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Reach Me

By John Herzfeld

There's no stopping...
Who stop...
Stopping... someone who will stop...
Who stops at nothing...
You can get...
There's no stopping someone
that will stop at nothing.
There's no stopping someone
that will stop at nothing.
So if you want something,
you have to decide how to get it,
because no one else
is gonna get it for you.
If you're stuck in your job
or some stale relationship,
if today always feels like yesterday
and you can't see a new tomorrow,
then guess what.
You're what needs fixing.
So stop blaming your parents,
stop blaming your boss,
your spouse, the dog, the neighbor,
everybody else for your problems.
Look, stop the crying, all right?
Because the point is,
you have the power to transform
your shit at the snap of a finger.
Make the decision to
become a success.
No one can make it until they first decide
that they are going to become a success.
You are on fire this morning.
All right, so this book, Reach Me,
seems to have transformed
your game, e-ruption, yes?
Transformed my attitude. It's transformed
my relationship with my father and my son.
Don't change that.
Put it back, please.
Kiss my ass, bitch.
Yo! Don't you touch that.
What are you doing?
That's it. That's it!
Dumbass.

Yo. Where you going, Colette?
I told you to kiss my ass.
Yeah, kiss her ass, ho.
You really want me to kiss your ass?
I don't give a damn about you getting
out tomorrow. I want you to kiss my ass.
I want your lips on my ass. Let's go.
Now! Let's go!
Bring it over here! Let's go!
Hurry the hell up.
What you waiting on, bitch?
Come on!
- Yeah, come on.
- Come on, come on, kiss it.
- Kiss it.
- Kiss it!
- Kiss it.
- Kiss it.
- Get in there.
- Hurry up.
Oh, Jesus.
Last year, I was in the joint.
This year I'm sitting here with you with the
number one single. You can't beat that.
You know what, I think I
need to read this book.
- Who wrote it?
- See, that's the enigma.
There's not even a picture
of the author on the jacket.
No bio, nothing.
Just a name, Teddy Raymond.
And I bet that's not
even his real name.
- Strange.
- Yeah.
It's like he doesn't
want to be known.
He just wants his words
to speak for themselves.
And in a day where everybody wants to
be a celebrity, even me, I respect it.
I think it's very interesting,
and I think it's dope.

Well, I understand that since he is anonymous there are some people that are staging live readings via Internet chat right now.

Twitter is blowing up, social media's blowing up because of this message.

It's like people are empowering themselves all over this world.

Yes, Gerald?

You're watching good day in the valley?

- I am.

- Interesting story?

Stupid bumper sticker quotes.

Why would a best-selling author go into hiding?

- Who cares?

- I care. Get over here now.

Shit.

- What are you doing?

- A birdie.

What do you want me to do, cheat myself?

What are you getting mad at me for?

You made a great putt.

Huh?

What are you looking at? Go get it!

Tommy lives in Redondo Beach, California. Here's the address.

But do not harm his girlfriend, Denise-Denise.

Denise-Denise?

Yeah, her doo-wop moron parents named her after that old song, you know?

Anyway, she was so hot.

I took a class with her.

- I used to stare at her tits in Spanish.

- You can stare in Spanish?

Spanish class, moron.

- Oh.

- A night class, Spanish.

I thought you meant...

In a few years, half the country's gonna be speaking Spanish.

You want to loan 'em money or sell 'em
dope, you better speak their language.
Anyway, look, Tommy borrowed 100
grand to make this hi-def movie.
Made a few payments, then skipped.
Now, he's German. I want him hurt bad.

I want you to turn
his nose into mush.
You hit him so many times
that there's nothing left of it.

- Take pictures.
- Done.

Reach me? What are you gonna
reach for, you Scottish ape?

- Another banana on a tree?
- Some kinda motivation book he found.

Yeah, maybe it'll motivate some of
those dead brain cells of yours
to get moving around your brain. Here.
Oh, yeah, and Tommy's got this little dog.
Little weiner dog
named Beezy. Shoot him.

I'm going stir crazy!

I'm losing my mind. I really am.

Tommy, calm down. What if the motel
calls the cops? You'll get arrested,

- and we'll be in worse shape.
- Calm down? We have no money.
- So let's move.
- With what?

"So let's move." We have
no money, Denise-Denise.

- I am broke.
- Stop worrying about money.

Oh, "stop worrying about money".

- How we gonna eat?
- I'll get a job.
- Don't say no.
- No!
- So German.
- Nein!

Should've left you in Phoenix.

What's wrong with me?

Why did I take that money from Frank?

I made you take me. Remember?
You borrowed that money for a good
reason, to make a movie star in me.
I just wish you would've read
more books on directing.
Make a beeline by Douglas
Zappelman and Eric Bicardi.
I'll give you ten
points for a cripple.
Hey, don't play rap in this car.
Turn that off.
- Passing by the station, man.
- Well, you can pass by it faster, man.
That ain't music.
It's jungle jingles.
Can't believe they give
Emmys for that shit.
- It's Grammy, not Emmy.
- What?
Grammys for music. Emmys for TV.
Oscars for the movies.
I forgot what they
give you for plays.
Hey, let's go over this
plan one more time.
Hey, what are you doing?
Put that joint out, Wolfie!
- The weed helps me focus.
- What happens if a little piggy squeals by?
Well, I could dust 'em.
Where did you get this guy?
- What kind of gun is that, man?
- I had this special made, man.
You can't miss.
You just point and shoot.
- Hey, let me see that.
- Are your hands clean?
- Oh, give me the gun. Jesus.
- All right.
Oh, that's nice.
Let me use this, just for this job.
Man, I told you, I had that
special made just for me.
Do you want to do this job or not?

All right, car running. Let's do it.

Oh, Baba, it's Tonys. That's what they give for the plays, Tonys.

Yeah.

Drop 'em!

Damn!

- You bastard!

- Drop 'em!

Nice work.

- You all right, captain?

