

The Strays of Bellerophon

Teaser.

EXT.-- CITY STREETS. -- TIME LAPSE.

Old empty buildings frame a shot of the intense sun. Time lapse matures it from yellow to orange, then bright red.

The street bellow goes through a diseased life. Addicts scurry up and down both sidewalks. Homeless waddle with carts full of their dear possessions.

The dealers drive-by delivering through the window, then drive off... The sun sets.

Time lapse ends. Night fading over the screen.

We see a figure in the lower left corner walking towards us. Obese, with a patchy beard. Tommy Hilfiger sweater and a pair of baggy wranglers.

A car pulls up beside him and the window lowers.

ERIC

Oh shit! You're still alive, you
crazy fuck?

Dave(36). A white guy.

DAVE

What the fuck are you doing?

ERIC

Walking home.

DAVE

You want a ride?

Eric looks towards home, contemplating saying no.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT.- DAVE'S CAR/BURGER JOINT, DRIVE THRU- NIGHT

ERIC

...You just kept falling down to
next metal bar. I thought you were
gonna fucking get electrocuted. Or
just die from the fall!

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I was like "This mother fucker is climbing an electrical tower!" I thought you were gonna die, bro! I thought I was going to watch someone die!

Dave's car comes flying into the parking lot.

He nearly clips another car, who was stuck on the menu sign ahead of the intercom. Dave beats them to the com.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Hey!!

Dave looks at the driver through the rearview. They exchange middle fingers while Dave waits for the food. Eric looks through back window to see what's going on.

ERIC

You know those fools?

DAVE

No. That motherfucker wants some shit though.

Eric looks again. This time fearfully counting the amount of people he might need to defend himself against.

ERIC

(Whispering.)

Quit that shit dude! There's like five motherfuckers with him!

They grab their greasy bags and park the car in the parking lot. Eric is still nervous.

ERIC (CONT'D)

We should go eat somewhere else, g.

DAVE

Don't be a little bitch. They won't do shit.

The other vehicle parks a couple of spaces away. Dave glares towards them as their whole crew does the same.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He opens the door and climbs out.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you wanna do?!

ERIC
 (Still kind of
 whispering.)
 What the fuck are you doing?!

The driver of the other car gets out. His crew follows.

RANDOM GUY 1
 What the fuck's your problem?!

DAVE
 Fuck you!

Dave lands a shot just as the rest of the crew tackle him down. They start stomping and kicking...

Eric is watching scared for a few seconds. He gets out and circles around the back of the car quickly.

ERIC
 Hey!... Hey! Alright! I'll get him!
 I'll get him out of here.

Eric tries dragging Dave away.

DAVE
 Fuck you! Motherfuckers!

Dave breaks free and rushes the crowd again. Eric watches in disbelief.

ERIC
 Fuck this!

Eric walks away as Dave jumps on Random Guy #1.

RANDOM GUY 1 (O.S.)
 Aaaaah!!! He's poking my fucking
 eye out!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. -- CITY STREETS. -- NIGHT.

Eric continues his quest home.

We pass project buildings.

ERIC (V.O.)
 ... Fuck!... I should've never
 gotten in that fucking car.
 Shit!..(Looking towards something)

Eric now notices a crowd outside an apartment building. He crosses to the opposite street. This attempt to avoid attention backfires. The cowardice only gives them more reason.

GANGSTER #1
Hey wassup BITCH?!

Eric keeps walking along, looking forward.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
That's what I thought, puto!

Down another street a police car cruises by. The two officers stare him down, probing for a reaction. Eric just keeps looking forward.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
In today's world, everyone's an asshole. The asshole cops sit in the middle, managing the asshole lower class. Who are stuck in a in a virtual fucking vortex of a eat or be eaten asshole existence. The gangsters back there, (for example) are your friendly local superstore, car wash, and fast food employees... The people above them are also assholes. Just assholes that invested more of their asshole lives into their careers.

He turns on a sleepy little street. He crosses the lawn of rectangle shaped two bedroom house. Eric finally makes it home.

CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS.

He opens the fridge finding a plate of leftovers. Puts it in the microwave. Beside the nuker are three books, the top book titled "Magical Orations", in Spanish.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

A lighter sparks lit. The tip of a blunt goes in. It stays there until it reaches an orange burn. Then he takes a hit to keep it going. He's sitting in the corner of his dark room.

Cocooned by the white glow off of his laptop screen. We see his eyes. Crazy. Bloodshot.

CLOSE UP: IMAGES OF WAR AND VIOLENCE REFLECT OFF OF HIS PUPIL. THE SOUNDS OF MACHINE GUNS.

A zombie absorbing every image in an eerie stillness. Mouth slightly open. Eyes almost closed. Gone...

His eyes suddenly whip towards his desk.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)

I know I've lost something. Something essential in dealing with other people... Reality... Your reality. Sometimes it turns on. As if I'm walking around with half a brain, and then BAM! The whole thing kick starts. And I see the fat, unkempt, loser, with the stupid face... Sitting there. His meaningless life wasted in front of a screen... In those few minutes I know exactly what I need to do... Then it's gone again.

He opens the drawer. Digs to the bottom, his special place for it. A .45 caliber. He points it at the wall.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)

This is it. This whole sick fucking joke is done... Living under this delusion... Told to fall into place. Be content, working an entire lifetime. Enjoying the best things in life by selling three quarters of it to some company that can fire me whenever the fuck they feel like it!... "Play the cards your dealt"... What if, you started consciousness... The day you were...(Makes a weird noise overwhelmed frustration)... What if you started life fucked!...

He looks at a mirror on the wall above his bed. He stands up and gets into a shooting stance. The images and sounds of the laptop still in the background.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)

All you mothafuckers can eat a dick. You say, "when God closes a door. He opens a window"...

(MORE)

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
He closed the door on me years
before I knew the fucking thing was
there. I'm not confident enough to
charm that fucking window open. I'm
not smart enough. Or athletic
enough. I think the only way for me
to get out of my fucking window, is
to shoot my fucking way out... I
have a plan. I don't talk about it.
No one will believe in it. It
doesn't fucking matter!... I
believe in it.

He looks deeply into his own angry eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

teaser end.

act I.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT.-- HALLWAY.-- DREAM.

We're pulling back from a dark hallway, it holds in center frame a semi open door to darkness... The silhouette of a ten year old leads an even younger kid into the room.

DREAM SEQUENCE
ENDS:

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- PASCO HIGH SCHOOL.-- DAY.

SUPERIMPOSED: 2003.

Students flow through the packed hallway. We see Eric. Avoiding eye contact. Maneuvering through the crowd. The school's color scheme is very sanitized, white walls, grey floors, and purple on the doors.

He reaches a group of kids. They're leaning against the wall at the hallway intersection. A group of kids in baggy white tee's, flannels, and creased Dickey pants.

PAUL. Light skinned. Another 14-year-old heavyweight. Notices Eric approaching.

PAUL

(In a high pitched voice mixed with a laugh.) What a fucking homo!

ERIC

(Slapping hands.)
Fuck you bitch...

Beside them was GERM. Dark skinned. Mexican. He was thinner than Eric and Paul, but still a monster of a kid.

ERIC (CONTD) (CONT'D)

What up Germ.

GERM

(Slaps Eric's hand.)
Just chillin.

PAUL

What's your gay ass up to?

ERIC
Shit... (Realizes Paul called him
gay.) And fuck you.

PAUL
Are you going to the next class?

ERIC
I don't know. Why?

PAUL
I've got some weed.

ERIC
I'm down.

A short, scrawny, four-eyed kid walks up. Daniel. Obviously
the smarter one in the group. He's the only one with his
backpack, actually heading to class.

He presses pause on his portable CD player and starts
slapping hands with the group.

PAUL
Hey Daniel! Where the fuck is my
burrito, Bitch?

DANIEL
Right here. (Grabbing his own
nuts.)

PAUL
No. I'm serious.

ERIC
What happened?

PAUL
This fucking gooch owes me a beef
and cheese burrito...

