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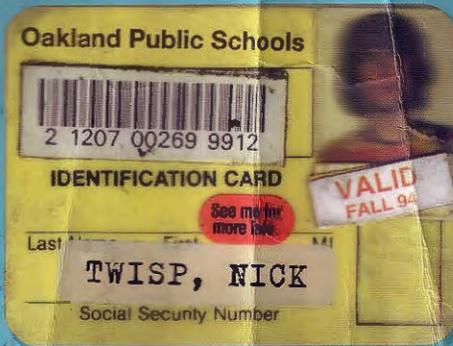
YOUTH IN REVOLT

SHEEN!

"The funniest you'll find this year"
— Los Angeles

THE JOURNALS OF NICK TWISP

a novel



SINATRA RULES!!



SHEEN!

YOUTH IN REVOLT

**WRITTEN BY
GUSTIN NASH**

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY C.D. PAYNE

JULY 13, 2007

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 of 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...

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.

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.

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.

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.

Reveal Jerry reading Sports Illustrated, scratching his balls with one hand and shoveling in cereal with the other. Estelle 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.

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.

Jerry fails to notice Estelle waiting and instead just climbs 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

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 second 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.

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...

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 overlooking the clearing. Lefty watches the copulating couple 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.

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?

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.

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!

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

NICK (V.O.)
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 garbage 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
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 grass. 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.

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.

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

An austere cement shed with three dripping shower heads and 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.

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.

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.

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

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

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.

Nick nods, and for a beat they trek on in silence. He glances 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.

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?

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.

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.

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 him 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.

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.

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!

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

Nick slouches in a corner of the shop, his hands trembling as he brings his coffee to his lips. He hears the door open and looks up, but instead of the cops finds Sheeni. She joins him 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.

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

Sheeni's in back with Nick, but doesn't seem to mind the wind tunnel. She has a scarf tied around her chestnut locks.

Nick looks down as she casually rests a hand on the inside of 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.

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.

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 attention to the dog, who licks her face affectionately. Nick 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.

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

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
(sniffing)
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.

Nick looks displeased that his sarcasm didn't register.

EXT. MY GREEN HAVEN - DAY

Jerry hitches the trailer to the back of the Lincoln. Estelle 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

Nick stoops to secure the leash around the piping. He regards 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

Morning comes through the drapes. The phone on the side table 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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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?

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!

She hurls the tray of food at them. Lefty bolts. Nick hastily 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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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?

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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.

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)

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.

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
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 elastic
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.

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 zinky?

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.

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?

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?

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?

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
 scantily 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.

Taggarty 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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 wll deal wiz it.

And with that he cocks the Thompson for dramatic flare.

INT. GIRLS' DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

EXT. ECOLE DES ARTS ET LITTERATURE - 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?

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.

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.

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.

She smiles. Nick smiles too. She reaches out to pull him into her bed as...

The door to the room slams open and they are suddenly backlit 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

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 droves, 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 team 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.

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.

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.

Nick nods, not yet sure whether or not this gentle giant is actually blushing with shyness or red with agitation at being 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

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

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

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 its 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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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?

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...

Nick squirms with an amorphous blob, they wrestle against the 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Nick emerges from the Camper wrapped in the electric blanket. 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

He emerges into the hall and dances with an invisible partner 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.

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.

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.

Taggarty 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.

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.

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.

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/
Aaaall 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.

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, Taggarty, I can't stay.
I have bad news.

SHEENI
What is it?

TRENT
Bernice Lynch has tried to commit
suicide.

Sheeni and Taggarty 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.

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.

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?

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.

Joanie listens gravely, shaking her head at the most gruesome
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?

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

Nick is crammed into the phone booth. He's wearing shades and a fedora. WE INTERCUT.

NICK
You're on a need to know basis,
gorilla boy.

Lance seethes inwardly.

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

Nick steps off the bus and finds Lefty loading his belongings 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?

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

As the END CREDITS of REBEL play behind them, Lacey fits a bombshell wig on Nick's head and finishes the last touches of make-up that make him...

...who we will come to know as CARLOTTA ULANSKY. Nick regards 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:

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

Nick glances in the rear view mirror as the cops bear through the cloud kicked up in his wake.

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

He yanks the wheel hard and veers off onto the mountain road.

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.

Police cars swerve to a stop at the edge of the bluff and the 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.

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 a
 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...

I/E. BMW M6SMG - MOVING - FLASHFORWARD - DAY

Dwayne sticks his head out the window and shouts with glee as 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.

As the car accelerates, we see the vanity plate reads THUNDER 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)

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.

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.

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 Taggart 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?

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.

The Frenchman in the mirror sticks the barrel of the Thompson 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

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.

NICK (V.O.)
You bet your left nut it was.

And as Tom Jones' SHE'S A LADY kicks in, we...

FADE OUT.