed buildings.
Arriving we see a large worn neon sign that reads SHAWMUT DINER.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS
It's a classic New England diner.  Cash register near the door.  Booths line the windows.  A chrome trimmed counter lined with red topped stools.
Jimmy BURSTS through the door and hustles to the kitchen.
A crowd of culturally diverse CUSTOMERS pack the joint.
His father, TOM HARRIS (Mid 50's) a gruff overweight man, stares him down.

   JIMMY
      (out of breath)
      I know.
Tom Harris smacks Jimmy upside his head with a rolled up newspaper.
Randy (30s), the diner's cook, continues to cook in the background and smiles at Jimmy's raconteur response.

   TOM HARRIS
This is the third time this week.  I can piss from one end of town to the other.  Where the hell you been?

   JIMMY
My watch died, ok. I said I was sorry.

   TOM HARRIS
No, you said, I know. That's all you ever say. I know, I know. You know what you don't know? How to be on time!
CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Well now I know.

Tom Harris strikes a quiet rage.

TOM HARRIS
(in a hushed, taunting tone)
That fucking mouth. Always something.

Randy's watching the action.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
(gruffly to Randy)
Keep cooking, these good people are hungry.

Tom Harris exits the kitchen and plops himself with a HUFF behind the cash register.

Jimmy addresses Randy.

JIMMY
You should see the family reunions.

His co-worker ANNABELLA DACOSTA (20's) tries to hide her laughter.

She is a Portuguese princess from the right side of the tracks with beautiful olive skin, soft dark hair and the confidence of a district attorney that's just won a big case.

She makes her way past Jimmy nodding "follow me".

Jimmy turns on a dime and tracks with her.

Annabella snaps a quick turn planting a sensual kiss on Jimmy.

ANNABELLA
Don't listen to him.

Jimmy strikes a kiss drunk smile and she quick steps away.

LEONARD (40's) is perched upon his stool at the counter. Silent burdens weigh his shoulders but not his smile. He spends much of his time scribbling into a small note pad.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

We track Annabella, hands stacked with full plates. She arrives at a booth with three FEMALE COLLEGE SNOBS (20's).

FEMALE COLLEGE SNOB 1
I wanted my fries on a separate plate.

ANNABELLA
I'm sorry. That's the way the kitchen does it.

FEMALE COLLEGE SNOB 2
I don't want it.

ANNABELLA
I'll be back.

She zips off to Jimmy, venting.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
This girl is pissed because her fries touched her burger.

JIMMY
Don't she know what kind of place this is?

The girls run out, SCREAMING and LAUGHING.

EXT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS

The College Girls jump into their convertible RACING off.

INT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS

They poured ketchup, mustard, sugar, salt and their dinner plates across the table creating a disgusting mess.

ANNABELLA
Classy.

JIMMY
(under his breath)
I hate this place.

Jimmy stomps off to the supply closet.

INT. DINER - STORAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy grabs the mop and bucket accidentally knocking a box of to-go containers off the shelf SPLASHING across the floor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He cleans the mess finding a number of PAST DUE bills stuffed into one of the containers.

ANGLE ON: Foreclosure Notice

Jimmy opens it. After a quick read he tucks it into his apron.

He hurries to shove the remaining bills back into the box.

INT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Burnout losers CHAD, KEVIN and PAUL (20's) act up in a booth.

ANGLE ON: Annabella hurrying past their booth.

Chad leans over and checks out her ass.

CHAD
Damn princess, can I get some fries with that.

ANNABELLA
(not hearing him)
Excuse me?

CHAD
I was wondering, do you have linguisa?

ANNABELLA
No, sorry.

CHAD
Oh, well you can have mine if you want?

Jimmy with mop and bucket in tow overhears.

JIMMY
What did you say? Have respect or get the hell out--

CHAD
--It was a joke. Jesus Jimmy. (to Annabella)
I'm sorry sweetheart.

ANNABELLA
Pig.

Annabella hurries off.

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy heads to clean up the mess. Chad grabs a casting trade rag out of Jimmy's back pocket.

He unfolds the paper finding a few circled classifieds.

Chad hops out of the booth.

CHAD
Hold on, hold on everybody check this shit out. Jimmy boy is looking for some new employment.
(beat)
"Wanted, leading man, 20's, Brando meets Newman. Must be comfortable with male specific narrative". Dude, you gonna "do" some dude?
(stoking crowd)
Oh my god, this ones the best. "Medieval dinner theater seeks knights in shining armor. Period accents and dress encouraged. All knights welcome". What's up with this? What are you looking at this shit for?

JIMMY
You're funny, I know. But I gotta get out there and pursue my career?

CHAD
What career? Takin' it in the rear?

Crowd busts out LAUGHING.

JIMMY
No. My career as an actor, a filmmaker--

CHAD
--Your career as an actor and filmmaker? What kind of films are you gonna make? "Rebel Without a Sauce".
(to the crowd)
Dude thinks he's James Dean when he's really Jimmy Dean.
(to Jimmy)
Keep cooking kid cuz hitting it big in the movies is like hitting the fucking Mega-Bucks.

Jimmy snaps the paper from Chad's hands.
JIMMY
You don't get it.

TOM HARRIS
--My money's with you Chad, he ain't gonna do nothing, never has, never will.

The whole diner stares at Jimmy, waiting for his next verbal volley, but it's slow to come.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
Told ya. He's all bark, no bite.
(to Jimmy)
You're gonna be working here the rest of your life. Just like your old man.

The diner snaps back to their meals.

Jimmy approaches.

JIMMY
I'm not like you.

TOM HARRIS
We'll see show boy, we'll see.

Jimmy quick steps away.

Leonard makes his way over to Tom, who shoots Leonard a stern glare.

LEONARD
(Quietly)
You know at some point he's going to grow out of--

TOM HARRIS
--Just shut it, you hear me.

Leonard nods and we track him out the door.

EXT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS
Leonard pauses.

Angle On: His remorseful eyes.

He steps out of frame.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:
EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE - STREET -- DAY

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

Beautiful sunny day in Times Square. Bustling energy of NYC drips off the screen.

Bouncing along the crowded sidewalk is YOUNG LEONARD (20's) and EVELYN LANCASTER (20's) Broadway Star in the making.

YOUNG LEONARD
The tour's a month, come on you'll love it--

EVELYN
--I don't know, Bobby doesn't want me leaving town.

YOUNG LEONARD
He hasn't gotten you off the back line in six months, what's going to change over the summer? Why do you think they invented summer stock?

EVELYN
I'm on tonight, that isn't so bad. Let me think about it.

YOUNG LEONARD
No problem, but you never know, this could change your whole life.

She tosses him a smirk.

They arrive at the stage door where her agent BOBBY FITZGERALD (40's) who defines the essence of "Broadway Agent" paces, visibly upset.

EVELYN
Hey Bobby.

BOBBY FITZGERALD
Baby doll, I hate to tell you this. Shows done, closing tonight--

EVELYN
--I'm still going on?

BOBBY FITZGERALD
No, they're closing with the star.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EVELYN
Serious?
(to Leonard)
Summer stock it is.

YOUNG LEONARD
Great!
(To Bobby)
I'll send the contract in the morning.

BOBBY FITZGERALD
Summer stock? You're doing summer stock?

YOUNG LEONARD
Relax, it's one of my summer tours.
Two months tops--

BOBBY FITZGERALD
--Great. Eve, don't.

She smiles and heads into the theater.

BOBBY FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me. Alright
you got her for a month. One month.

Leonard struts off.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - BACKSTAGE -- LATER

Post curtain call hustle & bustle.

PERFORMERS (20's) congratulate each other on a great run.
Hugs, tears and wrap party CHATTER flows.

Evelyn's cleaned up, make-up packed and her mirror wiped clean, it's a wrap.

EXT. BROADWAY THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Exiting the stage door Evelyn signs an autograph for AUDIENCE MEMBER (60's).

AUDIENCE MEMBER
I loved the show! Who did you play?

EVELYN
I was in the chorus.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
Oh, sorry.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The Audience Member scurries off for a better autograph.

A short way down the block, Young Leonard and gorgeous CHORUS BOY (20's) argue. It's a break up.

The Young Man struts off, quickly joining a group of CHORUS BOYS (20's).

Young Leonard's heartbroken.

Evelyn hurries to Leonard giving him a hug.

LEONARD
  Why did I have to fall for him? Of all people. I thought we were going to have an incredible summer.

More CAST MEMBERS (20's) exit the theater, crowding around them. Leonard and Evelyn's eyes remain locked, on their own island, best friends.

A smile strikes Leonard.

EXT. BEACH - CAPE COD, MA -- DAY

Evelyn and Young Leonard are surrounded by a group of FLIRTATIOUS YOUNG MEN (20's).

EVELYN
  You all might not be aware of this but you are in the presence of true genius. No silly, I would not be tooting my own horn even though I do have quite the horn to toot. My friend Leonard here has been touted as the next great American playwright.

Leonard humbly receives the interest and affection of his new friends.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

ANNABELLA
  You gonna save those fries for later?

Jimmy plays along and pretends to eat them.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She pokes him playfully.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
Loser.

She's LAUGHING and doing a silly "shake her ass" walk while approaching a booth. Snapping to attention her face instantly jumps from "fun" to "not fun".

Seated in the booth are her brothers JOHN (30's) and MARIO (30's). They are the salt of the sea, bad asses raised to run the family fishery.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
I thought you weren't back for a couple of days.

MARIO DACOSTA
Big storm. Pop had to bring us in early.

JOHN DACOSTA
It looks like you're having fun.

MARIO DACOSTA
Is that part of your job? Playing sassy ass?

ANNABELLA
We're just--

MARIO DACOSTA
--Whatever.

JOHN DACOSTA
We're hungry, what's good?

ANNABELLA
Guys, really?

JOHN DACOSTA
Menus?

ANNABELLA
Don't make trouble.

She hesitantly hands them menus.

ANGLE ON: Two STRIPPER GIRLS (20's), loiter by the counter, stopping Jimmy in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)
STRIPPER GIRL ONE
All I wanted was a grill cheese--

STRIPPER GIRL TWO
--And some fruit salad. Them grapes better be firm.

STRIPPER GIRL ONE
Are your grapes firm? Huh baby?

Jimmy's lost for words.

In a nearby booth Chad has joined two WHITE TRASH GIRLS (20's).

White Trash Girls LAUGH at the Stripper Girls.

Stripper Girls take notice.

STRIPPER GIRL ONE (CONT'D)
What ya laughing at?

WHITE TRASH GIRL ONE
You. What're ya, a hooka?

Jimmy and Annabella watch, jaws scratching the floor.

STRIPPER GIRL TWO
I'm no hooka, you ugly bitch!

STRIPPER GIRL ONE
What? You jealous?

WHITE TRASH GIRL ONE
I ain't jealous. What the fuck are those boots, they look like you bought dem at woolworths.

CUSTOMERS snap to attention, enjoying the show.

STRIPPER GIRL TWO
Dees boots is fashion, they're paris fashion. What's them shoes you got? Keds?--

STRIPPER GIRL ONE
--And they're all dirty and shit. I bet them ain't even keds, I bet you can't afford da keds.

Stripper Girls LAUGH at their own joke.

(CONTINUED)
WHITE TRASH GIRL TWO
Well your tits look like their made of J. E. L. L. O. - Jello.

The White Trash Girls cheesily high-five across the table.

STRIPPER GIRL ONE
I bet you'd kill to have these tits. Alright bitch.

WHITE TRASH GIRL TWO
Fuck you!

Jimmy hands the Stripper Girls their order and they stride to the door.

STRIPPER GIRL ONE
I hope your sucking that dick good bitch for that two dollar breakfast your getting--

STRIPPER GIRL TWO
--cause that's all your ugly ass will get you!

Chad LAUGHS so hard coffee squirts out his nose.

Stripper Girls exit LAUGHING.

WHITE TRASH GIRL TWO
FUCK YOU!

CUSTOMERS are stone cold staring. Chad retreats.

WHITE TRASH GIRL ONE
Stop looking at us.

WHITE TRASH GIRL TWO
FUCKING EAT!

Jimmy and Annabella shoot each other a "oh my god" look.

Annabella heads back to her brothers.

ANNABELLA
That's why I love this place, all types.

MARIO DACOSTA
Pa know about this?

(CONTINUED)
ANNABELLA
What? Come on guys, that was funny.

JOHN DACOSTA
This shit's beneath you.

MARIO DACOSTA
We don't bust our asses to have you shaking yours.

John & Mario hop out of the booth.

ANNABELLA
Guys, come on.

John & Mario exit the diner past Tom Harris who has his face buried in the sports section of the local newspaper.

JOHN DACOSTA
Nice shit hole you got here.

TOM HARRIS
(not listening)
Come again. Thanks.

The sports page morphs.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM -- DAY

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

Sports page morphs to the future where Jim Harris is checking the scores. He lounges in a make-up chair. Bad news sets him off.

