

SCARS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING

An empty private school suburban street, no student to point. The school bell just rang a minute ago. Then:

A CAR breaks near the school, making a loud irritating squeaky sound. The vehicle is an old CRAPPY JEEP CHEROKEE, with an unrecognizable original colour, scratches, old dirty tires and cracked side mirrors. The only reason the owner doesn't get a ticket or pulled over is because the car has new tail-lights.

INSIDE THE JEEP

We reveal JOHN WITHERSPOON, 37, good looking, body well built, next to him sits his son, TOMMY, intelligent, top of his class but an awkward 10.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAL KOREAN FORK MUSIC plays on the RADIO. John moves his head side to side to the music, enjoying the feel, he clearly loves Orchestral music, but his son couldn't be more bored.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(lowering the volume)

I know you're late for school but you have to admit I'm killing you with this music.

TOMMY

Kill is a perfect description.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Right?

TOMMY

Dad, your music is boring.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I think I like you better when you pretend to like something.

(looking at the school)

Okay, genius. Fill me up on your majestic plan to enter this property without being seen or sniffed out by your weird scary principal, the one with a dragon mouth? Yeah, that's the one. Something fancy and quick, maybe? Just don't turn me into a rat or something squirrelish... I really hate nuts.

TOMMY

Dad, we're at the wrong school.

John takes a good look at the building.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Are you positive?

TOMMY
Yeah.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You kidding me, right?

TOMMY
No.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
This looks very much like your school. That's right I remember because it's affordable, amazing and uncool at the same time. The rules suck, what kind of rules stand against making out in the toilets? But I know you broke that rule you silly rascal. I promise not to tell the principal.

TOMMY
No.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Not yet or never?

TOMMY
Never.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
That's not 808, not orchestral even. Okay, who's he?

TOMMY
Who's who?

TOMMY
I want his name, his mother's digits, his address, his email, his pet, anything, you gotta give me something.

TOMMY
Dad, what are you talking about?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I have to know the guy. It's my duty as a father to know who you messing with.

TOMMY
Dad, I'm not gay.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Are you sure, son? Because I'm open minded. People love me and I think it's because I'm cool and reasonable.

TOMMY

Dad, I'm not gay. Why would you think something like that?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, my cousin is gay. Very smart, rich and outgoing. Nothing wrong with going that route. Let's talk about it now. I'm ready to be blown away... Literally.

TOMMY

Dad, I'm not gay.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Then what's the deal with you and Lisa?

TOMMY

I didn't feel like going to the party. I don't hate her or anything.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You're no hater, bro. Anyway her mother called, I did a very grown up thing and apologised on your behalf for your not so kindness behaviour and for breaking an innocent young girl's soul, fairytale, fantasy, Disney land and all. I took a bullet for you.

TOMMY

Thanks.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Anytime. So what's that you were sayin'?

TOMMY

We're not supposed to be here.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

What are you in college already? Where was I when you hit puberty? Wait, you got the hair and things grown up down there?

TOMMY

Dad, I'm ten.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
(teasing)
You look fifty.

TOMMY
You're supposed to take me to the
dentist.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Are you sure?

TOMMY
My tooth is killing me.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Bad boy. Who did you get into a
fight with?

TOMMY
We ate chocolate cake for dinner
last night, on friday and again on
Saturday. I don't have a sweet
tooth, neither do you.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I'm horrible father. I blame my
absent gay cousin, he's the chef
and I'm just the eater.

TOMMY
You're a bad cook.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Just like your mothers, that's why
we're lovers.

TOMMY
Were.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
And I'm still very much in love
with her. As much I love you. You
guys make my life sweet like the
sugar cane.

TOMMY
You're in love with me?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I just love you, man, no homo.

TOMMY
I love you too, dad... No homo.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Speaking of your old lady, if our
little uncool situation comes to
her attention, I'm a dead man.

TOMMY

She won't find out.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I'm sorry I fed your ten year old tummy with unhealthy food. I wish you were a herbivore, so much grass in town. Are you going to tell on me?

TOMMY

No.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Because we have an agreement and all. Your signature right on to support your will to take on the guy rule, stamps, witnesses, we got everything filed, buddy.

TOMMY

Dad, I won't tell mom.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Just you know if you bridge our agreement you will go to jail and that's a promise. I will take you down with everything that you have... Including your Sponge Bob pyjamas.

TOMMY

(laughing)

Dad, I won't tell mom.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

My man.

They do a little dad-son hand shake.

John starts the car, it doesn't want to start. He tries a couple of times but fails.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

This is not a good look. Not in front of the school.

TOMMY

You need a new car.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, don't talk that nasty talk about my bubu. She's been good to me.

TOMMY

We didn't even drive more than five miles but her radiator is acting all bitchy.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Bad mouth.

TOMMY

Sorry.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You better be. She's very sensitive
this one.

(starting the car)

C'mon, baby, let's prove this
sucker wrong. I know you still love
me.

