

THE ACT OF GOD

Written by

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FADE IN:

OLD MAN (V.O)

I Mend the Slogan

I can't afford to be sluggish-

I can't afford to be timid and idle-

I can't afford to have scant-

I can't afford to waste time-

I can't afford to be ascertained-

I can't afford to die full-

I can't afford to die with
destitution-

I can't afford to be a man of vile-

I can't afford to be part of poor
spirits-

I can't afford to be barbarian-

I can't afford to be part of
cultures-

I can't afford to be unprincipled-

I can't afford to be adherer-

I can't afford to lack pecuniary-

I can't afford to be bereft-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-NIGHT

Its three O'clock in the morning old sick father dressed in white, age of 50 is laying down, who appear to see the next life very soon. His name is James Smith. Next to him seat, a boy at age of wearing white sneakers, black trouser, black jacket with white T-shirt. His name is Paul Smith. He appear very handsome, tall ,skinny but intense. No one is saying something in this silence of pain. Paul is holding his father's hands. He knows that when you follow in the path of your father, you learn to walk like him.

The conviction V.O of a old man Narrates:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Imagine if you will being on your death bed and standing around your bed. The ghosts of the ideas ,dreams, the abilities, the talents given to you by life and that you for whatever reason, never acted on those ideas, you never pursued that dream, you never used those talent, we never saw your leadership, you never used your voice, you never wrote that book. And there they are standing around your bed looking at you with large angry eyes saying we came to you, and only you could have given us life! Now we must die with you forever.

Beat of classical music playing at the background slowly.

OLD MAN (V. 0.)

Eating next to his father, holding Bible by his hand. The tears of sorrow running down on face. He wipe all the tear away but they keep on rolling down. His heart is full of pain that he can't control and his heart is full of unsaying things.

He wish time could go back but its not about the time that he is scared of, but how to find the meaning of life.

OLD MAN(V.O.)

Our deep meaning of life lies within three spheres: way of accomplishment of certain status, experiencing love through human being and through the struggle of life.

Beat of classical music playing at the background slowly.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

The suffering of poverty is better than the suffering of lacking meaning of life. Your heart will talk with pains when sense of completion is absent. The meaning of life lie outside of time. The strongest thing to do is compete with time.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM-NIGHT

Paul is at the house of his father to serve the pain of not sustaining the quality life. He see how talented was his father and there is a certain resemble about his talents as well. A house of art, there we see unfinished menu scripts of books. The masterpiece of unfinished panting. The vision never reached over the wall ,never finished. It is Paul's work to finished unfinished. He look around the wall and walk to closer to read what is written on the vision over the wall. He pull out the papers on the table which is a collection of poems on beauty. He walk around and look the place with despair. He seat down thinking in deep thought that arrest the mind. As if something is saying something in the deep silence of this moment.

OLD MAN(V.O.)

The greatest source of pain is expectation. I might as well live with uncertainty instead of eliminating uncertainty. Nobody know nothing and everything is the exception.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM

He stand up and walk all around again and he find a book on the table opened it at page 9 and he read some of the paragraph that are highlighted

PAUL
(Reading with smooth voice)
"It insists that life is a meaningful and that we must learn to see life as meaningful despite our circumstance. It emphasizes that there is an ultimate purpose to life"

Paul stop reading and closes the book to read the outer cover. He look outside and ask himself alone with impressed face.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Who wrote these book?

Pauses... and continues reading.

PAUL (CONT'D)
"Man's Search for Meaning" by Viktor E Frankl and why did my father left it open on page 9, perhaps it is saying something to me?

Phone rings.

He start to sweat and sweat without knowing why. He move closely slowly with repugnance of nature.

WOMAN (O.S)
Good Day. Am I speaking to Paul Smith?

PAUL
Hello, yes?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Your is father is awake. He is talking very slowly and deeply. He is expecting to see you. And you might very wish to hear what he is about to saying.

The telephone message doesn't give Paul any satisfaction. He feels like spiting but he dissemble his feelings and replay the woman after the long moment.

PAUL

(with choked tone)

I will be right there just right now. Thank you very much for your compassion.

Paul look at the book and turn page to page. He put it to his pocket.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- NIGHT.

Paul is just arriving in the hospital. Paul pay attention closely to what he has to say. Mr. James Smith explain in a whisper.

JAMES

((Breathing heavenly)

Paul my son, I have few words for you. That will abide within you. Forgive me for being irresponsible as a father and I accept full responsibility of my faults. I had my own vile which I aversion the most. At some point life is a deceit with its human nature. Don't be angry for something you can't change. Try to be a wise and better father than me. I have no displaying words with sheer delight of joy. The physical amusement as a pleasure benighted me.

Paul is moving closer to his father with bathos and tears streaming down on his face.

Wishing God might have mercy upon his father. He is a young man who don't know how the world works after the conversation with his father.

PAUL

Father, what is the last word you wish to leave me with?

JAMES

I would love to request predilection from you, son. On my wallet there is a piece of classical poem "Invictus" by William Henley. If I can die without reading it, I would die miserable death and I will enter hell or heaven besotted.

PAUL

Father you not going to die.

James deliberately ignore his statement.

JAMES

Do you know Mr. Nelson Mandela?

PAUL

Yes.

JAMES

He used to read this poem in prison for 27 years. He is a late icon father figure to look up to..

PAUL IS OPENING THE WALLET AND TAKING OUT THE SMALL PIECE OF PAPER. PAUL IS GIVING IT TO JAMES.

OLD MAN (V.O)

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be For my
 unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud,
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 Beyond this place of wrath and
 tears Looms but the horror of the
 shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the
 scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.

James after looking into the poem. He now rest his life upon
 God .He start to breath heavenly.

JAMES

(Whispering heavenly)

My son the gate that lead to life
 is a narrow and only few find it
 but the gate that lead to death, is
 wide open and many find it. When I
 was at your age, I choose the gate
 that lead to life but it was easy
 to choose the path. The hardest
 thing is stay on the path and live
 the path,

PAUL

(emotional voice)

What about the gate that lead to
 hell? That so many people find it
 and live well on it. What if I
 choose to enter the gate of hell?

JAMES

The gate that lead to death will
 always invite itself in your life.
 That gate is a guest of reality.
 (MORE)

You must overcome the quest of reality because my greatest book of life says; Blessed is the man who endures temptation, for when he has been approved, he will receive the crown of life, which the lord promised to those who love Him.

PAUL

(with surprised face)

And what is your greatest book?

JAMES

The greatest book of life is Bible. And Paul it must be close to you all the time. In my perplexes Bible never failed to give me answers. One of the greatest mind once said; Bible presents one unbroken chain of evidence in support of the fact that man is the maker of his own destiny; and, that his thought and acts are the tools with which he does the making.

PAUL

Your style of intercourse is prudent in finding meaning of life. And where do I find that verse in the Bible?

JAMES

My mother named me James because James from the bible was a great prayer warrior. If you read James - 1-12.

PAUL

Let me know one greatest question; what is the meaning life?

JAMES

No one can give you the answer. Listen to your small voice within. The path chosen life is within only.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

And for me my son Paul the meaning of life is to discover more that you have discovered yesterday. In other words; is to find and Learn new things everyday. It is more like attaining the highest wisdom. The meaning is very different from all of us.

After a moment James Smith is closing his eyes very slowly and Paul nod his head down, next to him, as he know it will end like this. Paul is crying like a man indeed who is ready to start a chosen path of life. His father shared the last wisdom with him. The nursers take Paul out of the room and put James with white blankets all over him and remove him out of the room. The doctors come pay the respect and condolences.

After two days of preparation the interment take place.

EXT. GRAVEYARD-MORNING

Its the funeral of James Smith. Everyone is wearing black except Paul. But no one actually know Paul. He wish he could see his father's family but there is no know who is able to talk to him. And everyone is just leaving the graveyard and Paul remain and leave after few moment.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM-NIGH

Paul seating there quietly watching all over the room again. We see unfinished work of paintings. The good books never read and good wisdom words all over the wall. The inspiration that keep people going. Everything is unfinished.

The V.O of a young man narrates:

YOUNG MAN(V.O.)

How life can do to us the things we can't anticipate. The fear of being alone and longing for help.

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

You fail your way to success and sometimes in life, you up and sometimes you down. I don't care who you are, life will knock you down.

Beat of classical music playing at the background slowly.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

During those down moment that is where the growth is. I am writer and poet but my father was a good one but he didn't finish his work. I fear that I might not be able to complete his work. How come a man die with unfinished work? Indeed people die with talent.

Beat of classical music, playing at the background slowly.

YOUNG MAN(V.O)

Talent people are hunted and hunted in these world. The richest place is not where we find gold. The richest place is the cemetery, that's where you will find talents and ideas never acted upon. Many people die with greatness within them and I don't want to die like that. One thing I know is the fact that God plants us where we can grow.

INT. WORK-NIGHT

One month later Paul is working as a call center agent night shift. Paul is a spiritual person who attend church and read a lot of books. When he go to work he carries a book and during lunch he is reading poems.

