

Little Athens

by

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Draft: 3/17/04

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Little Athens
Breakdown – 4/16/04

Production Company: Legaci Pictures
Executive Producer: Joshua Helderman, Dave Thatch
Producers: Jorge Gonzalez, Jeff Zuber and Tom Zuber
Co-Producer: Matt Lendach
Director: Tom Zuber
Writers: Jeff Zuber and Tom Zuber

STORY SYNOPSIS: An edgy multi-storied dark comedy about a single day in the lives of an ensemble of Gen-Y's.

EMILY: (15) Hair past her shoulders, Emily is adorably cute and very well endowed, especially for a fifteen year-old. Corey's younger sister. Target of Pedro's persistent cradle-rocking passes. She is essentially on the run with Corey from an extremely abusive father who we find out at the end has been severely beating her... **STRONG SUPPORTING**

CARTER: (20) Confident and tough, with a modestly athletic build, he's throwing a big party at his house where all of the main characters converge. Low-maintenance, with an appetite for greasy food and cheap beer, he's a guy's guy, and has an easy banter with girls. He had a fling with Jessica in the past but has little patience for her b.s., although he reluctantly offers to step in and protect her from Aaron... **STRONG SUPPORTING**

BUGGERIN' BOBBY BALES: (Early 20s) Enormous steroid-inflated bookie who is built like an NFL linebacker with a habit of walking around the locker room naked. The rumors fly around town about "Bobby the Bookie" and his soft-spoken gentle manner doesn't seem to contradict what is being said. He won't hesitate to scrap if he's confronted, but he doesn't have a chip on his shoulder. **STRONG SUPPORTING.**

KATIE: (7-10) A plain-looking 7 year-old girl who is precocious and small for her age. She perceives a lot more than most 7 year-olds and peppers her negligent babysitter with questions. She must be very good with dialogue and extremely perceptive. **STRONG SUPPORTING**

FADE IN:

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The room is dark and messy. JERRY, a soft, unshaven boy of about eighteen years, sits on the end of his bed in boxers and an old t-shirt. He has not quite woken up yet.

Jerry pulls a huge, well-traveled SUITCASE from his closet and tosses it onto the bed. He begins grabbing articles of CLOTHING from the closet and tossing them into the Suitcase.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jerry is in his kitchen, which is no brighter than his bedroom, and not much cleaner. Jerry takes another bite of his peanut butter and jelly SANDWICH. He chews mechanically, washing it down with a can of SODA. His lazy mind is somewhere else.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jerry gargles with a generic brand of MOUTHWASH and spits into the sink.

He catches a glimpse of himself in the medicine cabinet mirror - he is not very attractive. He grabs his TOOTHBRUSH and RAZOR, and exits the bathroom.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The room has been stripped except for the bed minus its bedsheets, a naked pillow, a beat-up dresser with a small TV on top of it, an old POGO STICK propped against the wall near the GARBAGE CAN at the foot of the bed, and a few posters and scraps of trash. Jerry tosses his Toothbrush and Razor into his Suitcase next to a VIDEO GAME CONSOLE and several VIDEO GAMES, on top of which lies GRAND THEFT AUTO III. He has pitifully few belongings. He shuts the Suitcase.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The living room is also a mess - the place is either a pig sty or a house full of bachelors. Jerry, now in sweatpants and sneakers, but still wearing the same t-shirt that he slept in, carries his Suitcase through the foyer to the front door. He about-faces to look at the interior of his home. He will not miss it.

He turns to open the screen door - it's stuck. He fiddles with handle until the screen door opens. He exits, letting the screen door slam shut behind him.

TITLE CARD:

Little Athens

EXT. RESCUE SQUAD -- MORNING

The old building is badly in need of a fresh paint job. A faded sign reading "ATHENS RESCUE SQUAD" stands in front.

HEATHER (O.S.)

You hear about your ex?

ALLISON (O.S.)

Jerry?

INT. RESCUE SQUAD, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is empty except for HEATHER and ALLISON, both about nineteen and dressed in EMS uniforms with "EMS" stitched conspicuously on the back, seated on opposite sides of a wooden table. Heather is dark-haired, about 5'9" and built like a lingerie model. Allison has blond hair, is several inches shorter than Heather, and although not overweight, she has a softer build than Heather. Heather has take-out PANCAKES and SAUSAGES in front of her, and she is putting it away like she is preparing for famine. Allison has a BAGEL and a PEACH, which remain hardly touched - she has a lot on her mind.

HEATHER

Yeah, asshole Jerry. He's moving to Middletown. He left this morning.

ALLISON

No way. How do you know?

HEATHER

Carter said. He got some job at some company, giving his uncle hand-jobs.

Having put away the last of her food, Heather lights a CIGARETTE and stands near the open window, careful to blow the smoke out the window.

ALLISON

Doesn't sound so bad.

HEATHER

I got us tickets to see Adam tomorrow.

ALLISON

I don't want to go to a baseball game. You're going with Derek anyway.

HEATHER

Ally, I don't want to go either, but Derek told Adam he'd go, and I'm not going by myself.

ALLISON

I thought Adam was hurt.

HEATHER

I wish.

Heather takes a drag of her Cigarette and exhales out the window.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

BRAD, in jeans with his t-shirt thrown over his shoulder, is standing in front of the door, waiting. MEGAN, in shorts, a t-shirt and a baseball cap, and AMY, in a sunskirt, look on. All in their late teens, they are unmade and worn-out, as if they hadn't slept last night.

Brad rings the doorbell twice and waits some more. Brad walks over to the window a few feet over from the door, trying to peer through the shades. Megan passes the time by pulling Jimmy's MAIL out of the mailbox that hangs next to the door.

BRAD

(banging on the window
pane)

Hey! Jimmy!

The door opens and JIMMY answers, in his very late teens, about 5'4" and thin, dressed in boxers, a t-shirt and bedroom slippers. Jimmy's tired, but Brad's a friendly face.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Finally!

JIMMY

Office hours are nine to five.

MEGAN

You have a lot of credit card bills in there, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(holding his hand out for
the Mail)

I know.

Megan hands Jimmy the Mail.

MEGAN

You're not mad that we're stopping by like this?

JIMMY

It's no big deal, but let's hurry up. I gotta go to work.

MEGAN

(explaining to Amy)

Jimmy's got like, six jobs.

Jimmy stands aside, allowing Megan and Amy into his apartment. Megan and Amy step inside, but Brad holds back. He needs to talk to Jimmy, and the girls do not need to hear.

BRAD

Hey Jimmy, hold up a sec. Look, not for nothin', but you know Buggerin' Bobby Bales is askin' about you?

JIMMY

Askin'? Like how?

BRAD

Like how you owe him money on the Dallas fiasco, those chokin' motherfuckers, and you haven't been returnin' his calls.

JIMMY

How you hear this?

BRAD

Yesterday. I was puttin' a twenty-timer on Indiana for tonight, and he up and out-of-the-blue asks about you. Jimmy, man. Goddam.

JIMMY

(unconvincing)

It ain't nothin'. He's just makin' conversation.

BRAD

It ain't nothin'? That faggot juicehead's gonna make a playground outta your asshole like he's back in the joint, and it ain't nothin'? And you heard all the stories I heard, about that horse-cock, and how he can't stop shootin' his mouth off about it too, like when he whipped it out at Tomlinson's party...

JIMMY

Alright Brad! Christ Jesus, I owe a little, shit, but I'll pay. Believe me, that guy wants his juice, his e, he comes to me. It's fine.

BRAD

Put some cash on Indy tonight, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yeah. Alright, come inside and let's do this thing. I got work.

Brad steps past Jimmy into the apartment, and Jimmy shuts the door after them.

EXT. POOL -- MORNING

The slender white board extends majestically over the glistening blue water. PEDRO, an unshowered, pot-bellied Hispanic, about twenty-three years of age and wearing cut-off jean shorts, is standing at the end of the board, looking down at the water below as if expecting an invitation. COREY, a late teenager covered with tattoos, with twigs for arms and legs, lies against the hard concrete while inserting the pool VACUUM HOSE into one of the many pool skimmer drains. Pedro begins to bounce on the board - up, down, up, down. Pedro launches forth as if the water called out to him and, but for his want of grace, the entry would be poetic. Instead, Pedro's dive is as clumsy as it is painful.

COREY

Nice.

PEDRO

Fuck you, conjo. This is my shower.

COREY

Maybe back in Mexico that's a shower, in Athens that's just dirty.

PEDRO

Clean the pool, conjo, clean the pool.

COREY

At least I'm paid to be here.

Pedro smiles as he paddles away from Corey, starting to enjoy his morning swim. A PAYPHONE hanging on the pool house starts ringing. Corey drops the Vacuum and runs toward the Payphone. In the background a number of enormous sand filters groan loudly.

COREY (CONT'D)

Wynwood Pool House, Corey speaking.

EMILY, the voice on the other end, is hushed and uncertain.

EMILY'S VOICE

It's me.

COREY

Emily?

EMILY'S VOICE

Some other girl would be calling you?

COREY

How'd you get this number?

EMILY'S VOICE

Don't you work there?

COREY

What do you want?

EMILY'S VOICE

I need you to come pick me up.

COREY

Are you kidding? Where are you?

EMILY'S VOICE

At home.

COREY

What for?

EMILY'S VOICE

Just because. I need to stay with you for a couple days.

COREY

Emily, our place is tiny, we got no water. Our phone just got shut off, too. You'd be miserable like us. What for anyway?

EMILY'S VOICE

It's no big deal. Just come pick me up.

COREY

Fine, forget it then.

EMILY'S VOICE

Corey, come on! How many times have I called you since you left? I wouldn't ask, except I don't have anywhere to go. Please.

COREY

Fine. Alright, fine. If you wanna stay in our little dump, fine.

EMILY'S VOICE

Fine. Thanks, then.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

JESSICA, about eighteen, wire-thin and plain, yet attractive in an unkept sort of way, with dirty-blond hair past her shoulders, lies on a couch sleeping. Her chokingly small living room is in a

devastating state of disarray, with clothes and empty food containers flung in every direction.

An ALARM on a table next to the couch begins blaring, and Jessica stretches out her arm to silence it.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jessica is standing in front of the mirror staring at herself, still half asleep. The bathroom is tiny like the living room - pathetic rather than endearing. She puts TOOTHPASTE on her TOOTHBRUSH.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JINA, Jessica's mother, opens the front door and enters the living room wearing a grocery checkout clerk's uniform. Jina drops her old, worn out purse onto the coffee table and enters the hallway. She opens the bathroom door and enters.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica is brushing her teeth when Jina enters.

JINA

Aren't you supposed to be watching Katie right now?

Jina reaches around Jessica and opens the medicine cabinet, grabs a bottle of ASPIRIN, and shuts it. Jessica continues brushing as if her mother were not there.

JINA (CONT'D)

Did you get my message?

Jessica shakes her head in the negative sense. Jina exits the bathroom and Jessica follows, still brushing her teeth.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica walks over to the ANSWERING MACHINE and hits a button. The Answering Machine clicks on as Jessica brushes unenthusiastically.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(electronic voice)

You have one new message.

(Jina's voice)

Hi Jess, it's your mother, calling to say happy birthday, since you'll be gone when I get home. I'm driving your sister to school and I'm leaving the car for her, so I'll be taking the train back.

Jessica starts up as if she'd been struck. She spins around to an open window near the couch, leans out, and spits out the toothpaste

to the concrete sidewalk below. Her mother's voice continues to pour forth from the Answering Machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)

By the way, you should call your sister
and stop this not-talking nonsense.

Jessica finishes spitting the suds from her mouth and spins back towards the Answering Machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I know how you hate long messages,
so I'll see you tomorrow...

Suddenly wide awake, Jessica turns to her mother.

JESSICA

That's fucking bullshit.

JINA

Here we go again.

JESSICA

What about my car?!

JINA

Jessica, your sister got into beauty
school, and she's going. Now I've got
about two hours sleep before I have to
drive her all the way the hell up there.

JESSICA

Yeah, I heard that.

JINA

Jess, you're still living here for free.

JESSICA

On the couch!

JINA

Jessica, it's still my car, and she needs
it. Can't you be happy for your sister?

JESSICA

Oh yeah, I'm real happy. She gets my car,
and I get shit. Thanks, Jina. Do me a
favor and tell her how fucking happy I am
for her.

JINA

If you're going to be like this, I'm just
going to bed.

Jessica storms back into the bathroom and rinses her mouth out with water.

Jessica returns to the living room wearing a t-shirt that reads "Athens Youth Group" in large letters along the front. Jina is gone. Jessica runs her hand through her hair, tossing it haphazardly. She grabs a pair of large SUNGLASSES off of the coffee table and places them over her eyes.

She opens the door and exits the apartment.

EXT. RON'S GYM -- MORNING

Jimmy's PIECE-OF-SHIT hatchback is parked in front of the small bare-bones gym.

INT. RON'S GYM, LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy now dressed in worn-out heavily-frayed khaki shorts and a short-sleeve button down shirt with a "Ron's Gym" emblem on the pocket, stands before his locker twisting the combination lock with one hand while rotating steel CHINESE STRESS BALLS with his other hand. He opens the locker and pulls out a large brown LUNCH BAG propped prominently at the base.

RON (O.S.)

Hey Jimmy. You fix the lat machine?

RON, the tall, well-built, forty-something owner of the gym, approaches. Jimmy turns toward Ron. The row of lockers serves as a backdrop.

JIMMY

Yeah.

RON

Jimmy, I'm just gonna say this, alright?
I gotta let you go. I can't afford two employees.

JIMMY

So you're keeping Melinda?

RON

Yeah.

JIMMY

Ron, that is totally fucked! I been here way longer than her!

RON

Yeah, but I'm running a business.
There're guys who pay me dues just 'cause she works here.

JIMMY

But she doesn't do anything! She just sits at the front desk all day.

RON

I know that.

JIMMY

Tell her to fix the fucking lat machine, she'll look at you cross-eyed.

RON

I can't afford two employees, and she attracts business. That's it.

JIMMY

Fucking great. Thanks.

RON

Jimmy, don't take it personal. If you were built like her I'd keep you.

Ron exits and Jimmy sits on the bench in front of his locker, defeated. BUGGERIN' BOBBY BALES, a.k.a. Bobby the Bookie, an enormous juicehead built like an old-school NFL linebacker, naked except for a towel around his neck, having just taken a shower, is leaning against the end of a row of lockers, waiting for his chance at Jimmy. Jimmy would rather that Ron stay.

RON (CONT'D)

Bales.

Bobby nods in response as Ron passes by on his way out. With the locker room empty, Bobby unconsciously changes demeanor. He's tender, frighteningly tender, it's so entirely genuine. Jimmy would prefer a beating - simple and final. Jimmy pulls his BACKPACK out of his locker and begins clearing his STUFF.

BOBBY

So where you been?

JIMMY

What are you talkin' about? Nowhere. I been working.

BOBBY

So you just don't return my phone calls.

JIMMY

Look, they lost, I owe you some more, so what? I'll pay you. I want to put it on Indy tonight.

BOBBY

I can't take any more of your bets. I
look like a spineless fucking fag.

Bobby shuts Jimmy's locker and steps up to Jimmy so that Jimmy is now face to face with Bobby's enormous organ - a terrifying sight for mortal men and reputable women. Jimmy is struck silent, savagely clenching his Chinese Stress Balls as he struggles for thought.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the hell am I supposed to do with you
Jimmy? People are talkin'.

JIMMY

I know they're talkin'!

BOBBY

You don't know a fuckin' thing. Come by
my apartment tonight, we'll figure this
out.

JIMMY

I ain't like that.

BOBBY

Ain't like what?

JIMMY

Nothin'.

BOBBY

You don't know what I know. You'll see.

JIMMY

I'm working tonight.

BOBBY

Jimmy, I ain't about beggin'. I'm lookin'
like a fool all on account 'a you. You
owe me. You owe me. I'm gettin' sick of
it.

Bobby moves on to his own locker.

EXT. POOL -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE across the width of the pool. COREY, wet, with GOGGLES on his head, holding a WRENCH and SCREW DRIVER, and BYSTANDER #1, stand over a young twenty-ish female VICTIM who lies passed out on the cement. A young female LIFEGUARD is kneeling beside the Victim, checking her pulse and breathing. The two SWIMMERS left in the pool are climbing out. PETE, a no-nonsense grounds-keeper in his late thirties, wearing cut-off shorts, a faded t-shirt and a tool belt, approaches to have a word with Corey.

PETE

Is she alright?

COREY

She fainted.

LIFEGUARD

Alright, I'm calling 911. Everybody stay out of the pool.

The Lifeguard stands and runs off toward the PAYPHONE.

PETE

Alright, well, quit horsing around. The Blandino's had a break-in. There's glass all over the patio.

COREY

That's Jerry's unit.

PETE

Jerry moved to Middletown.

COREY

He quit?

PETE

He left a message. You gotta take care of all his stuff now, too.

COREY

Aw, come on, Pete! I need off tomorrow! I told you I got community service!

PETE

So you're gonna have to get everything done today then. Get going.

Corey tears the Goggles off his head, throws them into the pool, and about-faces toward the pool-house. As Corey leaves, a RED-HEADED IDIOT does a sloppy can-opener off the side of the pool.

LIFEGUARD (O.S.)

Keith, I told you to clear the pool!

EXT. EMPTY PARK -- MORNING

Though the park is in a poor neighborhood, it is relatively clean. The park is quiet and unused this morning except for two young GIRLS making their way across it. Prominent in the background sits an old run-down yellow CAR that Jessica drove to the park.

JESSICA is carrying KATIE, a plain, tiny seven-year-old girl, in piggy-back fashion, with Katie's legs dangling out in front of Jessica. Katie holds Jessica tight around the collarbone.

KATIE

Doesn't Carlos want his car back?

JESSICA

He's letting me borrow it.

KATIE

Well then why were you late if you had his car?

JESSICA

I slept late.

KATIE

Were you drinking last night?

JESSICA

No. But thanks for asking.

KATIE

Were you doing drugs?

JESSICA

Katie, I told you, drugs are for losers.

KATIE

And you're not a loser.

JESSICA

And neither are you.

KATIE

But it's okay to drink.

JESSICA

When you're older it'll be okay.

KATIE

How old are you?

JESSICA

Old enough.

KATIE

But you're not twenty-one yet. The law says you have to be twenty-one.

JESSICA

Katie, can you not ask so many questions today? I've got too much to think about.

KATIE

Cause it's your birthday?

JESSICA

Yes.

KATIE

Happy Birthday!

JESSICA

Thank you.

