**“One80”**

by L.S. Richards

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WGA/w Registered

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BLACK.

A well-tuned MOTORCYCLE fires-up and revs loud and mean.

FADE IN:

EXT. A STREET IN THE ‘BURBS OF THE BRONX – NIGHT

A warm, late May evening sometime in the mid-1980’s.

SUPER: WEDNESDAY

A lit cigarette hits the pavement, a high-top sneaker taps forcefully the gear shift and the bike lurches forward grinding the smoldering tobacco into the pavement.

At the end of the long street…

A ‘78 CADILLAC SEDAN DEVILLE, the finest full-size sedan a father of means can hand down, sits just out of reach of the street-lamps greenish incandescent haze.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT

Mind-expanding Rock music emanates from the custom installed super-wicked Blaupunkt stereo.

Horizontally in the FRONT SEAT, ROB KAUFMANN, (18), The Pilot, voraciously makes-out with STACI BARKLEY, (17), The Current Girlfriend.

Semi-vertically in the BACK, WINSTON (WIN) O’SHEA, (17), The Other Friend, an odd but friendly combo of geeky-scholar and beer-swiggin’ stoner, nods to the beat and stares down the long, dark tree-lined street. At the appropriate intervals, he alternates between toking regally on a joint, swigging heartily from a frosty forty-ounce bottle o’ Bud and playing air-guitar.

A small, single, yellowish HEADLIGHT finally appears in the distance.

WINSTON

And behold. The valiant knight emerges from the dark of gloom upon his mechanical steed, undaunted, indeed fearless in his quest for...

ROB (O.S.)

Give it a rest already, would ya’?

STACI (O.S.)

Seriously.

Win kicks the back of the seat.

STACI (O.S.)

Hey!

Winston

Zip-it-up, horn-balls! The joust is afoot!

Rob grunts as both he and then Staci prop themselves up in their respective Corinthian leather seats.

ROB

He’s got the worst timing.

STACI

But yours is right on the button, baby.

If you know what I mean.

Devilish smiles are traded. Staci immediately gets to work re-applying her already well-applied make-up in the vanity mirror. Rob immediately ejects the current cassette, deftly slaps in another and fires up the massive engine.

ROB

Seat belt.

STACI

Whatever you say, Lover.

Rob cranks up the Hair Metal Thunder, throws the tranny into gear and slams his foot down on the gas pedal. The factory issued 350 V-8 kicks in and the car peels-out.

Staci lets out a “Yee-Haa!” her big-blues now practically as big as her hair.

Winston sticks his hand out the window in anticipation of making contact with the on-coming rider.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, a piece o’ shit RICE BURNER with a HARLEY DAVIDSON CHROME LOGO glued onto the gas tank cruises at ‘em.

EYES squint in the wind... the Caddy flicks her HIGHBEAMS... a small SMILE cracks... a HAND twists the throttle and the RIDER leans to the side.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT

Staci’s smile disappears as the headlight, which had been in the other lane, suddenly weaves into theirs.

STACI

What’s he doing?

ROB

Looks like he wants to play.

Rob smiles as he gets himself race-ready.

WINSTON

Oh yeah, baby! “This is Red Five. We’re going in!”

Win retracts his hand and begins to hum the theme from “Star Wars.” (*dunt-dunt-dunt-dunn… DUNN! Dun-dun-dun-dun-DUNNNN-dunnn… etc.)* Rob presses down on the gas a bit and the gap between car and bike rapidly closes.

STACI

What the fuck’s he doing?

ROB

It’s okay.

WINSTON

(ala Star Wars)

“Stay on target.”

STACI

Rob?

ROB

Relax.

WINSTON

“Stay on target.”

 STACI

Rob!

ROB

He’ll break off. He always does.

Rob’s grip on the steering wheel tightens. His now non-blinking eyes dart from the road, to the steadily climbing M.P.H. needle, then back to the road. His smile disappears as it suddenly becomes clear to him that maybe Jake won’t break off this time.

ROB

What’r you doing, Jake?

WINSTON

“You’re all clear, kid! Now let’s blow this thing and go home!”

Finally, with a nothin’ but a handful of yards to spare, the CADDY finally breaks off, locks up and skids to a tire-smoldering stop.

The MOTORCYCLE slows down and pulls around.

JAKE SEVERS, (18), dark, shoulder-length hair, leather jacket and a whole lotta attitude, sits hunched over his hog Brando-style and stares at his adversary with a small, cocky smile.

He flicks down the kickstand, gets off the bike and struts his way over to the Caddy.

INT. CADD / EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rob catches his breath.

WINSTON

That was awesome!

(To Rob)

Nice drivin’, Knievel!

ROB

Thanks.

STACI

Are you fucking kidding me? You both could’ve gotten us killed!

ROB

We’re fine. Just calm down, would ya’?

STACI

(To Rob)

Don’t you tell me to calm down!

Jake leans in, nods to Win...

JAKE

Win.

WINSTON

Jake Severs, you madman!

Jake

(to Rob)

I knew you didn’t have it in ya’.

Rob

I knew you didn’t wanna be my hood ornament.

Jake

Yeah, right!

STACI

You’re crazy, you know that, Jake?

JAKE

(to Rob)

What’s she doing here?

Rob

Nothin’. Just hangin’ out.

STACI

You got a problem with that?

JAKE

(to Staci)

Maybe I do.

STACI

Then let me hear it!

ROB

Would both of you please just cut it out? What is it with you two?

A momentary stare-down then Jake smiles.

JAKE

You got fire in you, Staci. I always liked that.

STACI

Whatever.

Jake laughs.

JAKE

Oh! I am SO in the mood to-night!

He slaps the roof of the Caddy and heads for the bike.

JAKE

Pick me up at the house. I gotta get something.

ROB

We’re, um, going to the movies.

Jake stops and looks back.

ROB

Me and Staci, I mean.

Beat.

JaKE

I see.

(to Win)

Yo, Shakespeare! You still in?

WINSTON

Does the Pope play the skin flute?

Jake laughs again, resumes his swagger back to the bike, kick-starts it up and takes off.

WINSTON

(r.e. Jake)

And there he goes, back into the night like a modern-day Holden Caulfield. Pure poetry, man.

STACI

Pure crazy fuck is more like it. Why’s he got to do shit like that all the time?

Rob says nothing as he watches Jake and the bike disappear back into the night.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Your typical pre-war building in your typical middle-class neighborhood in the Bronx. Clean and safe. Nothing fancy.

Jake runs up the stairs two at a time, stops at the top of the third floor landing and then continues down the hallway but his pace slows considerably.

INT. JAKE’S APT (3B) - NIGHT

Jake enters the smoky apartment, the heavy front door slams behind him.

The SOUNDS of ROCK N’ROLL and intense INHALING immediately hit Jake.

JAKE

(to himself)

Shit.

NICK (O.S.)

Yo, Jake!

STAN (O.S.)

Jakee! How’s it hangin’?

Jake re-locks the three heavy-duty bolts and walks slowly into the cluttered apartment that hasn’t seen a vacuum cleaner in years. Stacks of old newspapers and magazines conceal huge areas of the hardwood floors.

The Three Stooges, STAN, JIMMY and BUTCH DOLAN, (late 30’s), extreme blue collar down to their wife-beaters, sit around the powered-on but muted TV drinkin’, smokin’ and snortin’.

Jake walks in and nods.

Butch

Siddown, kid! Have a drink an’ a smile!

JAKE

No, thanks. Debbie around?

Butch motions to another part of the apartment. As he watches Jake walk off into the depths, he snickers to himself, grabs an open, half-empty bottle of Southern Comfort and swigs.

BEDROOM

Dark except for a small lamp on the night-stand which barely illuminates the mess. Clothes are scattered everywhere and spill out of partially closed drawers.

Jake slowly makes his way toward the bed where DEBBIE SEVERS, (30’s), breathes shallowly and quickly.

He watches her for a moment and then looks to the nightstand littered with vials and a couple of half empty glasses. Jake reaches for the top drawer.

The woman starts awake.

DEBBIE

Jake? That you?

He quickly pulls his hand back.

JAKE

Hey. How you feel?

She calms down and lays her head back down on the pillow and sighs heavily.

DEBBIE

Need money?

JAKE

Maybe just a few bucks.

Debbie slowly, laboriously reaches into the same drawer he was going for, pulls out some cash and hands it to Jake.

JAKE

Thanks.

She lies back down, her eyes close immediately.

DEBBIE

I love you, Jake.

Jake reaches over to the nightstand and shuts off the light.

APARTMENT HALLWAY

Jake walks by the Living Room and ignores its occupants. As he reaches the front door, Butch, bottle of SoCo in his hand, intercepts him.

BUTCH

Where you goin’?

JAKE

Out.

Jake unlocks and opens the door. Butch closes and re-locks it.

JAKE

C’mon, Butch. Let’s not do this.

BUTCH

Do what?

Jake sighs.

BUTCH

Why don’tcha’ come and party with me and the fellas for awhile? For old times sake. We got some of the good stuff.

(calls out)

Ain’t that right, fellas! We got the good stuff!

Stan finishes doing a line.

STAN

Primo shit, man!

JIMMY

Fuckin’ A! You the man, Butch!

BUTCH

See?

JAKE

Thanks for the offer but I’ll pass.

BUTCH

Come on, Jake. You’ve never been one to turn down some free shit. Hell, you’re easier to turn on than a Times Square hooker. And I would know!

Butch laughs. Jake just looks back blankly.

BUTCH

Oh, I get it. You think you’re better than us now, don’t you? We’ll let me tell you something, little Joe College-Boy.

Butch leans in.

BUTCH

You’re not.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - LATER

Jake finally emerges from the apartment and closes the door behind him. He puts his head against the door.

ROB (O.S.)

What the fuck’s taking so long?

Startled, Jake, eyes wide, mouth dry and pupils dilated, quickly turns to see Rob who walks toward him.

JAKE

I thought you were going to the movies.

ROB

Changed my mind, if that’s all right with you. C’mon, let me in. I gotta use the can.

Rob goes to open the door but Jake quickly turns back to the door and locks it first.

ROB

What are you doing?

JAKE

Plumbin’s busted.

ROB

Again?

JAKE

C’mon, I’ll race ya’!

Jake bolts down the hallway.

ROB

Fuckin’ hell.

Rob takes off after him and they both doubletime-it up the staircase.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Rob burst through the door and make a bee-line towards one of the roofs tar-lined corners.

ROB

Why do we always have to come up here?

