

No Sad Stories

By

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FADE IN

INT.BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

8pm in a nice eatery on one of LA's bistro's on the beach. Dusk outside and everything seems normal except for every patron in the eatery is either standing in shock, or cowering in fear under their table.

There is a short heavy set Hispanic male in his late 30's ranting at someone yet unseen with a gun in his hand which accounts for the shock and fear of the restaurant patrons.

A woman beckons the gunman, ANGEL.

UNKNOWN WOMAN  
Angel. You can't do this!

ANGEL,  
Man... You crying just like I did.  
Funny thing is that you weren't  
crying when you broke up with me.

Angel walks up to the woman bellowing.

ANGEL,  
(enraged)  
You didn't cry then...Did you!

Man sitting in booth with the unknown woman stands up, this is DEREK who is early 40's of ethnic origin as his black hair and eyes would indicate.

Angel aims the gun right at the man's face and pulls the hammer back.

DEREK,  
Bro...I been there. I been there my  
whole life up until a few days ago.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF ANGEL'S FACE WHICH IS BEGINNING TO SWEAT PROFUSELY

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON THE DEREK'S FACE AS HE ADJUSTS HIS HEAD TO THE LEFT JUST A TAD AWAY FROM THE BARREL OF THE GUN

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Dude I told you we should have  
stayed in Texas...We wouldn't be in  
this shit right now. We're gonna  
die!

The unknown man looks to his right.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Well...At least it was one hell of  
a ride! NO REGRETS DEREK

CAMERA FADES TO BLACK AS INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE TO THE SOUND  
OF AC/DC "WHO MADE WHO"

DISSOLVE TO

INT.RICHARD LORD'S BOXING GYM-DAY

Typical boxing gym as you would see in any movie. Converted auto garage with no AC except for the open garage doors on both ends of the building. There are heavy bags being worked by hungry young boxers who are giving their punches everything they have. From the walls are speed bags where one is being tapped into rhythm by a young hispanic teen who hits the bag like a veteran. There are a couple of black guys jumping rope which catches the eye because boxers jumping rope is a thing of art, like a dancer performing on stage.

Inside one of the rings are two young hispanic boxers going toe to toe.

**BING, POW- LEFT HOOKS CONNECTING AS THE TWO BOXERS TRADE AND COUNTER PUNCH. THE SOUND OF THE PUNCHES CATCHES THE ATTENTION OF SOME OF THE GUYS WORKING OUT. OOHS AND AHHS CAN BE HEARD.**

In the other larger ring, there are also two guys sparring, although with not as much zest and zing as what is going on inside the other ring. The combatants in this ring vie as hard as the ones inside the other ring except one happens to be much older than his sparring partner.

Derek is inside the ring trading punches with a much younger guy who is showing the age difference with superior footwork and hand speed. For Derek's 40 plus years, he can still move OK, and he hits with good power as he is able to land a clean one two combo to his younger foe. However, the younger fighter can slip and stick Derek with jabs that can poke a hole in the wall. Derek tries to keep up, but the young reflexes prove too much as the gym owner and head trainer steps in and halts the bout.

GYM OWNER,  
Time!

RICHARD LORD owns the gym and he looks more like a 60's throwback hippy with long graying hair that he keeps in a ponytail. Richard is in his late 50's and skinny, but he keeps himself in great shape as he used to be pro boxer

(CONTINUED)

himself back in the day. Richard steps in between Derek and the young boxer.

RICHARD,  
(to the young boxer)  
Good work Sippio! You're ready for  
next week.

SIPPPIO, the young boxer pats Derek on his back like a teacher would a pupil for trying hard, albeit reverse in this case as the pupil is an older guy.

SIPPPIO,  
Good work D. Keep it up man, yu  
lookn like a boxer more and more  
each day.

Derek acknowledges Sippio with a nod of the head and a wave. Sippio steps out of the ring and heads to the showers.

FULL SHOT OF RICHARD IN THE RING WITH DEREK FACE TO FACE

DEREK,  
(disappointed)  
Man, I was still in it.

RICHARD,  
If you had EVERLAST written on your  
forehead then you were in it.

DEREK,  
If I'm doing so bad-then why you  
let me keep on sparring then.

Richard helps Derek take off his gloves and headgear.

RICHARD,  
I let you do it because getten in  
this ring and takin punches seems  
to be therapeutic for you. Self  
healing thru punch dealing. Too bad  
you haven't been the dealer as of  
late.

DEREK,  
I thought I was getting better.

Richard hands Derek his gloves.

RICHARD,  
You supposed to be gettin smarter.  
You been watchin too many Rocky  
movies.

(CONTINUED)

Derek laughs and looks up at the Poster of welterweight champ Danny Munoz with legendary Trainger Freddy Smith hanging up on the wall with all the other fight posters.

DEREK,  
I tell you Richie, if nutten else  
Ima make to LA and get a few rounds  
in Freddy's gym. Gunna do my stand  
up and get in the movies. Clear out  
my savings and I'm gone.

Richard steps out of the ring and turns towards Derek.

RICHARD,  
You have been watching too much  
Rocky. Stick with gettin things  
straight in your life as you have  
been.

Richard walks away from the ring and heads for his office making his way thru the guys training.

SHOT OF DEREK STANDING ALONE IN THE RING LOOKING UP AT THE POSTER OF DANNY MUNOZ AND HIS TRAINER.

Derek looks down on the ring canvas.

DEREK,  
(to himself quietly)  
One of these days.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S APT-NIGHT

We walk into Derek's apt which is just a simple efficiency. No real furniture except a sofa bed and a small dining table. Both pieces of furniture look like garage sale finds. Derek walks thru the front door and throws his gym bag on the floor and takes his cell phone out of his pocket.

Derek scrolls again thru his phone hoping someone actually tried to get a hold of him with no luck. Derek tosses his phone on the dining table and plops himself on the sofa.

DEREK,  
(muttering to himself)  
Hmmm.

Derek looks around the empty room and closes his eyes.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S OLD TOWN-HOME

There are two kids-boy,8 and his big sister,10 running around an ordinary town-home. The kids are chasing each other and yelling all about.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S APT-NIGHT

Derek opens his eyes and just stares ahead with a somber look.

DOLLY IN TOWARDS DEREK AND FREEZE WITH A CLOSE UP OF HIS FACE.

We hear Derek arguing with SOME WOMAN.

SOME WOMAN'S VOICE(OFF)  
We just grew apart!

CUT TO

INT.BREAK ROOM-MORNING

Casual gathering of employees sitting in plant break room on no particular day except that it is a working day at 9AM.

Derek is drinking a cup of coffee at one of the tables along with a short chubby friend of his who is of 34 years of age sporting a goatee tied with a rubber band. This guys looks like taller version of TATTOO from Fantasy Island, except his name is JOSE, and Jose is very boisterous and it would seem well to do because he is dressed like he is going out to a club instead of getting ready for work. Jose always dresses out to make up for his physical appearance or lack thereof.

JOSE,  
So what's up champ? This gunna be da day you step up and tell HOLLY you in love with that girl?

Derek sips on his coffee and smiles.

DEREK,  
I'm not that lucky. I do got a thing for her, but she is 13 years younger and she looks to good for someone like me.

(CONTINUED)

JOSE,  
Dude, show da them balls boy. Make that play fore that new guy in quality makes that move. You he been talking and checking her out since he got here.

Derek takes another sip, but this sip comes with a little sneer at Jose.

DEREK,  
Yeah, thanks for reminding me about him. Hmm. Who am I kidding? Holly wasn't meant for me I guess. That guy is younger, better looking and he got a better job than me.

CRANE UP SHOT OF JOSE AND DEREK AT THE TABLE

Jose twists his goatee for a second and checks the clock on the wall which now says 9:15.

JOSE,  
Dude, don't tell no sad stories this early...Just as well champ. They say the path to success, fame and fortune is walked alone.

Derek laughs.

JOSE,  
What's up Champ? When you gunna hit them comedy club open mics and shit you been talkin bout?

DEREK,  
I guess when I get the nerve.

JOSE,  
You need to stop being scared son. Just like Holly, you gotta get the nerve and tell her you gotta thing for her.

DEREK,  
(smug)  
One of these days. Maybe I can get her to go out and see me at a comedy club. Maybe when I'm rich and famous and shit.

(CONTINUED)

JOSE,  
(sarcastically)  
Then yus better get to doing all  
that shit fool. Say and do, two  
different things. Remember you was  
gunna do that stand up shit.

Derek takes a drink from his coffee and looks at the clock  
which reads 9:20.

JOSE,  
Still thinken bout LA huh. Well  
then homes, you should start gettin  
your shit together with the ex if  
you wanna take off to da coast.

Derek's cell phone starts to ring.

Derek looks at the number and frowns as he sees the number  
of his dreaded ex wife-SANDRA.

DEREK,  
(upset)  
Speaking of such, I gotta take  
this. Seya in a bit.

JOSE,  
alright champ.

CUT TO

EXT.WALKWAY OUTSIDE BREAK ROOM

Derek is standing outside on his phone talking in a bit of a  
frenzy.

DEREK,  
What the hell, its been 2 years  
now? I'm tired of this shit. You  
took my life, now you take the kids  
with no shot of me seeing em.

SANDRA(VO)  
I didn't take anything- You did  
that all on your own. There is no  
reason you can't see the kids.

DEREK,  
(to the phone)  
I know I messed up, but damn  
increasen the damn child support. I  
can barely afford the crap now. You  
up and moved to Houston, you know I  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DEREK, (cont'd)  
cant' make that trip out there back  
and forth. Even if i do get em, I  
aint got no money to do anything  
wit em anyways, nor do I got a  
place big enough for dem either.

SANDRA(VO)  
You act like that's my problem.  
Make more money then and get a  
bigger place and get a better car.  
You can see em if you really tried.

DEREK,  
(really upset and shouting  
into the phone)  
Make more money, so you can get  
that too. You made mistakes too,  
yeah I shouldnt a done what I did,  
I'm sorry and I wish I could take  
that back but dang you got  
everything. It was ok for you to  
mess around on me I guess.

SANDRA(VO)  
(raising her voice)  
Derek!

DEREK,  
(apologetic)  
Sandra, look. I'm sorry. Its just  
that I aint seen the kids in  
forever. Things suck for me, it  
sucks, it sux, it sux.

Derek takes the phone away from his mouth for a second to  
cool down a little.

DEREK,  
I'm sorry. I guess I will come up  
wit something.

SANDRA(VO)  
I know Derek. We both messed up.  
I'm sorry we are so far away, I  
just want to move forward. Chris  
got a good job out here and things  
just wound up the way they did.  
Sorry about the making more money  
crack. I gotta go now.

Sandra hangs up the phone on her end. Derek takes the phone  
and puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to himself muttering)  
What a messed up way to start a  
day.

CUT TO

INT. PLANT WAREHOUSE

Derek is sitting at his desk in the warehouse when a young Hispanic woman of 30 wearing sweatpants and a yellow Los Angeles Laker tshirt walks by and stops next to him. This is HOLLY, the new girl in the warehouse.

HOLLY,  
Hey Derek.

DEREK,  
(alive and now with his mind  
totally off his call from  
Sandra)  
Hey girl, what's up?

HOLLY,  
Same ol same ol. Just saying hi.  
Hey, I also wanted to say thanks  
for that book. I just finished  
reading it and reading about Anissa  
really inspires me. I wanna do the  
same as she. We gotta hook up at  
that gym sometime.

DEREK,  
No thing. I'm glad you liked the  
book, and yeah most surely we can  
get together at that gym. I told  
Richard all about you.

HOLLY,  
Cool. Well I gotta get to work.  
Cya!

Holly walks off.

Derek is on cloud 9 and gets up from his desk.

CUT TO

INT.OTHER SIDE OF WAREHOUSE

Holly is sitting at her desk and looks back at Derek's desk and notices that he is not there. Holly picks up her cell phone and dials a number.

HOLLY,  
(on the phone)  
Hey Jeremy, What yu up to?

Female warehouse worker walks by.

HOLLY,  
Just wonderin if you wanted to do  
lunch today? Really, cool. We can  
go at noon.

Holly hangs up the phone and smiles.

CUT TO

EXT.DEREK'S DESK

Derek is working on his computer and looks at the time on his screen which reads 1:30. Derek looks back at Holly's desk and notices she is not there which is unusual because she always goes around noon and takes 45 minutes. Derek does not think about until one of his co-workers comes up to him.

CO-WORKER, FEMALE  
(upset)  
Derek, you seen Holly. She was  
supposed to get my shipment ready  
for me, but I aint seen her.

DEREK,  
Uhh. I know she went to lunch.  
She's probably runnin late or  
something.

CO-WORKER, FEMALE  
Well her car is out in the parking  
lot. I know she's here somewhere.

DEREK,  
(sighing disgruntled like he  
is a at the dentist or  
something)  
Well, Let me go see if I can find  
her.

Derek gets up as the co-worker leaves.

CUT TO

EXT.OUTSIDE THE PLANT

Derek is outside close to the parking lot looking to see if Holly is in her car. Derek sees Holly's black Honda and notices Holly getting out of the passenger side which is weird until we find out why.

The unthinkable happens next as JEREMY the new quality guy gets out of the driver's side. Jeremy is a young white man about 25 years of age.

The unthinkable gets worse for Derek as Jeremy walks over to Holly.

The unthinkable gets unimaginable for Derek as he sees his greatest fear. Holly and Jeremy embrace and kiss each other on the lips as if they had been married for years or something.

Derek looks as if his arms and legs just fell off his body. Derek turns away from the sight of his crush kissing Jeremy and walks into the building.

CUT TO

INT.PLANT RESTROOM

Derek enters the restroom and checks the stalls to make sure nobody is inside. Derek walks into one of the stalls and looks down.

