

# DISTURBIA

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1st Rewrite

Montecito Pictures

D.J. Caruso

OVER BLACK:

KALE (V.O.)

(tense)

Do you think he sees us?

JEFF (V.O.)

No, he can't see us. But he feels us watching.

FADE IN:

DEEP BLUE WATER FILLS THE FRAME.

And there... a few feet beneath the surface... something SHIMMERS in the sunlight. As ripples dissipate, we make out the shape of a bright yellow CRANKBAIT waiting patiently for its prey on the end of a 10-pound line.

We hold on this for another silent beat... then -- a huge BLACK BASS suddenly swoops into frame, circling the bait!

ON KALE BRECHT (17) AND HIS DAD, JEFF BRECHT (45)

Both startle at the sight. Kale, a clean-cut all-American kid, reflexively yanks back on his rod and reel.

KALE

Whoa, did you see that thing?

Kale anxiously winds the spool --

JEFF

Settle down, slow it down...

Jeff lightly puts his hand on Kale's, slowing the cranking to a slight, steady pull as we WIDEN TO REVEAL them standing near the stern of their 16-foot BASSMASTER. We are...

1 EXT. BISHOP LAKE - DAY

1

The undisturbed beauty of nature serves as our backdrop as we MOVE CLOSER to Kale and Jeff, taking note of their t-shirts: Jeff's has a silkscreened cartoon rendition of a Bass wearing aviator goggles with mounted missiles on its fins. Beneath it, the slogan: *"Weapons of Bass Destruction."* The fish on Kale's shirt wears a stock car uniform, a single word across the bottom: BASSCAR.

As Jeff steadies Kale's hand and pulls away:

JEFF

You don't want to scare him off.  
You've got his attention, now just play with him. Tease him a little.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

1 CONTINUED:

1

Kale and Jeff watch the water in anxious silence... Kale inching the line back toward the boat. One more crank, then --

The BLACK BASS suddenly ATTACKS THE LURE with a tremendous SLOSH OF HIS TAIL!

KALE

Holy shit!

JEFF

It's all you, Kale, keep cranking!

Kale cranks fast and furious. But this is one fish that's going down fighting.

KALE

I need reinforcements!

Jeff moves in, grabs the rod and reel from behind Kale.

JEFF

Heave, laddie!

They PULL. The rod curls under the weight.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(pirate accent)

Give it all ya got, mate, or you're gonna lose him!

KALE

(laughing; pulling;  
struggling)

Dad, your pirate -- impersonation -- sucks!!

JEFF

How would ya know, have ya ever met one? I doubt it --

The BASS SLOSHES FURIOUSLY around the bait, now just a few feet from the boat!

KALE

He's freakin' pulling us in!

JEFF

(laughing)

Never! No Brecht has ever -- lost a fight -- to a fish!

The BASS suddenly snaps free. The line goes limp. Jeff and Kale lose their balance, nearly falling backward. Then --

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

All becomes silent save for Jeff and Kale's heavy breathing. Kale winds the empty line back to the boat, shoots a glance to Jeff, then throws the rod aside in mock disgust. Jeff takes a seat in the captain's chair.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Throw me a --

Kale is already in the cooler. He throws Jeff a Coke. Both sit in silence for a beat. Then --

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey, at least the weather's great...  
we're spending quality time together.

KALE

(grabbing pole)  
That fish is going down.

JEFF

(not missing a beat)  
Let's nab the bastard.

They both cast their lines --

2 EXT. HIGHWAY 395 - NORTHERN SIERRA MOUNTAINS - EVENING

2

An amber glow sets the mountainside ablaze as Jeff's SUV winds through the serpentine pass.

3 INT. SUV - EVENING - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

3

Jeff drives. Kale's on his cell:

KALE (cont'd)

(into phone as needed)  
Hey mom, it's us. Listen, fire up  
the grill 'cause the Bassmasters are  
headed home!

Jeff slaps Kale five as he veers the SUV into the left lane, passing a slow-moving PATHFINDER...

INTERCUT WITH:

4 INT. KALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

4

Kale's attractive mom, JULIE, 40, on cordless, preps dinner.

JULIE

You're kidding. So I can actually  
put the burgers away this time?

KALE

Yes, be gone with the red meat!

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

4 CONTINUED:

4

Julie smiles. Jeff grabs the phone from Kale.

JEFF  
(into phone as needed)  
We're having fish for a week.

Kale smiles as a LINCOLN NAVIGATOR PICK-UP zooms past in the right lane, swerves back in the left lane in front of them.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(over the above)  
I'd say an hour. Love you, too.

Jeff flips the phone shut, tosses it to Kale. They exchange smiles. A silent moment passes. They both turn to face the road as --

THE NAVIGATOR PICK-UP

suddenly SWERVES back into the right lane, revealing a

**STALLED MINI-VAN**

directly in front of them!

KALE  
DAD --

Jeff instinctively reaches his arm in front of Kale as he SWINGS the wheel hard right and SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. But it's not in time. The

SUV

clips the mini-van's right rear bumper, SMASHING it into the left lane concrete barricade. The SUV spins into the right lane where that

SLOW-MOVING PATHFINDER

suddenly BROADSIDES IT with such FORCE that it FLIPS the SUV up and over. It TUMBLES off the highway, barreling into...

5 EXT. VACANT CLIFFSIDE PULLOFF/VIEWING AREA - EVENING - CONT 5

A couple of final, METAL-CRUNCHING FLIPS send the SUV's undercarriage CRASHING to a violent stop on top of a rickety wood beam-mounted GUARDRAIL.

A silent beat. Then -- steam billows from the hood...

6 INSIDE THE SUV 6

Airbags deflate. Dust settles. Blood streams from Jeff's hairline. His eyes flutter open.

6 CONTINUED:

6

He looks up to Kale, strapped in the passenger seat, unconscious. A small gash on his forehead. We only see blue sky through Kale's shattered passenger window.

JEFF

Kale? -- Kale, are you okay?

Kale opens his eyes. Jeff reaches up, touches Kale's face.

KALE

I think so.

Kale looks down at his dad -- his eyes widen in horror, not only at the sight of Jeff, but of the ravine *beneath them* --

For this brief moment, we may have thought the SUV was stable. But we CRANE BACK UP AND OUT KALE'S PASSENGER WINDOW to REVEAL A MUCH GRIMMER REALITY: the SUV is PERCHED LENGTHWISE ON TOP OF THE GUARDRAIL AT A 45-DEGREE DOWNWARD ANGLE.

The SUV's right front and rear tires precariously grip the rail, keeping it from plunging 500 feet to the RAVINE below.

7 BACK INSIDE THE SUV

7

KALE

Oh my God, dad --

-- Jeff's leg is trapped beneath the crumpled dashboard.

JEFF

I'm fine. But you're gonna have to climb out, Kale. Can you do that?

Kale's hands shake from the SHOCK as his fingers search for the seatbelt buckle. But the shoulder strap is LOCKED IN PLACE, preventing Kale from turning. He tugs it furiously.

KALE

I can't -- It won't give --

JEFF

That's okay, I've got it -- grab the door, I don't need your ass falling on my face --

Kale reaches up, grips the outside of the door as

JEFF'S HAND

shakily reaches to Kale's seatbelt buckle and presses. Kale's belt SNAPS LOOSE. Kale's body DROPS, but he hangs on to the window -- just as a

GUARDRAIL BEAM SNAPS LOOSE FROM ITS FOUNDATION!

(CONTINUED)

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7 CONTINUED:

7

The SUV ROCKS VIOLENTLY as the guardrail starts to bend and peel away from the cliffside under the SUV's weight.

8 INSIDE THE SUV - JEFF

8

reaches up, grabs Kale's legs and pushes, helping Kale climb out the window.

9 OUTSIDE THE SUV - KALE

9

slowly slides down the outside of the door, then turns around on his chest, reaches his hand back down to Jeff --

KALE

Dad, here --

Jeff reaches up as a

SECTION OF GUARDRAIL RIVETS

a few inches behind the SUV's rear bumper suddenly POP LOOSE. THE GUARDRAIL SNAPS IN TWO!

KALE SCREAMS, hangs on for dear life as the GUARDRAIL and SUV SWING OUT AND OVER THE RAVINE.