JAKE

It’s peaceful and I like that.

ROB

It’s dark and I end up pissing on my sneakers.

They unzip and begin to do their business.

JAKE

So, Dana Marie called.

ROB

Ah, yes. Your little Oyster Bay buddy.

Jake starts to laugh.

JAKE

Check this out, man. Last summer, right? Middle of the day, we’re hangin’ out, drinkin’ a couple of Bartles and James, smokin’ a little doobage, when all of a sudden… whoops! Well, whatta we got here? Before I know it, both of us are butt-ass naked and goin’ at it on my deck chair. So she’s all moaning and groaning like some kind of Banshee, right? Did I already tell you this?

ROB

Only a couple o’ dozen of times.

JAKE

Great story.

ROB

Yes, it most certainly is.

JAKE

Yep, lotta good times up here. This is just about my favorite place in the whole fucking world right here.

ROB

Butch’s home, isn’t he?

Jake gives it a good shake and zips up. He then pulls out a butt, Marlboro Red of course, the Hardpack kind and tosses a strike into his mouth. Rob gives him a good stare-down.

JAKE (CONT'D)

All right yes and once again, true to form he made me an offer I couldn’t refuse, so fucking what?

A ZIPPO’s pulled out of a pocket and in a single move, Jake deftly opens and strikes the wheel on the well-worn, faded denim that tightly encases his thigh. A five-inch flame ignites his cancer stick. The Zippo goes back into the pocket, a plume of smoke escapes from the nostrils then mouth.

JAKE

Pretty good shit, too. I would’ve scammed some for you but I thought you took off with whatshername.

ROB

He’s such an asshole.

Jake offers the pack to Rob who accepts. Rob takes Jake’s lit cigarette to light his own.

ROB (CONT'D)

Seriously, Jake. You gotta stop letting him push you around like that.

Jake turns fiercely and gets in Rob’s face.

JAKE

Hey! He’s not fuckin’ pushing me around, all right?!

ROB

I’m just saying…

JAKE

I do what I gotta do, no more and no less and you know that!

ROB

Look, I’m sorry, okay? I’m just saying that the offer’s still good if you want to stay at my house ‘till school starts. That’s all.

Jake steps back.

JAKE

I’ve made it this far, I can make it through the next couple of months. (Beat) But thanks.

ROB

Yeah. Anytime.

They smoke in the momentary silence.

ROB

So, how’s Debbie?

JAKE

You just don’t know when to quit, do you?

ROB

What did I say now?

With the Marlboro temporarily clamped firmly into the corner of his mouth, Jake jumps up on the wall. He re-grabs the cigarette and with arms spread wide, Jake addresses his audience below who, for the moment, remain unaware of his looming and unsteady presence.

JAKE

Ladies and gentlemen! Children of all ages! A toast! To me!

ROB

And to me!

JAKE

That’s right, to us! For making it through and to getting’ the fuck outta here! So long, suckers!

Jake gives a large, sweeping Richard Dawson-like “Family Feud” kiss and briefly loses his balance.

ROB

Jake!

Rob reaches out and grabs Jake by the waist of his jeans to hold him steady.

Jake looks down and spits out his cigarette.

Jake

That would’ve been very uncool.

ROB

You think you might wanna get down now?

A car horn HONKS repeatedly from the street.

JAKE

Your master’s calling.

ROB

Shut the fuck up already, would ya’? She’s not my master!

Jake laughs, jumps off the wall back onto the rooftop.

JAKE

Dude, it’s cool. Just ‘cause you’re whipped doesn’t mean I don’t still love ya’. Especially now that you saved my life and all.

As they head towards the roof door, Jake throws his arm around Rob.

JAKE (CONT'D)

My hero. C’mon. Give us a kiss.

ROB

Cut it out!

JAKE

Hey, she doesn’t happen to have any blow on her, does she? That would certainly help to make up for her presence.

 ROB

You’re such a dick.

Rob pushes him off and they disappear down the stairs laughing and making all sorts of noise.

INT. CADDY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The crew pulls up to the type of house you wish you had grown up in- large, ornate but still stylish in a very upscale East Coast kinda way. Tudor or some shit like that.

WINSTON

We have arrived heretofore.

STACI

And the question is still “why?”

WINSTON

If free libations ain’t a good enough reason, I don’t know what is.

ROB

It’ll be fine. ‘Sides I’d like to score some good weed for a change. And speaking of indulging in some of life’s finest, nose check!

They all give a good wipe and a snort.

JAKE, WINSTON and STACI

Check!

JAKE

Now remember. We don’t have invites so if anyone asks, what do we to say?

ROB, WIN and STACI

*We’re irresponsible seniors. We mean you no harm. Why yes, we would love a cocktail! Thank you!*

JAKE

And if that doesn’t work, Staci’ll just blow the host. Ain’t that right, hot lips?

STACI

That only happened once and I was drunk so get off it.

Laughter and silliness fill the air.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With Jake and Rob in the lead, the foursome walk up to the house.

JAKE

Just smile and nod and I’m sure we’ll be all be greeted with open arms.

They do but the smiles and nods are barely returned.

DAVE ROSEN, (17), a large Varisty-Football-jacket-wearing goon stands at the front door. He holds up his meaty hand and stops the would-be party-crashers in their tracks.

ROSEN

You got invites?

The party-crashers trade looks. Jake puts his arms up like a conductor at a symphony. And then in unison just as was rehearsed…

JAKE, ROB, WIN and STACI

*We’re irresponsible seniors. We mean you no harm. Why yes, we would love a cocktail! Thank you!*

ROSEN

Cute. Now get lost.

JAKE

You know you’re doing a hellova job here, Rosen.

A true credit to your species. I’ll be sure to mention that to Scott when we catch him on the flip-side.

They try to move forward but once again, Rosen stops him. Only this time he gives Jake a bit of a shove backwards.

ROSEN

Maybe I didn’t make myself clear, Severs. You’re not getting in without invites.

Some other teens walk past and into the house with little more than a nod to Rosen.

This does not go unnoticed.

JAKE

You know what, Rosen? I just remembered, we do have invites. Funny thing is, and mind you it is a little awkward telling you like this, but I think I must have left them in your mother’s bedroom the last time I fucked her.

Rosen hits Jake who stumbles backward and falls to the ground. Before Jake has a chance to get back up or for Rosen to continue his assault on Jake, Rob jumps into the fray.

ROB

That’s it! You’re dead meat, Rosen!

Dave pushes Rob back first, then zeros back in on Jake. Just as Jake and Dave grab each others jackets to continue the rumble, SCOTT TYLER, (17), the host and already the quintessential nerdy lawyer-type, walks up and gets in between them.

SCOTT

Dave, stop! It’s all right! They can come in!

Dave and Jake stare each other down and breathe fiercely on each other.

SCOTT

Dave! I said let go of him!

Rosen does as he’s told. Jake, however, has a crazed look in his eyes and won’t.

SCOTT

You, too, Jake!

Finally so does Jake, his crazed look quickly replaced by a smile.

JAKE

Thanks, Scott. Lovely home you have here although the help leaves much to be desired.

INT.HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wall-to-wall clicks: Jocks here and precocious Teenage Yuppies sporting the latest in Lettered Varsity jackets and Izods there. Nothing in between.

Pop music plays in the background, typical 80’s synthesized-everything kinda crap.

SCOTT

You mind telling me what the hell that was about?

JAKE

Nothing. Just a misunderstanding.

SCOTT

Cut the shit, Jake. Look, I like you and since this is my party I’m really the only one who matters. But I’m serious, I’m not going to do this all night so do me a favor, and this goes for all of you-

SCOTT (con’t)

Straighten up and fly right or I’ll kick all your asses out, capice? Now get a drink and mingle... quietly.

And with that Scott’s gone.

WINSTON

Straighten up or fly right? Who says that? I wouldn’t even say that.

JAKE

Scottie’s okay.

STACI

Well, excuse me fellas, but if you guys are done trying to impress me, I’m gonna get something to eat.

Staci walks off as well.

JAKE

(to Rob)

By the way, you didn’t have to jump in there.

ROB

I watch your back, you watch mine. Besides I’ve been waiting for an excuse to kick his ass since second grade.

WINSTON

Same here, only in my own non-confrontational kind of way.

JAKE

F’get about it, the both of you.

ROB

Fuck, no! I don’t give a rat’s ass what Scott says. Rosen’s always giving you a hard time and I’m sick of it! What do I care if he throws us out?

JAKE

Hey, Mister Wired, listen to me. He’s not worth the hassle so relax.

ROB

But he’s a dick!

JAKE

Rob?

Beat.

ROB

Fine.

WINSTON

Besides, I believe it’s page ninety-six, paragraph three of “The Preppie Handbook” which specifically dictates that one must mingle first before kicking ass.

JAKE

And there you have it. Who are we to argue with Preppie etiquette?

KITCHEN

BETH CHANDLER, (17), decked-out in a fuzzy V neck and Capri pants, talks with LORI ANDREWS, (17), her clone. They share a joint.

Staci slips past and makes her way down the well-stocked buffet line.

BETH

So anyways, I was telling, you know, my advisor, I just can’t decide between Syracuse or Penn. Syracuse seems so much more, like, eclectic and fun, you know?

LORI

Definitely. But Penn is so, so, “ivy-ee.”

BETH

That’s because Penn is an ivy, you dork.

LORI

I know. I’m just saying.

STACI

Is it just me or does it sound like you both tied for the Dumbass Debutantes of the Year award again?

LORI

Ha- Ha. So funny I forgot to laugh.

BETH

Actually, we were just talking about which schools we got into.

Staci begins to fill her plate with anything.

LORI

So which, like, community college did you get accepted to, Staci?

The girls giggle. Staci tosses her plate down and then heads out of the room, but not before hearing...

BETH

What a weirdo. No wonder she’s never had any friends.

LORI

“Loser!”

BETH

“Slut” is more like it.

LIVING ROOM

Win stands with a couple of GEEKS, a snifter of brandy in one hand, the bottle in the other.

WINSTON

So, I hear you guys got into Cal Tech.

GEEK 1

I did.

GEEK 2

M.I.T. here. How ‘bout you?

WINSTON

Harvard wouldn’t you know. I’m considering a double major... philosophy and literature.

GEEKS 1 and 2

Excellent!

A HOTTIE walks by.

WINSTON

Excuse me, fellas.

(to the Real Hottie)

M’lady! Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, and...

HOTTIE

Not going to happen, Winston.

