

**YOUTH IN REVOLT**

Written by

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of  
OVER BLACK comes the sound of deep HEAVING BREATHS. Moist FLESH FLAPPING accompaniment. Someone is beating off. A pause as the someone turns the page of a magazine. The beating off resumes at a quickened pace. The SQUEAKING bed springs joins in. Another page is turned. Feverish THUMPING until a MALE VOICE lets out a quiet MOAN. The breathing gradually slows to normal and lets out a relieved sigh of finality.

**NICK (V.O.)**

My name... is Nick.

NICK TWISP, 16, stares up at the ceiling. He's glassy eyed from the exertion...

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY**

...sprawled on the bed, trousers around his ankles, a well thumbed issue of Penthouse covers his privates.

**NICK (V.O.)**

My last name, which I loath, is Twisp.

Nick pulls up his trousers and leaps off the bed. He pulls the drawer under his mattress out.

**NICK (V.O.)**

The next thing you should know about me is that I am obsessed with sex.

A view of the drawer reveals it to be filled with neatly filed issues of Penthouse and Hustler. He puts the most recently utilized magazine in its place.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Lately, I have become morbidly aware of my penis.

Nick posing in front of the mirror, pants around his ankles again. He looks at himself from various angles.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Once a remote region accessed indifferently for micturition, it has developed overnight into a gaudy Las Vegas of the body.

We PAN DOWN, and where Nick's crotch is supposed to be, there is a hole in the screen leading us to...

2.

**LAS VEGAS OF THE BODY**

The pulsing neon sign outside the club reads: NICK'S PENIS. We fly inside where we find a star-studded floor show. Drunken CONVENTIONEERS make out with STRIPPERS. A LEOPARD leaps through a burning HOOP on stage.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick typing on an obsolete PC.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I am entering the tenth grade at St. Vitus Academy, which, I am told, is the most rigorous prep school in the East Bay. Hopefully I will be invited to join Miss Satron's English Literature class.

A view of the books and CDs on his shelf.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I am a voracious reader and listen to Frank Sinatra. So needless to say, I am still a virgin.

Follow the curser on the monitor as he types the words -

**STILL A VIRGIN.**

He pauses in thought, then continues.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I have yet to hold hands with a  
girl, let alone have my winkie up  
her wendell.

**INT. AIRPLANE (35,000 FT) - DAY**

WE MOVE down an airplane aisle, past PASSENGERS sleeping and  
chatting.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I am an only child except for my  
big sister Joanie, who has left the  
bosom of her family to sling hash  
at 35,000 feet.

We reach the end of the aisle, where a buxom twenty-  
something, JOANIE TWISP serves a beverage.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Liver frying in a pan. ESTELLE TWISP, 43, cooks and puffs on  
a cigarette at the same time.

3.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Mom gives driver's tests at the  
Department of Motor Vehicles.

Nick sits at the kitchen table reading the paper. He watches  
with nausea as Estelle piles liver onto his plate.

**NICK (V.O.)**

She used to keep Dad up to date on  
all the motor statutes he was  
violating. This is one of the  
reasons they got divorced.

JERRY, early 40's, saunters in wearing a TRUCKERS DO IT IN  
OVERDRIVE shirt and boxers. His gut hangs over the elastic,  
but he is completely devoid of an ass.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Mom's boyfriend, Jerry is a long  
distance trucker, though his  
ultimate ambition is to be on state

disability.  
Jerry absently smacks Estelle's butt. Waddles over to the breakfast table. He snatches the Funnies from the paper in Nick's hands.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I've been struggling to think of a commendable thing to say about Jerry.

Jerry gives an asinine chuckle at the cartoon. Nick glares.

**NICK (V.O.)**

No luck. His grey matter registers at cretin and the needle doesn't budge.

**EXT. GEORGE TWISP'S HOME - DAY**

GEORGE TWISP, 41, scruffy and greying, waters the foliage outside the house with a high powered hose.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Dad is a copywriter for agricultural magazines.

In the drive, Nick slaves over the duty of washing the rims of his dad's BMW 325i.

**NICK (V.O.)**

He'd like to own a more prestigious model of BMW, but, as he often reminds me, he is burdened with crippling child support payments.

**4.**

Nick glances up and spots LACEY, 20, coming up the drive toward him in a weensy bikini. Her body has more outcroppings than the coastline of Albania. She continues past him and embraces George.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Lacey is Dad's latest bimchette. She is twenty and a recently minted alumna of Stanford.

Super: (Stanford Institute of Cosmetology)  
George and Lacey exchange saliva shamelessly. Nick turns his attention back to the Beamer.

As the making out becomes heated groping, George's grip on the hose slackens.  
Nick gets blindsided by the jet of water.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY**

We're back with Nick as he types on his computer. He looks down at the tent in his boxers.

**CUT TO:**

He pulls open the drawer again - the pornography collection.

**NICK'S POV**

of the room shaking, accompanied by his heavy breathing. His eyes float from the Hustler to the pink walls of his room.

**NICK (V.O.)**

My mother is the one who painted my room to look like Dolly Parton's boudoir. She read this color was used in hospitals to calm mental patients.

Nick closes his eyes, his right arm moving rhythmically.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I'll tell you what I told her. I am not mentally ill.

BLACKNESS. The masturbation reaches its feverous climax.

Then

the long moan and sigh of relief.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I'm just a teenager.

And as Frank Sinatra's UNTIL THE REAL THING COMES ALONG begins, we go to OPENING CREDITS.

5.

**YOUTH IN REVOLT**

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick regards Jerry from across the dining room table. There is the off-screen sound of a cretin slurping Cheerios.

balls  
Estelle

Reveal Jerry reading Sports Illustrated, scratching his  
with one hand and shoveling in cereal with the other.  
is washing dishes when she spies something out the window.

**ESTELLE**

Jerry? Where did that car come  
from?

Jerry looks over his shoulder and they all take a moment to  
appreciate the slab-sided Lincoln in the drive.

**JERRY**

It's a '62 Lincoln convertible.  
Like the one Kennedy was shot in.

**NICK**

Except his was black and yours is  
white. And dirty.

**JERRY**

See that. I was going to take you  
and your mom for a spin after  
breakfast. But now I guess it'll  
just be her and me. You have your  
smart mouth to thank for that.

**NICK**

Damn it. I guess I'll just have to  
hang out all alone at the book  
depository.

**JERRY**

The what?

**ESTELLE**

Jerry, I don't understand. What  
happened to the Chevy-Nova?

**JERRY**

Sold it to a sailor on the Alameda  
Naval Air Base. A man should never  
own a car for more than three  
months, Estelle. That way he always  
gets the thrill of owning a new  
automobile!

Jerry smiles with cretin pride. Nick looks to his mother and  
disturbingly enough, she seems turned on by his car-owner  
savvy.

6.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

Nick stands in the doorway watching as his mother waits for Jerry to open the passenger door for her.

**NICK (V.O.)**

After spending twelve years with  
Dad, Mom has had a string of  
lovers, none of whom she has asked  
me to approve.

climbs  
Jerry fails to notice Estelle waiting and instead just  
in and chugs his beer. Estelle appears mildly disappointed  
before opening the door herself.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I'm starting to think her  
boyfriends are like U.S.  
Presidents.

As Jerry pulls out, he tosses his beer bottle in the  
direction of the trash can at the end of the drive.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Just when you think they can't get  
any worse...

He misses and the bottle shatters on the pavement, but Jerry  
drives off anyway.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...she manages to find God's  
Perfect Asshole.

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

**ON A TV SCREEN**

Nick cycles through TiVo and finds the late night SEX  
DOCUMENTARY he recorded.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

second  
From the living room comes the sound of an orgy and the  
jingle jangle of a belt buckle.  
Then the DING-DONG of the front doorbell.  
The jingle jangle pauses and when the doorbell rings a  
time, the orgy gets muted.

Nick enters the kitchen pulling up his trousers.

**I/E. ESTELLE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

The door is opened to reveal two burly, tattooed SAILORS standing on the stoop.

7.

Their eyes drift to Nick's mid-section.  
Nick follows their eyes to the belt buckle he neglected to fasten out of haste. He returns his gaze to the sailors as he wrangles the belt.

**SAILOR #1**

Is Jerry here?

**NICK**

He just left. What's up?

**SAILOR #1**

What's up is that hunk of shit  
Chevy he sold us made it seventeen  
miles before the engine blew up.

**SAILOR #2**

And we found evidence of a banana  
in the transmission.

The second sailor holds aloft the banana peel sealed in a plastic bag. Nick glances to drive and regards the smoking Chevy-Nova with its camouflage paint job.  
A THIRD SAILOR is rummaging through the boxes in the open garage. He finds some spray-paint and shakes the can.  
Nick turns back to the sailors on the stoop.

**SAILOR #1**

So he owes us nine hundred dollars.

**NICK**

Well, I think he used that nine  
hundred dollars to buy his Lincoln.  
He's giving my mom a joyride in it  
now. But he'll be back this  
afternoon, so I would come back  
then. He's pretty stubborn. You  
might have to beat it out of him.

**SAILOR #1**



That can be arranged. In the  
meantime we're leaving the piece of  
shit in the driveway. With a note.  
Nick looks one more time to the Chevy as the third sailor  
finishes painting the hood with the words: PAY UP OR DIE.

**NICK**

I like it. Very to the point.  
Well... See you guys this  
afternoon!

The sailors nod, somewhat perplexed by this kid's demeanor.  
As they turn to go and Nick closes the door...

8.

**LEFTY (V.O.)**

I might have to kill myself.

**EXT. HILLS ABOVE UC CAMPUS - DAY**

In the clearing, a UC JOCK stands behind his ASIAN  
GIRLFRIEND, kissing her neck and removing her clothes.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I hope you have a good reason.  
Reveal Nick and his friend LEFTY, 16, belly down in the  
grass  
couple  
overlooking the clearing. Lefty watches the copulating  
with a pair of binoculars.

**LEFTY**

My sister said she saw Millie  
Filbert holding hands with some  
college guy.

**NICK**

I dunno, Lefty. I think your sister  
is just waging psychological  
warfare.

**LEFTY**

Well it's working. What am I gonna do, Nick? I'm obsessed. I think about Millie so much my balls ache.

**NICK**

Maybe your just not wacking off enough.

As if in response, Lefty passes the binoculars off to Nick and then turns over onto his back and unzips his pants. As Lefty jerks it, Nick looks with nonchalance...

**THROUGH THE BINOCULARS**

The couple hump in the grass, her legs in the air.

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

So, I've been taping my pecker to my right leg at night.

**NICK (V.O.)**

In case you haven't heard, Lefty's erect member takes a dramatic turn midway up the shaft.

9.

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

Then I look at this issue of Better Homes and Gardens that has a girl that looks just like Millie until it gets good and hard. I think it's starting to straighten out.

**NICK**

Why don't you just have your parents take you to the dick doctor?

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

Are you kidding? It would kill them to know that I even get hard-ons.

**NICK**

Still, you might want to get it fixed before asking Millie out.

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

True. What if I shove it up the wrong hole?

Nick gives a dubious glance in Lefty's direction.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Lefty's grasp of the female anatomy is somewhat tenuous; he imagines there are orifices galore down there.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY**

**JERRY**

Nick, you little shit, get down here!

Jerry hollers from the kitchen where Estelle gapes out the window. Nick calmly joins them from upstairs.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, do you know anything about this?

She points out the window and they all take in the Chevy and the sailors' oh-so-subtle note on the hood.

**NICK**

Oh, yeah. Those sailors came by. They want their money back. I guess there was a banana in the transmission.

**JERRY**

You tell them when I was coming back?

10.

**NICK**

Now why would I do that?  
Jerry seeths inwardly at Nick's mock innocence.

**ESTELLE**

What are you going to do, Jerry?

**JERRY**

I think I'll go get the Lincoln washed.

**ESTELLE**

You're leaving? What happens when

the sailor comes back for his nine-hundred dollars?

**JERRY**

Just tell him he bought the car with my standard guarantee. Thirty days or thirty feet. Whichever comes first. I'm in the right.

And on cue comes the ring of the doorbell and the simultaneous pounding of angry Navy fists on the back door. They peer out the window and find the fleet on the front steps.

**NICK**

Oh, look. The sailors are here. Jerry first starts to dart one way and then another, searching for a hiding space as he hisses.

**JERRY**

Get rid of them!  
And then the front door gets kicked open and a mob of  
sailors  
pour in. Jerry flees. A HANDHELD CAM chase as he heads for the back and is cut off by the sailors coming in. Jerry bolts up the stairs.

**NICK**

Jerry, where are you going? Just tell them you are in the right.

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

They manage to grab Jerry by the legs and haul him down the stairs. Jerry loses his grasp step by step, crying with a sound not unlike E.T. when the flashlight hit him in the cornfield. The two big guys with bad haircuts hold Jerry off the ground while the earnestwhile Chevy owner goes through his pockets.

11.

**SAILOR #1**

Sixty-three lousy dollars.

**JERRY**

That's my life savings!  
One of the sailors pokes Jerry in the gut hard and he

whimpers.

**ESTELLE**

Don't hurt him! Nick, call 911!

**SAILOR #1**

Touch that phone, kid, and you lose  
your left nut.

Nick raises his hands. "You don't have to tell me twice."

**JERRY**

Please. Please don't hurt me. It's  
all I got, guys. I swear. Take the  
Lincoln!

**SAILOR #1**

I don't want the Lincoln. I want my  
nine-hundred dollars. I'm taking  
the sixty-three, which means you  
owe me another eight hundred and  
thirty.

**NICK**

Eight hundred and thirty seven,  
actually.

**SAILOR #1**

Exactly. Have it by tomorrow or  
you'll be found in the trunk of  
your new used piece of shit at the  
bottom of the Bay.

And with that they release him and Jerry crumples to the  
floor like an abandoned marionette.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

The three of them watch the fleet pile into a Navy van that  
reads FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY. The moment they pull out, Jerry  
dusts himself off and puts on a pretense of being unfazed.

**JERRY**

Wow, those guys are even dumber  
than I thought. They actually think  
I'm stupid enough to let them  
muscle me into paying.

**ESTELLE**

Jerry, what are you talking about?  
We need to call the police!

**JERRY**

I'm not some tattle-tale like your  
son.  
Nick rolls his eyes.

**ESTELLE**

Then for God's sake, Jerry, just  
sell the Lincoln and pay them!

**JERRY**

Can't. It's in The Code.

**ESTELLE**

What code? The vehicular code?

**JERRY**

Code of the streets, Babe. Code of  
the streets.

**ESTELLE**

Then what are you planning to do?  
Jerry takes a seat at the kitchen table and adopts The  
Thinker pose. He strokes his chin as Nick and Estelle await  
his brilliant solution with breathless anticipation.

**I/E. LINCOLN - DAY**

**NICK (V.O.)**

We are going to Ukiah for a last  
minute vacation.  
Jerry's got on a hat made from Coors beer cans. He's behind  
the wheel of his Lincoln convertible.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Jerry says we'll be staying in a  
cabin on Clear Lake that's owned by  
a friend of his.  
Estelle dumps in the cooking gear and closes the trunk. Her  
halter top looks like an advertisement for Droop City.

Nick's

in the back. Estelle waves at the neighbors like she's Miss  
Corn Dog of 1954.

**ESTELLE**

Goodbye, everyone! We're going on  
vacation!

**JERRY**

Let's blow!

13.

the She hops up front with Jerry. He fires up the Lincoln and  
radio roars to life with HILLBILLY MUSIC.

**NICK (V.O.)**

garbage I'm not sure how this is the  
solution to his problem. But I've  
decided to go along with it, seeing  
as I'm not rooting for him anyway.  
As they pull out, Jerry tosses his beer bottle at the  
can at the end of the drive and it once again misses and  
shatters on the street behind them.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Lincoln makes it's way upstate, and dips into the mist  
covered hills of Ukiah.

**EXT. RESTLESS AXLES TRAILER PARK - DAY**

They've pulled to a stop. Estelle stares in horror.

**ESTELLE**

grass. Jerry...? You said it was a cabin.  
In the back, Nick removes his sunglasses to regard the long,  
green, turd of a trailer. Some concrete dwarves in the

A dusty canvas awning over a small cement patio. A decrepit  
picket fence with a sign that reads: MY GREEN HAVEN.  
Estelle looks as if she's about to cry. Jerry puts his arm  
around her.

**JERRY**

C'mon Estelle. It's real cute on  
the inside.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

Substitute cluttered for cute. The three of them are crammed  
around a dining surface as accommodating as an airplane tray  
table. 3-D religious art hangs on the wall above them.

**JERRY**

I say the kid does the dishes and

we retire to the master bedroom.  
Jerry pushes out and disappears into the back. Nick watches  
him with loathing. Estelle smiles apologetically.

**NICK**

Mom? Do you really like Jerry?  
Her smile fades.

14.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, how many men do you think  
there are who'd be interested in a  
forty-one year old woman with two  
brats, no money, and stretch marks?  
And with that she excuses herself, leaving Nick to ponder.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Mom is a realist about everything.  
Except her age. She's forty-three.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - LATER**

Nick washes dishes in the toilet-like sink. The trailer  
shakes from the two adults flogging the mattress in the  
back.

**EXT. RESTLESS AXLES TRAILER PARK - DAY**

An old crone, MRS. SAUNDERS, makes her way up the walk. She  
gets to the door of My Green Haven and bangs on the screen.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Nick sleeps on a pull out cot. He bolts upright at the  
banging, his hair going in all directions.

**MRS. SAUNDERS (O.S.)**

It's your neighbor, Mrs. Saunders.  
Church services begin at seven  
fifteen prompt. Donuts will be  
served.

Nick glances down at the morning wood elevating his boxers.  
Mrs. Saunders narrows her eyes at Nick through the screen  
door and takes off.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**



Nick steps out of the trailer in a bathrobe, toiletries in one hand, towel in the other. He heads off down the wooded path.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

The serene melodies of rousing HYMNS float from the well-attended congregation in the meeting hall. WE TRACK across the trees as Nick makes his way down the path. He slows to observe the sun coming through the canopy overhead. He glances off the path and comes to a sudden

stop.

A grape arbor flanked by Corinthian columns set against the blue of Clear Lake. A chestnut haired SHEENI SAUNDERS stands facing the water, her head tilted down to read the book in her hands. The wind coming off the lake blows her dress just enough to give a hint of the shapely thighs underneath.

15.

Light falls in shafts through the latticework of the arbor like something out of a François Boucher painting.