CUT TO

INT.RESTROOM STALL

Derek just looks down to the floor.

DEREK,  
Man, what a mutherfuckin day!

CUT TO

INT.PLANT RESTROOM

Derek looks in the mirror.

FULL SCREEN SHOT OF DEREK'S FACE IN THE MIRROR.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Fuck it man. Go back in and shake  
it off. Other chicks out there.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
At least she never got the chance  
to turn me down.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(with Derek looking to the  
right)  
You never gave her the chance  
dumbass.

DEREK'S,VOICE(OFF)  
(Derek looking to his left)  
Bail man. Life is short...lets roll  
and shoot on out. We got some  
money.

Derek looks to his right.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
I tend to agree. You're gettin ole  
man. Why the hell not.

CUT TO

INT.PLANT HALLWAY

Derek comes walking out of the hallway and is met by Jose.

JOSE,  
Man champ. Where you been? Peeps  
looking for you in the warehouse.

DEREK,  
Let em keep looking. I'm outta  
here.

JOSE,  
Whathca talken bout champ?

DEREK,  
I'm goin to LA dude.

JOSE,  
You mean now.

DEREK,  
Right now...Its been really cool  
Jose...Ima put you in my movie too.

JOSE,  
You serious homes...You gunna  
really bail.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Tell dem fools ima miss all of  
them. Tell Holly ima put her in my  
movie too. She gunna be the  
catalyst that forced me to leave  
after all these years and go to  
Cali.

Derek walks up to Jose and they hug and shake hands.

JOSE,  
Orale champ! See in lights I hope.

CUT TO

EXT. CARAVAN(MOVING)-DAY

Derek is in his van driving down the highway thru San Antonio

FULL FRAME VIEW OF DOWN TOWN SAN ANTONIO

Music is playing from the car radio and Derek looks thru the passenger side window at the highway sign.

FULL SCREEN SHOT OF HIGHWAY SIGN: EL PASO-500 MILES

DEREK,  
Fuck it man!

CUT TO

EXT. CARAVAN(MOVING)-DAY

MONTAGE OF SHOTS AS DEREK IS DRIVING AWAY FROM SAN ANTONIO WITH MUSIC "LISTEN TO THE SOUND" BY BLDG 54

-MOUNTAINS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE VAN

-WHITE POWER WINDMILLS STANDING IN THE MOUNTAINS

-BIG RIG TRUCKS DRIVING ALONG THE ROAD

-SMALL UNKNOWN TOWN

-SHOT OF THE SKY WITH AN AIRPLANE FLYING OVERHEAD

CUT TO

INT. CARAVAN (MOVING) - DAY

Derek's driving along and sees the Border Patrol Checkpoint. Cars in front start to slow down and enter the checkpoint and Derek follows suit.

There are 4 Border Agents standing around and 1 Agent with a canine. Derek enters the area slowly and notices the Agent with the canine walking towards the back of the van.

PAN: DEREK TURNS TO SEE THE AGENT WITH THE CANINE

The canine jumps up and sniffs around the back tire. The Agent pulls the dog back and motions his head at the Agent closest to the van.

AGENT #1 who is a young white guy comes over to Derek's window.

AGENT#1,  
(stern)  
How you doin sir?

DEREK,  
Good.

AGENT#1,  
Were you born in the United States  
sir?

DEREK,  
(with a newfound Southern  
Texas accent)  
Yesser- Austin TX to be exact. Born  
and Raised Sir.

AGENT#1,  
(unfazed with Derek' accent)  
Sir, can you please pull your  
vehicle up to the front of the  
building to your left.

Agent#1 points to a small parking spot. Derek rolls his eyes with a little bit of caution and pulls up to the spot.

AGENT#1,  
Can you please step out of the  
vehicles and keep your hands out of  
your pockets please.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Fuck}

(CONTINUED)

Derek steps out and turns to the Agent.

DEREK,  
Problem

Agent#1 turns drill instructor

AGENT#1  
(eyeing Derek straight to his  
face)  
Not unless you're gunna gimme one.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Fuck}

AGENT#1,  
Can I see your ID sir?

DEREK,  
(handing his id over)  
Again sir may I ask the problem, my  
hair is brown but I assure you I'm  
US citizen and a taxpayer.

AGENT#1,  
(harsh)  
I didn't ask about your physical  
features! I don't care where you  
pay your taxes! Your sarcasm aint  
gunna help your situation!

DEREK,  
What situation!

AGENT#1,  
I'll be askin the questions. Now  
Where you headed!

DEREK,  
(understandably nervous now,  
fumbles for his answer)  
Austin Texas

AGENT#1,  
(harsh)  
You headin the wrong way don't you  
think?

DEREK,  
(knowing his mistake)  
My bad Officer, I mean I'm headin  
to LA.

(CONTINUED)



AGENT#1,  
Your bad, what's your bad may I  
ask, and I'm BORDER PATROL AGENT  
MUNOZ, not officer.

DEREK,  
(eyes wide open)  
My bad, it's and expression Border  
Patrol Agent Munoz.

Derek looks at the Agents Badge

FULL FRAME SHOT OF AGENTS BADGE

MUNOZ

DEREK,  
Munoz?

AGENT MUNOZ  
Border Patrol Agent Munoz!

DEREK,  
(muttering to himself as he  
looks down)  
Damn}

AGENT MUNOZ  
Whatdya say?

DEREK,  
I said oh dear Border Patrol Agent  
Munoz.

Another Agent comes up to where Derek is standing. This  
agent is an older hispanic man maybe late 50's or so.

AGENT MUNOZ  
(joking to Agent#2)  
AGENT O'HARA, We have a problem  
maker in our midst here.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK FACING THE CAMERA

Derek thinking to himself. Hispanic Agent O'Hara, and White  
Agent Munoz.

DEREK,  
(really nervous now)  
I..I-

AGENT O'HARA  
Do you know why we stopped you sir?

DEREK,  
(more irked now and comes off  
with sarcasm)  
Because I look mexican?

AGENT O'HARA  
We stopped you sir because our dogs  
are trained to sniff out illegal  
narcotics as well as human  
trafficking activity and MIGUEL  
sniffed something on your car.

DEREK,  
Miguel?

AGENT O'HARA  
Our canine.

DEREK LOOKING THE DOG BEING HELD BY AN ASIAN PATROL AGENT

DEREK,  
(looks down and mutters to  
himself)  
Whatever?

AGENT MUNOZ  
What was that?

DEREK,  
I said what a nice name for a  
Border Patrol Canine.

AGENT O'HARA  
Can we search your vehicle sir?

DEREK,  
(at the point of who gives a  
shit)  
Sure.

Agent O'Hara motions towards the Agent holding Miguel the  
canine.

AGENT O'HARA  
Go ahead BRUCE.

Derek looks at Agent O'Hara after he utters "Bruce" and  
thinks about saying something but thinks otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(quietly to himself)  
Whatever.

AGENT O'HARA  
Whatya say?

DEREK,  
I said what a nice day Agent  
O'Hara.

Agent Munoz is irked that Derek has the agents confused.

AGENT MUNOZ  
(points to himself)  
Agent Munoz!

Agent Munoz points to Agent O'Hara.

AGENT MUNOZ  
Agent O'Hara!

Agent Munoz points to the Agent with Miguel

AGENT MUNOZ  
And thats BORDER PATROL AGENT LEE!

DEREK LOOKS STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA

DEREK,  
OK.

AGENT O'HARA  
(pointing to a bench with two  
hispanic males sitting)  
Sir, please sit over while we  
search you vehicle sir.

Derek walks over to the bench and sits next to they guys  
sitting scared as if they were waiting to be sent back over  
the border.

DEREK,  
(turns his head at the guy  
sitting next to him)  
I will never go to visit the Alamo  
again.

Derek watches as Miguel goes sniffing all through the van  
and turns up nothing.

Agent O'Hara comes over to Derek.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT O'HARA

Thank you for your cooperation sir.  
You are free to go and your ID is  
on the dash. Have a good day.

DEREK,

(stands up and turns again to  
the guys sitting on the bench)  
Good luck guys. The rainbow  
coalition has a new branch down  
here.

Derek gets in his van but not before turning back at the  
trio of racially mixed Agents.

DEREK,

Bastards...

CUT TO

INT. CARAVAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

*WHITESNAKE SONG "HERE I GO AGAIN"* playing on the radio as  
Derek keeps on driving on I-10 as the sun has set which  
makes for an uneasy drive as anyone traveling through West  
Texas can vouch for.

Derek is driving along when the unthinkable happens.

**CLUNK, CLUNK..CLUNKY, CLUNKITY CLUNK. THE CAR BEGINS TO  
RATTLE AND DEREK IS GOING CRAZY IN HIS SEAT.**

DEREK,

Damn man. What the hell? Please  
god, not here, not now. Nooo!

Derek pulls the van off to the side of the road.

CUT TO

EXT. CARAVAN PARKED BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Derek steps out of the van..

DEREK,

(Pissed off and looking up at  
the stars)

Noooo!

Derek walks over to the passenger side and now we understand  
why the situation is unthinkable.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Son of a bitch... Two flat tires!

Derek is disgusted and somewhat scared considering the surroundings and circumstance.

Derek tries to wave a couple of cars down.

Derek paces up and down talking to himself.

DEREK,  
Mother-

Derek is interrupted in his profanity with a shock that would make the devil himself shit his pants.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(off)  
Do you need help son?

Derek is looking straight ahead into the dark.

DOLLY INTO DEREK'S FACE

Derek is freaked out by hearing someone's voice behind him in middle of nowhere in a the dark. Derek is shivering in his shit and scared as hell to turn around.

CLOSE UP OF DEREK AND A CARTOONISH SPEECH BUBBLE THAT FORMS OVER HIS HEAD WITH HIS THOUGHTS BEING-

***NOW YOU WOULD THINK IN MY SITUATION I WOULD WELCOME SOMEONE OFFERING TO HELP, A WOMAN WOULD BE SO COOL TOO. BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANY CARS STOP, AND I DON'T SEE ANYTHING FOR MILES AROUND, SO WHERE IN THE HELL DID SHE COME FROM?***

Derek sucks it up and turns around.

Standing before our hero is a little old native american woman with long hair that is just as black as the night. The woman's age is hard to tell at first because of the night, but as we close in on her face we can see the wrinkles of and signs of wear and old age. Eyes that are sunken in as if they never close. The exact age is hard to tell but all we know is that this woman has lived a long time.

Derek's first glance at the woman takes him aback because the voice seemed much younger than the woman standing in from of him so curiosity takes over for the fear that Derek had just a few seconds ago.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Hi there-Where may I ask did you  
come from?

OLD WOMAN,  
(pointing to an old shack just  
before one of the mountains)  
Well I live just around yonder and  
I saw your car by the road from  
where I was, so I came down to see  
if I could help.

Derek looks at where the old lady is pointing and see a  
small shack with a light coming thru. Derek is tripping now  
because that shack was nowhere to be seen a few minutes ago.

DEREK,  
(shaking his head)  
Uhhh..I didn't know anyone would be  
living out here-especially

Derek trying not to be rude but trying to insinuate the  
woman's age.

DEREK,  
(stuttering)  
I mean someone like...

OLD WOMAN,  
(interupts Derek)  
You mean what is an old womand  
doing out here in these mountains  
all by herself? Is that what you're  
asking?

DEREK,  
Something like that. I admit this  
is the last place I would expect  
anyone to be living.

OLD WOMAN,  
(takes a few steps and turns  
to face the night desert  
plains of West Texas)  
Hmm. Young man, these plains were  
once home to a nation of people.  
This place may be barren to the  
eyes of today, but the eyes of long  
ago tell a different story.

The woman's words about long ago people and her native  
American features cast an uneasy chill over Derek. Not a  
racist tone, but a tone of an unlikely inhabitant in a  
currently uninhabitable place, especially at night.

(CONTINUED)

OLD WOMAN,  
Please, come with me and you can  
spend the night. There is no tow  
service open at this hour and  
without AAA, you won't have any  
luck. You will have to wait till  
the morning for help. Trust me,  
nobody is going to pick you up at  
this hour, and in this place right  
now. You are better off coming with  
me.

DEREK,  
I do believe you are right. Ahh,  
thank you...Ahh

OLD WOMAN,  
My name is NAYELI.

DEREK,  
Thank you Nayeli.

CUT TO

INT.NAYELI'S SHACK-NIGHT

Nayeli leads Derek into her house after a bit of walk thru  
the woods. The distance was short but there was no path  
through the plains.

The two walks inside a very old and run down shack which is  
made up of one room and a small kitchen. The light which  
Derek saw earlier comes from a fireplace at the corner of  
the room

DEREK,  
By the way, I really do appreciate  
you helping me tonight. I may off  
come off real apprehensive, but  
only cause' I did not expect anyone  
to be living out here. I should  
thank my blessings you saw my van  
out there.

Derek is still hazy on how Nayeli saw his van out there.

DEREK,  
By the way, how-

NAYELI,  
You want to eat? I'm sure you have  
not been able to think about  
eating.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Sure, OK I guess. But don't go to  
any...

Nayeli gets up without allowing Derek to finish what he was saying.

DEREK'S POV

Nayeli comes back from the small kitchenette with a plate of some sort of meat, and a potato. The smell of the food hits the spot for Derek and he takes the plate.

Nayeli sits down on floor Indian Style(no pun) as is Derek because there is no furniture in the room.

NAYELI,  
It's been awhile since I had  
company here, so I hope you like  
it.

DEREK,  
No, thanks. It smells good.

The meat on the plate looks like a steak.

NAYELI,  
I live off the land so its better  
off you not knowing what kind of  
meat that is.

The statement is something Derek did not want to hear. Derek looks at the meat again with caution this time. Derek doesn't want to be rude so he takes a chance and starts to eat.