CUT TO:

INT. WORK CANTEEN-NIGHT

Its half past 20:30 and Paul is walking to the canteen to make launch. Holding the book on his left hand and lunch box. He warm up his food.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN TABLE-NIGHT

He seat down on the table and open his poetry book. And eat his bitter food with said face alone. From there he realized how grateful he is and he is thinking of writing poem about how he never meet his father. He finished reading and he is going back to work. He take out his dairy and jot down the poem. Writing his first poem about the struggle he went through with his mom and himself

YOUNG MAN (V.O)

A letter of unseen Fatherhood

What a piece of disgrace a man is!
 My letter is laughing with anger of
 unseen fatherhood.
 How is your very being soul with
 life?
 Leaving twinkles turning ages of
 ages fatherless.
 What a darkness cloud you rain upon
 lives.
 The enduring of my queen mid roman
 mother.
 Feeding and rising unconquerable
 souls alone.
 A menace of pain shall find you in
 darkness.
 In pictures of my living life,
 I have nor nights with your name.
 In my kingdoms dinners, you shall
 bite your own teeth.
 Cowardice with nor heart of living,
 A death shall never deserve you.
 A devil with horn shall be your
 maker, In hell of darkness.
 A moment of cold day in hell.
 Is beneath your uncold feet. Ants
 and sea horse shall bury you. I am
 the author of your ivory pain,
 Without you, my life is bestowing.
 (MORE)

God is the inception of my
fatherhood.
Cursed your nameless life with
teeth of lion.
I have forbidden you to die,
Hell Awaits for you in dancing.

INT. CALL CENTER-WORK DESK.

He seat down on his chair, put his headset on and start dialing calls.

THE CLIENT (O.S)
Hello?

PAUL
Good Evening. How are you? Can I
speak with Peter Goodman?

THE CLIENT (O.S)
Yes, speaking and I am good, thank
you, who is this?

PAUL
You speaking to Paul Smith. I am
calling you from Cash flow Bank
Head Office. Can you kindly know
that this call is recorded. Before
we carry on can you confirm me your
id number and home address, so that
I can know I am speaking to the
right person and to protect your
personal information Mr. Smith.

Old man shouting over the phone, for being called late at night and being asked about his personal details. He is one those people who don't give peace of mind because of he is owning someone.

THE CLIENT (O.S)

Okay, shit man! You call me at this night and ask for my flipping id number. I said "I am not working". I cant pay you guys now. I am 70 years old. I am going to die soon anyway. Why bother son?. I want to sleep with peace at night. I am on pension and I wont pay you with my pension money. My pension money is not for credit providers. Why don't you write-off that debt son? Banks fucked me up. I don't have anyone left and no one can help by paying my debt and under such circumstance I suggest you fuck off! Or you will end up giving me blow job because I am watching people in state of nature.

The old man dropped the phone before Paul can speak. Paul's supervisor was listening to the call. Paul is drinking water on his desk. It is 21:00 and Paul is logging off the system.

A man wearing black and white. A dark black man, tall at his 30' s approach Paul. His name is JORRISEN and he look like a superior of Paul but Paul doesn't mind him. He still walking towards Paul and place his hand on Paul.

JORRISEN

Evening, Can I talk to you before you go home, Paul?

PAUL

Well, of course, no problem. I am coming now. See you now.

The tension say it all that hell will break loose on Paul.

Paul is standing up and grasp his lunch box, bottle of water and book. Going to his supervisor's desk

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'S DESK-NIGHT

The supervisor disappointed on Paul's call. Based on the fact Quality Department are listening to the recorded calls in order to provide customers and as evidence that if the customer lodge a complain, such call will be used as a evidence and to open investigation. Jorrisen is showing the channels of how the call are recorded and marked.

JORRISEN

I was actual listen to your call. I think you don't have agent characteristics because you failed to handle the client. In this industry we work with money and you need to learn how to get money from the clients. Go home and learn the skill of negotiation. That was just certain objection to a coward. Next time note that you will be marked down should anyone from Quality assurance pick up your calls. You didn't try hard enough to convince the client. You should have appealed to his consciousness. We are running a business and if we have hire people like you who feel pity for clients, we won't make money. Your duties is to collect, not to feel pity for people. You are in my team and your success affect my success because your failure affect my failure. Next time please pay attention and focus, do you understand me?

PAUL

Yes, I do understand Sir.

JORRISEN

You understand what?

PAUL

I precisely understand the fact my duties is to collect money and I am in your team. And my success affect your success because my failure affect your failure.

JORRISEN

We don't accept anything lesser than success. Call Center is a communication space providing excellent customer service in order to collect money. Call center is not your home chewing gum for your mom. You can go.

EXT. STREETS ROAD-NIGHT

Paul is walking his way home at night. He is listen to motivational audios over the phone. The night is dark with full of stars and moons. He is not bothered by what his leader said and he will show up again tomorrow

YOUNG MAN(V.O.)

Life is very simple. Don't play yourself. Pay attention and guard your thoughts. Be grateful with what you have but believe that you can have more.

A beat of classical music playing at the background

YOUNG MAN(V.O)

You don't have peace of mind. I need to step up. My art is based on love and I do what I do because of love but somebody need to pay me for my art. I am not going to ask, someone need to insist. Because there is a beauty in my art. I don't like my night shift job and I can't afford to mix up my happiness.

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM ,NIGH

Paul is seated across the table alone typing. He is drinking coffee. There is no noise at all. He start to speak alone.

PAUL

My father said something of
physical amusement. It would be a
great expression to write
sensuality poem for some future
experience. I can named it "A Long
Bed To Paris"

The hand begin to write slowly and softly.

YOUNG VOICE (V.O)

In between her legs, my soul rise
up.
I feel the breeze of honor in my
body.
My eye leave my body behind.
Oh my God the passion that awakes
in me.
How my lips kiss her leg.
I die to die I threw her shoes over
the table.
I stir her for the rest of my life
and my passion is easy into it.
Her pearl breast arouse and awake
my giant.
Long legs that hug my very sweet
part.
A long bed to Paris and having the
most beautiful things on it.
I'm standing up but my pants are
down.
She caved me over the wall and
ripped my cloth off.
Stare into each others eyes as I
slide... slowly ...deep.
Her unapologetic eye contact,
With sensual talks come out of her
lips,
When I rip her lingerie's off in
one fell swoop.
She start to breath sensual poetry
in my ears,
(MORE)

And our night is filled with pure
ecstasy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM, NIGHT

Paul stop writing and his eyes look across the rooms. He is sweating indeed after such eminences of stimulation of poetic words. He is thinking thought that can arrest the mind. And walks down the kitchen to make himself some tea.

YOUNG MAN(V.O)

You spend 24 years without your father and after that you meet him at the dying zone of life. What kind of a life is this, no family around. Is there anyone who would live like me. I have unfinished novel, poems and stories of my father, that I need to finish and I have my own story that I need the world to hear. I have words for the world.

Paul is going to the table after making another tea. He pull out a paper and write something down.

YOUNG MAN(V.O.)

HOLY BIRD

In my darkness interval of life,
I am never alone, Divine Holy Bird
meet me ahead in sorrow and with
disgust,
The Holy Ghost Bird fly with me, so
I can see tomorrow
The dearest freshness of God is my
wakefulness of life,
The sun rise up to bring a another
day of hope with birds
Into the grave of my heart I listen
to voice of bird within,
This poem is beyond theology,
I improve my mind that way
Nothing is larger than life that
Holy Bird give us,
(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sun can never rise up without the
whisper of Holy Bird,
In beginnings of life, Man was
divided into men and man need to be
happily married to Holy Bird,
See the life of Fish that is
happily married to water
The Holy Bird fly with us out
despair of ugliness of life.
We mourn and be happy with the
Holiness of Bird,
This wow alertness of life makes
aware of our surroundings
In darkness, Holy Bird guard
greatness of our life,
The beauty and truth of Holy Birds
is not separation,
The living lyric truth is the Grace
of Holy Bird
In water, unseeing diving sea is
like Holy Bird lighting new light
upon means of our life,
Hard to see, hard to appreciate the
free,
Holy Bird The Holy Bird is a
shelter of our new long days,
The song of Holy Bird erase our
curse of life,
No body knows why the moon wake up
so happy,
In the longest moment of our sleep
never despair,
Holy Bird is kissing your path with
pure blessings.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE BEDROOM -NIGHT

Paul is in bed, and it is a sleepless night for him. He is still thinking about his father. He did put his father photos at the bedroom. On the wall there is a saying about his father and its been decorated on the wall.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

In everywhere in this house, people who knew him, they know this saying of my father: "I have not desired what many men desire, because I refuse to jump with common appetites and rank me among uncultured multitudes".

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN HOUSE- MORNING

Paul is seating in the kitchen and reading a book about poetry. He is drinking some tea. He is playing classical music slowly at the background. He whistle slowly with the instrument of the music. His face is full of joy in the morning like birds playing in summer.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS- MORNING

Paul is going to check available vacancy in newspaper company that are around the city. There is busyness of life in the morning. There is a lot of people who are happy and laughing in the morning. Paul is very unhappy and he feels like a stranger.

YOUNG MAN(V.O)

There is busyness of life in morning, because people are very happy and perhaps everyone found the meaning of their life. Everyone happy and laughing and I feel like a stranger right now because I am not happy as they are.

INT. NEWSPAPER RECEPTIONIST DESK-MORNING

Paul is wearing a white vans sneakers, black trouser and a white shirt. He is walking straight to the receptionist. He look the receptionist straight to his eyes and smile before they can even speak.

We see a beautiful lady a lobby with make ups all over her face. She look amazing as she promoting something but she is a RECEPTIONIST, She could be 25 old and wearing black and white, with a red lipstick.

RECEPTIONIST

Good Morning. How are you and do you have any meeting or interview, Sir?

PAUL

Good Morning. I am happy at the moment to be here but my line of inquiry is direct for available vacancy that are present, at the moment, for aspiring writers?

RECEPTIONIST

Well excuse me... we don't hire armatures, we hire professionals. And we don't offer any volunteers.

PAUL

Well yes, I am writer and a very great writer. I am currently working night shift as call center agent at Cash Flow Bank but I have what it takes to writer in the actual wonderful words. I write poems as well. You don't have to pay me but I can work for free during the day.

RECEPTIONIST

I appreciate your level of grand shift of energy when you sell yourself. But I said I don't offer any volunteers.

(MORE)

Everyone is a brand but the most imperative thing is how you build your brand. If I may pose a question directly as an extension of brand building; do you have any qualification to rise open vacancy for yourself, I can assure you, if you have any qualification of some sort we will make certain space for you.

Paul his face change sudden as if he lost a wallet or somebody dies, when question of qualification is posed upon him

PAUL

(with sad face)

Well, of course not. Where I come from its not about college education.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, I see. If its not about education, what its all about then?

PAUL

Its about will and ability. The ability to show up everyday and everyday.

RECEPTIONIST

Well here we don't hire will and ability but education. Education mean professional writers who are still standing. I believe the opportunity will present its self one day but I would allude you improve your craft, because when the opportunity present itself, you must have craft standing.

Paul paused a minutes before he can reply.

PAUL

Well, thank you very much for your doctrines. Much appreciated indeed.

RECEPTIONIST

What is it that you don't know now,
that you need to know ,in order to
get what you want? Something to
ponder about looking forward in
future.

Paul stop walking and turn back. Look at her with an
intelligence eyes and smile back to her without saying
nothing but his smile say a lot in terms of poetry.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS, MORNING.

Paul is waking back with sadness that ache for happiness. The
streets is busy, everyone is going in and out. He is cracking
his face with his hand about what the receptionist said.

YOUNG MAN (V.O)

Jesus Christ, What is it that you
don't know now, that you need to
know, in order to get what you
want?. Its not about will and
ability but education. That lady
misunderstood me. You can't have
will and ability without education.
In other words, I mean: I don't
have education but I am willing to
do whatever it takes to learn and
acquire some kind of level of
education that is required. I have
read 100 books so far, and I have
craft standing. Let me not to hold
it personally to myself.

INT. WORK, NIGHT.

Paul is very late, walking slowly as if he is modelling for New York fashion show. He is playing music with big speakers. The colleagues are shocked and surprised.

Paul is back to work. He doesn't look very happy. Everyone can see the sad face of Paul, when he walks all around until to his cubical desk. He wearing white shirt with black trouser and white sneakers. He seat down to log in and put his headset on. He adjust and lower down his chair and put his feet on the table.

Paul is been seating for 10 minutes without doing nothing. He try to greet everyone and disturb them and the supervisor is watching silently from the distance. Paul is not aware of anything and he is not shocked or confused.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'S DESK, NIGHT

The tall dark man is walking behind towards Paul with confused face. He shake his head with disbelief. Jorrisen is a good man and he hate to give people warnings. He knows that signing warning will give Paul slim chances from being permanent once the management notice.

JORRISEN

(with loud harsh voice)

Chief! Chief! Put your feet down and seat straight. Switch off your music. We are at work. Why don't you log in? And by the way you are late with 15 minutes and you didn't report to me that you will be late. I am sorry to say this but this is a warning indeed. Come to my desk and sign your warning.

Paul is trying to reason with excuses but Jorrisen is not really interested.

PAUL

My computer is freezing and I did try to restart it.

JORRISEN

That's why people come ten minutes before so that they can restart the PC. In the mean time switch it off, and come to my desk. You will light on when we are done.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'S DESK-NIGHT

The SUPERVISOR is typing something over the computer. Paul is seated next to him. The SUPERVISOR, look at Paul and point the paper with his finger and Paul pick it up with his hand and start reading. After reading then he sign.

PAUL

Is there anything Sir?

JORRISEN

Yes, you know what late means?

PAUL

Yes.

JORRISEN

What it means then?

PAUL

It means, I am late with 15 minutes on duties.

JORRISEN

No, you are wrong. When you come late, you are saying this job is not important to you. That is the impression we get from you, if you are late. People they are not late, they decide to come late. In future such thing will put you in trouble. Try to stay away from warnings. You can actual go back and start collecting. Late coming is something you can control. Thank you so much for your time.

PAUL

Thank you.

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM ,NIGHT.

TWO GENTLEMAN seating across the table, drinking beers. The other is Paul's FRIEND with giving up attitude in life. He is a high school class mate friend. He is mid 23 years old, wearing stinking boots and he stink sex of a last night escort and beers. He like someone complaining as hell with life. He is very condescending towards people. Some point he feels envy for Paul, regarding the progress is His name is TOM. He got long hairs and hairy with nuts bear. He is wearing cross belt like London man's in 1995. He looks like he from London but its just a dress code. He has Adris Alba accent. He is very talkative and super smart.

He know a lot about human nature and with his reasoning capacity is beyond human reasoning. Life bamboozled him and his family gave up on him because of notorious vices. Everything about him its unique and laughs in a different way, as if he trying to get attention and he can laugh in different way as many time he can just to be condescending and annoying.

TOM

Conspiracy of not seeing you for days. Its been two years without seeing you but final I meet the poet himself. I thought you wanted to be a solder as we discussed in high school. But I guess we all develop later in life. We are the only creatures that violate our own nature.

Pertaining to the why Tom present himself, Paul is not well with the way Tom behavior thus far about life.

PAUL

(with all imaginable
simplicity)

You should perish upon your analogies. Methinks, Tom if you don't give up in life, life won't give up in you. Now I meet you after two years, of course but you are mess up, as hell ,they you look. What hell is going? You labour under a curse. Did you do something to the universe?

Tom is taking out another cigarette and pour himself some whiskey.

TOM

Nothing is going on my side, just to put things into perspective, I didn't give up. I am still dancing along with life beside I got my chances I got nothing to worry about. I don't have ambitious to have kids, wife or anything that will burden me down. I don't want to have anything without thinking. Our society is cursed. Some people they come from poverty instead of ending poverty they encourage poverty. You find that the mother had six kids without knowing their fathers and you find that the very same daughter from the very same family get pregnant at the age of 16. And the philanthropist donate large chunk of money to end poverty, not recognizing the fact that poverty is something of state of mind. Poor people should think, read and get inspiration.

PAUL

Wow, very interesting. Same old Tom who used to argue with our English teacher about what's right and wrong. Your mind is still sharp. I remember you saying during English class that "I won't let English grammar interfere with they way I want to display my emotion with words". That was classic and thought you were going somewhere in life. But here I am with Tom. Smelling sex and wearing stinking dirty new balance sneakers.

TOM

Lets focus on you. Someone with future perfumes. Why would you venture into poetry? Oh, you father's situation, I guess..

PAUL

People like you will never understand people like me.

TOM

Me, am just king of nobody, talentless of some sort.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I guess you are more talented than your father. I am scripted my life with stupid job. No family ,no kids, no girlfriend. I guess am learning larger imperatively so by the law of the universe. It is teaching me the hard way.

PAUL

Wow, you practice complaining so much. Complaining is a national art of South Africa. Everyone is complaining about everything. If you don't change your paradigm shift of your world, there is nothing more left for you in me.

TOM

If we all become successful, who will wash toilets and sweep the streets and floors? Have you thought about such deep questions?

PAUL

(with huge surprise)

Excuse me? Are you saying you are destined for being unsuccessful as you asked it? I think we done here. I will not feel pity for you, because I don't feel pity for myself.

TOM

Just imagine what the world would be like if we were all successful. Paul, wake up man. The balance of this world is between two things; successful and unsuccessful.

PAUL

What are you trying to imply? I think you are being negative about life, because life is a game, its either you play to win or lose. And some of people like you play to lose and I play to win.

TOM

What I am trying to say is that successful people need unsuccessful people to balance theirs life. And unsuccessful people need successful people to balance their life as well.

Tom is standing up and lay his hand upon Paul's shoulder...

TOM (CONT'D)

Of course we are done here, good night.

Paul is left with a huge surprise, as if someone has just died indeed. He stand up and throw off the bottle beer far from him and kick the rest in his beneath.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE STUDY ROOM, NIGHT

Paul is in the study room, drinking coffee ,seating across his table. The classical music of Wolfgang Mozart is playing in the background slowly. Paul appear as man who's thought are arrested with the mind.

A young man's voice V.O:

YOUNG MAN(V.O)

Perchance, Tom is right about his doctrines. But I don't believe in that distinctions of life. I uphold the fact that everyone must be successful and rise above their occasions. The reason why we wake up is because of that gap "unsuccessful".The reason why successful people wake up is the fact that they pave the way for unsuccessful people. But in order to understand this we need to make a certain introspection.

Something come on Paul's mind and he stand up to open his boswell and starting to write some words down on the paper, he hold a pencil over his hand, and start to laugh alone.

The sound of a pencil over a paper, start to move.

YOUNG MAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

The Introspection.
It does not impress me what you have for living.
I want to know if you have what it takes to live your dream. It does not impress me where did you study and with who, I am impressed if you have compassion and love when you do what you studied.

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

It does not impress me of how wealthy you are, I want to know how big your heart to give with generosity is.

It does not impress me what you have now, I want to know how did you survive the hardship you went through and where did you get the strength of living.

It does not impress me how do you dress and who you are, I am impressed if you are true to yourself and you are who you are because of your uniqueness.

I am not impressed by what you have, I am impressed by your strength to stand-alone and embrace a pain when you lose everything you have.

It does not impress me how eloquent you speak, I am impressed if you can eloquently speak the truth and beauty of life with your mouth, and live with the truth you speak.

I want to know if you can see the beauty of life in all things, even the days of your life are numbered and I want to know if you will still see the beauty of life in all things.

It does not impress me what you believe and how you believed it, I am more than impressed if you dine with Divine power and you believe in Divine Spirit.

It does not impress me where do you eat your English breakfast. I want to know if you have a heart to pick up a streets kid, who sleep at the corner and share your breakfast with him.

It does not interest me how perfection you are, I want to know if you are not afraid of making a mistakes.

It impresses me if you do not hide your weakness to impress people. I want to know if you can accept imperfection of others and you will love them the way they are without being judgmental.

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

It does not impress me how adventurous and open minded you are about life, I want to know how big your loyalty is, and how faithful you are to your wife.

I want to know your faithfulness to God in the midst of being alive.

I am impressed if you do not forget where you come from and you lay a path of inspiration for the next generation.

Its 22:00 in the evening and Paul is busy writing. He stand up to make himself some more coffee, and come back to seat across the table alone and reading the verses from the book of poetry

INT. STUDY ROOM, MORNING.

It's 09: 00 AM in the morning and Paul is preparing to go to a coffee shop around the corner, to write. He is wearing formal trouser and a white shirt and white sneakers plus cross belt. He is caring saddlebag. He is looking himself on the mirror. And doing affirmations.

PAUL

Wealth and success! Wealth and success! Wealth and success! Wealth and success! Wealth and success!

INT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY

Paul is taking out his laptop, pencil and a book. He plug a laptop. He is seating at the corner alone and the coffee shop it's still empty in the morning. A WOMAN at her 20' s is approaching Paul holding a menu and spreading some customer service on her face. She is dressed like a waitress.

WOMAN

(with a huge smile)

Morning sir. How are you? Can I get something to drink for you?

PAUL

A very good day to you too. Can I have some large cup of cappuccino with extra milk?

WOMAN

Sugar? I mean how many teaspoon?

PAUL

What kind of restaurant is these? I thought you have sugar sachet.

She waitress is embarrassed.

WOMAN

Oh sorry I am new here.
Cappuccino coming right up.

PAUL

Don't be embarrassed about it.
People who get embarrassed will never learn nothing and often they become self conscious to try new things.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFE SHOP, KITCHEN.

She press cappuccino machine and put a large cup. She keeps on looking at Paul by stealing eyes. She look at her breast and make a cleavage to be seen and unbutton her blouse a bit.
C

CUT TO:

INT. COFFE SHOP, PAUL'S TABLE.

After she give Paul cappuccino. She stand there blushing and flirting with her natural body language.

Paul end up laying his naked eyes on her breast.

WOMAN

Is there any thing else you would like?

PAUL

Oh no. Nothing work without cappuccino or coffee in the morning for me. Even through out the day and sometimes at night, I get enough cup.

The waitress is still listening and flattering.

WOMEN

I see your addiction. Every time you come to the coffee shop , I won't struggle to serve your mornings with your medicine. And I don't, I mean my morning doesn't work in the morning without music.

PAUL

You know what Lemony Snicket said about mornings?

WOMAN

Please brief me.

PAUL

He said "Morning is an important time of day, because how you spend your morning can often tell you what kind of day you are going to have." Please forgive me, my name is Paul. I apologize for my rudeness.

WOMAN

I am Sarina. I see you often here. And you are always writing something. And beside I love the work of Lemony Snicket. I am fan. Let me get back to work.

PAUL

Of course. I am currently busy writing a poem about coffee. The way I like it. I have huge emotions upon it. I know I am having cappuccino but I love coffee.

WOMAN

I am going to take my tea break after 10 minutes. I will come and perhaps you could read something for me.

PAUL

Okay. Sure thing, why not?

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP, KITCHEN

She leaves the table and exit to the kitchen door. She is making her some coffee and warning up her breakfast.

She keeps looking at the clock, she waiting for a ten minutes to pass.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP ,TABLE.

She is walking towards Paul and her name is SARINA. She is at her 20' s, tall, model body and beautiful. She has a tag with her name on. She is pulling out a chair and seat near Paul.

PAUL

Thank you for chilling with me. I have written these poem. Do you wanna see it?

SARINA

Yes, if you don't mind.

Paul is turning around his laptop to her.

PAUL

Can you read it and tell me what do you think?

Sarina take smile softly. She keeps on drinking her coffee. There is a silence for a moment. And she begin to read a poem aloud.

SARINA

Cup of Coffee

I convivial myself to death-
One cup of coffee to awake my life-
To me, bloody kitchen mornings;
seem so far-
Without it, morning is a bloody
savage-

Without coffee, morning stand as a
horrible accident -
Without tea and coffee I would be
pontificating like a wild animal-
Every now and then, interesting
precipitation walks to the kitchen-

(MORE)

SARINA (CONT'D)

Speculative air to erase sleep out
of my smug face-
It makes a morning a morning -
It drive my head to Great Spirit -
Coffee, a best friend to my lips-
And my best medicine twist up to
morning-
A best old friend to have when I
write-

SARINA (CONT'D)

You are good. Great poetry. Very
personal and emotional. You remind
me of Emily Dickinson when she said
" Morning without you is a dwindled
dawn." Perhaps to you life without
poetry is a dwindled dawn. I am
just saying.

PAUL

Thank you. You are right. But She
doesn't say it better than Robert
Frost "Writing free verse is like
playing tennis with the net down."

SARINA

So that's your daily routine? You
wake up and come here to write. I
think you have bunch poems at home?

PAUL

You are correct. Its my secret
calling. I have night shift job but
its only from 16:00 in the
afternoon to 20:00 at night. No
really a night shift but a night
shift. Just to pay shit bills.
During my spear time, I imagine and
create. And you, apart from being
here, what do you?

SARINA

I love painting. I draw a lot of
stuff that relate with my personal
life. I have space at my house,
where I do my work.

PAUL

Do you make money out of your art?

SARINA

No that's why I am here kissing the
tables, and you?

PAUL

No, that's why I work night shift.
Does it bring Bliss? I mean your
panting and drawings?

SARINA

It remove all the pressure in life.
It does bring bliss. I love doing
it. My tea break is due. See you
tomorrow!!!

PAUL

Thanks, for talking. Much obliged.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE BEDROOM -DAY

Paul is preparing for work. He taking a shower and leave a
shower to get a towel and rap around his waist. The soul
music is playing in the background. He brushes his teeth and
comb his hair. He walk to his bed and get dressed. After he
is dressed hears someone knocking.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN DOOR, SAME DAY

He walk towards the door with a surprised face.

The door opens.

TOM

Hey buddy, do I appear at the right
time?

PAUL

Of course not. I am busy but you
can come in, as long you won't
start bullshit again.

Tom walks inside holding a whisky and drunk like nobody's
business. He didn't take a bath and he looks as if he been
sleeping on the streets. As he walks condoms are falling down
and Paul is picking them and drop them off to the dust bin.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(With aggressive voice)

Oh man fuck you, I told you about
such crap, right? Your bullshit are
falling all over around my house.

TOM

(with angry voice)

What, you said "your house"? You don't have a fucking house boy. You got it from your father who died. You start to behave like privilege nigger as if your mom is a rich wife of Atlanta.

PAUL

Well man I am trying to fucking change my life. And clearly you are not willing to change your life. You Like a pity party and I won't give you the fucking music. You can't hate yourself for something you are not. Why don't you love yourself for what you are?

There is some moment of silent. Paul is getting frustrated watching Tom's action. Tom is standing up from the floor to seat on the top of a rag, and pour himself some more whiskey. He is laughing like a madcap man. He climb on top of the rag with his feet, unzip his pants and urinate on top of the rag. He keeps of laughing.

TOM

You mean I must love myself, for being they way I am?

He pointing at himself and weaving hands. He walking around and talking like madcap man and saying intellectual, sophisticated things.

TOM (CONT'D)

I must love myself for being shit, you say. The most world class Poet. I must love myself for being alcoholic and buying escort? The problem with you, you think you will be the next Robert Frost... or the guy who said "don't go gentle into that night". I saw the poem you recently wrote, interesting shit but the world is full of deep silence of deep conspiracy like Oscar Wilde said.

Tom he is laughing and drink more whiskey. Paul is watching him. Feeling very pity for him.

PAUL

Its for the first time I see
 educated man living illiterate life
 like you. What does your degree did
 or did for you? If you don't have
 good judgment and emotional
 stability, you will always fuck up
 in life. And now you fucking hate
 everyone. I guess your parents
 didn't prepare you enough to get
 what you want from the world.

TOM

I got a short and I toke it.
 Unfortunately life is not a
 selection of modules. A man was
 born complete, certain things are
 just extensions.

Tom is walking around like a boss and looking around. He sees
 Paul's poems on the wall and he start to recite.

TOM (CONT'D)

The son of a bitch writer you
 are."Beautiful prevarications" wow,
 interesting Paul. I think you
 should have said "Beautiful Lies"
 You know but you want some profound
 in words like your damn father. But
 listen to these.

He start to recite. Excited and with igniting zeal voice.

TOM (CONT'D)

Beautiful prevarications
 I am not easily swoon by your exact
 beauty.
 Your dub is stationed to my hearts.
 Letters you wrote are carved into
 my chest.
 We shared more than shelter and
 bread in our times,
 but I have no eye to wink upon
 scurrilous charges,
 and being licentious man with
 fashion of rake and whoremonger.

Screaming and shouting.

TOM (CONT'D)

What a man! What a man! Jesus
 Christ wow. I didn't know you have
 Shakespeare in you. Come shake my
 hand.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Written by Paul Smith.

TOM IS CLAPPING HANDS AND WALKING AROUND.

TOM

Wow! You do have some talent in words but there is no chances and permanent success in future for you. I bet you need to go to work, You don't wanna be like me one day. Wait before you go to work. I have something, please listen. Perhaps I might die today. At my age the risk of dying is very high.

Tom is talking something out of his pocket. Looks like a piece paper. He is reciting for Paul.

TOM (CONT'D)

The Day My Immortal Body Turn to Dust

The candle is lighting,
My people are reluctance to drink
the news,
The day my immortal body turn to
dust,
Anthems and orisons shall arise to
those who grieve,
News come with the wings of birds
from east to west,
I see my fellows and dearest
aspiring princess reluctant to
accept,
But my soul rest like a death bird
with no regrets,

What a life on this earth,
I accost God for my time with my
beloved ,
The day my immortal body turn to
dust,
White pall like curtains shall
cover my immortal body,
The tears and sorrow shall remain
with those who dared to love me,
My fair minion, Pardie(God) shall
never do no harm, bear the tragedy,
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

My days are done,
 My hand shall rest blinds with
 honour in my chest,
 The passing bells of my soul shall
 open gates of heaven,
 Under such ordain my daughters and
 sons shall endure ,
 Such time of complexities I shall
 rest for my sins,
 And henceforth terrors of this life
 but died trying,

What a human nature,
 Human nature is a fear of colors to
 humankind.
 I rest in my coffin with its sins
 and sins,
 But they are as gone as yesterday,
 Now my sins rest my soul upon the
 judgmental day,
 To go to hell or heaven but my God
 forbids hell,
 Because I was sinner as saint who
 keeps on trying,

My days are done,
 But my writings shall remain
 behind,
 I repose and recess with no words
 left behind,
 My scriptures shall remain behind
 eternally,
 I smiled my fatal gangling before
 me,
 But I die empty with dreams in
 reality,

My days are done,
 The day my immortal body turn to
 dust,
 My writings, will remain standing
 for decades,

PAUL

Okay, don't curse yourself. But
 that was a good poem and I didn't
 know you write poems as well. I can
 only help you if you agree to
 attend counselling and rehab.

There is a moment of silence for a while.

TOM

Who is going to pay for all that shit?

PAUL

Let worry about that. All I need from you, is to be there on time and never relapse Tom. I am giving you another short. You better take it. All I can give you now is rehab, counselling and my support, right.

TOM

I can only take therapy. Nothing else.

PAUL

No problem. It still effective as well.

Paul is giving him small cell phones, with new SIM CARD

PAUL (CONT'D)

You can use these cell phone. I will be able to reach you. I will ring you and SMS address and time for when does therapy start. Get home and get some sleep.

INT. WORK, NIGHT.

Paul is talking with Jorrison. It seems like they are having serious conversation.

PAUL

I have been thinking. I want to do something significant for someone. One of my friend is struggling and I promised him that I will pay for his cost if he goes to therapy and pull himself together.

Jorrison is confused, surprised and excited.

JORRISEN

Well, Paul I never thought you have such heart. Its great thing but you are earning very low income. How are you willing to rise such money?

PAUL

I mean I was thinking we can ask stuff to donate little money that they can afford everyday. Perhaps in a week we can cover the cost. Please ask the management for me.

JORRISEN

I don't know considering your behavior and your late coming. But I will try.

PAUL

Thank you so much. Sir. Okay, last thing. Don't you have contact for that physiologist?

Jorrisen is grabbing paper and write them down.

JORRISEN

There, cell number and address.

PAUL

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S WORK DESK-SAME DAY.

Paul is seated down, logged with headphones and drinking water, talking with clients.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE, NIGHT.

He SMS details to Tom. He received delivery notification.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, NIGHT

Jazz music is playing in the background. Paul whistle in the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, WRITING DESK NIGHT.

Paul is reading a book. Sipping a cup of coffee.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM ,DAY.

Room that is decorated very beautiful. The flowers are beautiful. The carpet are green. The wall have interesting paint. There is a small table in between.

A tall WHITE WOMEN is seated with TOM in private room. She is dressed in black, at her mid 40' s. Her name is MRS. PICK FORD.

Tom is wearing clean clothe but there is some sign of unhealthy lifestyle.

There is some moment of silence for a while.

MRS. PICK FORD
Would like to start?

Tom is a bit self conscious to talk.

TOM
What can I talk about?

MRS. PICK FORD
Anything. What's on your mind?

He cross his legs and hands. Brush off his hair.

TOM
I have mask perhaps in psychology
you call it pathological critic

Interesting looks and smiles. Exhale deeply and slowly with expression of figuring something out.

MRS. PICK FORD
Pathological critic? Why do you
have such mask? Why do think you
have such mask?

TOM
Because its a negative inner voice
that attack and judge me.

MRS. PICK FORD
Everyone has a critical inner
voice. But if you have a low self-
esteem you tend to have more
vicious and local pathological
critic. If you have experience of
abuse and being told you are not
worth enough.
(MORE)

MRS. PICK FORD (CONT'D)

Such experience perpetuate the power of negative voice.

TOM

I am more aware of my problems. I think there is nothing wrong with me. I am here because of my friend-Paul. He think there is something wrong with me. I am fine the way I am. I have accepted the situation of my reality.

Mrs. Pick Ford is surprised.

MRS. PICK FORD

Are you saying you?

TOM

I don't want help. Based of the fact that I look somehow before your eyes, doesn't mean I am the way I look. I am fine and okay.

MRS. PICK FORD

Don't you think people find you uncomfortable. I mean they feel pity and they think you need help.

TOM

Sometimes external features provide false statement. I am not poor as I look.

Tom stand up while lighting his cigar. He stand out a bottle of alcohol in him.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE, NIGHT.

Tom is with Paul. They are seated across the table. Drinking a large bottle of whiskey. But no one is talking until they finish a bottle.

Tom is putting his feet on top the table. Paul is watching him as he doesn't have energy to provoke him.

TOM

You won't ask me about your therapy?

PAUL

I know you didn't fucking do it. You gave Mrs Pick Ford some nice fine speech. I paid a lot of money for that. I tried to help you.

TOM

Wise man once said "When you find a thought or behavior that works to decrease your pain, you file it away as a successful solution to a particular problem".

Tom is crossing his legs and arms.

TOM (CONT'D)

Accepting myself is a form of solution to the reality of my situation. I understand my own nature. Unfortunately I don't need your help, your help that is trying to change the way I am. I need your support and acceptance.

PAUL

I accept you the way you are. I accept your nature. I am sorry for trying to change you. Unfortunately our world is different. I have my own inner monsters. I am currently lunching my collection of poetry within two week. I got a publisher.

TOM

Oh! Well I am happy for you. I hope to see you around again. Thanks for your help. I hope there is no hard feelings about it.

PAUL

Don't worry about it. Where there is life there is hope. Cheers buddy...

They both hug and shake hands.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , NIGHT.

Paul is making himself some tea. The kitchen is decorated with books and there is an wall art. Near the books there is a photos of him taken at orphans home. He recalls the memory.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

The day the photo was taken, I was abused by my room mate. After we turn off the light, he would come with something to drink not knowing its a mixed strong alcohol. After we drink, I would become dizzy and not recall anything or where I am. On his bottle, nothing was mixed. It was just a bottle of water and I never released that for two years until he got adopted. He would drop of the condoms under my mattress after he penetrated me through my anal. When the cleaners, they thought it was my condoms but there was not explanation to give because it was me alone. They assume I was jacking off with those condoms.

He seat down. Lighting a cigarette. He put his legs on top the table.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

(emotional angry voice)

You know that feeling. After years, you wake up to the fact that, someone was intoxication and assaulting you. Someone was playing games with you. He never felt any guilt about it. After lot of suspicion, I thought they will expel me. My care taker requested to see me at her office, only to find out that ,my father called out of nowhere but he was in the hospital under critical condition having war with cancer. He need to see me. He has some bad news for you and good news. My care taker said that's my cue with you. I have to leave you here now. She thought I am ready to make the big decisions in the world. Nobody cared about someone was sleeping with after he intoxicated me. It was my horror to carry and face it alone. I didn't have to maintain a pallid because I had to bury my weakness.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB, NIGHT.

Paul is seated in the sofa, watching strippers dancing. The music is playing in the background. A tall lady is dancing around him. She put her long legs to Paul's chest. Then she go back, to dancing stage. She throw off her bikini to Paul's face. He catch it and put it under neath him. She disappear into the curtains with colorful lights flash out.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB STAIRS, NIGHT.

She appear at the stairs. She caught Paul's eyes. She gives Paul's signs with body language to come upstairs. Paul stand up slowly without losing attention. She make signs to Paul to bring that bikini.

Paul put it on his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB UPSTAIRS, NIGHT.

They strip club music is playing in the background. Upstairs is a real fantasy world. The rooms are decorated in a sexy way. The bikini are painted all over the wall. Paul is touching those walls as pass by. Some painted wall images are moving upside down. The images are passing by showing which escort is available.

They are passing through private rooms. That are locked. The other room is written "Fuck me until God comes back" . The wall is written " I am long bed to Paris." All escort from all over the world. Any country you could think off. The other room is written "fuck me until Southern Africa have woman President." The other room is written "Do me until Donald Trump resign without notifying the world."

The other room escorts are reading about "Philosophy of A Bedroom."The room is furnished with intellectual sexual books.

Paul and the tall lady are opening the last room on the raw. The room looks likes the king of escort in living there. Its written out the door " The wind is blowing. Don't bend if you want to please him."

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB UPSTAIRS, ROOM 101, NIGHT.

The TALL LADY is taking out sex toys. The escort video is playing in the background. The light is very dim and red in color. Paul's breath is taken away.

Paul is freeze-out at the door. Still looking by surprise the decorated room. She is calling her with a palter tone.

ESCORT
(WITH SEXY TONE)
Don't you wanna come to bed my
Paulilaizer?

Paul is walking slowly, as if he don't want to do it. He is trying to reach out his pocket. He takes out the wallet.

ESCORT (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I got my fee from you
entrance fee. That's why the
entrance is so expensive. You paid
for everything already. You can
have whatever you want.

She walks closely and slowly to Paul. She grab his balls. Unbelt and unzip him. Drop off his paints. She push Paul to bed. She suck his dick. Paul moan silently and slowly.

ESCORT (CONT'D)
Hmm Paulilaizer. You have a nice
big thing. I haven't seen such
donkey thing in years. You
hammering home today.

Paul push her and lick her pussy. She moan gently as well. Paul penetrate her.

ESCORT (CONT'D)
Oh Pauli! OH Palilaizer. Its so
big. Did you extend it? Its all in.
Are you a Zulu guy from Africa? Or
are you mixed? I heard they have
black strong extraordinary dick and
they can come after two hours.

There is a sound of water flushing as they penetrate each other.

PAUL
Interesting stories from Africa. I
guess.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN, NIGHT.

Its 02:00 AM in the morning. Paul is extremely drunk. He barely walks straight. He keeps on falling on the floor. And growling through the wall. Lean on the table. The table fall with him. He is trying to get up but he keeps on failing down until. He is belt is not buttoned. He is wearing one shoe. He shirt is buttoned straight. He is trying to stand up again, He fall just after he try to reach the bedroom door and pass out the whole night.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , MORNING

Paul slept the whole night on the floor at kitchen. He just wake up and he can't believe he passed out the whole night.

Speaking alone.

PAUL (V.O.)
(Emotional voice)
Oh my God. Did I? No ways. Did I
drink and by sex? Oh my fuck shit
Hangover.

He rush to make him some black coffe. He touch his dick and he realize he didn't even wear a jockey. He left it at strip club.

IN. PAUL'S WORK DESK, NIGHT.

Paul is late again. As he walks in co-worker are watching and talking about him. Some they laugh at him. And he looks extremely exhausted. He didn't comb his hair. He is wearing different socks. He is shaking his feet under the table. He is eyes are extremely red. He didn't iron his shirt properly.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'DESK-SAME DAY

Jorrisen is having a conversation with Paul. Paul is excited as they carry on talking. When Jorrisen look at his face and they way he is dressed, Paul start to feel self-consciousness and embarrassed.

JORRISEN
Hey Paul. How you doing?

PAUL

Hey Jorrisen. Doing good and you?

JORRISEN

I am impressed with your performance so far. You did improve greatly. The management is happy with your performance. Another thing we spoke with our internal publishing company and they really like your poems.

Paul is jumping and screaming around. And the whole call center is looking at him. They co-worker stood up. They are surprised what is he screaming for. Jorrisen is calming down.

Paul don't get carried away but they do have your manuscript in pdf. But they want you to bring the copy when you meet tomorrow. They want to meet with you tomorrow morning and go through with you some rule and regulations. Nothing complicated. Just to understand the contract and the copyrights.

PAUL

(With extremely excitement)

You mean signing contract?

JORRISEN

YES.

Paul shake his hand with excitement. After they shake hands Jorrisen start to change his face.

PAUL

What's wrong?

JORRISEN

Can you tell what's going with your dress code? Please put a light to me. You look ridiculous. You dressed nonsense. You are so unpalatable to look at. And you came to work just like that. I mean just a good but if someone see you like that again, you are gone. Get your shit together. I understand creativity can be a problem but get your shit together. Good luck with tomorrow.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , NIGHT.

Paul is seated on the table counting his poems. He released he need to write three poems, so that he can reach 90 pomes.

He is trying to write but there is no inspiration or creativity flowing. He write one line. He stand to make himself some more coffee.

He seat down with frustration. Nothing is flowing for him. He is trying to get or find something.

Near him there is a book about international icon figure, Nelson Mandela and Apartheid history book about Hector Peterson. As he is looking at the book, he got his inspiration now to write two poems. His face is sparkling with excitement.

Paul begin to type.

OLD MAN (V.O)

The Bequest of Hector Pieteron

..What an abandoned brave bequest!!!
 The oozing mighty cry of Soweto
 uprising-
 The 1976's of Mbuyisa Makhubo
 uproar courage -
 The June 16 of Antoinette Sithole
 stand as ferments -
 The Soweto uprising of Hector
 Pieterso struggled for us-

The 13 years old, the young one,
 died for us-
 He stood before a bullet of history-
 Apartheid was a curse of black
 person-
 It raven and raped icons of
 activist -
 It written South African history
 with blood-

The strike costed the roots of
 families-
 1976 governments brought undead
 pain to mothers -
 The anthem of pains and horrors but
 renowned for history-
 The fears and tempest in Soweto
 uprising history-
 But the 13 year old champion prize
 our 16 June above history-

(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

1976 the pride of African soil in
 history-
 Soweto uprising the inception of
 our courage-
 June 16 the legacy of Hector
 Pieterse-
 He stood before a bullet of history
 for us-
 The 13 years old, the young one,
 died for us-

Youth of 1976 are deeply honoured-
 The stories and pictures of African
 soil-
 Soweto the mother of African
 history-
 The history poured Soweto with
 blood, struggle and reverence-
 Apartheid was a black cloud upon
 African soil-

They typing stops. He begin to smile. He walk around the house. He look at the time. He is shaking like someone in drugs. He grasp his wallet and jacket.

INT. STRIP CLUB, NIGHT.

They sexy slow strip club music is playing in the back ground. Paul is smoking and drinking. He is seated around Spanish three ladies who twerk for him. They look sexy with interesting make ups. Paul spank their bum and laughs.

The other one is touching Paul's dick. The other is kissing him. The other is standing at the stairs. Calling him up. They are extremely attractive and tempting. The beauty of Spain. They are wearing high heels.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB UPSTAIRS, ROOM 101 NIGHT.

Paul is seated across the bed. Three ladies are all on him. They can't let him go. They want a piece of him.

OLD MAN (V.O)

He went again to the club. For the second time. He didn't use a condom last time. Surely today he won't use a condom again. The beauty of Spain. He can't ignore them. He want a taste.

(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

A taste that will cost his life but he is too beclouded to see that now. His life is already completed. He become irresponsible when he is drunk. He could be HIV/AIDS but we are not sure. If he not, he must be a lucky guy.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , NIGHT.

He passed out outside his door. He is extremely drunk. He is naked only wearing a T-shirt and a jockey. Wearing one shoe. He is signing stupid song like drunken person.

PAUL

(singing)

"Paul Paul paper sun, Paul Paul paper sun, Paul Paul paper sun, Paul Paul, Paper sun, stay away from fantasy land."

He unlock the door and fall on the floor. He is growling until to the table. And the table fail on him.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , MORNING

He wake on the floor. He is not surprised by the situation. He rush to make coffee and clear off the hangover.

He seat down on the table without releasing time.

PAUL

Oh shit. The meeting with publishers. Oh fuck. I can't put my shit together.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE BEDROOM , MORNING

He just grab any cloth near and get dressed. He wearing pajama T-shirt, jean and dirty sneakers.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE BATHROOM , MORNING

He just brushes his teeth using his finger and bath clothe.

INT. CREATIVE ZONE PUBLISHER RECEPTION, MORNING.

Paul is entering the lobby. He goes straight to the receptionist. He doesn't look presentable. He late and rushed. He not comfortable. He shaking.

The RECEPTIONIST is wearing red and black. She have a blond hair, red lip stick. Nails painted in red. She at her 20's. She extremely look beautiful. When Paul make straight contact with her. Realize its a escort lady from the strip club.

He show face that is breathless and shocked but the receptionist ,doesn't recognise anything. She greet Paul with a cheerful smile. All the sex night is playing on Paul's head.

RECEPTIONIST
(Kind look and voice)
Good Day Sir. How are you?

PAUL
(With a confused voice)
Good Day Ma'am. I am doing good. I have appointment with

Interrupted...

RECEPTIONNIST
Oh Paul, The Poet We are publishing your collection poetry. Oh yes. They are waiting for you.

Offering a hand shake.

I am Sarina. Its nice to final meet someone who been sending e-mails without giving us break. Finally you got what you wanted. I am happy for you. I am Would like something to drink?

Paul is cold and freezed. He didn't expect such.

PAUL
Oh well, yes. I would like some coffee.

RECEPTIONNIST
Okay. Let walk you in to the boardroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CREATIVE ZONE BOARDROOM, MORNING.

Paul is seated with two WHITE MANAGERS. The other one seated on right JERRY and the other one seated on left is ROBIN. They are both at their mid 30's. ROBIN is wearing a white shirt and JERRY is wearing a blue shirt. They both have shaven heads.

They are both realized and having tea with Paul. Paul is shy to talk.

They only thing we hear is when they look each other and when they guzzling tea-sound from the lips.

They are both reviewing the copy of a manuscripts.

ROBIN

How many poems do you have?

PAUL

90 poems. I still need to write two. Which I can submit them within two days.

ROBIN

I can only give you one day to write and submit those two poems.

Jerry is agreeing.

JERRY

I really like you poems. They are really original and personal. Very emotional. Its going to be a best seller. At you age considering the fact that you wrote 90 poems. In history we no poet written so many poem at your age.

PAUL

Thank you so much.

Robin is giving Paul a contract to sign. He sign with a smile. They both shake hands and pose to the camera.

OLD MAN (V.O)

Finally Paul got his short. He signed a contract, within few weeks, his book will be all over the shelves. He need to write two poems and submit them within the next 24 hours. Will he do that.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE KITCHEN , AFTERNOON.

Paul is at home figuring how he can write another poem. He is making himself some coffee.

The music of Gregory Porter by "Holding" is playing in the background.

Near him there is Newspapers that break news of Nelson Mandela's widow Winnie Madikizela-Mandela on the front page. She passed away last yesterday. And his inspiration kicking in. He strike to write about something of current affairs.

He reach out to his type writer. The face and the smile says it all.

OLD MAN (V.O)

Nelson Mandela's Pride

..What a noble lady!

Winnie Madikizela-Mandela, her days
are done.

The Duchess of African history-

African loam is mourning and
celebrating news-

She is the history of African
congress-

She never cowers nor bend before
apartheid regime-

And its horrors and terrors never
threaten her soul-

Through her splendid courage,

African people tasted the wind of
liberty-

Her obstinacy gave birth of freedom
to nations-

Her courage is a slogan to African
woman-

She was conceived to transcribe
African history-

Winnie remind us our bestowed Marry-
(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Apartheid regime was not a cradle
of red roses, or a noble road-

Everything was taken away from
Winnie; the companion and
children's-

And they tortured and punished her
deeply-

27 years in jail was vast
melancholy in her soul-

But she never failed to save peace-

And she never guzzled the cup of
bitterness-

Nor envies the thirst of
retribution upon mankind-

She waited for Nelson Mandela in
misery and tempest-

She bided for 27 years in vain till
the walls of Robben Island tumble-

When our Nelson was kissing the
ground to end the chapter of
apartheid-

He takes out the paper and put it away. He look at it with a
million dollar smile wonderful.

He sneak around to make some coffee. After he makes tea. He
light a cigarette. He turning up a volume. Gregory Porter's
music is playing in the background.

He is dancing with the music around. He reach out for A4
paper to type. He is extremely happy.

Typing start again...

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Go to hell with that job

I am dying and drying for paying
bills

And I wake up to hell myself up
for small pecuniary
(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

I locked myself in prison to pay
survival

Dragging myself like a slave out of
a traffic without passion

Catching a full dirty taxi with
dying people

With them every morning I am
drowning and drowning

I have no pauses of breathing

I am in a coffin for eight hours,
trading cents for cents Alas,

I obey man's rules and policies,
they fenced my soul

These job is a long sword and
impediments

Every morning I fight and kill my
dreams

Every morning I fight and kill my
dreams

Killing my dreams to seat behind
the cubical desk

And working for another man with my
last strength

What a deep misery in eight hours

I feared to hold my ground enough
alone

I mingled and joined barbarians

I haven't sucked this life up
enough

But I plug off all the set of
curses

And to hell with that job and to
hell with paying for survival

(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

The world is broad, I can't die for
 survival
 I want to trade and die for my
 passion
 Liberty is dying for what is
 boiling in my heart
 I am ready to play and listen to
 music out of my inner occasions.

They type writer stop.

Paul standing up to dance. He climb on top of the table,
 holding the paper reading to himself. He is smoking. He walk
 around with excitement.

INT. INTERNET CAFE, NIGHT.

Paul is at the internet cafe to e-mail those two poems to
 Robin and Jerry.

CASHIER

Hey. You buddy. Its been a while. I
 thought you don't stay around the
 hood anymore.

They shaking hands.

PAUL

Yoh bro..I have been good. I am
 just busy buddy. Can you do me a
 favour. Can you scan and e-mail
 those two poems to this e-mail.

He showing him the mails and giving the poems.

CASHIER

Oh man. No Stress. I can do that.
 You don't have to pay a shit. You
 know I am fan of your work.

PAUL

Well sure thing. Keep checking the
 shelves man. I am publishing in few
 days.

Cashier is jumping and excited.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yeah. Thanks. Keep checking the shelves.

CASHIER

I can't wait. See around Bro. Take care.

Paul wink back to him showing peace sign.

INT. STRIP CLUB STREET, NIGHT.

Paul is walking holding a small bottle of whiskey. He is excited and signing alone. He is jumping all round. The street is little busy. Gang people are seated across the street.

As walks by the escort ladies greet him. And he doesn't say anything or give them attention.

As he jump the street, a sport car with a high speech hit him until he roll in the air. His is clothes are messed up. The shoes are rolling in the air.

People in the street are running to help. They are shouting and screaming

STREET GANG

Call the ambulance! Call the police!

They sport car stops at the next robot. The chines guy comes out to look. He goes back and run away.

The blood is all over the street.

The police siring and ambulance sound far away.

The ambulance arrives pick him. Check the pulse on him.

The man is shouting.

MAN

He is still alive! He is still alive. He is bleeding. We can save him. Hands broken.

Ambulance sirens leave the scene. Group of people are standing. Shocked as hell.

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY UNIT, NIGHT.

The three doctors and surgeon wearing white stuff. The blood is all over them. They examined Paul and they both shake heads.

The doctors are operating the surgery on his hands. The hand looks like broken. The doctors look each other with awkwardness of impression. The SURGEON who operate surgery.

SURGEON

Jesus. Hand amputation.
I mean two hands.

They remove two hands.

INT. JORRISEN'S HOUSE BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Jorrisen is sleeping. Its 2 AM in the morning. The phone is ringing in the kitchen. Jorrisen is rolling in bed with a impression that the phone might stop.

It stops. And start to ring again.

JORRISEN

(With a harsh voice.)
Oh fuck!!! Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. JORRISEN'S HOUSE KITCHEN, NIGHT.

The minutes when he try answer, phone stop ringing.

JORRISEN

Wow! People have shit time to play.

When he tries to go back, it ring again.

He rush and answer it by force.

JORRISEN (CONT'D)

Hello, Its Fukien late at night.
Who is this?

WOMEN

Good Day Sir. Sorry to interrupt
but I am calling from Hospital.
Paul is been hit by a car. We were
wondering if you know any of his
relative or family?

Jorrison respond after few minutes.

JORRISEN

Well, no. I will be there.

Hang up.

Jorrison is saddened by the news. He breath heavily and trying to digest the news. He doesn't change the pajamas.

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY UNIT-NIGHT

Jorrison is waiting to hear the news. He is drinking coffee. Wearing pyjamas.

A SURGEON, mid-50's, male, black and skinny, is stepping out of surgery unit. He accost Jorrison.

JORRISEN

I don't know Paul's family but I work with him. I am his superior How he is doing?

SURGEON

Well, He is doing good. He lost two hands. We have operated surgery. His hand is amputated, left hand is below the wrist and right is the whole arm.

Interrupted.

Jorrison feel like he could vomit or puke. His eyes are filled with tears.

He start to show interesting characteristics and anger.

JORRISEN

Paul is writer. How is he going to write? I mean he just signed a contract with a publisher. Why did you Fukien cut his hands without a my permission?

SURGEON

The hands were already broken at the accident scene. He was bleeding internal. He was going to die if we didn't remove those broken hand and arm. He was going to die. He is very lucky to be alive.

JORRISEN

He is very lucky to be alive?

With a loud voice and shouting. Pointing surgeon with his finger.

JORRISEN (CONT'D)

He is very lucky to be alive? It was you surgeon, with amputated hands, and you can't no longer operate surgery? Would you call yourself lucky?

SURGEON

Sir, Its a Act of God. We did the best we could. If there was alteratives I would have taken in into consideration but there no other options. Please feel free to see him when you are ready.

Jorrisen is total messed up. He seat down and cry.

JORRISEN

He is going to use electric hands?

SURGEON

Yes Sir. He will get full arm prosthesis with an electric or mechanical hand. But if he want to use it because some patients may decide not to use a prosthesis.

JORRISEN

Thank you for your help.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL INSIDE SURGERY UNIT ROOM -NIGHT

Paul is sleeping in bed. His face have some stitches but they not major. His hands are under beneath the blankets.

They both look at each other with sad faces. Jorrisen can't hold his tears. Jorrisen is facing different direction crying. He dry up his tear with his hands and face Paul again.

JORRISEN

(With emotional sad voice)
What happened?

His move his head slowly and speak softly.

PAUL

Its an Act of God. I was just walking and tried to cross the road. Then out of nowhere, I got a hit. The next moment I wake up here.

Jorrisen is removing the blanked slightly to check his hands. He shake his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

They toke my hands off me. I can feel that.

The tear are running down his face.

They both crying

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why would God do such to me? I was trying to change my life. I was left at the orphan home. Raped, assaulted and abused and no one believed my story. Notwithstanding that, I buried my weakness and move on. I meet my father here dying of cancer, irrespective of that, I moved. I tried to help my friend Tom, but he rejected my help, and I moved and believed in God. I believed in God. I gave Him the benefit of the doubt through the mist of my struggle. I read that bible to strengthen my faith and spirit. But bad things keep on happening.

Jorrisen is listen with a painful heart. The pain that make Paul to say such is indescribable.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Here I am now. God knows I am writer. I make a living through my fingertips and hands. Why would He take all that away from me? That's all I got. Writing is all got. Imagining stories in my mind and use words to give paint or display that, its all I got. Without the ability to write I am just a breathing carcass in the woods.

Paul is jumping on bed. Trying To fight and move. He is
creaming. Jorrisen is trying to hold and calm him down. He
face is full of tears.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I want my hand back. Tell God to
bring my fucken hands back. The Act
of God is kindness and love, not
disaster and pain. Why would the
Act of God define human suffering?

Jorrisen is calling doctors. Doctors are calling to help.
Paul is fighting, screaming and fighting.

Music-Shelby Lynne- life is bad is playing in the background.

Waste away to nothin' in a dark dusty tomb

Lookin' for the traces of what used to be a room

Wipe away the blood from a tormented brow

Solve the wicked problem never asking how

Rock the sinking vessel till it rests on the bottom

Count the waves of water don't remember forgot them

Taste the stench of livin' on thin dimes and a dream

Opening an ear to a painful silent scream

Oh life is bad

Oh no, worst I ever had

Ache and writhe in agony like a vise on aging bones

Tar and acid drip from an ice cram cone

Holding onto a wind that chases the hell

Fallin' in the darkness of an inner descending well

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE, MORNING.

The music is playing in the background.

Jorrisen is at Paul's house. He is seeing Paul's quotes and interesting writing.

Jorrisen is reading from the wall.

JORRISEN

"The most imperative thing in life
will always be the art of defeating
our circumstance to rise above."
Written by Paul.

At the table he sees two manuscripts. They both have sticker written "complete."

The other manuscript is named "The Act of God" and the other one is written "The Book of Beauty, Love and Life."

He seat down and pull over closely the manuscript written "The Act of God." He read the first page, and read second page, and the next after next.

His face start to be interesting. He don't stop reading. He continue to read until to the last page.

He realized something interesting.

JORRISEN (CONT'D)

What a fuck? He wrote story about
his life? We spoke and we discussed
these and that.

When he reach last page.

Jorrisen is reading the last page from The Act of God.

JORRISEN (CONT'D)

"The patient writer. He failed to
accept the act of God after
surgery. Amputated writer jumped
off from the top floor at the
hospital."

With huge surprise.

JORRISEN (CONT'D)

What?

He pack the manuscript and take with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, MORNING

He rush out with good shot to hospital. He is running extremely hard, wearing pyjamas. The sleepers are rolling out in the air as he runs. He end up ruining with socks only.

The sleeping gown is flying like a background jacket as he runs. People are watching him. On his leg hand holding the manuscript.

Music-Shelby Lynne- life is bad is playing in the background.

Waste away to nothin' in a dark dusty tomb

Lookin' for the traces of what used to be a room

Wipe away the blood from a tormented brow

Solve the wicked problem never asking how

Rock the sinking vessel till it rests on the bottom

Count the waves of water don't remember forgot them

Taste the stench of livin' on thin dimes and a dream

Opening an ear to a painful silent scream

Oh life is bad

Oh no, worst I ever had

Ache and writhe in agony like a vise on aging bones

Tar and acid drip from an ice cram cone

Holding onto a wind that chases the hell

Fallin' in the darkness of an inner descending well

EXT. HOSPITAL TOP FLOOR' MORNING.

Paul without two hands. Is waiting at the top floor of the building. He standing as if someone who want to commit suicide. He is standing there alone. Watching the city.

Old man voice narrate:

OLD MAN (V.O)

Out of the night, that covers me,

Black as the Pit from pole to pole,

(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud,
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 Beyond this place of wrath and
 tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the
 scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY UNIT-MORNING

Jorrisen is sweating. He waiting to see someone who can help.
 He doesn't see anyone. He walk closely to Paul's room. He
 sees no one. He rush to the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, ELEVATOR.

He tried to press but the elevator is not working. He press
 harder and harder. The cleaner pass by and see Jorrisen
 struggling.

CLEANER.

Sorry sir. The elevator is not
 working. Use the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRS-MORNING.

Jorrisen is staking the stairs. He reach the second floor. He
 reach the third floor.

He rush to the fourth floor. Before he clime. He sees two
 cleaners with hazard wet board. He ignore them to pass by but
 the lady is rushing to stop him

CLEANER

Sorry sir. You can't pass. The floor is wet. If you force to pass by, you fall. The hospital won't get involve or pay anything because you ignored the hazard board. Please wait for 5 minutes.

They two cleaner stay aside and chat. They are gossiping and laughing. They look at Jorrison wearing Pyjamas and laugh at him.

Jorrison is looking them back, with dangerous serious eyes. And pass through the stairs anyhow.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL TOP FLOOR' MORNING.

The moment Jorrison open the door. He saw Paul falling down. He run to look. When he look he saw is brain blasted out and blood moving all other road.

People are screaming and gather around, looking at him. Taking picture. The sound of police siring.

People look up and they see Jorrison. They are pointing fingers. Jorrison is creaming. He seat down with disappointment.

JORRISON

(Sad voice)
The Act of God.

The music is playing in the background.

EXT. BOOKSTORE OUTSIDE-MORNING.

Two month later, as Jorrison walk in the city. As he pass by the bookstore, he sees Paul's book; collection of Poetry. The title is The Book of Beauty, Love and Life by Paul Smith.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE INSIDE-SAME DAY.

Jorrison is holding the book. He smile alone and show sad face. He buys the books.