**NICK (V.O.)**

The moment I see her I know the Gods, while having cruelly endowed me with imperfect posture and pussy postponing pimples, had put me here for a purpose. My heart palpitates. My mind races. I get an instant

**T.E.**

Super: (Thundering Erection)  
Sheeni glances up from her book and looks over her shoulder at him. Nick just stares. She gives an amused smile, almost flirtatious. Nick grins back.

**SHEENI**

Your robe is open.  
Nick looks down. He pulls the robe closed, scowls, and goes into a flustered march down the path.

**INT. PUBLIC REST ROOM - DAY**

and An austere cement shed with three dripping shower heads  
no privacy walls. Nick lathers up under the spray. Jerry appears in the foreground and removes his robe. He goes to

the shower head next to Nick and turns it on. Nick reacts to Jerry and hastily tries to resume rinsing himself off. Jerry gurgles water and spits. He starts warbling rock lyrics.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Nick comes up the path and stops short at the picket fence. Estelle and Sheeni squat on the patio steps.

**SHEENI**

Hel-lo, Excitable Boy.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, honey, meet Sheeni Saunders.

**NICK**

Hello.

**ESTELLE**

Sheeni needs to go to the grocery store. I've offered her your help in carrying her bags.

Nick regards Sheeni and her mischievous smirk.

16.

**NICK**

Thanks a pantsful.

**EXT. RESTLESS AXLES TRAILER PARK - DAY**

A dusty road. Nick totes a watermelon and a paper bag. He watches as Sheeni works on a Popsicle. Full lips that cry

out

to be kissed.

**NICK**

You don't have to go to services?

**SHEENI**

No. Much to the consternation of my fanatical parents I have converted to atheism. Fortunately my brother, Paul, paved the way for such transgressions.

**NICK**

Paul is an atheist too?

**SHEENI**

Buddhist, I believe, though we have not seen him in some time. I myself am looking forward to being free of parental bondage.

**NICK**

Likewise.

**SHEENI**

Well, your mother seems very nice, though your father I think might be rather dim.

**NICK**

Jerry and I share no blood links of any kind.

As they pass the meeting hall there comes a surge of HYMNS  
in chorus.

**NICK**

Sounds rather zealous.

**SHEENI**

Yes, even though I am no longer a believer I always found the services wonderfully aerobic.

**NICK**

You could say the same thing about sex.

Sheeni stops. She looks at Nick intently.

17.

**SHEENI**

Nick, are you going to turn out like all the other young men and have nothing on your mind except carnal pleasures?

**NICK**

I hardly ever think about sex.

**SHEENI**

Really? I think about it all the time. It's the hormones at work, you know.

She resumes walking. Nick follows her with confusion.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

They regard the two story Pacemaker mobile home.

**NICK**

Wow. A second floor.

**SHEENI**

Yes. Father bought it so that he could look down upon the world. For him, Christian humility has always been a struggle.

Sheeni relieves him of the watermelon.

**SHEENI**

Well, it was nice to meet you, Nick.

She trudges down the slate path to the home.

**NICK**

Sheeni? Do you want to come to the beach with me?

She turns around. Gives a little smirk.

**SHEENI**

What a thoughtful invitation. I'd love to, Nick. Wait for me in the living room.

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

A lot more space than My Green Haven. Dark paneling and somewhat more tasteful religious art.

**SHEENI**

Back in a moment.

18.

Nick watches her bound up the stairs. He wanders into the musty living area. Moves down the mantel examining the trinkets. Stops to regard the reproduction of Massaccio's Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden on the wall.

of He scrutinizes the image, his eyes falling to the privates  
Adam and Eve.

**MR. SAUNDERS (O.S.)**

I understand you have invited my  
daughter to the beach.

Nick spins around to see MR. SAUNDERS reclining in his  
armchair. He is an immense, florid-faced, verdant eye-browed  
ogre in a rumpled blue suit.

**NICK**

Er, yes, Mr. Saunders.

**MR. SAUNDERS**

Aha! Then I trust, sir, you are  
aware that in doing so you have  
entered into an oral contract to  
perform in loco parentis, i.e. to  
provide for the safety and well-  
being of aforementioned minor  
female.

**SHEENI (O.S.)**

Oh, Father, do shut up.

Sheeni descends the stairs. Jean cut-offs over a knockout  
yellow swimsuit that shows off her flowing nubility.  
Mr. Saunders grumbles. Sheeni grabs up a straw beach bag and  
pushes Nick out the door.

**SHEENI**

Let's go, Nick. Bye, Father.

**MR. SAUNDERS**

Vaya con Dios!

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Sheeni and Nick lay on their backs on the blue beach  
blanket,  
reading their respective books. Nick watches her turning  
pages and making notes in the margins. She hands him her  
tanning lotion.

**SHEENI**

Would you mind applying this to my  
exposed areas?

**NICK**

Not at all.

back. She rolls over onto her stomach, exposing her exquisite

Nick straddles her, hands shaking as he smooths sweet oils into her tanned flesh.

Flashing super:                      Thundering Erection

**SHEENI**

My, you get turned on easily.  
Nick's hands freeze.

**SHEENI**

Oh, don't stop, Nick. We all have our hormones to deal with. Girls are fortunate in that it doesn't show. For all the world knows, my vagina could be moist with desire as we speak.

**NICK**

Is it?

**SHEENI**

That's none of your business, I'm sure. Shall you do my front too?

**NICK**

I'm up for it.  
She rolls over onto her back, her young breasts straining up against the yellow spandex.

**SHEENI**

I hope you don't find it too stimulating, Nick.

**NICK**

I'm coping.  
He starts in on her flawless legs, gliding on the oil all

the way within a finger's reach of her sweet apex. With each daring pass, he comes closer to that final split. Finally the hand swerves too late, and lightly grazes the softly yielding vee.

**SHEENI**

Uh, Nick. Maybe you better do the top now.  
Nick moves up, lubricating her arms, shoulders and neck. He smooths the oil on the soft undulating foothills.

**SHEENI**

Thanks, Nick.

20.

She rolls back onto her stomach with finality and goes back to her book. Nick hovers above her a moment, then painfully returns to his own reading.

**EXT. RESTLESS AXLES TRAILER PARK - DAY**

They make their way down the path. Nick totes the beach bag.

**SHEENI**

Breathless is one of my favorite films, though it might be eclipsed by Rebel Without a Cause. I often wonder what American cinema would be like today had Dean done more than three.

glances  
Nick nods, and for a beat they trek on in silence. He  
down at her hand and fumbles for it with his own.

**SHEENI**

Oh, Nick. You seem very nice. But in fairness, I should tell you that I have a boyfriend.

Nick becomes sickeningly pale.

**NICK**

What's his name?

**SHEENI**

Trent Preston.

**NICK**

What's he like?

**SHEENI**

Seventeen years of age, six-two, fluent in French, plays the piano, a champion swimmer, and writes Futurist Percussive poetry.

They stop at the gate to the Saunders' home.

**NICK**

I'm not familiar with Futurist

Percussive poems.

**SHEENI**

I could recite one of Trent's if  
you'd like.

**NICK**

Please do.  
She takes a dramatic pause.

21.

**SHEENI**

RamDam 12/ Sizzle mop/ Crunch down/  
Safety net/ Hot! Hot! Hot!/ Void.  
She gives a slightly amused smile at Nick's blank  
expression.

**NICK (V.O.)**

If that's poetry, I'm a turkey  
scrotum.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

TIME LAPSE of Nick thrashing about in bed. During this  
montage there is the constant ticking of a clock.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Here is an hour by hour account of  
the worst night of my life.  
Nick flipping through a Penthouse under the covers.

**NICK (V.O.)**

1 AM. I decide it is just a case of  
puppy love and look forward to the  
interesting women I shall meet in  
the future.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

A light comes on in the window.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Nick at the dining table, writing a note.

**NICK (V.O.)**

2 AM. I conclude the only way out



is suicide. I begin to pen a poignant suicide note. Sheeni will see Trent for the shallow pedant he is and always treasure my memory.

**JERRY (O.S.)**

Turn off the damn light!

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

Nick paces about back and forth in the yard.

**NICK (V.O.)**

3 AM. I decide I am too chicken for any of the manly, violent means of suicide. I shall swallow sleeping pills. Where to get them, though?

22.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

Nick is in bed jerking off. The trailer shakes despite his best efforts.

**NICK (V.O.)**

4 AM. I can not die an inviolate virgin. Either I find a way to get laid soon or suicide gets postponed until after high school.

**JERRY (O.S.)**

You wanna beat your meat, go outside!

**INT. PUBLIC REST ROOM - DAY**

Nick in the shower going to town on his T.E.

**NICK (V.O.)**

5 AM. It will be too painful to see Sheeni again. I shall ask Mom if we can cut our vacation short and return to Oakland.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Nick rolls over on the cot and looks up with the gaze of a

manic insomniac.

**NICK (V.O.)**

6 AM. Violent panic! I have to see  
Sheeni again!

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

The door opens to reveal Nick standing outside in shorts, an I'M SINGLE, LET'S MINGLE shirt, and tennis shoes. Sheeni stands in the door. Sleep-fogged eyes.

**NICK**

Good morning!

**SHEENI**

Nick? God what time is it?

**NICK**

Seven o'clock. How about breakfast?

**SHEENI**

(smiling with endearment)

Come back in two hours. I'm going  
on a hike. You can join me if you'd  
like.

She closes the door.

23.

Super: One hour fifty seven minutes later  
A knock on the door. Sheeni opens it to reveal... Nick,  
dressed the same. Sheeni wears Khakis, red bandanna  
neckerchief, and an Australian bush hat. She looks like the  
world's most desirable Girl Scout. She examines Nick's  
attire.

**SHEENI**

Nick, where are your hiking boots,  
water bottle, provisions, survey  
maps and compass?

**NICK**

Like John Muir I enter the  
wilderness with nothing more than  
my journal and a childlike sense of  
wonder.

**SHEENI**

Okay, but I have no plans to baby  
any slackers.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Sheeni leads the way up hill. Nick clutches his cramped  
stomach with one hand, his journal in the other.  
He watches the rhythmic movements of her ass through her  
hiking shorts.

**EXT. BLUFF OVER CLEAR LAKE - DAY**

Nick and Sheeni peer over the edge of the cliff. The waters  
of Clear Lake churn below.

**NICK**

Quite a drop.

**SHEENI**

Yes. Not to be morbid, but this  
sight has been the chosen means of  
at least three teen suicides.

**NICK**

Huh. Quite a hike just to end your  
life.

**SHEENI**

Well, there is a road. But I agree.  
Adolescents have a tendency toward  
the over-dramatic.

Sheeni backs away. Nick stays, staring over the edge.

24.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Nick's eyes roll back as he relieves himself against a tree.  
He shakes off the last of it and zips up.

**EXT. BLUFF OVER CLEAR LAKE - LATER**

He emerges from the woods only to find Sheeni reading his  
journal. She looks up at his and smiles. The brazen sneak  
isn't even embarrassed.

**NICK**

That's my journal!

**SHEENI**

Don't get so upset Nick. Though your handwriting is egregious, you have a fairly decent vocabulary. Although, Trent is not an "affected twit."

Nick snatches the journal out of her hands.

**NICK**

Those are my private thoughts and are none of your business!

**SHEENI**

Nick?

**NICK**

What?

**SHEENI**

The lengths you say you are willing to go to to win my heart, the contemplation of suicide at the thought of not having me...

(taking a sensual breath)

It all evokes a strong emotional warmth in my breast.

Nick can only stare at her sprawled out on her back as if posing for a centerfold.

**SHEENI**

Did you mean it, Nickie?

A beat as he is lost in the ocean of her gaze before he manages to gain his senses.

**NICK**

How would you like it if I read your journal?

**SHEENI**

You can read it if you'd like.

25.

She hands it over. Nick squints at the writing.

**NICK**

It's in French.

**SHEENI**

A necessity for a child in a household with prying Christian parents.

**NICK**

What does it say?

**SHEENI**

Wouldn't you like to know. That last passage would be of particular interest to you.

Nick leaps on top of her, grabbing her thin wrists. She squeals and giggles.

**NICK**

Spill it! I demand full disclosure!

**SHEENI**

Never!

They wrestle, perspiring, squirming bodies brushing together.

Flashing super:                   Thundering Erection  
They pause. He's got her arms pinned. She's on her back. He hovers above her.

**SHEENI**

(softly chanting)

Nickie's got a hard-on.

Nick considers her expression.

**SHEENI**

You're still a virgin, I can tell.

Maybe that's why I like you.

A beat. She looks at him expectantly. Nick is at a loss.

**SHEENI**

Kiss me, you wienie.

Nick tentatively approaches her luscious mouth. Their noses dodge successfully and their lips meet.

After a long moment, they break it off. Staring into each other's eyes. Sheeni jumps up.

**SHEENI**

Okay, lover. Break's over. Let's  
go!

Nick lays in the grass a moment, watching after her.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Nick walks Sheeni to the gate. She turns around to face him.

**NICK**

When can I see you again?

**SHEENI**

Get up early tomorrow and you can  
shower with me in the ladies room.  
Five minutes to six. If you dare.

Nick grins with excitement.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT**

Nick dines at the tray table with Jerry and Estelle.

**ESTELLE**

So what's this Sheeni girl like?

**NICK**

She's the Encyclopedia Britannica.

**JERRY**

She's got a nice rack.

**ESTELLE**

Jerry!

Jerry chuckles. Nick stares at him, perhaps resolving to  
murder the trucker in his sleep.

**INT. MY GREEN HAVEN - LATER**

Nick lies below us on the cot, unable to sleep with the  
anticipation of the imminent loss of his virginity.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - NIGHT/DAY**

Another perfect California summer dawn, a pale moon  
lingering  
in the blue morning sky. Nick emerges from My Green Haven in  
his robe. He starts off down the path.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

The trailer park is relatively silent save for birds and the

distant sound of dogs barking.

27.

**EXT. PUBLIC REST ROOM - DAY**

Nick approaches the shower building. As he nears, the sound of water running can be heard from the ladies' side.

**INT. PUBLIC REST ROOM (WOMEN'S SIDE) - DAY**

The women's side has real stalls and privacy doors. Nick spots the chamber at the end where Sheeni's naked form showers, obscured by tacky stained glass.

He kicks off his slippers. Hangs his robe on a hook.

He approaches the stall.

Flashing super:                   Thundering Erection

He opens the shower door and steps into the steamy spray.

He embraces her. Pendulous breasts, sagging skin, a patch of white hair under a drooping belly, wrinkles... It's Mrs. Saunders! She looks up startled.

Nick lets out a horrible woman-like scream. Mrs. Saunders starts screaming too, the sound of a pig being slaughtered. She hurls a bar of soap.

The bar strikes Nick upside the head and he loses his

footing

on the slippery tile. He goes down, taking Mrs. Saunders

with

him. They wrangle in the mist as Nick tries to escape.

**MRS. SAUNDERS**

**RAPE! RAAAAAPE!**

reaches

Suddenly the door opens. It's Sheeni in her robe. She

out and pulls Nick up.

**SHEENI**

Get out quick!

Still wearing her robe, she dives into the spray to save her mother. Nick grabs his robe and retreats.

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

as

Nick slouches in a corner of the shop, his hands trembling

he brings his coffee to his lips. He hears the door open and

him

looks up, but instead of the cops finds Sheeni. She joins  
at the table.

**NICK**

Should I go to the sheriff's now?

**SHEENI**

No. I managed to convince Mother  
you were retarded and couldn't read  
the sign.

28.

Nick nods thankfully.

**NICK**

Say, where were you anyway? We  
said five minutes to six.

**SHEENI**

I'm sorry. But, Nick, women are  
always discreetly late. It's  
expected of us.

**NICK**

Swell. And the punctual guy fries  
in the chair for rape.

**SHEENI**

Don't complain. At least you got to  
shower with a naked woman.

(licking donut powder off  
her fingers)

What are your plans today?

**NICK**

My parents want to go to  
Middletown. Jerry has the moronic  
notion of buying a trailer there  
before we leave.

**SHEENI**

I should like to come with you,  
Nick. The more time we spend  
together the better. I fear when  
you leave we might never see each  
other again.



Nick nods glumly. Clearly a devastating thought.

**INT. LINCOLN (MOVING) - DAY**

wind  
of  
Sheeni's in back with Nick, but doesn't seem to mind the  
tunnel. She has a scarf tied around her chestnut locks.  
Nick looks down as she casually rests a hand on the inside  
his thigh.

As they round a curve at 60, she yanks Nick's sunglasses off  
and tosses them over her shoulder into the lake.

**EXT. GEEZER'S MANOR - DAY**

Estelle, Jerry, Nick, and a toothless old GEEZER whose gut  
rivals Jerry's, all stare at a rusty RV that looks like it  
might not make the trip back.

In the background, Sheeni pets a goat in the dusty yard.

29.

**JERRY**

What's your cash price?

**GEEZER**

I said in the ad. Thousand dollars  
firm.

**JERRY**

Thousand, huh? That must be with a  
guarantee.

**GEEZER**

As is, where she is.

**JERRY**

I don't know. Those rusty propane  
tanks are a fire hazard. The roof  
probably needs work. I couldn't go  
above eight hundred.

The geezer ponders the bad news. Estelle shakes her head and  
goes inside the RV to inspect.

**ESTELLE (O.S.)**

There are mouse droppings in all  
the closets, Jerry.

**GEEZER**

I might take nine fifty.

**JERRY**

Nine hundred.

Sheeni lets out a squeal of delight. They all turn their attention to where she has discovered a box full of squirming

**PUPPIES.**

She brings one of them over.

**SHEENI**

Look, Nick!

She shows him the ugly little pug. Short droopy ears, a tiny, batlike face.

**NICK**

Great.

**SHEENI**

(to the geezer)

How much?

**GEEZER**

Ten dollars.

Sheeni turns to Nick pleadingly. Nick fishes through his wallet.

30.

**NICK**

All I have is a Subway card with four stickers.

**GEEZER**

Sold.

**NICK**

No doubt close to the dog's actual value.

**SHEENI**

Oh, thank you, Nickie!

She plants a kiss on his lips and promptly turns her

Nick

attention to the dog, who licks her face affectionately.  
looks on with appropriate jealousy.

**SHEENI**

I'm going to name him Albert.  
(pronounced Al-bear)

**GEEZER**

That don't sound like any kind of  
name for a dog.

**SHEENI**

(scowling defensively)  
I'll have you know I've named him  
after the deceased French writer,  
Albert Camus. Author of L'Etranger  
and other works of existential  
brilliance.