- Yeah, I'm good.

- You all right?

- Yeah, I'm all right.

We shared that one.

- You know that, right?

- Get out of here.

Get out of here. I don't want your face on the news.

All right, hey, there's some oregano joints in the car

- if you want to get crazy.

- Get out of here.

Do I want to hear a political joke?

No, 'cause the trouble with political jokes is they usually get elected.

Please.

So why would I hold breaking news of your peccadillo, senator?

Right, I know. It's humiliating.

I guess we all live with humiliation.

My prized muckraker dresses like

he just fell out of the hamper,

and I think he's looking for a raise

'cause he can't afford a razor.

Got something for you.

Well, listen, if you want me to

keep your indiscretion quiet,

you got to give me more than

two senators switching sides.

- The story's bigger than that.

- Right.

And I'm not going to anybody else.

- Nobody loves a favor more than me.

- It'll be yours exclusively.

But it better have veracity,
truthfulness, and authenticity.
If you can bring that, you call
me back. If you can't, forget it.

- All right.

- All right, bye.

These guys get elected.
This is obviously a pseudonym.

- Yeah, I'd say so.

- So why's he anonymous?
I don't trust anonymous people.
Something stinks here.

Gerald, look. There's wars
breaking out all over the world.
There's massive unemployment,
global warming.

I need to write about something
with some sort of substance.

- Please, my brain is atrophying.

- Yeah, we don't want that.

Could we chat out on the patio?
When are you gonna stop being
a slave to your addiction?
Really, it's a disgusting
and repulsive habit,
and that's why you don't have a girlfriend.
What woman wants to kiss an ash tray?
Now, look around, women are
fine-tuned instruments. Like a lute.
Man, you, me, we're like
blunt instruments,
and we get where we want by smashing
through things with sheer will.
Women? They use sheer skill. That's why
we're never gonna meet in the middle.
That's why you're never gonna out-debate a
woman, because logically, she will bury you.
That's why you say, "you're right,
you're right, you're right".
And you'll do anything for her.
You'll keep your breath fresh for her
so you're appealing,
so you can be kissed,
'cause empires are built on a kiss.

You're not following this, are you?

- Let's go.

- I've tried everything. All right?

Gum, pills, the patch,

hypnosis, acupuncture.

Christ, I even tried chime therapy.

Nothing works for me.

Will you please give

Leland the story?

I don't want Leland.

I want my favorite weasel, you.

- Gerald...

- Gerald what?

You don't want to do this anymore?

He went to Yale to be a serious writer,

but what he is, is a serious

Internet journal hack.

He wants to be a great novelist,

but what he's great at is gossip

and doesn't know his limitations.

You know, I think it's more important to

know what you're not than what you are.

Oh, by the way, no one's writing

great novels. They're writing sexy books.

People are more interested in what's

going on in each other's underpants

- than in their soul. Thanks.

- Take it easy.

Tell you what, Roger, shave your beard,

cut your hair, put on a sport coat,

make yourself presentable, and then

you find this Teddy Raymond.

If he turns out to

be the elephant man,

I'll put you in the hard news right

at the top of the home page.

Do not fail me.

Shut the door.

Ciao.

If I catch you with a cigarette or a

pack of matches or anywhere near fire,

that will put you in

violation of your parole.

I wanna hear from you the minute you're

settled in. Has anything I said been unclear?

- No, it's very clear.

- All right, now, who's picking you up?

I'm taking the overnight bus to Redondo Beach. My niece is picking me up.

- She's from London.

- Have you any idea what you want to do?

- I'm wearing it.

- What?

I made this dress in vocational.

Here's a book of my designs.

Have you ever heard of Teddy Raymond?

You know, you're a very

lucky lady, Colette,

because I know it was you who cracked that chair over Gloria's back.

You better be a good

little girl outside,

or you're gonna be right back here

serving out your time and more.

I'm ready to go.

Can I help you?

Hey, Dom, you ever sat down

and outlined your goals?

- Goals?

- Yeah, you know, what you want to do.

- Like what?

- I don't know.

Look, you got this book in a

McDonald's bathroom. Forget about it!

It tells you how to realize your

full potential. What's potential?

It means doing what you're

supposed to do. Okay?

I can't kill Tommy's dog.

If Frank's paying us for that,

that's what you do.

I can't. You know I can't. You do it.

There's no way I'm getting

near that Nazi dog.

When I was in second grade, best friend,

before I met you, he lived next door to me.

His name was Jimmy, and Jimmy had one.

He got in an argument with this Indian kid.

Like, he's from India with
the red dot and the turban.
Anyway, the Indian
kid goes to hit Jimmy,
and Jimmy's dachshund
jumps up, and he...
he bites the Indian kid on
the lip, and he don't let go.
I'll never forget it to this day.
I'm seven years old,
and the poor turban, it's ruined for life
all because of this Nazi weiner dog.
No way I'm getting near it. No way.
Gracias.

Besides, he told you to shoot it.
He looked at you when he said it.
Hi.

- You want to go first?
- That's not funny.
- All right, I was just kidding.
- Why are you here?
- You sound stressed. Are you stressed?
- No, I'm not stressed. I'm fine, yes.
- Okay, okay. All right.
- How about you?

Well...

Father, I did it again.
Bank robber this time.

- Bank robbers.
- Bank robbers.

How many men have you killed, Wolfie?

- 431/2.
- A half?
- Yeah.
- A half?

Well, two of us did
this one guy, you know,
but that was at the same time,
so we both got credit.
44 men.

They're all bad guys, father.
These are bad guys, you know?
They're all killers. I mean, the world's
a better place without these men.

Yeah, well maybe, maybe,
but you're not a good guy, Wolfie.
You're using the law as a shield.
That's why you come here to absolve
your sins, because you feel guilty.
You've appointed yourself an
agent of divine retribution,
but that's God's role, not yours.
Thou shall not kill!

- I can't help it.