Fruit baskets and assorted celebrity swag clutters the room. Jim starts digging through the baskets looking for a drink.

KNOCK on the door.

An extremely hot MAKE-UP ARTIST (20's) peaks her head in.

MAKE UP ARTIST
You ready for me?

Jim nods and heads for the chair.

She organizes her kit and gets to work.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She's clearly attracted to him. He can feel her energy. He leans in close, giving her a sensual kiss. She smiles and gives him "the look".

Jim approves. She seductively goes down on him.

INT. NEWS INTERVIEW SET -- CONTINUOUS

The TV CREW (30's) finishes up last minute tweaks.

TV REPORTER (30's) paces, working out his questions.

Elliott approaches. The two share a spark of attraction.

ELLIOIT
How are things here? You guys ready?

TV REPORTER
Yes, just a few minutes. This is going to be stellar.

ELLIOIT
I'm sure. Shall I bring him out in five or ten?

TV REPORTER
Sounds great.
(To the crew)
We got five.

Elliott bounces off.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jim has settled into his servicing.

ANGLE ON: reflection off make up mirror Elliott enters, sans knock.

ELLIOIT
The crew-- Oh I, oh my. My bad.

Elliott bolts. The Make-up Artist peeks up.

JIM HARRIS
You're good.

She goes back to work on him. He glares into the mirror.
INT. NEWS INTERVIEW SET -- TEN MINUTES LATER

Jim follows Elliott.

JIM HARRIS
You should knock.

ELLIOTT
I'm sorry, I know.

JIM HARRIS
I think you secretly like catching me.

ELLIOTT
I seriously think you wanna catch something.

They share a quick greeting with the TV Crew.

TV Reporter shoots a flirtatious glance to Elliott while showing Jim to his seat.

TV Crew locks up lighting and wires Jim up for sound.

TV REPORTER
Thank you so much for your time. The series is doing great, but everyone is looking forward to your episode.

JIM HARRIS
Just let me know where you want to take it, we'll roll with it. This film has taken more of me than I'd like. Sorry if I'm a bit dim.

TV REPORTER
You look great. It will be fun, we're just going to flow.

TV Crew settles in.

CAMERA MAN
We're rolling.

TV REPORTER
Great.
(to camera)
Here we go, interview intro take one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

(beat)
We're here today with a very special guest. You've waited patiently for this mega-star and now ladies we've got him. Obviously, this hunk of box office gold needs no--

JIM HARRIS
--You sound like a douche. Do that again.

TV REPORTER
Sorry?

JIM HARRIS
Come on man. I ain't no piece of nothing.

TV REPORTER
Sorry, that's how I intro the show. You do know millions of women watch every week? Lets move on.

Jim eyes the reporter.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
So lets jump to what everyone wants to know. Who was she? Who's the lucky girl who stole your innocence?

Without hesitation Jim smacks the reporter square in the face.

ANGLE ON: TV camera monitors. Jim smacks the self-respect out of the TV Reporter.

JIM HARRIS
Fuck you, you vulture.

TV REPORTER
HELP ME, SOMEONE HELP ME.

TV crew pulls Jim off. Less physical damage, Reporter's mostly humiliated.

Jim storms off.

JIM HARRIS
Get these fuckers off my set!

(continues)
CONTINUED: (2)

SECURITY (30-40's) swoops in, gathering them up quickly and escorting them away.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

We crane across the rain soaked parking lot. Reflections of the neon Shawmut Diner sign ripple across the puddles.

CUSTOMERS exit, pile into their cars and pull out.

One car pulls in.

INT. / EXT. JOE'S CAR

Annabella's boyfriend JOE (20's) waits in his muscle car behind a rain streaked windshield.

He's a golden boy, wealthy and defines "right side" of the tracks.

Most of the lights inside the diner are out. Joe watches Annabella and Jimmy laugh and joke while closing up.

INT. Diner -- Continuous

Jimmy makes his way around the counter and heads to the back room.

She follows.

INT. DINER BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He turns and she reaches her hands behind his head kissing him passionately.

He pulls her body close.

Their kissing continues until Joe's car HORN chirps.

JIMMY

Does he know?

ANNABELLA

He's who my parents want. I gotta play along.

She plants another sensual kiss on him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
He never gets that. Good night.

JIMMY
Very.

Annabella straightens herself and skips off.

Jimmy grabs a big bag of trash and follows.

EXT. SHAWMUT DINER - MOMENTS LATER
Annabella shoots Jimmy a quick wave goodbye and hurries to Joe's car.

Joe REVS the engine and PEELS off.

Jimmy locks the door and steps into the crisp night air. He hears the HUM of the diner's neon sign.

JIMMY
Shit.

Jimmy hurries back inside and the sign CLICKS off.

Jimmy steps back outside, locks the door, flips up his hood and grumbles down the dimly lit street.

INT. DACOSTA FAMILY HOME -- NIGHT
Annabella's getting grilled by her parents. The scene catches them midstream.

ANNABELLA
Will I ever be able to make my own decisions?--

MR DACOSTA
--Not if they are bad.

ANNABELLA
I don't think having a job is bad.

MR DACOSTA
Well your brothers tell me that it's not a safe environment--

ANNABELLA
--The ocean isn't safe either--

MRS DACOSTA
--Annabella, mind your tone.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MR DACOSTA
You see, that place is rubbing off
on her--

ANNABELLA
--I'm working hard and handling it.
I thought you would be proud of me.

She storms off.

INT. LOCAL BAR - LUPOS GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy enters the bar.

ANGLE ON: Tom Harris leaning against the bar, eyes closed
and drunk as hell.

Jimmy heads over and starts to help him out the door.

INT.  RED PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jimmy drives his dad home and they arrive at their house.
He pulls into the tiny driveway.

EXT.  HARRIS HOUSE - LATER

Jimmy struggles to get Tom out of the truck.

INT.  HARRIS HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy helps him into the house.
They struggle up the stairs.

INT.  HARRIS HOUSE / TOM HARRIS BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy flops Tom onto his bed.

TOM HARRIS
Jimmy.

JIMMY
Yeah.

TOM HARRIS
You turn off the sign?

JIMMY
Yeah dad.

(CONTINUED)
35 CONTINUED:

TOM HARRIS
You forgot and the electric was high last month.

JIMMY
I know Dad, I got it.

Jimmy turns the light off.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

36 INT. SHAWMUT DINER -- DAY

YOUNG TOM HARRIS (30's) whips around the diner serving customers. He's fully in command and the patrons love him. He has a wit and charm about him that's infectious.

Young Leonard and Evelyn enter and land in a nearby booth, watching this charismatic young proprietor hold court.

Young Tom Harris scoots passed, tossing menus across their table.

YOUNG LEONARD
I told you this was a delicious little diner.

EVELYN
Looks tasty.

Leonard has a small notebook with him that he references.

YOUNG LEONARD
I'm moving "Flutter and Fly" back to the end of the first act.

EVELYN
What? Are you crazy? Is this because of what Greg said? You can't listen to him.

YOUNG LEONARD
No, but I think he was right?

EVELYN
I'm telling you, that song is perfect right where it is. At the end of the show.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LEONARD

You sure?

EVELYN

It sums up the whole show perfectly.
That line.
(she sings the line)
"I'll be flying higher without you
because of what we went through."

The diner's CUSTOMERS snap and stare. Young Tom Harris looks at her proudly.

YOUNG LEONARD

Free preview folks, only here at the Shawmut Diner.

CUSTOMERS politely chuckle. They bring their conversation back in.

EVELYN

That's what the show is all about.
Besides, what are you gonna replace it with?

YOUNG LEONARD

I dunno, I'll write something.

EVELYN

Before tomorrow? We open tomorrow Len. You're good, but you're not that good.

YOUNG LEONARD

I feel like there was a compliment in there somewhere.

EVELYN

Len, you need to have more confidence in your decisions. It's hard for the others to trust you if you change something every time someone makes a suggestion.

Young Tom Harris approaches their table.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS

I thought I was gonna need to clear off the counter there for a second so you could get up and show us how its done.
EVELYN
And me without my heels.

Young Tom Harris gives Evelyn a playful wink.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You know, if those counter girls catch you doing that, you're liable to go outta business.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Worth the risk.

YOUNG LEONARD
Speaking of which, this is for you.

Leonard hands Tom Harris a ticket.

YOUNG LEONARD (CONT'D)
We're only doing three shows. It's good for any night.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
(referring to the ticket)
There's only one ticket here.

EVELYN
You got a hot date mister?

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
(with a flirty smile)
Well I assume that one ticket isn't gonna get me in all three nights.

LEONARD
Like you could sit still through three shows.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Breakfast all week is my treat, just two more tickets and we'll call it even.

Young Jim Harris struts off.

Evelyn's crestfallen.

YOUNG LEONARD
Well "Mrs. No Strings Attached", how's that going?

( CONTINUED )
CONTINUED: (3)

EVELYN
God Len, I don't know what to do.

YOUNG LEONARD
What do you mean?

EVELYN
Look at him.

We see Young Tom Harris through the pass. He smiles flirtatiously at Evelyn.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You can practically see the picket fences in his eyes.

YOUNG LEONARD
You have three nights. Just make the most of them honey.

SFX: THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE of a theater audience takes us to.

INT. ZIETERION THEATER BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

It's hectic. Many people crowd around Evelyn to get a picture and autograph.

Young Tom Harris is off to the side, waiting his turn.

Evelyn grabs his hand. Pulling him through the crowd and into her dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Young Leonard has his feet up and cocktail in hand.

Young Tom Harris tries not to show that he's a fish out of water.

YOUNG LEONARD
I'm glad you could make it. How did you like it?

EVELYN
And nothing but complete honesty.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I loved it. I thought it was going to be more like some Shakespeare stuff or something.

(CONTINUED)
EVELYN
I'm glad. But it's the genius of this man right here.

YOUNG LEONARD
Oh Eve. Stop trying to embarrass me. It's not going to work.

EVELYN
Let me get cleaned up. We can skahdaddle.

She pops behind a dressing room curtain to wash up.

YOUNG LEONARD
(Whispering)
She really likes you, you better watch out. She doesn't take no for an answer.

A smile dominates Young Tom Harris face.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I like her too.

YOUNG LEONARD
Of course you do, if you didn't you'd either be stupid, or gay.
(beat)
And you're not gay, are you?

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Of course not. You crazy?

YOUNG LEONARD
Well I can be. But that's beside the point. The point is, you're not stupid.

She comes back, hair in a towel and makeup off.

EVELYN
(To Young Tom)
Would you be so kind.

She motions for him to turn away so she can quickly put on a new blouse.

Young Tom Harris turns away but can't escape the mirrors reflecting her beautiful body.

He again diverts his eyes and notices Young Leonard hasn't.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG TOM HARRIS
You know I've never seen nothing like that before, you're really something.

EVELYN
Thank you.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
You had the audience eating out of your hand.

EVELYN
If I recall you had your audience eating out of your hand as well. Literally--

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
--Can't even compare. You put people in awe. You help people forget their bullshit. It's a gift.

She gives his arm a tight squeeze.

EVELYN
That's sweet. It's Leonard's words and music that create the magic. I'm just an "almost too old" chorus girl still looking for her big break. My agent tries to act like we're doing Leonard a favor, but really, I'm the lucky one.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I guess I should consider myself the luckiest one.
CONTINUED:

He leans in for a kiss.

EXT. DINER - SUNRISE

DANCING MONTAGE SUNRISE / MAGIC HOUR

POV: From parking lot into the diner through the windows.

Young Tom Harris and Evelyn dance, twirl, laugh, kiss and hold one another.

A perfect first date.

Montage ends with a small crowd of customers and staff watching.

A sign on the front door reads - "Closed! Owner's in Love!"

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

The walls and shelves are filled with film posters, New York City photographs and collectables.

Books on theater and acting are scattered around.

Jimmy reads a play into the early hours of the morning and falls asleep as the sun comes up.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A telephone RINGS on the bedside table.

CU OF JIMMY'S EYES OPENING.

Phone continues RINGING. Jimmy's awake, trying to ignore it.

Finally he answers.

    JIMMY
    Hello.

    TOM HARRIS
    (O.S.)
    Wake up! Get down here--

    JIMMY
    --It's my day off--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOM HARRIS  
(O.S.)
--Now. Randy called, his girlfriend's in labor. You gotta cook.

CLICK.

Clock reads 6:54 AM.

Jimmy stumbles about grabbing for his clothes.

EXT. STREET TRACKING SHOTS - NEW BEDFORD, MA -- MOMENTS LATER

We track Jimmy past fishing docks, old factories and to the bus station where he stops to watch a bus to NYC - ROLL out.

INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

It's wicked busy. Pissed off CUSTOMERS loiter about waiting for their table.

Jimmy enters as Annabella darts passed.

ANNABELLA

Morning.

Leonard's perched at his usual spot. Jimmy passes by tossing him the play.

JIMMY

What's next?

LEONARD

Already? I like it, tell you what, come by tonight, I've got just the thing to show you.

