

**HESHER**

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**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A small kid, TJ FORNEY (13), with a grubby worn cast on his arm, rides his BMX really fast down a street. He chases a tow truck towing a badly wrecked red Volvo.

He struggles to keep up. The truck makes a turn. TJ follows, turning dangerously in front of oncoming traffic.

The truck makes another turn. TJ turns with it, running straight off into the side of a car pulling out of a driveway. He comes his bike and is thrown across the hood. He picks himself up, stunned. The driver of the car gets out to see if he's hurt.

TJ looks down the street to see the tow truck disappearing in the distance. He hurries back to his bike. He jumps on and continues after the truck.

TJ gives chase. He gains on the truck. He can see it pull into a used car lot ahead - FAIR OAKS CAR CITY.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - DAY**

TJ arrives at the car lot as the TOW TRUCK DRIVER is lowering the car onto the drive. TJ dumps his bike, out of breath.

**TJ**

This car has to go back.

**TOW TRUCK DRIVER**

Huh?

**TJ**

This car has to go back to where it came from. Put it back on the truck.

**TOW TRUCK DRIVER**

What are you talking about, kid?

The driver continues working, unhooking the car from the truck.

**TJ**

Stop unhooking it. There's been a mistake.

**TOW TRUCK DRIVER**

I was told to bring it here. That's what it says on my work order. Talk to that guy if you've got a problem.

The driver nods in the direction of LARRY TOWERS, who is approaching with 17 year-old DUSTIN HOWARD and another man, TONY, in dirty overalls.

**(CONTINUED)**

2.

**CONTINUED:**

**LARRY**

(to tow truck driver)  
Hey, Bill.

Larry shakes the tow truck driver's hand.

**TJ**

This car has to go back where it came from.

**LARRY**

I beg your pardon?

**TJ**

It was brought here by mistake.

Larry smiles at the little out-of-breath kid.

**LARRY**

And where was it supposed to go?

**TJ**

It wasn't supposed to go anywhere. It

needs to go back where it came from.  
The guy who sold it to you made a  
mistake.

**LARRY**  
**(TO TONY)**

What's the deal with this car again,  
Tony?

Tony flips through a stack of papers he's holding.

**TONY**

Ah let's see, we bought this car  
yesterday afternoon from a Paul Forney-

**TJ**

That's my dad. It wasn't his to sell.

**LARRY**

Well, it's his name on the pink slip,  
son. And that means it's his to sell  
if he wants.

**TJ**

Yeah, but I'm just telling you it was  
a mistake, OK, so it needs to go back  
where it came from.

**(CONTINUED)**

3.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

The car has now been lowered off the back of the tow truck.  
Larry moves away from TJ and approaches the driver.

**LARRY**

Thanks, Bill.

**(TO TONY)**

You got that work order there?

Tony looks through his papers for the work order. TJ doesn't  
like being ignored. He moves around to the driver's side of

the

wrecked car and wrenches open the bashed-in door. He climbs  
behind the wheel, slams the door shut and locks the door.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**

Get out of the car, son.

TJ ignores him. Larry doesn't have time for this.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**

Dustin, get him outta there, will ya?

Dustin moves around to the open driver's side window.

**DUSTIN**

Come on dude, get out of the car.

TJ turns the key and begins winding the window up. Dustin reaches in trying to unlock the door.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

C'mon. Open it.

The window is rising. Dustin grabs at TJ. TJ keeps winding  
the window. It gets to the top, trapping Dustin's arm.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Ow, fuck. What the fuck you doing?  
Open it.

Dustin is stuck. Larry, Bill and Tony laugh. Dustin yells at  
TJ. TJ ignores him, staring straight ahead.

The men laugh some more. Dustin's humiliation sets in.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Put down the fuckin' window. I'm  
serious.

Larry goes around to the passenger's side broken window and  
opens the door. He leans in and easily drags TJ out of the  
car.

**(CONTINUED)**

**4.**

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**LARRY**

I'd get out of here kid, before he  
works himself loose.

TJ's not getting the car back. The men continue laughing at the trapped Dustin. TJ picks up his bike and rides away defeated.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TJ sits at the kitchen table with his tiny 85 year-old GRANDMA and his depressed and dishevelled DAD, Paul Forney (45). Dad has a full shaggy beard and a recently healed wound on his forehead.

They eat in silence. There's tension in the air.

**GRANDMA**

There's still plenty of applesauce boys.

**TJ**

**(TO DAD)**

I don't get why what I think doesn't matter.

**DAD**

It couldn't stay in the front of the house anymore, TJ. I'm not having this conversation again.

**TJ**

Yeah, why not?

**DAD**

It's there everyday and I have to look at it.

**TJ**

When do you look at it? When was the last time you got off the couch?

**DAD**

It's not healthy.

**TJ**

Neither are all the pills you're taking, but I don't tell you not to take them.

**DAD**

I don't wanna talk about it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

5.

CONTINUED:

TJ

I do.

DAD

I don't. And that's it.

TJ fumes. They eat in silence a bit more. TJ drops his fork  
and leaves the table, angry.

GRANDMA

It's OK dear. He just needs time. It's  
his first day back tomorrow. Lets try  
and be patient.

Dad is a mess.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

One thing at a time dear. One thing at  
a time.

DAD

Yeah, I know, mom.

Grandma nods quietly.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MORNING

TJ gives his mouth a once over with a toothbrush. He spits,  
then sets his toothbrush down on the edge of the sink.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - MORNING

TJ stands holding a banana and wearing a backpack in front  
of the couch where his dad is sleeping. Dad is lying face down,  
half-covered with a sheet, his leg hanging off the side.  
There's dirty plates and pill bottles on the coffee table in what is  
otherwise an old lady's living room. Dad stirs, it's a  
pathetic sight.

and TJ taps Dad's leg with his foot. Dad slowly comes to life notices TJ.

**TJ**

Can I have some money so I can buy lunch today?

**DAD**

Yeah.

his Dad sits up on the couch, he looks a total mess. Dad pick up wallet from the mess of a coffee table and hands TJ a few dollars.

**(CONTINUED)**

**6.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Hope you have a nice day Teej.

back in TJ exits, leaving Dad sitting there. Dad sets his wallet down and stares blankly into the room. We hear the door slam the background.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - MORNING**

TJ on his BMX pedals down the drive and out onto the street.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

bike with travels TJ pedals in the middle of a suburban street. He steers his with his broken arm as he tries to peel and eat the banana the other. He glides down a hill. It's a long hill. He fast.

and Despite the glide and the wind in his hair he's slouching looks depressed.

**EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

housing TJ rides his bike through an eerily barren unfinished development - half-built houses and perfectly sealed wide streets.

big Up ahead, he can see a small section of unfinished road - a patch of dirt and rocks. He veers up a driveway to avoid it. He passes the dirt patch and then comes down off the curb back onto the road, trying to keep control of his bike. He hits the road and loses his balance. The handlebars twist and he crashes onto the road.

at He jumps up and yelps in pain, clutching his elbow. He looks at it. It's badly grazed. He yelps again, angry. He picks up a rock lying in the street and charges towards an unfinished house. He hurls the rock through its front window. Glass crashes down. A silent beat passes, and then the front door of the house opens and a late-20s, long-greasy-haired, wiry shirtless guy in filthy black jeans emerges. He has a baby moustache and a cracked front tooth. This is HESHER. He makes a determined line toward TJ.

**HESHER**

The fuck you think you're doing!?

T- Before TJ can back away Heshher grabs him by the back of his shirt and drags him kicking and squealing towards the house.  
7.

**INT. HALF-BUILT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

the Heshher drags TJ into the unfinished front room. He slams TJ against an uncoated drywall. Heshher pulls a pair of garden shears from his back pocket and squeezes TJ's nose between blades.

TJ is terrified. He squirms.

**HESHER**

The fuck you think you're doing!?

**TJ**

Nothing.

**HESHER**

You got five seconds or I'm gonna cut your fuckin' nose off.

**TJ**

I was just, I was just going to school. I, I didn't know anyone was here.

Hesher stares intimidatingly at TJ. TJ looks seriously scared.

**HESHER**

Bullshit. You're gonna fuckin' -

Hesher is suddenly startled. His ears prick up like a rabbit. He hits the deck dragging TJ down with him. Their faces are close together. Hesher makes a very serious finger-to-mouth gesture to 'shhhh'.

The SOUND of a car idling outside. Hesher listens.

TJ is on his stomach, freaked. TJ looks around the room - a duffel bag, some beer cans, a few porn magazines, a weathered bass guitar and a sleeping bag.

A car door closes loudly. Hesher peers through the window and sees a SECURITY GUARD inspecting TJ's bike in the front yard and then making his way toward the house.

Hesher looks at TJ with serious and considered venom.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You just fucked me.

Hesher snaps into action. With speed and precision he gathers his stuff together. He shoves it all his duffel bag.

(CONTINUED)

8.

CONTINUED:

**SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)**

Who's in there?

Hesher lights the fuse on a stick of homemade dynamite wrapped in duct tape and throws it through the broken window. He then slips out the back door, leaving TJ face down on the floor freaked out and confused.

**SECURITY GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

What the hell-

BOOM! Dirt sprays against the house and pours in through the window. TJ cowers, then hears the guttural roar of a van starting up. He hears the van screech away.

**SECURITY GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Hey! Get back here!

TJ jumps to his feet and looks out the window. A dirty black van screams out onto the road and tears away, spraying dirt and rocks in its wake. The security guard stumbles around, covered in dirt and disoriented. He rushes back to his car and gives chase. TJ lets them get away up the street, then bolts to the front door.

**EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS**

TJ darts for his bike. He picks it up and rides off quickly.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

Outside a public high school, kids mill around before class. Lots of noise.

TJ rides down a path and clocks Dustin Howard, the kid from the car lot, who stands talking with friends by his car - a shiny 2007 YELLOW CONVERTIBLE MUSTANG. They spot each other. TJ quickly looks away (oh shit) and b-lines for the bike rack.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - DAY**

a  
back  
TJ opens his locker. He pulls out a clear zip-lock bag with rotten apple inside. He looks at it a moment then puts it in the locker.

A kid puts his hand on TJ's shoulder.

**KID 1**

Hey, TJ. You're back. Welcome back.

Another kid comes over, eating a bagel.

**(CONTINUED)**

9.

**CONTINUED:**

**KID 2**

Hey, Teej. Welcome back, man.

TJ nods, despondent, putting books into his backpack.

**KID 2 (CONT'D)**

How you feeling, man?

**TJ**

**(UNENTHUSIASTIC)**

Fine.

**KID 2**

I came by your house a while ago, see if you wanted to come skateboarding or something, but it looked like the place was empty. Have you moved or something?

**KID 1**

Yeah, I tried calling you a bunch of times, but it kept saying there was a new number or something.

**TJ**

Yeah, we moved in with my Grandma for a little while.

**KID 1**

Oh OK, cool... I didn't want to call  
cause I didn't know.  
(changing the subject)  
You want some of my bagel?

**TJ**

No. Thanks.

Awkward beat. TJ doesn't want to make chit-chat. People are  
already making him feel weird.

**KID 1**

Hey, can I be the first one to sign  
your cast?

**TJ**

Ah, if you want I guess, but I'm  
getting it off tomorrow, so there's no  
point really.

**KID 1**

OK, cool. Well, welcome back, man.

**(CONTINUED)**

10.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**KID 2**

Yeah, welcome back, dude.

The kids steps away, feeling awkward.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY**

MRS

TJ sits in class, at the back near the window. The teacher,  
ELSBERRY, a big African-American lady, is taking roll. Kids  
answer as their names are called.

**MRS ELSBERRY**

Cerisola? Cimino? Cody? Cooper? Early?  
Edgerton? Fletcher?

**(LIGHTENS)**

Forney. TJ Forney's back. Welcome  
back, TJ.

A

TJ gives a half hearted nod. The class turns to look at him.  
couple whisper. TJ looks away. The teacher continues taking

roll.

**MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)**

Folks? Fullwood? Greenberg? Herriman?  
Kelman?

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

**COACH**

McDonald? Mohajer? Nanden? Paonessa?  
Saunders? Sumner?

TJ is in gym class, another roll call. TJ looks up.

He notices a guy high up in the bleachers smoking a  
cigarette  
and staring at him through long hair.

TJ looks concerned. Is this Hesh, the guy with the garden  
shears?

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - DAY**

TJ is walking down the hall. He looks over and sees Hesh  
who's  
wearing a Misfits "Skull" T-shirt, watching him through the  
crowd.

Suddenly TJ is grabbed and slammed against a locker. It's  
Dustin  
Howard and his posse. Dustin towers over him.

**DUSTIN**

S'up now, punk? You don't look so  
tough now, do you?

**(CONTINUED)**

**11.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ attempts to walk away. Dustin pushes him against the  
locker.

TJ tries to walk away again.

**TJ**

Leave me alone.

**DUSTIN**

How about you suck my cock?

Dustin slams him again. TJ stays put.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Huh? Suck my cock.

TJ tries to walk. Dustin slams him.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Suck my cock.

TJ tries to leave again, Dustin pushes him again.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Suck my cock.

**TJ**

Yeah, yeah, I heard you. Suck your  
cock. Then why don't you pull it out?

**DUSTIN**

What'd you say, bitch?

TJ tries to walk away. Dustin grabs him and throws him down.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Don't fuckin' talk back to me.

TJ's

TJ squirms trying to free himself, kicking wildly. One of  
kicks catches Dustin. Dustin punches him. A crowd quickly  
gathers.

**KIDS**

Fight, fight, fight...

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

The school COUNSELLOR flips through papers in a file.

**COUNSELLOR**

Look, TJ. I know you've been through a  
lot and it's gonna take time to  
readjust, but as you know, the school  
can't tolerate this kind of behavior.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

12.

**CONTINUED:**

**COUNSELLOR (CONT'D)**

I'm willing to give you the benefit of  
the doubt this time, but you can't be

starting fights.

**TJ**

I didn't start anything. He pushed me.

**COUNSELLOR**

What he did or didn't do isn't important. What's important is what you do, and how you react. Do you understand?

**TJ**

Not really.

**COUNSELLOR**

Which part don't you understand?

**TJ**

I don't understand the part about how it's not important that he pushed me and he punched me and he kicked me and he told me to suck his cock and now I'm the bad guy sitting in the office.

The counsellor cuts him off.

**COUNSELLOR**

Hey, hey, hey. I do not wanna hear that kind of language in my office.

**TJ**

Yeah, but I didn't -

**COUNSELLOR**

Listen, I'm gonna cut you some slack, but you're gonna have to meet me halfway here.

looks TJ shakes his head. He gives up on this conversation. He  
out the window. Heshel is out there - smoking and watching.

TJ is suddenly unnerved.

**COUNSELLOR (CONT'D)**

I should really be suspending you, but I won't if you can promise me you'll put in a real effort...

(noticing TJ looking

**ELSEWHERE)**

Are you listening?

(CONTINUED)

13.

CONTINUED: (2)

TJ

Yeah, OK.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON**

one  
rides  
It's after school. TJ walks out to his bike. It's the last  
left on the rack. Only a couple of other kids are still on  
campus. TJ looks around. He jumps on his bike and quickly  
off.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

a  
TV. There are no lights on so it feels dark.

he  
his  
He walks past the TV room, the TV is on. Dad is on his back,  
fast asleep, mouth wide open. He barely seems alive, until  
makes a small whimper. His mouth closes, he swallows, then  
mouth drops open again.

bottles  
TJ picks up the remote control from a mess of empty pill  
on the coffee table and switches off the TV.

TJ walks past the kitchen and drops his backpack.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

gently  
TJ walks past his grandma's bedroom. The door is open. He  
knocks. She's sitting up in bed, reading.

**GRANDMA**

Hi, pumpkin.

**TJ**

Hey.

TJ stands in the doorway. Grandma takes off her glasses.

**GRANDMA**

How was your day?

