

LONG DREAMS

By
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ESTABLISHING SHOT - INT: 1000 CLAIMS CENTER, GARDEN CITY - GREENROOM -DAY.

A group of Reporters and Camera people fill the room with idle chit chat as they anxiously await the identity of the biggest Lotto winner ever. Mr. Carson, the Official Lottery Representative has just emerged from behind the black curtain to the right of the makeshift stage and accosted the podium. He taps lightly on the mic checking for sound as a slight squeal then a hum resonates over the speaker system. He adjusts the mic and clears his throat to speak.

MR.CARSON

Ahummm. Morning Ladies and Gentlemen. Eddie Carson for the Commission, - Lottery Commission, that is, - let's have no mistakes. I wouldn't want anyone here to have to print a retraction by week's end.

The small group of Reporters & Camera people politely chuckle with a jovial attitude.

MR. CARSON

(con't)

I'd like to thank you all for coming out this morning. As you well know, this is the largest Lottery jackpot in history. \$365,000,000.00 dollars and of course the lump sum being, after taxes, approximately \$99,600,000.00 dollars.

REPORTER

Hey that's nothing to sneeze at either.

MR. CARSON

This is true. But some poor unfortunate shmuck opted for the lump sum and now I have to give them the "bad news".

Again the crowd chuckles. From the left side of the stage, A tall Greek man, Demitri Donavan, the rugged European type, his pregnant wife Mayra, a exceptionally beautiful Spaniard woman, even with child, and their nine year old son Nico are lead center stage. Everyone claps as they enter.

MR.CARSON

These are the Donavans. Demitri, his wife Mayra, and their son Nicolace.

Cu To: Nico as he shouts out over the speaker and applause.

NICO

Nico.

MR.CARSON

Excuse me?

We see a Reporter signal to her Cameraman to pick up the kid.

NICO

Only my grandmother calls me Nicolace -- and my mother, sometimes, when she gets mad at me.

Again a slight jovial laughter rumbles from the television crews as they prepare to go live.

MR.CARSON

O.K., well -- Nico it is. -- Anything special you plan on doing with your half of the money, Nico?

NICO

I wanna umm (pause to think) buy a baseball team.

As he gets another burst of laughter from the small audience the Reporters realize this kid is going to make the story and they all begin to focus in on him.

MR. CARSON

Pretty ambitious kid.

Mr. Carson begins to feel slightly upstaged as he refocuses the Reporters.

MR. CARSON (CONT'D)

Well Mr. & Mrs. Donovan. I was just telling these reporters I have some good news and some bad news, which do you want first?

They politely smile at each other as to say, "we want the bad news first". In his best English hampered by his heavy Greek accent Demitri speaks.

DEMITRI

We'll take the bad first.

MR.CARSON

You're not going home with \$365,000,000.00 today. In fact, you're not going home with anything near that amount. What's more, you're going to pay more taxes than the Nassau County deficit this year and every year there after for the rest of your life I might add.

MAYRA

I certainly hope diss good news is better than diss 'Mitri.

MR. CARSON

That's for you to decide Mrs. Donavan. But enough (cuffing his two forefingers in the air) "Bad news". Let's get on with the Good. You are the "one" and "only" ticket holders of the lump sum total of \$99,600,000.00 dollars. Let's hear it for the Donavans.

Applause rumble the small Green Room as Demitri and his family are handed a six-foot photo check. The cameras flash away in a flood of flickering lights. Unbeknownst to room is a commotion emanating from the back that spills over toward the front and grabs our attention.

Cu - To: Security Guard with two men making their way through the crowd.

SECURITY GUARD

WAIT! Wait a minute, wait!

CHARLES

Stop thief!

ANDREW

He stole my ticket!

With that untimely announcement being bellowed from the back of the room came a gasp of uncertainty from the whole crowd. All cameras swing for a shot refocusing into chaos. A row of confusion envelopes the crowd as several people jostle through the small group of reporters toward the stage. One cameraman, K'Lon, records the whole outburst from the onset while the other cameras struggle to follow suit.

POV - K'LON'S EYEPiece.

K'LON V/O

As I stood there filming this foe-paw unfolding I couldn't help thinking, is this is how it all began?

CU-TO: ON STAGE.

Demitri is vehemently denying any allegations in his heavy accent while going back and fourth between English to Mr. Carson and his native tongue with his wife. While at the same time the shocked Lotto representative is trying to regain order. Andrew Fastow & Charles Ponsey are rushing the stage with the Security Guard, screaming.

MR. CARSON
Everyone Please!

CU-TO: BACK TO POV OF K'LON EYEPiece.

K'LON V/O
It was May 8th, 9:26am that much I knew for sure, exactly four minutes before we were to go live. After that, everything else seemed to be a surreal blur to me.

DEMITRI
What the hell is this!?!

MR. CARSON
Whoa. Calm down.

ANDREW
(@Demitri)
You're a thief - Not to mention the fact you assaulted me and my friend.

MR. CARSON
(@Andrew) What do you mean?

DEMITRI
Liar! I never even saw you before in my life.

CHARLES
I want to file charges against that man for assault, grand thief..

MR. CARSON
Theft.

CHARLES
What ever. (beat) Ah, you making fun of me, or sum'n?

MR. CARSON
Absolutely not. You seem to be doing a good job of that all by yourself.

ANDREW
Oh you're a wise a*s hun. -- Everybody we have a wise a*s and a thief here.

At that, a slight scuffle takes place that could be construed as an on stage melee of sorts, which is quickly quelled by the Guard holding back the two men and Mr. Carson separating the Donavans. K'Lon repositions himself and focuses his eye piece, as all cameras continue to roll.

NICO

Stop calling my Daddy a thief! Fat boy.

MAYRA

NICOLACE! Shhhh!

MR. CARSON

Calm down everyone. Exactly who are these gentlemen?

SECURITY GUARD

(@ MR.CARSON)

I saw something odd on the monitor around back and went to check on it. I found these two gentlemen badly beaten and laying in the trash. I pulled them both out and asked what happened. They told me (pointing at Demitri) that man pistol whipped them both and stole the winning ticket from them.

Once again the whole room gasps in disbelief.

MR. CARSON

(@Demitri)

Is this true?

DEMITRI

Wha... Hell... I mean of course not. No.

MAYRA

Honey, what's going on?

ANDREW

Yeah Honey, why don't you tell everyone here how you got that ticket.

Nico kicks Andrew in the shin.

NICO

My Dad's not your Honey!

ANDREW

Ouch! You see! The kid's just as violent as his father. -- Betcha they go 'round beat'n up sports league team mates, (@Nico) don't you. Ya lil'brat cha'.

MR. CARSON

I think we have a problem here.

DEMITRI

What problem? These two guys are lying. I don't even know them.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you have a gun on your person?

Demitri looks as if he's just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

DEMITRI

Wha...? What does that have to do with anything?

LOTTO REP

Answer the question.

DEMITRI

C'mon. You don't actually believe - these, scam artist, do you? -- Do you?

The Security Guard positions himself, unbuttons his holster strap holding his gun and speaks.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll ask you again sir. Do you have a pistol on your person, right now?

DEMITRI

Ahh, this is bull sh*t.

MAYRA

Just answer the question Demitri. (holding her stomach) This is making the baby upset.

DEMITRI

I shouldn't have to answer to these...

MR. CARSON

Under the circumstances I must inform you that... Andrew rips the six foot check from out of Nico's hands.

ANDREW

You forfeit Buddy.

NICO

Hey!

Mayra screams out in pain and folds over clutching her stomach.

MAYRA

Noooooo! -- Oh my GOD -- No.

MR. CARSON

What's the matter.

Demitri craddles her as she collapses in his arms.

DEMITRI

Is it the baby?

MAYRA

It's my -- Goddamned money!

ASSISTANT

We're live in...

MR. CARSON

You pull that feed or your fired.

ASSISTANT

It's not that simple.

MR. CARSON

It better be if you want to stay employed, understand. Now you get this situation under control and pull that feed, now!

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Donovan, sir. I am going to have to ask you to step away from your wife and put your hands above your head, nice & slow like, alright.

DEMITRI

Why, because you think I have a gun? (pulling out) alright. I'll admit it.

CU-TO: GREENROOM FLOOR.

The Reporters scramble, in an effort to get out of harms way, but more importantly, to go live to their prospective stations in a matter of seconds.

CU-TO: POV K'LON'S EYEPiece AT STAGE.

Mr. Carson tries to stop the feed from going live.

MR. CARSON

STOP THAT FEED!

In the far corner of the room we see the assistant frantically trying to stop a countdown on a monitor. Three, Two, One, Live. As the feed powers up with the opening shot Demitri is waving his gun on stage. Televisions across America see what appears to be a terrible situation spiraling out of control. Everyone panics chaos and pandemonium hit hard and fast while K'lon captures it all in his eyepiece.

REPORTER

How could this have happened?

DISOLVE - SUPERIMPOSED: TWO DAY AGO.

There is absolute euphoria everywhere as people all over town are buying tickets for the multi-million dollar lottery. Convenient store lines are out the door and around the block as would be hopeful millionaires stand in line giddy and gay. Gas stations are jammed with the expectation of striking it rich. It felt like a gold rush was on. Seven eleven's were like social gatherings holes where people got together and wished each other luck and good tidings. It was like Christmas without all the decorations. All the stations were broadcasting what was billed as the biggest jackpot in history, and rightfully so.

Ext. - Morning - Store front in a strip mall - Day.

It's a bright sunny day as a warm summer breezes suddenly whisks by. We see K'Lon walking across the parking lot toting his Cannon XL1 across his shoulder just like always.

POV - K'LON - INT: PEERING INSIDE THE WINDOW.

We see two men inside. One is sweeping the newly renovated store while the other person is positioning racks & hooks on the wall. They appear to be immersed in their work as they prepare for the upcoming grand opening. Unaware of the presence of a third party until a voice interrupts the harmonious sequence of their rhythm.

K'LON

Aaa-um, excuse me.

The cleaners suddenly stop and turn.

K'LON (CONT'D)

Funny how hindsight can be so precise,
isn't it. I mean if I knew then...

One answers.

POP

Yo wasup?

K'LON V/O

Know how you get that feeling, sh*t
just ain't correct.

K'LON

Owners?

ERIC

Who wants to know?

K'LON

Relax. I ain't police. Just wanna
hollar at 'em 'bout some - business.

POP

What kinda business?

K'LON

I do commercials, for the local vendors 'round here. Thought they might be interested. In advertising - television, ya know, like the big boys. These days you can't have to little, advertising I mean, if ya wanna survive in this business the trick is, not just advertising but the right kind of advertising.

ERIC

So what you say'n Ad MAN?

K'LON

Obviously, you ain't been listening to what I've been say'n. I feel I can make the difference between a successful business and a failure.

POP

(sarcastically)

Oh really.

K'LON

Look, I can see this might be a little over your heads but why don't you do this. (tearing off a piece of paper & scribbling) Give this to the owners of the store and...

ERIC

Ah yo, You ain't got no cards?

K'LON

Cards?

ERIC

Business cards. You S'pose to a bidness man, right?

K'LON

Most people I know, that give business cards, I didn't really wanna know or are fulla sh*t.

POP

Which one are you?

K'LON

Did I give you a business card?
(beat) What I gave you was a chance, to get ahead. I'm real in this. It's what I do, who I am. Feel me. I define myself by my work. So if you'd, look out, (handing the number off), I'd really appreciate it.

ERIC
Can't do that.

K'LON
(confused) What?

POP
No need to.

K'LON
Why not.

POP
Cause you already have.

K'LON
You say'n you own this spot?

ERIC
Every square inch of it. -- Still
think it was a sucker move but...
Yeah we own it.

POP
(talking to Eric)
Relax a'ight. (@ K'lon) Check it, I
like ya style. I'm digg'n the way
you came at us so um, bounce through
ta'marro and we'll polly, a'ight.

K'LON
It's all good. (they give the ghetto
love hand shake & pat on the back)
By the way my name is K'lon.

POP
I'm Pop. That's my man E.

ERIC
Whatever, whatever.

K'LON
So I'm say'n, how ya wanna do this?

POP
Just come through black, we'll be
here, we ain't goin' nowhere.

ERIC
For now, at least.

POP
We'll be here don't pay 'em any
attention he's just having what you
might call, hood withdrawal, right
now. But he'll come 'round.

K'LON
A'ight, ta'marro. I'll bring a copy
of my reel for you to check too.