TOMMY

I bet fifty bucks we'll spend the
whole day sitting in this crappy
car.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

It'll be fun when school ends and
your friends see us together,
you'll be popular.

TOMMY

No, I won't. Everyone will laugh at
me until my last grade.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(starting the car once
again)

Imagine that. We don't want that,
do we?

The car starts

JOHN WITHERSPOON CONT'D

Who's acting bitchy now, punk?
Let's ride away before I ruin your
life.

They drive off

JOHN WITHERSPOON CONT'D (O.S)

By the way you owe me fifty bucks,
buddy. Don't worry I'll take it off
your weekly allowance.

TOMMY (O.S)

That's not fair.

JOHN WITHERSPOON (O.S)

Not me. Guy rule.

CUT TO:

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - SAME

John and his son sit on the waiting couch. Next to them sits a MAN reading a PAPER, he might be fifty or sixty, hard to tell from the angle. Dylan is listening to music on his IPOD.

John pulls off Dylan's HEADPHONES

JOHN WITHERSPOON

What are you listening to? Anything from the eighteen?

TOMMY

Not orchestral music, dad. I was born in the 21st century.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Anything educational? Like rapping Mathematicians?

TOMMY

(sharing a laugh)

Mathematicians don't rap.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, I know a guy, okay? A rapping genius, he's slick, fresh and gotz the swag.

TOMMY

Gotz the swag?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Don't worry, you'll know all about it in high school. They call him Math Psycho the G.

TOMMY

You just made that up.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I kid you not. G means god, he's a rap god. Let me hit you with his dope lyrical content and mad flow, I'll put on an effort with my sick rhyming skills. You wanna hear me out, cuz?

The man smiles at them. Intrigued by John's slick tongue. We can now see his face, clean, no beard, friendly face.

TOMMY

Dad, you don't have to rap. I believe you.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Just hear me out. Bring the mic.

TOMMY
I don't have a mic.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Bring the beat.

TOMMY
Dad, no.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
(rapping)
"Ah, yeah. It's Math Psycho, baby,
listen, I break down jigsaw physics
equations coz I'm mad real, 25
times 2 is fifty, simple
mathematics, add another fifty coz
I keep it one hundred, but don't
get it twisted, cuz, I'm not
talking numbers, I'm talking grams,
not mammogram, silly, or your
grandma's turkey ham, I'm talking
kilograms, yeah, that powder, cuz."

TOMMY
(very intrigued)
You made it up.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
No, I did not.

TOMMY
Yes, you did.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Hey, I was a rapper back in the
days. A long time ago before
anything and everything. Before
Marshall Mathers stole my chance of
striking gold.
(caressing Tommy's hair)
I'm good, ain't I? Say I'm good.

TOMMY
Okay, you're good.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
That was a freestyle by the way.
Just you know.

TOMMY
Dad, what's powder?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Who said powder? Did I say powder?

TOMMY
Yeah.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Well, it's only better to find out from your old man. Powder I'm talking bad bad things, ma guy, that kilo, that cocaine, the substance, the bad stuff that makes daddies kill their sons if they ever associate themselves with such.

TOMMY

Will you kill me if I associate myself with powder?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

As much as I love you, yes, buddy, I would bury you alive.

TOMMY

I would haunt you in your sleep.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

For real?

TOMMY

Like a ghost.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You're a bad man, Tommy Witherspoon.

RECEPTIONIST

Next.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Okay, we're up. Let's get this party started.

TOMMY

You don't have to come with me. I'm fine.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Whoa, buzz lightyear and his ego. Did I hear you right? You wish to enter the not so kingdom of heaven without your pops?

TOMMY

Yeah.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You should know, once you walk into that door and the machines start rolling, you gonna wish I was there with you.

TOMMY

I'm used to this, dad. Besides I think I need some time alone with the dentist.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, she's twenty something years old, and twenty something years old means exactly that. No sugar mummies in my household young man.

TOMMY

Dad, what you talking about?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Go ahead my king. I shall wait for your return.

He kisses him on the forehead, Tommy wipes it off. He doesn't like kisses. John waves at him while making funny faces.

MAN

Cool kid you got there.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You can talk?

MAN

(sharing a smile)

Like an adult.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

For a moment there, I thought you're a deaf old guy.

MAN

(sharing a little laugh)

Paul Martin.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(shaking his hand)

Cool surname. John Witherspoon. The spoon at the end to adds some flavor-flavor.

MAN

John with a spoon, cool name.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, don't start with me.

MAN

How old is he?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Ten years running.

MAN

You two look alike. Very much.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

That's a swell compliment my dear stranger because chicks dig him... But he has problems giving them what they deserve.

MAN

When I was ten I enjoyed starring at my teacher's chest. I always got in trouble for that.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

That sounds more like my childhood experience, although mine got me suspended time to time. He's very smart but hates the game.

MAN

Hates the game?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

He's got what we call, actually I don't know what they call it. I don't think anyone has had the time to come up with a description. He hates his brain.

MAN

Why?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Because is too damn gigantic. Let me say, he has problems with his intelligence and abilities. God knows how many times I told him to accept his gift.