The guardrail is buckling fast. Another beam RIPS FREE of its foundation -- Kale slides a few more inches down the door and right front fender allowing

HIS FEET

to find the edge of the foundering rail underneath. Having at least some footing, Kale reaches back inside --

KALE (CONT'D)

Dad, please, you can do it --

Jeff unbuckles his belt and reaches up. Kale summons his strength, grabs Jeff's wrist, pulls him up and through the passenger window just as the

SUV FALLS AWAY!

Jeff's weight pulls Kale down. Kale's feet SLIP off the rail. Kale SLAMS chest down, his TORSO wrapping around the top of the rail, feet dangling... But he's still clutching Jeff's wrist as the SUV CRASHES INTO THE RAVINE IN A MUSHROOM CLOUD OF DUST AND DEBRIS.

JEFF'S WRIST

slips from Kale's grasp. Kale struggles to hang on, but he's losing the battle and the balancing act. And he knows it. Tears well in Kale's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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9 CONTINUED:

9

JEFF

Kale, you have to climb up --

KALE

No -- I'm not leaving --

JEFF

Kale --

Another GUARDRAIL BEAM UPROOTS --

KALE

NO -- Dad, please, I've got you --

JEFF

(with a slight smile)

I know --

CU - Jeff's left hand enters frame, clasps Kale's. Another beat of eyes on eyes. The guardrail continues to BUCKLE. Then -- Jeff starts to PRY KALE'S HAND AWAY --

Jeff's arm RELEASES FROM KALE'S GRIP. Kale opens his mouth to scream as a shrill bell RINGS!

10 INT. MORROW HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

10

ON THE RINGING BELL. STUDENTS disappear into their respective classrooms. As the corridor quiets down...

***SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER***

RONNIE (V.O.)

(prelap)

Este verano, después de visitar Hawaii, quizás visitaré a mis abuelos en Corea.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(subtitles as needed)

This summer, after visiting Hawaii, I will perhaps visit my grandparents in Korea.

11 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

11

ON RONNIE YUN, 16, a scrawny Korean kid with a knack for perfect Spanish, stands at the front giving his speech.

*Note: every time Ronnie says "quizás" ("perhaps") the class giggles because it sounds a lot like "kiss-ass."*

The teacher, SENOR GUTIERREZ, a rotund 50, bad comb-over and khakis up to his naval, stands off to the side, quickly picking up on Ronnie's excessive and increasingly dramatic use of the word.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

RONNIE  
 Quizás no. *Quizás*  
 apenas permaneceré en  
 el país. Pero *quizás*  
 mis padres tomarán la  
 compasión en mí.  
 (more dramatic)  
*Quizás* harán mi sueño  
 una realidad! *Quizás*  
 me llevarán a una playa  
 en la riviéra francesa  
 de modo que pueda mirar  
 sobre la belleza natural  
 de sus habitantes  
 femeninos...

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Perhaps I won't. Perhaps  
 I'll just stay at home.  
 But perhaps my parents  
 will take pity on me.  
 (more dramatic)  
 Perhaps they will make my  
 dream a reality! Perhaps  
 they will take me to a  
 beach on the French Riviera  
 so that I may gaze upon  
 the natural beauty of its  
 female inhabitants.

Over this, only one GIRL, MINNIE TYCO, a rail-thin BLONDE,  
 picks up on this:

MINNIE TYCO  
 (under her breath)  
 Keep dreaming, perv.

RONNIE  
 (longingly)  
*Quizás*... Gracias.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
*Perhaps*... Thank you.

The class laughs, claps. Ronnie bows, heads to his seat.

SR GUTIERREZ  
 Gracias, Ronnie. *Quizás*  
 le daré una "F."

SR GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, Ronnie. *Perhaps*  
 I'll give you an "F."

The class laughs again. Gutierrez shakes his head, zeros in  
 on the student behind Ronnie. Sleeping with his arms folded  
 on his desk, a grey hoodie pulled over his head.

SEÑOR GUTIERREZ  
 Señor Brecht...

Senor Gutierrez takes some chalk, flicks it at the kid. He  
 still doesn't budge. Ronnie nudges him.

RONNIE  
 Dude --

The kid stirs, raises his head. The hoodie falls away to  
 reveal KALE. Longer, disheveled hair. The spark in his  
 eye's been replaced with an empty haze.

SEÑOR GUTIERREZ  
 So Kale, think you can stay conscious  
 long enough to tell us your plans  
 for the three wondrous summer months  
 ahead?

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Kale glances around. All eyes on him. He looks at Ronnie who nods in support. Kale gets up, heads to the front of the class. He pauses. Trying to focus. Then --

KALE  
Este invierno --

The class chuckles.

SENOR GUTIERREZ  
(correcting)  
Verano...

KALE  
Este verano -- voy a --

SENOR GUTIERREZ  
¿Qué?

Kale shuts his eyes, frustrated at the interruption. Senor Gutierrez, also losing patience, steps closer to Kale.

SR GUTIERREZ  
¿Qué usted va a hacer?

SR GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)  
(subtitled)  
What are you going to do?

KALE  
I don't know, alright? I haven't gotten that far.

SENOR GUTIERREZ  
Did you do the homework or not?

KALE  
(no eye contact)  
Guess not.

SENOR GUTIERREZ  
(in Kale's face)  
You "guess" not. I don't know who you think you are or who you think you're dealing with. You can't give me a straight answer, fine, give me one good reason why I shouldn't fail you right now?

Kale CLOCKS Gutierrez.

12 INT. JUVENILE COURTROOM - DAY

12

ON SENOR GUTIERREZ - displaying a black eye, sitting next to the school's PRINCIPAL and COUNSELOR in a single row of seats behind the attorneys' tables.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

12 CONTINUED:

12

Kale, a little more cleaned up, wearing a suit, sits between Julie and his DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

Julie, noticeably tired, glances at her son, her expression a fusion of anger and sympathy. Kale's eyes shift her way, but his head never turns. The JUDGE mulls over his notes...

JUDGE

Okay, Mr. Brecht...

Kale's lawyer prompts him to stand.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You're six months shy of eighteen, that means the assault-two charge you've pled guilty to carries a max of one year in juvey. With these priors, you're up to three.

The judge lets that sink in. Kale remains silent.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

But losing a parent isn't easy. Which is why I'm sentencing you to three months house arrest.

Julie closes her eyes in relief.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You can thank your counselors and lawyer later. Mr. Brecht, I just cut you a break. Don't test me.

The judge taps his gavel.

13 INT. KALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

A pair of hands wrap an ELECTRONIC MONITORING BRACELET around Kale's left ankle. WIDER TO REVEAL the hands belong to Kale's case officer, JANET PARKER, 35, no-nonsense. Kale's perched on the center island. Julie watches from the b.g.

As Parker clicks the bracelet's buckle into place, a GREEN LED light illuminates. It's ON THE TOP EDGE OF THE BRACELET'S BAND so Kale can easily see it if he looks down. Next to this light is an additional RED LIGHT that isn't on.

PARKER

(making final checks)

Okay, you... are all set... to go nowhere.

(re: the LED lights)

Now, green means you're good, you're in the safe zone which covers about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

PARKER (CONT'D)  
a sixty-foot radius from this guy  
here.

Parker points to a big black box (the CENTRAL TRACKING UNIT)  
on the kitchen counter.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
He's like a modem. He gets a constant  
signal from Mr. Bracelet that he  
sends through your phone line to the  
monitoring station downtown. So  
they know where you are, where you've  
been and what you're thinkin' 25/7.

JULIE  
What if he accidentally goes beyond --

PARKER  
(anticipating; re:  
red light on bracelet)  
Red light flashes. Means you've got  
about ten seconds to get your butt  
back to green, or else --

KALE  
The execution squad shows up?

PARKER  
And they don't bring blindfolds.  
It's also tamper proof and waterproof.  
So don't try sticking your foot in a  
bucket of water and hopping across  
the line. It won't work, and you'll  
look stupid. Now, I'll be checking  
up on you a lot. Here's my card --  
You're set up to pay his incarceration  
fee, Ms. Brecht?

JULIE  
Automatic withdrawal.  
(to Kale)  
Twelve bucks every day.