She walks off and into the waiting arms of a jock. The Geeks sigh the sigh that comes with years of trained acceptance

GEEK 1

You’re one of us, Winston. And guys like us never get girls like her.

WINSTON

I don’t believe in the no-win scenario.

 GEEK 2

Ooh! James T. Kirk! The Wrath of Kahn! 1982!

Win rolls his eyes.

A short distance away, Jake stands alone and gets antsier by the second. Very much aware of the looks he’s getting from more than a few of the revelers, he quickly drinks his beer.

Over in another corner of the large room, Rob hangs with a few guys, eventually trades cash for a small bag of weed and heads back over to the waiting Jake.

ROB

Mission accomplished.

JAKE

Great. Let’s get outta here.

Staci walks quickly through the crowded house. The tears have already started to flow as she zooms past Jake and Rob.

ROB

Hey! What’s up?

Staci doesn’t respond as she heads for the front door. Rob then sees Lori and Beth who giggle.

ROB

(to Jake)

I better go see if she’s all right.

Rob takes off. Jake watches but he’s had enough. He finishes his beer and slams it down on a table.

JAKE

Win!

WINSTON

Yo!

JAKE

We’re out! Grab a goodie-bag!

As they head towards the door, Jake grabs an errant six-pack, Win a couple o’ bottles of vino.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Win walk out of the house. They look around and finally spot Rob who walks towards Staci who stands off in the distance under a tree and smokes a cigarette.

JAKE

We’ll meet ‘em in the car.

They take off for the haphazardly parked chariot.

Rob walks up to Staci.

ROB

What’s going on?

STACI

Nothing.

ROB

Forget about them.

STACI

It’s kind of hard.

ROB

Yeah, I know.

STACI

No, you don’t, Rob! You don’t know at all! You’ve always had friends!

ROB

Staci, relax.

STACI

Don’t tell me to relax! Why should I?

ROB

Because I’m your friend. That’s why.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The horn honks long and hard as the Caddy drives across the lawn, through a maze of band-spankin’-new Camaro’s and BMW’s, through the hedges and finally off the curb and onto the street.

JAKE

You thinking what I’m thinking?

Rob looks to Jake and in unison they nod.

JAKE and ROB

Suicide run!!

WINSTON

Just the thing to take the edge off, lads!

STACI

Wait a minute. What are we doing?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - later

The CADDY builds up speed and barrels down a dark, deserted and extremely uneven suburban road. Sparks spew from the dual pipes and explode from the undercarriage as the machine bottoms-out over and over.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT

In the FRONT, as usual, Rob is a study in concentration and well-practiced offensive driving techniques.

Sidled-up next to him, Staci squeals.

In the BACK, Jake and Win laugh like a couple of ten-year-olds. The two bounce all over the backseat and off each other each trying to not spill their swiped beverages.

INT. CADDY - LATER

Post ride.

STACI

So, now what?

JAKE

Laser show?

ROB

Good call.

WINSTON

Perhaps some pro-bono, pseudo culinary-like munchies are in order first.

JAKE

I’ll buy you a slice when we get to the City.

WINSTON

Why buy when we can pillage what our parents’ dollars have already paid for?

ROB

(to Jake)

Shakespeare’s got a point.

WINSTON

And I got a joint!

JAKE

And I’m just not into it.

ROB

What? Why not?

JAKE

I’m just not, all right?

STACI

In this lifetime, please. I’m getting old here.

Pause. Rob looks to Jake. Finally...

JAKE

Fine, whatever. Hang a louie.

The Caddy makes a left and disappears into the darkness just as Win begins to hic-cup.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

The muscle machine cruises slowly up to RIVERSTONE ACADEMY that looms on a cloistered hill like a medieval castle.

Surrounded by ancient Maples the cluster of nineteenth-century ivy-covered, brick and stone buildings, serves as one of the educational Meccas for the mostly well-bred kids of the area's affluent liberals; a Prep school where 60’s-era folk songs are sung with more enthusiasm than the National Anthem.

EXT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY - NIGHT

On one of the darker sides of the large edifice, Jake shoves a sneaker up. With Rob’s help, Win pulls himself up to a wide LEDGE that runs the perimeter of the building.

Staci’s next and she ain’t so easy. Rob reaches down to get her.

ROB

(whispers)

Grab my hand!

STACI

Little higher!

JAKE

(whispers to Staci)

Hey! Be… Quiet!

STACI

(whispers back to Jake)

Eat… Me!

Jake shoves her up hard toward Rob’s waiting grasp where he grabs Staci’s hand and yanks her up onto the ledge.

Jake takes one last good look around and scales up all by lonesome.

Once back together again, they head for a large casement window which they then huddle around.

JAKE

All right. Gimme your knife.

ROB

Sorry, dude. Left it at the lake house.

JAKE

So, how do you expect me to pop the lock?

STACI

You never told me you had a lake house.

ROB

You never asked.

JAKE

Hello?

Jake points to the window. Rob shrugs.

ROB

Bust it.

JAKE

No way, man.

STACI

Why not?

JAKE

Because I’m just not that hungry, that’s why.

STACI

Well, now I am. Step aside, ladies!

She takes a step towards the window, picks up her foot and aims it at the window.

JAKE and ROB

No, no, no, no...!

Jake and Rob pull her back before she has a chance to stick her foot through it.

JAKE

You’re a real nut-job, you know that?

STACI

You’re the one who’s being a pussy.

JAKE

Shut the fuck up, Staci.

STACI

No, you shut the fuck up!

ROB

How ‘bout the both of you shut the fuck up?

They do. Seconds later, Jake takes off his leather jacket, removes his T-shirt and wraps it around his hand.

JAKE

(to Rob)

Just keep Charlie’s second-string Angel back, would ya’?

WINSTON

(to Staci)

Watch and learn.

Jake skillfully jabs at the window pane and busts it just enough.

He deftly sticks his hand through the shattered glass and with a quick flick of the wrist, pops the lock.

WINSTON

Masterful!

STACI

Not bad.

JAKE

Just one of the very few benefits of having a convicted felon for a step-father.

INT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, KITCHEN - LATER

Jake, Rob and Staci rummage through the large, stainless steel refrigerators and take out just about every one of the cellophane-wrapped containers they can get their hands on.

The feast quickly turns into a disgusting, ravenous mess of macaroni and cheese, meatloaf, mashed potatoes and apple pie.

WINSTON

It amuses me endlessly how we routinely break in to eat the same food we’ve hated for twelve years.

JAKE

Ironic, isn’t it?

Jake plays with a Mr. Potato-like creature he’s made with his mashed spuds.

JAKE

What’s that Mr. Cold and Lumpy Mashed Spud-Head?

He puts his ear to the “face” of his mashed potato action figure and feigns fear.

JAKE

Oh, my god! Mr. Cold and Lumpy Mashed Spud-Head says mac and cheese is people! *Mac and cheese is people!*

STACI

When are you going to grow up?

JAKE

Only when I absolutely have to and even then I’ll put up a fight.

INT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

On the opposite end of this large cloister-like edifice, a SECURITY GUARD, (50’s), sits in a small, cramped office.

As he relaxes into his unauthorized slumber, he begins to fall off his chair. He quickly catches himself, jolts up, grabs his hat and badly aligns it to his head.

He checks his watch and sighs.

INT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, KITCHEN - LATER

The aftermath.

WINSTON

I don’ feel too good.

JAKE

Mr. Cold and Lumpy warned you to stay away from the veggies. Although it did bother me that he didn’t say why.

Win backs away from the prep-table and staggers for the door.

WINSTON

I’ll be right back.

ROB

The vomitorium is down the hall and to the left.

WINSTON

Many thanks, Robertus Caesar. I am well familiar with the province and shall meet thee and thine henceforth at the Coliseum. E Plurbis unum, ya'll.

JAKE

Just barf quietly, Win. And keep an’ eye out for the Security Blob in between heaves.

He salutes, almost falls and stumbles out the door.

ROB

He cracks me up.

STACI

He’s weird and he bugs me.

JAKE

He looks at things differently and I like that so fuck you.

ROB

Leave her alone, Jake.

JAKE

Whatever.

(to Rob, r.e. his plate)

You gonna finish your loaf?

BATHROOM

Win stumbles into the closest stall and proceeds to puke his guts up. When he’s done, he reaches for the lever to flush but manages to stop himself in time.

WINSTON

No, can’t flush… can’t flush… shhhh…

He slowly slides down to the cold, tiled floor, leans against the old wood stall and closes his eyes.

ANOTHER HALLWAY

The security guard jiggles door after door as well as the lock on any locker he happens to be within reach of.

SECURITY GUARD

Coffee.

He heads outside and towards another building.

KITCHEN

Staci takes her plate and places it in one of the sinks.

STACI

Good thinking, Rob. I love a man who thinks ahead.

ROB

What are you talking about?

She points to the “Mr. Coffee,” red light on and pot half full.

ROB

I didn’t make that.

They look at Jake.

JAKE

Don’t look at me. I never touch the stuff.

A moment as they think about the possibilities.

JAKE

I think we better get outta here. Where’s Win?

A door slamming echoes through the building. They look toward the sound

STACI

Let’s get outta here. I don’t feel the need to start a rap sheet tonight.

JAKE

Me neither, but we’re not going anywhere without him.

STACI

Great. Then you stay and look after your little brother. Rob and I are going.

Staci looks to Rob who hesitates and exchanges looks with Jake.

STACI

Right?

ROB

(to Staci)

Just hang out, Stace. Ten minutes tops.

STACI

Figures.

Another door slams, this time louder and closer.

STACI

And on that note.

Staci heads for the window.

ROB

Staci, wait!

STACI

Look, you homos want to stay and get busted together, fine by me.

Rob and Jake watch as Staci climbs up to and out through the window. She drops down off the roof with a thud which she follows up with a very audible stream of obscenities.

JAKE

That’s a hellova woman you got yourself there, Rob. Real quality piece of work.

ROB

Maybe she’s right, Jake. Let’s get outta here. Win can manage on his own.

JAKE

We’ve never left a man behind and I sure as hell ain’t gonna start now.

ROB

Quit trying to take care of him all the time. He’ll be okay.

JAKE

Fuckin’ hell, Rob! You’re even starting to sound like her!

ROB

Don’t start with that again! We’ll come back to get him in a little while.

JAKE

I told you I’m staying.

Beat. Finally, Rob sighs deep. Then, the SOUND of approaching footsteps.

JAKE

Now I’m hiding.

ROB

See? This is what I was talking about!