- Yes, yes.

- You can help it.

- How?

- Quit the L.A.P.D.

- I don't know how to do anything else.
Five hail Marys, three our fathers.

- You know what to do next.

- Yeah... wait, father. Wait. Hey.
Let's lock it up. Nice and quiet,
please. Picture's up.
Is this your first time
doing a love scene?

- Yeah.

- Well, don't worry. I've done 100 of 'em.
Best thing to do is not think
about it too much, you know?
Otherwise you can get inside your head.
You know what I mean?

- Right.

- Just relax and let it happen, okay?

- Okay. Thank you.

- Yeah.

Governor?

Bra strap.

Oh, Eve, can you take your bra off?
We're only gonna see your face.
We're shooting you
from the shoulders up.
You know, if it's a problem
they can band-aid your nipples.
Band-aid my nipples?

Yeah, you know, if you feel uncomfortable
with them touching my chest, you know?
After all, we have only

just met each other.

No. No, it's... it's...

if the... I mean, if the camera's
not gonna see anything then...

- No.

- I guess it's okay.

You sure? 'Cause I don't want
you doing anything you'll regret.

- No, it... no, it's fine.

- Yeah?

- I'll just...

- Okay.

Wardrobe, got a bra coming out here.

- Okay. You're making love, phone rings.

- Yeah.

- There's triple homicide.

- Okay.

Leap out of bed, grab your gear,
and you're out of here. Adios.

- Cool, got it.

- Got it? Okay.

When do I say my line?

I'm getting my S.A.G. Card.

- This will be my first speaking role.

- Oh, okay.

Oh. Thank you.

So he... he gets out of bed,
and I'm meant to say,

"Hannibal? Where are you going?"

But is it okay if I change
it to "thanks for nothing"?

I just... I know it's just a bit part,
but can I give it a bit of pizzazz?

"Thanks for nothing"?

- Yes, I like it. It's funny.

- Okay, give it pizzazz.

- All right.

- Okay.

Okay, hold on. Hold on.

Okay, okay, okay!

Hold on, governor! I'm working here?

All right? Bloody hell.

And okay.

Ready under the covers.

Go under the covers.

Kersey, let's go. Under the covers.

- Speed.

- Rolling.

And action.

Yeah? I'll be right there.

Adios.

And cut. Great.

Until you're off this planet,
you have another chance.

Until you stop trying,
you have a new opportunity.

If you'll try, it's an
opportunity to succeed.

God, that's so trite.

There's no stopping somebody
who will stop at nothing.

That's great, guys. You really
brought his words to life.

- And who are you, miss?

- I coordinate these events.

- What's your name?

- It's Kate.

It's nice to meet you.

Oh, that's nice.

Stare at her lip, you schmuck.

Do you think he'll ever
come out of seclusion?

He's not in seclusion. He just wants
the book to speak for itself.

Yeah, but if he would do shows,
he'd make bank.

Maybe he doesn't care about money.

Money isn't everything.

Yeah, wait till you're 21.

Hello?

- Hello, is this Roger King?

- Speaking.

- You were inquiring about Teddy Raymond?

- Yes, yes. Yes, I did.

We actually have a guest on
Good Day In The Valley today.

Why don't you come
down to the studio?

This little park in Myrtle Beach,
and this kid is insulting his girlfriend,
saying that she's never gonna make it
because she had a harelip and stutter.

This stranger just butted in,
telling the kid he was full of shit.

The stranger went into a rant.

"She's perfect," he said.

"It doesn't matter what
anyone said about her."

The stranger looked
like a street person,
but he was going wild,
and a crowd started to form.

When he was done, I took off
my hat and passed it around.

I gave the stranger the money, minus
10% of course. As I introduced myself,
the harelipped girl came up to thank him,
and he offered to cure her stutter.

- And?

- He cured her overnight.

Kate!

Thanks. Appreciate it.

Kate, say hi to Roger King,
a reporter for the...

Daily Contact.

- Daily Contact.

- With Gerald Cavallo?

Yeah. How are you?

See? No stutter.

- How'd he do it?

- He dragged her to the ocean...

Don't bother. He thinks
all this is bullshit.

Well, if Teddy Raymond has spoken
publicly before, why not now?

See, back then, it wasn't planned.

Look, he's not a public speaker.

In fact, he hates
motivational speakers.

He thinks they're all trying to get
rich and make themselves famous.

Yeah, well, sounds like an intelligent man.

I want to interview him.

- No interviews.

- Why? Is he hiding something?

He wants to remain anonymous.

He's not hiding anything.

Write about the movement,

Roger, not the man.

Okay, people,

magic happens in a few seconds.

Four, three, two...

Welcome back. I'm Anne Greenwald.

Well, you guys seemed to love

yesterday's show so much

that we've brought on, today,

Jack Kinsey. Now, he's a successful

- Hollywood stuntman...

- Hollywood?

Whose own motivational story inspired me

to pick up and read the book Reach Me.

And it is quite a story, Jack.

And you're here today to talk about?

I have Tourette syndrome.

It's, you know,

it's a very complicated biogenetic disorder.

Not only does it affect you physically,

it affects your thought

patterns, how you think.

Sometimes you can't filter the

thoughts before you speak.

Well, the good thing is no one has
to wonder what's on your mind, Jack.

I love your dress. I'm gonna talk
about success. The only place sex...

The only place success comes
before work is in the dictionary,
so if you want something,
stop wishing and hoping and praying.

Stop going, "I'll never make it big
'cause I'm too young or too old
or too fat or too thin."

"I got a bad back or a big nose.

I'm black, I'm brown,

I'm red, I'm green."