DEREK,  
(chewing)  
Hey Nayeli, this is good whatever  
it is.

NAYELI,  
So why are you going to California?

DEREK,  
(thinking it odd)  
Howd you know where I was headed?

NAYELI,  
Only truckers, wanderers and those  
heading for big dreams in  
California drive out this way.  
Everyone else flies. Nobody drives  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



NAYELI, (cont'd)  
unless they are smuggling or  
running to, or from something.

DEREK,  
(smug, still eating and  
looking at his plate)  
You read the cards too?

NAYELI,  
(smiles)  
I don't need to read into the  
cards, I can read into your soul.

DEREK,  
Is that right?

NAYELI,  
Everybody has demons they try to  
run from. Chasing a dream is  
usually the fastest way to out run  
those demons.

Derek puts his plate down.

DEREK,  
I'll go with flo here. Yes, I'm  
heading to LA to follow a dream of  
stand up comedy and a little  
boxing. I went thru a divorce some  
time ago and I've been finding  
things kinda hard. I just had my  
43d birthday so I figured what the  
hell. It's now or never.

NAYELI,  
So you feel you have nothing left  
in life?

DEREK,  
(looking down)  
I guess you can say that.

Upon hearing Derek's little short pity party, Nayeli gets up  
and sits next to Derek and puts her arm around him which  
kinda makes Derek a little fidgety.

NAYELI,  
Problems in a marriage can surely  
change one' spirit. You were once  
strong, but now your lost. Chasing  
childhood dreams is all you feel  
you have left. Marriage can be hard  
sometime.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(questions Nayeli)  
You were married?

NAYELI,  
(smiling)  
I'm still married, my husband went  
hunting and won't be back for a few  
weeks.

DEREK,  
Dang, I...

NAYELI,  
(interrupts Derek again)  
You didn't think someone as old as  
me and alone out here would still  
have the same needs as someone as  
young as you.

Derek, is taken aback about what Nayeli just said.

DEREK,  
(nervous by the thought)  
No, That aint what I said, nor was  
it what I was getting at...

Nayeli interrupts Derek again, but this time with a lean to his face with hers as if she were trying to kiss him. Derek falls back and then all hell breaks loose as a large man, also appearing to be Native American, also old looking as Nayeli, but with better movement for a man of his age barges into the door, carrying an axe of all things!

NAYELI,  
(in fear and looking at the  
man)  
JEROL! What..I thought you went out  
hunting?

JEROL,  
(screaming)  
I see you were doing some hunting  
of your own you bitch!

Derek's eyes open wide at the sight of pissed of man who although old, is still carrying an ax who thinks he caught another man messing with his wife.

DEREK,  
(scared)  
Look, my van broke down-

(CONTINUED)

JEROL,  
 (stops Derek mid sentence with  
 a yell)  
 Shut up! You son of a bitches took  
 our land, and now you take our  
 women too. The white eye's have  
 brought nothing but pain to our  
 people.

DEREK,  
 White eye, do I-

Derek can't finish what he's saying yet again because..

WHACK...

Jerol just picked up his ax and swung right between Derek's  
 legs landing in the dirt floor a few inches from his groin!

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK LOOKING AT THE END OF THE AXE BLADE  
 BURIED JUST INCHES FROM HIS....

Derek in a state of shock gets up and he is amazed at the  
 agility of the old man who moves like he is 20 years old,  
 which is what is frightening Derek more than the axe.

NAYELI,  
 (screaming at her husband)  
 Jerol, it's not what you thing!

Jerol does the unthinkable and swings the axe at Nayeli who  
 ducks and avoids the death swing with remarkable speed for  
 an old woman which really has Derek going crazy.

DEREK,  
 (screaming to himself,)  
 What the fuck!

Nayeli jumps up from where she is at and then lunges for  
 Jerol. The old couple is fighting just like a couple of  
 teenage boxers back at Derek's gym which a really scary  
 sight. Derek sees a chance and darts out of the door.

Nayeli manages to see Derek going thru the door and does yet  
 another unthinkable act. She grabs Jerol by the throat and  
 starts to choke him. Derek doesn't stay to see this as he  
 bust out.

NAYELI,  
 (screaming at Jerol, but in a  
 terrifying deep voice unlike  
 her own, but almost like a  
 man's voice)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAYELI, (cont'd)  
SEE WHAT YOU DID!!!!

NAYELI THEN SLAMS JEROL'S HEAD INTO THE DIRT FLOOR APPARENTLY LEAVING HIM UNCONSCIOUS. NAYELI THEN PICKS UP THE AXE AND RUNS OUT THE FRONT DOOR APPARENTLY AFTER OUR HERO.

NAYELI,  
(IN THE SAME SCARY VOICE  
YELLING AT DEREK,)  
NOOOO....don't go)

CUT TO

EXT.NAYELI'S SHACK OUT IN THE FIELDS-NIGHT

Derek hears the satanic voice and looks back and is shocked to see the old woman all of a sudden start to chase him with the axe!

Derek jets as fast as he can with as much speed as he can, running into the darkens with this old woman chasing him.

To the craziest sight, Derek turns and sees that THIS OLD WOMAN CARRYING AN AXE IS CATCHING UP TO HIM! Derek is in great shape with his boxing and the evil sort of woman is catching up to him!

Derek runs as far as he can, but he can't outrun her. Derek does not see where he is going because of the dark and trips and falls on the ground.

Nayeli is at once right on top of Derek looking with now RED EYES as a wolf looks at his prey before he eats.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF NAYELI STANDING OVER DEREK

DEREK'S POV: NAYELI STANDING OVER HIM WITH RED EYES THAT PIERCE THE NIGHT AND SHE BEGINS TO SMILE AN EVIL SMILE. NAYELI PICKS UP THE AXE...

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

EXT.DESERT PLAIN-MORNING

Sun beams down bright on the morning West Texas Desert.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK LYING ON THE GROUND WAKING UP FROM A BAD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

Derek wakes up rubbing his eyes and looks around for the crazy devil lady.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(looking around for Nayeli)  
What the hell?

Derek looks around and sees nobody, he does not even see the the little shack of terror.

DEREK,  
(relieved)  
Was it all a dream? Oh shit. Man it  
seemed so real.

Derek soon realizes that he is only a few feet from his van.

DEREK,  
Damn, too bad my flat tires were  
not a nightmare as well.

Derek is still shaken from the so called nightmare, but he gets up and dusts himself off. Derek also realizes that he is in the same predicament he was in before the encounter with Nayeli and Jerol. Derek walks over to the van and knows he needs to either call a tow service or flag someone down.

DEREK,  
(looking at his tires)  
Ah shit!

This would happen to be Derek's lucky day because as he reaches for his cell phone in the van, a large white box truck comes driving by and slows as it comes to Derek's van and stops a few feet from Derek.

A small Hispanic man with a large potbelly seemingly the same age as Derek of 40 something and walks over to Derek.

POTBELLY DRIVER,  
Hey bro-Need a hand?

DEREK,  
Dude, I really need to find a tow  
service somewhere around.

POTBELLY DRIVER,  
The next town is 75 miles down the  
road, a tow both ways is gunna run  
you some scratch. It's easier for  
me to to hook up a tow cable and  
haul it in with my truck. I'm  
heading that way anyways.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
 (lets out a sigh of happiness  
 and relief)  
 Man, I sure would appreciate it. I  
 need to conserve as much money as I  
 can.

POTBELLY DRIVER,  
 No problem ESE! I'm giving some of  
 my contract workers a lift and it  
 would be cooler for them to ride in  
 the van instead of the back of my  
 truck. You mind?

Derek gets a confused look on his face and before he can  
 give an answer. The potbelly driver walks over to his  
 box truck and lifts the back gate open and 5 more Hispanic  
 men get out of the truck and quickly talk to the Potbelly  
 driver in Spanish and they climb into Derek's van. Derek is  
 in dire straits so he just goes with the flow.

DEREK,,  
 (to the potbelly driver)  
 Yeah sure.

POTBELLY DRIVER  
 Orale! Let's go.

CUT TO

INT. BOXTRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

The Potbelly driver is driving with Derek riding shotgun.

POTBELLY DRIVER,  
 Name's CARLOS.

DEREK,  
 I'm Derek. I really do appreciate  
 you hooking me up Carlos. I had a  
 really long night last night. Not  
 much sleep.

CARLOS,  
 I can tell holmes. You don't look  
 like a morning person ese'. But a  
 broke down ride in West Texas can  
 do that anyone.

DEREK,  
 Man I can't wait to get out of West  
 Texas. This stretch of road sucks.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS,  
I know holmes, it's a desolate road  
out here.

Carlos takes a glance at Derek's dusty clothes.

CARLOS,  
Considering you slept outside by  
your van, you were lucky to wake up  
in one piece with all the coyotes,  
cougars and snakes that run around  
out there at night, among other  
things.

DEREK,  
I didn't even think about wild  
animals last night. I was totally  
out of it. I musta passed out, and  
I had the craziest nightmare. It  
was so real though.

There are several loud bangs coming from the back of the  
truck. Derek looks back at the rear cab wondering what's the  
going on in the back.

CARLOS,  
(ignoring the noise in the  
back)  
Nightmares huh? You sure maybe you  
didn't run into a ghost or  
something.

DEREK,  
(taken aback that Carlos said  
ghosts)  
Ghosts?

CARLOS,  
This is West Texas and I've been  
here all my life. There are a few  
constants here. Mountains, I-10 and  
ghosts.

Derek looks shocked and stares at Carlos which is noticed by  
our driver.

CARLOS,  
This land is full of ghosts. Short  
on people, but long on ghosts. This  
land was Apache land long ago and  
White Eyes and Apaches spilled a  
lot of blood here.

Carlos sees the look on Derek's face and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS,  
And sometimes that blood still  
spills. Not to mention all the  
illegals trying to come across. A  
lot of them wind up dying in these  
mountains nobody ever knowing  
anything about them.

As if on cue when Carlos mentions Illegal Aliens, Carlos  
stops the truck.

Derek hears the back gate of the truck open up and then  
closing quickly. Derek looks back and sees two poorly  
dressed and ill looking Hispanic men running out into the  
desert. Before Derek can say anything about the men running  
out into the desert. Carlos revs the engine and takes off  
and picks up where he left off about the ghosts.

CARLOS,  
Judging by the way you look and  
your nightmare. It's safe to say  
you had a run in with some of those  
ghosts.

DEREK,  
On any other day I would say you  
crazy. But after last night,,

CARLOS,  
I picked you up close to where the  
old Jerol place used to be.

Derek almost shits his pants and gives Carlos a stone cold  
stare and tries to utter..

DEREK,  
(shocked)  
What the fuck!

CARLOS,  
(laughing)  
You musta run into Old Nayeli and  
Jerol last night.

DEREK,  
Shit man, you mean that crap was  
real.

CARLOS,  
As real as any other ghost you see  
on ghost hunters or whatever else  
they show on tv nowadays.

(CONTINUED)



DEREK,  
Nah man, I'm grown. No such thing  
as ghost-nightmares yes.

Before Derek can say anything else, Carlos stops the truck again and again the sound of the back gate can be heard opening and closing and two more hispanic men run out, this time to a car conveniently parked alongside the road.

DEREK,  
Hey man. What's up with ...

CARLOS,  
(cuts Derek's question off)  
Nightmares, dreams, hallucinations  
or whatever. You ran into two of  
our oldest residents last night.

Derek has a little trouble focusing on the explanation of what happened the night before or the apparent ride along in the human smuggling box truck.

DEREK,  
I..I...

Eerie campfire ghost telling music starts to play in the background.

CARLOS,  
Jerol and Nayeli were an old Indian couple. Nayeli had a habit of messing around when Jerol would go out hunting for food and such. It was rumored that Jerol was able to catch up with a guy who was a railroad drifter who came upon the shack when Jerol was out. Of course Nayeli made him feel at home until Jerol came back early and hacked the drifter to death with his axe. He was about to knock off Nayeli when supposedly an old apache demon came to her rescue. It was this demon who actually made Nayeli sleep around. She would get possessed at times with this spirit. Before Jerol could kill his wife, the spirit took over Nayeli and she killed him first.

DEREK,  
HOLY SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS,  
Nobody ever really knew what happened to Nayeli, but its said that her and Jerol's spirit still haunt that area. The shack has since crumbled and all that is left is stories. But the truth of the matter is that the spirits of Nayeli and Jerol aren't the ghosts you need to worry about. That evil apache spirit is still out there and it don't like strangers in this area...

DEREK,  
Man I should have taken a plane.

Carlos smiles and makes another stop. Derek is still shaken by the story and does not seem to care that Carlos is letting another few guys out.

The town of Van Horn Texas can now be seen and Carlos makes a full stop. Derek now looks around and the sound of banging and bumping going on in the back accompanies the opening of the back gate and now 5 more guys go running out into the plains.

DEREK,  
Man, what's going on?

CARLOS,  
What's the matter, didn't you know that coyotes also come out during the day as well.

Carlos winks at Derek who knows enough that he has been riding with a border smuggler.

CARLOS,  
I'll drop you off at the gas station. They can fix you up there. So what you gunna do out in LA?

DEREK,  
LA...How did you..Never mind. I'm going out there to box and do stand up comedy.

CARLOS,  
Only truckers and star seekers driver out this way. Good luck homes!

Derek steps out of the truck at the gas station and Carlos calls out.

CARLOS,  
By the way homes..Don't spend the  
night in this town. Get to El Paso  
and stay there overnight.

Derek looks around the town which looks exactly like a  
rundown ghost town itself.

DEREK,  
Thanks

CARLOS,  
Easy homes..

CUT TO

INT.CARAVAN(MOVING)-NIGHT

Derek is riding listening to pop music coming from his  
radio.