Tom Harris quick steps from the grill and props himself behind the register.

TOM HARRIS

Don't let these good peoples food burn.

Jimmy hustles to the grill.

JIMMY

(under breath)
Asshole.

Montage sequence reveals how hard Jimmy and Annabella work. They crank out the breakfast service.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Tom Harris remains behind the register.

Jimmy's in the weeds and grows increasingly flustered.

He snaps a glance over to Annabella. Who returns a peaceful and calming smile.

He breathes. Takes a moment and returns the smile.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE -- EVENING

JIMMY approaches the front door and sees a small note attached.

The note reads: Zieterian Theater. Stage Door.

EXT. ZIETERIAN THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy approaches the theater. From a distance, it is a hulking, boarded up mess. The marquee is unrecognizable.

Jimmy works his way around to the back of the building. He gropes through turned over shopping carts and broken shipping pallets.

Eventually he arrives at the STAGE DOOR.

The STAGE DOOR opens with a pterodactyl like screech.

INT. ZIETERIAN THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks through the backstage area.

Dusty film reels and curtain ties decorate the space. In the town's younger days it functioned as a dual movie house and legitimate theater.

Jimmy has never been in such a place, and he is enamored at this rare trip through the looking glass.

A singular ghost light glimmers onstage.

He parts the heavy velvet curtains and steps through.

The boards CREAK as he approaches the dimmed footlights.

House lights are low and the red velvet audience seats seem poised for his first line.

ANGLE ON: BLINDING SPOTLIGHT BURSTS ON THE STAGE.

POV: Jimmy shields his eyes from the blinding light.

(CONTINUED)
Leonard moves the light to the left a little with a SQUEAK and yells down from the mezzanine.

LEONARD
SORRY! DIDN'T MEAN TO BLIND YOU!

JIMMY
Fuck, you scared me.

Leonard comes down the mezzanine to a ladder that reaches over the balcony and climbs down. For an older guy, he's still pretty spry.

Leonard makes his way to the stage.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's amazing, I never really thought about this place.
(beat)
Can I ask you something?

Leonard nods "yes"

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's just that my pops doesn't really like to talk about my mom.

LEONARD
Your mom?

JIMMY
Yeah. I mean, you been around a long time, as long as I can remember. I figure you must of known her. Or at least met her.

LEONARD
Yes, you could say I remember your mom. God, she was one of a kind.

JIMMY
Pops won't say much, other than she died when she left town.

LEONARD
I don't imagine he would want to talk about it. Your dad took it pretty hard after she left.

Leonard starts to pace around the stage.

(CONTINUED)
LEONARD (CONT'D)
I'm glad you finally asked me this. There's this thing? This unteachable, born with it quality that some people just have. Man oh man, did your mom have it. And you do too.

JIMMY
Well. I don't know about that.

LEONARD
You may have everyone else fooled. But I worked around stage hungry actors for long enough to know when someone wants it.

Leonard walks Jimmy to center stage handing him a monologue paperback.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
If you want to be an actor. You have to start somewhere. Turn to page 83. All good acting starts with the best. Shakespeare.

Leonard paces like the professional he is.

JIMMY
Now?

LEONARD
No better time. Look at this place, feel its presence. Look out to the back row. Feel that? Now read.

Jimmy looks over the monologue.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
A cold read's an honest read, come on.

JIMMY
All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players--

LEONARD
--Come on now, get on with it.

JIMMY
They have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts--

(CONTINUED)
LEONARD
--Like you will someday, if you work hard enough, continue.

JIMMY
At first the infant, mewling and ouking in the nurses arms--

LEONARD
--Like you mean it. Continue!

JIMMY
--Then the whining schoolboy, with the shinning morning face, creping like a snail unwillingly to school--

LEONARD
--Sound like someone you know? Come on, there's more.

JIMMY
And then the lover, sighing like a furnace--

LEONARD
--Don't you wish.

JIMMY
Then a soldier, full of strange oaths, jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel even in the cannon's mouth--

LEONARD
--Good, continue.

Leonard continues pacing the stage.

JIMMY
And then he justice, in fair round belly and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances--

LEONARD
--That's it, keep going.

JIMMY
And so he plays his part. The sixt age shifts into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble--

(CONTINUED)
LEONARD
--If you want me to feel it, you've got to feel it.

JIMMY
Pipes and whistles in his sound last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness, and mere oblivion--

LEONARD
--Great, wrap it up, bring the audience to their feet!

JIMMY
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.--

Leonard applauds.

LEONARD
Fantastic! You've begun. Feel good?

JIMMY
Amazing.

LEONARD
Well now you have one less excuse. Here is your rehearsal space. Memorize three more. We rehearse tomorrow.

Jimmy hurries off with his new found spark.

Leonard steps into the warm pool from the spot light.

He closes his eyes and smiles.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

INT. FILM SET SHOWER LOVE SCENE -- MORNING

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

We track through a major feature film set.

Elliott and Joanna are chatting up a few STUDIO EXECUTIVES (40's - 50's) when an ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (30's) interrupts.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
I'm sorry to interrupt, but picture is up and we are ready for Mr. Harris.

(CONTINUED)
ELLIOTT
I think he's still in make-up and
will need, maybe ten.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
We're on a tight schedule today so--

ELLIOTT
--Speak of the devil

ANGLE ON: Jim at the craft service table hitting on a FEMALE PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (20's).

Elliott quick steps to Jim and moves him toward the set.

Jim and a female MOVIE STAR make their way onto a shower set.

FEMALE MOVIE STAR
Jesus you look like you just got tossed. Anything on your lips I should worry about?

JIM HARRIS
Nice to see you too darling. You got nothing to worry about. These lips never touch the help.

The Assistant Director gets the crew ready.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Here we go everyone. Lets lock it up!

ANGLE ON: PRODUCTION MONITORS AT DIRECTORS VIDEO VILLAGE.

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR
ACTION!

The scene plays out on the production monitors.

JIM HARRIS
Not sure if you know, but some people think I'm dangerous.

FEMALE MOVIE STAR
Dangerous, I like that. What's dangerous about you?

Camera revolves around them and we hear a phone RING. It's extremely distracting.

(CONTINUED)
JIM HARRIS
The danger. It's what's behind my eyes.

RING continues. They're unable to stay with the scene.
Jim scowls around the set. She's pissed, time is money.
The FILM CREW returns a confused gaze.

ANGLE ON: Feature Film Director moving away from the monitors answering his mobile phone.

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR
Hello, yes, it's all good, great to hear from you.

Jim's stunned.

JIM HARRIS
What the hell is going on around here?
(to A.D.)
What is that!?!?

Jim turns toward his departing co-star who masked a bright light that punches him in the eye.

JIM HARRIS (CONT'D)
 Fucking amateurs.

Jim storms up to Feature Film Director.

JIM HARRIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR
(to Jim)
Go sober up. I can't use any of this horse shit anyway, you're wasting my time.
(back to his call)
Sorry Leo, no, don't worry, that was nobody.

Jim wants to rip his head off but instead storms off to his dressing room.

JIM HARRIS
ELLIOTT, NOW!
INT. MAKE-UP ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jim paces wildly and grabs a bottle of booze.
POP goes the cork and Jim starts pounding it down.
Elliott enters.

ELLIOTT
Come on man. Maybe I'm not your friend but I do need you alive. I have a mortgage.

JIM HARRIS
That's all everyone wants from me, my fucking money, my fame.

ELLIOTT
Jim, you've got to bring it in man.

JIM HARRIS
You have no clue.

ELLIOTT
What can I do to help?

JIM HARRIS
Cocaine and tits, lots, now!

ELLIOTT
Anything else?

JIM HARRIS
You're useless, go tell that fuck face director he's done.

Jim storms out the door.

INT. FILM SET -- CONTINUOUS

Elliott runs to Joanna who is arguing with Feature Film Director.

From across the set they see Jim storming off.

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR
(from across set)
WHERE THE FUCK YOU GOING?

Jim kicks the stage door wide open.
41. CONTINUED:

JOANNA
(to Feature Film Director)
You're such a prick.

50

51 EXT. FILM SOUND STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Jim hustles out the stage door toward the VIP parking.

ANGLE ON: SECURITY GUARD (20's) munching a donut.

Jim references a hot ass European convertible (top down).

JIM HARRIS
(to security guard)
This is Bobby's right?

The Guard nods yes.

JIM HARRIS (CONT'D)
Great, he told me to go grab him some coffee, you want another donut?

The guard tosses Jim the keys.

SECURITY GUARD
Love one. Big fan Mr Harris.

Jim gives him a cheesy thumbs up and slips into the car.
Quick turn of the key and REVS the engine.

ANGLE ON: CU RPM METER PEGGING RED
Jim smiles and with a cheesy salute he RIPS away.

The stage door bursts open. Joanna and Elliott huff.

JOANNA
Did he really just steal Bob's car?

ELLIOTT
It's kind of funny.

They quick step back inside for damage control.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

52 INT. THEATER DRESSING ROOM - CAPE COD -- NIGHT

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Young Leonard cuts through the backstage area, congratulating CAST MEMBERS and giving notes as he makes his way to the dressing room. He bursts into Evelyn's dressing room.

YOUNG LEONARD
YOU. WERE. AMAZING! I don't know what you did before you went on, but do it every night.

Evelyn turns and we see tears streaming down her face. She holds a pregnancy test.

Young Leonard moves in to console her.

EVELYN
What am I going to do?

YOUNG LEONARD
We'll figure something out.

INT. DINER - PAST -- MORNING

Its early morning. Young Tom Harris is opening up. We see through the window a car pull in. Evelyn exits the car. Young Leonard waits. She enters the diner.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
What a surprise.

EVELYN
I'll say.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Wasn't sure I'd ever see you again and I tell ya I'm glad you're here.

EVELYN
Coffee on?

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Absolutely. Have a seat.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. BANK OFFICE - NEW BEDFORD - MORNING

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy steps into the bank and approaches the desk of STAN GENTRY (50's), the bank's loan officer.

JIMMY
Excuse me Mr. Gentry. I'm Jimmy Harris, I called you the other day.

STAN GENTRY
Of course Jimmy.

JIMMY
Thanks for meeting with me.

STAN GENTRY
It's in our interest to look after, well, our interests.
   (sour beat)
I looked over your fathers account.

JIMMY
How are things?

STAN GENTRY
Not good. He's still in the hole for the kitchen refurbishments he did over a decade ago. He put a portion of the house up for collateral. Once he stopped the loan payments, he went into default.

JIMMY
That explains this.

Jimmy places the foreclosure notice on Mr. Gentry's desk.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
So. What are our options.

STAN GENTRY
Sorry to say, but it doesn't look good. Repaying the debt wouldn't even ensure that everything will be ok. He would have to prove to the bank that he has a functional long term strategy in order to keep his line of credit open.

JIMMY
Mr. Gentry. You and I both know that's not going to happen.
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY (CONT'D)
No one in this town could generate
that kinda cash. And he doesn't
know the first thing about a
functional long term whatever.

STAN GENTRY
Well. Unfortunately, your father is
the sole proprietor of the diner.

JIMMY
What does that mean?

STAN GENTRY
It means, unless he pays the loan or
decides to relinquish control of the
diner to the bank, it's a waiting
game. Waiting until the bank decides
to come calling for what they are
owed.

JIMMY
How long?

STAN GENTRY
Could be tomorrow. Could be months.
Hell, it could be years at the rate
things are going in this town.

JIMMY
So, we just wait.

STAN GENTRY
Yes, we wait. I wish I had a better
strategy.

JIMMY
Ok, well thanks for your time Mr.
Gentry.

STAN GENTRY
Anytime, I'm here to help. Let me
know how things are going.

A quick hand shake and Jimmy is off.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

EXT. HORSENECK BEACH WESTPORT, MA -- DAY

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

(CONTINUED)
Evelyn and Young Leonard relax under a beach umbrella watching BABY JIMMY (1) playing at the waters edge with Young Tom Harris.

YOUNG LEONARD
The city's just not the same without you.
(long beat)
Bobby Fitzgerald says that "Eve" is going to sell.

EVELYN
Are you serious? Sweetheart this is so amazing. Congratulations. I can't tell you how proud I am of you.

YOUNG LEONARD
One snag though. I told them that I didn't want anyone playing the role of Eve but you. He said it could be a deal breaker but I don't care.

EVELYN
Leonard. My god.

YOUNG LEONARD
If you don't want the role that's one thing. But if you want it. It wont mean anything if I can't share it with you. Please talk to Tom.

Evelyn gives him a big hug. They watch baby Jimmy and Tom play along the shore line. Happy family.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

EXT. BAD ASS EUROPEAN CONVERTIBLE -- MOMENTS LATER

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

Jim's cruising Sunset Blvd.

RING, the car phone lights up. Jim smiles, the caller ID reads "Me".

After a few RINGS Jim answers.