Tourette's is like a demon

inside you, but I overcome it.
Sorry. No buts. I overcame it.
You go home, and you
take the word "can't".
You take the word "but". No buts!
You take the word "never,"
you take the word "impossible,"
and you dig a hole, and you bury them!
Or I promise you, you will go to your
grave with your sweetest song unsung.
Don't wait! Green light!
Hello? Yeah, yeah, hold on. Hold on.
Excuse me. It was nice meeting you.
You just let it, your life, happen...
I love your eyes... as if
you have no control of it.
- I got to take this call.
- Is that Teddy?
- Because there's...
- No stopping somebody...
- Once again, you should've been here.
- I said no public appearances.
Sorry about that. My bad.
Good interview.
Girl, you got some nice titties.
Come on, yeah.
Hey, hey, you know what's up, man.
Gonna pull a train on
these girls, that's right.
- Let me go!
- Hey, hey...
- Hey, get her purse.
- No, no!
- No!
- Get her purse.
Hey, hey.
- Hey, hey, hey. Hey, quit.
- Relax, relax.
Let go of me! Let go!
Hey, get that girl out of here.
You little bitch.
Come on.
Sucker.
Watch out!

I got to talk to you, father.

Father?

What are you doing here?

It's 4:

Hey, father, I know.

I'm sorry, but I-I figured...

- well, can I... can I come in?

- You just kill somebody?

Well, I-I need to make a confession.

I don't want to hear it.

- The purpose of confession...

- Father, come on.

...is to examine your conscience

honestly and thoroughly,

to seek forgiveness out

of the simple fear of hell,

which you don't give a damn about.

- I do. I do.

- No, you don't!

Because you have every intention

of committing that sin

- again and again and again!

- Let me in.

Therefore you're not sorry for your sins,

and you will not be forgiven!

- Get out!

- I'm not getting out.

I'm staying right here.

I'm gonna make my confession.

This is a house of God.

You're a representative of him.

- I'll do it right here.

- Get up.

Forgive me, father,

for I have sinned.

- It's been one day...

- Get up.

I said let's go!

I'm sorry. Here.

Here. There you go.

Right here.

Okay.

Sorry, father.

I'll come back.

When you're feeling better,

I'll come back.

- Aunt Colette!

- Eve!

Oh, you look beautiful. Oh.

There's this man, and, he wrote
this book, this amazing book,
and it's just filled with all these,
positive messages.

And he's trying to remain incognito,
but I just have this feeling,
you know how I get them, that...
that this... this Teddy Raymond,
he needs me, you know?

Hey, how were the costumes?

On the show. What'd you wear?

What...

What is it?

You had a speaking part, right?

- I was...

- What happened?

I was...

he grabbed my...

He what? Oh, my God!

- Jesus Christ.

- Eve?

You okay?

Sorry.

- Are you okay?

- Are you all right?

I'm fine. I don't know about her.

I don't... I don't know about her.

Give me a second here. I'm gonna
have to get her out of the car.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, come on.

- You know what you're doing?

- Yeah.

- You appear to know what you're doing.

- She's got a pulse, and she's breathing.

- No broken bones for me.

- Are you a doctor?

- No, I just know about this stuff.

- Oh, my God.
- Oh, are you sure?
- All right.
- Let's just lay her down.
- Oh, my God.
- Honey, are you okay?
- She really got knocked out.
Sorry, I don't even know what happened.
We just went... we didn't even see it.
We didn't even see the stop sign.
- We didn't see anything.
- Things happen, okay?
We're gonna be fine.
Let's call an ambulance.
No, no, no, no. No police.
We don't need to. Why bother?
- Hi.
- Oh, honey.
Can you hear me? How are you?
No, no, I'm fine. Here, I'm gonna
sit you up a little bit, okay?
- Are you sure?
- Just breathe.
- Don't try standing up.
- I'm sorry.
Oh, oh! Oh, my gosh.
I'm fine. I'm just a little dizzy.
I'm a little dizzy. That's all.
Oh, oh, oh. Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.
- Just for a minute.
- He's a policeman.
Are you kidding me?
Oh, just my luck. Oh, man!
Take me home.
- Redondo Beach, it's not far.
- Okay.
- No! No, no.
- Why?
If he's hurt, we shouldn't move him.
Aunt Colette, he's a police officer,
and he's asking us to take him home.
That's exactly why we
shouldn't take him home.

We shouldn't take him home because
I'm parole. Do you forget about that?

- Are we getting up?

- Yeah, yeah.

Great painting.

Love the colors,
the attitude, the tone.

It's the wrong color, the wrong
attitude, and the wrong tone.

There's no flow.

- Did you find out who he is?

- Not yet.

Traced that phone number back to a pay phone
in veteran's park in Redondo Beach, so...

You understand everything's
about flow? Everything?

And I'm here trying to flow,
and you come here and interrupt me

- and tell me that you're a failure?

- I haven't failed!

Well, if you haven't failed, why don't
you go out and find him, Roger?

I'm doing the best that I can, all right?

I've been in that park all morning.

- I haven't even eaten breakfast.

- So what?

What do you mean you
haven't eaten breakfast?

When you're on a mission,
nothing else matters!

Not food, not hygiene, not women.

I would throw my mother under a bus...
under four buses to complete a mission.

You see, that's the difference
between you and me,
and I ain't saying I'm proud
of that, because I'm not,
but when I'm focused on something,
everything else around me dies.

I'll try to bring it
back to life later on,
but it stays dead until
I complete the mission.

Whereas you try to keep everything alive,

and that's why you're a loser!
You're the third man through the door.
You're a fart catcher!
You're either toothless or ruthless!
Now, you go out and find
this guy, this Teddy Raymond,
because his destruction
is your salvation!
His demise is your transition
from jerk-off to journalist!
You're a finger painting.
Be a masterpiece!
Now, get out. I'm flowing.
Finger painting.
Finger painting.
Teddy Raymond? Teddy Raymond?
Teddy Raymond? Teddy Raymond?
Teddy Raymond?
Teddy Raymond? Teddy Raymond?
Teddy Raymond?
I don't want to appear in public.
I said no public appearances.
No public appearances.
Teddy.
- You are him, aren't you?
- Who?
Teddy Raymond, the guy
that wrote Reach Me.
You got the wrong guy.
Well, if you're not Teddy Raymond I guess
you won't mind me running this picture
on the Daily Contact tomorrow
saying that you are him.
"Go back and remember what
you wanted to be as a kid.
"Is that who you are now?
"It's never too late to
grow up and be special.
"It's in you, the voice that
no one but you can hear.
"Once in every man or woman's
life, they will be tested"...
Don't hurt my book!
- Mind if I record this, Mr. Raymond?

