

CHANCES

Written by

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1 EXT. THE CITY SLEEPS. FEW LIGHT ARE SEEN UPON THE SKYLINE. 1

VO GUY

So there are some things you can
never count on, like the weather.

Suddenly a bolt of lightning races across the skyline

And suddenly rain starts to fall.

2 EXT. CITY STREET 2

We see a man walking in the fresh rain. He is wearing a T-shirt that has a yellow smiley face on the front.

HE stops in his tracks and looks up to the rain. HE opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue. We follow a single drop of rain as it lands in his mouth. The man closes his mouth and smiles.

VO GUY

The taste of the rain is something
you can count on. It's always wet.
I didn't know how much I
appreciated the rain until I saw
this guys face. Look at him, that
shit eating smile on his face would
lead you to believe that fucking
bourbon was falling from the
heavens. Well what are asshole
doesn't know is that in about 10
seconds he is gonna be dead.

Suddenly the man, releases himself from his blissful haze and starts to walk toward the upcoming intersection.

WHAM He is struck by a bolt of lightning.

We cut to a CU of his pupils as their turn bright red.

His sneakers are smoking and he stands frozen.

3 INT. NEARBY COFFEE SHOP 3

DAVE COREY, 31 sits at the counter sipping his coffee. He turns to see the lightning man fall unconsciously to the pavement.

He turns to the waitress who is just delivering food to another customer at the counter.

DAVE

Hey Maggie, did you see that?

MAGGIE, waitress 44, is slender, blonde, attractive but road hard and put away wet. She lifts a glass pot of coffee from its cradle and heads toward Dave to refill his cup.

MAGGIE

Jeez Dave, what now?

DAVE

That guy, across the street. He just fucking fainted.

MAGGIE

Well hell, I ain't gonna run out there and get all wet. You help him, hero.

DAVE

(to himself) Shit, call 911
Maggie!!

Dave rushes out of the diner and into the rain.

4

EXT. RAINY STREET

4

Dave rushes over to the man

DAVE

Hey man, you OK? (shaking the man) Hey, hey!

Dave rolls the man over and is frightened back at the man's eyes. They are open and flaming red.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(gasping to himself) Mother-fuck.

Dave leans down to listen for a heart beat but nothing.

As he rises up he looks down and sees a piece of paper sticking out of the man's pocket. It is a lottery ticket.

Dave leans in to grab it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to himself) What the fuck? Well buddy, lets just say I'll cash this in for you. Shit it is probably a loser anyway.

He looks at the ticket and slides it into his pocket

5

INT DINER LATER

5

Maggie the waitress leans against the door addressing Dave as he walks back in. In the background, we see the ambulance placing the lightning mans body into a truck labeled MORGUE

Dave is shaking out his wet jacket as he enters.

MAGGIE

Well hero, (she pauses and mimics a tiny tennis clap), that was dramatic.

DAVE

C'mon Mags, the guy's dead. Show at least a millisecond of respect and reverence.

MAGGIE

Death is part of all our journeys, D. I'm sure that a baby will be born to someone somewhere in that guys family soon.

DAVE

Well that is a healthy way to look at it all, I guess.

MAGGIE

It's the only way to look at it Dave, cause that's the way it is. No one has ever come back from the dead to tell us any different so, I'm going with the circle of life thing. No faith, no fucking disappointing results.

DAVE

Shit, I'm trying to find someone to save before I'm the motherfucker that needs saving, darling!

MAGGIE

Well honestly my man, all I really need is a warm place to lay my head, some good friends and occasionally some dick!

DAVE

Classy, Mags, classy with a capital K.

Maggie smiles back at him and returns to her work, leaving Dave standing in the doorway peering out at the scene outside.

SMASH CUT TO

6 INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

6

A loud voice screams.

COACH

Okay sissies, now give me 10 -
500's. So we can start practice
already.

We see a team of high school girls race to jump in the pool.

Two particular girls swim at the far end, KATY, 17 and LARA, 17.

As they start their laps they swim in unison side by side.

KATY

You know maybe swim team is not the
only way to get hot legs. We could
always join the soccer team or
maybe gymnastics.

LARA

Bitch, you gotta start tumbling and
flipping when you are like 5 just
the make the stupid gymnastics
team. And what the fuck do you know
about soccer. (Mincing a latin
accent) Kick ball in net!!

KATY

Dang L, I didn't know you were so
racist. That's kinda fucked up.

LARA

Hey look I'm just joking

SMASH CUT TO

7 HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

7

Dozens of teens are rushing thru the hallways of a locker lined hallway. (2) Two boys with letterman jackets stroll down the hallway "puffed out".

JOCK #1

Yo dude lets get up some short bus love. Look there goes gimp-tastic

JOCK #2

(yelling down the hall) Yo !! Gimp-tastic! Who you taking to the dance friday? (Pointing to a blind student being guided by a teacher)Helen Keller, over there. Shit, she can't possibly imagine the full gimp-tastic look!!

The disabled student they are picking on closes his locker and starts to walk the other way.

DISABLED STUDENT

(under his breath) MOTHER-FUCK!!
(Turning back to address the jocks)
Yo muscle-head , your mom said she would suck my dick and swallow if I took her to the dance. But your sister offered me the ass-hole , so I am taking her!!

The students bustling down the hallway stop in their tracks

JOCK #1

Yo, gimp!! I'm gonna break your fucking face!!

JOCK #2

Oh damn, Gimpy McGimperson, you are soooo dead!

The two jocks drop their backpacks and charge toward the disabled student. The disabled student smiles, leans his head back and reaches into his belt, pulling out a sleek black 9mm handgun. The jocks scream and try to slow down their assault, but it is too late and they are standing face to face with the gun-weilding disabled student. (in slow motion) The disabled student laughs uncontrollably. He points the gun at Jock#1's crotch, smooches a little air-kiss at him and pulls the trigger. (in slow motion) we see an ECU of the hammer jammed with (1) 9mm bullet.

JOCK #1 closes his eyes quickly and begins to cry like a little baby.

DISABLED STUDENT

Fucking piece of shit!!

He reaches down and pulls back the gun mechanism briskly to release the jammed bullet.

He confidently raises the gun only to see the (2) Jocks running away. Suddenly a female hand slides over his hand that is holding the gun. The disabled student looks back and sees KATY, the girl from the pool. She kisses him on the cheek.

KATY

Hey, go on and take off. Those two fags are gonna run off and snitch. Some teacher will come around here looking for the gun and some witnesses. But, "no gun, no crime".

Katy slips the gun into her gym bag, and prances away.

DISABLED STUDENT

Hey bitch, give me my shit back!!

KATY

Hey lover, I 'll give it back at the dance tonite!!

Looking very confused the disabled student, starts to speak when KATY lifts up her skirt to show him her panties. He is shocked but wayyyyyyy excited. She looks over her shoulder and smiles.

DISABLED STUDENT

I'm not going to the fucking dance, bitch!!!

KATY

Yeah you are, picking me up at 7:30, sharp, east parking lot.

The disabled student looks down at the floor and breathes a gigantic sigh.

SMASH CUT TO

8

LATER THAT EVENING- HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT

8

We see the disabled student sitting in the drivers seat of a blue mini-van. He is fiddling with the radio.

DISABLED STUDENT

Ohhh, (breathing) Sheeeeeeee-
iiittt!!

The camera pushes thru the drivers side window to reveal a female head bobbing up and down in the disabled students lap.

KATY
(laughing) Tasty

The female sits up straight in the passenger seat . It is KATY, who is now playfully wiping her lips with a tissue as she begins to apply her lipstick.

KATY (CONT'D)
(smiling) Ready to dance!!

As the couple exits the car, and head towards the dance, the crane pulls out wide to reveal the high school beyond the parking lot

VO GUY
(laughing) hahaha, heroism is so
sexy, (a hearty deep laugh)
hahahahahaahaha!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

9 URBAN APARTMENT - GREAT CITY VIEW - TODAY

9

An older man, Jack, 74 sits in an old wicker chair at the far end of a gorgeous apartment. He is smoking a joint and wearing some air bud Ipod earplugs. As we dolly around the chair to reveal the front of the man, we see that he is crying. A CU tears rolls down his cheek as the music in his ears comes up full.

PEGGY LEE
I love the way you're breaking my
heart
It's terribly, terribly, terribly,
terribly thrilling
I love the way you're breaking my
heart
Although you're gonna ruin it
It's heaven while you're doin' it

CUT TO:

10 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -

10

A 1930's Ford flatbed pickup lumbers slowly up a country road. We see that it is being driven by a young woman, VERNA, 25. She is holding the wheel with her left hand and fiddling with something in the passenger seat. We look down to see it is a baby.

VERNA

We gonna make it, Jackie!! Right on
time too.

As the truck hits a bump, we hear the baby cry. The truck
swerves a little and straightens out.

VERNA

OOPS!!!

The baby whimpers

VERNA (CONT'D)

Your daddy is innocent and we's
gonna prove it. He aint no
criminal, Jackie, he's a good man.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COURTHOUSE FRONT STEPS 11

The truck whizzes around a corner and pulls up right in front
of the courthouse step. Verna, throws the door open, grabs
the baby and rushes up the courthouse steps.

12 INT. COURTHROOM 12

As Verna bursts thru the doors, everything in the room slows
from regular speed to slow motion.

VO GUY

So, once again we stumble on
another poor soul, whose days, oh I
mean in this case, whose seconds
are limited. It wasn't really the
coronary that killed this poor
girl. It was fear.

As the slow motion courtroom scene ramps back up to regular
speed, we see Verna take a seat in the back of the courtroom.
She sits , then stands, then sits, then stands again and
shouts.

VERNA

Your honor, my baby is innocent. He
aint never hurt nobody or tooken
nuttin; from not a soul.

JUDGE

Ma'am, (pounding the gavel) Ma'am!!
Please sit down and dont' disrupt
my court again!1

Verna waves to a woman sitting in the gallery and moves forward up the aisle toward the bench. She reaches for her husband , Buddy, 27.

BUDDY

Sweetie pie, it's gonna be okay!

Suddenly Verna grabs her chest, the baby flies into the air. The galley is stunned into slow-motion: The baby is caught by Buddy who jumps from his seat and catches the baby diving football style. A woman in the gallery screams and the judge looks stunned at the whole affair.

From Verna's unconscious state on the floor , a piece of paper falls from her pocket. The bailiff reaches down to pick it up and hands it to the judge.

JUDGE

Order, order. Let's get an ambulance here ASAP. This court will reconvene in the morning. The defendant is released on his own recognizance to care for his child. Court is adjourned for the day.

SMASH CUT TO

13

INT. COURTHROOM

13

The next day. The Gallery is filled with people. An older woman, Madge, 75, holds Verna and Buddy's baby. She sits in the first row right behind the defendant Buddy.

BUDDY

(leaning back and whispering) Its OK mama, I am innocent

MADGE

I know son, I know

JUDGE

Order in the court. Some new evidence became available yesterday after the tragic loss of the defendants wife. Buddy Wills. Please rise.

The courtroom is silenced as Buddy rises from his chair.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I don't know how but your wife found the real killer living in an apartment downtown.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

The police arrested him and found the murder weapon in his possession. You are free to go. Good luck with the child.

The judge slowly looks around the room and pounds the gavel

BOOM!!!

SMASH CUT TO

14 EXT. PARK

14

Two(2) young, athletic, black men, Jamal (20), and KC (19) walk towards a distant basketball court. Jamal is shoving KC jokingly but KC is getting pissed. As they walk...

NARRATOR

Here we go with the homies..

Walking side by side, Jamal reaches to grab KC's hand. KC turns quickly to speak

KC

What the fuck , nigga? We in public and you're pulling this bullshit!!

JAMAL

Why you gotta be so fucked up about this? Shit was all fine and dandy in Pelican Bay. You said you loved me!!

KC

Nigga, (pause) (even longer pause) That was 3 years ago!!! We been coming out here every Saturday, to shoot some fucking hoops. Everything is just fucking fine!! I finally get off the sex offender list, complete my probation, get a muthafucking job and a place. And yes!! I thank you for giving me a place to stay when I got out. Just let the shit go man.

JAMAL

I don't understand why things have to be different now? We are in Los Angeles. Nobody gives a fuck what two ex-con niggas do!! We should at least give it a try, right?

KC
 (shouting) WRONG!!!! WRONG!!!
 WRONG!! what tha fuck is wrong with
 you.

As they walk toward the outdoor basketball court the two me
 stop and face each other.

NARRORATOR (V.O.)
 Watch out now!! I am sensing a
 little down-low butthole action
 here. Well, well the joint has
 perks!! (laughing) Well kids , what
 happens next will blow your fucking
 mind. This asshole on the right
 (giggling), is about to tell this
 asshole on the left some
 devastating shit!!!

KC jumps back and screams at the top of his lungs.

KC
 What - tha - fuck? How long have
 you known?

Jamal tries to calm him down but KC is livid and flailing his
 arms violently as he paces back and forth.

NARRORATOR
 Well, motherfuck! Big disease,
 little name!! There's a reason
 momma gave you them Trojans !!!
 Slip it on and ride off , ha ha ha
 (laughing hysterically)

Jamal is now backing away from KC as he tries to explain

JAMAL
 Look, K, a guy I was seeing before
 you got there got sick, but then he
 got released. I never heard from
 him again. So I let it go.

KC
 (screaming) you let it go!!!!

JAMAL
 (pleading) when I saw you in the
 mess hall, you were a friendly
 face, someone from the
 neighborhood, you know!! I just
 wanted to protect you from the
 other inmates.

KC
 (yelling) protect me, Protect me!!
 you fucking seduced me is what you
 did!!

NARRATOR
 (Chiming in) OOOOOO!!!! WEEEEEE!!!!

JAMAL
 I am so sorry, (crying)

Jamal and KC continue facing each other as they talk

NARRATOR
 Well, here it is , this guy on the
 left is gonna go to his car, get
 his gun, load it, cock it and
 return to the basketball courts.
 Then he is gonna aim the gun at the
 asshole on the right, make him
 shake in his boots..

We see KC run back from his car with a gun. HE quickly closes
 the distance between he and Jamal and raise the pistol at
 Jamal's head. Jamal falls to his knees and whimpers for his
 life.

KC
 You mutherfucker, you killed me

NARRATOR
 Wait, wait now. This is gonna end
 in a surprise... wait for it

JAMAL
 Please please forgive me, I didn't
 know! I didn't know!

KC raises the pistol a little higher. We cut to CU on the
 muzzle of the gun as we circle around it in CU.

NARRATOR
 And.. Wait for it.. BAM

The sound of a gunshot is heard!!! POW!!! The world slows to
 a halt and the onlookers from the court turn and react. A CU
 hand falls to the pavement, and we see a CU of Jamal as he
 gasps.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 That's right folks, twisteee!! He
 shot himself!!! What better way to
 punish this guy for giving him the
 AIDS.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Let him live with his own guilt and
shame!! Here Here, good show!!!

Jamal reaches down and catches KC's head before it hits the pavement. A CU tear falls from his eye onto KC's forehead. The gun falls from KC's hand as well pull up and away to reveal a dead KC sprawled on the edge of the court encircled in his own blood

FADE TO BLACK.

15

EXT, GRANADA HILLS SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

15

Alex, (12) and Chris (12) skate violently up the tree-lined street. Alex takes the curb effortlessly and grinds it hard for about 20 feet. As he prepares to finish the grind a launch himself back onto flat ground he sees Chris out of the corner of his eye. He hesitates straightening the board for a split second and rolls off the edge of the board and onto the ground. He falls directly in front of Chris who reaches out to stop himself but... to late. He is launched airborne over Alex and tumbles hard to the pavement.

ALEX

Holy shit, that was rad!!

CHRIS

Right, huh?

ALEX

Dang, I wish we woulda got that on tape. That woulda been classic!!

CHRIS

OK, dude from now on, both of us helmet cam, all the time, We need this shit for the archives

ALEX

Fucking aye right, right?

16

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

Chris and Alex sit on the floor of the well-appointed "boys life" room. Alex is taping a small camera to a blue skate helmet.

ALEX

Every move , captured full HD resolution, direct Alex-cam POV!!

CHRIS

This is gonna be so freakin' cool!!
I can't wait to get back here and
see the footage!!

Alex reaches over Chris and grabs a flashlight. He adjust the helmet -camera on Alex's head and begins attaching the flashlight just adjacent to the camera mounted on Alex's head.

Alex smiles, stands up, opens the window and turns back to Chris who is putting his helmet-cam-flashlight device on his head.

ALEX

Let's ride!!!!

Heading for the window that Alex is going out he looks back to the room, looks down at Alex exiting and puts his fingers up to his lips.

CHRIS

SSSSSHHHHHH!! Be quiet, they're
sleep

17 EXT GRANADA HILLS STREET- NIGHT

17

We pull out from a lone window to reveal Chris and Alex, skateboards in hand, tip toeing slowly across the street and into the night.

SMASH CUT TO

18 NIGHT VISION POV SKATING DOWN STREET

18

As we look thru Chris's helmet cam we occasionally see Alex enter and exit the frame.

VO GUY

OK relax, relax ! Nobody dies in
this scene!! (laughing) Chillax!!!
Our little Scorsese's here are
gonna be our witnesses. Fucking
video, since Rodney king, we can't
believe what we see.

The boys ride hard down the street lamped lit corridor. As we cut back and forth from POV cam to POV cam, we hear a car in the background, it's engine revving. One screech, then another screech.

Alex pulls up to the curb and stops. He hops off his board and pops it up and into his hands. Chris dismount is not quite as gracefully but they end up side by side peering off into the distant night.

ALEX

We gotta stay up here for a minute.
That sounds like pure drunk driver
material to me

CHRIS

Shit, here he comes now!!

We look beyond the boys into the night and see two faint headlights. They are blinking and coming right towards us.

As the car, a late model grey Taurus, gets close we see that the driver is hanging out the drivers side window and yelling at the top of his lungs. He is a young man around 18, wearing an Angels baseball cap, turned backwards on his head.

His jubilation is only surpassed by his lousy driving as he weaves back and forth up the street.

ALEX

What an asshole.!!!

CHRIS

Right?

The car whizzes past them and turns the corner. We hear its' tires screech once again in the distance and then...

BANG!!! EXPLOSION!!!

The boys hop on their skateboards and rush around the corner to see the accident. Thru them approaching we see the car overturned and totally engulfed in flames.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Holy shit, that guy is dead, right?

ALEX

Not likely anyone would survive
some shit like that!!

CUT TO:

Chris and Alex stand next to a squad car and ambulance, as firefighters use hoses to put out the flames that have engulfed the car.

People looking like Chris and Alex's parents, stand sternly behind them as they are being questioned by some uniformed officers. One police officer, Richter 40, reaches down and takes the helmet cam from Alex's hands. He removes the tape and takes the camera, as he hands the helmet back to the parents.

Chris and Alex are shuffled off by their parents to their prospective cars and drive away.

20

INT. CAR NIGHT

20

Chris sits in the back seat, looking out the window as he is being scolded by his parents.

DAD

What in the hell were you thinking
boy?

MOM

You are so grounded , forever!!

DAD

What do you have to say for
yourself, sneaking out in the
middle of the night like that.

CHRIS

We were just trying to make skate
movies, that's all. The light is
more interesting at night.

MOM

Well , young man, you'll be lucky
if you ever get that camera back.

Chris sighs to himself as he looks out the window. He gets closer to the window as he sees something. A man , wearing an Angels baseball cap, limps around a corner and into the night. He turns to say something to his parents but is cut off.

DAD

You'll be lucky if you ever get out
of this house again.

Chris smiles to himself and waves out the window to the air

FADE TO BLACK.

21 INT. LIQUOR STORE- NIGHT

21

A trench coat clad figure walks into the store. He is wearing a skinny-brimmed hat, hiding his face, He walks straight to the back to the cooler, grabs a six-pack of Keystone Light, and heads for the counter.

KOREAN STORE OWNER
(thick accent) is that it, sir?

TRENCH COAT MAN
Naw, can I get a pack of Marlboro
72's and a pack of orange zig-zags.
(pause) oh yeah, can you check this
for me?

The trench coat man hands the cashier a lottery ticket. The cashier smooths it, and then sticks it in the machine. (CLANG CLANG) The machine screams out a computer voice.

COMPUTER VOICE
WINNER WINNER WINNER

The trenchcoat man grabs the ticket from the cashier, throws a \$20 dollar bill on the counter, and runs out with his sack of purchases.

22 EXT. - CITY STREET- OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE- SECONDS LATER 22

The trenchcoat man walks rapidly away from the store, looking around like he is being followed. As we push into a CU we see the man is Dave from the opening scene. He has a tight grin on his face.

DAVE
(to himself) mother fuck!!

Dave tucks the sack of purchases under his arm and begins to run. Faster, faster, faster. He is now running full speed. As he turns a corner, running at top speed, he loses his footing, and tumbles hard, head first to the ground. The beers fly up into the air, and crash to the pavement. Dave gets up quickly, self-consciousness of who is watching. He looks back at the beers, leaves them there and continues to jog toward his destination.

23 INT CLASSROOM- DAY

23

Katy, from the high school scene, is now a few years older. She stands before a classroom of elementary age kids. Something is different about this class.

As we open up wider, we see that some of the children are in wheelchairs, others are on crutches. We slowly pull out the window of the class to reveal the front of the school, the sign on the marquis reads: Hunters School for the disabled. We quickly push back in the window as class begins.

LITTLE BOY #1

Excuse, me miss Katy, but tommy keeps kicking the back of my chair.

TOMMY

Look, kid, I can't control the spasms in my leg!! I am not doing it on purpose!! Dang, you little snitch bitch.

KATY

Whoa, Tommy, we don't do name calling here, understand. I am sure you have the ability to say what you need to say without calling someone names.

LITTLE BOY #1

Yeah, douche!! You don't gotta call people names!

LITTLE BOY #2

Fuck you, asshole!!

Katy jumps in , angrily and spins both boys away from each other so that they are facing different directions.

KATY

Hey!! (Louder) Hey, CUT THAT FUCKING SHIT OUT!! What's wrong with you guys?

The class of children, the young teachers aide and everyone within 7 blocks freezes in silence. THE camera pushes into Katy's eyes.

VO GUY

(laughing) whew, now isn't that fucking prize? Hey, yo teach, "no bueno" on the F-bombs around the kiddies. (laughing)

As we pull out from Katy's eyes, we hear a cell phone ringing (RING, RING, RING) The tension in the room is released as Katy retreats to the corner of the room to answer the phone.

KATY

Hello, honey? (pause) Yeah, you know I'm in class till 3:30.(pause) what? Six-thirty, instead of six? Sure, I'll run into Dills next door and grab a drink. (pause) Love you too. I 'll wait, we can go in together.(pause) Okay, baby (pause) later.

CUT TO:

24

INT. DILLS TAVERN. - LATER THAT EVENING

24

The camera pulls out from a CU of ice cubes twinkling in a tall glass, to Katy sitting at the bar, smoking a cigarette, talking to an older woman, Gertie 65, who seems like a little too old for a mini-skirt and maybe still hooks on the side for extra money.

GERTIE

Listen sister, thay all are muther (pause) fucking (hiccup) dogs!!

KATY

But, does it really matter if you love them? We all got skeletons, right?

GERTIE

Look here, never give 'em shit! Don't tell ' em shit, or they'll hang that shit over your head forever. How can you ever defend yourself in a fight if they keep bringing that shit up all the fucking time?

KATY

(giggling to herself) Shit, G!! Ain't nobody got no secrets. Everybody's shit is always ion the wind anyway, you can't stop all the rumors and shit. I figure he knows I'm human and I WILL absolutely fuck up. I just figure he will too. No biggie , right?

Gertie leans in and puts her arm over Katy's shoulder. They share a short, but intimate look. Gertie takes a big long swig from her glass, licks her lips and slips her hand over Katy's hand holding the cigarette, she pulls the cig from Katy and takes a big drag.

GERTIE
Look girl, does he fuck you good?

KATY
(surprised) what?

GERTIE
Does he fuck you good? You know,
with his dick?

Katy, seeing an opportunity at some intimacy, slowly knods her head "yes"

GERTIE (CONT'D)
What? I can't hear your head
rattle, kid? Does he fuck you good?
(pause) Say it!

Katy takes a long swig of her drink and takes her cigarette back from Gertie. She leans in for a big drag, and exhales a giant cloud of smoke.

KATY
Yep, he fucks me real good G.

GERTIE
Like you need more of that shit,
right?

KATY
Yep

GERTIE
Like, he could put it anywhere or
ask you to do anything to it and
you ... (pause)

KATY
(smiling) Yep, yep, yep.

Katy and Gertie laugh together in unison as the camera pulls out to reveal a wider shot of the bar.

VO GUY
Fucking whores!! These fucking
bitches are all the same!!

FADE OUT.

25 EXT BUS STOP

25

An old man, Buddy 78, sits on a bus stop reading a newspaper. He stands as the bus approaches.

We see him reach in his pocket and pull out an old leather wallet. He opens it as we see a "SENIOR" bus pass be pulled from the front slot of the wallet. As the bus pass slides out, it reveals a picture of Verna from the early courtroom scene, the woman who has the heart attack. Buddy steps slowly up to the bus.

BUDDY

Hey there.

BUS DRIVER

Hello, Mr. Rivers. How are you doing today?

BUDDY

Good, kiddo, real good.

Buddy gives the driver a fist-pound and lifts himself up the final stair and onto the bus.

26

EXT. CITY STREET

26

Buddy is walking slowly down the street, as the bus that just dropped him off pulls away in the distance. Buddy walks along and sings to himself, Justin Timberlake's "What goes around"

BUDDY

(with the music in his head) Is this
the way it's really going down?
Is this how we say goodbye?
Should've known better when you
came around
That you were gonna make me cry
It's breaking my heart to watch you
run around
'Cause I know that you're living a
lie
That's okay baby 'cause in time you
will find...

What goes around, goes around, goes
around
Comes all the way back around
What goes around, goes around, goes
around
Comes all the way back around
What goes around, goes around, goes
around
Comes all the way back around
What goes around, goes around, goes
around
Comes all the way back around

27 INT. NURSING HOME FOR THE ELDERLY

27

Buddy shuffles up the hallway of a patient filled hospital. The scene is tragic: lining the halls are wheelchair after wheelchair, bed after bed, of sickly, crazy older people. They drool and talk to them selves. As Buddy shuffles slowly past the chaos, he sees one man hitting himself in the head and rocking. Buddy turns away from the tragedy to see another patient in distress, a woman crying loudly, as Buddy passes her she suddenly grabs his arm. Buddy is startled.

CRYING WOMAN

Please sir, please sir, Help me. I wanna go home. (pleading) please just take me home. I know the address if you can drive me please?

BUDDY

Ma'am, ma'am , I am sorry, but I don't think the nurses would want me to do that.

CRYING WOMAN

Fuck those mean bitches. They don't even see us or know we are here!!

Buddy releases himself from the woman's grip and scurries down the hallway. HE turns and enters a room.

SLO-DOWN WORLD

28 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

28

As buddy enters the room, the world slows to super slo-motion. We see some paintings on the wall, seascapes, ponies, a little chair. As we cut back to Buddy he pulls off his hat and tosses it into the air. The blue Dodgers baseball cap flies magically thru the air and lands even more magically perfect onto a doorknob. He turns the corner behind a plastic curtain to see an angelic figure laying, on her side on a white bed. It is ANN, 80, Buddy's wife of many years. She is laying on her side, an from Buddy's POV she looks like an angel. The world goes back to regular speed as buddy slips next to her on the bed, spooning her, and placing his arm around her.

ANN

Hey sweetie. I missed you.

BUDDY

I was only gone just a few moments , my love.

ANN

I saw Momma today. We went to lunch at Gigi's and got our hair done. Mom has this blue color I have never seen in the spectrum.

BUDDY

That's funny, honey.

ANN

What's your name again? You sure smell nice. I hope my husband doesn't find us like this.

Buddy smiles as we pan over to see a picture of the couple in their younger days. The camera raises up so we can look down on the two spooned together in the bed.

VO GUY

Mother fuck, getting old sucks huge amounts of donkey dick, right? These two are just a few seconds from the caddy and that long walk. Shit, at least he will know where he is going. She's lost in the abyss, you know? She was like a famous artist before she started losing the proverbial marbles.

BUDDY

I AM your husband sweetie, my name is Buddy, remember?

29

INT CITY APARTMENT

29

Jamal(now 35 or so) sits on a beautiful velvet couch. He is smoking a cigarette and talking to Big Mama, 60. She sips a cup of tea and tries to evade the smoke wafting her way.

BIG MAMA

So what did the doctor say, honey?

JAMAL

Well mama, I am fairly stable, according to them. I just gotta keep taking these pills and watching my diet, they say I could live for some time.

BIG MAMA

Oh my, that is such good news. I still can't believe KC shot himself. Did he say anything to you?

(MORE)

BIG MAMA (CONT'D)

Did he seem like he was distressed
or worried about something?

JAMAL

No mama, he didn't say nuthin. He
just pulled out the gun and ...

BIG MAMA

I know you boys where in Wayside
together. And I know you got the
AIDS from those sick rapists
convicts. Did anything happen to KC
in there?

JAMAL

I dunno mama

Big Mama lays his head on her shoulder. A tender moment

30

INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Katy is in bed with husband Thad, 38. He is on top of her
they seem to be getting busy. She moans loudly as we see her
legs rise up into the air.

KATY

C'mom , baby. Yeah(sincerely and
passionately) put it in baby.

THAD

(shocker) really, really? Put it
in.

KATY

Come on baby, I am just trying to
get into it.

THAD

Well, this shit is not working

VO GUY

Uh-oh coitus interruptus!!

Thad unmounts Katy and sits on the edge of the bed. He looks
angry and frustrated.

THAD

You know K, I think these damn
pills take longer to kick in, u
know?

KATY

Well you can always do other stuff
till you're ready.

THAD

I know this is normal for a guy my
age and I know you are the most
understanding woman in t he world,
but this fucking sucks ass, u know?

THAD (CONT'D)

I am supposed to have just a little
pride left, right?

KATY

This is not about pride Thad, its
about ego, your ego.

Katy sits up, and embraces Thad from behind. Thad leans his
head back and kisses her

VO GUY

Jesus fucking christ, fuck this
bitch already!! If you had one
ounce of manhood left you would
flip this cunt over and shove your
fist inside her, and shut her ass
up!!

As the camera pulls back, we see Thad and Katy lay back onto
then bed and into an intimate embrace. A truly tender moment
is interrupted by

VO GUY (CONT'D)

SHIT!!!!

31 EXT. DAY- BASEBALL DIAMOND

31

Chris(11), the kid with the video camera from earlier, is
running out a play at first. He is tagged out but finishes
the play strong.

COACH

Good job, Chris, way to run it out.
(pause) OK guys lets bring it in.

The team all runs in to home plate, cheering and clapping.

COACH (CONT'D)

Look guys, we have had some great
practices in the last few days, but
our hitting still sucks.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

We can't win games if we can't put the ball in play, so tomorrow we star an hour earlier.

TEAM

Ahhh

COACH

Hey, listen up!!, We start an hour early and all take a round in the batting cage. OK? All right, "winners" on three. One , Two, three

TEAM

WINNERS

32

INT. BATTING CAGES - LATER

32

Chris and the Coach round up baseballs and collect them in a basket near the pitching machine. As Chris rounds up more baseballs, the Coach reaches into a canvas bag and pulls out a magazine.

COACH

Hey Chris, I brought you something special today, for helping out.

CHRIS

Really, what is it?

COACH

Come on over here and check it out.

Chris rushes over to where the Coach is standing. He looks down and see that what the Coach is holding is a porno magazine. The cover displays a graphic image of a blond woman performing oral sex on a black man with a very large penis.

COACH (CONT'D)

You like this sorta stuff

CHRIS

(awkwardly) kinda, a little , I guess?

COACH

Well you can keep it, take it home. Just make sure to hide it good so no one finds it. We could both get in trouble, you know?

CHRIS

Ok, Coach

Chris takes the magazine and shoves it into his backpack. He quickly "hi-5's" the Coach and runs out of the cage, backpack in tow. The Coach looks worried but confident.

COACH

See you tomorrow, at practice Chris and thanks for all your help today.

CHRIS

(running away) see you, Coach.

33

INT. LUXURY NY APARTMENT

33

Dave (lotto guy & trenchcoat guy) sits in front of a giant picture window looking out to the city. We hear the sirens and sounds of urban bustling. The doorbell rings, and Dave turns back and heads towards the door to open it.

DAVE

(opening door) Hello, Mrs. Wright?

MRS.WRIGHT

Yes, Mr. Smith, nice to meet you

DAVE

Please, come in.

MRS.WRIGHT

Thanks

Mrs Wright walks with Dave into a large sunken living room, filled with antiques and beautiful modern paintings.

MRS.WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Well, you have a beautiful space here.

DAVE

The company does well, virtually runs on it's own. I am very fortunate. (smiling) So, lets talk about Granny. Where are we at?

MRS.WRIGHT

Well, Mr. Smith..

DAVE

You can call me Dave

MRS.WRIGHT

Well, Dave, she has progressed to what we call Stage 5. You know, Alzheimers is a very sneaky disease. Some days she is very lucid and clear. On other days she is barely there, you know.

DAVE

I went to see her last week. She didn't recognize me and kept calling me Sam, that's my grandpa's name

MRS.WRIGHT

Well, she knows you are a loved one and someone safe because she remembers the names of people special to her.

DAVE

What I don't like, if I may be frank , are the fucking restraints. She is tied to a chair with an alarm on her wrist and basically trapped and stuck to a chair, so those fucking lazy nurses can spend more time not doing their job.

MRS.WRIGHT

Well you could pay for a one-on-one.

DAVE

A what?

MRS.WRIGHT

A person to basically hang with her all day, just for her.

DAVE

Like you mean hire full time friend, to make sure she doesn't escape?

MRS.WRIGHT

Well as you know, your granny is somewhat of a "runner", that is what we call them, the ones who try to escape

DAVE

(laughing) well shit , who wouldn't want to escape that horrible scene.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

A bunch of crazy old people talking and screaming and crying.

MRS.WRIGHT

Well, we have specialists who take them on walks, read them stories and basically spend the day doing what they want to do.

DAVE

And what might I ask does that cost?

MRS.WRIGHT

Well there is a woman I know, Margie, who costs about \$120 a day.

DAVE

So the cost of a friend is about \$600 a week?

MRS.WRIGHT

Well (pausing to get composed) yes

DAVE

Well, ok lets do it. Have Margie call my office and arrange payment. I have one more question. How long does this go on before , you know, it's over.

MRS.WRIGHT

Frankly, Mr. Smith, Dave, there is no answer to that, I have seen Alzheimer's patients live quite some time after their mind has gone.

Dave sits and stares off into space. He looks around the room at pictures and then returns his gaze to Mrs. Wright.

DAVE

Well, lets hope she likes Margie.

MRS.WRIGHT

She is a sweet , caring woman who really knows these types of cases, I am sure you will be pleased

DAVE

Doesn't fucking matter whether I am pleased, what is my granny gonna think?

They both sit silently, trying not to make eye contact.

VO GUY

Like I said before, getting old
sucks donkey dick!!

34

EXT CITY STREET

34

Jamal walks slowly down the sidewalk with another man
Kyle,36. They are walking closely and occasionally we see their
hands touch. As they walk and talk

KYLE

So , I guess you never thought you
would be dating again?

JAMAL

No, I certainly did not>

KYLE

That is what this program is all
about, by placing HIV positives
together, we can still have lives
and relationships.

JAMAL

Yeah right, with other
mutherfuckers who are dying to.

KYLE

C'mom , don't be like that. We are
healthy, taking our meds, working
out, shit we could live a long
happy life if we continue to eat
right and take care of ourselves.

JAMAL

Sorry I am being such a bitch. I
just feel scared and hopeless.

KYLE

Scared and hopeless about what? You
are "out", you are dating, you are
alive and best of all you got me.

JAMAL

(Smiling) You are correct, sir.

KYLE

Now, cut that shit out, lets go get
some lunch, (laughing) and some
beers.

The couple turn and walk into a tavern.

35 EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND 35

Chris is on the field, fielding ground balls, hit from the Coach. The other kids are picking up and leaving.

COACH
Great job Chris, you wanna hang out
and hit a few in the batting cage?

CHRIS
Sure coach, that would be fine.

36 INT BATTING CAGE- LATER 36

Chris is making contact with every ball coming thru the machine. WHACK, WHACK, WHACK

COACH
Great job , kid. Way to cut at it.
That is probably good for today.
Lets collect up these baseballs and
go home. You need a ride?

CHRIS
Sure coach, that would be swell

Chris quickly picks up the baseballs

SMASH CUT TO

37 INT CAR 37

Coach is driving while Chris sits in the passenger seat.

COACH
So what did you think of the
magazine? Pretty cool. Huh?

The coach reaches over the seat and grabs a beer, cracks it open take a sip and passes it to the kid

COACH (CONT'D)
Here you go, drink some of this.
It's great after a hard workout.

Chris takes the beer and swigs some down. He doesn't like the taste but pounds it down, straight to the head.

COACH (CONT'D)

Whoa, slow down there kid, your gonna get sick

CHRIS

Well, that's what you want isn't it?

COACH

(puzzled) excuse me

Chris reaches over the back seat and grabs another beer. He snaps it open and bangs it straight to the head. He wipes off his chin and smiles back at the coach

CHRIS

You know how you do? First, hand off a little porno mag, then get 'em buzzed? right?

COACH

What the fuck are you talking about kid?

CHRIS

Look, if you want to diddle me, why you gotta front? (now buzzed) your're a fucking molester from way back, asshole!!

VO GUY

Wel well well, what have we here? This little shit might be onto something!!

COACH

Look kid, I just like they way you play baseball. You can be really good if you could juts hit.

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah. Whatever. I liked the magazine. I couldn't help but get excited. My thingie got hard and I touched it. It felt real good!!

COACH

Really, mine gets hard too, when I look at those pictures. (worried) Hey, kid . You okay?

Chris' eyes roll back in his head and he passes out. Slumped over in the passenger seat.

SMASH CUT TO

38 EXT WOODS- SIDE OF THE ROAD

38

The coach has parked the car in a wooded area and is pulling up his pants, just on the outside of the passenger side door. Chris is still passed out in the seat, but his pants are down. The coach reaches over the seat from out side and grabs another beer. He leans against the door and pounds the can.

INT - Chris's house

Chris's mom and dad are sitting at the dining room table with his two brother and one sister. There is an empty place. The front door bursts open and in walks Chris. He is wearing his baseball uniform and walks to his place and sits down.

CHRIS

Sorry, I am late, coach let me hit a few in the cage (pause) pass the ham.

39 INT APARTMENT

39

Buddy, 78 , sits in his apartment at a small table. He walks over to the TV and turns it on. He walks over to the corner and open a big box. He starts to pull out pictures. As he lays them out on the table, he turns to see that the TV is on MTV. The song that is playing is "Superhigh" by Rick Ross and Nayo. He bobs his head to the music

He sits back down at the table, a surveys the photos.

This scene will play as a music montage of moving photos.

Photo # 1 - Buddy at 30 or so with a young boy (his son, Brett)(1960's)

Photo # 2 - Buddy at 20, with Verna on their wedding day.(1950's)

Photo # 3 - Buddy at 10 , standing next to old pickup (same on Verna drove to court) (1940's)

Photo # 4 - Buddy and his son, Brett at high school graduation (1960's)

Photo # 5 - Buddy and 2nd wife Ann(from retirement home) on their wedding day. (1970's)

Photo # 6 - Buddy, Ann , and friends at Dinner (1980's)

Photo # 7 - Buddy and Ann on a cruise ship (1980's)

Photo # 8 - Ann at 70 . Layed sexy acroos a bed , with lingerie (1990's)

Buddy laughs out loud at the final piture and turns back to MTV of the tube. He sings along

BUDDY

All these cars, all these stars ,
all around me...

SMASH CUT TO

40

EXT CHURCH - DAY

40

This scene is a flashback. Buddy is 45 and wearing the same clothes as second wedding picture to Ann. This is the same day as photo #5. He stands, smoking a cigarette, talking to his son Brett, 25.

BRETT

It's fine dad, mom would be
thrilled that after all these years
you found someone. She has been
gone a long time.

BUDDY

Yeah, but do you think she forgives
me?

BRETT

Forgives you for what?

BUDDY

You know, (pause) loving someone
else?

BRETT

Is that a crime now? (laughing)
look pop, mom died tragically,
saving you from a life-sentence.
She left me in your capable hands
and you have done a great job. She
would be proud of us both.

BUDDY

But...

VO GUY

Ok kids, here comes another
banger!! This fuck is about to
upset the fruit basket.

Buddy light another cigarette with the one he is putting out.
He leans in to talk to Brett

BUDDY

There is something you don't know
son. I WAS guilty. I did kill that
man. It was an accident, but I shot
him. I was so angry that he touched
your mother I couldn't help myself.
I was gonna hit him in the face
with the gun, but it just went off.

BRETT

(shocked) what , what? What are you
saying ,pop?

BUDDY

I am saying that when your mother
fell to the floor in that
courtroom. I knew that was my
punishment. She knew I wasn't
capable of that kid of behavior so
she planted the gun in that man's
room. When the cops found the
murder weapon in his room, they
believed I was innocent. I am
telling you that the gun was in my
truck in the glove box

FLASH BACK TO

41 INT. PICKUP TRUCK 41

Verna opens the glove box and shoves the gun in her purse.
She lays the baby (Brett) in the seat and drives away.

FLASH BACK TO

42 EXT. CHURCH (CONT'D) 42

BRETT

Mom knew you killed that guy and
she planted the gun on someone
else? What tha fuck are you saying
,pop?

BUDDY

Exactly that son, exactly that. Who knew she would have a heart attack and die right there in the courtroom? I didn't want you going to some foster home so I went along, claimed my innocence and went on with my life. Trying to do right by her, by raising you.

BRETT

Fuck me!!

VO GUY

Fuck you is right!! Good old dad is good old murderer!! AWWW isn't that sweet.

Buddy leans himself up against a car parked on the curb, for balance. He looks like he is going to faint.

BRETT

Well pop, you been carrying that a long time. I am sure that is punishment enough. This is your day. Ann is a great girl, and she loves your dirty drawers. You can never tell her. It will be our secret. And for the record, I forgive you. I am sure you didn't mean to kill that man and I know you didn't mean for momma to die. Life is funny that way, pop. You never know when your gonna get a second chance, so take this one (pause) and forgive yourself.

BUDDY

(tearing up) thanks son, you are a wise young man and I love you.

VO GUY

Ok cut the fucking waterworks there, killer.

Brett and Buddy turn to enter church. As they walk down the aisle, they are greeted by smiling faces, shaking hands all the way up to the altar. As they turn around and get into position, they both see Ann, the beautiful bride being escorted down the aisle towards them. She is radiant.

43 INT. MERCEDES BENZ

43

Katy and Thad are cruising in the Benzo , through a beautiful stretch of beachfront highway. Thad reaches to turn up the radio.

RADIO

More bounce to the ounce, more
bounce to the ounce

Thad is bouncing his head to the music as they cruise along. Katy presses the button and "wham" the top comes down and retracts into position. She smiles at him. He smiles back. As Thad kicks into the next gear, Katy leans over and kisses him on the cheek. The music gets louder. In CU, we see her hand slide down his chest and into his pants. Thad looks over at her and smiles as if to say "HELLS YEAH!" She unzips his fly , as they both lean a little into the next big curve.

VO GUY

So what we have here is a little
jerk and drive. (laughing) This is
not gonna turn out good.

The car quickly swerves, and rolls up on its side, super-movie extra violently.

VO GUY (CONT'D)

BOOM!! And now the flames !!
(laughing hysterically)

The car burst into flames and is quickly engulfed by fire. As the camera pulls farther and farther back from the wreckage we discover Katy on the pavement, moving slightly, but without a scratch on her. She lifts her head to see the car fully engulfed. The camera zoom super-ECU into her tearing eye.

SMASH CUT TO

44 EXT CEMETERY DAY - SOMETIME LATER

44

Katy is a small speck in a giant field of headstones. She sits on a red blanket, eating a sandwich, sipping red wine out of a plastic tumbler. She seems to be talking to someone. From a distance we see large hand gestures and expressive movements coming from her. As the camera pushes closer, we see that she is alone talking to the air.

KATY

Well sweetie, I guess I'm gonna
take this job in California.
(MORE)

KATY (CONT'D)

The money's real good and the people are really nice.

NARRATOR

(sarcastically whining) but I don't understand, whose gonna have lunch with me everyday?

KATY

I mean the dog will probably fair better in the warm weather. I spend every week at the vet. I will still come visit you all the time.

NARRATOR

(sarcastic and angry) Why? Haven't you done enough? You make it so my dick won't get hard and then you jerk me off while I going 90 and crash me into a fucking tree!!
Hateful bitch!!

Katy leans over to caress the headstone and look directly at it as she speaks

KATY

I know it was all my fault and I know you would want me to go on.

NARRATOR

(more evil and angry)What are you fucking crazy? I wish it woulda been you!!

KATY

I can never get over this, you know. I will always be empty and alone.I Just wanted to be close to you. I just wanted to give you all the love I had. (sobbing) I am so sorry!! (more sobbing)

NARRATOR

(laughing hysterically)Fuck me, I 'm the one whose dead here. What tha fuck are you crying about?

Katy tries to straighten herself up. She reaches down and grabs a napkin to dry her eyes and wipe her face. She lifts the plastic wine glass and takes a deep, long sip. She puts down the glass and reaches for a piece of cheese.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I hate this fucking cheese, It smells like ass.

45 INT UPSCALE RESTAURANT

45

Dave, Margie the nurse , 40 and Granny sit at a corner table awaiting their lunch. Dave keeps looking over at Granny and smiling. She smiles back. Margie smiles at Dave and its an overall smile-fest. Anyway

DAVE

So Margie, How is she doing? Is she eating well? The nurses told me she has been a little stubborn about the food.

GRANNY

(Interrupting loudly) Stubborn, that shit takes like ass!!! You eat it!!

The restaurant all takes a big gasp as Dave leans in a puts a hand on granny's shoulder

DAVE

That's a little loud , Granny

GRANNY

So fucking what.

The waiter comers over and brings their salads. He approaches them each separately to ask if they would like pepper. Margie and Dave wave "no" and we see Granny point straight down at the salad.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Right there pedro, and don't be fucking stingy.

Suddenly Dave is interrupted by a cell phone call "RING"

GRANNY (CONT'D)

What tha fuck is that noise? Make it stop Davey, (screaming) Now!!!

NARRATOR

This old bag needs to be put in the bag, loudmouth bitch!!

Dave excuses himself and heads to the foyer of the restaurant.

46 INT. FOYER

46

Dave answers the call, as the maitre'd looks on

DAVE

Hello, Rachel. (pause) we are almost done here. My granny is losing it but the bitch has got spunk. (pause) what? (pause) What's wrong with tonight? I'll be done in like 30 minutes. (Pleading) I can be there in an hour , for sure. (pause) (dejected) Well, OK, I guess we can hook up tomorrow.

Dave hangs up the call and peers across the restaurant at Granny and the nurse. Granny, from out POV, is tossing rolls at the nurse and laughing. Dave looks down, then back at the maitre'd and then

SMASH CUT TO

47 EXT. COURTHOUSE

47

A Television Reporter, Ken, 35, stands on the steps of a municipal courthouse. He is surrounded by several other reporters with their camera crews. They are all standing behind a police patrolled set of barriers at the base of the long tall stairs the the entrance of the building. Ken is looking around, angry, searching for someone. We pull back to realize that he is looking for his camera guy. Then we see a skinny Asian guy holding a huge camera. The cameraman is Cliff, 40.

KEN

(frustrated) Jeez Cliff, what the fuck always takes you so long?

CLIFF

(under his breath) FUCK YOU

KEN

What? (pause) Dude?

CLIFF

I had some uplink issues but they are solved now. So lets just get this and get outta here.

As Ken straightens his tie and Cliff prepares his camera, we hear

NARRATOR

Chop Chop there, zipper. A good
upstanding white man is about to
tell these people about an
important man(laughing)

Cliff now has the camera on his shoulder, ready to roll. Ken
raise the microphone to his chin and looks right at us

CLIFF

OK Ken, we're ready. In 3...2...

Cliff throws a silent (1) one and points

SMASH CUT TO

48

INT. TV SCREEN SITTING ABOVE A DUSTY BAR

48

On the television we see Ken live from the scene.

KEN

(on the TV) Breaking News Today
here at the Smart County Courthouse
as jury selection begins in the
trial of suspected serial killer
Lawrence P. Fang. His guilt of the
crime is almost assured. The bodies
of several men , women and children
were found on his sprawling ranch
above Savior Lake. What really is
on trial here is the death penalty.
Judge Wayne Proper , a
controversial figure in the fight
to abolish the death penalty
resides over this much hotly
debated proceeding. Proper feels as
if killing of any kind is wrong,
and many people agree, that the
state has no right to mandate state
assisted murder. The accused 52
year old Fang is said to be a
sadistic killer who allegedly
dismembered and tortured his
victims. His pattern of victims was
random across all ethnic ,economic
and genders. Young, old, boys ,
girls, men , women, and everything
in between.

SMASH CUT TO

49 INT. CITY STREET - CIRCA 1962

49

An older white man(Matthew) is dragging a young boy(Larry) down the street by his hair. The boy is screaming and kicking. People watch what is occurring but nobody steps in.

MATTHEW

If I told you once, I told you a million times, your mother is a whore, plain and simple, you cant save here and neither can I?

LARRY

(screaming)

I don't care , she is still my mom

MATTHEW

Well boy, I guess that's it for you and me. Our journey ends here. Stay with your mother, stay on the street, I don't fucking care, your loss.

Matthew tosses the boy to the ground and continues on his way. Larry sits up and looks around at the empty street.

SMASH CUT TO

50 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

50

A small group of would-be jurors climb the steep courthouse steps, angling as far right as they can to avoid the press and commotion. Among the group is Jamal, an older yet familiar Chris, Katy, Dave and a feeble Buddy.

51 INT. JURY CHAMBERS - DAY

51

Jamal has his hand raised.

JAMAL

Well I have never done this before, but I am certainly willing to try

KATY

(Sadistically) shit, I don't want or need that much responsibility right now.

JUROR # 6

Well, no one else wants the job.

BUDDY

So I guess we have a foreman.

DAVE

(texting and not looking up) great,
well that took long enough.

JAMAL

Well, y'all heard the Judge we cant
talk about this till it's time to
deliberate.

DAVE

Deliberate what, we all know he is
guilty, they want us to decide
whether he lives or dies, you guys
prepared for that shit?

The room is silenced. Katy drops her head in to her hands and
Buddy reaches and pats her on the back. Jamal smiles at the
group nervously

52 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - CIRCA 1970

52

A hippy-dressed 13-year old Larry walk slowly down a row of
train tracks, throwing rocks and humming to himself. Suddenly
2 hobos jump from behind him and grab the boy. He struggles
to free himself from their grasp but they are grown men and
he is too small and too weak.

53 INT. ABANDONED SHACK

53

Larry lays naked on the floor, crying. The 2 hobos laugh as
they sit across from him, sipping on a label-less bottle of
some crap.

HOBO #1

From behind he kinda looks like a
girl, I like that (chuckling)

HOBO #2

Well all I know is, he sure has a
pretty face.

Larry tries to get up and run but Hobo#1 quickly rises and
punches the boy in the stomach. Larry falls quickly back to
the floor and writhes in pain. In his helplessness, Hobo #2
stands over the boy, now knelt in front of him, and pulls his
pants down and inserts himself into the boy as he screams in
pain. Hobo#1 races around in front of the boy, and holds him
down as he struggles.

LARRY
(screaming) Nooooooooooooo!!

HOBO #2
Oh yeah, that's nice

HOBO #1
Hurry up, I want a turn

Larry struggles and kicks his legs back behind him, Hobo#2 falls back awkwardly and unexpectedly hits his head on the corner of a table behind the action. He goes down hard and is suddenly unconscious, Hobo #1 jumps up to check on him as Larry rises he eyes a pitchfork in the corner of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 FLASHBACK MONTAGE SCENE 54

(These images pop and flash quickly)

Images flash by of all things death penalty:

Electric chair

Lethal injection canisters

Guards walking guys to death chamber

Noose swinging

Gavel hitting

Blind folded prisoner

Guillotine blade CU. Falling

(You get it)

55 INT. ABANDONED SHACK 55

Larry sits on the floor, being warmed by a raging fire. He licks his lips and pulls a piece of meat from a stick laying in the fire. It is hot, and burns his fingers. As the camera pulls out, he reaches for a big chunk of bloody meat and chews it feverishly, and it is GOOD.

Pulling farther back we see that he is eating flesh from the hobos. They are laid on the floor, one with the pitchfork still in his back. Strips of their flesh have been carved off and are laid neatly across a wooden board just beyond the fire; IT HAS BEGUN.

56

INT. COURTHROOM - DAY

56

The gallery is full and silenced by the final words of Prosecutor Jenkins

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

...and we will prove that this sadistic killer, this man right here in front of you (pointing) deserves no mercy in the eyes of this court, any other court or the community. His life-long pattern of murder, destruction and cannibalism ends here in this chamber and at the hands of technician who will place into his veins a lethal injection powerful enough to end his life and this reign of terror. We have nothing further you honor.

JUDGE

Thank you Mr. Jenkins. Is the defense prepared to begin their opening statement, Mr. Poole?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Yes we are your honor. (rising from his seat) This case is not about guilt or innocence. We know the crimes Mr. Fang has committed. He admits his guilt and wants to die. He feels he SHOULD die at the hands of the state and believes this decision to be just. But...(long pause) he also feels as if the torture and degradation that he AND his victims have received need to be examined more thoroughly.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

57

Jamal and Kyle stroll ever so slowly through the park, now hand in hand, confident and out.

KYLE

Well I know the judge told you not to discuss this with anyone.

JAMAL

I know K, but this is so heavy, I need a sounding board.

KYLE

OK, but you are gonna get in trouble, for sure.

JAMAL

Naw (laughing)

KYLE

All these psychos have some painful past and a lot of people do, that doesn't make them killers

SMASH CUT TO

58

58

59 INT. BACKWOODS BAR - NIGHT

59

An early 20's Larry, sits at the end of the bar alone sipping a Busch beer and just finishing off another shot of something

BARTENDER

Another pal?

LARRY

Yeah , sure.

As he sips his beer, a pretty young woman, TRACY 22, slides onto the bar stool next to LARRY.

TRACY

Hey lover, how ya doin?

LARRY

Good

TRACY
You got a girl?

LARRY
(Stuttering) What?

TRACY
You know, a girlfriend, a wife , a
lover?

LARRY
Who me, (shrugging) No.

TRACY
Well, why not? You're a good
looking fella? Hell, I would give
you some(laughing)

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. CITY PARK

60

TRACEY is on her knees giving LARRY oral sex, as he leans
against a lone oak tree, the the moonlight. Tracy stand to
face him, he looks stunned directly into her eyes.

TRACY
OK, honey, I need that inside this
pussy. I don't think you like my
mouth.

LARRY looks down at his flaccid penis and begins to
masturbate feverishly. The desperation shows on his face and
he begins to shed a tear.

TRACY (CONT'D)
You crying, no you ain't crying,
you little fucking baby? Shit

LARRY
Turn around!! If I can see your
ass. I can fuck you.

TRACY
Oh really (hiking up her skirt)
then get it baby,(pulling down her
panties) put it in there

LARRY
Yeah

LARRY fumbles and struggles to insert his soft penis inside
her.

She begins to reach around behind her and tug on his penis. He tries to pull away from her, but she has a solid hold of his member.

TRACY

Get back here, fag and fuck me.

LARRY

No (backing away)

TRACY

What are you , queer?

At hearing this, LARRY goes into a rage and begins kicking and punching the woman violently. She screams for just a second but is rendered unconscience by the barrage of blows.

LARRY

Fuck you bitch, you fucking bitch

SMASH CUT TO

61 INT. MORTUARY DAY - PREP ROOM

61

CHRIS, 35, the boy from the coach molestation, is now grown up and working as a mortician. He is tall and slender, with golden blonde hair. A lit cigarette dangles from his lips.

CHRIS

Date : June 3rd 1988, Special request of my douchebag friend, Neil K. At the Tampa County coroners office. FUCK YOU, Neil. Looks like a number of very nasty blunt force trauma's to the face and upper torso. This guy is a beast, a real whirlwind of punches, kicks, strikes, blows, GOD DAMN!!

Suddenly, 2(two) EMT's shove in a gurney. Cliff , 30 and Lenny , 38, are laughing loudly as they, bring the body to a freezer drawer in the corner

CLIFF

Whattup Chris? Got a fatal Mercedes wreckage!! Safety rating , huh?

LENNY

(chuckling) Massive head wound!!

Chris looks up at these two clowns shakes his head and looks back down at the wounds of the victim laid in front of him.

SMASH CUT TO

62

62

63

INT. COURTHROOM - DAY

63

The gallery once again is full, we see a now older CHRIS on the witness stand. He is sweating and nervous as he is being questioned by

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

So, Mr. Hayworth, are you trying to tell this court that 10 years ago when you were an intern, medical examiner working out of a county mortuary, you believe you came upon one of the suspects victims, named Victim 12?

CHRIS

Yes, sir

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

What make you so sure that this victim, 10 years ago, was one of those associated with the defendant.

CHRIS

Well, to be honest with you sir, IT wasn't till I sat there in the gallery the last few days and heard the prosecutions case unfold.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Excuse me, Mr Hayworth, again

CHRIS

Well sir, the violence shown in some of the evidence matches some of the injuries I saw on that poor girl 10 years ago. I went back to school to become a Profiler frankly because of this case. I really wanted to know what kind of person could do these sort of crimes.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This must be a person who has
suffered shame, injury,
indifference and cruelty of an
overwhelming proportion.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Why would you say that?

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

(on his feet and yelling) I object!

JUDGE

(pounding gavel) order

SMASH CUT TO

64 BLACK 64

65 INT. NOWHERE 65

Images of crime scenes pass slowly thru the frame.

VO GUY

I ain't asking for no mercy from
you people. I admit my guilt. I
passed on the pain. I transferred
the hurt. I exchanged the blood for
some calm. And, now , it's my turn.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. DOWNTOWN HIGHRISE HOTEL - NIGHT 66

A parked bus pulls up in front of the hotel. (20 uniformed
police officers step off first and 14 men and women step off
the bus. The last one to get off is an aging Buddy, now in
his early 90's. One of the officers escorts him into the
lobby doors and into the hotel lobby.

67 INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER 67

A sullen Katy, now 52 sits alone in a booth sipping some
concoction containing an umbrella. She is wearing thick
reading glasses and reading the Bible.

Across from her, an emaciated but healthy looking Jamal sits
at the bar next to a well dressed Dave. Dave is on the phone
just wrapping up a call

DAVE

Yeah. Marina, just get her the ice cream, whatever she likes and I WILL reimburse you. (pause) kiss her for me, thanks (hangs up)

Reaching for his drink, DAVE, waves at Katy who is watching this whole scene,

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to Jamal) So, when did you come out?

JAMAL

What? Umm, kinda personal, right?

DAVE

Well, shit we can't talk about the case, can't sit in this bar with the TV on, can't unload one on four-eyes over there.

JAMAL

Wow, like so TMI!! What you do, sport?

DAVE

I invest.

JAMAL

(pause) and.... (pregnant pause)

DAVE

In stuff that makes money.

JAMAL

Are you good at that?

DAVE

Yeah, pretty good.

JAMAL

You got someone?

DAVE

Someone to what?

JAMAL

Someone to..... love

DAVE

Well , I had a girlfriend before this trial started but you never know with these hoes.

JAMAL
(curiously)Never know...

DAVE
How these bitches will behave if not constantly entertained. If i was broke and living in a shitty one bedroom apartment in West Hollywood,I am not sure any of these sluts would hang out, you know?

JAMAL
Well, I live in a shitty one bedroom apartment in West Hollywood with my boyfriend and it's wonderful because we have love.

DAVE
Love, interesting, love ?

As he reaches to grab his glass, he eyes Katy sitting at her booth, now listening in on this conversation and laughing hysterically. The 3 share a small moment , when Juror #2 walks in arm in arm with the very elderly BUDDY. The booth closest to the entrance is where Katy is sitting, she quickly slides over to accomodate the aging man.

Buddy, thanks Juror #7, tosses his cane into the booth and slides in.

BUDDY
Mind if I share a night cap with a lovely young lady.

KATY
Lovely, and young, all wrapped in the same sentence, well certainly.

BUDDY
(to the bartender) a cold Bud and a bourbon shot, please young man.

The bartender waves and smiles acknowledgment.

KATY
So, if you don't mind me asking sir, can I assume you have seen enough jury duty that being foreman is a regular occasion.

BUDDY
What do you mean young lady?

KATY

Well frankly, you seem a little up
in years to be volunteering to be
jury foreman.

BUDDY

(to KATY's suprise) (but
gentle)FUCK YOU!!

KATY

Excuse me sir.

BUDDY

C mon girlie, I am 92 years young
and I get what the fuck your
driving at, but believe me, being
jury foreman is like taking a shit.

KATY

(now thoroughly amused)Please, go
on.

BUDDY

Well, I mean, you count up the
votes and if it is not unanimous,
you knock on the door and tell the
big goon, "we can't decide" simple,
really

KATY

Well shit, if you put it that way.
Cheers to the legal system.

They clink glasses and smile. Dave and Jamal look on in
amazement.

68

INT. JUDGES' CHAMBERS - DAY

68

The chamber is full, Judge , lawyers, assistants and the room
a abuzz

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

You honor really, we have a signed
confession, captured on videotape,
3 eyewitness that directly pointed
to him and positively identified
him as the man who attacked them.
We have the 6 bodies found on HIS
property, this argument is simply
about putting the man on the stand
to convince this jury that his life
is worth saving.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

And what is wrong with that. This country, this state and this county have never been able to determine whether it is constitutional for our courts to execute a man to death, so what is the harm in having him defend himself in open court? Frankly, J, you got your conviction, the one you promised the media 4 years ago, when this trial began, let the people decide his fate like it says in the law books they taught us.

JUDGE

Hold on here a second gentle man, is there not a question of jurisdiction surrounding this entire issue? Even if these people vote to execute him, he will still have a chance in appeals court , both at the state and federal level.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

In all humility, you honor, those courts take their lead from us, we decide what can be heard and considered and this is important; for all those inmates and prisoners whose cases have yet to be heard. Frankly, one ounce of decent DNA evidence can overturn a good portion of these death penalty convictions that sit on the docket presently.

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

You want this Poole, OK, but my cross is gonna be epic. Get ready for a lot of objections, your honor?

JUDGE

We will see.

DISSOLVE TO:

Larry Fang sits in his cell, alone. There is a stack of books in the corner stacked neatly.

LARRY
 (singing to himself) State of
 Emergency, that's where I want to
 be. (like Bjork) State of
 Emergency, that's where I want
 to..... be

As the lights get dimmer, the camera pushes in on Larry's
 face, he smiles, then winks, then smiles, then winks

SMASH CUT TO

70

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

70

A woman is tied up on the floor, she looks scared. Footsteps
 can be heard in the background. Each step comes closer as the
 woman begins to shutter.

HE is in the room, she jumps as a hand reaches down and pulls
 the gag from her mouth.

LARRY
 Shhhhh.... Now one peep out of you
 missy and you are surly dead where
 you lay.

WOMAN
 What do you want from me?

LARRY
 What do you think?

WOMAN
 Are you gonna rape me?

LARRY
 Rape you, like sex stuff? No. I can
 get pussy anytime.

WOMAN
 Are you gonna kill me?

LARRY
 (laughing) definitely!! Ab-so-
 fucking-lutely!!

WOMAN
 (crying)why?

LARRY
 Why? (pausing)Why not? I need to
 feel something, something real.
 Something tangible. You know?

WOMAN
(confused) What?

LARRY
I have no feelings, I feel no pain
or remorse, I feel nothing, ever.
Except, (pausing) when I take a
life.

The WOMAN squirms on the floor trying to move away from him ,
but he plants his foot on her chest to keep her still.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(singing) State of Emergency,
that's where I want to be, State of
emergency, that's where I want to
be

CUT TO:

71 INT. CITY BUS - MORNING 71

The bus is on its way back to court. All of the Jurors are
aboard. Buddy and Katy sit up front, Jamal and David are
scattered behind them in seats. The bus hits a big bump and
all the passengers are launched airborne. They settle back
down and Buddy smiles at Katy.

BUDDY
Dang, that was fun.

KATY
Hey, driver ,do that again

The bus erupts into laughter.

72 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY 72

Larry is out back of his house filling in a large hole with a
pile of dirt. A black lab sits quietly to the side as he
works. The camera pulls back to reveal a barn, behind where
Larry is working. The barn doors are open and inside we see
what looks like two makeshift wooden headstones, As the
camera pushes in we see that each placard is above a small
mound of dirt. One placard says "POP" the other say "MOM"

73 INT. COURTHROOM - DAY 73

Once again the court is full. People are sitting quietly
waiting for the next witness to come to the stand.

The jurors in the jury box look down as Larry Fang, himself, slides across the floor , shackled, slowly moving towards the stand.

JUDGE

Mr. Poole, you may proceed.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Thank you , your honor, (addressing the witness) Mr. Fang, why do you feel this jury should spare your life?

LARRY

Spare my life? I have been dead for years.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

What do you mean, sir?

LARRY

Well, it's like this, sport. All I have ever known is pain. From the first breathe I took on this earth, people have been hitting me, and yelling at me, and hurting me. So, what kind of life is that? This "life in prison" you offer, might well be the only peace I get in this life. 23 hour a day lockup, no human contact, total isolation, sounds kinda... peaceful, serene, you know?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Do you feel any remorse for the crimes you have committed? The lives you have destroyed.

LARRY

(laughing) well slow down there chief, lets not get all misty and confused here. Each one of those people was suffering a life of shit. Poor, hungry, desperate, old, feeble, scared and most of all hopeless. I simply gave them peace, when all the world was offering them was starvation and illness and begging and pain. I helped those people, gave them some REAL peace.

Looking across the courtroom, Poole, is stunned at the silent attentiveness of the gallery. He locks eyes with Jamal and Dave, who are sitting in the jury box.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE
I have nothing further, your honor.

JUDGE
Mr. Jenkins

PROSECUTOR JENKINS
Mr. Fang, so you are telling this court that these were mercy killings?

LARRY
(pausing)um.....NO, I am not.

PROSECUTOR JENKINS
I don't understand, please explain it to me.

LARRY
Pain, Mr. Jenkins, pain and suffering and loss and indifference make a man desperate, In my case desperate to get some peace and quiet. Desperate to free myself from judgmental assholes like you, Mr. Jenkins.

JUDGE
Language, Mr. Fang

LARRY
Sorry Judge, (back to Jenkins) It's simple, mister lawyer man. What you and your laws and your courts and your society has deemed criminal IS my life. No liberty, no pursuit of happiness. Just huddled masses... 99 percent pure suffering masses!!! Who is looking out for them, ME. I can fix their pain, I can remove their suffering, by taking them away from YOU!!!

Buddy, holds up a piece of paper. The twelve jurors look stunned at what is written on the paper.

BUDDY

Ten for lethal injection and two
for life without parole.

JUROR # 6

Are you fucking kidding me?

KATY

Well, it is our first vote. Maybe
we should discuss the reasons why
we voted the way we did.

JAMAL

(in a sweet voice) Well I am gonna
need a cigarette. Bailiff, please,
can I be excused for a minute?

The bailiff comes to the door and opens it Jamal exits,
followed by Dave who is disgusted.

DAVE

Hold on, I coming for a nic fix
too.

KATY

Make it snappy gentleman(laughing)

75

EXT. SIDE OF COURTHOUSE - DAY

75

Jamal and Dave stand on the side of the building. They are
being watched by an armed-guard, who is monitoring their
conversation.

DAVE

So I laid 4 and a half on the
Lakers to beat the t-wolves at
home. What you think?

JAMAL

Well, as I am an African-American
citizen of this great nation, I
actually Do have an opinion. Kobe's
old but can certainly still finish,
at home...(pause) lay the 4, Love
is good, but he is just one guy.

DAVE

Dang, I should have been querying
you all along, shit!!

JAMAL

Well, you are welcome.

DAVE
 Fuck me, (shyly) not
 literally (laughing) I mean, you're
 gay, right?

JAMAL
 Does that matter? (pause) but yes,
 I am.

DAVE
 Well, who knew, you know?
 Basketball, point spreads, guy
 shit!!

JAMAL
 I am STILL a guy, I just like other
 guys! (disgusted) fucking idiot!!

DAVE
 Whoa, harsh man, sorry.

76 INT. JURY CHAMBERS - DAY

76

Our 12 Juror's sit around the room, relaxed but deep in
 discussion.

JUROR # 2
 I don't understand what all the
 fuss is about, he DID it, admits he
 did it, execute him and be done
 with it, he's a menace and a
 hateful evil man.

KATY
 I would argue that retribution is
 simply revenge and cannot be
 condoned. Life without parole is
 sufficient enough penalty, let him
 live out his days with the memories
 of his horror.

BUDDY
 A man kills for all kinds of
 reasons (pause)

The room is silenced and everyone focuses their attention on
 Guddy as he speaks. He speaks softly, so people have to move
 in tighter to hear every word.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Sometimes for love, sometimes for
 hate, sometimes for money,
 sometimes for effect.

JUROR #9

(exhasperated) Effect? You mean like to get attention, to be heard?

DAVE

Fucking ridiculous, sometimes slapping someone or kicking isn't big enough of a statement, right?

JAMAL

Any one who would take ANY life , someone else's or their own, has got to be suffering immensely.

DAVE

What if some people are just, mean and selfish and ego-maniacal. They want what they want and they will kill to get it!!

KATY

Do any of those characterizations make it JUST and RIGHT for us to play God with someone's else's life.

JUROR # 2

Okay okay, no GOD talk around here, that will get him hung for sure

The room again goes silent, a long pregnant pause, then a release of uncontrollable laughter.

BUDDY

Look, I don't want to be the guy who makes a bad call, here. DNA evidence frees convicted felons almost weekly now. How many of those guys who went before were innocent?

KATY

Isn't one mistake enough to eliminate the whole concept of the death penalty?

JUROR #9

That is bullshit, what if your child , or mother or spouse was a victim of such a heinous crime? Would you feel the same way? I DON'T THINK SO!!

BUDDY

What if you HAD actually killed someone by accident, in a car or committing another crime?

JUROR #9

This guy is a career serial killer!! What tha fuck are you talking about?

DAVE

Maybe it's not enough to take him off the streets forever? Maybe he needs to be made an example.

KATY

Example, like that has worked before, you think all the executions in this country up until now are not enough of a statement!! It's working REAL great as a deterrent.

BUDDY

It's after 4:30, gang, maybe we should table this discussion until this platoon is better rested.

JAMAL

Ahhh(laughing) stripes!!!

The room empties out, and we see out the window the entire bunch heading for the bus parked just outside the building.

77

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

77

Jamal and Kyle sit comfortably on a blanket, having a very civilized picnic. Kyle reaches to toast his glass with Jamal's. CLINK

KYLE

We here's to the last week of deliberation. After a month, I am so glad the judge allowed you guys to at least spend one day with your families.

JAMAL

If we come get to a decision by Friday afternoon, he's gonna call it.

KYLE

Let him call it!!

JAMAL

And force a whole nother set of losers to make this decision again. Sounds like a lotta tax dollars tossed into the fire

KYLE

Well, death penalty abolitionist believe , capital punishment is the worst violation of human rights, because the right to life is the most important, and judicial execution violates it without necessity and inflicts to the condemned a psychological torture.

JAMAL

What tha fuck? How do you know that?

KYLE

Books fool, books, I loved to read Camus back in the day, he said: An execution is not simply death. It is just as different from the privation of life as a concentration camp is from prison. [...] For there to be an equivalency, the death penalty would have to punish a criminal who had warned his victim of the date at which he would inflict a horrible death on him and who, from that moment onward, had confined him at his mercy for months. Such a monster is not encountered in private life.

JAMAL

Well, look at the big brain on Kyle.

KYLE

Look sweetie, I ain't telling you what to do, but you seen death, up close and mutherfucking personal, so you know, it's ALL bad, so why be a part of more of it. Jail is funky, dirty, scary, nasty and most of all, not-pretty.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Life in a place like that seems for-real horrible to me.

Jamal leans over to give Kyle a little peck as two older married couples walk by. The tension is palpable as the two couples stare inquisitively, Kyle grabs Jamal's face and they kiss right on the lips. The two couples turn their faces in disgust.

JAMAL

(to the assholes as they walk away)
smooches, yo, smooches

78

INT. RACETRACK CLUBHOUSE - DAY

78

Dave sits alone at the end of the clubhouse bar. The races are on all dozen monitors and the crowd can be heard rising to cheer a close finish

DAVE

(to himself) come on Big Bowler,
work your way to the front, you
slag!! Fucking glue factory equine.

BARTENDER

You want another?

DAVE

Uhh... yeah sure, another shot and
another Bud.

BARTENDER

See that shit!

DAVE

What shit?

BARTENDER

(pointing to a monitor over his
head) that Fang shit!! Fucking
serial killer guy, wants to die at
the hands of the executioner, but
the fucking jury won't let him.
Shit, I'll do it.

DAVE

(sighing back into his drink)
Interesting?

BAR PATRON

What tha fuck, the state is gonna spend million over the course of god-knows-how many years, feeding and doing dental work on this ass fuck, and then pay for his burial.

BARTENDER

Seems fiscally irresponsible and a big fucking waste of MY tax dollars!!

DAVE

What about handing out more suffering? What about that? Hasn't enough blood been shed?

The bartender and patron look at Dave curiously, as he slides away from the bar having, slammed down the shot and rolled swiftly out with the Bud in hand.

79

EXT. RACETRACK STANDS - DAY

79

Dave takes his Bud, a racing form and a pencil and slips into a bleacher seat. He looks over to his right to see a Blue women's sweater, a very expensive pair of binoculars and a half-full cocktail of some sort with an umbrella inside.

ANNOUNCER

(over the loud speaker) This is Trevor Denman, at Santa Anita this lovely Saturday, ready for the 5th race, A 4 furlong affair of 3 years olds...

Dave looks down at this ticket to reveal he has a few horses in this race. He sits up to look at the horses, far across the track, loading into the starting gate. It seems far so he looks around, sees no one watching him and reaches for the binoculars. He pulls them up to his face, and peers across the track, suddenly

WOMAN'S VOICE

So, you gamble AND you steal?

DAVE

What, oh sorry, just looking at my money.

Dave turns around in amazement to find that it is Katy

KATY

Fancy meeting you here

DAVE

Well, I see you did something productive with your day off

KATY

Well, the kid had a play date planned anyway and my late husband and I used to sneak off to the track all the time. This place makes me think of a better time, withhim.

DAVE

So...sorry to hear that. (long pause) guess all we can talk about his horses, as per the judge's instructions.

KATY

You are sadly under the impression, sir, that I am here to talk about anything. What horse you got in this one?

DAVE

Well if you must know I have the 4 and 7 boxed in the exacta and I put \$100 across on each.

KATY

Well, see we do have something in common, my friend owns the 4 horse. I too have a wager on that creature.

DAVE

(laughing) the racing form says he is quite the sprinter down the stretch.

KATY

Well, it all depends on how the jockey chooses to play that last few poles.

DAVE

(curious) Really? What do you mean?

KATY

Look it's like this, some riders choose to take the whip to the animal as soon as they hit the turn.

Flashes of a riding crop hitting the horses hip

KATY (CONT'D)

Each strike forcing the horse to
get his back legs under him faster
and faster, turning over more and
more strides

CU shows the horse reach for a sprint.

DAVE

Okay, as opposed to what?

KATY

Shit, dont you know anything about
horses, I am sure you've lost
enough money out here to have
picked up a few gems. (shrugging)
Anyway. As opposed to the
experienced jockey, who hits the
turn. Sits back in the stirrups and
lays off he whip. By sitting back
he forces his weight to the back ,
the horse reaches farther and
farther with his front legs to
balance the weight. He takes
bigger, smoother strides and drafts
his way toward the stretch, free
from the tension of the whip, he
catches top speed and glides
forward, then go to the whip
lightly and push his head down,
he'll do the rest of the work
because he enjoys the speed passing
by his ears
Either way the beast is gonna hit
the finish line at top speed.

DAVE

Well you certainly have painted a
vivid picture.

KATY

Just trying share some wisdom with
a fellow gambler.

DAVE

Things are not always as they seem.

KATY

You bet your ass, friend.

DAVE

(Changing speeds) What's you
fucking story lady? Why did you
agree to stay around for this legal
fiasco? Any of us had several ops
to bail on this shit, why'd you
stay?

They both look up as the race begins to start.

TRACK ANNOUNCER

The flag is up... and there they
go.

Katy pulls up her binoculars and eye the horses hit the back
stretch. Dave is watching KATY watch the horses.

DAVE

(under his breath) Fucking
thoroughbred,

Katy turns over her shoulder to see Dave checking out her
ass. She Smiles to herself and continues looking thru the
binoculars at the horses running around the far end of the
track.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well here we go, they hitting the
final turn

KATY

Watch and learn. Silly.

As the horses turn the corner, we see the jockey of the #4
horse, in slo-motion, lean back slightly into the stirrups.
The horse hits the final stretch in the 3rd place. As he hits
the final straightaway, the crowd all rises to it's feet.
Dave stands and begins pumping his fist

DAVE

C,mom 4, come on

KATY

Now look!

Dave looks to see the jockey on #4 tapping the horse ever s
slightly on the hips, the horse points his nose forward and
races to the lead, with about a hundred yards left

KATY (CONT'D)

(shouting)Cash it, that is a
winner.

DAVE

Yes 4 , yes , yes

The #4 for horse passes the finish line first for the win. The crowd disperses as some people cheer the victory and others toss their losing tickets to the ground. Sitting back down, Katy addresses Dave.

KATY

So what's my fucking story, huh? You really want to know, I lived a pretty good life, did it all right, followed the rules and loved hard, played hard but always fair, and with a little style and grace. Courageous men always turned me on. An act of bravery or courage always went a long way with me. Thad was a courageous man, my late husband, real good guy, honest, caring , you know. Then "bam" he dies in a car accident. So here I am, starting over, at my age, trying to find a life, a meaning to life, what better way to test my morals and position? A death penalty trial.(changing speeds) No fucking story ,pal, just life....(pause) And I guess in this case death as well.

DAVE

Well, life hands us all some pretty crazy cards. Im' sorry for your loss. At least you had someone, if even for a second. That is more than what I have had. I thought the money would bring me all those things, morals, love, happiness. But I am just a lonely gambler who would rather pay for pussy than cultivate any meaningful relationship, guess the grass is always greener.

KATY

All I know is that life just fucking happens, you encounter bad people and good people along the way, whose to say what is right and wrong? I guess if it feels right in your heart you go with it and try not to over think it.

DAVE

I concur.

80 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

80

We see Dave exit a room, dressed in his underwear, carrying his suit. As he slips across the hall and into his own room, we see a guard enter the hallway and start knocking on all the doors.

OFFICER

Okay, ladies and gentleman, its time to go to the courthouse.

People start to exit their rooms and pour out into the hallway. Dave comes out of his room, just placing on his jacket, as Katy exits the room he came from. Dressed and smiling they make eye contact and smile as they follow the others down the hall and into the buses out front.

81 INT. JURY CHAMBERS

81

All of our jurors sit quietly as Katy stands before the others at the end of the table, addressing the others.

KATY

..the death penalty just further perpetuates this society's vicious cycle of violence. Shouldn't our resources be spent pursuing plans to decrease violence, preventing child abuse and drug addiction, the real root causes of most of these cases?

JUROR # 2

Yeah, but we know this guy did it!! He admitted to killing more than one of the victims presented in this trial. Doesn't he deserve the same fate he offered those people?

KATY

I mean, the death penalty, as we have known it in this country is NOT civilized. It harkens back to a medieval era where vengeance and retribution were paramount over values, morals and simple human kindnesses.

DAVE

Why do we feel it's so important to put this man to death? Are we sending a deterrent message to other criminals? If so, that shit hasn't worked for years. This man's execution will in no way STOP murder as we know it. It's just another life to match a life taken.

JAMAL

But , what if one of those victims were your child or wife ? Wouldn't you want justice? I know I would.

DAVE

But, what IS justice? He's been arrested , charged and now stands before the 12 of us, to be judged. Okay, we find him guilty, that took what, three days for us to decide?

Buddy sits quietly at the far end of the table, taking in the heated discussion.

JAMAL

I don't know man, this guy is a vicious fucking killer, a stalker who hunted some of these people, fed on their flesh and did god-knows-what to them before they died. He SHOULD suffer, and know that his death is coming soon, just like his victims

JUROR # 6

Yeah, that fucking guy is a psycho, period.

KATY

Will taking his life now, change anything? We can give him life without parole, have his crazy ass moved from institution to institution, the bottom line is this guy will never get out. His death does nothing but serve a desire get some payback.

SMASH CUT TO

Chris, our forensic pathologist is walking with a young intern, YVETTE, 28. They are both carrying a stack of books and folders as they approach the CSI van sitting at the curb in front of the building.

YVETTE

Well Doc, seems like the crimes and mutilations are all so different. I mean, if one man did all this, how could the circumstances and details differ so greatly from case to case. Was he trying to make it look like their were multiple actors or is his mind just that "all over the place"?

CHRIS

Well Y-vette, that's a tough one and that is what we are here to find out.

YVETTE

Do you think Larry Fang is a psycho who has no idea what he has done?

CHRIS

Naw Y, he's a calculated, mean-spirited sociopath who happens to be insane. Everything we know so far about his past is a bit of a mystery. We know a few things but, they don't all add up to this kind of a profile.

YVETTE

What do you mean?

CHRIS

Well, his mother was a prostitute and heroin addict who died when he was very young. His father was an abusive alcoholic who constantly beat the kid senseless. But, he has a high IQ, somewheres around 160, but he is loner who feels completely uncomfortable in company.

YVETTE

Yeah, and...?

CHRIS

He commit a string of murders, some of the women were sexually assaulted, but not all. Some of the men were sexually assaulted, and he ate some of the victims and some he buried. It's so all over the place, in some ways no pattern IS the pattern.

SMASH CUT TO

83 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

83

Larry Fang is dragging a body across the forest floor. He looks down and sees a feather on the ground. He drops the body he is dragging and reaches down to pick up the feather. He holds it up to the light of the sun and analyzes it meticulously. He seductively rubs the soft feathers against his cheek. He smile at the way it feels.

LARRY

Hmmmm... that's nice sweetie. Look, feel this.

Larry reaches down at the female corpse lying dead at his feet. He reaches down and touches the girl's face, her skin is cold and blue.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's soft like a baby's skin. Look.

Larry rubs the soft feathers onto her dead face. Her smiles big as he shares his discovery with the silent friend. He then lays down on the forest floor next to the victim girl, he wraps his arms around her and spoons the corpse romantically on the ground.

SMASH CUT TO

84 INT. CORONERS LAB - DAY

84

Yvette, Chris and the Prosecutor Jenkins are standing next to a female corpse placed on the examination table. The corpse is severely decomposed and covered in dirt.

YVETTE

He name is Karen Chen, age 28 . She was sexually assaulted and part of her body was sliced away.

(MORE)

YVETTE (CONT'D)

We believe Fang cooked and ate these missing strips of skin around her hips.

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

Jesus fucking christ on a crutch, who tha fuck is this guy?

CHRIS

He is certainly special in the head, I mean, this isn't personal this is about practice and form.

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

Excuse me?

YVETTE

Yeah, chief, form?

CHRIS

Form, like a structure and a regularity of disciplined behavior. This guy's not trying to shock or offend, this is all he knows.

FLASH BACK TO

85

INT. DUSTY SHACK

85

A woman, called MOM, is sitting on the floor, tipping back a bottle of gin, while DAD, sits on the couch laughing hysterically. A small toddler, LITTLE LARRY, age 2, walks back and forth in front of the couch, jumping up and down crying.

MOM

Do it again baby, that shit is hysterical!

DAD

Okay, here we go again

As the boy continues to cry, uncontrollably, DAD reaches down and smacks the kid in the face, making him fly half-way across the room. WHACK!!!

MOM

Ahhh, honey pie, that is some funny shit, who knew our kid could fly.

MOM swigs another shot as the little boy hysterically crawls to her for some comfort, just as he reaches her with arms outstretched, DAD whacks him again upside the head and again he flies across the room. The couple laugh hysterically at his pain. The child gets himself to his feet, reaches to DA this time for some comfort, DAD laughs and looks down cruelly at the infant and raises his hand for another smack. As his hand just about reaches the child's face, he baby turns and clamps his teeth into DAD's striking hand, he bites down all the way and won't let go of his grasp.

DAD

Motherfuck, ouch, fucking brat!!!

MOM

Well, he does learn fast, teach that little bastard a lesson, baby.

Then, as the baby's cries crescendo to a fever pitch, DAD leans down with a clenched fist and punches the infant directly in the face, knocking him out down and out.

MOM (CONT'D)

Well that'll teach that little fucker about biting.

MOM swigs back another shot, lays on the floor next to the unconscious child, hikes up her skirt and pulls off her panties and smiles back at DAD, who leisurely unbuttons his fly and slides off the couch to mount her.

SMASH CUT TO

86

INT. JURY CHAMBERS

86

The room is now in a tense place, some of the Jurors are standing , some are sitting. Jamal is standing alone in a corner as DAVE continues his diatribe.

DAVE

The whole argument is about life and death.

JUROR # 2

(Interrupting) there has been more than enough death, I think, let's just give him life and go home.

JAMAL

(Chiming in) I don't know, our job is to dish out some justice for those victim's families.

(MORE)

JAMAL (CONT'D)

If I were them I would not be happy with life without parole.

KATY

Justice requires accountability to survivors of murder victims. We must ensure that every survivor of a murder victim is treated with respect and gets the justice they deserve. Does justice mean more killing?

JAMAL

So what, we take the pacifist route?

KATY

Our limited law enforcement resources should be used to solve more crimes, get more criminals off our streets and to protect our families.

JUROR #9

That's bullshit, he showed those victims no mercy, in some cases he ate their flesh, tortured them and let them suffer. It's just fucking sick.

JAMAL

Look, we know he is guilty, Let's do the right thing here and send him to hell where he belongs

DAVE

What if I don't believe in hell? Then where does he go?(laughing)

JUROR # 6

Does it fucking matter? I just want to go home, see my family and forget about this fucking psychopath. I say death.

JAMAL

I agree, lets take another vote.

The group mutters to each other. Some nodding in agreement, some shaking their heads in disgust. Suddenly, Buddy, turns his chair to face the table, slams his hand on the top and pushes himself to his feet

BUDDY

You know, every person in this world has a moment of decision, a moment of truth, let's call it. There are occurrences and situations whereby one has a simple choice, a chance, to do what is "right" by their moral standard. Right, is a tricky word, what is "right" to one man could be oh so very wrong for another.

DAVE

(chuckling) So let's go left!

KATY

Shut up, idiot, let him speak!

BUDDY

But, in the end it still comes down to what will you do with your chance? Will you do the right thing or the wrong thing? Mr. Fang, for all his insanity and horrible upbringing, and truly sadistic parents, he also had a time when he was forced to make a choice, he had a chance, just like everyone to do the right thing. He chose murder and rape and torture and suffering and pain. Maybe that was his "right" to spread as much fear and hatred as humanly possible to a world that showed him no mercy or opportunity to do "right". We can not let these facts influence us as we move forward with "our" chance. I know I am probably the eldest person on this jury, and therefore I have seen a lot of what life has to offer. True, there is so much suffering and pain and hurt in this world. But, there is also joy, and children and sunshine and laughter to be appreciated. One thing I know for sure, is that these victims, these people who lost their lives at the hand of Mr. Fang, will never get a chance, any chance to experience any of these things. Maybe, just maybe, that is reason enough to send this man to the executioner.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I don't know what "justice" looks like, but I know that this man should not be spared. Maybe, what we can do with this chance, is simply not get in the way of the legal system that has served us well for over 200 years. Maybe, this is our chance to step aside and let the victims get what they need, some comfort and peace.

87

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY

87

We see a 20-something Larry Fang, dragging a burlap sack across the expansive field of corn. He stops and plops himself onto the ground. He opens the bag to reveal Carol, a pretty young coed, who his bound and gagged and grunting desperately as she is revealed from the top of the bag.

LARRY

Shut up!!! No on can hear you out here. I am gonna take the gag off, scream if you must but, save your breath, you are gonna need it later.

Larry reaches towards her to unloosen the gaga around her mouth, Carol wrenches back in fear, but he grabs her by the hair and pulls her to him. He removes the gag, as she lets out a huge breath.

CAROL

Why are you doing this mister? I don't wanna die!! Please.

LARRY

Why?(Pausing) that is a very interesting question. I can't feel anything anymore. I mean. I used to, a long time ago, but not for a while.

Suddenly, Larry pulls the girls close to him and begins stroking her hair. Carol is terrified, but shivers silently as his caress gets more weird.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You know Carol, can I call you Carol?

Carol nods in terror.

CAROL

Yeah...(stuttering) yes sir.

LARRY

Ok, Carol. Here is the fucking deal, (chuckling) Life is shit, I mean, my life is shit. Always has been. You know why? (Pausing) I'll tell you why, Carol. Because, I never got my chance, (yelling) NEVER!!!!

Larry hops to his feet, tucks his thumbs in the sides of his overalls and begins to pace back and forth. Carol, still bound but no longer gagged, lays on the dirt looking up at him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I think, I would have made the right choice. I mean, no precedent would show that a possibility, but nonetheless, a right decision was in my field of view. It was robbed from me, maybe at birth , maybe a little later, I don't remember. I get angry at myself for being so weak of spirit, so soft of character. By the time I knew what "right" was, it was too late. All I see in this world is the cynicism and indifference that life has shown me. It's easy to be an observer, when you don't have to participate.

SMASH CUT TO

88

INT. COURTHROOM - DAY

88

Carol, now much older sits on the witness stand, completing her testimony.

CAROL

Then he said a bunch of vile business about my private parts. I was so afraid, I was sure he was gonna kill me, but he let me go.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

And when he let you go, did you ever contact the police?

CAROL

Well sir, no. I figured I was lucky to get away with my life, I wasn't gonna take a chance on him coming back later, to finish the job.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY POOLE

Thanks ma'am. Nothing further you honor.

CAROL

Well, there was one thing..

JUDGE

Ms. Snyder, you are free to go.

PROSECUTOR JENKINS

Your honor, if you could let Ms. Snyder finish her thought

JUDGE

Ok ma'am, go ahead.

CAROL

He untied me, and started to walk away. Then he came back, made his face real close to mine and said "you decide" then he kissed me on the cheek and I never saw him again, until of course today, some 20 years later.

89

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

89

Chris, the medical examiner sits with lab assistant Yvette in a little booth in the corner of the old 1950's diner. They both are eating pie, as the waitress comes to off a coffee re-fill.

YVETTE

I think they are gonna fry him. You know. The looks on their faces as the families read their statements was the closer, my friend.

CHRIS

Yeah, heavy stuff. You know, I think it's hard for people to forgive a wrongdoing. When I was a kid, this coach molested me for a few weeks.

YVETTE

Whoa, T-M-I, sport.

CHRIS

Relax Y, I am trying to make a fucking point, Jeez, I was really mad for a really long time, but eventually I forgave him. He was sick, I was stupid, and I grew up. I could have spent my whole life being angry at everyone. But, I wanted to help, help understand why people did the things they did, you know? This Fang case has been my obsession for over a decade because I just wanted to know why. And I think I have figured something out.

YVETTE

What's that chief?

CHRIS

That time does not heal everyone's wounds. That life is cruel. That some people just possess no humanity. And that this asshole is going get fried.

YVETTE

I'll toast to that.

CHRIS

Me too,

YVETTE

What ever happened to the molester?

CHRIS

I killed him. When I was about 21, still in college trying to get my forensics degree, I drove back to my hometown, found the asshole and slit his throat. Then I buried him in a hole way out in the forest up behind my parents summer cabin.

YVETTE

What tha fuck?

CHRIS

Forgiveness is NOT justice Y, it's just not. Payback is a bitch, (pausing) with real big titties and a great ass.

YVETTE

Dang, chief, you are truly
gangster.

CHRIS

Naw, just afraid that my chance
came and went.

90

INT. DARK HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

90

Katy and Dave lay arm in arm, post coitus. She lays her head
softly on his chest. He pulls her closer.

KATY

I'm gonna vote yes tomorrow,

DAVE

Yeah?

KATY

Yeah?

DAVE

I think he should die.

KATY

So do I.

DAVE

Do you think we are doing the right
thing?

KATY

Yeah, those families deserve more
than his life, but that's the least
we can do.

DAVE

What happened?

KATY

What do you mean?

DAVE

I mean, what happened to all that
"death penalty is cruel and unusual
business" what happened to all that
"the death penalty is no deterrent"
business?

KATY

Sometimes, all those moral,
politically correct opinions don't
hold a candle to what's "right"

DAVE

Right? Are you fucking serious?
There is no right!!! There's just
life and surviving it. Hell, we all
had a chance to do what was
"right", the "right" ones are the
ones who still draw breath. The
"right" ones are smart enough to
not get caught. The 'right" ones
are us, the deciders not the
accused.

Katy looks over at him, smacks him in the face and rolls
over.

KATY

Asshole.

DAVE

Fuck you.

Dave grabs his clothes form the floor and exits the room
quietly.

91 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

91

A crowd is gathered on the top of the courthouse steps. Slo-
motion shots of Larry Fang being brought into the courthouse
montage together.

NEWSCASTER

Well, the jury is in and today the
fate of convicted serial killer
Larry Fang will be announced to the
world. The city's prosecutor Ralph
Jenkins has been pushing hard for
the death penalty in the case, from
the very beginning. Fang, one of
the nation's most notorious
killers, has led a virtual life of
crime. His victims span all races,
sexes , ages and caste. His vicious
cannibalism is the lore of the most
gruesome horror film. And today, in
front of the world and God, he will
finally hear his fate.

SMASH CUT TO

92

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - NIGHT

92

Larry Fang lays on the death table. His one arm is outstretched and fixed neatly with the IV. He looks up and sees the bursting fluorescent light shining in his face.

OFFICER

Sir, 60 seconds.

PRIEST

Son, would you like to pray?

LARRY

Pray for this to be over
already(laughing)

OFFICER

30 seconds.

PRIEST

Larry, have you got anything you
want to say.

LARRY

Yeah, padre, hope all you assholes
can hear me. I could say something
like "I didn't do it" or "please
forgive me" but those words would
be lost on you simpletons. Death,
like life is imminent. I am not
afraid because I am finally leaving
what to me has been hell. So
thanks, fuckos, thanks for helping
me find a way out. Now, maybe I can
get a chance. Bye Bye

The camera rolls past the gurney and officers and onlookers. It passes down to the floor , tracking towards the electronic plunger that releases the poison. As it pushes down, we cut back to see Larry smile, cough ... then die.

93

INT. CITY PARK

93

Jamal walks alone towards a playground. There are kids playing and mothers watching. Jamal sits and opens his phone to write a text. A woman walks up from behind and whispers in his ear.

KATY

Hey J, hows it goin?

JAMAL

Good, Katy, good. How have you been?

KATY

Can't complain, did you see that shit on the TV?

JAMAL

Yeah I saw it.

KATY

Did we do the right thing, J.

JAMAL

I think so. I think we did what we had to. I think we doled out some real justice.

KATY

Yeah, justice.

94

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

94

Dave sits next to the bed of an elderly woman. She is breathing heavy and coughing up blood. He leans over to help. But her suffering is too intense. She hacks up more and more blood, spits the blood on her gown and passes out.

DAVE

(pressing a button by the bed)
Nurse, nurse. Please help.

An older heavy-set NURSE opens the door and enters the room. She pushes in a CRASH cart but rolls it aside as she sees the woman is unconscious.

NURSE

We are close to the end, sir.
Should I call the doctor?

DAVE

Naw, call the priest.

NURSE

Okay, sir.

Dave turns and watches the nurse exit the room. He looks back at his aunt and can see her clearly struggling to draw each breath. He looks around, as she folds over the oxygen tube leading to her nostril. As he squeezes it tighter, he can see her chest heave, searching for one more breath.

He finally reaches with his other hand and holds her nostril and mouth closed. Auntie takes one last breath, and then expires. Dave releases the oxygen tube and removes his hand from her face. He smiles at her, her still corpse almost seems to smile back. Suddenly, the nurse and priest enter the room. Dave looks over his shoulder to address them

DAVE

She's gone. (pausing) I think.

The nurse rushes over to check Auntie's pulse. There is none. She looks back at the priest and nods her head. The priest moves forward, dips his thumb in the oil and anoints her forehead as he begins to pray. Dave rises from his chair, and turns to look out the window into the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

95

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

95

Dave stands among a crew of 10-year-old boys. Each one is trying on their new baseball jerseys.

CHRIS

Okay guys, lets line up for batting practice.

LITTLE JOHNNY

Hey, coach, my mom just texted she is gonna be late, can you give me a ride home?

CHRIS

Sure, John. No problem. (to the group) Okay boys. Line up.

As Chris runs out to the mound, the camera pans over to see Yvette, the lab technician, sitting on the bleachers cheering the boys on. Chris and Yvette exchange looks, then smiles.

96

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

96

Katy and Jamal walk arm in arm slowly down a crowded street. Jamal is walking kinda limpy, but is helped firm and straight by Katy's embrace.

JAMAL

You know K, I really miss Kyle. He was a good man and I loved him.

KATY

I know J. This thing is a motherfucker, huh?

JAMAL

Yeah, like Prince said , big disease with a little name. The shit hurts, really bad.

KATY

You know when it's time, I'll be here for you.

JAMAL

I know K. That time is coming soon. Real soon. Like maybe now. I don't wanna go out like that. I have seen so much suffering and death, shit, I am done.

KATY

I know J. I know. What do you want me to do with all those records?

JAMAL

Try the library, (pausing) of course, take what you like. There is a lot of disco in that collection. (laughing)

As they walk and laugh together, Katy reaches into her pocket and fishes around for a second. The camera pushes past her hand and into her pocket, where we see her thumb cock the hammer back on a small revolver.

SMASH CUT TO

97

EXT. TOP OF TALL BUILDING

97

Dave stands on the edge of a skyscraper. He looks down at the small people below and smiles up at the sky.

DAVE

Well, here's what I shoulda done years ago, never too late to turn it around.

Dave leans forward like he is gonna jump. Then he reaches down to his feet and opens a Hefty plastic bag, he reaches in and sings to himself..

DAVE (CONT'D)

Free falling, now I'm free falling,
now I'm ...

Dave reaches into the bag and starts tossing fistfuls of cash into the air. The bills fall slowly thru the sky. Dave finishes distributing all the cash, then runs back from the edge to the stairwell. He gets a good head start running and launches himself off the edge of the building. At slo-motion, he passes the money on the way down, laughing the entire way.

98

INT. BUDDY'S KITCHEN

98

Buddy sits alone in a small kitchen, He is facing the window as he reaches into a small wooden box. He pulls out a match and reaches down to strike it off the bottom of his shoe. We see him slowly pull a joint up to his face, he lights it, takes a long drag and slowly exhales the thick chronic smoke. Behind him is a small television, it's on and we see a picture of Larry Fang on the monitor as the sound takes over.

TV NEWSWOMAN

In an interesting and staggering twist of fate, some new evidence came to light today at the district attorneys office. Just last month, convicted serial killer Larry Fang was executed by lethal injection in the Tanner Correctional Facility up north. He was convicted of nine gruesome murders that occurred over a period of 25 years. Fang, in a last minute statement to prison officials, stated that there were at least 5 more unknown victims that were never found. Crowds gathered near the penitentiary on his execution day. The debate over the death penalty here in this state were once again challenged when this case went public. Well, attorneys today came forward to reveal that some additional evidence was re-tested and DNA results show that Fang was clearly NOT the killer of victim #9 Karen Chen. This new DNA further corroborates the statements of some of Fang's attorneys statement that Fang did not necessarily commit all the crimes he was being charged with.

(MORE)

TV NEWSWOMAN (CONT'D)

The evidence revealed today that another person OTHER than Fang committed the murder of the 24 year-old coed. This startling evidence calls again the national debate over the death penalty...

Buddy turns his chair away from the screen and reaches down to lift a cigarette to his lips, He lights its slowly with his quivering hand, takes a long drag, then exhales.

END

FADE OUT.

TEXT

About the SAFE California Act The SAFE California Act will replace California's death penalty with life in prison with no chance of parole. This means convicted killers will remain behind bars forever and it will eliminate the risk of executing an innocent person.

Innocence Since reinstatement of the death penalty in the U.S., 139 innocent men and women have been freed from death row.

Safety & Accountability Our limited law enforcement resources should be used to solve more crimes, get more criminals off our streets and to protect our families.

Unsolved Rapes & Murders In an average year in California, over one thousand homicides go unsolved - 46% of homicide cases are never closed - and 56% of rapes go unsolved.

Costs & Savings By replacing the death penalty with life in prison without possibility of parole, California taxpayers would save well over \$100 million every year

Our Broken System For many people it is puzzling to learn that death row inmates are more likely to die of old age or infirmity than to be executed. But there are important reasons why that is the case.

Families of Murder Victims Justice requires accountability to survivors of murder victims. We must ensure that every survivor of a murder victim is treated with respect and gets the justice they deserve.