JIM HARRIS
Bobby Fitzgerald. great to hear from you, its been awhile.
FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR  
(Off Screen)  
Fuck you Jim, don't be an asshole,  
bring the car ba--

JIM HARRIS  
--Sorry buddy, no can do.

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR  
(Off Screen)  
Don't be an asshole.

JIM HARRIS  
Fuck you Bobby Fitzgerald. I'm pulling up to see my agent now, we'll see if you still have a gig tomorrow. Besides, I'm sure a tent pole stud like you has lots of cars. See you around buddy.

FEATURE FILM DIRECTOR  
(Off Screen)  
Bring back my fucking--

CLICK, Jim hangs up and pulls to the curb in front of the strip club Crazy Girls.

Jim hops out, leaving the car running.

JIM HARRIS  
Lets see where this euro-trash piece of shit ends up in half an hour.

Jim slips a hundred dollar bill under the windshield wiper.

JIM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Fuck you Bobby Fitzgerald.

He strolls inside.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- LATER

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

Jim lounges at a VIP table, flanked by four HOT YOUNG STRIPPERS (20's). The parties in full action. Cocaine's splashed across the table.

Jim sits among it all, sunglasses on, total glamour gone excess.

(CONTINUED)
A BRUNETTE STRIPPER to die for pulls him closer and pops a bump of cocaine onto her cleavage. With a rye smile he runs the rail. Now he's awake.

A tap on his shoulder reveals TWO MAFIOSO MEN (30's) behind MILO DEBLASI (late 40s). The threesome scream bad news.

Milo notions, "party's over".

Jim Harris pulls himself from the Brunette Strippers embrace and follows them back into a private office.

INT. STRIP CLUB PRIVATE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

SMACK, THUD, WINCE. Jim's thrown to the floor and the Two Mafioso Men wail on his ribs and stomach.

MILO
Not the face, I need this fucker working.

Milo eventually signals for them to stop. Jim rolls on the floor trying to compose himself.

MILO (CONT'D)
That's the funny thing about you people. You think because you're famous, you're untouchable. Fuck, at this point you're worth more to the studio dead.

Jim makes it to his feet and tries to collect himself.

MILO (CONT'D)
I will get what you owe me, one way or another. You borrow from me, you pay. Is that clear Hollywood?

Jim seems more concerned with his appearance then Milo's speech.

THUD, Milo punches Jim in the stomach. Jim GASPS for air.

MILO (CONT'D)
Is it fucking clear?

JIM HARRIS
Yes.

MILO
You have 10 fucking days. Hundred large--

(CONTINUED)
JIM HARRIS
--It was eighty--

MILO
--Was. Vigs due bitch. Now go do whatever you horse shit actors do to scam up some cash before I sell your death photos to TMZ.

The Mafioso Men roll out.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

INT. DINER PAST -- NIGHT

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

It's late and Young Tom Harris is cleaning up the diner, getting ready to close for the night.

EVELYN
I'd like to go.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I don't know, I mean, this is where I'm from, I'm making this place work, you know?

EVELYN
I'd like to show you where I'm from.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Big cities, I don't know? What if I hate it?

EVELYN
I doubt you'll hate it. It's part of who I am.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Like this is part of who I am. You just can't ask me to up and leave.

EVELYN
I'm not forcing anything, but think about it. I want more and I have a chance to get back on stage. I thought I could do this, I thought I could be happy here, but it's harder then I imagined.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(beat)
Please think about it. It will be great. Trust me.

Her charm is winning him over and he leans in closer, moving for a kiss.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
Lets see, lets see what Bobby Fitzgerald can get you.

EVELYN
I love you, you know that, you handsome man.

They share a smile and a kiss.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

EXT. REAR OF DINER -- NIGHT

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

BEAUTIFUL STARLIT SKY FILLS THE FRAME

Jimmy's on the back steps gazing toward the star filled sky. Annabella joins him.

JIMMY
Where's Joe?

ANNABELLA
Away.

JIMMY
You want to see something cool?

ANNABELLA
Sure.

EXT. BACK ALLEY ZIETERION THEATER -- LATER

They make their way along a dimly lit street, arriving at the rear of the building.

ANNABELLA
What's this?

JIMMY
You'll see.

(CONTINUED)
He checks around, making sure not to be caught.

He leans his weight on the door and rocks back and forth. A hard pull and twist of the knob and CRACK. The door's open.

A quick double check, they're clear.

Jimmy grabs her hand stoking her fear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Just stay right behind me, ok?

She follows close behind.

They stumble along in total darkness, finally reaching center stage.

JIMMY
I'll be right back.

ANNABELLA
Don't leave me alone.

JIMMY
You want to see, right?

ANNABELLA
Yes, but I'll go with you.

JIMMY
Just stand right here. Trust me. You're gonna love this.

Annabella goes with it.

Jimmy quickly makes his way toward the front of house. He climbs a ladder up into the spot light bridge.

INT. LIGHTING BRIDGE

He turns the spotlights toward center stage and sparks the lamps, shining the bright lights on Annabella.

Jimmy whips the lights rapidly. The lights kiss the theater, showing its old sparkle and charm.
Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, the Zieterion Theater House is proud to present, the lovely, the talented, the beautiful, miss Annabella DaCosta.

He CHEERS loudly. Annabella gazes in amazement. Light sprints around her.

She moves into the pool of light, stretching out her arms, spinning. He climbs down from the lighting bridge.

He joins her on stage. Annabella finishes spinning, she's dizzy with happiness.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What do you think?

ANNABELLA
I love it.

She's all smiles, he's enjoying showing off.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
This place is amazing. How did you--

JIMMY
--Lenny--

ANNABELLA
--shut up.

Jimmy joins her center stage where they passionately kiss.

Annabella enters quietly through the back door, cuts through the laundry room and into the kitchen.

Her father SNAPS on the light.

MR DACOSTA
Where have you been?

She's startled. An emotional balancing act not to show fear.

ANNABELLA
I was out with friends, we went--

MR DACOSTA
--Bullshit.

(MORE)
MR DACOSTA (CONT'D)
I don't listen to bullshit. Don't give me reasons not to trust you, understand?

ANNABELLA
Yes papa

He gives her a hard stern glare.

MR DACOSTA
Respect yourself, respect your family.

ANNABELLA
Yes papa.

With a soft kiss on her forehead he exits.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

INT. HARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EVENING

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

YOUNG TOM HARRIS, EVELYN and YOUNG LEONARD sit around the kitchen table.

Several bottles of wine litter the table and dinner looks to have been very tasty.

YOUNG LEONARD
Well, I always knew this retirement wasn't going to last. You are going to sparkle.

EVELYN
I can't believe you did this for me.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I can't believe this is happening so fast. I hope Jimmy adjusts.

YOUNG LEONARD
Jimmy is going to love it, you are going to love it.
(raises his glass to toast)
I guess we are all headed home. To the great white way!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EVELYN
The great white way!

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. LOCAL BAR - LUPOS GARDEN -- LATER

A dive bar. Neon signs, sports & beer theme mirrors line the walls. A jukebox and pool table are toward the rear. It has a very small town feel.

Tom Harris lounges at a table cluttered with bottles and empty shot glasses. He's playing cards with his bar-fly best friends BOB (50's) and RAY (50's) His mousy girlfriend DIANNE (50's) sits watching. They've shared a long road of co-dependence. They're in the same town, lonely and like to drink.

Tom draws two cards off of the pile and takes a long swig from a beer bottle.

TOM HARRIS
Kids these days don't know sacrifice.

BOB
It's not like when we was coming up.

RAY
We didn't have two nickels to rub together and if we left the house with one--

TOM HARRIS
--We better come back with two.

BOB
Remember that shit.

Dianne sits trying her best to ignore the three over served squawkers.

TOM HARRIS
These kids want to sit around and day dream.

RAY
Stupid shit heads--

DIANNE
--Can we get outta here already? You guys are gonna pass out.

(CONTINUED)
Tom throws her a dirty glare, then all smiles, then starts to nod off.

She shakes him from his drunken comfort.

    TOM HARRIS
One more, one more.

    DIANNE
I'm outta here, get ya-self home.

Dianne leaves the drunks at the table.

RACK FOCUS REVEAL: Jimmy at the bar taking a swig from his almost empty beer. The bartender RICK (40's) scoots over and cracks him a fresh one.

    RICK
Not for nothing, but your pop's been hitting it hard lately.

    JIMMY
Just blowing off steam.

    RICK
Lots of that going round town.

A loud CRASH.

RACK FOCUS REVEAL: the back of the bar. Tom stumbled over the small two-top table. He squirms on the floor trying to gather himself but LAUGHS himself back to the floor.

Bob & Ray LAUGH their asses off.

Rick acknowledges Jimmy's embarrassment.

    BOB
Bar keep, lets go, one more rack of my oldest friend jack for my best friends.

Rick heads for their table and pours several shots into the empty glasses.

    RICK
Look, these are on the house. But after these you gotta go.

    RAY
Says who?
BOB
Yeah fucker!

RICK
Come on now, keep it civil.

Rick nods to Jimmy to assist him.

TOM HARRIS
Just keep 'em coming.
(to Jimmy)
Mind your business kid.

Jimmy plays peace keeper.

JIMMY
Pops, please. Rick's looking out for you. Look I'll drive ya home.

RAY
Who asked you?

JIMMY
Come on guys.

RICK
Let's go! I don't care where you go, but you're outta here.

With that Bob takes a swing at Rick which he dodges catching Jimmy unexpectedly.

Jimmy WRENCHES in pain.

Bob LAUGHS as he's knocked square to the floor by Rick.

The three drunk fools LAUGH themselves to tears.

JIMMY
Fuck you Bob. What the fuck you laughing at pops?

Jimmy's got blood dribbling from his hands and down his shirt.

TOM HARRIS
I knew you couldn't take a punch.

RICK
Get outta here before I call the fucking cops.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Tom, Bob and Ray stumble out of the bar LAUGHING their heads off.

Rick hands Jimmy a bar towel.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sorry kid.

EXT. NEW BEDFORD DOWNTOWN SQUARE - LATER

Jimmy walks into the square and sits on a bench. He pulls the dirty bar towel away from his lip. It's filthy and covered in blood. He chucks it into a trash can.

LEONARD

Glad the rain stopped.

Jimmy gets up with a start.

JIMMY

JESUS! Shit Lenny, you scared me to death.

LEONARD

What happened to your face. You are really busted up. Come on.

JIMMY

No, it's fine, it's not as bad as it looks.

LEONARD

No, of course. I forgot having a lip that looks like a tick waiting to pop is big with the kids these days.

JIMMY

Is it that bad?

Leonard starts walking away.

LEONARD

If you're lucky they won't have to amputate.

Jimmy rolls his eyes and follows.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The ancient lock CLICKS as Leonard and Jimmy enter the house.

(CONTINUED)
The interior is a blend of gothic mahogany and cozy cottage decor. Leonard takes Jimmy's jacket and hangs it up.

LEONARD
Bathroom is third door on the right. Towels are in the closet. I'll meet you in the study.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy turns the water on and looks in the mirror. His lip is busted badly. He washes, grimacing with pain. He spits blood into the sink as water washes it away.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy steps into the room, there is a cup of tea and some cookies on a small table next to a reading chair. A small fire warms the room and overstuffed bookshelves line the walls.

Leonard leans out of the kitchen.

LEONARD
Well that tea isn't going to drink itself, go on.

JIMMY
Are you this nice to everyone?

Leonard comes into the study with an armful of first aid supplies.

LEONARD
Only boys I find in the park with busted lips.

Jimmy's a little taken by his comment.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
That was a joke. Sometimes I find girls with busted lips too.

Jimmy LAUGHS regaining his comfort level.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
He CAN laugh.

Leonard pulls an ottoman over and sits Jimmy down.

(CONTINUED)
Leonard begins applying ointment and bandages to Jimmy's lip.

JIMMY
This is a really nice house. You got a lot of books.

LEONARD
Those are plays.

JIMMY
Holy shit. All of them?

LEONARD
Except that shelf. That's mostly biographies and historical novels.

Jimmy's in awe.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
What's a kid like you getting in bar fights for?

JIMMY
It was stupid.

LEONARD
Losers pride?
(beat)
There we go. Ship shape. Put some ice on that when you get home and hopefully it won't be too swollen tomorrow.

Leonard pitches the used cotton balls in the garbage and heads to the kitchen to pour them more tea.

Jimmy looks around, inspecting Leonard's eclectic collection of decor.

Jimmy checks out some old photographs of Leonard lining the wall. He's sharp, dapper, in suits & bow ties accompanied by beautiful women and distinguished gentlemen.

JIMMY
Is this you?

Leonard enters and nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Wow, what the hell happened to you?

(CONTINUED)
LEONARD
Stuff. Do you think I look happier then or now?

JIMMY
I don't know, those look like happy times.

LEONARD
They were alright, but this is pretty nice too.

Leonard smiles at Jimmy intensely.

JIMMY
Why are you looking at me like that?

LEONARD
Like what?

JIMMY
Like that. It's fucking weird.

LEONARD
I'm sorry. It's just.