The geezer looks to Nick with an expression of "I stand  
corrected." Nick returns with a nod that says "You have no  
idea."

**INT. LINCOLN (MOVING) - DAY**

The Lincoln now tows the rusty RV behind it. Nick watches  
Sheeni continue to fawn over Albert.

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

Nick and Sheeni dine over coffee and a plate of donuts. Nick  
watches her play with Albert in her lap.

**NICK**

Sheeni, I think I love you.

**SHEENI**

Well, your hormones certainly do.  
And oddly enough, my hormones like  
you too.

31.

Sheeni releases Albert and the mutt paws at her legs. Her  
eyes well up with tears, a few theatrical snuffles.

**NICK**

Sheeni? It's... It's okay. We can  
visit each other when I get a

drivers license.

**SHEENI**

I hope that's true, but.. It's not that. It's...

**NICK**

What?

**SHEENI**

It's my parents. They're... I fear they will never allow me to keep Albert.

**NICK**

Oh.

Nick tries to hide his hurt. Picks up the paper with annoyance.

**SHEENI**

**(SNIFFLING)**

Nick, honey. Why don't you take Albert? He could be our love child.

**NICK**

No way.

**SHEENI**

At least you could consider it, honey. For me. I've never asked you for anything before.

**NICK**

Maybe I could take him, but I'd have certain conditions. I would have to be the only dad on the scene.

(matter of fact)

Trent would have to go.

**SHEENI**

That's asking a lot. Trent worships the ground I walk on.

**NICK**

It's your choice. Life with me and the dog you love. Or a pet-free existence with a shallow, egotistical poet.

Sheeni ponders this.

**SHEENI**

OK, Nick, I guess I don't have any choice. I'll break up with Trent. But if he kills himself it's on your conscience.

**NICK**

I accept full responsibility.

**SHEENI**

Well, good, that's settled.

**NICK**

Not quite, darling. I want one more thing.

**SHEENI**

What?

**NICK**

What do you think?

A beat. Sheeni looks pensive. It fades to amusement.

**SHEENI**

Do you have a condom?

Nick lifts his eyebrows. Now we're getting somewhere!

**SHEENI**

It has to be in a safe place. A nice comfortable bed. With no threat of interruptions. And for relaxation and mood setting some good red wine, preferably French. I want a new condom. Not one that's been riding around in your wallet for years. Consumers rated them a while back. I suggest you get their top-rated brand. This may take some research in the library. I'd appreciate a photocopy of the article. Plus, for supplementary protection, I want a name brand spermicide.

**NICK**

How about I have a quick vasectomy

just to be on the safe side?

**SHEENI**

(matter of fact)  
Well, Nick, that, of course, is up  
to you.

33.

Nick looks displeased that his sarcasm didn't register.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Estelle  
Jerry hitches the trailer to the back of the Lincoln.  
loads up the trunk.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, honey, say goodbye to Sheeni.  
It's time to hit the road.  
Nick watches Sheeni kiss Albert. He looks less than enthused  
at the thought of sloppy-seconds. Finally Sheeni hands Nick  
the dog.  
Nick and Sheeni stand there an awkward beat. Sheeni leans in  
and gives him a peck on the cheek.

**SHEENI**

(whispering in his ear)  
Don't forget, darling. Red wine and  
Consumer Reports.  
She smiles. They're the sexiest words Nick's ever heard.  
He grabs her and kisses her deeply.  
Jerry HONKS the horn and they break off.

**INT. LINCOLN - DAY**

Nick gets into the back seat with Albert. The dog whimpers.  
Sheeni stands off to the side, waving at them both.

**JERRY**

Okay. Back to civilization!  
He fires up the Lincoln and they kick up dust. Albert  
slobbers all over Nick.  
Nick sets him down and watches Sheeni in the side-mirror,  
waving in the road.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I have a tall mountain to climb,

with many treacherous glaciers  
still to cross, but finally, I have  
obtained a stamped entry visa to  
the paradise that lay beyond.  
Sheeni watches the Lincoln and trailer recede toward the  
horizon.

**NICK (V.O.)**

In short... I have a very real  
prospect for getting laid.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**34.**

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

The Lincoln and RV slow to a stop outside the home.

**I/E. LINCOLN - DAY**

They all stare at the empty space where the Chevy-Nova used  
to be. Jerry gets a smirk of satisfaction.

**JERRY**

You see that, Babe. They caved.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

Jerry backs the RV into the drive as Nick helps his mother  
with her belongings and they enter the house. The RV scrapes  
its way through a few overhanging tree branches before Jerry  
decides it's parked.  
There comes a woman's scream from inside the house.

**INT. ESTELLE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jerry joins Nick and Estelle in the doorway. There in the  
living room, surrounded by all the furniture pushed neatly  
against the walls, is Jerry's camouflaged Chevy.

**NICK**

I guess they didn't cave after all.  
Jerry pops the hood and lets out a whistle.

**JERRY**

Boy, everything's complete. There's even water in the windshield washer.

**ESTELLE**

How did they ever get it in here? My front door can't be more than three feet wide.

**JERRY**

Looks like they brought it in piece by piece and then reassembled it.

**ESTELLE**

But it would take an army of mechanics to do all that!  
Jerry slams down the hood.

**JERRY**

Or a navy, Babe. Or a navy.

35.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

A cab pulls up in front of the house and Nick's sister, Joanie gets out of the back. She tips the driver, and as she crosses the front yard, gawks at the RV sitting in the drive.

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Nick's door is ajar. Nick pulls up his trousers and comes into the hall. He listens to the voices downstairs.

**STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

He comes down the first few steps and is met with the sight of his mother and sister staring up at him.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, your sister came all the way from LA for a weekend visit!  
Nick and Joanie meet eyes. She lifts a quizzical eyebrow.

**NICK**

Stellar.



**INT. ESTELLE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert chews on Jerry's sock under the table.

**JERRY**

Can someone do something about the  
mutt?

The family dines over take-out fried chicken. Jerry kicks  
Albert and the puppy goes tumbling across the floor.

**ESTELLE**

I don't know, Jerry. Can someone do  
something about the monstrosity  
dripping oil in my living room?

**JOANIE**

Yeah, I noticed that. What's the  
story?

**NICK**

Jerry tried to outsmart a few  
sailors. It's been an amusing saga.

Jerry contemplates smacking Nick upside the head, but  
decides  
against it when he discerns Estelle is probably in her son's  
corner.

**JERRY**

OK, Babe, I guess when I come back  
from my next haul I'll just have to  
take it apart piece by piece.

36.

Estelle takes a deep breath and tries to let the matter  
rest.

**JOANIE**

Up to anything scandalous these  
days, Nick?

**NICK**

I was going to ask you the same  
thing.

**JOANIE**

What do you mean?  
Nick puffs out his chest. Joanie looks down at her boob-job.

**JOANIE**

Not that it's any of your business,  
but I've taken a class to improve  
my posture.

Nick rolls his eyes.

**ESTELLE**

I think Joanie looks very nice. And  
she has a new boyfriend too.

**NICK**

Did you meet him in posture class?

**ESTELLE**

Nick met a nice girl in Ukiah.

**JOANIE**

Really now? Are you on each others'  
Myspace pages?

**NICK**

Hardly. Sheeni believes the  
internet will be the end of  
literacy.

**JOANIE**

So it's to be a torturous snail  
mail exchange, huh?

**NICK**

More like the occassional collect  
call.

**ESTELLE**

Collect calls? And just who do you  
expect to pay for that?

Jerry kicks the dog away from his sock. Albert growls and  
prepares for another charge.

37.

**JERRY**

Hey, Nick. Want to learn how a car  
is put together?

**NICK**

No, thanks. Auto mechanics doesn't

interest me.

**JERRY**

See, Estelle, I told you the kid  
was queer-eeAAAAHHHHH!

Jerry lurches backward in the chair and lands on the floor,  
revealing that Albert's teeth have a firm grasp on Jerry's  
sack. The dog shakes the scrotum in his jaws.

**JERRY**

Damn it! The dog!

He tries to swipe Albert with his beer bottle, but the dog  
retreats into the house, leaving Jerry rolling around on the  
floor.

Joanie and Nick exchange a smile. The phone rings. Estelle  
gets up to answer it.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, put the dog in the basement.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

regards

Nick stoops to secure the leash around the piping. He

the little pug. Albert WHIMPERS and cocks his head.  
The door at the top of the stairs opens and Estelle descends  
the first few steps.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, that was your father on the  
phone. He lost his job.

**NICK**

How unlike him.

**ESTELLE**

Watch your smart mouth. This means  
the end of child support.

**NICK**

Which means...

**ESTELLE**

You'll have to start going to...

**(DISTORTED)**

Oakland Public School.

In Nick's eyes the fear of a sentence worse than death.

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

table  
Morning comes through the drapes. The phone on the side  
is ringing. Nick emerges from his room and picks it up.

**NICK**

Hello?

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Will you accept a collect call from  
Sheeni Saunders?

**NICK**

Absolutely.

Nick looks around, opens the door to the linen closet and  
darts inside.

**INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

BLACKNESS. Then Nick pulls the cord and the naked bulb kicks  
on.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

Nick?

**NICK**

Sheeni? How are you?

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

I'm well, Nickie.

**NICK**

And how is Trent? Not too suicidal  
I hope.

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Sheeni relaxes on a love seat, cradling the phone with her  
shoulder as she eats grapes from a bowl. WE INTERCUT.

**SHEENI**

Of course, he was disconsolate, but  
we talked all day and he's come to  
see this as an opportunity for  
growth. Oh, and Nick, Trent wanted  
me to tell you that he bears you no  
ill will.

**NICK**

Nor I him. I wish him all the best.

**SHEENI**

His parents are sending him to a French speaking boarding school this year. He's sure to get along there. So how is my darling Albert?

39.

**NICK**

Well, though he's taken a disliking to Jerry.

**SHEENI**

And you, Nickie? How are you?

**NICK**

I regret, Love of My Life, my father has lost his job and I will now be forced to go to public school.

**SHEENI**

How unfortunate. What did he do?

**NICK**

He's a writer - sort of. He writes advertising copy.

**SHEENI**

Really?

(pensive beat)

Nick, I suggest we look at your father's firing as a blessing in disguise.

**NICK**

How so?

**SHEENI**

I propose we get your father a job here in Ukiah and you can come and live with him.

**NICK**

Brilliant. Not that I'm fond of

Ukiah, but I'd live in a drainage culvert to be with you.

**SHEENI**

Oh, Nickie. Now, I happen to know Progressive Plywood is looking for an assistant editor. It would be perfect for your father.

Nick furrows his brow with skepticism.

**NICK**

I had no idea you had knowledge of the employment opportunities of trade magazines.

**SHEENI**

The owner is the father of a friend of mine.

40.

**NICK**

Anyone I know?

**SHEENI**

Okay, it's Trent's father. So what?

**NICK**

So why would Trent want to help my father move to Ukiah?

**SHEENI**

I told you, darling. Trent harbors you no ill will. I will have him call your father up pretending to be a head hunter.

**NICK**

Very well, but I don't see how I am to live with him. My mother values my indentured servitude.

**SHEENI**

You must influence her to send you away. I feel this will require being in a constant state of open revolt on your part.

**NICK**

What do you want me to do?

**SHEENI**

I propose you rent the film Rebel  
Without a Cause as soon as  
possible. You must emulate James  
Dean...

CLOSE ON her GLOSSY LIPS.

**SHEENI**

...You must be bad, Nickie. Be  
very, very bad.

A glint of resolve in Nick's eyes.

**NICK**

I will, darling. I will!

And in pre-lap comes the DING DONG of the doorbell.

**INT. ESTELLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Joanie and Nick sit in the Chevy Nova watching Rebel Without  
a Cause through the windshield.

41.

Estelle enters the living room with tears streaming down her  
face and a police officer, LANCE WESCOTT, 45, with a  
flattop,  
watery red eyes, and assorted guns, flashlights, and billy  
clubs.

**ESTELLE**

Kids? This is Officer Lance

Wescott. He has some bad news.

After a beat, Nick rolls down the window.

**LANCE**

Your mother's friend Jerry had a  
heart attack in a bar in Dallas.

He's dead.

Estelle sobs, but isn't joined by her children. She turns to  
Lance.

**ESTELLE**

Will they be sending his  
belongings?

**LANCE**

Uh... I'm afraid they've already  
been sent. To his wife.  
Beat. Nick looks to Joanie. They both look to their mother.

**ESTELLE**

His... His wife?!?  
She bursts into tears and collapses into Officer Lance  
Wescott's arms.

**LANCE**

There, there, Ma'am. It's going to  
be okay.  
Nick watches his mother sobbing against the cop's chest for  
a  
beat before he rolls up the window and he and Joanie resume  
watching the movie.  
Estelle's cries of despair become...

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

....the cries of ecstasy coming through the wall along with  
the repeated exclamation of Lance's name.  
Nick rolls over in bed. Bloodshot eyes. He hauls himself out  
of bed.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I have decided to create a  
supplementary persona named  
François.

42.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

He stands in front of the mirror and leans in.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Like a Parisian James Dean, he will  
be bold, reckless, contemptuous of  
authority, and irresistible to  
women.

PUSH IN on his reflection, as a moustache appears. Then a  
beret and black and white striped shirt. Then a cigarette  
holder and Thompson machine-gun. And FRANÇOIS is born.

**NICK**

Hello, François. I think you'll do



nicely.

**FRANÇOIS**

Oui, I am ze perfect match pour une Francophile for ze likes of Sheeni Saunders. I have ze calculating intelligence...

**NICK**

...the itchy trigger finger...  
François cocks the machine-gun.

**NICK**

...and cojone grandes!

**FRANÇOIS**

...and cojone grandes!

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Nick opens the door. Lance and Estelle shower behind the frosted glass.

**NICK**

Damn! Those hippos are taking a shower together. How repulsive!  
He slams the door.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Nick comes down the stairs. He reaches the water heater and starts spinning the knob.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

The forms of Estelle and Lance in the shower can be made out.  
They both start screaming as they are blasted with cold water. The blobs of their bodies press up against the glass.

43.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Albert looks up at Nick and lets out a BARK. Nick smiles and bends down to undo his leash.

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - HALLWAY -DAY**

Lance bursts from the bathroom in his boxers, looking for

Albert  
on  
blood. He hears the sound of paws climbing the stairs.  
comes hurtling around he corner, almost losing his footing  
the hardwood floor.

**ALBERT'S POV**

as we lunge at Lance's crotch.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM rises up from the home.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Estelle hands Lance an ice-pack and he applies it to his  
injury. Nick wanders in and takes his seat at the table.

**NICK**

Where's Joanie?

**ESTELLE**

She's sleeping in.

**NICK**

No doubt. I don't think anyone got  
a wink last night with all that  
racket.

Lance looks at him, seething inwardly. He glances to  
Estelle.

**NICK**

I thought there were laws in this  
city against illicit cohabitation.  
Or are they just another big  
policeman's joke?

**LANCE**

Kid, you are asking for trouble.

**NICK**

What are you going to do? Shoot me  
with your gun?  
Lance lunges across the table.

**ESTELLE**

No, Lance! Nickie, go to your room.  
Nick flings down his napkin and heads for the front door.

**ESTELLE**

Where do you think you're going?

**NICK**

Out!

The screen door slams behind him.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

The garage door rattles upward, illuminating the cardboard box of paint supplies. Nick bends down and picks up a can of aerosol spray-paint. He shakes it.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

Nick sprays the trailer in wide sweeping motions.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - EVENING**

Joanie and Nick sun bathe in the lawn chairs. Estelle stands over them.

**ESTELLE**

What the in God's name has gotten into you?!? Jerry paid good money for that trailer!

**NICK**

And just what makes you so sure it was me?

**ESTELLE**

Who the hell else would write such a thing?

Estelle gestures to the trailer, which we can see has been defaced with the words GOD'S PERFECT ASSHOLE.

**ESTELLE**

And just how do you explain this? She holds up a semi-nude Polaroid of Lacey.

**NICK**

That's Lacey.

**ESTELLE**

And just who the hell is Lacey?

**NICK**

Dad's girlfriend.

Estelle stares at the photo, face contorted by revulsion and envy.

45.

**ESTELLE**

His girlfriend? What are you doing with a picture like this of your father's girlfriend?

**JOANIE**

C'mon, Mom, all boys his age have pictures like that to...

**ESTELLE**

When I want your opinion on raising my child, I'll ask for it.  
(to Nick; morbidly

**CURIOUS)**

And what's this Lacey tart like?

**NICK**

Well, she likes fast cars and takes a lot of naps with dad.

Super: (True)

**NICK**

She likes to sit on Dad's lap while he eats and blow in his ear.

Super: (Not true)

**NICK**

And she calls him "Thunder Rod" and he calls her "Sugar Puss."

Super: (True; believe it or not)  
At this point Estelle has turned bright red.

**ESTELLE**

You are confined to your room until school starts, you sick pervert.  
She stalks off. Joanie glances over at Nick with amusement.

**NICK**

I wish I was leaving with you tonight.

**JOANIE**

Your day will come. I never thought mine would, but it did. Was all that stuff about Lacey and Dad made up?

**NICK**

I wish. Did you really take a posture class?

46.

**JOANIE**

Implants. I wanted them all my life.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY**

A knock on the door. Lefty enters the room and Nick pulls the headphones off his ears.

**NICK**

Hey, Lefty.

**LEFTY**

What's with your mom, Nick? She gave me the third degree just to come up here.

**NICK**

I vandalized Jerry's trailer and she found my picture of Lacey.

**LEFTY**

Well, good thing I stole this from the bookstore then.  
Lefty unzips his backpack and produces a large hardbound volume titled Lovemaking for Advanced Gourmets.

**LEFTY**

I was reading it all last night. Boy, having sex is a lot more complicated than I thought. Did you know you were supposed to stick your pinkie in her bumhole?

**NICK**

You lie.

**LEFTY**

No way, man. Here, I got the page marked.

Lefty flops down on the sofa next to Nick and the two of them flip through the manual.

**NICK**

Yeah, but I'm not sure I should try this on Sheeni. I think this book is for people who've been married so long they're disgusted by the sight of each other.

They regard the illustrated figures of men and women in various states of foreplay.

47.

**LEFTY**

Are we really supposed to be that... uh... big?

**NICK**

I think these illustrations are disproportionate for emphasis.

**LEFTY**

Maybe we should compare.

**NICK**

Perhaps we should. Just for the sake of research.