PARKER  
(re: a booklet)  
Everything else is in the manual.  
(making her way out)  
Oh, except this -- House arrest might  
sound like a breeze, but trust me,  
I've seen all kinds of folks get a  
bit loopy before too long, some after  
just a day or two. So make sure you  
find lots of constructive things to  
keep yourself busy.

14 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

14

Kales sits in his video game chair, wearing his X-box live headset, playing HALO 2 -- he's on the final "boss level." GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS BLARE over his stereo speakers.

KALE

(into headset as needed)

Hobby, you read me? I said come around my left flank and draw his fire -- damn straight I'm trying to get you smoked, you've been hiding behind my ass the whole game --

The TV SCREEN suddenly GLITCHES.

KALE (CONT'D)

Hobby, Jet, you guys still there?

The screen goes black. The XBOX LIVE LOGO APPEARS along with the words: SERVER ERROR. Kale throws the headset aside, makes sure all the wires are connected. Checks the TV screen. Same thing.

Kale glares at the screen another beat, then gets up, wanders out of his room...

15 INT. ENTRY HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

15

Kale slowly heads down the stairs, rounds the corner into...

16 INT. KALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

16

Kale runs into Julie who wears a black blouse and slacks, the required uniform of the steakhouse she works at. She's just thrown a couple of microwave dinners on the kitchen table. She's scrambling around, eating a couple bites, gathering her things...

JULIE

Dinner's on the table. I'm closing at the restaurant the next few nights. Could be some late ones, but hey... the extra tips couldn't hurt.

Kale sits at the table, picks through his food.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(glancing around)

Where's my apron... apron...

She heads O.S. for a beat, comes back in with her apron and purse, sets them on the counter. Eyes her watch, sits at the table, takes a couple more quick bites. Then --

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

JULIE (CONT'D)

You wanna talk about anything?

KALE

I got nothin'.

JULIE

Y'know, when we're finally free of all this legal stuff with the accident, the other families' lawyers... there might be a little insurance money left... maybe you should go back and see Dr. Phillips?

KALE

What, so he can tell me I'm ADD, have PTSD, and severe IAD?

JULIE

IAD?

KALE

(messing with bracelet)  
Freakin' irritated ankle disorder.

Julie can't help but crack a little smile:

JULIE

Well, that one could've been avoided.

Kale looks back up. He's not smiling. Whatever chance we had of a lighter conversation panning out here quickly fizzles. Another beat, then -- Julie pushes her chair back, heads to the counter, grabs her apron and purse.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(heading out)  
Do the dishes.  
(pleading)  
Please?

Julie leaves. Kale glances around the kitchen. A mess of dirty dishes, stacks of paper... screw that.

Kale, looking disheveled and very perplexed, now has his TV pulled out from the wall. He's behind it, meticulously checking and re-connecting all the wires and ethernet cable. Carefully studying the manual as he goes.

He blows on the Halo 2 CD, wipes it down with his sweatshirt, gently puts it in the tray, giving us the idea this might not be his first attempt at this.

17 CONTINUED: 17

He powers up the Xbox, grabs a controller... so far, so good... he scrolls through the screens, a little hope returning... *SERVER ERROR*.

Kale throws a mini-fit, slams the controller to the floor. Rips the controller cord out of the XBOX --

18 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 18

A few stray beams of sunlight pierce the blinds. Otherwise, it's a tomb. Clothes strewn everywhere. We TRACK ACROSS the floor and a virtual DEBRIS FIELD of junk food bags, wrappers, Mountain Dew cans... find Kale in bed, ankle and bracelet stick out from the sheets, arm hangs over the side --

19 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 19

Still a mess as we find Kale, hair disheveled, rummaging through the cabinets. Lots of Costco-size boxes: crackers, Pringles... a HUGE BOX OF TWINKIES. Kale spots a jar of peanut butter. He grabs the nearest bowl, pulls a bottle of Hershey's syrup from the fridge, pours it all into the bowl.

He's about to throw the syrup bottle in the trash when something in the bottom of the can catches his eye. He reaches in, pulls out a bill for XBOX LIVE: *SUBSCRIPTION CANCELED*.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 20

Kale lounges in on the couch watching "The Price is Right" as he spoons the peanut butter from the jar, dips it in the bowl of chocolate syrup, devours it. Brings up a two-liter of Mountain Dew, takes a big swig to wash it down.

KALE

(to contestant on TV)

C'mon, bid a dollar, one dollar --

CONTESTANT (ON TV)

I'll bid one dollar, Bob.

Kale belches as he raises his spoon, saluting the screen. Then, after a beat, a look of grave concern crosses his face --

21 INT. 2ND FL HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY 21

The toilet flushes O.S. Kale opens the door, leans against the frame, spent. He stands there a beat, absorbing the silence of the house. He eyes a door at the end of the hall.

22 INT. 2ND FL HALL OUTSIDE DAD'S OFFICE - DAY - SECONDS LATER 22

CU - the doorknob. Kale's hand enters frame, slowly turns it. Click. Kale pushes. The door CREAKS open to reveal

22 CONTINUED:

22

## DAD'S OFFICE

Hardwood floor. Ornate, cherry wood desk. Plush leather chairs. Quiet.

ON THE DESK -- dad's reading glasses sit on a stack of papers next to an antique typewriter.

THE WALLS -- adorned with framed, poster-size covers of Dad's books - non-fiction, true account titles: *WHISTLEBLOWER - The Inside Story of a Real Corporate Insider*; *THE SENATOR'S SHADOWS: How Eight Men Conspired to Control One*.

ON ANOTHER WALL -- a family portrait of Jeff, Julie, and Kale - age six; Jeff at a book signing, smiling wide...

Kale takes it all in from the doorway. His feet never once cross into the room. His eyes say everything. Loss, anger, regret. He gently pulls the door shut.

23 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

23

Kale samples some rap clips on I-tunes. Likes what he's hearing.

ON THE SCREEN - Kale moves the cursor to "buy song." The account screen pops up. Kale types his password.

After a beat, bold red letters pop up: "THE APPLE ID OR PASSWORD YOU ENTERED WAS INVALID OR INCORRECT..." Kale types it again. Same thing. Then -- like we all do to be sure, Kale types his password at a rate of ONE KEY PER SECOND. Same thing. Kale fumes, smelling a rat.

24 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAYS LATER

24

The shades are drawn. Kale's door is closed. Find Kale looking utterly miserable, lounging in bed watching "Bikini Destinations" on HD NET. Julie enters wearing a business suit and name badge emblazoned with the RE/MAX LOGO. Kale quickly changes the channel to the local news.

JULIE

(heading to the window)  
More trash TV?

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

...Thirty-three year old Patricia Walsh was last seen three nights ago...

KALE

(innocently)  
News.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

Kale points to the TV showing a photo of a smiling PATRICIA WALSH, VIBRANT, FLOWING RED HAIR - "MISSING" keyed in underneath.

Julie shoots him a look, then rips open the blinds. Sunlight pours in. She gathers trash off the floor.

JULIE

The lawyer's sending some papers over.

KALE

And your point is?

JULIE

(heading O.S.)

I've got two open houses, you've gotta sign for them. That's the point.

KALE

You canceled my Xbox subscription.

JULIE (O.S.)

I-tunes, too.

(then)

You know what else I'm canceling?

Kale turns to Julie who suddenly drops a pile of Kale's clothes on the floor in front of him.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Maid service.

(off Kale)

Sorry, you're a felon. And we're broke. I can't do it all, anymore, Kale. This isn't gonna be vacation as usual. I want these washed and the kitchen cleaned by the time I get home.

KALE

That might be difficult.

JULIE

Well let me make it easier.

Julie goes to the TV, UNPLUGS IT.

KALE

That's a little dramatic, isn't it?  
I'm just gonna plug it back --

Julie suddenly yanks a pair of scissors off Kale's desk and SNIPS THE POWER CORD IN HALF.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

KALE (CONT'D)

What are you, mental?

JULIE

(a very stern tone)

One more look at that kitchen and I  
will be.Julie picks up her keys and briefcase, pecks Kale on the  
forehead, leaves.

JULIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You heard what I said about the  
lawyer?

KALE

Yes!

25 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY - LATER

25

Kale furiously stuffs clothes in the washer, blindly cranks  
the knob, presses start.