MAN

That's rear.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Are you saying we need to run tests and if we get lucky and we might discover something that doesn't have a cure?

MAN

No, no, nothing like that. I'm just surprised that's all. I don't know anyone who has trouble appreciating their intelligence, every intelligent kid I know brags about it. Do you brag about his intelligence?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Only when I have to. I praise him.
I worship the ground he walks on,
he's my king.

MAN

You must really love your son.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(smiling)

You don't know.

MAN

Maybe that's the thing, you brag
about his intelligence too much.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

He built a rocket and shot that
thing seven kilometres in the sky,
last year the kid built a goddamned
chopper for his science project. He
was nine. I couldn't even tie my
shoes properly at that age.

MAN

Wow. He must be the real deal.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You said it.

MAN

(after a moment)

So what's that you do for a living?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Come here everyday, sit next to
strangers and answer question's
about what I do for a living from
nine to five. Trust me it pays the
bill.

MAN

Okay. I sense you don't like
talking about your job or whatever
that is that you do.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Very much. Thanks for
understanding. You know what? I
like your style ma guy.

MAN

Is that the reason you enjoy
talking about your son so much? To
avoid talking about your life? I'm
assuming your life is shitty,
boring and full of regrets?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Thanks for the session but I cant afford to pay your majestic psycho psychic abilities or whatever powers you may possess.

MAN

Well, I'm sorry I didn't--

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You didn't know, yeah, let's keep it at that. Some things are better not discussed with strangers. Next time try talking about sports or politics before killing people with bar exam million dollar questions. You feel me?

MAN

Loud and clear.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Ma man.

They hear someone screaming at the dentist office. It's Tommy.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Someone needs his poppy. It was nice to meet you, em...

MAN

Paul, Paul Martin.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(standing up)

Yeah, Pauly. Sorry I pissed all over face with my bad mood but you started it, I blame you.

MAN

I take full responsibility.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Something about you doesn't click, do I know you?

MAN

I know you.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I'm sure Millions of people know me.

MAN

They think they know you.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Oh, and you know me better?

MAN

No man could know themselves any less but yes, I know as much as I would like to know.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You have rhymes too.

(teasing)

If you're here to offer me a record deal I would be honoured.

The man shares a warm smile. He gets up and start packing his belongings, not paying attention to John who's paying attention, maybe hoping he'd say something.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You are not who you say you're are you?

MAN

Wont you like to know.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Will it help if I punch you on the face with a full fist? You know just to get the answers rolling and flowing? Nothing violence can help?

MAN

You know better. Keep well, John.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Okay, you're free to go. Leave an innocent man confused.

MAN

Innocent is a very special word.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Is that supposed to mean something?

MAN

Everything means something. You just need to interpret.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Okay, I'm just gonna go before this gets too real.

MAN

Those dreams wont disappear until the day you accept your gift. You have a purpose to serve.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Uh... I have a what to serve?

MAN

Out of the 72 Billion souls and counting. You're one of the few.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(confused)

One of the few to what? What are you talking about?

The man puts on his hat and hangs a jacket on the shoulder. John is just standing there all confused and struck. He watch him walk very slow until he fades away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John is sitting in front of the TV, a cartoon channel plays. Next him sleeps Tommy, wrapped in a blanket.

DYLAN walks in, John's gay cousin, a very successful guy with a spruce taste in fashion. The kind of guy who wears sunglasses in the dark.

DYLAN

(taking off his glasses with stylish pose)

Yoh, my peoples. Guess who's back from Paris?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(turning his head)

Hey, gay cousins, you were in Paris?

DYLAN

Really, John? What kind of a cousin are you? I just went to launch a big ass rocket business up in that market ass and you don't know about it?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Too much emphasize of the word ass. How could I have known? I didn't see you when you left, you didn't leave a note saying goodbye there's food in the oven or send a simple postcard from Paris saying yoh, motherfucker I'm in France, I'll bring you some wine.

DYLAN

I left a note in my bedroom.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

And you know very well that I don't ever wish to enter that majestic palace of yours after the little

(MORE)

JOHN WITHERSPOON (cont'd)
incident. I take it back, that
horrifying devastating excruciating
awful incident I was unlucky enough
to witness.

DYLAN
I enjoyed myself.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Yeah, because you were practically
banging another man in the butt.

DYLAN
That's what people do when they're
at a hot party, they eventually get
wasted to the core, puke on each
other's faces, take a cab, drive
home, open the door, start kissing
and making out on the couch, then
move from the couch to the majestic
palace of love. You already know
what happens in the bedroom.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You're a nasty little skank.

DYLAN
(kissing him on the
forehead)
I missed you guys. Did you miss me?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Only your cooking and your gigantic
off putting persona.

DYLAN
Hey, people love me.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
And I loves you too, very much in
fact. No homo! And I'm very proud
of you, very much indeed, you're
representin', yoh.

DYLAN
(smiling)
This is what I missed, warm words
and family. What would I do without
your motivation?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Bang people's husbands.

