

TINA (40,) African American and Comanche mix, Parker's mother, appears in his doorway with a box. PARKER (18) African American with Comanche, is packing his things to take to school.

TINA

Would you like to have your father's writings?

PARKER

What, like his poetry or whatever?

Tina sets the box down beside Parker.

TINA

Yeah, there's poetry here, plays, sheet music of his compositions. I've been carrying it around forever in case you wanted it someday.

Parker pulls out some poems and reads them to himself.

PARKER

Yeah, I want it. Damn, this is good. How old was he when he wrote this?

TINA

This stuff is from his late teens to 25. I stopped collecting his work after we divorced.

He reads some sheet music and hums the melody to himself.

PARKER

Damn, these songs are original compositions? I guess I didn't realize how much skill he had.

TINA

He's brilliant. So many gifts.

PARKER

What made him so self destructive?

TINA

You'll have to ask him that someday. But what I witnessed, was he took some really strong LSD and he just never seemed the same after that.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

It threw his brain chemistry off. Some people are neurologically vulnerable to psychedelics, and your dad is clearly one of those people.

PARKER

Yeah, I'm cool off the chemicals. Ganja is enough.

TINA

Well you have to go easy on the ganja. School is hard and weed scatters your focus.

PARKER

I'll keep it under control.

Tina springs up and leaves the room.

TINA

Oh my God, I almost forgot. If you only knew how difficult it's been to keep this from you until this moment. But I promised your dad, many years ago.

She returns with a guitar case.

PARKER

Who's guitar is this?

TINA

Well, it was your dad's. Now it's yours. He knew he would have sold it if he had access to it. So I've been hiding it at friends homes for the last twelve years, baby.

Parker opens it to reveal a stunning AIRLINE GUITAR FROM THE 50S. Parker plays a little riff on it.

PARKER

Yoooooo! This is a work of art. It's in great shape! Just needs new strings.

Tina embraces her son and kisses his cheek.

TINA

I'm so proud of you honey. Grandma and Grandpa are smiling on you too. And I know your dad would be so proud.

PARKER

Thanks mom.

Tina hands Parker a postcard.

TINA

When you're ready, here's your dad's latest address. I don't have a number for him, but he's good about writing back if you send him a letter. No pressure to see him, but in case you feel inspired.

Parker looks at the post card and looks at his mom for a few beats without words.

6 I/E. LAX - DAY 6

Parker pulls his bag off of the baggage claim ring and walks outside to the bus stop.

7 EXT. BUS STOP CALARTS - DAY 7

Parker exits the bus with his BIG DOUBLE GUITAR GIG BAG, A GIANT DUFFLE BAG and A CARRY ON BAG.

He carries his heavy burden up the hill.

8 E/I. CALARTS DORMS - DAY 8

Parker puts down his bags and looks at his CAMPUS MAP. TWO YOUNG LADIES (18) walk past parker; one wearing a GUATAMALAN DRESS while her friend wears a THAIDYED GREATFUL DEAD SHIRT and CUTOFF JEAN SHORTS. They both smile at Parker.

Parker opens the door to his dorm room. STANLEY (18) Chicano, is already set up half of the room with his things. He sit's playing air drums, with headphones on. TWO BIG METALLICA POSTERS adorn his side of the room.

STANLEY

What's up.

PARKER

Hey brother.

STANLEY

You play guitar?

PARKER

Yeah, man. Drums?

STANLEY

Hahahahaha! Hell yeah. You want to get high?

PARKER

Hell yeah!

23 EXT. CALARTS PARKING LOT - DAY

23

Parker comes running with his GUITAR CASE AND BACKPACK on. Zach and Shem are in the car already.

PARKER

Hold up!

ZACH

You trying to roll?

PARKER

Yeah man, if you could drop me in South Central.

ZACH

No doubt. Come fawad, Rasta.

24 E/I. ROLAND'S ROOMING HOUSE APARTMENT 47TH ST. - DUSK

24

Parker exits the car and looks around then walks to the house. He knocks on the door. The door opens to reveal BOBBY (67) African American, standing in striped pajamas with an open robe. The SOUND OF TWO BOTTLES CLINKING TOGETHER RINGS OUT IN THE DISTANCE.

PARKER

Is Roland here?

BOBBY

Yeah, he's back in the kitchen.

Bobby steps aside to reveal Roland framed in the doorway at the end of a long dark hallway. Roland stands at the kitchen table pouring a VODKA BOTTLE into a BEER BOTTLE, and making a clinking sound because his body trembles with the DTs.

Parker looks down at the threshold of the front door, then at his father. He takes a deep breath and walks down the hall with resolve.