26 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

26

Kale SHOVELS dishes and glasses into the dishwasher, breaking  
a couple as he goes. He pours half the box of Cascade in  
the dispenser, kicks the door up and closed, cranks the knob.

27 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

27

Kale sits on his bed, staring into space. He eyes the clock.  
Tick tick tick... We hear KIDS PLAYING IN THE STREET O.S.

Kale glances out the window.

HIS POV - Kids on bikes, NEIGHBORS out on walks... ahh...  
the sights and sounds of summer... And Kale's not invited.  
He glares down at his ankle bracelet. It glares back.

28 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

28

Kale sits on the floor as he spreads a line of Elmer's glue  
across the bottom of a Twinkie. He's just completed the  
first couple of floors of what will be... TWINKIE TOWER.

29 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY

29

Kale, on cell, sits in his video game chair painting his toe  
nails.

KALE

(into phone as needed)

Dammit, Ronnie, I'm losing my mind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

29 CONTINUED:

29

KALE (CONT'D)

Give me some details, what's happening out there?

RONNIE (V.O.)

(phone filter; party sounds in the b.g.)

Dude, the chicks here in Oahu rock the housse! Oh my god, this one is totally showing me her kite board. Belay that, she wasn't pointing at me. Look, Kale, I've gotta hop --

KALE

Wait, Ronnie -- Hello?

Kale tosses the phone and the nail polish aside. Sits there in silence for a beat. Then eyes a racketball on the floor. Picks it up. Starts mindlessly bouncing it against the wall... and keeps bouncing it... and keeps bouncing it...

HARD CUT TO:

30 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

30

Kale reclines in his chair, now FURIOUSLY SWATTING the racketball against the wall -- with a racket. We PULL BACK to reveal SCUFF MARKS on the walls and CEILING where Kale has figured out the exact points to hit it allowing him to bounce the ball off multiple walls and return it perfectly to his hand. He SWATS it... and SWATS it...

31 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY - STILL LATER

31

Kale's passed out in his chair, the racket still in his hand. He's about to fall out of the chair when a loud BANG O.S. JOLTS him awake.

32 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY/WINDOW - DAY - SECONDS LATER

32

Kale goes to the window, tilts his head, trying to see where the noise is coming from.

KALE'S POV - He's able to make out some bits of movement next door, but his VIEW is OBSTRUCTED by the architecture of his house.

Kale steps back from the window, studies it a beat -- then opens it, slowly sticks his head out.

HIS POV - A U-HAUL TRUCK comes into view. It's backed into the driveway next door. ALAN NORRIS, 43, appears from inside the truck's cab, carrying a moving box. He hands it down to his wife, BONNIE, 42, who walks back in the house.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

32 CONTINUED:

32

Kale's about to pull his head in when another PERSON comes out of the moving truck. She's carrying a box that's obscuring her face as she carefully negotiates the incline of the moving truck's ramp.

But her blonde hair and perfect legs look to be about 17. We'll soon know her as ASHLEY, the Norris' daughter.

She reaches the end of the ramp. Bends over to retrieve another smaller box, her back and ass to Kale who stares in utter disbelief. Ashley stacks the boxes, picks them up and heads into the house, her face still a mystery.

Kale watches her go. Mesmerized. Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS O.S. Kale snaps to, yanks his head back in -- and KERBONGS it on the underside of the window. He drops to the floor.

KALE

GODDAMMIT!

Kale staggers to his feet...

33 INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY - SECONDS LATER

33

More doorbell RINGING. Kale heads down the stairs to the front door.

KALE

I'm coming!!

Kale swings the door open to see -- A BURNING PAPER BAG on the welcome mat.

34 EXT. KALE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

34

Kale instinctively STOMPS ON IT with his SOCKED FEET!

KALE

Oh shit! Shit water shit!

Kale frantically hops around, looking for a hose, bucket, anything wet -- but the flames are already out. Kale looks down, finally realizes this -- but there's another problem -- his socks are smothered in SLIMY DOG SHIT.

We hear GIGGLING O.S. Kale glances up as two neighborhood BRATS on bikes emerge from their hiding place behind a shrub across the street. They high five each other.

BRAT #1

What a retard!

Kale glares -- then heads down the steps into...

35 EXT. KALE'S YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

35

Kale walks briskly, menacingly toward them --

KALE

You think that's funny?

The Brats grow more concerned, back away as Kale draws closer--

BRAT #2

What are you gonna do, kill us like  
your teacher?

KALE CHARGES THEM!

KALE

Not before I shove this shit up your  
ass!

The brats pedal away. Kale races through the sprinkler,  
crossing his yard into the far corner of Ashley's, trying to  
cut the Brats off as they race down...

36 EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

36

The chase is on. Kale increases his speed. Almost catching  
up to them --

BRAT #2

(terrified to Brat #1)

Dude, you said he couldn't leave his  
house!!

Kale overhears, stops cold. He glances to the ANKLE BRACELET:  
FLASHING RED LIGHT.

KALE

Shit!

Kale races back down the street, his shit-stained feet leaving  
tracks as he goes. He cuts through Ashley's yard again,  
yelling at the bracelet all the way--

KALE (CONT'D)

Turn green turn green turn green...

Kale races by ASHLEY'S PARENTS, leaps back into...

EXT. KALE'S FRONT YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He looks at the bracelet. Still FLASHING RED. He hops up  
and down as the SPRINKLER STREAMS approach him from behind.

KALE (CONT'D)

No, c'mon, I'm way inside, turn green --

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

36 CONTINUED:

36

He spins back toward the house, runs SMACK into the STREAMS, trips on the sprinkler, falls on his face. Now his foot's tangled in the sprinkler. Spraying water all over him. Kale's foot jiggles the sprinkler free. He then sees the ankle bracelet: GREEN LIGHT.

KALE (CONT'D)

Yes! That's what I'm talking about!

He gazes over: ASHLEY'S PARENTS, EACH WITH A MOVING BOX, STAND THERE, JAWS DROPPED. BOTH TAKE A NERVOUS STEP BACKWARD as ASHLEY steps out the front door. Freezes at the sight of the sopping wet, shit-and-grass-stained Kale. Kale locks eyes with her. Then smiles and waves.

KALE (CONT'D)

It's cool, I'm all green.

Then -- SIRENS WAIL. Kale turns to the street: TWO POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A STOP. Kale loses the smile.

PARKER (V.O.)

(phone filter prelap)

Kale, calm down, the officers were probably in the neighborhood already.

37 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

37

ON KALE - pacing, on cell phone, pressing an ice-filled Ziplock back to his head.

KALE

(into phone as needed)

Okay, fine, but if I'd known --

PARKER (V.O.)

Kale, first times happen. The officers knew that. But next time they will take you to jail.

Kale flips the phone shut, collapses to the bed --

PRELAP - The doorbell RINGS.

38 INT. KALE'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - THAT NIGHT

38

Kale, his Louisville Slugger firmly in hand, groggily heads to the door, swings it open. COURIER. With papers.

COURIER

Hi, I'm from McNeill-Stewart law firm, dropping off for Ms. Julie --

Over this, Kale yanks the envelope away, SLAMS the door in the guy's face. Kale heads away. The doorbell RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

38 CONTINUED: 38

Kale opens the door, grabs the courier's clipboard, signs his name, SLAMS THE DOOR EVEN HARDER.

39 EXT. KALE'S BACK YARD - THE NEXT DAY 39

ON KALE'S FEET - entering frame, inching their way through the yard...

ON THE BRACELET - The green light suddenly goes out, red light FLASHES. Kale's foot quickly steps back. GREEN LIGHT. A beat, then --

A SMILING GARDEN GNOME SLAMS DOWN INTO FRAME.

WIDER - Kale ties kite string around the gnome's hat, then unspools it across the yard to a waiting croquet mallet already hammered into the ground. He pulls the string taut and ties it off.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Kale's emerging *KITE STRING PERIMETER* -- a crude SEMI-CIRCULAR ARC around the yard tied off at different points using makeshift "stakes" -- gnomes, mallets, shovels, screwdrivers...

40 EXT. KALE'S FRONT YARD - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER 40

Same "BOUNDARY CONSTRUCTION" here. Kale shoves a screwdriver into the ground a few feet shy of his mailbox. He ties some string to it as he glances over to the other neighbors' (the PILCH's) yard, sees their black Labra-doodle watching him.