DYLAN
I already did that with David. I'm
sorry, you're such a great mentor I
don't wanna disappoint.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You slept with David?

DYLAN
Twice.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I thought he was straight.

DYLAN
Oh, he was. I helped him discover
the devil in him.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Way to go.

DYLAN
Why is poppiki sleeping this early?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
The hot dentist.

DYLAN
Not again.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Hey, I tried cooking a very healthy
balanced meal with meat and
er'thing, but I burned the whole
thing up. Chocolate cake came to
the rescue.

DYLAN
And screwed poppy's tooth in the
process.
(turning back to the
kitchen)
What's that smell?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I'm trying to cook something.

DYLAN
A magic potion?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Ha ha, very funny.

Dylan walks to the kitchen

DYLAN
Okay, enough of this unhealthy I'm
taking over.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
The chef is back in town. Hooray!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENT LATER

John and Dylan enjoy dessert after a heavy dinner. Looks like a celebration. The organisation and perfection, a chef's decor in full swing.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(eating)

Mmm... esto es delicioso, what the hell is this?

DYLAN

That's just a regular usual pick up low market bullshit you eat everywhere, no offence to my restaurant.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(dishing up some more dessert)

You've never made this magic for me.

DYLAN

I did actually, just playing around with the recipe. Do you experience a sexual marathon in your oral palace?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Who's running?

DYLAN

The taste buds, little fairies in your tongue.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I wouldn't go that far.

DYLAN

Incompetent Vanilla Ice cream and old crepes. I used what's left in the fridge.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(mimics a person having an orgasm)

Ahh... Yeah, I just came in my mouth. Viola.

DYLAN

Disgusting.

A knock at the door. They look at each like who could that be this of the night. Dylan walks to the door, he's got a napkin on the shoulder.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I thought is what you wanted to hear. I go all the way for you gay cousins. Who's at the door?

THREE GUYS walk in. FRED COOPER, a guy perfect in a suit and thuggish, he's got a scurf on and red glasses, and his two AFRICAN AMERICAN BODY BUILT BODYGUARDS.

FRED COOPER

In time for dinner?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I'm sorry we just had dessert. Something vanillaish, you care to taste and have an oral O-G?

FRED COOPER

Where's my money, John?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Wow, you brought these guys. Am I that of a trouble?

The two guys pick him up. Dylan scares quickly.

DYLAN

What more do you want? I gave you all I can afford.

FRED COOPER

Ninety grand? You think that's half or twenty percent of his debt? It doesn't even pay off fifteen percent. This dumb ass cousin of yours owes me Ferraris and Bentleys, dear, I'm talking a whole lot of stash.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I like the word stash.

FRED COOPER

You know I don't get you, I scare a lot of people you know?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Yeah, you're my evil twin. Respect.

FRED COOPER

Yet you still have the guts to ruin my day with that off putting slang. I like you better when you act white.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(to the bodyguards)

This motherfucker is racist.

FRED COOPER

I'm going to kill you, John.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Then kill me already before I have cancer. My father had it by the way, least I heard from my foster care lady who also died of the very same deadly disease.

FRED COOPER

Do I look like I care?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I swear I'll commit suicide if you don't kill me ma guy. I'm tired of all this.

FRED COOPER

Oh, I haven't started to make your life a living hell, Johny. You know I wish I had no soul, that would give me the guts to cut off your fingers one by one until your manhood is the only meat hanging on your body, and we cut it too.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You'll do the cutting? I wonder who's going to hold it? By the way you'll need both hands because I'm huge, bro.

One of the guy punches him on the face.

FRED COOPER

(walking towards him)

Only if I wasn't born again, Johny. See I would like to go to heaven one day, like my mother.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hallelujah.

The same guy punches him on the stomach. He almost pukes.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, that's cheating ma guy. Hit me again and I'll ruin your momma's something between her something's, get it?

(to the other guy)

Why don't you take a hit, poppy?

He hits him. He groans, he expected a less painful experience.

FRED COOPER

I want my money, John. I don't care how you get it. You better start attending church on Sundays, built a relationship with Messiah and hopefully and a big ass maybe, he'll grow money on trees for your sake.

(to scared Dylan)

I can smell your fear all the way from here.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

He's human unlike your body building boyfriends.

TOMMY (O.S)

Dad?

The two guys let go off John at once. Everyone sits on the table and act all normal. Dylan washes the dishes, wiping tears.

Tommy walks in, he's holding a TEDDY BEAR.

TOMMY

Dad?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, buddy. Why are you holding a teddy? You're still ten, right?

TOMMY

I cant sleep.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Sorry, bud, did we wake you?

TOMMY

I was programming him to rap.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Like me?

TOMMY

Yeah.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Wow, ain't that sopranos, amigo. I'm honoured my king.

TOMMY

What happened to your face?

Everyone looks at each other. John is the chilled one.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You want the truth?

TOMMY

I already know the truth.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I know you do. These guys hit me.