Derek looks at the highway sign which reads TUSCON

FULL FRAME SHOT OF TUSCON SKYLINE

Derek stops at the first hotel he sees and gets down to  
check in.

FULL FRAME SHOT: MOTEL' DELIGHT

CUT TO

INT.MOTEL DELIGHT LOBBY

Derek is in the lobby checking in and grabs a newspaper.  
Derek thumbs thru the paper as he waits in line to be  
checked in and sees an ad in one of the sections.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF NEWSPAPER AD.

Laugh's Comedy Club Open mic. Friday nights-\$500 cash to the  
best performer. \$100 to the best of the top 5 performers.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Dude, I got this. I can practice up  
before I hit Cali and make a little  
cash god willing.

(CONTINUED)

Nice looking CHECK IN LADY around 30 or so and hispanic greets Derek at the desk and checks him in. Derek can't help buy maybe give it a shot since his whole trip is one big shot.

DEREK,

(to the check in lady)

Ahemmm. I'm sorry ma'am. I was just wondering what time you may be getting off. I was thinking maybe we could get a bite to eat or something?

CHECK IN LADY,

No Thank you.

DEREK,

Oh, I'm sorry. You must be married?

CHECK IN LADY,

No,

DEREK,

Engaged?

CHECK IN LADY,

No,

DEREK,

Boyfriend,

CHECK IN LADY,

No,

DEREK,

(sarcastic)

Lesbian?

CHECK IN LADY,

No.

Sound of loser music that plays in Game Shows plays in the background-

**wak, wak wakkkkkk...**

DEREK,

Oh...Ok...Sorry.

Taking a hint. Derek walks away from the counter.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to himself, dejected)  
I got better things to do anyways.

Derek walks out of the lobby.

CUT TO

INT.TUSCON COMEDY CLUB DOORWAY

Derek makes his way thru the well lit comedy club which is really crowded which makes our hero a little nervous. Derek makes his way to the front doorway where the CASHIER and BOUNCER sit.

Bouncer cards Derek.

DEREK,  
(to the bouncer)  
Hey, thanks..

BOUNCER,  
(smug)  
Don't kid yourself, we card everybody.

DEREK,  
Ok fine.

DEREK,  
(to the cashier, woman fat)  
I'm here for the open mic.

CASHIER,  
You funny?

DEREK,  
I guess so. My mom says I'm funny.  
I also took a workshop once.

CASHIER,  
(not impressed and smug)  
15 dollars to get in, and your  
number is 22. Just wait your turn.

DEREK,  
(rolling his eyes)  
Thank you.

Derek walks away from the cashier.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(mutters to himself)  
Bitch.

The cashier catches wind of Derek's remark.

CAMERA PANS DEREK WALKING AWAY FROM CASHIER AS SHE LOOKS AT HIM.

CUT TO

INT.TUSCON COMEDY CLUB TABLE AREA

Derek is sitting by himself at one of the tables waiting for his number to be called when a WAITRESS comes up to the table.

WAITRESS,  
Can I get you anything?

DEREK,  
Diet Pepsi please.

Waitress walks off and Derek is sitting at the table looking at one of the comics onstage giving a pretty dull routine and Derek hears a HECKLER in the audience.

HECKLER,  
(off screen)  
Man you suck! Get off the stage dude. The only thing funny is the way you look.

The onstage comic appears to be a bit on the heavy nerdy side and the heckler seems to have gotten the best of him because the novice throws the mic down and walks off apparently in tears which the crowd seems to think is the best part of the act as sparse laughter can be heard through the audience.

Seeing the comic drown, nerves begin to hit Derek as the waitress comes back with his Diet Pepsi.

WAITRESS,  
(putting the drink on table)  
Here you go.

DEREK,  
(to the waitress)  
You know what? I think I'll take a bud light as well. I'm going onstage soon and I think I need some beer muscle courage to get up there.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS,  
(finding Derek's beer  
reference somewhat amusing  
with a smile  
I'll be right back.

Derek leans back in his chair as the club emcee walks on the stage.

CLUB EMCEE,  
(to the audience)  
Well, I hope that guy at least  
keeps his crying act. I think he's  
something there.

Crowd laughs.

CLUB EMCEE,  
I hope the next one is a little  
better. Number 20, your up!

Emcee looks around but nobody is getting onstage. Derek fidgets in his chair as he begins to get a little more nervous as his number draws closer.

CLUB EMCEE,  
20, hello, number 20.

Still nothing.

CLUB EMCEE,  
20, going once, going twice.

Still nothing

CLUB EMCEE,  
Alright folks, I guess you scared  
that one off. Let's move on. Number  
21, come on down.

No movement in the crowd as nobody walks to the stage. Derek grabs his Diet Pepsi with both hands and looks around for the waitress to hurry back with his courage in a bottle.

DEREK,  
(to himself and looking around  
the room in every direction)  
Hurry up lady.

CLUB EMCEE,  
Number 21, don't be scared, nothing  
to be feared. Number 21.

(CONTINUED)

Derek is really nervous now as the reality that he has never gotten on stage before begins to hit him.

DEREK,  
(to himself annoyed)  
Where is she?

CLUB EMCEE,  
OK then. It looks like another one bites the dust out here in the desert. Number 22, please get your ass up here if you got the guts.

DOLLY UP TO DEREK WITH A SCARED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Oh shit!

Two voices begin to echo in Derek's ears.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(Derek looking to the left)  
Sit your ass down and just wait for him to go on to the next one.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(Derek looking to the right)  
Get your ass up and get onstage.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
I'm scared, I've never done this type of shit before.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(Derek looking to his left)  
Stay down.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(Derek looking to his right)  
You should have stayed home if you're not going to get up.

Derek's dilemma is resolved with a woman's voice coming from behind him.

WOMAN'S VOICE(OFF)  
(yelling)  
He's right over here.

Derek is stunned and pissed hearing the voice and he turns around to hear see the cashier standing behind him with a great big smile on her face.

(CONTINUED)



ZOOM IN TO DEREK'S FACE

DEREK,  
(looking at the cashier)  
Alright.

Derek gets up from the table.

PANS FOLLOWING DEREK AS HE WALKS TO THE STAGE

DEREK,  
(muttering to himself)  
Bitch.

CUT TO

INT.TUSCON COMEDY CLUB STAGE

DEREK'S POV

Crowded room with a mixture of different kinds of people. There is a table that stands out with two white guys who have had too much to drink as they start to heckle Derek already.

HECKLER,#1  
Hurry the hell up, you only got 4 minutes.

HECKLER,#2  
You scared.

SHOT OF DEREK FACING THE CROWD.

DEREK,  
(to the hecklers)  
Yeah, so shut the fuck up!

Derek feels good about himself for saying something to the hecklers so he begins his routine completely off the top of his head.

DEREK,  
(voice slightly quivering)  
Alright folks, I got 4 minutes so if everybody just shuts up and cooperates, laughs when I tell you too then this will all be over.

HECKLER,#1  
He is scared, don't cry like the other guy.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(annoyed)  
I'm kinda pissed right now folks, I was waiting on my drink that never came and now I have these two assholes down in front already giving me a hard time. Lets start over.

Derek gazes across the crowd and can now barely make out anybody in the crowd.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE ROOM AND THROUGH THE CROWD

DEREK,  
My name is Derek, and I'm from Texas, Austin to be exact and I'm on my way to LA to be famous and shit, or something like that. I'm working my act on you guys tonight.

HECKLER,#1  
Clock is ticking and your not funny yet.

DEREK,  
(ignoring the heckler)  
Like I said, I'm a little pissed because I didn't get my beer before I hit the stage. Normally I don't drink, but I've never been onstage before so I needed to grow some beer balls to get up here, so my own balls will have to do for now. You see, my beer balls would have made me beer funny.

Couple of bits of laughter come from the crowd but not enough to drown out one of the hecklers.

HECKLER,#1  
I want a refund.

DEREK,  
(to the heckler)  
Case in point folks, this guy here is totally wasted and he has a lot of beer courage going on right now. You know I'm also a boxer who does a good comedy bit about whipping the local hecklers ass. Yeah, you guys probably got that beer handsome thing going on too I bet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEREK, (cont'd)  
You see folks, there is beer funny,  
beer muscle, beer handsome, beer  
pretty, beer smart. There a beer  
something for every occasion. I bet  
you folks would love for me to do  
the act about whipping these guys  
asses huh.

A few more laughs spring out from the crowd.

DEREK,  
Thanks folks. How much more time do  
I got.

Derek looks at the timer hanging from the wall above the crowd.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF TIMER READING 2 MIN.

DEREK,  
Cool, I'm half way done. I'm pretty  
good huh. I'm not shaking no more.  
I'm funny huh.

A few more laughs not necessarily because Derek is funny but more of his sarcasm.

DEREK,  
Yeah folks. I'm a typical loser  
from Austin TX heading out to LA  
with nothing to lose except his  
life savings, whatever self pride  
and self esteem I had left. I  
already lost my job, so what the  
hell. Going out to land a comedy  
gig.

HECKLER,#2  
Get off the stage loser,

DEREK,  
Ok folks, it looks like I got a  
minute left. Somebody give me some  
fucking credit for getting up here  
now. I'm sorry about the language,  
but I hear good comedy is just how  
much cussing a person can do while  
onstage. "what the fuck is this"  
this shit aint funny.

(CONTINUED)

HECKLER, #1  
You aint funny either.

A few laughs echo for the heckler.

DEREK,  
Well folks, looks like only 30  
seconds, and to close things out.  
Let me do something with our  
friends here at the table in front.

Derek walks down to the table of hecklers and flips the  
table upside down and pushes the guys.

Crowd is amused at the sight. Bouncers come and grab Derek.

CAMERA PANS FOLLOWING BOUNCERS TAKING DEREK OUT THE DOOR.

DEREK,  
(yelling)  
SO DOES THIS MEAN I DIDN'T WIN THE  
MONEY.

BOUNCER,  
Shut the fuck up.

DEREK,  
(to the bouncer)  
Hey, thats funny. I guess it really  
is in how you say it.

CUT TO

INT. CARAVAN (MOVING) - DAY

Derek is driving out of Tucson and headed down the road.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF HIGHWAY SIGN

PHOENIX

84 MILES

Derek puts on some sunglasses as he rides on.

Derek's cell phone goes off. Derek looks at the number and  
recognizes it is his stepson ANTHONY.

ANTHONY is 18 and very young looking and still somewhat  
immature sounding in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Anthony. Whats up boy?

Anthony is on the other end of the line.

ANTHONY,  
Hey Daddy, how are you? I heard from Reva that you were moving to Los Angeles. Gunna do comedy or acting or sumthin.

DEREK,  
Well, I'm gunna try. How you doin boy. You should be driving now, almost a man now.

ANTHONY,  
Almost. I still havent takin my test yet. So You goin down there forever daddy?

DEREK,  
I don't know boy. That was the plan. I don't want you guys to think you never gunna see me again, but I know you guys have yur own life now. Sometimes I just thought I wasnt a part of it.

ANTHONY,  
I guess things did change a whole lot.

DEREK,  
In a sense Anthony. I hope to make it big out there. I wasn't able to give you guys the best. Not like I was a millionaire or anything. I just felt that I wanted to change my life by chasing my dreams. I'm gunna turn 43 in a few days and it was now or never. Don't ever think I'm abandoning you guys. But I haven't' seen you guys in a couple of years.

ANTHONY,  
It was a good thing I still had your number.

DEREK,  
I'm glad you called boy. I'm close to Phoenix now. Maybe things will  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEREK, (cont'd)  
work out to where you guys can come  
over here.

ANTHONY,  
Surfs up dude.

DEREK,  
Anthony

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
Yeah Daddy?

DEREK,  
I'm sorry about what happened with  
me and your mom. I've told you that  
before. I wish I could change the  
past but I can't.

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
Is that why you goin to California.

DEREK,  
I had nothing left back home. You  
guys were gone. I guess I'm  
thinking I wanted to make something  
of my useless life. I want to be  
someone you can be proud of,  
someone that maybe you can tell  
your friends about.

Anthony laughs over the phone.

DEREK,  
I just want to make a difference in  
the world boy. I want to be able to  
somehow make a difference in your  
life. I know that may sound crazy  
with me being hundreds of miles  
away. I was just tired of being a  
loser in life boy. I want to  
somehow impact your life and it  
felt like goin after this was the  
only way I could make a difference  
in your life.

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
I get it daddy.

DEREK,  
So what are your plans for the  
future?

FULL FRAME SHOT OF ANTHONY

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY,  
Well, I was thinkin a joining the  
Air Force.

DEREK,  
Wow. That's a big step. You know I  
was going to join Marines when I  
was young. But I got scared. I  
wonder sometimes what my life would  
have been like if I just took that  
step. Hmm.

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
I'm kinda scared too.

DEREK,  
You know boy. If nothing else,  
don't ever be scared of making a  
decision. That has always been my  
mistake. I know its easy for me,  
I've always been scared and  
sometimes the worst decisions are  
the ones you don't make because you  
were scared.

ANTHONY ON THE PHONE

ANTHONY,  
Is that why you're off to LA? Gonna  
beat all those fears?

DEREK,  
Dang boy, you are smart.

Anthony can be heard laughing on the other end of the line.

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
Daddy, I gotta go. Lets keep in  
touch. I want to go down there with  
you soon.

DEREK,  
That would be awesome boy, you and  
your brother and sister. Maybe your  
mom too.

ANTHONY, (OFF)  
Bye Daddy.

Derek is moved by the call and adjusts his glasses to cover  
up a tear maybe.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to himself quietly)  
Just to make an impact on you boy.  
Don't ever be scared.

Derek sighs and looks at another highway sign.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF THE HIGHWAYS SIGN

LOS ANGELES

334 MILES

CUT TO

EXT.CARAVAN(MOVING)-NIGHT

Derek is driving along and enters the Indio city limits sign  
and turns to the right.