DANIEL
We took a test, and bet a beef and
cheese burrito on who would get the
best score guessing. He fucking
won.

ERIC
What if he didn't guess?

PAUL
I did.

DANIEL

We did that shit hella quick.

The bell rings. Immediately starting to clear the halls.

ERIC

Let's go before one of the fucking staff people show up.

DANIEL

I'll see you fags later.

Presses play on his CD player and heads to class.

GERM

So are we doin this?

PAUL

Yeah. Hold up a second.

Paul waits a second... Then charges down the hall in Daniel's direction. He's in a full sprint. The last few steps are as quiet as he could make them. Daniel turns to look. Sensing something closing in.

It's too late!

Paul tackles him. Slamming him into the lockers, lining both sides of the hallway.

DANIEL

What the fuck are you doing? You tryin to rape me motherfucker!!

PAUL

I'm gonna punch you in the fucking balls everyday you don't have my fucking burrito.

Paul raises his fist. Cocks it, aiming for an open spot between the panicked hand waving Daniel has protecting his balls. A cobra, finding it's shot. The fist launches. Slamming into Daniel's testicles.

Agonizing groan.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go to my house. I've got some bud...

DANIEL
 (Painful whine.)
 You fucking bitch.

CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S ROOM. -- DAY.

The four kids sit on a dirty couch. In a dark, bare-concrete, basement. Mouths hanging slightly open. Eyelids lowered. Their faces stuck in our direction as they pass around the roach off of a blunt they were just smoking.

We can hear the T.V., a very familiar movie, in the middle of a classic sex scene. It's about to get heavy.

T.V. (O.S.)
 (Halle Berry)
 I just want you to make me feel good... I just want you to make me feel good!.. Can you make me feel good?... Just make me feel good!
 (Billy Bob Thorton)
 I wanna make you feel good so bad.

The kid's eyes widen as the explicit moans fill the room.

ERIC
 Damn can you imagine this lucky-old ass-mother fucker- Billy Bob. Getting to rub his cock all over that beautiful ass and pussy.

PAUL
 I'd just fucking stick that shit in. Like MMMM! (Motions.)...

DANIEL
 Damn. Look at her bomb ass ride that shit.

The film cuts to another clip.

GERM
 Ooh! Eva Mendez. That's my chick right there.

ERIC
 This fool even recorded that shit in slow-mo!

PAUL
 My uncle Tony made this.

Suddenly we see the film. What looks like a scene from a porn film. Some guy is making out with a beautiful girl. Her dress already half way off, showing her amazingly plump breast.

EVERYONE

(They all lean forward.)

Ooh!

Older Eric narrates. The kids talk and laugh as the film plays.

ERIC (V.O.)

I used to know the future pawns of my plan... We were the same. There were three of us never had dads... Two of us had older brothers who were fuck ups. Nowhere to be seen for much of our pivotal moments, up to this point. That's an important thing... It might only be me... Especially losing both of my male role models...

In an inaudible shot we of Germ reacting to a fart of Paul's, sitting right next to him.

ERIC (V.O.)

I think because of that, we were scared. Scared to talk to girls. Scared to fight. Scared to fully live our adolescent lives... And hating all of those who did...

Single shot on Paul.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)

... We always went back to Paul's house... His mom didn't give a shit what we did, as long as no cops showed up... Paul was half white, and half Mexican. He used to kick it with all the Mexican kids in the neighborhood. Now they got too wild for him. The L.A. gang shit hit our town hard.

The kids are still glued to the T.V..

We see the guy now starting to kiss his way down a beautiful, big breasted woman's mid section. He goes back up and sucks on the breast for a bit, then goes right down. They see it.

DANIEL

Holy fuck! Is that A DICK?!

Hanging off of that beautiful girl is a massive appendage.
The guy opens his mouth wide...

IN UNISON.

Oh?!!--

Eric, Germ, and Daniel, scatter out of the room while Paul
laughs his ass off.

PAUL

(Sarcastically.)

Oh my god! What happened?... Was
that a dick, you guys?(Massively
sarcastic.)

Paul's uncle, Tony, comes running down the stairs. Thin, dark
skinned Mexican. Face and clothes covered in white dust from
sanding drywall mud.

TONY

(Spanish/ Eng. subs.)

You showed them the tape?

Tony sits, captivated.

TONY (CONT'D)

(Starts watching with a huge
smile.) Imagine you get caught by
one of these bitches. Just a big
ol' dick waiting for you. (Shuts up
to watch.)

PAUL (CONTD)

(Creeped out, he stands up and
leaves the room.) Hold up bitches.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

The kids all gather in the living room.

A middle class house, with a low income family. The state of
the carpet and furniture speak to the hectic lives. Anyone
standing in the doorway would know the people here are
animals. There's a visible stickiness to the carpet, with
crumbs everywhere.

Paul's mom, ROSIE, walks in. She's wearing her hotel
housekeeping uniform. Her little legs heavy from exhaustion.
Her short, round body drops on the couch.

PAUL
Hey mom. How was work?

ROSIE
Alright... What are you guys up to?

PAUL
Shit... Hey, you think I could get
like 20 bucks?

ROSIE
God-fuckin'-dammit! I haven't even
been home a second before you're
asking me for fucking money.

PAUL
What are you talking about?!..

ROSIE
No!... I don't have!...

PAUL
(Desperately cuts her off.) We'll
bring you something to eat.

She pauses.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- SUPER MARKET. -- DAY.

The four kids stand in front of the refrigerators.

PAUL
To get as fucked up as possible on
twenty bucks... We go with the
"dirty bomb". It's cheap shit. But
thirty tall cans for seventeen
bucks leaves enough for munchies at
the Dollar store.

ERIC
Yeah. Fuck it.

PAUL
Tony, buy that one right there.

TONY
(Spanish w/ Eng. subtitles.) That
shit?! Hmm!

CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. -- NIGHT.

MONTAGE:

The four kids sit in the dining room. A long glass-top dining table. The glass is missing, a smooth wooden door with no paint is in it's place. Cans of Busch and poker chips cover almost every inch of the table.

Daniel is using the hole where the door knob went as a cup holder.

Fingers pointing. Beer chugging. Laughs abundant. Along with quick-spitted southern hip-hop blasting through the shots.

The montage breaks.

PAUL
... Alright, alright... Fuck it.
Let's put on some "corridos".

The trumpets play. Accordions at full blast.

The singer gives a traditional Mexican holler to intro the song. The kids crack open new beers. We listen to the lyrics of drug running, cop killing, beautiful women, and fast cars.

PAUL sings along. Every word imprinted in his soul.

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- CITY STREETS. -- CONTINUOUS.

The drinking ended. Eric was again on his journey home.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- ERIC'S STREET.-- NIGHT.

Eric turns the corner and on to his street. The lights are on in the living room. That's clearly a bad sign. His face is numb and stuck on tardo mode, but by the way he stands and processes this rare occurrence.

He keeps going instead.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- ALLEY.-- CONTINUOUS.

He goes to a back gate and lifts the latch. He passes a small garden of tomatoes and watermelons. He goes into the garage.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S STEPDAD'S GARAGE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Eric walks into a pretty well kept garage. It had an old couch, a work station complete with table and drawers. Fishing quotes, and cupboards. The couch is maroon with a thick wooden frame.

Eric opens one of the cupboards and pulls out a navy blue binder. He opens it. It's filled with plastic protective sleeves. The first page is Torrie Wilson's playboy shoot. Then Tia Carrera's.

He lays on the couch. Starts reaching downward. He closes his eyes.

FADE INTO:

FANTASY SEQUENCE:

He's still laying down on the couch. A beautiful plump breast lowers itself into his face. Dirty blond hair also. Eric licks the nipple.

CROSSFADE:

SMASH CUTS OF THE DARK HALLWAY. THE SILLUETTES.

Eric's face starts grimacing. Then he brings it back to the girl. She's pulling out Eric's penis off camera. She's about to ins...

THE SILLUOETTES GOING INTO DARKNESS. THE DOOR CLOSING.

He grimaces and brings it back. She inserts... He ejaculates immediately.