TOMMY

Why?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I called them names, harsh names, horrible dark names. I called these two big guys scary mosquitos.

Tommy shows a little amazement.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You like that name? Scary mosquitos?

TOMMY

Yeah, it's funny.

BODYGUARD 1

It's not a cool name.

BODYGUARD 2

I don't like it.

FRED COOPER

Me too.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

See? These guys don't like people who use horrible names. But hey, I'm fine. Never will I, ever, never ever will you hear mess with these guys.

TOMMY

Are they going to kill you?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I don't think that's the plan.

FRED COOPER

No, kid. We just wanted to let him know that words can be very soul breaking. He hurt our feelings.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

And I learned a valuable lesson.

TOMMY

I believe you.

DYLAN
 (wiping tears)
 Okay, back at it young thug. Sleep
 time.

TOMMY
 Are you crying?

FRED COOPER
 He's crying?
 (to Dylan)
 Are you crying, dear?

DYLAN
 I'm a chef. I chop onions in my
 sleep.
 (walking towards Tommy)
 Let's go do some more programming.

The two exit the kitchen. The guys start brushing their
 heads, not pleased. They feel very uncool.

BODYGUARD 1
 Wipe your face, will you?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Lick my face fake Arnold
 Schwarzenegger.

FRED COOPER
 What kind of father tells his son
 about his lovely business ventures?
 That's not a cool move, Johnny. You
 know I love kids.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Hey, ma guy. As much as I respect
 the no secret rule with my only
 son. I'm not dumb as I look.

BODYGUARD 2
 Maybe he was listening the whole
 time.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Perfect explanation.

FRED COOPER
 This is messed up.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Why did you even come to my home in
 the first place? That's a bad move
 for someone who's collecting money
 from a guy who's unemployed, lives
 under a federal bracelet,
 blackmailed, sued, screwed and
 bankrupt.

FRED COOPER

Hey, this is business, nothing personal. I had your back, Johny, but your marvelous bankruptcy practically bankrupted me. You brought this one to yourself. You should have just let the guy kill that boy and his family. I know that sounds awful but very applicable.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(to the bodyguards)

Tell your boss that's not cool.

(to Fred)

Hey, that's not cool rain man.

FRED COOPER

You had everything.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Thanks for reminding me.

BODYGUARD 1

My mother loves your work. She's into opera and those tyra classical shit.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Great. Would you freaks do me a favor and get the hell out of my peace palace? I'd like to meditate after that intense beat down.

FRED COOPER

I'll come for you, John.

The stand up, ready to live. Fred lights a CIGGY.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I never really lock the door do I? Oh, here's an idea, why don't you hire a Hitman? Or maybe kill me in my sleep?

They guys walk out. Dylan returns. John walks to the tap and wet a napkin.

DYLAN

Are you okay?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You thought they killed me already?

DYLAN

He would do that?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Of course he would. He's a graduate criminal, degrees, Phd's and all and I messed up his life. I don't know why he's so cool about it.

DYLAN

All that is just an act, he's no bad boy.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Says the guy who cried during the so called get-down on the beat down.

DYLAN

It's the oestrogen in me.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I'm not the one to complain but my life story is not adorable. I believe in helping people but... It's all a mess.

DYLAN

You don't sleep with an empty stomach, you have a roof on your head don't you?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Shoot me for feeling a bit of a need to complain like humans.

(walking out with a wet napkin on his face)

Don't let it give you nightmares my dear lover. Tomorrow is another day.

DYLAN

You're a good man, Johnny. God loves you.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

TALL TREES, could be summer, could be winter, hard to tell with the darkness.

John walks cautiously with a TORCH in his hand. His shoes make a CRACKING SOUND as he walks on dry branches and leaves. He glances at all angles, he spots something from a distance, something that looks like a WOMAN, who seem to be wearing a long MATERNITY DRESS.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Who's there?

He slowly moves towards her, flashing the TORCH at her.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Are you okay?

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - MORNING

John wakes. Catching his breath, sweating and cumming. He hates these kind of dreams. He throws his back on the bed, slowly falling back to sleep.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL ROOM - SCHOOL OUT

A group of popular senior students standing on the hallway, everyone is with someone they like to kiss and caress. Surely a good spot to make out around here.

One of the students is listening to something that sounds like an a Violin-Orchestral rehearsal, then drums, then someone singing in soprano, then pick one because the sound is not well constructed.

STUDENT 1

Are they playing Jazz?

STUDENT 2

Sounds like suck music. I cant stand here any longer.

He walks off

STUDENT 1

Save yourself.

INSIDE THE MUSIC ROOM

A circle of young musicians gathered around, not in an order you'd expect, you can count them to fifteen and not a single one of them is a grade 12 student.

John sits way in front of the class. He looks very bored but trying to hide it all. Tolerance is one of his principals.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Don't worry, people. We will see the light someday. God gave me a sign.

Out of the group: JEREMY, a nerdy awkward 10th grader, starts screaming and throwing down his violin, very violently.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hold on.

They stop playing. John walks to Jeremy.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Are you losing yourself in the music scene again, bud?