**TJ**

Pretty much sucked.

**GRANDMA**

Why sweetheart?

TJ thinks for a moment.

**TJ**

I don't know. It just sucked.

**(CONTINUED)**

**14.**

**CONTINUED:**

Grandma looks at TJ with an empathetic nod.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Do you want me to turn on the light  
for you?

**GRANDMA**

Do I look like I'm sitting in darkness  
here?

**TJ**

I don't know, maybe, a little.

**GRANDMA**

Maybe I need new glasses?

She holds her glasses up for closer inspection.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Actually, I don't even know if these  
are mine.

**TJ**

Whose are they?

**GRANDMA**

Geez, I don't know.

**TJ**

Well, can you see better with them?

**GRANDMA**

Jesus, I don't know.

Grandma holds the glasses in different positions.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

You know my mother always told me that I'd damage my eyes if I read by poor light and I always think about that when I'm reading, but I've gotten this far, so why am I still worrying about it? Why am I even reading? There's something more I need to learn?

She give this a moment of thought.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

I guess there's always something more to learn.

**(CONTINUED)**

15.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

her She seems almost tickled by this. She slips her bookmark in book and puts it on her bedside table.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Is is your dad up yet?

**TJ**

No. Why, has he been sleeping all day?

**GRANDMA**

Well, you know, sometimes people get knocked off course a little when bad things happen. But they come good in the end.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - EVENING**

happy TV dinner TJ sits at the kitchen table alone staring at a cute and bunny salt and pepper shakers. He can see in through to the room where Grandma is shaking Dad awake on the couch for

and holding a glass of milk for him.

of  
Dad lifts himself off the couch. Grandma hands him the glass  
milk.

**GRANDMA**

Here's some milk to wet your whistle.

**DAD**

Thanks mom.

table.  
Dad shuffles into the kitchen and takes his seat at the

with  
Dad empties a couple of pills into his palm and downs them  
milk. TJ forks his food around his plate.

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Hey Teej.

**TJ**

Hey.

**GRANDMA**

Take some applesauce, sweetheart.

**DAD**

What's the time?

**TJ**

It's six o'clock. Have you been  
sleeping all day?

**(CONTINUED)**

**16.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD**

I just had to lay down for a bit.

Dad looks up but doesn't seem to notice TJ's bruised face.

**DAD (CONT'D)**

How was school?

**TJ**

Fine. When are you going back to work?

**DAD**

That's a good question.

Dad scrapes a mouthful onto his fork, avoiding the good question. A moment passes. TJ stares at him.

**TJ**

Are you gonna answer it?

**DAD**

I don't know. I'm not ready yet.

him,  
Dad's eyes are lowered. He stares at his plate. TJ watches feeling powerless.

**TJ**

I'm not ready yet either.

They eat in silence.

**GRANDMA**

TJ, would you please pass me the salt?

TJ passes the bunny salt shaker.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Did you know that when Albert Einstein interviewed people for a job, he would take them out for lunch and if they put salt on their food before tasting it, he would not give them the job.

Grandma looks up at TJ with a small grin. She sets the salt shaker down.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

I've always liked that.

**17.**

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

cutting  
TJ sits on the bed in a doctor's office. The DOCTOR is off his cast with a little buzz saw.

pale  
The doctor pulls the cast free and inspects TJ's arm. It is and skinny compared to the other.

**DOCTOR**

(referring to the smell)  
Whoa, that's like an eight week old  
dirty sock. OK, so how does that feel?  
You wanna turn your wrist like this  
for me?

The doctor demonstrates. TJ imitates.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

And like this.

does  
The doctor twists his wrist in a different direction. TJ  
the same. The doctor looks for a pen.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Any pain or discomfort?

**TJ**

I don't know. It feels kinda weird, I  
can't tell.

**DOCTOR**

It will feel strange for a few days,  
but should start to feel normal again  
soon. Alright, lookin' good. I s'pose  
I should write you a note for school.

chat.  
The doctor writes the note. While he does so he makes chit

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

How's your Dad doing?

**TJ**

Not great. I don't know. You should  
probably just ask him yourself.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY**

Mrs. Elsberry drones on from the front of the class.

(CONTINUED)

18.

CONTINUED:

**MRS ELSBERRY**

If we consider that dreams serve a metaphoric function in narrative fiction, as they do in life, what metaphoric function would you suggest the dreams here are serving?

TJ sits in the back of the class, by the window.

TJ  
one  
A little pebble hits TJ's desk. It bounces onto the floor.  
looks around to find where it came from - and then another  
hits him in the head.

He  
up  
and  
He looks out the window. Heshel is right outside the window.  
takes the cap off of a large BLACK MAGIC MARKER. He holds it  
to his nose and takes a long slow inhale. He exhales slow  
long, staring hard at TJ.

it  
to  
this.  
TJ looks around confused. Heshel recaps the marker, throws  
hard at TJ and wanders off. The marker hits TJ, then falls  
floor near his feet. He reaches for it. Mrs. Elsberry sees

**MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)**

TJ! What are you doing? Please pass that forward.

on  
TJ passes the marker forward. Mrs. Elsberry sets the marker  
her desk.

**MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)**

You can collect this after class.

She continues back to the chalkboard.

**MRS ELSBERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

OK, so for our protagonist, are these dreams premonitions or desires or even nightmares perhaps?

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

bike  
It's after school. Kids are leaving campus. TJ wheels his

across the school yard.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ rides his bike down the street. Dustin's YELLOW MUSTANG appears beside him. Dustin is boiling.

**DUSTIN**

You're fuckin' dead.

**(CONTINUED)**

**19.**

**CONTINUED:**

We see that someone has drawn - in BIG BLACK MARKER - a crude picture of a body, sitting on a toilet with a big erect penis. The picture is drawn on the side of Dustin's Mustang door, so his real head lines up with the drawing. It's drawn in perspective so it looks like Dustin's head is attached to the naked defecating body to outsiders. The words 'SUCK MY COCK' have been scrawled beside the picture. Dustin swerves the car toward TJ, narrowly missing him. TJ cuts into a large super market parking lot, attempting to get away. Dustin accelerates ahead of TJ and screeches to a halt in front of him, cutting him off, almost hitting him. TJ stumbles and falls off his bike. His bike lands on top of him. Dustin jumps out of his car and starts beating TJ in the middle of parking lot traffic. TJ struggles just to protect himself, cowering on the ground and covering his head. Dustin tries to wrestle TJ free of the bike so as to get a clearer shot at him. He drags TJ by his T-shirt, ripping it off in the process. And then a WOMAN'S VOICE -

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Hey!

Dustin ignores the voice. He continues beating TJ.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Hey! Leave him alone!

Dustin ignores again.

**VOICE (CONT'D)**

Hey! I said stop it!

woman,  
back,  
Dustin ignores one last time - a beat passes, then the  
NICOLE (mid-20s), appears behind Dustin and jumps onto his  
bear hugging his face.

**NICOLE**

Leave him alone!

but  
Dustin shakes erratically, Nicole has a tight grip on him,  
eventually Dustin manages to throw her onto the ground.

**DUSTIN**

What the fuck are you doing lady?

fists  
Nicole picks herself up off the ground and holds up her  
like she's ready to fight. She doesn't look very tough.

**(CONTINUED)**

20.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**NICOLE**

What are you doing?!

out  
Nicole stands defiantly between Dustin and TJ. Dustin looks  
around at the scene he's created in the street. A man steps  
of his car. Dustin realizes it's time to go.

**DUSTIN**

**(TO TJ)**

I'm not finished, you fuck.

He gets back into his car, slams the door and speeds off.

Nicole watches him go, then helps TJ up. TJ is shirtless, scrawny, dirty and traumatized.

**NICOLE**

Are you alright?

**TJ**

I don't know.

**(BEAT)**

Am I bleeding?

**NICOLE**

I don't think so. Am I?

**TJ**

I don't know.

up  
is  
TJ grabs his T-shirt and pulls it back on. He picks his bike off the ground and hops on. He goes to peddle, but the chain is busted. His peddling goes nowhere.

**INT. NICOLE'S CAR - DAY**

crammed  
Nicole drives. TJ is in the passenger seat. TJ's bike is in the back.

**NICOLE**

I can't believe he called me lady. Do I look like a lady to you?

**TJ**

I don't know, I guess?

**NICOLE**

Thanks. I mean do I look old? Well anyway, at least I can say I've been in a fight.

She thinks about this for a beat. TJ is silent.

**(CONTINUED)**

**21.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

I can't believe he called me lady.

the TJ notices an ice-cream cone sitting in a cup-holder between  
seats.

**TJ**

I think your ice cream's melting.

**NICOLE**

Oh shit.

melted She tries to pick it up, suddenly flustered. It drips  
everywhere. She doesn't know what to do with it. It's too  
to eat.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Ah, fuck it.

She throws it out the window.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Hey, so I'm kinda like a hero now,  
aren't I?

TJ looks over confused.

**TJ**

What?

**NICOLE**

Well actually, I basically just didn't  
want to have to go home and then spend  
the rest of the day feeling bad about  
the fact that I didn't help you and  
then hear about you on the news being  
beat to death in the parking lot. So  
you know, really I'm just - I did it  
for me. I'm just selfish.

**(BEAT)**

And I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm like  
that.

She TJ is silent, he has no idea how to respond to this girl.  
spots a gas station.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Oh, gas station.

Cars She quickly makes an illegal turn into oncoming traffic.  
honk at her.

(CONTINUED)

22.

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Whoaaa... sorry, sorry.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR / GAS STATION - DAY

They pull up next to a gas pump.

NICOLE

Perfect landing.

She gets out of the car.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You like black or red?

TJ

Ah, I don't know, black?

NICOLE

Black? Really? Are you sure?

TJ

OK, red?

NICOLE

OK.

wanders  
tag  
Nicole walks off. TJ watches her for a beat then his eye  
over the contents of her messy car. He picks up a white name  
from the coin tray between the seats. It reads:

RALPH'S - Hi my name is NICOLE, how can I help you?

the  
TJ looks up and sees Nicole heading back to the car. He puts  
name tag down as the car door opens and Nicole gets in. She  
hands him a stick of red licorice covered in green sugar.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Red it is.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nicole and TJ are driving. They eat sour licorice. TJ's not enjoying it, but not wanting her to know this.

**NICOLE**

It's super sour isn't it? You don't have to eat it if you don't like it.

**TJ**

It's really sour.

**(CONTINUED)**

**23.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**

I know, that's the point. I used to hate this crazy sour stuff, I don't know what happened. I just recently acquired a taste for it. I don't even really know what's in it, but I pretty much eat it all the time. And I'm sure it's making me fat. I just don't want to end up like those fat old ladies you sometimes see, you know, the really fat ones?

TJ doesn't know what to make of her.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

I don't know why I'm telling you this. Anyway, I was secretly hoping that you loved these -

Holding up the licorice, then taking a bite.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

So you could eat 'em for me. But now I can see you don't like em' and I'm kinda glad cuz it means more for me. I guess I'm sort of a hypocrite in a way.

She smiles at that. TJ attempts to smile back, but he's so confused he ends up making a strange face. He awkwardly

looks

away.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY**

van  
him

Nicole's car pulls up. TJ gets out and notices a dirty black  
creeping slowly around the corner toward them. This makes  
very nervous.

**TJ**

OK, thanks for the ride. I really  
appreciate it.

He hurries to the door.

**NICOLE**

Hey!

TJ turns.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

You want your bike?

**(CONTINUED)**

**24.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ notices his bike still in Nicole's back seat.

**TJ**

Shit.

TJ rushes back. He drags it out of her car.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Thanks.

of  
Grandma

He wheels it back towards the house. TJ goes around the side  
the house to the back door. He knocks on the back door.  
appears at the door.

**GRANDMA**

Hi, TJ. What you doing around the  
back?

Grandma lets TJ in. TJ is nervous.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

**TJ**

I just, I dunno. I was just dumping my bike.

TJ heads for the living room.

**TJ (CONT'D)**  
**(CALLING)**

Hey, Dad!

**GRANDMA**

Your Dad's gone to the supermarket, honey. Everything OK?

**TJ**

Ah, yeah, OK.

black  
But TJ isn't listening. He can't stop thinking about that van. He exits the kitchen.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - DAY**

TJ walks the hall carefully to the front door. He squints through the peephole.

can't  
The black van is parked directly in front of the house. TJ see properly through the hole.

He turns, to get a better look through the TV room window.  
**25.**

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

shoulder.  
TJ turns to the living room. There is Heshher standing in the middle of the room with a dirty duffel bag over his

TJ is petrified. They stand looking at each other for a long moment.

**HESHER**

Where's the laundry room?

**TJ**

My dad'll be home soon.

**HESHER**

Where's the laundry room?

**TJ**

Why?

**HESHER**

You've got two seconds to tell me where the laundry room is before I tear your fuckin' head off and skull fuck you.

TJ points to a door off the lounge.

**TJ**

It's through there. But why? You can't - my dad's gonna be home soon.

Hesher stares at him for a second, then heads for the door.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS**

into  
Hesher empties his sack into the washing machine. TJ steps the room, wary. Hesher ignores him.

underwear  
Hesher strips off his T-shirt and jeans and add them to the load. He's now standing in the laundry room wearing only. TJ sees bad burn scars running down Hesher's thighs. Hesher pours laundry detergent liberally into the machine.

**TJ**

him  
What are you doing? You can't -  
Hesher turns on a dime and grabs TJ by his throat and pins against the wall.

**(CONTINUED)**

**26.**

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

I swear to god. I'll cut your face off.

He closes the lid. He wrenches the dial around and clicks 'start'. The machine begins a loud cycle. Hesher exits. TJ

follows awkwardly.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher sits in the middle of the couch and lights a cigarette.

**TJ**

You can't smoke in here.

Hesher drags deep and blows the smoke out in a long whistle straight into the air above him.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

You can't smoke.

Hesher flicks his cigarette, ashing on the floor.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

What are you doing? You can't smoke in here.

Hesher looks at him and ashes on the couch.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Will you please put it out?

**HESHER**

Can I put it out in your mouth?

**TJ**

What?! Wait.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY**

TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma is crumbing chicken fillets at the counter. She's listening to loud talk radio. TJ goes straight for the cupboards and looks through them.

Grandma turns, eyebrows raised. She turns the radio down.

**GRANDMA**

I'm gonna make a cake. Do you remember my cherry cake story?

TJ gets down on his knees and digs his way through the cupboard while Grandma rambles, continuing her chicken crumbing.

**(CONTINUED)**

27.

**CONTINUED:**

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

I used to make a cherry cake all the time and it always came out just wonderful. One time I invited my doctor and his wife and I wanted to make an impression. I asked him to come see your dad in a play and he came and I said, 'would you like to come back to the house?'

the TJ emerges from the cupboard with a bowl. He turns toward  
sink and begins to fill it with water.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

And he said, or his wife said, 'yes they'd like to come back.' So earlier that day I made a cherry cake and I used a - I didn't know it till afterwards, I used a new product - instead of Crisco, I used Fluffo. They never made it again that Fluffo.

**TJ**

Grandma, can I hear the rest of your story later? I'm kinda busy.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, of course honey.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

TJ enters, carrying the bowl.

Hesher is on the couch, smoking. The TV is now on. He flips channels.

TJ stands next to Hesher. Hesher looks at him.

a The front door opens and Dad enters, wearing old sweatpants,  
dirty T-shirt, and carrying a plastic grocery bag.

guy He stops when he sees the practically naked, greasy-haired  
smoking on the couch (his 'bed'). It's a strange moment.

**DAD**

TJ, who's this?

After a long uncomfortable silence, Heshher stands and extends his hand.

**HESHER**

My name's Heshher. Call me Heshher.

**(CONTINUED)**

**28.**

**CONTINUED:**

Paul has to rearrange the bags to shake his hand. Heshher sits back down.

**DAD**

**(TO TJ)**

What's he doing?