Leonard removes a picture of him and Evelyn posing on stage. They resemble Ginger Rogers and Fred Estair.

Jimmy inspects it.

JIMMY
Is that my mom?

Leonard nods "yes". Jimmy's stunned by the photograph.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
My mother was an actress?

LEONARD
And a talented one at that, the best I ever worked with. But more then that, she was my best friend--

JIMMY
--Best friend?
(beat)
You mean to tell me you've been down the diner for as long as I can remember and you've waited all these years to tell me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

LEONARD
I was told to keep my memories at a distance.

Jimmy paces overwhelmed and angry.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Don't look so freaked. Your dad will kill me if he found out. Come on kid. Here, sit down.

Leonard hands Jimmy an envelope.

Jimmy inspects it finding a round trip bus ticket to New York City and a note card with an address.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Listen, next Tuesday morning you will be on the six AM bus to New York City where you will be auditioning for your first roll. There, you will impress them as much as you have me and your life will change.

Jimmy is stunned by it all.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Go. No more excuses. Start doing.

EXT. BEACH SAND DUNES -- SUNSET

Beautiful summer sunset in full effect.

ANGLE ON: From above we see Jimmy and Annabella run through a series of large complex sand dunes. Darting in, out and around a stream of tall dunes.

They climb a large dune, wrapping around, climbing to an extremely secluded and private plateau.

A place few ever visit.

We crane above as the sounds of OCEAN, WIND & SEA BIRDS dominate.

Jimmy almost speaks but Annabella quickly quiets him with her lips.

She breaks their kiss and pulls a soft blanket from her backpack, it's warm and cozy in every way.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Grabbing his hand she motions for him to lay down in the sand.

Quickly joining him she whips the blanket up toward the sky, puffing it out into a great parachute of color.

POV switches to under the blanket slowly drifting down on top of them, the breeze holds it up ever so slightly until it gently falls into place.

We float under the blanket.

Sunlight glows and color patterns float across frame.

    ANNABELLA
    Just listen.

The Atlantic coastline provides the SOUNTRACK.

Their eyes are closed, still, silent, pure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jimmy glares intensely into a mirror rehearsing in a whisper.

We revolve around him ending at his profile.

RACK FOCUS REVEAL: Tom Harris in doorway startles Jimmy.

    TOM HARRIS
    You like looking at yourself?

    JIMMY
    Sometimes, you?

    TOM HARRIS
    Don't really think about it much.

    JIMMY
    Maybe you should.

    TOM HARRIS
    What's that supposed to mean?

    JIMMY
    Nothing. I wanna know what I look like to the world. You know, what do people see when they first look at me?
Their menus.

He laughs at his own joke.

**TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)**

You've always been a show boy, that musta come from your mother.

**JIMMY**

Must have. You mind if I ask you a question?

**TOM HARRIS**

Nah, what?

**JIMMY**

Why did mom fall in love with you?

**TOM HARRIS**

What do you mean why? You mean how or what happened, or what?

**JIMMY**

No, why? Why did she fall for you?

**TOM HARRIS**

Because. Because she loved me. My charm and humor and all that stuff. You know. You've had girls before. But not like your mother. Nothing compares to your mother.

Jimmy throws him a look.

**TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)**

Oh, not that you're not good too. You're part of her.

**JIMMY**

That's not what I was thinking.

**TOM HARRIS**

Oh.

**JIMMY**

I was wondering why you never talk about her.

**TOM HARRIS**

I don't know. Do we got to talk about this right now--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

JIMMY
--What do you mean right now?  You mean ever, right?

TOM HARRIS
What the hell are you bitching about?  Grow up!  What do you want to know?  Why she chose me?  What kind of stupid question is that?  Grow the fuck up will ya.

Jimmy watches him huff off.

ANGLE ON: Empty hallway.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER -- NIGHT

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

Angle on: Hollywood film premier of action film - GULF OF FIRE.

Helicopters soar overhead and spotlights reach into the Hollywood Hills.

Jim struts down the red carpet smiling politely for the cameras until ducking inside.

INT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Jim approaches his agent BERNIE TALBOT (mid-40s) he's "Ari Gold gone bald".

JIM HARRIS
Meryl.  Danny.  Bernie, a word with you?

Bernie excuses himself from the cadre of industry professionals he is talking with.

BERNIE
Rough night?  I bet, don't even open your mouth, because according to TMZ, she looked pretty fucking exhausting.

JIM HARRIS
Word travels quick.

(CONTINUED)
BERNIE
We're not in Uz-fucking-beckisfuck Jim. Now what the fuck do you want? Your stock, and more importantly, my stock is plummeting by representing you.

JIM HARRIS
I just came to see the movie Bernie.

BERNIE
You wouldn't serve that shit to your mother in law, so get that piss off my plate. Ok? I know you don't give a shit about Gulf of Fire. Look at that fucking idiot.

Angle on: JASON STATHAM-ESQUE ACTOR posing for photos near a cardboard cutout of himself for GULF OF FIRE with his MODEL DATE (20's).

BERNIE (CONT'D)
You and I know this is a piece of shit, but it's gonna turn 100 million by Tuesday. Meanwhile, you and this fucking "Federico-Fellini-What Does-It-All-Mean" persona you've crawled into missed the boat on this one.

JIM HARRIS
Are you kidding me? You think this is something to be proud of?

BERNIE
No, no, no, you see, that's your fucking problem. You are getting caught up in being proud and forgot that we're trying to get paid. I'm assuming that's what the fuck you're here about. Right?

JIM HARRIS
Well.

BERNIE
That's what I thought, you fucking sneaky fuck. You just couldn't play the game.

JIM HARRIS
That's because that's all it is, a fucking game.

(CONTINUED)
BERNIE
Yeah, that's all it is. All this shit. The fucking cameras and the PR and the tuxedos and these fucking mini-quiches.

Bernie picks up a mini-quiche off a passing catering WAITER'S tray.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
And playing by the rules of that game is the only way we keep those people out there thinking that we're better than they are. As soon as we stop playing, we become just like them.

JIM HARRIS
Look, I don't want to hear your "role of the industry" bullshit ok?

BERNIE
Well it's my industry, and you need my fucking money. So you do everyone a favor and jack this fucking bohemia schtick and get clean, because it's fucking you. HARD.

JIM HARRIS
Can you help me or not.

BERNIE
Last time. You take this, but that's it. Ok? No more.

Bernie pulls out his check book and scribes him a check.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
No more fixes. No more of this shit.

JIM HARRIS
Thanks Bernie. It's gonna be all good.

BERNIE
If I didn't look out for you peckerhead who would. Now get the fuck out of here. But I tell you this. All your talent is fucking wasted if you don't clean up.

(CONTINUED)
Bernie heads off. Jim kisses the check and grabs a cocktail from a passing tray.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. TOM HARRIS'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Tom Harris closes the door, making sure he's alone.
From under the bed he pulls out a photo album / scrap book.
He opens to the front cover with a beautiful head-shot of Evelyn. She's stunning.
Dianne opens the door. Pausing with understanding eyes.
She quietly retreats, giving him time with his memories.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL / LOCAL BAR -- PAST

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

Young Tom Harris and Evelyn are posing in front of their wedding cake. Obviously they are very happy. Evelyn feeds a piece of cake to Young Tom Harris.

EVELYN
You and me, baby doll.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I love you.

EVELYN
You ready for the rest of our lives?

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
More then you know.

They both eat their cake and the photographer blasts off shots.
The juke box strikes up a tune and the happy couple moves to the dance floor. Dancing, holding each other closely.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:
INT. TOM HARRIS BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Tom Harris smiles and flips a few pages of the album revealing a photograph from a going away party. A large banner hangs behind them that reads, "Good Luck". Young Tom Harris & Evelyn are surrounded by their friends.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

INT. LOCAL BAR -- PAST

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

The transition brings us into the photograph which comes to life.

The camera is handed to Young Tom Harris and he puts his arm around Evelyn. They smile and she looks at his eyes.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
I've always dreamed I'd find someone as special as you.

EVELYN
I can't wait to get us all the city, you and Jimmy are going to love it.

She smiles and gives him a kiss. We see Bobby Fitzgerald and Young Leonard smiling among the onlookers.

Bobby Fitzgerald approaches.

BOBBY FITZGERALD
Listen, I got to tell you baby, you sure do know how to keep a good agent waiting.

EVELYN
Bobby Fitzgerald, thank you for helping me get this opportunity.

BOBBY FITZGERALD
(To Young Tom Harris)
You've caught the heart of a star, you're a lucky man. You have no idea how big a star this baby's gonna be. Big star!

Young Tom Harris smiles proudly.

(CONTINUED)
BOBBY FITZGERALD (CONT'D)
(Shouting while exiting)
Big star! Bigger then big!

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. BUS TRAVELING -- UPPER MANHATTAN -- LATE MORNING

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

ANGLE ON: Jimmy's reflection in the window.

Bus travels through northern Manhattan, slowly moving through the crowded streets. Jimmy gazes at the city passing by.

INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

The lunch crowd's got the joint popping. Annabella does her best but the flow just doesn't let up. Soon as one table clears, new CUSTOMERS pile in.

Kitchen is backed up. Tom Harris is frustrated.

He heads for the phone and dials.

SOT: Phone ringing.

He waits. No answer. Slams the receiver.

TOM HARRIS (To Annabella)
Where's Jimmy? Any idea?

She nods "no" and passes quickly, arms full of dishes.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
When I get a hold of that kid, I'm gonna kill him.

He dials again. Waits. Slams it down with even greater force.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
Damn-it!

Annabella adds to an enormous pile of dirty dishes.

ANNABELLA
Please, you need to relax.

TOM HARRIS
He's not going to get away with this.

(CONTINUED)
ANNABELLA
It'll work out, it's ok, I got this.

She whips off to keep the business hopping. Running orders from one end to the other.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy walks down the sky scraper lined streets of mid-town Manhattan, amazed.

Arriving at the audition location he double checks the address and heads inside.

INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

The fury continues and the physical exertion gets to Tom. He wipes his sweaty brow with a HUFF.

Leonard's patiently waiting for a seat.

TOM HARRIS
We ain't got room for you right now. We need this seat for a real customer.

LEONARD
My money's not green? (smirks) Where's Jimmy?

TOM HARRIS
I don't know. Why?

Leonard throws him a wry smile.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
Where the hell is he?

LEONARD
Where he belongs.

TOM HARRIS
Don't fuck with me fruit-loop.

LEONARD
How can he go back to this, when he's seen Broadway?

Tom Harris realizes Jimmy's in New York City.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
We all evolve.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOM HARRIS

Enough bullshit. Get outta here!

He pushes Leonard out the door.

INT. NYC AUDITION HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Exiting the elevator Jimmy arrives at the casting office. He takes a deep BREATH and enters.

INT. NYC AUDITION OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Suddenly he's in a room full of GUYS his age and type.

SMASH CUT: Vertigo style, Jimmy gets his "mind right" for the competition.

He lands at the sign in desk.

CASTING ASSISTANT ONE

Where's your head shot?

JIMMY

I have these, they're not pro.

He hands the CASTING ASSISTANT (20's) a few snap shots of himself.

CASTING ASSISTANT ONE

Ok, not necessary. We'll take a polaroid. Stand over there, great ok, smile.

Casting Assistant One shoots the polaroid.

CASTING ASSISTANT ONE (CONT'D)

Have a seat, we'll call you in a few.

He takes a seat and goes over the sides. He sums up the room. Some solid competition.

Angle on: Audition room door pops open.

CASTING ASSISTANT TWO

Jim Harris.

JIMMY

Here. I'm Jimmy.

CASTING ASSISTANT TWO

Whatever.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jimmy enters.

INT. NYC AUDITION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We revolve around Jimmy as he prepares to go for it. We settle on a slight sheen of sweat beading across his brow.

CASTING ASSISTANT TWO
This is "Jimmy" Harris. He will be reading the role of Mike.

JIMMY
Hello everyone, I really relate to the character and his struggle.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Ok, that's great news. Don't worry about scenes two through five. We are only going to do the first.

JIMMY
Just the first? Can I do the second one too? I love that scene.

CASTING ASSISTANT whispers into Casting Directors ear.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Jimmy, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize it was you.

JIMMY
Me?

CASTING DIRECTOR
You're Leonard's nephew?

JIMMY
Nephew? Oh, yes.

CASTING DIRECTOR
It's a pleasure to meet the nephew of such an influential playwright. His work is why I'm in theater. Sorry, I'm getting off track. Please, by all means, lets run through all the scenes.

Jimmy is beyond confused but rolls with it. His confidence builds filling the room.
INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Tom Harris waddles around trying to keep up with the crowd. He grabs his vodka filled sprite bottle and takes a huge chug.

Annabella does her best to keep up.

CUSTOMERS grow more hostile.

Tom Harris dials the phone.

DIANNE (O.S.)
Hello.

TOM HARRIS
I need help. Jimmy's taken off to New York, the irresponsible fuck.

