SCARS

by

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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 as 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.
I don't have a mic.

Bring the beat.

Dad, no.

(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."

(very intrigued)
You made it up.

No, I did not.

Yes, you did.

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.

Okay, you're good.

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

Dad, what's powder?

Who said powder? Did I say powder?

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 mommies 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
(looking 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 can't afford to pay your majestic 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 starts 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 won't 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?

DYLАН
Twice.

JOHN WITHERSPOON
I thought he was straight.

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

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Way to go.

DYLАН
Why is poppiki sleeping this early?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
The hot dentist.

DYLАН
Not again.

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

DYLАН
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.

DYLАН
A magic potion?

JOHN WITHERSPOON
Ha ha, very funny.

Dylan walks to the kitchen

DYLАН
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 can't 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, Johny. 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 typa 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, Johny. 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 won't 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 then 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)

"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 downtown. 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 bustard. That's a lifetime 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 dumb 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