**TJ**

He's doing laundry.

They stand looking at each other. TJ is just plain stressed out.

**DAD**

Why is he smoking in the house?

**TJ**

I don't know.

Heshher continues flipping channels. He's not finding anything he wants.

**DAD**

Did you tell him he can't?

**TJ**

Yes.

**HESHER**

How come you only have four channels?

Heshher gets up off the couch and exits the room.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

chicken.

doesn't

state

sizzles

and

Hesher enters the kitchen. Grandma is still crumbing

He starts going through drawers right next to her. He  
acknowledge her.

Grandma notices him, but not seemingly his cigarette, his  
of undress or his complete stranger-ness.

**GRANDMA**

Hello there.

**HESHER**

Hello, old lady.

His cigarette is done. He flicks it into the sink. It  
out. He opens another drawer.

Dad enters with his grocery bag.

**(CONTINUED)**

**29.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD**

**(TO HESHER)**

Can I help you with something?

Hesher shuts the drawer. He's holding a fork.

**HESHER**

Nope, I'm good.

He exits the kitchen.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher strides across the back lawn in his underwear.

TJ and Dad step out the door and watch him.

Hesher reaches a telephone pole and climbs it nimbly like a  
monkey. At the top, he fiddles around with the fork, banging  
wrenching at the cable box.

a He drops the fork to the ground and begins his descent. Only  
couple of feet from the ground, he loses his grip and falls,  
crashing down into a thick bush at the base of the pole.

**HESHER**

Motherfucker.

TJ and Dad stand staring frozen.

off Heshher lifts himself up out of the bushes, brushes himself  
and heads back to the house.

He walks right past them and back inside.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

through Heshher sits back down on the couch and begins to flip  
remote the newly acquired channels. He finds porn and drops the  
action. down beside him. He sits back and watches girl-on-girl

the TJ and Dad stand just inside the TV room, stunned, watching  
newly acquired porn.

from Then a LOUD BUZZ marking the end of the wash's cycle sounds  
the laundry room.

Heshher gets up off the couch and heads for it.

A stunned and silent (bar the porn noise) moment later, TJ  
follows.

**(CONTINUED)**

**30.**

**CONTINUED:**

Dad picks up the remote and switches the TV off.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS**

Heshher loads his wet laundry into the dryer. TJ's nervous.

**TJ**

So, ah, what are you doing now?

Hesher slams the dryer door shut and wrenches the dial around.  
The dryer starts up loud. Hesher pretends he can't hear TJ.

**HESHER**

Huh?

He turns and looks into the garage which is right off the laundry room. He points inside.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**  
**(LOUD)**

This your room?

**TJ**

(huh?)  
That's the garage.

Hesher walks into the garage with his bag and slams the door leaving TJ standing in the laundry room with the noisy dryer.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

TJ sits at the dinner table with Dad and Grandma. From the garage we hear a muffled bass guitar playing loud and heavy.

**GRANDMA**

Does your friend want to eat some dinner dear?

**TJ**

He's not hungry.

**GRANDMA**

Are you sure?

**TJ**

Yeah, I'm sure.

**DAD**

What's he doing in the garage?

**(CONTINUED)**

**31.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

I don't know. I said he could practice his guitar in there.

**GRANDMA**

That's great honey, it's nice having a bit of music in the house again. Is he a new friend?

**TJ**

Yeah, sort of.

**GRANDMA**

You know your grandfather played the harmonica for many years.

TJ doesn't respond. He eats. Dad looks on perplexed, yet disconnected.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MORNING**

can  
brushing  
in a  
TJ is dressed for school, wet hair. He brushes his teeth. We hear the sound of cartoons in the background. TJ stops and listens a second. He hasn't heard cartoons at this hour long time.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

sits on  
TJ enters the TV room. Dad is lying on the couch. Heshher an armchair eating a bowl of cereal and watching cartoons. TJ stands for a beat and watches them. This is strange.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

juice  
TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma pulls a bottle of orange out of the fridge.

**GRANDMA (LOUDLY)**

Heshher, would you like a glass of orange juice.

**HESHER (O.S.)**

Ah, yeah. Sure.

**GRANDMA**

Morning, TJ.

**TJ**

Hi, Grandma.

**(CONTINUED)**

**32.**

**CONTINUED:**

grabs TJ goes to the counter. He pours cereal into a bowl. He  
the milk carton. He pours it into the bowl, but the carton's  
empty.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, I'm sorry, honey. We're out of  
milk. I can cook you up some eggs if  
you like, dear.

**TJ**

No, thanks. I don't have time.

his TJ leans back and looks into the TV room at Heshier enjoying  
milky cereal.

**GRANDMA**

Would you like to come for a walk with  
me today?

**TJ**

I can't, Grandma. I gotta go to  
school.

**GRANDMA**

No, I mean later. This afternoon.

TJ grabs his backpack.

**TJ**

I don't know. Can you ask me when I  
get home?

**GRANDMA**

OK, honey.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / LUNCH YARD - DAY**

find TJ

The lunch yard is busy. The crowd clears a moment and we sitting on a bench in the shade, alone and depressed, hidden away from the other kids.

He drinks from a can of soda.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - DAY**

TJ rides his bike into the car lot.

TJ stands staring at the crashed red Volvo (from the opening scene) that is parked on the lot. He takes a few deep breaths.

**33.**

**INT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY / OFFICE - DAY**

LARRY

TJ walks up to an open office door and knocks. Inside is TOWERS. He looks up.

**LARRY**

Yes?

**TJ**

I need to talk to you.

**LARRY**

Oh, yeah? What about?

TJ enters and sits opposite.

**TJ**

I want to get the car back.

**LARRY**

Yeah, I figured that. You made it pretty clear the last time you were here, and I thought I made it pretty clear that I couldn't give it to you.

**TJ**

What do I need to do to get it back?

**LARRY**

The car's not for sale.

**TJ**

I want to get it back, though. How

much do you want for it?

Larry takes a breath. He doesn't want to be having this conversation. He counts the obstacles out on his fingers.

**LARRY**

I don't know. We're talking at least eighteen hundred dollars, not including taxes, registration, ADM, or dealer's fees. On top of that, you'd need a driver's license. I'm guessing you don't have one of those. You'd need valid car insurance. I'm guessing you don't have that either. But even if you did have these things, I still couldn't sell it to you because the car's not street legal. There's a million reasons why I can't sell it to you.

**(CONTINUED)**

**34.**

**CONTINUED:**

For a second it seems Larry feels sympathetic toward TJ.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**

Look kid, I appreciate your enthusiasm, I really do, but I don't know what to tell you. You can't have the car. End of story.

TJ churns all this over in his head. Larry thinks he's made himself clear. He motions to the papers on his desk.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**

Do you mind if I get back to it here?

**EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY / OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

TJ walks out of Larry's office, forlorn. He walks across the showroom, head down, mumbling angrily to himself.

He is stopped by a hand on his chest. It's Dustin.

**DUSTIN**

You're lucky I'm at work right now.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

TJ sits on his bike staring at a Ralph's supermarket.

**INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER**

finishes  
cream  
Nicole is at the checkout, checking grocery items. She  
with a customer and TJ appears next in line, with an ice  
cream  
cone.

**NICOLE**

Hi Sir, how are you today? Oh, hey.

**TJ**

Hey.

**NICOLE**

How's it goin'?

**TJ**

I got you a replacement ice cream.

Nicole is a little taken aback.

**NICOLE**

Oh my god. That's so sweet, thanks.

TJ smiles awkwardly. He hands her the cone.

**(CONTINUED)**

**35.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

I paid for it over there.

He points to the ice cream counter on the other side of the store.

**NICOLE**

Oh, OK.

quite  
She holds the cone, not quite sure what to do with it, not  
sure how to take this kid.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Thanks.

**TJ**

**(NERVOUS)**

Sure, OK. See ya.

TJ walks away.

**NICOLE**

See ya.

be Nicole watches him leave while a line of customers wait to served. She smiles at the next customer, sharing the moment.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

(to next customer)

Hi.

outside, She starts checking the customer's items, still holding her melting cone. She looks up out the door. She can see TJ shaking his head and mumbling to himself. He feels like an idiot.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING**

the TJ enters the house. Dad isn't on the couch. He heads for kitchen. He stops abruptly in the doorway.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher and Grandma are at the counter. Grandma is baking an apple pie. Hesher is joyfully eating the apple slices she is preparing for the pie. They don't notice TJ.

**(CONTINUED)**

**36.**

**CONTINUED:**

**GRANDMA**

- and his wife said, yes they'd like to come back to the house.' So earlier that day I made a cherry cake and I used a new product - I didn't know it till afterwards- I used Fluffo. They never made it again that Fluffo. It was an imitation brand. I served the cake and there was silence. And then -

of  
Grandma makes a clicking sound with her tongue on the roof  
her mouth.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**  
**(LAUGHING)**

You put the cake in your mouth and it  
stuck to the roof of your mouth. They  
could hardly swallow it.

losing a  
Hesher finds Grandma's story amusing, he laughs, never  
beat while eating the delicious apple slices.

Grandma notices that TJ is standing in the doorway.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**  
**(STILL LAUGHING)**

Hi sweetheart.

TJ. TJ  
Hesher glances over, he clearly doesn't give a shit about  
is not impressed with Hesher either.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TJ, Grandma, Dad and Hesher all sit at the dinner table.

They eat in an awkward silence. Grandma breaks the ice.

**GRANDMA**

So who's coming for a walk with me  
tomorrow morning?

Again silence. Clearly no one is jumping at this  
opportunity.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

**TJ?**

**TJ**

I can't Grandma. I have school  
tomorrow.

**GRANDMA**

Ok, well you're always invited.

**(CONTINUED)**

**37.**

**CONTINUED:**

of Silence again. The sounds of chewing add to the awkwardness  
this dinner.

**HESHER**

So what?

come Everyone turns toward Heshher. This is the first thing to  
out of his mouth all night. He's looking at TJ.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

So what school? Go on a walk with your  
Grandma.

Grandma lights up.

**GRANDMA**

He's right TJ, it'd be very good for  
you to get some fresh air.

**HESHER**

Your Grandma goes walking in the  
morning by herself? You can't get your  
ass outta bed like an hour earlier?  
She could get raped.

Dad stops chewing. TJ looks at Heshher like he's crazy.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I read about this shit all the time.  
Grandmas get raped. You ever hear  
about that guy who killed like 13 old  
ladies.

**TJ**

What?

**HESHER**

Fuckin' Google it, dude. The Granny  
Killer, he killed like hella old  
ladies by strangling them with their  
dirty panties.  
(taking a mouthful)  
Not all of them necessarily got  
fucked, but they all got penetrated by  
like the dude's fingers and I don't  
know, other shit too.

**DAD**

That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

38.

CONTINUED: (2)

**HESHER**

(TO TJ)

I just think your Grandma asks you to go on a walk, you should go with her so she doesn't get raped.

**GRANDMA**

Why would anyone rape me?

**HESHER**

I don't know, they do it, Grandma. There's some sick fucks out there.

**DAD**

That's enough.

Everyone continues to eat in silence. TJ stares at Heshher  
who is shovelling food into his mouth.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / LUNCH YARD - DAY**

TJ sits alone in the busy yard, nibbling halfheartedly on crackers from his lunch bag.

Kid 1 from the locker scene earlier appears beside him.

**KID 1**

Hey, Teej. What are you doing? Come sit with us, we're in our spot.

**TJ**

What? Uh, Ok.

TJ gets up reluctantly, then notices Heshher walking across  
the yard towards the bathroom followed by an EMO KID with a skateboard.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

I'll meet you there in a second.

toward TJ walks off, following Heshher. Kid 1 watches TJ walk off  
the bathroom.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / BATHROOM - DAY**

TJ enters the bathroom. He hears voices coming from a back stall. He walks towards them.

the In the end stall TJ finds Heshher finishing a drug deal with  
money. Emo kid. Heshher hands him a bag of pot. The kid hands him  
TJ stands and watches. The kid leaves.

**(CONTINUED)**

**39.**

**CONTINUED:**

unzips Heshher shoves the money in his pocket, ignoring TJ. He  
his fly and turns to urinate in the bowl.

**TJ**

What are you doing here?

**HESHER**

Pissing.

**TJ**

What are you doing at my school?

**HESHER**

I'm putting out a fire.

He's TJ notices that he isn't actually urinating in the bowl.  
and spraying his pee all over the seat and the lid and the wall  
TJ. the floor. He finishes and zips up. He turns and shoves past

watches Heshher looks at his hair in the mirror, then exits. TJ  
him leave, frustrated. He follows him out.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - CONTINUOUS**

is TJ sees Heshher disappear through the crowd. From behind, TJ

grabbed and dragged back into the bathroom.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

backpack  
pissy  
up  
over  
TJ is swung by his backpack across the bathroom. His  
gets ripped off him and he goes down, sliding across the  
floor. He looks up. It's Dustin, seriously angry. TJ leaps  
and shoves Dustin back. Dustin stumbles backwards and trips  
TJ's bag in the middle of the bathroom floor.

embarrassingly.  
Dustin falls and lands on his ass. He flounders

TJ knows he's a dead man.

shoves  
Dustin jumps up and grabs TJ by the back of his head. He  
TJ's face down onto the filthy urinal tray. TJ struggles.

**DUSTIN**

You fucked my car, you little prick.

into  
Dustin holds TJ's head down in the tray. He shoves his face  
the little yellow urinal deodorizer cake.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Eat the cake.

stands,  
tray.  
face.  
TJ goes to lift himself up. Dustin punches him and then  
putting his foot on TJ's neck, jamming TJ's head into the  
He pushes the flusher. The urinal flushes all over TJ's

**(CONTINUED)**

40.

**CONTINUED:**

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

Fuckin' eat it.

at  
eyes  
Hesher comes back into the bathroom. Dustin turns and looks  
him, sensing danger. TJ looks up from the bathroom floor,

Dustin. pleading for help. Heshher walks calmly towards TJ and  
into But instead of saving TJ, he walks straight past them and  
the stall where he just completed his drug deal.  
He grabs his cigarette lighter from the top of toilet tank.  
He lights a cigarette, takes a long drag, blows the smoke in  
the air and walks back out again. Dustin watches him go. He puts  
another boot into TJ.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

It's your birthday. Eat your fuckin'  
cake.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

He's TJ waits with his bike in the street outside the school.  
and beat up, wet and dirty. School's out. Most kids have already  
left. Dad pulls up in Grandma's maroon Buick. He gets out  
and opens the back door for TJ's bike.

**DAD**

You ready?

**TJ**

I don't wanna go.

**DAD**

It'll be good for us, Teej. C'mon.  
We'll be late.

backseat. Dad takes TJ's bike and starts trying to fit it in the

**TJ**

I really don't want to go.

**DAD**

I don't think anyone ever 'wants to  
go' to these things. It's supposed to  
be good for us. That's the whole  
point.

TJ stands watching his Dad struggle with the bike.

**DAD (CONT'D)**

C'mon. Give me a hand here.

41.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY**

TJ and Dad sit on beanbags set out in a circle of about 12. Eight of these beanbags have people sitting on them - adults and

a few kids. Some drink tea and coffee from little styrofoam cups. The tone is sombre. Dad and TJ look unsure of themselves.

The chairperson of the meeting is MERYL, a 42 year-old grief counsellor.

**MERYL**

OK, so welcome everyone to the Transformational Grief Group. My name is Meryl. We should start off by going around the circle and introducing ourselves and briefly explaining why we are here. Hi Miss, would you please start us off?

A heavy set woman, COLEEN, and her husband, JACK, sit on beanbags looking pale and sad.

**COLEEN**

We are the Bolder family. I am Coleen and this is my husband Jack. Our daughter Cynthia was murdered last year.

(she chokes a bit)

She was the victim of a violent attack that was unfair and sick.