Jessica begins walking faster, soon breaking into a crippled run, the weight of Katie bearing down on her. They reach their destination - a rickety old merry-go-round. Jessica turns her back to the merry-go-round, allowing Katie to step onto it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hold on tight or you'll get hurt.

KATIE

I will.

Katie grabs a handle as Jessica begins to spin the machine. Katie sails around happily as Jessica steps back to watch, Katie's youthful enthusiasm lulling Jessica into a nostalgic gloom.

INT. AMBULANCE -- MORNING

HEATHER is driving the AMBULANCE, sirens blaring, a CIGARETTE hanging out of her mouth, with ALLISON riding shotgun. HARRY, mild-mannered, rotund, middle-aged and slightly balding, is in the back sitting on a bench extending from the side of the ambulance, adjacent to a stretcher. Harry sits expressionless, adjusting his spectacles as the ambulance shakes mildly from the driving.

ALLISON

(pointing)

Turn left at the light.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE on the ambulance tearing through town, lights flashing. Heather is driving extremely fast in this emergency situation, recklessly passing both moving vehicles as well as stationary vehicles that have stopped to let the ambulance pass, on her way to running through a red light. In the rear of the ambulance, Harry whips back and forth on the bench, yet remains calm, as if unaware of Heather's reckless driving.

EXT. POOL, PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Within the parking lot, the ambulance comes to a screeching halt in front of a large picket fence encircling the pool. At the gate stands the LIFEGUARD.

All three climb out of the ambulance. Harry rushes toward the Lifeguard. Heather takes a final puff of her Cigarette and flicks it aside before continuing in the same direction as Harry. Allison lags behind, pulling a BACKBOARD and a large FIRST AID KIT out of the ambulance.

LIFEGUARD

She's in here.

They enter the gate.

EXT. POOL -- CONTINUOUS

Heather and Harry follow the Lifeguard into the pool area, where several BYSTANDERS have gathered around the VICTIM, BYSTANDER #1 and PETE among them. Heather gets to the Victim first, but stops short - she recognizes the Victim. Harry brushes past Heather.

HARRY

(to Bystanders)

Can you give us some room, please?

The crowd backs up a bit, and Harry checks for vitals.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(looking up to Heather)

She's breathing.

Harry looks the Victim over a bit.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Lifeguard)

What happened?

LIFEGUARD

I'm not sure. She just passed out, right where you see her.

HARRY

Did you see her eat anything?

LIFEGUARD

Uh-uh.

Heather turns and walks back toward Allison coming through the gate carrying the Backboard and First Aid Kit - she wants a word with Allison. They talk in hushed tones.

HEATHER

I know her.

ALLISON

Yeah? How?

Allison hands Heather the First Aid Kit as they move back toward Harry.

HEATHER

When I was dating Steve, that slut fucked him.

ALLISON

How do you know?

HEATHER

She started dating Steve right after we broke up. I mean *right after*. I asked him if there was another girl, and he never answered. He couldn't answer, because he was fucking that slut.

ALLISON

That doesn't mean they fucked.

Heather gives Allison a disapproving look, as if to say "don't be stupid, stupid."

As Heather and Allison approach the Victim, Harry looks up.

HARRY

Alright, she ain't comin' around.

Allison lays the Backboard adjacent to the Victim, and the three place her on the Backboard. Heather is a bit rough.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(instinctively)

Whoa, easy.

HEATHER

(without looking up)

I know what I'm doing.

Harry gives a concerned look to Allison, who returns the look, but the two say nothing. They place the Victim into the back of the Ambulance as Heather looks on.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The Ambulance is moving along a near-empty single-lane road at a patient pace, with two CARS tailgating behind it.

INT. AMBULANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Allison and Harry are in the back with the Victim, and Heather is again behind the wheel, moving her head ever so slightly, as if to music playing in her head. Heather's moderate driving speed is in sharp contrast to the speed with which she responded to the scene. At the same red light that Heather recklessly ran earlier, Heather

stops and looks in all directions before proceeding, even though there are no cars at the intersection.

HARRY

Uh, Heather, you want to step on it?

HEATHER

We'll get there.

ALLISON

You don't even know for sure if she slept with Steve!

Heather turns around in the driver seat, taking her eyes off the road.

HEATHER

Listen, fuck that slut, okay?! She can fucking rot in hell! I'm not rushing for her slut ass!

ALLISON

(pleading)

Heather, c'mon, she's out cold! We gotta hurry!

HEATHER

I-don't-fucking-care!! That slut can kiss my ass!

(to Victim)

You hear me, you fucking bitch?!

As Heather spins forward to look at the road, the Ambulance jumps as it hits a pothole.

EXT. COREY AND PEDRO'S HOUSE -- MORNING

The Tow Truck has just pulled up into the driveway. Pedro climbs out and makes his way up the sidewalk to his front door, carrying a gallon of MILK. Emily climbs out and trails behind him, carrying her LAUNDRY BAG and PURSE. The house is very small, with a front yard that is not much bigger than the sidewalk, and neighboring houses not much more than a body length apart from each other. Pedro notices an EVICTION NOTICE on the front door, and that a brand-new lock has been placed on the otherwise run-down door. He tries unsuccessfully to open the door.

He walks over and looks through the front window into his kitchen and sees his DOG. Pedro taps on the window. The Dog looks up at Pedro, wagging its tail. Pedro tries to open the window, but it's locked.

Pedro walks around to the side of the house. Emily throws her Laundry Bag over her shoulder and follows him, frustrated with the wait. He looks in the window on the pantry door. He backs up and

looks toward Emily, blank. He looks back up at the house, frustrated. He about-faces, steps over to the side of the neighboring house, unzips his pants, looks both ways to make sure the neighbors are not around, and starts peeing. Emily shakes her head and heads back toward the truck, turned off by the whole situation.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -- MORNING

Jimmy parks his PIECE-OF-SHIT in front of a mom-and-pop pizza shop and exits. A sign that reads "Poppy's Pizzeria" hangs above the pizza shop. He enters.

INT. PIZZA SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks past a few tables where patrons are eating. PIZZA POP, a sixty-ish pot-bellied man standing behind the counter making a PIZZA, sees him.

PIZZA POP

(heavy Italian accent)

Hey-a, Jimmy, you don't hafta be here 'till 2:00! What's up, eh? You hungry?

JIMMY

Nah. I'm gonna start early, if that's alright. I could use the cash.

PIZZA POP

Still paying offa those credit cards, eh Jimmy? I told you them things are-a trouble.

(calling into the back)

Sweetheart! Don't a worry about that! Jimmy's a here and he's a gonna take care of it!

In an arched entranceway to the back room we see PIZZA MOM back into view holding several PIZZA BOXES in insulated CARRYING BAGS.

PIZZA MOM

(smiling)

Hey-a Jimmy!

INT. CARLOS' CAR -- MORNING

Jessica is driving the old run-down yellow CAR we saw earlier in the parking lot of the park, the window down and the radio blasting. Her CELL PHONE rings and she picks it up.

JESSICA

Hello?

CARLOS (O.S.)

Where the hell are you?

JESSICA

Carlos?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

CARLOS, a skinny Hispanic teenager, is walking out of the convenience store with a tray of NACHOS, talking on a CELL PHONE. We cut back and forth between Jessica and Carlos.

CARLOS

Why weren't you answering your phone?!
You were supposed to bring my car back
last night!

JESSICA'S VOICE

Yeah. Sorry.

CARLOS

You bringing it or what? I need it for
work!

JESSICA'S VOICE

Not 'til this afternoon.

CARLOS

What the hell, Jess?! You said I'd have
it last night!

JESSICA'S VOICE

Alright, relax, I'll bring it.

CARLOS

Dammit! Where are you?

JESSICA'S VOICE

I'm getting on the Parkway.

The old run-down yellow Car passes Carlos and continues down the street. Carlos is dumbfounded.

CARLOS

What the hell?!

Carlos runs into the street and stands staring down the road at his Car speeding away from him.

JESSICA'S VOICE

What's the matter?

CARLOS

Jess, you just passed me! In my car!

Carlos continues to look as his Car makes a right turn and disappears from view.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Jess, this is bullshit! Bring back my car!

A horn honks, and Carlos steps toward the side of the road as a STATION WAGON passes right by him. He continues to stand in the street, although to the side.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Jess, I know you're coming back here. I know you're not leaving me standing here.

Carlos waits impatiently. Jessica pulls up in the Car and comes to a stop alongside him - she had gone around the block to pick him up. He gets in the passenger-side door.

JESSICA

Sorry.

The Car pulls away.

INT. CARLOS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Carlos has a look of disgust on his face.

JESSICA

I would have brought the car back, but I need it.

CARLOS

So you ask.

JESSICA

I said I'm sorry.

CARLOS

Yeah right. And why the hell are you still driving?

JESSICA

Fine.

The Car stops, Carlos and Jessica climb out of the Car and pass in back of it without a word. Carlos climbs into the driver seat, and Jessica the passenger seat. Jessica grabs Carlos's Nachos and starts munching them down, dipping each one into the CHEESE SAUCE that is on the side.

CARLOS

Where's the squirt?

JESSICA

At my place watching TV.

CARLOS

You left her alone?

JESSICA

Just for a minute. I left my novel at Aaron's.

CARLOS

You need it now? Aren't you supposed to be watching her?

JESSICA

Yeah, I'm stuck with her all weekend. I'm just gonna get through these last few weeks like I promised, and I'm done, I did a good thing, and some other moron can take a turn being her big sister.

CARLOS

Don't know why you wanted another sister when you hate the one you got.

Jessica needs to change the subject.

JESSICA

What're you up to?

CARLOS

Guess who stopped by.

JESSICA

Who?

CARLOS

Guess.

JESSICA

Mary Lynn.

CARLOS

Yes. Gigantic beast of a woman that she is.

Jessica is obviously delighting in this. She enjoys Carlos fighting off the affections of this very unattractive girl.

JESSICA

Aw Carlos, I think you should give her a shot. She's probably one of those personality girls.

CARLOS

Yeah, what you know about personality?

JESSICA

I bet she'll give it up right away.

CARLOS

Now that's something you know about.

JESSICA

You should go for it. Drain them pipes.

CARLOS

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.

Carlos reaches down and blasts the radio as the Car speeds down the road.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -- MORNING

Jimmy is carrying several full insulated pizza CARRYING BAGS, with several brown LUNCH BAGS full of food on top. Although the pile looks unwieldy, Jimmy has no trouble with it. He places the pile on the roof of his PIECE-OF-SHIT, opens the passenger door, and places the pile on the passenger seat.

He closes the door, and pulls a DELIVERY LIST out of his pocket to examine while walking around to the driver's side. Jimmy gets into the driver's seat and pulls out his CELL PHONE.

JIMMY

(into his cell phone)

Hey, Car, it's me. I got a delivery in the area so I'm stopping by a little early. See you in a little while.

Jimmy hangs up, starts his Piece-of-Shit, and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD -- MORNING

A POLICE CAR is sitting off the road, positioned to surprise unsuspecting speeders. The lone occupant, DEREK, twenty, about 6' tall with athletic build, in his police-officer uniform, is reading the SPORTS SECTION of a newspaper.

INT. DEREK'S POLICE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

OTS on Derek as he turns the page and continues reading the sports section. A young preppy high school PUNK speeds by in a CORVETTE - the RADAR GUN reads 93 m.p.h. As he passes, the punk looks straight at Derek, mouth open, clearly surprised by Derek's presence. Derek picks up his head and returns the stare of the surprised Punk as he passes.

DEREK

Whoa.

(returning to the Sports
Section)

Slow down, there, buddy.

Derek's CELL PHONE rings. He reaches down, fumbles around, and brings it to his ear.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Yeah?

EXT. RESCUE SQUAD -- CONTINUOUS

ALLISON is seated on a small wooden bench in the yard in front of the rescue squad. HEATHER is pacing back and forth in front of her, CELL PHONE to her ear. Both are smoking CIGARETTES. Heather is still heated from seeing Steve's girl, and Allison is uncomfortable being around Heather, who may lash out at anything. We cut back and forth between Derek and Heather.

HEATHER

Are you seeing anybody else?

DEREK

Hello?

HEATHER

(louder)

Hello?! Are you seeing anybody else?!

DEREK

No.

HEATHER

You're not cheating on me?

DEREK

No.

HEATHER

Be honest.

DEREK

You're startin' to annoy me.

HEATHER

You're fucking annoying me!

DEREK

(dismissive)

Fine.

HEATHER

Don't you hang up!

DEREK

Then calm down. You told me to tell you when you're in one of your moods? Well guess what?

DEREK hears a click, hangs up, puts his Cell Phone down and goes back to reading the Sports Section.

HEATHER

See? That asshole's cheating.

ALLISON

Just because he won't move in with you doesn't mean he's cheating.

HEATHER

Ally, he's a cheater. That's what he does - he cheats. Now it's my turn just like all the others.

Heather grabs her PURSE off the bench, replaces her Cell Phone, and pulls out her KEYS.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

ALLISON

Where?

Allison gets up and follows Heather toward the parking lot.

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE -- MORNING

CARLOS has parked in front of an old house, which is in a high state of disrepair. JESSICA gets out of the CAR with Carlos' NACHOS.

JESSICA

You coming in?

CARLOS

No, but tell asshole I said hello.

JESSICA

See ya.

Jessica shuts the door. As she walks away, Carlos cannot take his eyes off of her - he is obsessed.

Jessica walks up the steps and bangs on the screen door. PITT, African-American, medium build, in his late teens, with thick-framed glasses, walks up behind the screen door and holds it open for Jessica to walk in.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Aaron here?

PITT

No, he went to yer place lookin' fer you.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica walks in. Pitt let's the door slam shut.

JESSICA

Shit. I left my novel here.

PITT

You got no idea why he's lookin' for you, do you?

JESSICA

What're you talkin' about?

PITT

You been fuckin' around.

JESSICA

No I haven't.

PITT

Well, someone did somethin', cause Aaron caught somethin' an' he ain't happy about it.

JESSICA

He caught somethin'? What the hell did he catch?

PITT

Wouldn't say. Just said that he ain't been with anyone, so it musta been you.

JESSICA

Shit.

PITT

You humped someone, didn't you?

JESSICA

I didn't do shit.

PITT

Well it musta been the immaculate infection, 'cuz he got somethin'. He's lookin' fer you.

Jessica throws the Nachos on the coffee table and sits on the couch, head in her hands, on the verge of tears.

JESSICA

Shit, shit...

PITT

Yeah, you did it.

JESSICA

Fuck you, Pitt.

INT. POOL, MEN'S BATHROOM -- MORNING

COREY is MOPPING the floor. He glances up as Pedro steps over to him. Corey and Pedro talk and argue like two kids on a playground.

PEDRO

Hey, mehn.

COREY

What're you doing back?

PEDRO

I got your sister.

(forming breasts with his
hands)

She got big.

COREY

That's my little sister.

PEDRO

She's hot, mehn. Esta buenisima.

COREY

Just take her back to our place!

PEDRO

I can't because we got no place. We got
thrown out.

COREY

He threw us out?!

PEDRO

Si! And all our shit's still in there!
And Pancho, too!

COREY

That's illegal, isn't it?! He can't just
lock us out!

PEDRO

Si, he sucks cock. I mean, I gotta go find a job, I smell like shit, I'm fucked!

COREY

Maybe you should talk to your boss. Like, ask him to take you back.

PEDRO

No, fuck him, mehn! Just gimme Mr. Cocksucker's address.

COREY

What for?

PEDRO

I take care of this.

COREY

Don't do anything that'll get us into trouble.

PEDRO

Do you think I'm stupid, mehn? Don't worry about this. I talk to him. But first I take care of business.

Pedro bangs on a stall door, with no response. Pedro pushes the door to the stall open.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Okay, mehn. Good. Voy a cagar.

Pedro disappears behind the door of the stall. Corey leans his Mop against the wall and exits.

EXT. CAR'S HOUSE -- DAY

JIMMY pulls his PIECE-OF-SHIT into the driveway of what appears to be a one-story house, next to a RANGE ROVER. He climbs out with the strap of his BACKPACK hanging over one shoulder and walks around the house to the back yard.

The yard slopes significantly from the front yard to the back yard, and the view of the back of the house reveals two stories. As Jimmy turns the corner, he spots a black CAT walking up to him. He grabs the Cat.

INT. CAR'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE on Jimmy holding the Cat behind a set of sliding glass doors, one door partially open. He enters and shuts the door behind him. Music is playing through stereo speakers, and a black-and-white movie is playing on the TV with the sound shut off. CAR, an Asian-American late-twenty-something, is sitting back on the couch facing

the TV. Magazines, junk food, remote controls and a CORDLESS PHONE are spread out on the coffee table. If Car notices Jimmy enter the room, he shows no sign of it.

JIMMY

Saw your cat outside.

Jimmy tosses the Cat on the floor, and it scurries off to another part of the house. Jimmy sits in a recliner beside the couch, glad to take a load off. Jimmy takes a peak at the TV.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I gotta get back to work. I got more pies in the car.

No response. The Cordless Phone starts ringing. Car remains perfectly still.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Car?

No response. The Cordless Phone continues to ring.

Jimmy leans over from his chair and waves a hand in front of Car. Nothing. Jimmy jumps up from his recliner. He stares at Car. He steps over, takes two fingers and checks Car's pulse. He stands back, unsure of what to do.

Hesitant, Jimmy walks over to a closet, opens the door, and slides a GYM BAG out into the room. He opens the Gym Bag and pulls out a large bag of MARIJUANA and a few jars of K. He throws them into his Backpack, zips up the Gym Bag, and puts it back into the closet.

Jimmy exits through the sliding glass doors.

EXT. CAR'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy shuts the doors behind him. He stops in his tracks just outside the doors, thoughts running through his mind.

INT. CAR'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE on Jimmy through the doors as he about faces and stares into the house. He slides the doors open and re-enters.

He picks up the Gym Bag and carries it to the front of the couch. He sets down Gym Bag and drops to his knees, all while noticing that Car appears to be staring at him. He unloads the remaining contents of the Gym Bag into his Backpack, including a few bags of PILLS, a few more jars of K, and two large bags of WHITE POWDER.

He throws one strap of his Backpack over his shoulder and stands in front of Car. Jimmy stares at Car.

EXT. CAR'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE on Jimmy as he throws his Backpack into his trunk, climbs into his Piece-of-Shit, and sits, reflecting.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR -- LATER

Jimmy is driving through semi-busy traffic. Music is blaring from the radio, and the driver-side window is open, making the noise in the cockpit quite loud. Jimmy's left hand is simultaneously wrapped around the steering wheel and the DELIVERY LIST, which is hanging down over the steering wheel so that he can read it. Jimmy's CELL PHONE rings.