FADE INTO:

INT. -- DANIEL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. -- DAY

ERIC and PAUL are sitting on a beautiful set of suede couches. There in a nice living room. A stark contrast from Paul's house.

ERIC (V.O.)

Daniel was the richest one of us.
He was a smart kid. Had the
patience to build model cars and
shit...

Daniel walks out of a hallway just as they hear the front door opening. He slaps Paul's feet off of the coffee table.

DANIEL

Bitch.

Daniel's mom comes in. Anna (36). She looks incredible. Wearing the sexiest workout clothes imaginable. Skin tight spandex shorts. A top that's more or less just a sports bra.

ERIC (V.O.)

Nice house. New car. Great job.
Daniel's mom did it all by her
self. She was a hustler. If you
didn't have massive dough, She
didn't fuck with you...

She passes by the kids. Each of them saying hi. Then using their peripherals to stare at her perfect body. Eric and Paul look at each other with a face that says "my god!".

DANIEL

Hey, mom.

ANNE

Hi sweetie.

DANIEL

You think I could get some money,
to get something to eat after
school?

ANNE

Yeah, sure... Make sure you get
enough for everyone.

DANIEL

What? These faggots can eat each
others butts.

ANNE

Hey!.. Oh my god, Daniel! Don't
talk like that.

DANIEL

What?!

PAUL
Thanks Ms. Burns. He's always
messed up to us.

DANIEL
Shut up.

ANNE
Love you sweetie. You guys stay out
of trouble.

DANIEL
Love you too mom.

Daniel grabs his backpack as the kids walk out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- GERM'S HOUSE. FRONT YARD. -- MORNING.

The three kids are waiting outside of Germ's house. An old home. No grass. Nothing but chewed up garbage and old toys scattered on the lawn. The house is missing siding. Mexican blankets for window curtains. The picked white fence is broken down, with most of the paint stripped.

Germ comes from around the back of the house. We can hear a crash from inside the house. A desperate and tortured sounding woman yells at her kids, telling them to stop what they're doing.

ERIC (V.O.)
Germ was the only one with a dad.
He assured us we weren't missing
out on anything.

Germ's dad follows him outside drinking a beer. He's the stereotypical drunk Mexican. Short and stocky, with a beer belly. Really brown skin, and big unkempt dark hair and mustache.

GERM'S DAD
German. (Pronounced Herman in
Spanish.) Come over here and cut
the grass.

GERM
I'll do it later.

GERM'S DAD
No. You'll do that shit right now.
It's too much already...

We cut to a wide shot. Showing the entire front yard and it's five or so, small patches of "grass", or weeds. Eric, Paul, and Daniel look around for whatever Germ's dad might be talking about. Daniel mouths, "Is he talking about this?"

GERM'S DAD (CONTD) (CONT'D)
 ... Or I'll bring your mom out here
 and make her do it.

GERM
 Why can't you fucking do it. I have
 to go to school.

GERM'S DAD
 (Laughs.)
 You never go to school, liar...
 Alright I'll just make your mom do
 it.

GERM
 That's fucked up dog. Your going to
 have her out here doin' this shit?

GERM'S DAD
 She's not my mom.

Germ starts walking towards the back of the house.

GERM
 You guys can go if you want.

PAUL
 Shit. I wasn't going to class
 anyway.

DANIEL
 I was. I'll see you fools later.

PAUL
 Nerd.

DANIEL (O.S.)
 Eat a dick!

PAUL
 Faggot!

Germ's dad chuckles at the exchange. Germ's dad looks at Eric. Eric had been quietly processing everything. Germ is now twenty feet away struggling to get the old raggedy lawn mower started. Germ's dad decides to impart some wisdom to Eric.

GERM'S DAD

German (Herman) Told me you go to Mexico every once in a while.

ERIC

Yeah, I have family down there.

GERM'S DAD

Next time you should bring a wifey from down there... You know why?

ERIC

Why?

GERM'S DAD

Because you can whoop their ass and they wouldn't be able to do shit about it.

Eric is speechless.

GERM'S DAD (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you.

Paul heard the whole thing and avoids looking in their direction with the disgust on his face. Germ is still kicking the shit out of the lawn mower.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MR. MAZEE'S CLASS.-- DAY.

Eric tries to walk in to class late without being noticed. The teacher stops writing the definition of the double jeopardy law, and turns to Eric. He's tall and thin, with tanned skin and a humongous bald spot. He looks at Eric from over his thin metal framed glasses.

MR. MAZEE

Mr. Cisneros! You're not in my class anymore.

ERIC

How come?

MR. MAZEE

I don't know. But you are not on my roster anymore.

ERIC

If I go take care of it, can I come back?

MR. MAZEE

Sure.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- OFFICE. PASCO HIGH SCHOOL.-- CONTINUOUS.

ERIC walks up to the secretary's desk.

ERIC

My teacher Mr. Mazee, says I got cut from his class.

SECRETARY

What's your name?

ERIC

Eric Cisneros.

She looks at his records.

SECRETARY

It says here you never go to any of your classes...

ERIC

No, second period is the one I actually go to.

SECRETARY

(Confused.)

Okay.

INT.-- CLASSROOM. PASCO HIGH SCHOOL.-- CONTINUOUS.

SUPERIMPOSED: PERIOD 2.

Eric sits in class, sinking all the way back into his chair. Staring with that puppy love, horny as fuck, stare. We see her, KYLA, the class hottie. The same girl in the garage. Her dirty blond hair tied up in a ponytail.

The teacher gives out the day's assignment and skips Eric.

TEACHER

Alright take out your books and turn to page 163.

Everyone abides. Except Eric who doesn't even have a pencil in his hand.

TEACHER (CONTD) (CONT'D)
 Now, I'm gonna need someone to come
 up to the board and write the first
 paragraph...

No one volunteers.

TEACHER (CONTD) (CONT'D)
 Victor.

A little Mexican kid in classic "cholo" apparel answers.

VICTOR
 (In a cholo accent.)
 I got some messed up writing
 Mister.

TEACHER
 Don't worry just come up here and
 write the first paragraph.

VICTOR
 Alright.

He goes up. Three words in and the teacher sees the horrible
 chicken scratches.

TEACHER
 Okay, sit down.

The class laughs.

ERIC POV:

Kyla smiles.

ERIC (V.O.)
 There are some people, with the
 entire world in their hands, it
 seems.

VICTOR
 I told you, I got some messed up
 writing!

TEACHER
 Kyla.

She quickly stands up and heads to the board. A jock
 whistles.

KYLA
 (Giggeling.)
 Shut up.

She starts writing.

ERIC POV: A slow motion tilt down her body.

ERIC (V.O.)
I fucked it up so bad. She was
talking to me. She knew my name.

CUT TO:

INT.-- CLASSROOM. PASCO HIGH SCHOOL.-- FLASHBACK.

Kyla is seated next to Eric for a group exercise.

She's laughing.

ERIC
... I'm telling you, that shit is
hella fun.

KYLA
It sounds like it.

She picks up a loli-pop, and puts it in her mouth. Eric stares quietly. She notices. A kid returns from the bathroom with the hall pass.

ERIC
I have to go to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- SCHOOL FIELD. -- DAY.

SUPER: PERIOD 3.

Paul was literally stuck on stupid. We hold for a second. The face of a primitive adolescent mind in a completely overwhelming attack of erotic fantasies. He's staring at a high school girl's perky-round ass. In short gym shorts. A flag football belt around her waist.

On the other side of the field we see Eric, he's on the opposing team. A kid standing next to Eric turns to tell him something.

KID
We're gonna pass it to Jeff and
they're gonna let him run a bit.

We see Jeff. A severely mentally challenged twig. Huge lenses on massive black framed glasses.

His wrist, hand and fingers are curled into his fore arm. A leg moves out of the sync from the rest of Jeff's body.

His team tries to amp him up. The ball is hiked, they pass it to Jeff. Little Jeff severely limps as fast as he can towards the end zone. The soundtrack grows more triumphant. We slow down the moment. This beautiful and special kid gets his moment to run the ball. Dodge the defenders. Score a touchdown.

Everyone on Paul's team is pretending to chase. Paul stares as the ass runs away. She then pretends like she's going to tackle Jeff. He limps passed Paul who finally snaps out of his "ass" trance. Paul spots the ball on Jeff, still a short distance away. He sprints and catches up.

Paul suddenly stops Jeff with a bear hug. He swings him up. Everyone's jaws drop. Paul slams Jeffrey to the ground.

The P.E. teacher violently grabs a fist full of Paul's shirt, and yanks him away.

P.E. TEACHER
Get your ass to the office! Now!

Kids start gathering around Jeffrey. Helping him up.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- BACK ALLEY. -- CONTINUOUS.

SUPER: PERIOD 4.

PAUL
(In disbelief.)
I got expelled!.. fuck!

Germ and Eric are laughing their asses off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Fuck both of you, bitches.

The three smoke a joint in an alleyway.

SUPER: PERIOD 5 .

They're all leaning against a tall fence.

ERIC
...Yeah man. You should have seen her. She had these little, skin-tight shorts on. A thong. Or maybe no panties...

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Every little butt-cheek jiggle made
 my dick a little harder.

We cut forward.

PAUL
 ...I'd let her gag on it a couple
 more seconds. Then pull that shit
 out.

He mimes it, as if pulling a long rope out of a hole. Eric
 and Germ burst into laughter.

SUPER: PERIOD 6.

They're leaning against the fence. Quiet.

CUT TO:

INT.-- CLASSROOM. PASCO HIGH SCHOOL.-- CONTINUOUS.

SUPER: PERIOD 7.

Eric comes in. Incredibly late.

TEACHER #2
 Why did you even show up?

Eric lifts his shoulders, signaling "I don't know". then
 walks back out. The class laughs.

GIRL
 What a weirdo!

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- CITY PARK.-- DAY.

The four kids are crossing the park. PAUL stops by a tree,
 big enough to shield him from any onlookers.

PAUL
 (Reaching in his pocket.)
 Hold up fools... The homie TRAVY
 gave me something.

He pulls out a sandwich bag. It's a tiny bit of cocaine.

The kids all gather around. PAUL opens the bag and with his
 school I.D. card, takes a little hit off the corner. Daniel
 and Germ follow along.

They all look at Eric as he stands at a short distance.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come on bitch, take a hit.

ERIC
Nah, I'm cool.

PAUL
No your not. Come on take a hit...
It's nothing dog. It'll feel good.

ERIC
Nah, I'm alright.

PAUL
Scary ass fool.

Eric looks out into the distance.

ERIC
(Nervously changing the subject.)
What are you bitches going to do?

PAUL
I don't know. Why? Just do some,
dude. Stop being a little bitch.

ERIC
I'm probably just going home to
eat.

The kids slap hands, and go their separate ways.

CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Eric sits at his desk finishing his lunch. We can hear the laugh track of a sitcom coming from his television. It's dark. Thin rays of sunlight barely peek through his old curtains.

ERIC (V.O.)
I don't know when it happened. But
I started to love being by
myself... More than anything.
That's all I wanted... That's where
I was happiest. Where I felt
safe... All alone. Watching TV
shows. Wishing my life was like
theirs. The loving family. The
innocence.

(MORE)

ERIC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The care that everyone has for each other... No matter what...
 (Pauses.) ...In my world that doesn't exist. To believe in it is a delusion. A psychosis... I guess that's what I have, Because I get lost in them. Watching them live the life I wanted... (Pause.) ...
 And then I jack-off to some porn.

FADE TO:

EXT. -- ERIC'S HOUSE. -- TIME LAPSE.

The seasons pass again as Eric isolates himself for another extended period. He packs on some pounds.

INT.-- PAUL'S ROOM. -- DAY.

Eric walks down the stairs into Paul's basement. This time there's already a fourth. TRAVIESO, extremely skinny, bald headed. Perfecting that intimidating ex-con demeanor. Amplified by being the only kid in the group with a full mustache, and tattoos.

ERIC
 Hey what up.

The kids greet him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Hey whats up, I'm Eric.

TRAVIESO
 What up. Travieso.

Eric finds an open seat.

PAUL
 What have you been up to?

ERIC
 Just chillin at home.

PAUL
 Damn!.. You fucked up. We've been fuckin partying like crazy.

DANIEL
 Yeah, dog. We went to this kickback. Fucking bitches and beer. Everything.

ERIC
That sounds fucking bad.

PAUL
Yeah man. It was sick...(Everyone
pauses.) So you didn't do shit?

ERIC
Nah. Just chilled, watched some
movies.

PAUL
That's cool...

PAUL (CONTD) (CONT'D)
So what up Travy, you got some more
ye'?

TRAVIESO
Yeah. You fools want to try it how
I do it, though?

PAUL
How do you do it?

TRAVIESO
You got some baking soda?

We see a close up of a metal wind chime with a burnt tip.
White-yellowish goop smeared into it. The lighter starts
cooking the goop into smoke.

CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S ROOM. -- NIGHT.

Again we're in darkness. Again, an empty plate pushed aside.
The laugh track from a sitcom, the only sound... Until he
switches to porn, and starts reaching into his pants.

ERIC (V.O.)
You know what's truly sad. I even
masturbate like a bitch. I never
realized that when your
uncircumcised, you have to stretch
the skin back over it's head a long
time to free the... Well, you
know... But I didn't... I never
even learned how to masturbate the
right way!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- MEDICAL LABORATORY.-- CONTINUOUS.

We're in a lab. Beakers and posters of the elemental table.

A person's latex gloved hands are holding a unpeeled banana, and a pair of scissors. The person cuts the little black tip off the top of the banana peel. Leaving a small dime sized area exposed.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
That's all it's been, for my entire
life...

We cut back to Eric masturbating. The face of aggressive self abuse. "Vinegar stroking" himself to death. His hand deep in his sweat pants oddly moving in a circular motion.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
... A small hole, that I used to
stick my finger into and move in a
circle.

Act I

End.

ACT II

CUT TO:

INT.-- ERIC'S CAR. -- DAY.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

The older and fatter Eric (we met at the beginning) is driving his messy-ass bucket of a car. An old, beat-to-shit, white sedan.

He's wearing his black hoodie. His eyes are red, intense look on his face. It's a blank stare.

He pulls into a parking lot.

EXT. -- BANK OF THE PACIFIC. -- DAY

SLOW MOTION:

He finds a spot to park.

Eric sits in his car. We see the bank a couple dozen feet beside him. He's waiting for something. We hear his heart beating.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)

Fact is, I love women. But, I'm too fat, and faggot-like to have one... Big titties is ALL I WANNA SUCK ON. Pink pussies is ALL I WANNA FUCK... But, I never got a choice!... (pauses, calms down.) NOW, LOOK AT ME. I MOVE AND ACT FUCKING GAY!... I'm showing weakness everywhere I go. The first thing I think of is, "What if he, or she, thinks I'm gay?"... I think that... To any question. To any answer. To Almost any emotion or thought, in almost every second of my mind, now.

Eric steps out of his car. And starts walking towards the bank. His right hand, in his sweater pocket. We can see a tiny bit of the handle from his pistol. His heart beats faster.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)

I COULD SAY I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

(MORE)

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
My only ideas of how women behave comes from sitcoms and pornos. So I want to fuck every single decent looking female in the room, and then fall in love with them... But all I do is gawk at them awkwardly. I can't make eye contact with dudes... Right away, the whole room starts thinking I'm the closeted gay guy...

Eric opens the glass door to the bank. Starts walking towards the tellers.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
I see their bitch-ass smirks. They go and laugh at me with the next breath they take they use to judge me! I'm the running joke of this entire fucking town. Groups of people, families, the whole fucking world laughs at me when I walk by!..

The bank manager gives a paranoid scowl. Eric's heart beats faster.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
These people have to see that they're all full of shit. Everyone has to see it... That you can't live your perfect life, without passing judgment on those whose life seems different. All is beautiful for you...

He walks forward.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
... I am that "thing" life sends at people like you. To make you uncomfortable. Push your buttons. To show you that sometimes, this life doesn't make sense. Sometimes horrible things happen... And sometimes they happen to you... Maybe I also have "Delusions of grandeur." You know. The desire to live forever...

He heads towards a hallway beside the teller station.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
 ... Which in today's world is
 celebrated... I may have found the
 only way it's guaranteed... You
 have to be willing to do
 something... (Pauses.) ... No one
 else is willing to... Just know
 that I'm not your usual
 psychopath... The only thing I'm
 guilty of is wanting to change MY
 world... To be a hero... And I will
 be... By putting a couple of
 innocent lives in danger. Maybe
 losing a couple. Then killing two
 pieces of shit... Some people
 become heroes serendipitously. Some
 through years of hard work. Others
 con there way in... I'm the third
 guy... Sorry, I got side-tracked.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE:

INT.-- ERIC'S ROOM.-- NIGHT.

SUPER: 2004.

We see a young Eric again. Sitting in that familiar corner.
 His computer screen playing the same bleak images of war.
 Tanks run through Middle eastern city streets. People are
 being brutalized and killed. Politicians and their grins,
 sitting at large tables. Burned corpses.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S ROOM.-- DAY.

We're in Paul's room. Himself, Germ, Daniel, and Travy are
 sitting on the floor. We can hear the crackle of the cooking
 "rock". They've graduated to a glass pipe. Using a damp and
 dirty brown sock to cool the pipe down before they pass it.
 Severe burns on their lips show the need for this step.

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE/ DANIEL'S HOUSE.-- DAY.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Paul and Daniel, are each in their mom's room. They're going
 through the valuables, stealing jewelry, and a couple of
 dollars.

EXT.-- CITY STREETS. -- MONTAGE.

Travy and Paul are sneaking around the orange glow of street lamps. They're passing by each car looking in the windows. Suddenly they find what they're looking for.

Travy takes a flat-nose screwdriver and jams it in between the window and door. He kicks the handle of the screwdriver, the side of the window shatters. They jump in. Quickly tearing apart the car's center console with their handy, all-purpose tool.

They rip out the stereo and bolt.

INT. -- ERIC'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Eric is in the middle of some private time. Tugging on himself while watching porn. Another empty plate of food. Back swollen with fat.

MONTAGE ENDS.

CUT TO:

EXT./ INT.-- PROJECT APARTMENT BUILDING.-- NIGHT.

We see the silhouette. A hooded figure is creeping around the front of a two-story apartment building. He climbs the stairs and onto the balcony towards apartment A. He quietly checks if the door is unlocked. No luck.

He moves on to the window and catches a break. Slides the window halfway open and climbs in.

The lights turn on.

We now see TRAVIESO, caught in the middle of the living room.

TRAVY'S MOM
(Spanish/ ENG. SUBS.)
Get the fuck out!! You little
shit!!

A short, dark-skinned Mexican woman is standing in the hallway.

TRAVY
Calm down.

TRAVY'S MOM
No! Out! Get the fuck out! I don't
want you here any more!

TRAVY

Calm the fuck down.

TRAVY'S MOM

Your fucking worthless! I kill myself every fucking day. (She's furious.) To feed your brothers. You would think, that you'd want to help me. Being a fucking man and all!...

Every bit of anger and disappointment is exploding out now.

TRAVY'S MOM (CONT'D)

... You come here, eat, and sleep. Then leave again without caring about any of us. You're like a fucking stray dog. I should have taken you out to the freeway, and dumped you out of the car, a long time ago.

TRAVY

Let me just get something...

TRAVY'S MOM

I threw your fucking filth in the trash. That's what you wanted, huh? You piece of shit!...

In a blink. Travy smacks his poor mother so hard she falls. Travy's little brother ROBERT, finally comes out of his room.

TRAVY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Robert! Call the cops!...

We Hear a crash.

The curtains are yanked through the open window. Taking a side of the rod with it.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- MIKE'S HOUSE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Paul and Travy are taking their loot to trade it in. An apartment complex on the wrong side of the tracks. A horseshoe pattern with a raggedy playground in the middle. Mexican gangsters hanging out by their cars.

They knock on apartment 5F. A skinny, twenty-something-year old douche, in a thick gold chain answers the door.

TRAVY

Wut up, Mike. We got some shit.

They put a Sony Xplode receiver and amplifier on the coffee table.

MIKE

I can give you a twenty sack.

PAUL

What?!

TRAVY

Fuck no! At least an eightball.

MIKE

Alright. I was just playin... Calm down... So, where you from, Paul?

PAUL

I live on Sylvester.

MIKE

You don't bang?

PAUL

Nah.

MIKE

That's good man. Stay out of that shit. That shit get's real, fucking quick!

Mike's girlfriend enters the kitchen across from the living room. She has on a tank top and sweats with the word juicy on her ass. She grabs a cup from the cupboard. Reaches into the fridge for some orange juice. She recognizes Travy.

Travy and Paul leave happily with their cocaine. Mike's girlfriend approaches.

MIKE'S GIRL

I work with Traviesos' mom. She came to work yesterday all beat up and shit. She said that piece of shit did it.

MIKE

Bullshit. For real?

MIKE'S GIRL

Swear to god! She was crying and everything. Pobresita.

Mike stands up and looks through the window at Travy and Paul crossing the street.

MIKE
I'll take care the motherfucker.

FADE INTO:

EXT. -- PAUL'S HOUSE, BACKYARD. -- NIGHT.

SUPER: 2005.

PAUL is sitting underneath the fly swarmed orange porch light. The back porch. ERIC, DANIEL, and GERM are all sitting around. Everyone with a beer in hand.

GERM
I'm telling you bitch. She wanted my fucking cock.

PAUL
You're a lying piece of shit.

GERM
Fuck you...

Paul's cell phone interrupts. He looks at the caller ID.

PAUL
Everyone shut up. (He answers.)
What up bitch.

TRAVY (O.S.)
(Out of breath.)
What you doin', fag?

PAUL
Shit. Just watching TV.

TRAVY (O.S.)
You're not drinking tonight?

PAUL
Nope. Broke as a fucking joke.

TRAVY (O.S.)
What are the other fags doin'?

PAUL
They're all at their houses.
Everyone's broke.

Just then Travy walks around the corner of the house.

TRAVY
What up, bitches.

PAUL
This motherfucker! Why even call
then?!

He greets everyone and helps himself to a beer from the cooler.

DANIEL
What are you up to? Sweet cheeks.

TRAVY
Man! I was running from the cops a
little bit ago.

ERIC
What did you do?... And he just
called you "Sweet cheeks" by the
way.

TRAVY
Shit... Yeah I heard the faggot...
They saw how I was dressed. They
were probably gonna stop me to
check my ID and shit... (Pauses)..
I got a fucking warrant. So I just
fucking dipped.

PAUL
You came here with the cops behind
you?!

TRAVY
Don't trip, bitch. I fucking
lost'em a while ago.

GERM
How do you know they were even
after you? You could've just
started running like some retarded-
crack head.

TRAVY
Fuck you, "Black magic-crack-baby".
I heard the fucking sirens turn on
and everything.

Almost as if inhaling the beer. Travy chucks the bottle he had just opened in the garbage.

PAUL
 God-fucking-dammit! You fucking
 chugged that shit without us even
 seeing... You're a fucking
 alcoholic, vuey. We're gonna have
 to go get some more... Who's got
 ends on it?

Everyone starts pulling out money except for Germ and Travy.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Alright. Daniel let's go. You fools
 stay here with this fucking
 criminal... Oh and I assume you
 don't have ANY money to put in on
 this?

TRAVY
 (Without looking at him.)
 Fuck-you-bitch.

PAUL
 Yep. Alright we're out.

They head out towards the side of the house.

TRAVY

You fools wanna do some ye'.

GERM
 Hell yeah.

Travy starts walking off.

TRAVY
 ...Hold up a sec. I gotta take a
 piss.

He hides around the corner of the house. Starts unbuttoning
 his pants.

ERIC (O.S.)
 I'm going to take a piss, too.
 Inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS.

Eric begins walking through the pink colored kitchen, but
 catches a glimpse of Travy through a window.

Travy seems to be digging into his ass with both hands.
Probably using one of them to spread the cheeks.

He pulls out a small baggie. It opened a bit, a little powder
falls out, and onto his fingers.

ROSIE
Hey Eric.

ERIC
(Spooked.)
What?! Holly crap, you scared me.

ROSIE
(Laughs.)
Sorry. Hey you wouldn't know
anything about someone taking some
jewelry from here?

ERIC
No. I haven't been kickin it with
them.

ROSIE
I noticed that... You're the only
nice kid these jackasses hang
around with. Me and Daniel's mom
are always asking them where you
are.

ERIC
Thanks. I'm just kickin it at home
really.

BACK TO:

EXT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE, BACKYARD.-- CONTINUOUS.

Eric gets back.

TRAVY
(To Eric.)
You don't want any?

ERIC
Nah, I'm good .

Germ and Travy sniff more.

GERM
(Snorting.)
Holy fuck! It's got a strong smell.

TRAVY
 (Snorting.)
 That's that fire... Its like an ass-
 idy smell.

Eric's fat face leaks out a giant laugh.

GERM
 (Thinking grammar was why
 Eric laughed.)
 You mean Acidic, vuey.

TRAVY
 (To Eric.)
 Fuck you, fat ass. So I'm not a
 fucking nerd...

ERIC
 I wasn't laughing at that...

GERM
 What was it then?

He looks at both of them for a second. The powder still on
 their faces.

ERIC
 Yeah, it was that.

All three of them laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- JOBFINDERS PARKING LOT. -- DAY.

There is a crowd in front in front an office building. Eric's
 mom's car drives into the parking lot. Her name Lupe. He has
 dark painted on eyebrows and blond hair. Another short pear
 shaped Mexican lady.

ERIC'S MOM
 Don't get with any of those ladies
 with five kids. They're just
 looking for anybody.

ERIC
 (Trying to ignore her.)
 Alright.

ERIC'S MOM
 Good luck my little dummy.

Eric climbs out of the car.

ERIC
I'll call like thirty minutes
before I get out.

ERIC'S MOM
Yeah, I'm just going to the store.
Good luck. I love you

ERIC
I love you too, mom.

He steps out of the car.

We see the young, and purposeful. The hipsters (then wearing 50 cent style clothes) and girls again in sweats with words written across the ass. Eric makes his way to the back of the line of almost 200 people.

He's now been there about an hour. The sound of a helicopter grows. Everyone looks up to find the local news chopper circling the building.

Eric eavesdrops on the conversation in front of him.

MAN#1
I heard they're hiring 300 people.

MAN#2
So everyone here's getting a job.

Three hours go by. As the crowd around him nears the entrance, they become a herd. Desperately pushing and shoving, to be one of the ten that are let into the building. Looking less like applying for a job in the U.S., and more like handing out food rations in Venezuela.

CUT TO:

INT.-- HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION, BATHROOM. -- DAY.

Paul's uncle TONY is sitting on a toilet. It's new, unconnected and covered in plastic. There's scaffolding in the background, paper lining the floors, and plastic still on the windows.

He gets up, wipes his ass, and reaches into the toilet bowl pulling out a box.

It's a box of drywall mud with a plastic liner in it. He closes it as securely as he can.

INT.-- HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION. -- CONTINUOUS.

Paul climbs up a ladder with mud "knife" and a tray full of mud. Climbing he notices the box at the top of the ladder. He reaches the top and looks into the box, his face inches away from the heaping turd.

PAUL
What the fuck?!

TONY (O.S.)
(Laughing his ass off.)
What happened?

CUT TO:

EXT.-- CONSTRUCTION SITE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Tony walks to his little "street racing" type Honda. He's texting his wife some dirty texts. As soon as he pulls the handle...

PAUL
Hey bitch! We drinking beers later?

TONY
Yeah...

TONY opens the door, wafting the horrid smell of feces into his nose. Looks down to his seat, and finds "the shit box". Tony snaps. The state of that car is upmost importance. The introduction of the putrid smell of feces are grounds for an ass beating. At least a good punch to the face or gut.

He charges towards Paul who just disappeared into the house.

CUT TO:

INT.-- JOBFINDERS, CONFERENCE ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Eric sits at a plastic folding table with two others. There are 10 other tables each with three people.

HR REP.
We're all going to fill out the necessary paperwork to begin your employment. We will go over it slowly. It might sound a bit condescending, that's not my intention. This is necessary to ensure that we get everything right the first time.

We cut forward. Eric fills out his paper, and notices the people next to him looking at it. Eric helps them with theirs.

HR REP. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now this is a safety form. All you do is sign and date.

Eric already has his signed and dated. They look at what Eric did on that page.

HR REP. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay. Turn to the next page. This is a background check authorization form. All you have to do is sign and date.

Again they check what Eric does first.

HR REP. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Congratulations. You are all now official employees of the F.P. Potato company.

The room claps and cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT.-- GERM'S HOUSE. -- DAY.

Eric goes through the alley, knocking on the door of a shed-like addition to the back of the house. A zombified GERM, unleashes a marijuana cloud from his room, and invites Eric in.

Kazme, a skinny, hip hop attired kid sits on the couch. Writing in a notebook. A studio condenser microphone and on a stand, beside him. Four walls of southern hip hop and big booty posters. The Computer's sound system blasts an instrumental.

GERM
What you up to?

ERIC
Shit. What about you?

GERM
Just recording, G. Laying shit down... This the homie Kashflow.

KAZME
 (Nodding.)
 Whut up.

ERIC
 That's fucking hella sick.

We hear a hard-hitting southern hip hop track.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 That shits sick, G. You fools got
 down, for real... Hey, I was
 wondering if you could get me weed.

GERM
 Yeah, we can do that.

CUT TO:

INT.-- BIG CHIEFER'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

BIG CHIEFER sits on his couch taking a line of cocaine off of his glass coffee table. He quickly picks up the video game controller, eyes glued to the T.V.. He starts spewing filth into a battle of insults through his headset.

BIG CHIEFER
 ... Fuck you, White-boy! You smell
 like hot dog water...(Listening.) I
 don't care, bitch... Your just a...
 A little bitch! Yeah! Right in the
 fucking head motherfucker! All your
 life you'll be a...

The doorbell rings. His homie BRUNO quickly gets in the process of answering the door to GERM, ERIC, and KAZME. They step inside...

CHIEFER shoots up from his seat.

BIG CHIEFER (CONT'D)
 ... Fuck you! Bitch! My life is
 awesome!... (Listens.) You don't
 know shit about my life! Alright,
 bitch! I got to take care of some
 business! Cause that's what I do.
 Make fucking money. Unlike your
 bitch-ass. (Quickly changes to
 cheerful.) Germ! What up my nigga.

GERM
 Just stopping by, seeing if you got
 some fire.

BIG CHIEFER
Yeah, How much you want?

GERM
Fifty Stroots.

He pulls out a jar, a scale, and a box of sandwich bags, from underneath the coffee table.

BIG CHIEFER
Dude, I had a party last weekend. I got two bitches to suck my dick. First time ever. Had one chick on the shlong, The other on the balls. It was fucking awesome... (Switches to business).. I'll hook you up with three grams.

GERM
That sounds good, G. (Grabs the bag.) Thanks for hooking it up.

BIG CHIEFER
Yeah, no problem. Come through on Saturday. I'm having another party.

CUT TO:

INT. -- GERM'S ROOM. -- NIGHT.

MONTAGE:

The three smoke weed, eat chips, and record rap verses.

The montage ends quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- CITY STREETS. -- NIGHT.

TRAVIESO pokes his head out of an alley, surveying the street. He runs out, carrying a speaker box with two twelve-inch sub woofers on his back.

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Out of breath, TRAVY places the speaker box on the floor. MIKE walks up to the speakers and inspects them.

MIKE
I'll give you Sixty for it.

Mike's friends try hiding their grins.

TRAVY

What? This shit is worth like Two bills.

MIKE

Hell No!...(Thinks about it.)
Alright, alright. I'll give you eighty. That's it.

MIKE takes a baggie out of his pocket and hands it to TRAVY.
TRAVY stares at the speakers.

TRAVY

Nah' I'm alright. (Tries to hand back the bag.)

MIKE

(Playing stupid.)
What?

TRAVY

(Getting angry.)
What?!

MIKE

You're going to risk being out there with this shit! Take the eighty bucks, vuey.

Both stay quiet.

TRAVY

I'm taking the speakers, g.

MIKE

You still owe me money, bitch!

Mike's eyes make his willingness for violence known. The stare of primal dominance. TRAVY matches for a bit. Then he quickly realizes he's outnumbered.

TRAVY

Alright. Give me eighty, and take off what I owe you.

MIKE

Yeah, we'll do that.

TRAVY

That bitch Paul didn't hit you up today?

MIKE

He bought an eight ball a little
bit ago.

CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL, TONY, and DANIEL sit at the dining table, playing
cards, and drinking hard alcohol.

DANIEL

...I'm in the eighty-one
percentile. That means I'm smarter
than the two retards I'm in this
room with. (Laughs.)

PAUL

You're not smarter than me, bitch.

DANIEL

Yeah, yeah... Why don't you take
the test?.. Go to college?

PAUL

Who needs college?

DANIEL

People who want more money? (Asks
sarcastically.)

PAUL

Tony didn't go to college, and he's
living as good as anybody can.

Daniel bursts into laughter.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(In Spanish.)

Ooh! Tony this fool is laughing at
how you live, saying you ain't
shit...

TONY

(Spanish.)

Fuck both of you.

PAUL

(Spanish.)

He says he's going to college. What
do you think?

TONY
(To Daniel.)
You going to college?

DANIEL
Thinking about it.

TONY
Good, good. Congratulations man.

PAUL
He hasn't gotten in yet, dumb-
ass... College ain't shit,
anyway... They rob you of your
fucking money. Before you've even
made it. They fuck you. They
"rodeo" fuck you, really.

DANIEL
What?

PAUL
Your banging a chick doggy style.
You pull her hair, and whisper into
her ear: "This is how your sister
likes to get fucked." She starts
trying to kick you off. It looks
like she's bucking, while you keep
on banging her. That's how you do
it "rodeo style."

DANIEL
I think that's called the "half
rape".

PAUL
... And that's what college does to
you. It half rapes you.

TONY
(Spanish.)
Let's do some more lines.

There's knocking at the door.

PAUL
Go get that shit Danny. I'm gonna
set up the lines.

DANNY gets up, then comes back with TRAVY.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (Angry.)
 Nooo! Fucking shit!

CUT TO:

INT. -- ERIC'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Eric sits in his room smoking weed. He stays frozen. He can hear his step dad talking through the thin walls.

ERIC'S STEP DAD (O.S.)
 I think that kid of yours is gay

ERIC'S MOM (O.S.)
 Leave him alone. He's going to be somebody someday.

ERIC'S STEP DAD (O.S.)
 Not staying in his room and jacking off all day. At least those other fags just admit it. They look you in the eye and say "Yeah. I take dicks to the face and ass, but I come out here everyday, and make my fucking money."

Eric only breaths. Staring blankly at the screen.

CUT TO:

INT.-- BIG CHIEFFER'S HOUSE. -- NIGHT.

A house full of kids, partying their asses off. ALEXIS, A young, attractive redheaded girl takes a line of coke.

ALEXIS
 Ooh!!

She starts stripping off clothes, grinding away with her friend. GERM, KAZME, and CHIEFER, stare for a bit, smoking a blunt on the couch.

BIG CHIEFER
 Take a look at this fucking coke, wey.

He passes it to the gang. A beautiful, pearl white powder.

GERM
 Ooh! Can I test it out?

BIG CHIEFER
Go ahead, "G".

Takes a key shot.

GERM
You gettin this shit from Mike?

BIG CHIEFER
Fuck that motherfucker, man! I hate that piece of shit... My connect even wants me to take that bitch out.

GERM
What, like?(Makes a gun sign.)

Big chiefer confirms with a nod.

The crowd starts rushing out of the back door. Everyone on the couch follows.

EXT.-- BIG CHIEFER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD.-- CONTINUOUS.

BRUNO and another kid are brawling. It's a fast, sloppy, and violent scrap. GERM is in awe of the mayhem. The sadistic eyes of the human boxing ring, surrounding the two animals trying to bash each other unconscious.

They fall to the ground. BRUNO finally gets the upper| hand with a full mount, and proceeds to tee off at the kid's face.| Someone finally prying him away.

BIG CHIEFER
Get him out of here.

The bloodied kid gets picked up.

| CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

The gang at PAUL's sit at the dining table. Running out of steam, they're now headed towards the inevitable crash.

PAUL
My brother used to treat Mike like a little bitch. That's why the motherfucker never pulls that type of shit on me. Then again, I never get "fronts".

TRAVY

That fool treats all of the little homies like shit.

DANIEL

Those kids from the lil' hood go buy coke from that dude?

TRAVY

Used to. That Chief'er fool was one of them, until he got his own "connect".

PAUL

(Interrupts.)

Next time that piece of shit tries to pull some shit, Squab'em. Fucking stand up for yourself, dog.

TRAVY

... Oh, yeah; and get fucking jumped by all his homies.

PAUL

We'll fuck them up, they ever do that shit.

TRAVY

(Sarcastically.)

Sure.

DANIEL

Speak for yourself.

PAUL

(Laughing.)

That's fucked up... I got you, dog. I'll buy it for you.

CUT TO:

INT.-- BIG CHIEFFER'S HOUSE. -- DAY.

ERIC and GERM are welcomed into what is now a filthy waiting room for juvenile delinquents. They find a seat.

GERM

That shit was crazy last night, G.

BIG CHIEFER
Yeah, that shit was sick...
(Whispers.) We still got one of the
bitches in the room. You guys want
to hit that shit.

Through the window, he sees a girl walking up to the front door.

BIG CHIEFER

Quick. Open the door before she knocks.

KYLA walks in. Eric's eyes widen for a second.

KYLA
Is Alex here?

BIG CHIEFER
Nah, she dipped out a while ago.

KYLA
You don't know who she left with?

BIG CHIEFER
No I didn't really see.

KAZME
She left with a dude.

KYLA
(Disappointed.)
Okay.

She leaves.

BIG CHIEFER
... Like I said, who wants to hit
that shit.

The whole room laughs.

GERM
Nah, I'm alright, G...

ERIC
I'll hit that shit.

Everyone's a bit shocked.

BIG CHIEFER
Hell yeah, vuey.

A door opens from one of the bedrooms. ALEXIS comes out, wearing nothing but a long t-shirt. A kid following her out.

ALEXIS
Did my sister just show up?

Eric's jaw drops a bit.

BIG CHIEFFER
No.

ALEXIS
Who's next?
(With a forced smile.)

BIG CHIEFFER
The big homie over there. (Points
at Eric.)

Eric stands and follows her into the hallway.

ALEXIS
I'm going into the bathroom. You
can go in the room and wait.

She steps in to the bathroom. Eric thinks about waiting in the bedroom but decides to follow her in to the bathroom.

INT.-- BIG CHIEFFER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

He hugs her from behind as she looks in the mirror. He starts with his hands on her hips, kissing her on the neck. He moves fast to her breasts.

ALEXIS
Come on.

INT.-- BIG CHIEFFER'S HOUSE, ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

She lays on the bed. Eric steps forward.

ERIC
You wanna do this?

She notices there's something a little too wierd about him. Too "innocent".

ALEXIS
What?

He jumps on the bed and lays beside her. He starts moving a little fast, one hand grabbing her breasts, the other hand making it's way down.

After a bit he gets up from the bed and takes off his shirt off.

ERIC
You wanna do this?

She gets up, opens the door and walks out.

INT.-- BIG CHIEFER'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM.-- CONTINUOUS.

The girl enters, weirdly angered.

ALEXIS
Who's next?

Eric is visibly hurting. Embarrassed, and confused, his eyes scan the faces, as the room wonders what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. -- PAUL'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. -- DAY.

MONTAGE:

PAUL opens the front door to TRAVY.

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL buys the coke from MIKE. TRAVY waits in the car.

INT. -- PAUL'S ROOM/ BASEMENT. -- CONTINUOUS.

The two smoke. This becomes routine. TRAVY knocking at the front door, day and night. The two smoking more and more.

PAUL begins hiding little stashes, smoking by himself.

TRAVY's visits, now end unanswered. Having to walk away empty handed.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

DANIEL exits the house. TRAVY waits in the car.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. -- DANIEL'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

TRAVY desperately knocks on Daniel's door. He looks through all the windows. Knocks again, then leaves.

MONTAGE END.

CUT TO:

INT. -- PAUL'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. -- DAY.

PAUL finally answers his door. This time finding ERIC on the porch. PAUL looks a bit skinnier, paler, lips covered in burns from the pipe.

ERIC
What up, G?

PAUL
Shit. Come in.

Eric accepts and sits on the couch

ERIC
You still working?

PAUL
Every once in a while. When I feel like it, and shit.

ERIC
Like that?

PAUL
I get fucked up all night. When I need money I go to work... Tony is getting pissed off... I don't give a fuck though. What about you?

ERIC
Yeah. I'm going to start next month at the F.P. company. That packaging plant out by the freeway.

PAUL
That's cool, vuey.

ERIC
I was wondering if you knew anybody
who sells weed?

PAUL
Yeah. How much do you want?

ERIC
Fifty.

PAUL
You think I could borrow some cash?

ERIC
How much?

PAUL
Like twenty bucks. Just until I get
paid Friday.

ERIC
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- CITY STREETS. -- NIGHT.

A late eighties' box-shaped van sits in the middle of a parking lot. We see that familiar silhouette, sneaking up to the van. TRAVY, delicately lifts the door's handle. He opens it, finding a blanket with someone underneath. The man's eyes open.

SLEEPING GUY
Hey!

TRAVY
Holy shit!

TRAVY runs off.

SLEEPING GUY
(Enraged.)
You fucking Mexicans are ruining
this country!

CUT TO:

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL sits on the couch. Mike pulls up a chair, setting it uncomfortably close.

MIKE
Is Travieso with you?

He reaches for the curtain of the nearest window. PAUL takes a peak.

EXT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

One of MIKE's friends is already halfway across the yard, walking towards PAUL's car. He looks for TRAVY, then gives the "negative".

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

MIKE
You've been selling to that little bitch.

PAUL
No. A while ago I was buying it for him, but I never sold it.

MIKE
You know that piece of shit owes me money, right?

PAUL
Hey that's...

MIKE
I know. It's alright. I just want you to do something for me. You do this, I'll hook you up fat. Half a eight, fat.

PAUL
What is it?

MIKE
The next time that fool hits you up. Bring him through. If he's looking for "scams", or not. Just come through, and call me before hand.

PAUL pulls money out his pocket.

PAUL
Let me get Two bills worth. I don't need that other shit.

MIKE

You know he beat the shit out of
his mom?

PAUL doesn't respond with words, his face morphs from
concerned to angered.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Swear to God. His mom works with my
girl. She told me, his mom went to
work all bruised up, and shit. This
fucking piece of shit, is beating
up his mom for coke money and shit.
Those types of putas have to get
dealt with.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- CITY STREETS. -- CONTINUOUS.

TRAVY is now walking down a lonely street. Headlights creep
up behind him. He turns, eyes widened with panic, and he
continues walking.

A police cruiser pulls up, and follows along beside him.
After a bit, the window lowers.

POLICE OFFICER

How are you doing tonight?

TRAVY

Just walking home, man! Why?

POLICE OFFICER

(Pauses.)

...Alright. Take it easy.

The cruiser drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. -- PAUL'S ROOM/ BASEMENT. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL prepares his drug paraphernalia, putting coke and baking
soda in the spoon. His phone is on speaker.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Hello.

PAUL

Hey, have you seen Travy?

DANIEL (O.S.)
No. I've been trying to avoid him.
(Laughs.)

PAUL
Mike is going to fuck him up.

DANIEL (O.S.)
What the fuck?

PAUL
Yeah. If you see him, tell him.

PAUL hangs up, and starts heating the spoon.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

TRAVY walked in, oblivious to the tension.

TRAVY
Hey, G. I was wondering if you
could front me a sack. Since I
squared up with you last week.

MIKE
What the fuck are you talking
about? You still owe me.

TRAVY
I paid you!

MIKE lands a massive right hook. TRAVY'SO's tiny body smacks
against the floor.

BACK TO:

INT. -- PAUL'S ROOM/ BASEMENT. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL takes a huge hit off of his crack pipe, and puts the
pipe down. He suddenly panics, grabbing his chest. We can
hear his heart-rate climbing.

POV:

Every light source in the room begins to blur. His vision
starts rattling. His heart races.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. -- MIKE'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

MIKE's friends have joined in, stomping on poor TRAVY.

MIKE

Take him down a block. Throw him in the alley. (Turns to Travy.) If you say anything to the puercos. I'll fucking kill you.

They pick him up.

BACK TO:

INT. -- PAUL'S ROOM/ BASEMENT. -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL's heart is beating out of his chest. The lights now blotting everything out.

He tries desperately to catch his breath.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. -- CITY STREETS. -- CONTINUOUS.

TRAVY gets thrown out of the car.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. -- ERIC'S ROOM, COMPUTER SCREEN.-- PRESENT DAY.

The digital text is going at a furious pace.

ERIC (V.O.)

... Again. I'm not your usual psychopath... You don't understand. You can't. It's not in your nature... There is a population of uneducated and unprepared human beings. A third world country, living in the shadow of yours... It's an obvious truth... Those who are born rich have the opportunities. The rest have the anger and fight for the scraps... That's the way the world is... The problem with this equation is...

CUT TO:

EXT.-- TRAVIESO'S APARTMENT. -- NIGHT.

It's raining. Travy walks up the steps and and approaches the apartment window. Holding his side. Bleeding from his face.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
 Those who lose out. Who didn't have
 the skills to function in your
 hyper-social "la la land", with you
 happy pricks, showing off the
 trinkets your obedience has bought
 you... A car or two, and the dream
 to own your house when you're
 seventy...

The curtain is gone, showing the lonely and empty space that used to be his home.

He sits on the floor of the balcony below the window.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- PAUL'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Rosie opens the door and walks in on her convulsing son. She drops the bag of fast food and runs to him. She dumps her purse out on the floor and picks up her cell phone.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
 Those who are excluded. Who for the
 life of them can't submit to the
 dull reality you call the "working
 class"... Those who god shuts the
 door on. They don't just die...
 They're left to fester in their
 failure...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. -- GERM'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS.

Germ sits in the middle of his couch. His whole body is frozen. A few kids from Chieffer's crew have packed themselves into the small room. Passing blunts.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
 There are a few. Who come into this
 world infected with something...
 It's something unholy.

(MORE)

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
Something new to our "less
fortunate" world...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- BANK OF THE PACIFIC. -- DAY.

Eric's heartbeat dominates the soundtrack.

SLOW MOTION:

He walks towards the steps, leading up to the second floor,
clutching his weapon.

POV:

He scans the faces of disgusted and oddly uncaring tellers.

We see Eric's eyes.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD)
We're infected with dreams...
Delusional fantasies... And without
the necessary skills to achieve
them... We become a threat to
everyone...

There's movement at the entrance. Two masked gunmen rush into
the bank.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
Yet, in that sad place. I ventured
out into the world... And I stopped
seeing everyone else as a human
being... That's when I found my
power...

One shoots the manager as she runs to her desk.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
That's when I found my power...

The other shoots a teller. Eric pulls out his weapon. Points
it at the gunmen.

FADE TO BLACK:

ERIC (V.O.) (CONTD) (CONT'D)
...That's when I found my destiny.