They each run off to a separate dark corner but still within eyeshot of each other.

ROB

(whispers)

If we get busted, I swear!

Jake nods and rolls his eyes in a “yeah-yeah, whatever” kind of way. Just then, The SECURITY BLOB enters the room, grabs a mug off the rack next to Rob, goes straight for the coffee maker. With his cup full, he walks off and out of the kitchen.

Rob and Jake watch him go. They look to each other and make their move toward the window.

HALLWAY

The security blob sips his coffee, makes a “sour-puss” face and stops.

KITCHEN

Rob gets to the window first and starts to climb up.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! Hold it right there!

Rob slips. The Security Blob shines his light on Rob who now freezes.

Jake jumps back behind a rack of mugs and glasses and watches intently as the scene unfolds.

SECUIRTY GUARD

Who are ya’? What are ya’ doin’ here?

ROB

Actually I was just leaving. So, if you don’t mind...

SECUIRTY GUARD

Shut up!

Jake takes a deep breath and steps out from his hiding place.

JAKE (O.S.)

(ala Clint Eastwood in “Dirty Harry”)

You gotta ask yourself, "Do I feel lucky?”

The Security Blob spins, his flashlight finds Jake with his hands up in the air.

JAKE

“Well, do you? Punk?”

SECURITY GUARD

Don’t I know you?

JAKE

(to Rob)

Get outta here!

The light swings back to Rob. Immediately, a thundering crash behind the security blob spins him back around.

The flashlight lands back on Jake who stands next to the pile of busted glasses and the tipped-over rack.

JAKE

Oops.

The flashlight whips back around but this time lands on Rob’s ass which disappears through the window.

The twirling security ballerina turns back to Jake who smiles.

INT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE, NEXT MORNING

SUPER: THURSDAY

CHARLES HARRIS, (50’s), a large man whose impeccable wardrobe accentuates his innate formidable presence, walks into his well-manicured office.

Jake follows but stops just outside the door.

HARRIS

Sit down, please.

Jake does as he’s told. He swaggers over to a chair where he sits armed with his well-practiced confident, cocky and casual countenance.

Harris tosses a thick file onto his oversized desk. Jake looks at the manila. Harris looks at Jake and sighs deeply.

HARRIS

All we’ve ever wanted was to help you, Jacob.

JAKE

Mister Harris...

HARRIS

Each and every one of us has bent over backwards on countless occasions....

JAKE

Look, Mister Harris I think I know where you’re going with this...

HARRIS

Bent over *backwards* to keep you here because we believed in you. We felt for you. But now...

JAKE

And I’d be willing to bet that if we take a look at the grand scheme of things, you’ll see that the incident last night really wasn’t that big a deal.

HARRIS

Not a big deal? Are you kidding me?! Breaking and entering, kid! You’re lucky I didn’t press charges!

For once, Jake’s silent.

HARRIS

You’re no longer welcome here, Jake. I’m sorry, I truly am. But you have only yourself to blame.

Jake’s knee begins to twitch but he still manages a slight laugh.

JAKE

Yeah, right. There’s no way you’d kick me out now. You know it and I know it so what do you say we just move on?

Harris says nothing.

JAKE

I mean c’mon, it’s just two lousy weeks! What would be the point? Look, let’s just forget this nonsense and work out something.

HARRIS

If you need any assistance in finding a summer program, I’m sure...

JAKE

No! No summer school!

HARRIS

Control yourself, Mr. Severs!

Beat as Jake takes a moment to calm down. But he can’t.

JAKE

Okay, okay. Look, I admit it. I screwed up and I apologize. I know I’ve said if before but I swear, it’ll never, ever happen again. I give you my word. I’ll pay for the window and whatever else you want so...

HARRIS

We are done here.

Jake suddenly catapults at Harris, the desk the only thing that stands between Jake and Harris's fleshy throat.

JAKE

Now you listen to me, Harris! I’ve been here since the first grade! Scholarships or no scholarships that’s twelve fuckin’ years I’ve been sucking it up in this prestigious piece of shit! You know what I’ve had to deal with at home, you said so yourself!

 JAKE (con’t)

And now you think you’re gonna kick me out when I’m almost finally finished? For what?

Harris shoves the stuffed file toward Jake.

HARRIS

Take your pick.

Jake doesn’t look.

HARRIS

Once you complete your summer-school curriculum you’ll still graduate. Considering your past actions, I wouldn’t think it would matter to you if it were from here or elsewhere.

JAKE

It matters.

HARRIS

Why?

Jake’s bravado deflates.

JAKE

Graduating from here would have proved once and for all that they were wrong about me. If you do this, no matter what, from now on, as far as they’re concerned, they’ll have been right and I will always be as lame as they are. (Beat) Thanks for everything, Mister Harris. I mean that.

He turns and heads out.

HARRIS

Jake. I may be persuaded to allow you to finish out the year. On one condition.

Jake stops and turns.

Harris

Tell me who else was with you.

EXT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY - LATER

Jake walks quickly through the busy Quad past Rob and Win.

ROB

So, what happened?

He doesn’t stop.

ROB

Hey!

Rob takes off after Jake with Win following behind. He catches up to Jake, grabs his shoulder and spins him around.

ROB

Stop for a second! What happened?

JAKE

Nothing.

ROB

He suspended you again, didn’t he? That motherfucker!

JAKE

He didn’t suspend me.

ROB

Then what?

Jake breaks free and keeps walking towards the parking lot and his bike.

ROB

Holy shit.

WINSTON

What?

Rob and Win quickly catch up again.

ROB

You gotta be fucking kidding me. He kicked you out?

JAKE

It’s no big deal. I’ll be fine.

WINSTON

What’d you get kicked out for?

ROB

He got busted last night.

WINSTON

You did? Well, so what? Why would Harris would expel you for that? Suspend maybe but not expel.

ROB

What are you going to do?

Jake looks up at a large WINDOW where he sees HARRIS who looks out at them. He takes out a smoke and lights it up.

JAKE

I am going to go get a beer and toast my early release. You’re more than welcome to join me.

ROB

Dammit, Jake! Quit trying to be so fucking cool all the time! This isn’t just about a couple of detentions we’re talking about anymore and you know it!

WINSTON

He’s right, man. Now may just be the time to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end them. Carpe Diem! Seize the day and all that!

JAKE

I told you I’ll be fine. Come September I’ll be doing beer funnels and bong hits with some very lucky Blue-Blood co-ed’s like nothing ever happened.

Jake smiles, throws a salute toward Harris and gets onto his bike. He jams the key into the ignition and guns the throttle. The rear wheel spits gravel like shrapnel as he heads out of the parking lot and disappears down the street.

Rob and Win stare impotently after him.

WINSTON

So, now what?

INT. BAR – LATER THAT DAY

Looking anything but fine, Jake sits alone in a dark, local tavern scattered with drunk old men. He takes a good look around at his surroundings, finishes his beer and pushes the empty towards the BARTENDER. Jake slides off the stool and heads for the door.

BARTENDER

Have a good one, Kiddo.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - LATER

Jake enters and heads for the staircase. Even three floors below, he can hear the echoes of yelling which reverberate down.

THIRD FLOOR

Neighbors stand outside their apartments. Jake walks by and tries desperately to avoid their disapproving glares.

The SOUND of the fight gets louder with each step.

Just as Jake’s about to put his key in the door, it violently swings open. Butch storms out, brushes past and completely ignoring Jake.

INT. JAKE’s APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Jake enters to find Debbie in the living room on the couch, drinking something and smoking a cigarette. He takes a real good look at her red and swollen face.

JAKE

You all right?

DEBBIE

I’ll be fine.

JAKE

Fuck that! Where’d he go? I’m calling the cops!

Jake reaches over and picks up the phone receiver.

DEBBIE

No! No police! Please, Jake. You’ll just make things worse. If you want to help, just get me some ice. Okay?

Jake holds the phone for a moment, then finally slams it back down and heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Jake grabs some ice from the freezer, wraps it up in a dish-towel and slams the freezer door shut.

LIVING ROOM

He goes back to Debbie, gives her the ice and sits down next to her. As soon as he does, she puts her head down on his lap like a child.

DEBBIE

I don’t know what I’d do without you.

Jake’s eyes focus on the vial of blow which sits on the coffee table just out of reach.

INT. GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Surrounded by pieced-out automotive clutter, Butch takes various electrical car innards out of a box and stacks them neatly next to other piles of auto-type stuff. A bottle of Southern Comfort sits next to him.

Jake throws open the door.

JAKE

Touch her again and I’ll fucking kill you! You hear me, Butch?

Butch offers no verbal response but his muscular, tattooed forearms flex. He picks up the bottle and...

SMASH! The bottle barely misses Jake’s head, hits the wall and shatters, splattering Jake with booze and shards of wet glass.

Butch’s empty, unblinking, black eyes zero-in on Jake.

BUTCH

Don’t rock the boat, Jake. We gotta good thing going here.

JAKE

You call mooching-off what my Grandfather left us and kicking the shit out of Debbie whenever you feel like it a good thing?

BUTCH

I’ve been taking care of the both of you for years! Where would either one of you be me without me? Weak, pathetic pains in the asses the both of you. You need me!

(beat)

Besides, when did you start to care so much all of the sudden? You’ve been doing all right.

Jake clenches his jaw and fists and takes a step towards Butch.

BUTCH

You don't have it in you, Jake. You're all talk and not a whole lot else. Just like your mother.

Jake stops. Butch reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out a couple of bills and tosses it to Jake.

BUTCH

Go get yourself a drink, kid. That’s what you usually do, isn’t it?

Butch turns his back on Jake who, instead of going for Butch again, turns and goes for the door instead.

BUTCH

Works for me!

And slams the door shut on the laughing Butch.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jake rides wildly through the streets eventually ending up at...

EXT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY – EARLY EVENING

Jake sits and stares up at the same window he saw Harris in a only a few hours before. He finishes his smoke, flicks it up in the direction of the window and takes off again.

INT. WINSTON’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Classical music plays in the background. Win’s on the phone.

WINSTON

Okay, I’ll be outside. Ciao!

He hangs up and goes back to making his PB and J sandwich.

ESMERELDA, the maid, (40’s), enters.

ESMERELDA

I’ll be leaving now, Master Winston.

WINSTON

Muchas gracias, Esmerelda por todos.

ESMERELDA

De nada. But Master Winston are you sure you wouldn’t like me to make you something? It’s no problem.

WINSTON

Nonsense. I have here just about all of the food groups a growing boy could ever need. Peanut Butter and jelly with a nice glass of Chardonnay chilled to perfection. Protein, carbs and fruit. Es muy delicioso, no?

She smiles.

ESMERELDA

Buenas noches, Master Winston. Do not forget to set the alarm. Your parents made it very clear that...

WINSTON

Adios, Esmerelda! Hasta manana y gracias por todo.

She leaves. Winston takes his plate and his glass of wine and heads into the very ornate...

DINING ROOM

He sits down at a large table, opens a thick textbook and digs into his well-balanced banquet for one.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING – THAT SAME NIGHT

Angry voices echo down the well-lit, plush-carpeted hallway of the luxury building.

WOMAN (V.O.)

What do you mean you love him? You don’t know the meaning of the word!

STACI (V.O.)

Yes, I do!

WOMAN (V.O.)

Bullshit! You’re nothing but a stupid kid!

STACI (V.O.)

I’m not stupid! Rob understands me! He’s the only one!

MAN (V.O.)

Please, for once just listen to your mother, Staci.

STACI (V.O.)

Why don’t you listen to me for once? She’s nothing but a selfish, manipulative bitch and you’re just as bad as she is!

SMACK!

Staci runs out of the apartment, the door slams behind her.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Staci runs past the doorman and out of the building, tears streaming down her face.

She sits down on the curb, takes out her compact and fixes herself up paying special attention to the red lump that swells on her cheek.

A CAR pulls up. J.T. LOGAN, (21), leans out of the passenger window.

J.T.

Yo, Staci. Lookin’ good.

She puts on her best face.

STACI

What’s up, J.T.?

J.T.

We’re heading to a party. Wanna come?

STACI

No, thanks. I'm waiting for my boyfriend.

The boys laugh.

J.T.

What are you turning over a new leaf or some shit like that?

STACI

Maybe I am. What’s it to you?

J.T.

Nuthin’, I don’t give a flying fuck.

STACI

Good.

J.T.

So then I guess that means you don’t want none of this.

J.T. pulls out and waves small baggie that's pretty full of white stuff.

STACI

Some other time.

J.T.

You sure?

Staci looks around. No Rob. Finally, she gets up and heads for the car. J.T. gets out so that Staci gets in the front between them.

J.T.

You got money, right?

STACI

I’m sure we can make some sort of arrangement.

The car takes off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A currently deserted Metro North Commuter Train Station parking lot at the edge of the Hudson. Jake sits on his bike, drinks a beer and gazes up at the George Washington Bridge that looms overhead.

The Caddy screeches up. The window powers down.

Loud 70’s Classic Rock spills out.

ROB

Yo! We’ve been looking all over for you!

Rob shuts off the engine but leaves the battery on so the music still plays. He gets out and walks over to Jake.

ROB

Dude, check this out! After searching high and low, Win and I finally tracked Staci down to the bar and I am happy to announce that it is officially Christmas in May courtesy of my girlfriend du jour. I don’t know if you can tell, but Psycho-Santa even let me sit on her lap and tell her what a good boy I’ve been. Shit, who am I kidding? Not only was I on it, but I was in it and between it! Figured I’d take care of the naughty and nice thing all at one time! Who said Jews can’t celebrate Christmas? Especially in May!

No response.

ROB

You all right?

No response.

ROB (CONT’D)

Excellent ‘cause we’re talking about going down to the Aztec.

JAKE

Not tonight, Rob.

ROB

Bullshit! Yes, tonight! Especially tonight! This is exactly what you need to make it all better, at least for a while anyway. I may be wasted but I’m not unrealistic. C’mon, you could use a little fun.

JAKE

It’s all about the fun, isn’t it?

ROB

Hell, yeah! Fun, fun, fun till my Daddy takes my Visa away!

No laugh from Jake.

ROB (CONT’D)

Hey, if this about Staci, I know it’s been kinda weird having her around and all but I’m telling you...

JAKE

It’s not her.

Beat as Rob realizes what it really is.

ROB

Look, about what happened today. If you want to talk about it or better yet put M-80’s in Harris’ gas-tank, I’m here for you. Okay?

Jake finishes off the bottle then tosses it onto the rocks where it immediately bursts. He kicks the bike to life.

ROB (CONT’D)

That’s more like it! I’ll follow you back down to the bar.

Jake

I’m not going to the bar.

Jake revs the engine and takes off. Rob watches then gets in his car and peels-off in the same direction.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jake pulls the bike up to the building, gets off and heads over to Butch who sits on the stoop and smokes with the Stooges.

Rob pulls up and double-parks across the street from the building and watches.

JAKE

You and me need to talk.

The Stooges all glance at each other and then start to laugh.

JAKE

Now!

BUTCH

Before you get into more trouble than you’re already in tough guy, maybe you’d like to explain the calls I got this afternoon.

JAKE

What calls? What are you talking about?

BUTCH

Don’t play dumb with me, kid. I’m your emergency contact.

JAKE

So what?

BUTCH

Well, seems that not only did you manage to get yourself kicked out of high school, but P.S. motherfucker, word is you’re not getting into college, either.

JAKE

That’s not true. I was already accepted. Harris said all I have to do is go to summer school and I’m still in.

BUTCH

Guess those Ivy League pussies changed their minds. Can’t say I blame ‘em much. How you got in in the first place is still a mystery to me.

JAKE

No that’s not possible.

The STOOGES laugh.

BUTCH

Let’s go, son. Your Mom wants to talk to you. Excuse me, fellas!

JAKE

I’m not your son!

Jake makes a move towards his bike. Butch grabs his arm and tries to pull him with back.

BUTCH

I said get your ass inside!

Jake tags Butch with a hardcore right-hook. Butch staggers. The stooges are speechless. Butch recovers from the shock, runs at Jake and tackles him to the ground.

Rob gets out of the car, goes to the trunk and pulls out an aluminum baseball bat. He runs at ‘em gripping the bat tight, but he has no choice ‘cept to watch as Jake and Butch roll and trade licks. They’re each taking a beating but Jake’s the first to tire out.

Finally, Butch pushes Jake off and gets up. Jake gets up, too. Just a whole lot slower than Butch.

BUTCH

That wasn’t bad, kid. Tell you what, now that you’re gonna be around and all, if you’re lucky maybe I’ll let you work for me. Earn your keep for a change.

JAKE

Fuck that! Fuck all of this! I’m getting out of here! And I’m taking Debbie with me!

BUTCH

That a fact?

Butch walks over and grabs tries to grab the bat from Rob who holds on tight.

ROB

Get off!

The Stooges quickly come to Butch’s aid. They grab Rob’s arms making it a cake-walk for Butch to grab the bat. He walks over to Jake’s bike and takes some hefty swings at it, knocking it over and busting it up real bad.

JAKE

Stop!

Jake tries to pull Butch away but Butch throws him off and takes one last, mighty swing right to the heart of the bike.

JAKE

No!

Rob breaks free from the Stooges. Together, he and Jake manage to finally throw Butch away from the bike and down to the ground.

After a few moments, Butch picks himself off the cracked sidewalk, tosses the bat into the street and hobbles toward the building’s entrance.

BUTCH

Have a good trip.

They watch him disappear into the building and then turn their attention back to the badly injured hog.

Jake goes to pick the bike up off the ground. Rob moves in to help.

JAKE

I got it!

Rob can only watch as Jake wheels the bike away into the darkness. He finally follows but stays behind a safe distance.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jake stares at the bike. Rob comes up behind him, stays back a pace or two. The both stare at the wreckage in silence.

JAKE

Aztec, huh?

EXT. AZTEC - LATER

A huge mass of The Trendy mixed together with The Freaky stand packed together next to a graffiti-covered warehouse whose walls can’t contain the already classic 80’s dance beat.

Every once in a while, the crowd surges forward like a giant amoeba with a million little spastic feet and then stops as abruptly as it started.

Jake and Win stand in line together. Jake dips his spoon in the vial, does a large bump, immediately unleashes a loud “Ahhh!” which he then follows up by a loud clearing his throat of back-drip.

WINSTON

You okay?

JAKE

Sure! Why you ask?

Rob and Staci stand a bit off to the side.

STACI

Why do they always have to go everywhere we do? Can’t we ever just spend some time alone?

ROB

We do. And as far as Jake goes, cut him some slack.

STACI

Why? Just because he got into a fight?

ROB

Please, Staci. Just do as I ask for once.

AZTEC, MAIN ENTRANCE

NIKKI-LYNN CARUTHERS, (16), a Madonna wannabe without the class, walks out of the clubs heavily guarded main doors.

Mini-skirt, ripped fishnets and spiked heels. Her semi see-through blouse hangs provocatively off one of her shoulders exposing a lace bra and religious artifacts. She’s very popular.

LINE

Staci sees her.

STACI

There she is. Nikki! Yo, Nikk-ay!

Staci jumps up and down and waves. Her antics catch Nikki’s attention who then waves back. She turns toward one of the bouncers, says something and points. The Bouncer looks over, sees them and shakes his big head. Nikki mouths “Sorry.”

STACI

Well, that sucks.

WINSTON

I hate the whole waiting-in-line concept. At best it’s elitist and at worst, humiliating and demeaning.

Without a word, Jake takes off.

STACI

Where do you think you’re going?

MAIN ENTRANCE

Jake deftly snakes his way up to the large, red velvet rope which separates the “want-in’s” from the “got-in’s.” Despite the protests of the bouncers, Jake steps over it and immediately plants a big kiss on Nikki. When they stop, Nikki introduces Jake to the bouncers. They shake hands, Jake and Nikki talk with him. The bouncer looks back over again and then finally nods.

Jake turns back towards the crew and waves them over.

LINE

STACI

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

ROB

Let’s go, kids!

WINSTON

The man’s a genius.

They make their move up front, Staci a bit more aggressively than the other two.

STACI

‘Scuse me! Pardon me! VIP’s coming through so move it or lose it!

MAIN ENTRANCE

Jake waits with Nikki. Staci’s the first up to them where she immediately trades in her pissed-off demeanor for a way-big smile.

STACI

Nikki! Hey, how you doin’? You look great!

Nikki

Oh, my God! So do you! It’s so awesome to see you guys! I’m really sorry about that before.

STACI

Not a problem. See you inside, okay?

NIKKI

‘Kay!

She heads in, Rob and Win in tow.

ROB

How you doin’, Nikki?

NIKKI

Hey, Rob! Win!

WINSTON

M’lady.

ROB

(to Jake)

Nice work.