KALE  
Hey doggie, come here...

The dog trots toward Kale. It almost reaches his outstretched hand when it suddenly gets ZAPPED by the underground electric fence. It YELPS away. Spins back around, sits and stares.

KALE (CONT'D)  
(re: his ankle bracelet)  
Hey, you and me both.

OVER KALE'S SHOULDER IN THE B.G. - ASHLEY

lifts more boxes from the back of their station wagon. She sets them on the drive, SLAMS the liftgate. Kale turns around. Ashley throws him a quick glance, then heads around the back of her house. Kale stares after her.

41 INT. 2ND FL HALL OUTSIDE DAD'S OFFICE - DAY 41

CU - The doorknob. Kale's hand enters frame, slowly turns it. Click. Kale pushes.

42 INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

42

Kale stands in the doorway. He takes a moment, considering what he's about to do. Then -- HIS FOOT steps inside. He goes to the window, gently pulls the blind up to reveal the

BACK OF ASHLEY'S HOUSE

He peers down, sees Ashley and her mom standing by the swimming pool. Ashley disappears through the back door.

Kale tilts his head up, curiously gazing through the pair of OPEN WINDOWS on the SECOND FLOOR of Ashley's house.

HIS POV - ASHLEY'S BEDROOM

Unmade bed, stacks of open moving boxes, poster frames waiting to be hung... Kale squints, steps closer.

ASHLEY

enters the room. Digging clothes from boxes, stuffing them in her dresser, then -- she pulls her hair back, yanks off her t-shirt, revealing a black bra.

ON KALE - he continues to watch as Ashley digs a towel out of a moving box, and, with her back to us, pulls off the bra and disappears into the bathroom. Off Kale --

CUT TO:

43 INT. KALE'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

43

The front door swings open to reveal Ronnie, DV camera in hand. He's wearing aviator shades, half a dozen leis and a hawaiian shirt.

RONNIE

(hula dancing)

Alooha Senor Ka-- Dude, you look like hell.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL KALE - now with a patchy stubble, wearing a bathrobe and a SHRUNKEN t-shirt that used to be white but is now LIGHT PINK. He holds his bat in one hand, quart of Haagen Dazs in the other. He smiles, hugs Ronnie. Tight -- and not letting go --

44 INT. 2ND FL HALLWAY/WINDOW - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

44

Kale leads Ronnie up the stairs and to the window...

RONNIE

Seriously man, you need some sun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(re: DV cam)

Hey, I've gotta show you this. Maui chicks rule.

KALE

(anxious)

I've got something to show you, too.

(then; slightly crazed)

I mean... there's such structure to it, so many layers, but it's invisible if you're not looking close enough...

RONNIE

What are you talking about?

KALE

The world right outside the window.

Kale gestures out the window. Ronnie looks out. They peer down to the Pilch's backyard. A Ford Escort is in the drive. Besides that, all's quiet.

RONNIE

-- Fascinating.

KALE

(eyeing his watch)

Just wait... and...

(then)

Three... two... one... dog...

The Pilch's dog darts out the back door -- then --

KALE (CONT'D)

...Mrs. Pilch... saying goodbye to Lonnie...

RONNIE

Husband?

KALE

(shaking a "no")

Maid.

Over the above, Mrs. Pilch, wearing an unflattering tennis skirt, exits the house. The dog hops around her as she waves back to her heavy set, male maid, LONNIE, 35.

KALE (CONT'D)

Four o'clock every Thursday, she goes to the country club to play tennis with Betty Big-Bangs there.

Kale and Ronnie watch as Mrs. Pilch heads down the walkway, meets her rail-thin 50-ish female tennis PARTNER at the curb. As they walk away, the dog tries to follow but gets ZAPPED by the electric fence and YELPS back into the house.

KALE (CONT'D)

And... ladies disappear... cue white Mercedes... Mr. Pilch... arriving from the office...

A white mercedes pulls in the driveway. MR. PILCH, 63, gets out, carrying briefcase and flowers.

RONNIE

Great, that still doesn't explain why you're in a bathrobe at four in the afternoon.

KALE

(pulls Ronnie closer)  
Will you just look --

RONNIE

Dude, he's gonna see --

KALE

He can't. We don't have any lights on. Plus the angle's sharper from ground level, it only seems like he could see us. I did the math.

RONNIE

Oh, you did the math.

KALE

Optical illusion, line-of-sight doesn't apply to the subject.

RONNIE

Kale --

KALE

Now tilt your gaze up...

RONNIE AND KALE'S POV - TILTING UP TO THE PILCH'S BEDROOM WINDOW - Lonnie vacuums as Mr. Pilch enters the room behind him. Mr. Pilch flips off the light switch, cutting the power to the vacuum. Lonnie startles, turns around, sees Pilch standing there with the flowers and a big smile.

A beat, then -- Lonnie jumps in Pilch's arms, kissing him passionately.

RONNIE

DAMN!!

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

Kale slaps his hand over Ronnie's mouth. Ronnie pulls away, reaches in his pocket, yanks out his ASTHMA INHALER and takes a hit. Then --

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(re: hallway and window)  
Seal this area off, Kale.

KALE  
C'mon, there's more.

RONNIE  
What, I go to Maui, you become a stalker?

KALE  
No, stalking's for psychos. These are just simple observations... natural side effects of chronic boredom.

As Kale heads away:

RONNIE  
(pleading)  
Find your passion, Kale.

45 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - DAY

45

Kale leads Ronnie to the window. Ronnie takes in the mess in Kale's room -- the scuff marks on the walls, the completed TWINKIE TOWER. He glances to the desk, sees a penciled GEOMETRIC DIAGRAM of Kale's line-of-sight spying theory -- shit, Kale wasn't lying -- he *did* do the math.

KALE  
(pointing out)  
So... Robert Giles...

KALE AND RONNIE'S POV - In the yard across from Kale's back yard, find ROBERT GILES, gassing up his lawnmower in the driveway. He's early 40's, clean-cut, fit, decent looking. He closes the garage door via remote, then fires up the mower, pushes it around the side of his house toward the front yard.

KALE (CONT'D)  
He's lived there a couple of years, but I've never noticed he mows his lawn every two days.

RONNIE  
Huh, I guess he likes his grass short.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

45 CONTINUED:

45

KALE

Next to him is Judy Thorp. Dude, she freakin' sneaks over to her neighbors' every morning, steals their newspaper, I guess reads it or swipes the coupons, then puts it back before they even wake up.

RONNIE

(sarcastic)

No shit?

(weirdly eyeing Kale who heads out)

People. You never can tell these days.

46 INT. 2ND FL HALL OUTSIDE DAD'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 46

Kale slowly pushes on the door. It creaks open. Kale tilts his head, listening. Then -- SPLASH!! Kale smiles.

RONNIE

What was that?

47 INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 47

Kale leads Ronnie to the window.

KALE

Last stop on the tour.

KALE AND RONNIE'S POV - ASHLEY swims underwater the length of the pool. She finally surfaces in all her two-piece glory.

RONNIE

Oh-- my-- God. Who be she?

They watch as Ashley steps out of the pool, towels off. She pulls her bikini from her butt, lies in the lounge chair.

KALE

Don't know.

RONNIE

What's stopping you?!

Off Kale, considering --

48 EXT. KALE'S FRONT YARD - THE NEXT DAY 48

ON KALE - now clean-shaven, sitting on the front steps. He eyes his watch, then stretches his neck. Yawns. Then he sees something O.S.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

KALE'S POV - peering down the street, Ashley's stationwagon rounds the corner --

Kale hops to his feet, quickly fixes his hair as the stationwagon draws closer.

Kale casually strides into the yard, approaching the kite string boundary and mailbox. Then -- keeping his feet planted in what looks to be a very practiced maneuver, he suddenly falls forward against the mailbox. Reaches around with his free hand, opens the door, going to grab the mail inside just as

ASHLEY

pulls the car into and up the drive. She glances at Kale who nods and smiles back.

As the stationwagon heads up the driveway, Kale tries to push himself upright -- but his feet SLIP. He pitches forward more. He glances back over his shoulder, sees Ashley getting out of the car and looking his way. Kale struggles under his own weight, trying to keep his feet from crossing the line -- he looks back to Ashley who's now heading toward him. A slight smile crosses Kale's face as --

ASHLEY

Can I help you?