DIANNE (O.S.)
Come now, he must be having a great time. Relax. I'll be there in a while.

TOM HARRIS
Try and make it a "little" while, will ya?

DIANNE (O.S.)
Whatever, ya prick.

He hangs up and moves hells bells from table to table growing short of breath, dizzy.

ANGLE ON: Tom shaking it off. He bolts out of frame.

INT. NYC AUDITION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy's finished with the audition. He crushed it. He shakes hands with everyone and bounds out the room.

INT. NYC AUDITION HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

He barely contains himself waiting for the elevator.
EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy springs onto the street and exuberantly weaves his way through the crowded midtown sidewalks.

He is on top of the world.

INT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Every CUSTOMER wants something. Annabella is seen darting through frame.

ANGLE ON: Tom Harris pauses, swaying, hands stacked with plates.

POV bounces between the CUSTOMERS and his fuzzy, tunnel vision image of them.

He and his load of plates CRASH to the floor. Full cardiac arrest.

Annabella races to help.

ANNABELLA
Call an ambulance.

CUSTOMER runs to the phone and frantically dials. Others gather around, cautiously.

Annabella tries to help best she can.

INT. BUS - MONTAGE REFLECTING OFF BUS WINDOW -- LATER

Bus is cruising along I-95 north.

We see Jimmy's future life in NYC with Annabella play out in reflections on the window. We see them bouncing arm and arm around Manhattan, shopping at outdoor markets, making love in their tiny apartment, etc.

EXT. BUS STATION - NEW BEDFORD, MA -- LATER

The bus rolls in. We see Annabella waiting for him.

Jimmy hops off the bus, higher then any drug. He scoops her up and plants a huge kiss on her.

JIMMY
You have no idea how amazing I feel.
I can see it all.

Annabella has a conflicted gaze.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What's up?

ANNABELLA
Your dad. He had a heart attack.

Jimmy hangs his head, shattered.

INT. ST. LUKES HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- LATER

From across the room we see Jimmy slumped in a chair.

DOCTOR (40's) approaches and Jimmy hops to his feet, listening intently.

He then follows the Doctor down the hall.

INT. ST. LUKES HOSPITAL ICU ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tom Harris has tubes, needles and sensors stuck in every place imaginable.

SOT: MEDICAL EQUIPMENT almost drowns out the dialogue.

DOCTOR
We don't yet know the extent of the damage, but he's lucky to be alive.
They got him here fast. If not, it would be much different.

Jimmy nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm right down the hall if you need me.

Jimmy pulls up a chair and holds his father's hand.

INT. DINER -- NIGHTMARE MONTAGE -- NIGHT

Dark and distorted. Lightning flashes through the windows, throwing shadows and strobe effects across the diner.

Jimmy rushes around, in the weeds. He can't make anyone happy, running from end to end repeatedly. He stops in the middle, peering at the customers SCREAMING at him from all directions.

He breaks down, slowly making his way to the floor, hands filled with plates, while insults fly toward him from every direction.

(CONTINUED)
The FLASHING LIGHTS grow in intensity. Jimmy curls into a ball on the floor, shielding himself from the torturous SCREAMING.

Tom Harris pushes through the crowd and laughs at his son.

INT. ANNABELLA'S FAMILY BATHROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Annabella's on the toilet. The house's silent and she's trying to keep it that way.

She quietly opens a pregnancy test. Plastic CRACKLES.

She uses the test, waits for the results.

Mrs DaCosta opens the door not realizing Annabella's in there.

Annabella tosses the tester into the trash bin.

Useless, she's caught, the opened box lays on the counter.

Mrs DaCosta's eyes fill with fear.

She quickly checks to see if anyone's around and quietly closes the door.

MRS DACOSTA
Annabella, does Joe know?

Annabella's shocked by her reaction. Tears flow.

Her mother moves in to comfort her.

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
Don't worry, you'll be married before your father finds out. It's our little secret.

Annabella cries as quietly as possible. Her Mother comforts her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tom Harris is heavily sedated.

SFX: Medical equipment.

Jimmy snaps awake from his nightmare, clearly he's spent the night in the chair.

Dianne KNOCKS on the door.

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy gathers himself.

DIANNE
You mind if I stay a little while?

He nods for her to come in. She pulls up a chair.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You know your father and I.

She breaks up a bit.

Jimmy gives her a comforting smile and touch of his hand.

JIMMY
I know, I'm sure he's glad you're here.

DIANNE
Listen, I know I've never added up to your ma. But your pops never added up to much for me neither.

Jimmy smiles, listens.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
But we've been there for each other at least, ya know. He ever tell you we dated before your ma, but nothing steady ya know, he dropped me in a snap when your ma showed up.

(keeping it light)
But that's alright I had my eye on another and I got him. I got him for almost ten years. God rest his soul.

(beat)
Ya know, I hate seeing him like this, he doesn't wanna be like this.

They share a moment of understanding.

Something is wrong. EQUIPMENT sounds dominate the room.

Jimmy jumps into action, a quick check over and bolts out the door.

JIMMY
NURSE. DOCTOR. SOMEONE.

Dianne's on her feet trying her best to do something.
DIANNE
Don't die on me ya shit.

Nurses and Doctors rush the room. Dianne and Jimmy are displaced to the hall. Crash cart flies in. Shit's bad.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jimmy grabs the mail. He pulls out another noticeably large orange summons.

INT. JIMMY'S KITCHEN

He tosses the mail on the kitchen table adding to the pile. Jacket still on he grabs a beer and chugs while quick stepping back out the door.

INT. LOCAL BAR -- NIGHT

Jimmy's drinking heavily. He's quiet, stone like. His eyes glare into the bar mirror.

His attention snaps from the touch of Annabella's hand.

ANNABELLA
How's he doing?

Jimmy shrugs "not sure". She joins him.

JIMMY
It's so crazy, he's made this almost impossible. You know how much that hospital is? The mortgages are fucked. He's got this shit all twisted around me. I should just go. Pack my bags and go.

(beat)
Come with me.

ANNABELLA
Wait. Slow down.

JIMMY
I don't want to slow down. Annabella, I've been crawling my whole life. It's time to run. We could be great together, take on the world, you and me.

Annabella smiles and grabs hold of his hand.

(CONTINUED)
ANNABELLA
I love your eyes when you say stuff like that. I almost believe you--

JIMMY
--Believe me.

ANNABELLA
I need time.

JIMMY
Annabella, I'm serious.

ANNABELLA
So am I. But you need to focus on you.

Jimmy falls from his star.

JIMMY
This going anywhere?

ANNABELLA
--Come on, not so serious.

JIMMY
(beat)
I love you.

Awkward silence. Annabella can't come to say the words.

She leans over and kisses him.

ANGLE ON: Chad clocks the situation from across the bar.

ANNABELLA
Look, I just wanted to stop by and check in with you. My dad's home and I gotta go.

(beat)
Can we talk about this when we have time to really talk.

JIMMY
Whatever, sure.

Quick kiss and she's off.

Chad skulks his way over.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

CHAD
Dude, sweet, she's fucking hot. Oh yeah man, I'm wicked sorry about your pops man, that shit sucks.

He stumbles off after another chick.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Yo, Rita, where you going?

INT. / EXT. MARIO DACOSTA'S CAR PARKED OUTSIDE BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mario and John watch Annabella leave the bar. She disappears down the dark street.

A few moments pass and Chad strolls out and makes a b-line for their car.

Mario rolls down the window as it starts to rain. Chad shields himself.

CHAD
You got something I need and I got shit you wanna know about.

MARIO DACOSTA
What do I got?

CHAD
A job man. I need a fucking job.

MARIO DACOSTA
Get in.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

EXT. DINER -- MORNING

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

Young Leonard loads up the car while Evelyn, Young Tom Harris and baby Jimmy share a moment.

EVELYN
Oh my god, I thought this would be easier.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
We're gonna be great. Go focus on your work. We'll be there in a few weeks.
She gives them hugs and kisses.

**EVELYN**
I love you guys--

**YOUNG TOM HARRIS**
--We love you more.

**YOUNG LEONARD**
Time to roll Miss Lancaster.

She reluctantly settles into the car and quickly rolls down the window, leaning her head out for one more big kiss from Young Tom Harris.

Leonard hops into the drivers seat and turns the ENGINE over.

**YOUNG TOM HARRIS**
Work hard. We love you.
(to Young Leonard)
Drive safe, you got my whole world in your hands.

Young Leonard is all smiles and sarcastically ROARS the engine.

**EVELYN**
I love you.

Evelyn hangs out the window waving goodbye and blowing kisses as they pull off on their journey back to broadway.

**INT. YOUNG TOM HARRIS HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Young Tom Harris's on the phone, bad news. He's completely delirious with grief.

Baby Jimmy CRIES in his playpen.

He picks up Baby Jimmy from the playpen. He cries while trying his best to console his crying son.

**YOUNG TOM HARRIS**
Shh, baby boy, shh. pappa's got you, pappa's got you.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

**EXT. DOWNTOWN COBBLESTONE STREET -- LATER**

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

(CONTINUED)
It's freakin' POURING. Jimmy's drunk and soaked to the bone. Hood up, trying to quick stumble through the rain.

A car screams past. Puddles explode along the way. SCREECH. The car slams its brakes and whips a hells bells 180 and thrusts forward, pinning Jimmy between a long fence and building. Trapped, no where to go.

Headlights blind Jimmy, silhouetting his vision.

Car doors OPEN. SPLASHING feet hustle toward him.

CRACK, SMACK, SLAP. Jimmy's on his ass.

Joe and Mario stomp him out. Silhouetted from the cars head lights. In complete control.

MARIO DACOSTA
You punta!

JOHN DACOSTA
What happens now? Huh?

MARIO DACOSTA
We're gonna take the trash out. Do a little chumming.

JIMMY
No. Please, wait listen. She's just my friend.

JOHN DACOSTA
You're a fucking liar--

MARIO DACOSTA
--We know what you've been up to.

JOHN DACOSTA
Stay the fuck away from her.

THUD a solid blow to the abdomen. Jimmy gasps for air.

MARIO DACOSTA
If you even think about trying this bullshit again we'll drop you in the Atlantic. Nobody would know nothing. You hear me fucker!

JIMMY
Yes, yes. I hear you--
They both spit on Jimmy.
He huddles on the ground, trying to get some air in his lungs and the blood and spit off his face.
The car WHIPS around.
Angle on: Chad in the back seat grinning ear to ear, flipping Jimmy off through the rain streaked window.
It takes a moment for Jimmy to get it together. Rain drops the size of gum balls blast off his battered face and body. Blood and water mix and he gasps for air, trying his best to fill his lungs and his pride.

INT. ANNABELLA FAMILY KITCHEN -- DAY
Mrs DaCosta hangs up the phone.
Annabella huddles at the kitchen table, quiet, scared.

MRS DACOSTA
I have to meet with his mother right now.

Her mother moves toward her.

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
Not so sad my love. What a bride you will make. You will be a princess. We will tell your father when I return.

Annabella nods.

EXT. JOE'S PARENTS ESTATE -- LATER
We see a large urban estate. It's gated and has the accompanying items such as large Virgin Mary statue, lions, garden gnomes and various fountains line the property. A Portuguese palace.
Mrs DaCosta pulls up, the gates open for her.

EXT. JOE'S PARENTS ESTATE DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS
She greets JOES MOTHER, who's beautiful, blonde and pampered. They behave as if someone is watching them.

(CONTINUED)
JOE'S MOTHER
Thank you so very much for excepting
my last minute invitation.

MRS DACOSTA
Oh, I'm just thankful for the
hospitality.

They exchange hug / kisses.

JOE'S MOTHER
(Whispers into her
ear)
We can talk downstairs, come.

INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

They quietly settle into a small nook in the back kitchen.

JOE'S MOTHER
What trouble did these kids get into?

MRS DACOSTA
The worst.

JOE'S MOTHER
Ok. We'll have to fix it.

Mrs DaCosta's relieved.

MRS DACOSTA
Thank you for your confidence.

JOE'S MOTHER
Heaven forbid their fathers find
out.

They shake hands and poor their tea.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT - SANTA MONICA, CA -- LATE NIGHT

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

The lot is almost empty. Jim is waiting in a pimped out gun
metal black Mercedes.

An equally sweet BMW whips around the corner and parks beside
him.

(CONTINUED)
The two cars are drivers window to drivers window. Both tinted windows lower.

We meet BOOKIE MIKE (30's), he's tatted and bohemian mass of a man.

BOOKIE MIKE
Mr. Harris. Milo know?

JIM HARRIS
Fuck Milo, I still got a week and when this turns I will clear the marker.

BOOKIE MIKE
Your numbers been pulled, Milo would kill me if he knew.

JIM HARRIS
You want the action? I got other places to lay this off.

BOOKIE MIKE
Yeah I'll take the action but you gotta have the cash up front.

Jim tosses him a envelope stuffed with cash.

JIM HARRIS
I'll see you on Thursday to collect.