JIMMY
(over the wind and music)
Yeah, it's Jimmy!

MATT (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Hey Jimmy, it's Matt. I need some K.

Jimmy turns off the radio and begins rolling up the driver-side window.

JIMMY
Matt?! Speak up, man, I can barely hear you!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MATT, in his late teens, has a very short buzz-cut. He's wearing an old t-shirt and faded cargo-shorts, and he's sitting up on the edge of his unmade bed. Matt's bedroom is a shithole, with dirty clothes piled everywhere. He's talking into a CORDLESS PHONE, using his free hand to rub the back of his neck nervously.

MATT
(semi-whispering)
I need some K, dude. I need it for tonight.

We cut back and forth between Jimmy and Matt.

JIMMY
(still rolling up the window)
What?!

MATT
(semi-whispering)
Jesus Christ, Jimmy! My folks are home!
I need some K, dude!

JIMMY

Alright, alright! I got it, man, got plenty! I'll see you tonight!

Jimmy hangs up and begins to roll down the window. The cell phone begins ringing again. Jimmy reverses himself and begins rolling the window back up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's Jimmy!

We cut back and forth between Jimmy and Matt. Matt is now pacing back and forth in his shithole room. His voice is hushed, although the sense of urgency in it is obvious. Jimmy's still talking loud, as his Piece-of-Shit does not provide a quiet ride.

MATT

Jimmy! Jesus, man! Listen to me! I need one a' your special deliveries - I won't be around tonight!

JIMMY

Alright, man, when do you need it?!

MATT

Like, now, dude! For tonight! I'm taking off!

JIMMY

Matt, you're way out of the way, man! Wait for another delivery.

MATT

Look, I need it now, man! Now now now! I'm takin' off!

JIMMY

What's the rush?!

MATT

(finally confiding)

Look, dude, I'm takin' out this girl - a friend of Setzer's. He said I could bang her easy if I had some K.

JIMMY

Really?!

MATT

Easy, dude, easy. Setzer's words - *it's in the bag.*

Jimmy's eyes get very wide.

JIMMY

Jesus!

Jimmy slams on the breaks and cuts the wheel to the left. Too late. Jimmy rocks forward as the stress balls that were sitting on the passenger seat fly to the floor.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy's Piece-of-Shit has just rear-ended another CAR of equal value parked in front of a STOP SIGN in an otherwise empty intersection. The DRIVER of the forward Car stirs.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy has his right arm draped over the Pizza Boxes in the passenger seat, protecting them from flying forward as a parent would have instinctively reached to hold back a child. His Cell Phone starts ringing again. He slowly begins to stir.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION -- CONTINUOUS

The driver, DAVE, a large, ripped, soft-spoken juicehead, gets out of the forward car holding the back of his neck. He slams the door shut with his free hand, pissed, and staggers towards Jimmy's car. A twenty-something FEMALE PASSENGER is sitting motionless in the passenger seat. Dave glances up and sees Jimmy.

DAVE

Jimmy?
 (still dazed, but
 immediately friendly)
 Hey, what's up, man?

Jimmy turns off the ringer on his Cell Phone and gets out of his vehicle.

JIMMY

Shit, Dave, sorry 'bout that. I was talkin' on the phone. I didn't see the stop sign, I guess.

DAVE

Don't sweat it.
 (regarding his Car)
 I could give a shit about this thing. I was hopin' some rich doctor or lawyer or somethin' hit me.

Jimmy notices the Female Passenger in the passenger seat and walks toward her, with Dave following.

JIMMY

Holy shit, man, is she alright?

Jimmy and Dave both stand near the passenger side of the car. The window is completely open. The Female Passenger lies motionless, bleeding noticeably from the forehead.

DAVE

She'll be alright. You didn't hit us that hard - it's gotta look worse than it is.

JIMMY

What're you, a fuckin' doctor? We need ta get her to a hospital.

DAVE

Fuck that, you'll have all kinds 'a problems if we do that. Cops, insurance and whatnot. You probably got drugs on you...

JIMMY

Dave, look at her fuckin' head! She's bleedin' all over the place!

DAVE

Just give her a minute, she'll snap out of it. She's a stripper, for god-sake.

JIMMY

That's retarded.

The Female Passenger begins to slowly stir. It is clear she is out of it - still very woozy.

DAVE

See? I told ya.

JIMMY

Dave, you're a sick fuck. I'm calling 911. Look at the blood!

Jimmy reaches for his Cell Phone, but Dave again objects.

DAVE

Put that shit away. I'll take her home and give her some K, she'll be fine.

JIMMY

She needs a doctor. What the hell's K gonna do?

DAVE

Jimmy, listen, she's gonna be fine. A guy like you should be avoidin' that kinda' attention.

JIMMY

You should take better care of your girl.

DAVE

Bro, she ain't my girl. She plows through all my drugs, and I fuck her like a goddam whore. She's a whore.

FEMALE PASSENGER (O.S.)

Fuck you, Dave, you asshole!

DAVE

See, she's fine.

Dave lights a CIGARETTE.

JIMMY

Holy shit. You're fucked up.
(seeing an opportunity)
Hey, you need any juice or anythin'?

DAVE

No, man, I'm good.

JIMMY

You sure? Look, man, I just got a buncha' stuff. Coke, e, K. I gotta sell it fast, you can sell it to your crackhead friends whenever.

DAVE

You been placin' bets with Bobby the Bookie again?

JIMMY

No. I'm just, I'm payin', like, twenty percent on my cards and shit, and it drives me fuckin' nuts, pissin' all my money away.

DAVE

Sellin' drugs ta pay off the plastic, huh?

JIMMY

You want it?

DAVE

Look, I'm definitely interested in a little bit for myself, definitely, but I ain't no dealer like you. Lemme think about it.

JIMMY

Hey, your nose is bleedin'.

Dave reflexively puts a finger to his nostril and examines it for blood.

DAVE

Seriously?

JIMMY

No, just horsin' around.

DAVE

Listen, I gotta get going. Patch her head up and shit.

JIMMY

Yeah.

(regarding Dave's Car)

Sorry, man.

DAVE

Don't even sweat it, man, I told ya.

Jimmy and Dave get in their respective cars and drive off.

EXT. POOL, SWINGS -- DAY

EMILY is seated on a swing off to the side of the gated pool area, smoking a CIGARETTE, looking in through the gate at the pool. She's wearing an old, yet barely worn, BASEBALL CAP.

COREY (O.S.)

You smoke?!

EMILY

Yeah, so? You do drugs.

Corey enters the frame, grabs the Cigarette and stomps it out, but Emily's nonchalant demeanor remains.

COREY

How would you know?

EMILY

Everybody knows my brother does drugs.

COREY

So you heard about that thing that happened?

EMILY

Yeah. Everybody knows about that, too.

COREY

If you think so highly of me, what the hell are you doing here?

EMILY

I'm just saying. Why'd you try to put everything back in the house?

COREY

We ran outta of gas. We were right outside his house - what the hell else were we supposed to do? He wasn't supposed to be home for another hour. At least he took it easy on us.

EMILY

(changing the subject)

Here, I brought this.

Emily hands Corey the Baseball Cap. Corey is caught off-guard.

COREY

What for?

EMILY

Dad gave it to you, remember? You left it. I brought it for you.

COREY

Keep it. I don't wear hats.

EMILY

I don't want it.

Corey has no desire to wear it, so he holds it.

COREY

You go to see him at all?

EMILY

In prison? No, not lately.

COREY

So what's the problem? Vincent hitting you?

EMILY

Vincent? Vincent's gone. She's on Victor now.

COREY

What happened to Vincent?

EMILY

He found out about Victor.

PEDRO (O.S.)

(to Corey)

Vamos, I need the address! I have a pen
in the truck!

Pedro is standing at the gate.

COREY

So is Victor hitting you or what?

EMILY

No.

COREY

What then?

EMILY

I don't wanna talk about it. Forget it.

PEDRO

(to Corey)

Hurry up, mehn!

EMILY

You know he has porno magazines all over
his truck.

COREY

So?

Corey heads toward the gate and spots KEVIN, a young boy of about ten, sitting on the MOPED that was leaning up along the interior of the pool-area fence.

COREY (CONT'D)

Hey, Kevin, get off my bike, alright?

KEVIN

It's a moped.

COREY

Just lay off it.

Kevin gets off. Corey continues toward the gate.

EXT. POOL - PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

The driver-side door of a TOW TRUCK is swung wide open, with "ATHENS TOWING SERVICE" written on side. Pedro is leaning one hand on the rolled down window and his other hand on the roof of the Tow Truck, watching Corey, who is leaning over the Tow Truck's hood, writing Mr. Carson's address on a piece of PAPER with a PEN.

PEDRO

Gracias.

Pedro throws the Paper and Pen into the Tow Truck.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Oye, don't get mad, but would you be mad if I try to fuck your sister?

COREY

If you think you can.

PEDRO

Maybe you think you can talk to her for me?

COREY

Pedro, she's fifteen!

PEDRO

No way, mehn.

(forming breasts with his hands)

No con esas tetas.

COREY

I'll have you sent to jail, man. I'm serious.

PEDRO

No way she is fifteen. She looks way older.

COREY

She'll look a lot younger on the witness stand, with my mom sitting in the courtroom.

PEDRO

Bueno, tell her I say good-bye. I call you soon.

Pedro climbs behind the wheel as Corey holds the door open to talk to him.

COREY

So what're you gonna do?

PEDRO

I'm gonna find Mr. Cocksucker and say, "Look, mehn, let us into our fucking home."

Corey steps aside as Pedro shuts his door and turns the ignition.

COREY

Wait a second... Why are you still driving this thing? I thought you got fired.

PEDRO

Si, si, but I need it. How am I gonna drive without my truck. They fired me, mehn.

Corey watches as Pedro pulls out.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the police station with a number of POLICE CARS parked neatly in front. Two middle-age MALE POLICE OFFICERS are standing in front of the entrance, talking. Heather and Allison's AMBULANCE is parked in the lot across the street, facing the police station.

INT. AMBULANCE -- CONTINUOUS

The engine is off. HEATHER is behind the wheel and ALLISON is slouched back on the passenger seat, both watching the two Male Police Officers standing in front of the building.

ALLISON

I hate this job.

HEATHER

I should pick up one of them assholes.

ALLISON

Don't you have an appointment with Dr. Cook?

HEATHER

Five-thirty, and I'm not missing it.

ALLISON

Derek probably thinks you're sleeping with your doctor. There's nothing wrong with you.

HEATHER

(holding the lower
portion of her right
ribcage)

Ally, I have a pain right here that has nothing to do with my head. My dad died of heart disease, and if that asshole taught me anything, it's better to be paranoid than dead.

A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER, a prim-and-proper plain-jane 5'5" woman in her early twenties, exits the building and walks over to talk with the two Male Police Officers.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

That's her. Tess.

ALLISON

You're just guessing.

HEATHER

Ally, I know that's her. That's his type, too. That little slut.

Both Heather's and Allison's BEEPERS go off. They both look down at their Beepers and sit up in their seats.

ALLISON

Harry's waiting.

HEATHER

Sorry if I snapped.

ALLISON

You didn't snap.

HEATHER

I mean this morning.

ALLISON

Oh. That's okay.

Heather starts the Ambulance and starts to pull out of the lot.

HEATHER

I'm just afraid its gonna be the whole thing all over again with Derek, and then I've got to find some other asshole, and do it all again. I'm sick of the whole cycle.

ALLISON

So do something different.

HEATHER

I'm trying, but he's fucking it all up.

As they pull out of the lot, the two Male Police Officers head toward their Police Cars and the Female Police Officer heads back inside the station.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

JESSICA is on a PHONE, holding a bookmarked trash NOVEL in her hand. PITT is sitting on the couch watching TV.

JESSICA

Yeah, where are you?

CARLOS' VOICE

Right down the street, gettin' some more nachos.

JESSICA

Can you just come back and get me? Hurry up.

Jessica looks up to see TROY entering the house with AARON behind him. TROY is a shaggy, 5'10" pothead slacker in his late teens, wearing beat-up jeans, a t-shirt with a faded logo on it, and light hair above his lip and on his chin. AARON, a burly mutt, about the same age and only slightly shorter, wearing cut-off cargo pants with one of the thigh pockets ripped off, a sleeveless shirt and a tattoo on his left shoulder. Troy notices Jessica immediately.

TROY

Holy shit.

JESSICA

Aaron, I don't know how the hell you got...

AARON

(interrupting)

Fucking bitch!

Aaron shoves Troy roughly out of the way as Jessica bolts out of the room.

PITT

(to Jessica)

Use the back door, yo!

Jessica runs out the back door and around the front of the house. Aaron sees her turn the corner of the house, and he turns around to cut her off.

AARON

(to Pitt)

Man, don't be helpin' that bitch!

PITT

I don't want to see you be hittin' no girl. Just calm your ass down.

AARON

Fuck you!

Aaron runs out the front door after Jessica.

TROY
He's gonna kill her.

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Aaron is out the front door, yelling at Jessica who is further down the street.

AARON
Where you goin', bitch?!

Jessica runs to Carlos's CAR, opens the door, throws the Novel in and jumps in after it. She throws on her seatbelt and rifles through her purse, looking for her pepper spray.

JESSICA
Drive!

CARLOS
(starting the Car)
What's the deal?

Aaron, holding a ROCK slightly bigger than his fist, smashes the passenger-side window.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

JESSICA
Fucking drive!

Aaron reaches in and grabs Jessica's hair and begins to rip her out of the car, cutting his own arm while doing so. Aaron growls, more in anger than pain, as he yanks with all his might. Jessica is holding onto the inside of the passenger door with one hand, and is scratching and clawing at Aaron to get Aaron to release her with her other hand. Jessica's seat belt clearly is the only thing keeping her in the car. Carlos is pulling away slowly. Aaron releases one hand from Jessica's hair and punches at the top of her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

AARON
Fuck you, you filthy fuckin' whore!

Aaron repeatedly tries to hit Jessica with his free hand as Carlos pulls into the street. Aaron runs along with the car. Jessica reaches toward Aaron with a closed fist, where she is holding her PEPPER SPRAY. She sprays at Aaron but misses. Aaron grabs at her fist with his free hand and rips the Pepper Spray from Jessica. Jessica screams in pain as Aaron sprays away.

AARON (CONT'D)
You like that, bitch?! Huh?!

Carlos swerves violently to the side towards a parked CAR along the side of the road. Aaron is plowed along toward the Car, but releases Jessica at the last possible second, just avoiding a collision with the Car. Carlos was not fooling around.

Aaron watches them tear down the street before he about-faces and walks briskly back toward the house, where Troy is standing on the front porch watching the action.

INT. CARLOS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica is still reeling from the pepper spray. She can barely stammer out her words.

JESSICA

Oh my God, my fucking eyes!

CARLOS

Jesus, look at my car, Jess!

JESSICA

That fucking... asshole!

CARLOS

Now I'm screwed too.

Carlos turns to look through the rear window of his car - all clear.

JESSICA

(practically sobbing)

I'm so sorry.

An otherwise believable apology, except that Carlos knows Jessica too well. Jessica does not want to be in this alone. Carlos cuts the wheel to the right and tears down a side street.

EXT. LANDLORD'S HOUSE -- DAY

Pedro pulls his TOW TRUCK and parallel parks on the street in front of the house.

Pedro gets out of his Tow Truck and walks up to the front door. He rings the doorbell. There is no answer, so he rings the doorbell again, then knocks on the door. Again no answer, so he bangs on the door vigorously. He leans over and peers inside the window. As he does so, MR. CARSON opens the front door, apparently having just woken up.

MR. CARSON

Pedro? What're you doing here? Get the hell off my porch.

PEDRO

Hey, mehn, let me into my fucking apartment.

MR. CARSON

Either pay me or get off my porch.

Mr. Carson shuts the door. Pedro turns around and eyes the gray FORD TAURUS parked behind his Tow Truck. He walks back to his Tow Truck and grabs some tools. He begins hitching up the Ford Taurus to his Tow Truck.

Mr. Carson parts the curtain behind his front window, eyes wide as he watches Pedro. The front door opens, and Mr. Carson comes storming out.

MR. CARSON (CONT'D)

Pedro! What the hell are you doing?!

PEDRO

I'm hitching up your car to my tow truck.

MR. CARSON

Let it down right now you psychotic sonuvabitch!

PEDRO

Let me in my fucking apartment, mehn!

MR. CARSON

Pay the damn rent!

PEDRO

I'm gonna pay, mehn! I got fired!

MR. CARSON

Bullshit! You never pay rent, and I know you've had a job! I'm sicka' this shit! Put down my car, or I'm callin' the cops to haul your ass outta here!

PEDRO

Listen, don't be a cocksucker. It's not needed.

MR. CARSON

I'm done with it. Let my car down.

PEDRO

I need a job, mehn, then I pay you.

MR. CARSON

Margaret wants you out of the house anyway. Now let my car down.

PEDRO

You need some balls, mehn! Why do you let her slap you around?!

MR. CARSON

Nobody slaps nobody around.

PEDRO

Hay, por favor! I come by here to pay rent, I always hear her slapping your ass around.

MR. CARSON

I'm going inside to get the phone. If you're still here when I come back out I'm gonna dial the police with you standing right here next to me.

Mr. Carson proceeds inside. Pedro watches Mr. Carson proceed back into the house as he releases the Ford Taurus back down to the ground.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, PARKING LOT-- DAY

The baseball field is empty. MATT is leaning against the driver-side door of his CAR, which is parked all by itself near a dumpster at the edge of the lot. JIMMY pulls his PIECE-OF-SHIT up and parks next to the driver-side door of Matt's Car.

Jimmy climbs out of his Piece-of-Shit.

MATT

Dude, what the hell?! I'm ready to go here! Where the hell were you?!

JIMMY

I got into a freakin' accident!

Matt starts walking to meet Jimmy at the rear of the cars.

MATT

Bullshit, man, fucking bullshit! You make me come all the way out here! I been waitin'!

JIMMY

Look, you're pissin' me off now! Remember who's doin' fuckin' who the favor! I got shit I gotta do!

Matt pulls his WALLET out of his back pocket.

MATT
(about to blow, then
controls himself)
Fine, fine! Just give it to me.

JIMMY
I didn't want to bring my bag to your
house, with your fuckin' parents home.

Jimmy opens his trunk and pulls his BACKPACK out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Where's my Grand Theft Auto?

MATT
I lent it to Jerry.

JIMMY
What'd you do that for? Get it back.