KALE

Nope, no I'm fine.

ASHLEY

(helping him up)

Too late.

KALE

Thanks, that was really humiliating.

Ashley reaches in the box, grabs the mail, hands it over.

ASHLEY

Please. I think any pride you had left was gone a while ago.

KALE

Oh, you mean that thing with the cops? They had the wrong guy, total foul up. I'm Kale by the way.

Ashley nods with a semi-polite smile, starts to head away --

KALE (CONT'D)

Hey, so -- how'd the move go?

ASHLEY

Still going.

KALE

I'd help, but...

(re: ankle bracelet)

I'm a little spatially challenged at the moment.

Ashley walks closer to Kale, checks out his ankle bracelet.

ASHLEY

Yeah, you've kinda got the whole Martha Stewart thing going on --

KALE

(nodding)

But minus the 48-hour allowance for office visits. And no lame "Apprentice" spin-off.

(off her laugh)

So where'd you move from?

ASHLEY

I'm a city girl. Born, raised, and now...

(glances around; sighs)

Forcefully relocated.

KALE

That doesn't sound good.

ASHLEY

I'm telling you, if I have another clueless jock hit on me or one more soccer mom cuts me off in her oversize SUV, I'm gonna go postal.

KALE

Oh, sorry, I was just gonna see if you wanted to hop in my Hummer and cruise to a kegger.

(turning away)

Nice talking to you.

ASHLEY

(cracking a smile)

Wait, I --

BONNIE (O.S.)

(from inside house)

Ashley? Can you come in here, please?

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

ASHLEY

(quietly to Kale)

My mom -- she's very polite, always says "please" but she's got that tone, did you notice?

KALE

I know the tone.

ASHLEY

(heading away)

Oh, I'm Ashley --

KALE

Noticed that, too.

Ashley smiles, disappears inside. Kale's in love.

49 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

49

The wind HOWLS outside. Kale sits on the couch flipping channels. Julie's in the chair, nodding off.

ON THE TV - Kale lands on that same photo of PATRICIA WALSH, the MISSING REDHEAD we saw earlier.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

...attended a friend's birthday party at a local nightclub before she was last seen alone at a diner outside Madison, 50 miles east of here. A waitress said Ms. Walsh was picked up around 10:30 P.M. by an unidentified person driving a black 1960's era Mustang that was dented on the left side and may have --

Kale CLICKS the TV off -- looks over to Julie who's now sound asleep. Kale's watch ALARM suddenly BEEPS. He quickly shuts it off, eyes Julie. She stirs but doesn't wake up.

Kale quietly gets up, grabs the blanket off the sofa, covers Julie up. He then picks up his soda and bowl of popcorn from the coffee table, heads away...

50 INT. DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

50

Kale, immersed in shadow, enters. He quietly pulls Dad's leather chair toward the window, positions it just right, and sits.

KALE'S POV - Ashley's working out to a YOGA DVD.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

KALE  
 (to Ashley)  
 You started without me?

As if eerily on cue, Ashley suddenly stops.

KALE (CONT'D)  
 What are you stopping for?

She goes to her window and peers out -- Kale ducks -- He looks back up, sees Ashley gazing in his direction -- Kale's breathing intensifies -- could she actually be seeing him?

KALE (CONT'D)  
 (convincing himself)  
 No --

ASHLEY turns around, goes back to her yoga mat. She takes a breath, getting back in "the zone," then -- she slowly raises her arms and bends into a ridiculously sexy pose.

KALE (CONT'D)  
 Whoa.

Kale watches Ashley another couple of beats. Then her dad appears in the doorway. Looking pissed. Kale leans closer --

Ashley stops the DVD. From her body language, she's clearly annoyed at the interruption. The scene quickly devolves into a heated argument. But Ashley's dad gets the last word in and leaves. Ashley SLAMS the door behind him, flips off the TV, storms in the bathroom and SLAMS that door, too.

Kale watches the vacant room... waiting... another beat, then -- Ashley emerges from the bathroom with a box of tissues. She sits on her bed, pulls THREE TISSUES from the box, staring off... From this angle, it almost looks as if her eyes could meet Kale's at any moment. Kale instinctively lowers himself in the chair, his eyes never leaving her...

Then -- with a huge gust of HOWLING WIND we

SMASH TO:

51 INT. DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

51

Kale SNAPS AWAKE. Breathing hard. Bad dream. He sits up, peers across to Ashley's windows. Dark, shades pulled. Kale pulls himself out of the chair...

52 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

52

Kale enters, grabs his PSP and falls back to the bed. As he starts playing, HEADLIGHT BEAMS appear from O.S. He glances out the window:

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso



52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Kale turns back.

HIS POV - Giles' garage door is now closed.

KALE

No, see for yourself.

JULIE

(beat; then)

That's okay, I just... wanted to say  
good night.

Julie leaves. Kale turns back to the window, stares out at  
Giles' house. The lights go out.

53 INT. DAD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

53

ON KALE - sitting in the leather chair, binoculars raised.

On the floor next to the chair is a 7-11 bag, a slurpee cup,  
a bag of beef jerky and an AUTOMOTIVE MAGAZINE with a MUSTANG  
on the cover.

BINOCULAR POV - Ashley sits on the roof leaning against her  
closed window. She's reading *Lolita*.

RONNIE (O.S.)

So you don't know what year the  
Mustang is?

REVEAL RONNIE - sitting at dad's computer looking at the  
FBI'S OFFICIAL WEBSITE.

KALE

(now flipping through  
magazine)

'65 or '66, couldn't tell.

RONNIE

Check this out. The feds think your  
missing girl might be related to  
three murders in Austin. All  
redheads.

Kale processes that as we suddenly hear a car door SLAM O.S.

BINOCULAR POV - Kale TILTS DOWN to see Ashley's mom backing  
out the driveway. Kale TILTS UP to Ashley's window -- Ashley  
ducks back inside her room, disappears.

KALE

Movement.

BINOCULAR POV - Kale TILTS DOWN to the pool, sees Ashley emerging from the house with a towel that she throws on the lounge chair.

KALE (CONT'D)  
Better late than never.

Ronnie joins Kale at the window.

THEIR POV - Ashley flips her sandals off one at a time, pulls her tank off revealing her bronzed back and bikini top.

RONNIE  
Dude...

Ashley slinks out of her shorts revealing a "near-thong" bikini this time.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
DUDE!!

KALE  
(re: bikini)  
That's definitely new.

Ashley crouches down, runs her fingers through the water.

RONNIE  
Oh, it's so warm, baby...

Ashley cups her hands, scoops a handful of water from the pool, splashes her face... runs her hands through her hair... She stands, takes a deep breath, holds it -- then exhales...

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Cleansing breath...

Ashley stretches her arms high above her head.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Concentrate now. This is for the gold.

Ronnie grabs the binoculars from Kale, puts them to his eyes, moves closer to the window -- but his zoomed-in vision causes him to underestimate the distance -- THWUMP. The end of the binoculars HIT THE WINDOW just as Ashley dives into the pool -- Ronnie and Kale hit the deck as we hear the splash O.S.

KALE  
Jackass!

RONNIE  
Dude, there's no way she heard that.

KALE

Dick, my deaf aunt in Omaha heard that.

Kale grabs the binoculars from Ronnie.

BINOCULAR POV - Ashley's underwater at the far end of the pool. She tucks and pushes off the wall, swims back...

RONNIE

(peering out)

She's got great lung capacity.

ON ASHLEY - She suddenly surfaces, hoists herself from the water. She spins and sits on the ledge, rings the water from her hair. But she suddenly stops -- and shifts her GAZE UP toward Kale and Ronnie!

KALE

(pulling Ronnie down)

I think she saw me --

RONNIE

There's no way --

Ronnie grabs the binoculars back.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(re: Ashley O.S.)

Okay, maybe she did.

KALE

Seriously?

Kale peeks out --

THEIR POV - Ashley's slipping back into her shorts and tank top. She heads to the back door, tries the knob. Locked. Over this, Ronnie turns to Kale:

RONNIE

Her swims always that short?

KALE

(growing concern)

No, she usually takes her time --

They turn back. Ashley's gone.

RONNIE

Now where is she?