Nick and Lefty get to their feet and stand opposite each other like a pair of duelists. They simultaneously undo their

belts and pull their pants and underwear to their feet. They straighten. Lefty's eyes fall to Nick's crotch. He gets a hint of concern in his expression. Nick stares at Lefty's, tilting his head to compensate for the curvature. The door behind them opens and Estelle appears toting Nick's lunch. She lets out a scream. The boys turn to face her, pants around their ankles.

**ESTELLE**

**PERVERTS!**

hastily She hurls the tray of food at them. Lefty bolts. Nick  
tries to pull up his pants as his mother chases him around  
the room, grabbing up objects and hurling them his way.

**ESTELLE**

**FRIGGIN' GODDAMN PERVERTS!**

**INT. ESTELLE'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Lefty emerges from the room and takes off.

**ESTELLE**

You won't get away! I'm calling  
your parents! PERVERTS!  
Nick bursts from the room, desperately trying to buckle his  
pants. Estelle is hot on his heels, wielding the hardbound  
sex manual as they round the bannister.

**ESTELLE**

In my house! How dare you!  
She catches up to Nick at the top of the stairs and cracks  
him upside the head.

48.

He loses his balance and goes tumbling down the staircase,  
letting out a moan that stutters as his head hits each step.  
He comes crashing into the foyer, landing on the slate.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - EVENING**

Nick watches out the window.  
Estelle can be seen animatedly describing the events to  
LEFTY'S PARENTS. Lefty glances up at Nick and gives a pained  
expression.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - LATER**

Nick lays on his belly reading No Exit. He looks up when he  
hears the sound of footsteps in the hall. Shadows appear  
beneath the crack in the door.  
Estelle opens the door and looks down at him.

**ESTELLE**

Nick, I just want you to know that

I've thought about it, and I've accepted that you are gay.

**NICK**

Thanks a pantsful, but I'm not gay. If you're really concerned though, I suggest you get me a room at the Ukiah Motel 6. If anyone can straighten me out, it's Sheeni. She looks at him dubiously and hands out the phone.

**ESTELLE**

That sounds more like a job for your father. Here, he wants to talk to you. Nick takes the phone from her hands and she closes the door.

**NICK**

(into phone)  
Hello?

**INT. GEORGE TWISP'S HOME - NIGHT**

**GEORGE**

So what's this I hear about you being gay?  
George sprawls on the couch, cradling the phone with one hand, and holding a beer on his stomach with the other. WE

**INTERCUT.**

49.

**NICK**

What's this I hear about you being unemployed?

**GEORGE**

Yes, but my condition is only temporary. I can change it.

**NICK**

I hope you do. We need the money.

**GEORGE**

Nick, there are more important things in life than money.



**NICK**

I know, Dad. Like getting a good education. And being able to respect your parents.

**GEORGE**

I've got two words for you. Safe sex.

**NICK**

Thanks, Dad.  
He hangs up the phone.

**EXT. OAKLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY**

Intimidating PUNK MUSIC. School bus doors fold open and Nick steps off. The MUSIC pounds from the boom box resting on the hood of the Mustang GT where a pack of SKINHEADS follow Nick with their eyes.

Nick walks past them, glancing over at the assembly of ASIAN GANGSTERS glaring at him from their perch on the wall.

**INT. OAKLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Nick pushes past a fight where two kids throw each other against the lockers. He smiles at a pair of PUNK ROCK GIRLS. One of them flips him off. Nick heads into...

**INT. BOYS ROOM - DAY**

And as Nick steps into the bathroom, we follow his eyes... SWISH TO... a CRIP selling a bag of dope to a GOTH FRESHMAN. SWISH TO... a LATIN KING vandalizing the wall with the words

**LATIN KINGS WERE HERE.**

others  
SWISH TO... a pack of WIGGERS as one of them gives the  
a butterfly knife show-and-tell.

50.

**INT. OAKLAND PUBLIC SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

WE DRIFT down the corridor where Nick dials at a pay phone.

**FEMALE CASEWORKER (V.O.)**

Office of Child Welfare.

**NICK**

Hello, uh... My name is Nick. Nick Twisp. My father's name is George Twisp.

**FEMALE CASEWORKER (V.O.)**

Has he hit you, Nick?

**NICK**

Not lately. But he's missed several child support payments, and is not looking for work. So now I'm going to public school in Oakland.

**FEMALE CASEWORKER (V.O.)**

Not the Oakland schools!

**NICK**

Yes. And he's had an offer from a respectable publication in Ukiah.

**FEMALE CASEWORKER (V.O.)**

Don't you worry, young man. I'll get right on this. Don't worry. We'll light a fire under that deadbeat!

**EXT. OAKLAND - DAY**

Nick walks Albert down the sidewalk. Lefty crosses the street to him and they walk together.

**NICK**

Hey, Lefty. How's it hangin'?

**LEFTY**

You'll never believe who called me, Nick. Millie Filbert!

**NICK**

What?!? Why?

**LEFTY**

I dunno. She just called and asked if I wanted to hang out tonight. I didn't want to ask why. I need to find someplace for us to get it on. Albert squats to poop in someone's yard. The boys pause to wait for him.

**NICK**

You can use my house if you want.

**LEFTY**

Really?

**NICK**

Sure. My Mom and Lance are going to a movie and I'm planning on stealing Jerry's trailer and torching it in a parking lot, so you'll have the whole house to yourself.

**LEFTY**

Right on.

Albert finishes his business and they resume walking.

**NICK**

So where you headed anyway?

**LEFTY**

Dr. Browerly's office. My parents are making me see a shrink now.

**NICK**

He asking lots of weird questions?

**LEFTY**

You bet your left nut he is! He asked if I had any lustful thoughts toward my sister.

**NICK**

What did you tell him?

**LEFTY**

I told him about beating off once with her brassiere.

**NICK**

What did you tell him that for?

**LEFTY**

You don't know what it's like. I think they release chemicals in

their office to make you tell the truth.

**NICK**

Sounds like a professional. He must be very expensive.

**LEFTY**

I wouldn't know. The bill goes to your house.

52.

**NICK**

My mom is paying for your therapy?

**LEFTY**

I guess so. It was your cyclops I was staring at.

**NICK**

Yes, but it was your idea.

**LEFTY**

That's true. Gee, maybe I am gay.

**NICK**

Don't be retarded. We were doing research for our girlfriends.

**LEFTY**

Oh, right. I forgot. That's a relief. So you'll leave the door open?

**NICK**

Yeah, just don't blow your load on my sheets.

**LEFTY**

Thanks a pantsful, Nick.

**NICK**

Don't mention it. See ya, Lefty.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY**

Nick hunches over his desk doing homework, headphones over

his ears. Estelle knocks and enters. Nick pulls the headphones down around his neck.

**ESTELLE**

Lance and I are walking down to the movie theater. There's TV dinners in the freezer. Oh, and Nick - your father got a job in Ukiah.

**NICK**

Mom? Do you think it might be a good idea if I moved in with him?

**ESTELLE**

Nick, that just wouldn't work. I depend on that child support money to eat.

**NICK**

But shouldn't you depend on the child support money for, you know... child support?

53.

**ESTELLE**

Watch your smart mouth.  
She slams the door.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - DAY**

**NICK (V.O.)**

The plan is simple.  
Nick places two full cannisters of gasoline into the trunk  
of  
the Lincoln.  
Nick's behind the wheel, backing up the car.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Tow Jerry's trailer to a remote parking lot in Berkeley and burn it to the ground.  
The hitch ball grinds under the trailer socket.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Thus evicting myself from my

mother's clutches and into the arms  
of My One And Only Love.  
Nick fires up the V-8 engine and shifts into drive, pulling  
forward. He cuts across the lawn.

**NICK (V.O.)**

François wanted to torch the  
trailer where it sits, but I've  
convinced him a parking lot will  
reduce the risk of collateral  
damage.

The trailer clips the corner of the house. Chunks of stucco  
fall and the galvanized downspout shudders and writhes,  
collapsing the long rain gutter running across the front of  
the home.

Nick guns it, and with a lurch the trailer splinters free.

He

dodges the birch tree, but plows over the smaller Asian

pear.

The Lincoln bounces the curb and catapults into the street,  
the trailer weaving back and forth, smashing parked cars.

**INT. LINCOLN (MOVING) - DAY**

Nick cruises along sedately. He plays with the radio and  
settles on the Sex Pistols.

He looks up just in time to see the red light and slams on  
the brakes, nearly jack-knifing the trailer.

The light turns green and the car lumbers up the long hill.

54.

**EXT. BERKELEY - DAY**

Nick hits the bump in the road right before the stop sign.  
The car bottoms out. The trailer bounces up, coming  
unhitched.

**I/E. LINCOLN (MOVING) - DAY**

Nick hits the gas and the Lincoln suddenly surges forward,  
released from the great weight.

trailer

Nick smiles. Behind him, through the rear window, the

can be seen receding into the distance. He glances into the  
mirror and spots the trailer plunging down the hill.

Then he crashes into the Fiat parked in front of him at the  
intersection. The gas tank on the Fiat cracks, spurting fuel  
onto the pavement.

**EXT. BERKELEY - DAY**

Nick leaps from the Lincoln and watches open-mouthed as the vehicular ballet unfolds.

Down the hill - the speeding trailer sideswipes a delivery van and goes into a spin. The BOHEMIANS sipping espresso at the outdoor café look up to see the words GOD'S PERFECT ASSHOLE bearing down on them.

The delivery van veers out of control. The Bohemians scatter.

The truck runs over a fire hydrant and smashes its way through the patio furniture and into the café.

A geyser of water plumes where the hydrant once stood.

The trailer resumes its downward plunge toward the busy cross

street below.

KWOMP! Nick turns to see the still-restive Lincoln part from the Fiat and begin to roll down the hill after its partner.

**NICK**

Oh no! I forgot to set the brake!

The DRIVER OF THE FIAT bolts after the accelerating Lincoln, but as he realizes the futility, slows to a jog.

The driver turns to see he forgot to set his own brake, and desperately rolls out of the way of the Fiat.

MOTORISTS slam on their brakes as the speeding trailer crosses four lanes of traffic. It jumps the curb crashing into the plate glass window of a gourmet sausage shop.

A cop car lights up and speeds into the intersection, just in

time to get clipped by the Lincoln.

The cop car goes into a tail spin, smashing into a chicken transport. The flock of feathered inmates fly for freedom.

**55.**

The Lincoln continues to generate momentum on its slalom run,

thundering past the stopped cars and into the wrecked building like a runaway express train.

The gas cannisters in the trunk ignite and the sausage shop explodes, the trailer's two propane tanks going off like bombs.

The Fiat comes flying into the flaming mess and blasts apart,

sending shards of metal and sausage links to go raining down

on the spectators.

The blaze lights the trail of gasoline left by the broken fuel tank and a stream of liquid fire races up the hill, ending at Nick's feet.

Nick takes a moment to watch in horror as dark plumes of smoke billow into the sky, the geyser of water, the storm of dazed chickens. He turns around and does his best to inconspicuously walk OUT OF FRAME.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

WE FOLLOW Nick as he comes through the front door and is met with the sight of his mother and Lance staring at him from the kitchen table.

The Berkeley fire rages on the television.

**NICK**

Hey, Mom! How was the movie?

**LANCE**

You little shit. You stole your mother's dead ex-boyfriend's trailer and set a five million dollar fire.

**NICK/FRANCOIS**

I refuse to stand for such allegations!

**ESTELLE**

Nick! They have a description of the arsonist!

Lance flips through his notebook and reads.

**LANCE**

A white teenage male, about five-seven. A hundred and twenty five pounds, dark hair, spotted complexion...

**NICK**

That could be anyone.

56.

**LANCE**

He was also wearing a tee shirt with the words: I'm single, let's



mingle.  
Nick glances down at the lettering on his shirt. Oops.  
Estelle bursts into tears.

**ESTELLE**

What am I going to do? My only son  
will be sent to prison!  
Lance takes Estelle in his arms and smirks at Nick.

**ESTELLE**

Oh, Lance, can't something be done?

**LANCE**

Tell you what, Estelle. I'll make  
out that Nick reported the car and  
trailer stolen before the fire.  
It'll be less suspicious. But I  
could take some serious heat for  
this.

**ESTELLE**

Oh, Lance! You're wonderful! How  
can I possibly repay you?

**LANCE**

I'll think of something, Estelle.  
He gives her ass a playful squeeze. She lets out a giggle.

**LANCE**

Now the kid better not be here when  
the detectives start coming around.  
I'd send him away for a while. A  
long while.

**ESTELLE**

He can go make his father's life  
miserable!  
Nick suddenly brightens.

**NICK**

But I like it here.

**ESTELLE**

You're going, buster!  
She snatches up the phone and dials. George's groggy voice  
can be heard answering. Estelle screams into the phone.

**ESTELLE**

You're son just burned down half of Berkeley! Come and get the little brat!

**LANCE**

Wait a minute, Estelle, aren't you going to punish him? I'd say he deserves a good hiding.

**ESTELLE**

(cupping the squawking

**PHONE)**

He's too much for me anymore. Can you do it, Lance, darling?  
Lance gives Nick another smirk.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick let's out a yelp of pain as Lance brings a broken tree limb against his bare bottom. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

**NICK (V.O.)**

I don't scream much. I am making a painful sacrifice for The Woman Of My Dreams. My suffering possesses a beauty which elevates it above this sordid scene.

With the final blow the tree limb cracks in half. Nick looks over his shoulder.

**NICK**

Are you through?  
Lance looks around the room. Picks up an umbrella and considers it in his hand. Nick hangs his head.

**EXT. ESTELLE'S HOME - NIGHT**

We find Nick waiting in the drive with a pile of suitcases beside him.

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

Psst. Nick.  
Nick finds Lefty lurking in the shrubs that divide his mother's lawn from the neighbor's. He limps to his friend.

**NICK**

I was wondering what happened to you. Did you get to blow your wad?

**LEFTY**

No. I did not get to blow my wad.

58.

**NICK**

Did you get interrupted?

**LEFTY**

No. Worse.

**NICK**

What's worse than being interrupted?

**LEFTY**

Millie is a lesbian.

**NICK**

**WHAT?!?**

**LEFTY**

The only reason she wanted to hang out with me is because she heard that I showed you my slinky and thought I was gay too.

**NICK**

Sorry, man. I didn't have a great night either.

**LEFTY**

Well, I dunno what you're gonna do, but I'm giving suicide serious consideration this time.

**NICK**

Or you could just fake it and then hide out in Ukiah with me. Then later come back and maybe Millie Filbert will boink you out of pity.

**LEFTY**

Hey, that's not a bad idea. Thanks a pantsful, Nick.

A pair of headlights swing into the drive and Lefty ducks

out

Twisp's of sight. The headlights turn out to belong to George

**BMW.**

The driver's side window rolls down to reveal Nick's dad. Lacey leans over George's seat to wave at Nick through the window and show him some of her cleavage.

**LACEY**

Hiya, Nick!

**NICK**

Hi, Lacey. Hi, Dad.  
The trunk pops open.

59.

**NICK**

Is there any way I could sit up front with Lacey, Dad? Mom's boyfriend beat me pretty badly.

**GEORGE**

Sorry, Nick. In this car, faggots get the back seat.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Albert. Nick is in the back, crowded in by his belongings and

They ride in tense silence until they pass the sight of the fire, where FIRE FIGHTERS sift through the ash.

**GEORGE**

My God. Look what you've done.  
Lacey turns to look at Nick over the seat. They share a smile.

**EXT. UKIAH - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Morning peers over the distant hills.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

swamp The BMW pulls into the drive of the house - a plywood rectangle perched on cement blocks. Aluminum windows. A

cooler on the shallow-pitched roof. They all emerge from the

car.

**GEORGE**

Go ahead and bring your stuff  
inside. Lacey and I need a nap.  
C'mon, Sugar Puss.

Nick watches longingly as George leads Lacey into the home.  
As he places his hand on Lacey's ass, he looks back over his  
shoulder and throws a smug look in Nick's direction.

**NICK (V.O.)**

What a competitive asshole.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Nick reaches the door and gently knocks. But it's Sheeni's  
ogre of a father who answers the door and stares at Nick  
sternly.

**NICK**

Uhm, hello. Is Sheeni available?

**MR. SAUNDERS**

She most certainly is not. As a  
matter of fact, we've banned you  
from her life, Nick Twisp.

60.

**NICK**

Excuse me?

**MR. SAUNDERS**

Trent Preston informed us that not  
only were you moving here to pursue  
my daughter, but that you're not  
even mentally-handicapped, and thus  
molested my wife in the shower of  
sound mind and body.

**NICK**

That rat-fink-fuck!

**MR. SAUNDERS**

You watch your language. This is a  
Christian home. We're sending  
Sheeni to Les École des Arts and  
Literatures in Santa Cruz.

**NICK**

Santa Cruz! But she'll be miserable  
without me. We're in love.  
The ogre snorts in condescending amusement.

**MR. SAUNDERS**

Then I guess it's a good thing  
Trent is going there too. She'll  
have someone to console her.  
And with that, Mr. Saunders slams the door so hard in Nick's  
face that the entire two story mobile home rocks back and  
forth.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Nick makes his way past the arbor, crestfallen. Sheeni  
emerges from the shadows in a hooded sweatshirt over a  
lavender dress.

**SHEENI**

Nick! Oh, Nick!  
Nick lights up at the sight of her and they embrace. They  
kiss passionately. He works his way to her neck and starts  
to reach under the sweatshirt.

**SHEENI**

I had to sneak away just to see  
you.

**NICK**

That's okay. I had to burn down  
half of Berkley.

61.

**SHEENI**

That was you? Nick, are you out of  
your mind?

**NICK**

I felt a grand gesture was  
required, darling.  
Sheeni's expression indicates that she is touched, but it  
turns to troubled.

**SHEENI**

Nick, Trent betrayed us.

**NICK**

François will kill him later.

**SHEENI**

Who's François?

**NICK**

Nevermind. The point is we must elope.

Sheeni takes a step back at the notion.

**SHEENI**

I don't know, Nick. I do love you, but I don't want to spend the rest of our lives on the run.

**NICK**

It's a small price to pay.

She takes another step back.

**SHEENI**

I... I can't, Nick.

**NICK**

What?!? But, Sheeni. I just don't get it. I'm here. Albert's here too.

**SHEENI**

I know, Nick, and I've been longing for you so. But we'll just have to find another way. The car is already packed.

Nick nods glumly and Sheeni seems overcome with remorse.