MATT
He moved down the shore. This morning.

Rushed, Jimmy blows it off and pulls a jar of K out of his Backpack.

JIMMY
Alright, sixty bucks.

MATT
What? Fer one freakin' jar?!

JIMMY
Dude, stop your bitchin' and pay up. I
told you this shit, I told you.

MATT
You said extra, I thought you meant, like,
fifty!

JIMMY
Asshole, fifty is the regular fuckin'
price!

MATT
This is fuckin' extortion! Knowin' I'm
meetin' this chick, so you jack up the
price!

JIMMY
Look! This is a pain in my ass, comin'
way out here, and I said I'd charge you
extra. I don't give a shit if its ten
over the regular price, or twenty-five
over your fuckin' "discount price," but
you're payin' sixty bucks for this jar.

MATT
 (weakly)
 Man, what the hell.
 (looks in his Wallet)
 I need some cash for food and drinks, man!
 I'm takin' this girl out!

JIMMY
 (considering)
 Gimme fifty even.

MATT
 C'mon, man! I need as much cash as I can
 get! What if she wants to go somewhere?!
 And gas! Dude, just take forty-five!

JIMMY
 (breaking)
 Fine, you cheap-ass fuckin' bastard.

Jimmy accepts the Forty-Five Dollars, and gives Matt the jar of K.
 Jimmy is pissed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Here, man, go fuckin' get high.

MATT
 (almost apologetic)
 See ya.

Jimmy throws his Backpack back in the trunk and slams it shut.

EXT. POOL, CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

COREY is on a PAYPHONE outside the restrooms, talking to PEDRO.

PEDRO'S VOICE
 He said "no," mehn. The cocksucker won't
 let us back in.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Pedro is on a PAYPHONE. We cut back and forth between Pedro and
 Corey.

COREY
 That's great.

PEDRO
 Hey, this isn't my fault, mehn.

A short beat as Corey thinks.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Hello?

Corey hangs up and puts more coins into the Payphone. Pete approaches, looking for Corey.

PETE

Corey.

Corey tries to phase out Pete's voice.

PETE (CONT'D)

The Blandinos just called again. The broken glass is still there.

ROB'S VOICE

(via the Payphone)

Hello?

PETE

And the grass needs to be cut.

COREY

(hurriedly to Pete)

Okay, I'll take care of it.

PETE

(sarcastic)

Don't forget to put gas in it.

Pete exits.

COREY

Rob? It's Corey Becker.

ROB'S VOICE

Hey.

COREY

You got any spare cash?

EXT. POOL -- MOMENTS LATER

EMILY is laying back in a lounge chair. Corey enters the pool area from clubhouse carrying the BASEBALL CAP. He walks over to his MOPED chained to the gate, throws on his Baseball Cap, unlocks his Moped, and pushes it through the gate where resident KIDS are gathered around a ping pong table. Emily watches as he hops on the Moped and throws on his HELMET. KID #1, one of the younger kids at the table, spot Corey in the distance.

KID #1

Corey! Hey Corey!

Corey looks over as he starts his Moped.

KID #1 (CONT'D)
Gorski says he can beat you!

COREY
Maybe he can.

KID #1
Yeah right! Get over here and whip his
ass real quick!

Corey kicks the stand up on his Moped and rides off.

KID #1 (CONT'D)
(shouting after him)
Aw, c'mon! Corey!

EXT. RESCUE SQUAD -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The small wooden bench on which Heather and Allison were sitting earlier is empty.

INT. RESCUE SQUAD, LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

HEATHER and ALLISON are changing back into their civies and putting away their EMS gear into their lockers.

HEATHER
Are you comin' with me to register
tomorrow?

ALLISON
I dunno.

HEATHER
Why not?

ALLISON
My brother spent six thousand on tech
courses and he's still painting houses.

HEATHER
(looking at her watch)
I'm gonna be late.

ALLISON
Why don't you just reschedule?

HEATHER
You know how booked he always is. I don't
wanna be referred to that quack Hengis. I
don't trust women doctors.

ALLISON
Dr. Hengis is fine. You're the quack.

HEATHER

Ally, I'm really feeling something. A deep ache, like someone's crushing me. This can't wait.

ALLISON

You still feel like going out?

HEATHER

Hell yes.

Heather shuts her locker.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

JIMMY is driving his PIECE-OF-SHIT with a clear look of anger and frustration in his face. The windows are down, but the radio is no longer playing.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy's CELL PHONE rings. He answers.

JIMMY

Yeah, its Jimmy.

PIZZA POP'S VOICE

Hey-a Jimmy! Where are you?! We got two calls from 45 Smith Street wondering where their food is!

JIMMY

(over the wind noise)

I got into an accident!

PIZZA POP'S VOICE

An accident?! Are you okay, Jimmy?!

JIMMY

I'm fine! My car's banged up, but I'm on my way!

PIZZA POP'S VOICE

Okay! Drive careful!

JIMMY

Yeah!

Jimmy hits a button to hang up and shuts the Cell Phone, but the cell phone immediately rings again. Jimmy flips the cell phone open again. His eyes grow wide as he stares at the caller ID, which reads "CAR LEE." Jimmy stares at the Cell Phone as it continues ringing and ringing.

He hits a button and replaces the Cell Phone to his ear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

KWON'S VOICE

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Who is this?

INT. CAR'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

KWON, an Asian-American in his early twenties, holding to his ear the CORDLESS PHONE that was on the coffee table, is pacing in front of CAR, who is still seated on the couch in the exact position we saw him last. The GYM BAG that Jimmy emptied earlier is on the floor at his feet. We cut back and forth between Jimmy and Kwon.

KWON

You don't have caller ID?

JIMMY

I'm driving. Who is this?

KWON

Kwon.

JIMMY

Hey, Kwon. What's up? Where are you?

KWON

I'm on my cousin's phone.

JIMMY

Where's Car?

KWON

He's right here. He said you guys were supposed to meet.

Jimmy runs a yellow light that turns red while he's still crossing the intersection.

JIMMY

He did? Well, yeah, I stopped by this morning. Nobody was there.

KWON

You didn't come in?

JIMMY

No. Nobody answered the door.

KWON

Well, you want to come by now? I'll be here. You can make your pick-up.

JIMMY

Can't do it now. I'm delivering on the other side of town.

KWON

Deliveries? Jimmy, fuck the pizza. Stop by and get your shit.

JIMMY

I can't. What's the big deal?

Jimmy, very anxious, runs a red light. A CAR going the other way stops and honks.

KWON

Jimmy, my cousin's dead, and there's a shitload 'a shit missing from our house.

JIMMY

Car?

KWON

What do you think?

JIMMY

I don't know.

The TRAFFIC in front of Jimmy slows, and Jimmy coasts to a standstill at the tail of the traffic and in the middle of a busy intersection.

KWON

I want you to come over here and tell me everything that happened when you stopped by.

JIMMY

Nothing happened, Kwon. I knocked and no one answered.

KWON

You didn't ring the doorbell?

Jimmy's light turns yellow while he is still at a standstill in the middle of the intersection.

JIMMY

That's what I meant.

KWON

And no one answered.

JIMMY

No. No one answered.

KWON

You left a message on our house phone this morning. Why didn't you call our cells when you got here?

Jimmy's light turns red, and he is still at a standstill in the middle of the intersection. A CAR at the head of the cross traffic inches up to Jimmy's Piece-of-Shit and honks, but Jimmy does not seem to notice.

JIMMY

(stumped)

Why didn't I call. Good question.

KWON

What the fuck do I care, you think it's a good question?! Are you fucking kidding me?!

JIMMY

Look, I didn't think of it. I got a lotta shit on my mind right now.

KWON

Jimmy, do you have my drugs?

JIMMY

No.

The cross traffic honking grows louder, even though there is nowhere for Jimmy to go.

KWON

Alright. If you hear anything, you call me.

JIMMY

I will. Sorry about Car.

KWON

Thanks, Jimmy.

Jimmy hangs up.

EXT. INTERSECTION -- CONTINUOUS

Cars are still honking at Jimmy as he continues to sit at a standstill in the intersection.

JIMMY
 (generally to the other
 drivers)
 Fuck off!

Jimmy throws his Piece-of-Shit in reverse, then cuts left, through and out of the intersection.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

JIMMY parallel parks his PIECE-OF-SHIT in front of his apartment and exits carrying his BACKPACK. He unlocks the door to his apartment, opens it, and steps one foot inside.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy slides the Backpack into his apartment. TIGHT on the backpack as it slides across the hardwood floor, straight towards the camera, to a halt immediately in front of the camera. Jimmy steps back outside and shuts the door.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE -- DAY

COREY is standing in the middle of an unkept lawn, watching ROB, about eighteen and wearing Corey's HELMET, ride Corey's MOPED in circles around him on the lawn. He's treating the Moped rather roughly, pulling wheelies and kicking the tail end out repeatedly. Corey is watching impatiently, holding the BASEBALL CAP at his side.

Rob jumps the Moped over the curb into the street, then turns up the driveway and pulls up alongside Corey. Rob removes the Helmet.

ROB
 I'll take it.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- DAY

AARON returns from the kitchen drinking from a can of SODA. TROY and PITT are on the couch, VIDEO GAME CONTROLLERS in their hands, waiting for the VIDEO GAME to load. Troy is lighting a CIGARETTE.

AARON
 (to Troy)
 C'mon, let's go find her.

TROY
 I'm not gonna go scouring the countryside
 lookin' fer her.

AARON
 Gimme yer keys.

PITT
 (to Troy)
 Don't give him your keys.

AARON

(to Pitt)

You want a smack? I am seriously gonna smack yer ass.

PITT

Don't give me no attitude, just cause you got mushrooms growin' on your balls.

AARON

(to Troy)

Let's go, man.

(re Pitt)

Fuck this asshole.

TROY

No, man, I don't wanna see you hittin' Jess neither.

The PHONE on the coffee table rings. Pitt picks it up.

PITT

Dominoes.

(a beat, then to Aaron)

It's her.

Pitt tosses the Phone to Aaron.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- CONTINUOUS

CARLOS has parked his CAR along the side of the street. JESSICA is in the passenger seat on her CELL PHONE.

AARON'S VOICE

Jess, come back here.

JESSICA

Yeah right.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Aaron is walking into the kitchen, and although he is furious, he is keeping his voice down so that Pitt and Troy do not hear. Cut back and forth between Aaron in his house and Jessica in Carlos' Car.

AARON

Jess, I'm serious. We need to talk about this.

JESSICA

Isn't that what we're doing?

AARON

Fine! Who'd you fuck?

JESSICA

Nobody.

AARON

Bull-fuckin'-shit! I got bumps on my dick, and I never cheated!

JESSICA

Maybe its just a rash, 'cause I don't have anything.

AARON

Why don't we go to the doctor and get you checked out?

JESSICA

I can go to the doctor by myself. And if I have it, I got it from you!

AARON

You're fuckin' fulla shit!

JESSICA

Whatever. If you come after me again, I'm gonna find someone to kick your ass. I mean it.

AARON

I believe it, you fuckin' whore! 'Cause it's probably the same dude you been bangin' behind my back!

JESSICA

I never cheated.

AARON

Tell Carlos I'm gonna kick his ass.

Aaron hangs up.

INT. CARLOS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Back to Jessica and Carlos in Carlos' parked Car.

CARLOS

(anxious)

What's up?

JESSICA

He's pissed. Says he's gonna kick our asses.

CARLOS

Great. I got a baseball bat in the trunk.

JESSICA

Good.

CARLOS

I gotta go to work in an hour.

JESSICA

Call in sick.

CARLOS

Yeah, maybe. You mean it when you said you were gonna find someone to kick his ass?

JESSICA

Yeah.

CARLOS

Who?

JESSICA

You don't know him. He graduated before us.

Jessica notices something, turning to look out the broken passenger-side window. She's stares, interested.

CARLOS

He a big dude?

JESSICA

(still staring out the window)

Not really, but he gets into fights all the time, at parties and stuff. And he knows a lot of people.

Through the window, we see that Carlos' Car is parked across the street from Car's house, and that a POLICE CAR and a CORONER'S VAN are parked in front of it. Kwon is standing with a POLICE OFFICER, more distraught than the last time we saw him, answering questions. He's oblivious to Jessica and Carlos.

CARLOS

Call him.

JESSICA

I'd rather go over in person.

CARLOS

Why?

Jessica turns back to Carlos.

JESSICA
 (not exactly confident)
 I can be more... persuasive in person.

Jessica punches another number into her Cell Phone.

CARLOS
 (disappointed)
 Swell.

KATIE'S VOICE
 Hello, this is Katie Kinney!

JESSICA
 Katie, it's Jessica.

KATIE'S VOICE
 Where are you?

JESSICA
 Have you eaten?

KATIE'S VOICE
 I'm starving!

JESSICA
 Okay, I'm going to be home in a little
 bit, okay?

KATIE'S VOICE
 Alright.

Jessica hangs up and throws her Cell Phone on top of the dashboard.

JESSICA
 Drive.

Carlos starts the Car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the Car pulling back out onto the street as
 Kwon continues talking to the Police Officer in the background.

EXT. LANDLORD'S HOUSE -- DAY

ROB is riding his newly-acquired MOPED, with COREY on the back.
 Corey is holding Rob with one hand, his BASEBALL CAP with the other.
 He drops Corey off in front of Mr. Carson's house.

As Rob pulls a wheelie and exits the frame, Corey walks up to the
 front door of the house. He rings the doorbell, reaching into his
 pocket and pulling out a wad of BILLS as he waits. Mr. Carson opens
 the door.

COREY

Hey Mr. Carson. I got the rent.

Mr. Carson opens the screen door, and Corey hands him the Bills.
Mr. Carson begins counting them.

COREY (CONT'D)

Can you let us back into our apartment
now?

MR. CARSON

This is only one month. You boys owe
three.

COREY

That's all we have. We'll give you the
rest later, as soon as we can.

MR. CARSON

When you get me the rest, I'll let you
back in.

COREY

Mr. Carson, c'mon! This is just
temporary. Pedro lost his job.

MR. CARSON

Bullshit. You're always late. You should
spend less time trying to rob houses, and
more time working.

COREY

Aren't you supposed to take us to court
before you throw us out?

MRS. CARSON (O.S.)

Holy fuck, Shelby! Shut the goddam door
already you stupid bastard! You're
letting the cold air out!

MR. CARSON

(suddenly in a hurry)
Tell it to my lawyer.

COREY

Aw, c'mon! Don't be like that! We're
doin' our best! We're gonna be homeless!

MRS. CARSON (O.S.)

Shut the goddam door!

MR. CARSON

Three months!

Mr. Carson slams the door.

COREY
 (banging on the door)
 C'mon!

Corey stands and stares at the door a moment. He turns and leaves, resigned to a long walk back to the pool.

EXT. DINER, BACK-LOT -- DAY

PEDRO is driving nonchalantly toward the back-lot. A song is playing on the car radio.

WIDE on a parked MUSTANG, a couple empty parking spaces on the passenger side of it. Pedro's TOW TRUCK backs up into the frame so that it's back end is almost touching the front end of the Mustang.

Pedro climbs out of his Tow Truck, leaving it on, and starts walking around to the back of it. Suddenly remembering, he doubles back and sticks his head in through the driver-side window, checking the gas gage. It's more than 3/4 full.

Satisfied, Pedro proceeds toward the rear of the tow truck and hitches the Mustang to the back of it. An older couple pulls into the parking lot and parks one car length from the Mustang. OLDER MAN and OLDER WOMAN climb out of their CAR. The Older Man has taken an interest in what Pedro is doing.

OLDER MAN
 Hey, can I park here?

PEDRO
 (very friendly)
 Si, si, of course.
 (motioning toward the
 Mustang)
 The transmission is broke. Transmissions
 on these cars suck.

Older Woman notices that the front passenger-side tire is flat.

OLDER WOMAN
 (pointing)
 Oh, and the tire's flat, too.

Pedro steps around to the passenger side of the Mustang, surprised to see the FLAT TIRE.

PEDRO
 Ah, si, but that's no big deal. That's
 fine, believe me.

Older Man and Older Woman begin walking toward the entrance to the diner.

OLDER MAN

Good luck.

PEDRO

Gracias!

As Older Man and Older Woman proceed toward the diner, Pedro opens the door to his Tow Truck, and reaches in to hit the control which lifts the Mustang.

EXT. DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Through the window we see PATRONS eating. Pedro drives by in his Tow Truck with the Mustang hitched to the back.

INT. DR. COOK'S OFFICE, EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

HEATHER is sitting on the examining table, topless, holding her breath as DR. COOK runs a STETHOSCOPE on different areas of her back. Heather's BLOUSE and PURSE are lying on the examining table beside her.

DR. COOK

Breathe out.

Heather lets her breath out.

DR. COOK (CONT'D)

It's official. You're as healthy as you were last week, and last week you were as healthy as an ox.

HEATHER

Are you sure you're using that thing right? I feel this ache
(indicating her chest)
Right here, like I'm being crushed between two boards.

DR. COOK

Nobody's crushing you. Honest. I'm sure. It's all in your head. I know a couple quacks...

HEATHER

I don't need a head doctor!

DR. COOK

I was just kidding there.

Heather reaches into her PURSE and lights a CIGARETTE. Dr. Cook sighs - they've had a discussion about Heather's smoking before.

DR. COOK (CONT'D)

Heather, if you're going to insist on ignoring my rules, at least put your blouse on before you light up.

Heather hops off the bench and makes a sudden about-face. She is gesturing wildly, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she is half-naked.

HEATHER

Can't I be concerned about my health?! Is that so outrageous?!

Dr. Cook is clearly uncomfortable conversing with Heather while her breasts are exposed.

DR. COOK

Heather...

HEATHER

I just don't want to be walking around tomorrow and drop dead because my heart collapses, and so that makes me weird or paranoid...

DR. COOK

Heather, there's nothing wrong with being concerned about your health. Please put your blouse back on.

Heather grabs her Blouse from the table and puts it back on.

DR. COOK (CONT'D)

So I'll see you next week then.

HEATHER

(suddenly friendly again)
Okay, yeah, see you next week.

Heather leaves and shuts the door behind her.

EXT. DEREK'S HOUSE -- DAY

The sound of panting can be heard. Two people are having sex. There are no words, although the girl regularly lets out high-pitched groans, indicative of at least a little pain.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

LOW ANGLE MEDIUM on ALLISON bent over the bed, mouth agape. She buries her face in the mattress, revealing DEREK thrusting from behind. Derek climaxes. Allison pops up from below.

ALLISON

I'm two pounds heavier I think.

