

GRAFFITI DAZE

Pilot Episode "Night Birds"

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EXT. NIGHT BIRD'S BAR NY - NIGHT - FLASHFORWARD TEASER

Neon roosters glow. Aspiring artist JP DUVALIER (19) lies in the gutter. BERNHARD DUVALIER, JP's accountant father, brushes himself off. Rival artist, ABEL J. CAIN (30's) crouches near JP.

ABEL J. CAIN

(to JP)

You're going to pay, big time.

NORTON BROSNIC (20's), yuppie lawyer approaches JP pulling out a gun. With a kick, JP sends Brosnic and the gun flying. The gun lands near MIATA MILOU (20's) Nightbird's waitress and Mediterranean beauty.

Bernhard and Abel go for the gun. Miata picks it up, puts down JP's art portfolio, cocks the pistol and assumes a shooter's stance.

She blows off a couple well-targeted rounds. One of JP's drawings blows towards her leg.

MIATA

Now ask yourself, did I
hesitate? Otherwise, leave, NOW!

INTERTITLE IN GRAFFITI CALLIGRAPHY

*If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
without my stir.* (William Shakespeare, Macbeth, I.III)"

INT. BROOKLYN THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - DAWN

Sun's rays spill onto JP's canvas-filled room.

Next to JP's bed are photos of family, friends at Danceteria, multi-lingual notes and books: *Don Quixote*, *Grey's Anatomy*, *Greek Mythology*, *Leonardo's Notebooks*.

A picture of JP with his mother in a hospital gown sits near a "Picasso at the Met" poster, 'Defacing Public Property Summons' and 'OVERDUE' art supply bills.

BERNHARD DUVALIER (O.S.)

Jean Paul, Jean Paul!

JP grabs his knapsack and portfolio making his way down the stairway and out the door.

EXT./INT. NEW YORK SOHO GALLERIES - DAWN

JP walks out of the subway and into dawn sunlight of downtown galleries.

SEVEN ATHENIANS GALLERY

JP DUVALIER (V.O)
Some people aspire to be artists, I
was born one. My passion came
from my mother, watching her paint.

A mother looks at paintings with a baby in stroller.

GALLERY ATTENDANT
We're not doing new artists.

The baby drops her rattle which JP picks up.

JP DUVALIER
You scared the baby!

JP gives the baby her rattle.

GALLERY ATTENDANT
There was a young woman, starting a
gallery, Amina Carravagia. . .

HIPPOLYTA GALLERY

A couple NYU princesses copy an old master.

JP DUVALIER(V.O)
Carravagio. My English teacher
would quote Rilke, 'Dragons in our
lives, princesses waiting for us to
act - beauty, courage, grace."

GALLERIST #2
(looking at JP's portfolio)
Not this type of thing here.

UPPER WEST MINOS GALLERY

JP walks past TWO MOVERS carrying out a Pixellated snake painting.

JP DUVALIER(V.O)
Rainer Maria Rilke. Who would name
their son Maria or Rainer but I'm
from Brooklyn so I get it.

An EFFEMINATE ATTENDANT finishes a transaction for a well-heeled OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN
 (whispers to attendant)
 Looks like the kind of thing on the
 trains or in the Bronx - Graffiti.

JP turns the corner and sprays a labyrinth onto the wall
 before hopping a subway turnstile.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MORNING

JP sets up a series of his paintings near the Met's
 fountain, stairs and other artists.

JP DUVALIER(V.O)
 If you're an artist starting out in
 NYC, you need to think about ground
 zero, the big league, paying dues.

JP's paintings are a fascinating remix: graffiti, hip hop
 culture, classical art history motifs.

JP crouches to his portfolio, knapsack with crown and
 Kingfisher, smiling at the RED SLIPPERS of a beautiful young
 woman, MIATA MILOU who adjusts straps as she passes. He
 notices a scar on one of her legs.

MIATA
 (smiling)
 My achilles heel.

JP is radiant in the sun, style to spare with an amazing
 collection of paintings. Most tourists take no notice as
 they ascend Met stairs.

Abel J. Cain (30's), blazer over Diamondback snake t-shirt,
 trips over JP's feet.

ABEL J.CAIN
 Watch your feet, buddy!

JP DUVALIER
 You watch yours!

Abel's friend, KARL SCHOENBERG (late 40's), European art
 dealer, pauses in front of one of JP's paintings.

KARL SCHOENBERG
 (Swiss German accent)
 Where's your price tags?

ABEL J. CAIN
 (to Schoenberg)
 You're kidding, me? You're going to
 buy that?

JP DUVALIER
 Ten dollars.

SCHOENBERG
 What is your name?

Schoenberg gives him twenty dollars, waving away the change.

JP DUVALIER
 Jean Paul Duvalier. Call me, JP.

SCHOENBERG
 (to JP)
 Jean Paul Duvalier, JP, French?

JP DUVALIER
 Haitian and Puerto Rican, I'm from
 Brooklyn.

ABEL J. CAIN
 (to Schoenberg)
 Brooklyn, unschooled, vamos.

SCHOENBERG
 (to JP)
 This looks like 'more' than
 graffiti. Good luck.

Schoenberg takes the painting and walks away. A couple
 people look at the artwork. Jean walks a tightrope on the
 fountain's edge.

A little girl, ARIADNE, in a Roman princess costume, holds a
 doll and 'Caterpillar' word card. She walks along the edge
 with her mother, AMINA CARRAVAGIA (30's).

The girl lets the word-card sail. JP catches it, taking his
 Sharpie to it.

JP DUVALIER
 Caterpillar. Can you say
 'Chrysalis', cutie?

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
 (Italian accent)
 Khrysallidos.

Ariadne takes the card which now has the caterpillar
 transformed to an amazing graffiti butterfly.

JP DUVALIER
Meta-mor-pho-sis.

Birds flutter in the background. Amina examines JP's drawing. Ariadne hands JP her doll.

ARIADNE
Buttah-fly!

JP
From the land of buttah-flies,
little doll.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
La La land. We've moved here from
LA.

JP DUVALIER
You don't sound like La La land.

Carravaglia picks up Ariadne.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
We're originally from Rome.
Reestablishing ourselves here
now. Buenasera. Grazie!

They continue up the stairs.

JP DUVALIER
Grazie, signorina and Madame
Buttah-fly!

Seas of people pass. JP gathers his art and makes his way to the subway stairway.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DUSK

Chalk-drawn graffiti masterpieces fill the asphalt: NYC, Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*, Picasso's *Demoiselles d'avignon*. AN AFRICAN AMERICAN BOY and JP's little sister CAMILLE skip over them.

CAMILLE runs up to JP handing him a different piece of chalk.

CAMILLE
Finish the labyrinth, Jean Paul.

LITTLE BOY

Please?

A car speeds over a chalk-drawn crown on black asphalt near a manhole.

JP finishes the Demoiselles on a hopscotch snake-like labyrinth: *HAITIAN VEVES, Ghede, Erzulie Frieda, a graffiti Warhol Campbell's Soup, two stick men boxing.*

The children hopscotch: *Theseus, dagger, crown, golden ball of thread and gun to the labyrinth's center Minotaur.*

STAIRWAY NOISE and a window SLAMS OPEN. A couple of JP's drawings sail out the window.

JP DUVALIER
(looking up)
Oh, no. Dad, no.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

BERNHARD Duvalier (40's) accountant throws art books out the window: *Kline, Twombly, Warhol, Picasso.*

BERNHARD DUVALIER
(yelling out window)
You skipped school again?

JP DUVALIER(O.S.)
(yelling from the staircase)
Dad, really. We can discuss this.

Bernhard looks over books: *The Divine Horsemen, Tell My Horse, Voodoo Flags, a Postit-filled Spanish Don Quixote.*

BERNHARD DUVALIER
(yelling out window)
Where are your accounting books?

JP DUVALIER(O.S.)
I sold them to buy more brushes.
Saving my inner child.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Saving your inner child? This is
for your inner child.

Bernhard picks up the Don Quixote, lights it up and throws it out the window.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

The flaming Don Quixote sails buffeted by wind, flying in slow motion and landing on the center labyrinth square. The children and JP look on, hypnotized.

JP DUVALIER(V.O)
A book, a star, a living fire..

A low rider barrels down the street towards the boy who walks to the burning book where snake meets labyrinth.

JP tackles the boy onto the grass. The boy lets out a WAIL.

EXT. DANCETERIA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

AVE MARIA (19), distinctive New Wave style, stands in line next to a bouncer, velvet rope and 'VOGUING, BREAK-BEAT, HIP HOP, FREESTYLE CONTEST NIGHT' sign.

JP makes his way down the street.

AVE MARIA
(yelling)
JP, dance contest, new teams
accepted.

JP DUVALIER
Voguing freestyle Hip Hop? Are you
ready?

JP joins Ave Maria in line.

BOUNCER
No cover, no entry.

AVE MARIA
(pulling out wallet)
I'm loaded!

The velvet rope opens.

INT. DANCETERIA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A club mix of Early Eighties New Wave and Hip Hop blares while a crowd dances on the floor.

Ave Maria (early 20's), aspiring singer, goes to register the pair for the contest. Jean's friend, STELLAR SAWYER SIX (20's), rapper and ghetto impressario, approaches.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX

JP, my man. I need to introduce you to someone.

JP

Another blind date?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX

Working it, JP, and her name is Cherry Red. She's doing a music video.

JP DUVALIER

A music what?

Stellar Six pulls JP through a MAZE OF PEOPLE. They come upon CHERRY RED(20's), sitting at the judge's table.

STELLAR

Cherry, I want to introduce you to my friend, the artiste, JP Duvalier.

CHERRY RED

(ironically)

Haven't we run into each other somewhere?

JP

Paris, Piazza in Rome, Fall shows in . . .

STELLAR SIX

(Butting in)

JP is one of the legendary taggers in NYC. He would be great for your video.

CHERRY RED

Oh yeah, what'd you tag?

STELLAR SIX

Only half the East Village.

JP

And every express to the Bronx. What do you need a tagger for?

CHERRY RED

A music video. A story for my song.

JP.
Sounds musical.

CHERRY RED
I need someone who can break, too.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
You got the right guy.

Ave Maria returns.

AVE MARIA
We're on the list.

CHERRY RED
Voguing together?

ANNOUNCER
Our next contestants, 'High C' and
Low Rider'.

AVE MARIA
That's us.

JP DUVALIER
High C and Low Rider?

AVE MARIA
Had to think of something.

JP DUVALIER
Am I High C or Low Rider?

Ave and JP break it down - a unique sexy eighties
voguing/breaking style.

FAST FORWARD

The pair come off the floor and JP goes for drinks, spotting
Stellar Six and Cherry.

CHERRY RED
Wow, you want that gig?

JP
Thanks, I'll think about it. I do
have a busy artistic agenda.

STELLAR SIX
(under his breath)
Take it, bro. You need the money.

CHERRY RED

Tell me if you want to do it.

MIATA MILOU (19), aspiring dancer, Lady Macbeth costume, fits her red slippers next to her BOYFRIEND, near JP.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX

JP, you're not sleeping at my crib.
My mom said N-O. You need a J-O-B.

JP recognizes MIATA's red slippers from the Met but now also notices a scar on her shin.

JP DUVALIER

I didn't say 'N-O'. I said I'd
check my schedule.

STELLAR SIX

Cherry's almost got a number one
song.

AVE MARIA returns noticing Miata's boyfriend, NORTON BROSNIC (20's), grabbing her. Her crown and props fall.

MIATA

(to Boyfriend)

I need to do this, for me, it's
cathartic and therapeutic.

NORTON BROSNIC

Look, we're going home and you
should cover that up not dance with
that.

Brosnic points to scar on Miata's leg and Miata crouches to pick up her Macbeth props: crown, dagger and cloak.

MIATA

These need to be placed. ..

JP notices MIATA wipe a tear and fix her mascara. Brosnic kicks the crown away and grabs her.

ANNOUNCER

Miata Milou, Hallelujah, on the
floor.

MIA

Let go of me! I need help.

JP picks up the knife and crown which has rolled to his feet.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
 (to Brosnic)
 You heard the lady, let go of her.

NORTON BROSNIC
 (to Stellar and JP)
 Butt out and gimme those.

JP DUVALIER
 You butt out. (to Miata) I'll help
 you.

AVE MARIA AND MIATA MILOU
 You will?

JP
 Is this part of your act?

JP gives her the knife and crown.

MIATA
 (to JP)
 Thanks. Just follow my lead.

A hip hop remix of Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah begins. Miata
 pulls Jean onto the floor in a slow, sexy S&M like vogue.

HALLELUJAH LYRICS
 Your faith was strong, you needed
 proof, You saw her bathing on the
 roof, Her beauty, the moonlight
 overthrew you.

AVE MARIA
 Sawyer, we're not in Kansas any
 more.

Stellar doesn't know whether to laugh, cry or give JP a high
 five.

HALLELUJAH LYRICS
 She tied you to her kitchen chair,
 She broke your throne, she cut your
 hair. From your lips she drew the
 Hallelujah.

Miata's dance climaxes. Cherry Red and Ave Maria stand
 mouths agape. Miata mounts the crown on JP's head to
 complete the number. A waitress walks by Sawyer.

WAITRESS
 You want anything, hun?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
(Looking at JP)
What he had.

The crowd rises and applauds.

ANNOUNCER
Hallelujah. Would all contestants
hit the floor for the final
freestyle!

AVE MARIA pulls Jean back onto the floor under disco lights.

JP DUVALIER
But I was just Hallejuah'd.

FAST FORWARD

JP comes off the floor, finding a spot on a corner plush
velvet red couch and quickly falling asleep, exhausted.

EXT. CAR ACCIDENT - NIGHTMARE

The large brights of an oncoming vehicle.

A little boy, Jean, looks into the brights as a car crashes
into him.

This transforms into JP with his mother MATHILDE, a young
Puerto Rican island beauty looking into his eyes on a
hospital bed.

The little boy depicts a car crash with crayon and paper.

INT. DANCETERIA NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

JP blurrily opens his eyes to Milou, in a shiny skirt and
red boots next to him on the couch, awakening him.

MIATA MILOU
Kimosabe, we won. They just called
our names. Were you having a
nightmare?

ANNOUNCER
Hallelujah to the stage.

JP DUVALIER
 (still waking Up)
 I crashed. My dad kicked me out
 today.

They make their way from club periphery to center stage.

ANNOUNCER
 Let's have a round of applause for
 the winners, Hallelujah Vogue Miata
 Milou. (to Mia) What's his name?

MILOU
 (to JP)
 What's your name, sweetie?

DUVALIER
 JP, Jean Paul, JP Duvalier.

MILOU
 (to Announcer)
 JP Duvalier.

Gloria Gaynors 'I will Survive' begins. MIATA and JP dance
 as club denizens flood the floor.

MIATA MILOU
 Thanks for going with it and being
 my partner. Is that French?

DUVALIER
 I'm Haitian and Puerto Rican.

MIATA MILOU
 Cool. I'm Palestinian British
 Canadian.

JP DUVALIER
 Palestinian British Canadian. I
 guess that explains the dance.

They make their way back to the couch. JP gathers his
 drawings and portfolio hidden under the couch.

MIATA MILOU
 A healthy way of working through
 traumas of war. Are those yours?

JP DUVALIER
 Yeah, I'm an artist - officially
 looking for a day job. Was that
 your boyfriend?

MILOU

Not anymore. Wall Street preppie
goon.

Milou starts to put on her jacket, a labyrinthine golden
thread design shimmers.

DUVALIER

Golden threads.

Milou winks at Duvalier as she walks out.

MILOU

I work at Nighbirds in the village,
if you ever get down that way.

EXT. DANCETERIA ENTRANCE - DAWN

Clubgoers exit. A poorly-dressed producer gives AVE MARIA's
demo tape back. Miata walks past carrying her trophy.

PRODUCER

Think about that look.

AVE MARIA

(to Cherry Red)

I'm not doing 'Pat Benatar'.

CHERRY RED

(to Ave Maria)

'You got the look!' (yelling) And I
was a judge so I should know.

JP makes his way out of the club.

CHERRY RED (cont'd)

(yelling to producer)

Combining with Hip Hop and Rap is
the future.

JP DUVALIER

You got that right 'and it don't
stop till the break of dawn.

JP notices AVE MARIA's T-Shirt, "Boy Toy".

JP DUVALIER

And on and on - love the font.

AVE MARIA
It don't come cheap for you
anymore, pretty boy!

CHERRY RED
JP, you thought about my video?

JP DUVALIER
In my dreams. I want to do it.

CHERRY RED
Cool, Friday, nine am, CB's.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN BACK ALLEY - DAWN

Stellar Sawyer Six and DOUBLE D (20's, Puerto Rican tagger) graffiti a building. SARGEANT FORRESTER, a West Village cop (30's), spots them.

Stellar Six picks up his ghetto blaster. They run towards JP.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Yo' bro, you're late. What's up!

JP DUVALIER
You know, dance contests, damsel in
distress type stuff.

Forrester follows the three, JP's portfolio configured as a backpack add-on.

DOUBLE D
(pointing to portfolio)
Is that your superhero cape in
there?

JP DUVALIER
Caped crusader pressed into action.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Your old man kicked you out again?

JP's expression changes. They duck into an alley. A homeless man rummages books among garbage.

JP DUVALIER
What really got me was that he
torched my Don Quixote.

DOUBLE D
Really, Don Quixote. Off the chain!

They watch as Sargeant Forrester passes them and then continue into the East Village, CBGB's looming.

DOUBLE D (cont'd)
Stellar, tell JP.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
It's an idea for a rap dance art party.

The frenetic energy of downtown moves around them: yuppies, rappers, No Wave kids, Drag Queens and punks.

DUVALIER
Cool. What is it?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Graffiti art hip hop. I call it 'Multi-media'.

They move through the middle of everything: the early 80's East Village Bohemian art scene: St. Marks, Tompkin's Square Park, Galleries, Theaters, Cafes.

DOUBLE D
Multimedia. Don't forget the break beat.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
The problem is no one will give us an indoor venue.

They stop in front of a street payphone.

DUVALIER
Let's call a few people. Afternoon trial run. Make magic happen.

STELLAR SIX
Where?

JP DUVALIER
Right here. Saint Marks.

DOUBLE D
NO way!

DUVALIER
2:30, Double D sharp.

MONTAGE PHONE CALLS

Duvalier places in quarters and makes calls handing the receiver to Sawyer and Double D.

EXT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAWN

Bernhard Duvalier speaks on the phone, moving coins near his desk ledger.

His secretary, MS. DARLA (30's), British, fishnets, stands outside his open office door, holding a stack of folders.

BERNHARD DUVALIER

(on phone)

Morty, can she be committed without her signature? I also want full custody.

Ms. Darla enters placing the stack in front of Bernard, and adjusting her skirt. Bernhard grabs her.

MS. DARLA

(struggling)

The police left a message earlier. Graffiti and JP again?

Ms. Darla notices a family picture: Mathilde, Jean Paul, two young daughters and Bernhard in happier days.

BERNHARD DUVALIER

He's run away.

MS. DARLA

The sargeant said he'd call you if they pick him up.

Ms. Darla tries to squeeze away. Bernhard pulls her close near a Haitian metalwork Minotaur statue.

BERNHARD DUVALIER

Jean Paul will not listen.

Behind Bernhard are NYU accounting degrees framed by Veve flags: *La Sirene* & *Erzulie Frieda*.

MS. DARLA

And Mathilde?

Bernhard turns Ms. Darla around.

BERNHARD DUVALIER

She's back in the asylum. I need to sign her institutionalization papers.

Ms. Darla breaks away and pauses at the coat rack next to an exhibition poster, *Sacred Arts of Haitian Voodoo*.

MS. DARLA

When will the divorce be final?

BERNHARD DUVALIER

As soon as this lawyer gets his act together.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SUBWAY TRAIN STATION - DAWN

JP, Double D and Stellar Six jump the turnstile towards the subway stairs as the oncoming D train pulls in.

INT. UPTOWN D TRAIN MONTAGE - DAWN

The train is crowded. The three find a place in the last car near the back window. Stellar puts on his ghetto and starts to Beatbox to the PASSENGERS' annoyance as D moonwalks.

The train goes from full in the Village to a 9-5 midtown crowd exiting, to empty in the Bronx.

Double D takes out a felt marker and defaces a western mountain cigarette ad. JP adds his signature: golden thread, ball of yarn, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza stick figures.

A couple of planes make their final descent to La Guardia.

JP tags his crown signature on the window creating a frame for the Manhattan skyline, planes and skyscrapers.

EXT/INT. PLANE LANDING - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Lou Gazzarian (early 40's), an LA art dealer, gets off a plane.

Karl Schoenberg arrives to pick him up in the arrivals area.

KARL SCHOENBERG
Bonasera Lou, business or pleasure?