**SHEENI**

Nick Twisp, I will not allow you to accept defeat so easily!

**(MORE)**

62.

SHEENI (cont'd)

When the time is right, you must make your way to Santa Cruz. And

then we will make love.  
Nick lifts his gaze with renewed determination.

**NICK**

Or we could consummate here in the woods.

**SHEENI**

Did you bring the consumer reports?  
Nick just blinks blankly.

**SHEENI**

Then it will have to be Santa Cruz.  
I really must go now, darling.

**NICK**

Well... Goodbye, Sheeni. I love you.

**SHEENI**

I love you too. Squeeze darling  
Albert for me.  
She pulls her hood over her head. Nick watches wistfully as she slips away into the forest.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I have endured a five million dollar beating for nothing.

**(BEAT)**

I have been stabbed. Stabbed in the back.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Two WRESTLERS slam down onto the mat below us.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I do not have a friend within a hundred miles. This is a daunting thought if you think about it.  
WE TRACK down the row of other students, starting with a THREE HUNDRED POUND BEHEMOTH. The row seems to descend in weight class, until we reach Nick at the very end.

**CUT TO:**

Nick does his best to not be pinned by DWAYNE CRAMPTON, who out-weighs him by at least 40 pounds.



**INT. BOYS SHOWER ROOM - DAY**

Nick rinses off. Dwayne steps up to the shower head next to his. Nick glances his way and quickly recoils at the repelling landscape of rolling pink flab.

**DWAYNE**

Sorry `bout wompin' ya. I'm Dwayne.

**NICK**

Nick. Nick Twisp.

**DWAYNE**

Say, Nick? Why do you suppose guys got only two testicles when we got ten fingers and toes?

**NICK**

I could not begin to speculate.  
Nick turns off his shower and slinks away.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Nick comes up the dusty road toting his backpack. On the porch of the Saunders' home, a handsome but somewhat unkempt PAUL SAUNDERS, mid-twenties, blows cool jazz on a beat-up trumpet.

**PAUL**

Hey, Nick. I'm Paul, Sheeni's brother.

Nick comes up the path to meet him.

**NICK**

Hello, Paul. How did you know my name?

**PAUL**

We've met.

**NICK**

No we haven't.

**PAUL**

In a previous life.

**NICK**

Oh.

Paul begins rolling a joint.

**PAUL**

Nice fire in Berkeley.

64.

**NICK**

Did Sheeni tell you that was me?

**PAUL**

She didn't have to.

**NICK**

Why? Was I an arsonist in a previous life?

**PAUL**

No. But Sheeni was.

**NICK**

My God. What did she burn?

**PAUL**

Men. Men and boys.

Paul hands the joint out to Nick. He regards it dubiously.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

An empty hallway. PSYCHEDELIC SOUND plays.

Nick comes around the corner, literally floating down the hall. He breaststrokes through the air toward us.

**INT. GEORGE AND LACEY'S ROOM - DAY**

He passes just under the door frame and comes down, feet touching carpet. He looks into the mirror and finds François lounging on the bed behind him.

**NICK**

My God, François! What was Paul smoking?

**FRANCOIS**

Shut up and go with it.

Nick shrugs and opens the top dresser drawer, revealing Lacey's lingerie.

Nick starts dancing, doing a strip tease for himself. WE PAN

elastic

AROUND the room, and when we reach Nick again, he's wearing nothing but a pair of Lacey's thongs. He models in front of the mirror, regarding his bulging T.E. He removes a C-cup bra and holds it high. He uses the

straps to fasten the bra onto his head. He starts dancing up a storm to the cheesy Vengaboys rendition of BRAZIL in his head. Waving arms. Bicycling leg movements.

65.

As he backs up we can see that George is watching him from the doorway, a Safeway bag in his arms. Lacey peers over his shoulder. The MUSIC halts abruptly.

**GEORGE**

What the... What the hell?  
Nick gives a startled jump.

**LACEY**

Is..? Is that my bra?

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - NIGHT**

Nick sits at the table, considerably more clothed and sober. George works on a jug of zin.

**GEORGE**

We're calling that fruitcake display strike one. Two more strikes and it's back to Oakland. Nick nods. The front door opens and MRS. CRAMPTON enters

with

Safeway bags of her own. Dwayne follows close behind her.

**DWAYNE**

Hey, Nick!  
Albert barks and jumps at Dwayne's feet.

**NICK**

Uh... Hi, Dwayne. What are you doing here?

**DWAYNE**

Ain't ya heard. We're gonna be roommates! Ain't that kinky?  
Nick looks to his father in horror as Dwayne goes chasing after the dog.

**MRS. CRAMPTON**

Dwayne, get yer dumb ass back here and take yer sleepin' pill. You must be Nick. Wash yer hands, boy. I don't serve two shifts.

**NICK**

Uh... Dad? What's going on?

**GEORGE**

Mrs. Crampton's our new housekeeper. I'm renting out the spare room to her seeing as her camper has been deemed unfit for human habitation.

66.

**NICK**

What about Dwayne?

**GEORGE**

He's bunking with you.

**NICK**

Dad!

**GEORGE**

You working on strike two?  
Nick leans back and glares in silent protest as everyone takes their seats at the table.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick tries to shut out the sound of Dwayne getting into the creaky bed behind him.

**DWAYNE**

Say, Nick. You wanna sleep in bed with me? It'll be tons warmer.

**NICK**

No thank you, Dwayne.  
A knock at the door. Lacey enters.

**LACEY**

This came for you, Nick.  
Nick sits up in bed to receive the letter. As Lacey leaves,  
he tears through the wax seal and unfolds its contents.

**DWAYNE**

Is it a love letter, Nick?

**NICK**

I don't know, it's in French. Say,  
why does your mother give you  
sleeping pills?

**DWAYNE**

`Cuz otherwise I'd stay up all  
night playin' Nintendo Wii. Say,  
Nick, can I walk Albert?

**NICK**

I don't know. Dogs don't grow on  
trees.

**DWAYNE**

Pleeease, Nick?

67.

**NICK**

Okay. But it will cost you one  
sleeping pill per walk.

**DWAYNE**

Whatchu want them pills for, Nick?

**NICK**

You never know when sedatives will  
come in handy.

**EXT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

Nick emerges from the home. He makes his way down the road.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

He stops at the familiar sight of My Green Haven. He gets an  
amused smile and sighs with nostalgia.  
The front door of the trailer opens and Lefty emerges. Nick  
furrows his brow in confusion as Lefty locks the door and  
comes down the path.

**NICK**

Lefty?

**LEFTY**

Oh. Hey, Nick!

**NICK**

Lefty, what are you doing here?

**LEFTY**

I live here. The guy's only charging me fifty in cash a month.

**NICK**

I mean, what are you doing in town?

**LEFTY**

I did what you told me, Nick. I threw my backpack off the pier and reported my own suicide. I even left a note.

**NICK**

Wow, Lefty, I'm kinda impressed. Faking your suicide is pretty ballsy.

Lefty joins Nick in his walk down the road.

**LEFTY**

So where you headed?

68.

**NICK**

Redwood High School.

**LEFTY**

Can I come?

**NICK**

Why would you want to go to school if you didn't have to?

**LEFTY**

It's weird, Nick, but school seems like a pretty fun place to hang out once you get rid of classes and

homework.

**NICK**

I can see this stunt really has  
liberated your mind.

**LEFTY**

I'm telling you, Nick: killing  
myself was the best thing that ever  
happened to me.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

A rowdy cafeteria. Lefty and Nick dine in the corner. Nick has an open French textbook as he tries to decipher Sheeni's letter. An Indian boy, VIJAY JOSHI, 16, makes his way to them.

**VIJAY**

May I sit at your table?

**LEFTY**

Sure. I'm Lefty and this is Nick.

**VIJAY**

I am Vijay Joshi.  
Vijay sits and shakes their hands.

**VIJAY**

I see you both have been rejected  
by the socially elite of our  
school. Ukiah is a cultural  
wasteland compared to India. Though  
some of the girls are very  
attractive.

**NICK**

Do you have a girlfriend?

**VIJAY**

Not at the moment. But I am  
optimistic. How about you?

69.

**NICK**

Yes, but she transferred.

**VIJAY**

You don't mean Sheeni Saunders. I heard she was interested in some brilliant fellow in the Bay Area.

**LEFTY**

Hey, that's you, Nick.

**VIJAY**

I'm surprised. You are not at all what I imagined.  
Nick narrows his eyes.

**VIJAY**

So how is Sheeni?

**NICK**

I don't know. She sent me this letter. But it's in French.

**VIJAY**

Shall I translate it for you?

**NICK**

You speak French?

**VIJAY**

I speak French, English, Hindi, Marathi, and Urdu.

**LEFTY**

That must come in handy.  
Nick hands over the letter and Vijay starts reading it silently. He chuckles as he reads and Nick squints his eyes at him in annoyance.  
Vijay picks up on it, clears his throat and reads aloud.

**VIJAY**

Dear, Nick...

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - SUNSET**

In Nick's imagination, Sheeni puts pen to paper at her desk which affords a view of the sun setting on the ocean.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

...I am writing you from my room in Santa Cruz. Surprisingly, boarding school has proven to be a welcome liberation as well as...



**INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

...a stimulating experience which I  
am now not so quick to change.  
Sheeni slips into a nightgown as other GIRLS walk around  
scantly clad behind her.

**SHEENI**

Perhaps you should consider  
learning French and enrolling. That  
said...

**INT. ÉCOLE DES ARTS ET LITTÉRATURE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Sheeni chats up a gathering of HANDSOME BOYS in the hall.  
They regard her lustfully.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

...English cannot be spoken on  
campus even if you are hemorrhaging  
from an accidental limb amputation.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

I have made friends with the head  
of the girls' basketball team. Her  
name is Heather, and despite her  
popularity, she is saving herself  
for college boys.  
HEATHER, a slender giantess, poses with the other members of  
the BASKETBALL TEAM for a yearbook photo.

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

I have an interesting roommate from  
New York named Taggarty...  
TAGGARTY, short dark hair, intense green eyes, Manhattan  
sophistication cloaked in fragile ripeness, snaps a Polaroid  
of a sleepy BOY.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

She has already slept with  
seventeen boys and hopes to rack up  
fifty before leaving here.

Taggart tacks the picture to a wall covered with Polaroids.  
She writes the boy's grade (C-) beneath his image.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

The distant figure on the windsurf board can only be Trent.

71.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

Trent has taken up windsurfing and  
has been designated target number  
one by all the girls. I am still  
very angry at him for the betrayal  
but he claims he wants to mend our  
friendship.

The figure falls into the surf and the crowd of watching  
BIKINI-CLAD GIRLS gasp in horror.

**SHEENI (V.O.)**

I guess we shall see.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

**VIJAY**

**(READING)**

All in all, I'm happy and look  
forward to further growth in this  
rich, intellectual environment.

Vijay sets down the letter. Nick waits a beat, staring in  
disbelief.

**NICK**

That's it? Nothing else about me?  
Vijay picks up the letter again.

**VIJAY**

Oh yes... Love to you and Albert.  
(setting down the letter)  
Who's Albert?

**NICK**

Albert is our dog. This is a disaster. What the hell does she mean Trent wants to mend the relationship?

**VIJAY**

I don't know, but this Taggart girl sounds very uninhibited. I wonder if she's made it with a Hindu yet.

**LEFTY**

Heather sounds like a babe. You think if I grew a beard I'd pass for college age?

**NICK**

I've got to get to Sheeni as soon as possible. If I don't Trent Preston is going to mindfuck her into thinking she doesn't like me.

72.

**LEFTY**

And then he'll probably fuck her in other ways. Did you know you're supposed to put your pinkie in a girl's bumhole, Vijay?

**NICK**

Will you shut up and help me out?

**LEFTY**

Sorry, Nick. What should we do?

**NICK**

I suggest we steal my father's BMW and take a trip to Santa Cruz. Vijay, you'll have to be our translator.

**VIJAY**

But what will we tell our parents?

**LEFTY**

You can tell your father you are staying at Nick's house for the weekend. And visa versa.

**NICK**

Good thinking.

**VIJAY**

But what if we are caught?

**NICK**

To hell with it, Vijay. It's time to take action!

THREE CUTS. The JINGLE as Nick removes his Dad's keys from the bureau. The trunk SLAMMING closed with the sleeping bags inside. The ROAR of the engine as Vijay's hand turns the key in the ignition.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - DAY**

As Vijay drives, Lefty holds up a road map in the back seat. Nick places a CD in the stereo and TAKE FIVE fills the car.

**LEFTY**

What is this music, Nick?

**NICK**

It's Dave Brubeck.

(to Vijay)

I thought a person as cultured as yourself would appreciate it.

73.

**VIJAY**

You want culture? I will give you culture.

Vijay puts in his own CD and Ravi Shankar's TARANA blasts from the speakers.

Nick gives Vijay a grin of approval. MUSIC PLAYS OVER...

**EXT. REDWOOD FORESTS - DAY**

WE FLY through the forest to keep up with the Beamer.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

The BMW passes cars on the Golden Gate Bridge.

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Beamer navigates the winding curves of the highway where green hills meet the Pacific Ocean.

**EXT. ÉCOLE DES ARTS ET LITTÉRATURE - DUSK**

The car pulls to a stop in the parking lot, the school looming beyond, slightly obfuscated by a light drizzle. The music cuts out with the engine.

**EXT. ÉCOLE DES ARTS ET LITTÉRATURE - GROUNDS - DUSK**

The grouping of BOYS part as we move through them. Finally, we reach the center of their attention... Sheeni, Taggarty, and Heather standing together in their coats.

**SHEENI**

Nickie?

Nick, Vijay, and Lefty are noticeably shorter than the older boys around them.

**NICK**

Hello, Sheeni.

(to Taggarty and Heather)

Hi, I'm Nick.

**TAGGARTY**

Oh. So you're Nick.

**HEATHER**

We've heard so much about you.

**NICK**

And this is Vijay. And this is Lefty. Lefty goes to USC.

74.

**LEFTY**

And I'm not gay.

**SHEENI**

Nick, I knew you'd come!

Sheeni glances over at the disapproving MATRON. She leans in close.

**SHEENI**

...but you must wait in the car  
until we can sneak you in.

Nick nods in understanding.

**INT. GIRLS' DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

An empty hall. The SNEAKY STRINGS of NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN. Sheeni rounds the corner at the far end. As she and Heather sneak the boys down, the other OCCUPANTS of the floor giggle in French and dart from door to door in near-undress.

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

A cement cubicle just big enough for a bunk bed, two small desks, an army surplus dresser, and a stuffed armchair. Sheeni pulls a nightgown from the dresser.

**HEATHER**

Lefty, should maybe sleep in my  
room. It's pretty crowded in here.

**LEFTY**

Your roommate won't mind?

**HEATHER**

Oh, Darlene went home for the  
weekend.

Lefty gulps and picks up his grip. He pauses in the hallway.

**LEFTY**

Well, see you guys in the morning.

The door closes and Vijay and Nick exchange a knowing

glance.

**SHEENI**

Pardon me, everyone.

Sheeni steps into the tiny closet to change. Vijay and Nick regard the...

**WALL OF TAGGARTY'S CONQUESTS**

a series of mug shots of sullen-looking TEENAGE BOYS. Most

of

them have been given a grade of C- or below.

**NICK**

There's your competition.

**VIJAY**

A distinguished group I would be  
happy to join.

The two boys turn around and watch in hot-blooded bliss as  
Taggart searches for her misplaced nightie.

**INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The two boys brush their pearlies over the grungy sink.

**VIJAY**

I am in a state of sexual frenzy.  
What is your plan?

**NICK**

We drape a blanket over the lower  
bunk for Sheeni and me. You tackle  
Taggart on the top bunk. Here's a  
condom. I slipped two to Lefty,  
leaving us with four.

**VIJAY**

What if they don't go for it?

**NICK**

They'll go for it. You can cut the  
sexual tension in that room with a  
knife.

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

**SHEENI**

Don't be silly, darling. Not with  
others in the room.

(leaning in to whisper)

We must wait until everyone falls  
asleep.

Nick tries to appear unconcerned. She gives him a kiss and  
climbs into her narrow bed.

As Nick and Vijay prepare their sleeping bags on the floor,  
they watch Taggart climb up to her bunk in the sky.

**TAGGERTY**

Goodnight boys. Do you need the  
light on to take off your clothes?

**NICK**

No.

(flipping off the light)

We can find our zippers in the dark.

76.

A beat of BLACKNESS. Then a light tap at the door. There is the sound of Sheeni getting out of bed. She cracks the door, letting in just enough light from the hall that a MALE SHADOW gets cast across the two boys on the floor. Nick squints and tries to hear what Sheeni and the male shadow are whispering to each other. After a beat, Sheeni closes the door and the room plunges into BLACKNESS once again. Nick listens as Sheeni climbs

back

into bed as if nothing happened.

**NICK**

Sheeni?

**SHEENI**

Yes, Nick?

**NICK**

Was that the matron?

**SHEENI**

No.

Beat.

**NICK**

Then who was it?

**SHEENI**

It was Trent.

Beat.

**NICK**

Did you say it was Trent?

**SHEENI**

Yes. He came to discuss our friendship. I told him now was not the time.

**NICK**

So where is Trent now?



**SHEENI**

I assume he went back to the boys' dorm. Now really, Nickie, you are keeping everyone awake with your inquiries.

mind

Though silence follows, we take a moment to allow Nick's

to race in the dark. He stands and looks at the mirror above the dresser. François can be made out sitting by the window in the moonlight, stroking the Thompson.

77.

**FRANÇOIS**

Now is our chance.

**NICK**

Chance for what?

**FRANÇOIS**

To confront our nemesis. We must go to the boys' dorm and kill Trent where he sleeps.

**NICK**

I suppose we should at least get a look at him. To see what we're dealing with.

**FRANÇOIS**

Very well.  
(stubbing out his

**CIGARETTE)**

You see what we are dealing with...  
and zen I will deal with it.  
And with that he cocks the Thompson for dramatic flare.

**INT. GIRLS' DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

a

Nick emerges from the room in nothing but his underwear and windbreaker. He creeps down the hall.

**EXT. ECOLE DES ARTS ET LITTÉRATURE - GROUNDS - NIGHT**

The school SECURITY VAN crawls by in the background, a searchlight sweeping the grounds. The moment it is out of sight, Nick darts from the bushes of the girls' dorm and races across the campus to the boys' dorm.

**INT. BOYS DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nick makes his way down the hall, checking the names on the colored paper cut-out shapes that adorn the doors. He stops and backtracks when he spots the door that boasts the names TRENT and ED. Nick knocks on the door. It opens inward to reveal a bare-chested, hulking athlete in a pajama pants. This is ED SOLOMON.

**NICK**

Trent?

**ED**

No. Who the hell are you?

78.

**NICK**

I am Nick Twisp.

**ED**

Oh, so you're Nick.

**NICK**

Is Trent here?

**ED**

You just missed him, Nick. He just grabbed a couple condoms and left.

**NICK**

Did he say where he was going?

**ED**

I think he said he was going to Heather's room.

**NICK**

But that's where Lefty is. Who are you?

**ED**

Ed. Ed Solomon. Trent's roommate.

**NICK**

Oh, so you're Ed.

**ED**

What's that supposed to mean?

**NICK**

Nothing. It's just that Sheeni mentioned Trent has a thing for a guy named Ed, and that he touches the guy when he falls asleep. But obviously if that were you, you'd know about it. Must be a different Ed Solomon. Take care now.

Nick takes off running and Ed stares after him.

**EXT. ECOLE DES ARTS ET LITTERATURE - GROUNDS - NIGHT**

The security van continues to make its rounds. We find Nick crouching behind the steps to the boys dorm. He pulls the hood of his windbreaker over his head and takes a deep breath.

As the searchlight passes by, he makes a break for it. TRACK with Nick as he darts from one form of cover to the next, perhaps accompanied by the imagined sounds of mortar blasts and machine gun turret fire.

79.

At long last he reaches the girls' dorm undetected.

**INT. GIRLS' DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nick bangs on the door. Heather answers in little more than

a G-string and Nick seems to forget his mission just long enough to appreciate her body.

**HEATHER**

What's up, Nick?

**NICK**

Is Trent in there?

**HEATHER**

Not anymore.

**NICK**

What happened to Lefty?

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

I'm right here, Nick.

Nick peers past Heather where he finds Lefty standing naked in the moonlight.

**HEATHER**

Trent was here, but he left. He only dropped by to lend us a couple more condoms.

**NICK**

But I gave Lefty two already.

**HEATHER**

Yes, and that was very generous of you, but the night is young.

**NICK**

So what is Trent, the fucking condom faerie!?!

**LEFTY**

You can have one of ours, Nick. If you need one.

The fact that Nick doesn't yet raises his temperament even further.

**NICK**

So where did he say he was going?

**HEATHER**

He didn't say, but I'm pretty sure I just saw him go into our bathroom down the hall.

80.

**NICK**

Thanks. Oh, and I'd be careful with those condoms. Trent's roommate Ed said that Trent pokes holes in them

so that he can get Sheeni pregnant  
and be with her forever.  
And with that piece of disturbing info, he leaves them.

**INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

There is the CLAP of thunder outside as Nick throws open the door to the girls' bathroom. He looks around with murderous rage.

There comes the sound of someone vomiting.

Nick kicks in the stall and finds BERNICE LYNCH, 17, a thin platinum haired girl with six earrings per lobe. She hurls into the toilet again and turns around to find Nick.

**BERNICE**

Who are you?

**NICK**

I'm Sheeni's friend, Nick. Sorry to disturb you.

**BERNICE**

That's OK. It was something I ate.  
So wait, are you Sheeni's  
boyfriend?

**NICK**

Uh, yeah.

**BERNICE**

My name's Bernice. Bernice Lynch.  
Not that you asked.

**NICK**

Nice to meet you Bernice. Actually,  
I think Trent Preston mentioned  
you. He said you were frumpy, but  
now that I've met you, I can see  
Trent is a lying bastard.

**BERNICE**

Thanks. And Trent can go to hell  
for all I care. Sheeni too.

**NICK**

You don't like Sheeni?

**BERNICE**

Personally, I hate her guts. Well,  
pardon me, Nick. I feel like  
throwing up some more now.

**NICK**

You didn't happen to see Trent  
Preston did you?  
She waves him away as she bends over the sink to hurl again.  
Then lifts her face and smiles through the dripping bile.

**BERNICE**

I did actually. I think he was on  
his way to Sheeni's room.  
Nick's eyes widen in alarm.

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick enters the dark room to the sound of the bed squeaking.  
Vijay and Taggart grunt away on the top bunk.  
He watches the moon lit forms thumping together.  
He turns his attention to the sleeping beauty on the bottom  
bunk. He moves toward her.  
She blinks, waking and smiles at the sight of him.

**NICK**

Sheeni?

**SHEENI**

Yes, darling.

**NICK**

Was Trent here?

**SHEENI**

Yes, Nick.  
Nick hangs his head.

**SHEENI**

But I sent him away again.  
Nick stares into her eyes to discern her honesty, but he  
finds nothing but adoration.

**SHEENI**

Because I want you, darling. Not  
even Trent can match the  
industriousness and tenacity with  
which you have pursued me.

82.

into  
backlit

She smiles. Nick smiles too. She reaches out to pull him  
her bed as...  
The door to the room slams open and they are suddenly  
by the harsh beam of the matron's flashlight.

**MATRON**

Q'est que c'est passer ici!?!?  
Nick bolts upright, smacking his head against the top bunk.  
He lands on the floor, where he gets a view of... Trent  
standing behind the matron. The blinding light makes his  
features difficult to make out but his white teeth are  
definitely smiling diabolically.

**EXT. GIRLS' DORM - NIGHT**

droves,  
team

The boys come out of the front door of the dormitory, the  
matron, flanked by SCHOOL SECURITY GUARDS, hot on their  
heels. The girls in the dorm appear on the balcony in  
cheering the boys' escape.  
Vijay's pants fall to his ankles, tripping him up.  
Nick and Lefty grab Vijay by the arms and pull him up again  
as if he were a wounded war buddy in a retreat from the  
Vietnamese Army.  
They reach the Beamer at the edge of the grounds. Nick gets  
in first. Lefty dives through the back window, legs kicking.  
Vijay slams the door just as the matron and her security  
catches up to them. The authorities bang on the windows as  
Nick peels out.  
INDIAN POP blares from the car. They speed off into the  
night.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Lefty lets out a holler of joy.

**LEFTY**

I did it three times! Two long ones  
and a quickie.

**NICK**

Great. Just great. How about you,  
Vijay?

**VIJAY**

It was difficult to tell with that condom, Nick. Why did you buy such thick ones?

**NICK**

That brand was top-rated by Consumers.

83.

**VIJAY**

Well, she's safe. No organism could penetrate those walls.

**NICK**

You think the girls are in trouble?

**VIJAY**

They will likely notify their parents. Perhaps even expel them.

**NICK**

That's it! Expel them. Then Sheeni will have to come back to Ukiah. The car sputters. Nick's eyes go to the gas gauge.

**EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - RAINING - NIGHT**

The rain is coming down again. Nick shivers in his underwear. Vijay isn't in much more and Lefty's sheet is drenched.

**VIJAY**

What will we do?

**NICK**

Well, we can't stay in the car. Sooner or later Highway Patrol is going to come by and ask for our non-existent driver's license.

**LEFTY**

But we have no money!

**VIJAY**

I have no shoes! I'll catch pneumonia and die a indeterminate proto-quasi-virgin!



**EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - RAINING - NIGHT**

A couple coins are inserted into a roadside pay phone. There is ringing on the other end.

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

Hello?

**NICK**

(into phone)

Mom? It's Nick. I'm sorry to wake you, but I'm hoping you'll help your only son. Especially seeing as it would really piss off Dad.

A long beat.

84.

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

Where are you, Nick?

**EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - RAINING - NIGHT**

The three boys are still standing in the rain by the pay phone. The three of them huddle under their only windbreaker.

A pair of headlights appear in the rain. The headlights flash

twice and Nick runs out into the road.

**POV TRUCK DRIVER**

Nick waving frantically in nothing but tightie-whities. The truck pulls to a stop and the passenger door opens to reveal, the driver, a man named WALLY RUMPKIN, a seven foot tall giant in a plaid shirt and bib overalls. He looks down at our three waylaid adventurers.

**WALLY**

Pardon me. But is one of you Nick Twisp?

The two other boys exchange confused glances, not entirely if this is how people go missing.

**NICK**

Yeah. I'm Nick.

**WALLY**

I'm Wally. I'm a friend of your  
mom's.

being  
Nick nods, not yet sure whether or not this gentle giant is  
actually blushing with shyness or red with agitation at  
sent on a midnight mission.

**WALLY**

So, uhm, uh... Your mom says you  
need a ride. Did I mention I'm a  
friend?

Nick breaks into a smile. Finally the Gods have cut him a  
break.

**INT. ESTELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

in  
Wally and Estelle watch the three semi-clothed boys shovel  
fried liver with no complaint.

**ESTELLE**

Wally was a friend of Jerry's. He  
came to help me in my time of  
mourning.

85.

**NICK**

What happened to Lance?  
Estelle's face registers "none of your business," but a kind  
look from Wally and she softens.

**ESTELLE**

Lance is busy training to be a  
detective. He isn't around as much  
as he used to be.  
Nick nods and goes back to eating.

**ESTELLE**

Mr. Rumpkin is very smart. Ask him  
a question, Nick.

**NICK**

Okay. Mr. Rumpkin, what famous  
actress was married to Frank  
Sinatra, Artie Shaw, and Mickey

Rooney?

**LEFTY**

Whoever she is, she sure gets around.

**WALLY**

Ava Gardner.  
Estelle smiles with pride. Nick and the other boys regard the gentle giant with admiration. He bashfully averts his eyes.

**ESTELLE**

That's nothing. You should see what he did with the living room.

**INT. ESTELLE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick and the other two boys pause in the doorway. Where once the Chevy occupied the space, the living room was now fairly returned to it's normal uncluttered state with all the furniture placed back in the original positions. At some point Wally must have sawed a hole in the wall shared by the living and dining areas because the Chevy now occupies that hole and has been painted and decorated such that it has achieved an almost seamless blend with the wall. Estelle goes and takes a seat on the couch.

**ESTELLE**

Go ahead, Wally. Show them.  
Wally blushes before he flips a switch and the tail lights come on, giving the living room a warm, flattering glow.

86.

**NICK, LEFTY, VIJAY**

Ooooooh.  
Wally flips another switch and the car's radio turns on.

**NICK, LEFTY, VIJAY**

Aaaaaaah.  
Wally makes a slightly embarrassed gesture of scratching his head before lumbering over to the couch and taking a seat

next to Estelle.  
Nick watches as Wally puts his arm around his mother and  
they  
listen to the Chevy play them Elvis' LOVE ME TENDER.  
The two adults snuggle in the glow of the tail lights and it  
brings an unexpected rush of caring in his expression.

**EXT. UKIAH - DAY**

The truck rumbles to a stop and the three boys climb out.  
Nick looks, over his shoulder at Wally blushing behind the  
wheel of the truck.

**WALLY**

Well, uhm... It was nice meeting  
you, Nick.

**NICK**

You too, Mr. Rumpkin.  
Wally blushes even more. He closes the door and starts to  
turn the truck around. Nick watches him go. Wally waves  
goodbye.  
Nick turns and the three boys make their way down the dusty  
road.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

Lacey works up a sweat to Billy Blank. Nick comes through  
the  
door. He's still in his underwear.

**NICK**

Where's Dad?

**LACEY**

In the bedroom. I wouldn't bother  
him, Nick. He's in a foul mood.  
He's on with the police. Apparently  
someone broke in and stole his  
Beamer.  
Lacey gives Nick an amused smile.

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Lacey! Get in here!

Lacey rolls her eyes and heads for the bedroom. Nick sits  
down with Dwayne at the breakfast table.

**DWAYNE**

Nick, you got a girlfriend?

**NICK**

Yes, I do.

**DWAYNE**

If you asked your girlfriend as a favor, would she do it with me?

**NICK**

Guys don't share their girlfriends.

**DWAYNE**

I get ya. You're worried `cause your girlfriend might get knocked up. What if I pull out, Nick?

Nick seethes inwardly. There comes a ruckus from the back bedroom and Lacey emerges.

**LACEY**

It's not my fault, you tight-assed, critical, nonfeeling, sexist drunk.

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Sticks and stones. It doesn't bother me if you sleep on the couch from now on.

**LACEY**

Does it bother you that you're a selfish, uptight, boring lover?

**NICK**

You forgot lousy driver!  
George appears in the doorway.

**GEORGE**

That's strike two, jerkoff!  
Nick hangs his head. George moves about the kitchen chugging from a jug of zin. Lacey picks up the ringing phone.

**LACEY**

Hello?

**(PAUSE)**

Thank you.  
Lacey hangs up the phone.

**LACEY**

They found your car in Davenport,  
George. Go pick it up.

**GEORGE**

Look who's wearing the pants this  
morning.  
Lacey takes a seat next to Nick and sighs.

**LACEY**

Nick, I feel for you. It must be  
tough being a teenager in this  
house.

**NICK**

My mother wasn't any better.

**LACEY**

Your mom has had a difficult time.  
She has had a great deal to put up  
with. I'm starting to appreciate  
that now.

**GEORGE**

Are you by any chance referring to  
me?

**LACEY**

If the shoe fits, suck on it.  
George swills some zin and mumbles ominously.

**GEORGE**

We'll see who's sucking on what  
soon.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

**VIJAY**

I spoke with Taggarty this morning.  
She requested a wallet sized photo.  
Nick looks up glumly from his lunch. Lefty has his feet up  
on  
the table, his facial growth is almost respectable.

**LEFTY**

Congratulations, Vijay. That makes  
it official. Welcome to the club.

Nick narrows his eyes at the two non-virgins.

**NICK**

What grade did you receive?

89.

**VIJAY**

A C+. Which I feel is perfectly satisfactory given the conditions.

**LEFTY**

I guess this means they're not being expelled.

**VIJAY**

No, apparently they convinced the matron it was all quite innocent.

**NICK**

Are you kidding? She had her flashlight trained on your Hindi boner!

A beat. Lefty and Vijay seem taken aback by the outburst.

**VIJAY**

No need to be jealous, Nick.  
Nick stands and collects his lunch tray.

**NICK (V.O.)**

If I'm to get Sheeni expelled and sent back to me I will need a partner in crime.

**INT. REDWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY**

Nick enters the computer lab and finds an open machine.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Luckily, François has a girl on the inside.

Nick begins typing and speaking out loud.

**NICK**

Dear Bernice, it was nice meeting you this weekend in the bathroom.

**INT. BERNICE'S ROOM - DAY**

Bernice reads the letter.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I just want you to know I now see why you loath Sheeni Saunders so strongly.

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

Sheeni, Taggart, and Heather sit across from the HEADMASTER as the matron describes the events.

90.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I too have come to despise the snooty, pretentious brunette and in all honesty you should probably get her expelled. I am happy to help in that regard.

**INT. BERNICE'S ROOM - DAY**

**NICK (V.O.)**

I have included a number of sleeping pills with this note. Bernice dumps the pills from the envelope.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

**NICK (V.O.)**

You must introduce one of these into her breakfast beverage each day.

Bernice sits next to Sheeni, despite the fact she's being ignored. Bernice drops a pill into Sheeni's coffee nonchalantly.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

Sheeni watches the INSTRUCTOR.

**NICK (V.O.)**

She may be intelligent, but she is



not likely to pass her courses when  
she's falling asleep in class.  
Sheeni's head slips off her hand as she drifts off. We MOVE  
across the classroom to where Bernice scribbles in her  
notebook.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Since meeting you, I have come to  
realize my interest in Sheeni was  
only a transient adolescent  
infatuation. I like you more than I  
can say. Take courage. Together we  
will outsmart these cake eaters.

A view of the notebook shows her to be scribbling Nick's  
name  
with hearts. She flips through pages of obsession.

**INT. REDWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY**

Nick's fingers fly across the keys. He looks pleased with  
himself.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Affectionately yours, Nick.

91.

He looks around for observers, looks back at the screen  
pensively, and resumes typing.

**NICK (V.O.)**

P.S. Please destroy this note  
immediately.

**ON A MAILBOX**

As Nick deposits his letter.

**EXT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - EVENING**

Nick wanders up the drive. WE FOLLOW him into the house.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - CONTINUOUS**

...where he comes upon the sight of Paul giving Lacey a foot  
message on the couch.

**NICK**

Where's Dad?

**LACEY**

**(DREAMILY)**

Daddy is in Davenport. Where you  
left his car.

**PAUL**

We saved you some mushrooms, Nick.  
Nick watches the sensual foot message. He picks up the bag  
full of mushrooms and considers them.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Nick pukes his guts into the sink.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick's in bed reading Lovemaking for Advanced Gourmets.  
He glances up at Dwayne playing Nintendo and scowls.  
There comes the strange warbled sound of a TRUMPET from the  
next room, and it is joined by other instruments until we  
hear The Nutley Brass' rendition of I WANT TO BE SEDATED.  
Nick furrows his eyebrows in confusion.

**ON THE BOOK**

as the nude figures suddenly BECOME ANIMATED, making  
wonderful love.  
Nick follows them with his eyes as they float off the page.

92.

WE FOLLOW Nick as he follows the nude figures who do  
acrobatics down...

**THE HALL**

and into...

**THE LIVING ROOM**

where Lacey watches Paul blow on his trumpet.  
Nick marvels. The phone rings.

**LACEY**

Nick? Get the phone?  
Nick picks up the phone and Paul takes his place at Lacey's  
feet.

**NICK**

(into phone)

Hello?

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - NIGHT**

George cradles the cell phone. WE INTERCUT.

**GEORGE**

Nick? Is that you?

**NICK**

I am Nick Twisp. I am alive. I am a breathing organism.

**GEORGE**

Quit fooling around, Nick. This is your dad. Is everything okay there?

**NICK**

Don't be afraid, Dad. Everything will be okay. You deserve to be loved.

**GEORGE**

What the hell is that supposed to mean? Is Lacey there?

**NICK**

Lacey is here. Paul is caressing her toes.

**GEORGE**

Paul! Who the hell is Paul?

93.

**NICK**

Paul is our friend. He makes beautiful music for the acrobats. They're naked.

**GEORGE**

Who's naked? Is Lacey naked?

**NICK**

Don't be afraid, Dad. Goodbye. He hangs up the phone and pulls out the cord. He joins Paul in working Lacey's feet.

**NICK**

Dad is afraid.

**LACEY**

He is on the wrong path. I have  
felt that for some time.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick watches the headlights from the arriving BMW travel  
across the walls.