DEREK,  
(surprised)  
Whoa!

CUT TO

EXT.FANTASY RESORT SPRINGS HOTEL-NIGHT

FULL FRAME SHOT OF FANTASY RESORT CASINO SIGN

DOLLY UP OF DEREK STANDING OUTSIDE THE FRONT ENTRANCE

DEREK,  
(to himself with delight)  
LA is going to have to wait a few  
hours or so.

CUT TO

INT.FANTASY SPRINGS CASINO

CAMERA FOLLOWS DEREK AS HE ENTERS THE CASINO

FULL FRAME SHOT OF THE CASINO SLOT MACHINES FROM DEREK'S POV

CAMERA PANS TO THE CARD TABLES FROM DEREK'S POV

MONTAGE

PLAYERS AT THE SLOT MACHINES PUTTING MONEY INTO THE MACHINES  
AND GETTING TICKETS

PLAYERS AT A BLACK JACK TABLE

(CONTINUED)



PLAYERS AT THE ROULETTE TABLE

PATRONS AT THE CASHIERS BOOTH CASHING OUT

Derek takes his wallet out and pulls out a couple of bills.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF TWO TEN DOLLAR BILLS IN DEREK'S HAND

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
OK, lets hit the cheap slots.

Derek sits at one of the slot machines.

FRAME SHOT OF DEREK PUTTING A TEN DOLLAR BILL INTO ONE OF  
THE SLOT MACHINES

MONTAGE

DEREK PULLING THE LEVER

SLOT SYMBOLS GOING UP AND DOWN

THREE KEYS HITTING

VARIOUS SYMBOLS GOING UP AND DOWN

CLOSE UP OF DEREK' FACE LIGHTING UP

DEREK,  
Hell yeah,

CLOSE UP OF DEREK GETTING UPSET

DEREK,  
Hell no, damn,

SHOT OF A TICKET COMING OUT OF THE SLOT MACHINE

FULL FRAME SHOT OF THE TICKET:1.03

DEREK,  
(disappointed)  
Mann. I just lost 9 bucks.

DRINK SERVER walks by with the drink cart

DRINK SERVER,  
(out loud to the players)  
Drinks, Drinks. Free drinks.

Derek looks over to the drink server.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to the drink server)  
Do you have any diet soda?

The drink server hands Derek a diet drink. Derek notices a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE woman in her late 20's playing just behind where the drink server is.

DEREK,  
(to the drink server)  
Thank you.

The drink server turns and asks the beautiful blonde woman if she would like a drink.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
(thick Russian accent)  
Yes please.

The drink server hands the woman a drink.

Derek and blonde make eye contact as the drink server walks away. The blonde does not seem overly impressed with Derek and turns back to playing her slot machine.

Derek turns back to his machine.

Derek glances back at the blonde who continues to play her slots.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD TO HIS SLOT MACHINE SCREEN.

DEREK TURNS TO HIS LEFT AS HE HEARS A VOICE

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Dude, you gotta try and hit that.  
You made it to Cali man. First  
night here man. Be bad man, have  
some fun and go for it.

Derek hears another voice to his right.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Hey, don't look at me man. Your bad  
judgement is actually right on  
point this time. Go strong or get a  
hotel room somewhere and put in the  
Secret again till you get the balls  
dude.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Alright then. What in the world do  
I have to lose?

Derek gets up from his slot machine and goes over and sits down at the slot machine next to the blonde.

The blonde glances over as Derek sits down. Derek glances back and smiles. The blonde just turns back to machine and puts some money into the machine.

Derek puts his dollar ticket into the machine and begins to play.

Derek turns to the blonde and decides to make his move

DEREK,  
(turning to the blonde and  
asks)  
So, is this your first time here?  
Never seen you here before.

The blonde turns towards Derek and then turns back to her slot machine and answers.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
(facing her machine and not  
looking directly at Derek)  
Yes, is first time.

DEREK,  
That's some accent you got there.  
Where you from?

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
(still facing her machine)  
Ukraine.

DEREK,  
You know, I once fought a guy from  
the Ukraine. Very tough.

The blonde turns towards Derek.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
(questions)  
Fought

DEREK,  
Yes. I fought a guy from the  
Ukraine once. Really tough guy,  
strong chin. I'm a pro boxer. I  
fight for money.

(CONTINUED)

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
I know what a boxer is. You are a  
boxer?

DEREK,  
Why yes. I'm usually in Vegas, but  
I do spend every other weekend here  
in California. I live in LA and I  
hit these Casinos whenever I'm  
down. When I'm not in Vegas or  
Cali, I take a flight out to New  
York. I travel alot, but never been  
to the Ukraine.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,  
Is ugly country. My name is SASHA.

DEREK,  
Sasha, like Rocky and Bullwinkle  
nemesis girlfriend Sasha?

SASHA,  
What?

DEREK,  
I mean Sasha is a beautiful name.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Idiot.

SASHA,  
I have seen cartoon. Her name was  
Natasha.

Derek just laughs.

SASHA,  
(sarcastic)  
You are comedian too?

DEREK,  
(laughing halfheartedly)  
Comedian-what, me..no. I was just  
making a joke.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
(whispering to Derek)  
Moron.

SASHA,  
So..You are boxer?

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
 (mimicking Sasha's accent)  
 Yes..I am boxer. I have fought all  
 over the world.

SASHA,  
 Do you fight for lot of money?

DEREK,  
 Yes I fight for lot of money.

There is a middle age Asian man on the other side of Derek's slot machine who peaks his head out from the other side when he hears Derek saying he fights for lots of money. Derek catches sight of him and briefly glances at the man and then turns back to Sasha.

SASHA,  
 What is your name?

DEREK,  
 My name?

SASHA,  
 Yes, what is name?

Derek looks to his left as he was looking for advice.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
 (in a panic)  
 Quick, look to the machines to your  
 right, over by the door.

Derek does as directed by the voice and sees three machines.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF SLOT MACHINE: ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC

CAMERA PANS TO THE NEXT MACHINE: CATCHING PAC MAN

CAMERA ZOOMS TO THE PAC MAN FACE

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
 (with Derek looking to the  
 right)  
 Just tell her the truth you  
 imbecile.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
 (with Derek looking to the  
 left)  
 The truth will set you free..free  
 of sex. My way gets you laid.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
Pacquiao. Manny Pacquiao.

The Asian man behind Derek's slot machine turns again and looks at Derek.

Derek looks back at the Asian man and quickly turns around to Sasha.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK FACING THE CAMERA

DEREK,  
(cocky)  
You can call me Pac Man.

CUT TO

INT.SASHA'S HOTEL ROOM

CAMERA FOLLOWS DEREK AND SASHA WALKING INTO SASHA'S HOTEL ROOM

SASHA,  
(sultry Ukranian accent)  
Please Pac Man. Make yourself comfortable.

DEREK,  
You know what, I think with your accent. You should just call me Derek.

SASHA,  
What?

DEREK,  
Sorry. I meant Manny. Derek is my middle name.

Derek looks around the room as Sasha walks to the bathroom door and turns back to Derek.

SASHA,  
Please excuse me for moment. I'm going to change into something a little more comfortable.

DEREK,  
Go right ahead.

Sasha walks into the bathroom and Derek sits down on the love seat next to the door. Derek turns towards the bathroom and sees that the door is slightly ajar.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(raising his voice)  
So tell me. What brings you to  
California.

SASHA VOICE(OFF)  
Going to Los Angeles to divorce  
husband.

Derek raises his head and turns to his right and looks over  
his shoulder.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Oy Vey!

DEREK,  
Husband?

SASHA VOICE(OFF)  
Yes.

DEREK,  
(sarcastic)  
Uh, does he know you're coming to  
divorce him.

SASHA VOICE(OFF)  
Yes. We both go to Los Angeles for  
divorce.

Sasha comes out of the bathroom in a stunning nightgown.

SASHA,  
You like?

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Oh hell yeah. Badda Bing.

DEREK,  
Oh, very much so.

Derek fidgets in the love seat as Sasha walks over and sits  
next to him.

SASHA,  
I hear of famous boxer in Ukraine.  
My husband also in boxing business.

DEREK,  
(nervous as Sasha gets closer  
to him)  
Oh really. Now you say you are  
getiting divorced huh. How soon?

SASHA,  
Soon.

DEREK,  
Ah ha. So you're husband is in the  
boxing business huh.

SASHA,  
He pay boxers sometimes.

DEREK,  
A promoter?

SASHA,  
I don't know, he pay boxer to lose  
sometimes?

Derek leans back a little as Sasha brushes up closer to him.

DEREK,  
(mimicking Sasha's accent)  
Pay boxer to lose?

SASHA,  
Yes, he pay boxer to lose and get  
get money. My husband is gambler,  
him and his friends like to gamble.

DEREK,  
(again mimicking Sasha's  
accent)  
Like to gamble?

SASHA,  
Yes. He and friends make lots of  
money in Russia from gambling.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Oh Shit!

Someone begins to pound on the door.

Derek and Sasha are both startled. A man's voice begins to  
yell in Russian from outside the door.

RUSSIAN WORDS TRANSLATED IN SUBTITLES

**OPEN THE DOOR!**

DEREK,  
Who is that?

(CONTINUED)



SASHA,  
Husband.

DEREK,  
What?

SASHA,  
We come together. He is in upstairs  
floor.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Holy shit!

Derek jumps up from the love seat.

Sasha yells at the door in Russian.

RUSSIAN WORDS TRANSLATED IN SUBTITLES

***I AM WITH FAMOUS BOXER. MANNY PAC MAN. LEAVE OR HE WILL KICK  
YOUR ASS DEAD AND I WILL GET ALL YOUR MONEY***

Derek takes two steps back.

Man yelling in Russian continues outside the door.

Sasha gets up from the love seat.

SASHA,  
Do not worry. I tell my husband who  
you are. Do favor and kick his ass  
dead then I will be widow.

DEREK,  
(worried)  
Wellll..I..I..

Door busts open and in walks a big bald headed man about 30  
years of age.

Derek looks at Sasha.

DEREK,  
(scared)  
That's your husband?

SASHA,  
Bodyguard.

Derek looks at Sasha and then looks at the BODYGUARD.

Bodyguard takes a step to the right and a small fat man  
about 60 years of age with balding hair walks in.

(CONTINUED)

Derek looks at the old fat man and then turns to Sasha.

DEREK,  
(rolling his eyes at Sasha)  
Husband.

SASHA,  
Da.

SCREEN FADES TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT.SASHA'S HOTEL ROOM

Sasha's husband and his bodyguard walk into Sasha's room.

SASHA'S HUSBAND walks over to Derek.

SASHA'S HUSBAND,  
You are Pac Man.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Do as I say and we can get out of  
this.

DEREK,  
(long pause)  
Yes..I'm Pac Man.

SASHA'S HUSBAND,  
I am IVAN. I normally would kill  
any man I see with my wife.

Ivan looks over to Sasha as she puts on her robe.

DEREK,  
I totally get that. I didn't know  
she was married.

IVAN,  
Yes I'm sure.

SASHA,  
Please Manny. Do favor and throw my  
soon to be ex-husband his pet dog  
out of my room before he calls for  
his other friends and makes more  
trouble.

DEREK,  
Other Friends...

(CONTINUED)

IVAN,  
I have many business associates.

DEREK,  
I see. You know what guys. This is total mix up. I'm sorry Sasha, but I never get involved with married women, even those about to get divorced.

SASHA,  
Please Manny. Do not be afraid of Ivan and his friends.

DEREK,  
I-

Ivan begins to talk to Sasha in Russian as Derek stands there fidgeting in his tracks.

IVAN,  
(to Derek,)  
Please. Do not be alarmed. I am big fan. I hear of you in Russia but do not see fights. I have fight business in Russia and want to come here to America and be big promoter. I would not kill someone like you who is famous. Maybe we could do business deal maybe.

Derek looks a little more relaxed as Sasha gets angry.

SASHA,  
Always same.

Sasha gets a cigarette from her purse and begins to smoke and sits in the love seat as the men in the room continue to stand.

IVAN,  
I have fighters that maybe you can train for me. Maybe jump ship and fight for me.

DEREK,  
Hey, now maybe you have something there Ivan. I can definitely help you if you promise you won't kill me.

Derek and Ivan start to laugh as Sasha rolls her eyes as she continues to sit on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

There is a knock on the door and the bodyguard goes to answer as Derek and Ivan continue to laugh and chat amongst themselves. Sasha gets up and goes to the bathroom.

The body guard opens the door and a tall slender man in his mid 30's walks in.

Ivan notices the man.

IVAN,  
(to the man walking in)  
YURI. Come and meet our new friend.

Sasha comes back into the room and sees Yuri and smiles. Yuri sees Sasha and just looks away. Derek sees Sasha and Yuri's uncomfortable moment.

IVAN,  
Yuri, this is Manny Pac Man.

YURI,  
(slight russian accent)  
Manny Pac Man? What?

Derek gets real nervous now.

IVAN,  
Yes, famous boxer Manny Pac Man.  
He's going to work for me.

DEREK,  
Well, hahah. I mean.

YURI,  
(looking at Derek)  
You mean Manny Pacquiao? This is  
not Manny Pacquiao.

IVAN,  
(angry, tugs at the gun in his  
waist)  
What?

DEREK,  
Well, I'm a second cousin. We're  
both from that side of the ocean  
anyways.

Sasha looks surprised.

SASHA,  
I knew something wrong.

The bodyguard walks close to Derek who takes 3 nervous steps back.

DEREK,  
Look Ivan. I wasn't trying nothing  
with your wife. She invited me up  
to look at her nightgown.

IVAN,  
Why?

DEREK,  
(scared as shit)  
I..I, I'm gay. I'm very good at  
fashion.