BOOKIE MIKE
Good luck, hate to be you if it don't work out.

JIM HARRIS
It's always good to be me, you should know that.

Jim punches the gas and speeds away.

Bookie Mike rolls away in the opposite direction turning the corner and pulls along side a large black SUV.

He rolls down his window and tosses the envelope of cash into Milo's SUV.

BOOKIE MIKE
Spot on. This guys a mess.

MILO
He's done.

(CONTINUED)
They both pull away.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Tom Harris is awake but far from a hundred percent.

Jimmy helps get him comfortable, propping him up, adjusting the pillows. He untangles various tubes and sensors organizing them for his comfort.

JIMMY
How you feeling, you like this bed or what?

TOM HARRIS
I feel like shit, this hospital is terrible.

JIMMY
Pop, you're lucky to be alive. These people saved your ass.

TOM HARRIS
They should have let me die, assholes.

JIMMY
Come on pops. Let's start thinking about how we're getting you out of here.

A NURSE enters and they get quiet quick. She replaces his IV bag and gives him a quick check over.

She grabs his chart.

NURSE
Oh, this looks good. You're doing great there mister meany. I bet you're gonna be out of here in a couple of days, but I ain't your doctor now.

She giggles and smiles her way out the door.

JIMMY
That's good news.

Tom Harris throws him a glare.

(CONTINUED)
TOM HARRIS
I ain't never really thought about
being in a place like this, this
ain't what I want kid.

JIMMY
Well you ain't gonna be. You're
gonna be fine. So let me help you
get your head outta your ass.

Tom Harris ignores him.

TRANSITION TO 1970'S:

INT. DINER -- MORNING

NOSTALGIC FILM EFFECT

It's a rainy, cold morning.
The diner's empty except for Young Tom Harris and baby Jimmy.
Young Leonard gingerly enters. He looks terrible. Straight
from death's grasp. He's battered and bruised. His arm's in
a sling.

YOUNG LEONARD
I--

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
--Don't.

YOUNG LEONARD
I want to help--

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
--What makes you think I need your
help? If it wasn't for you--

YOUNG LEONARD
--That's not fair. It was her dream
too. She was my family. I hurt too.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS
You talk like you know what I'm facing
here. You should just roll out and
move on.

YOUNG LEONARD
I'm not going anywhere, I can't.
(MORE)
LIKE IT OR NOT I AM GOING TO SEE
THIS BOY GROW UP. SHE'S ALL I HAD.
YOU DON'T GET IT, HOW COULD YOU--

--YOU AIN'T MY FAMILY. YOU AIN'T
JIMMY'S FAMILY.

SHE TOLD ME SHE WANTED ME TO BE AN
UNCLE TO JIMMY AND I'M GOING TO HONOR
THAT.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS LUNGES AT YOUNG LEONARD AND GRABS HIM BY
THE NECK.

LOOK, JIMMY IS MY SON AND HE WILL BE
RAISED BY ME AND ME ALONE. GOT IT
FRUIT-LOOP?

YOUNG TOM HARRIS LOOSENS HIS GRIP BUT KEEPS YOUNG LEONARD
PINNED AGAINST THE WALL.

SHE'S GONE. I AIN'T GONNA FILL HIS
HEAD WITH WHAT COULDA BEEN. WE'RE
MOVING ON.

YOUNG LEONARD CONcedes AND YOUNG TOM HARRIS RELEASES HIM.

I CAN'T STOP YOU FROM LIVING HERE OR
DOING WHATEVER, BUT IF YOU WANT TO
MAKE IT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT
YOU'LL DEAL WITH ME.

YOUNG TOM HARRIS SCOOPS UP BABY JIMMY AND WALKS AWAY.

YOU LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.
(To Jimmy)
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, LITTLE MAN.

HE SLIPS OFF INTO THE RAINY MORNING.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:
INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Jimmy rolls his father down the hall in a wheelchair, he's sprung from the joint.

INT. TOM HARRIS'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Tom rumbles, uncomfortably rolling over to grab his photo album. He opens the cover to a beautiful picture of Evelyn.

TOM HARRIS
I'm sorry baby doll. I just didn't know how else to do this.

He flips the album to the last page. A newspaper headline reads "Local Actress Killed on Route to Big Break".

He runs his fingers across the headline, his eyes pour regret. Tears almost flow, but his manhood fights them back.

He HEARS Dianne and scurries to put the album away.

Dianne slips in with a fresh pillow and a cold wash cloth.

DIANNE
You don't have to hide that, stupid.

He shrugs her off, or does he?

She puffs the pillow and places it behind him.

TOM HARRIS
I'm alright, stop. You don't need--

DIANNE
--Oh be quiet. There you go. Isn't that better?

TOM HARRIS
Yeah. Thank you.

Tom Harris clutches his aching chest.

DIANNE
Ya alright?

Dianne helps calm him and rubs his head with a cool wash cloth.

(CONTINUED)
Tom gently puts his hand inside Dianne's.

TOM HARRIS
Thank you.

DIANNE
For what?

TOM HARRIS
For being here all these years.
(beat)
I love you.

DIANNE
Oh, I love you too, stupid.

She gently wipes his forehead and they share the moment.

INT. / EXT. JOES CAR DINER PARKING LOT -- EARLY MORNING

Joe and Annabella wait for Jimmy to arrive.

Silent tension dominates the scene.

Joe hands her a box with a diamond engagement ring.

JOE
My mother had a talk with me.

She opens it. Her nervous energy balloons.

JOE (CONT'D)
What's going on? Come on?

Long moment.

ANNABELLA
I'm pregnant. My mother knows. Your mother knows. Our fathers don't.

JOE
How?

Annabella gives him a hard glare.

JOE (CONT'D)
We go back a long time Miss DeCosta. But this? You've certainly gotten yourself into a spot. That ain't my baby, I know that much.

Through the windshield we see Jimmy arriving.

(CONTINUED)
He makes his way to the door noticing the situation in the car.

ANNABELLA
Joe, please, my father, my family. Help me.

JOE
I'm not raising his kid.

ANNABELLA
No. He knows nothing. He'll know nothing. No one knows nothing but you and me. I promise. I will fix this.

JOE
Annabella, this isn't--

She leans in giving him a strong sensual kiss. She gazes straight in his eyes.

ANNABELLA
I will never look back.

She exits the car and makes her way toward the front door.

The day has been a long quiet one for them both.
The diner's empty. Jimmy makes his way to Annabella.

JIMMY
Why don't you sit?

ANNABELLA
I want to finish and get outta here.

JIMMY
Can we talk for a minute?

She hesitantly sits.

ANNABELLA
About?

JIMMY
Us.

ANNABELLA
What about us?

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY
I don't know, I'm in love with you, and I think we should do it.

ANNABELLA
What?

JIMMY
Leave town. I've got enough money to get us there. It will be tough at first, but we can do it. Come with me, we'll get married if you want.

ANNABELLA
If I want?

JIMMY
I didn't mean that in a bad way. We can make something out of ourselves.

ANNABELLA
I can't. Not now.

JIMMY
Then when?

She gives him a sad glance.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Ever?

ANNABELLA
I'd lose my family.

JIMMY
You told me no one's ever excited you like me. We can get out of here.

A serious gaze comes across her face.

ANNABELLA
I'm sorry.

JIMMY
Annabella, I love you.

ANNABELLA
You said love will only slow you down. So forget me and get out of here.
Joe pulls into the lot.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
I gotta go. I won't be coming in anymore.

He's stunned, a thousand pounds of shit on his face.

JIMMY
This is what you want for your life?

She rises to say.

ANNABELLA
Please don't think of me as weak. I don't think you'll ever know how much I love you. Don't waste your life, get out of here.

She flees out the door and climbs into Joe's car.

Joe peels off.


INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN -- MORNING

Jimmy's slumped at the table, coffee in hand.

Tom Harris enters noticing Jimmy's disposition.

JIMMY
How you feeling?

TOM HARRIS
Fine, Dianne's helping a lot. You ok, what's on your face?

Jimmy grabs a napkin.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
No, you got a look on your face.

JIMMY
Annabella quit. I don't know what I'm gonna do down there.

TOM HARRIS
I doubt it's the diner you're thinking about. You love her don't you?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Look pop, that shit doesn't matter.
I need help down there.
(changing gears)
When do I get to quit?

TOM HARRIS
Ok, I hear you. Look, let me get
some shit organized and you can quit.

JIMMY
(sarcastic)
Sure.

TOM HARRIS
Whatever you wanna do. Just help me
clean some of this shit up.

JIMMY
Oh yeah, you're fucking with me now
for sure.

TOM HARRIS
No more of that. Look jimmy, your
mother was something special. You
got her thing kid. Do what you gotta
do.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDAL SALON - MORNING

Annabella, her mother, three AUNTS (40's) and four COUSINS
(20's) get fitted for their gowns. Annabella is center stage.

MRS DACOSTA
Sweet Mary mother of God. Look at
how beautiful my baby girl is.

ANNABELLA
I don't know ma, it feels a little
tight--

Her mother swats her hand away from her belly.

MRS DACOSTA
--It's fine. You just need to stop
slouching and stand up straight.

Mrs DaCosta corrects Annabella's posture, forcing her up
straight.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She reaches down and grabs a large bouquet of flowers and places them in Annabella's hands, right in front of her stomach.

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
And carry yourself like the proud bride that you are.

Annabella poses. Her mother canvasses her over in the mirror. She observes a deep sadness in Annabella's eyes.

She stops for a moment, checking again but Annabella glances away. Her eyes can't hide the lies.

INT. DACOSTA'S FAMILY HOME - AFTERNOON

Annabella gazes out the window toward the back garden. The FAMILY MEN are suited in their Sunday's best. They loiter in groups, smoking cigars and drinking cocktails.

INT. DACOSTA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

The DaCosta & DaSilva families gather around an extravagant meal.

MR DACOSTA
It's with great pride I welcome you here tonight. This, as we all know, is a very special occasion. Thank you Manual and Theresa and of course Joe. Officially, one family, it's an honor.

Mr DaCosta raises his glass.

The family raise their glasses in toast to Annabella and Joe.

MR DACOSTA (CONT'D)
To family.

Manual and Theresa gesture proudly as they're honored by their hosts.

Everyone expresses approval.

MRS DACOSTA
It's going to be such a beautiful wedding.
INT. NEW BEDFORD BANK AND TRUST - MORNING

Jimmy, Tom and Dianne are sitting in the waiting area. They are GREETED by Stan Gentry and they follow him to his desk.

STAN GENTRY
I'm very happy to see you on the mend Mr. Harris.

TOM HARRIS
Thank you and thank you for meeting with us.

STAN GENTRY
Not a problem.

TOM HARRIS
Look, I'm a no BS kinda guy so please just hit me with it.

STAN GENTRY
I appreciate your candor. Nutshell, the bank is moving your house and the diner to the active pile. They will start proceedings soon.

TOM HARRIS
Mr. Gentry, with respect, what can we do? I don't have the cash and with the hospital bills, you know.

STAN GENTRY
I'm sorry, I've tried to hold corporate off as long as I could, but at some point they get around to everyone. Unless you can come up with the fifty six thousand that is currently in default by next week, they will take everything to auction.

TOM HARRIS
My whole life, for fifty six large.

Tom gives a look to Dianne and Jimmy, a sad smile. He's a man who finally see's himself for who he is.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
I understand. Thank you for your time.

(CONTINUED)
STAN GENTRY
I wish I could do more.

Tom and Jimmy rise and shake hands with Stan, Dianne remains in her seat, her eyes dart.

DIANNE
Mr. Gentry, what if I took a mortgage on my house?

STAN GENTRY
I'm sorry?

DIANNE
My house, I ain't got no mortgage now.

STAN GENTRY
Well, we would need to run the paperwork and see what you could do.

Tom and Jimmy look on in disbelief.

TOM HARRIS
Dianne, come on now. You don't have to do that.

DIANNE
Well, what if I sold it and moved in with you?

Tom has the look of "you really want to have this chat right here right now" strike his face.

Dianne returns the non-verbal volley with "you better say yes you old fucker" striking across her face.

TOM HARRIS
I, well, sure. Jimmy?

JIMMY
Of course.

DIANNE
Settled then. Mr. Gentry, can you help us figure this out. I wanna sell it and that's that.

STAN GENTRY
Well, I'm not a realtor but I have a colleague. I will call corporate right away and see what we can do.
Dianne leans over and gives Tom a kiss, hug and a smile.

**DIANNE**
Now don't screw this up again, stupid.

**INT. DINER -- AFTERNOON**

It's packed. CUSTOMERS pile into booths, stuffing their faces.

Jimmy has the floor by himself. He whips around trying to make everyone happy.

The CROWD continues to grow. CUSTOMERS wait outside to get a table.

Jimmy piles a load of dirty dishes into an overflowing bin and hustles for the closest table.

Every booth NEEDS him. He's totally in the weeds.

Pick up area's stacked. Food's getting cold.

The PHONE RINGS. Jimmy races to answer it.

**JIMMY**

Jimmy celebrates his call, jumping wildly, screaming and laughing.

**JIMMY (CONT'D)**
I got a call back. I got a call back!

**LEONARD**
Congratulations!

The angry CROWD glares at him. They're not amused.

Jimmy quickly grabs as many plates as he can and places them on the counter.

**JIMMY**
You want your food? Then you're gonna have to come get it. Listen up for your order.

He CALLS out the orders. At first people hesitate, but soon come to the counter grabbing their meals.

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY (CONT'D)
Here we've got two orders of two eggs, two sausage, two bacon, who's the lucky two?

CUSTOMER ONE
You should get more help.

JIMMY
You're absolutely right, talk to my pops about that. I see before me one short-stack.

CUSTOMER TWO grabs his pancakes.

CUSTOMER TWO
I aint tipping you!--

JIMMY
--Understandable.

Jimmy glances toward Leonard, they share a big smile.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

INT. JIM HARRIS HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE -- EVENING

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

A living room fit for a movie star. It's tricked out to the nines including a huge flat screen that Jim is pacing in front of.

He's holding a small mirror with lines of cocaine cut that he snorts little bumps every few moments.

He is screaming at the game.

JIM HARRIS
Fuck you mother fuckers, come on, make it.

The football game is coming down to a final field goal kick. If the kick is good, he loses.

Jim is tweaking big time, another bump of coke, then another.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER
(Off Screen)
The kick is up, its got the distance, its hooking right, will it make it, yes! The kick is good!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jim freezes, coked-up statue.

Phone RINGS. Caller ID - Mikey.

ANGLE ON: Vertigo shot - Jim has reached the end of the road, his world is crumbling around him. The shot ends with.

CU: JIM'S COKED OUT BLOOD SHOT EYES. A SINGLE TEAR FALLS.

EXT. JIM HARRIS HOLLYWOOD HILLS BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jim is frantic. Tossing essentials into a suitcase.

He continues to bump lines of cocaine and he is way beyond out of control.

Suitcase is ready to roll and he bolts.

INT. JIM HARRIS HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

He tosses his suitcase into the back seat and RIPS out.

INT. / EXT. JIM HARRIS CAR - SUNSET STRIP -- NIGHT

Jim drives erratically, sweating up a storm. Traffic is jammed and his tension rises and rises.

His phone RINGS. Caller ID - Milo

JIM HARRIS

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

His phone keeps RINGING. He reluctantly answers.

JIM HARRIS (CONT'D)

Milo. Nice to hear from you but I got 48 hours.

MILO

(O.S.)

Had. You have 24.

CLICK Milo hangs up.

Jim slams his dash board, breaking his hand. He wrenches in pain.

JIM HARRIS

Fuck!

Jim makes a few sharp turn off Sunset Blvd and heads up into Laurel Canyon.

(CONTINUED)
He speeds up the hill arriving at a large estate.

EXT. JOANNA LAUREL CANYON ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

He SCREECHES to a stop and heads for Joanna's front door, RINGING the doorbell and slamming on the door.

JIM HARRIS
Joanna! I know you're in there.
Joanna!

INT. JOANNA LAUREL CANYON ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Joanna is enjoying a glass of wine with her lover SANDY (30's). They are startled by the BANGING. Jim is heard behind the door.

SANDY
Don't answer.

Jim continues.

JOANNA
Stay here.

She heads to open the door.

EXT. / INT. JOANNA LAUREL CANYON ESTATE FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The door swings open with

JOANNA
What the fuck Jim?

JIM HARRIS
Their gonna kill me. Joanna please.

JOANNA
What did you do?

JIM HARRIS
I screwed up, but I can fix it. I need a hundred by tomorrow.

JOANNA
A hundred thousand? Jim, who do you take me for. Go sober up and call me when you're clean.

She slams the door on him and bolts the lock.
CONTINUED:

Jim Kicks her door.

JIM HARRIS
You fucking bitch! How much fucking money have I made you? Fuck you, you fucking fuck, fuck, fuck, fucker!

One last kick to the door and he heads for his car.

He RACES away.

EXT. JIM HARRIS CAR DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

He is driving hells bells along Mulholland Drive coming dangerously close to crashing.

His Mercedes SCREAMS along the ridge top and then heads down the hill toward the valley.

He races deeper into the Valley.

INT. JIM HARRIS CAR DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

He dials his phone. It RINGS without answer.

JIM HARRIS
Elliot, pick up, come on pick up!

EXT. JIM HARRIS CAR DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

He avoids a near accident and bangs a hard right, tires SCREAM.

He zig-zags his way deep into the Valley arriving at a dive motel.

EXT. VALLEY DIVGE MOTEL. -- CONTINUOUS

He pulls his Mercedes around to the back and tries to park it out of sight.

With a deep BREATH he tries to collect himself.

JIM HARRIS
Fuck!

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:
131 EXT. CHURCH -- AFTERNOON

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

A large Roman Catholic church, the "IT" venue for the wedding of the year.

Limo's and freshly washed cars line the front.

A CROWD gathers, dressed to impress. Decorations, flowers and assorted treatments round out this grand setting.

We rack focus to Jimmy across the street. He pulls up his hood and tosses his duffel bag over his shoulder, strolling on.

We rack focus back to the church buzzing with activity.

132 INT. CHURCH BACK ROOM -- MORNING

Massive levels of "backstage" nervous energy and stress.

Young BRIDES MAIDS and older FEMALE FAMILY MEMBERS crowd the room. RING BEARER and FLOWER GIRL run in and out laughing and chasing one another.

Mrs DaCosta scrambles around making sure the girls have what they need, perfection is mandatory. She helps a girl with her dress, another with her flowers and still another with her hair.

MRS DACOSTA
Little John please stop chasing your sister. Lydia will you please take the children to the bathroom and make sure they're ready. We only have about 15 minutes. Little John I said stop it. Take your sister and go with Lydia to the bathroom. Now. Wow Rosa before you know it we will be doing this for your wedding.

ROSA
Oh Aunt Maria no way. I want to experience my life first.

LAUGHS and GIGGLES all around.

MELISSA
Aunt Maria you know that Rosa has always been the wild one.

(CONTINUED)
ROSA
It doesn't make me wild because I don't want to be tied down.

MELISSA
That's exactly why I want to get married.

The girls bust out LAUGHING, but not Mrs DaCosta. She really thinks about what Rosa says.

ROSA
I'm still in my twenties. I want to have some fun first. What's the matter with that?

The girls continue to laugh.

Annabella slips off to a side room. Mrs DaCosta quietly follows.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

EXT. VALLEY DIVE MOTEL -- NIGHT

Jim tosses his suitcase in the trunk and jumps into the drivers seat.

ANGLE ON: Milo and two thugs in their SUV SCREECH into the parking lot and block his car from exiting. Their pistols are drawn, Jim's got no where to go.

Milo hops out of the SUV as the Thugs drag Jim from his car.

SMACK, CRACK, SLAP the thugs start to kick the shit out of Jim while Milo humiliates him.

MILO
Guess what movie star. You're worth more dead then alive, how about that fucker.

After a solid beating they scoop him up and drag him to the SUV, throwing him in the back seat.

They RIP off.

TRANSITION TO 1990'S:
INT. DINER -- LATER

VÉRITÉ FILM EFFECT

Jimmy enters, duffel bag in tow. Tom Harris's perched behind the register peacefully reading the paper, ignoring Jimmy.

Randy cooks and Dianne waits on a few CUSTOMERS.

Jimmy puts his bag on the counter. Everyone knows he's leaving, awkward silence.

JIMMY

Hey pops.

TOM HARRIS

Hey.

JIMMY

How ya feeling?

TOM HARRIS

Fine.

JIMMY

Right.

TOM HARRIS

You ready?

JIMMY

I guess.

TOM HARRIS

You better make up your mind because once you walk out that door, you know.

Jimmy prepares himself for a rant.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

You can always come back. This place ain't going no where.

JIMMY

Thanks pop. I'm just down I-95, right?

Jimmy grabs his bag and takes one last mental snap shot.

TOM HARRIS

Come here kid.

(CONTINUED)
They share a hug.

INT. CHURCH SIDE ROOM

Annabella tries her best to keep her eye make up from running. Her mother approaches slowly.

MRS DACOSTA
How beautiful.

She gently lifts Annabella to her feet, inspecting her daughter for a moment. It's everything for Annabella not to break down.

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
Why do I see such fear in your eyes?
This is your day.

ANNABELLA
It's the saddest day of my life.

MRS DACOSTA
Why would you say such a thing?
(looking her in the eyes)
What's going on? Annabella, you can trust me.

ANNABELLA
Mama I'm turning my back on the one person--

MRS DACOSTA
--Oh, sweet Jesus. Oh, lord. It's not Joe's.

Annabella's eyes can't hold back any longer. She breaks.

ANNABELLA
I can't lose you and papa. Please, I didn't know what to do.

Her mother's eyes fill with compassion. She sits her down, quietly and gently.

MRS DACOSTA
Annabella DaCosta you will never lose us. Your father, he might be a stubborn old man, but he loves you. Our daughter is no rich man's prize.
(MORE)
135 CONTINUED:

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
If I had only known the truth, this, all of this, would have been much easier.

Mrs DaCosta hugs her and tears run down Annabella's face, her makeup's trashed.

MRS DACOSTA (CONT'D)
Come now. You need to listen and do as I say. You understand?

Annabella nods with approval and collects herself.

136 INT. CHURCH BACK HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Mrs DaCosta pulls her along a back hallway.

They quickly scoot pass several GUESTS, smiling and greeting them along the way. They arrive at a back service exit.

She hands Annabella a set of car keys and a solid bank roll.

MRS DACOSTA
Let me know you are safe.

Unsure & scared, Annabella knows it's not up to her, time to go.

ANNABELLA
I love you mama.

MRS DACOSTA
I love you too, now go.

Annabella sprints across the packed service lot, heels and dress in tow.

She jumps into a car, SPEEDING off, dress flapping out the door.

137 EXT. HOME TOWN STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy strolls the lonely streets arriving at the bus station. We rotate behind him as he steps into the station.

TRANSITION TO NEAR FUTURE:

138 INT. DIRTY HOLLYWOOD HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

(CONTINUED)
Milo and his Thugs man handle Jim into the room and throw him to the floor.

Jim struggles for dear life trying to bolt out the door, but the Thugs toss him like a rag doll.

Milo is carrying a small briefcase and places it on the bed, popping it open.

**JIM HARRIS**
Milo, you don't have to do this, come on man, I can make it all back! One movie and it'll all be yours.

Milo pulls out a syringe and starts to load it up with some type of liquefied drug.

**MILO**
You just don't fucking get it do you? One more Hollywood junkie overdosing. No way I'm letting you out of this room alive, so either take your poison like a champ or we will make you take it like a chump.

Jim tries to bolt but the Thugs grab him, dropping him to his knees holding him down.

They pull up his sleeve, exposing his arm / veins.

**JIM HARRIS**
Milo, please, I can fix this.

Milo, FLICKS the syringe, its ready to kill.

Jim continues to struggle, kicking like a wild animal in a cage, hopeless.

Milo moves in closer, CLICK, CLICK he flicks the syringe.

CU: Jim's face. He knows he's had it, the wild animal in him starts to calm.

Milo stands over him.

Jim knows it's the end of the road.

**MILO**
Don't worry this wont be more then a little prick. Just like you.

ANGLE ON: Milo leans in to spike Jim's arm.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

MILO (CONT'D)
Nighty night mother fucker.

SFX: OFF SCREEN

REAL FILM DIRECTOR

(O.S.)
CUT! Perfect. Print that!

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

END HIGH GLOSS FILM EFFECT

HAND HELD TRACKING SHOT

Work lights SLAM on to reveal a huge Hollywood soundstage. FILM CREW (30's - 40's) swarms the set scurrying to reset the shot.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Back to one everyone! Let's bring it back to one!

A WARDROBE ASST. (20's) wraps Jimmy in a robe and hands him a warm wash cloth for his face.

FILM DIRECTOR
Jimmy, that was amazing. You nailed it! You're wrapped for today. We'll see you in the morning.

Jimmy wipes the age right off, boom, he's fifteen years younger. He's no longer the self destructive character.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Lets go people move! We need to reset, back to one!

The set BUSTLES with activity.

SFX: STAGE DOOR opening.

A huge burst of sunlight silhouettes Jimmy strolling off set.

DAUGHTER (8) bounces into frame.

DAUGHTER
Daddy, Daddy.

JIMMY
Baby doll.
Jimmy scoops her up. Big hugs.

They're joined by Annabella. Kisses and family hugs all around.

ANNABELLA
How's it going?

JIMMY
This director's nuts, he's got me doing crazy stuff... but I think it's gonna be wicked!

Daughter scrambles out of their grip and sprints big arching circles around her parents.

They stroll off holding hands in silhouette into the bright LA sunlight. Pure happiness.

FADE TO BLACK: