

STAR DWARF

Written by

Josie Gormley
&
Matt Cohen

Contact:
Matt Cohen
516.462.1102
ThatMattCohen@gmail.com

The first 46 seconds of Neil Diamond's AMERICA swells. Our very own mini-overture.

BANG IT HERE for a listen. We'll wait.

Trust us, it will really get you in the mood for this one.

As the music FADES OUT...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Florida Straits.

AN ANAMORPHIC VISTA, SWEEPING FORWARD.

Vast, calm, 110 degrees. Nothing but water in every direction.

Except HUGO MODESTO, a ruggedly handsome Cuban **dwarf**. He wears a red flannel and cut-off jeans. He floats on top of a TIRE RAFT.

[TIRE RAFT: a TIRE with a RIM for a seat and two PLANKS attached by ROPE. They join at their ends, forming a bow.]

Hugo stands up. He peers out at the sea.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

CLOSE on a COMPASS. The needle finds north. Then PAN TO...

A TIGHT CU of Hugo. Pure conviction.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

CLOSE on a MAKESHIFT PADDLE striking the water.

[MAKESHIFT PADDLE: a haggard WOODEN BASEBALL BAT with a few PLANKS nailed to the end.]

TILT UP to Hugo rowing. He refuses to stop.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Hugo reaches into his WORN LEATHER SATCHEL. He pulls out his dirty excuse of a WATER JUG.

Using the small plastic cap, he measures with the utmost precision a single capful of water. Hugo moves with the tire as it rocks beneath him, careful not to spill a drop.

He sips it. Unsatisfied, he returns the bottle to his bag.

BEAT.

He pulls a COMB from his pocket and drags it through his hair. Repeatedly.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Hugo paddles his heart out.

Exhausted, he collapses on his back.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

WIDE MOONLIGHT SILHOUETTE: Hugo stands atop his tire and urinates into the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The sunlight sears Hugo awake. He sprouts upward.

He fumbles around his bag and pulls out a crumpled plastic sleeve of SALTINE CRACKERS. There are only two left. He chews them to death.

He then empties every last crumb into his mouth.

BEAT.

Hugo strips the laces from his shoes and ties them together. He then attaches one end of this newly formed super-lace around the tip of his makeshift paddle.

Next he takes three items out of his satchel: a CORK, a SAFETY PIN, and a DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

ANGLE on all three items arranged neatly in a row.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

All three items, assembled with the makeshift paddle and the super-lace, create a rudimentary fishing pole.

Hugo casts his line out.

WIDE PROFILE: Hugo sitting with his fishing pole. There is a BOAT in the distance. Hugo notices it.

He stops dead.

SMASH TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

CLOSE on the side of the boat. Bold lettering fills the frame: "U.S. COAST GUARD". PAN RIGHT with the vessel as it moves forward. A lone tire enters the frame.

Hugo is nowhere to be found.

Until we BOOM DOWN below the ocean surface.

UNDERWATER

Hugo is submerged beneath his tire.

He pokes his face into a tiny pocket of air between the tire's rim and the water's surface. He takes calculated breaths. In...out...in...out.

His satchel is slung over one shoulder.

AT THE WATER LINE

The boat nears.

UNDERWATER

The makeshift paddle fights the flap of Hugo's satchel in an effort to float to the surface.

Hugo doesn't notice. He's busy breathing.

AT THE WATER LINE

The boat is passing the tire. Its horn blows.

UNDERWATER

CLOSE on the makeshift paddle. It inches upwards.

AT THE WATER LINE

A COAST GUARD aboard the boat scans with binoculars.

UNDERWATER

The makeshift paddle slips free. It rockets to the surface.

Hugo notices. He lunges for the paddle.

Unbeknownst to Hugo, his satchel slips off his shoulder and drifts toward the ocean floor.

His paddle-grab is a success. He breathes a sigh of relief.

Then his face tenses. HE DROPPED THE SATCHEL.

He looks down. The bag is distantly visible.

AT THE WATER LINE

The Coast Guard stops scanning. He sees the tire but doesn't think much of it. He signals for the boat to speed up.

UNDERWATER

EXTREME WIDE SHOT: A subaquatic vista. Hugo descends toward his satchel. He swims with all his might.

Air departs his lungs. Futility fills his heart. He heads back up, barely reaching his miniscule pocket of air.

VIOLENT GASPS for oxygen. COUGHING, almost CHOKING.

Hugo expels water from his lungs. He calms down.

He cannot hear the boat any longer and decides to surface.

The boat is in the distance. Hugo is safe.

For now.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

CLOSE on the Sun. Then TILT DOWN to an OVERHEAD WIDE SHOT of Hugo laying face up on his tire. PUSH IN.

Sunburnt, salty, chapped, dehydrated. Hugo is weary as hell.

OFF CAMERA: A FEMALE SCREAMS.

Hugo bolts up. He looks around.

He spots a CUBAN TRUCK-RAFT nearby.

[CUBAN TRUCK-RAFT: a 1951 GREEN CHEVY PICK-UP with many large OIL DRUMS attached to the bottom for flotation. A YELLOW TARP covers the flatbed.]

Hugo rows toward the raft. The Female CRIES out again.

He reaches the raft and opens the passenger side door. A DEAD MALE BODY falls out and onto the tire.

Hugo is horrified. He kicks the body into the sea.

He hears a faint WHIMPER. It's coming from the flatbed.

Hugo steers around the back, hops off the tire, and into the flatbed.

DEAD BODIES litter the floor.

The Female lies there, RUSTY SCREWDRIVER in one hand, the opposite wrist slit open. Hugo witnesses her dying breath.

He rushes over to check her pulse. Nonexistent.

Hugo steps back and surveys the raft, slowly absorbing the horror of what must have transpired here.

Then he sees a PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE.

He pries it from a limp hand and turns it upside down above his mouth. But it's bone dry. NOT ONE DROP.

He jumps out of the raft and returns to his tire.

He kicks off the side of an oil drum and paddles away.

HUGO'S POV: The raft vanishes into the distance.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Hugo prays silently in the moonlight.

FADE TO BLACK.

A loud THUMP.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

CLOSE on Hugo's eyes. They struggle open.

Cut WIDE. He awakens to find his tire rocking just a little bit too much.

He scans the area. Nothing but calm ocean.

Another THUMP. This time louder. Hugo almost falls off the tire. It's rocking violently.

His paddle falls into the water. He leans over to grab it.

One more THUMP. The loudest yet.

THE TIRE FLIPS.

Hugo plummets into the ocean.

WIDE PROFILE: Hugo surfaces. He gasps for air and scours the ocean in front of him searching for an explanation. A SHARK FIN surfaces behind him. It heads for Hugo's back. Just as Hugo begins to turn around, the fin submerges.

BEAT.

Hugo is swallowed by the ocean. We stay on the surface.

WIDE OCEAN VISTA: Hugo's paddle and tire remain peacefully floating atop the ocean.

BEAT.

BEAT.

BEAT.

BEAT.

BEAT.

Blood clouds the water.

BEAT.

BEAT.

BEAT.

Blood soaks the water.

BEAT.

BEAT.

BEAT.

Over this calm, silent image, a tremendous POP.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

CLOSE on Hugo's eyes. They burst open.

Cut WIDE. Hugo sits atop his tire, unscathed.

The tire has burst. Air rushes out of the rubber exterior.

Hugo tries to cover the rupture with both his hands.

It's no use. The tire sinks.

Hugo is stranded. Alone. In the middle of the ocean.

CLOSE on Hugo's panicked expression. SLOW ZOOM OUT. Once WIDE, Hugo begins swimming toward the CAMERA. Strange clouds linger over head.

EXTREME WIDE now, Miami's most magnificent beach creeps into the foreground. The strange clouds are revealed to be a giant sky written figure: AN AMERICAN FLAG.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Hugo swims steadily with the waves toward the shore. CAMERA (STEADICAM) moves with him as he reaches land.

CAMERA leads Hugo out of the water (this is one continuous shot). Eventually Hugo is far enough from the waves to hear MUSIC playing down the beach. He stops to catch his breath and massage a cramp in his leg. Then, with determination, he turns toward the music and stumbles down the beach. CAMERA follows in a WIDE PROFILE.

What comes next is an outright assault on Hugo's senses:

SPRING BREAK MIAMI STYLE

FOUR STUNNING BIKINI BABES play volleyball. GIANT COOLERS of BEER anchor the corners of the court. As Hugo passes, one team spikes the ball. Point! They bounce and hug in celebration.

A frisbee flies over the CAMERA and is caught by a SHIRTLESS DUDE in the background.

Next, Hugo almost trips over SEVEN TANTALIZING BIKINI BABES tanning their backs, bikinis untied and beer in hand. One babe sits up to rub TANNING OIL on an adjacent babe's back, breasts clearly visible. An EIGHTH TANTALIZING BABE tans her front, sans bikini.

While Hugo is stumbling and fighting to stay upright, a BABE WITH A PERFECT PAIR OF TITS, shakes her glorious rack directly in front of the CAMERA as a SURFER DUDE douses her with alcohol.

A crowd of FOURTEEN LUSCIOUS TOPLESS BABES circumnavigate Hugo. Half suck on ROCKET POPS and the other half on BEER BOTTLES. Hugo reaches for a sweet, refreshing rocket pop. A few of these babes laugh and tousle Hugo's hair.

Hugo then takes his comb from his pocket and runs it through his hair repeatedly. Toward the water line, THREE DRUNK BABES simultaneously take hits from THREE BEER BONGS held by THREE DRUNK DUDES.

As he puts his comb away, Hugo arrives at the source of the music: A STAGE set up on the beach, facing away from the water. It is equipped with OVERHEAD SCAFFOLDING and ENORMOUS SPEAKERS. The scaffolding houses a TROUGH OF WATER that spans the entire length of the stage. A ROPE hangs down from the top.

On the stage stand TWENTY-FIVE WHITE TEE SHIRT BABES. Their tee shirts are extremely skimpy (read: nonexistent).

Hugo stops to observe as a MALE EMCEE initiates a countdown.

MALE EMCEE
THREE...TWO...ONE...

WHITE TEE SHIRT BABES
THREE...TWO...ONE...

The Male Emcee pulls the rope and the Twenty-Five White Tee Shirt Babes become Twenty-Five Wet Tee Shirt Babes.

RESONANT MALE VOICE (O.C.)

CUT!

Hugo turns toward the voice (toward CAMERA). FAST PUSH IN on Hugo. Then PAN and DOLLY AROUND 180 DEGREES.

An entire FILM CREW stands, staring at Hugo, perched around all their FILM GEAR, including a giant 65MM FILM CAMERA.

Key among the crew are SCOTT HORNBECK, 35, pit stained, the Producer, and RONNIE GOLDSTEIN, 30, Jewish with a yarmulke, the crew's Cinematographer.

Chief among the crew is BEN BULL, the crew's Director, and owner of the RESONANT MALE VOICE.

Benjamin M. Bull, 45, a behemoth of a man, takes a CIGAR out of his mouth as he eyeballs Hugo. He wears a green military jacket with a burnt orange button-up shirt underneath.

ANGLE on Ben Bull.

BEN BULL
He's perfect.

ANGLE on Hugo.

He is awestruck.

SMASH TO:

TITLE FILLS THE SCREEN:

STAR DWARF

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

WIDE PROFILE: Ben Bull and the Film Crew on the left, Hugo on the right. Ben Bull moves toward Hugo. PUSH IN, keeping the two on the edges of the frame.

Ben Bull extends his hand.

Hugo shakes.

BEN BULL
Benjamin Bull.

Hugo stares.

BEN BULL
What's your name, son?

HUGO
...water?

Ben Bull turns back toward his crew.

BEN BULL
SCOTT! Get this man some water.

SCOTT
Ben...I don't think we have time --

BEN BULL
-- THIS MAN IS THIRSTY.

Scott runs off. The rest of the crew remains frozen.

BEN BULL
 What are you bastards standing around
 for? Don't you have lunch to eat?

The crew disperses. Scott arrives with an OVERSIZED BOTTLE
 OF WATER. Ben Bull grabs it from him. He gives it to Hugo.

Hugo chugs it. He let's out a satisfied breath.

SCOTT
 He was *really* thirsty.

BEN BULL
 Go eat your fucking yoghurt.

Scott leaves.

BEN BULL
 Now what did you say you're name was?

HUGO
 Hugo. Hugo Modesto.

Ben Bull smiles.

HUGO
 You say there was lunch?

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

CLOSE on Hugo biting into a DOUBLE BACON CHEESEBURGER.

Ben Bull and Hugo sit in chairs at the back of an open GRIP
 TRUCK. They use the raised loading ramp as a table.

Ronnie Goldstein is behind them in the truck setting up some
 LIGHTS. Also in the truck: A 65MM FILM CAMERA, A WOODEN
 STOOL, and a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR.

BEN BULL
 From December '94 to October '97 I
 ate two of those for lunch. Everyday.

HUGO
 Delicioso.

Ben Bull watches Hugo take another bite.

BEN BULL
 Kid, have you seen Bridge on the
 River Kwai?

Hugo is flummoxed.

BEN BULL
Best film ever made? David Lean --
'57 -- never been a film that
compares. Never.

HUGO
I have not.

BEN BULL
The writers were fucking Commies,
damn shame if you ask me. But Lean
hired them, wrote a fucking
masterpiece, and kept it all from the
suits at the studio. Now that's
filmmaking. That's what we're doing
here -- shooting a MOTION PICTURE.
And I'm directing it. Do you know
what directing means?

HUGO
It means you are the boss.

BEN BULL
Couldn't have said it better myself.

Ben Bull leans forward in his chair.

BEN BULL
How'd you get here?

HUGO
I am sorry?

BEN BULL
Did you come alone?

Hugo stops eating.

BEN BULL
On a boat? A raft?

No reply.

BEN BULL
I flew here from L.A. -- Hollywood. I
wanted an authentic Miami spring break
for the film. But so far, you're the
only authentic thing I've seen.

A BEAT.

BEN BULL
Hugo, this is my Bridge on the River
Kwai. And I'm going to find a part
for you.

HUGO
A part?

BEN BULL
In the film -- I want you on screen.
You're the most visual creature I've
ever come across. How does that sound
to you?

Hugo composes himself.

HUGO
Good. It sounds good. I don't have
work right now --

RONNIE
-- We're just about ready in here, Ben.

BEN BULL
Hugo, would you mind stepping into
the back of the truck?

Hugo nods. Ben Bull walks back into the truck.

HUGO
Can I bring my hamburger?

BEN BULL
Sure, Hugo. You can bring your
hamburger.

Hugo follows.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE TRUCK

BEN BULL
Have a seat.

Hugo sits on the wooden stool, in front of the 65mm film
camera.

Ben Bull hands him a SCRIPT and points at it.

BEN BULL
Just read from here...

He turns a page.

BEN BULL
...all the way to here. Got it?

Ronnie closes the truck door behind them.

HUGO
Good.

BEN BULL
You can read English?

HUGO
Yes, before I come here, I make sure
to know all I could.

Ben Bulls sits in his director's chair. He motions to Ronnie
to roll the camera.

BEN BULL
Respectable. Hit us with the lines.

ENTER THEIR 65MM FILM CAMERA POV:

**[When we switch to THEIR CAMERA the film enters the absurdly
wide aspect ratio and clarity of ULTRA PANAVISION 70.]**

Hugo takes one last bite of his burger while he looks at the
script in his other hand. He chews well and swallows.

Ronnie reads opposite Hugo.