The DOORBELL RINGS. Kale and Ronnie freeze. Then --

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

No. KALE

No. RONNIE

54 INT. ENTRY HALL - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

54

Kale and Ronnie quietly approach the door. Ronnie suddenly pulls Kale back.

RONNIE  
Don't, it could be her!

KALE  
It's not gonna be her.

RONNIE  
Then stop! Just -- let 'em go away.

The DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. Kale heads to the door.

KALE  
I have to.

Kale peeps through the peephole --

DISTORTED PEEPHOLE POV - Ashley.

Kale calmly turns to Ronnie.

RONNIE  
What?! What?! Speak.

KALE  
It's her.

RONNIE  
You're full of --

Ronnie tip-toes to the door. One look at Ashley and he covers his mouth, grabs Kale and pulls him back.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Shit shit!! Oh my shit!

Both laugh, giggle, acting "girlie," practically spinning in circles as they speak in hushed, panicked whispers:

KALE  
She totally saw us --

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Kale heads to the door.

RONNIE  
We are so busted. Don't answer it!

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

KALE  
 (re: his bracelet)  
 Dude, she knows I'm here.

Kale swings the door open. Ashley stands there a beat. Her arms folded. Then --

ASHLEY  
 What took you so long?  
 (eyeing Ronnie in  
 b.g.)  
 The house isn't that big.

KALE  
 Yeah, no, we were playing upstairs --

Ronnie cringes at how that sounded.

RONNIE  
 (covering)  
 Video games...?

KALE  
 (awkward beat; then)  
 So... what brings you here.

ASHLEY  
 Oh. -- Locked out.

KALE  
 Do you need to call anyone?

ASHLEY  
 Thanks, but I'd rather stay stranded  
 if you don't mind.

Kale and Ronnie trade glances.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 May I?

KALE  
 Uh, sure, come on in --

Ashley steps inside, glances around, checking out the place.

KALE (CONT'D)  
 That's Ronnie.

ASHLEY  
 Nice to meet you. Video games, huh?  
 (then suggestively to  
 Kale)  
 I like to play.

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

Kale trades a look with Ronnie as Ashley nonchalantly heads up the stairs.

KALE

Excuse me...

55 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

55

Ashley barges in, instantly struck by the mess. Kale pushes past her, starts grabbing underwear and garbage off the floor.

KALE

It's a little messy.

ASHLEY

A little?

Kale keeps gathering clothes, tossing them to Ronnie who tosses them in the closet.

Ashley picks up the binoculars from the window sill, peers outside.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Anything interesting out there?

Kale and Ronnie trade looks. Ashley turns around, binoculars still raised, aiming them like a gun at Kale.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Are you spying on the neighbors, Kale?

Kale freezes.

RONNIE

(stepping in)

Actually, he is.

Kale's eyes widen in panic.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

See, he has this neighbor -- who I guess by definition would also be your neighbor -- who may, in point of fact, be a cold-blooded killer.

ASHLEY

Is that so.

Ronnie points out the window to Giles' house.

RONNIE

Exhibit A, Robert Giles.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

ASHLEY

Yeah, I've seen him. So?

KALE

So you hear about that missing girl  
from Madison?

ASHLEY

(realizing; then  
pointing out to Giles')  
What, you think *he* --

KALE

He drives a car like the one she was  
seen in.

RONNIE

Black Mustang.

KALE

60's era Mustang.

ASHLEY

Gee, that really narrows it down.

KALE

They said it was dented. His has a  
bashed-in fender.

ASHLEY

(re: binoculars)  
So this is why -- you're --

Suddenly seeing something O.S., Kale RIPS the binoculars out  
of Ashley's hand, goes to the window.

RONNIE

What?

BINOCULAR POV - Giles pulls the Silver Toyota out of the  
garage and out the driveway.

Ashley suddenly grabs the binoculars from Kale, peers out.

KALE

Hey --

ASHLEY

So that's the infamous black mustang,  
huh?

KALE

Yeah --

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

ASHLEY

The one with no dent?

KALE

(grabbing the binocs)

What?

BINOCULAR POV - Sure enough, the Mustang NO LONGER HAS A BASHED-IN FENDER. The garage door starts to close --

KALE (CONT'D)

How'd he fix it so fast --

ASHLEY

Because it was never there in the first place?

Kale eyes Ashley. Shit, could he have imagined it? Ashley playfully grabs the binoculars back from Kale.

BINOCULAR POV - Ashley catches a glimpse of a faded TEXAS LONGHORNS BUMPER STICKER.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry guys, no bashed-in fender, just a Longhorns bumper sticker.

KALE

(grabbing the binocs)

You serious?

(then to Ronnie)

She's right.

THEIR POV - Giles' garage door finally SLAMS CLOSED.

KALE (CONT'D)

(off Ashley's questioning look)

They think it might be linked to some murders in Texas two years ago.

RONNIE

Austin, Texas. Texas Longhorns.

Kale and Ronnie eye Ashley as if to say "see?" Ashley eyes them another beat -- then:

ASHLEY

Okay, fine, stakeout.

(grabs binoculars)

Who's on my shift?

Off Kale and Ronnie, their dreams realized --

56 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - EVENING - LATER

56

A BOX OF SPYING CRAP is dumped onto Kale's bed. Another DV Camera, an old, bulky VHS camera, a black and white portable TV, couple of tri-pods, walkie talkies, wires... a real mess.  
WIDER TO REVEAL RONNIE:

RONNIE

This is all the stuff I could find --

Ashley sits at Kale's computer as Kale anxiously sifts through Ronnie's stuff.

ASHLEY

Do you know how long Giles has lived there?

KALE

About two or three years.

ASHLEY

So he could've lived in Texas...  
(re: computer screen)  
Hey, check *this* out.

Ronnie goes to Ashley, reads the Amazon web page for the book:

RONNIE

*"Murderer: Tell Tale Signs of a Serial Killer."* Qualifies for free shipping if you pair it with *"The Shrine of Jeffrey Dahmer."*

ASHLEY

The summary lists four main criteria. Our guy meets at least three. White male between the age of twenty-five and fifty. He doesn't have any pets, right?

KALE

Not that I've seen --

ASHLEY

You said he lives alone --

RONNIE

What's the fourth?

ASHLEY

(nonchalant)  
Sexual dysfunction.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

56 CONTINUED:

56

Silence. Kale and Ronnie trade awkward glances, shaking their heads to each other as if reassuring themselves they don't suffer from such a condition.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
(changing the subject)  
I'm hungry, let's order pizza.

57 INT. KALE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

57

TRACKING ACROSS KALE'S ROOM - The two tri-pod-mounted DV Cams stand watch over Giles' house. One camera feeds a grainy close-up shot of Giles' garage door to Ronnie's portable TV on the floor. The other feeds a WIDE SHOT of Giles' entire house to Kale's color TV. Both images appear on Kale's computer monitor.

WIDER TO REVEAL - Kale and Ashley sit on the floor near the window. Kale peers over to Giles with the binoculars as Ashley messes with Kale's cell phone. In the b.g. Ronnie's passed out on Kale's bed, his hand resting inside the pizza box just inches from the last slice.

KALE  
(re: Giles)  
He's been gone awhile.

ON ASHLEY - she's messing with Kale's cell phone.

ASHLEY  
(handing him his cell)  
Here.

KALE  
How'd you get my phone?

ASHLEY  
I'm crafty like that.

KALE  
What'd you do?

Ashley carefully unclips Ronnie's cell from his hip, flips it open, dials. After a beat, Kale's cell RINGS with Madonna's "LIKE A VIRGIN." Kale laughs.

ASHLEY  
Every time he calls, that's what you'll hear.

Kale laughs as Ashley delicately re-clips the phone to Ronnie's belt.

KALE'S POV - the Pilch's dog, wearing a pink sweater, suddenly darts into Kale's yard.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

KALE  
What the hell?

THEIR POV - Pilch's dog stops, spins around and takes a dump.

KALE (CONT'D)  
Where's --

Mr. Pilch, in his robe, suddenly appears from the shadows, watches the dog do its business.

ASHLEY  
(re: Mr. Pilch)  
Three to one he doesn't pick it up.

Nope. The dog finishes. Pilch calls it over, scoops up the dog and heads O.S.

KALE  
So that's why the grass is greener...