Derek lies back to put his head on the pillow.

DEREK

Sorry.

Allison lies on top, nestling her head in his chest.

ALLISON

It hurt. I knew it would hurt, but that was kinda worse than I thought. Does Heather... like it?

DEREK

She never let's me do it.

ALLISON

She doesn't? Why not?

DEREK

I don't know. She does shave though. How come you don't shave?

ALLISON

I don't know. I don't want to. Do you love her?

DEREK

I don't know.

ALLISON

How can you not know?

DEREK

She's got problems.

ALLISON

I don't understand you. Why do you even cheat on her with me? She's so pretty. So much prettier than me.

DEREK

She's a nutcase. I'll tell you what, I don't know why you do it. You should have a man of your own - we say it all the time, me and Heather.

ALLISON

Yeah, who? That slob you and Heather introduced me to last time?

DEREK

He outranks me. He's a good guy.

ALLISON

Like me, I'm a good girl, and the best I can do is a guy that looks like that?

DEREK

No.

ALLISON

You must think so. You tried to set me up with him.

DEREK

I thought it was a bad match. It was Heather's idea.

ALLISON

So she thinks I can't do better.

DEREK

You know what she thinks better than me.

Allison climbs out of bed, and her mood changes from thoughtful to business-like. She begins putting her CLOTHES on.

ALLISON

Let's get dressed, she'll be here.

Derek looks calmly over at the ALARM CLOCK on the nightstand.

DEREK

Let's let her walk in on us, and look surprised.

ALLISON

Hurry up.

Allison opens the door and walks out, a little bow-legged.

INT. PIZZA SHOP -- DAY

JIMMY walks through the front door. PIZZA POP spots him immediately from behind the counter. The PHONE rings, but Pizza Pop ignores it.

PIZZA POP

Hey-a Jimmy. Where you been?

JIMMY

Around. Deliverin'.

PIZZA POP

Hurry - sit down Anna eat something. We got more deliveries for you.

Jimmy walks around the counter, grabs a couple of SLICES and throws them in the oven. Pizza Pop picks up the Phone.

PIZZA POP (CONT'D)
 (into the Phone)
 Poppy's!

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The door bursts open and JESSICA enters, followed by CARLOS. KATIE is watching TV.

JESSICA
 Did your parents call?

KATIE
 Nope! Where were you?

JESSICA
 Out with Carlos.

Jessica disappears into the kitchen.

KATIE
 The VCR is broken.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica tosses a FROZEN DINNER into the microwave.

JESSICA
 (yelling to Carlos in the
 living room)
 'Los, are you hungry?!

CARLOS (O.S.)
 I guess.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jessica places two Frozen Dinners, complete with a FORK apiece, down on the coffee table. Katie grabs her Fork.

KATIE
 Are we going to have TV dinners all weekend?

JESSICA
 No. I promise. You want some milk?

KATIE
 Can I have ice-tea?

JESSICA
 Of course.
 (to Carlos)
 Can you make her some ice-tea?

CARLOS
Aren't you gonna eat?

JESSICA
I'm gonna take a shower.

Carlos is disappointed that Jessica wants to fix herself up to see Carter. Katie is already eating.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

We're behind JESSICA as she removes her SHORTS and her SHIRT.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Katie now has a glass of ICE-TEA in front of her. Carlos is behind the TV and VCR, fiddling with the wires.

KATIE
Are you Jessica's new boyfriend?

CARLOS
No.

KATIE
I wish you were. I don't like Aaron.

CARLOS
Neither do I.

KATIE
Don't you like Jessica?

CARLOS
Kind of, I guess. She's nice.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica showering, obscured by the semi-opaque glass shower doors.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

HEATHER, ALLISON and DEREK are seated at the table with CHINESE TAKE-OUT in front of them. A NEWSPAPER opened to the classifieds lies near Derek's place at the table. Derek and Allison are chowing down while Heather sits watching Derek. Derek is using a FORK.

HEATHER
Take a look at that paper. There's at least a half dozen apartments I circled that would be perfect.

Derek continues chowing down, not responding. Derek's CELL PHONE rings, and he answers it.

DEREK

Yeah?

(beat)

You're joking.

(beat)

Alright, ten minutes.

Derek hangs up, stands up, and puts the Cell Phone in his pocket.

HEATHER

(guessing at the purpose
of the call, completely
frustrated)

Great.

DEREK

That was Tess. Said I had to come back
in.

HEATHER

Are you fucking Tess?

DEREK

What? No. Look, I gotta go. I'll see
you at Carter's when I get off.

Derek takes another bite, gets up and heads for the door.

HEATHER

I'm not dropping this!

DEREK

Since when do you drop anything?

Derek exits as Heather's eyes hang on him.

HEATHER

You see that? He practically said yes.

Heather gets up and walks in the direction of Derek's bedroom.
Allison instinctively rises and follows.

ALLISON

What're you doing?

HEATHER

I'm gonna look through his shit.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Heather walks over to the bed and starts rifling through the mess on
the nightstand. She picks up a tube of ASTROGLIDE and nonchalantly
throws it on the bed.

ALLISON
You're finally flipping, I think.

HEATHER
You're a lot of help, Ally. Really.
Thanks.

Heather opens the nightstand drawer and immediately pulls out a box of CONDOMS, showing them to Allison.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
See?! See?!

ALLISON
So what. Condoms.

HEATHER
Ally, I'm on the fucking pill. He hasn't
used condoms with me for weeks.

ALLISON
So maybe those are left-overs.

HEATHER
Ally, these are not left-overs. He never
used regular condoms with me.

ALLISON
(caught off guard)
Why not?

HEATHER
Because if he did, he took two fucking
days to come. I always made him wear
ultra-thin, ribbed, anything but this
shit.

ALLISON
He took too long for you?

HEATHER
Ally, I'd be done, and I'd have to lie
there like another hour 'till he got off.
I couldn't fucking stand it. Why the hell
do you think I started on the pill, Ally?
Me. Putting that hormone shit in my body.

ALLISON
How would I know?

HEATHER
Well that's why.
(remembering)
Anyway, that's neither here nor fucking
there. That asshole is using

(re Condoms)
these things, and not on me.

ALLISON
Just call him and ask him.

HEATHER
No, no, fuck that. We're going to go to the party, have some fun. When he's all good and drunk, you're going to ask him when I'm not around.

ALLISON
Yeah right.

HEATHER
Ally, I'm serious. If he's drunk and having fun, and you just work it in on him real casual, he may slip. He'll never admit shit to me.

ALLISON
He won't to me either.

HEATHER
Ally! Just fucking try it!

ALLISON
I don't wanna spy on him for you!

HEATHER
Ally, look, he's cheating on me, I know it in my heart, but I want him to admit it, alright? Before I fucking flush what's left of this shithole relationship down the toilet, I want him to admit it.

ALLISON
Fine, I'll see.

HEATHER
Fine.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -- DAY

Jimmy is sitting in an alley behind the pizza shop, finishing a COKE with plenty of ice. Kwon emerges from the back door of the pizza shop. Jimmy sees Kwon, and hides his displeasure as best he can.

KWON
Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY
What's up.

KWON

I'm just looking for my stuff. Let's take a ride.

JIMMY

Where?

KWON

Your place.

JIMMY

Can't do it 'til after work.

KWON

You're sitting here on your ass!

JIMMY

I gotta eat. I'm going back to work now. My boss needs me - I'm the only delivery guy.

KWON

Is that your piece-of-shit out front?

JIMMY

Yeah.

KWON

Let's check that out.

JIMMY

I told you, I ain't got your shit.

KWON

Hey! Until I find the drugs, everyone is a suspect!

Jimmy's Cell Phone rings.

KWON (CONT'D)

(regarding the call)

Fuck that. Let's look in your car.

Jimmy reaches into his pocket, but instead of a cell phone, he pulls out his car KEYS, which he tosses at Kwon. Kwon storms off, and Jimmy grabs his CELL PHONE out of his other pocket and answers it.

JIMMY

Hey, it's Jimmy.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dave is standing in front of finishing up blending a PROTEIN DRINK, holding a CORDLESS PHONE to his ear. Cut back and forth between Jimmy and Dave.

DAVE

Hey man, it's Dave. I got happy news for you.

JIMMY

You want the juice?

DAVE

I told ya, I got plenty. But about the other stuff, I been thinkin' 'bout your problem, and I know a guy who could help you out. Buy a lot a' your shit all at once.

JIMMY

The juice?

DAVE

No, no. I'm talkin' 'bout the coke an' shit. I might know somebody.

JIMMY

(lowering his voice in case Kwon comes back)

Who?

DAVE

This spear-chucker from Manville. Sold me some fake D-ball once. I tied his brother's dog to my front bumper and we talked it out. Turned out to be an okay guy. I gave him a call and he's definitely lookin'.

JIMMY

For how much?

Dave, having walked into the living room, takes a seat on the couch next to the FEMALE PASSENGER we saw earlier, her head now bandaged. She is snorting a line of COKE off of the coffee table.

DAVE

Well, he's pretty small time, but he's itchin' to move up a few notches.

JIMMY

He's got money?

DAVE

He talks so much shit it's hard to tell. You need to talk to *him*.

Jimmy considers, then pulls a PEN and his DELIVERY LIST out of his pocket. He turns the Delivery List over to write on the back.

JIMMY
Gimme his number, man.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

The doors of Jimmy's PIECE-OF-SHIT are flung wide open. Kwon is hauling Jimmy's spare TIRE out of the trunk.

JIMMY
Kwon, what the hell are you doing?

Kwon dumps the Tire on the ground and, seeing nowhere to hide anything, stands straight up and looks at Jimmy.

KWON
When you off work?

JIMMY
Don't know. Maybe nine or nine-thirty.

Kwon tosses Jimmy his KEYS back, jumps in his BMW, and takes off. Jimmy becomes increasingly resolved as he watches him leave. Jimmy pulls out his Delivery List and his Cell Phone. He turns the Delivery List over to the number on the back and punches it into his Cell Phone. He paces as he talks.

SINJIN'S VOICE
Hello?

JIMMY
Is this Sinjin?

SINJIN'S VOICE
Yeah, who's this?

JIMMY
This is Jimmy. Juicehead Dave's friend.

SINJIN'S VOICE
Yeah, I know.

EXT. POOL -- DAY

PETE is on a ride-on LAWN MOWER. He spots COREY walking toward the gate to the pool area.

PETE
(over the noise of the
lawn mower)
Hey!

Pete shuts off the blade and steers the Lawn Mower over to Corey, stopping just short of him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been!

COREY

I know, Pete. I'm real real sorry. I got things going on, you wouldn't believe it. My life is crazy right now.

PETE

You have a job here, Corey! You can't just go taking off!

COREY

I know. I'm sorry. I mean, I know, the Blandino's. I'm going now.

PETE

I already took care of that!
 (hopping off the Lawn
 Mower)
 Just finish up what I'm doing, then take care of the fertilizer spill in the utility room.

COREY

Okay, alright, I will.

Corey hops on the Lawn Mower, turns on the blade, and picks up where Pete left off. Pete shakes his head in disgust and heads into the garage.

Corey is wide-eyed as he turns the corner entering the last leg of his first lawn lap and spots PEDRO approaching in his TOW TRUCK with the MUSTANG hitched to the back of it. He shuts the blade off and steers the Lawn Mower over to the tow truck. Pedro parks as Corey hops off the Lawn Mower.

COREY (CONT'D)

You got your job back?

PEDRO

Que?

COREY

(pointing at the Mustang)
 What the hell is that?!

PEDRO

(looking back at the
 Mustang)
 Ah, el Mustang?

COREY

Yeah!

PEDRO

That's our rent, mehn. We stole it.

COREY

Hey, uh-uh, no way! I didn't steal anything!

PEDRO

Don't worry. We're going to sell it, mehn.

COREY

Seriously, are you out of your mind? To who?!

PEDRO

This guy I know.

COREY

How do ya know he'll even buy it?

PEDRO

Don't worry. He likes Mustangs, mehn. Vamos, I got a place for us to stay.

COREY

Jesus, Pedro! I told you I wanna stay out of trouble! I mean, this is *big* trouble!

PEDRO

No jodas, don't worry about it. *I* stole it. But we need rent, mehn. I lost my job.

Corey looks over at Emily, laying down in a lounge chair.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

So you in or out?

COREY

Hey, Emily! Get your stuff!

PEDRO

Asi me gusta, now you're being smart.

EMILY

Where are we going?!

COREY

Just get in the truck!

Corey heads toward the garage. Emily looks over at Pedro sitting in the Tow Truck. Pedro sticks his hand up to say hello to Emily, awkward. She ignores him and begins gathering her stuff.

INT. POOL, GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Pete is sitting on the floor repairing a WEED-WACKER.

PETE

You done already?

Corey hops off the Lawn Mower.

COREY

I got an emergency, Pete. I'll come in early tomorrow and finish.

He runs out the door.

PETE

Hey!

COREY

(running out the door)

Sorry!

The door slams shut behind Corey.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- EVENING

Music is audible from inside the house. Carter's house is an old dilapidated house, with a tiny front yard and huge back yard surrounded by trees, with rusty old cars scattered throughout. Just about everybody enters the house from the back. BERUBI, in his early twenties, very large and athletic, wearing mesh shorts and a beat-up t-shirt, and a MALE FRIEND, of a similar age with an average build and dressed lazily in khakis and an un-tucked shirt, are unloading a KEG from the bed of a PICK-UP TRUCK onto a dolly. HEATHER and ALLISON are standing on the back porch. Heather is holding a bottle of VODKA in her hand. Heather bangs on the screen door. CARTER approaches. In his early twenties, Carter is tough, with a modestly athletic build and a gruff voice, and possessing an appetite for greasy food and cheap beer. He's a guy's guy.

CARTER

What's up.

Heather tries to open the screen door - it's stuck.

ALLISON

Hey Carter.

Carter slams the handle from the inside - the door opens.

CARTER

What's up.

HEATHER
 (busting Carter's chops
 with a mocking tone)
 What's up.

As Heather passes, Carter mockingly shows Heather the back of his hand as if to smack her. Heather and Allison pass, and Carter holds the door open with his foot as he looks for something to prop it open.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

From the inside we can see that Carter's house is the same house that Jerry moved out of this morning - Jerry was Carter's housemate. Heather and Allison walk in as if they know their way around. Carter spots a large clay LAWN DWARF on the back porch. He reaches for it.

CARTER
 Stay outta my room.

Heather holds out the vodka.

HEATHER
 Wanna shot?

CARTER
 Later. I wanna see how crazy it gets.

HEATHER
 Skirt.

Carter props the screen door open with the Lawn Dwarf.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- EVENING

PEDRO, EMILY and COREY, now wearing the BASEBALL CAP, are parked in the TOW TRUCK across the street from the front of Carter's house. Porno magazines lie on the dashboard and the floor. BERUBI, walking along the side of the house from the back yard, spots Pedro behind the wheel. He approaches.

EMILY
 (to Corey, disapproving)
 I can't believe you're doing this.

COREY
 (aside to Pedro)
 Ya think it's a good idea we leave it out here on the street like this?

PEDRO
 (aside to Corey)
 Forget about that, mehn.
 (referring to Berubi)

I'll talk to Berubi. I know what to say to this guy. Don't worry.

BERUBI

Hey, Pedro, what's up with the Mustang?

Berubi motions to the MUSTANG hitched to the back of it.

PEDRO

Que? Ah, el Mustang?

Pedro starts to climb out of the Tow Truck.

BERUBI

Yeah.

PEDRO

Nada. I'm doing a favor for a friend.

BERUBI

So you're driving around with his car hitched to your tow truck?

Pedro shuts the door to his Tow Truck and pulls up his shorts.

PEDRO

Bueno, he's a good friend.

BERUBI

Sounds good. Come on an' grab a beer.

PEDRO

(to Berubi)

Hey, listen, can I sleep on your couch?

BERUBI

Kimmock's got couch.

PEDRO

Come on, mehn, we're in trouble here. We got thrown out of our home.

BERUBI

You got evicted?

PEDRO

Si. I went out to get a gallon of milk for my dog, I come back, my keys don't work, and the cocksucker put an eviction notice on the door. He didn't even tell us! Now my milk's spoiling in my truck, Pancho's probably pissing all over the place, I'm fucked.

BERUBI

Hey, listen, if you want, you can crash in Jerry's room. He moved out.

PEDRO

He did?

BERUBI

Don't park there. Park in back.

PEDRO

Si, si. No problem, mehn.

BERUBI

(to Corey)

What's up, Becker.

Corey sticks his hand up to say hello.

INT. CARLOS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Carlos's CAR is parked in street in front of Carter's house, just down the street from where Pedro has parked, but on the opposite side of the street and facing in the opposite direction. Through the windshield, we see Berubi head back toward the house as Pedro glances at Jessica, now showered and dressed in a yellow tank-top, before climbing back into the Tow Truck and pulling back out onto the road. Carlos has noticed Pedro, but Jessica, silent as she stares at the house, has not.

Finally, Carlos speaks up.

CARLOS

Did you know he was having a party?

Jessica grabs the rear view mirror and aims it toward herself. She begins fixing her hair in the mirror.

She pulls her LIPSTICK out of her PURSE and begins to apply it as Carlos watches. She puts her Lipstick away and stares at Carter's house another moment. She checks to see that her SUNGLASSES are still hanging on the front of her shirt.

JESSICA

Let's go.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica climbs out of the car and shuts the door. Carlos follows suit. They move around the side of the house toward the back porch. Jessica stops in her tracks and turns to face Carlos.

JESSICA

Wait here a second and let me talk to him.

Without waiting for a response, Jessica turns around and climbs onto the back porch, walking its length toward Carter, who is kneeling with his back to us as he puts a TAP on the KEG. Carlos stands watching, not sure what to do.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

Carter turns around, and seems disappointed to see her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You need a hand?

CARTER

I'm done.

Carter climbs to his feet and heads toward the back door, shaking off his hands, passing right by Jessica. Jessica pulls her Sunglasses from her shirt.

JESSICA

Carter, I brought your sunglasses back.

Carter turns and grabs the Sunglasses.

CARTER

Those were Jerry's anyway.

Carter heads into the house. Jessica follows Carter, and we follow Jessica.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

JESSICA

Oh. You didn't tell me that. Is he pissed?

CARTER

Who gives a shit? He moved out.

JESSICA

Carter, I gotta talk to you for a sec.

CARTER

I gotta wash my hands.

Carter is just not interested in talking with Jessica, even if he didn't have other things on his mind. Carter enters bathroom, but Jessica follows persistently.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Carter turns on the sink and washes his hands.