LOU GAZZARIAN.
New material required for Santa
Monica, Karl.

KARL SCHOENBERG
You've come to the right place.
Where do we start?

Gazzarian spies an *Art Forum* magazine at an airport
newsstand, handing it to Schoenberg.

LOU GAZZARIAN
Right here.

INSERT CLOSE UP AD

"Abel J. Cain Opening at Castelli and MOMA: The Crystal
Snake." Abel stands beside open fangs of a giant snake.

EXT. MANHATTAN OUTSKIRTS AND SUBWAY YARDS - DAY

A yellow cab snakes down the Manhattan freeway in front of
the New York Transit subway yards.

Duvalier finishes tagging another car with a Picasso-like
free-form of *Demoiselles d'Avignon*. (The colors parallel the
women's dresses in the episode.)

Stellar transforms a car into a *Campbell's Soup Can*.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Fade to black on that line, Double
D. Look how JP did it!

DOUBLE D
I like it red. How'd you come up
with that?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
He didn't. That's Picasso.

The prevailing vibe of the picture is early Hip Hop
graffiti. A minotaur-like bull frames the background.

JP DUVALIER
Our downtown train series. My mom
took me - every museum in NYC.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Get with the program, 'D'. We've
been working on this for months.

DOUBLE D
How is your mom?

JP DUVALIER
Sick.

JP transforms the *Demoiselles* to beautiful multi-cultural
Cubist-type *mamacittas*.

INT. MATHILDE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

MATHILDE Duvalier, a voluptuous 40's Puerto Rican woman,
finishes a finger painting: Sancho Panza, Don Quixote and
windmills in chocolate pudding.

A YOUNG DOCTOR holds a chart with a NURSE beside him.

DOCTOR
Quixotic schizophrenic fantasies.
Latin background. Manic art
tendencies.

NURSE
She's *Nuyorican* - Puerto Rican from
New York.

DOCTOR
How long is she in for?

NURSE
She's been in several times -
longer breakdowns. Her husband says
this time it's permanent.

DOCTOR
Hopefully not.

The doctor and nurse exit.

A creepy, large attendant leers at Mathilde.

INT. TAXI MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Gazzarian notices the Demoiselles/Campbells soup train cars.
Schoenberg bangs at a calculator reviewing a statement.

LARRY GAZZARIAN
Look at that!

KARL SCHOENBERG
Warhol allusians, graffiti style.

LARRY GAZZARIAN
(pointing)
That looks like Picasso,
Demoiselles d'Avignon. How do we
sell that?

SCHOENBERG
And who are the artists? I bought a
piece with a similar style but the
artist's name slips my mind.

A police car eases into the yards.

SCHOENBERG (cont'd)
The NYPD could probably give us a
few leads. Apparently, they have a
unit which photographs the art.

EXT. SUBWAY YARDS OF THE NEW YORK TRANSIT - DAY

Seargant Forrester exits his vehicle looking menacing. JP,
Sawyer and Double D go separate directions.

JP DUVALIER
Meet back at the happening.

DOUBLE D
Later.

Instead of a gun, Forrester takes out a camera. CLICK.

INT. TAXI - GRAFFITI ART MONTAGE - DAY

The taxi continues towards midtown. Gazzarian marvels at
amazing multicultural murals and graffiti while Schoenberg
completes his cash flow statement.

SCHOENBERG
I've heard the NY Transit and
Housing Authority white wash those.

GAZZARIAN
But they're masterpieces!

KARL SCHOENBERG
You see it, I see it, no one else
seems to.

GAZZARIAN
Our job is cut out for us.

KARL SCHOENBERG
Hopefully before everyone gets
greedy. Opportunity knocks.

The pair note the efflorescence of street art in the mean
streets of Koch-era New York.

INT. BELLVUE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - PATIENTS' COMMON ROOM

The creepy attendant brushes up against Mathilde.

She turns and smacks him smearing him with chocolate pudding
- laughter progresses to hysteria.

The nurse reenters. The attendant wipes Mathilde's pudding
from his uniform. Mathilde upends her easel towards him.

NURSE
What is going on?

The nurse presses the help button.

MATHILDE
(now crying)
He was touching me.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Schoenberg and Gazzarian walk down the street stopping in
front of a mural - a pieta-like mother and child amid 80's
Manhattan.

Stylized graffiti reads, 'Saving Your Inner Child' with a
CROWN signature. They continue past alley and garage front
murals.

GAZZARIAN

We need to figure out who these artists are.

SCHOENBERG

We're already losing money. It's all around us. Whoever's doing this is working hard.

GAZZARIAN

No one is buying Minimalism or Pop. For God's sake, we're businessmen.

SCHOENBERG

You've read my mind.

They stop near Stellar Six's turntable set-up off a corner cafe. Stellar scratches. Double D moonwalks the crowd with a collection hat.

SCHOENBERG (cont'd)

(puts money in hat)

What's the DJ doing?

DOUBLE D

"Rapping" and "scratching."

GAZZARIAN

And your dance?

DOUBLE D

The moonwalk and that's 'Break beat'.

D points to a kid who spins on his head on cardboard.

GAZZARIAN

And what about this loud music?

DOUBLE D

Hip Hop. In the ghetto we make the speakers go till eleven.

GAZZARIAN

Eleven!

The pair notice a few AFFLUENT MIDTOWNERS, stopping among the young artists and ghetto group.

SCHOENBERG

Buying crowd present.

They continue toward the gallery.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Bernhard Duvalier walks Manhattan streets.

Schoenberg and Gazzarian pass him travelling the other way.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Daniel and Sawyer!

Double D and Stellar Six continue to break beat. Bernhard walks directly into their performance space.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Daniel and Sawyer? Have you seen
Jean Paul? Have you seen my son?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
(stopping his beat boxing)
No, Mr. Duvalier and it's Stellar
Sawyer Six.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Stellar-Sawyer-Six! Do you know
where my son may be? Or you, Daniel
Diego?

DOUBLE D
(hang dog-faced)
No, Mr. Duvalier and I go by Double
D now.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Double D! Why are you attracting
such attention on the street like
this?

DOUBLE D
We're on a mission from God.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Representing higher powers.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Re-pre-sent-ing what?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
(tentatively under his breath)
Hip Hop. JP hangs at Nightbirds.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Hip Hop and Nightbirds. My God, is
Jean Paul now JP too?

Stellar nods. Bernhard walks on, disgusted.

BERNHARD DUVALIER (cont'd)
 If you see 'JP', make sure you tell
 him his Haitian father is looking
 for his Hip Hop hide.

Bernhard continues passing Amina Carravaglia taking pictures
 with her 35mm of the 'Saving Your Inner Child" mural.

Bernhard blinks as he spots Jean Paul's 'Crown'.

INT. LEO CASTELLI GALLERY - ABEL J. CAIN OPENING - DAY

The artist, ABEL J. Cain, ignores MAMA LOA, a large black
 woman browsing to follow the MIDTOWNERS, previously at the
 Hip Hop event, now unimpressed.

Schoenberg and Gazzarian walk to a bar set-up to refill red
 wine. Gazzarian picks up a Crystal Snake ribbon cutting
 flier.

SCHOENBERG
 Do you think no sale again?

GAZZARIAN
 No sale. How do you think this
 snake is going to go over?

SCHOENBERG
 No one is buying here.

Amina Carravaglia walks into the gallery, making a round of
 the art with Ariadne before approaching Abel.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
 Abel J. Cain?

ABEL J. CAIN
 (turning around)
 At your service.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
 (taking out her card)
 I was told you may have work.

The couple exits.

ABEL J. CAIN
 Not at the moment.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
I'm sorry to hear that. Can I look
around?

ABEL J.CAIN
Be my guest.

Schoenberg and Gazzarian have overhead.

SCHOENBERG
Are you a student?

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
I just finished my Ph.D. at UCLA
and recently moved here. I'm an art
historian.

She gives him her card.

SCHOENBERG
Why don't start your own gallery?

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
(wistful look)
That takes money. . .I do have my
dreams.

Carravaglia takes blow-ups of the new Graffiti/Hip
Hop culture from her stroller.

GAZZARIAN
Honey, now is the time! We just saw
two high rollers walk out. There's
plenty going on, just not here.

Schoenberg looks over her color blow-ups.

SCHOENBERG
Loans can be arranged. We should
talk once you're settled.

Schoenberg gives her his card.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
Thank you. . .Excuse me.

Amina follows Ariadne who has made her way to Cain's smaller
snakes. Schoenberg and Gazzarian walk to a corner of larger
Abstract Expressionist paintings.

KARL SCHOENBERG
It seems like you are changing your
idea about an Abel J. Cain show in
LA, Lou.

Gazzarian refills glasses.

GAZZARIAN
Surveying possibilities.

JP walks in.

SECURITY GUARD
Invite?

JP
No one said this is invitation
only.

SECURITY GUARD
Buyers only.

The security guard blocks Jean.

JP DUVALIER
Since when were openings just for
buyers?

Abel J. Cain approaches.

ABEL J. CAIN
Do we know each other?

JP DUVALIER
You tripped over me at the Met.

ABEL J. CAIN
Tripped over 'you'?

JP DUVALIER
Yes, your two left feet.

Schoenberg recognizes JP as Cain nods and the security guard
throws JP and his portfolio out onto the street.

SCHOENBERG
Is everything alright?

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
(recognizing Duvalier)
What is going on?

EXT. LEO CASTELLI GALLERIES - NEW YORK STREET - DAY

The security guard slams the door after JP who lies on the curb.

JP DUVALIER
(yelling)
Next time I step on you.

JP rises, gathers his portfolio and looks to a large sign which reads "ABEL J. CAIN" with a snake underlining "Not Just Another Artist".

JP crosses out the large 'Not' with his sharpie, drawing a kingfisher carrying away the snake.

INT. LEO CASTELLI GALLERY - ABEL J. CAIN OPENING

Cain turns to Schoenberg, Gazzarian and Carravaglia.

SCHOENBERG
What was that all about?

ABEL J. CAIN
You know, New York.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
Actually, I don't know but do remember that young artist.

Carravaglia gathers Ariadne pushing her out the door.

EXT. CASTELLI GALLERY STREET CORNER - DAY

JP turns the corner to Bellevue psychiatric hospital.

Ariadne and Amina look for Duvalier, but he is gone.

Still seeing red, JP notices children playing on the street. His vision goes blurry.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - FLASHBACK 70'S - DUSK

A child Jean Paul chases his sisters in the street while a youthful Mathilde hangs sheets.

The children play Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, horses and windmills running through blowing laundry sheets.

The little boy chases the girls through the sheets and is caught by the headlights of an oncoming car (match sequence from JP's Danceteria nightmare).

EXT./INT. BELLEVUE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

JP enters the hospital and signs the security list with his crown instead of a signature. Visitor Field, 'Mathilde Duvalier; Relation: 'Mother'.

SECURITY GUARD

That's a crown, not a signature,
and that's the third time you've
done that.

JP DUVALIER

You definitely remember my
signature then.

SECURITY GUARD

Same one on your jacket over that
cuckoo bird.

JP DUVALIER

That's a Kingfisher and my next
spell turns you into one.

The security guard turns his head, disgruntled.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART - FLASHBACK GALLERIES - DAY

Young Jean Paul pulls his mother to a Greco-Roman floor mosaic, *Europa and the Bull*. The bull carries Europa across the sea.

Jean Paul drags Mathilde to a beautiful broken bust of Nefertiti showing her his drawing and her resemblance.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - COMMON ROOM - DAY

Mathilde is hysterical, covered with chocolate pudding. JP brusquely passing attendants standing ready.

MATHILDE

Jean Paul, help me.

JP
All of 'you', stand back. Next time
the spoon, maman, the spoon.

MATHILDE
(pointing to attendant)
He was touching me.

JP glares and helps Mathilde into a wheelchair.

JP
That stops now! We'll get you
cleaned up.

The creepy attendant stands his ground.

JP (cont'd)
(menacing)
Make my day.

The attendant moves out of the way as JP wheels her out.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - MATHILDE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The nurse arrives with Mathilde's painting.

JP DUVALIER
What's this, Don Quixote?

MATHILDE
Sancho Panza!

JP DUVALIER
Were you painting windmills?

MATHILDE DUVALIER
Why not?

JP helps Mathilde clean up and into her bed, opening his
drawing notebook.

NURSE
I'll leave you two. (to Jean) I
knew the painting would calm her.

JP DUVALIER
(reading from notebook)
"Truth may be stretched, but never
breaks." You read us that novel.

MATHILDE DUVALIER

You remember, do you? "To surrender
dreams - madness. Too much sanity -
madness - Maddest of all: to see
life not as it should be!"

JP DUVALIER

Cervantes.

MATHILDE DUVALIER

That rhymes in Spanish. I would
like my Don Quixote book.

JP DUVALIER

Not currently possible.

MATHILDE

(guessing)

Papi kicked you out, again.

DUVALIER

I quit school. I did bring
something else to keep you company.

INT. FLASHBACK HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

JP, as a little boy, lies in a hospital bed unwrapping a
copy of Greys Anatomy.

Mathilde, in younger days, watches him. Both marvel over
images, lingering on a diagram of a child in utero.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - MATHILDE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATHILDE

Is this the copy of *Grey's Anatomy*
I gave you?

JP nods. The Nurse and Bernhard arrive unseen at the Bedroom
door. Bernhard carries papers and a picture frame.

MATHILDE (cont'd)

Jean Paul, you really should be in
school.

JP DUVALIER

I'm not going back to school.

MATHILDE
What will you do?

JP DUVALIER
Chase windmills.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
(bursting into room)
Windmills? Get back to reality,
Jean Paul!

MATHILDE
This is a mental hospital,
Bernhard. I asked him for my Don
Quixote.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
(to JP)
Should I call Sawyer, Sancho Panza
then and have you changed your name
to JP?

Bernhard puts down the papers and picture frame he is
carrying onto the bedside table beside Mathilde.

MATHILDE
What's this?

BERNHARD DUVALIER
I've brought legal papers for you
to sign, Mathilde.

MATHILDE
I'm not signing divorce or mental
institution papers.

Mathilde throws down papers and frame - the family picture
from Bernhard's office, now with broken glass. The nurse
reenters.

NURSE
Visiting hours are over. Ms.
Mathilde, we're transferring you to
the secure ward.

JP AND MATHILDE
The secure ward?! Why?

Jean Paul tries to pick up the smashed frame as Bernhard
gathers papers but attendants now escort them out.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 Mathilde, my lawyer advised this
 can be done with or without your
 consent.

JP walks away from Bernhard.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 (yelling after JP)
 Jean Paul, I want you to amount to
 something.

A doctor arrives with a needle. The attendant who
 harassed Mathilde watches the drama behind a door.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 (yelling)
 You don't have a job, vocation or
 even place to sleep. If I can't
 teach you - the world will.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - SNAKE SCULPTURE RIBBON CUTTING

Gazzarian and Schoenberg move towards a view of Manhattan
 reflected in the crystal snake.

KARL SCHOENBERG.
 Have you found what you're looking
 for?

LOU GAZZARIAN.
 In striking distance.

KARL SCHOENBERG
 Doesn't seem like the action is
 with Abel.

LOU GAZZARIAN.
 Never discount serendipity. The
 field is simply shifting.

Abel J. Cain shifts the ribbon left and cuts it.

KARL SCHOENBERG
 I'm also hedging bets.

LOU GAZZARIAN.
 How so?

KARL SCHOENBERG
Loan, lease, downtown gallery, the
right curator.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GALLERY - DAY

Amina Carravaglia follows Ariadne who walks towards the
Crystal snake, entranced by its opal eyes dropping her
doll(match colors to JP's *Demoiselles*).

SECURITY GUARD
Careful, little miss.

The security guard picks up Ariadne's doll, turning her
around towards Amina and pulls out a wallet photo of a
little girl to show her.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DUSK

JP walks down the street noticing Miata walking with Norton
Brosnic. Stellar and Double D wrap up the Hip Hop happening.

DOUBLE D
JP, how was your mom?

JP DUVALIER
Not good. How was the event?

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
A start. Hey, look what a street
seller had.

Stellar hands JP an old Spanish copy of Don Quixote. Miata
turns the corner.

DOUBLE D
Your dad was around, too.

JP rolls his eyes.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
Friday night. We need to lighten
things up.

DOUBLE D
A little bird told me Ave Maria and
Cherry may be at the Museum of
Modern Art. Free tonight!

JP DUVALIER
 Chasing shorties with established
 ghetto boyfriends. Why does that
 sound risky?

INT. BROOKLYN VOUDOU LOA BOTANICA- SUNSET

Bernhard Duvalier walks into a Brooklyn Voodoo Loa Botanica. The arched doorway opens to a Voodoo temple with two winding snake peristyles, veves and altars.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 Mama Loa?

A large black woman, MAMA LOA(50's), in traditional white dress with hair tied sits in shadows.

MAMA LOA
 With what can I help you?

She arranges Three Santeria dolls' dresses - the same colors as JP's Demoiselles. The dolls' eyes follow Bernhard.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GALLERY ENTRANCE - SUNSET

Cherry, Ave Maria and a black Latina model, FRIZZ, wait in line. Their dresses mirror the dazzling design of JP's earlier *Demoiselles*. Double D, JP and Stellar enter.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
 Ladies!

DOUBLE D
 Wazzzup!

The girls ignore Double D.

STELLAR SIX
 Making your magnificence felt!

Cherry looks back.

CHERRY RED
Ladies' night out, Sawyer!

STELLAR SIX
 We would be glad to give you the
 royal tour.

The guys laugh as the girls get their tickets.

AVE MARIA
 (ironically)
 Nice try, Stellah'.

JP notices a second floor reception in the distance for Abel Cain's snake sculpture, Abel milling about. Cain and JP do double takes as they recognize each other.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GALLERY- EVENING

Stellar Sawyer Six, Double D and JP follow the girls into the museum.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
 Where'd the girls go?

DOUBLE D
 Veer right towards the vino.

JP nods his head.

DOUBLE D (cont'd)
 We need to use our hard
 earned dollars somehow, JP?

The guys catch up to the girls. Stellar points to a painting.

JP DUVALIER
 Dubuffet, 1966.

Double D walks to the placard beside the painting.

DOUBLE D
 Two points.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
 How about. . .?

JP DUVALIER
 Franz Kline. N-Y-C 1953.

Double D checks.

DOUBLE D
 Two for two!

AVE MARIA
 You're good!

They approach Kline's zen-splattered black masterpiece.

INT. BROOKLYN VOUDOU LOA BOTANICA

Mama Loa's face extends from darkness.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
I have trouble.

MAMA LOA
What kind of troubles?

BERNHARD
Mathilde in the mental hospital,
Jean Paul run away.

MAMA LOA
Again.

Mama Loa rearranges Santeria dolls.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
I chased him away. Mathilde seems
possessed. I'm an accountant. I
know nothing of Loas.

MAMA LOA
You know your wife and son?

Mama arranges two dolls, one has Mathilde's same dress from
Bernhard's office picture, the other Ms. Darla's dress.

MAMA LOA (cont'd)
Your eyes linger. Jean Paul must
follow his destiny.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Jean Paul no longer listens.

MAMA LOA.
Who stopped listening? Call to
Agwe.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
I am an American. Voodoo rituals?

MAMA LOA
Give me your palms.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GALLERY #3 - NIGHT

Stellar Six puts his palms towards a large painting.

JP DUVALIER
Leda and the Swan. Matisse. 1945.

DOUBLE D
 (checking)
 On a roll!

CHERRY RED
 Damn, boy. How do you know that?

JP DUVALIER
 My mom took me here - many times.

FRIZZ
 One smart lady.

JP DUVALIER
 Definitely.

Stellar points to a final painting. The ladies veer towards the wine bar mirroring JP's earlier *Demoiselles* composition.

JP DUVALIER (cont'd)
Les Demoiselles D'Avignon. Picasso.
 190--7?

Stellar does a double take of the ladies juxtaposed with the Picasso.

DOUBLE D
 (impatiently)
 Ladies are waiting, boys!

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - THIRD FLOOR LEDGE - NIGHT

Orange ribbon strands hang from Cain's snake sculpture from the second floor ledge.

Amina Carravaglia reaches underneath her baby carriage to fix a bottle of formula.

Schoenberg and Gazzarian stand by the ladies next to the wine bar.

Sawyer and Double D motion to join the ladies but JP steps right sidestepping an exhibit rail.

DOUBLE D
The girls are this way, bro!

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
JP, my man. Opportunity knocks.
Those rich connected dudes we saw
this afternoon.

Duvalier continues setting off an alarm.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, you're not allowed there.

Ariadne passes over the rails onto the museum's ledge
enchanted by the snake's glittering eyes.

INT. BROOKLYN VOUDOU LOA BOTANICA - NIGHT

Mama Loa takes a smaller Santeria doll (similar dress to
Ariadne), placing it in Bernhard's palms. She puts her
fingers around Bernhard's wrists, cuffing them.

MAMA LOA
(voice changes slightly)
Haitien born in Port au Prince.

A rooster walks past, its eye an opal snake color.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART WINE BAR - NIGHT

Gazzarian and Schoenberg stand at the wine bar next to
Cherry, Ave Maria and Frizz.

Amina Carravaglia looks up from her formula preparation
dropping the bottle, shocked. Ariadne has made her way to
the ledge and is now reaching for the snake.

Schoenberg and Gazzarian turn as JP run towards Ariadne.

LOU GAZZARIAN
What's going on?

Abel J. Cain moves directly in JP's path but the previous
security guard instinctively gets out of JP's way.

JP dives in, sending the massive snake over the ledge but
catching Ariadne as she falls.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
 (arriving and taking Ariadne)
 Oh my God, Thank you!

Cain runs to the ledge as the snake smashes into a million crystal pieces.

ABEL J.CAIN
 My snake!

Gazzarian and Schoenberg look on incredulous.

LOU GAZZARIAN
 Snakes and ladders. Is that the young man from Castelli?

SCHOENBERG
 Yes and that young woman is Amina Carravaglia. I just hired her.

Other security guards now pounce on JP slamming him to the ground and cuffing him.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
 (to security guards)
 He was saving my baby.

ABEL J.CAIN
 (to JP)
 You're going to pay for this.

Sawyer and Double D barge in.

STELLAR SAWYER SIX
 Lay off him man. The dude just saved the baby.

DOUBLE D
 My boy wasn't trying to cause trouble.

Ave Maria, Cherry Red and Frizz come out of the wine bar as if out of the *Demoiselles* composition.

CHERRY RED
 We saw the whole thing.

AVE MARIA
 (to Police escorting Jean)
 That baby almost fell off the ledge.

Gazzarian and Schoenberg step back. The police take JP away.

LOU GAZZARIAN.
The course of the Tigris,
serpentine and shifting.

KARL SCHOENBERG
Detective work here needed but. . .

EXT. POLICE CAR - MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Schoenberg and Gazzarian watch from the same distance.

KARL SCHOENBERG
. . .I have an intuition this will
turn around. That snake was a
crystal monstrosity.

Sargeant Forrester writes on a yellow pad listening to Abel.

ABEL J.CAIN
My masterpiece! Throw the book at
him.

A police car beacon blares outside the Museum. Amina
Carravaglia interrupts holding her toddler.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
It was my baby who triggered the
alarm. He saved her. . .

SERGEANT FORRESTER
Lady, we're still going to have to
take him downtown, he smashed the
snake.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
But he saved my baby. I haven't
even had a chance to thank him.

Stellar, Double D, Cherry, Ave and Frizz watch as JP is
cuffed and shoved into the police car.

INT. BROOKLYN VOUDOU LOA BOTANICA

Mama Loa blows spray over Bernhard's wrists near the snake
peristyles, metalwork Theseus statue and rooster.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
Jean Paul is an accountant's son
and should be an accountant.

Mama Loa takes another swig, putting on Ghede's top hat and sunglasses from the altar and grabbing the rooster..

MAMA LOA

Tell my horse.

She chops off its head and places it next to Theseus's outdrawn sword. Blood drips off the table.

Bernhard walks out hurriedly, reflected in the storefront with the Santeria dolls who wear the colors seen on Cherry, Mathilde, Fizz and Ms. Darla.

The sound of another SWOOP. The rooster's talons are placed next to to the Theseus and Minotaur statue.

Amina, Ariadne and Miata dressed dolls stare at Bernhard leaving.

INT. NYPD BOOKING STATION - NIGHT

Amina waits at a desk. A LATE NIGHT CROWD fill the station. Sergeant Forrester returns with large binders.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

What's going to happen to him?

SERGEANT FORRESTER

We're waiting to see if the museum presses charges. The sculpture is technically owned by the artist.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

(holding Ariadne)

But I already made a statement that he was saving my baby. Could I at least get his name?

SERGEANT FORRESTER

Sorry.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

He saved my baby. I just want to thank him. I'm an art historian.

Forrester blinks, looks at Carravaglia.

SERGEANT FORRESTER

Well his name is Jean Paul Duvalier, goes by 'JP' Duvalier and he's a known tagger.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

A known what?

Forrester flips his binders around, displaying a meticulously labeled array of JP's incredible art.

SERGEANT FORRESTER

Tagger, a Graffiti artist.
Currently, no fixed address. His
father says he's a runaway but
technically, he's an adult.

Carravaglia pauses on JP's 'Demoiselles' with blown up details.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

These are incredible. For someone
who doesn't care for graffiti,
you've certainly done a good job
documenting these.

Abel J. Cain walks in. The phone rings.

SERGEANT FORRESTER

(into phone)

Excuse me. (pause) They aren't.
(pause) He has? (pause) Couldn't you
have called earlier? (pause) His
father's been called? (pause)
Thanks.

Forrester hangs up. Cain walks forward.

ABEL J. CAIN

I need to talk to you, Sargeant.

SERGEANT FORRESTER

Sir, I'll be with you in a minute.
Please, take a seat.

Forrester closes the binders and turns to Amina.

SERGEANT FORRESTER (cont'd)

(to Amina)

That was Booking. The museum's
decided not to press charges. JP's
been released.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

Released? To where?

SERGEANT FORRESTER
 From what I know he's either
 tagging or hanging out at a bar
 called Nightbirds.

ABEL J. CAIN
 (barging in)
 Look, if the museum's not going to
 press charges, I am.

INT. NIGHTBIRDS' BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

A blinking fighting cocks sign. JP sits drawing at a bar stool next to his tattered copy of Don Quixote. Miata approaches.

MIATA
 Thought you'd given up on me?

JP DUVALIER
 Not quite.

PATRON
 Lady, I need a drink.

MIATA
 (to JP)
 I'll be back in a second.

Miata goes to serve the patron. Bernhard Duvalier walks in spotting Jean Paul.

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 Jean Paul.

JP DUVALIER
 Dad, how did you find me?

BERNHARD DUVALIER
 Can't you stay out of trouble? The
 police called, you're coming home.

Norton Brosnic, drunk, enters. Miata, carrying a tray of drinks, tries to flag JP.

NORTON BROSNIC
 (yelling at JP)
 Still messing with my girlfriend?

MIATA

I told you, I'm not your girlfriend
anymore.

Brosnic walks towards JP spotting his drawing of Miata.

NORTON BROSNIC

(to Miata)

So, is this your new boyfriend?

Abel Cain walks in the bar straight towards JP.

ABEL J.CAIN

I need to talk to you.

Brosnic picks up JP's picture and takes a swing but JP
dodges so Abel walks right into it. Mia's tray of drinks
flies. The KOREAN BAR OWNER behind the bar sighs.

KOREAN BAR OWNER

(shouting to Mia)

You know these guys?

MIATA

A couple of 'em.

Mia makes her way to the other side of the bar as the group
tussles. Brosnic winds up for JP, but Bernhard knocks down
Brosnic.

KOREAN BAR OWNER

(pointing to JP)

How much his tab?

MIATA MILOU

Forty Five Dollars.

KOREAN BAR OWNER

I call police.

The owner signals the bouncers at the door. He takes out a
gun from his black rooster ceramic and reaches for the
phone. Miata places her hand over his.

MIATA MILOU

Don't call yet.

The bouncers manhandle the men out.

MIATA MILOU (cont'd)

I can take care of it.

KOREAN BAR OWNER
He you friend?

Miata counts out Jean's tab and looks at his drawing of herself.

MIATA MILOU
Former dance partner.

She straightens out JP's drawings and takes a deep breath before walking out.

EXT. NIGHT BIRD'S BAR - NIGHT

The neon roosters glow. JP lies in the gutter. Bernhard brushes himself off. Abel J. Cain crouches near JP.

ABEL J. CAIN
(to JP)
You're going to pay, big time.

Brosnic approaches JP pulling out a gun. With a kick, JP sends Brosnic and the gun flying. The gun lands near Miata. Bernhard and Abel go for the gun.

Miata picks up the gun, puts down Jean's portfolio, cocks the pistol and assumes a shooter's stance.

MIATA
One of the advantages of being raised in a war zone is you learn how not to be a target.

She blows off a couple well-targeted rounds.

MIATA (cont'd)
Now ask yourself, did I hesitate?
Otherwise, leave, NOW!

The men exchange looks. Abel and Bernhard notice the scar on Miata's leg as JP's drawing blows towards it and disperse. Miata walks up to JP giving him his drawing.

MIATA MILOU
You know this is not the best way to sell your art. What about those golden threads?

JP DUVALIER
(holding his ribs)

(MORE)

JP DUVALIER (cont'd)
 I'm trying to follow them but you
 don't make it easy. I didn't know
 you had such jealous boyfriends.

Milou throws the gun into the dumpster which JP reflects on.

MIATA
 He'll cool off. Leave the gun and
 try to stay out of trouble,
 kimosabe.

JP DUVALIER
 Thanks.

MIATA
 I do owe you for the contest.

Milou winks and makes her way back in. Duvalier dusts
 himself off and walks down the street.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAWN

JP wakes up on a park bench stretching his neck and setting
 up his portfolio as seniors practice *Qigong*.

Miata finishes her morning jog and gets a coffee from a food
 truck near the *Qigong* group, spotting JP selling a painting
 to a couple in front of his art.

MIATA MILOU
 (walking over)
 Hey stranger, customers friendlier
 here?

JP makes change for the couple with his bill fold.

JP DUVALIER
 Much friendlier, mademoiselle,
 would you do me the honor of
 accompanying me to the Met this
 evening?

MILOU
 Wow, are you asking me out on a
 date, JP Duvalier. Are you sure
 you've recovered from your late
 night?

JP DUVALIER

Quite and I know a great little restaurant in China Town too if the galleries don't do it.

MILOU

Is the struggling artist buying?

JP DUVALIER

Of course. We can chat about overleaping ambition and 'how you learned how to shoot off guns.

MIATA MILOU

One of the great advantages of warzones, Thane of Cawdor.

JP DUVALIER

Thrice great, less drama. Let's say seven on the Met's red carpet.

MIATA MILOU

Make it eight, grand stairway and you got a deal.

Miata winks and jogs away.

EXT./INT. LEONARDO'S NOTEBOOKS GALLERY EXHIBIT - AFTERNOON

Ariadne look out the gallery's windows. JP walks past carrying his paintings. JP knocks on the window and Amina flags him in.

JP DUVALIER

The Roman Goddesses of fate and destiny!

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

Jean Paul Duvalier! I wanted to thank you.

JP DUVALIER

Saving toddlers seems to be my forte lately.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA

We keep being pulled together. I saw your work at the police station.

JP DUVALIER
The police station.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
I'm starting a gallery. In fact, I
just signed a lease.

JP picks up Ariadne who gathers a bunch of straws from a vase near the door as he picks her up.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA (cont'd)
Put straws together, they become
strong. The gods give messages.

Duvalier carries Ariadne to one of Leonardo's drawings, a child in utero.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA (cont'd)
You're young, talented. We have one
of your drawings. You need a
gallerist. I need to use my
education.

JP DUVALIER
A roof over my head and place to
paint would be nice.

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
The gallery I just leased has a
studio apartment and space. You
could use that until you get on
your feet.

JP DUVALIER
Are you serious?

AMINA CARRAVAGIA
The only question I have is, 'can
you paint large canvasses?'

JP DUVALIER
Are you kidding? I started in
graffiti!

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - EVENING

A giant exhibition banner billows in the wind. Duvalier holds a bouquet checking his watch in jacket and white dress shirt over jeans. Where's Miata?

Miata walks up the stairs in a subtle black dress with labyrinthine gold thread design.

JP DUVALIER
You look stunning.

MIATA MILOU
Thanks.

JP hands her the bouquet. She notices his new clothes .

JP DUVALIER
Wine and roses.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - EVENING

The Friday gallery lights are dimmed for a romantic evening. A classic quartet plays, intimate coffee tables, candles. Duvalier pours from a bottle of red.

JP DUVALIER
A toast to golden magic threads.

MIATA MILOU
The occasion?

JP raises his glass.

JP DUVALIER
Us, together!

They look into each other's eyes. Sparks fly.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

JP walks Milou home over Brooklyn Bridge. They pass JP's mural graffiti Crown and Jean Paul pulls out his drawing.

MIATA
You finished it. Is that me with
the gun? I love it.

Miata pulls close and grabs JP's hand as they continue towards the archway of 'Naxos Island apartments'.

MILOU
My place. Thanks for a great night.

JP kisses her under moon and stars as Ave Maria and Cherry Red dressed to the hilt walk the other way towards Danceteria.

CHERRY RED

Looks like the dance competitors
aren't wasting time rehearsing?

AVE MARIA

Make it out of the slammer okay,
JP?

Cherry and Ave giggle.

AVE MARIA (cont'd)

I'm next in line, Cutie.

CHERRY RED

(giggling)

And don't forget about 'our' video,
Mistah Luvah-man?

JP DUVALIER

(to Milou)

I promised I'd help Cherry with her
music video!

MIATA MILOU

(lauging to JP)

Just when I was about to let you
take advantage. That'll have to
wait now!

They laugh together, the girls continue as Milou starts to
make her way up to her place but runs back giving JP another
peck before taking the picture and leaving.

JP DUVALIER

Hopefully, we do this again.

MIATA MILOU

I'd like that. Don't leave me
stranded on Naxos, great Theseus.

JP looks up at Miata's apartment as lights turn on, also
watching Cherry and Ave Maria leave towards Danceteria. Ave
turns and winks.

JP DUVALIER(V.O)

So, I didn't quite make it to the
top of the Empire State, yet but
not bad for a first inning - my
first season in the big leagues.

JP continues down streets to a building with a sign -
'Gallery Space - Rented'. He pulls out his keys and his
paintbrush looking at Venus among the night stars.

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FADE OUT:

THE END.