NIKKI

How will you ever thank me?

JAKE

Something’ll come up.

Mutual smiles and Jake walks in.

INT. AZTEC - MOMENTS LATER

Indiana Jones-inspired ancient temple walls surround. Music pounds, fake lava gushes, cold drinks pour and sweaty, scantily-clad forms gyrate.

Heaven or Hell incarnate, depending on your upbringing.

The Crew bops their way through and scans the masses. A couple of hotties glide by.

WINSTON

Check out all these hooters! And the oh, so sweet curvacity of these tender, young butti! I do declare, a much better selection than last time.

JAKE

I'll try to get Nikki to hook you up with one of her friends.

WINSTON

"Do, or do not. There is no try."

ROB

Win, if you want to get laid, I’d suggest you eighty-six the Yodaisms.

WINSTON

But chicks dig Yoda. Don’t they?

ROB

Not the one’s that’ll fuck you.

JAKE

To The Crypt fellow Sinners!

CRYPT

A hedonistic refuge. Dark, cavernous, desires sought and fulfilled.

A line inhaled here… A hand-job stroked there…

Jake grabs four glasses from the bar and then leads the crew through the smoke-laden den of iniquity filled with plush and currently occupied couches and chairs.

Finally, they stumble upon a corner couch and table to call their very own. Win takes out the bottle he smuggled in and fills the glasses.

Staci takes out “the stash” and cuts lines on the mirror-topped table. Everyone partakes of a hearty snortful, Jake in particular.

STACI

Hey, Jake! What did I tell you? Go easy there!

JAKE

I paid my share.

STACI

Which you snorted an hour ago.

JAKE

Bill me.

Nikki emerges from the smoke and makes herself comfortable on Jake’s lap.

NIKKI

I knew this is where you’d be, you bad, bad boy.

She grabs his face with both hands and kisses him long and hard.

STACI

Get a freakin’ room, would ya’? You two make me sick.

ROB

Makes me kinda horny.

Rob grabs Staci and nuzzles her neck. She laughs.

NIKKI

You’re just jealous.

She grabs Rob’s crotch.

STACI

Not with what Rob’s packing!

ROB

I love when you do that. Do it again?

WINSTON

And the third wheel goes into action.

Win picks up the bottle and pours another round of shots.

NIKKI

Oooh, shots! Any SoCo?

JAKE

Fuck no! I hate that shit!

NIKKI

Geez. Sorry.

WINSTON

Would you care for chaser with that, little lady?

NIKKI

Uh-uh. (she looks at Jake) I like it *hard*.

STACI

Oh, brother.

Win leans into Jake.

WINSTON

So where’re her friends?

JAKE

Business before pleasure, hornball.

Jake gives one of the shots to Nikki. Rob raises his glass. They all follow suit.

Rob

A toast!

ALL

Hear, hear!

ROB

To life! To all the good times we’ve shared.

WINSTON

And to all those yet to come!

Hoots and howls.

ROB

And let us not forget Principal Charles Sebastian Harris and the illustrious institution known as Riverston Academy!

Nikki

Woohoo!

Nikki’s the only one who “Woo-Hoo’s.” From everyone else the cheers suddenly become less enthusiastic and the smiles quickly fade.

JAKE

Blow me!

Jake smiles large and his glazed eyes sparkle.

Enthusiasm and smiles return.

ALL

Blow me!

They clink glasses, down the shot and slam the glasses down on the table.

Just then, the latest Madonnasinglebeginsto spin on the turntable and echoes through the building.

NIKKI

Fuck! I love this song! Who wants to go dance?

Mumbles all around. Nikki can’t wait. She grabs Jake who has no choice.

NIKKI

(to Jake)

Come on, lover!

STACI

(to Rob)

Let’s go.

ROB

Nah, I’ll hang here with Win for a bit.

 STACI

C’mon!

 ROB

Have a good time, but not too good, ya’ hear me?

STACI

I don’t see a ring on my finger.

Staci leaves.

WINSTON

Nice verbal pare, mon friar.

Win pours more shots.

ROB

La chaim!

WINSTON

Slainté!

They clink glasses, drink and shudder in unison.

DANCE FLOOR

A tornado of sexual, drug and alcohol induced energy... Streaming flashes of color mixed with pelvis-grinding beats... Speakers double as spontaneous stages.

The three kinda dance with each other when a slow song begins to play. Jake and Nikki hold each other close. They begin to kiss cutting Staci completely out of the loop.

STACI

I’m going to the bathroom. See you guys later, okay?

JAKE AND NIKKI

Later.

They dance in silence for a moment. Nikki looks at Jake.

NIKKI

So, what happened? Did you get into a fight or something?

JAKE

Sexy, isn’t it?

Jake’s hand slides down and caresses Nikki’s perfect ass.

JAKE

And you feel so fucking good.

NIKKI

How come you never call?

JAKE

You can’t do this over the phone.

Jake leans in and kisses her good. His hand moves from her butt to her hand which he takes hold of and leads her off the dance-floor.

LOUNGE AREA NEXT TO THE BAR

Final destination, a well disguised door. Nikki giggles.

NIKKI

We can’t.

JAKE

That’s what you said last time. Aren’t you glad I didn’t listen then either?

Jake looks around, decides the coast is clear enough, opens the door and quickly pulls the giggling Nikki in.

TAP ROOM

Jake pins her against the wall, their kisses urgent, fast and sloppy.

His mouth slides from her mouth to her neck, his hands reach down, hike up her skimpy skirt and push down her even skimpier under-things.

Nikki’s breath becomes quick and shallow.

NIKKI

I love you, Jake.

JAKE

I think I got a rubber in my wallet.

LOUNGE AREA - LATER

Jake slinks out of the room, smiles and proudly adjusts himself. Naturally, he takes out a cigarette as he "Travolta-struts" through the packed club and back to the...

CRYPT

Where Staci, Win and Rob sit at their table pretty much smashed out of their respective faces.

STACI

Where the fuck you been?

JAKE

Let’s just say I’ve been indulging my carnal appetites.

ROB

Now that’s what I like to hear!

JAKE

And speaking of indulging...

He sits and does some blow.

STACI

Oh, my God. Did you and Nikki…?

WINSTON

Do the ol’ in-out in-out? Here? Do tell!

JAKE

(to Rob)

You want?

ROB

Nah, I’m cool.

STACI

Please tell me you didn’t.

JAKE

Okay, I didn’t.

Jake looks at Rob and smiles.

JAKE

I lied. I did!

ROB

You the man!

Rob puts his hand up and they high-five. Win gets one, as well.

WINSTON

Sacre’ bleu! You’re my fucking hero! And please note ye' old double entendre.

JAKE

So noted.

WINSTON

You’re still going to hook me up, right?

JAKE

I dunno, Win. We’ll see.

ROB

Let me get a whiff of those fingers.

STACI

Excuse me?!

JAKE

You know, I wonder if Nikki's part Chinese? I mean I just ate but I'm still hungry.

Another round of laughter from the guys but Staci’s getting pissed.

STACI

You're all a bunch of sleazebags.

JAKE

Takes one to know a bunch. So, you guys ready to go or what?

WINSTON

Hold up a sec, Jake. Really, I thought...

STACI

Oh, so now you wanna leave? How fuckin’ typical.

ROB

Relax, babe. Let’s not start again. We’re just having fun.

WINSTON

Hear, hear! To fun! And to non-committal fornication in public places.

STACI

That’s not fun. That’s rude. Nikki’s my friend.

JAKE

So?

Winston

You got anymore of them around here?

STACI

So, maybe you oughta go find her. You fucked her, the least you can do is talk to her for awhile. She’s got enough problems.

JAKE

That’s it. I’m outta here.

Jake stands. So does Staci.

STACI

You’re such an asshole!

JAKE

Fine! I’m an asshole! What the fuck do I care? It’s doesn’t seem to make a damn bit of difference anyway if I am or not!

Staci sits back down but still continues to mutter.

STACI

Fucking selfish egomaniac, only thinking about yourself. As usual.

WINSTON

Well, even if that’s true and I’m not saying it is, here’s your chance to think of someone else, namely me and my quest to make the beast with two backs. And since music is indeed the food of love, then...

JAKE

Beat it, you brainy little bonehead.

WINSTON

Oooh, a little of the ol’ double entendre yourself, eh? I didn’t think you were that smart, tough-guy. But then again if you were, you wouldn’t have gotten thrown outta school, now would ya’?

Win laughs and swigs from a warm beer. Jake launches at him and gets a couple of good punches into Win’s face before he’s pulled off by Rob.

ROB

Jake! Stop! What the hell’s the matter with you?!

JAKE

(to Win)

Why you gotta fuck with me after I saved all your asses!

ROB

Calm down! What are you talking about?

Staci bends down to check on Win. He’s out cold.

STACI

Congratulations, Jake. You just knocked your friend out. I’m sure you must be very proud of yourself.

Jake breaks away from Rob, grabs his jacket and leaves.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Just as Jake’s about to go down the subway stairs, the Caddy screeches to a stop. Rob gets out, goes to Jake and tries to pull him in. Jake shoves him away and makes his move back towards the stairs. Rob grabs him again and with little resistance this time, manages to finally shove Jake into the car.

INT. CADDY – LATER THAT NIGHT

The car races up the FDR.

Jake sits in the back with Win who’s still passed out. They pass by a large boat docked by the Southstreet Seaport. On the side is a large banner which proudly adversities “Graduation Parties!”

Three sets of bloodshot eyes closely watch it as they cruise by.

STACI

(to Rob)

Did you get the tickets?

JAKE

What tickets?

ROB

Nothing.

JAKE

I said, what tickets?

STACI

For the prom, all right?

Rob looks at Jake in the rear-view mirror.

ROB

Hey, maybe you can still come.

JAKE

As what? Your limo driver?

And the rest is silence.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Staci gets out of the Caddy and Jake immediately replaces her in the front seat.

She walks slowly up to her building. As the car takes off she stops, looks up and decides to stay outside instead.

EXT. HOUSE, SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Next stop, The O'Shea estate.

ROB

Win, wake up.

No response. Rob shakes him.

ROB

Win! Wake up! We’re here!

Win finally wakes up.

WINSTON

Huh?

ROB

You’re home.

WINSTON

Oh. Thanks for the ride.

As Win opens the door...

JAKE

Sorry.

WINSTON

Me, too.

He gets out and shuts the door. The Caddy takes off.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Win walks into the vast, cold, dark house.

WINSTON

Mother! Father! I’m home!

No response. He stumbles up the stairs...

Winston

I’m drunk! I didn’t get laid! I tried to but the Force wasn’t with me! But, hey! I did do drugs and I got into a fight so that’s pretty cool! You’re not mad, are ya’?

... down the hall and finally into his book-filled room where he falls face down onto his bed. Within seconds he's out cold again.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT

Jake and Rob sit in the Caddy outside Jake's building.

JAKE

I can’t believe I did that. What the hell was I thinking?

ROB

You weren’t. (beat) Don’t sweat it. He’ll be okay. Tell you the truth, it’s you I’m a little worried about.

Jake stares up at the apartment. He sees the lights on.

JAKE

I get my bike fixed and I’m so outta here.

ROB

What about school?

JAKE

You heard the man. I’m done.

ROB

Jake, you’ll work it out, you always do. You don’t have to run away. That’s not like you.

JAKE

Yeah? Says who?

Beat.

ROB

What did you mean when you said “I saved all your asses?”

Jake gets out and slams the door. Rob watches as he heads for the garage.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

A soft knock on the door. The door opens slowly and Rob sticks his head in.

ROB

Excuse me, Mr. Severs? There’s a Jimmy Page and Robert Plant here to see you. Something about a jam session?

Jake takes a long drag off his cigarette. Rob slowly walks in and this time stands next to Jake. They stare at the mechanical corpse.

JAKE

(softly)

I can’t do this.

ROB

What?

JAKE

I can’t fucking do this anymore. Look at my bike, man! It’s trashed! How am I supposed to fix it?

Rob has no answer. Neither does Jake. Instead, he tosses to the side the ratchet he was holding and walks over to an old, tattered heavy-bag which hangs in the corner.

Jake throws a solid right hook! Upper cut! Right, left combo! Wild flurry! Real professional-like.

ROB

It’ll be okay, man. Just try to relax.

Jake stops pummeling the bag and instead rushes at Rob. He grabs his shirt-collar with both hands and pushes him up against the cinder-block wall.

JAKE

It’s not going to be okay! Not for me! Not anymore!

ROB

Jake! C’mon...

JAKE

It’s so easy for you, isn’t it? You and your pampered, spoiled life! Who the fuck are you to paint me a pretty little picture when you know full well what an ugly one mine is?

ROB

I'm just trying to help.

JAKE

I don’t need your help! I don’t need anyone’s help! All I need is to fix my bike and get the fuck out of here! That’s it! And if you can’t help me do it then get the fuck out of my face!

Jake lets go of Rob, pushes him back against the wall and stumbles over to a tool box.

JAKE

No more deals, no more fights. Just gone. That’s all I want.

He grabs some tools and starts to work on the parts of the bike that he can.

Not knowing what else to do, Rob wanders back over to the wall, sits on an empty beer keg and lights up a smoke.

ROB

You were the only one who stuck by me when my Mom left. Pretty much everyone else teased me or worse, said nothin’. Not you. You didn’t care if I cried or got angry and busted things. You brought me baseball cards and Pop Rocks and told me everything was going to be all right. You remember that?

Rob waits for a response but gets none.

ROB

My Dad. He used to say I needed to be a man about the whole thing. That if he could take it so could I.

Beat.

ROB

To this day I still don’t understand how getting the crap knocked out of you teaches you to be a man.

Jake pauses briefly but then goes back to work.

ROB

But he buys me lots of stuff so I guess that makes it all right. Part of me still actually believes that. Maybe because I don't have the guts not to.

Rob stamps his cigarette out and heads for the door.

ROB

Yeah, well. Guess I’ll catch you later.

JAKE

What the fuck we been doing, Rob?

Rob stops and turns.

JAKE

I always figured it would all just somehow finally work itself out. But now... everything is all upside down. It’s all inside out, I don’t know what’s what anymore. Nothing is happening the way I figured it would.

JAKE (con’t)

The worst part is I have no idea what I’m supposed to do now and it scares the shit outta me.

ROB

Pull a one-eighty.

JAKE

What are you talking about?

ROB

You know, a one eighty. Turn around and go the other way. Go. Get out.

JAKE

Give me a break. It’s not that simple.

ROB

Sure it is. It’s your life, man. You can do whatever the hell you want so why not start by just leaving?

JAKE

But you said before that I shouldn’t.

ROB

Forget what I said.

JAKE

No, you were right. It’s stupid.

ROB

No, it isn’t. Look, you’ve got a cousin in L.A., right?

JAKE

So?

ROB

We were already going that way anyhow on the ride. The only difference is that now you won’t come back. Big deal. You’ve already done the hard part, man. You’ve put up with their shit for years. How can it possibly get any more difficult than that?

JAKE

For starters, I don’t have a bike.

ROB

Shit, man! I’ll pay to get your bike fixed with whatever’s left over from my freakin’ Bar Mitzvah stash. You can pay me back when you become rich and famous.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Butch’s right. I’m all talk and nothin’ else.

ROB

I can’t believe I’m hearing this from you!

Rob walks up to Jake. This time, he takes Jake by the shoulders. This time, Jake lets him.

ROB

Listen to me, Jake. For once in your life think of yourself. You’re strong, a whole lot stronger than I’ve ever been and if you really want to, one way or another you will get out of here.

INT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, CLASSROOM, DAY

SUPER: FRIDAY

“I saved all your asses” is actively doodled.

Rob’s eyes glance back and forth between his notebook and JAKE who sits on the hood of the Caddy in the parking lot.

The DOOR to the classroom opens and in walks Mr. Harris.

HARRIS

Mr. Kaufmann? Would you come with me please?

EXT. RIVERSTON ACADEMY, QUAD - LATER

Rob walks quickly out of the building and heads towards Jake who sits pretty much where he was before.

Staci intercepts him.

STACI

Hey! Can I talk to you?

ROB

Not right now.

STACI

Look, I just wanted to say how great these past few months have been for me. Hopefully for you, too. And I...

ROB

I’ll talk to you later, Staci!

STACI

When?

Rob gets up to Jake who continues to gaze.

ROB

You mind telling me who the fuck you think you are?

JAKE

What are you talking about?

ROB

I just spent a couple of quality minutes with Harris. First he wanted to know if I had been with you the other night. He then proceeded to tell me that he offered to cut you a deal if you told him who was.

No response.

ROB

So, why didn’t you take him up on it?

JAKE

Because no one knew about Win and your record’s almost as spotty as mine. I couldn’t risk bringing you down with me.

ROB

You had no right to make that call!

JAKE

I watch your back, you watch mine. That’s how it goes.

ROB

I would have been fine! In fact I am fine! Goes with the territory when your old man’s on the Board of Directors.

Beat.

Rob

Dammit! Okay, look! Maybe it’s not too late, all right? Maybe you can still take him up on his offer. Tell him about me and Win. I mean why not? It’ll be like you never even saw me today and you simply changed your mind.

JAKE

It was a one-time offer.

 ROB

I don’t buy that.

Jake slides off the hood and starts to walk away.

Rob

Hey! My Dad and his Sharon have some kind of thing out in the Hamptons this weekend. What do you say we head upstate? Maybe we can figure something out?

JAKE

Sure. Why not.

Rob

Okay. And hey. I know it’s not much considering what’s gone down but I really do appreciate what you did for me. And Win, too.

Jake

Don’t mention it. Really.

INT. CADDY – NEXT DAY

SUPER: SATURDAY

Somewhere on I-95, headin' North.

In the back, Jake’s got his Wayfarers on and holds a bottle of Jack Daniels between his legs. He blearily watches the scenery rush by him, takes a swig and then dangles the bottle out the open window.

STACI

What are you doing?

And there it goes. SMASH!

Rob looks in the rear-view mirror and watches the practically full bottle bounce and then shatter across all three lanes of Interstate. He then looks at Jake whose head is now lying back against the headrest.

EXT. LAKE SINCLAIRE, UPSTATE NEW YORK - LATER

The Caddy pulls up to a beautiful, lake-side house.

Armed with backpacks, they all get out of the car.

WINSTON

This is really nice.

STACI

I knew your Dad was loaded but I never knew he was this loaded.

ROB

Reaganomics at work as he likes to say.

WINSTON

I’ve never been a fan of The Gip.

STACI

Have I told you recently how much I love you? Not!

ROB

Very funny.

Staci smiles and throws her arms around Rob.

STACI

What would be funny is if I finally get a chance to spend some alone time with you.

ROB

I’m quite sure that can be arranged.

STACI

Promise?

ROB

Promise.

Jake wakes and slowly emerges from the Caddy.

JAKE

Wow...

All eyes on Jake.

STACI

It speaks.

ROB

Gotta boat, too.

STACI

No way! Where?

Rob points to a small structure in the distance.

ROB

Boathouse, of course.

WINSTON

How very F. Scott Fitzgerald.

A moment of silence as they each look toward the boathouse and then back to each other. Smiles break out from everyone but Jake who sways in the gentle spring breeze.

WINSTON

Well, what are we waiting for?

Let us away!

STACI

Hell, yeah!

Win and Staci run down the slightly steeped, lawn-covered grade toward the boathouse.

ROB

You comin’?

Jake burps.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE LAKE – DAY

Another LARGER SPEEDBOAT full of TEENAGERS skims leisurely across the placid lake.

The music is loud, the booze and laughter flow in copious supply.

EXT. ROB’S BOAT - same

Their small boat leaves the safety of the boathouse and moves smoothly along the shoreline.

Up front, Rob steers as Staci fumbles with a life-jacket. Win sings the Hawaii 5-O theme song and does his rendition of the outrigger-canoe paddle.

Jake sits in back and on the sly, does a small “bump” off the back of his hand.

WINSTON

Raise the mainsail, ye bloody varmints! Pull up the anchor! Fly the skull and crossbones! Aarrrgh!!!!

ROB

Aye-aye, Cap’n Blueballs! Aarrrgh!!!!

STACI

(to Win)

Siddown, you moron. You’re gonna make us flip over.

WINSTON

Aarghh! Thas’ no way to talk to a blood-thirsty pirate, Wench! Keep your trap shut ‘fore I make ye’ walk the plank!

STACI

How ‘bout you sit down before I kick your wimpy little ass?

WINSTON

Okay.

STACI

(to Rob)

You do know how to drive this thing, don’t you?

ROB

No problem, mon.

STACI

You’re such a stud.

JAKE

C’mon! Put this thing on high or something and let’s go already!

STACI

Why’re you in such a hurry? You got nothing to do on Monday.