POP
It's all good.

K'Lon gives a final hand shake before leaving, but pauses
for a moment with a curious look.

K'LON
By the way what's the name of the
store?

POP
Don't know yet.

ERIC
We was thinking about Eric & Pop's.

POP
What nigga! You mean Pop & Eric's

ERIC
What ever nigga.

K'LON
Well, what type of business?

POP
We're selling gear.

K'LON
Word.

POP
All type a sh#t up in here. Sneakers,
shoes, hats, & coats too.

K'LON
That's hot Bro.

POP
It's been a long dream of mine, a
real long dream. Now, I'm finally
making my dreams come true.

ERIC
I wish you'd make my dream come true
and clean this store up.

POP
Pssss. Jealous niggas. Know what I
mean.

K'LON

Anyway, I'ma move it out fam'. Even if we don't link, best of luck. Good to see you followed ya dreams.

POP

Thanks Black, ta'marro.

K'lon leaves the store and gets into a white jaguar with the lisenche plate reading "K'lon's Jag". Pop & Eric watch from the store window.

ERIC

Yo that nigga gotta be mak'n mad U.S. off them commercials to be push'n that joint.

POP

That's just the way sh*t is out here. Ain't nutt'n like the hood. We in the suburbs now, get use to it.

ERIC

I feel like a fish outta water here. We shoulda stayed in BK. We coulda opened up a store there.

POP

Yeah but it wouldn't have been legit and you know it. It just wouldn't have been the same.

ERIC

So what.

POP

Yo you know the deal. This store wasn't my dream. Being legit was. Getting out of the game. Being able to lay my head down at night without hav'n to worry 'bout whether or not I was gonna see the next day.

ERIC

Yeah but we was roll'n. No body was gett'n it like us. We had the whole block locked, for real.

POP

Look what it took to lock it down. Bodies, too many bodies. I'm still having nightmares. My conscious is eating me alive. (Beat) This is my therapeutic refuge, this is my dream and I thought it was yours too.

ERIC

My dream is to get this U.S. -- I
broke out wit you thinking we was
gonna expand -- but I see you really
on it, this being legit.

POP

For real man. For real.

ERIC

Then how the hell am I suppose to
get my U.S. back out this piece of...?

POP

Stay and help me work it, black.
For once in ya life be legit.

CU-TO: SUPERIMPOSE: Later on that day:

CU-TO: INT. - K'LON'S CAR DRIVING - VARIOUS DAY.

K'lon pulls out a marijuana joint the size of a Cuban cigar, places it on the dash, on studies it while driving. He grabs a tin can of Altoids shakes and opens it. Realizing he out, he pulls into the seven-eleven on Jerusalem ave. and ponders a few moments. Then leans over to the passenger's side and into the glove compartment. He removes a small black med kit that has a skull and two crossed bone on the cover. He studies this along with the joint a little while longer as if he were trying to decide what to do. Finally he chooses the black box and opens it. Inside we see a designer hypodermic needle encased in a black velvet interior and two bottles labeled poison also donning the skull insignia incrusted on the casing. He turns on his camera and positions it to record his every move, cranks up his music and injects himself.

POV - CAMERA: INT. - CAR - DAY.

K'lon's eyes fixate on the clear liquid as some of his blood burts into the IV. The viscosity of the drug begins to thicken with the mixture as blood and drug swirl & swiftly take shape. His mind begins to race into a altered state falling deeper and deeper into the effects of the fluid until we're soaring over a kind of liquid landscape. K'lon hyperventalates but handles it like an old pro as everything around him becomes convoluted. Images race through his inner mind's eye that awaken his artistic sense. People become spontaneous rays of light, buildings morph into globs of paint and the lines that separate and limit our consciousness are gone. Motion becomes non motion, light into dark, black into white, boundaries bleed into each other and perfect abstract images fill his mind. He notices the joint on the dash and decides to chase his inebriated state. The cloud that envelops the car is like a purple haze that appears every time he gets high. K'lon thinks in his mind that this cloud is what makes him a great cinematographer. So he uses his urge to get high as a crutch.

POV - K'LON: INT. - CAR - DAY.

Suddenly he notices the time and realizes he's late again. He puts all of his drug paraphernalia away and exits the seven-eleven Parking lot. As he drives down the streets his camera is mounted on the dash filming various scenes that he wouldn't have been able to capture had it not been for his altered state. Finally he gets to his destination, Eisenhower Park. He stumbles slightly as he exits his vehicle trying to gain control over his faculties. With his camera in tow.

POV - K'LON - EXT. - PARK - DAY.

With a slight hum and a snap of another lens K'lon swings up rolling. We follow all the exquisite footage he gains on this beautiful day.

CU-TO: EXT-A WEDDING PARTY TAKING PICTURES

The Photographer is posing the party when the groom speaks.

GROOM

Where the hell's this video guy
Fred!?!

FRED

He'll be here don't worry.

BRIDE

He better be. We paid too much money
to be cheated here.

At that K'lon strolls in. Fred notices him and hustles in into action.

FRED

Where the hell have you been? We've
been here for twenty minutes already?

K'LON

Relax Fred. Don't I always come
through for you? I'll be the best
they've ever seen trust me.

FRED

You'd better be, or your gone.

Hi as a kite K'lon films scene after scene with such precision that the initial animosity from the bride and groom has now turned to pure joy and gratification. He even shows them a preview of what some of the scenes will look like. Then they take off for the hall. Fred begins packing up.

FRED (CONT'D)

I gotta hand it to ya. You're one
hellava cameraman K'lon and you ain't
half bad at schmoozing either.

K'LON

And it's early yet. We didn't even
get to the hall.

K'lon helps his associate finish packing up and they leave.

EXT: SMOKE SHOP - HEMPSTEAD TURNPIKE - EASTMEADOW

A small group of people have congregated out front. Some cars pull up and park in the lot. Those people get out and gather along with the others. Moments later a white and yellow touring bus pulls up to the curb. The doors open. The Bus Driver exits. Now the significantly larger group of people form a line in front of the bus and pull out their tickets as they prepare to board. One by one they pass the driver and produce a ticket. He rips the top part of the ticket off and returns the bottom half to the rider. The riders board the bus and find seats. After a few minutes, the driver, gathers all the tickets and boards himself. He turns over the motor and grabs the handle to shut the doors. As the doors shuffle, a hand stops the motion and a head peers into the vestibule.

JOE

Meda. Got room for one more?

The startled driver reopens the doors.

BUS DRIVER

What the... You know I almost pulled
away. -- Next time make it here on
time or you'll be left.

JOE

My other bus was running late.

Joe boards and gives the drivers his already ripped ticket.

BUS DRIVER

What's this?

JOE

C'mon guy. I was try'n to save time.

BUS DRIVER

(shaking the ripped
ticket at him)

Next time you do this, you don't get
on, understand.

As the Bus Driver settles back down into his seat he begins to close the doors again and another hand enters the bus followed by a foot and half a body.

JIMMY

Hey! What's the rush!

BUS DRIVER

Who the... Alright what's going on here?

JIMMY

I'm trying to make the A.C. bus and you're trying to take off without me. That's what' going on.

Joe & Jimmy notice each other simultaneously on the bus.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ahhh Lil' Joey. What'sup guy?

JOE

Thought you couldn't make it?

JIMMY

You think we'd miss a day in A.C. and a chance to spend your birthday together. Nah, No way.

JOE

We? Whos' "we"?

JIMMY

Demitri ain't here? We were S'pose to... As the driver sits down once again, he pulls the handle in an effort to close the bus doors once more but they are stopped by yet another pair of hands.

DEMITRI

Hey. If I didn't know any better I'd thought you were try'n to leave me.

By this time the Bus Driver has gone from being startled to annoyed.

BUS DRIVER

Should I wait til nine thirty or maybe ten o'clock? The schedule says 9:26pm people. I've been here since nine o'six. Now I'm officially late to my next stop. You happy?

JIMMY/JOE

HEY DEMITRI!

The Bus Driver waves him on.

BUS DRIVER

Anybody else we should be expecting in this little get together of the "late bunch".

JOE
We're all here.

BUS DRIVER
Good.

Finally they get on the way.

SUPERIMPOSE: 10:23pm That evening.

INT: RESIDENTIAL HOME - WESTBURY HILLS - NIGHT.

We see a middle aged woman dressed in a white nurse's uniform scurrying about the house with one shoe on. She appears to be looking for her other shoe as a car blows outside. Someone yells from upstairs.

NICOLE
Mommy, your cab!

NURSE
I know. I can't find my other shoe!

NICOLE
Did you look in the kitchen?

The Cab blows again.

NURSE
What would it be doing there?

NICOLE
That's where you left them this morning when you came home from work.

She races into the kitchen and finds the other white shoe. The woman quickly puts it on, grabs her coat, and purse then heads toward the door. By the time she makes it to the front of her house the cab pulls off and is headed down the block. As she stands there completely bewildered, K'Lon's white Jag pulls up.

K'LON
Hey there sexy, need a lift?

NURSE
Did you see that? He just left me standing here.

K'LON
It's o.k. He must have known I was coming to take you to work tonight.

NURSE
I'm so tired of this. Every night it's the same thing.

K'LON

I don't understand why you don't drive. It's not like you don't have a vehicle. I leave a car here for you and you refuse. You wouldn't have to go through this if you'd, just drive.

NURSE

I know but I'm not comfortable driving at night anymore so I'd rather take the cab.

K'LON

Yeah but it'd be much less headaches if you'd just... Uncomfortable with the dialogue, she quickly changes the subject.

NURSE

Could you stop at seven eleven for me, gotta play my numbers.

K'LON

Yeah. Sure.

K'lon pulls into the seven eleven and she gets out. As she exits the car she envisions herself getting out of her limo in a beautiful cascading white dress instead of the nurse's uniform she's wearing. She brought back to reality by the sound of the clerks voice.

CLERK

Will that be all ma'am? Ma'am?

NURSE

(starry eyed)

Excuse me. Oh, yes that's it.

The Clerk hand her the freshly printed Lotto tickets.

CLERK

That's five dollars then and good luck.

The Nurse pays him and hurries out the store.

K'LON

Still playing your Lotto hun Ma?

NURSE

You know what they say, "you gotta be in it to win it".

K'LON

It's the big one tonight hun.

NURSE
\$365,000,000.00 dollars.

K'LON
Not bad for a dollar and a dream.

Suddenly she realizes she forgot something.

NURSE
(con't)
Oh I forgot to buy milk for coffee
and tea tonight (handing K'lon a
dollar) could you go in and get it
for me.

K'LON
Sure.

On the way in K'lon notices a man arguing over a Lotto discrepancy and he chuckles to himself. He heads into the store grabs a quart of milk and gets on line. He notices three people ahead of him. As he waits the Lotto ticker flashes \$365,000,000.00 in the red L.C.D. dotted display. The numbers seem to memorize him as they flash over and over again. Finally he reaches the counter.

CLERK
Will that be all sir?

K'lon hears the Clerk but seems to be transfixed on the L.C.D. screen for just a moment as he answers.

K'LON
Altoids and ummm. Let me get a "quick
pic" too.

CLERK
Just one.

K'LON
From what I've been told, one is all
you need.

The Clerk prints the ticket then rings up the milk and mints.

CLERK
Three fifty-five, sir.

K'lon pays him, exits and head back to his car.

INT: CAR

NURSE
I see you brought yourself a ticket
too hun.

K'LON

Like you said, "you gotta be in it".

K'lon gives her the milk and drives her to work.

CU TO: INT: BACK ON THE BUS - HIGHWAY.

The guys are chatting it up.

DEMITRI

Anybody for 99 bottles of beers.

JOE

Stop playing.

JIMMY

So what do you plan on donating to the "chump fund" I, I mean the "trump fund" tonight.

JOE

Not much tonight.

DEMITRI

What's "not much", Cause we already know what "a little bit" is to you.

JOE

Really, I only brought eight hundred dollars.

JIMMY

Eight hundred dollars?

DEMITRI

Hey! Cough up that five bucks you owe me. My Sporterican friend.

JIMMY

You do realize you have a problem.

JOE

Of course.

JIMMY

You spend your entire paycheck gambling every week. - Two weeks ago you made three grand. Last week you gave more than half of that back. Wasn't that money s'pose to be for a car? - This week your gonna give back the rest. - I gotta pick you up every night to go to work. I don't know Joe. You really need to think about your priorities bro.