HUGO
Hey, you got any crack?

RONNIE (O.C.)
Shit, negro. I got crack out the
asshole. Show yourself in and have a
seat.

HUGO
Real nice place you have here.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Why thank you some candy and apples.

HUGO
Let's get down to business. How much
for a pound?

RONNIE (O.C.)
A pound? Well, I ain't got that much.

HUGO
How'm I gonna get my fix?

RONNIE (O.C.)
I been through this world high and low. I ain't never met a fool need no pound to get his fix.

HUGO
I have an extremely high tolerance.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Actually officer, I seem to be out of illegal substances.

HUGO
I'm no officer. I'm just a school teacher.

RONNIE (O.C.)
What you looking to start a grade school market? Hook 'em young?

Hugo commits himself to the performance. He loses all hesitation.

HUGO
Can you get me a pound or not?

RONNIE (O.C.)
Not this minute. You gimme a few weeks to put some shit together. Got a number I could call?

HUGO
Yeah, you got a pen?

RONNIE (O.C.)
Yeah one sec.

HUGO
Ready?

RONNIE (O.C.)
Yeah.

HUGO
5-9-8-GO-FUCK-YOUR-SELF.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Why you raging? You gas a pound before you shuffle on over?

HUGO
WHERE IS SHE?

Hugo is no longer the burnt, chapped man that washed up on the Miami beach. He's become the prototypical action hero.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Who that?

HUGO
Don't play Mister Innocent frog here.
You know who.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Frog? You be sweating. Best get your
lawyer because this case is on lock.

HUGO
Lawyer? I'll show you a lawyer.

Hugo chucks his burger and makes a "gun" with his fingers.

HUGO
Here, meet Mr. Lawyer.

RONNIE (O.C.)
Woah. What you playing at?

HUGO
Sit down.

A BEAT.

HUGO
Good, now cut your bullshit. There
was a girl with you last night.
Blonde hair. Blue eyes. Her name was
Ashley. Ring any bells?

RONNIE (O.C.)
Sound like every bitch I fuck up in here.

Hugo fires his "gun".

HUGO
BANG!

RONNIE (O.C.)
You crazy motherfucking fuck. You
popped me in the elbow. Who the fuck
shoots for the elbow?

Hugo is pure adrenaline.

HUGO

I do. Johnny Anders. Father of Ashley Anders. I know you know where my daughter is. I don't like violence. In fact, shooting you in the elbow was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. But I've been doing a lot of violent acts lately. I'd like to stop some time soon. Right now, you're the only thing standing between me and peace. I'm going to ask you one more time, where is my daughter?

RONNIE (O.C.)

I heard what you been doing around my hood. Been breaking jaws and ripping straight cash off all my homies. You been rolling Tyrese style. It's what I do day and night. Taking no shit from no one. The straight up American Dream.

HUGO

Shut your mouth, or I'll shut it for you.

Anger slowly builds inside Hugo. Temples pulse, beads of sweat form. Not at all the energy you'd expect from somebody who's lived through his past week.

RONNIE (O.C.)

Why you think you don't find her yet? Could be you not looking tip-top. Could be you dig them violent acts. Say you find your bitch tomorrow. Go back to your shit life with your shit family. You gonna be happy? Face it. You dig spring break. You feed off spring break. But this Miami heat be too much for clean niggers like you to handle. Icarus, bitch.

Hugo fires his "gun" again.

HUGO

BANG!

BEN BULL (O.C.)

Tyrese falls to the floor. He's been shot in the heart.

Hugo falls to his knees.

HUGO

Oh shit -- no, no, no -- what did I do? -- Ashley I'm so -- GOD DAMN sorry. He was the only way to find you and I blew it all -- I blew him away -- IT'S ALL FUCKED. DOWN THE HOLE. YOU'RE GONE FOREVER -- and HE WAS RIGHT. I'M A MONSTER.

Hugo breaks down sobbing. The realist display of emotion ever seen. Raw talent.

BEN BULL (O.C.)

Just then you see a piece of paper has fallen out of Tyrese's pocket. You read it: "Remember: Ashley's in the closet."

Hugo gets up, runs toward Ronnie, and mimes opening a closet.

BEN BULL (O.C.)

You take the gag out of her mouth and untie her arms.

HUGO

Ashley! You're -- I can't believe -- alive. I thought I'd never find you.

Ronnie does his best "Valley Girl" impression.

RONNIE (O.C.)

What are you doing here? You shot Tyrese? That's murder, Dad. You're just a school teacher.

HUGO

But, but... I came to save you.

RONNIE (O.C.)

Do I look like I need saving? I was about to have my very first orgasm. And you ruined it, Dad. Just like you ruin everything. You killed the only man I've ever loved.

HUGO

Yeah, that's right -- And I'd do it all over again. SPRING BREAK IS OVER!

A long BEAT.

BEN BULL (O.C.)
That'll do it. Thank you very much,
Hugo.

EXIT THEIR 65MM CAMERA POV.

Hugo is coming down from the emotional high of the scene.

HUGO
Yes, yes, great.

BEN BULL
Ronnie, I want you to go start
lighting the next scene.

Ben Bull turns toward Hugo.

BEN BULL
How about a cigar?

HUGO
Yes, por favor.

BEN BULL
You like cubans?

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie opens the back of the grip truck and steps out into the parking lot.

Ben Bull takes two prime CUBAN CIGARS out of his jacket pocket. He cuts the tips off with his CIGAR CUTTER and lights them up with his HEAVY DUTY BUTANE LIGHTER.

CAMERA follows Ronnie ACROSS THE PARKING LOT which is lined with FOOD TRUCKS.

He walks past BURT ROONEY, 40, a little person (another dwarf), balding on top, muttonchops on his face, light raspy voice.

He has just finished standing in line at a food truck. He holds a HOT DOG drowned in SAUERKRAUT.

BURT
Hey -- Ronnie!

RONNIE
What d'ya need, Burt?

BURT
I just wanted to say that the
lighting on that last set-up -- just
WOAH. Blown away.

RONNIE
Oh thanks, Burt. You know it was just
the sun. Nothing special.

BURT
I know that. Though sometimes it's
the lights you don't put up that make
all the difference.

RONNIE
Yeah, yeah.

BURT
And the lens! I got a look at the
monitor -- let me tell you -- the
horizon -- what the lens did to that
horizon was really something special.

RONNIE
Thanks.

A BEAT.

RONNIE
Actually Ben picked the lens on that
one. I wanted to go with the forty
but he insisted -- just something a
little wider. A lot wider really.

BURT
Sounds great. So listen, Ronnie,
what's going on over there?

Burt gestures toward Ben Bull and Hugo.

RONNIE
Ben discovered this new guy.

BURT
New guy?

RONNIE
Yeah -- like an actor. You know.
Really digs his look and all that.

BURT
Right, right -- cool -- digs his
look.

A BEAT.

BURT

You think he's taller than me?

RONNIE

I don't know -- not really -- about the same. Maybe just a bit.

BURT

Yeah, okay. Whatever. Was he thinking about a certain part for him?

RONNIE

Not sure. There's some smaller parts we haven't cast yet -- probably one of those.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - GRIP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Hugo and Ben Bull stand smoking their cigars.

BEN BULL

Hugo, I want you to be the star of this picture -- my leading man.

Hugo exhales a big cloud of smoke. He nods.

CLOSE on them shaking hands.

BEN BULL (PRE-LAP)

Scott, this is Hugo Modesto. Let's get you two acquainted.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CLOSE on Hugo and Scott shaking hands.

Back on the beach set. Various members of the FILM CREW are carrying out their own respective tasks all around us.

BEN BULL

I need you to get this man whatever he needs before he even asks for it. You understand? This man here, this is our star.

SCOTT

Our star...stand-in? Burt's doing a fine job.

BEN BULL

Our own Johnny Anders!

SCOTT

With all due respect, sir...that's simply not possible. We can't afford --

BEN BULL

-- IF YOU SAY WHAT I CAN'T DO ONE MORE TIME... I'm going to come into your house while you're sleeping. I will kidnap you. You'll wake up and wonder where you are. But then you'll think back to this moment and you'll know: you're in the Australian Outback -- and I'm hunting you. You'll be placed at a randomly generated location with very little time to find the essentials -- food, water, shelter. Because I'm coming for you and I'm hot on your trail -- so hot -- you'll run, Scott -- YOU BETTER FUCKING RUN. And if you don't make for respectable prey -- I'll slaughter you -- slowly and painfully. But if you are evasive and use your surroundings wisely -- your death will be quick and devoid of any considerable suffering.

SCOTT

Yes, sir. I understand.

BEN BULL

Wonderful. Hugo here has a lot of difficult scenes to get through tomorrow. I need him to be well rested -- show him to his trailer right away.

SCOTT

But, there are no more --

BEN BULL

You god damn know which trailer to put him in.

SCOTT
 He's still -- he'll need a day to --
 why don't I --

BEN BULL
 -- YOU IGNORANT FUCK! HEAR. MY.
 WORDS. BRING HUGO TO HIS TRAILER AND
 KICK THAT NOBODY OUT ON HIS ASS.

SCOTT
 Right away. Is there anything else I
 can do?

BEN BULL
 Quit.

SCOTT
 (exasperated)
 Ronnie says the next set-up will be
 ready in ten.

Scott turns toward Hugo. Ben Bull chucks his cigar at
 Scott's head. Scott ignores it.

SCOTT
 This way.

Scott rushes down the beach and Hugo follows, as we enter...

HUGO'S POV:

Hugo (CAMERA) moves past THREE ART DEPARTMENT WOMEN painting
 a BEACH SHACK and securing PALM FRONDS to it. TWO ART
 DEPARTMENT MEN build another shack further down on the right.

On the left is an open tent with FIVE HAIR-AND-MAKEUP WOMEN
 gossiping and primping in a line-up of MIRRORS.

Further down the beach, TEN GRIPS move FILM EQUIPMENT toward
 the ocean. GRIP #1 struggles to move a REFLECTOR by himself.

GRIP #1
 Need some help up here!

In order to help Grip #1 out, GRIP #2 drops a C-STAND with
 an attached FLAG right in front of Hugo. CAMERA goes under
 the flag, barely missing it.

A LOCATION MIXER picks a CABLE off the ground by wrapping it
 around his arm. He passes directly in front of Hugo.

**NOT A SINGLE ONE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED CREW MEMBERS PAY ANY
 ATTENTION TO HUGO.**

Scott and Hugo finally arrive at a HUGE TRAILER on the beach.

SCOTT

I have a lot of things to get to -- you understand. Just go on in. You'll figure it out.

Scott leaves as we depart from HUGO'S POV and...

ANGLE on Hugo.

He walks up the steps to the trailer.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Hugo walks through a tight corridor that funnels into a large, wide-open room.

The room is a sloppy pastiche of assorted belongings: A JET SKI. A SURFBOARD. WATER WINGS. LACY UNDERWEAR. APPLE CORES. A NINTENDO 64. SIX MILLION POST-IT NOTES. A LEG LAMP. THE MONA LISA. THREE GUYS WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT.

The owner of this nonsense lounges in a BIG LEATHER CHAIR:

Dirk Diggler, Marky Mark, Max FUCKING Payne: MARK WAHLBERG.

He is in the middle of a heated debate.

MARK WAHLBERG

Smash Bros is good. Sure -- I'll give you that. But for my money -- everyone knows the best Nintendo game -- Diddy Kong Racing. It's simple as that.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #1

How can you even say that. Look bro, I like you. Always have. But if you think fucking Diddly Kong has anything on Super Smash -- you're wrong -- just plain wrong -- I mean it's got all the characters -- Mario, Samus, even Donkey Kong -- in the same game. You can't beat that.

MARK WAHLBERG

It don't got Conker.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #3

Ohhhhhh. He's got you there.

MARK WAHLBERG
Conker is the baddest video game
motherfucker of all time.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #2
Alright, alright so then why isn't
Bad Fur Day the best game?

MARK WAHLBERG
It almost is. Almost. But I've got
two words for you: Icicle Pyramid.
That's it -- nothing better -- throw
"free for all" on -- with four
players -- kiss goodbye to your
afternoon.

They notice Hugo.

HUGO
Hello.

MARK WAHLBERG
Ahhh what the fuck, guys! Again with
this shit? I can't be caught tossing
again.

Mark's whole entourage pauses and looks at each other.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #1
....I don't think any of us ordered
him, Mark.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #2
Wasn't me.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #3
Not me either.

HUGO
I am Hugo Modesto. They say to me
this es my trailer.

Mark is stunned.

MARK WAHLBERG
No fuckin' way. You're the guy? You
gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me. Which
one of you guys did this?

They all look at each other again.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #1
No seriously, Mark -- this isn't us.
We didn't do this.

Mark examines Hugo.

MARK WAHLBERG
HO...LEE...SHIT. You're the real
deal.

HUGO
Yes, senor.

MARK WAHLBERG
I mean -- come on though -- how is
that even gonna work?

Mark flexes.

MARK WAHLBERG
You see my muscles? I'm a muscle man.
I'm the big man.

GUY WITH TOO MUCH HAIR PRODUCT #1
Yeah, the big man!

MARK WAHLBERG
You're like a little turtle. Are you
hungry, little turtle?

HUGO
...well I really just ate --

MARK WAHLBERG
NO! YOU DON'T EAT MY FOOD! Do you
wanna go in the ocean -- on my jet
ski -- use my water wings?

HUGO
No. No ocean --

MARK WAHLBERG
NO! YOU DON'T GET MY WATER WINGS. YOU
DON'T USE MY JET SKI.

Hugo is bemused.

MARK WAHLBERG
You see the Mona Lisa? That's
imported from France -- the
motherfuckin' Louvre.

Mark grabs a POST-IT and puts it over the Mona Lisa's face.

MARK WAHLBERG
YOU DON'T GET TO LOOK AT MY MONA
LISA. YOU DON'T GET TO APPRECIATE HER
UNFINISHED BEAUTY.

Mark gets up. He stands toe to toe with Hugo and compares their heights with his hand. Hugo barely reaches his hip.

MARK WAHLBERG
(to his entourage)
Let's go.

Mark and his entourage exit the trailer.

Hugo just stands there for a moment, dazed.

Then he hops up on the big leather chair. For the first time, we see him truly at ease. He bows his head and mutters:

HUGO
Thank you. Thank you.

CLOSE on Hugo. He looks up and puts on a pair of glasses.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Hugo. He is wearing glasses.

HUGO
Has school been good for you guys
this year?

Cut WIDE.

THEIR 65MM FILM CAMERA POV:

Hugo is sitting at the head of a long dining room table.

Opposite him is P.J. PANTS, a six year old with a crew cut.

In between P.J. and Hugo is CLARA YOUNG, 22, a golden blonde beauty.

The room is dim, dingy, and vacuous. It has no windows.

They eat Boston Market: Chicken. Mashed Potatoes. Green Beans.

Hugo munches steadily. Clara shifts the food around on her plate. P.J. eats with his hands and makes a formidable mess of himself.

P.J.
Oh yeah school's good. I dinosaur
fight with Jeff. I win always.

HUGO
Which dinosaur is your favorite?

P.J.
TRICERATOPS!! RAWR!!!

HUGO
Yeah, triceratops -- that's a great
deeno. Good boy.

Hugo shoots a quick glance at the camera before looking at Clara.

HUGO
How 'bout you, Ash?

BEN BULL (O.C.)
Cut.

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

REVEAL: Ben Bull and a skeleton crew consisting of Ronnie, Scott, Boom Man, Location Mixer, and Three Art Department Women are jammed into the dining room behind the 65MM FILM CAMERA.

The Three Art Department Women carry BIG PLATTERS OF FOOD. They rush in and replenish what the three actors have just eaten.

TWO HMI LIGHTS rest high above the table on LIGHT STANDS.

BEN BULL
Hugo, don't look into the camera --
and "D-I-N-O" is pronounced die-no --
not dee-no. Got it? Good. Let's roll.

RONNIE
Camera rolling!

BEN BULL
Action!

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

The Three Art Department Women scurry out of frame.

HUGO
Has school been good for you guys
this year?

P.J.
Oh yeah school's good. I dinosaur
fight with Jeff. I win always.

HUGO
Which dinosaur is your favorite?

P.J.
TRICERATOPS!! RAWR!!!

HUGO
Yeah, triceratops -- that's a great
die-no. Good boy.

P.J. nods and shoves a gob of mashed potatoes into his
mouth.

HUGO
How 'bout you, Ash?

CLARA
What?

HUGO
Your school year? How's it been?

CLARA
I don't know... fine?

Hugo bites off an entire chicken leg. He chews and chews and
chews and chews. Then coughs and clears his throat, looking
around for help, and again straight into the camera.

HUGO
I am sorry -- I -- bit too much.

Hugo looks straight at Ben Bull.

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

Ben Bull gestures for Hugo to continue.

Hugo nods.

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

HUGO
Care to be more to Junior verbose?

BEN BULL (O.C.)
Cut!

Hugo turns to look.

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

The Three Art Department Women replenish food.

BEN BULL
Hugo, keep in character -- no matter what. Everything written in parenthesis is direction -- you don't say it -- just speak to Junior -- to P.J.! And for the last time, don't look into the camera! Let's go again, roll!

RONNIE
Camera rolling!

BEN BULL
Action!

HUGO
Has school been good for you guys this year?

P.J.
Oh yeah school's good. I dinosaur fight with Jeff. I win always.

HUGO
Which dinosaur is your favorite?

P.J.
TRICERATOPS!! RAWR!!!

HUGO
Yeah, triceratops -- that's a great die-no. Good boy.

Once again, P.J. nods and shoves a gob of mashed potatoes into his mouth.

HUGO
How 'bout you, Ash?

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

CLARA

What?

HUGO

Your school year? How's it been?

CLARA

I don't know... fine?

HUGO

Care to be more -
(to Junior)
- verbose?

P.J.

Yeah, MORE WORDS, yeah.

CLARA

That's sick. He shouldn't know what that means. You're turning him into that kid who eats glue in the back of the classroom.

P.J.

I don't eat glue no more.

A LONG BEAT. The lighting changes slightly.

HUGO

Anything in particular you guys want to do this week?

A big HMI LIGHT CRASHES down onto Hugo's PLATE.

The plate shatters along with the bulb.

P.J.

DISNEYLAND!

BEN BULL (O.C.)

Cut!

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

BEN BULL

JESUS CHRIST -- WHAT THE FUCK,
RONNIE -- THAT ALMOST KILLED HUGO!

RONNIE

I'm sorry! My electricians should be checking those every take -- it's just too cramped in here.

Hugo, wide eyed, checks himself for injuries.

BEN BULL

Scott! Get some people up here to clean this.

RONNIE

Just send my guys up. Obviously we'll have to relight.

Scott nods. The WALKIE-TALKIE on his hip goes off.

SECOND A.D. (ON WALKIE)

Everything okay up there?

Scott answers the walkie.

SCOTT

One of the lights fell -- real dangerous. Send up G&E. We need to clean this up and relight ASAP.

SECOND A.D. (ON WALKIE)

Copy.

SCOTT

(to himself)

This is a shit storm.

He speaks into his walkie again.

SCOTT

Oh -- and send up Burt -- we'll get the kid off the clock.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The SECOND A.D. stands outside the house which is literally on the beach. He's thin with a shiny bald head and surrounded by plenty of FILM GEAR as well as Burt, Five Grips, Two Make Up Women, and...

MISSY PANTS, 35, brunette, overly plucked eye brows.

SECOND A.D.

Copy. Will do.

He puts the walkie back on his hip and looks around 360 degrees. He doesn't see what he's looking for.

In the background, the Three Art Department Women exit the house.

SECOND A.D.

BURT!

BURT

Down here, jackass.

The Second A.D. looks down.

SECOND A.D.

Oh -- there you are.

Missy storms up to the Second A.D.

MISSY

This is ridiculous. I need to be up there with him -- what if he needs me -- and what was that noise -- he better not be hurt -- I'll sue you so hard.

SECOND A.D.

Burt, they need you up there immediately. Missy, there's nothing to worry about, they are just resetting some lights. P.J.'s on his way down.

Missy stifles her anger.

Burt hurries toward the house as P.J. bursts out. They initiate a high-five and follow it to a low-five.

Missy crouches to meet P.J. on his level.

MISSY

Honey, how'd it go? I'm sure you did great! What was that noise? Did they hurt you?

P.J. shakes his head.

We follow Burt as he climbs the stairs and goes...

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Ben Bull sits next to Hugo at the table as Five Grips adjust the lighting around them. Clara is glued to her PHONE.

HUGO
And then I say to him, "Don't count
your chickens before rematch!"

Ben Bull and Hugo erupt in violent laughter.

HUGO
(laughing)
But was long ago. I should not laugh.

Not amused, Burt takes his seat at the opposite end of the table.

The laughter devolves into chuckles before Hugo finally notices Burt climbing into his chair.

Hugo pales in shock as they lock eyes.

BURT
Burt Rooney. Finally we meet.

BEN BULL
Burt is a fine stand-in.
(pointedly)
Very professional.

BURT
It's a pleasure to make your
acquaintance.

HUGO
Yes. Good to meet you, senior.

BURT
I don't think I've ever run into you
before. Where have you been working?

Hugo hesitates.

BURT
I only ask because -- well -- I tend
to know everybody in our little --
slice of the business.

HUGO
Yes. I worked far from here.

BURT
Any work I'd know?

HUGO
Anything for money. I was mechanic,
builder, sometimes fisherman.

BURT
(confused)
Oh -- those sound like good roles.

CLARA
Ben, I have a question about my
character's motivation in this scene.

Ben's demeanor changes a bit. He certainly isn't smiling.

BEN BULL
Alright.

Silence.

BEN BULL
Are you going to ask it?

CLARA
Actually -- I'd really rather talk
one on one.

BEN BULL
Okay. Let's go.

Hugo and Burt are left alone at the table with a big, fat,
steaming helping of dead air as Ben Bull and Clara make
their way over to the corner.

Clara talks softly. Ben Bull doesn't.

CLARA
What is my motivation exactly?

BEN BULL
Your question about your "motivation"
is: What is your motivation?

CLARA
Yes, exactly.

Flaming silence.

BEN BULL
Just read the lines, Clara. You're
doing a fine job.

CLARA
But don't you think maybe we could
deepen the scene a little bit?

BEN BULL
Deepen the scene?

CLARA
Like add some more colors.

Ben is speechless. Ronnie walks over.

RONNIE
Ben, we're ready to go.

BEN BULL
Alright. Let's shoot, people!

Everyone resumes position for the scene. Scott picks up his walkie.

SCOTT
Can we get P.J. up here?

SECOND A.D. (ON WALKIE)
Copy.

Burt slips off his chair.

BURT
(to Hugo)
You might wanna touch-up a bit before
the scene. You look shiny.

Burt turns toward the exit just as P.J. walks in. They exchange high-fives as Burt leaves. Missy sneaks in behind P.J.

Hugo whips out his COMB and sweeps it through his hair repeatedly. He uses his reflection in a WATER GLASS to check his teeth.

BEN BULL
This is it. Let's roll!

RONNIE
Camera rolling.

THIS TIME OUR CAMERA STAYS ON THE CREW

BEN BULL
Action!

Ben Bull is zeroed in on the actors. Ronnie sits next to him with one eye pressed against the viewfinder.

HUGO (O.C.)
Has school been good for you guys
this year?

P.J. (O.C.)
 Oh yeah school's good. I dinosaur
 fight with Jeff. I win always.

HUGO (O.C.)
 Which dinosaur's your favorite?

Missy mouths along with P.J.:

P.J. (O.C.)
 TRICERATOPS!! RAWR!!!

She grins ear to ear, silently applauding her son.

HUGO (O.C.)
 Yeah, triceratops -- that's a great
 dino. Good boy. How 'bout you, Ash?

The Three Art Department Women nibble from their platters of
 food.

CLARA (O.C.)
 What?

HUGO (O.C.)
 Your school year? How's it been?

CLARA (O.C.)
 I don't know... fine?

Scott is about to sneeze. He suppresses it at the last
 second.

HUGO (O.C.)
 Care to be more -
 (to Junior)
 - verbose?

P.J. (O.C.)
 Yeah, MORE WORDS, yeah.

CLARA (O.C.)
 That's sick. He shouldn't know what
 that means. You're turning him into
 that kid who eats glue in the back of
 the classroom.

P.J. (O.C.)
 I don't eat glue no more.

Silence.

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

HUGO
Anything in particular you guys want
to do this week?

P.J.
DISNEYLAND!

HUGO
Sorry, not this time, Junior.

CLARA
You seriously don't have anything
planned?

HUGO
Only visiting your grandparents so
far. But I'm sure we'll figure out
plenty of fun, ethical things --

CLARA
-- That's bullshit, Dad! Christy,
Christina, Kristen, Kirsten, and
Kierstynn all get to go --

HUGO
-- "Spring Break" is for college
seniors -- not high school.

P.J.
HA HA I go on every field trip I
want.

Clara glares at P.J. Then turns back to Hugo.

CLARA
You know what, Dad? This has been
delightful. But I have a long night
of drug pushing and prostitution in
front of me, so I'm going to have to
cut out early.

Clara leaves the dinner table and storms out of frame,
having touched none of her food.

P.J. slurps his CHOCOLATE MILK long and hard. It's empty.

BEN BULL (O.C.)
And cut!

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

QUICK PUSH IN on BEN BULL:

BEN BULL
Beautiful! Home run! Straight outta
the park!

Hugo mimes HITTING A HOME RUN. His mouth POPS.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

A BASEBALL plummets through the sky. CAMERA TILTS with it.

Hugo catches the ball with one hand.

He continues walking down the beach while repeatedly
throwing the ball up in the air and catching it.

He is walking toward a MAKESHIFT BEACH BUNGALOW constructed
primarily out of PALM TREE PARTS.

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

Hugo walks into the Bungalow to find a dark impromptu
screening room equipped with a dozen BEACH CHAIRS and a 70MM
CELLULOID PROJECTOR.

Ben Bull sits front and center. He is chewing on an unlit
cigar. In the back, a PROJECTIONIST runs the projector,
switching reels occasionally.

Footage from Ben Bull's movie washes over the BIG SCREEN:

The Wet Tee Shirt Contest. Bikini Girls on the beach.
Topless Girls on the beach. Hugo's character frantically
talking to the Bikini and Topless Girls on the beach. This
all plays without sound.

BEN BULL
Hugo! Come, take a seat.

Hugo sits down next to Ben and marvels up at the screen.

HUGO
Guau. [Spanish for "wow"]

They watch in silence.

ON THE SCREEN: A Bikini Babe is hula-hooping. Hugo walks up to her and speaks. She speaks back. He gets angry and grabs her hula-hoop. She pushes him and he falls to the ground. She walks away.

BEN BULL

What's your plan after this?

HUGO

...go back to the trailer.

BEN BULL

No, not like that -- after we're done filming. What are you going to do with this exciting new life of yours?

HUGO

Get job then find home.

Ben nods.

BEN BULL

Hugo, do you know what an *icon* is?

HUGO

You mean a... saint? Yes --

BEN BULL

-- No, not like that -- well similar to that -- in some ways. I mean in the broad, cultural sense of the word. It can be many things -- an object, or a person -- an actor for instance -- James Dean, Humphrey Bogart, Charlie Chaplin. You know these names?

HUGO

No, I am sorry.

BEN BULL

We'll have to fix that. What about... Mickey Mouse?

Hugo nods.

BEN BULL

You know Mickey Mouse?

HUGO

Yes, big ears -- Disneyland.

BEN BULL
 Mickey Mouse is an icon. A character
 known not just in America, but all
 over the world. Just like you're
 going to be.

The projectionist changes the reel.

ON THE SCREEN: The take of the Wet Tee Shirt Contest in
 which Hugo wanders in front of the camera. Hugo is slowly
 brought into focus.

Ben Bull points at the screen.

BEN BULL
 That's it. That's when I knew -- the
 very first moment I saw you. You're
 going to be big, Hugo. You're going
 to be HUGE.

HUGO
 Why me?

BEN BULL
 Big question.

A BEAT.

BEN BULL
 Do you believe in God?

HUGO
 Yes.

BEN BULL
 I believe that God sent you here,
 Hugo. He sent you here as a gift to
 cinema.

ON THE SCREEN: Hugo's screen test from earlier. The lack of
 audio brings out a primordial beauty in Hugo's performance.

BEN BULL
 Look at yourself, you're
 extraordinary.

HUGO
 You want me to be in movies more?

BEN BULL
 Yes, more movies. And not just my
 movies. Wait 'til they get a load of
 you up in Hollywood.

(MORE)

BEN BULL (cont'd)
You're going to be more sought after
than the Dalai fucking Lama.

Ben Bull gestures at the screen test.

BEN BULL
Look. Look at that image. Just sit
back and absorb it.

Ben Bull fixates on the screen. A calm bliss washes over
him.

BEN BULL
Do you see what I'm talking about?

Hugo concentrates on the screen. He isn't impressed. Ben
Bull doesn't notice.

ON THE SCREEN: It is the latter part of Hugo's screen test.
He has reached a great fervor.

We linger on this colossally projected image.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

CLOSE on a mighty fine pair of FEMALE LEGS wearing a mighty
fine pair of LOUBOUTINS. They strut through a parking lot.
These legs are so good they have a THEME SONG.

CAMERA follows them...

INSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB

At which point CAMERA BOOMS UP and PULLS BACK to follow this
woman in a less single minded manner. She is:

MANDY POOLE, 30, stern, wears a RED DRESS glued to every
curve.

She walks past the dance floor, BLACKBERRY in hand, ignoring
the FORTY SINGLES fist pumping.

Mandy slides into an empty booth to give her Blackberry the
attention it deserves.

BEN BULL (O.C)
Fuck damn it, Ronnie! Figure out the
timing on that.

SCOTT (O.C.)
That's a cut!

The house lights come up and the dance floor clears out -- once again, this is Ben Bull's set. The FILM CREW disperses throughout the club to change their current setup.

Mandy waves.

MANDY
Benjamin!

Ben Bull heads over to her table.

BEN BULL
Mandy Poole. Look at you.

They embrace.

MANDY
So, where is he?

BEN BULL
Straight to business then. Follow me.

They head over to the bar.

BEN BULL
You want something to drink? Coffee?

MANDY
No, no coffee. Do you have any kale smoothies?

Just then they walk past Scott who's holding a KALE SMOOTHIE with a BIG STRAW. Ben Bull snatches it out of his hand and gives it to Mandy, she sips.

MANDY
Mmmm. That's lush.

They arrive at the bar where Hugo sits, going over his lines and combing his hair.

BEN BULL
Hugo, I'd like you to meet somebody.

Hugo turns around on his stool as Mandy offers a handshake.

TIGHT CU on Hugo. His eyes glisten.

BEN BULL
This is Mandy Poole. She's interested
in representing you.

HUGO
Hola, seniorita.

Hugo kisses her hand.

TIGHT CU on Mandy. She looks him up and down, thunderstruck.

HUGO
I am Hugo. From Cuba.

Mandy takes a BIG SLURP of her juice.

SMASH TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Simultaneous orgasm.

Mandy and Hugo have just finished.

This room looks like a Pottery Barn catalog, complete with more pillows than a scrappy slumber party could ever use, and bedside tables straight from Versailles.

Mandy collapses on the bed next to Hugo.

MANDY
God, I needed that.

She grabs her BLACKBERRY and begins scrolling.

MANDY
I've never been with someone like you
before.

Hugo turns toward her, mesmerized.

HUGO
I feel the same way.

Mandy laughs.

MANDY
A steak would be divine right now.

Hugo grabs the ROTARY PHONE and the MENU from the bedside table then dials zero.

HUGO
(into phone)
Food service. Please.

MANDY
I can't actually eat a steak.

HUGO
Why not?

MANDY
I'll have champagne.

HUGO
(into phone)
Hola? Yes, a bottle of champagne. A
steak... well cooked, chocolate cake,
eclairs, gelato... all the flavors,
and two cream broolees.

Hugo hangs up the phone. They both sit up in bed.

MANDY
You can eat all that?

HUGO
It es for you, my princesa. I feel
your bones.

MANDY
I work pretty hard for that,
actually.

HUGO
Yes, you must work hard in all
pursuits.

MANDY
I think you might be my first real
challenge in quite some time. What
sort of work do you see yourself
doing?

HUGO
Handyman, cleaner, the man that goes
under home so it can be warm in
winter.

Mandy looks away from her blackberry.

MANDY
You want to install insulation?

HUGO

Yes, I am good in small spaces.

Hugo grins. Mandy laughs.

MANDY

I meant what sort of *movies* do you see yourself being in. Comedies, dramas -- do you have an aversion to horror -- are you open to television -- that sort of thing.

HUGO

I -- I do not know. Whatever you think.

MANDY

So, no hang ups?

HUGO

There es no reason I would ever guess this path for me. Last week -- say I find message in bottle -- it says, Hugo, soon you will work on movie set, stay in fancy hotel, make love to beautiful woman. No, no -- throw it back -- must be for different Hugo.

MANDY

A message in a bottle? What are you a sailor?

There is a knock on the door. Hugo smiles at Mandy then jumps off the bed.

HUGO

Now, we feast!

Hugo opens the door.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

ANGLE on a modest, white door as it inconsistently opens to JESSUP COLLINS, 32, a meaty black man wearing a long-sleeve, camouflage, button-up shirt with red basketball shorts.

JESSUP

The fuck you want?

On the other side of the door, in the hallway, is our very own Hugo Modesto.

HUGO
Hey, you got any crack?

Jessup scans Hugo's slight stature.

JESSUP
Shit, negro. I got crack out the asshole. Show yourself in and have a seat.

INT. MIAMI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Finding a seat here is impossible. For all his time spent in a Cuban scrapyard, Hugo has never seen an accumulation of filth this remarkable. Included in this mess are a particularly low standing WOODEN COFFEE TABLE and a THICK WOODEN OAR.

Hugo creeps through the doorway.

HUGO
Real nice place you have here.

JESSUP
Why thank you some candy and apples.

Jessup nudges the door shut, revealing a hanging MIRROR attached to the interior side.

As the door inches to a close, the mirror catches a glimpse of Ben Bull, Ronnie Goldstein, Scott Hornbeck, the rest of the Film Crew, and the humongous 65mm film camera on an ELABORATE DOLLY TRACK.

The door locks shut and they are gone from view.

HUGO
Let's get down to business. How much for a pound?

JESSUP
A pound? Well, I ain't got that much.

HUGO
How'm I gonna get my fix?

JESSUP

I been through this world high and low. I ain't never met a fool need no pound to get his fix.

HUGO

I have an extremely high tolerance.

JESSUP

Actually officer, I seem to be out of illegal substances. That'll be all for today.

HUGO

I'm no officer. I'm just a school --

BEN BULL (O.C.)

-- Cut!

Hugo and Jessup look to Ben Bull and the Film Crew huddled behind him for feedback.

Ben Bull rises from his seat and walks over to Hugo and Jessup. Both stare at Ben Bull expecting him to say something. No such luck.

Ben Bull's gaze wanders around the room. An idea is forming.

BEN BULL

Somebody get me a script.

Scott rushes over and hands him a SCRIPT. The title page reads "MIAMI HEAT".

Ben Bull fingers through the script. Hugo and Jessup are still holding their breath.

Then Jessup speaks in a heavy British accent:

JESSUP

That was a right piss poor go at it, Mr. Bull. We can change somethin' up if ye fancy.

Ben Bull ignores him then drops the script on the wooden coffee table and, in the same motion, grabs the thick wooden oar from a nearby pile.

Ben Bull examines the fine piece of carpentry in his hands before swinging it high above his head and BASHING it into the script. Without dropping a beat, he repeats the movement, BASHING even harder this time. Then again. And again. And again. Script pages fly everywhere.

Eventually the bevy of paper settles and the coffee table collapses. But Ben Bull doesn't stop BASHING. That is, until the oar splinters in half.

At this point, he casts aside the broken oar, pulls a .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE out of his jacket and buries a single bullet into what's left of the script.

Ben Bull holsters his weapon, turns to Hugo, and kneels down to his level.

BEN BULL
No more script, Hugo. Fuck it. You hear me? THIS IS YOUR SCENE.

Hugo is wide eyed. Ben Bull snaps back up to his feet.

BEN BULL
Alright, let's reset.

The entire Film Crew is frozen.

BEN BULL
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize a little smidge of gun fire would render my entire crew stone deaf. I SAID RESET.

The Film Crew, Hugo, and Jessup do as instructed and reset their positions. Ben Bull walks back to the camera and we enter...

THEIR 65MM FILM CAMERA POV:

A knock on the door. Jessup cracks it open.

JESSUP
The fuck you want --

Hugo storms the door and pummels it into Jessup, knocking him onto his back. Then he pulls out his PROP GUN, cocks it, and aims it at Jessup.

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

Ben Bull crouches on the ground with his hand on a SPECIAL EFFECTS MAN's shoulder, who's own hand rests on a SQUIB TRIGGER. They shudder in anticipation.

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

Jessup is now staring down the barrel of the gun.

JESSUP

What -- what you want?

Hugo jerks the gun down and fires straight into Jessup's elbow where BLOOD explodes out of him. He cries out in pain.

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

ANGLE on Hugo as blood drips down his face.

JESSUP (O.C.)

You popped me in the elbow. Who the fuck shoots for the --

Hugo smiles and shoots again, this time at Jessup's heart.

BACK TO THEIR CAMERA

Blood explodes out of Jessup's heart as he goes limp. Hugo surveys the body. He turns out his pockets, finding an OUNCE OF COCAINE, a PAGER, USED SYRINGES, and a SCRAP OF PAPER that reads: "Remember: Ashley's in the closet".

Hugo looks up and across the room. He grins.

BEN BULL (O.C.)

CUT!

BACK TO OUR CAMERA

BEN BULL

And on that sweet note, ladies and gentleman -- we have a wrap on Hugo and Jessup, and a picture wrap on Miami Heat!

The crew offers some mixed clapping.

SCOTT

Ben, we have two more scenes -- and a week left of shooting.

BEN BULL

Are you blind? We just captured pure gold. A lion with a twenty-four carat mane.

SCOTT

Right, but --

BEN BULL

IT'S OVER. We don't need anymore. Get that through your thin cock.

The crew takes a second to process this information before erupting into full-on applause.

Ben Bull turns to walk away but snaps back.

BEN BULL
And we're all getting paid for the
rest of the week.

VIOLENT CHEERS from the crew.

Again he turns to walk away but snaps back.

BEN BULL
And I expect to see each and every
one of you sons of bitches at the
wrap party!

SMASH TO:

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SUNRISE

A WILCO AIRBUS A380, the world's largest passenger airplane, soars off the runway. The engines' ROAR almost causes our subwoofer to implode.

INT. WILCO AIRBUS A380 - DAY

TIGHT on a pair of SUNGLASSES. Reflections of a live flame fill the lenses.

PULL OUT to reveal the sunglasses belong to Ben Bull, who is in first class, lighting a CIGAR with his BUTANE LIGHTER. A stack of FILM CANISTERS take up the window seat next to him.

A chubby, female FLIGHT ATTENDANT, approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Excuse me, sir. Could you please
refrain from smoking during the
flight?

BEN BULL
What for?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
For one, it's illegal. Also, our
pilots have complained about the
smoke reaching their cabin.

BEN BULL

Oh, the pilots are complaining. Those clowns have never flown a real aircraft in their entire lives. I bet they've never even broken the sound barrier -- even while smoking my Cuban, I could fly this sorry excuse for an airliner at least twice as good as them. Why don't you just take your pretty little behind right back up to the cabin and "suggest" that based on the current chop conditions -- they increase our thrust and lower our altitude. Go on, get!

Ben Bull slaps the Flight Attendant square on the ass.

CAMERA WHIPS and DOLLIES across the aisle to Ronnie and Scott, who are both asleep.

Ronnie snores. Scott drools. They rest their heads on each other.

CAMERA WHIPS and DOLLIES down and across the aisle to Missy and Clara.

They speak in whispers.

MISSY

I'm only worried about his health.

CLARA

Well that much of a weight gain is something to be concerned about.

MISSY

And at such a young and tender age.

CLARA

Listen, when my Pomeranian gained two pounds, she was on a diet immediately. You absolutely have to have a plan.

MISSY

Let's take Booger and Chanel and hike Runyon.

CLARA

We totally will.

Once again CAMERA WHIPS and DOLLIES across the aisle. This time to Hugo and Mandy

Mandy is on her BLACKBERRY.

HUGO

Hit me with it -- as they say.

MANDY

There's no need to worry -- there will be future roles -- even plenty of leading man parts. We just need to be patient and wait for word of mouth to do all the work. Especially after people see this film. We're going to be swimming in offers. Ben's movies tend to have that effect.

HUGO

So nothing at all for right now?

MANDY

The only thing that's turned up so far is featured extra work on a commercial spot. It's so far beneath you, I'm disgusted.

HUGO

Perfect. Thank you, my princesa.

MANDY

No, Hugo. This isn't the type of thing that's going to help you out -- let's let me handle this. Besides, you'd only get a couple hundred out of it.

HUGO

Hundreds of American dollars? I could feed an entire orphanage for a month. I must do it. No option.

CAMERA WHIPS and DOLLIES down and across to Burt.

He is fixated on Hugo, his eyes never change their focus, and he is seething.

P.J., completely unaware, is in the window seat next to him.

P.J.

And then, the studio boss is all, "No! He can't have the part!." And everyone is sad and angry.

(MORE)

P.J. (cont'd)
 And then the next morning, you won't even believe this, guess what was in the guy's bed?

BURT
 A horse's head?

P.J.
 No it was a horse -- wait, what -- yeah. That's exactly it! Can you believe that? Happened to a friend of mine, I swear!

BURT
 Yeah, doesn't sound like much of a friend to me, kid.

P.J.
 No, Uncle Al is great! And then, oh my god, this one time --

CAMERA WHIPS out of the plane, past the Hollywood Sign, and magically ends up at...

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - NIGHT

P.J. is telling a different story to Missy.

CAMERA follows behind them as they approach Ben Bull's monstrosity of a dwelling.

P.J.
 -- this big light fell on the table and it was like -- CRASH -- BOOM -- and there was glass everywhere. And it almost squashed Hugo -- I mean it broke the plate that was right in front of him. Oh man it was the best.

MISSY
 One of the movie lights fell from overhead?

P.J.
 Yeah it was soooooo cool.

MISSY
 No, P.J. that's not cool. What if you had been under that light? You could have died. Do you hate me that much?

At this point Missy and P.J. arrive...

INSIDE THE MANSION (FOYER)

It's almost as if, while building the place, Ben Bull gave the contractors a copy of Tony Montana's floor plan.

In between the two symmetrical staircases that descend into the cavernous foyer is what appears to be a fully equipped bar, complete with BARTENDER.

The wrap party is in full-swing. Members of the film crew including Second A.D., Jessup, Art Department Women 1-3, Hair-And-Makeup Women 1-5, Grips 1-10, Location Mixer, and another DOZEN PARTY GOERS litter the foyer. MUSIC blares.

P.J.

I'm sorry, Mom.

MISSY

I'm going to have to have a little talk with some of these movie people about safety. They're in big trouble, sweetie. But first, Mommy needs a drink.

Missy and P.J. stop at the bar, where the Bartender is taking orders.

BARTENDER

What can I do you for, gorgeous?

MISSY

Rum and coke.

BARTENDER

All out of coke.

MISSY

Rum and diet.

BARTENDER

Don't got that either.

MISSY

How about a G and T?

BARTENDER

All we have is scotch.

Unbeknownst to Missy, P.J. wanders off.

MISSY

That's it?

BARTENDER

Mr. Bull is very particular.

MISSY

Scotch on the rocks it is.

BARTENDER

No can do. Mr. Bull thinks ice is for pussies.

Just then Hugo and Clara pass by the bar. CAMERA follows them.

HUGO

And it's called Wall Mart?

CLARA

Yes, Hugo, you must avoid it at all costs.

HUGO

Because of their "human rights violations".

They stop at the staircase, Hugo up a couple steps, Clara at the bottom.

CLARA

Exactly. But also...?

HUGO

It's "white-trash chic."

CLARA

You are going to be crazy famous. A role model for little people and orphans everywhere!

HUGO

How do you know I was orphan?

CLARA

You mentioned it on set once.

HUGO

What? No. I did not.

CLARA

Really?

HUGO

Yes. Absolutely, that just es not true.

CLARA
I guess I just have a feeling then.

HUGO
How do you mean?

CLARA
I just know -- I know things
sometimes.

HUGO
You know through feeling?

CLARA
I have these images of you in my
head: you're surrounded by nuns and
other children -- are you sure you
didn't talk about this on set? Maybe
I had a dream about it or something.

Hugo is impressed.

HUGO
In Cuba, I do not think you would be
an actress.

CLARA
In America, that's pretty damn rude.

HUGO
No, no -- feelings like the ones you
speak of are found early on in Cuba.
You would be raised an espiritista.

CLARA
A what?

HUGO
Like a... what is American word...
medium.

Clara laughs.

CLARA
I'm not a psychic.

HUGO
And yet, you know things. Things
about me you could not know.

Clara giggles and whistles part of the X-FILES THEME.

CLARA

I guess I'll have to look into it.
You know, you're a better movie dad
than Mark could ever be.

Hugo smiles.

HUGO

You are young. Go. Enjoy.

CLARA

Thanks, Hugo Boss.

HUGO

Is there a restroom?

CLARA

Oh my god. You have to see the gold
toilet upstairs. Just go right up and
it's there on the left.

She winks and turns away.

CAMERA follows Hugo...

UPSTAIRS

Right before Hugo reaches the bathroom we pass Burt, who is
leaning against the second floor railing.

Hugo shuts the door to the bathroom and CAMERA PANS back to
Burt. He takes a sip of his SCOTCH and stares at the
BATHROOM DOOR.

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - POOL AREA - NIGHT

The backyard is vast. It consists primarily of a SWIMMING
POOL with an attached HOT TUB, a FIRE PIT, and a TIKI HUT
BAR, which instead of alcohol houses racks and racks of
GUNS.

Ben Bull, Ronnie, and Scott sit outside alone, around a TALL
FIRE. On the bar rests a GIANT BUCKET of TURKEY LEGS.

Ben Bull and Scott nurse a scotch.

Ronnie is holding Ben's .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE and rubbing
it back and forth against his chin.

SCOTT

It's just sometimes you're too hard
on me, Ben.

BEN BULL

I'm sorry you feel that way, Scott --

SCOTT

-- It's like my mother right? She was so nurturing and I think it's caused me to be a little sensitive in these areas -- like when you fired the First A.D. You had me pick up the slack with all those jobs that were -- frankly, they were beneath me -- not remotely in my job description. I want to work with you again Ben, I really do -- it's like everyone says you're a genius -- and you are, but -- you have to be nicer -- the golden rule, you know?

BEN BULL

You know what, Scott --

RONNIE

-- what if I just ran into the house and started shooting people one by one -- you guys ever think about doing something like that? Or maybe I could get them to stand in a straight line -- get everybody doing a conga or something. Then I could fire one straight down the middle. Real clean like. End all those lives right there in a single room with a single bullet.

Ronnie mimes shooting Scott.

RONNIE

Pew.

A LONG BEAT.

BEN BULL

Nah, you couldn't get everybody in there with that gun. Don't get me wrong it's a damn fine piece of hardware with a great kick -- but it only packs seven rounds. Even if you did the conga line thing, that's a twenty-five -- hell, maybe even thirty round job. You'll need something a little more tactical.

Ben walks over to the bar and grabs a COLT M4 ASSAULT RIFLE.

BEN BULL
With this sucker, you could paint an asshole on a butterfly from five hundred yards out.

Ben grabs a fresh turkey leg from the bucket.

BEN BULL
For example.

Ben hands the turkey leg to Ronnie.

BEN BULL
Throw it high over the pool.

Ronnie tosses his turkey leg and Ben demolishes it.

REVEAL: P.J. is now standing in between Scott and Ronnie.

P.J.
Woah.

SCOTT
Jesus! You keep them loaded?

BEN BULL
P.J.! Just in time. You're going to want to stick around for this.

Ben hands Ronnie another M4 COLT ASSAULT RIFLE and Scott an entire PLATE of turkey legs.

BEN BULL
All at once.

Ronnie readies his aim. Scott is in disbelief.

BEN BULL
PULL!

Scott launches the poultry.

Eight turkey legs fill the air. Ronnie shoots one of them, Ben the other seven.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The distinct sound of GUN FIRE can be heard over the music. Everyone in the FOYER makes their way outside.

Except Burt, who is still staring at the BATHROOM DOOR.

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ben Bull, Scott, Ronnie, and P.J. are just where we left them. People are pouring out of the house, trying to see what's going on.

SCOTT
Alright, I think we've had our fun.

BEN BULL
The fun has just begun, Scott. Care to wager a bet?

SCOTT
No.

BEN BULL
You stand at the far end of the pool with a turkey leg on your head.

SCOTT
No.

BEN BULL
A clean shot through the bone of the fowl, and half-a-million dollars will be yours. But, if I miss, you'll be dead. Either way -- you win.

Scott considers it.

SCOTT
Half-a-million?

BEN BULL
That's what I said.

Scott straightens up.

SCOTT
Shake on it.

Ben Bull shakes. Scott grabs a turkey leg and marches over to the other side of the pool.

A GIANT CROWD has amassed right outside the house. They all watch with total intrigue.

Scott puts the turkey leg on his head and stares straight at Ben Bull.

BEN BULL
(to Scott)
Turn around!

SCOTT
What?

BEN BULL
You flinch and all bets are off.

Scott begrudgingly turns around.

BEN BULL
Here we go.

Ben takes aim.

BEN BULL
(whispering)
Hey, kid.

P.J.
Yeah?

BEN BULL
(whispering)
You wanna take this shot for me?

P.J.
More than anything.

Ben grabs the Desert Eagle from Ronnie and hands it to P.J.

Scott is quivering.

BEN BULL
Ready?

P.J. nods.

BEN BULL
Aim.

P.J. aims.

BEN BULL
Fire --

Missy bursts through the crowd.

MISSY
-- WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? P.J.,
sweetie, give Mommy the gun!

Scott turns around and sprints over to Ben.

Missy takes the gun from P.J.

MISSY

ALL THE SHIT YOU PULLED ON SET AND
NOW THIS?! FUCK YOU, BENJAMIN! You
are never going to work again once
I'm done with you. P.J., go inside
and wait for Mommy. Go!

P.J. scurries off, but not inside. Scott pushes Ben to the ground and holds him there. Missy inspects the Desert Eagle before pushing it against Ben Bull's forehead.

BEN BULL

My fantasy is to fly across tree tops
and drop fire on children.

Missy backs off a little before adjusting her aim to his left arm and pulling the trigger. There's a flash, a shot heard, and a fallen CASING, but no bullet.

Ben begins to chuckle before full-on howling. Scott lets go of Ben as the entire party bursts out in laughter.

BEN BULL

I would never do anything to hurt the
boy!

MISSY

Blanks!? This is funny? This isn't
the last you'll hear from P.J. and
Missy Pants, you can bet on that.

The entire party is now howling, except for Ben. He is still on the ground, taking shallow breaths, and clutching his left arm. Missy heads for the door.

SCOTT

Let off, Ben, you've won.

RONNIE

No, I've -- I've seen this before.

BEN BULL

It's nothing, Ronnie.

RONNIE

(to himself)
Shit, what do I do?

Ronnie tries to hold it in but then blurts out:

RONNIE
He's having a heart attack! Sorry,
Ben.

Ben growls at Ronnie. Scott darts back to Ben's side. Missy remains outside, smirking.

SCOTT
Lay down -- SOMEONE CALL AN
AMBULANCE -- God, the nearest
hospital is only a few miles away.
WE'RE DRIVING.

Scott motions to the Grips to help pick Ben up.

BEN BULL
SCOTT, YOU GET YOUR HANDS THE FUCK
OFF ME. Do not call nine-one-one.
It's a small myocardial infarction.
And IT. WILL. PASS.

SCOTT
No. It. Won't.

RONNIE
He's not lying. He's always surviving
them.

SCOTT
What? How?

BEN BULL
It's called force of will. I'm sure
you're unfamiliar with the term.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hugo washes his hands in the ornate red and gold bathroom.

The audience may or may not notice that Leo Tolstoy's WAR
AND PEACE is the only piece of reading material resting atop
the SOLID GOLD TOILET.

Hugo sees the reflection of Ben Bull's LION FUR ROBE behind
him in the mirror. He tears it off the hook and tries it on.

Hugo checks himself out in the mirror. The robe engulfs him.

For once, he is tremendous.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Burt does a line of COCAINE off the second floor railing.

A toilet FLUSHES off screen.

Burt turns back toward the bathroom door.

Hugo walks out of the bathroom, pulling his comb through his hair, but then stops right in front of the staircase.

HUGO'S POV: The whole house is empty.

HUGO

Hello? Where did everyone --

Burt sneaks up behind Hugo and shoves him down the stairs.

Hugo takes a long, violent fall.

Burt follows down the stairs.

Just as Hugo is about to push himself off the ground, Burt gives him a swift kick in the face.

Hugo recovers quickly from the kick, then manages to get up on his feet and stare Burt in the eye.

HUGO

...why -- what did I --

BURT

Sorry, man. I don't know why I did that.

Burt punches Hugo square on the nose.

What follows is a HEATED BRAWL that RAGES on for several minutes.

At first Hugo is reluctant to fight. Burt, however, is RELENTLESS. He fights like an animal, even sporadically maneuvering on all fours. He is so RELENTLESS, in fact, that Hugo is eventually forced to fight back in self-defense; but by the time he does, it is too late. Burt has already dealt too much damage.

Hugo collapses on the foyer floor, unable to move.

Burt let's out a primal ROAR and beats his chest before exiting through the front door.

CLOSE on Hugo. Bruised. Bloody. Writhing. Eventually, a crowd of approaching footsteps and laughter is heard.

Ben Bull, who has made a miraculous recovery, holds open the outside door for the partygoers returning to the foyer.

BEN BULL

Alright, show's over, I think it's time that everybody get the fuck out of my house.

HUGO'S POV:

Intermittent blinking. Clara sees Hugo and shrieks. All attention turns to Hugo as Scott, Ronnie, and Ben Bull, followed by the rest of the party, run to his side.

BEN BULL

Jesus -- Hugo -- what happened?

Hugo blinks shut.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

HUGO'S POV: He blinks open. Mandy Poole smiles at him and holds a SPOON full of piping hot soup in front of his face.

MANDY

There he is. I warmed up some soup.

Mandy kneels at Hugo's bedside, BOWL OF SOUP in hand. Hugo is fully reclined, battered, and bruised.

He gulps down the soup. His eyes light up.

HUGO

Es that caldosa? How did you know?

MANDY

Cal what now?

Hugo motions for her to feed him another spoonful. She does.

HUGO

Yes. Es traditional Cuban meal. Little kick, lot of love.

MANDY

Oh, I didn't know. Ben had it in the fridge.

She shoves the bowl of soup into his chest. Pain flares through Hugo's injuries as he struggles to grab it.

MANDY

Just wanted to make sure you looked okay for next Thursday's shoot.

She grabs his chin and moves his face around. Hugo winces.

MANDY

They said you're playing someone who was in an accident, so hey, you're nailing it.

HUGO

Please -- have some.

MANDY

It looks delicious, but I can't stay.

HUGO

Please do not go, princesa. If you do not like I will make something new.

MANDY

You can pay me in home cooked meals another time. You're lucky I have a good work ethic. And other clients.

HUGO

You are inspiration.

MANDY

I left you the car service info, the address, and some vicodin. Rest up.

Mandy pats Hugo on the shoulder as she leaves, unknowingly causing him pain.

Hugo watches the steam rise off the surface of his soup.

MATCH FADE TO:

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - POOL AREA - DAY

Hugo soothes his injuries in Ben Bull's steaming HOT TUB.

Ben Bull comes out of the mansion and sits next to Hugo outside the hot tub.

BEN BULL

How ya doin', buddy?

Hugo slowly pivots his head toward Ben Bull.

HUGO

Mas o menos.

Ben Bull slaps him on the shoulder.

BEN BULL

You're gonna be fine -- listen I forgot to tell you -- we depart for the Orient in twenty minutes.

HUGO

The Orient?

BEN BULL

You know -- what are they callin' it these days -- Indochina or Japan -- or one of those --

HUGO

-- Asia. Why must we go?

BEN BULL

I got a meeting with some of the investors. There's big movie money pouring in from the Orient these days. They're calling it an "emerging market". That seventy millimeter stuff ain't cheap.

HUGO

I don't think I can go.

BEN BULL

What are you talking about? It's gonna be great. I'll show off our new star to the investors. Blow their minds off a little. Then we can hit some of those famous Oriental massage parlours.

Hugo looks confused.

BEN BULL

You know -- whorehouse -- brothel -- what do you a... bordello!

Hugo understands, but is not on board.

BEN BULL

Oh my god -- these oriental hookers. They do shit, Hugo -- you gotta see it to believe it.

HUGO

I just got to America. I worked so hard to get here -- and now you want me to leave.

BEN BULL

We'll just be gone a week. Don't worry we'll be right back.

HUGO

A week. I cannot go for sure then.

BEN BULL

Oh, I'm sorry did you have another appointment to get battered?

HUGO

I am schedule to do an advertisement.

BEN BULL

What -- like a commercial?

HUGO

Exactly.

BEN BULL

What did that bitch book you a fucking commercial for?

HUGO

She did not -- I mean she did -- but I specifically requested it.

BEN BULL

Hugo! What the hell are you doing? You don't need to do commercials. You're better than that. You're going to be a huge star.

HUGO

You keep saying that. I have yet to see any wages.

BEN BULL

Oh I see. You're going full Hollywood on me. Don't you think it's a little too early for that? The lawyers are working. The fine print gets a little messy when you drop your lead halfway through a shoot.

A BEAT.

BEN BULL

Did fucking Mandy tell you to say this?

HUGO

Stop it. She es a saint.

Ben Bull chuckles.

BEN BULL

She ain't no saint. Come on, kid.
Fuck the commercial. We're headed for
the Orient.

HUGO

Asia, Ben. It is called Asia. And I
have a commitment. I gave my word. I
will not break it.

BEN BULL

Fine. Stay. Make yourself comfortable.
I'm about to miss our flight. But when
I get back we're going to get you
fixed up with a nice place of your
own, sit down with Ms. Poole, and have
a long chat about your career.

Ben Bull storms back toward the house.

HUGO

Adios.

BEN BULL

Oh, and by the way, if you like
 pornos, check out the big
refrigerator in the pool house.
That'll give you a boner!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - POOL HOUSE - DAY

Hugo opens the REFRIGERATOR. The inside is packed to the
brim with pornographic films. All the true classics are
there: *BACKDOOR SLUTS 9*, *INTERRACIAL HOLE STRETCHERS 3*, *BIG
TROUBLE IN LITTLE VAGINA*, and oddly multiple copies of the
1972 Barbra Streisand film: *UP THE SANDBOX*.

Hugo shakes his head in disapproval before shutting the
fridge.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Hugo opens another REFRIGERATOR. This one is also packed to the brim - but with actual FOOD. He grabs an APPLE and takes a bite out of it, still focused on the fridge.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Hugo is sitting in a BATHTUB watching it fill. A CRYSTAL CLEAR STREAM OF WATER mesmerizes Hugo as it pours into the tub.

This isn't a normal aerated stream. It's that fancy LAMINAR shit.

He cups some water in his hands and tastes it.

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - FRONT LAWN - DAY

SPRINKLERS water the perfectly manicured lawn. Hugo sits on the front porch watching the irrigation take place.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Hugo limps over to and slides onto a LEATHER LOUNGE CHAIR. He sits for a moment, appreciating the comfort of the chair.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

Hugo settles into a FANCY CHAIR around the DINING ROOM TABLE. After a moment he notices a FANCIER CHAIR WITH ARMS at the head of the table.

He hobbles over to it and is just barely able to lift himself onto the seat.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hugo sits on a LEATHER COUCH.

INT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Hugo relaxes on a LA-Z-BOY RECLINER.

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - POOL AREA - DAY

EXTREME WIDE PROFILE: Hugo, still wounded from battle, floats atop an INNER-TUBE in the pool, sipping a PINA COLADA. This image feels eerily reminiscent.

PALM TREES tower in the distance. The sky is clear blue. Not a cloud in sight. Not a single blemish.

Except for a single TINY SPECK that is creeping from the TOP LEFT to the TOP RIGHT of the frame.

A FAINT BUT RESONANT BOOM IS HEARD.

The tiny speck in the sky breaks into TWO TINIER SPECKS that begin to drop in the background leaving THICK SMOKE TRAILS in their wake.

Hugo turns his head, ever so slightly, in the direction of the sound.

SMASH TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP on a big ol' CRT TELEVISION.

The morning news is on. As the NEWS ANCHOR speaks, CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT, eventually landing OVER THE SHOULDER of a MAN, 40, thin, sitting on the edge of a bed.

He wears a white undershirt and boxers as he watches the news report, TV REMOTE in hand.

NEWS ANCHOR

As most have probably heard by now, a Boeing seven forty seven leaving Los Angeles International Airport yesterday afternoon exploded in midair crashing into the Pacific Ocean moments after takeoff. At this time, the coast guard is reporting no survivors with two hundred and seventy three presumed dead. We have just confirmed that among the passengers was American film director, Benjamin Bull whose most notable film, *Demolition Row*, packed multiplexes back in two thousand thirteen. Newly recovered black box recordings reveal a man storming the cockpit --

He clicks off the TV and picks up the HOTEL ROOM PHONE. He dials.

MAN

I need to see the footage, no more delays, no more excuses ... I don't want to hear ... That's drivel -- that's talk, talk, talk -- I have to see it ... Attempting to hide it? Come on, you know what that looks like ... We have to take over today. No discussion ... I'm on a plane in an hour, on the lot by ten, and screening dailies by 10:01 or your ass is grass and by 10:02 I'm the mower. Got that? Thanks, Scott.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

CLOSE on a wall mounted RED L.E.D. CLOCK that reads 10:15.

In one corner of the stage, a small film crew shoots a scene on a FANCY RESTAURANT SET.

Key among the crew are an OLD DIRECTOR, a YOUNG ACTOR, a YOUNG ACTRESS, and Scott Hornbeck. The Young Actor and Young Actress sit across from each other at one of the tables.

OLD DIRECTOR

Action!

YOUNG ACTOR

Oui, mon amour.

YOUNG ACTRESS

Oh, you speak french. How lovely.
Tell me, have you ever --

The sound stage doors BURST open. The entire crew spins toward the interruption: it's our Man from the previous scene, now wearing a suit, and henceforth known as STUDIO SUIT. He scans the room.

STUDIO SUIT

SCOTT FUCKING HORNBECK! I KNOW YOU'RE
IN HERE.

Studio Suit finds Scott cowering in the corner and pins him by the throat.

STUDIO SUIT

I'm shutting down every project you
are attached to --

(to the rest of the
crew)

WE'RE DONE HERE EVERYONE GO HOME --

(back to Scott)

shutting down everything until I see
Bull's footage! Lead, motherfucker.

Studio Suit follows Scott toward the exit.

On his way out, Studio Suit brushes past the Young Actress
and slyly hands her a BUSINESS CARD. He takes a few steps
before turning back to her and motioning: "*Call me.*"

She smiles.

INT. STUDIO COMMISSARY - DAY

Studio Suit and Scott barrel by tables in a dining area
packed with carbon copy EXECUTIVE AND PRODUCER PAIRINGS.

SCOTT

He takes an early lunch but he's the
only person who can capture Ben's
spirit in every cut. You really have
nothing to --

Studio Suit locks eyes with a large bearded man, 55, eating
alone in the corner of the room, KURT HENRY.

STUDIO SUIT

YOU -- NOW!

Kurt motions: "*Who me?*"

INT. POST PRODUCTION FACILITIES - HALLWAY - DAY

Kurt and Scott struggle to keep up with Studio Suit as he
surges through the hallway. A SOPHISTICATED WOMAN, 45, with
a \$300 haircut stands in the hall ahead of them.

KURT

This is really gonna be something
special. The material's all there.
The studio needn't worry.

As Studio Suit passes the woman she puts her arm on him, he
continues walking, but looks toward her.

SOPHISTICATED WOMAN

Tragic news, just tragic. I trust we have a hit on our hands? For his sake.

STUDIO SUIT

We're talking posthumous Oscar! And we're finally gonna pop Mark's cherry! Nab him one too.

They continue storming the hall as Studio Suit looks back to Scott and Kurt.

STUDIO SUIT

(hushed)

You see what I gotta do? I don't know what I'm vouching for. I'm never being put in this position again. Now let's see it.

They stop in front of a door. Kurt unlocks a shiny HEAVY DUTY DEADBOLT, then a shiny REGULAR DEADBOLT, then the doorknob.

This is a three key process.

INT. EDITING BAY - DAY

CAMERA IS OVER THE SHOULDER of Studio Suit.

He sits in a theater seat at the back of the room.

Kurt is in front of him at the helm of a state-of-the-art AVID WORKSTATION.

Footage of Hugo, gun in hand, blasting a dive bar's liquor selection to pieces plays on a GIANT PROJECTION SCREEN.

Eventually, CAMERA PANS AND DOLLIES around until it lands square on Studio Suit's face.

STUDIO SUIT

Is that a midget?

SMASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

CLOSE on Hugo's cold, DEAD face.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal TWO PARAMEDICS wheeling Hugo on a GURNEY toward a nearby AMBULANCE.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER to reveal the aftermath of a car crash. DEAD CLOWNS and other CIRCUS MEMBERS litter the street. A CLOWN CAR and a SEDAN have been obliterated by a head on collision.

A TAXI CAB passes in the foreground. The DRIVER rolls down his window and looks STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA.

DRIVER

Going out for a night on the town?
Don't clown around. Call 1-800-TAXI-
MAN.

A BEAT.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Cut!

This isn't a country road at all, it's...

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

A FILM CREW and all of our clown actors direct their attention to the man who has just called out -

RUDOLPH "RUDY" LAWRENCE, 25, a pipsqueak of a man. He couldn't decide if he should dress formally or casually, so he chose both: button-down shirt, tie, and hoodie.

RUDY

This just isn't working for me, you
can all take five.

Hugo makes his way over to a table with a FRESH POT OF COFFEE on it. Unfortunately, it is just out of his reach.

His struggle ends as CHRISTIAN HAYES, 45, carrying a BOOM POLE, joins Hugo and pours them two CUPS O' JOE. Christian's athletic build is quickly outshone by the wispy combover atop his head.

He wears a jacket that is very similar to Ben Bull's but made of denim.

HUGO

Thank you.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, anything for the talent.

HUGO
Not talent. Hugo.

CHRISTIAN
Christian, but to you, I'm Chris.
Actually, just call me the Rod Man.

Christian simultaneously gestures both to his boom pole and his penis.

CHRISTIAN
Everyone else does.

HUGO
Thank you again, the Rod Man.

CHRISTIAN
If we're being honest, I'm just looking to impress my honey, my baby, my reason for being. You see that smokeshow over there?

Christian smiles and holds his cup up to KATHY, 35, standing in front of a MAKEUP STATION across the room. She has an outdated haircut and a cleft lip. She rolls her eyes.

CHRISTIAN
Sooner or later, she's mine.

HUGO
I hope I could be of service.

CHRISTIAN
Oh you've done me real good. Major points. Today's just not my day. But it'll come.

HUGO
My woman makes it hard on me too. They like that here.

CHRISTIAN
Your woman? What do you know about women?

HUGO
What do you want to know?

Christian snorts. Hugo beams.

HUGO

No, no, no, I am no Don Juan. But I will tell you this: es hard when your love es too your agent.

CHRISTIAN

Look at you, goddamn full of surprises. What's that like?

HUGO

She es always down to business, but she lights up a room. She knows everyone, but I want her for just myself.

CHRISTIAN

Knows everyone? You're telling me you have a real talent agent?

HUGO

Yes. Mandy Poole. I am told she es "the best".

CHRISTIAN

I know that name -- shit, where've I heard that name... Ah! She's been in the papers all week. She was that hot shot director's agent -- the guy who was on the plane -- you heard about that? Absolute insanity.

HUGO

Si, has been difficult tragedy. Still quite a shock. We were in Miami to make his film only a week ago.

CHRISTIAN

You worked on Bull's last film?

HUGO

You might say I am the "star". Ben always did.

INT. EDITING BAY - DAY

Kurt is playing Studio Suit a new cut of the film.

ON SCREEN: A MEDIUM SHOT of Mark Wahlberg tearing up and standing over a cliff while carrying Clara Young's unconscious body. MUSIC SWELLS. The scene CUTS WIDE to display Mark and Clara silhouetted in the center of an ENORMOUS SETTING SUN. Then the CREDITS ROLL.

STUDIO SUIT

Looks great, a little fuckin' short now, but at least we managed to cut out the little guy.

Kurt nods.

STUDIO SUIT

I want it mixed and ready to screen by Tuesday.

INT. SOUND STAGE - RESUMING

CHRISTIAN

HOLY JESUS!

HOLD on Christian's stunned face.

CHRISTIAN

YOU'RE THE STAR OF BEN BULL'S LAST MOVIE?!

ACROSS THE ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES IN QUICK on Rudy as he jerks his head toward Hugo and away from the STORYBOARDS he was looking at. He walks toward Hugo and Christian, CAMERA follows.

HUGO (O.C.)

Yes, senor. He believed in me. Set me on this path of work.

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)

Woah, nellie! That's crazy -- hey what the heck are you doin' on this crap show, then --

Rudy barges in.

RUDY

(to Hugo)

-- Did I just hear that you're in Benjamin Bull's final film?

Hugo nods.

RUDY

What was your role -- I mean who did you play -- did you spend a lot of time on set?

HUGO

Many weeks.

RUDY

You were in a lot of scenes then?
Spent plenty of time with Mr. Bull?

Hugo tries his best to hide his mourning.

HUGO

Yes, most scenes. He was good and
generous man. I stay with him ever
since.

RUDY

You live in Benjamin Bull's house?

Hugo nods again.

RUDY

You lived with Benjamin Bull!

HUGO

I only know him for short time but I
like to think I know him well.

Rudy is overwhelmed.

Then something starts to brew behind his eyes.

RUDY

(to himself)

Send everybody home and rework the
script. Put him up front --

(to Hugo)

-- what'd you say your name was
again?

HUGO

I am Hugo.

Rudy extends for a handshake. Hugo accepts, shaking off his
grief with a grin.

RUDY

An absolute pleasure to meet you,
Hugo. We're all going home for the
day and I'm going to rework the
script so that you're front and
center in this thing. Unless, you
have any objections that is?

HUGO
I would be honored.

RUDY
I'll see you bright and early
tomorrow morning -- OH -- and you'll
have to have lunch with me tomorrow.
Tell me everything you learned from
Mr. Bull.

HUGO
I will do my best.

RUDY
Until tomorrow.

Rudy extends his hand for another handshake. Hugo accepts.

Then Rudy hauls off, mumbling to himself.

RUDY
Ben Bull? I can't believe it. This'll
be the best Taxi Man yet. This might
make my career. This is perfect. It's
perfect...

CHRISTIAN
Looks like we're going home. You've
done it, you've made this a two day
gig. Hallelujah.

HUGO
I have to give Mandy the news, may I
borrow your phone?

CHRISTIAN
Anything for the talent!

He hands him a CELLPHONE and Hugo dials. It rings. No
answer.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
You've got Mandy Poole's cell. If you
want to reach a person, try my office
line. At least you'll get my
assistant.

BEEP.

Hugo hangs up and hands the phone back to Christian.

CHRISTIAN
Ouch, no luck?

HUGO

I'll have to go surprise her. Nice to meet you.

Hugo walks away. Christian yells after him.

CHRISTIAN

You too! It's not everyday I get to meet a big celebrity like you, Hugo!

Christian smiles. CAMERA hangs with him just one BEAT too long.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY

Hugo stands across from the RECEPTION DESK of a luxurious, white, modern office.

Behind the desk is a giant glass wall with glass doors. You can see hundreds of workstations sprawled out in the office, with DOZENS OF OFFICE WORKERS manning them.

At the desk, sits a RECEPTIONIST, 30, playing with her weave.

RECEPTIONIST

He needs to recognize and pony up because I can't be responsible for waiting around no more.

HUGO

There are only so many times you can call first.

RECEPTIONIST

Mhmm. I really need to thank you, 'cause all these hussies come around asking for my advice like I got nothing better to do than listen to them bitch, when I got my own damn problems.

HUGO

Ah, but you must be a great listener. Now I really must see Mandy. Could you call again. Tell her it's Hugo.

She hesitates, then picks up her PHONE and dials.

RECEPTIONIST

(into phone)

Mr. Modesto still here for Ms. Poole.
He says his first name is Hugo...
Yes, I've told him.

She hangs up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Baby, she can't see you today, why
don't you try back another time?

HUGO

But I have great news -- she wants to
hear this. I cannot leave without
telling her.

RECEPTIONIST

It ain't gonna happen.

Hugo nods, defeated.

He turns to leave -- then storms the other way, grabbing at
the glass entrance and running through the doors!

The receptionist launches up but can't stop him. She slams a
button on her phone.

RECEPTIONIST

(into speaker phone)

Security!

Hugo keeps running, he passes desk after desk until he sees
Mandy sitting in her pristine corner office.

They lock eyes.

Hugo waves and moves toward her. She cracks a slight,
hesitant smile.

Just before Hugo reaches her door, TWO SECURITY GUARDS
snatch him up and carry him back toward the lobby.

Mandy walks out of her office and into the bullpen.

HUGO'S POV: Mandy stares straight at him as he is carried
away.

ANGLE on Hugo. He is heartbroken.

EXT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY

CLOSE on the agency's door. The Security Guards thrust Hugo out of the door and onto the sidewalk. He lands on his ass.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK. SIRENS are fast approaching.

An AMBULANCE whizzes by Hugo and then a POLICE CAR.

Hugo remains seated and stares at what slowly becomes more and more visible to us as the CAMERA CREEPS WIDER and WIDER.

Down the sidewalk from Hugo, lay an unconscious MAN. The PARAMEDICS jump out of their vehicle and attempt to resuscitate him.

PARAMEDIC #1 performs vigorous CPR but it's no use.
PARAMEDIC #2 readies his DEFIBRILLATION PADDLES.

PARAMEDIC #2

Clear!

The shock jolts the Man awake. He gasps for air and then the paramedics help him up.

As soon as he's on his feet, a UNIFORMED COP enters FRAME and HANDCUFFS the Man. He pushes the Man into the back of his squad car, before racing off. The ambulance follows.

CAMERA finally LANDS in an EXTREME WIDE. Where's Hugo? Oh. There he is. That tiny stain on the bottom of the massive building.

He sits there, alone on the concrete for a few moments.

Then he gets up and walks out of FRAME.

EXT. BEN BULL'S MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Hugo walks up to the front gate to find a brand spankin' new PADLOCK and a CORRUGATED PLASTIC SIGN that reads:

"Foreclosed. Bank Owned Property. Keep Out."

The gate won't budge. There's no way inside.

Hugo lies down on the patch of grass directly in front of the gate, uses his flannel as a blanket, and goes to sleep.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - SUNRISE

CLOSE on the rising sun. A perfect circle.

Then Hugo enters FRAME, CAMERA shooting up on him at an EXTREME LOW ANGLE. He obscures our view of the radiant star.

Hugo is almost as disheveled and drained as when he first arrived on that Miami beach.

Cut WIDE as he stumbles through the studio lot.

CLARA (O.C.)

Oh my god, Hugo!

Hugo turns to look. It's Clara Young! His former co-star. By her side is JOSH RILEY, 25, tight body, perfect blond hair. They can't keep their hands off each other.

JOSH

I see it, but I don't believe it.

CLARA

Josh baby, this is Hugo, I told you about him.

HUGO

Clara, es fantastic to see you.

JOSH

Hey buddy, did anyone ever tell you, you are really god damn short. Truly. I've never seen a grown adult this small before, have you?

CLARA

Oh my god, stop it. Hugo's the one that almost took over for Mark in Ben's movie.

(to Hugo)

So sorry about what happened.

(to Josh)

As soon as the studio took over...

She mimes cutting something with scissors.

CLARA

Snip. Snip. Snip. It's not right, not what Ben would have wanted, but that's the way things go, huh?

Hugo is dumbstruck.

JOSH
He's not exactly leading man material, I mean look at you. What's your condition, buddy?

CLARA
Are you actually serious? I'll explain later.

JOSH
I just don't understand why we're talking to this guy.

CLARA
Hey, he's the reason I've been seeing my psychic tutor! Ain't that right, Hugo Boss?

Hugo is slow to respond.

HUGO
Oh, yes. That es wonderful, Clara! I'm happy for you to develop your ability.

Josh thrusts his tongue in Clara's ear.

CLARA
Wow, it's been great catching up, always thinking about you, but we gotta go. Gotta teach this one some manners.

She kisses Josh. As they walk away, Hugo contemplates the information he has just received.

Clara and Josh trail off in the distance.

CLARA
He's a dwarf, babe.

JOSH
Dwarves aren't real!

CLARA
How have you gotten this far in life without knowing that? Oh my god. You are so cute...

Hugo, now a bit disturbed, continues on his way to a nearby SOUND STAGE as we enter...

HUGO'S POV:

Outside the stage stands a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, 20, with a CLIPBOARD looking at his watch.

He notices Hugo.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Mr. Modesto, you're early! That's great. Come with me. Can I get you some coffee?

They open the stage door and head...

INSIDE THE SOUND STAGE (STILL HUGO'S POV)

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
By way of breakfast, we have bagels, egg sandwiches, burritos, Greek yoghurt, fruit parfaits. I can get you any or all of it.

Rudy crosses their path.

RUDY
Hugo, the man of the hour. I'm excited -- I'm thrilled -- I'm ready to go. Have you read the sides?
(to Production Assistant)
Get him the sides. Please.

Rudy rushes off and Production Assistant hands Hugo some pages from his clipboard.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
So, so sorry, about that. Here's today's script.

They pass an ART DEPARTMENT WOMAN painting flames onto a MATTE BLACK HOT ROD.

Then they continue toward Kathy at the makeup station.

KATHY
Mr. Modesto, we have quite a lot of work to do, I'll be here whenever you're ready.

Further down the sound stage they pass FIVE GRIPS moving LIGHTS, C-STANDS, FLAGS, and SILKS toward the set.

Then they walk by Christian who is setting up SOUND EQUIPMENT with his LOCATION MIXER.

CHRISTIAN
(to Hugo)
Morning, champ.

EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED CREW MEMBERS ACKNOWLEDGES HUGO IN SOMEWAY.

Hugo and Production Assistant arrive at the open door of a DRESSING ROOM that is attached to the sound stage.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
This is your dressing room, I'll be outside if you need me.

Hugo walks through the door and into FRAME as CAMERA SEAMLESSLY EXITS HIS POV.

HUGO
Gracias. Thank you.

Production Assistant swings the door shut and walks away.

CAMERA holds on the outside of the door - there's a GOLD, STAR-SHAPED PLAQUE that reads:

**Hugo
Modesto**

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

CLOSE on Hugo's cold, DEAD face.

He has much more graphic and convincing make-up on this time. His skull looks squashed and there is a TIRE TREAD MARK across his face.

He's completely still until...

His eyes SLAM OPEN, he SPITS BLOOD from his mouth, and he looks straight into CAMERA.

HUGO
They should have called 1-800-TAXI-MAN!

Hugo grins.

RUDY (O.C.)
 Annnnd that's a wrap on Hugo
 Modesto!

Cut WIDE. We're back on the country road set. This time there's only a HANDSOME ACTOR and a GORGEOUS ACTRESS in the hot rod and Hugo lying on the ground. No clowns in sight.

The cast and crew applaud Hugo. He takes a bow. Rudy walks up and pats him on the shoulder.

RUDY
 Excellent work today. I couldn't have
 done it better myself.

HUGO
 Thank you. If you like, I will do
 more advertisements. I want to.

RUDY
 Hey, if this one's the winner I think
 it'll be, we'll talk. Plus, you still
 owe me some time to sit down, pick
 your brain. I can't wait to see the
 movie. I'm gonna be first in line!

Hugo fumbles.

HUGO
 Oh -- si -- yes. Please don't
 hesitate, I am available for you.

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)
 Yo, Hugo, get over here, bud.

RUDY
 I guess you're a popular guy. Go
 ahead. Great working with you.

Rudy extends for another handshake and Hugo once again accepts. Then he finds Christian across the room, breaking down his equipment.

CHRISTIAN
 It's now or never, I'm gonna buy
 Kathy a drink. What's my angle?
 What's your go-to play?

HUGO
 What?

CHRISTIAN
 What's our strategy here? Y'know with
 Kathy.

HUGO
 Oh. Speak from your heart.

CHRISTIAN
 Yeah, okay. Here goes.

HUGO'S POV: Christian walks over to Kathy and puts his arm
 around her. We see him mouth something. She pushes him off.
 He retreats back to Hugo.

CHRISTIAN
 Small setback.

HUGO
 You'll keep trying, you are strong.

CHRISTIAN
 Fuck.

HUGO
 Es okay. Things will get better. My
 woman es not the most loving right
 now either.

Christian gets a spark in his eye.

CHRISTIAN
 Shit, it's Miller Time, son.

SMASH TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE on two bottles of Miller High Life clinking together.

REVEAL: They are both Christian's. He is sitting at the bar
 next to Hugo. This is a classy joint.

A SEXY BARTENDER hands Hugo a glass of water. She might be
 the most attractive woman anyone has ever seen.

CHRISTIAN
 (to Sexy Bartender)
 Couldya get me a pencil?

SEXY BARTENDER
 Comin' right up.

She walks away.

CHRISTIAN
What a day we've had.

HUGO
It feels great to work again.

CHRISTIAN
Fuck that. At the end of the day, a man needs -- he deserves -- the love of a woman. And look at us. No one's buying.

Sexy Bartender comes back and hands Christian a PEN.

SEXY BARTENDER
'S'all I got.

CHRISTIAN
Thanks.

He begins sketching on a COCKTAIL NAPKIN.

SEXY BARTENDER
Is there anything else I can do for you? Anything at all?

Christian doesn't look up from his napkin.

CHRISTIAN
Thanks, Sweets. We're fine.

Sexy Bartender and Hugo look confused as she turns away.

HUGO
I think what you deserve might be hiding plain in front of you.

Hugo gestures to Sexy Bartender. Christian looks up.

CHRISTIAN'S POV: Sexy Bartender is taking a CUSTOMER's order further down the bar. She feels Christian's stare and shoots him a quick, inviting smile.

This broad is pure sex on a stick. She's our type, she's your type, she's everyone's type.

CHRISTIAN
She's not my type.

Christian downs his first beer.

CHRISTIAN

So really -- tell me: how does a guy go from starring in a mega studio blockbuster to that sorry excuse for a gig we just pulled?

HUGO

The advertisement was full of life. It was a great job.

CHRISTIAN

(fake coughing)

Uh -- Bullshit. Ahem.

HUGO

A fellow actor on Ben's film -- she tells me today that they have "snipped" me out of the movie. I do not really understand, but I think it might be why Mandy will not talk to me.

CHRISTIAN

You never got a hold of her?

HUGO

I went to see her. Forced my way to her office, but two men -- they carry me out of the building before we can speak.

CHRISTIAN

They actually picked you up? Like off the ground?

Hugo gives a slow nod.

HUGO

She looks me right in the eye as they carry me away. Says nothing. On the elevator down -- still they lift me -- dangle me like some sort of puppet.

Silence.

Then Christian tries to stifle his laughter.

CHRISTIAN

Are you telling me that your golden ticket, Ben Bull, falls out of the sky?

He waits for a response.

HUGO
Yes?

CHRISTIAN
So they cut you from his movie.

Hugo nods.

CHRISTIAN
And your agent, who you've been
regularly boning, now wants nothing
to do with you?

All hope is drained from Hugo's eyes.

CHRISTIAN
Sheesh.

HUGO
(realizing)
And I have nowhere to sleep.

Christian bursts out laughing.

The gravity of Hugo's situation has come into full focus on his face. Christian notices this grim look and starts drawing again.

CHRISTIAN
Perfect. I didn't know what to do
with the face, but now you've
inspired me.

He hands his napkin to Hugo.

ON THE NAPKIN: A hastily drawn portrait of Hugo that perfectly captures his current forlorn expression.

CHRISTIAN
Whaddya think? Now you will always
have something to remember that shit-
tastic feeling by.

Hugo motions to Christian: "*Gee. Thanks.*"

CHRISTIAN
But don't worry, I've got great news.
Life-changing news!

HUGO
What es that?

CHRISTIAN
I've got a guest bedroom. You're staying with me.

HUGO
Could I really -- no, I could not bother you this way --

CHRISTIAN
-- There's no question. You're staying at my place even if I have to tie you up and drag you home with me.

HUGO
Thank you. Just until I get back on my feet.

CHRISTIAN
It's no biggie. Dad pulled the old murder suicide on the mom 'bout a decade back -- got this great big house all to myself now.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small suburban home.

A BLACK FORD F150 with a BED CAP pulls into the driveway. Christian and Hugo exit the vehicle.

CHRISTIAN (PRE-LAP)
This is your bedroom.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Christian and Hugo stand in a boilerplate bedroom. The bathroom door is left open.

CHRISTIAN
There's the bathroom, great water pressure all around. If you need anything, ask. I'll go grab some towels.

Christian leaves Hugo alone.

Hugo nervously paces and surveys the room. He wipes dust off an old stereo, feels the bed sheets, pulls his comb out of his pocket, and combs his hair.

Then he passes by a wastebasket with a single piece of CRUMPLED PAPER in it. He grabs the paper and flattens it out.

ON THE PAPER: An exquisitely composed doodle of a lanky, naked man with a comically large, veiny, throbbing penis. He wears a spiked dog collar with a chain leash.

Hugo doesn't know what to make of this.

CHRISTIAN (O.C)
Hugo, you've got to see how soft
these towels are!

Hugo, startled, drops the paper back in the wastebasket.

Christian storms in carrying a TOWEL and a WASHCLOTH.

CHRISTIAN
I just got these new towels from
Neiman Marcus -- they're the best!
Check out how soft they are!

Hugo reaches to feel the towel, but before he can, Christian shoves the washcloth in his face and holds it there.

Hugo struggles for a bit but then **passes out**.

Christian eases him onto the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hugo, still unconscious, sits on a sturdy METAL CHAIR in the center of an unfinished room with BUZZING fluorescent lights. His hands are HANDCUFFED behind the chair back. He has noticeably more facial hair than when we last saw him.

Squatting against the wall is the man from the doodle, referred to here as FIDO, 30, too tall (think 6'8'') and gaunt in a way that suggests deformity. He is naked, and yes, chained to the wall by a SPIKED DOG COLLAR.

Christian enters FRAME. He has a POLAROID CAMERA in one hand. He kneels down and points the camera at Hugo.

CLOSE on Hugo. The FLASH of the camera pours over him. FLASH, again. FLASH number three. His eyes inch open.

Christian takes the camera out of his face. He grins.

CHRISTIAN
 Good morning, sunshine! Sleep well?

HUGO
 What -- where --

CHRISTIAN
 -- Don't worry, you're completely
 safe.

Hugo surveys the room, then realizes he is handcuffed.

CHRISTIAN
 We're all here as friends.
 (to Fido)
 Hit it!

Fido shoots to his feet and walks over to a BOOMBOX on the floor. He presses play with his big toe.

Eddie Money's seminal masterpiece, TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE fills the room. Christian grooves with the music.

CHRISTIAN
 Now, I'm glad you could join us. I've
 been dying for some new blood --
 speak, Fido!

Fido belts along with the music. His voice is stunted. Like he is deaf, traumatized, or hasn't heard himself speak in years. Occasionally he omits or fumbles a lyric.

FIDO
 -- GOT A SURPRISE ESPECIALLY FOR
 YOU --

HUGO
 -- Let me go.

CHRISTIAN
 Oh let me think about that one.
 Lifeline, I need to use a lifeline...
 NOTTA CHANCE.

FIDO
 -- SOMETHING THAT BOTH OF US ALWAYS
 WANTED TO DO --

At this point, Hugo is wide awake and struggling. Christian snaps another polaroid of Hugo. FLASH.

FIDO
 -- WAITED SO LONG, WAITED SO LONG --

CHRISTIAN

Let's get to the bottom of something
right now, 'cause I'm curious. What's
it like down there?

Christian can't help laughing after every question he asks.
He's having the time of his life.

FIDO

-- WAITED SO LONG, WAITED SO LONG --

Hugo is stone faced.

CHRISTIAN

Come on, bottom feeder, give me a
taste.

Hugo spits at Christian. Camera FLASH.

CHRISTIAN

Play nice.

HUGO

Not a chance.

CHRISTIAN

Cuban spice, oh my.

FIDO

-- WAITED SO LONG, WAITED SO LONG --

CHRISTIAN

I've got a good one for
ya -- what's your biggest --
hold on, here comes the
chorus...

FIDO

-- WAITED SO LONG, WAITED SO
LONG --

Christian joins Fido in song. Fido really starts to SCREAM
the lyrics. Almost like he's competing with Christian.

CHRISTIAN

*I've got two tickets to
paradise
Won't you pack your bags,
we'll leave tonight
I've got two tickets to
paradise
I've got two tickets to
paradise*

FIDO

*I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WHY DON'T PACK YOUR BAGS, WE
LEAVE TONIGHT
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE*

CHRISTIAN

I fuckin' love this song! Woo! Now, my question was: what's your biggest fear...

(shit eating grin)

...and what was it two minutes ago?

Christian *really* laughs after that one.

HUGO

You don't scare me. You are little man. Sick man.

CHRISTIAN

That's fresh.

FLASH, another polaroid.

CHRISTIAN

Tell me -- what do your parents think of the creature they made? Could they even look at you?

Hugo seethes.

CHRISTIAN

Alright, you don't have to answer that on your first day. Let's get to the important stuff. Are you a decent fuck? How do you fuck a woman?

HUGO

Jesus Christo.

CHRISTIAN

I've always wondered about the angles with your kind. Are you limited to only a few positions? I could see woman on top being problematic -- hey are there special positions you can do that other people can't? Oh shit, I bet there are. Tell me. How did you and that little miss super agent go at it? I bet she wanted to be on top. Did that hurt?

Hugo struggles to break free more than ever.

Camera FLASH.

CHRISTIAN

Stay put now, we have a lot more to get through this session.

FIDO

-- OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH
OH OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH
OH --

Fido is out of breath from singing at the top of his lungs. He rests for a verse.

HUGO

Why do this? What is reason? I never do nothing to you.

Christian is ecstatic. He syncs with the music.

CHRISTIAN

Know why because I've waited so long, waited so long. You see, Hugo, it's been a while for me. Waited so long, Yes, I've waited so long. I'm a little... anxious.

Fido and Christian once again join for the chorus. Christian is louder and more enthralled this round. Every time he says "Two Tickets", he points one finger at Fido and another at Hugo.

CHRISTIAN

I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WON'T YOU PACK YOUR BAGS,
WE'LL LEAVE TONIGHT
I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WON'T YOU PACK YOUR BAGS,
WE'LL LEAVE TONIGHT
I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WON'T YOU PACK YOUR BAGS,
WE'LL LEAVE TONIGHT
I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE

FIDO

I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WHY DON'T PACK YOUR BAGS, WE
LEAVE TONIGHT
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WHY DON'T PACK YOUR BAGS, WE
LEAVE TONIGHT
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
WHY DON'T PACK YOUR BAGS, WE
LEAVE TONIGHT
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE
I GOT TWO TICKETS TO
PARADISE

CHRISTIAN

You know, you never really know a person, until you've been in their basement. I'm not crazy, you see, I'm not.

CLOSE on Hugo's handcuffed hands. He can almost reach his COMB from his back pocket. Christian doesn't realize.

CHRISTIAN
I just feel for folks who drew a bad
hand in life, you know?

Christian points across the room. CAMERA PANS from Christian over to a wall we haven't seen before. Attached to this wall are HUNDREDS OF POLAROIDS.

The song has ended. The MUSIC stops.

CLOSE on a polaroid of an ELEPHANT WOMAN.

CLOSE on a polaroid of a MAN WITH NO NOSE.

CLOSE on a polaroid of SIAMESE TWIN GIRLS.

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)
We're all just people-organs-tissue-
matter-atoms, right?

CLOSE on a PAPER DOLL CHAIN. The faces are cut and pasted from polaroids - a bruised Fido head, next to a grinning Christian head, next to an unconscious Hugo head.

Christian snaps a photo. FLASH.

CHRISTIAN
Look, I'm being nice -- I don't have
to be. You are here because, for the
first time, someone understands you.

HUGO
You feel bad for me? Do not feel
anything for me.

This boils Christian's blood.

CHRISTIAN
You see -- THAT'S NOT VERY NICE! I
don't think you're hearing me.

Christian pulls a SWITCHBLADE from his back pocket.

A new shade of fear washes over Hugo.

Christian ambles over to Hugo and...

PLUNGES the knife into his leg!

Hugo WAILS.

CHRISTIAN

Now, why does it always have to be like this? Things could be better -- for you -- if you just cooperate the first time. Like Fido.

Christian takes another photo. FLASH. His mood sours.

CHRISTIAN

(to Fido)

Hey, what happened to the music!?!

FIDO

(indecipherable)

Wah? Agh!

CHRISTIAN

How many times have I told you to keep the song playing!?! REPEAT, MOTHER FUCKER. Constant repeat.

Fido fumbles around with the boom box. He presses button after button. Still no music. Christian approaches him.

CLOSE again on Hugo's hands. He grabs his comb at last! Then he pushes one of its TEETH into the keyhole of the left handcuff.

CHRISTIAN

I can't fucking believe this. You never do anything right.

Christian kicks Fido hard in the stomach. Fido recoils and then stands up.

FIDO

(indecipherable)

RAAAWWHHHRRRRRRGGGG!

Fido sounds more wookie than human. Christian gets right up in his face.

CHRISTIAN

I should have never trusted you with such an important job! You're just a stupid mongoloid. Nothing like Hugo. He'll fit in down here like you never did. Sure, he's not been so forthcoming so far, but we're gonna cut him some slack -- it's only his first day. He'll learn. But you. You never learn -- you never learn anything! WHY ARE YOU SUCH A FUCKING RETARD!?

Fido grabs Christian by his head and TEARS into his JUGULAR with his teeth. Blood GUSHES out.

CLOSE on Hugo successfully uncuffing one hand.

Fido lets out a primal, sustained GROWL and starts biting into other areas of Christian's flesh.

Christian struggles to cover his wound. He GASPS for air.

Hugo, mortified, picks the other handcuff and painstakingly crawls up the stairs, knife still in his thigh.

At the top he is stopped by a door. It's locked. It won't budge.

He looks toward Christian - there has to be a key on him - but there's no way Hugo is getting close to Fido.

Escape is futile.

Just then, the door is broken open from the outside. Hugo barely dodges the door's abrupt swing.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Let's go! Move, move, move! We got him!

SWAT TEAM LEADER pulls Hugo through the doorway and storms the basement with his SWAT TEAM.

The Swat Team, guns drawn, surrounds Christian and Fido.

A pool of BLOOD covers half the floor. Christian ceases writhing and his body goes still.

Fido looks up from Christian to the encroaching Swat Team.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Face down on the ground!

Fido lets out a thunderous SNARL. He rushes Swat Team Leader.

Each member of the Swat Team fires a controlled BURST.

Fido's body hits the floor.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on Hugo. He looks catatonic. HOLD FOR AN UNCOMFORTABLE AMOUNT OF TIME. Eventually, someone comes and covers Hugo in a BLANKET. He doesn't seem to notice her presence.

REVEAL: That someone is Clara Young.

She sets a piping hot CUP OF COFFEE on the CONFERENCE TABLE in front of Hugo.

CLARA

Just rest. You're safe now.

HUGO

Yes. Safe.

A KNOCK on the door, it opens:

DETECTIVE JERBILS, 40, suave and wearing a leather jacket. He nods at Clara.

CLARA

They want to ask you some questions. Think you're up for it?

HUGO

Thank you, Clara. For everything. You are a true espiritista.

JERBILS

(to Clara)

Ready?

Clara smiles, kisses Hugo's cheek, and leaves.

Jerbils enters the room. He takes an ELECTRIC SHAVER out of his pocket, starts running it across his face, and sits down across from Hugo.

JERBILS

Glad you're okay, son. They woke me up pretty early to come haul you in.

HUGO

I am grateful. Very grateful.

JERBILS

You're one lucky son-of-a-gun. If your pretty friend hadn't called -- I don't know about any "psychic visions" -- but, you're god damn lucky.

Jerbils squints at Hugo and then turns off his shaver.

JERBILS

Now, you look familiar. I know you from anywhere? I bring you in on something before?

HUGO

No. I do not think we have met. I am new in this town.

Jerbils accepts this and resumes shaving.

JERBILS

Yeah, your probably right...

Jerbils' face lights up.

JERBILS

Oh, shit! You're the little guy from that taxi commercial! Right? Am I right?

Hugo is surprised. He nods.

JERBILS

Oh man, that commercial is hilarious!
(poorly imitating Hugo)
Hey yo, ya should have called 1-900-TAXI-BOY.

Jerbils laughs.

HUGO

I did not know it would show so soon.

JERBILS

Hold on. You tellin' me you haven't even seen it yet?

HUGO

No, not yet.

JERBILS

Well, my man Larry's the one that showed it to me. Hell, I think he's working right now. Hold on one second.

Jerbils moves to the door and opens it.

JERBILS
 (yelling)
 Hey, Larry!

LARRY (O.C.)
 What?

JERBILS
 (yelling)
 You still got that tape?

LARRY (O.C.)
 This week's Pervert Chasers?

JERBILS
 (yelling)
 Yeah, the one with the taxi
 commercial on it -- the little zombie
 guy.

LARRY (O.C.)
 Yeah, I got it.

JERBILS
 (yelling)
 You're never going to believe this!
 Get over here and bring the tape.

Jerbils moves back over to Hugo and is followed by LARRY,
 50, overweight, slobbish. He is carrying a VHS TAPE.

Jerbils points at Hugo.

JERBILS
 Look who it is.

Larry takes a hard look at Hugo.

LARRY
 I don't know. Who?

JERBILS
 Picture him with his face squashed,
 numbnuts.

LARRY
 Oh, little zombie man. Yeah.

JERBILS
 Gimme the tape. He hasn't even seen
 it yet.

Jerbils grabs the tape from Larry. He pushes it into the VHS PLAYER below the CRT TELEVISION mounted in the corner of the room.

Hugo watches the television intently.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

The title sequence of *Law & Order: SVU*. DUNDUNDUNDUN-DUN. FAST FORWARD begins. We catch brief glimpses of scenes. Three very PREGNANT TWEENS play jump rope. MARISKA HARGITAY has a heart to heart with them. ICE T punches a MIDDLE AGED POLITICIAN in the face, forcing Mariska to remove him from the interrogation room.

Finally, we arrive at Hugo's commercial...

It's the middle of the night on a country road.

Hugo looks down the street. Both ways. Not a car in sight.

He starts crossing the street.

ANGLE on a BIG SUV slamming around a corner onto the same street. The SUV is driven by a Handsome Actor. He is speeding like a bat out of hell.

Hugo is halfway across the street, he turns and sees the SUV, squinting at it's headlights...

...but it is too late. Hugo is pancaked.

On the driver's face: "Oh Shit!"

REVEAL: Handsome Actor isn't alone. A Gorgeous Actress raises her head from the man's lap and wipes her mouth.

GORGEOUS ACTRESS

What was that?

CLOSE on Hugo's cold, DEAD face.

His skull looks squashed and there is a TIRE TREAD MARK across his face.

His eyes slam open, he spits blood from his mouth, and he looks straight into camera.

HUGO

They should have called 1-800-TAXI-MAN!

Hugo grins.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jerbils claps for Hugo. Larry doesn't seem to care.

JERBILS

Woo! Yeah! Alright! 1-800-TAXI-MAN!
You really nailed that line.

HUGO

Thank you.

JERBILS

Just a great commercial. They should
make a whole bunch of 'em, right,
Larry?

Larry gestures: *"Sure, whatever."*

HUGO

Actually, yes. I am told we will do
more.

JERBILS

Uh oh. Sorry to break it to ya buddy,
especially after the week you've
had... but you're an illegal
immigrant. And we're the police. We
caught ya. I mean we'll keep you here
for a day or two but after that
immigration's gonna pick you up and
drop you back in whatever hell-hole
you climbed out of. One less
cucaracha.

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The jail cell door SLAMS over Hugo.

Hugo is alone. He limps over to the cell bench.

He massages his thigh. A fresh bandage peaks out of the hole
in his jeans. Blood seeps through the clean dressing.

He lies down and attempts to get some shut-eye.

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.C.)

HO...LEE...SHIT. The turtle man.

Hugo, startled, shoots to his feet.

He realizes who is occupying the cell adjacent to his:
Eddie Adams, Micky Ward, the Lone FUCKING Survivor:
Mark Wahlberg.

MARK WAHLBERG
What are the fuckin' chances of this?
I don't believe it.

HUGO
Why are you here?

MARK WAHLBERG
They gotta throw me in here every
once in a while. Cool me out. I live
life on the red line... Quarter mile
at a time... You see that movie?

HUGO
No.

MARK WAHLBERG
Dope fuckin' movie.

HUGO
I am sick of "movies." I do not even
want to hear that word.

MARK WAHLBERG
Don't be a jealous schmuck.

HUGO
Not jealous. Tired.

MARK WAHLBERG
Whatever you say, pal.

HUGO
Please -- let me sleep.

MARK WAHLBERG
I'm not stoppin' you.

Hugo lies down once more.

HUGO
I want this to be over and to never
see you again.

MARK WAHLBERG
Excuse me?

HUGO
This is not where I am meant to be.

MARK WAHLBERG
If you're in this room, you deserve
to be here. I DESERVE THIS.

Hugo sits up again, he can't believe this guy.

HUGO
But I do not deserve. It es accident.
Everything es accident. Like I am
some sort of... shit magnet.

MARK WAHLBERG
Cut the shit and cough it up. What'd
you do to land yourself in the lock-
up?

HUGO
Maybe es best if we do not talk.

MARK WAHLBERG
Whatever.

Awkward silence. Hugo once again tries to get some sleep.

Mark notices Hugo's stab wound.

MARK WAHLBERG
Is that a -- did somebody stab you?
What the fuck did you do to make
somebody wanna stab you?

HUGO
Nothing. Nada. Not my fault.

Mark laughs.

MARK WAHLBERG
No way. Don't buy it. Every person I
ever seen get stabbed deserved it. Or
at least shouldn'ta been acting the
way they did.

Hugo stays silent.

MARK WAHLBERG
Bet you were being an icy little
fucker. You sure got that one down.

Hugo, fed up, stands and stares at Mark through the bars.

HUGO

You know it took me six days in ocean to get to Miami? I keep paddling. I do not know if even the right direction. I do know I probably die out there, but to me, it was worth it. I come to America. For freedom and opportunity. They say "honest day's pay for an honest day's work." Es all I wanted. But when I get here, they give things I did not earn: double bacon cheeseburger, job as "star of movies", beautiful agent seductress, passionate lovemaking, a great friend who gives me place to stay in his magnifico casa. What did I do I should get these rewards?

Hugo is unraveling.

HUGO

But not so fast, at party, I am attacked? I am beaten, bruised! For what? I still do not know! But, I have Ben and Mandy to care for me, so things can not be so bad, right? Wrong again, Hugo! Ben dies! In airplane crash. I was just on airplane. Why do you people even get on those things? Es loco. And what can I do? What do you do? I go to work. Honest, humble work. At first anyway. But of course, es not the end of it, because in blink of my eye, I am not in movie, Mandy will not see me, I have nowhere to sleep, no one to love. And then --

MARK WAHLBERG

-- You broke the law.

HUGO

No! New friend offers place to stay for night. I end up in -- in -- I do not even know what it was! Basement sex experiment. It was horrible -- tortura! Man sick in head. He hurt and drug me.

Mark doesn't understand.

HUGO

So, Hugo, next time you're hurt and drug, what are you going to do? Not be rescued by the policia! That es for sure. Nunca mas! They no care what happen to me. They just want me gone from their country.

Hugo breathes heavy, calming down.

Mark takes it all in.

MARK WAHLBERG

You think all of those things were accidents? There are six people responsible for everything you just told me: you, you, you, you, and you. That's it. Number one: you gave a killer audition. That's right. I saw the footage. Mind blowin' shit. You earned stealin' that part from me. Number two: you pissed off Burt Rooney. He's an unstable mother fucker. Everybody in this town knows that. You didn't handle your politics right. He had to kick the shit outta you. Third: you did a shit job in that film. Beginner's luck with the audition, sure. But the rest of the work didn't hold up, the performance wasn't there. That's why you got cut. Number fuckin' four: you couldn't satisfy your woman. Of course she left your sorry ass. Five: you trusted some weird fuck to help you out? You're a fuckin' adult, right? Right? I'm pretty sure you are. That's first grade shit. Stranger danger mother fucker. And finally big numero six: you broke into this country illegally. Are you fuckin' kiddin' me, little man? You hear how great this country is and you decide to ram it up the ass -- forced entry! This is the mother fuckin' God blessed United States of America.

Mark rips open his shirt. Scrawled across his chiseled chest is an impeccably detailed tattoo of MOUNT RUSHMORE but with five heads: Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt, Lincoln, and Wahlberg. A BALD EAGLE flies over the monument holding an AMERICAN FLAG by its talons.

He grabs Hugo through the bars and gets down on his level.
CLOSE on Mark Wahlberg's trembling face.

MARK WAHLBERG
Fuck you, you illegal immigrant piece
of trash. Go home.

SMASH TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Hugo, CUFFED at the wrists and ankles, is escorted onto an
UNMARKED BOEING 737 along with TWO DOZEN HISPANIC MEN AND
WOMEN by SIX ARMED I.C.E. AGENTS.

If Hugo's eyes were dammed they could power all of New York
City. Because he's crying. A lot.

PRE-LAP AUDIO: The plane's engines CRESCENDO to full force.

EXT. PLANE - SUNSET

CLOSE on Hugo gazing out the passenger window.

CAMERA slowly ZOOMS OUT to reveal the flight has already
taken off. We eventually land WIDE on the plane.

The sky is on fire.

FREEZE FRAME.

Hugo and the plane are completely engulfed by THE SUN. They
are in the exact center of the raging fireball.

A perfect circle.

FADE OUT.

Neil Diamond's AMERICA kicks right back in from the 0:46
second mark as we...

ROLL CREDITS.