JESSICA

I got a problem.

CARTER

Yeah.

JESSICA

It's Aaron, that asshole. He's pissed at me.

CARTER

So what am I, a goddam marriage counselor?

JESSICA

No, but Aaron hit me, and he's gonna do it again.

CARTER

He hit you?

Jessica sees that Carter has finally shown some interest.

JESSICA

Yes.

CARTER

Like, he slapped you?

JESSICA

No, he punched me. With his fist, a bunch 'a times.

CARTER

Why? What'd you do?

JESSICA

I didn't do shit.

CARTER

Look, I ain't gonna sit here all night. Tell me what happened. None 'a your bullshit.

JESSICA

Aaron thinks I cheated on him.

This strikes Carter.

CARTER

Why's he think that?

JESSICA

It doesn't matter.

CARTER

Fine.

Carter starts to walk out, but Jessica stops him.

JESSICA

Alright, alright. He caught something - he got a rash or something. He says I gave it to him.

CARTER

He's got a rash?! Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?! What the hell'd he catch?! Fuckin' herpes?!

JESSICA

Carter!

Carter notices that the door to the bathroom is still open. Although music is blasting outside, and it is unlikely that anyone could hear their conversation, Carter closes the door and locks it.

CARTER

What the hell'd you give him?!

JESSICA

Nothing! He's fulla shit! I did *not* cheat on him!

CARTER

Fuckin' A! You slept with me, like, three weeks ago!

JESSICA

That was the only time, that once, and there's no way he knows.

CARTER

And you have something?!

JESSICA

No! Are you fucking listening to me?! And you wore a condom anyway! What the fuck do you care!

CARTER

Whatever, Jess, what-the-fuck-ever. And I'm sure I'm the only one.

JESSICA

Look, don't even get into the cheating thing, 'cause you're seein' Rachel still. Don't call me the slut.

CARTER

Look, I'm not gettin' into it with you.
I'm through with that bullshit.

JESSICA

Fine. Just, I need your help with Aaron.
Just help me this one last time, that's
it.

CARTER

He's probably gonna be here tonight,
Aaron.

JESSICA

You're kidding. You barely even know who
he is!

CARTER

No, but I know Troy real good. He said
he'd be bringin' him. I ain't got nothin'
against Aaron, so I said "what the hell."

JESSICA

Look, can you just kick his ass for me?
Please?

CARTER

Shit, Jess, I don't wanna be fightin' no
friend 'a Troy's. Can't you just work
this shit out?

JESSICA

Carter, he hit me! And sprayed me with
pepper spray!

CARTER

What the hell.

Carter contemplates, and Jessica realizes that the best thing to do
is keep silent and let Carter's good side take over.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Look, if he tries anything tonight, I'll
do something.

JESSICA

What'll you do?

CARTER

Whadda you mean *what'll I do?*!

(facetious)

I'm gonna dance with him! Fuckin' I'll
beat his ass! I don't wanna, but if he
shows up tonight and makes like he's gonna
hit you, I'll beat his ass.

JESSICA

What if he doesn't come?

CARTER

Troy said he was bringin' him. If he doesn't, call him or somethin'. But I'm not a fuckin' bounty hunter whose gonna chase Aaron across the goddam country.

Jessica is not completely satisfied, but Carter has decided what he's going to do, and that's that.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Alright?

JESSICA

Alright, fine.

CARTER

You're welcome.

Carter exits, leaving the door open, but Jessica doesn't follow.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

JIMMY has parked his PIECE-OF-SHIT in the rear of the back yard behind all of the other CARS that have pulled in. He climbs out, slides his CHINESE STRESS BALLS into his pocket, and walks toward the house, his BACKPACK strapped over both shoulders like a schoolboy.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy steps through the open screen door into the kitchen.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Hey, there he is! Jimmy!

HEATHER and ALLISON are playing CARDS at the kitchen table with a male PARTYGOER. They jump up from the table and approach Jimmy.

Jimmy pulls three small bags of MARIJUANA out of his BACKPACK. Allison pulls out some BILLS.

JIMMY

Thirty bucks.

ALLISON

(counting Bills)

I only got ten.

JIMMY

I don't believe this shit.

ALLISON
(finishing counting)
Nine.

JIMMY
You got nine! Jesus Christ! You knew
what you asked for!

HEATHER
Jimmy, relax. My God.

JIMMY
No, this is fuckin' ridiculous. What'd
you call me for? I ain't runnin' a goddam
soup kitchen here.

HEATHER
(mock seductive)
Can't you just take care of us for
tonight?

JIMMY
Yes, for thirty bucks.

ALLISON
Here then, take nine for one.

JIMMY
It's ten.

HEATHER
You know what? You need to get laid,
Jimmy. Maybe you'd relax a little.

JIMMY
Fine. Enjoy your night.

Jimmy as he stuffs the Marijuana back in his Backpack and heads into
the hallway.

HEATHER
Well I'm not going to drop to my knees for
a lousy dimebag, so fuck him.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The door is shut. JESSICA is talking on her CELL PHONE.

JESSICA
(trying to muster a sweet
voice)
What are you doing?

KATIE'S VOICE
Watching TV.

JESSICA
Did your parents call?

KATIE'S VOICE
Yeah. I told them you were in the shower.

JESSICA
Okay... good. Thanks. Are you okay?

KATIE'S VOICE
Oh, hold on! This is my favorite part!

A cartoon becomes audible through Jessica's Cell Phone - KATIE has put her phone up to the TV. Jessica listens impatiently.

KATIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Can you hear it?

JESSICA
Yeah, I can hear it.
(hurriedly)
Katie?

But Katie has already put her phone up to the TV again. Jessica waits, turning to face the door, wondering what's going on the other side of it.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER

PEDRO and EMILY grab CUPS off the rusted washing machine that sits on the back porch. Corey takes notice of a ping pong table set up in the back yard, where BARNES is playing PING PONG PLAYER 1. Barnes is skinny but attractive, and has an even more attractive BARNES' GIRLFRIEND watching him play, along with PING PONG PLAYER 2 and various PARTYGOERS.

COREY
(turning to grab a Cup
for himself)
I don't know about leaving the car out there in the open like that. You think we should, like, hide it somewhere?

PEDRO
Coño ya! Don't take this the wrong way, mehn, but you're like a girl. Bitch, bitch, bitch.

Pedro begins dispensing beer from the KEG.

COREY
Somebody could see it out there!

PEDRO

Si, si. Does your pussy hurt?

COREY

I'm serious, Pedro!

PEDRO

Who's gonna see it out there by the woods?

EMILY

Everybody who reads tomorrow's paper.

COREY

Shut up Emily.

EMILY

No, you shut up! Do you know how embarrassing you are?!

COREY

Look, it was bad luck as usual. So what?

EMILY

The car ran out of gas in the driveway!

COREY

The gage was busted!

EMILY

Everybody at school makes fun of me!

PEDRO

And it was way down the block anyway.

EMILY

(to Corey)

And then you try to put everything back!
I mean, God, how stupid can you be?!

COREY

Just shut up, alright?! 'Cause you don't
know shit about anything!

EMILY

The Herald had a picture of the owner
laughing at you!

Corey drops his BEER and moves in aggressively, grabbing Emily by the wrists.

COREY

Listen, I'm sick of your shit!

EMILY

(struggling to break
free)

Get off me! You fucking loser!

Emily falls on her ass.

COREY

No wonder Victor tried to fuck you.

Emily stands up, turns around and heads toward the back door leading into the kitchen, storming past a TEENAGE BOY and TEENAGE GIRL passionately kissing each other against a tree in the back yard. We hang on the couple as Emily walks out of frame. As the boy works his way down to her neck, the girl's eyes open for a moment and catch someone watching her.

JIMMY is standing in the kitchen in front of the door looking out onto the back porch, staring at the couple making out, momentarily transfixed. Jimmy's hand is in his pocket, turning his CHINESE STRESS BALLS over and over and over. The girl closes her eyes again, and Jimmy is forgotten, the moment lost. Jimmy is alone again, still, as usual.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy scans the cramped kitchen. Partygoers are talking, laughing, carrying on, making out in the way that Partygoers will. Jimmy's gaze wanders mechanically to another part of the kitchen falls upon the entrance to the living room. The terribly familiar figure, BUGGERIN' BOBBY BALES, stands tall, proud, talking to several Partygoers, the light behind him adding a regal air to his menacing frame - a transcendent silhouette for a hellish vision. Bobby towers easily over his peers. In his powerful hands he holds a tiny notepad on which he scribbles as his clients eagerly place their bets.

RJ, a young African-American early-twenty-something, easily six feet tall, built like a powerlifter, his worn-out t-shirt doing little to hide his powerful frame, appears behind Jimmy.

RJ

You're Jimmy?

Jimmy turns around to face RJ.

JIMMY

You're Sinjin?

RJ

RJ. Sinjin said you'd be wearin' a bookbag. They're back here.

JESSICA moves past RJ and Jimmy toward the back door. As RJ about-faces to lead Jimmy out of the kitchen and deeper into the house, we follow Jessica outside.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica sees CARLOS standing against a post on the back porch drinking his BEER. He is surrounded by several PARTYGOERS, but isn't talking to any of them.

JESSICA

Hey.

CARLOS

Where you been?

JESSICA

Talking to Carter.

CARLOS

Is he gonna help?

JESSICA

He said he would.

Carlos pulls a pint of WHISKEY out of his back pocket.

CARLOS

Look. Wanna shot?

Jessica accepts the Whiskey and takes a long pull. She holds onto the Whiskey without saying anything, and Carlos does not object. She begins to take in the sights and sounds of the party, and notices COREY leaning against a rusty old washing machine near the KEG as PEDRO hands him another BEER.

Jessica's POV as Corey spots her standing next to Carlos. He continues to stare at Jessica, clearly taken by the sight of her, his eyes locking onto hers. The desperation of their individual struggles is lost for a moment.

PEDRO

You want me to talk to her?

The moment quickly passes as Corey turns his attention back to Pedro.

COREY

No.

PEDRO

Si. So let's go fix the tire on the Mustang.

Corey attention is again drawn to the ping pong game, and Jessica takes note.

CARLOS
 (to Jessica)
 You wanna play?

Carlos motions toward the large kitchen window. Jessica turns to look through it.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Carlos are staring through the window at the CARD game taking place at the kitchen table. HEATHER and ALLISON are back at it with the male PARTYGOER they were playing with earlier, as well as CARD PLAYER, who has recently joined them. Heather is smoking a CIGARETTE. Card Player is dealing a round of asshole. All are visibly drunk.

HEATHER
 (examining her Cards)
 What's dickhead doing? I knew he was lying.

Jessica turns toward the steps leading out onto the back yard, and Carlos follows. Heather and Card Player each place one card face-down on the table, exchanging one for the other.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (to Card Player)
 This is your best card?

CARD PLAYER
 I ain't happy about it.

HEATHER
 Shut up and drink, asshole.
 (to Allison)
 I should call him.

Card Player obeys and drinks.

ALLISON
 He said he'll be here.

HEATHER
 He's probably got that Tess on all fours, fucking the shit out of her like the skank she is.
 (thinking about it)
 No, you're right, fuck him.
 (throwing three fours
 down on the table face-
 up)
 Drink. Fucking everyone drink.

All obey Heather.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We recognize the room as Jerry's old bedroom, empty except for a bed stripped of it's sheets, a naked pillow, a beat-up dresser with a small TV on top of it, and a few posters and scraps of trash that have been left behind. JIMMY and RJ are looking across the room at SINJIN, a young African-American male about RJ's age, with an average build, sharply dressed in a button-down, and sport coat. Sinjin has his back to Jimmy, and is bouncing up and down on a rusty old POGO STICK - his behavior constituting a sharp contrast to his stylish threads. LOUIE, an overweight, slobbish Caucasian male a few years older than Sinjin, sits in a rickety old WHEELCHAIR that might creak even more than Sinjin's pogo stick - in Louie's lap rests a BOWLING BALL BAG. Upon seeing Sinjin and Louie, Jimmy fondles his WATER BOTTLE nervously. He turns around to watch RJ closing the door behind them.

LOUIE

Sinjin!

Sinjin spins on the Pogo Stick and spots RJ and Jimmy standing at the entrance. Sinjin loses his balance and places a foot on the ground. He steps off the Pogo Stick and composes himself after his exhaustive venture.

SINJIN

Mr. Pizzaman! What's up?
 (referring to Jimmy's
 BACKPACK)
 Got any calzones in there?

Sinjin tosses the Pogo Stick aside.

SINJIN (CONT'D)

(re the Pogo Stick)
 It's harder than it looks.

Sinjin turns the GARBAGE CAN over and sits on it while motioning to the bed.

SINJIN (CONT'D)

(comfortably, to Jimmy)
 Sit down, man, sit down.

RJ walks over to lock the door as Jimmy inches closer into the room.

RJ

Yo, door don't lock.

SINJIN

Well you got to stand your big muthafuckin' ass outside then, 'cause ain't nobody comin' in here.

Everybody looks at RJ.

RJ

I don't give a shit.

RJ steps out and shuts the door behind him.

SINJIN

Alright. Jimmy, sit down, sit down.

Jimmy is clearly uncomfortable at the sight of these two.

JIMMY

I like to stand usually.

SINJIN

Alright. I'm Sinjin. That legless waste is Louie.

LOUIE

I got legs little Massey muthafucka.

JIMMY

(to Sinjin)

I thought it was gonna be just me an' you.

SINJIN

It is. Don't be worryin' Louie - he's just here to have a good time.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

EMILY is standing on the front steps, wondering whether to continue outside or head back inside. She's completely out of place here among the older crowd. FEMALE PARTYGOER 1 and a PARTYGOER appear behind her in the doorway behind her.

FEMALE PARTYGOER 1

Excuse me.

Emily politely moves down to the bottom of the stairs and steps aside. She watches as Female Partygoer 1 and the Partygoer pass by her into the front yard.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

COREY and PEDRO climb off the back porch toward the ping pong table. BARNES and PING PONG PLAYER 1 are just finishing a point, which Barnes takes easily, as PING PONG PLAYER 2 waits his turn. Barnes

is skinny but attractive, and has an even more attractive BARNES' GIRLFRIEND watching him play.

PEDRO

What the hell are you doing? We got shit to do mehn, important shit.

Ping Pong Player 1 steps back and notes Corey approaching.

PING PONG PLAYER 1

Corey! Hey, come beat this asshole!

BARNES

Hey, nineteen-ten, let's go.

PING PONG PLAYER 1

Screw it, you won again. Play Corey.

BARNES

C'mon. Becker can't beat me.

PING PONG PLAYER 1

(to Barnes' Girlfriend,
handing Corey his paddle)

Watch this.

Corey steps to the table opposite Barnes, confident, but unenthusiastic. Corey is not playing for the fun of it - somewhere deep down Corey wants to remind himself that he's good at something.

Barnes tosses the PING PONG BALL to Corey.

BARNES

You serve, Becker.

Corey's first serve is wicked - fast and spinning wildly. Barnes has no chance.

BARNES' GIRLFRIEND

Not too good, baby.

Pedro stands alongside and watches silently, pensive, his mind distraught over their larger dilemma.

COREY

Go find Mitch.

Pedro leaves obediently.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

JESSICA takes another pull from the WHISKEY. CARLOS is watches attentively.

CARLOS

Take it easy. You got to go back and watch Katie.

JESSICA

Don't remind me. Please.

CARLOS

You signed up for it.

JESSICA

It seemed like a good idea then! Give some crappy advice every once in a while. I didn't think it'd be this constant torture, always wanting to do something, go somewhere. I'm so sick of it.

CARLOS

Some big sister.

Jessica takes another drink and looks toward the ping pong table, where Corey is manhandling Barnes, as Ping Pong Player 1, Ping Pong Player 2, Barnes' Girlfriend and various Partygoers look on.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

JIMMY walks in from living room looking for Bobby. He continues on toward the back door leading out onto the back porch.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, CARTER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A dense gathering of PARTYGOERS is packed tight within the confines of Carter's room, rather small despite being the largest bedroom in the house. The collection of Partygoers are watching with religious fervor the basketball game playing from the modest TV in the room. CARTER, BERUBI, AARON and TROY are among the crowd. All those gathered here have an interest in the game, but none as much as BUGGERIN' BOBBY BALES, who stands back against the far wall though the nobody in the congregation dares venture into his sightline of the television. Partygoers yell in unison at various events displayed on the screen. The door opens, and Pedro peeks into the room.

BERUBI

Shut the door!

Pedro shuts the door.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

HEATHER and ALLISON are sitting on a couch facing each other, very drunk and extremely happy. The coffee table in front of them is filled with plastic CUPS and LIQUOR BOTTLES, many of which are empty.

ALLISON

Hey! Fuck... you! I would never!

HEATHER

Alright, alright! You little slut! I got one for you!

(pointing to someone off camera)

Right over there in front of the door!

Looking down the hallway outside Jerry's bedroom we see RJ standing against the door. He does not notice the girls looking at him from the living room.

ALLISON

(thoughtfully)

Well, he's got a nice body. He's a little scary looking ... he scares me.

HEATHER

You like it, too, you little slut!

ALLISON

Whatever! You're the slut!

HEATHER

No! No! Alright, okay, yeah! Maybe!

(grabbing a bottle of VODKA and a Cup)

Bring him a drink!

Allison grabs for the Vodka, but Heather does not let go.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(motherly tone)

No, Ally, this one is for me. You take that handsome boy one of these other...

(picking up and putting down various empty Liquor Bottles before finally grabbing a bottle of TEQUILA with a bit left)

... take him this!

ALLISON

Do we have any yogurt left?

HEATHER

I think so.

Heather takes another hit of Vodka.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, SIDE YARD -- NIGHT

JIMMY has his CELL PHONE to his ear, waiting for voicemail, anxious.

JIMMY

Bobby, where the hell are you? I gotta talk to you. Call me back right away.

Jimmy hangs up and takes a moment to think about his options.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

COREY and BARNES are continue to play as PING PONG PLAYER 1, PING PONG PLAYER 2, BARNES' GIRLFRIEND and various PARTYGOERS continue to watch. In the background, JESSICA paces back and forth as CARLOS sits on the ground indian-style watching the Partygoers on the back porch. Carlos takes a shot of WHISKEY.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

EMILY stands against the garage door, keeping to herself.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ALLISON has her head back on the couch as HEATHER lights a CIGARETTE. MITCH approaches the ladies with a BEER in his hand. Mitch is a staunch thirty-something mechanic with a beer-gut, dressed in Levis overalls, and wearing a backwards baseball cap and a beard that together hide much of his head.