She can't go on. Her husband Jack sets his hand on her shoulder.

She is able to hold back the tears.

**COLEEN (CONT'D)**

We are here because we need help. We lost our baby and we are broken.

**JACK**

Hi, my name is Jack. As my wife said, we're here hoping for some answers and just some help with the pain.

**MERYL**

Thank you, Coleen and Jack. Welcome.

Weird silence.

**MERYL (CONT'D)**

(to Dad and TJ)  
Sir.

Dad shuffles in his seat, looks around the group.

**(CONTINUED)**

**42.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD**

Ah, OK. Sure. My name is Paul Forney. This is my son, TJ. We're here today because we lost my wife, TJ's mother, a bit more than two months ago now. And ah, I don't know, we're still trying to come to terms with things and, you know, just find some guidance of some kind, I guess, and, ah, yeah, so...

Dad finishes mid-sentence, then brief silence.

**MERYL**

OK, great. Welcome, Paul. TJ? Would you like to introduce yourself, say a few words to the group?

**TJ**

Not really.

Meryl waits to see if TJ has anything more to add. He doesn't.

**MERYL**

OK. That's OK.  
(to the person next to TJ)  
Nicholas, would you like to introduce yourself to the group?

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Dad and TJ pull into the driveway of the Forney house. Heshher's van is parked haphazardly on the lawn. TJ looks at it with venom - a reminder of the afternoon.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

TJ bursts through the front door.

open  
He walks through the TV room to the laundry room. He rips  
the door to the garage and flicks on the light. It's empty  
except for a little pile of Hesh's stuff.

through  
He walks back through the living room as Dad walks in  
the front door, closing it behind him.

TJ heads to the kitchen.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma is baking.

(CONTINUED)

43.

CONTINUED:

**GRANDMA**

Hi, honey. How was your special group?

**TJ**

Fine.

TJ exits the kitchen. He walks the hall to the bathroom. He turns the handle and enters.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Hesh is having a bubble bath, smoking a cigarette, totally calm. TJ immediately lets rip.

**TJ**

Fuck you!

**HESHER**

Fuck you.

**TJ**

Fuck you. You let that fuck stick my head in a toilet and you don't do anything about it? You stand there and fucking watch him do it?

Hesher ignores TJ. He watches him closely. He calmly takes a drag of his cigarette and ashes into the bath.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

You stay in my grandma's house? You're taking a bath in my fucking grandma's bath?

stays  
Hesher flicks his butt in the bath and pulls the plug. He reclined as the water starts gurgling down the drain.

for  
Hesher stands. He's totally naked. He doesn't care. TJ waits him to say something. Anything.

Hesher steps out of the bath, dripping wet, naked.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Say something!

slams  
staring  
TJ shoves him. Hesher, in a flash, grabs TJ by throat and him against the wall. He holds him there for a second, at him intensely.

**HESHER  
(CALM)**

Listen to me.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

44.

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I'm gonna put some clothes on, then you're gonna meet me in my van.

Hesher lets go of TJ and walks out of the bathroom naked.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - NIGHT**

TJ is  
TJ and Hesher drive through the dark streets of Fair Oaks. Hesher finishes a cigarette. Wind blows in his hair. The van rattles. The Sex Pistol's 'Anarchy in the UK' is blasting. still angry.

**TJ**

Where are we going?

Hesher ignores him.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Where are we going?

After a beat, TJ turns the music down.

**HESHER**

Touch my stereo again, I'll seriously  
fucking hurt you.

Hesher turns the music back up. TJ is confused.

Hesher drives into a gas station and pulls on the handbrake.

He

lights another cigarette.

**EXT. GAS STATION / VAN - CONTINUOUS**

**TJ**

What are we doing?

Hesher gets out of the van and slams the door shut. He goes  
around the back of the van and opens the back doors. He

pulls

something out and shuts the doors again.

Through the side-view mirror, TJ can see Hesher filling up a  
beat-up plastic gas container. He continues to smoke.

big

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - LATER**

Hesher brings the van to a quiet halt across the street from  
a suburban house. He kills the engine and surveys the area.

a

TJ has no idea where they are.

**TJ**

What are we -

**(CONTINUED)**

**45.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ catches himself asking questions, but stops himself mid-  
sentence. He looks out the window and across the street and

sees

Dustin Howard's YELLOW MUSTANG parked in the drive.

**TJ (CONT'D)**  
**(OH SHIT)**

What are you doing?

Hesher smiles to himself - he's looking forward to this. He opens the van door and climbs out. TJ is in a quiet panic.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher opens the van's back doors and grabs the container of gasoline. TJ appears beside him, still panicked.

**TJ**

Hey, seriously. What are you doing?

Hesher makes his way across the street toward the house and  
the  
yellow Mustang.

He pours gasoline all over the car. He does this with  
confidence  
- he's clearly had some practice.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

(loud whisper - too loud)  
Come on. This is insane. Let's get out  
of here.

Hesher ignores him and continues dousing the car with gas.

The porch light comes on. Someone peels open the front  
window  
behind  
the Mustang. TJ is terrified. He looks over to Hesher who is  
smiling, in his element, this is the happiest we have seen  
him.

The curtains close but the porch light stays on. Unfazed,  
Hesher  
hops back up and empties the gas can onto the Mustang.

Hesher stands a moment, admiring the car, saying a silent  
goodbye to it perhaps, as he pulls a single bent cigarette  
from  
his pocket.

He straightens it, then lights it with a match.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

**(QUIETLY FRANTIC)**

C'mon, man. Let's just go.

flicks

Hesher takes one long drag on the cigarette, then calmly  
the still lit match onto the Mustang.

**(CONTINUED)**

**46.**

**CONTINUED:**

Instantly, it erupts in flames.

van. TJ  
house.

Hesher picks up the gas can and walks calmly back to the  
follows still frantically looking back at the car and the

Hesher gets in the van and throws the gas can into the back.

TJ goes to the passenger door.

It's locked. He wrestles the handle, panicking.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Open the door! It's locked!

the

Hesher starts the van and pulls away, leaving TJ stranded in  
street.

The front door of the house opens and a woman appears on the  
porch. Discovering the car in flames, she screams.

neighbor's  
on

TJ takes off, running across the street and through a  
yard, down the side of the neighbor's house, with the woman  
the porch screaming at him.

**WOMAN**

Hey, get back here!

**EXT. STREETS & BACKYARDS - NIGHT**

TJ runs. He jumps fences and slips down the sides of houses.  
He's running fast and breathing hard.

He finds his way out onto another dark and quiet street.

He stops. He has no idea where he is or where to go.

Then - HEADLIGHTS appear at the end of the street. They bear down on him slowly. TJ stands immobile. He can now see it is Heshher's van, approaching slow and menacing.

The van stops about 10 feet from TJ. A moment's stand off.

Then Heshher sticks his head out the window.

**HESHER**

Get in.

**TJ**

You fucking ditched me.

**HESHER**

Get in the van, dude.

**(CONTINUED)**

**47.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ doesn't move. He stares. Heshher REVS the engine.

Heshher revs the engine some more. TJ still doesn't move.

Heshher FLOORS THE VAN.

ON TJ - the headlights of the van bear down on him.

Heshher slams on the brakes and the van screeches to a halt inches from TJ's nose. TJ doesn't flinch.

He and Heshher stare at each other through the windshield.

Heshher smiles. He's impressed.

TJ walks around to the passenger door.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS**

TJ climbs in the passenger seat of the van. He's surly.

**TJ**

What the fuck's wrong with you?!

**HESHER**

What?

**TJ**

What's wrong with you?

**HESHER**

What's the problem? That's the guy who put you in the toilet.

**TJ**

Yeah, but -

Hesher suddenly freezes, looks round, motions for TJ to 'shhh'.

**HESHER**

**(WHISPERS)**

Something's coming.

TJ looks around everywhere. What's coming?

Then Heshher lets out a FART. He laughs. He puts the van in gear and drives. He cranks up the music.

TJ stares at Heshher for a moment, then looks straight ahead shaking his head.

**48.**

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - DAY**

TJ wakes in bed, still shell-shocked from the previous night. He sits up and rubs his eyes.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ stands at the sink and begins to brush his teeth.

He hears the DOORBELL RING.

He hears muffled voices outside.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL - CONTINUOUS**

TJ exits the bathroom, still brushing and walks the hall toward the doorway the voices. Heshher is standing shirtless in the front doorway eating a banana, blocking the view to outside.

As TJ nears the front door, Heshher turns and moves away to

reveal Grandma talking to two uniformed police officers.

**HESHER**

It's for you.

Hesher disappears back into the house, smiling at TJ as he passes.

**COP**

Are you Thomas Forney?

**TJ**

(toothbrush in mouth)  
Yeah.

**COP**

We'd like to ask you some questions.

**TJ**

What about?

**COP**

We'd like you to come down to the station with us.

**TJ**

What for?

**DAD (O.S.)**

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

49.

CONTINUED:

TJ turns. His Dad is now sitting up on the couch, blinking in the light. He's in his boxers. His hair's a mess. He's dopey. He's just woken up.

Hesher emerges from the kitchen, heading back to the garage, carrying a glass of orange juice.

**HESHER**

(TO DAD)

Cops.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

TJ's MUG-SHOT is taken.

TJ's FINGERPRINTS are taken.

TJ and his Dad sit in an interview room. Dad looks confused, dopey and dishevelled. A uniformed police officer enters with a file. He shuts the door and sits.

**COP**

OK, so we're gonna have to let you go now. We may very well be calling on you again very soon, but in the meantime, let this be a warning to you. Regardless of what evidence we do or don't find, you've come to our attention today. Our attention isn't good.

**TJ**

But I didn't do anything.

**COP**

You hearing me here? These are very serious crimes we've been presented with. Let's just say someone had been in that car, and they'd burned - to death. We'd be talking about manslaughter, possibly murder. Have you thought about that? You'd be sitting here with detectives from Homicide right now. These are felony offences we're talking about, son. Serious jail-time offences.

TJ nods, his dad looks on.

**50.**

**INT. GRANDMA'S CAR - DAY**

TJ's in the passenger seat. His dad drives. They sit in silence for a little while. Then dad speaks-

**DAD**

Did you do it?

TJ pauses before answering.

**TJ**

Not really.

**DAD**

Not really?

**TJ**

I didn't do it.

**DAD**

What does `not really' mean?

TJ ignores him, stares out the car window.

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Tell me what `not really' means.

**TJ**

It means I didn't do it.

**DAD**

No, it doesn't. Why would you say 'not really'?

**TJ**

I didn't.

**DAD**

You did. I heard you.

**TJ**

I said I didn't do it.

**DAD**

Yeah, before that. I asked if you did it. You said `not really'.

**TJ**

I can't remember what I said.

**DAD**

Why would you do something like that?

**(CONTINUED)**

51.

**CONTINUED:**

Dad pulls the car into the driveway and comes to an abrupt stop.

Hesher is sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the driveway, sunbathing with his shirt off, drinking beer. He has a farmer's tan.

TJ jumps out. Dad stares at Hesher from inside the car.

**HESHER**

Howdy.

TJ walks past Hesher without looking at him.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher  
TJ enters and slams his door shut. TJ sits on his bed.  
enters without warning.

**HESHER**

So what'd the pigs want?

**TJ**

What the fuck do you think!?

**HESHER**

Did they give you a cavity search?

**TJ**

What?

**HESHER**

Did any of the cops put their fingers in your butthole?

**TJ**

Just fuck off, OK.

**HESHER**

What'd they do?

**TJ**

They took my fucking finger prints!

**HESHER**

So what?

**TJ**

So what!? I can get into serious trouble.

**HESHER**

Oh, is that right?

(CONTINUED)

52.

CONTINUED:

**TJ**

Yeah, that's right! They don't take this shit lightly.

**HESHER**

Oh, they don't?

**TJ**

People could have been hurt! If someone was killed it would have been considered murder.

Hesher feigns concern.

**HESHER**

Really? Murder?

(BEAT)

That's badass shit.

**TJ**

Please just leave me alone.

**HESHER**

OK, but first show me your best impression of a dumpling.

**TJ**

What?

**HESHER**

You know, a dumpling, the Chinese little thingies you eat -

Hesher holds up his thumb and index finger to show the size of a dumpling. TJ shakes his head, he's not finding this funny.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Come on, like this -

Hesher constricts all the muscles on his face imitating a smile, dumpling, he looks ridiculous. TJ tries to hold back a

but Heshher looks so absurd he can't.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

OK, your turn.

TJ shakes his head, fighting a smile.

**TJ**

No.

**(CONTINUED)**

**53.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**HESHER**

**OK.**

And Heshher is gone in a flash.

**INT. SUPERMARKET / CANNED GOODS AISLE - DAY**

TJ is hiding, peering down an aisle, watching Nicole working at the check out scanning groceries. A can falls from one of the shelves just in front of him. It startles him. And then another one falls. He steps along the shelf to where the cans fell. He looks through to the next aisle. Nothing. Then a voice from behind him.

**HESHER**

Do you think she is totally bald or do you think she's more of a landing strip kind of chick or more of a 70's jungle bitch.

TJ is startled. Heshher stands behind him, also watching Nicole.

**TJ**

What are doing here?

**HESHER**

You're stalking that chick, dude.

**TJ**

No, I'm not.

**HESHER**

Yeah, you are. I've been stalking you for half an hour. You gonna try to fuck her?

**TJ**

What? No.

**HESHER**

Can't fuck her from here, dude. Gotta be way closer.

**TJ**

Shut up about it.

**HESHER**

You wanna poke her clam?

**TJ**

Shut up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**54.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ is freaked and embarrassed. He walks away down the aisle. Heshher follows.

**HESHER**

You wanna poke her clam or what?

**TJ**

Please stop saying that.

TJ walks ahead fast. He wants out of this conversation.

Nicole finishes up, turns her light off and hangs a 'Check

Stand

Closed' sign. She walks off toward the back of the store. TJ stops to be sure to avoid her.

**HESHER**

You want to poke her clam, dude. Nothing wrong with that. Don't be ashamed about it. Humans have been poking vagina for hundreds of years. Longer even.

over.  
Hesher says this a little too loud. Nearby shoppers look  
TJ shakes his head, then exits the store. Hesher follows.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Bro, there's nothing wrong with  
wanting a little pussy.

**EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET / PARKING LOT - DAY**

TJ unlocks his bike from a pole.

**HESHER**

Where you going?

**TJ**

Home.

**HESHER**

I'll give you a ride.

**TJ**

No thanks.

**HESHER**

OK, but if you come with me it'll take  
5 minutes and if you ride it will take  
you about 15.

TJ gets onto his bike.

**(CONTINUED)**

**55.**

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Come on dude, don't be silly, let's  
just car pool.

TJ clearly doesn't want to ride his bike home, but his is  
reluctant to go with Hesher.

**TJ**

Fine, just don't talk to me.

**HESHER**

I won't say shit.

**EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ and Heshher load TJ's bike into the back of Heshher's van. Heshher closes the back doors and they get in.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS**

**HESHER**

Look dude, I'm really sorry about the fire the other night -

He waits a beat for TJ to respond. TJ is still mad, he says nothing.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

That was totally out of control. Foolish and irresponsible actually.

TJ looks at Heshher, doubting his sincerity.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I want you to have this -

Heshher reaches into the back of the van and picks up a dirty magazine. He flips through some pages and shows TJ a photo.

TJ pushes the magazine away, disgusted.

**TJ**

Get that away from me.

**HESHER**

Dude are you gay? I can't work you out.

Heshher spots Nicole getting into her car. He drops the magazine on TJ's lap and fires up the engine.

TJ spots Nicole.

**(CONTINUED)**

**56.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Hey, what are you doing?

Heshher puts the car in gear and begins to follow Nicole's car

out of the parking lot.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Stop the car, I want to get out.

**HESHER**

Shush.

TJ opens the door. Heshher grabs his arm.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You get out of this van, I'll rip your dick off and fuck her for you.