- Yes, I do.
- Okay, I'll take notes.
- No.
- You said I could interview you.
- I didn't say that. You did.
- What are you hiding?
- I'm not.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, you want the words to speak for themselves, right?

What, do you have a prison record?

- What?
- Drug rehab?

No.

Look, it doesn't matter what you're trying to cover up.

Most motivation men use what they've overcome in the past in their acts.

That's exactly why I don't want to talk to you because I don't have an act.

Yeah, well, I know there's more to it.

You really are an arrogant bastard, you know that?

No, I'm offended by that lame story of you curing some harelipped, stuttering girl overnight.

It just doesn't happen that fast.

- You have a problem?
- Yeah, I smoke, and I want to quit, but breaking habits aren't that easy.

Life isn't that easy.

- There's no magic cure. It's just bullshit.
- This is just pointless. Interview's over.
- I'm gonna run the photo.
- Oh, you go ahead and do that.

Good-bye. I knew you were a fraud.

What'd you call me?

Let's go.

- Let go of me.
- Come on.

Let go of my scarf.

You're gonna break my neck.

Hi. We brought you home.

Oh.

No, no, no, no, no.
Just rest, just...
You want some water?
Okay.
I'm gonna leave you.
You have to file a report.
- Oh, no, I won't.
- Yes.
What was I gonna do?
I couldn't say anything.
I could see the news. "Actress
molested on camera. Film at 11:00."
- You cannot let that scumbag go free.
- I'm not gonna be a victim.
I may be a nobody, but I'm still
my own nobody. No, Colette.
Nobody's gonna take me away
from myself. Not today. Not ever.
We can't just let him walk!
He can't get away with this!
I'm not saying anything,
and neither are you.
But he's gonna do this to somebody else.
I'll go with you. I'll walk you in there.
We'll walk in there together.
You're gonna break my
goddamn neck. Let go of me.
Get up.
All right, stand up straight.
You want to quit smoking,
you arrogant prick? Do you? Answer me.
Yeah, of course I want to quit.
That's a stupid question. Yes.
All right, then look out there,
over the water,
and say your name,
and you say you don't smoke.
- You're kidding me, right?
- Do it.
- I'm Roger King, and I don't smoke.
- Louder.
- I'm Roger King, and I don't smoke.
- You don't have to say your last name.
Oh. I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!

Can you squeak any louder than that,
you arrogant little mouse?
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- I'm Roger, and I don't smoke.
- Say it again, louder, louder, louder!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- I don't hear you!
That's 'cause you're
nuts and you're deaf,
and I'm not some stuttering,
harelipped girl.
- This shit's never gonna fly.
- You let me be the judge of what flies!
You just shout it out there at
the top of your lungs. Go on!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- I don't believe you!
Stand up straight!
Shoulders back, chin up.
And the next time someone asks
you if you want a cigarette,
you don't whine and say,
"I'm quitting".
Quitting intimates that you're
struggling with something that you like.
You're not struggling. You don't
like smoking. You don't smoke.
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
- It bit me!
- Beezy, come here. Bad boy.
I've had it with this dog.
He's jealous of me, and I hate him.
Aw, come on. I've been thinking.
We could breed him and
make a lot of money?
Breed these demons for a living?
Get another girlfriend. I quit.
Quiet.

- Who's there?
- I'm the assistant manager.
There's an emergency
call for Denise-Denise.
Just put it through.
I'm sorry. Our switchboard's down.
No one knows we're here.
Only my mother.
- Your mother?
- Oh, my God, it's her heart.
- What are you doing?
- Coming right out!
No, don't open...
Quiet, Beezy.
- How high can he jump?
- Jump?
To the ceiling.
He's a jumping dachshund.
- Shoot him while you have a chance!
- What?
- Shoot it. Frank told you to.
- No, no, no, no. Don't shoot him.
Please, don't shoot him. Don't shoot
my dog. Please, I love my Beezy.
- Frank told you to!
- Shut up, Denise-Denise!
You know what? That's it.
Enough, man. I'm done, I'm toast.
- Whoa.
- That's it.
Okay, Mr. King, would
you like a little smoke?
- No.
- I think you would.
I think you'd like to have
one until it kills you.
You know, my wife died of lung cancer.
3 million people a year do.
And I think maybe
you'd like to as well.
- No.
- No?
I mean, I'm Roger, and I don't smoke.
- You quit smoking?

- No, I don't smoke!
All right, well, then this
pack of cigarettes, take it,
- and let's just throw that into the sea.
- Ceremonial. How quaint.
Oh, yeah. There we go.
Why are you always touching me?
Stop touching me.
What's the matter? You afraid of intimacy?
All right, we'll work on that one later,
but right now, I want you to yell with
all your soul, if you even have a soul.
I'm Roger, and I don't smoke!
Do you want it good or you want it fast?
Then fire me. I've been fired before.
I'll see if I can get
you a few lines.
Yeah, yeah. All right, girls.
Mind how you got it.
Sorry, mate. I don't do
autographs while I'm...
- What is your major malfunction?
- Come here, you little bitch.
Whoa, whoa.
No, no.
Look, look, she wanted it. You know?
No!
What?
Is that a fake Robert De Niro mole?
Dom, "the habits that don't
get you towards your goal"...
Shut up.
"You can't live the same old life
and expect a different result."
Thumper, shut up. Okay? Shut up.
"If you want success,
you've got to love being successful."
Didn't have to do that.
I don't want to hear any
more of that stupid book.
It's all garbage!
It's meaningless garbage!
Self-help is for punks.
You want to be a punk?