Roland is startled and reels around as Parker enters the KITCHEN.

ROLAND

What! Now, why you want to surprise me like that!

Roland puts down the bottles.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I didn't want you to see me like this. I'm shaking because of the DTs.

Roland opens his arms and the two embrace.

PARKER

It's okay, I don't care about that, man.

ROLAND

Look at you! You're a grown man. Last time I saw you... Damn, man. You look just like your mother. Here, my room is back here.

Roland leads Parker into his bedroom and Parker sits in the chair while Roland sits on his bed.

PARKER

I brought you some trail mix. I remember you always liked to eat peanuts. I remember how we used to feed the swans.

Parker pulls a bag of TRAILMIX out of his backpack and hands it to Roland.

ROLAND

That was real thoughtful of you, thank you. I have to chew on my left side because I have a broken tooth on my right. I have the shakes because I have been going through withdraw the last few days. I threw out my pipes, haven't been drinking.

PARKER

That's great. I know it's hard.

ROLAND

I hope you're not smoking too much grass and drinking too much up at school. You know that's why I never finished.

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I only ow one semester, but I never could pull it together to go back to school and get it done. They call is writers' disease, alcoholism. I can't get over how much you look like your mother. I don't see myself at all. I haven't talked with her in a long time, is she alright? We had about two years of real love. We were married for four years, but we had about two years of real love. I haven't been lucky to find that kind of love since, either. Can you believe that? True love is such a precious thing, I hope you can recognize it when you have it and value it and treat it with all the honor and respect it deserves. Ten years... I can't believe it's been that long. Insane. It's best you spent this time with your mother because I haven't been in a state to be the kind of father I would have liked to be to you. But then I never really had an example of what a good father looks like. I didn't meet my father until I was twelve and didn't get to really know him at all until I was twenty two. You're lucky, he's still in town, so you can meet him tomorrow. You were about six year old the last time you saw him, right? I would say he hasn't changed, but I think he's aged quite a bit. He's been losing at his card games, and I think he must be going a little bit senile at this point. He got pickpocketed by this strawberry and that's just way out of character. He was an extremely street smart type, all his life. Owned a pool hall and traveled all through the South playing poker, basically pulling a fast one on Black doctors, lawyers and morticians with loaded decks and counterfeit twenty dollar bills. A real hustler.

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

He's such a genuinely intelligent person, had to leave school to cut cane and support his family after sixth grade, and found a way to do well for himself for many years. Now, you might be looking around at how I'm living and thinking I'm just drinking and smoking my life away, but I have not been waisting time. I have not been WAISTING TIME! I may not be working on any music, and don't even own a guitar right now, but I've been concentrating on my writing. Marx and Engles wrote their manifesto, and I'm writing mine. I realize it's human nature to have free enterprise, but with keeping one basic wage that can support everyone in society working a four day work week, it doesn't matter the type of work, weather you're a janitor or a brain surgeon, work is work, then people are free to work more as they see fit. Those who acquire more expertise in their field enjoy the higher quality of life in doing what they truly love, not motivated simply by income. I have been experimenting on exactly how much one needs to spend to survive and have the essentials met nutritionally, with some leisure, and some mobility in terms of getting around. These ideas go way back to theocratic socialism in Egypt, and the Greeks had communal ownership. Both Mazdak, in the Persian empire and Abu Dharr al-Ghifari, a disciple of the Prophet Muhammad, had proto-socialist systems that were religiously based, Zoroastrian and Islamic, respectfully, while mine is influenced by true Christianity, with people free to practice whatever Spiritual tradition they want. I'm motivated by the teachings of unconditional love. I know you love Malcolm X, but we have to really study the teachings of Dr. Martin Luther King as well, especially his teachings of Agape, or unconditional love.

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I personally he think he may have turned some people off by using the Greek terminology but that's a whole other conversation. You see I have not been wasting time!

Roland stops rambling for a moment and holds his stomach.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

They say that cocaine doesn't have physical withdrawal symptoms, but it hurts. It hurts. I'm in pain.

Roland gets a wild look in his eyes and starts looking around the floor of his room.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I need to smoke something. I'm not going to sit here and suffer like this.

Roland drops down to his knees and starts scanning the carpet.

PARKER

I'd prefer if you didn't smoke in front of me.

ROLAND

Oh, I'm definitely going to smoke something.

Roland pulls out a BROKEN PIPE from his WASTE PAPER BASKET, and keeps searching.

PARKER

For real, I don't want to watch you smoke crack, pop.

ROLAND

Why not, that's my reality right now. You and I are sharing a common reality of what is. What use is escaping reality? Now here, I knew I'd find something. Does that look like the rock to you?

Roland extends a TINY WHITE CRUMB of something to Parker.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Well, we're going to find out, I'm going to smoke it.

Still on his knees, Roland takes a long draw from the pipe. Silent tears fall down Parker's cheek.

Roland takes a moment in a calm state of reflection with his eyes closed.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You know... I think that might have been some coconut or a little piece of the ceiling, but the resin on the sides of the pipe help with the pain. But I need the real thing.

Roland goes back to his search. It's now dark outside. Parker glances out the window weighing his options.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Okay, enough with the trail mix, I think I found the real thing. You see that? That's some legitimate crack cocaine.

He's gone to far. Parker springs to his feet and raises his voice.

PARKER

Look at you! You're on your knees! You're on your knees in this room and you're on your knees in life!

ROLAND

I know I'm on my knees. I know, I'm on my knees.

PARKER

Get up!

ROLAND

No, it's good for you to see me like this. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO SEE ME LIKE THIS! Now, you won't follow in my footsteps. You picked up the guitar, but you won't pick up my habit. You won't inherit my disease.

Roland takes a draw from the pipe and Parker walks out of the room, and leaves the house with his guitar and backpack on.

Parker is back in his guitar trance, sitting outside perched on a bench beside the table of dancers; Yolanda, Devon, and TWO FEMALE DANCERS. The dancers laugh amongst themselves, but the camera rests on Parker and his concentration. The dancers say goodbye to Yolanda and she stays behind, listening to Parker and studying him. His eyes are closed and he plays bluesy riffs, ebb and flow of dissonance and harmony.

YOLANDA

I don't want to stop you from playing, but I want to ask you what's going on, because you're breaking my heart a little bit with this music.

PARKER

I didn't mean to.

YOLANDA

That's what we all say.

PARKER

You don't have to tell me you're a heartbreaker, I already knew.

YOLANDA

Do I look cold hearted to you?

PARKER

Maybe I should ask your man. Where's he at?

YOLANDA

He's gone.

PARKER

What, like he died?

YOLANDA

He's on tour and said he wants his freedom, so he's gone.

PARKER

So that means I might have a shot?

YOLANDA

That depends.

PARKER

On what?

YOLANDA

On how real you can be when you
tell me where that blues comes
from.

PARKER

Well, in the last 24 hours, I saw
my father who I haven't seen for a
decade, on his knees searching for
crack rocks, then smoking them, saw
my grandfather who maybe started
the cycle of absent fathering, and
he gave me some cash and told me if
players were innocent, they
wouldn't play the game. Some kid
spit at my dad, then put a gun in
my face when I confronted him about
it. Yeah, I was just around a lot
of misery, and joy, and
disappointment and love, and
heartbreak.

Yolanda comes and sits next to Parker.

YOLANDA

Thank you.

She leans in and gives him a little kiss on the lips.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Your dad sounds like my mama.

PARKER

Damn. What hurts so bad you got to
smoke crack?

YOLANDA

Let's go to the beach and watch the
sun set.

PARKER

For real?

YOLANDA

For real.

37

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - DUSK

37

Parker and Yolanda walk along the beach holding hands and sit
in the sand.

PARKER

You're like the only person I know
from Detroit.

Parker pulls out a little BAG OF GANJA and starts to roll a
SPLIFF WITH ROLLING PAPERS.

YOLANDA

Seems like every other person I
meet is from New York.

PARKER

We everywhere.

YOLANDA

If you're rolling that thinking I'm
about to smoke, I'm not with it.

PARKER

You don't smoke?

YOLANDA

I don't even like being around it.

PARKER

I don't have to have it. Just
thought it would be nice. But it
already is nice.

He puts the ganja back in his pocket.

YOLANDA

Will you go back to Brooklyn after
Calarts?

PARKER

Maybe I'll go kick it with you in
Detroit?

YOLANDA

I don't think I'll live there
again. I like it here.

PARKER

I like it here too. I think I'd
like it more if I had you on my
lap. Too bad there isn't a bench
right here.

YOLANDA

You think we need a bench?

Yolanda sits on Parker and he kisses her a little longer this
time.

PARKER

Damn. How come you so tenderoni?

YOLANDA

Well, you pretty tenderoni your damn self.

PARKER

I could get used to this.

YOLANDA

Things usually don't work out, but we can enjoy it while we can.

PARKER

Let me dream for a while.

YOLANDA

Let's dream together.

They kiss again.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Just stay real.

PARKER

I'm real.

The sun sets.

49

E/I. THE DANGEROUS CURVE GALLERY - DAY

49

Outside the gallery THREE TEENAGE PUNKS smoke CIGARETTES.

Inside. The CHICANO HARDCORE BAND INTERLOCKED (4 PIECE BAND) play to a CROWD OF 30 very stylish Punks who have an epic MOSH PIT going.

Interlocked sing their song *Freedom Is Not Free*.

The crowd is on fire with youthful mosh energy. AKZAYAKATL "MEXI" MEXIKATZIN addresses the crowd after they finish.

AKZAYAKATL "MEXI" MEXIKATZIN

Thanks for coming out, we are Interlocked. We got a cool group from New York or some of them are from there, up next; Reckless Eyeballers.

Parker, Zach and Stanley do a quick change using the same Drums and amplifiers as Interlocked.

JAMES (26) Caucasian nazi skinhead, shirtless in RED SUSPENDERS, taunts from the back of the room.

JAMES
New York Knicks suck!

PARKER
We were too young but Willis Reed was the man. We are the Reckless Eyeballers.

Stanley starts kicking the base drum. Parker has eye contact with Yolanda, who stands with her friend Celeste.

PARKER (CONT'D)
The rumors of Bush bringing back the draft are bogus because that would create equality among the casualties of war. Does anyone remember Panama?

The band kicks in at full force and the crowd responds with moshing and bouncing around. Parker sings.

PARKER (CONT'D)
*Hold up, I thought Noriega was your friend
He kept it gangsta, kept the cocaine rollin in
He filled your pockets so you could fund Contras
But you prefer to test weapons for your war yantra
Panama!
How many children were killed in vain
Panama!
Look, behold the pale horse rides again
Panama!
You poured your napalm on how many mass graves
Panama!
Whack ass graffiti on that missile read Jesus Saves*

Parker takes a guitar solo.

Celeste leans into Yolanda as they dance.

CELESTE
Your boyfriend is so hot!

YOLANDA

He's not my boyfriend. But yeah.

Back on stage, Reckless Eyballers play another uptempo song.

PARKER

*Every where I look I see God
In every single set of eyes I see
God
I see God in you and you and you
Ramakrishna n Rolling Thunder told
me to
I see God in you and you and you
So did Bahá'u'lláh, Yeshua,
Muhammad and Desmond Tutu
I see God in you and you and you
Yeah, everywhere I look I see God*

Parker takes a scorching solo.

Reckless Eyballers have finished playing and are just chilling talking to folks. Parker stands beside Yolanda and James comes up behind them.

JAMES

How come all the groups from New York are Hare Krishnas?

Parker turns around and faces James.

PARKER

Cro Mags are the aren't Hare Krishnas but they sing about the Vendas.

JAMES

You guys butt fuck each other in the Hare Krishna temple?

Parker takes a few steps closer to James.

PARKER

What's your problem?

JAMES

This is LA. We don't get with that Hare Krishna faggot shit.

PARKER

Nah, but you walk around with a swastika on tatted on your body and most of us just chalk it up to you being out of your mind and leave you alone. You don't like my music, cool, don't listen to it.

JAMES

I'm going to fuck you up.

James pulls out a HAMMER and swings it at Parker and Parker drags James's leg into a split, splitting his pants all the way at the crotch. THE BOUNCER (35) Samoan, comes up behind James and puts him in a bodylock and drags him out of the gallery.

YOLANDA

That was smooth like butter! He got exposed! Literally.

CELESTE

Lucky he had his draws on.

ZACH

I don't get that whole movement. Hitler wasn't cool. I don't see the charisma at all. Like Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix, Malcolm X... these cats had actual charisma. Like you'd want to hang out with them. Who want to hang out with Adolf?

PARKER

Dude carries a hammer...

YOLANDA

Come on over here.

50

INT. YOLANDA'S CAR - DAY

50

Parker and Yolanda make out in the back seat of her car.

Yolanda comes out of the kiss.

YOLANDA

I'm not your girlfriend.

PARKER

I know.

She kisses him.

YOLANDA
I'm not your girlfriend.

PARKER
Nah, you can barely hold a
conversation.

They kiss again. Yolanda pulls back.

YOLANDA
I'm seriously not your girlfriend.

PARKER
You're a mediocre lay at best.

YOLANDA
Shut up.

They kiss and she pulls away.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
I'm not your girlfriend.

PARKER
I could never fall in love with
you.

She pauses at the confession, searching his eyes.

YOLANDA
Good. Because I'll definitely break
your heart if you do.

They kiss and she unbuckles his pants.

SOUND: RECKLESS EYEBALLER'S UPBEAT SONG "Don't Kill Bears"
begins and follows throughout the next scene.