Yuri, Ivan and Sasha all look at the big bodyguard who begins to smile as Derek tells everyone he is gay.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Good one man.

DEREK,  
Look. I met your wife downstairs  
and we got to talking bout clothes  
and shit. She wanted to look good  
for that man.

Derek points to Yuri who has a stunned look on her face.

CAMERA SHOT OF SASHA WITH A SCARED LOOK ON HER FACE

YURI,  
(begins to pull a gun from his  
waist)  
He lies!

IVAN,  
Wait!

Ivan looks over to Sasha who now has tears running down his face.

SASHA,  
(weeping)  
Yes. Yes is true. I cannot lie any  
longer.

YURI,  
Sasha!

SASHA,  
I'm sorry my love. I don't know how  
this man knew.

Ivan looks to his bodyguard who now pulls a gun and holds it  
to Yuri's head. Ivan also pulls his gun.

DEREK,  
Yes Ivan. That is why she is taking  
you to LA for this divorce.

IVAN,  
(looking at Derek)  
She tell you this?

DEREK,  
Well, that's a guess. But it makes  
sense.

IVAN,  
(so Sasha)  
Is true?

SASHA,  
Yes, is all true. But I still love  
you Ivan. Yuri make moves on me.

YURI,  
Sasha!

Derek is standing in the background inching closer to the  
door.

DEREK,  
Uh...can I go now?

Ivan comes close to Sasha who embraces him. Sasha and Ivan  
kiss.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF BODYGUARD HOLDING HIS GUN TO YURI'S HEAD

Ivan nods his head to the bodyguard.

Bodyguard opens the door for Derek.

Derek walks out.

CAMERA SHOT OF BODYGUARD WAVING AND BLOWING A KISS TO DEREK.

Derek turns and runs down the hall.

CUT TO

INT.HOTEL HALLWAY

Derek makes it down the end of the hallway.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Damn man. Russian Mafia in the  
desert. I'm outta here. On to  
Hollywood.

CUT TO

EXT.CARAVAN(MOVING)-DAY

Derek is driving along the California Highway and looks to  
through the passenger window and smiles.

LOS ANGELES 20 MILES

MONTAGE

- EAST LA BARRIO HOUSE TOPS
- LARGE PALM TREES LINING LA EXPRESSWAY
- HOLLYWOOD SIGN IN THE HILLS
- LA HILLS PEPPERED WITH HOUSES
- DOWNTOWN LA BUILDINGS
- CAPITAL RECORDS

BACK TO SCENE

Derek smiling as he continues to drive

CUT TO

INT.LA MOTEL LOBBY

Derek walks into the motel lobby where he is greeted by a  
pretty faced woman who is maybe in her mid 30's. She looks  
either hispanic or possibly asian, or mixed. Her body is a  
little on the heavy side, but she is a nice looking woman.

Derek comes up to the counter and sees the name tag on her  
uniform.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF NAME TAG WHICH READS SHEILA

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA,  
HI, how u doin today?

DEREK,  
Good. Needin to see if you guys got  
any rooms available.

SHEILA,  
Of course, we always have  
something.

SHEILA smiles at Derek who returns the favor. Derek takes  
out his ID and Credit Card and gives them to Sheila.

SHEILA,  
(looking at Derek's ID)  
Wow, that's some last name, You  
Filipino, you look like you might  
be?

DEREK,  
Mixed, Hawaiian and Hispanic with a  
touch of white from My dad's granpa  
from West Virginia, Irishman I  
think.

SHEILA,  
Cooool. I'm Filipino myself, been  
here in LA all my life though. So  
where you from.

DEREK,  
I just rolled in to town a about an  
hour ago from Austin TX(with a  
little bit of Texas slang).

SHEILA,  
(eyes brighten a little)  
So what brings you to LA?

DEREK,  
Well, believe it or not. Here to  
chase a dream, to break into stand  
up comedy.

SHEILA,  
Is that so. I do believe it, there  
are so many people here in Los  
Angeles trying to do the same  
thing. I think it's cool to go  
after what you want.

Sheila hands Derek back his ID and his room key.

(CONTINUED)



CAMERA DOLLYS UP TO SHEILA'S FACE SMILING

Derek and Sheila both make eye contact.

SHEILA,  
Welcome to LA. Your room number is  
227. I hope you enjoy your stay  
Derek.

DEREK,  
Thanks.

CAMERA PANS AS DEREK WALKS AWAY FROM THE COUNTER AND HEADS  
FOR THE DOOR.

Derek looks back and smiles at Sheila who smiles back.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

Derek picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S SISTER REVA'S HOUSE

Derek's sister REVA, early 30's picks up her cell phone.

REVA,  
(into her cell phone)  
Hello

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Hey Reva...Its me. You will never  
guess where I'm callin from.

REVA,  
Where?

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

Derek is on the other end of the line

DEREK,  
Los Angeles.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
What the hell!

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
That's right little sister. Took  
the risk of a lifetime...Gonna do  
my standup.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
But you're not even funny.

DEREK,  
Your opinion little sister. Gonna  
make it big for me and the kids.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
Speaking of such...Did you tell the  
kids.

DEREK,  
Well...that's what I was calling  
about. Once I get settled in here  
and make some money...I want the  
kids to come out here and stay.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
Does Sandra know this?

DEREK,  
That's why its a risk. Gotta do  
good to make it all happen...I got  
tired of the kids knowing their dad  
is a loser. I never did  
anything...never accomplished  
anything...just survived.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
I guess I'll call Sandra...I would  
think you were wanting me to do the  
dirty work.

DEREK,  
If you didn't mind...tell her I'll  
be sending the money on time, and  
for her not to worry about the  
support. Tell the kids I love them  
and I'm gonna work this out...Just  
something I had to do before I got  
too old and died and shit.

REVA'S VOICE(OFF)  
Hey...I gotta go and get  
Andres...But I'll call em up...But  
call me later and fill me in what  
your plans are.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
OK...talk to you later.

CUT TO

EXT.MOTEL UPSTAIRS WALKWAY-MORNING

Sheila is outside talking to one the the cleaning ladies as Derek steps out of his room.

DEREK,  
(to Sheila)  
Good Morning.

SHEILA,  
Hey, how are you?

DEREK,  
Doin good now.

Cleaning lady walks away.

SHEILA,  
So howz the comedy thing goin? You made it to any of the comedy clubs yet?

DEREK,  
Gunna try a club tonight. Maybe youd like to come check me out?

SHEILA,  
That would be so cool, but I have school tonite.

DEREK,  
Really? whatcha studyin?

SHEILA,  
Well, I take some writing courses. You know its ironic you came out here to follow your dreams because I'm actually trying to be a screenwriter myself.

DEREK,  
No way.

SHEILA,  
Yeah, I've got the writing skills down pat, it's just that sometimes the imagination thing gets me. I have a hard time coming up with good stories from start to finish.

(CONTINUED)

Derek smiles at Sheila.

DEREK,  
(half laughing, but serious)  
You can write my story. Man I would  
make a good movie. I could play the  
lead and be myself and we could  
both make a lot of money.

Sheila laughs.

SHEILA,  
Hey, you never know. That would be  
something huh.

DEREK,  
Middle aged divorced loser turned  
comedian with a movie about the  
whole thing and how it all started  
with a trip to LA. UP and quit,  
left everything behind and started  
over.

SHEILA,  
Hey now that does sound like  
something. But you shouldn't call  
yourself a loser.

Derek crosses his arms and leans back against the wall.

DEREK,  
Well, I don't exactly have the  
world by the balls or anything. I  
sometimes wonder who would notice  
if I died tomorrow.

SHEILA,  
You shouldn't talk like that. You  
got guts for coming out here and at  
least giving it a shot. You never  
know what you're gunna find out  
here.

Sheila makes eye contact with Derek who smiles.

DEREK,  
You never know. I just wish I would  
have taken a plane. You know, I had  
never been out of the state of  
Texas, never seen the ocean, never  
been on a plane and I'm gunna turn  
43 freakin years old in a coupla  
days. Can you believe that?

SHEILA,  
Dang. I didn't know that.

DEREK,  
What? Everything I said I hadn't  
done.

SHEILA,  
(laughing)  
Well, all that- and the fact that  
it's your birthday, well coming up  
anyways.

DEREK,  
The 18th.

SHEILA,  
Well you gotta see the ocean then,  
celebrate by checking it out. I'm  
surprised you havent yet, or have  
you?

DEREK,  
Nah, I figured I'd go this weekend.  
If I make it that long out here.

SHEILA,  
Believe in yourself and you will  
make out here. That's the key to  
this place. I guess, well I don't  
guess, I know I'm gunna write that  
one movie. But really do believe in  
what you doin.

DEREK,  
We're both a coupla dreamers huh.  
Just doing our thing out here with  
all the other stars.

FULL CAMERA SHOT OF DEREK AND SHEILA STANDING IN FRONT OF  
EACH OTHER SMILING.

DEREK,  
Look, I gotta get going. Gunna try  
and find a job and find this boxing  
gym I wanted to check, I'm a big  
fan of Freddie Smith and want to  
check out his club.

SHEILA,  
Ok. I'll see you later maybe.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
(winks at Sheila)  
Fo sure.

Sheila giggles and walks off. Derek heads down the stairs.

CUT TO

EXT.CARAVAN(MOVING)-DAY

Derek is driving down Hollywood Blvd looking out the window.

DEREK,  
(muttering to himself)  
Where the hell is this place?

Derek looks at his map.

DEREK,  
(annoyed)  
Fuck man!

Derek sees a street sign.

FAR AWAY CAMERA SHOT OF UNRECOGNIZABLE STREET SIGN.

Derek looks at his map.

DEREK,  
Should be over here somewhere.

Derek looks out his window on the passenger side and sees sign in between two fast food places.

FULL CAMERA SHOT: CHAMP PIT

DEREK,  
(excited)  
Booya Baby! Another fantasy bout to  
come true. Ring one up D! I told  
you Richard I would make it to this  
place.

CUT TO

EXT.CHAMP PIT BOXING CLUB

CAMERA PANS FOLLOWING DEREK TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE GYM  
WHICH IS A STAIRWAY TO THE UPSTAIRS LEVEL WHERE THE GYM IS  
LOCATED

There are two young hispanic guys sitting on the steps of  
the stairway leading to one of Derek's dreams.

(CONTINUED)

Background music of **STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN BY LED ZEPPELIN.**

DEREK,  
(to the guys sitting on  
stairs)  
Excuse me.

The young men look at Derek but don't move.

DEREK,  
Ok, perdona me!

The young men still don't move.

DEREK,  
(annoyed)  
Alright, how bout move the hell out  
da way!

One of the men gets up and sits down in front of the other  
to make room for Derek to walk up the stairs.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
That's the LA way I guess.

CAMERA PANS AND FOLLOWS DEREK UP THE STAIRS

CUT TO

INT.CHAMP PIT BOXING CLUB

Derek enters the gym. The gym itself is just like the gym  
back home but smaller. Same type of ring, a few less bags.  
Biggest difference is the number of fighters inside this gym  
as well as onlookers. The place is crowded. Every bag is  
being worked by young aggressive fighters, all of which are  
cut up from long hours of work. Only two speed bags that can  
be seen that are also being worked with a feverish pitch  
that resonates thru the gym, but does not engulf the gym as  
maybe it would back in Derek's own gym back home.

The sound of all types of people and boxers punching and  
grunting and the oohs and aahs of bystanders who have lined  
up on the front wall of the entrance. There are quite a bit  
of nice looking women walking thru the gym scantily clad but  
dripping with sweat indicating they are working just as hard  
as the guys.

There is one large ring next to entrance and there are two  
guys who would seem to be pros as the ring is encircled by  
at least 20 onlookers and a few trainers.

(CONTINUED)

**POW, BAP, BIT, UPPERCUTS AND LEFT LEADS, JABS AND ALL ASSORTMENT OF PUNCHES BEING HURLED BY THE TWO FIGHTERS, ONE BLACK AND THE OTHER HISPANIC.**

Derek knows he is not back home, although the size of the place is a little bit of a let down.

DEREK,  
(mutters to himself)  
Small ass place.

Derek walks over to the front of the door where there are two guys, one large black man and one small WHITE CHUBBY MAN who seems more like a gas station clerk which would seem to be out of place in this boxing gym. Both men are standing behind a makeshift counter. The larger black man is talking to a few other guys. While the white chubby man is just looking at the sparring action in the ring.

Derek parks himself in front of the counter. The black man is still talking and the chubby white man ignores Derek and continues to watch the action in the ring which is intense and draws all the onlookers to scream and shout.

Derek takes a glance at the action in the ring and then looks back.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Ok, the LA way then.

DEREK,  
Hey, how much to join this place?

CHUBBY WHITE MAN,  
(looking at Derek)  
50 bucks a month, 5 dollars a day.

DEREK,  
Can I take a look around the place first?

CHUBBY WHITE MAN,  
NO. All visitors must stay by the front, no wandering around. For your own protection.

DEREK,  
OK.

Derek takes 5 dollars out of his pocket and hands it to the chubby white man.

(CONTINUED)



DEREK,  
I came here to workout, big fan of  
Freddie and the Danny Munoz.

The chubby white man is unimpressed and ignores Derek.

CHUBBY WHITE MAN,  
Shower and dressing room is by the  
back of the gym.

CAMERA PANS FOLLOWING DEREK WALK THRU THE GYM

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Prick

CUT TO

INT.CHAMP PIT LOCKER ROOM

Derek is inside the dressing room changing when FREDDI  
SMITH, 50 YEAR OLD TRAINER walks into the dressing room with  
a young black fighter.

CAMERA PANS FREDDIE AND THE FIGHTER WALKING INTO THE  
DRESSING ROOM

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Whoa shit! Show sum guts Derek and  
go meet the guy.