- I don't want to do this anymore.
- Well, then go!
Go. You're a half-wit and a retard.
I've been taking care of you since I was
in the third grade, and I'm tired of it!
So you want to go? Go.
I'll finally be free. Go!
Wait!
- Thumper, where you think you're going?
- I'm gonna go realize my potential.
Thumper, you think I want to work for
Frank all my life like my father
worked his father? End up dead,
45, from a heart attack?
With nothing to show for it?
That's not what I want for my life.
Look, I know my time's running out.
I never said this before, but I got
a heart murmur like my dad did.
So every night, I go to sleep wondering
if I'm gonna wake up the next morning.
You're a good cook. You always
wanted to open up a restaurant.
Let's do it now.
It'll be less stressful
for your heart.
Courage means moving forward
in spite of your fear.
You understand?
Courage means moving forward
in spite of your fear.
Let's do it. Let's do it now!
Come on.
Come on.
Someone's got a new driver.
You gonna hit another bucket?
- Dominic.
- Yeah, it's me.
- Hey, you take good pictures?
- No pictures.
You can't find Tommy and Denise-Denise?
I told you right where they were.
My heart ain't in it.
This ain't who I want to be.

Just do what I tell you to.
You hear me?
We don't want anymore. We quit.
You...
it ain't allowed. It ain't allowed!
It ain't allowed! It ain't allow...
A man is only as good as his word. If you
give your word and then you break it,
you're nothing but a worthless,
vacuous loser. Do you hear me?
Yeah, I hear you.
Now, Roger, I want you to close
your eyes and promise yourself
that you will never,
ever smoke again.
This is between you and you.
Now, you close your eyes.
You promise yourself.
Now, just do it, man. Just do it.
What the...
Oh, I'm sorry.
- I must be in the wrong apartment.
- Are you looking for Wolfie?
He's... he's not here right now.
He... he went with my niece
to go pick up some breakfast.
- And you are?
- I'm Colette.
- Are you from around here?
- No, actually, I just got out of prison.
My husband... we had
a problem with a fire.
Actually, I burned the
whole house down.
I'm just sorry he
wasn't in the house.
Want a cup of coffee?
No. Get him out of Chicago.
I have a job for him in California.
Hold on, hold on.
A couple guys quit on me.
I want 'em taken care of. Yeah.
I'm on the green, yeah.
The weather's beautiful.

Yeah, so do that, okay? Yeah.

I got to go.

Sir, we do not allow
carts on the green here.

- Heard your men quit.

- I'm gonna get the money.

Out here? On the sixth hole?

What's par? Par four?

You here in two?

You're here in two? Answer me!

Yeah. I mean, yes.

So while your men make a fool of you,
you're out here trying to make par.

I'm gonna get the money. I just
need to find out where they are.

What is wrong with you?

Why are you always such a screw-up?

I make you captain. I promote you.

Why? Because I believe in you.

- I must be delusional.

- You're not delusional. You're...

When your men make a fool of you,
you are making a fool of me,
and that is unacceptable.

Do we have an understanding?

You will take care of all of them.

Tommy, Dominic, and Thumper.

- What about the girl?

- This is what's wrong with you!

Your mind is still on that
bimbo you met in night school!

Well, this is why you got
in trouble in the first place.

Take care of business, Frank.

Okay.

If you don't,

I will take care of you.

Hey! Wait up! Where you been?

I've been looking all over for you.

You gonna go to this thing tonight?

- No.

- Oh, come on.

How could you not want to
hear your words read out loud?

Because I don't want to.

- Where's your cigarettes?

- Why would I have cigarettes?

I don't smoke.

And I've been smoking two

packs a day since I'm 14.

Haven't even thought about

one since you mentioned it.

Is that what you did with Kate?

Made her shout at the ocean?

Man, people would dig you

if you appeared in public.

Look, don't write a story

on me, okay? Please.

Something's not right with you.

It's more than just grief.

- Just let it go.

- I can't.

- Why not?

- Because if you do have a dark secret,

- then you would be a fraud.

- What do you care?

- I just do.

- Why?

Because you belittled

me so badly last night

that I was humiliated

into quitting smoking.

That's really what you did.

You got me to a place where I

was so disgusted with myself.

I'm better than a cigarette.

I know that now.

It's weird the way your stuff worked.

Maybe not the way you intended it to,

but it worked. You broke me down,

and you built me back up.

- And I will never smoke again.

- Okay.

I'm ready to make that promise,

but you got to walk the walk,

- or I'm gonna feel like a fool. You okay?

- Okay, okay, okay.

If you expose me,

then what about those people
that gained some confidence and
solace will doubt themselves!
Look, your book's
gone viral, all right?
And if it's not me, it's gonna be some
other journalist that finds you out.
- Well, then let it be someone else!
- No, it's gonna be me.
And I'll call it payback or a
return on your investment in me,
but I'm gonna be on that
pier tonight and so are you,
'cause if you're not,
I will blow the whistle.
- I ought to kick your ass.
- I'll see you tonight.
What is going on?
What is he doing here?
That guy there says if I don't show
up at that public reading tonight,
he's gonna reveal me as an imposter.
Reach me will be a joke, and so will I.
I won't be made a joke.
Hey, wait!
I've been trying to get him to
face his fear for a long time.
My ex is a super mega-successful
real estate guy.
Makes a lot of money,
but I don't want any alimony.
I don't want a penny
from him, not a cent.
I'm gonna make my own money.
I design clothes. I'm gonna break
into the fashion industry.
- Like project runway.
- So what do you do?
I'm a priest.
You're a priest?
Where's your collar?
That's convenient.
Sometimes people relate to
me better without the collar.

- People or women?

- People.

- Just asking.

- You're very suspicious.

Was there ever a woman?