MITCH

(primarily to Heather)
Hey girls, what're you drinking?

HEATHER

Vodka.

MITCH

What're you mixing it with?

HEATHER

Vodka.

MITCH

Really? A little girl like you. You think I might get you to share a little of that?

HEATHER

I don't know. There's not much left.

MITCH

If you do something nice for me, I might do something nice for you.

HEATHER

I'm not that kind of girl.

MITCH

No?
(regarding Allison)
How about your friend here?

ALLISON

Oh, now you want to talk to me?

While Mitch is searching for an answer, a familiar voice cuts over the background noise.

PEDRO (O.S.)

Mitch! There you are!

PEDRO is approaching from the kitchen carrying a nearly-full BEER. Mitch seems a bit disappointed to see him.

MITCH

Hey.

PEDRO

We're outside by the woods. We got the Mustang, mehn. It's beautiful.

MITCH

Yeah, I'll be out in a minute.

ALLISON

I feel nauseous.

MITCH

(to Heather and Allison,
regarding Pedro)

This is Pedro. We worked together 'til last week.

PEDRO

(to Mitch)

Vamos, these girls aren't interested in you.

MITCH

(dumbfounded)

Pedro... what the fuck...

PEDRO

Come on, mehn. Come check out the Mustang.

Pedro leaves and Mitch follows.

ALLISON

Oh shit, I think I'm gonna be sick.

Allison plops down on all fours, and begins vomiting violently. Heather kneels down next to Allison and pulls her hair back so it doesn't get hit by the vomit.

HEATHER

That's nasty.

Allison has a few more convulsions.

ALLISON

Fuck you.

HEATHER

Wanna wash your mouth out?

Allison sits up, fixes her hair, then grabs the VODKA from Heather. Allison takes a mouthful, rinses, and spits. Allison then takes a drink.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

My God, Ally.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

PEDRO and MITCH make their way into the back yard towards the ping pong table. PING PONG PLAYER 1, PING PONG PLAYER 2, BARNES' GIRLFRIEND and various PARTYGOERS are gathered around COREY and BARNES. Corey functions mechanically - his mind is not on the game. Barnes is openly frustrated as Corey finishes him off.

BARNES

One more.

PING PONG PLAYER 2

(reaching for Barnes'
RACKET)

Let someone else play, Barnes.

BARNES

(to Ping Pong Player 2)

You guys suck - he'll be at the table all night.

PING PONG PLAYER 1

So let him beat someone else.

Corey notices Mitch standing next to Pedro.

COREY

You're Mitch?

MITCH

Nice ta meet ya.

COREY

(tossing his RACKET to
other side the table in
front of Ping Pong Player
2)

Follow me.

Corey heads toward the Mustang, and Pedro and Mitch follow.

PING PONG PLAYER 2

(wanting to play Corey)

Where you going Becker?

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, CARTER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

PARTYGOERS yell in unison at various events displayed on the screen.
JIMMY is off to the side of the room talking to BOBBY.

BOBBY

You know I don't get involved with that
shit. You sell your drugs and pay what
you owe.

JIMMY

That's what I'm doing! Bob, just listen
to me! I'm selling, but it's Sinjin.

BOBBY

Sayed's little brother?

JIMMY

Yes. And Louie and RJ. Fucking three
guys.

BOBBY

One of 'em's a cripple. Don't make such a
big deal.

JIMMY

A cripple 'cause he got shot! All I want
you to do is just sit there!

BOBBY

Fuckin' sit there and what? Pull my
fuckin' cock...

JIMMY

(interrupting)

And nothin'! Goddamit fuckin' Bob, I'll
handle everything. Everything. You just
sit your big fuckin' ass there, it'll be
enough. They won't fuck with you, bein'
in prison and shit.

BOBBY

Jimmy, I ain't in a mood to help you right now. I really ain't. You're wreckin' my livelihood. Soon no one pays me. And I fuckin' help you? You're a thorn in my balls.

JIMMY

Look Bobby, alright, I told 'em I had a partner, that's you. You're gonna help me now or you're not. And if you don't, I'm a little fucked.

BOBBY

What the hell's the matter with you? What the fuck is going on in your head? You comin' to me, knowin' I'm pissed at you, and what for.

Jimmy is losing it, his grip on reality. He's drowning, grasping for anything that floats.

JIMMY

Jesus, Bobby, I'll owe you. Alright?
I'll owe you. Just help me out here.
Help me.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

EMILY is standing with her back to the garage door talking to MALE PARTYGOER 1, an average size boy about Corey's age.

MALE PARTYGOER 1

How come I haven't seen you before? Did you go to Athens?

EMILY

I still go there. I'm a freshman.

MALE PARTYGOER 1

Really? I graduated last year. You know anyone my year?

EMILY

My brother. Corey. Becker.

MALE PARTYGOER 1

Oh yeah, I know Becker. He dropped out our senior year, though. He's your bro?

EMILY

Unfortunately.

MALE PARTYGOER 1

Yeah, he's kind of a loser.

EMILY
 (defending her brother)
 So what are you?

Changing the subject, Male Partygoer 1 pulls a couple of white TABLETS out of his pocket.

MALE PARTYGOER 1
 Ever try this?

EMILY
 Yeah...

Male Partygoer 1 hands a Tablet to Emily, but she waits to see how Male Partygoer 1 take it, which he does by biting it in half and chasing it with his DRINK. Emily takes Male Partygoer 1's Drink and does the same.

INT. DEREK'S POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

DEREK is traveling on a busy road, with the sirens of his Police Car activated. CARS are pulling over to let him pass, but it is taking some time. He pulls out his CELL PHONE and punches in some numbers.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The room is crowded with PARTYGOERS. The CORDLESS PHONE is ringing, and DRUNK PARTYGOER answers it, clearly drunk. We cut back and forth between Derek and Drunk Partygoer.

DRUNK PARTYGOER
 (yelling above the noise)
 Who is this?!

DEREK
 A friend 'a Carter's.

DRUNK PARTYGOER
 Oh, yeah, Carter! He's here! Somewhere!

DEREK
 Tell him the cops are coming. There's been several noise complaints.

DRUNK PARTYGOER
 What?!

DEREK
 The cops are coming! Tell Carter!

DRUNK PARTYGOER
 Oh yeah! Okay, I got it! Cops are comin'! Tell Carter! Who is this?!

DEREK
A friend 'a Carter's!

DRUNK PARTYGOER
Oh yeah, you already said that!

Drunk Partygoer hangs up and turns over to a couple of other Partygoers.

DRUNK PARTYGOER (CONT'D)
(to Partygoers)
Cops are comin'! I'm tellin' Carter.

The other Partygoers are not impressed - they continue to sit and drink. Drunk Partygoer loses focus and rejoins them.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

COREY and MITCH barter over the Mustang, though Mitch seems more interested in his BEER than the car. PEDRO is putting the last touches on putting on the NEW TIRE. He picks the FLAT TIRE up and tosses it in the trunk.

COREY
It's a good car.

MITCH
It's alright. I'd have to ask Jeremy.
What do you want for it?

COREY
Make an offer.

MITCH
Twelve hundred.

COREY
Twelve hundred! That's nothing!

MITCH
Look, there's a lotta shit that Jeremy's gotta do with it. It's not like he can just switch the fuckin' plates and it's a go.

PEDRO
Coño, we got thrown outta our apartment!
We need more money!

MITCH
Steal some more cars. I'll see what I can do.

Mitch polishes off his Beer and holds the empty cup up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You want another?

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

AARON and TROY step out onto the back porch and spot JESSICA and CARLOS. Upon seeing them, Carlos stands straight up.

CARLOS

Aaron's here.

Jessica, still pacing, stops in her tracks and turns around beside Carlos. It's too late to gracefully exit, so Carlos stands there frozen. Jessica does not seem afraid.

Aaron and Troy approach. It's clear Troy doesn't really want to be there.

AARON

(to Carlos)

Hey guy.

CARLOS

Hey.

AARON

You like talking to my girl?

CARLOS

Aaron, I didn't mean nothin'.

AARON

No? Just friends?

CARLOS

Yeah.

AARON

What's the matter, don't like her that way?

Carlos painfully does not answer. Jessica, unfazed, takes another hit of WHISKEY. Jessica is confident because of the booze and because of Carter's promise. Jessica and Aaron begin arguing in calm "I'm above this" mannerisms.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to Carlos)

Go 'head, take her home. Fuck 'er brains out. She'll give you a little surprise.

Carlos simply stands there, ashamed of his inability to act.

JESSICA

Fuck you, I'm clean. You're the cheatin' asshole with bumps on your cock.

AARON

(to Troy)

Hold this.

Aaron hands his beer to Troy and then grabs the Whiskey Jessica is holding. Jessica flinches as if afraid Aaron would hit her.

AARON (CONT'D)

Better wipe this off good. You never know.

Aaron uses his shirt to vigorously rub the mouth of the bottle before taking a long pull. The Whiskey is almost gone. Jessica grabs back the Whiskey, wipes it off as Aaron did, and polishes it off.

AARON (CONT'D)

You're good at that. You ready yet to go bang some dude? Maybe Carlos here?

JESSICA

Fuck you. I'm going to get Carter, and he's gonna kick your ass.

AARON

Carter ain't gonna kick shit.

JESSICA

We'll see, right?

Jessica moves to leave, but Aaron grabs her arm.

AARON

Hold on a minute ...

Jessica smashes the bottle over Aaron's head, knocking Aaron to the floor in a daze.

JESSICA

That's for the pepper spray, asshole!

The PARTYGOERS in the back yard are now fixed on Jessica and Aaron. CARTER runs over, holding his CIGAR and a BEER. BERUBI is behind Carter, eager for a fight.

CARTER

What's goin' on?

TROY

She smashed a whiskey bottle over his head.

JESSICA

He grabbed me! I'm not gonna sit and wait until he hits me again! He can just keep his fuckin' hands off me!

CARTER

He grabbed her?

Troy shrugs his shoulders.

TROY

I guess so. It wasn't a big deal.

AARON

(recovering, to Jessica)
You're dead.

JESSICA

See?

CARTER

Jess, you hit him with a bottle?

JESSICA

Before he fucking hit me!

AARON

(to Carter)
Look, I ain't got no problem with you.

CARTER

Fine. You touch her, and I promised her I'd beat the livin' piss outta you. I'll do it. Lay off.

Aaron sits up against a tree, his hands to his head. Carter starts to leave. Carlos feels even more ashamed that Carter stepped in and did something that Carlos did not have the courage to do himself.

BERUBI

(to Aaron)
You're lucky.

Jessica grabs Carter by the shirt.

JESSICA

Carter, what the hell?! You said you were gonna kick his ass!

CARTER

I said I would step in if he hit you, and he's not gonna hit you.

JESSICA

This is fuckin' bullshit!

Jessica winds up and stomps Aaron in the groin. Aaron growls in pain and doubles over.

TROY

(in awe of Jessica's
ferociousness)

Woe, dude.

CARTER

(to Jessica)

Jessica! What the fuck are you doing?!

JESSICA

If you're not man enough to do what you
said, I will!

CARTER

Jess, I'm not gettin' into this! I'm
sicka' this bullshit with you! You bring
this shit on yourself!

(to Aaron)

Don't touch her.

Carter leaves, followed by Berubi. Jessica watches them leave. She turns down to Aaron.

JESSICA

You know what? I don't need Carter.
What're you gonna do, tough guy?

AARON

(still recovering)

Why don't you give me a minute and see?

JESSICA

Fuck you, you had your minute.

Jessica storms toward Carlos' CAR, and Carlos follows.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

ALLISON is lying on her back on the couch with her head in HEATHER's lap. Heather is stroking Allison's hair.

They're both obliterated and just stuttering away.

HEATHER

I'm all talk. I can't cheat on Derek. I
love Derek. It's just that he makes me so
mad. And that makes me a psycho. Every
time a girl loses her temper, she's a

fucking psycho. Can't I be upset without being a psycho? Can't I just be mad?

ALLISON

It's just every time you find a woman near Derek, you go absolutely nuts.

HEATHER

Let's not use the word nuts, alright?

ALLISON

You know what I mean.

HEATHER

Yeah, well, don't say nuts.

ALLISON

Alright, you are mighty, mighty... not very nice when another girl is near your boyfriend.

HEATHER

Don't say nuts, don't say psycho, don't-

ALLISON

(interrupting)

I don't say those things.

HEATHER

Yes you do! Yes you do!

ALLISON

What I meant, I don't mean them. I meant that I don't mean them. That I don't mean to say them.

HEATHER

Well, what do you mean?

ALLISON

I don't know. I mean, you get so angry, it's a little scary.

Allison sits up on the couch. Heather sits up directly facing Allison, her hands on Allison's lap.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I get scared when you get all angry. You get so mad sometimes, you start doing things, saying things to hurt people. Around you.

HEATHER

(starting to cry)

Oh, I don't mean to! I'd never say anything to hurt you, Ally!

ALLISON

(also starting to cry)

I know. Deep down, I know. But you get so angry...

HEATHER

I'm so sorry! Oh, you're right! I am a psycho! A rotten-bitch-psycho! I scare you - Ally - who would never hurt anyone or, or anything!

ALLISON

It's alright, I know you don't mean it!

Heather hugs Allison, who hugs back. Both are bawling as they embrace.

HEATHER

I don't mean it! You're my best friend! My sister! I love you so much!

ALLISON

No, maybe you shouldn't. Maybe I don't deserve it!

HEATHER

You deserve it! You're so perfect!

ALLISON

Don't say that! I'm not, I'm not!

HEATHER

Yes you are!

WIDE on Heather and Allison. The noise of the party drowns out their conversation. Allison is whispering forcefully into Heather's ear. Heather is listening, but cannot hear. We see her lips form the word "what?" Allison continues whispering, and Heather's face becomes furious. She pushes Allison back.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You fucking slut!

Heather shoves Allison hard off the couch. As Allison stumbles roughly and attempts to recover, PARTYGOERS, mostly guys, gather around, cheering wildly. Heather kicks furiously at Allison, who is on all fours employing the turtle defense. We catch a glimpse of Allison's face - she is in utter panic. Heather's foot catches Allison square in the face, knocking her limp.

Most of the crowd has stopped cheering. Heather continues to kick at Allison's limp body, and two SKINNY GUYS pull Heather away. Heather shakes them off and leaves in a huff, while everyone is tending to Allison.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY -- MOMENT'S LATER

HEATHER, visibly psychotic, and still very drunk, is making a beeline straight for RJ, who shows no sign of noticing Heather until she is directly in front of him.

HEATHER

(pointing to Berubi's
bedroom)

Wanna take me in there and fuck my brains
out?

RJ

Sure, I don't give a shit.

HEATHER

Fucking great, let's go.

Heather heads towards Berubi's bedroom, and RJ follows, passing JIMMY and BUGGERIN' BOBBY BALES. Jimmy looks back at RJ as he passes.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy reenters the room he retreated from earlier, with Bobby in tow. The room is empty.

BOBBY

What the fuck Jimmy?

JIMMY

Just hold on.

Jimmy steps further into the room and stands pensive as Bobby takes a seat. Bobby lights up a CIGARETTE.

BOBBY

I can't figure you Jimmy.

SINJIN

(O.S.)

Where the fuck is RJ?

The door bursts open again with a violent thrash, and LOUIE fires into view on his WHEELCHAIR with SINJIN pushing from behind.

LOUIE

Take it easy you stupid motherfucker!

Sinjin kicks the door shut with the back of his foot and wheels Louie into the room. Louie is holding a half-full bottle of JACK DANIELS in his hand, the BOWLING BALL BAG still in his lap.

SINJIN
This your partner?

JIMMY
Where you been?

SINJIN
Just gettin' a drink, Jimmy. You took long enough.

Sinjin wheels Louie in a haphazard, indirect arc somehow closing on the center of the room. The doorknob rattles.

SINJIN (CONT'D)
(to Louie)
Thought that shit didn't lock.

Sinjin is staring at the door, but Louie is pre-occupied.

LOUIE
(to Bobby)
You're Buggerin' Bobby Bales.

BOBBY
Excuse me you cripple motherfucker?

LOUIE
Buggerin' Bobby Bales. Sayeed knows you.

BOBBY
Call me that again.

Louie takes a strong pull from the bottle of Jack.

SINJIN
Louie, shut the fuck up. Let's just do this.

LOUIE
Call you what again? What everyone calls you?

BOBBY
Yeah. Call me that.

LOUIE
Buggerin' Bobby Bales.

Bobby stands, tosses his Cigarette aside, and marches toward Louie. Sinjin knowingly looses his grip on the Wheelchair and steps back.

SINJIN

Bobby, let's relax now. Louie may be a fool...

Bobby grabs Louie by the collar and throws him from the Wheelchair. Louis lands heavily on his crippled frame, dazed, the Bowling Ball Bag dribbling onto the floor near Sinjin. Bobby grabs the Wheelchair in both hands and begins smashing it against the wall and into the floor.

As Jimmy and Sinjin watch, dumbfounded, the large clay LAWN DWARF we saw earlier bursts through the window and lands in the center of the room. Everyone stops to stare at the Lawn Dwarf, including Bobby.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

JESSICA storms through the yard toward Carlos' CAR. CARLOS is right behind.

JESSICA

Where'd we park?

CARLOS

Over here.

Carlos begins walking over to his CAR, and Jessica walks alongside. Jessica is clearly drunk. Passing by a now high EMILY backed up against a tree staring off into nowhere as MALE PARTYGOER 1 kisses her neck, they arrive at Carlos' Car. Carlos walks over to the driver-side door, but Jessica walks immediately over to the trunk.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get in.

JESSICA

Open the trunk.

CARLOS

Jess, let's get out of here.

JESSICA

I want your bat.

CARLOS

Screw that.

JESSICA

I'm gonna finish what I started. I'm gonna knock his teeth out.

CARLOS

Let's just go home.

JESSICA

Carlos, open the trunk!

Carlos grudgingly obeys. He walks back to the trunk and inserts his KEY, then lifts up. Jessica reaches in and grabs a wooden baseball BAT. She shuts the trunk and looks over to the house.

AARON walks through Carter's front door and steps onto the porch, TROY right behind. Aaron is holding a bag of FROZEN VEGETABLES to his head in the area where Jessica hit him with the whiskey bottle. He spots Carlos and Jessica, and walks deliberately toward them.

CARLOS

Get in the car.

JESSICA

I'm staying, and so are you, so shut up.

Carlos swallows his pride, too yellow to push the point. Aaron moves toward Jessica very quickly, but a look at the bat Jessica is holding makes Aaron keep his distance.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Aren't you gonna put me in my place?