They go out. He listens to the front door being keyed  
followed by his father bellowing.  
Nick gets up and wanders into...

**LIVING ROOM**

where Paul stands between George and Lacey.

**PAUL**

Okay, George, just calm down.  
George lunges and Paul socks him in the eye, dropping him to  
the floor.

**GEORGE**

You are in serious trouble. You've  
assaulted me and I know for a fact  
that you two were having naked  
orgies with my son. That child is  
only twelve years old.  
George gets to his feet.

**NICK**

I'm sixteen, Dad.

94.

**GEORGE**

Shut your pie hole!  
(turning to Lacey and

**PAUL)**

That boy is an underaged minor. I'm  
going to have you arrested and  
charged with child molesting.

**LACEY**

Don't be an idiot, George. No one  
was naked.

**GEORGE**

When you get out of prison, you will both have to register as sex offenders. You will never be able to get a decent job again.

**PAUL**

I've never had a decent job. I don't think I'd want one.

**LACEY**

Let's go, Paul. George, I'll pick up the rest of my things tomorrow.

**GEORGE**

Not until you pay me the rest of the money you owe.

**LACEY**

I paid you all your money!

**GEORGE**

Not the extra charges.  
She gets up in his face.

**LACEY**

Fuck-your-stinking-extra-charges.  
As Lacey and Paul depart, Nick turns and dreamily wanders back toward his room.

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Using bad language in front of a minor. The judge will hear about that too.  
Nick gets back into his room and closes the door behind him.  
SWISH TO... Dwayne playing Nintendo naked. He looks over his shoulder.

**DWAYNE**

What's all the ruckus about?

95.

**NICK**

Dwayne! Please cover yourself.

**DWAYNE**

You wanna play Nintendo all night?

**NICK**

Of course not. I'm tired. Let's go to sleep.

Nick unplugs the Nintendo and climbs into bed. Dwayne just sits there on the floor, naked as a clam.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - THE DEAD OF NIGHT**

**NICK (V.O.)**

A strange night. I dreamed of wrestling for what seemed like hours with an amorous walrus...

the  
Nick squirms with an amorphous blob, they wrestle against red abstract background.

**INT. NICK'S ROOM - MORNING**

Nick's bleary eyes snap open and wander to the floor, where his pajamas lie in a crumpled pile.

**NICK (V.O.)**

There is only one explanation: I have been Dwayned.

A pillow whacks across a blubbery face.

**NICK**

Wake up! I know what you were doing last night, you disgusting beast!

**DWAYNE**

Don't be mad, Nick. I like you. Dwayne throws off his sheets. Nick shudders at the sight. ...which is when Mrs. Crampton barges in..

**MRS. CRAMPTON**

Boys, time to get-- AHH! Dwayne! Where's yer pajamas?

**DWAYNE**

Nick made me take them off, Mom. He took off his too.

**MRS. CRAMPTON**

You leave my son alone. Don't go co'rupt him with yer nastiness!

**NICK**

We weren't doing anything, Mrs. Crampton. It was just hot last night.

**MRS. CRAMPTON**

If you get hot, boys, open a window. Don't go takin' off yer pajamas. That's nasty.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

Nick dials on the phone. Behind him, Dwayne eats breakfast, cheerfully kicking his feet back and forth under the chair.

**TAGGARTY (V.O.)**

Bonjour.

**NICK**

Taggart? It's Nick.

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - DAY**

Taggart's at her desk. Her thick rimmed glasses almost make her look studious. WE INTERCUT.

**TAGGARTY**

Hey, Nick. I suppose you want to talk to Sheeni.

**NICK**

If you please.

Taggart crosses to the bunks, where Sheeni is curled up among the sheets as if in some Renaissance portrait.

**TAGGARTY**

It's your would-be-lover. Sheeni sleepily takes the phone.

**SHEENI**

Nick?

**NICK**

Hello, My Beloved. How are you?

**SHEENI**

Not so well. I have been afflicted

with some kind of chronic fatigue.

**NICK**

Perhaps you are home sick. You do sound rather blue.

97.

**SHEENI**

I'm not home sick, Nick. In fact, I'm not very happy with you.

**NICK**

Me? What did I do?

**SHEENI**

You know damn well, Nick. You've been spreading rumors about Trent. And he doesn't deserve it.

**NICK**

Doesn't deserve it!?! I'd have to claim he has genital warts to sink to his level.

**SHEENI**

Well, whatever you said to Ed Solomon, it was enough to get him to give Trent a black eye.

**NICK**

Sheeni, I just don't get it. This guy has cock-blocked at every turn and you're taking his side?!?

**SHEENI**

Cock-blocked?

**(SIGHS)**

We'll have to resume this another time, Nick. It's been an emotionally exhausting weekend. My parents are in an uproar over Paul. He's moved some floozie in with him up in the studio over the garage.

**NICK**

Lacey's not a floozie.



**SHEENI**

Lacey? You know her?

**NICK**

Of course. She's my father's ex-girlfriend. I think that might make you my stepmother-in-law.

**SHEENI**

Nick. Don't be gross.

**NICK**

Sorry. At any rate, I'll let you go. We'll have plenty of time to settle this tomorrow.

98.

**SHEENI**

Tomorrow?

**NICK**

Yes, Sheeni, Thanksgiving. I'll be coming for dinner, of course.

**SHEENI**

Don't even think it, Nick. You know my parents don't approve of you.

**NICK**

I'm confident they will learn to love me. After all, I'm practically family.

**SHEENI**

Nick, you must dismiss this Thanksgiving notion from your mind. I remain firm on this issue. Goodbye.

CLICK. Nick regards the phone defensively. He puts it down and takes a seat at the table.

He glares at Dwayne as they eat breakfast. There comes a knock at the front door.

**NICK**

Don't move, blubber boy, I'll get

it.

**I/E. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

A POLICE OFFICER stands on the steps. Nick goes wide eyed at the sight of him and visibly slumps.

**POLICE OFFICER**

Is George Twisp in?

**NICK**

Uh, I'm pretty sure he's sleeping off a hangover, Officer. Is he under arrest?

**POLICE OFFICER**

Under arrest? No, I'm the officer working the case of his stolen car.

**NICK**

Ah.

**POLICE OFFICER**

You can tell your pop that the CD he found in his car is Ravi Shankar.

99.

**NICK**

Excuse me?

**POLICE OFFICER**

Indian music. So we're a checkin' the INS files, see if we can get some prints that match. You wouldn't know anyone who might have stolen the car who listens to this crap, would ya, son?

**NICK**

No, and I'm not sure I like the implication. Ravi Shankar is beloved by many Caucasian...

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

What about Vijay Joshi?

Nick stands stiff as a board. The officer peers around him

at

Dwayne sitting inside.

**DWAYNE**

I'm pretty sure he's Injun.  
The officer makes a note.

**POLICE OFFICER**

(to himself)  
Vijay Joshi. We'll look into it.  
Thank you, boys.  
Nick gives a weak smile and closes the door.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Mrs. Crampton complained to Dad  
that I tried to corrupt the fat  
pervert cohabitating with me.

**EXT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

Nick totes boxes of belongings from the house to the  
Crampton's dilapidated camper.

**NICK (V.O.)**

He has deemed it strike three, but  
is only banishing me as far as Mrs.  
Crampton's condemned trailer.

**INT. CAMPER - NIGHT**

A view of the thin birch walls. We come to rest on Nick,  
shivering under an electric blanket. There's a blob of snot  
on his upper-lip.

100.

**NICK (V.O.)**

No matter. Tomorrow I will be  
reunited with My Everlasting Love.  
And I will not be stopped. Not by  
an outbreak of the plague, nor by a  
cruel return of the ice-age. Not  
even by the Gods themselves.

**EXT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

The velvet voices of the Rat Pack come from the home.

blanket. Nick emerges from the Camper wrapped in the electric

He scurries into the house.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Nick showers.

Nick straightens his Garcia tie in the mirror. He applies hair gel.

Nick examines the whitehead on his brow. He pinches and a glob of puss smacks the mirror.

**INT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

partner He emerges into the hall and dances with an invisible  
into the...

**LIVING ROOM**

where the phone RINGS. He flips off the stereo with the remote and snatches up the phone.

**NICK**

Twisp residence.

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

Nick?

**NICK**

Oh. Hey, Mom. What's up?

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

Nickie, I have some bad news!  
Nick sighs.

**NICK**

Okay. I'm ready. What is it?

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

I'm afraid Lance and Wally got into a terrible row. He tried to arrest Wally and Wally broke Lance's jaw.

101.

**NICK**

What's the bad news?

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

The Berkeley police know you started the fire. Lance told them where you are.

Nick glances up and sees the black and white patrol car pulling up outside.

**ESTELLE (V.O.)**

Nick, they're coming to arrest you!  
He slams down the phone.

**EXT. GEORGE'S MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY**

The window slides open and Nick comes crawling out, leaping to the ground. He takes off running through the woods.

**EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY**

Nick pounds on the door.

**LEFTY (O.S.)**

Nick?

Nick turns to find Lefty coming up the path with two bags of groceries under his arms.

**NICK**

Lefty, have you seen Vijay, today?

**LEFTY**

Nick, haven't you heard? Vijay's been arrested.

**NICK**

Arrested?!?

**LEFTY**

For grand theft auto. They found his prints in your father's car.

**NICK**

That's terrible. Did he go quietly?

**LEFTY**

No. He said you were his accomplice and now the Ukiah police are looking for you!

We linger a beat on Nick's blank expression. Then -

**EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

We're off and running through the woods, trying to keep up with Nick as he flees.

**NICK (V.O.)**

The day has proven to be a disaster. Where did I gone wrong? I have a decision to make.

**EXT. COVERED BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The spotlight from the overhead helicopter sweeps over the bridge and continues down the road.

**NICK (V.O.)**

I could hit the road and spend my life a fugitive with my integrity nearly intact.

**UNDER THE BRIDGE**

Nick squats in the shadows. He's holding a bouquet of municipal flowers and dabs the sweat on his head with his tie.

**NICK (V.O.)**

It's that or risk incarceration to keep my dinner date.

**(BEAT)**

Obviously the answer is clear.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - NIGHT**

Nick peers through the bushes at the mobile home across the street. A squad car crawls past, the rover squawking a terse description of a teenage white male.

Nick emerges from the shrubs and approaches the house. He rings the ornate Victorian doorbell. Paul answers in an apron.

**PAUL**

Hello, Nick. Right on time. Come in.

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - NIGHT**

Lacey floats toward him and gives him a hug.

**NICK**

Happy Thanksgiving, Lacey.  
She spots the sad flowers in his hand.

103.

**LACEY**

What interesting flowers, Nick. Who  
are they for?

**NICK**

Uh, Mrs. Saunders.  
Lacey leads him by the hand into the chintz-bedecked parlor.  
Sheeni's larger-than-life father and 5,000 year old mother  
sit cross-legged on the floor, running their hands over the  
hooked rug.

**LACEY**

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, you remember  
Nick Twisp, don't you?  
Mrs. Saunders coos and takes the flowers. Her husband  
squints  
up at him.

**MR. SAUNDERS**

You are very, very tall.

**PAUL**

No he's not, Dad. He just appears  
tall because you are on the floor.

**MR. SAUNDERS**

I can feel the floor pushing  
against me. Can you feel it too,  
tall youth?  
Nick glances over at Mrs. Saunders who is now eating the  
flowers.

**LACEY**

Paul served an appetizer earlier.

**PAUL**

Yes, it's a recipe I picked up in  
the Southwest. Stuffed mushrooms.  
Nick smiles with amusement.

**TAGGERTY (O.S.)**

Hello, Nick.

Taggerty makes her entrance down the stairs, cloaked in a green cape.

**TAGGERTY**

How is the star-crossed persistent lover?

She greets him with a casually intimate kiss.

104.

**NICK**

Okay, I guess. Where's Sheeni?

**TAGGERTY**

Upstairs, Nick. She saw you coming and hid in her room.

**INT. SHEENI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick knocks and enters to find Sheeni sprawled on the bed with a book.

**NICK**

Dinner is almost ready, My Love.

**SHEENI**

I do not intend to be party to my brother's absurdities. He has allowed you in and drugged my parents.

**NICK**

I think they are deriving some good from the experience.

Sheeni finally looks up from her book.

**SHEENI**

What are you doing here, Nick? I expressly asked you not to come.

**NICK**

To hell with that. What do I have to do to prove my love to you? My friends have gotten laid and I'm pretty sure neither one of them was beaten with a tree trunk, raped by



a walrus, or had to contend with the likes of Trent Preston!

**SHEENI**

You were raped by a walrus?

**NICK**

Sheeni, I have shown restraint, I have committed crimes, I have traveled to the lengths of the state and still you won't give me this one little thing.

**SHEENI**

Sex, Nick. Why don't you just say it? That's what you want. You want me to have sex with you.

105.

**NICK**

**(BEAT)**

Well... YEAH!

A beat as Nick's open admissions makes her consider his point. She sighs and shakes her head.

**SHEENI**

How is my dog?

**NICK**

Excellent. He should be coming out of the oven right about now. She tosses the book at him, but he dodges it successfully.

**SHEENI**

I hate you, Nickie! She stands up and tries to slap him. He grabs her wrists and pulls her to him.

**NICK**

I hate you too. They share a long, intense kiss. They break away and she smiles in spite of herself.

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - NIGHT**

The Saunders and extended family take their seats at the polished mahogany table crammed with turkey, yams, mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce. They all lower their heads and Lacey leads them in prayer.

**LACEY**

Dear Lord...

Mr. Saunders emits a long, low, fog horn of a fart that ends badly.

The others exchange glances but he and his wife still have their heads solemnly bowed.

**LACEY**

Dear Lord, thank you for this bounty. Help us to be tolerant of others - especially the boyfriends and girlfriends of our immediate relations. Amen.

**EVERYONE**

Amen.

106.

They begin eating. A helicopter passes by outside, search light briefly coming through the windows. Nick watches Mr. Saunders take a handful of mashed potatoes and apply it to his face like war paint.

**MRS. SAUNDERS**

Paul? Your father looks rather strange.

**PAUL**

Well, mother, he is sitting in his own bowel movement.

**MRS. SAUNDERS**

That's no excuse.  
Another helicopter passes overhead.

**TAGGARTY**

The food is delicious, Paul.

**PAUL**

Thank you.

**(BEAT)**

Sister, darling, how long has it

been since we all observed the rituals of Thanksgiving?

**SHEENI**

Not long enough, Paul.

**NICK**

I hope it's the first of many such occasions for me.

Sheeni narrows her eyes at him.

A long beat as they all dine in silence. Then Mrs. Saunders croaks out in song.

**MRS. SAUNDERS**

Siiiiilent night, Hoooooly night/

Aaaaall in calm, aaall is bright...

Paul begins humming approvingly and one by one the others accompany her as Mr. Saunders pretends to conduct them with

a

drumstick.

**EVERYONE**

Round yon virgin Mother and Child/

Holy infant so tender and mild/

Sleep in heavenly peace... Sle-eep

in heavenly pee-eace.

107.

And with that, the doorbell rings. Taggarty gets up and opens the door.

**TAGGARTY**

Oh, Trent, you made it.

Nick glances up with a start as TRENT PRESTON makes his entrance. He's not quite the deity Nick's expected, but rather a fairly plain, blond with slightly androgenous features and a certain flamboyance. His black eye, courtesy of Ed Solomon, still remains.

**TRENT**

Hello, Taggarty. Hello, Everyone.

Mr. Saunders grunts his acknowledgement as he takes the pitcher and pours water into his own lap.

**SHEENI**

Trent, darling, this is Nick.

Trent swivels slowly around and they lock eyes.

**TRENT**

Nick, at last we meet.

**NICK**

Hello, Trent.

**TAGGARTY**

Have a seat, Trent.

**TRENT**

I'm sorry, Taggart, I can't stay.  
I have bad news.

**SHEENI**

What is it?

**TRENT**

Bernice Lynch has tried to commit  
suicide.

Sheeni and Taggart gasp. Nick swallows hard.

**TRENT**

She swallowed a number of sleeping  
pills, and is now in a coma.

**SHEENI**

The poor girl.

**TRENT**

There's more. Before I left school,  
I searched her room.

108.

**NICK**

Did you obtain proper authorization  
from the officials?

**TRENT**

No, Nick, I acted on my own  
initiative. In Bernice's closet, I  
found this letter.

He dramatically extracts the letter from his pocket.

**TRENT**

In the letter, the writer

instructed Bernice to begin sedating Sheeni with drugs he himself supplied.

**TAGGARTY**

Nick, you didn't!

**NICK**

Well, you see...

**SHEENI**

Nick! You could have killed me!

**MR. SAUNDERS**

Who died?

**TRENT**

No one yet, Mr. Saunders.

Mrs. Saunders points a liver spotted finger in his direction.

**MRS. SAUNDERS**

**ARREST HIM!**

**TRENT**

I can't arrest him. But I have called the Santa Cruz Police. They are on their way here now.

Nick places his napkin next to his plate and stands.

**NICK**

Well, I shall be going now. Please continue without me.

**TRENT**

Nick, I suggest you remain here and face the consequences like a man.

Nick stops in front of Trent.

109.

**NICK**

Thank you for that unsolicited counsel, Trent. And please, do drop dead.

The other guests murmur their shock. Nick stops in the

doorway.

**NICK**

Goodbye, Sheeni. I did it all for you.

**SHEENI**

You are completely contemptible, Nick Twisp. I never wish to see you again.

With the dreadful proclamation ringing in his ears, Nick leaves.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Nick's silhouette figure racing through the trees.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Here I am, reviled by friends and family. Relentlessly pursued by three police jurisdictions.

Nick stops at the edge of the woods to catch his breath.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Fronçois suggests we flee the country. But where to go? Mexico? Canada? India, perhaps?

He looks up the road which has been blocked off by flashing squad cars.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

The downtown high-rises protrude from the layer of smog. In pre-lap, someone pushes a door BUZZER repeatedly.

**INT. JOANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Joanie opens the door and finds Nick on her doorstep.

**NICK**

Uh, Hi, Joanie. How's it going?

**JOANIE**

Nick?

110.

**INT. JOANIE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

**NICK (V.O.)**

Since my sister can see through me, I'm obliged to give a relatively candid and thorough review of the events.

gruesome Joanie listens gravely, shaking her head at the most parts of the story. Nick finishes, flopping into a chair.

**JOANIE**

Nick, six months ago you were just another brownnosing honor student. What happened?

**NICK**

I'm not really sure. I fell in love with Sheeni. All I want is to be with her. The rest is all a big misunderstanding.

**JOANIE**

Nick, you've stolen, vandalized, trespassed, and burned down Berkeley. All for one girl. If there's a misunderstanding, it's with your insight into females.

**NICK**

But... But where did I go wrong?

**JOANIE**

Nick, boys your age are always looking for the path of least resistance to becoming a man. A boy's whole self-esteem rests on how fast he can get a girl into bed.

**NICK**

So far, I agree.

**JOANIE**

Sooner or later what those boys realize, is that the girls you're chasing base their self-esteem on how many hoops they can get the boy to jump through before going to bed with him.

Nick furrows his brow. Clearly that had not occurred to him.

**JOANIE**

So I guess what you should ask  
yourself is: How far are you  
willing to go?

111.

Nick nods in understanding. An epiphanic smile.

**NICK**

All the way, Joanie. I'm willing to  
go all the way.  
Joanie nods in amusement.

**JOANIE**

You can stay here a couple days,  
but eventually they'll come looking  
for you. I don't have much money to  
give you, but here.  
Nick takes the wad of cash, clearly moved.

**NICK**

Thanks, Joanie. I... Uh... I love  
you.

**JOANIE**

I love you too, you little brat.

**INT. LOS ANGELES BUS TERMINAL - DAY**

Nick slaps the cash on the counter and slides it under the  
window.

**NICK**

One ticket to Ukiah, please.

**INT. LANCE'S DUMP - BATHROOM - DAY**

Lance squats on the toilet in a neck brace. He chuckles over  
an issue of Penthouse. The phone rings. He picks it up

**LANCE**

Yeah.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Hey, bacon boy, it's Nick.

**LANCE**

Nick, ya little prick, where are



ya?

**EXT. LOS ANGELES BUS TERMINAL - DAY**

and Nick is crammed into the phone booth. He's wearing shades  
a fedora. WE INTERCUT.

**NICK**

You're on a need to know basis,  
gorilla boy.  
Lance seethes inwardly.

112.

**LANCE**

No matter, they'll get you  
eventually.

**NICK**

Let me make it easy. I'll be at  
Redwood High School tomorrow  
morning. Round up your donut  
dipping friends. I'm turning myself  
in.

Nick slams down the phone before Lance can respond.

**I/E. BUS (MOVING) - DAY**

Nick sits by the window, the suitcase on the seat next to  
him.

**EXT. UKIAH - DAY**

And the bus flies past the sign that says WELCOME TO UKIAH.

**EXT. UKIAH BUS STOP - NIGHT**

belongings Nick steps off the bus and finds Lefty loading his  
underneath.

**NICK**

Lefty?  
Lefty lifts his eyes and sees his friend.

**LEFTY**

Nick? What are you doing here?  
Everyone and their mother's mother

is looking for you.

**NICK**

They have me soon enough. Where are you going?

**LEFTY**

Home. I'm done being dead, Nick. Heather and I are going back to Oakland for Christmas. You should have heard how glad my parents were that I didn't kill myself. They were even happier when they found out I'm not gay.

**NICK**

That's great, Lefty.

**LEFTY**

Yeah, being in love is pretty great. So what's your plan, Nick?

113.

Nick answers with only pensive silence.

**EXT. PAUL'S HIDEOUT ABOVE GARAGE - NIGHT**

Nick is about to knock on the door when Paul opens it in another display of clairvoyance.

**PAUL**

Welcome back, Nick. We had a feeling you were coming.

**INT. PAUL'S HIDEOUT ABOVE GARAGE - LATER**

Nick sits beside Paul and Lacey on the couch as they watch the infamous "chicken scene" in REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Paul and Lacey are kind enough to share some leftover fungi to help calm my nerves. That, combined with yet another viewing of James Dean's performance is what gives me my final burst of inspiration.

They all watch transfixed as JAMES DEAN leaps from his

automobile just in time to escape demise.

**INT. PAUL'S HIDEOUT ABOVE GARAGE - LATER**

of  
regards

As the END CREDITS of REBEL play behind them, Lacey fits a bombshell wig on Nick's head and finishes the last touches  
make-up that make him...  
...who we will come to know as CARLOTTA ULANSKY. Nick  
his female alter-ego in the mirror.

**NICK (V.O.)**

François of course wants no part of this, and demands that we make a run for the border. But I have decided to veto him. It's time to face the music.

**INT. BMW 325I - DAY**

Nick turns the key in the ignition and CHRISTMAS MUSIC rises from the speakers. And the music plays over...

**EXT. REDWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

...where a crowd begins to form in anticipation of Nick's arrival.  
Nick watches from behind a tree on the ridge.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

114.

**EXT. REDWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - LATER**

...where police cars and news crews are pulling up to interview the students.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. REDWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - LATER**

The parking lot is now filled with police cruisers and FBI vans, the news crews, REDWOOD HIGH STUDENTS, and an apparently CALIFORNIA WIDE NICK TWISP CULT FOLLOWING. TINA MANION, 17, speaks into a STUDENT NEWS CREW CAMERA.

**TINA**

This is Tina Manion reporting live at Redwood High in Ukiah where local law enforcement as well as the FBI awaits the promised arrival of Nick Twisp.

There comes a murmur from the crowd and Tina directs the student camera-man to the road on the ridge where... George's BMW pulls to a stop overlooking the school.

**GEORGE**

Hey. That's my car!

The crowd hushes as the door opens and Nick emerges.

**NICK'S POV**

of the parking lot below, which looks like the kind of turn out one would expect of a Star Wars prequel.

**ON THE VARIOUS FACES OF THE CROWD**

staring up in silence. Estelle, Wally, Vijay, Trent, Dwayne, George, Lacey, Paul...

Nick gives a little wave as if he were a celebrity.

The parking lot erupts with CHEERS of his name. A few Berkeley KIDS hold up a sign that reads I'M SINGLE, LET'S

**MINGLE.**

Then - shouts of warning from the megaphones.

And as the flashers and sirens come to life, Nick jumps back into his father's car and peels out.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - DAY**

through  
Nick glances in the rear view mirror as the cops bear  
the cloud kicked up in his wake.

115.

Nick pops in a CD and turns up the Christmas music to drown out the sirens.

**EXT. COVERED BRIDGE - DAY**

He zips across the covered bridge, the train of law enforcement in hot pursuit.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - DAY**

road.

He yanks the wheel hard and veers off onto the mountain

A few of the squad cars miss the turn and skid side-long through a picket fence.

Nick takes the switchbacks at 60 per, wheels practically sliding off the turns.

**EXT. BLUFF OVER CLEAR LAKE - DAY**

The BMW crests the hill and smashes through the chain link gate.

**I/E. BMW 325I (MOVING) - DAY**

As Nick watches the quickly approaching cliffs edge, he undoes his seat belt.

He goes for the door handle, eyes going wide when he finds power lock has engaged.

**EXT. BLUFF OVER CLEAR LAKE - DAY**

The BMW hurtles off the bluff and soars through the air, tires spinning, a plume of snow blowing off the hood. The car descends into a nose dive and flips completely

upside-

down, hitting the ice covered surface of Clear Lake with a thundering SMACK.

the

Police cars swerve to a stop at the edge of the bluff and

crowd of officers and agents peer over the side at the hole in the ice.

**UNDERWATER**

The BMW descends toward us in a storm of air bubbles. As it gently touches down at the bottom of the lake, a

somber

TRUMPET SOLO comes in pre-lap and we are...

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Where a crowd of family, friends, and fans stand around in mourning garb over the funeral ceremony.

116.

**NICK (V.O.)**

My only comfort regarding my untimely death is knowing my

friends and family will do just  
fine without me.

We move from Lacey and Paul, the latter of which is wailing  
away on the trumpet, to Lefty, his head hung low. Heather  
pulls his head to her breasts.

**NICK (V.O.)**

As it would turn out Heather's  
vaginal canal is slightly  
misshapen...

**INT. HILLS ABOVE UC CAMPUS - FLASHFORWARD - DAY**

Lefty humping Heather in the grass ala the scene in which we  
met him.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...and thus completely compatible  
with Lefty's otherwise incongruent  
penis.

**HEATHER**

A little to the right... a  
little... RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE!

**RIGHTTHERERIGHTTHERERIGHTTHERE!**

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

...where we find Vijay glancing over at Taggart as she  
smokes a cigarette.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Vijay would eventually manage to  
pin the car theft on me. But had  
lost the attention of Taggart  
forever. Who by the way...

**INT. SHEENI'S DORM ROOM - FLASHFORWARD - NIGHT**

**NICK (V.O.)**

...never would find her perfect A.  
Taggart at her wall. Ed Solomon lounges in the bed behind  
her.

**NICK (V.O.)**

And would therefore start grading  
on a curve.  
With a quick stroke of her pen, she changes Ed's grade from  
B minus to a B plus.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

...where we find Joanie sniffing.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Joanie of course would get to  
continue to travel the world...

**INT. AIRPLANE (35,000 FT) - FLASHFORWARD - DAY**

Joanie serves up a beverage in first class.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...and she and her breasts would  
probably go on to have the  
wonderful life that they deserve.

The CELEBRITY she is serving looks from her cleavage to her  
eyes. She gives a little smile.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

...where we find Estelle weeping quietly against Wally's  
shoulder.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Wally as it turns out...

**INT. JEOPARDY STUDIO - FLASHFORWARD - NIGHT**

Estelle watches from the audience as Wally scribbles at his  
podium while ALEX TREBECK hosts inaudibly.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...would go on Jeopardy and win,  
ensuring my mother's blessed rise  
to a higher economic status.

The answer on Wally's screen says WHO IS ALBERT CAMUS? Alex  
Trebeck shakes his head, leaving Wally with only \$1, but  
enough to best his two competitors.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

...where we find George puffing on a cigar, Mrs. Crampton  
behind him, his hand resting on Dwayne's shoulder.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...my father, no longer burdened with crippling child support payments, would now be able to afford the model BMW he always wanted...

118.

**I/E. BMW M6SMG - MOVING - FLASHFORWARD - DAY**

as Dwayne sticks his head out the window and shouts with glee his flab flaps in the wind.

**NICK (V.O.)**

...and would come to find the surrogate son he always wanted in Dwayne, the only organism alive that could possibly appreciate George's driving.

THUNDER As the car accelerates, we see the vanity plate reads

**ROD.**

**NICK (V.O.)**

Leaving just one last piece of business.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

And finally we arrive on Sheeni, expressionless. And as we continue to PAN we reach... Carlotta standing in the background. The bombshell haircut and thick glasses can barely be made out through her veil. Paul finishes his trumpet solo and there is a moment of silence to observe the open casket and the SINGLE, LET'S MINGLE shirt and shorts that are being buried inside.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK**

Sheeni makes her way toward the line of limos and hearses. She approaches the distant Carlotta.

**SHEENI**

Excuse me. Are you a friend of Nick's?

Carlotta looks up, startled. She composes herself and shakes



Sheeni's hand.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

A terribly old friend. Carlotta  
Ulanksy. I'm sorry for your loss.

**SHEENI**

You shouldn't be, Carlotta. I am no  
doubt culpable for Nick's actions.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Well, love does compel us to  
desperate acts. People cannot  
always act rationally.

**(MORE)**

119.

**NICK/CARLOTTA (cont'd)**

The greater the love, the stronger  
the passions, the more reckless the  
crimes.

Sheeni lets go a slight, wistful smile.

**SHEENI**

Yes, Carlotta. Nick had wonderful a  
way of making me feel worthy of the  
pursuit.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

My dear, if there's one thing the  
demise of Nick Twisp has taught me,  
it's that self worth comes from  
within.

Sheeni gives a pensive nod.

**SHEENI**

Would you like to stay the night,  
Carlotta? We can reminisce of our  
departed.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Oh, my. A kind offer, but I really  
must...

**SHEENI**

It's just... I don't think I could  
bear to be alone tonight.

Carlotta does her best not to look conflicted, but it shows.

**INT. SHEENI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Carlotta hurriedly finishes tucking herself in while Sheeni brushes in the bathroom.

Carlotta hastily switches out the light. Sheeni emerges in a few small scraps of flimsy black lace.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Goodness. What an attractive negligee.

**SHEENI**

Do you like it? I bought it in Santa Rosa last fall. I had hoped to wear it for Nick.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Oh, darling, I'm sure he would have found it most... Appealing.  
Sheeni crawls into bed. She cuddles close.

120.

**SHEENI**

I like lying here with you, Carlotta.

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

You do?

**SHEENI**

I can't think of anyone I'd rather lie here with.  
Carlotta furrows her brow.

**SHEENI**

Except maybe Nick. If Nick were here, what do you suppose he would do to me?

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Make love to you I would think.

**SHEENI**

Then why don't you?

**NICK/CARLOTTA**

Pardon?

**SHEENI**

Take off that silly wig and make  
love to me!

Sheeni tugs off the wig and tosses it across the room.

**NICK**

Sheeni! You knew!

**SHEENI**

Of course, Nick. Did you really  
expect to fool your soul mate with  
such a disguise?

Nick swoons, grasping her gauze-glazed nakedness.

**SHEENI**

Take me darling!

And as they engage in a feverish kiss, ROUSING HYMNS surge.  
The church chorus' joyful song rings Hallelujah.  
The two lovers are entwined before an abstract RED

**BACKGROUND.**

**LAS VEGAS OF THE BODY**

Into the NICK'S PENIS nightclub where champagne bottles POP  
with the ringing in of a new era, and the Leopards ROAR, and  
the stage erupts with fireworks.

121.

**INT. SHEENI'S ROOM - MORNING**

Nick sleeps with a grin on his face. He rouses at the touch  
of Sheeni's lips on his cheek.

**SHEENI**

My parents are at services. They  
won't be back for hours.

**NICK**

Shall we have breakfast, my love?

**SHEENI**

What a lovely notion, darling. You  
go ahead downstairs and get things

started.  
Sheeni hauls herself out of bed and grabs the phone off the cradle.

**NICK**

What are you doing?

**SHEENI**

Calling Taggarty to report that you are not completely incompetent in the bedroom.

**NICK**

Do I get to stay and hear my grade?

**SHEENI**

Not a chance, Mr. Twisp. Such things are reserved for girl talk only. And for good reason.  
She smiles at him and he smiles back.

**NICK**

Very well, Sheeni. Don't be long.

**INT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Nick prances into the living room in his underwear. He starts to head into the kitchen when he catches sight of the full length mirror out of the corner of his eye. He stops in front of the mirror and flexes his biceps. Admires himself. François appears in the mirror behind Nick, Thompson slung over his shoulder.

**NICK**

Well, good morning, François. What do you think?

122.

**FRANÇOIS**

What do I sink? I sink now's are chance to run for ze hills.  
Nick lowers his arms and furrows his brow.

**NICK**

What do you mean?

**FRANÇOIS**

Nick, we are young, yes? Is the world not our oyster? Beaucoup des filles. Do you not want to know what it is like to make love to another girl?

**NICK**

I do, but... We've come so far. What about Sheeni?

**FRANÇOIS**

Forget Sheeni. Yes, she will always be ze first conquest, but all zis time you saught zis was ze end, ze one and only, when in fact it is only ze beginning.

Nick lifts his eyebrows with dawning epiphany. In the reflection we can see behind Nick as Albert leaps

onto

the love seat and barks at the sound of approaching sirens. Nick runs to the window just in time to see half a dozen law enforcement vehicles pull up.

**NICK**

Sheeni, the police are here! He ducks down from the window as a chopper buzzes overhead.

**NICK**

Quick! Maybe I can sneak out the back!

**MEGAPHONE (O.S.)**

**NICK TWISP! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!**

**NICK**

I don't understand. How do they even know I'm alive?

**SHEENI (O.S.)**

Well, I called them of course. Nick spins to face her. She's standing in the doorway and there's not a hint of wrong-doing in her face.

**NICK**

Well, thanks a pantsful!

**SHEENI**

But, Nickie, it had to be done.

**NICK**

But... but why?

**SHEENI**

I can't very well marry a wanted man, honey. Look at it this way, in a few months you'll be a free man and we can be together in Paris.

Nick looks to François in disbelief. But the Frenchman just rolls his eyes.

**FRANÇOIS**

You might as well break it to her now, Nick.

A long pensive beat as Nick contemplates telling her he may never see her again. But behind Sheeni's air of control,

Nick

finally sees the vulnerability he's had in his hands all along.

**NICK (V.O.)**

François is right of course, but on the other hand, why be cruel? After all, Sheeni had managed to give me hope every step of the way. And if hope is what Sheeni would now need to go on, well then...

**NICK**

As always, you are right, my love. Sheeni beams. François smacks his forehead with hand.

**FRANÇOIS**

Merd.

Thompson

The Frenchman in the mirror sticks the barrel of the in his mouth and blows himself OUT OF FRAME just as...  
...the front door bursts open and the FBI AGENTS surround Nick.

**EXT. SAUNDERS' MOBILE HOME - DAY**

parked

The agents lead Nick to the caravan of law enforcement parked in the road.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Arrested? Ha. It may not appear so,  
but the truth is... I've got the  
world on a string.

Sheeni emerges from the home, Albert barking in protest.  
Nick strains against his cuffs to look over his shoulder at  
her.

**SHEENI**

Write often, Nickie.

**NICK**

I will, darling.

**SHEENI**

And don't worry about Albert. He'll  
be waiting for you too.

**NICK (V.O.)**

As François would remind me, I'm  
intelligent, healthy, virile, not  
violently ugly... On the whole I am  
splendidly equipped for this great  
adventure we call the human  
existence.

The FBI agents shove Nick into the back of their black  
Saturn.

**INT. SATURN (MOVING) - DAY**

Nick watches out the back window as the car pulls away. A  
view of Sheeni waving in the road, Albert at her feet.

**NICK (V.O.)**

Besides, what jury would convict a  
teenager who acted out of love?  
And even if I do get to spend the  
next few months of my youth getting  
Dwayned by the inmates of the  
California Juvenile Correctional  
System, I did get my thirty two  
minutes of lovemaking with one of  
the most outstanding girls of this  
or any other epoch.

Nick turns to face the front while behind him the waving

figure gets ever more distant. A pensive moment as he actually questions...

**NICK (V.O.)**

But was it all worth it?  
Nick revisits those thirty two minutes in his mind and it brings a smirk to his face.

**125.**

**NICK (V.O.)**

You bet your left nut it was.  
And as Tom Jones' SHE'S A LADY kicks in, we...

**THE END**