ASHLEY  
Only in disturbia...

KALE  
So why the move?

ASHLEY  
What do you mean? The greener grass,  
the safer pastures...

KALE  
No, seriously.

There's a beat as Ashley locks eyes with Kale. Then --

ASHLEY  
Well, I guess my mom thought it'd  
help keep dad on a shorter leash.  
City life... had its temptations...  
(beat; then matter of  
fact)  
But my mom pretty much cries just as  
much as she always did, and dad  
doesn't care -- more than ever.

KALE  
What did they think, an extra bathroom  
and two-car garage would actually  
change things... somehow protect  
them and you from all that crap you  
can never escape?

Ashley holds Kale's gaze for a beat. Then, she nods, with:

ASHLEY  
 Something like that.  
 (eyeing the bracelet)  
 So... what're your issues, Kale?

Kale hesitates. We see in his eyes that he's flashing to the past... "going there..." There's an uneasy beat as Ashley picks up on it:

Then -- HEADLIGHTS APPEAR OUTSIDE. Kale quickly turns away from Ashley, pulls one of the DV Cams off its tri-pod, flips out the three-inch LCD SCREEN.

KALE  
 That's him.

DV CAM POV - Giles' silver Toyota pulls in the driveway. Stops. Engine and headlights turn off.

ASHLEY  
 Another car --

DV CAM POV - Kale ZOOMS IN. The GRAINY IMAGE finally steadies to reveal a SECOND CAR pulling in behind Giles. A thirty-something attractive WOMAN -- a REDHEAD -- is at the wheel. She pulls in next to Giles' car.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 You seen her before?

KALE  
 No.

DV CAM POV - Giles gets out. Wearing a suit, no tie.

ASHLEY  
 (re: Giles)  
 Cute for a killer.

Giles goes to the woman's car, opens her door.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 Who said chivalry's dead?

The woman gets out, wearing a black cocktail dress.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 There's a club girl for you.

KALE  
 How do you know?

ASHLEY

Bright green bracelet's "The  
Pyramids," purple's "Club 360," the  
big black stamp's from "Flavor."

DV CAM POV - Kale ZOOMS in on the woman's wrist and hand.  
Sure enough, she's wearing both a green and a purple bracelet,  
and has a black stamp blotch on her hand.

KALE

(over the above)  
Missing girl was seen at a club.  
Didn't say which one though...  
(then aside to Ashley)  
Your I.D. must be pretty good.

ASHLEY

(with a smile)  
I don't need one.

They turn back to the window, watch as Giles escorts the  
woman to the house, shows her in. A light comes on inside.

DV CAM POV - Kale ZOOMS IN on one of the living room windows,  
spots the woman moving around inside, looking at artwork...  
she sits on the sofa as Giles enters with two glasses and a  
bottle of wine. He sits down, pours the wine. They toast,  
take sips. Giles moves in for a kiss --

KALE

He's going in.

DV CAM POV - The woman shies away from Giles, stands from  
the sofa.

ASHLEY

Denied...

They watch as the woman gets up, moves to the center of the  
room, and starts to get a little groove on...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(been there, done  
that)  
Oh no, he put on music...

DV CAM POV - Giles watches the woman as she seductively moves  
her body to the music we're not hearing.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, c'mon, Giles, all she wants to  
do is dance.

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

KALE

What do you think they're listening  
to?

ASHLEY

Could be radio. See if you can find  
the station.

Kale sets the camera down, turns on his receiver. As he  
toggles through radio stations -- Rock, Alternative...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(watching the woman &  
Giles)

No... no...

Kale flips to an easy listening R & B station playing Lou  
Rawls "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine."

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Stop.

BINOCULAR POV - Ashley watches as Giles takes the woman's  
hand and dances with her. Their rhythm fits the music  
perfectly.

ON RONNIE - he stirs on the bed, still asleep.

RONNIE

(eyes closed; grinning  
re: music)

Hmmm...

Ashley and Kale eye Ronnie for a beat. Then turn back to  
the window.

DV CAM POV - Kale pans back to the woman and Giles. They're  
really dancing close now. Kale's and Ashley's eyes shift to  
each other, then quickly flick away. A beat. Then -- Ashley  
raises the binoculars, faces back toward Giles' with:

ASHLEY

Now's the time to bust your move.

Ashley glances to Kale. Kale turns, holds her gaze. A  
palpable tension between these two. They ever so slowly  
lean toward each other when --

RONNIE - suddenly interrupts, pushing himself between them.

RONNIE

(yawning; re: woman  
with Giles)

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

57 CONTINUED: (5)

57

Ronnie looks to Kale and Ashley who glare back.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
 (realizing)  
 Ookay, just fill me in later.  
 (taking Ashley's hand)  
 A pleasure.  
 (then; aside to Kale,  
 mouths; re: Ashley)  
 Duude!  
 (slaps Kale's hand)  
 Later.

Ronnie stands, leaves. Kale shakes his head, turns back to Ashley. They lean in again when -- Ashley's CELL PHONE ominously RINGS with the first measures of BEETHOVEN'S 5TH -- "BUM BUM BUM BUMMMMM." She pulls the cell from her pocket.

ASHLEY  
 (re: cell)  
 It's my mom.  
 (into cell)  
 Hi. No, I'm fine.  
 (with a smile)  
 I'm at Barnes and Noble. Okay, I'm  
 leaving. No, I'll walk.

Ashley flips the phone shut, joins Kale who's watching the LCD screen:

DV CAM POV - Giles and the woman are back on the couch. The woman is leaning her head on Giles' shoulder. As Giles leans forward to take her wine glass, the woman falls over behind him. Out cold. Kale and Ashley cringe.

KALE  
 And she's down for the count.

58 EXT. KALE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

58

Kale and Ashley cross the yard to Kale's kite string boundary.

ASHLEY  
 Looks like this is as far as you go.

KALE  
 Looks like.

They peer into each other's eyes. Then --

ASHLEY  
 Y'know, I have to admit, you're  
 different than I expected.

(CONTINUED)

D.J. Caruso

KALE

What were you expecting?

ASHLEY

I thought you'd be more messed up.

KALE

Does that disappoint you? 'Cause I can be more messed up if you want me to.

ASHLEY

No, you're fine.

KALE

"Fine?"

ASHLEY

Yeah.

KALE

"Fine" like your first cousin "fine" or "fine" in kind of a Brad Pitt sorta way?

Ashley smiles. They suddenly hear VOICES O.S. Kale and Ashley glance over to Giles' house.

THEIR POV - The woman is heading briskly to her car. Giles is right behind her.

Ashley grabs Kale's arm and pulls him behind a shrub on his side of the boundary.

They peek back over to Giles'.

THEIR POV - We're crouched low now, so we only hear the barely audible voices of Giles and the WOMAN. Talking SERIOUSLY about something --

GILES

(voice raising)

Just come back in the house, you shouldn't drive --

ASHLEY

He wants her to come back in --

KALE

I can't hear --

ASHLEY

Let's get closer --

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

Ashley suddenly darts from behind the shrub and bolts toward the fence --

KALE  
(re: his bracelet)  
I can't --

But Ashley keeps going.

WE FOLLOW BEHIND ASHLEY - She creeps over to the fence, presses up against it, peering through the cracks --

ASHLEY'S POV - We see the dark silhouettes of Giles and the woman -- Ashley shifts her head, straining to listen --

GILES  
You really should stay.

WOMAN  
I just don't think it's a good idea --  
(still searching;  
more frustrated)  
Where the hell are they?

The woman suddenly drops her purse. The CONTENTS spill onto the driveway.

ASHLEY'S POV - Giles bends down, picks up her car keys.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Here --

GILES  
You're in no condition --

WOMAN  
Give me my keys.

GILES  
Sorry.

ASHLEY'S POV - She sees Giles make a motion toward the fence. Suddenly, the woman's CAR KEYS WHACK the other side of the fence, then PLOP DOWN underneath it just a couple of feet from Ashley's position!

ON ASHLEY - she startles, looks over, sees the keys.

ASHLEY'S POV - She looks back toward Giles and the woman. Hears the woman start to LAUGH. Giles, not laughing, purposefully steps toward the woman, takes her arm.

GILES (CONT'D)  
C'mon...

(CONTINUED)

























































































