JEREMY

No, I'm pissed off.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

At the world or at Mrs. Anderson who kindly had your talented smart ass thrown right in detention for breaking Arthur's nose? Yeah, I know all about it. Why did you punch him in the face?

JEREMY

He called me donkey with a huge wedding wrecker. What's a wedding wrecker Mr. Witherspoon?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Isn't that the reason you punched him?

JEREMY

It just sounded dirty and uncool.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

It is, very dirty, ungodly and very very dirty.

JEREMY

What does it mean?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I'm glad you didn't kill him. But that's not cool you know that, right? You cant be slappin and beatin', son. Uncool.

JEREMY

It wont happen again.

ONE STUDENT

It's a dick.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

What's a dick?

ONE STUDENT

Wedding wrecker, it means dick.

JEREMY

I have a huge penis?

The young musicians laugh.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I don't think so, buddy.

JEREMY

How do you know?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I don't. And I know Arthur doesn't know too because you hate the school showers.

(whispering to him)

Girls love a big man down there. I'm jealous.

JEREMY

Really?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Keep it between us.

JEREMY

Thanks Mr. Witherspoon.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Okay, people I'm done therapazing this guy. Anyone with relationship problems?

They all laugh. Jeremy chuckles.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You're good with that instrument, don't let our slow progress to magic land get to you. Yes, I used good to describe your talent, but you know what I'll be saying if you bust your ass some more. We're in this together, alright?

JEREMY

Okay.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(to all)

And his back. Let's play some music people.

The young musicians laugh. They enjoy this class more than anything.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL ROOM - END OF REHEARSAL

TWO STUDENTS, one is a senior, are intensively making out next to the music room door. The boy reaches under the girl's skirt.

John walks out and sees them. The boy quickly pulls out his hand out of the girl's skirt, busted. Only the girl is embarrassed, they boy gives him a straight face that says "I'm about to nail this chick."

JOHN WITHERSPOON

If the feds ask tell em I caught you red-handed.

(MORE)

JOHN WITHERSPOON (cont'd)
 (mimics a siren)
 "wee-wong wee-wong." Do you guys
 wish to hear your rights?

GIRL AND BOY
 No.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Okay, let me ask you this? Are you
 going to have dirty-dirty sex that
 is only existence between our
 universe and Disney Land?

GIRL
 What?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Were you planning to do it in the
 music room and use the instruments
 as sex objects? Bum on the drum,
 maybe?

GIRL
 I'm not a whore.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 I forgot, that is an offence to one
 of you.
 (to boy)
 What about you?

BOY
 What about me?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 Are you high?

BOY
 I don't smoke.

John picks up the boy's BAG PACK that's been lying on the
 floor. He searches through and pulls out a MATH BOOK.

BOY
 Hey, don't touch that. That's my
 bag, man.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 You have something to hide?

BOY
 No.

In the middle page of the MATH BOOK, John pulls out a PACKET
 OF WEED. He clearly knows the tricks.

GIRL
 Is that weed?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

It might be.

BOY

I don't know how that got in there.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(to girl)

You're a very smart girl with bad taste in men.

GIRL

Excuse me?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Don't freak out or anything but Carrie gives your boyfriend a blow job every Tuesday at the gymnasium. Hence the real reason he enjoys detention.

GIRL

Is this true?

BOY

That's not true. What's wrong with you, man?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Who's the girl with ten earrings on the face and a red messed up hair? The with a tattoo on the neck?

GIRL

That is Carrie.

(to boy)

Oh, my god, you're sleeping with my enemy?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Oh, my god, he's banging the enemy.

BOY

The girl with a tattoo? He's making all this up. Carrie doesn't have a tattoo. Her parents wouldn't let her.

He knows he shouldn't have said that. He looks at the girl with embarrassment, busted.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

If I was you I wouldn't have included that name in my sentence.

GIRL

I can't believe this.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 He's got claps too. The S-T-D
 killer rock and roll? Yeah., that
 one.

The girl slaps the living hell out of boy. She starts
 kicking him, John stands in between.

GIRL
 You dirty little shit... It's over,
 Deren. I hate you and I hate your
 breath too. You stink.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 She's roar.

GIRL
 (crying)
 I hate you.

She runs off, crying.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 That was quick. You don't even look
 a little heart broken ma guy.

BOY
 Why did you do that? I love that
 chick.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 No you don't. Now run it off.

The boy walks away, turns back and give John the middle
 finger.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 You better run more tests ma guy.
 You were swimming in a hole of dead
 fish.

A woman walks towards him, MRS DAVIS, the school clerk. The
 woman is beautiful is so many ways, expensive clothes and
 devilish killer colognes, even John the talkative guy cant
 describe her. She's Columbian.

MRS DAVIS
 (accent)
 Hey, John.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
 The devil wears Prada indeed. Are
 you still married?

MRS DAVIS
 I was never married, John.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Now I get why you're asking me out to that vintage restaurant down town. They say the chef is from Columbia.

MRS DAVIS

No can do.

(giving him the registry)

I'm ready to live so I need you to sign off your hours.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(signing the registry)

Great, sometimes I forget I don't work here.

MRS DAVIS

Get used to it. You might earn yourself a stable position, the one that pays?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Pray for me momma.

He watches her walk off. He takes out a BOX OF CIGARETTES and just when he's about to burn one, his eyes meet with a NO SMOKING SIGN on the wall.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A down town moderate-scale interior, a few men are seated, drinking and chatting the night off. JAZZ MUSIC plays in the background.

A YOUNG MAN, in his mid twenties, sitting at the counter, at the other side is the bartender glancing at the TV SCREEN, a football game is on. The bartender is DAVID BROWN, a light skinned guy with nice trimmed hair, a charmer for days but hardly smiles.

John enters

JOHN WITHERSPOON

I told you your customers are not loyal.

DAVID BROWN

Look who's back in town.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hey, all I know I might be a walking dead man.

DAVID BROWN

You know Tuesday is bad for bizz, wives need their husbands for movie night, if he gets lucky...

JOHN WITHERSPOON
He gets to tap some ass.

DAVID BROWN
Right on, bro.

They hit fists like brothers.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Ain't that a bitch?

DAVID BROWN
How you doing, man?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Never better, almost died, but better.

DAVID BROWN
You almost died everyday ever since you escaped your momma's womb. You're probably right, you might be a walking dead man for all we know.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
What can I say, I'm cursed and unlucky.

DAVID BROWN
Jack Daniels no ice coming up.

The guy moves his eyes from the game right on John. He clearly have seen him before.

GUY
Umm... I'm sorry, hi... Are you John Witherspoon?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Do I need to punch someone in the face?

DAVID BROWN
He's clean. I checked on him.

GUY
You checked on me?... Wait a minute, what's that supposed to mean?

DAVID BROWN
It means I know everyone who enters my bar.

GUY
What you got some Advanced Imaging Technology on your door or something?

DAVID BROWN

I'm not interested in terrorists.

GUY

Yeah, but you said I'm clean, and you sounded very sure. Just you I'm new in town.

He looks at both of them. They let him think on it for a while.

GUY

Oh... Yeah, that makes perfect sense.

(to John)

I'm sorry I don't mean to creep you out.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Don't worry about it, everyone creeps me out.

(to David)

He has a mouth on him.

DAVID BROWN

Just like someone I know.

GUY

I'm a big fan of your work, man, the music you composed for Man In Chest 2? That was classic. You give classical horror films a meaning.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Write that on my tombstone.

GUY

What happened, man? What's with all the stories around you? They say you went all broke and turned into a criminal of some sort.

DAVID BROWN

That's a dead end, buddy. We don't read old books in my bar.

GUY

Are you guys friends or something?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

More than you know.

DAVID BROWN

We're not lovers.

GUY

Yeah, that would be weird.

DAVID BROWN

You don't think I got what it takes to be gay?

GUY

I don't know what it takes.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

It takes balls and he already has them.

David cracks up, moves to another customer and returns shortly. He start wiping glasses.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

But you know what you look harmless and all. I don't care if you record this conversation.

GUY

I'm not recording anything. Why would I do that? I just love your work, man, I'm a big fan. I know the kind of work you do most people don't know about it but it's not that difficult to find out if you have an interest in box office hits and box office bombs.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Now you proved your innocents.

GUY

Come on, man... I'm a music graduate, I have no luck finding work in this town. I have everything figured out but I cant seem to find my true shit. Everywhere I go they tell me to find my true shit.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

What's true shit?

GUY

That's what they all tell me to find. Nobody knows what it means. Supposed to be this big ass mystery line music people believe in. The day you know what it means, that's when you find your true shit.

DAVID BROWN

Sounds less complicated to me.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Way less complicated to the guy on the street, by the way I stole a
(MORE)

JOHN WITHERSPOON (cont'd)
penny from him, that's how broke I
am.

DAVID BROWN
You silly bastard. That's a life
time in a Mexican Maximum Security.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
This guy is C-I-A. He also happen
to have a law degree under his
mattress or water bed, hard to tell
with his insane charismatic
persona.

MAN
You're C-I-A?

DAVID BROWN
Former, I serve alcoholics now.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
He found his purpose.

DAVID BROWN
Drink to that.

MAN
So what happened? You don't have to
tell me, I'm sorry, I won't ask
again.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You know the say rags to riches?

MAN
From nothing to something, yeah.

DAVID BROWN
I like this guy.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
The day my foster momma told me I'm
no son of hers, that was enough
inspiration to get me two degrees.

DAVID BROWN
Fine art and music, I still don't
get the connection. Those are two
completely different things.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I'm still trying to figure out the
reason behind the move. I landed my
first job, then moved to another,
then another and got very rich in
the process.

DAVID BROWN
Ferraris and bitches.

MAN
What happened to your nightclub?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You know about the nightclub?

MAN
Dude, I know all about your
business ventures, it was written
in your old school newspaper? They
have your photo on their website.
Music school, nightclub, charity
for kids, and I happen to know how
much they paid you to compose music
for those blockbusters in China.

DAVID BROWN
Damn, this kid stalks the internet
out of you.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
He'll make a good detective.

DAVID BROWN
I don't know about that.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Would you believe me if I told you
that someone somewhere out there
deserves a quarter of an Apple Tart
more than most of us?

MAN
Yeah, I'm a christian and all.

DAVID BROWN
Believer in the house.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Well, my friend, I gave it all away
to all colours and four corners of
our miserable planet.

MAN
And the stories behind your
bankruptcy? Is it true?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
That's a better explanation ain't
it, buddy?

MAN
Shit... These people talk all bad
about you and none of them know the
truth behind it all. I know a guy
(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

who won the lotto twice and gave all his money to charities in Africa. He was a Pastor or something, died of diabetes, and what's insane is that his family was broke as hell when he won the money. I wouldn't have done that. I'm too damn selfish and way selfish, selfish describes me better I think.

DAVID BROWN

It does.

GUY

I'm sorry, man.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(holding his dream)

No sympathy ma guy.

DAVID BROWN

No sympathy.

GUY

Sorry, yeah, no sympathy, I'm not sorry. I mean I am but if you guys don't like people feeling sorry for I'm good with whatever.... Yeah, no sympathy. If I may ask... Why did you give it all away?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You think maybe I forgot about the sweat, blood and tears that went into my vast accomplishments? No, son, nobody ever forgets that. I still feel the grind up my ass.

GUY

Then why give it all away just like that?

DAVID BROWN

I'll have to know all about that first before you do, don't I?

GUY

Oh... Okay, yeah, no worries, man. I'm good. I'll stop asking.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

(finishing his drink)

The day duties are done.

DAVID BROWN

The night duties are calling.

He walks to the kitchen and return with a plastic bag with food in it.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Balanced meal?

DAVID BROWN
I'm sorry but I don't watch what I eat.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Lucky you.
(glancing inside)
Chinese takeout? I thought you and Mr. Chong's are no longer buddies after he embarrassed you in Taekwando class.

DAVID BROWN
Hey, I'll be master soon.

GUY
You already passed 5th and 6th degree?

DAVID BROWN
In my twenties.

GUY
You guys are weird.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I'm glad you feel that way.

He moves away from the counter. He raises a peace sign as he walks to the door.

DAVID BROWN
Don't be a stranger.

John walks to the door. The guy watch him as he walks out. He wishes he had more time to talk to his hero.

DAVID BROWN
Can I ask you something?

DAVID BROWN
Shoot.

DAVID BROWN
Why do you think he gave it all away?

DAVID BROWN
That's a story for another day my friend. All I know is that you'll need a cab if you take one more drink.

EXT. SUBWAY - SAME

A YOUNG BOY searches through the DUMPSTER. He jumps inside and searches some more. He finds a few things he could work with, a half-empty BOTTLE OF JUICE. He jumps out of the dumpster.

John comes by, carrying the same PLASTIC BAG. The boy seeing John, he turns away and start walking.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Hey, where are going?

BOY
Leave me alone.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I'm sorry ma guy. I cant do that.

BOY
What do you want from me?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I don't want anything from you.
Perhaps a sip of that juice? What
is that, guava flavor? If it's
mango, I'm in, I like to tango.
You're wasting your time, it's a
dead end, buddy.

The boy realising the dead end, stops and turns back.

BOY
What's this about? You want your
fifty dollars back?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
You still have it in your pocket?
You should totally be in investment
banking.

BOY
As much as I would like to stay for
your big mouth and chit-chats. I
have somewhere to be.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Oh, yeah, like where? Stealing from
old women in the suburbs? You
should know, those old women sleep
with Bazookas under their pillows,
let that sink in.

BOY
Listen, dude. I need you to stay
away from me. I'm begging you,
leave me alone.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

If you don't wish see me I suggest you make it a hustle for me to find you. It's called prey-predator mechanism, but let me not bore you with details.

BOY

What do you want?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

That's rude. I brought you something to eat.

BOY

I don't want your food.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

Hence the dumpster hunt, of course.
(putting the plastic bag
on the ground)

I found a shelter for you. They close at midnight, you still have enough time to fill up your tank and take a dump in the dumpster.

BOY

Who said I want a shelter?

JOHN WITHERSPOON

That's right you need a shelter. The address is in the plastic bag.

He turns and start walking. He does the peace sign again.

JOHN WITHERSPOON

You're welcome by the way.

The boy watches him walk way. He seriously cant get this guy's off his back. After seeing that John is no longer, he picks up the PLASTIC BAG and looks inside.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John wakes. Catching a breath, sweating. The same dream.

He sits on the bed and switches on the light. He pulls out a GRAY SCURF from the HEAD DRAWER and wears around his neck. Then put a pulls a BLANKET from the bed and throws his back on the floor. He slowly falls asleep as he feels the scurf with his palms.

FADE OUT