Heshher means business. TJ is silent and back on edge.

out of  
Nicole drives through the parking lot. Heshher follows her  
the lot and into the street.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN / STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Heshher bobs his head in time with a heavy metal track that blasts from the stereo.

car.  
TJ is ignoring Heshher, looking straight ahead at Nicole's

up  
Nicole stops at a red light behind another car. Heshher pulls  
behind her and starts playing air drums to the track.

moving  
The light turns green. Nicole hits the gas, running straight  
into the back of the car in front which hadn't started  
yet.

**HESHER**

Whoops.

hear  
TJ's first impulse is to duck. Heshher watches the road. We  
the sounds of an angry DRIVER yelling at Nicole.

Through the windshield we see the guy get out of his car,  
yelling at Nicole.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

inspecting  
Nicole is flustered and begins to cry. The driver is  
the smashed rear end of his car.

**NICOLE**

I'm sorry. I didn't -

**(CONTINUED)**

**57.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DRIVER**

You just messed up the back of my car  
you stupid idiot. You need to pay  
attention when you're driving a  
fucking car -

**HESHER (O.S.)**

I think I can help here.

Hesher is out of the van approaching on foot, smoking.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I saw the whole thing. The chick here  
was stopped and you reversed right  
into her.

**DRIVER**

What?

**HESHER**

I don't know what your fucking problem  
is, dude. Why would you just reverse  
into her? That's fuckin' retarded.

**DRIVER**

What are you talking about?

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - SAME**

TJ lifts himself up again to see what's going on. He sits  
low,  
concealing himself, and watches the altercation in the  
street.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher and the driver face off. The driver is simultaneously  
bewildered and angry.

**DRIVER**

Are you out of your mind?

**HESHER**

You better start making like you're gonna pay her for the damage.

**DRIVER**

I didn't back into her. I don't know what you're talking about.

Hesher rips his shirt off, aggressively.

**HESHER**

You calling me a fucking liar, dude!?

**(CONTINUED)**

**58.**

**CONTINUED:**

The guy immediately begins backing down.

**DRIVER**

No, I, I, I'm just saying I don't know what's going on here.

**HESHER**

You're calling me a fucking liar is what's going on here.

Hesher pushes the guy hard.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Let's go.

**DRIVER**

Look, I don't want any trouble, sir.

**HESHER**

Fight me cocksucker!

doesn't Hesher is seriously amping up the street agro. The guy know what to do. He starts heading back to his car.

**DRIVER**

This is ridiculous -

**HESHER**

Come back here and find out how ridiculous it is!

The guy gets in his car and speeds away, leaving Hesher (shirtless) and Nicole in the street. Hesher stubs his

cigarette, now totally relaxed again.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

OK. See you later.

Hesher heads back to the van. Nicole watches him not exactly sure what to say. Hesher climbs back into his van.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS**

chair  
Hesher slams the van door. TJ is slouched way down in his  
out of sight.

steam  
Hesher gets in and looks ahead. Nicole's car sputters and  
pours from under the hood.

**TJ**

Come on man, let's just go.

**(CONTINUED)**

59.

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

Your sexy girlfriend's in trouble.  
We're not going anywhere.

Long  
Hesher gets out. TJ ducks. He can't see what's going on.  
seconds pass. And then his door opens.  
Hesher is standing there next to Nicole.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You know, TJ?

This is now beyond embarrassing for TJ. He can't even think straight.

**TJ**

Hey.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ and Hesher push Nicole's car off to the side of the road.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

turn Heshher drives. Nicole's in the passenger seat shaken by the  
her day has taken. TJ is in the back.

**NICOLE**

Sometimes, you know, a day is bad and then when you think it couldn't get any worse you suddenly discover whole new ways it can get worse.

offers Heshher reaches over her and pulls a joint from the glove compartment. He lights the joint and takes a big toke. He  
it to Nicole.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

No, thanks.

TJ Heshher shrugs and takes another big toke then offers it to  
who also declines.

**(CONTINUED)**

60.

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

This one time I had like four hella drunk chicks in the back of the van, and we were going for it and I had one hand on this one girl's tit and my other hand on this other chick's twat, but there was like still two other girls wanting to get off so like I had my foot rubbing on one girl's asshole while I'm trying to eat the other girl out, and I was going crazy man. It was too much. I couldn't work out which chick was which and I'm making one girl cum but then I'm forgetting about the others and my tongue's hurting and my fingers are getting tired and like eventually I was just like 'Fuck this. This is too much' and I just stepped back. I just stepped back. And before you know it these girls are all working on each other, you know.

They're all fingering each other and eating each other out, you know, and I jerk myself off and everyone's a winner, you know?

he Nicole looks at Heshher like he's crazy. TJ is in the back - can't believe what's coming out of Heshher's mouth. A moment passes.

**NICOLE**

Was that some kind of perverted metaphor for me? About how I should just step back and let things work themselves out?

**HESHER**

A what?

He reaches for the stereo and cranks the knob - Metallica's, 'Motorbreath' BLASTS through the speakers.

dangerously As if he were possessed by the music, Heshher veers off the road onto a dirt patch. He has a crazed look in his eyes. TJ and Nicole grab onto anything they can hold onto.

spins in Heshher turns the wheel hard and floors the gas. The van from circles spraying dirt in every direction. TJ gets thrown and the back seat onto the ground. Dirt pours into the windows covers them from head to toe. Heshher corrects the wheel and veers back onto the road again.

**(CONTINUED)**

61.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

He turns the knob on the radio to an easy listening station. UB40's 'Red Red Wine' plays. A car honks as an angry driver passes.

**NICOLE**

What the hell was that?

Heshher looks over at Nicole.

**HESHER**

I saw a mouse.

**NICOLE**

What?

TJ picks himself up off the van's floor, dusting himself off.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**  
**(TO TJ)**

Are you OK?

**TJ**

I have dirt in my mouth.

TJ scrapes his tongue with his fingers. Nicole breaks a little smile.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

The black van pulls up curb-side outside a neat suburban home. Heshher gets out and walks, covered in dirt, to the front door of the house. He looks in through the window, knocks, waits. An old man opens the door. They exchange a few words. Heshher heads back to the van and they drive off. Nicole and TJ seem confused.

**NICOLE**

Who's that guy?

Heshher says nothing. They drive three houses down the street and stop again. Heshher gets out. Again he peers in the window, knocks on the door. This time no answer. He heads back to the van. Nicole and TJ watch him approach from inside. He sticks his head in.

**HESHER**

We're here. Come on, let's go.

**NICOLE**

We're where?

**HESHER**

My uncle's house.

(CONTINUED)

62.

CONTINUED:

and

Hesher walks off toward the side gate of the house. Nicole

TJ climb out of the van and follow Hesher. Nicole seems cautious. TJ knows he's on an adventure.

Hesher jumps the SIDE GATE, then opens it for the others.

**NICOLE**

What was that back there?

**HESHER**

What was what?

**NICOLE**

That other house?

**HESHER**

Wrong house.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME / BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

In the backyard is a swimming pool.

with a

Nicole and TJ stand looking in the pool. It's a nice pool diving board.

Hesher walks up behind them and pushes them in.

Nicole comes up for air.

**NICOLE**

What the fuck!?

**HESHER**

What? You're dirty.

**NICOLE**

Yeah, and now I'm wet.

Hesher smiles wide.

**HESHER**

You're dirty and wet. I'm coming in...

pool. He throws his T-shirt off and does a huge bomb into the

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Now I'm dirty and wet too.

TJ He splashes water at her. He dives under the water. Suddenly is pulled under. Nicole can't see them under all the motion. Then TJ and Heshher come bursting up for air.

**(CONTINUED)**

**63.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**

Cut it out.

**HESHER**

R2! Shut down all the fucken' trash compactors on the detention level!

has Heshher dives under the water again. Nicole squirms. Heshher her leg. He doesn't drag her under. He just tugs her leg. She slaps at the water. He tugs her leg again. Pretty soon she's laughing. Heshher's head appears above water momentarily.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

...All the fucking trash compactors...  
(underwater, then up again)  
...on the detention level!...

watches He dives again. He pulls her leg. She laughs hard. TJ the feeling a little left out. Heshher jumps up and climbs out of pool. He goes to a garden table nearby.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Oh, shit. More trash coming in!

banana He heaves the table over and into the pool. He grabs a lounge.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Oh shit!

the  
laughing,  
and

He throws it in the pool. Nicole and TJ have to dive out of way. They go to the sides of the pool and climb out while Heshher continues heaving garden furniture, a barbecue anything else in reach into the water.

wet.

TJ and Nicole sit on the edge of the pool with their legs dangling in the water. They're fully clothed and soaking

He walks off, around the side of the house, looking for more things to break.

the  
his

There is an awkward silent moment between TJ and Nicole. TJ looks down and notices a small army of ants marching along side of the pool. He manages to get one to crawl onto the finger.

**NICOLE**

So, how do you know this guy?

**TJ**

I don't know, he's sort of moved into my grandma's house with us.

**(CONTINUED)**

**64.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**NICOLE**

What, like he's renting a room or something?

**TJ**

No, not really, I don't know, it's kinda a long story.

TJ flicks the ant off of his finger, then another one that's climbing up his arm.

**NICOLE**

Do you realize that the equivalent to you flicking that ant would be like one of us getting hit in the face by a giant wrecking ball at 100 miles an

hour and getting thrown into the next yard?

TJ stops mid ant flicking.

**TJ**

Sorry, I...

**NICOLE**

Do you think the other ants are gonna wonder where that ant's gone? Do you think their gonna miss her?

TJ doesn't know how to answer.

Hesher reappears with a container of lighter fluid and goes to the diving board. He climbs on and squirts the lighter fluid through his lighter, sending streams of flames into the pool.

Hesher douses the diving board with lighter fluid and ignites it with his lighter. The diving board erupts into flames.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Jesus Christ.

**HESHER  
(SINGING)**

Jump in the fi-re.

Hesher takes a few steps back then runs toward the board. He springs through the flames into the air. He does a messy sideways flip.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

**FUCK YOU BITCHES!!!**

**(CONTINUED)**

**65.**

**CONTINUED: (3)**

He lands in the pool splashing TJ and Nicole. He pulls himself out and shakes his hair around like a wet dog. He looks over at the flaming diving board.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Shit, look at that.

doesn't  
Hesher grabs his shirt on his way toward the fence. He  
look back.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I got a doctor's appointment.

**TJ**

What?

Hesher hops over the fence.

**HESHER (O.S.)**

**(YELLS)**

It burns when I urinate...

peel  
Hesher disappears over the fence. We hear his van start and  
away.

sky as  
The flaming diving board pours black toxic smoke into the  
it crumbles into the pool.

**NICOLE**

Did he just leave us? I think we  
should get out of here.

jump  
Nicole stands and heads for the gate, TJ tags behind. They  
the side fence and head out into the street, dripping wet.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

lined  
the  
TJ & Nicole walk over the crest of a small hill on a tree-  
street eating ice-cream cones. They walk in the middle of  
road, still damp. The sun is setting. The light is magical.

**TJ**

My shoes are so squishy.

shoes.  
TJ steps hard, squirting water out the sides of his wet  
Nicole smiles.

**NICOLE**

So, what's his name?

**TJ**

Hesher.

**(CONTINUED)**

**66.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**

Hesher?... Is that a name?

**TJ**

I don't know. I guess?

**NICOLE**

Does he have a last name?

**TJ**

I don't know.

**NICOLE**

How old is he?

**TJ**

I don't know.

**NICOLE**

Do you know anything about him?

**TJ**

Not really.

Beat.

**NICOLE**

That was so lucky you guys were behind me when that guy got all mad about his car. I was freaking out. I don't really have any insurance right now. I just can't afford it. There's no way I could afford to fix that guy's car. How do people do this stuff? I mean, I have a job. It's kind of a joke though. I've been there for like a year and I'm still only doing like five hours a week. Why aren't they giving me any more hours? Do you think it's because they think I suck? Did you think I sucked when I served you at the checkout?

**TJ**  
**(UNSURE)**

No?

**NICOLE**

I don't even get paid enough to really cover my rent. I'm gonna have to start selling shit pretty soon.

**(CONTINUED)**

**67.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

TJ licks his ice cream, then reaches into his pocket.

**TJ**

Here, I got two bucks.

**NICOLE**

The sad thing is I could actually use it.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

A parking ticket sits under the wiper on Nicole's windshield. TJ and Nicole approach the car, smiling - and then Nicole sees the ticket. Her face sinks immediately.

**NICOLE**

Oh, no. Please tell me that's not a ticket...

She runs the last few steps to the car and rips the ticket from under the wiper. She reads it quick.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Fuck, fuck, fuck it.

She paces a couple of angry circles and then kicks the car's tire. It hurts her foot. She yelps.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Ah, shit. Fuck it.

opens  
In a small frenzy, she pulls her keys from her pocket and  
the car door. She gets in and slams the door behind her. She  
sits behind the wheel and yells, frustrated.

do.  
TJ stands in the street, uncomfortable, not knowing what to  
not  
He goes to the car and gets in beside her. He sits, still  
knowing what to say. She tries to settle herself, but she's  
still very emotional.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

What have I done to deserve this chain  
reaction of shit all the time?  
Sometimes I wonder if I were to die  
right now, if anyone would care, or  
even notice.

**TJ**

I would.

She lets out a small disbelieving laugh.

**(CONTINUED)**

68.

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**

That's nice of you to say, but I doubt  
it.

**TJ**

I would. If you died right now.

**(BEAT)**

I'd notice.

to  
TJ thinks a moment. It's a sweet and sour moment. He wants  
time.  
cheer Nicole up, but he's remembering his Mom at the same

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Mainly because I'd be sitting in a car  
with a dead lady.

Nicole sniffs, smiling through her tears.

**NICOLE**

Please don't call me lady.

She smiles warmly at TJ.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

Let's get out of here.

Nicole  
to TJ

She puts the key in the ignition and turns it. Nothing.  
takes a breath - not wanting to get upset again. She turns  
and smiles sadly.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

You wanna steer or push?

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

the

TJ enters the house, he leaves his wet shoes and socks at  
door.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

his

He enters the kitchen. Heshher sits at the table, waiting for  
dinner. Grandma is serving food onto plates.  
TJ sits. Heshher is smiling.

**GRANDMA**

Hi TJ.

**TJ**

Hey Grandma.

**(CONTINUED)**

**69.**

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

So did you fuck her?

**TJ**

What?! No?!

Dad enters tying the drawstring on his track pants. He looks  
messy as ever.

**DAD**  
**(TO TJ)**

Where were you today?

**TJ**

What?

**DAD**

Counselling - 3:30, I'm there by myself.

**TJ**

Oh, sorry. I forgot.

**DAD**

Yeah, that's real nice. This thing is for you just as much as it is for me. I waited outside school for 45 minutes.

**TJ**

Yeah, well, I told you I don't want to go.

**DAD**

Maybe you should let me know before you don't show up next time.

**TJ**

I did. I told you I didn't want to go. I told you a hundred times.

**DAD**

No you didn't.

**TJ**

Yes I did. You're just not listening.

**DAD**

No you didn't. What you told me was that you didn't want to go. You didn't tell me that you were just not going to show up.

**(CONTINUED)**

70.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**TJ**

What difference does it make?

**DAD**

For me a big difference. It means, I'm sitting on a fucking beanbag in a room full of losers by myself.

Grandma sets more food on the table.

**GRANDMA**

Boys please, I'm not feeling well.

is  
Grandma heads back to the kitchen to grab more food. There  
silence at the table.

**DAD**

**(TO HESHER)**

Can you pass me my pills?

Hesher slides dad's pill bottle over.

it  
Hesher puts his finger into the mashed potatoes and wiggles  
around.

**HESHER**

(discreetly, to TJ)

Did you finger her twat?

**TJ**

Shut the fuck up.

**DAD**

**(SWALLOWING PILLS)**

**TJ.**

**TJ**

What?

Hesher licks the potatoes off his finger.

**DAD**

Language. I don't wanna hear it.

**TJ**

Did you hear what he just said?

**DAD**

I don't care. If I hear it again,  
you're going to your room.

(CONTINUED)

71.

CONTINUED: (3)

**TJ**

My room!? You gonna start punishing me now?

**DAD**

Maybe I need to. If it's not the language, then it's your lack of responsibility... or I'm having to escort you down to the police station.

**TJ**

Shit, dad. I'm really sorry you had your ass dragged off the couch. I'm sorry you had to put some fucking underpants on for the first time in months.

**DAD**

**TJ.**

**TJ**

What?!

TJ sits and fumes, nostrils flaring.

**DAD**

That's enough.

**TJ**

Oh, what, soon as I'm right, that's enough?!

**DAD**

TJ! I don't want to hear one more word from you!

**TJ**

Fine. Fuck this.

TJ sweeps his plate off the table. It goes crashing onto the kitchen floor, food everywhere. Grandma walks back into the room, looking worried. Heshel seems riveted, like he's

watching

the tennis.

mess. And then Dad sweeps his plate off the table. Crash, food,  
He glares back at TJ.

**DAD**

That make you feel better?

TJ wrenches his chair back and storms off.

**(CONTINUED)**

**72.**

**CONTINUED: (4)**

shame. Dad sits a moment. With TJ gone, his reproach turns to  
Grandma and Heshher make eye contact with each other.

Dad gets up and leaves the kitchen.

Heshher shovels some more food into his mouth. Grandma looks  
concerned.

**GRANDMA**

Did I miss something?

**HESHER**

**(MOUTH FULL)**

Not really. Paul came in and said some  
dumb shit which TJ got angry about and  
so TJ smashed his plate and then Paul  
smashed his plate too but I got a  
feeling he smashed his one cuz he  
couldn't actually think of anything to  
say cuz he kinda knew TJ had a point  
and so now he feels bad about it and  
so he's gone somewhere.

(takes another mouthful)

I don't know where.

Grandma contemplates this.

**GRANDMA**

Those boys have been through a lot.

This makes Grandma very sad.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Sometimes I wonder if they're ever

gonna smile again

Tears well in Grandma's eyes. Grandma is quietly crying.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

I just wish there was something more I could do.

A long beat passes.

Hesher doesn't know what to say. He pours applesauce on his food. Grandma looks around the kitchen at the mess. She

shakes

her head, takes a deep breath and starts cleaning up. She

picks

up bits of broken plate and takes them to the sink. Hesher watches her.

**HESHER**

This is delicious.

**(CONTINUED)**

73.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

**GRANDMA**

Thank you, dear.

Hesher holds up a piece of bacon covered in applesauce and

licks

off the sauce.

**HESHER**

What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**

I don't know, dear.

**HESHER**

What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**

A worm? I don't know. I'm going to lie down. I'm not feeling well. I'm very nauseated.

**HESHER**

Oh, OK.

dinner. Grandma exits. Heshher finishes the last few bites of his  
unscrews He notices Dad's pill bottle. He reaches for them. He  
pills. the lid and empties a few into his hand. He swallows the

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM DOORWAY - NIGHT**

Grandma lies in bed on top of her covers. Heshher enters the doorway and knocks lightly.

**HESHER**

Did you figure it out yet?

**GRANDMA**

Figure what out, dear?

**HESHER**

What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**

No, not yet dear. Can you do me a favor?

**HESHER**

Sure, what?

**(CONTINUED)**

**74.**

**CONTINUED:**

**GRANDMA**

Will you please hand me that red tin on the cabinet dear?

Heshher enters the room, grabs the tin from on top of the cabinet and hands it to Grandma on the bed.

**HESHER**

Kermit the frog's finger.

**GRANDMA**

What?

**HESHER**

Think about it... Miss Piggy.

rolled  
Grandma opens her red tin and takes out what looks like a  
cigarette.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Woah, what's that?

**GRANDMA**

Oh, I'm feeling very nauseated.  
They're medical cigarettes that help  
me with the nausea. Will you light a  
match for me, dear?

**HESHER  
(IMPRESSED)**

Hang on a second. Can I see that?

Hesher sniffs the "cigarette".

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

No shit.

Hesher sets the "cigarette" down.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I'll be right back.

Hesher dashes out of Grandma's room.

the  
of  
After a few moments, he comes back and sits on the edge of  
bed. He is holding a glass BONG. The bong has so much resin  
caked onto the sides, it looks as though a thousand pounds  
of  
marijuana have been smoked through it.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

May I?

**(CONTINUED)**

**75.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

in  
Hesher takes one of Grandma's medical joints and breaks it  
half and loads the bowl of the pipe.

**GRANDMA**

What is that?

**HESHER**

It's a bong. The water filters the smoke. It's probably the most healthy way to smoke weed.

Hesher lights up and takes a HUGE hit from the bong. He explains his technique to Grandma while holding the smoke in.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

OK, so basically cover the hole here with your thumb then suck on the top and once the chamber fills with smoke, take your finger off the hole and suck in.

Hesher takes a quick sip of air sucking the smoke deeper into his lungs.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Then try and hold the smoke in for as long as possible, OK bro?

**GRANDMA**

Umm, OK.

Grandma takes the bong and has a hit. It's a bit clunky, but she manages to make it work.

**HESHER**

Ok, lift your finger.

Hesher helps her. The smoke shoots into her lungs. Grandma begins to cough.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, wow... That was a big one.

**HESHER**

Yeah, that was good. Hit it again.

Grandma has another hit. It goes well. She blows out the smoke.

Hesher takes the bong off her and has another HUGE one for himself. He passes the bong back.

(CONTINUED)

76.

CONTINUED: (3)

**GRANDMA**

I think I'm OK, dear.

Hesher takes the last hit. He dusts off the bowl and sets  
the water pipe down.

They sit for a moment and let the drug sink in.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Honey, how old are you?

**HESHER**

Who wants to know?

**GRANDMA**

I don't know. You seem a little older  
than TJ.

**HESHER**

Who?

**GRANDMA**

Oh, stop it. Aren't you a little old  
to be hanging around TJ all the time?

**HESHER**

Aren't you?

**GRANDMA**

No, I'm his grandmother.

**HESHER**

Yeah, I guess you have a point... OK,  
well I used to have a mouse. No,  
wait... hang on a minute. I used to  
have a snake. And do you know what  
snakes eat?

**GRANDMA**

Actually, there's no limit to the food  
items that you can even think of that  
a snake might eat. Whatever is

available in abundance would become the prey for the snakes. Depending on their growth, their diet -

Hesher cuts her off.

**HESHER**

Yeah, OK, OK well, actually they eat mice.

**(CONTINUED)**

77.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**GRANDMA**

They do eat mice. A lot of times snakes eat other snakes because they're the right shape -

**HESHER**

Yeah, OK, well anyway... I used to have a snake and I fed it mice. But one time I fed this little fuckin' mouse to my snake and that mouse was tough. I dropped that mouse in the snake's tank and the snake wouldn't go near him, and any time he tried that mouse would just smack him with his little, you know...

Hesher looks at his hand, not knowing what mouse hands are called.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

With his little mouse hand. So instead of eating the mouse the snake just curled up crying in the corner and the mouse ruled that fuckin' cage. And this went on for weeks, the snake wouldn't go near him. That tiny mouse used to sit in a little miniature lawn chair scratching his balls and shelling peanuts and this snake was just too scared to go near it. And cuz the snake was scared of that mouse I had to feed him other mice, but every time I dropped another mouse in the tank, it'd hide behind the brave mouse. And so eventually the snake

starved to death. I had a cage full of mice.

Grandma is stoned and sleepy and fading out.

**GRANDMA**

So is TJ the mouse?

**HESHER**

Maybe he is.

**GRANDMA**

Well then, what am I?

**HESHER**

You're an old lady.

**(CONTINUED)**

78.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

**GRANDMA**

No, I'm a grandmother.

**HESHER**

Yes you are. And you know what grandmother? I'm gonna go on a walk with you in the morning.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, that's nice. Where are you going?

**HESHER**

I'm not going anywhere. I'm going with you. Around the block, I guess.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, OK, well have a nice time. I'll see you when you get back.

**HESHER**

No, I'm going with you.

**GRANDMA**

Ohh, OK, caauuse iii...

Grandma has fallen asleep, but mumbles like she is continuing

lamp the conversation. Heshher smiles to himself, turns off her  
and exits the room.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

flame Heshher enters. He stands over what's left of the mess on the  
kitchen floor. He lights up a cigarette off the stove's  
and takes a long, slow drag, as he crouches down and starts  
picking up pieces of broken plate from the pile.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

sunlight Dad is asleep on the couch. A single shaft of bright  
lands on his face, causing him to stir.

dishes TJ nimbly reaches down to the table, covered with dirty  
and pill bottles, and quietly picks up his dad's wallet. He  
removes an ATM card and places the wallet back where it was.  
He exits.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET / ATM - MORNING**

Close on an ATM card, sliding into the slot. Fingers type  
numbers. A small stack of twenty dollar bills pours out.

(CONTINUED)

79.

CONTINUED:

off TJ puts the money in a dirty envelope, pockets it and rides  
on his bike.

**INT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - MORNING**

the TJ walks through the showroom to Larry's office. Larry is on  
phone. TJ stands and waits. Larry watches him. The kid isn't  
going anywhere.

**LARRY**

Yeah, why don't you just have him send  
them over... Sure... Scott, can you

hold on a minute?

**(TO TJ)**

What do you want?

**TJ**

Can I talk to you?

**LARRY**

I'm on the phone here. Can you see that?

**TJ**

I need to talk to you.

**LARRY**

I'm on the phone. Wait outside. I'll be with you in a minute.

TJ takes a seat outside the office. Larry closes the door. Dustin Howard appears.

**DUSTIN**

The fuck are you doing here?

**TJ**

I came to talk to him.

**DUSTIN**

What about?

**TJ**

It's none of your business.

**DUSTIN**

What do you wanna talk to him about?

TJ ignores him. Dustin taps TJ's leg with his foot.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

What do you want to talk about?

**(CONTINUED)**

**80.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Just leave me alone.

Larry's door opens. Larry emerges from his office. TJ stands.

**LARRY**

What?

**TJ**

I got the money.

**LARRY**

What money?

**TJ**

The money for the car.

**LARRY**

What money for the car?

**TJ**

You said if I got eighteen hundred dollars I could have the car back.

**LARRY**

Are you kidding me?

**(BEAT)**

I said, 'even if you had eighteen hundred dollars, I still couldn't sell it to you.' Even if you had five million dollars, I couldn't sell it to you. It's not even here any more anyway, so that's it.

TJ flinches. He wasn't expecting this.

**TJ**

What? What do you mean-

**LARRY**

Kid. Leave me alone. I feel like I've had this conversation with you too many times already, but I can tell you we won't be having it again because the car's gone.

**TJ**

What are you talking about?

**LARRY**

It's all over. It's gone. It's not here.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**TJ**

Where's it gone?!

**LARRY**

Kid. It's over. Good bye.

Larry steps back into his office and shuts the door.

**TJ**

**(TO DUSTIN)**

Where's it gone?

Dustin smiles.

**DUSTIN**

And what makes you think I'm gonna tell you?

TJ stares, angry. An awkward moment passes. He storms away, dragging a water cooler down as he leaves. It crashes onto the ground. Water spills everywhere.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - CONTINUOUS**

TJ angrily winds his way toward the back of the lot. He stops at the spot where his mom's car once was - now just an empty space.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - SAME**

Hesher is pouring himself a bowl of Captain Crunch Berries. He pours milk onto the cereal. He does a half-hearted side-to-side stretch, getting ready for his walk. He looks out the window - gray clouds suggest rain. He takes the bowl with him out of the kitchen.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher walks the hall, eating his bowl of Crunch Berries. He stands stops at Grandma's door and looks in. He stops eating and strangely still for a moment.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

bed  
Inside, we see Grandma's feet sticking out from behind the  
where she lies face down on the ground.

the  
Hesher enters the room, cautiously. He stands at the end of  
bed. He sets his cereal bowl down, bends and shakes her. No  
response.

**HESHER**

Grandma?

**(CONTINUED)**

**82.**

**CONTINUED:**

not  
He shakes her again, this time a little harder. Nothing. He  
stands up, looking at her still body. As he realizes she is  
waking up, his breath becomes fast, fighting hard not to get  
emotional.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - MORNING**

bike,  
and  
Gray clouds fill the sky. We hear distant thunder. On his  
TJ coasts down the hill of a tree-lined street. He's upset  
trying hard to hold it back.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ drops his bike and enters the house.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Dad sits on the couch, his head in his hands. He looks up.

**DAD**

Teej.

Hesher enters the room...

**HESHER**

**FUCK!**

forth.  
He punches a hold in the wall. He paces angrily back &

Dad, holding back tears, gets up off the couch and hugs TJ.

**TJ**

What's going on?

**DAD**

Teej. Grandma, she's not.. she's not waking up.

**TJ**

What!?

**DAD**

She won't wake up.

Short fast heavy breathing sets in.

**TJ**

What do you mean?

TJ runs over to Grandma's room and stops at the door.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Oh, Jesus.

**(CONTINUED)**

**83.**

**CONTINUED:**

He disappears into the room for a second then emerges again in tears, his hands on his face. He heads back to the living room.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

What happened?

**DAD**

I don't know, she just, she just didn't wake up.

TJ is in shock. He sits on the couch next to dad. They are both lost for words. Heshher stands in the corner with his head shoved between the walls.

Heshher joins TJ and Dad on the couch. They are all raging inside, confused, lost and upset. They sit together in silence

for a long beat, in the same boat for the first time.

Hesher breaks the silence. He kicks the table over as he stands.

**HESHER**

I gotta get the fuck out of here  
before I hurt someone.

He leaves through the front door, leaving it open behind him.

TJ gets up in a daze and stands at the doorway looking out. It has started to drizzle.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

TJ stands in the doorway working up the nerve to enter.

He enters and leans down to Grandma and tries to lift her onto the bed. She is heavy for him, he struggles.

He gets her on top of the bed and looks at her for a moment.

TJ breaks into tears. He leans down onto the bed holding Grandma, crying into her chest.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - DAY**

TJ sits on his bed and looks inside the envelope of cash. He closes it and seals it shut. On the front he writes:

'NICOLE'S

**PARKING TICKET FUND. LOVE TJ.'**

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The Close on a small piece of paper with a hand written number.

numbers are dialed on a phone. TJ waits while the phone

rings.

Answering machine.

**(CONTINUED)**

**84.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE (ANSWERING MACHINE)**

Hi, it's Nicole. I'm not in right now,

but leave a message and I'll call you back.

Beep.

**TJ**

Ah, hi. It's TJ here. I, ah, I'm sorry to bug you, but um, I don't know, I guess I wanted to talk to you right now. I don't know. I have a present for you too, so maybe I'll just come drop it off or something, or ah, yeah... Um, OK. Bye.

He hangs up the phone and exits.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

front  
bike.  
TJ walks out the front door. Dad is quietly sitting on the steps wearing a T-shirt in the light rain. TJ goes to his

**TJ**

What are you doing?

**DAD**

**(SNAPPING TO)**

I don't know. Getting some fresh air, I guess.

**TJ**

It's starting to rain.

Dad reaches out his hand and catches a few drops.

**DAD**

Yeah.

TJ picks up his bike and rides. We stay with Dad as TJ disappears down the wet street.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

inside  
the front fence.  
TJ rides his bike. He rounds a corner onto Nicole's street. He jumps off his bike outside her building and wheels it

**EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON**

her  
TJ climbs the stairs of Nicole's building. As he approaches  
apartment door, he hears loud, but muffled music.

He knocks on the door. No answer. The music is really loud.

gives.  
He knocks again. No answer. He tries the door handle. It

He pushes the door open tentatively.

**INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

around  
TJ enters the apartment. The music is blasting. He looks  
the living area. Clothes are strewn around. He sees Heshher's  
combat boots, T-shirt, jeans. TJ looks seriously troubled.

We can faintly hear heavy breathing/moaning coming from the  
bedroom.

open  
TJ walks over to a door. It's an inch ajar. He pushes it  
gently.

We don't see what he sees, but TJ stands deathly still, eyes  
wide, white as a ghost. We hear Nicole giggle. Then -

**NICOLE (O.S.)**

Oh shit. TJ.

TJ storms away, heading for the front door. He pulls a lamp  
smashing to the ground on his way out.

**EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

into  
him,  
TJ charges down the stairs. He grabs his bike and heads out  
the street. Light rain falls. We see Heshher appear behind  
barefoot and topless, buttoning his jeans.

bike  
sidewalk  
TJ notices Heshher's van parked out the front, he drops his  
and grabs a rusty pipe from a pile of garbage on the  
and heads straight toward the van.

**HESHER**

Hey, hey... wait.

TJ takes a hard swing into the van, smashing the tail light. Nicole runs out into the street, concerned, wearing an oversized sweatshirt and underpants.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Hey! The fuck are you doing?

**(CONTINUED)**

**86.**

**CONTINUED:**

TJ ignores him and takes another swing at the van. Heshher approaches TJ. TJ takes a swing at him with the pipe.

Heshher steps back. Nicole gasps, her hand to her mouth. She doesn't know what to say or do.

**TJ**

Fuck you. Fuck you fuck you fuck you.

**HESHER**

Stop hitting my van.

**TJ**

Fuck you.

**(TO NICOLE)**

And you're a fucking whore. I hope you die. And when you do, no one's gonna fuckin' notice.

**(BREATHES)**

Cuz you're a fat fucking prostitute.

Heshher steps toward TJ.

**HESHER**

Dude, chill out for a second.

TJ swings the pipe at Heshher again.

**TJ**

Get the fuck away from me! I'll smash you in the face, I swear to God. Back the fuck up.

TJ swings again. He's so angry, he's practically foaming at the

mouth.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

I never want to see you or your ugly  
fucking face again. That goes for both  
of you fucking assholes.

TJ throws the pipe at Hesh. It hits the road with a loud  
clang. TJ grabs his bike and rides away furiously. Hesh  
and Nicole watch TJ ride away. It begins to rain hard.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

TJ glides his bike down a long hill in the pouring rain, in  
tears.

**87.**

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING**

TJ rides up the front porch. A funeral home truck is parked  
out the front - HAPPY EVER AFTER is written on the side. TJ  
drops his bike and enters the house.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Dad sits at the dining room table with a FUNERAL DIRECTOR -  
a tall, lanky man. He talks in a drawn, soft monotone. Dad  
doesn't appear to be at all in the mood for this conversation.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

After the service we have  
complimentary lemonade in our wake  
room, but should you wish to upgrade  
to soda and sandwiches we can arrange  
that. People typically like to have a  
light bite after the service.

The front door slams. TJ storms past the dining room table.  
The funeral director pauses and watches him pass. The sound of  
TJ's bedroom door slamming shakes the house.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - EVENING**

Dad TJ is angrily pacing back and forth. A gentle knock reveals at his door.

**DAD**

Are you OK?

TJ refuses to look at his dad.

**TJ**

Will you just leave me alone.

as TJ Dad doesn't know what to say beyond this. He feels as lost does. He leaves the room.

TJ paces.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

He enters the garage violently. TJ sweeps Heshher's belongings off the work bench in the garage. He kicks Heshher's sleeping bag and pillow. A weathered bass guitar leans against a little amplifier. TJ kicks the guitar, snapping it in two.

Something Out of breath, he stands in the mess he has created. catches his eye. He contemplates this for a beat.

**(CONTINUED)**

**88.**

**CONTINUED:**

Close on: GARDEN SHEARS. TJ pockets them and exits the garage.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

exits. TJ heads straight toward the front door of the house. He

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

his Heshher It's raining hard. TJ storms out, just as Heshher is making way up the path, his van parked on the street behind him.

reaches out his arm to slow TJ.

**HESHER**

I wanna talk to you.

TJ pushes Heshher's arm out of the way.

**TJ**

Get your fucking hands away from me! I told you, I never want to see you again.

garden  
Heshher, at a loss, watches TJ grab a brick from the muddy and throw it through the passenger side window of his van.

Heshher charges TJ. He throws him into the muddy garden and kneels over him holding him by the collar of his hooded sweatshirt.

**HESHER**

I fuckin' told you, leave my van out of this!

Heshher lifts TJ up and slams him back down on the ground, knocking the wind out of him. TJ struggles to get away.

**TJ**

Let go of me! Fuckin' let go of me.

back  
Dad runs out the front door and pulls Heshher off TJ by the of his shirt.

**DAD**

What in God's name -

the  
Heshher shakes free from Dad's grip and punches him square in nose. Dad goes down hard.

**HESHER**

Don't fuckin' touch m-

(CONTINUED)

89.

CONTINUED:

his  
throw TJ  
Without hesitation, TJ jumps on Heshher's back, bear hugging  
face. They struggle for a beat, until Heshher manages to  
off. He lands on the wet grass like a ragdoll.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

fists  
Heshher stands breathing hard, dripping wet from the rain,  
clenched.

He turns back to his van, gets in, slams the door and peels  
away. TJ picks himself up out of the mud, grabs his bike and  
rides off in the opposite direction. Dad stands holding his  
bloody nose. He watches Heshher, he watches TJ. He is left  
confused and bleeding in the pouring rain.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

house,  
It's raining cats and dogs. TJ stands outside Dustin's  
soaking wet with his hoodie pulled over his head, the garden  
shears in his hand.

window.  
He walks around the side of the house and looks in the

**INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

preparing a  
couch  
From TJ's POV outside, we see Dustin in the kitchen  
sandwich, one eye on the TV. He takes the sandwich to the  
in front of the TV and lies down.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

to  
is  
TJ walks around the back of the house. He tries the handle  
the back door. It's locked. TJ sees the dog door. He climbs  
through the flap, trying to be as quiet as possible. The TV  
loud inside.

**INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

TJ treads softly through the kitchen, soaking wet, shears  
poised.

couch  
the

He walks through to the living area. He steps behind the  
out of Dustin's line of sight. Dustin's bare feet hang off  
end of the couch.

TJ ducks down. He opens the shears and carefully brings them  
down over Dustin's big toe. He squeezes them shut...

Dustin squeals.

**(CONTINUED)**

90.

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Where's my car?

**DUSTIN**

What are you doing!?

**TJ**

Where's my fucking car?

**DUSTIN**

Are you crazy?!

**TJ**

You make me ask one more time, your  
toe's coming off. I swear to God.

**DUSTIN**

It's gone to the wrecker's.

**TJ**

What?

**DUSTIN**

The wrecking yard.

**TJ**

Bullshit.

TJ squeezes a little harder. Dustin squeals a little louder.

**DUSTIN**

Why would I be lying?

**TJ**

Because you're a fucking asshole. Tell me where it is.

**DUSTIN**

It's gone to the wrecker's. I swear to God.

TJ squeezes harder. Dustin squeals.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

I'm not lying. It went to the wrecking yard on Sunrise near Red Bridge, yesterday afternoon. It's there now.

TJ thinks, holding Dustin's toe in his grip.

**(CONTINUED)**

91.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**

I swear to God, man. It's at the wrecking yard on Sunrise.

**TJ**

If you're lying, I'm gonna cut off every one of your fingers.

who TJ doesn't quite know what to do now. He stares at Dustin

looks genuinely frightened. TJ releases the shears and backs away. And the second he does so, Dustin leaps off the couch, grabs TJ by the throat and slams him down on the living room floor. TJ drops the shears.

**DUSTIN**

You finished? Want to tell me something else while you're visiting?

Dustin wails into TJ. TJ cowers on the ground. Punches land

**UNTIL -**

the A LAWN CHAIR comes CRASHING through the front window into living room, raining glass everywhere. Dustin stops punching,

stunned, and looks up to see Hesh, dripping wet, step  
through the big nasty hole he has just made.

**HESHER**

Hello.

**DUSTIN**

What the fuck?

Dustin moves to stand. Hesh pounces on him, dragging him  
along the ground. He grabs the shears and brings them straight up  
to Dustin's nose. In the same movement, he snaps the shears  
shut and takes the end of Dustin's nose off.

Dustin squeals in pain and scurries backwards, clutching his  
face, blood leaking between his fingers. TJ stands, stunned.

**TJ**

What the fuck is wrong with you?

**HESHER**

What?

**DUSTIN**

Oh my god, my nose!

**TJ**

What the fuck is wrong with you?

**(CONTINUED)**

92.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**HESHER**

I just saved you.

**TJ**

You cut his nose off.

**HESHER**

Only a bit, it's just a cut.

Dustin is crying now, clutching his face.

TJ goes to the kitchen.

**TJ**

You just cut his nose off!

**HESHER**

What are you talking about?

TJ runs a rag under the tap and takes it to Dustin. Heshher stands, clutching the shears, confused.

**TJ**

Hold this against your face.

Dustin moans. Heshher is still confused.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

You gotta stop the bleeding.

**DUSTIN**

Oh my god!

**HESHER**

What's your problem?

Dustin holds the rag. TJ stands to face Heshher.

**TJ**

I want you outta my life. I'm serious.  
I never want to see you again. How  
many times do I have say it?

They look at each other a moment. Heshher looks taken aback.

He

honestly believed he was doing a good thing.

TJ leaves, through the front door. Heshher stands over a whimpering Dustin wondering what went wrong.

**93.**

**EXT. RED BRIDGE - NIGHT**

bike  
-  
soaking  
cars  
inside.

TJ rides his bike over a rickety red bridge. He pulls his up outside the tall wire fence of a big dirty wrecking yard D&S Auto-Wreckers. It's still raining very hard. TJ is wet. He sits on his bike, looking at mountains of wrecked cars inside.

gets up TJ hops off his bike and shoves it behind a dumpster. He  
on the dumpster and climbs the wrecking yard's fence.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

dog TJ roams the stacks, looking for his mother's car. He looks  
distraught. All around sit stacks of wrecked cars. A vicious  
on a chain barks and snarls nearby.

He TJ stops. He sees his mom's car atop a tall stack of wrecks.  
looks at it a moment, contemplating what to do. He moves to  
the base of the stack and begins to climb.

He clambers slowly up the pile in the rain. It's awkward and  
difficult and more than a little dangerous.

and Finally he reaches the top. He wrenches open the car door  
squeezes behind the wheel.

**INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS**

of TJ sits, catching his breath. The rain clatters on the roof  
the car. TJ is up high enough to see the lights of the  
surrounding neighborhood. He sits and contemplates the last  
few days and months of his life.

He closes his eyes.

**INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - DAY**

**FLASHBACK**

half a A doorbell rings. TJ runs to the door wearing the bottom  
suit. It's the pizza man.

**TJ**

Hi.  
(yells into house)  
Pizza's here, I need money.

Dad, clean shaven, dressed in a suit, comes to the door and  
pays.

(CONTINUED)

94.

CONTINUED:

**TJ (CONT'D)**

(yells into the house)  
OK, pizza's here.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

**(YELLING BACK)**

Alright, let's do it.

The woman comes down the stairs with her hair nicely done, wearing a fancy pink dress, it's TJ's MOM.

**MOM**

Teej, c'mon sweetheart. We have to go.  
We're going to be late.

**TJ**

What about the pizza?

**MOM**

We'll eat it in the car.

She begins to do up TJ's tie.

**MOM (CONT'D)**

**(TO DAD)**

Honey, will you grab the present?

Dad picks up a large box off the side table, it's clearly heavy.

**DAD**

Holy crap, what is this thing?

The three emerge from the house. TJ is wearing a suit and carrying the pizza box, Dad's carrying the heavy present,

and

Mom's carrying a bouquet of flowers and her purse. Dad stands at

the door of a little white car. Clearly the box is too big.

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Ah, slight problem.

next to Mom open the back of her red volvo which is parked right  
the white car.

**MOM**

We'll take my car.

Dad does a heel spins around the white car and heads towards  
Mom's red volvo, never losing a beat.

**DAD**

Sure thing.

**95.**

**INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS**

**FLASHBACK**

Dad's driving, eating a slice of pizza. TJ is in the  
backseat,  
looking out the window, also eating pizza. Mom does her  
make-up  
in the visor mirror.

**DAD**

I think we should keep the new one and  
give them our old one.

**MOM**

That's a great idea. I'll be sure to  
let them know that our dirty old  
microwave is a gift from you.

**DAD**

Good. I'm not even sure they know who  
I am.

**MOM**

Honey, they're my friends. Please.

**DAD**

OK, I just don't understand why they  
get so many presents.

**MOM**

A microwave and a bottle of scotch is  
hardly a lot of presents.

**DAD**

And flowers.

Mom half-laughs and shakes her head.

**TJ**

(mouth full of pizza)  
Mom can you turn on the radio?

**MOM**

Sure honey. How about some oldies?

**TJ**

Oldies but goodies.

Mom turns on the oldies station. Dion And The Belmont's, "A Teenager In Love" plays. Dad sings along.

The car hits a bump. Mom smudges her lipstick.

**(CONTINUED)**

96.

**CONTINUED:**

**MOM**

**(TO DAD)**

Honey?

She turns to Dad and we can see her lipstick has gone up  
onto her cheek. She smiles at Dad. They all smile at this, then -  
From out of nowhere, the car is T-BONED on the passenger's  
side.  
The impact is massive. The NOISE is deafening. Smashed  
glass.  
The car spins into the oncoming traffic and is hit by a  
delivery truck. The car flips. More deafening noise...

**INT. RED VOLVO / D&S WRECKING YARD - MORNING**

TJ wakes in the wrecked car at the wrecking yard. The loud  
sound of crunching metal continues. TJ is startled and  
disoriented. He realizes the car is moving.

**EXT. WRECKING YARD - CONTINUOUS**

As  
A crane is lifting the car with a huge wrecking yard magnet.  
it rises off the stack, it dangles at a precarious angle.

**INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS**

TJ is thrown through the car to be wedged up against the  
windshield. He panics. He yells. He squirms his way to the  
window and waves his arm wildly outside, yelling, trying to  
get  
the attention of the guys below. The car shifts violently  
and TJ  
slides out through the window.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - CONTINUOUS**

TJ is hanging dangerously out of the car, swinging his legs  
and  
screaming at the top of his lungs. His voice can barely be  
heard  
over the sound of machinery.

A guy on the ground, MARIO, looks up and spots TJ. He  
frantically looks to get the crane operator's attention.

**MARIO**

Ricky!

**(YELLS LOUDER)**

Ricky! Kill it, man.

Ricky sticks his head out of the crane cab, like he can't  
hear.

**RICKY**

What?

**MARIO**

Kill it! There's someone in the car!

**(CONTINUED)**

97.

**CONTINUED:**

Mario points. Ricky looks up. Both men can see TJ dangling.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

As the car is lowered TJ jumps the last few feet to the  
ground.  
Mario leads him away from the car and the crane.

**MARIO**

What the hell are you doing?

**TJ**

I don't know.

**MARIO**

What were you doing in there?

**TJ**

I don't know. I'm sorry.

**MARIO**

This car's about to get crushed. If I didn't see you, you would be dead.

**TJ**

I know.

**MARIO**

What were you thinking, man?