AARON

(calming down)

Why don't you put that down.

JESSICA

Because I'm gonna use it to bash your head in.

AARON

You really want to do that?

JESSICA

You really wanna make me?

AARON

You're gonna do what you're gonna do, like always.

JESSICA

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

AARON

Let me show you something. Can I show you?

JESSICA

What?

AARON

(inching closer to
Jessica and beginning to
loosen his pants)

I just wanna show you something.

Jessica stands back and holds the bat in a cocked position.

JESSICA

No more 'a this shit, Aaron. Just stand
back there. I'll bash you with this, I
swear.

Aaron drops the Frozen Vegetables to the ground and loosens his
pants.

AARON

Look, just hold on. I wanna show you
this. I got it a little while ago, for
your birthday.

Aaron lowers the left side of his pants to reveal a scarring TATTOO,
which is placed above and to the side of his groin. Jessica looks
closer. Troy, uncomfortable and not wanting to be there, lights up
another CIGARETTE.

AARON (CONT'D)

Can you see it?

JESSICA

What the hell is it?

AARON

It's J. H. C. I got it for your birthday.

JESSICA

(not knowing what to say)
Bullshit.

AARON

Will you come closer and look? Troy, tell
her.

TROY

(to Jessica)
It's your initials. I told him it was
stupid.

Jessica lowers the Bat and walks cautiously up to Aaron. She
attempts to read the Tattoo, which is difficult because of the low
light and the scarring.

AARON

You like it, don't you? I knew you would.

JESSICA
You're an idiot.

AARON
I know.

Jessica touches the Tattoo.

JESSICA
Does that hurt?

AARON
No. Try whacking it with the bat.

Jessica laughs as Aaron smiles. Troy is bored. Carlos is miserable. Jessica stands up in front of Aaron, holding the Bat loosely by her side, unsure of what to do. Aaron gently grabs Jessica around the elbows and pulls her close. He puts his arms around her and hugs her loosely.

AARON (CONT'D)
Can we just forget about this?

JESSICA
Yes.

Aaron hugs Jessica tightly as she drops the Bat and hugs back.

AARON
Happy birthday.

JESSICA
Thank you.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

EMILY, her back up against a tree, continues making out with an aggressive MALE PARTYGOER 1. As MALE PARTYGOER 1 comes up for air, we see that he has a hand down Emily's pants, fingering her. Emily's mind is somewhere else.

Emily snaps back to reality and removes Male Partygoer 1's hand and pushes him away from her - she won't become another slut in a town full of them.

MALE PARTYGOER 1
Hey, what's wrong?

Emily makes for the front door and into the house.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

MITCH has refilled his BEER and patiently waits for a counteroffer from COREY.

COREY

How about two thousand even?

Impatient with the proceedings, PEDRO walks over to the passenger door of the Mustang, swings it open, and leans inside, struggling a bit.

MITCH

Can't do it.

COREY

Why not?

MITCH

It's not economically...

(searching for the word)

Good, right, sound, whatever.

Pedro reappears from the backseat, holding an expensive STEREO.

PEDRO

Okay, give us two thousand and I give you this nice stereo for free.

MITCH

Where the hell you get that?

COREY

Yeah, what the hell is that?!

PEDRO

(to Mitch)

It was in the car.

MITCH

I don't want a stereo.

PEDRO

You can have it for free, mehn.

MITCH

Where's the speakers?

PEDRO

In the back.

Corey walks over, opens the door and looks in the back. His gaze falls upon an item on the floor in the back seat area.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

This stereo's a motherfucker, mehn, I'm telling you. I was gonna keep it myself.

Corey pulls out from the back seat of the Mustang holding a large red and blue POLICE LIGHT. He is dumbfounded. Corey looks to Pedro for an explanation.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

What's that?

COREY

I thought you'd tell me!

MITCH

It looks like police cherries.

COREY

It can't be.

MITCH

Look fellas, I'd like to help you out, but I'm not into buying stolen cop cars. It don't seem right somehow.

Corey and Pedro struggle for an explanation, but are left speechless.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

JESSICA and AARON are leaning against a random partygoer's CAR. They look very calm.

JESSICA

I didn't cheat.

AARON

Fine, you say so, fine.

JESSICA

That's it?

AARON

Well what the hell can I do? There's nothin'. I got your goddam initials tattoo'd next to my balls.

JESSICA

It was a stupid thing to do.

AARON

You don't like it?!

JESSICA

Well of course I like it! But what if we break up?

AARON

Yeah, I thought about that. I'll say it's
for Jesus H. Christ.

JESSICA

Great. Then you could start going to
church.

Two POLICE CARS pull onto the lawn to break up the party, both cars
flashing their red and blue lights. TROY approaches Jessica and
Aaron.

TROY

Cops're here. I'm goin'.

AARON

(to Jessica)
You need a lift?

JESSICA

Okay.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

COREY, PEDRO and MITCH notice a POLICE CAR containing POLICE OFFICER
1 and POLICE OFFICER 2 as it pulls into the back yard. Pedro is
still holding the STEREO. PARTYGOERS carry on, barely concerned
that the police are breaking up the party. Police Officer 2 spots
the MUSTANG hitched to the TOW TRUCK, a look of knowing recognition
on his face.

POLICE OFFICER 2

I'll be fucked...

COREY

(staring at the lights)
Pedro, get in the truck.

PEDRO

Oh shit...

Police Officer 1 speaks into the C.B.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Hey Janice, tell Tim I found his car.

From far off, Corey understands from the manner that the police
officers have focused on the Mustang that they've been spotted.

COREY

Pedro, let's get the hell outta here!

Police Officer 2 rushes out of the car, followed by Police Officer
1.

Pedro turns to Mitch.

PEDRO
Coge, keep this.

Pedro practically throws the Stereo into Mitch's stomach. Mitch, completely shocked, drops his BEER and grabs the stereo out of instinct. Pedro darts for the passenger seat of the Tow Truck.

MITCH
What the hell am I supposed to do with this?

PEDRO
Keep it, mehn! I gotta go!

COREY moves to the driver-side door of the Tow Truck and opens it, and climbs behind the wheel. Pedro climbs into the passenger seat.

MITCH
You better bring that truck back! Harvey is pissed!

Corey starts the Tow Truck and tries to shift it into gear.

COREY
Where the hell is first?!

Pedro grabs the stick shift and throws it into first.

PEDRO
Drive, Pendejo!

Corey hits the gas, and the transmission screeches its disapproval.

PEDRO (CONT'D)
Mehn, use the clutch!

COREY
Shit! Where!

The Tow Truck conks out.

COREY (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

PEDRO
We're fucked!

Pedro opens the door and jumps out. Corey remains seated, frozen, hands on the dashboard.

POLICE OFFICER 1 quickly overtakes Pedro and throws him to the ground. POLICE OFFICER 2 rushes over to the Tow Truck and points his GUN at Corey.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Out of the truck, asshole!

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BERUBI'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

HEATHER and RJ are in Berubi's bedroom. Heather is on top of RJ, and the sex is extremely rough. Heather notices the RED AND BLUE LIGHTS continue flashing on the curtains, staring, entranced by them. RJ looks up to see what she's staring at.

RJ
What the fuck?!

Heather does not respond as she continues bouncing up and down on top of RJ.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

COREY gets out of the truck, hands in the air. POLICE OFFICER 1 HANDCUFFS PEDRO. POLICE OFFICER 2 takes out his HANDCUFFS, spins Corey around by his arm, and throws him roughly against the tow truck, cuffing his hands behind his back. In the background, MITCH quietly places the stereo on the ground and begins walking indiscreetly toward the street.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

POV on JIMMY, BOBBY, SINJIN and LOUIE staring at the wall opposite the door. Bobby is still holding what's left of Louie's WHEELCHAIR. Sinjin throws his hands up in disgust/disbelief.

We see what they're staring at - KWON is climbing clumsily through the window. A large GUN falls heavily to the floor and KWON falls in after it.

SINJIN
Kwon! What the fuck are you doin'?

Kwon grabs his Gun and stands up, slightly out of breath from his climb.

KWON
Those are my drugs.

Jimmy watches, powerless.

SINJIN
I just bought these.

KWON
From who?
(pointing his Gun at
Jimmy)

Jimmy? I'm not here to argue. Just gimme my drugs.

SINJIN

Alright, hold on. Slow down a second. What is this shit, Jimmy?

KWON

Tell him, Jimmy.

>From O.S. a CHINESE STRESS BALL hits Kwon in the forehead. Dazed, Kwon can only blink his eyes tries to gather his senses. Bobby stares at Kwon a moment before landing his large fist square on Kwon's nose, knocking him empty-handed and on his ass beside Sinjin. Sinjin stands up to get between Bobby and Kwon.

SINJIN

Alright everybody calm the fuck down! This shit's gettin' outta hand-

BANG! Everybody freezes as the sound and smoke of a gunshot lingers, then checks to make sure they weren't hit. As doorknob starts rattling with increasing intensity, everyone checks to make sure they weren't hit, then turns to the source of the gunshot. Louie is holding the Gun as he lays on his side, having scrambled to grab the Gun.

The door bursts open - it's RJ, out of breath.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER 1 is using one hand to hold onto PEDRO, still HANDCUFFED, by his upper arm, and the other hand to unlock and open the rear driver side door of his POLICE CAR. POLICE OFFICER 2 watches as he keeps hold of COREY by his HANDCUFFS.

POLICE OFFICER 2

(to Police Officer 1)

Holy shit, you hear that?

The two officers hasten their actions. Police Officer 1 lowers Pedro into the Police Car, then moves to the front seat of the vehicle and grabs the C.B.

POLICE OFFICER 1

This is Unit one five seven. Shot fired at 15 Saddlebrook. Repeat, shot fired at 15 Saddlebrook. Request backup immediately.

INT. POLICE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Police Officer 2 shoves Corey into the POLICE CAR next to Pedro. Corey and Pedro sit in the rear of the police car, and Police Officer 2 slams the door. Through the windshield we see Police

Officer 2 run toward the house as he draws his PISTOL. He moves up the porch past...

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH -- NIGHT

DEREK walks up the steps onto the back porch as PARTYGOERS move out of the house away from the sound of the gunshot. He notices POLICE OFFICER 2 behind him.

DEREK

You call that in?

POLICE OFFICER 2

(moving up the porch and
into the house)

We should get everybody out of the house.

HEATHER (O.S.)

(friendly)

Derek?

Derek and Police Officer 2 turn to see HEATHER walking onto the back porch from the kitchen.

DEREK

Heather, go home. This is gonna get-

Heather interrupts Derek's statement with a swift, unexpected knee to Derek's groin. Derek doubles over, and Heather grabs him by the hair.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Hey!

Police Officer 2 shoves Heather to the ground, grabs Derek's HANDCUFFS, and cuffs her hands behind her. Derek is still stunned from the assault.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

Derek, you alright?

ALLISON, who had been standing back watching the assault, approaches Heather, who is getting up onto her knees. Allison gets on her knees and hugs Heather, who cannot hug back because of the handcuffs. Allison is bawling.

ALLISON

I'm so sorry, Heather, I'm so sorry.

Heather is shutting her eyes extremely tightly, struggling not to cry. She does not attempt to pull away from Allison's tight embrace.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SINJIN marches straight toward LOUIE, who wears the pathetic look of a child about to be disciplined.

SINJIN

Louie! What the fuck are you shootin' at?

LOUIE

(pointing at BOBBY)

Him!

BOBBY

You missed.

SINJIN

Gimme that motherfuckin' gun.

Sinjin grabs the GUN from Louie. KWON is sitting up, still dazed, holding a HANDKERCHIEF to stem the flow of blood streaming out of his nose.

RJ

Cops're here.

Sinjin turns to inspect the room, contemplating the situation. He walks toward Jimmy's BACKPACK.

RJ (CONT'D)

We should go, Sinjin.

SINJIN

(facetious)

I'm not sure about that, RJ! Let's break out the chalk board, some X's and O's, an' make fer certain!

(taking command)

Just toss Louie out the fuckin' window!

KWON

Sinjin, those are my drugs.

SINJIN

(holding out the
Backpack)

These are my drugs,

(pointing at the BOWLING
BALL BAG)

That's your money.

LOUIE

(to RJ)

Easy motherfucker!

RJ drops Louie out the window like a sack of bird seed, Louie is followed by the remains of his wheelchair, then by RJ himself. Kwon stands up and grabs the bowling ball bag.

KWON

That's my gun, too.

SINJIN

(heading out the window
after RJ)

I'll send it UPS.

Sinjin disappears out the window. Bobby is about to follow, but turns back toward Jimmy.

BOBBY

You owe me.

Bobby exits. Kwon stands over Jimmy.

KWON

(foreboding)

I'll see you around, Jimmy.

Jimmy watches as Kwon exits out the window.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Most of the PARTYGOERS are clearing out of the house moving toward their cars, but some of the more curious STRAGGLERS are gathering around on the back porch, wondering what happened. POLICE OFFICER 1 is encouraging everyone to leave.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Everybody clear outta here.

FEMALE PARTYGOER 2

There was a gunshot.

FEMALE PARTYGOER 3

(pointing back toward the
bedrooms)

Over there.

POLICE OFFICER 1

We've got it. Clear outta here.

Police Officer 1 enters the house, passing CARLOS among the crowd making it's way out of the house. He walks across the back yard with his KEYS in his hand. He glances down at his shoes a moment as he spots JESSICA, AARON and TROY approaching. JIMMY enters and moves across the frame toward his PIECE-OF-SHIT parked in the rear of the back yard.

JESSICA

(to Carlos)

Hey. What happened in there?

CARLOS

I just heard a gunshot and everybody's jettin'. Probably more cops'll be here soon.

(regarding Aaron)

Are you goin' with him?

JESSICA

Yeah.

TROY

C'mon, let's get outta here.

JESSICA

(to Carlos)

Are you alright? You okay to drive?

CARLOS

(weakly)

Yeah, I'll be fine. I'm fine, I mean. I'll see you.

JESSICA

Call me tomorrow.

Carlos walks off toward his CAR, and Jessica, Aaron and Troy walk toward Troy's CAR.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, JERRY'S OLD BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER 2 is looking through Jerry's old bedroom, noticing the hole in the wall. We can hear POLICE OFFICER 1 knocking on the bathroom door in the hallway.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Anybody in there? Open up! This is the police! We're clearing everybody out!

We move past Police Officer 2 out into the hallway toward the noise...

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Police Officer 1 is opening the bathroom door, gun raised, and is stopped dead in his tracks by what he sees...

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Two legs are hanging out the side of the bathtub, belonging to a girl whose the rest of whose body is obscured from view.

Police Officer 1 drops his gun to his side and steps into the bathroom, staring down into the bathtub.

Police Officer 2 walks up into the bathroom, noticing the BULLET HOLE in the wall just beside the mirror.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Oh man...

We see what they do - EMILY is lying back across the width of the bathtub, eyes open but utterly vacant, a gunshot wound through her cheek just below her cheekbone.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

CARTER is moving from the living room toward the bedrooms. POLICE OFFICER 1 stops him.

POLICE OFFICER 1

You can't come back here.

CARTER

Whadda ya mean I can't go back there.
This is my house!

Carter is persistent, and Police Officer 1 puts his hands up against Carter.

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Some of the STRAGGLERS are still scattered throughout the side of the house opposite the bedrooms and bathroom. BERUBI is forcefully waving them out of the house.

CARTER (O.S.)

Get your fucking hands off me!

BERUBI

Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out! Get
the fuck out!

The Stragglers exit out the front door.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

STRAGGLERS are heading out the front door, joining the other PARTYGOERS in looking for their cars.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

STRAGGLERS are heading out the back door, joining the other PARTYGOERS in looking for their cars, and for their friends. A few Partygoers remain continue to loiter in groups scattered sparsely throughout the yard.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

HEATHER is seated in the back of a POLICE CAR with her hands cuffed behind her back.

INT. POLICE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Heather's body is contorted to her side to relieve the discomfort caused by the HANDCUFFS. Through the window facing Carter's house we see a figure approaching. As the figure nears, we recognize DEREK, seemingly recovered from his earlier thrashing. Heather does not notice Derek as he nears the door. Derek opens the door. Heather looks up at him.

HEATHER

Get away from me.

Derek pulls Heather from the police car, and the exhausted Heather gives only nominal resistance. Derek unlocks her handcuffs. Heather turns around.

DEREK

You should get out of here before the other officers come back.

HEATHER

Fuck you.

Heather walks past Derek, and Derek does not turn to follow her. Heather notices ALLISON standing several car lengths away. Allison has her arms crossed across her body as if she were hugging herself for warmth, both her and Heather's purses strapped over her shoulder, her KEYS dangling from her hand. Heather begins walking slowly towards Allison, passing by...

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

COREY and PEDRO are seated in the back of the POLICE CAR. Corey looks over at Pedro- the look of foolish optimism usually present on Pedro's face has vanished. He looks down at the floor of the Police Car.

Through the side window of the Police Car we see JESSICA, AARON, and TROY and climbing into Troy's CAR. Troy is handing Aaron his KEYS before climbing into the back seat.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Aaron is behind the wheel sticking the Keys into the ignition. Jessica is in the passenger seat looking through her PURSE for her CIGARETTES. Troy sits in the back seat, spent.

JESSICA

I left my novel in Carlos' car.

AARON

You wanna get it?

JESSICA

I'll get it tomorrow. We should just get out of here.

AARON

Alright.

Aaron starts the car as Jessica lights her Cigarette. Without warning, as Jessica takes a drag, Aaron punches Jessica square in the jaw. The lit Cigarette flies out of Jessica's mouth, and Jessica falls out of view. Aaron reaches down, grabs the Cigarette and puts it in his mouth, still angry.

He slowly pulls the car out of the back yard and toward the street, passing Jimmy's PIECE-OF-SHIT parked in the opposite direction. The engine is still off. JIMMY is sitting still behind the wheel, hands down in his lap, staring straight ahead. PULL IN and HOLD on Jimmy.

EXT. CARTER'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT with the house IN FOCUS in the background. A few STRAGGLERS remain in the backyard, smoking cigarettes, gossiping, staring back at the house, etc. RACK FOCUS to a group of stragglers in the foreground to the right of the frame, STRAGGLER 1 and STRAGGLER 2 smoking CIGARETTES among them. Straggler 2 flicks his Cigarette and leads all of the group except Straggler 1 frame left toward the street. Straggler 1 glances back at the house before taking a final puff of his Cigarette. He stomps it out under his foot and exits frame left after his buddies. HOLD on the house OUT OF FOCUS.

FADE OUT: