

DEEP INSIDE... GEORGE HANSOM
or
HOW TO BE A FULLY REALIZED HUMAN BEING
IN WESTERN CULTURE IN THE 21st CENTURY
FOR THE COMPLETE IDIOT

by

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The title is handwritten on the black screen in white ink:

HOW TO BE A FULLY REALIZED HUMAN BEING
IN WESTERN CULTURE IN THE 21st CENTURY...

BEAT

...FOR THE COMPLETE IDIOT

GEORGE (Nervous, frantic, V.O.)
I want to be a human being.
(beat)
I want to be a human being.

FADE IN

EXT. BEVERLY HILL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

VIDEO CAMERA'S POV

Through the lens of a video camera we follow a beautiful young woman, CARI, from her Beverly Hills apartment towards her new Porsche Boxster. She's trying to avoid being caught on tape - she's really not happy about it.

CARI
Listen, I don't give a shit about George Hansom. All we had was a relationship based on mutual loneliness and desperation. It was a long time ago, I had just moved to LA. If I had it to do all over again would I have anything to do with George Hansom? No fucking way! But I was young and stupid and didn't know any better. Now get out of my way, I have to get to my audition.

She gets into her car and turns over the ignition.

CARI

(continuing)

And if I ever see this on Access
Hollywood, Entertainment Tonight
or the Internet my lawyer will sue
you for everything you've got!

She looks into the the camera, gives it the bird, and then a
fake big-lipped fuck you kiss.

CARI

(continuing)

That's what I have to say to
George Hansom!!!

She peels out the Porsche and the camera is clicked OFF.

FADE OUT

Handwritten on the screen while spoken poetically by George
V.O.:

"We are not mad, we are human, we want to love, and someone
must forgive us for the paths we take to love, for the paths
are many and dark, and we are ardent and cruel in our
journey."

Leonard Cohen

FADE IN

INT. EVOLVE - DAY

Evolve is the name of the store set a few feet back off of
PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY.

There's a very young woman, SANDRA, working behind the
counter. The entire store front is glass and the counter is
sideways so you can always see beautiful young Sandra as she
takes care of the store. She's not your typical beach bimbo,
there's a light around her, a constant knowing smile dangling
off her lips. She has been touched - touched by the
divine - she's as pure as fresh snow.

GEORGE HANSOM (35) enters the store with bravado. He's drop-
dead gorgeous and dressed head to toe in the latest and
greatest expensive and classy clothing and accoutrements.
But he's not a dick; it's just his world, the world of money
and power.

Really, he's just relentlessly charming and seductive.

Sandra's face drops as George swaggers in.

SANDRA

You just don't give up - do you?

GEORGE

I don't usually have to.

George sticks out his hand to shake hers but she just stands there.

GEORGE

(continuing)

George Hansom, Relentless
Entertainment.

SANDRA

Yes, well you certainly are
relentless, George.

GEORGE

That's what it takes to succeed -
doesn't it?

SANDRA

Then I'm sure you're very
successful at whatever you do.

GEORGE

I am.

SANDRA

However, I don't find your little
visits very entertaining.

GEORGE

You should give me a chance, "let
me entertain you."

She walks around the counter and adjusts some books on the
shelf. Hoping George will leave.

But he just checks her out, sizes her up.

GEORGE

(continuing)

What can I say? You intrigue me.

SANDRA

The only reason I intrigue you is
because I want nothing to do with
you. You only want what you can't
have, George. That's why you'll
never be happy.

George guffaws, becomes indignant.

GEORGE

Who says I'm not happy? I've got
everything anyone could ever want!

SANDRA

I know for a fact that you have nothing that I want. And that's why I'm going to ask you - AGAIN - to leave my humble abode. Please. I told you last time: you're free to come back when you're a human being.

GEORGE

Human being?

George starts to defend himself but he really doesn't know how to reply to her last statement.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yeah, OK... right... whatever.

George just awkwardly stands there by the door for a moment. He looks down - kinda ashamed - but then puts on his shades and jolts out the same way he came in.

Sandra just shakes her head then continues rearranging the books.

CUT TO:

EXT. RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

George pulls his Ferrari into the spot marked George Hansom in front of Relentless Entertainment. Next to his spot is the spot marked Lewis Hansom. In the spot is a new convertible Bentley.

George gets out of his car and heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE, RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

George throws his attache case onto the leather sofa as his secretary CASSY enters carrying coffee in one hand and an armful of faxes, magazines and newspapers in the other. She rattles off information to him like a machine gun. They speak so quickly that it's practically in code, shorthand.

CASSY

Marty rescheduled the Boca trip, your lunch today with Herbert is now drinks on Thursday, here are the headshots that came in yesterday, Sarah from New York called about the Hamburg deal, Johnny's check from the studio hasn't cleared yet and some girl

named Christala called eight times. Don't tell me: you promised her a gig if she slept with you and she actually believed you???

GEORGE

Save the smartass stuff for someone who has time for it.

She puts the faxes on his desk and he peruses them.

CASSY

Jorge was doing his own stunt again and wound up in the hospital, production is shut down for two weeks...

GEORGE

I want a conference call with his publicist right now.

CASSY

I don't think it will do you much good: he's unconscious.

GEORGE

What???

CASSY

Maybe just heavily sedated. His agent wouldn't say.

GEORGE

I hate that fucker. Call his lawyer and set up drinks for tonight with him and the publicist and me.

CASSY

You can't. Your father already booked you with Chapman and Bay for Jason.

GEORGE

Fuck.

More faxes.

CASSY

Tina's deal memo is signed, Nicky's option expired and Rev's offer was low.

GEORGE

How low?

Cassy pushes the right fax in front of him.

GEORGE

(continuing)

That's two million less then we discussed! Get that motherfucker on the phone right now!

CASSY

Right after the meeting with your father.

GEORGE

What meeting?

CASSY

The meeting you're having right now.

GEORGE

Patch Joe through to my cell.

George gets up to leave.

GEORGE

(continuing)

And tell Herbert that if he can't have lunch with me today then I can't have drinks with him on Thursday!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

George walks with determination down the hallway while screaming into his cell phone.

He smiles and winks intermittently at all of the pretty secretaries at their desks. On the phone he's commanding and relentless but when he stops by their desks he's so charming and suave that each GIRL can't help but shudder.

GEORGE (INTO PHONE)

Joe, you fucked us on the Pepper deal but if you think that Caitlin is working for one cent less than we discussed then you have another thing coming!

He puts his hand over the mouthpiece and bends down to kiss HEATHER on the cheek. She melts.

OFF we can hear JOE yelling through the telephone. George moves on, puts the phone back to his ear and shouts back even louder.

GEORGE (INTO PHONE)

(continuing)

I'm going to tank your MOV faster than you can cry 'mommy'! We both know that Betz and Samantha are booked through Christmas so if you want a greenlight you need Caitlin! I told you what her price is so if I don't see a check by the close of business today then I'll sign her to a pilot! I don't care if she's dating the director!

George clicks his phone shut as he gets to the end of the hall: Lewis Hansom's office.

He winks and waves to Lewis's sexy secretary, TORRI.

INT. LEWIS HANSOM'S OFFICE, RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

LEWIS Hansom is the 66 year old version of George - great looking, suave, cool, and intense. He's sitting behind his desk as George enters.

Lewis throws one of the trades down on his desk.

LEWIS

Did you see this shit? They're killing us.

GEORGE

I know. I'm having drinks with Marge tomorrow. She'll fix it.

LEWIS

She'd better!

George sits across from Lewis.

GEORGE

What did you want to see me about?

LEWIS

I had drinks with Anne Fleischer and Collins Atkins last night.

GEORGE

And?

LEWIS

They heard that Reggie Mangold threw a fit and fired his whole team.

GEORGE

Killed someone - didn't he?

LEWIS

So what? Alot of people kill people. Try not to be so judgemental - isn't that what you always say?

George just shakes his head.

GEORGE

I don't think it would be good for the firm, Dad.

LEWIS

Yeah, I didn't either.

GEORGE

Good.

George starts to get up.

LEWIS

Until I talked with Scott Reingate last night.

GEORGE

You talked to Scott Reingate last night?

LEWIS

And again this morning.

(beat)

He called me.

(beat)

Said that Reggie heard about you through a mutual acquaintance and will only deal with you.

If we can bring him in, Scott would be willing to do a \$100 million deal - if Reggie will do endorsements and some product placement, of course.

GEORGE

\$100 million?

LEWIS

3 pictures. Special Japanese fund. We come on as producers. Me and you. Twenty million over the next five years. Each.

George thinks about this for a beat.

GEORGE

Can I make some calls?

Lewis stands up then looks at his watch.

LEWIS

Sure. Make all the calls you want. ON YOUR WAY TO REGGIE'S HOUSE! You have an 11:30 so get your ass in gear!!!

Lewis slams George on the shoulder.

LEWIS

(continuing)

Now get out of here!

George gets up to leave

LEWIS

(continuing)

DON'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER!
BE FUCKING RELENTLESS!

George timidly nods 'yes' and heads out as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETBALL STAR'S MANSION ON PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

George patiently sits and listens to basketball star REGGIE MANGOLD'S coke-fueled maniacal rant.

The house is magnificent, overlooking the Pacific ocean - it has to be worth twenty million dollars if it's worth a penny.

REGGIE

I don't care what the motherfuckers say! I don't even want to play basketball anymore. If those motherfuckers can't see that it was self-defense then fuck 'em. Oh yeah, and I bitch-slapped Litus Oaks in the playoffs - motherfucker had it coming to him - fuckin' elbows up my ass 'n shit on the boards for the first half...

(beat)

So now I want to be a movie star.

(beat)

Which is why you're here.

Reggie hands George a tray of blow nicely cut into lines as fat as your finger.

George thinks for a second and then realizes that Reggie's testing him to see if he can hang with the big boys or not.

George cleanly snorts one and hands the tray back to Reggie who downs another fatty.

Reggie then looks down at his diamond crusted Rolex.

REGGIE (to himself)
Where are my bitches?

He hits the intercom and screams into it.

REGGIE
Wallace? Where are those
bitches???

WALLACE (O.S.)
Just entered the gate, sir.
Should be by the pool in about
five minutes.

REGGIE
Good.

He turns back to George.

REGGIE
(continuing)
I got these new ones coming - I
told them you was a big Hollywood
agent and that it would be good
for them to be real nice to you.
You're gonna like them.

George smiles, stands up, and buttons his Ermenegildo Zegna sports coat.

GEORGE
Excellent.
(beat)
So Reggie. The fact of the matter
is that you killed a man.

REGGIE
That shit was self-defense. Nigga
attacked me 'n shit.

GEORGE
Nonetheless, the general public
will tolerate alot of things but
murder doesn't go down easy
anymore.

REGGIE
Motherfucka was talkin' shit to
one of my bitches!

BEAT

GEORGE

I'm going to ask you to listen to what I have to say - the whole thing - before you decide if you want to work with us or not.

REGGIE

OK, OK, I'm not talking - I ain't saying another motherfuckin' word!

(beat)

Not another motherfuckin' word!

Reggie sits back into his huge leather sofa and sinks the back of his head into his intertwined fingers. He really is Mister Cool.

But George is so smooth that he could sell the Brooklyn Bridge to both Donald Trump and Mike Bloomberg in the same morning. He mesmerizes Reggie by his frankness and assertiveness.

GEORGE

Here's what I can do for you:
first of all, I'm not an agent;
I'm a manager.

I'm going to manage your life, I'm going to manage your career, I'm going to manage your money, I'm going to manage your image, I'm going to manage where you're seen, I'm going to manage where you are not seen, I'm going to manage everything. If I feel like managing when you take a dump, I'll manage when and where you take a dump. Got it?

Reggie nods - he's impressed by how commanding George is.

GEORGE

(continuing)

First, I'm going to hire a lawyer who can get the charge knocked down to manslaughter. Then I'm going to set up a tour of camps, charities, and community events - just in case. Then I'm going to get you a personal stylist and take you on a series of lunches with producers. You're going to dress and walk and talk like me, like we've known each other our entire lives. You're going to lose the ghetto shit. Got it?

Reggie frowns a little then nods.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I'm going to get you a three picture deal - one as the bad guy, one as the sidekick and then one as the star. On the set you're going to keep to yourself, you're not going to try to fuck any of the stars - you can fuck the make-up girl but don't fuck any of the actresses until after the movie is over. Got it?

Reggie thinks for a beat - this isn't going to be easy...

GEORGE

(continuing)

Got it???

Reggie nods - reluctantly.

GEORGE

(continuing)

You don't hang out with any felons or mob guys anymore. None of that gangsta shit. And I'm going to need the names - the REAL names - not Bambi and Tanzi and Millennium - of all your "bitches" so that we can lexis/nexus them to see who is playing you for a sucker.

Three GIRLS in bathing suits prance up to the huge bay window overlooking the pool. They blow kisses and show their wares to Reggie and George.

REGGIE

You think you can get me twenty mil a movie?

The Girls enter - their eyes light up when they hear 'twenty mil.'

GEORGE

At least. I guarantee it.

Reggie is all smiles.

REGGIE

Then I'd like to introduce you to some of my friends.

The Girls saddle up to George who seems to vaguely recognize one of them, CHRISTALA (18) who is obviously fresh off the

Greyhound bus from Missouri, Idaho, somewhere far away.

REGGIE
(continuing)
Wynoya, "Bambi" and...

CHRISTALA
Christala.

She gives a hateful piercing gaze to George who is still kinda oblivious to who she is.

REGGIE
I'd like you to meet my manager,
George Hansom.

Wynoya and Bambi start to caress George as Reggie looks on.

Christala just stands there.

REGGIE
(continuing)
What you waiting for, bitch?

She hesitates, then speaks.

CHRISTALA
I already did him last week.
Motherfucka promised to get me on
"Survivor" - now he won't accept
my calls.

George is too busy to care about her complaint.

REGGIE
You want to be on "Survivor?"

CHRISTALA
Yeah, I'll rock that joint!

REGGIE
Then come with me...

He starts to lead her down the hallway to the bedroom but then turns back to say his last words to Wynoya and Bambi.

REGGIE
(continuing)
Handsome George Handsome...

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

George cruises down PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY.

REGGIE (O.S.)

Make the motherfucker feel at home!

George is high and looks extremely frightened - like he just saw the devil.

We ZOOM in on George's eyes - dazed, bloodshot.

In SLOW MOTION George's head whips around.

And we hear the car screech and skid to a halt.

Life as George knows it has ended. He can go no further.

George's limp wrists dangle over the top of the steering wheel and then he rests his forehead into the back of his hands.

This is George's MOMENT OF TRUTH, his MOMENT OF CLARITY, his POINT OF NO RETURN, his POINT OF DEPARTURE.

His heart is beating out of his chest from all the coke he has done but that's just the icing on the cake to the complete emotional and mental breakdown he is experiencing.

As we will find out later, the events of the day have made him realize that he either must change his ways or die. There is not a third solution. The price he pays for the sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll has become too high - even for George. He can no longer afford to play the game. He must cash out.

He looks up and his face drops.

GEORGE'S POV: Evolve - Sandra's store

George sits there staring at the store as we...

FADE OUT

Off we hear George crying and trying to regain his breath as we...

FADE IN

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT SAME MORNING

The camera hovers over George's bed as he awakes from his nightmare

SCREAMING!!!!

GEORGE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The young woman next to him starts SCREAMING along with him - for no fucking reason.

GIRL

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

George looks over queerly at her and stops.

GIRL

(continuing)

George! George!!! What is it???
What is it??? It's just a dream,
babe... just a dream!!!

George catches his breath.

GEORGE

Oh my god, what a nightmare!

GIRL

What? What? What?

GEORGE

Wait a second: who are you?

The Girl's eyebrows rise in utter disdain.

GIRL

Y'know, I wouldn't mind if you
didn't remember my last name -
seeing as I didn't tell you it -
but you put it in my pooper last
night, so if you don't remember my
name is Samantha, then I'm going
to fucking kill you. Because that
shit is INTIMATE! So now tell me
my name.

George can't believe what an idiot this young woman is. He doesn't know what to say.

GIRL (screaming)

I said, TELL ME MY FUCKING NAME,
MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GEORGE

Samantha.... it's SAMANTHA.
Right?????

She calms down. She jumps out of bed - but her fake boobs still point up to the moon.

GIRL

Good. Sorry about your bad dream.
I gotta go. I'll call you from
the car and you can tell me about
it. You have a card or something?
I don't have your number...

George doesn't know what to say. She gets her stuff together.

GIRL

(continuing)

Great house! I wouldn't have let
you even touch me IF YOU DIDN'T
HAVE SUCH A GREAT HOUSE.

George's face drops. Her last lines resonate through his
whole mansion like church bells at Notre Dame.

GIRL

(continuing)

I wouldn't have let you even touch
me IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A GREAT
HOUSE.

She exits.

George has a look of horror on his face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CRUSTACEAN - DAY

The WAITSTAFF is setting up the trendy restaurant as KARA
(25) speaks directly into the video camera.

KARA

I don't mind, no... you seem OK...
let's just go outside...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CRUSTACEAN - DAY

Kara exits followed by the video camera. Kara immediately
lights up a cigarette. She looks into the camera as if she's
on a call-back for an audition.

KARA

Yeah, you could say I know George
Hansom... dude has issues but you
know... I've seen worse. I went
to Harvard you know, studied
psychology and communications 'n
shit. Oh, I'm just hostessing
here until my next gig. The
money's not bad and it's not brain
surgery... keeps my days free.

What's this for anyway? Is this like that scene in Jerry Maguire? Is he getting married and needs a video of all his ex's for the bachelor party or something?

Silence.

KARA

(continuing)

OK, so you just want me to talk...
OK, so handsome George Hansom.
OK. Yeah, he has some intimacy issues. Great in bed. Came in one night and yeah, I went home with him... Fucking monster house! THE HOUSE WAS BOTH DOPE, FRESH AND RAD!

(beat)

I didn't have a manager at the time so...

(she thinks back for a beat)

Fucked like a porn star, that guy. I remember when I started to go down on him. In the car, in his driveway. I was just around his belly-button when he pat me on the head and said, "That's a good little girl, that's a good little girl." And I knew it was gonna be all that! Crazy, just crazy!

She takes a deep drag from her cigarette as she reminisces about fucking George as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. EVOLVE - DAY

Sandra is wearing a sun dress and smiles out at us as the sun beams in a soft glow through the window. She looks angelic - as always.

The CAMERA pulls back to reveal George slowly getting out of his Ferrari. He seems to be upset, unsteady, shaky. It's not the same George we know and love. There's something very wrong - like he is trying to muster up enough energy from his nervous breakdown to drag himself into the store.

CUT TO:

INT. EVOLVE - DAY

George enters.

Sandra looks at him and waits for him to talk.

He's nervous and pretends to look at a few spiritual knick-knacks before he turns and addresses her.

SANDRA

You need some help today, Hansom?

GEORGE

No, thanks.

(beat)

Actually, yes. I do need some help.

She waits - his eyes start to well-up again. What he is about to do is extremely hard for him to do - maybe the hardest thing he has ever done in his life.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yeah, so, when I came in here before - I guess I kinda came in here to hit on you - and you told me to come back when I was a human being.

Awkward silence. George wipes a tear from his bloodshot eyes.

George starts playing around, patting his pocket as if he's looking for something.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yeah, so... I must've misplaced the instruction booklet... you know the one my mom gave me when I was born... or I guess I put it in between the manuals for my VCR and DVD player... but...

(beat)

I want to be a human being.

She smiles. He has said the exact right thing.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yeah, I want to be a human being.

She smiles but George mistakes it for laughter and gets nervous.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I'd better go.

He gets so nervous that turns to leave.

SANDRA

Wait. You've come to the right place.

LATER

George and Sandra sit on the floor amidst stacks of books on philosophy and world religions. She pours him some tea.

GEORGE

Three things happened today:
First, I had this nightmare... I dreamt that I was changing my father's diapers. He was holding a gun and making me change his dirty diapers.

SANDRA

How old was he?

GEORGE

He's 66... no, 67.

SANDRA

You had a dream about changing a grown man's diapers?

GEORGE

What's it mean?

SANDRA

How should I know? It sounds awful.

GEORGE

Well, that's not really the bad part.

Sandra raises her eyebrows.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I woke up with this woman - this girl, Samantha - I don't know how she got there. I mean, I went to some party last night and...

George thinks for a beat.

GEORGE

(continuing)

She told me that she wouldn't have slept with me if I didn't have such a big house...

SANDRA

Did you thank her for being honest?

GEORGE

No, I didn't thank her for being honest. I felt... I felt... all of a sudden I felt kinda inhumane.

SANDRA

Well, why did you buy the big house? You can only be in one room at a time.

George thinks for a beat then smiles.

GEORGE

I bought the house so that...
(fishing)
I could impress girls like
Samantha - I guess.

Sandra smiles. He got it.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Well, that's not really part
either...

Sandra waits patiently.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yeah, well, I was supposed to be doing business with this guy and he just freaked out and beat the hell out of this girl, this little girl, Christala, who I slept with last week or two weeks ago and...

SANDRA

Yes?

GEORGE

I guess I was so drunk that I promised to get her onto some show or something...

SANDRA

So you used your power to get her to have sex with you...?

GEORGE

I guess.

(beat)

But something was different about her - I dunno, she was just really

young and innocent - naive.

I mean, I think she actually
believed me...

SANDRA

So people shouldn't believe what
you say???

GEORGE

No... I mean...
(beat)
I don't know.

SANDRA

Is she OK?

GEORGE

Yeah, one of the other girls said
she would bring her to the
hospital...

SANDRA

You should call to make sure she's
OK.

GEORGE

Yeah, I guess so.

SANDRA

So I guess you're not feeling very
humane, very human, like a human
being...?

GEORGE

I just know that the dream and
Samantha and Reggie beating up
Christala... something isn't right.

SANDRA

You spent you're whole life
constructing a facade, a face to
show the world. OK, so what does
that facade tell people?

GEORGE

I don't know.

SANDRA

Does it say that you're a profound
thinker, an intellectual, a loving
and compassionate human being, a
great artist?

GEORGE

No, it says that here's some guy
who will buy you dinner, buy you

a bottle of champagne at a club,
buy you a trip to windsurf in St.
Barthes, buy you...

SANDRA

"Buy" is the optimum word here.
OK, so what's behind the facade.

GEORGE

I don't know.

SANDRA

You're a walking wallet.

George tries on the words for size.

GEORGE

"I'm a walking wallet."

SANDRA

If you weren't rich maybe you
wouldn't have a friend in the
world today.

GEORGE

"If I weren't rich maybe I
wouldn't have a friend in the
world today."

SANDRA

Is your money a tool that serves
you or are you money's tool?

GEORGE

Yeah, well...

SANDRA

It's time for new ears for new
music, new eyes for the most
distant horizons, George.

GEORGE

Yes, that sounds good. I want to
be a human being.

SANDRA

A "fully realized" human being.

GEORGE

Where do I begin?

SANDRA

By giving away all your money, of
course!

GEORGE (horrified)

By giving away all my money????

BEAT

He sizes her up. Now he's really suspicious.

GEORGE

Oh man, don't tell me. Right. I see. Next you want me sign some agreement. Join some cult. Give my hard earned money to Baba Ganushe... or... Hairy Krishna... or to you so you can stop working in this store and move to some ashram in India and eat dirt. Is that what you want?

He gets up.

SANDRA

I don't want anything, George. You're the one who came to me. You said that you wanted to be a human being and I gave you my advice. Wittgenstein did it.

GEORGE

Who the hell is Wittgenstein?

SANDRA

Philosopher. Born into one of the wealthiest families in Austria. Received his trust - like \$100 million dollars - on his eighteenth birthday and gave it all away within a month. Every penny.

GEORGE

What? That's ridiculous!

SANDRA

It's a distraction, George. And in your case it's an affliction. All you think about is your money.

GEORGE

That's not true.

SANDRA

Oh right, I forgot: you also spend alot of time thinking about all the wonderful things that money can buy - like young drunken dysfunctional girls...

GEORGE

OK, OK...

SANDRA

You can't 'buy' humanity, George. You have to earn it. You've had every opportunity and freedom handed to you on a silver platter and look where it got you. If you want to become a human being, then I suggest you get rid of the things that are weighing you down. "Those who possess little are that much less possessed."

GEORGE

Who said that?

SANDRA

Nietzsche.

GEORGE

Never heard of him. But I bet he's freakin' poor.

SANDRA

The only way you're going to get better is to stop looking outside and start looking inside.

He considers her proposition then makes his decision:

GEORGE

Fuck you. Fuck Wittgenstein. And Nietzsche too. I thought you were different from all the others; I thought that you could show me something, teach me something. The last thing I need is some earthy-crunchy college student on summer vacation talking me into a homeless shelter. I'm outta here.

George heads out. Sandra goes back to her work without trying to get in a parting shot. She let's him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

JENNIFER (30) speaks into the video camera.

JENNIFER

Y'know, if you ever show anyone this I'll kill you. I just want to help because - I dunno - you seem like you have a good heart. So if you want to know why George Hansom's a screw-up, then I'll

tell you: I knew this guy whose father was a billionaire and this guy knew that he could never compete with his father so he changed the playing field. This guy became the best heroin addict he could become, the best lying scheming asshole he could become. Just to show his father that he could succeed at something. And boy did he succeed. After years in and out of institutions - crying out for some of his father's attention - he just gave up. Blew his brains out.

(beat)

But George, George joined his father's company; he decided to take on the challenge in another way. He decided to rise to his father's challenge by becoming a man's man, by trying to fuck every woman he laid his eyes on. It's just a game. I don't even think he really enjoys it. It takes alot of effort - doesn't it? - to always be cool, to always look cool, to always be wearing the right shirt, to always be driving the right car, to always be in the right place, to always say the right thing, to always be 'on,' to always be performing, acting correctly, acting cool - acting. It's funny, y'know, because he manages all those actors but he's the one who is really acting. I don't think he has had a genuine moment in his whole life. Has he? I mean, HAVE YOU?

(dead into the camera)

I MEAN, HAVE YOU HAD ONE GENUINE
MOMENT IN ALL THIS TIME THAT
YOU'VE SPENT ON EARTH?????

The camera lingers on her face - as if she's also addressing all of the members of the audience as well as George.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE/RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

George enters his office and tosses his attache case on the sofa.

Cassy enters behind him.

CASSY

Your father asked you to stop by
before you head out.

GEORGE

I'm on my way...

George is not on his way; he looks at his watch.

CASSY

And Reggie called as well as his
attorney and they want to know how
the contracts are coming. He said
that he's having some kinda blow-
out at his house next week to
celebrate the movie deal so you
can bring the contracts then if
you want.

GEORGE

Great.

Not great.

CASSY

I have an audition tomorrow
morning so I'm going to have Nancy
cover for me.

George is out of it, not really paying attention.

GEORGE

Who's Nancy?

CASSY

She's on Michael's desk. She's
only been here a week.

(smiling lovingly)

What - you didn't sleep with her
yet? Just kidding. See you
later, lover.

Cassy exits and George follows her out as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE/RELENTLESS ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

Lewis nods to George as he enters then turns back to a little
drawer that comes out of his desk that's actually a mirror
covered in neatly cut lines of cocaine.

Lewis blows two lines of coke then daintily dips his pinky in
the tip of a third line and wipes it over his gums.

With the hospitality of an English butler he hands the metal
cocaine straw to his son...

LEWIS

Straighten your tie - you look like a mess. Where were you all day? We have a table at the Havana Room in an hour with Chapman and Bay to discuss Jason's deal.

He really tries to force the coke on George.

George thinks for a BEAT.

LEWIS

(continuing)

What the hell's wrong with you? Did you sign Reggie?

GEORGE (distant)

Yeah... I signed him...

LEWIS

Alright!

Lewis comes over and slams George on the shoulder as if he just scored the winning touchdown.

LEWIS

(continuing)

Good work! 100 mil! I'll be able to buy 2 more houses in Tahiti and another house in Aspen! Let's celebrate!

Lewis comes back over and blows another line.

LEWIS

(continuing)

Blow a few fatties with your old man and let's get to the meeting. You've got a fresh shirt in the car? There's something at the Playboy Mansion around midnight.

George takes a breath and realizes that it's time to stand up to the old man who is still pushing the cocaine on him.

Lewis tries to hand George the straw but he doesn't take it.

GEORGE

No, I'm good.

LEWIS

What - you can't get it up when you do the gak?

Lewis pulls some Viagra out of his pocket.

LEWIS

(continuing)

A thousand milligrams - just nibble on it, don't take the whole thing or you'll give yourself a heart attack...

GEORGE

Listen, I can't make the meeting tonight...

LEWIS

Blow some lines, straighten your tie, and follow me to the Havana Room. I'M NOT FUCKING ASKING YOU, I'M TELLING YOU!

Lewis puts on his jacket, quickly blows another line, and heads for the door.

LEWIS

(continuing)

C'mon, let's go, asshole.

Lewis is gone.

George stands there looking around his father's office. There are photos of Lewis with all sorts of celebrities and framed clippings from Variety and the Hollywood Reporter... even high school sports trophies.

And a photo of little George (13) with Lewis and his mother standing on the bucolic front lawn of their first house in suburbs 22 years ago during more peaceful times.

George takes it all in. He squints at the photo as if to ask, "What has become of my life?"

CUT TO:

INT. BOOK SOUP - NIGHT

George mulls around the philosophy and spiritual books section. He picks out a stack of books that look interesting and sits down with them.

Suddenly his cell phone rings. He opens it and reads who it is:

DAD

He closes it without answering and turns back to his books as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DUSK

George watches the big expensive cars go for a second and then...

A new Range Rover pulls over and the window is automatically rolled down.

MISSY (20) speaks to George.

MISSY
George? George Hansom?

George shakes his head.

MISSY
(continuing)
Car broke down?

George kinda nods his head.

MISSY
(continuing)
C'mon, get in. Where you going?

INT. RANGE ROVER - DUSK

George gets in hesitantly.

GEORGE
Just remind me, please -

MISSY
Oh, we never met. You went out with my sister Cari a while back. She showed me a photo of you in Variety. Got her an audition for a pilot. She didn't get it.

GEORGE
And she said I was nice?

MISSY
Not really. But she said that I should look you up. You know, about management. Still got that pool? I always keep a bathing suit somewhere around here.

She pulls a matchbox out of the cupholder next the requisite Chai Mocha non-fat double decaf latte.

MISSY
(continuing)
Here it is.

She holds it up. Must be the smallest bathing suit in the

universe. It wouldn't even fit a Barbie Doll.

MISSY

(continuing)

I bet you'd like to see me in
this - wouldn't you, George?

George decides to change the subject.

GEORGE

Nice ride.

MISSY

Mickey Rourke's manager,
whatshisname. Let me borrow it
until I get settled.

(beat)

I saw you at Les Deux Cafes last
week with Danny Huston and Billy
Zane. What's he like?

GEORGE

Who?

MISSY

Billy.

GEORGE

Bald.

MISSY

I fucking loved Titanic! Made
what, like 4 trillion dollars????

GEORGE

Y'know, I think I'm gonna walk.

MISSY

Don't be silly, babe. Nobody
walks. Look there's a foot
massager down there. Custom.
Just slip your feet in that and
lie back...

She places her hand on his chest and begins to massage him.

MISSY

(continuing)

I'll take care of you.

GEORGE

No, that's OK. Just pull over
here, please.

She pulls the car over as we...

FADE OUT

Handwritten on the screen while spoken poetically by George
V.O.:

"If your daily life seems poor, do not blame it; blame
yourself, tell yourself that you are not a poet enough to
call forth its riches; for to the creator there is no poverty
and no poor indifferent place."

Rainer Maria Rilke

FADE IN

EXT. EVOLVE - DAY

George is dead asleep in front of the door when Sandra pulls
up in her VW Bug.

She exits the car and comes over to him.

George wakes up.

SANDRA

What are you doing here?

GEORGE

I did it.

SANDRA

Did what?

George just looks at her.

GEORGE

Quit my job. Rented out the house
and car to some friends.

He opens his knapsack and starts pulling out items.

GEORGE

(continuing)

One toothbrush. Toothpaste. Two
pair of underwear. A clean tee-
shirt...

SANDRA

Wow...

(beat)

Why don't we just take a walk?
The dolphins should be feeding
now.

He follows her as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

George and Sandra walk on the beach.

SANDRA

Do you have any idea who you are,
George, and how you got here?

GEORGE

I don't know... I guess not.

SANDRA

I think that you may have to go
back - before you can go forward.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

SANDRA

First you have to be present and
accounted for. No alcohol, no
nicotine, caffeine, coke, sugar...
no distractions.

GEORGE

That's it?

SANDRA

Well, aside from that you are
seriously afflicted.

GEORGE

Yeah, I looked it up. It means
tormented, troubled...
repeatedly... but I still don't
get it.

SANDRA

Well, what thoughts come into your
mind repeatedly?

Now George starts to blush; he's embarrassed.

SANDRA

(continuing)

Why did you come to me in the
first place?

GEORGE (guessing)

Sex?

SANDRA

Very good. It's your affliction.

GEORGE

I'm not certain that I'm the only man with that particular affliction.

SANDRA

But it constantly hinders you, pushes you backwards, keeps you from growing. Men are like dogs, pissing on trees to mark their territory. It's damn near impossible for you to give your full concentration to anything else - right?

GEORGE

Yeah... well...

SANDRA

Every orifice you see is a potential place for you to plant your seed... Everything you do, everything you say is a means to an end: getting in some girls pants. You wouldn't even be here talking to me now if I didn't have a vagina.

GEORGE (joking)

Give yourself some credit, kid.

She smiles.

SANDRA

And the thing is, that isn't even good enough for your ego: because right afterward you have to TELL ONE OF YOUR BUDDIES ABOUT IT - how she smelled, how she moved, where you did it, how many times, did you make her come, are you going to see her again, did you pinch her...

GEORGE

OK, OK, the way you say it makes it sound disgusting.

(beat)

OK, so what now?

SANDRA

I've got this video camera back at the store and I think that it would be good for you to interview some of your friends, family

members, lovers - see what they
honestly think of you.

GEORGE

That sounds awful.

SANDRA

Hand me your cell phone - you kept
that, right?

George kinda frowns, ashamed - yes, he kept the cell phone.
He hands it to her.

She scrolls down his call list at random and then hits the
green button.

SANDRA (INTO PHONE)

Hi, this is Sandra calling from
George Hansom's office. To whom
am I speaking? Jacqueline?

She looks up at George who winces - he must have met or
fucked her recently.

SANDRA

No, his other secretary is on
vacation. George would like to
set up a meeting with you. Do you
have something to write down the
address?

She smiles confidently at a scared George as we...

CUT TO:

INT. REEL INN - DAY

George is sitting in his shorts and t-shirt when stunning
Jacqueline enters this fish 'n chips dive bar. She is
dressed to the nines and stands out like a sore thumb amidst
the surfer and working class clientele.

George waves her over to the table and kisses her on the
cheek.

The video camera is on the table.

GEORGE

Jacqueline, darling, you look
fantastic! Please, sit down.

She is really aghast. She takes a paper napkin off the table
and wipes the seat off before she sits down.

JACQUELINE

You look good too, George...?
(beat)

What are we doing here?

GEORGE

I'd really like to talk to you.
Would you like a beer?

JACQUELINE

A beer???? How about a
Cosmopolitan or an Apple Kettle
One Martini.

George looks around - there's no bar. And no waiters or
waitresses. Just a hole in the wall where you order your
fish 'n chips and beer.

GEORGE

It's not that kind of place... So
no beer?

JACQUELINE

No, thank you. What do you want
to talk about? A part in a movie?
Episodic?

George is at a loss for words.

GEORGE

Listen... I've kinda been taking
a personal inventory and...

JACQUELINE

You're not going to tell me you
have AIDS are you? Did we use
condoms? We used condoms - didn't
we?

(BEAT)

Didn't we, you selfish fuck?!

GEORGE

I don't have AIDS and I believe
that we used condoms most of the
time.

JACQUELINE

OK, so hurry this shit up because
I have an audition in Burbank in
an hour. Why did you drag my ass
out here to the beach???

George picks up the camera.

GEORGE

Listen... I'm trying to become
better...

JACQUELINE

Better how? Better at sodomy?

Better at keeping it up? Better
at chess?

GEORGE

No, just better as a human being.

There's no end to the amusement caused by this line -
Jacqueline laughs hysterically.

JACQUELINE

You must be joking!

George is humiliated but he proceeds.

He turns on the camera and tries to adjust the focus and
lighting.

GEORGE

I need to ask you some questions
about who I am.

Now she's really rolling. She practically falls over
clenching her gut.

She finally gets up, wipes her eyes and looks around.

JACQUELINE

What - is this like that Jackass
MTV show? Are you going to set
yourself on fire now or something?

GEORGE

No, I'm serious. I want to ask
you some questions about what you
really think of me.

She turns more serious.

JACQUELINE

There's no audition or anything?

GEORGE

No, just real life. Right here,
right now.

Her face drops.

JACQUELINE

You selfish motherfucker! You
dragged me all the way out here to
find out what I think of you? Who
gives a fuck what I think of you?

She gets up. He tries to point the video camera at her and
she yanks it out of his hand. She takes a step back and
points it at her own face, then poses like Marilyn Monroe.

Into the video camera she speaks.

JACQUELINE

(continuing)

I think you, George Hansom, are a fucking jerk! You're a pathetic miserable piece of shit who interacts with the world via the little appendage hanging off the front of your body below your stomach.

If you didn't have a penis you wouldn't have a single thing to say to anyone.

She throws the camera down on the table and storms out.

MONTAGE OF George at the Reel Inn attempting to interview

1. Peggy - she slaps George in the face
2. Jenny - she gives him the finger and storms out
3. Katherine - she grabs the camera and throws it down
4. Fabienne - grabs him by the collar, lifts him up and spits in his face

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

George walks back to Evolve, dejected.

CUT TO:

INT. EVOLVE - DAY

George enters. Sandra, as usual, is all smiles.

SANDRA

How did it go?

GEORGE

Famously.

SANDRA

What did they say?

He turns on the camera and through the little speaker we hear the Girls calling George every name in the book.

SANDRA

(continuing)

Ouch. Shut it off. That's evil!
What did you do to them?

GEORGE
I don't know - we just went on
dates and... I don't know...

SANDRA
Well, I guess I'll just have to
help you out then...

George raises his eyebrows.

SANDRA
(continuing)
Can you drive stick?

GEORGE
Five speed?

SANDRA
Four. Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICM PARKING LOT - DAY

George and Sandra wait in the car - an old earthy-crunchy
hippy VW bug.

STACEY (25) exits the building and heads towards her car.

Sandra gets out of the car and approaches her.

George watches from a distance as Sandra introduces herself
to Stacey. They shake hands. Sandra explains why she is
there and Stacey chuckles. Sandra takes the video camera out
and points it at Stacey who speaks into it.

George is shocked - he can't hear anything from the car and
is fascinated that a girl is speaking to Sandra when none of
the girls would speak to him.

After a moment Sandra shuts off the camera, smiles, shakes
Stacey's hand, and heads back to the car.

George is amazed as Sandra gets in.

GEORGE
How did you do that?

SANDRA
Don't ask questions. Let's just
track down... Bobby Sue Griffon
and then...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Sandra approaches a white new freshly hand-washed Cadillac Escalade with tinted windows. She smiles and taps on the window. It rolls down.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Mark Dog...

MARK DOG

Hey sugar, you fine.

Sandra turns on the video camera.

SANDRA

Hi, I'm...

MARK DOG

I know who you are, girl...

(into cell phone
earpiece)

Yo, my girl brought her little vid camera so I could do my shout-outs while we was gettin' real...

Sandra pays no mind.

SANDRA

I'm a friend of George Hansom.

MARK DOG

What?

(into cell phone)

Yo, I gotta go. Catch you later.

(to Sandra)

You ain't heard, girl? George Hansom ain't got no friends. Now you gonna turn off that video camera and come inside or what?

She clicks the camera off and turns away.

MARK DOG

(continuing)

Come back! Where you goin', girl?

She takes off as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SANDRA'S CAR - DAY

George dials his cell phone.

GEORGE (INTO PHONE)

Mikey, how you doin'? Good.

Listen, I need a place to crash
for a couple of days. Where do
you have the spare set of keys?

MIKEY (V.O.)

Uh... don't call me here any more.

GEORGE

What?

MIKEY (V.O.)

Your father called. Told me what
you did. You stupid fuck. Don't
call me again.

GEORGE

You slept on my couch for six
months after we graduated college.
I'm calling my marker due!

MIKEY (V.O.)

I don't owe you anything, man. We
were students then. Now I do
business with your father everyday
and if he tells me that you no
longer exist, then by god, you no
longer exist.

Silence for a beat.

George's eyes well up.

GEORGE

You got it all wrong, brother. I
don't think I ever existed before
this very second. You have a nice
day, Mikey - and get yourself a
good night's sleep.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Don't call me again, George.

GEORGE

Don't worry, I won't.

George clicks off and wipes a tear from his eye.

Sandra comes back over to the car and gets in.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Find him?

SANDRA

You've really had quite an impact
on people's lives, George.

GEORGE
Don't I know it.

He starts the car and they pull out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SANDRA (V.O.)
Pull in over there.

They pull into a driveway.

GEORGE
It's a hospital.

SANDRA
You've really become quite a
master of the obvious, George.
Thank you for pointing out that
the large white building with the
sign on the side that says
hospital is in fact a hospital.

GEORGE
Why are we stopping here? Are you
sick?

SANDRA
We're going to visit some friends.

GEORGE
Friends?

They pull into a parking spot and get out of the car. Sandra goes around to the trunk and takes out bags and bags of toys and flowers.

SANDRA
Here. Help me carry these.

George takes some bags and they head for the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

George is frightened. He has managed to steer clear of hospitals for most of his 35 years on this planet.

GEORGE
Where are we going?

SANDRA
Shhhh....

Sandra leads George into a room.

CUT TO:

INT. BLIND CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

All of the children sense that Sandra has entered - with a friend - and shout out.

CHILDREN

Hi, Sandra!!!!

One girl, SARAH, comes up and holds Sandra's hand.

SARAH

Who did you bring for us today?

SANDRA

This is my friend, George.

CHILDREN

Hi George!

SANDRA

George is extremely handsome.
He's really great looking.

All of the Blind Children stand there facing him, their eyes going off into space.

George is mortified.

There's weird silence. Then one of the girls, MOLLY, decides to speak up.

MOLLY

Tell us why he's so good looking,
Sandra?

Sandra turns to George and kinda shrugs her shoulders.

SANDRA

Go ahead, George, while I set up,
tell the children why you are so
very good looking.

George gives Sandra a nasty look - he obviously doesn't appreciate being put on the spot with people he cannot instantly charm with his good looks. Nonetheless, he tries to be charming.

GEORGE

Well, that's a very interesting
question...

Sarah approaches him.

SARAH

Can I touch you, George? I'll

help you.

SANDRA

Sit down, George.

George reluctantly sits and Sarah comes over and places her hand on George's head.

SARAH

Ohhhh!!! He has nice hair!

She moves her hand down his face.

SARAH

(continuing)

And nice skin. A lovely forehead.
What a nice nose! And cheeks!
Perfect ears!

The children laugh. George feels terribly uneasy.

SARAH

(continuing)

Big shoulders. Do you work out,
George?

GEORGE (shy)

Sometimes.

SANDRA

OK, that's enough. Just take my
word for it: George is very very
good looking. And George was
rich, too!

MOLLY

Oh rich!!! That must have been
nice! What was it like, George?

SANDRA

Go ahead, tell them. What was it
like to be rich?

George's eyes well up.

GEORGE

I don't... remember.

(beat)

It was a long time ago.

SARAH

Did you fly on an airplane when
you were rich?

George smiles. He answers caringly, genuinely.

GEORGE

Yes, I've been on an airplane.

SARAH

What's it like? Were you scared?
I would be scared.

GEORGE

It was... no, it's not scary.

MOLLY

Did you have a big house, Mister
George?

Sandra nonchalantly hands a book to George. She saves him.

SANDRA

OK, everyone, sit down so that we
can start.

She points to George's part in the book as the children
settle down.

George gets up, nervously.

GEORGE

No, I can't.

SANDRA

What do you mean, "can't"?

She points to his functioning eyes so that the children can't
tell that she's referring to the fact that he can see and
they can't.

GEORGE

Yeah, but...

SANDRA

You read screenplays - right?

GEORGE

Yeah, but...

SANDRA

This is just like a screenplay.
Sit down.

George frowns, then sits.

SANDRA

(continuing)

"My lord, I have remembrances of
yours that I have longed to
redeliver. I pray you now receive
them."

GEORGE

"No, not I, I never gave you aught."

SANDRA

"My honored lord, you know right well you did, and with them words of so sweet breath composed as made these things more rich. Their perfume lost, take these things again, for to the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

GEORGE

"Ha ha! Are you honest?"

SANDRA

"My lord?"

GEORGE

"Are you fair?"

SANDRA

"Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?"

Dissolve to LATER

George is a little more relaxed, a little more into it. He stands up dramatically and points to Sandra.

GEORGE

"Get thee to a nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?"

I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery."

Sandra looks proudly at George. She shuts her book.

SANDRA

OK, that's enough for today.

The children all applaud and gather around Sandra and George to thank them.

Sandra hands all the children flowers and toys as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SANDRA'S CAR - DAY

Sandra drives up PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY.

SANDRA

What's the pouting about? You were great.

GEORGE

You set me up back there.

SANDRA

Set you up?

GEORGE

Telling blind kids that I'm good looking - what the fuck do they care?

SANDRA

Exactly! Different people have different priorities.

GEORGE

And making me read that stuff about arrant knaves.

SANDRA

You brought joy to fifty other human beings today, George. You were a hero.

GEORGE

I was a hero?

SANDRA

You have superhuman powers - you know, in relation to those children. You can see!

GEORGE

I dunno...

SANDRA

Trust me, George. You're a hero.

George looks out and SEES the ocean as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. EVOLVE - DUSK

Sandra pulls up in front of Evolve. She and George get out of the car.

GEORGE

OK, so now what?

SANDRA

I dunno... you probably need a new focus.

GEORGE

Like what?

SANDRA

Like where you're going to sleep, what you're going to eat... stuff like that. Stuff I can't tell you, stuff you have to figure out for yourself.

GEORGE

Are you at least going to tell me what works for you?

SANDRA

What works for me, works for me. And what will work for you will work for you. But I'm not you so I have no idea what will work for you.

GEORGE (sarcastically)

Fantastic.

SANDRA

Have you ever tried writing, writing your thoughts?

George shakes his head 'no' then thinks about it for a beat.

GEORGE

I wrote a little in college. For the school newspaper.

SANDRA

There's a cot for you in the back. I figured you needed a place to crash - keep you out of trouble.

GEORGE

Thanks.

SANDRA

You can read whatever you like but put the books back in their places, please.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

SANDRA

Home. And I left you some food,
too. I'll see you in the morning.

George nods.

SANDRA

(continuing)

Are you going to be OK alone?

GEORGE

I'm not a crackhead, I'm just...

SANDRA

You're just what?

GEORGE

Don't worry about me. I'll be OK
alone.

She smiles at him and then gets back into her car. She peeks
her head out the window.

SANDRA

Get some sleep. Tomorrow we'll go
someplace to clear out the
cobwebs...

George heads for the store as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, EVOLVE - NIGHT

George puts down his book, The Bhagavadgita, and picks up a
pen and a pad.

The camera follows his hand as he writes:

HOW TO BE A FULLY REALIZED HUMAN BEING
IN WESTERN CULTURE IN THE 21st CENTURY...

FOR THE COMPLETE IDIOT

By George Hansom

George continues writing as we...

FADE OUT

Handwritten on the screen while spoken poetically by George V.O.:

"This is craving, this is wrath, born of the mode of passion,
all devouring and most sinful. Know this to be the enemy
here."

The Bhagavadgita

FADE IN

INT. MEDITATION CLASS - DAY

Sandra guides George into a room packed with earthy-crunchy types sitting on cushions.

GEORGE

We're not going to put on red Nike sneakers and drink Kool-Aid - are we?

She taps him on the chest.

SANDRA

You're going inside, George. It should be fairly terrifying but I bet that you live through it.

White-haired white-bearded BOB is going to lead the meditation. He's sitting on a little stage.

He fucks with a little alarm clock and then speaks:

BOB

OK, settle in. We'll go for twenty minutes and then we'll open it up for discussion. Focus on the breath... feel the breath as it passes out of your nose and lightly dances on the skin above your upper lip... follow your breath and you will become one with the universe...

CUT TO:

INT. DREAM - NIGHT

Everything is a little fuzzy, misty - there are no sharp edges, like in a dream.

Lewis Hansom holds a .357 Magnum at George who can't believe his eyes. Lewis is butt naked except for a pair of diapers.

His skin is all wrinkled and nasty from years of hard living.

George takes a whiff and almost faints from the smell emanating from the diapers.

LEWIS

I changed your stinkin' diapers when you were a kid and you never even thanked me, you miserable ungrateful little shit.

George is shocked.

LEWIS

(continuing)

So now you're going to change mine.

(beat)

If you don't, I'm going to blow your fucking brains out. Now get over here and change my diapers. NOW!!!

George moves closer as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MEDITATION CLASS - DAY

Everyone is breathing intensely with his or her eyes closed - except George who is dead asleep.

He snores a little and Sandra opens her eyes, looks at him and smiles.

The light pleasant alarm sounds and Bob opens his eyes.

BOB

Wasn't that delicious!

Sandra nudges George.

SANDRA

Hey, sleepyhead, wasn't that delicious?

George wakes up.

GEORGE

Yeah... delicious, no... it wasn't delicious. Christ, did someone slip me sixteen hundred milligrams of Ambien or something?

Sandra chuckles.

BOB

So as we know, three things can happen when we meditate: one,

absolutely nothing; two, you can fall asleep. And what does that tell us if we fall asleep when we meditate?

GEORGE

That we're tired?

BOB

Excellent! Exactly! If you fall asleep it means that you're tired! Very great! Very great!

SANDRA (SMILING)

My hero, Master of the Obvious!

BOB

And the third thing that can happen when we meditate is that we can fall into the gap, the gap between words. So is there anyone who fell into the gap who would like to share with us?

An Italian Man, PIETRO, raise his hand.

BOB

(continuing)

Very great! Pietro, please go ahead.

PIETRO

I kept thinking about how depressed I was, how I never imagined that I would end up like this, trapped in this boring country, with a boring wife and terrible children...

George's eyes widen - he kinda identifies.

PIETRO

(continuing)

And then I felt anger rising...

BOB

Where was the anger directed?

PIETRO

At my parents.

George is totally fascinated.

BOB

And why were you angry at them?

PIETRO

I was angry at my parents for NOT beating me.

BOB

Excuse me?

PIETRO

Yes, I was angry at my parents for NOT beating me. They were too nice to me - they gave me everything I could ever ask for: a car, a house...

He starts to cry - someone hands him a tissue.

BOB

So when you became an adult you didn't expect to have to work for your happiness - right? You thought it was still somebody else's responsibility, that someone would be there for your whole life to feed you and clothe you and pat you on the head and make you happy.

PIETRO

I guess so...

Everyone kind of looks around sympathetically.

BOB

Would anyone else like to share what came up for them?

George raises his hand.

Sandra is proud of him for coming forward.

BOB

(continuing)

Yes?

GEORGE

Uh... well... I kept on thinking about having to change my father's diapers.

Sandra's face kinda scrunches up with embarrassment.

Silence all around.

BOB

I don't understand - is your father ill? Incontinent?

GEORGE

No, it's just a dream I keep
having.

BOB

Well that obviously represents a
deep psychological problem that
should be addressed in therapy.
Not in meditation class.

(beat)

Anyone else?

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDITATION CLASS - DAY

George and Sandra exit class and walk towards her car.

GEORGE

How embarrassing...

SANDRA

Good. Savor the emotion. It
means you're alive, that you're
learning.

They get in the car and drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE/BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

The video camera approaches a salesclerk, KAREN, behind the
perfume camera.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Hi, my name is Sandra. I'm a
friend of George Hansom's and I
would be forever grateful if you
would answer a few questions for
me.

KAREN

What's this for?

SANDRA

It's just to help a friend out.

KAREN

Sure. Wait a second: George who?

SANDRA

George Hansom.

KAREN

It's not ringing any bells.

SANDRA

Tall, great looking guy, drives a Ferrari.

KAREN

That describes lots of guys around here.

SANDRA

Came in here about six months ago and bought a bottle of Guerlain perfume for a French girl he met at a French restaurant - to make her feel at home - said that he bought one for you too.

KAREN

Really?

SANDRA

Karen Saunders - right?

KAREN

That's me.

SANDRA

You're the St. Pauli Girl - the girl on the St. Pauli bottle.

KAREN (PROUDLY)

That's me.

SANDRA

You went out with George - to an awards show - then dinner at the Buffalo Club in Santa Monica - Jim Carrey was there.

KAREN

Sorry, but I really have no idea what you're talking about.

Sandra speaks very slowly trying to jar her memory.

SANDRA

George Hanson. Personal Manager. Big house in the hills. Maybe you remember waking up there the next morning...

Karen is completely oblivious.

KAREN

I dunno... I mean, it sounds kinda familiar - I remember Jim Carrey but...

CLICK

The camera goes off and we...

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETBALL STAR'S MANSION ON PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Christala, is wailing horrifically O.S., as George runs out of a bedroom naked towards the sound of the young woman's screams.

He turns the corner and stops dead in his tracks, horrified.

Naked, Wynoya and Bambi run up behind him and stand there staring at...

Reggie, butt naked, beating the hell out of Christala who is tied to the bed.

GEORGE

Reggie! Reggie!

By now Christala is unconscious so she has stopped screaming.

George finally gets Reggie's attention.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Reggie!

REGGIE

What? What do you want,
motherfucker? You want some of
this?! You want some of this?!

Reggie moves to punch George who scurries away.

The girls go around to Christala and start to untie her from the bed.

GEORGE

Reggie, that's not cool.

REGGIE

Who the fuck are you, George
Handsome, to tell me what is cool
and what is not cool, biatch?!
She dissed you, motherfucker! She
dissed my manager!

GEORGE

Reggie, I just mean with the
murder charges and everything...

REGGIE

I thought you said you'd take care
of that shit?!

GEORGE

I will... I'll try...

REGGIE

Bitch said she wanted to be on
"Survivor." Good. Now let's
watch her survive!

Reggie smacks the back of her head, hard.

George is on the verge of losing it his mind, there's nothing
he can do - Reggie towers over him.

Wynoya and Bambi turn Christala over and there's blood
dripping out the side of her mouth.

Reggie goes over to the dresser, opens it and takes out a wad
of hundreds.

Reggie goes over to Christala and slaps her in the face with
the cash.

REGGIE

(continuing)

Wake up, bitch! Here's six, seven
thousand dollars.

She slowly wakes up. Her friends just stand there too
shocked to speak.

REGGIE

(continuing)

Good. You a surviva.

(beat)

Take the money and get the fuck
out.

(beat)

All of you, GET THE FUCK OUT! GET
THE FUCK OUT OF MY MOTHERFUCKIN'
HOUSE!

Reggie goes totally irate and everyone flees as Reggie throws
himself into a frenzy, a tantrum.

George and the Girls carry Christala out as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS HANSOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Lewis is at his desk as Torri rushes in.

TORRI

I tried to stop him but...

Right on her heels is George. His father sees him.

DAD

If you want your job back you can forget about it.

GEORGE

I just want to talk, Dad.

DAD

About how fucking stupid and ungrateful you are?

GEORGE

No, I just want to talk about us - you and me.

DAD

There is no 'us'! I gave you everything and you threw it away. My own son, my only son!

GEORGE

I can explain, Dad.

DAD

I don't want an explanation - there is no possible explanation. The only possible explanation is that you're a worthless sack of shit! That's the only explanation. Now get the hell out of my office - I have an afternoon full of important meetings!

Dad holds the door open for George to exit.

GEORGE

Maybe you need to take a meeting with yourself, pops.

DAD

Out!

George exits as we...

FADE OUT

Handwritten on the screen while spoken poetically by George
V.O.:

"The weak can never forgive. Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong."

Mahatma Gandhi

FADE IN

INT. BACK ROOM, EVOLVE - DAY

Sandra enters and smiles proudly at George surrounded by books.

SANDRA
How are you?

He puts down the pad.

SANDRA
(continuing)
Sleep well?

GEORGE
Uh-huh... Still can't get over those kids.

SANDRA
What do you mean?

GEORGE
I mean, they're so brave. How can they do it, go through life being blind? I would kill myself.

SANDRA
No, you wouldn't.

Sandra picks up a bandana.

SANDRA
(continuing)
I'm going to show you something.

She blindfolds George.

GEORGE
No, I don't want to.

SANDRA
Trust me.

He sits there on the cot, blindfolded feeling like an idiot.

GEORGE
OK, now what? You want me to walk across P.C.H.?

SANDRA
Shhhh....

She pushes him onto his back and sits on top of him.

SANDRA
(continuing)
I want you to feel.

GEORGE
Feel what?

SANDRA
Shhhh....

She unbuttons his shirt and puts her hand on his heart.

George is getting a little nervous. Doesn't want to resort to old patterns.

With her other hand she undoes the straps on her dress.

She takes his hand and puts it on her heart.

George breathes deeply.

SANDRA
(continuing)
What do you feel?

GEORGE
Your skin. Your heart beating.

She puts his hand gently down by his side. She spreads his shirt open and her blouse open.

Slowly, slowly, slowly she lowers her torso onto his so that their hearts come as close as humanly possible.

She breaths in and breaths out deeply.

George is kinda freaking out.

SANDRA
What do you feel?

George doesn't know what to say. She whispers in his ear.

SANDRA
(continuing)
Be here. Be present.

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
I feel... I feel...

He can't say it.

She helps him.

SANDRA

Do you feel my breath on your
cheek?

GEORGE

Yes.

SANDRA

How does it feel?

GEORGE

Warm.

SANDRA

Do you feel my skin on your belly?

GEORGE

Yes.

SANDRA

How does it feel?

GEORGE

Soft.

She takes the soft part of the heel of her hand and puts it
between his lips.

SANDRA

Do you taste my skin on your lips?

GEORGE

Uh-huh...

SANDRA

How does it taste?

GEORGE

Salty. No, sweet.

SANDRA

Do you feel my heart beating with
yours?

GEORGE

Yes.

SANDRA

Does it sound like music?

GEORGE

Yes.

BEAT

They breathe together.

SANDRA

Do you want to be one with me,
George?

GEORGE

More than anything.

SANDRA

Do you think you're ready, ready
to really feel?

George doesn't know what to say.

SANDRA

(continuing)

You can be inside of me but you
can't move.

GEORGE

Can't move?

SANDRA

And you can't plant your seed in
me.

GEORGE

Can't plant my seed in you?

SANDRA

You can just 'be'. You can just
be one with me. Can you do that,
George. Can you do that, George
Hansom? Do you know how to do
that?

GEORGE

I don't know.

Still blindfolded, George thinks for a beat.

SANDRA

What if I tell you that I'll never
speak to you again if you move or
plant your seed in me - will that
make it easier?

She reaches down and grabs him. He gulps. It's a real
commitment. He's really nervous.

SANDRA

(continuing)

So then, we have an understanding.

He bites his lip.

SANDRA

(continuing)

And you are your word?

But he wants to experience it. And live up to the challenge.

GEORGE

I promise.

She whinnies and whimpers as she slides him into her.

SANDRA

Just lay there. Feel me. Do you
feel me, George?

GEORGE

Yes.

She buries her head in his neck as he lays there blindfolded
with her on top of him as we...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE BEAN - DAY

The video camera corners LISA (24) sipping her grande super
frozen mocha decaf latte.

LISA

Yeah, George wasn't much of a
lover except when he was so drunk
that he couldn't stand. When he
started slurring his words then I
knew he was actually going to
perform. Then he would - you
know - throw me around, beat me up
a little. I remember one time, I
woke up with these bruises right
here on my thigh from him grabbing
me so hard. I like that so much.
Oh man! I had these scratches all
over my back AND A BITE MARK! Not
a hickey like in high school, but
an actual bite mark. Right here
on my shoulder. Fucking cool -
right?

She brings herself back from her reverie.

LISA

(continuing)

But other than that he was
average. Average, at best.

The camera clicks off and we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, EVOLVE - DAY

Sandra is lying asleep on top of George who is also asleep and still blindfolded.

Sandra hears something and wakes.

SANDRA (softly, sweetly)
George? George? Wake up.

He gently wakes with a smile and realizes that he's still inside of her. He starts to move.

SANDRA
No, don't do that. You promised.

George understands. He stops.

SANDRA
(continuing)
There's a customer outside.

GEORGE
What?!

SANDRA
Shhhh....

Sandra reaches down and gently removes George from inside of her.

SANDRA
(continuing)
Get dressed. I'll be back.

She gets up and exits.

George takes off his blindfold.

SANDRA (V.O.)
Can I help you?

George thinks for a beat about what just transpired as we...

CUT TO:

INT. EVOLVE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sandra is behind the counter when George enters, full of confidence and bravado. He spotted her through the window and he's going to charm her pastel skirt down around her ankles in thirty seconds. Or so he thinks.

SANDRA
Hi, welcome to Evolve. Can I help you?

GEORGE

Hi there. George Hansom,
Relentless Entertainment.

SANDRA

Sandra... Evolve. Nice to meet
you.

Handshake. He doesn't let go. He looks her dead in the eyes
and tries to melt her with his bedroom eyes. He's so smarmy
and smug that he's practically begging her to smack him.

GEORGE

I was just passing by and saw you
in the window and...

SANDRA

Thought you could come in here and
fuck my brains out?

GEORGE (all smiles)

Yes, well... if you insist.
Usually I don't even kiss on the
first date but for someone who
looks as tasty as you do I would
be willing to make an exception
this one time.

The game is over. Sandra's face drops.

SANDRA

Listen, "Handsome," you are
seriously afflicted.

George guffaws.

GEORGE

Afflicted? What's that?

SANDRA

You can look it up when you get
home, little boy.

For now I'm just going to ask you
kindly to remove yourself from
Evolve. You are contaminating the
space. You have permission to
come back when you are a human
being.

GEORGE

When I'm a human being????? What
the...? You think I need some
eighteen year old hippy freakshow
telling me...

She shows him the door.

SANDRA

You're welcome here as soon as you
become a human being.

George laughs nervously - cluelessly. He lets his shades
drop coolly over his eyes, mumbles some macho self-
reaffirming bullshit to himself, and heads back to his
Ferrari as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, EVOLVE - DAY

George is daydreaming when Sandra reenters and kisses George
on the forehead.

SANDRA

She's gone. C'mon, I'm starved.
I'll buy you lunch.

George gets up and follows her out.

GEORGE

You think you can have your way
with me just for a cheap lunch?

SANDRA

Ha ha ha! Very funny!

They exit the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVOLVE - DAY

They head toward the car.

GEORGE

And what are we going to eat on
your eight dollar an hour job -
wild berries?

SANDRA

You don't need money to eat well,
George.

They get into the car.

SANDRA

(continuing)

Besides, give me some credit: I
pay myself more than that.

George assimilates this information.

GEORGE

What do you mean, "you pay

yourself more than that?"

SANDRA

I'm the owner.

GEORGE

You OWN Evolve?!

SANDRA

And all the land around it. Up there. And up there. Over there. And down there. I think it's like a hundred and thirty acres. All the way into the mountains past where my house is.

GEORGE

House?!

SANDRA

You didn't know?

George is bewildered as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HEALTH FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

George and Sandra wait for their meals.

GEORGE

So how is it that you own half of the West Coast?

SANDRA

My parents were killed in a car accident when I was 14.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

SANDRA

Me too.

(beat)

Left me a boatload of money.

GEORGE

What the fuck?! So why did you make ME give everything up?

SANDRA

I didn't make you do anything; it was your choice. Anyway, I don't have a problem with money. YOU DO. You did the right thing, George.

George is really upset. He doesn't understand.

GEORGE

But... that is so fucked up!

SANDRA

I'm not the alcoholic coke-fiend
dysfunctional sex-addict who
surrounds himself with
distractions because he can't bare
to spend thirty seconds alone with
his miserable self! When I need
money I have it. And I know how
to spend it. I'd give it all back
in a second if I could have my
parents back but I can't! So
don't act all high 'n mighty with
me! A week ago your biggest
decision of the day was choosing
between spicy tuna roll and spicy
yellow tail roll!

(beat)

You're learning how to breathe,
you're learning how to taste,
you're learning how to feel,
you're learning how to free
yourself from afflictions - so I
think you should cut me a little
slack, George Hansom!

The Waiter brings over the food and George and Sandra stop
fighting.

WAITER

Now which one of you had the Tofu
Special and which one of you had
the Seitan Special?

George wouldn't know Tofu from Seitan if his life depended
on it.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

AMY (35), the elementary school teacher, finishes cleaning up
the children's crayons and speaks into the camera.

AMY

George was my first boyfriend. I
really loved him. We went out all
through college then tried to live
together when he moved to LA. It
started to go downhill from there.
It wasn't really the living
together that was the problem - we
had practically lived together

senior year. I dunno, he just met all these people, these uber-trendy people, these really superficial people. I know it's a cliché but his priorities got all messed up. I mean, we were both kinda idealistic in college. Talked about joining the Peace Corps for a year - we wanted to make a difference, help people. I hope he's doing OK. Is he OK? He's OK - right?

The video camera nods 'yes.'

AMY

(continuing)

And his father.

(she shakes her head)

His father has been on this rampage ever since George's mother died. He just rips through houses, cars, people - everything. If it can be bought, then George's father owns it. It's like a mask, to cover up all the pain. I feel sorry for him - for both of them. Cancer. It was so terrible.

(beat)

Anyway, I wish George the best of luck. He has a good heart - underneath all that bullshit.

(beat)

What's this for anyway?

The camera clicks off as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, EVOLVE - NIGHT

George sits watching the video click off on the television.

He breaks into tears.

GEORGE

It's so awful, so awful.

Sandra holds him as he cries like a small child.

SANDRA

What's so awful?

GEORGE

She's right. Amy's right.
Somewhere along the way I got

sidetracked, derailed.

SANDRA

It's not too late.

GEORGE

For what?

SANDRA

To get back on track.

George wipes his nose, eyes.

GEORGE

But how?

SANDRA

Well, we know that you - like your father - kinda ripped through all these people's lives like a tornado. So maybe it's time to go back and make amends, take responsibility?

GEORGE

How?

SANDRA

I don't know. You have to figure that out for yourself. Just find them ask them to forgive you.

GEORGE

They won't even speak to me.

SANDRA

Everything is in the delivery, George.

GEORGE

Flowers?

SANDRA

An open heart, a smile. You'll figure it out.

She pats him gently on the back as we...

FADE OUT

Handwritten on the screen while spoken poetically by George V.O.:

"We don't receive wisdom; we must discover it for ourselves after a journey that no one can take us or spare us."

Marcel Proust

FADE IN

CUT TO:

INT. EVOLVE - DAY

Days later, George is behind the counter at Evolve when SAM walks in.

GEORGE

How are you? Can I help you?

Sam is disturbed, upset - actually teeming, fuming.

SAM

She's got you sleeping in back?

GEORGE

Excuse me?

SAM

No seed planting - right, man?

GEORGE

I'm just helping her out...

SAM

Chucked it all away - right? The job, the house, the boat, tennis club membership, car... fucking everything - right?

GEORGE

How... how did you know?

SAM

'Cause she did the same thing with me. Then she left me high and dry holding my own dick!

Sandra enters from the back room. Her face drops.

SANDRA

What are you doing here? I told you not to come back!

SAM

No, you didn't! You told me to come back when I was a human being! Well, I'm a human fucking being! With all my foibles and issues and..!

SANDRA

You're on drugs and you're
polluting my store. If you don't
leave I'll call the police!

SAM

Just give me money! I need some
money!

SANDRA

To buy more drugs? No way! I'll
give you food, a place to stay,
books to read, and clothes on your
back. But I will not give you
money so that you can get yourself
high again!

George is shocked - he doesn't know what to say. By now Sam
has thrown himself into some sort of demented tirade.

SAM

You fucking bitch! You think you
can save the whole fucking
pathetic universe with your little
store here on PCH but you're
nothing but a selfish
trustifarean! If your parents
didn't croak and leave you all
that money you'd just be another
homeless scum-sucking street
urchin wandering through Santa
Cruz with all the other deadheads
waiting for Jerry to come back!

Now George has moved around the counter because it looks like
Sam could get violent. He's foaming at the mouth.

SAM

(continuing)

Tell your new project, your latest
passion junkie to stay the fuck
away from me or I'll...

GEORGE (trying to be compassionate)

She asked you to leave nicely -
didn't she?

And that's it. Sam goes totally berserk - like a fucking
tornado, a whirlwind, screaming maniacally: first he punches
George in the face, then he pushes Sandra into a bookcase
which falls over spilling the books all over the floor, then
he swipes everything off all the counters - he's so mad
there's practically blood oozing from his ears.

SAM

I said, give me some money!

GEORGE (TO SANDRA)

Just give him some money,
goddamnit!

SANDRA

No! I won't let him kill himself!

SAM

Give me some fucking money!!!!

SANDRA

No! Now get out!

He races towards the register and George pounces on him,
grabs him in a headlock, and drags him outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVOLVE - DAY

George throws himself on Sam's chest and pins himself to the
ground.

He tries to be as compassionate as possible while protecting
his own body.

GEORGE

Now, I think we've firmly
established the fact that you're
not going to leave with what you
came for - money - so I'm going to
allow you to decide for yourself
how you would like to leave; the
way I see it there are three
choices: either Sandra can call
the police and you can leave here
in the back of a cruiser, or you
can piss me off to the point where
I just snap your neck and you
leave in a body bag... or...

SAM

What's behind door number three?

GEORGE

You look me in the eyes like a
gentleman, tell me that you're
sorry, tell Sandra that you're
sorry, shake my hand, and walk
away a free man willing to take
responsibility for your own
choices. Is that a possibility?
Can I trust you?

SANDRA

No, don't George. He's crazy.

You can't trust him! I'm calling
the police!

GEORGE (TO SANDRA)

No, don't.

He turns back to Sam.

GEORGE

You think it's hard trying to get
clean on the streets, try getting
clean in jail.

Sam thinks for a moment.

SAM (SOFTLY)

I can do it.

GEORGE

You can do what?

SAM

Shake your hand. Walk away.

SANDRA

Don't trust him, he probably has
a knife or something.

GEORGE

No, it's OK. It's OK.

It's as if George can see into Sam's soul.

George slowly lets Sam up - ready to pounce back on top of
him and subdue him at any moment.

Sam finally makes it upright and brushes himself off.

He thinks for a moment about attacking George and trying to
kick his ass.

But then he decides against it. He holds out his hand.

SAM

Sorry.

They cautiously shake - they slowly stand completely upright
and look each other in the eyes like gentleman.

He looks over at Sandra.

SAM

(continuing)

I guess not all of your students
make it to graduation. Sorry.

Sam raises his eyebrows and looks sadly at Sandra.

He walks off, ashamed.

Sandra raises her eyebrows.

George and Sandra move back inside as we...

CUT TO:

INT. EVOLVE - DAY

George and Sandra put the books back up on the shelves.

Both are quite miserable. Sandra is crying and George and is trying to understand what the fuck is going on.

GEORGE

So... how long have you been doing this?

SANDRA

Doing what?

GEORGE

Taking on "students."

SANDRA

I make suggestions. I don't force anyone to do anything. You walked in here of your own free will. Three times, may I remind you.

GEORGE

It just makes me feel... I dunno...

SANDRA

Dirty? Common? Like you're just a body, not a real person, just a piece of meat, there to be manipulated for my pleasure???

GEORGE

Fuck you! Yeah, maybe I treated women like that before but I thought we - I dunno - I thought there was something special going on here.

SANDRA

And they didn't? All those girls who let you into their lives, their souls, their dreams, their passions, their pants?!

GEORGE

Well, great, congratulations! You've gotten revenge on behalf of

fifty percent of humanity! I'm
just a dumb bitch now!

George storms out.

Sandra runs after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVOLVE - DAY

George runs out and Sandra runs after him. Now she's really crying, she feels terrible.

SANDRA

George! Wait! Please let me
explain! It's not like that!
Come back!

But he's outta there, gone for good.

SANDRA

(continuing)

George!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL STAR'S MANSION ON PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

George approaches the gate to Reggie's Mansion. It's obvious by the string of SUV Limousines and the loud hip-hop music that there is a serious party going on.

George is unshaven and really underdressed but with all of the movie stars dressed fashionably down George looks more like he's had a rough weekend than a complete bum.

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETBALL STAR'S MANSION ON PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

George enters the mansion and sees all of the usual suspects, Cari, Darryl, Cassy, Mikey, and finally Reggie.

He makes his way through the crowd and then spots Bambi, Wynoya and Christala, who has some flesh colored bandages on her face and her arm in a Louis Vuitton sling. She's out of it - Vicadan, Percodan, Darvaset, and Demerol all rounded out by a little heroin. The perfect cocktail.

GEORGE (TO CHRISTALA)

Are you OK? I thought you were in
the hospital.

CHRISTALA

I am in the hospital, man.

George has no idea what she means. She's so high, anesthetized.

He looks at her bandages and bruises covered up with make-up.

GEORGE

Are you OK?

CHRISTALA

See the new Boxster out there?
Mine. It's mine. Mine... I'm
gonna be a star!

George kinda mouths "congratulations" and then just moves on through the crowd.

Everyone continues to kinda snub George except Reggie who pounds him when they meet.

REGGIE

My man, where you been?

GEORGE

Here and there...

REGGIE

That shit with the bitches didn't
freak you out - did it?

GEORGE

Par for the course.

They pound again.

REGGIE

Good. I got some party favors for
you.

GEORGE

Let's do it!

Reggie leads George into another room.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

Reggie leads George in and sits him down on a beautiful leather sofa. On the glass coffee table in front of him are a few ounces of coke.

George and Reggie start blowing back lines while they chat.

REGGIE

So where you been?

GEORGE

Had to go out of town for a bit -
but now I'm back.

REGGIE
Hundred mil?

They pound.

GEORGE
Hundred mil!

REGGIE
Solid.

They blow two more lines then head out.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. REGGIE'S POOL - NIGHT

There's a bar set up and George is pounding drinks by himself
while everyone else sits in lounge chairs around the pool.

Everyone is having a good time and all of the players in town
are out celebrating at Reggie's expense.

George tries to chat up Missy who approaches the bar.

GEORGE
Thanks for the ride.

MISSY
Whatever.

She walks away. George just stands there looking at all the
eye candy.

LATER

Reggie is talking to a few ACTRESSES when a young MAN
approaches him.

YOUNG MAN
Yo, I like your spread, Reggie.

REGGIE
Thanks. You are...?

YOUNG MAN
Willy Dean's little brother.

As he says it he pulls out a .45

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And pumps three shots into Reggie's abdomen.

YOUNG MAN
(continuing)
That's for Willy.

The music stops.

Dead silence.

All of the guests try to remain cool but they're actually freaking out.

All of the uber-trendy people look like statues with stupid "What - me worry?" expressions on their faces.

The Young Man drops the gun in the pool and nonchalantly walks through the statues as if nothing happened. He's gone.

Reggie is retching around on the ground grabbing his abdomen. Nobody will help him. They all just kinda look at each other.

It's Kitty Genovese all over again.

When the guests are no longer in fear of their own safety they all slowly exit in silence - there's no point in staying, really... the police are going to shut the party down anyway...

George is toasted but through his haze is able to realize what has just happened.

He stumbles over to Reggie and puts a towel on Reggie's stomach as he pulls out his own cell phone.

Reggie is clutching his stomach and crying like a little boy - he's not so tough anymore. He has shit himself and pissed on himself and there's excrement bleeding through his pants with all of the blood. It's George's worst nightmare.

GEORGE (INTO PHONE)
There's been a shooting... a man
has been shot.

George is trying to keep his shit together. He almost faints from the smell alone.

GEORGE
You're going to be OK, Reggie.
You're going to be, OK.

George is petrified that Reggie is going to expire in his arms as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL STAR'S MANSION ON PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sirens wailing, two POLICEMEN question George, who is the only one left at the crime scene as the PARAMEDICS put Reggie's body into the ambulance. The sheet is pulled over his head.

POLICMAN

You mean to tell me that one hundred of Reggie Mangold's friends walked away from a murder scene and you can't tell me any of their names, Mister Hansom?

GEORGE

I wouldn't really call them 'friends.' What kinda friend would walk away from you when you were down, shot? They were more like... acquaintances

POLICMAN

And you don't know any of their names?

GEORGE

Sorry.

(beat)

I told you, the guy with the gun said he was Willy Dean's brother - Willy Dean, the guy Reggie shot two months ago.

POLICMAN

Yes, I'm familiar with that. We already have an APB out for him - but I still don't understand how that many people could just leave like that...

GEORGE

"Different people have different priorities," I guess...

George realizes that he's quoting Sandra - it's a kind of revelation for him.

POLICMAN

You're free to go.

GEORGE

I'm free?

The Policeman looks at him oddly.

POLICMAN

Yes. You are free.

George nods and just kinda walks off as the Policeman heads

back to the crime scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

George walks along Pacific Coast Highway.

GEORGE (to himself)
I'm free.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

George sits on the beach and looks out at the ocean.

He thinks he sees something and heads over towards the water.

He takes off his shoes and wades up to his ankles.

GEORGE (to himself)
I'm free.

And there they are... the dolphins - just thirty feet away.
They came to say 'hello' to George - just like they came to
say 'hello' to Sandra earlier.

George smiles, he gets it. Now he knows what to do.

FADE OUT

GEORGE (V.O.)
I'm free.

FADE IN

INT. BEVERLY HILL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

There's a KNOCK on Cari's door.

She's on the phone but she answers it. It's George.

She's really abrupt with him.

CARI
I'm on the phone with my agent.
What do you want?

GEORGE
Two minutes of your time.

CARI (INTO PHONE)
Uh-huh... uh-huh. Yeah, Universal.

She looks at her watch.

CARI (INTO PHONE)
(continuing)
Tell them I'll be there.

She hangs up.

CARI
I have an audition in Burbank in
thirty minutes. Make it fast.

He enters.

INT. CARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cari is rushing around the apartment getting together her headshots, Prada bag, teeny cellphone, etc. in order to leave as quickly as possible.

George stands there and tries to speak as sincerely as possible.

CARI
I'm waiting.

GEORGE
Cari, I want to apologize for the way I treated you. I was disgusting, I acted appallingly, I treated you atrociously and I'm asking for your forgiveness.

This gets her attention.

GEORGE
(continuing)
And if there's anything I can do to make it up to you just ask and I'll try my best to do it.

Cari stands there contemplating what George is saying. We have no idea how she is going to react.

MONTAGE of George completing with all of his ex-lovers

1. Samantha - at the gym
2. Kara - on the beach in Malibu
3. Jennifer - at yoga class

4. Amy - in her classroom - she hugs George
5. Betsy - at Starbuck's
6. George sitting in Sandra's car checking off his list
7. Stacey - at ICM
8. Jacqueline - at LA Fitness
9. Peggy - at Crunch
10. Jenny - at LA Sportsclub
11. Katherine - at the Coffee Bean
12. Fabienne - at Paramount
13. Karen - at Sak's 5th Avenue (she apparently remembers good ol' George now)

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cari and George are now drinking tea on the sofa.

CARI

Oh shit! I missed my audition!
I can't believe it. That's the
first time I've ever missed an
audition in my whole life. Let me
just call my agent...

(beat)

Y'know, fuck it. There will be
other auditions. I don't even
care.

(beat)

This was really nice, George. I
had no idea you... I dunno... I
guess I misjudged you.

GEORGE

You didn't misjudge me. I was a
shit. And I don't want to be a
shit anymore. I'm growing up.
I'm taking responsibility.

They hug.

George heads for the door.

CARI

Well, keep in touch.

George smiles - he really must have changed considerably.

GEORGE
Thanks. I will.

He shuts the door behind him as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS HANSOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Dad is on the phone when George barges in.

DAD
Get out!
(into phone)
I'll call you back.

GEORGE
Just hear me out.

DAD
Get out or I'll call security.

GEORGE
Listen I need to ask you
something...

George is very nervous, emotional and his dad is just getting madder and madder.

DAD
You have ten seconds before I kick
your fucking ass out of my office
myself, you fucking disgrace.

GEORGE
Dad, I would like to ask you to
forgive me for not understanding
the way you choose to show your
love for me.

DEAD SILENCE

Dad has no idea how to react.

He just stands there - kinda mesmerized.

He appears relatively calm. George has gotten his complete attention.

Two HUGE MUSCLEHEAD SECURITY GUARDS rush in and run over to grab George, who is now kinda shaking and his eyes are welling up with tears.

DAD

Let him be.

Dad motions for them to leave. They exit.

DAD (TO GEORGE)

I either didn't hear you correctly or don't understand what you said, so I'm going to ask you to say it again.

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE

I'm asking you to forgive me for not understanding the way you choose to show your love for me. I mean, you're my father. You brought me into this world. You love me. I know you love me. But you choose to show it by - I dunno - you choose to show it, the way you choose to show it. And I'm not going to judge you for the decisions you've made. Not any more. That's not about me; that's about you. I know it was hard when mom died and - I dunno...

Now George is really crying.

And Dad's eyes are welling up with tears too. George has touched his heart.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I dunno - maybe things weren't said right, maybe things weren't done the way we thought they should be done... maybe things didn't turn out the way we thought they would turn out... and we covered it all up... covered it all up with band-aids - the booze, the girls, the dope, the cars, the houses - everything... Band-aids...

(beat)

I dunno... one day, my band-aids just fell off.

And I was left standing there naked... my wounds exposed...

(beat)

Forgive me...

George collapses into his father's arms - now dad is crying too.

They just melt together as one as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Sandra is sitting watching the sunset over the Pacific Ocean as George slowly comes up behind her.

Neither one of them speaks for a moment while they let the stunning view wash over them.

SANDRA

I was hoping you would join me.

GEORGE

Really?

SANDRA

I sent you mental faxes all day.

GEORGE

That's funny. My secretary only gave me two of them.

She chuckles. They look out at the magnificent ocean and sunset.

SANDRA

Did you have a good day?

GEORGE

Productive. Very productive.

SANDRA

How's your father?

George raises his eyebrows.

GEORGE

How... how did you know?

SANDRA (SMILING)

I know what I know, George Hanson.

GEORGE

He's fine. He's going to be OK.

BEAT

GEORGE

(continuing)

So now what?

SANDRA

What do you mean?

GEORGE

I mean... you and me.

SANDRA

Do you still want to seduce me?
You think you're ready to be truly
"present" for that?

GEORGE

I dunno... I may put my libido on
hiatus for little while...

SANDRA

You can put it on a shelf in the
closet next to your ego.

He laughs.

GEORGE

I think my ego needs a whole shelf
to itself - I may have to build
another shelf for my libido.

SANDRA

That sounds like it might work out
well for you!

BEAT

GEORGE

And what would you like now?

SANDRA

I'd like to be your friend,
George. We could be friends.

GEORGE

We can be "friends?"

SANDRA

We can be friends.

He tastes the words.

GEORGE

We can be friends.

BEAT

She smiles widely and then affectionately and playfully bumps
her shoulder into his.

SANDRA

We can be heroes.

GEORGE

We can be heroes...?

He gets it.

SANDRA

We can be heroes, George Hansom.

He puts his arm around her and she puts her arms around his neck.

GEORGE

And to think, I just wanted to be
a human being... and now I can be
a hero... pretty cool.

Sandra laughs as David Bowie's "Heroes" rises over them as they watch the most splendid and magnificent SUNSET you've ever seen.

George puts his arm around Sandra and she leans her head into his shoulder as the...

CREDITS ROLL