Yeah, before I went into seminary,

- I was engaged to be married.

- What happened?

The relationship ended.

She preferred my best friend.

I know that one.

- Thanks for the coffee.

- Oh, you're welcome.

It's the first pot I've

made in 31/2 years.

It's amazing the things

you take for granted.

Father Paul.

Ma'am.

That is so sweet.

Well, he could use

a positive influence.

Couldn't we all?

- Hey.

- Hey.

- Is everything all right?

- Yeah.

Yeah?

Hello, I'm father Paul.

- Hi.

- Oh, yeah. This is Eve.

St. Rita's church. If you

want to come by. No pressure.

- Yeah.

- I want to talk to you.

You can wait inside if

you don't want to...

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure.

I refuse to hear your confessions.

I'm starting to feel like

an accomplice. Find a new church.

You're disowning me? Yeah?

You can't do that.

What would Christ do? Huh?

Look, I'm not Christ. I'm just a reasonable facsimile with a problem.

- No, don't put your crap on me, man.

- Hey, this is not about me! It's about you!

How many people do you have to kill before you realize it's... it's wrong?

- All right. All right, father.

- 200, 300?

- All right.

- 400?

- All right.

- 431/2 men?

What do you think I am?

A violence junkie or something?

That's an interesting relationship.

Slapped.

He fucking slapped me.

Laughed at me.

Shit!

Shit!

Well, we're starting to see the crowds roll in here at the Redondo Beach pier,

where at 8:

the reclusive Teddy Raymond, author of the very inspirational book Reach Me that everyone is talking about, will be performing live, his first public appearance ever.

Joining us now live is his promoter, Wilson Mizner.

- Business partner.

- Business partner, excuse me.

Yeah, I'm actually the one who convinced Teddy to do this book.

- Really?

- Yeah. Well, he lost his wife.

They were high school sweethearts, and many of the sayings were hers.

She was very upbeat,

and so I urged Teddy to write this book as a memento to her memory.

- I'm sort of his inspiration.

- Wow. So he writes about you in the book?

Well, it's not about people.

It's about, people.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- Respectable crowd downstairs.

- Good.

- Where is he?

- In a coffee shop around the corner.

- So he's coming?

- You didn't leave him much of a choice.

Listen, that story about
him curing your stutter...

Yeah. What about it?

Well, isn't that something that's
dealt with when you're younger?

- It was.

- I don't understand.

It came back when my mom died.

- I'm Kate, and I don't stutter!

- What? Come on, Kate.

- I'm Kate, and I don't stutter!

- I can't hear you. I can't hear you.

- Come on.

- I'm K-K-Kate, and I don't stutter!

- Yes!

- I'm Kate, and I don't stutter!

God, yes!

Are you staring at my lip?

Yeah.

I was thinking about how soft
it felt when you kissed me.

So which one of y'all
is Teddy Raymond?

- Why?

- 'Cause I want to talk to him.

- You him?

- Definitely not me.

Well, where is he?

What can I do for you?

- You Teddy Raymond?

- No. He represents him. Why?

What can I do for you?

- You know who I am?

- E-ruption.
I was talking to him.
Look, ten months ago,
I was in the joint.
I served 1,092 days, 3 hours, and 42
minutes for manslaughter. I was innocent.
1,032 of them days I spent
being mean and angry,
until I found this book
right here in the library.
Not only did it change everything,
it saved my life.
I sat in my cell,
reading this shit over and over.
His words had a
profound effect on me.
So much so that I stopped blaming
everybody for my problems
and realized that my
shit was my shit.
I'm glad to hear the book had
some meager effect on you.
"Meager effect"?
Yo, didn't you hear me?
Didn't I just tell you?
This book right here
changed my life, yo.
Obviously not enough,
because you have no respect for women.
You're in the presence of a lady.
- Watch your mouth.
- Hey.
You consider yourself
a leader, right?
Damn right. Where I go, they follow.
- Then what are you afraid of?
- I ain't afraid of nothing.
Hey.
Why, you think cursing
makes me less powerful?
It makes you common.
Okay, look. From now on,
no more fucking cursing!
From now on, whoever does, they out.

Look, let me make a donation.
I mean, for the cause, of course.
You know what?
Give it to them. They need it more.
If you don't like
the service, move on.
- Can I help you?
- Yeah.
A guy, a beautiful girl with
big tits, and a weiner dog.
Oh, I remember her.
- You know where they went?
- No. I wish I did.
They skipped out on the bill.
Sad but true.
Find anything?
Guess what I found tacked
on a telephone pole.
- What?
- I hope this makes you appreciate me.
Oh, what?
What are we doing here? I don't want
to be here. They might be here.
Don't you want to see
what all the fuss is about?
This is the book the slow guy was reading.
This is why you weren't beaten up.
Hey there.
I never knew about
your whispering heart.
- It's a murmur.
- It murmurs?
Yeah, it murmurs.
- Does it hurt?
- No. Look, don't worry about me.
- Dom.
- What?
You really think I'm a retard?
We're here right now because of you.
Roger, don't let these people
get too close to the stage.
- Relax, you're gonna be fine.
- I need distance. Distance.
Sorry. Excuse me.

- Just right...

- What are you...

Just right here. Just to make sure...

I suppose if I crash and burn
and this becomes a disaster,
it'll be a great story for you.

Teddy! Teddy! Teddy! Teddy! Teddy!

Yes, it will.

- Who are you?

- He's my boss.

- You found this guy, but you didn't call
me. - Well, he's not the elephant man.

- A journalist doesn't get sentimental.

- You don't understand. I made a promise.

He made you a promise? In this
business, promises don't count.

They're meaningless. Promises are
written on water. They sink.

You don't compromise because you
like somebody. You don't do that.

Warm and fuzzy doesn't
mean you're a Teddy bear.

- It means you're vermin.

- Is that what you are?

That and more. I want you to go online
and expose this frightened fool
for what he is, or you're fired.

Yeah, well, I can't do that.

I won't do that.

I know you won't. I knew that.

That's why you're fired.

Now, I want you to go out
and write that great American novel
that you're probably never gonna write.

Good luck.

See you, boss.

- You like rolling over people, don't you?

- No, I don't, Teddy.

I really don't. I may look
like it, but I don't.

If something gets in my way,
I go through it. I don't cruise.

Actually, that's not true.

I did cruise.

Back in the '70s, long time ago,
when my generation was
"trying to find themselves,"
and I found myself
backpacking through Europe.
Can you believe it? Hungry, frozen.
"What is life? What is life?"
Then one day,
I'm going down the Costa Brava.
I'm starving. I'd eat a snail.
And there in front of the
great Pyrenees mountains,
I stopped, I reached into my
pocket, and I grabbed my ass.
Can you believe it? There it was.
Whole time. I found myself.
Mystery solved. Case closed.
Grab your ass, Teddy.
It's real simple. You're either
yesterday, or you're part of today.
You sink, or you swim. No floating
allowed. Those are your words.
You wrote it.
Why don't you go out there and
thank those people for showing up
and look somebody in the eye?
Why don't you pick out
a cute sympathetic face
and talk to her?
Flow.
Kill that light!
He can't see! Kill it!
Teddy!
- Thanks for coming.
- You too!
Look at that. He's looking right at me.
Do you see that? He's talking right to me.
My name is...
Teddy Raymond,
and I'm pretty nervous.
Actually, I'm scared to death,
but I guess we all have fears.
There are six basic fears
that we all suffer from,

and you're really lucky if you don't have all six of those fears.

The most common is the fear of going broke.

Frank.

- Next is...

- Don't even think about it.

The fear of criticism. You...

- Father, hold my dog, please?

- It will be self-perpetuated.

Please? He's Beezy.

- Father, you know that guy?

- No.

Then there's the fear of failure, of not living up to your expectations of yourself, of not being who you want to be.

Hey. See the arcade?

Now, you go tell Dominic and Thumper there was some kind of emergency

- and to meet me over there.

- What kind of an emergency?

- Hey.

- Get your hand off me.

Hey, listen, you're a creative girl.

Make one up. Go with her.

And there's the fear of abandonment, fear of losing a loved one.

- He is your father, isn't he?

- Yeah.

And fear of sickness, fear of dying.

I suffer from all those fears.

And I have one bonus fear to boot.

And that is, I am afraid of...

You,

all of you.

Right now, my heart's racing, and I'm terrified of being trapped in a crowd, and I always have since I was a kid.

Doctors have a name for that.

- It's called ochlophobia.

- I'll be right back.

At least it's not alektorophobia, which is a fear of chickens.

- Where you going?

- Hold on.
Ho, ho, ho. Give me your gun.
Or arachibutyrophobia,
fear of peanut butter sticking
to the roof of your mouth.
Wait, wait, wait.
Hey. Get the car.
Bring it around back.
- Let's go.
- Hey!
Put the gun down. Hey, hey!
Turn around. Show me your palms.
Don't look at me.
Hey, hey! Hey!
Whoa, whoa! No, no, hey!
Hey, hey, fellas. Fellas!
Everybody off! Everybody off!
- Cops, guys, come on.
- Where's your gun?
Drop the gun, turn around,
and show me your palms.
Show me your palms. Turn around.
There are guys with guns in there!
No, wait! Don't panic!
Stay calm!
Don't panic! Please, stay calm!
Teddy!
Hey!
You're okay.
Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay.
- Thank you.
- I'm Colette. I'm real glad to meet you.
All of you, put the guns down.
Whoa, ho! You know you guys are
not realizing your full potential here.
- Don't focus on failure, Frank.
- Okay, okay, back up.
- Focus on the positive.
- Back up, get back!
Life's a chess match, and the
opposite player is time, Frank!
- Time!
- Whoa, easy. Easy, easy.
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

- Get back.
- Get out of here.
- Hey!
- Hey, whoa, hey!
- Easy, easy!

I-I realize that you're uncertain and obviously very frustrated...

The worst that can happen to you is happening right now!

- Shut up, you moron!
- He's right, you know?

Because if you can get through this, you can get through anything.

Get through what? And what am I so uncertain and frustrated about?

These assholes?

- No, it's about you.
- You.

I've never been uncertain about a thing in my life, you retard.

Hey, where you running to, you two-faced turncoat piece of shit?

It's not like that, Frank. I just want to be my own man for once.

Yeah, and you, I loan you money and you run out on me?

Like I'm gonna forget about it?

- Oh.
- I don't think so. Hey, Denise.

Denise. Come on back, honey. Come on.

Hey, hey, hey. Is this really all about money or is about...

No! Don't...

No! Wolfie!

Sic 'em, Beezy!

What'd I tell you?

Beezy, Beezy. Come to papi.

- Come.
- Oh, my nose is ruined.
- Did he hurt you?
- Wolfie, Wolfie.

Oh, holy father, let him be okay, and I'll never have another drop.

I heard that.

You son of a bitch.

Give me back my gun.

- How you doing?

- Hi.

- What do you want?

- One sausage and mash.

Haggis, the neeps,

and... and the tatties.

Hey, Chestnut twice,

turnips, and mash!

Yeah, I got it.

You don't got to yell!

Huh?

Take this other order.

Everything about you is a lie!

The bars, the women,

the shady phone calls, the people

whispering, you think I don't hear them?

- Well, what do you think?

- That was good.

That's it? Did you believe me?

Sure. Yeah.

You believe me because

you like me a little.

Can you just do that accent again?

- How was my accent?

- Just do it again.

How was my accent?

Oh, boy. Gonna be

another bank robbery.

- Vest?

- Yeah, yeah, I got it.

- Try not to shoot anybody.

- I'll try.

- You better come back to me tonight.

- I ain't going anywhere, doll.