TJ doesn't respond, he backs away.

back  
Mario watches him walk away, still disbelieving. He turns  
to Ricky and gives him the all clear to start her up again.

is  
TJ walks to the entrance gate while behind him his mom's car  
hoisted high in the air.

coins  
bar.  
TJ stops at a dirty vending machine by the gate. He pulls  
from his pocket and slots them in. It spits out a chocolate

while  
and  
helpless.  
Moments later TJ stands with his half-eaten chocolate bar  
watching his Mom's car get fed into a giant crushing machine  
compacted into scrap. Tears well in his eyes. He feels

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY**

has  
like  
TJ walks in the front door. Dad jumps up from the couch. He  
has a bandage on his nose and a black eye. He looks distraught,  
he's been up all night.

**DAD**

Where have you been?

**(CONTINUED)**

**98.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Sorry.

**DAD**

Where have you been?

**TJ**

I'm sorry. I lost track of time.

**DAD**

You lost track of time? It's ten in the morning!

**TJ**

I'm sorry.

**DAD**

I've been up all night. How is that fair to me?

**TJ**

I don't know.

Dad

Dad looks at him, breathing hard. Tears well in his eyes. starts crying, he's falling to bits.

**DAD**

Just go to your room.

Dad knows he's being pathetic. TJ walks off down the hall.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S BEDROOM - LATER**

neck

TJ stands in front of a mirror trying to correctly tie his tie. He makes a sad attempt and leaves it - it looks wrong.

open.

There's a knock at TJ's bedroom door, but the door doesn't

**DAD (O.S.)**

There's someone at the front door for you.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY**

her. He Nicole stands at the door. TJ is unimpressed with seeing stands in the doorway looking silly with his tie.

**TJ**

Hesher's not here.

**NICOLE**

I came to see you.

**(CONTINUED)**

**99.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Why? What do you want?

**NICOLE**

I wanted to tell you something.

TJ stares at her.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

I didn't know if I should come here or not, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I thought maybe if I came you'd still just be really angry at me and hate me, but then I thought if I didn't you'd think I didn't care and you'd hate me anyway, so I figured I might as well come, just in case, so here I am.

**TJ**

Yeah, well what do you want?

**NICOLE**

I want to apologize. I feel bad about what happened. I didn't take your feelings into consideration -

**TJ**

Yeah, well, whatever. It doesn't really matter. I have to go.

**NICOLE**

Yes it does. It does to me. I like you, TJ. We're friends.

TJ looks at her, he doesn't really want to be mad at her.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

I understand if you don't want to be my friend. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Sometimes I just... I don't know. I just wanted to come around and say all that, but maybe you still hate me and so it doesn't matter, but I just came round to say that, but I've said it now, so I should just go. So, OK, bye.

Nicole walks off. She gets half way across the lawn before -

**TJ**

I'm sorry I broke your lamp.

**(CONTINUED)**

100.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

Nicole turns.

**NICOLE**

It's OK.

**TJ**

And I'm sorry I called you a fat prostitute.

**NICOLE**

It's OK.

**TJ**

You're not fat.

Nicole smiles at this.

**NICOLE**

But I'm a prostitute?

**TJ**

I dunno. Maybe.

TJ. They smile at one another. She crosses the lawn back toward  
She fixes his tie. She smiles again and then she leaves.

**INT. GRANDMA'S CAR / FAIR OAKS STREET - AFTERNOON**

Dad and TJ sit in the front seat. They are still angry and  
not speaking to each other. It is an unpleasant and  
uncomfortable ride. They both wear a suit and tie.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON**

Dad and TJ drive into the funeral home parking lot in  
Grandma's car. A few people are milling around.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

Dad and TJ enter the funeral home foyer. They look like they  
don't know where they're supposed to go. They are greeted by  
the funeral director from earlier. He talks in a soft monotone  
whisper.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

Excuse me, Mr. Forney, may I have a  
word?

He takes Dad aside.

(CONTINUED)

101.

CONTINUED:

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

I hate to have to do this here, but  
there's a couple of things I need to  
discuss with you quickly, if that's  
OK.

**DAD**

Ah, sure.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

I know that we discussed your  
preferences for some aspects of

today's service, including your choice of the cedar casket which the insurance company had covered. Unfortunately we were out of those and instead we've chosen a mahogany casket. Now there is an extra charge for the mahogany which I need to clear with you before we proceed. Is that **OK?**

Dad looks confused. He doesn't know how he's supposed to respond.

**DAD**

Ah, I guess.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

OK, great, thank you. If you could just sign here.

The director hands Dad a fancy pen and holds out a dense order form for him to sign.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

Just at the bottom there.

Dad's pen hovers. He doesn't know where he's signing.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

Just here, Mr. Forney, just under that... yes, that's great.

Dad signs and hands the pen back.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

Now, just one other thing - we have another service following yours today, we hate to do this, but we're going to have to try to get through yours as quickly as possible.

**(CONTINUED)**

**102.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

The funeral director's cell phone vibrates loudly on his belt. He ignores it. Dad can't.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

I don't want you to feel rushed, but we are really under the pump today and I just thought I should give you the heads up. Now, I notice, just looking at your order of service... (beat, thinking) Ah, look, let's play it by ear. We should be fine.

hearing  
vibrate.  
Dad looks at the funeral director, not quite sure he's him right. The funeral director's phone continues to vibrate.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

OK. Excuse me.

The funeral director walks away and answers his phone.

**INT. SERVICE ROOM - DAY**

hits  
and  
a  
The funeral director stands at the front of the room. He play on the in-house stereo - generic classical musak. TJ Dad take seats next to each other, but they might as well be a hundred miles apart. About ten other people sit.

The funeral director hits stop. He stands and approaches the microphone.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

We are gathered here today to mourn the loss and commemorate the life of Madeleine Frances Forney.  
(to arriving late comers)  
Ah, if you could please take your seats as quickly as possible that'd be great. Thank you.  
(he waits a beat)  
Madeleine was a beloved wife, mother, grandmother and friend. And now Mrs Agnes Rosowski, a dear friend and neighbor, will say a few quick words.

MRS AGNES ROSOWSKI hobbles her way to the microphone.

**MRS ROSOWSKI**

I did not know Madeleine long enough, but from the moment I moved into the neighborhood so many years ago, she

treated me as though I was part of the family.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

103.

**CONTINUED:**

**MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)**

Madeleine always had open arms and welcomed friends as kindly as her own. She had such a kind wonderful heart.

off While Agnes speaks, TJ and Dad notice the funeral director,  
to the side, whispering business to two of his employees. He  
makes every attempt to be subtle and discreet about it, but  
he is clearly struggling with today's workload.

**MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)**

We shared so many wonderful walks and enjoyed each other's company very much. I will miss our walks. I will miss our talks and most of all, I will miss Madeleine. I will always remember what she told me, life is like walking in the rain, you can either hide and take shelter or you can just get wet. She was dear to me and she will always have a place in my heart.

long Agnes places her hand on Grandma's coffin and stands for a  
silent beat.

**MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)**

I love you, Madeleine.

takes Another drawn out moment of silence. The funeral director  
this opportunity to step to the microphone.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

OK, thank you, Agnes...

Agnes steps towards her seat. When she sees TJ she stops.

**MRS ROSOWSKI**

TJ, I think you should say something.

The funeral director pauses awkward. Everyone looks at TJ.

**MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)**

Go on, TJ.

stands TJ gets up reluctantly. He doesn't know what to say. He  
at the microphone and struggles for a long beat, but nothing  
comes out.

**TJ**

Sorry.

TJ makes his way off the stage.

**(CONTINUED)**

**104.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

shirt  
spills Sound of slow clapping from the back. It's Hesh. His hair  
looks extra greasy, he's wearing a dirty white Budweiser T-  
and he's holding a tall can of beer under his arm which  
as he claps. He is VERY drunk.

The funeral director tries to wrap it up.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

OK, so at this point we should  
conclude today's service with a  
moment's silence, after which lemonade  
will be served in the...

**HESHER**

Actually, I'd like to add to TJ's  
speech. I think I know where he was  
going with that.

Hesh. stands and makes his way to the front. The funeral  
director tries politely to protest.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

I'm sorry, sir...

Dad stands up in the aisle and tries to stop Hesh.

**DAD**

What are you doing here?

Up on the stage, funeral home employees begin wheeling  
Grandma's coffin away.

**HESHER**

Hey, hey, hey...

Hesher pushes past Dad and stops the coffin.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

What are you doing? Get your fuckin'  
hands off that box.

The funeral director walks up to Hesher.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

I'm sorry, sir we really need to-

Hesher turns and stands at the microphone.

**HESHER**

Um...

**(CONTINUED)**

**105.**

**CONTINUED: (3)**

The funeral director looks over to Dad, not sure what to do.  
He lightly puts his hand on Hesher's arm to guide him off  
stage.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

I'm sorry, sir-

Hesher pushes the funeral director's arm away hard.

**HESHER**

You touch me again, I'll rip your  
fucking head off and skull fuck you.

The funeral director backs off, scared and unsure of what to  
do.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Ah, OK. Listen. I know you guys don't  
want me here and I don't want to  
fucking be here, but I'm not here for

me, I'm fuckin' here for her-

Hesher gestures to Grandma's coffin.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

- and I'm not fuckin' here to say  
goodbye or have my farewell or  
whatever the fuck you assholes call it  
- this is not how I want to say  
goodbye to someone I like - in this  
shit-hole with these-

Hesher points to the funeral director.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

- fuckin' assholes.

TJ's dad stands and interrupts.

**DAD**

OK, this is enough-

**HESHER**

Yeah, well why don't you shut up for  
a second and listen cause I'm going to  
say what I want to say and then you'll  
never see me again. Alright?!

There is a beat of silence. No one knows what to say or do.

**(CONTINUED)**

106.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I'm here cause she's been trying to  
tell you guys something, but you don't  
want to listen... so I'm gonna fuckin'  
break it down.

Hesher takes a long pull from his beer can.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I pulled the gas tank from an old  
Chevy and I wanted to fuckin' blow it  
up, so I did. I didn't think about the  
millions of bits of metal that were  
gonna fly in every direction. I almost

killed myself. I woke up in a hospital. I couldn't remember what happened and then this doctor at the end of my bed said 'son', and I said, 'don't call me son you fuckin' cunt', then he said, 'you blew off your nut'. Some shrapnel had penetrated my left scrotal sack and ripped the furry sucker right off. My left fucking nut was gone, just like that.

bit of Heshher makes a magic disappearing arm gesture, spilling a beer on the floor.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I went crazy. I assaulted a nurse, a doctor or two, I can't remember. I got arrested. I got sent to juvie. But all I could think about day and night was my missing fuckin' nut. I couldn't eat or sleep, I just wanted my fucking nut back. I had to get out of there and find it, so I busted out of juvie and went lookin' for it. I looked for days, but didn't find shit.

The tiny crowd listens, half offended, half intrigued.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

And then one night I was taking a shit and I was just staring down at my balls, looking at my flabby piece of sack where my left nut used to be and then I noticed my right nut, for like the first time. My right nut was just sitting there, totally happy, just hanging out.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

107.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

All this time I'd been driving myself crazy thinking about my missing nut and not thinking about the nut I still had all along. And I realized, I've still got a nut. I've still got one good nut. God or the Devil or whoever left me with one good nut. At least I

didn't lose both my nuts. I've still got one good nut and it works, and my dick works too.

his Heshher looks up at TJ and Dad, sad and imploring, he's made point. They look back at him stunned.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You lost your mom. You lost your wife. I lost a nut.

drunk. Heshher takes the last swig of his Budweiser. He sways, This soaks in with the crowd.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Fuck this.

misses Heshher throws the can down. He goes to stomp on it. He it and stumbles, crashing into the microphone podium, knocking over and falling in a heap with it. He starts puking on the stage. A couple of old ladies are horrified.

the The funeral director motions to his assistants that now is looks time to move the coffin out. Hesitantly, they obey. Heshher over from the floor.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Leave her alone. We're not finished yet.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
(POLITELY)**

Unfortunately sir, we need to be.

up They continue to push the coffin away. Heshher lifts himself coffin. and wipes the vomit from his face and steps toward the The funeral workers back away.

**HESHER**

I told Grandma I was going on a walk with her and I'm gonna do it!

Determined, Heshher leans down and unlocks the wheels of the coffin stand.

Dad stands, not exactly sure what to do.

**(CONTINUED)**

**108.**

**CONTINUED: (6)**

and  
to  
With purpose Heshher pushes the coffin down the stage ramp  
down the center aisle of the room, toward the exit. He turns

**TJ -**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You promised Grandma you'd go on a  
walk with her. This is your last  
chance.

Heshher seems overcome with emotion, he continues pushing the  
coffin toward the exit and out through the doors.

him to  
the door. They stand at the doors watching Heshher push the  
coffin out into the parking lot.

heads  
the  
does  
TJ is overcome with emotion, his eyes well with tears. He  
across the lot and catches up with Heshher, joining him on  
walk. Dad watches for a beat, his eyes well up too, then he  
the same.

All three are now walking together through the funeral home  
parking lot with Grandma's coffin. They don't speak. It's a  
release. Other mourners watch from the doorway.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS**

TJ  
in  
Heshher wheels Grandma's coffin across the parking lot with  
and Dad beside him. They seem solemn and strangely dignified  
a dishevelled way.

street.  
stop.  
Heshher leads them out of the parking lot and into the  
Traffic passes around them. Some cars come to a complete

side of Heshher gets the coffin up onto the sidewalk on the other  
the street and the three continue their silent walk with  
Grandma.

In slow motion the three walk. Dad puts his arm around TJ's  
shoulders, TJ puts his arm around Dad's.

And then a cop car cruises beside them slow. The cops inside  
watch them. Dad looks over. One of the cops smiles.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING**

and The cop car pulls up outside the house. The back door opens  
climbs Heshher falls out onto the sidewalk, still very drunk. Dad  
speaks out and steps over Heshher helping him to his feet. A cop  
to them from the open window.

(CONTINUED)

109.

CONTINUED:

**OFFICER  
(SMILING)**

You'll get him to bed now, won't you?

**DAD**

That's the plan.

Heshher squirms and slurs.

**HESHER**

Get your hands off me, pig.

**DAD**

That's the plan.

and The cop gives them a casual wave as their car pulls away. TJ  
on Dad help Heshher across the lawn to the front door. We hold  
the house for a beat.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Close on scissors to beard.

Dad stands over the sink cutting away at his beard. Golden sunlight pours in through the windows.

A moment later he lathers his face up with shaving cream.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - MORNING**

There's a gentle knock at the door. TJ wakes and makes a big stretch. His hair's a mess.

**TJ**

Come in.

Dad enters, he's clean-shaven now. He looks like a new man.

**DAD**

Morning, Teej.

**TJ**

Hey. Look at you.

**DAD**

I know. It feels weird. I can feel air on my face.

**TJ**

I hardly recognize you.

**(CONTINUED)**

**110.**

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD**

I think Heshher's gone.

**TJ**

Gone where?

**DAD**

I don't know. But I think you should come take a look at this.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

and The garage door is open. The garage is flooded with daylight  
no sign of Hesh.

TJ and Dad walks across the garage to the open door. At the garage's entrance they stop. Their eyes register something seriously unusual outside.

'Master of Puppets' by Metallica punches in. LOUD.

They A giant red cube of Volvo scrap metal has been placed in the center of the driveway like a huge piece of abstract art.  
stand and stare at it, almost in awe.

Then from the across the street, we see the object in the driveway and TJ and Dad on the porch looking at it.

the Dad. We also see the words 'HESHER WAS HERE!' spray painted on front of the house in big letters, as yet unseen by TJ and Dad puts his arm around TJ's shoulders.

On the beat we CUT TO:

#### **HESHER MOMENTS:**

saluting Hesh. ripping on the guitar; Hesh. blowing something up; Hesh. cupping a fart and putting it in TJ's face; Hesh. pantsing Dad; Hesh. metal saluting Grandma and Grandma him back.

Hesh. behind the wheel of his van, smoking a cigarette and making a direct line for the setting sun.

A mouse sits an in a tiny armchair like a human, shelling a peanut. He throws the shell over his shoulder watching the setting sun.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**THE END**