Derek looks to his left as he hears a voice coming from his  
head.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
Don't make a fool of yourself man,  
he don't give a shit about some old  
man who seen too many Rocky movies.

Derek looks to his right as he hears his voice again.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
You made it all the way to LA. Go  
for broke, you dun gone dis far. He  
don't really give a shit about you,  
but you can die saying you met the  
man. Fuck it D. OH yeah, you have  
seen too many Rocky movies.

DEREK,  
Fuck it!

(CONTINUED)

Derek does not realize that he swore out loud and Freddie Roach turns to Derek.

FREDDIE,  
Scuse me!

DEREK,  
(stunned)  
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't see you there Mr. Smith. I'm new here, but I'm a big fan. I just came from Texas and its been a goal of mine to come work out at your gym.

FREDDIE,  
Well, its good to you have you here. Call me Freddie, most everyone else does.

DEREK,  
In truth F-r-e-d-d-i-e. I came to LA to be a comedian, mabye make it in the movies one day.

FREDDIE,  
(laughing)  
That right?

DEREK,  
That, and maybe a boxer or something.

FREDDIE,  
Both huh.

DEREK,  
Well, comedy.

FREDDIE,  
That's cool.

A couple of other young fighters come into the dressing room.

FREDDIE,  
(to Derek)  
Don't you think you just focus on one though. Hard to be great at more than one thing.

DEREK,  
I guess if one don't work out, then I got the other.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE,  
Or the lack of focus will get you  
neither.

DEREK,  
Yeah, there's always that. I guess  
I got nothing to lose. I kinda gave  
up everything back home to come out  
here.

Freddie looks at Derek as he lowers his head to the floor.

FREDDIE,  
Always keep your eyes and head up  
guy or it could be lights out. I  
didn't mean to preach guy. Welcome  
to Champ Pit gym man.

DEREK,  
(picks his head up and smiles)  
Thanks,

FREDDIE,  
See you out there.

CUT TO

INT.CHAMP PIT BOXING CLUB

MONATAGE BOXING TRAINING

Song *COMING HOME BY P.DIDDY MINUS THE LYRICS* playing in the  
background.

TWO YOUNG FIGHTERS GOING AT IT FEIRCE IN THE RING WITH  
FREDDIE ROACH LOOKING ON.

YOUNG BLACK FIGHTER JUMPING ROPE FAST AND WITH BEAUTIFUL  
RHYTHM.

TWO HISPANIC FIGHTERS TRADING PUNCHES IN ANOTHER SPARRING  
MATCH.

BIG WHITE MUSCULAR FIGHTER WORKING THE HEAVY BAG

BLACK FIGHTER WELL MUSCLED THAT SHINE WITH THE SWEAT COMING  
OFF HIS BODY TAGGING THE SPEED BAG.

DEREK WORKING THE MITS WITH FREDDIE

3 YOUNG BEAUTIFUL HISPANIC GIRLS WORKING OUT WITH FOOTWORK  
DRILLS IN THE RING

(CONTINUED)

FEROCIOUS MATCH IN THE RING WITH EVERYBODY IN THE GYM  
LOOKING ON AS THE WHITE AND BLACK FIGHTER TRADE HOOKS AND  
UPPERCUTS

WHITE FIGHTER LANDS FIERCE UPPERCUT THAT FLOORS THE BLACK  
FIGHTER

DEREK JUMPING ROPE WITH GOOD TEMPO

DEREK WORKING THE HEAVY BAG LOOKING GOOD

CUT TO

INT.LA MOTEL LOBBY

Derek walks into the Motel lobby half dead from training at  
Champ Pit Boxing gym and walks up the counter where Sheila  
is standing there greeting Derek with a smile.

CAMERA PANS:DEREK WALKING TO THE COUNTER

DEREK,  
(to Sheila with a big grin)  
Hey girl.

SHEILA,  
Hey boy. So did you beat up or get  
beat up today?

DEREK,  
Little bit of both I guess.  
Considering my age, I would say  
that I held my own. But I haven't  
spared just yet with the top guys.  
I'll see on Saturday.

SHEILA,  
So other than getting beat up, how  
is LA treating you so far.

DEREK,  
Rough...Still looking for a job.  
Which is why I came in here. I  
guess I need the WIFI to browse the  
net and see if I can find anything  
online.

Sheila hands Derek a small card with his WIFI code.

DEREK,  
Soooo Sheila. Just making  
small talk here, but I was  
wondering something.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA,  
Wondering what?

DEREK,  
(coming of a bit shy)  
Well, you know my story. I was just  
curious if if you by chance were  
with someone?

SHEILA,  
(playing coy)  
With someone?

DEREK,  
You know.

SHEILA,  
No, I don't know.

Derek looks up and down and then makes eye contact with  
Sheila.

DEREK,  
Married, boyfriend, something along  
those lines.

SHEILA,  
(smiles and looks down)  
Well, I was in a relationship for  
about 5 years that ended about a  
few months ago.

DEREK,  
Sorry to hear that. 5 Years is a  
long time. I was married 12 years  
so I know all about long term  
stuff.

SHEILA,  
Yeah, he was kinda the jealous  
type, and the hot headed type, and  
sometimes he would get a little  
crazy at times.

Sheila looks down and a look of uncomfortable.

DEREK,  
(sensing Sheila's unease)  
I'm sorry I brought it up.

SHEILA,  
Don't be. Sometimes it is hard to  
talk about because he did not take  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA, (cont'd)  
it too well. He really hasn't  
accepted things just yet still.

DEREK,  
I guess I can't be a hypocrite. I  
found it hard to accept things when  
my marriage ended.

SHEILA,  
(somber and smug)  
Really? To the point where you came  
to your ex's house threatening to  
kill her. Hard like that?

Derek realizes he may touched a nerve and sighs while  
looking down.

DEREK,  
NO. My kinda hard was being eating  
dinner at every McDonalds in Austin  
each night around midnight by  
myself kinda hard.

Derek sensing the need to rebound straightens himself up and  
stands as tall as he can.

DEREK,  
Saturday. Me, you at one of those  
beach restaurants. Whatya say? You  
can show me the beach for the first  
time in my life.

Sheila looks at Derek and smiles as bright as she can.

SHEILA,  
Why not? As long as you don't use  
me in one of your acts or anything?

DEREK,  
Course not. I'm glad you said yes.  
I would've avoided you for the rest  
of my trip if you said no.

SHEILA,  
(laughing)  
I bet you would've too...I work  
part time at this beach front  
restaurant on weekends but I'm off  
this Saturday. It would be great if  
you wanted to see the beach for the  
first time.

DEREK,  
Wow...Part time job and school to  
go along with a full time job.

SHEILA,  
We do what we gotta do.

DEREK,  
Well, it's a date and there's no  
gettin out. I guess I better let  
you get back to work. Bye now.

Derek is on cloud 9 and pats his hand on the counter and  
heads towards the door.

CAMERA PANS:DEREK WALKING TO THE DOOR AND TURNING TO WAVE.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S HOTEL ROOM

Derek is dialing a number on his cell phone.

CUT TO

INT.TONY'S OFFICE

Well dressed mafia type looking man in his mid 50's answers  
his phone.

WELL DRESSED MAFIA MAN,  
Hello...

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

DEREK,  
Yes, my name is Derek...I was  
wondering if you guys had any open  
mic nights for newcomers.

INT.TONY'S OFFICE

WELL DRESSED MAFIA MAN,  
That's what open mics are for kid.  
TONY'S my name and funny is one of  
my games. First off kid, not for  
nutten..are you funny.

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

DEREK,  
Hysterically.

INT.TONY'S OFFICE

TONY,  
Nice smart ass answer...I like you  
already kid.

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

DEREK,  
Thanks...but I'm not exactly a  
kid...early 40's to be honest.

INT.TONY'S OFFICE

TONY,  
Its an expression...an expression  
of affection where I come from. The  
good ole Bronx New York.

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

DEREK,  
Wow...I would never have guessed.

INT.TONY'S OFFICE

Tony chuckles.

TONY,  
Nice smart ass attitude. You're a  
natural and you're in luck...We got  
an open mic tonite...See you at 8  
kid.

Tony hangs up the phone.

INT.DEREK'S MOTEL ROOM

Derek puts his phone down.

DEREK,  
Wow.

Derek looks to his left.

DEREK'S VOICE(OFF)  
We got this man.

Derek looks to his right.

(CONTINUED)



DEREK'S, VOICE (OFF)  
Its your moment D.

DEREK,  
Yep...you guys are right. My  
moment.

CUT TO

EXT.HOLLYWOOD WALK OF FAME-DAY

Derek is walking the street and looking down at all the  
stars before him.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK LOOKING AT JOAN RIVERS STAR

DEREK,  
(looking to his right)  
What was it she said once?

DEREK'S VOICE (OFF)  
Your life is a movie...make it  
happen man.

CUT TO

INT.LAUGH STOP COMEDY CLUB ENTRANCE

Derek walks into the club and sees a man in his mid 50's  
italian, well dressed talking to one of bouncers.

DER  
Excuse me. I'm Derek...I was loo-

TONY,  
Hey kid...I was expecting  
you...glad you could make it...The  
man upstairs always keys me in to  
new talent.

DEREK,  
He does?

TONY,  
I gotta go talk to a few business  
associates...You go with the  
bouncer here and do your thing.  
Knock em dead kid.

DEREK,  
Now...

(CONTINUED)

TONY,  
No time like the present...This is  
LA, its always a now thing.

Tony walks off and Derek goes with the bouncer.

CUT TO

INT.LAUGH STOP COMEDY CLUB STAGE

DOLLY UP OF DEREK STANDING ON THE STAGE

CLOSE UP OF DEREK WITH A FRIGHTENED LOOK ON HIS FACE STARING  
AT THE CROWD

CAMERA PANS FROM DEREK'S POV FROM LEFT TO RIGHT OF THE CROWD  
AT THE CLUB

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO DEREK

DEREK,  
Hey folks. Howdy from the State of  
Texas. My name's Derek-

CAMERA ZOOMS ON TO THE FRONT TABLE WITH A FAT WHITE MAN IN  
HIS MID 20'S SITTING UP FRONT.

FAT HECKLER,  
Not another one of these again?  
These tickets-

DEREK,  
Hey...Shut the fuck up. I been thru  
too much shit to get to this stage  
to hear your shit...So  
please...Shut the fuck up and  
listen. The last pricks who messed  
with me got a table dumped on them  
in Tuscon so be quiet.

Crowd chuckles.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON THE FAT HECKLER WHO HAS A SNEER ON HIS  
FACE

CAMERA PANS BACK TO DEREK ONSTAGE

DEREK,  
Thank you. Well first off...I quit  
my job back home because this girl  
I really liked was kissing some  
other guy so I said fuck it and  
left...Then West Texas Border

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEREK, (cont'd)

Patrol tried to send my ass to Mexico by the rainbow coalition. Agents of all creeds and races except for blacks. Hell, I didn't see a black guy till I got to Cali.

Few more laughs from the crowd.

DEREK,

Sorry, not trying to get into the race thing here... so all Sharptons please stay seated.

Derek looks around as he gets a few more laughs.

DEREK,

Also in West Texas, some old man indian ghost...I'll explain later...tried to cut my shit off with an ax because he thought I was gonna mess with his wife. That shook my shit up big time...then his wife came at me with the same ax...that was after my car broke down in the middle of nowhere Texas.

More crowd laughs.

DEREK,

Then the Tuscon heckler beat down...yes that happened...then I made it to a casino for first time in my life only to find myself almost getting my shit cut off again my the russian mob because they thought I was going to try and sleep with the boss' wife...which I was by the way...got out of that with my balls intact.

HECKLER,

You still aint funny-

DEREK,

(to heckler)

Speaking of balls...I bet you can't find yours...Maybe you will someday and show them to a girl or something...thank you folks.

Crowd laughs with semi approval.

(CONTINUED)

Derek looks around the club and smiles at his first LA comic performance.

CUT TO

INT.BACKSTAGE

Derek walks backstage and sees Tony waiting for him.

TONY,  
You did good kid...

DEREK,  
Thanks...

TONY,  
I tell you what...I know talent when I see it. One of these days Ima tell when I found a couple a guys who took an old church and turned it to a strip club, then turned it back to a mega church. Those guys had talent...just like you.

DEREK,  
Geez...church to a strip club huh.

TONY,  
We can talk about it next Friday...Ima give you a paid 10 minute act...Howz that.

DEREK,  
Holy shit...really?

TONY,  
Next Friday...9 sharp. Take it easy kid.

Tony walks out and leaves Derek with a smile.

CUT TO

INT.BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Derek walks into the restaurant and looks around. The place is crowded with patrons at the tables as well as those drinking at the bar.

Derek takes his cell phone out of his pocket and sends a text message.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF TEXT MESSAGE: BACK BOOTH BY THE WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

Derek looks at the booth by the window and sees Sheila sitting at the table.

Derek walks over and sits down.

DEREK,  
Hey,

SHEILA,  
Hey back. So how did things go last night at the club?

DEREK,  
I think I killed it with all the crap I went thru to get here. Funny how people find entertainment in someone else's misery.

SHEILA,  
LA for you.

Derek makes eye contact with Sheila and they both smile.

WAITER comes by the table.

DEREK,  
Tea, unsweetened please.

SHEILA,  
I think I'll have the same. The veggie calzone sounds good tonight.

DEREK,  
Hmmm...I'll take on as well. They invited me back next Friday...You gotta come.

SHEILA,  
Wow...I'll be there. That's great that you did real good at the club. So let's see. You got to box over at that gym you dreamed about, you hit it off in LA's biggest comedy club. Made it out of the state of Texas. You're here at the beach finally for the first time in your life. It would seem that the only things you have left to do are to go on a plane and meet the love of your life huh.

Sheila puts both her hands together and looks straight ahead at Derek.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK,  
It would seem ma'am that you have  
everything down in chronological  
order.

Derek and Sheila both laugh.

The waiter comes back with their drinks.

DEREK,  
U know, I'm not used to these types  
of places. Single guys tend to  
frequent McDonalds and their dollar  
menus.

SHEILA,  
We have plenty of those out here in  
LA. But you need some home cooking  
now. You know Derek, I'm really  
glad you came out here. It's been  
really good getting to know you and  
all. You also got me motivated to  
try to get something put together  
for a screenplay. Just looking for  
the right story.

DEREK,  
Maybe a love story?

SHEILA,  
You mean about a 40 something year  
old divorcee starting over and  
going for the ride of his life out  
to Los Angeles to be a stand up  
comedian and find the love of his  
life type of story.

DEREK,  
Makes for a good feel good movie  
huh. The ending would be when I  
kiss the love of my life over a  
veggie calzone.

SHEILA,  
Would that be better than making it  
as a stand up comic?

DEREK,  
Yep. Finding love was always the  
hardest thing to find for our hero.

SHEILA,  
Would you spend a lifetime looking  
for that person?

DEREK,  
The cliché says that sometimes  
that's what it takes.

SHEILA,  
A lifetime?

DEREK,  
Yeah, even it were to be with that  
person for only a few minutes. Some  
of us go a whole lifetime and never  
find that person.

SHEILA,  
Please...No sad stories tonight.

Derek and Sheila both lock eyes and then they lean over the  
table about to share a kiss but the waiter interrupts them  
when he brings the food.

DEREK,  
(looking at the waiter)  
Perfect timing sir.

CUT TO

INT.RESTAURANT DOOR ENTRANCE

Angel walks thru the door looking distraught as the HOST  
comes to greet him.

HOST,  
Can I get you a table sir?

Angel ignores the host and looks around the restaurant.

CAMERA PANS THE RESTAURANT FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. ANGEL'S POV

HOST,  
Sir.

ANGEL,  
I'm looking for someone. Supposed  
to meet her here.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK AND SHEILA SITTING AT THE BOOTH

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL,  
I found her.

Derek and Sheila are both eating.

Angel walks to the table.

ANGEL,  
Hey.

SHEILA,  
What are you doing here?

ANGEL,  
Figured you'd be working. Didn't  
know you waz entertaining.

DEREK AND ANGEL BOTH LOCK EYES

SHEILA,  
Why do you keep doing this shit?

The couple in the next booth take notice of the situation  
and look at Angel.

DEREK,  
(looking at Angel)  
We having a problem tonight man?

ANGEL,  
Na bro.

DEREK,  
I take it this is the ex?

SHEILA,  
This is not the time and place  
Angel.

DEREK,  
(to Angel)  
I ask again if there's a problem  
man?

ANGEL,  
The only problem here is between me  
and my girl homes.

SHEILA,  
I'm not your girl anymore.

(CONTINUED)



ANGEL,  
So you turn me on and off like a  
light switch or sumthin?

SHEILA,  
Please...

ANGEL,  
You don't return my calls or  
texts...nuttin. Just drop me like  
that huh?

SHEILA,  
It's been 4 months now. You gotta  
let go..and this has to stop.

A few more patrons take notice and host runs to the back of  
the kitchen.

DEREK,  
Dude...You been drinking or  
something because you're gunna make  
this an issue in front of  
everybody.

ANGEL,  
Who the fuck asked you anywayz man?

Derek begins to raise out of his seat before Sheila stops  
him.

SHEILA,  
No Derek. Its ok. Just relax a sec.  
Ima go and talk to Angel just a  
second.

DEREK,  
You sure?

SHEILA,  
Just stay here.

Sheila and Angel begin to walk outside but not before Angel  
turns to take another look at Derek.

Angel and Sheila walk out the door and Derek closes his  
eyes.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S OLD TOWNHOME

Derek and Sandra are having an argument.

DEREK,  
So just toss me to the trash after  
12 years. Just like that. This guy  
comes in and boom I'm out the door.

SANDRA,  
We just grew apart Derek. It's  
over.

CUT TO

INT.BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Derek opens his eyes and looks out the window.

CUT TO

INT.DEREK'S OLD TOWNHOME-NIGHT

Derek is on his cell phone.

DEREK,  
(to himself)  
Pick up the damn phone at least or  
return my fucking messages!

Derek dials a number on his phone.

DEREK,  
Please pickup!

Derek dials again.

DEREK,  
Damn man!

CUT TO

INT.BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Derek looks back towards the front door as Sheila comes  
racing thru the restaurant with tears in her eyes.

SHEILA,  
I'm sorry Derek but we need to go!

Angel comes walking thru the front door.

RESTAURANT MGR a 50 year old white male tries to stop Angel.

(CONTINUED)

RESTAURANT MGR,  
I'm sorry sir...

ANGEL,  
Shut the fuck up!

Angel comes to the booth followed by the Restaurant Mgr.

DEREK,  
(beginning to raise up a  
little in his seat and glares  
at Angel)  
Look man!

Angel pulls out a gun from his waist and points it at Derek.

ANGEL,  
Shut the fuck up!

SHEILA,  
Angel! What the hell are you doing?

ANGEL,  
Shut up!

Restaurant Mgr stops dead in his tracks and patrons start to cry out.

Angel keeps the gun pointed at Derek as he turns his head at the patrons.

ANGEL,  
Everybody just chill and stay the  
fuck where you at!

CAMERA PANS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AT THE PATRONS IN THE  
RESTAURANT GETTING EXCITED

SHEILA,  
Put the damn gun away. You're gonna  
kill someone!

ANGEL,  
What the hell you care?

SHEILA,  
I care if you hurt someone who  
doesn't deserve it. This isn't  
going to change things and you're  
gonna spend the rest of your life  
in jail.

Angel takes a step back from the booth and lowers the gun to his waist away from Derek.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL,  
 (to Sheila)  
 What difference it make now  
 anywayz? I got nuthin left  
 now... You bailed on me and moved  
 on it looks like.

CAMERA SHOT OF ANGEL'S FACE FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER CAMERA OF  
 DEREK'S FACE

RESTAURANT MGR, (OS)  
 Please sir just calm down!

Angel turns his head to his left.

ANGEL,  
 Maybe you should calm down. You're  
 the one trippin! Hell all you  
 mother fuckers trippin!

DEREK,  
 Dude...You know someone already  
 called the cops.

ANGEL,  
 So...I ain't got no plans of going  
 to the joint...I ain't got no plans  
 a going nowhere.

SHEILA,  
 (weeping)  
 What are you talking bout Angel?  
 You still have your whole life  
 ahead. Nobody's been hurt and you  
 can still turn this thing around.

ANGEL,  
 Take your pity biddy boo crap an  
 give em to someone who gives a  
 shit. All I wanted to do was talk.

Angel looks around the restaurant.

ANGEL,  
 (yelling at the patrons)  
 Angel...That's my mutherfuckin  
 name. Remember that shit!

Angel starts to laugh

ANGEL,  
 Angel! That's me and damn this  
 feels good. Yawll gunna pay  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL, (cont'd)  
attention to me. Someone is going  
to know and pay attention to me for  
the first time in a good damn long  
time

Restaurant Mgr walks a little closer to Angel who then fires  
a warning shot in the ceiling.

ANGEL,  
Mother fucker lay your ass on the  
god damn floor.

Restaurant Mgr drops like a rock.

ANGEL,  
You all gonna read about me. All of  
LA gonna know my name tomorrow.

Angel begins to laugh again as he sees Sheila.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF SHEILA WITH TEARS RUNNING DOWN HER FACE

ANGEL,  
Wit they mornin coffee they gonna  
know me. Lost my girl, then lost my  
mind. I even lost my job the same  
god damn time I lost my girl. Too  
heart broken to go in so they fired  
my ass...mother fuckers. All in the  
same day. What a muther fuckin day  
that was.

Derek looks at Angel.

CUT TO

INT.PLANT RESTROOM

FLASH BACK DEREK SEEING HOLLY WITH JEREMY

DEREK,  
What a mutherfuckin day!

CUT TO

INT.BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Angel walks around the restaurant like the owner with a gun  
in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA,  
You can't do this!

ANGEL,  
Man... You crying just like I did.  
Funny thing is that you weren't  
crying when you broke up with me.

Angel walks up to Sheila.

ANGEL,  
(enraged)  
You didn't cry then...Did you!

Derek stands up.

Angel aims the gun right at Derek's face and pulls the hammer back.

DEREK,  
Bro...I been there. I been there my  
whole life up until a few days ago.

Angel is sweating really bad now as he glares at Derek.

DEREK,  
That's why I'm here man. I had  
nothing left back home. I'm older,  
not many options left.

ANGEL,  
Man, if you want to keep getting  
older then sit your ass back down.

DEREK,  
Why? You aint gunna do nuthin man.  
I know.

ANGEL,  
You don't know shit homes-

DEREK,  
You aint here to kill me, you aint  
here to kill Sheila...You aint here  
to hurt nobody buy yourself. Wanna  
go out in a blaze of glory in front  
of Sheila to show her how bad you  
hurt.

Angel looks at Derek as if he found gold and smiles.

SHEILA,  
Don't do it Angel! You can still  
have a life.

ANGEL,  
Yeah sure I can.

Angel looks at Derek and lowers his gun.

ANGEL,  
(to Derek)  
And you one smart muther fucker.  
You a counselor or something cuz  
you a smart bastard cuz you damn  
right!

DEREK,  
You goin out cuz you don't want to  
feel nothin no mo. I aint no doctor  
or nothing. Just a guy who came out  
here to be a stand up comic and a  
movie star! Didn't want to feel  
nuttin no mo.

Police sirens are now heard in the background.

Angel looks at Sheil with tears now in his eyes. Angel walks  
towards the rear door leading to the beach tables.

DEREK,  
Don't do it man. You can still do  
something with your life. You can  
make your mark in this world.

ANGEL,  
(slight laugh)  
That's what I just did homes.

Angel opens the sliding door as Police sirens are now very  
loud and just outside as the flashing lights can now be  
seen.

CUT TO

EXT. BEACHFRONT BACK OUTSIDE EATING AREA-NIGHT

Angel walks toward the end of tables facing the beach and  
looks out towards the ocean.

*DEREK RUNS TOWARDS THE DOOR AS ANGEL PUTS THE GUN TO HIS  
HEAD AS HE LOOKS AT THE BEACH. DEREK GRABS THE GUN AND HE  
AND ANGEL BEGIN TO FIGHT.*

(CONTINUED)

*THE GUN GOES OFF. PATRONS SCREAM. POLICE BUST INTO THE RESTAURANT.*

*ANGEL NO LONGER HAS THE GUN AND STEPS BACK.*

*THE POLICE SEE ANGEL AND GRAB HIM AND TAKE HIM TO THE SIDE.*

*FULL FRAME SHOT OF DEREK LYING ON THE SAND WITH THE GUN IN HIS HAND. BLOOD IS RUNNING DOWN THE FRONT OF HIS SHIRT.*

*SHEILA COMES RUNNING OUTSIDE AND DROPS NEXT TO DEREK AND PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIM.*

DEREK,  
(struggling to talk)  
You know what? I think I just saved  
his life.

SHEILA,  
You gotta hang in there. You're  
gonna be ok.

DEREK,  
It's true you know. Finding someone  
if only for a few minutes. It was  
all worth it to come out here and  
find you.

SHEILA,  
You just got here. No way you're  
gonna go now.

DEREK,  
Came here with nothing. Gonna leave  
with everything. Destiny huh.

SHEILA,  
You gotta stay. Stay with me.

Derek looks out at the beach.

DEREK,  
Damn its a beautiful thing. Not  
gonna die alone. I'm happy now. For  
the first time in a long time.

SHEILA,  
Don't say that. I'm not gonna let  
you go...I just found you.

DEREK,  
Gonna fly now...right at the  
end...gonna be with the stars

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DEREK, (cont'd)  
finally...tell my kids that I love  
them.

SHEILA,  
Ok.

DEREK,  
Make your mark in this world  
Sheila. Write that movie and make  
me a star...Too bad I never made it  
to New York.

Derek dies in Sheila's arms.

DISSOLVE TO

INT.AIRPORT LOBBY-DAY

*COLD PLAY "A SKY FULL OF STARS" PLAYING*

Sheila is in the airport lobby looking out the window.

EXT.AIRPORT LOADING RAMP-DAY

Coffin is being loaded onto a plane.

EXT.AIRPORT RUNWAY

Plane taking off into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO

INT.US AIR FORCE RECRUITING OFFICE-DAY

Anthony is signing documents.

Sandra and RECRUITING OFFICER are behind Anthony smiling.

CUT TO

INT.COLLEGE CLASSROOM

FULL FRAME SHOT OF BLACKBOARD: INTRODUCTION TO SCREENWRITING  
WRITTEN ON THE BLACKBOARD IN RED MARKER

Sheila is sitting at one of the desks with a lab top in  
front of her.

FULL FRAME SHOT OF THE LAB TOP SCREEN: NO SAD STORIES BY  
SHEILA LENORA

DISSOLVE TO

EXT.NEW YORK CITY IN FRONT OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING-DAY

Derek's sister Reva and her HUSBAND are going inside the door of the Empire State Building.

CUT TO

EXT.TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING-DAY

AERIAL VIEW OF DOWN TOWN NEW YORK

REVA AND HER HUSBAND ARE STANDING ON THE TOP DECK OF THE BUILDING.

Reva takes a box holding Derek's ashes and opens it. Reva takes a bag of glitter and pours the the glitter in with Derek's ashes.

Reva throws the ashes and glitter into the wind over New York City.

THE END

FADE TO BLACK