WINSTON

(sings)

*“Now here is the tale of our castaways…”*

STACI

That’s the last verse, Win.

WINSTON

I assure you, that is not the last verse.

STACI

What, are you some kind of idiot savant? I swear, the man can read “The Iliad” and “The Odyssey” in ancient Greek...

WINSTON

Latin.

STACI

Whatever.

ROB

Leave him alone.

From the back of the boat, Jake breaks into the “Dukes of Hazzard” theme song.

JAKE

*“Just a good ol’ boys... Never meanin’ no harm…”*

Rob and Win smile as they join in.

ROB, WINSTON and JAKE

*“Beats all you never saw, been in trouble with the law since the day they was born.”*

JAKE

What’s the matter, Staci? Don’t know the words?

STACI

Stupid show.

WINSTON

(to Staci)

The next verse is... “Makin’ their way, the only way they know how...”

STACI

I know how it goes!

JAKE

Yeah, sure you do. Gentlemen?

JAKE, ROB and WIN

*“Makin’ their way, the only way they know how...*

Despite her bad self, Staci half-heartedly jumps in.

ALL

*“That’s just a little bit more than the law will allow.”*

WINSTON

I’ll teach you Latin next.

STACI

Don’t push your luck.

THE OTHER SPEEDBOAD - LATER

The speedboat bounces across the water erratically, much faster than it had been earlier.

It makes sudden turns and jumps wakes that continuously brings the boat down with a huge thud.

Other then the guy who’s driving, there’s not as much laughter anymore as everyone holds on for dear life.

ROB’S BOAT - SAME

Music cackles tinnily from the boat’s cassette player. Shirts are off, sunglasses and sunscreen on.

Jake and Win lounge in the back and soak up some of the late-Spring rays. But for Jake, who’s now all out of mother’s little helper, crash-time sets in.

Up in front, Rob navigates the small pleasure craft leisurely around the lake, Staci by his side.

STACI

This is nice.

Rob smiles.

STACI

I’m sorry.

ROB

‘Bout what?

STACI

About the way I’ve been lately. I don’t mean it.

Rob puts his arm around Staci, pulls her closer and plants a kiss on her forehead.

ROB

I like what all this fresh air does for you.

STACI

Me, too. We should come up here more often.

Staci snuggles up to Rob.

STACI

I’ve been doing some thinking. You know, about seeing other people when we get to college?

ROB

Yeah?

STACI

Well, I don’t want to. See anyone else, I mean. You feel the same, right?

WINSTON

Yo, Robert! Let me know when I can drive!

ROB

(to Win)

You got it!

(to Staci)

Would you mind if he drives for a little while? I’d like to check on Jake, see how he’s doing.

STACI

Right now?

ROB

Staci, he’s my best friend.

STACI

I know but it always seems as if you’re blowing me off to spend time with him. What, are you two gay?

ROB

I’m going to ignore that.

(to Win)

Win! You’re up!

WINSTON

Tres bien!

(to Jake)

If you will excuse me, my presence is required on the bridge.

JAKE

Whatever.

Win makes his way to the “Bridge” and salutes.

WINSTON

Ensign O'Shea reporting for duty, *Sir*!

ROB

Take her out, Mr. Sulu.

WINSTON

Aye, aye, Cap'n!

ROB

Nothing fancy. Just keep her slow and steady. You got that, Swab?

WINSTON

Slow and steady as she goes!

ROB

(to Staci)

We’ll talk later.

STACI

Fine whatever.

Rob makes his way to the back.

WINSTON

(to Staci)

You must be one of them easy harbor gals.

STACI

Shut your pie-hole.

She sits as Win cranks up the stereo and then proudly takes the wheel.

Rob sits next to Jake at the back of the boat.

ROB

I tell ya’, that is one wacky girl I got myself hooked-up with. On top of everything I coulda’ sworn she was just about to propose. Kinda ironic since I was just trying to work out the how’s and when’s of breaking up with her.

Beat.

ROB

Thing is, and Dude I know you’re going to give me shit about this and most likely rightfully so, but for some reason I really do dig her. True it’s in a highly sexual, codependent, dysfunctional, Sid and Nancy kind of way but still, I don’t want to hurt her. She’s had a lot going on with her folks lately and I don’t want to add to that. Maybe I cut her too much slack, I don’t know. It’s just like that I’d like to keep my options open, especially with college comin’ up and all.

Jake offers no comment. Instead he just chugs his Coca-Cola.

ROB

Okay, we’ll get back to that later.

Rob deeply breathes in the fresh, country air.

ROB

You know what I keep thinking about? The *ride*, man. My dad already pretty much said he’d buy me a bike for graduation. Hopefully it won’t be because he broke my nose or something.

Rob laughs. Jake doesn’t.

ROB

Yessiree! Just you and me, man. Wide open spaces and long empty highways. The sun on your neck, hot desert wind in your face...

Rob pauses.

ROB

By the way this is the part where you say “And roadside cafés with naked senoritas pullin’ nickel drafts in the coldest, frostiest mugs this side of the Rio Grande. The poetry of the road...”

JAKE

Blah, blah, blah. So fucking what?

ROB

So, it’s what we’ve always wanted to do.

JAKE

Just talk.

ROB

Doesn’t have to be. I told you, I’ll get your bike fixed.

JAKE

Fuckin’ hell, Rob! I changed my mind, okay? Is that all right with you?

ROB

No, it’s not all right! Jake, we’ve been talking about riding cross-country since we were freshman. Now just because of some lousy sheepskin you’re going to trash a legendary idea? You can have mine if that’s the only thing that’s gonna stop us.

JAKE

What us? There is no us, Rob! The reality is that you’re going off to school and I’ll be stuck in the Bronx turning into everything I hate and that’ll be that! That’s the real-deal, so I would greatly appreciate it if you would please just drop the illusion, all right?

(Beat)

Besides, maybe it’s better this way. I can’t just leave Debbie alone with that lunatic. Fuck! I was such an asshole to think I could!

ROB

What good are you doing her now other than picking her up and dusting her off for the next round? Not to mention getting yourself caught in the crossfire.

JAKE

If I stick around maybe I can help her.

ROB

When are you going to get it into your head that it’s not your responsibility? Look, no matter what you say, I know you love her, but you can’t help her until she wants to help herself. And while you’re waiting around for that to happen you’re gonna end up getting as screwed-up as they are!

JAKE

Don’t you think I know that?!

Beat.

ROB

Look, I’m sorry. It’s just… You’re like my brother and I just don’t want to see you get hurt anymore.

JAKE

Give it a rest already, would ya’? I swear, you can be such a preaching asshole sometimes!

Jake crushes the can and tosses it overboard.

JAKE

I can’t believe I trashed the booze! Now what am I supposed to do?

The boat's engine begins to falter.

ROB

Win! What’s going on?

WINSTON

I dunno! Maybe the Dilythium Crystals are spent!

ROB

Shit.

(yells to Win)

 Throttle her down!

WINSTON

What?

ROB

Turn the radio off and throttle down! You’re right! We’re probably out of gas!

WINSTON

Okay!

Win reaches for the throttle and knocks over his open can of soda. He bends down to pick up the gushing can that keeps rolling around.

ROB

Win? What are you doing?!

Win doesn't respond.

ROB

(to Jake)

Don’t go anywhere.

Just as Rob gets up and begins to move toward the front, they hear the roar of an engine. They all turn to see the LARGE SPEEDBOAT bear down on them.

Then...

Impact! Carnage! Fiberglass splinters! Water gushes! People are thrown against each other and then land on the decks. It seems to last an eternity but in reality...

It’s all over in a second.

Both engines sputter to a stop.

The two boats bob up and down with ease.

And once again serenity returns to the lake.

INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM – LATER THAT DAY

TWO PARAMEDICS rush in with a body on a gurney wrapped in a bloody blanket. Bandages and an oxygen mask cover the head and face.

PARAMEDIC #2 gives way as DOCTOR COHEN and two NURSES rush over to help.

DOCTOR COHEN

What happened?

PARAMEDIC #1

Boat collision. Victim’s a teenage male. Severe trauma to the head and he’s bleeding out.

The doctor and the team speed down the hall and crash through a set of swinging doors.

At a side window, staring impotently after, stand Staci, Jake and Win.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY – LATER THAT NIGHT

The small hospital is quiet.

The threesome sit silently on a bench, each sporting various bandages and visible bruises.

DOCTOR COHEN, (40’s), the same doctor as before, stands at the Nurse’s Station and fills out the required paperwork.

MAN (O.S.)

Where the hell’s my son?!

They all look up to see Rob’s father ALAN KAUFMANN, (50’s), who rushes in with his wife SHARON KAUFMANN, (20’s). Doctor Cohen puts down the file he was working on and turns to them.

DOCTOR COHEN

Are you Mr. Kaufmann?

ALAN

Yes! Where is he?

DOCTOR COHEN

I think you better come with me.

The doctor escorts Alan and Sharon down the long hall.

As they walk by, Alan’s eyes lock on to Jake’s.

INT. CADDY – LATER THAT NIGHT

The long drive back home.

Alan’s at the wheel, Jake’s in passenger seat, Win and Staci are in back.

No one says a word.

INT. WIN’S HOUSE – CON’T

Win walks into his house. As usual, no one’s around. He closes the door and sets the alarm.

BEDROOM

Win drinks calmly yet heavily from a bottle of Merlot and stares up at his vast collection of books. He finally puts the bottle down, walks to a shelf and goes right for a book. He takes it down, walks back to his desk and begins to read.

As he does, the tears begin to flow.

APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY – CON’T

Staci stands outside the door to her apartment, the keys in her hand. She doesn’t go in and instead, finally slides to the floor, her back against the door and begins to cry.

EXT. ROOF – CON’T

Jake runs onto the roof. He paces back and forth, so upset that he’s lost somewhere between sobbing and hyperventilation. He suddenly jumps up on the ledge and looks down. An intense, non-blinking, non-breathing calm suddenly comes over him and he teeters...

EXT. ROOF - DAWN

Jake sits and watches as the sun rises.

INT. THE KAUFMANN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

SUPER: ABOUT A WEEK LATER

People mill about the apartment and sit in the living and dining rooms with drinks and sandwiches.

ALAN and SHARON sit on a plush couch surrounded by sympathetic family and friends. Polite conversations and forced smiles. Alan drinks heavily throughout the ordeal.

The DOORBELL rings. Sharon gets up and opens the door.

It’s Jake.

ROB’S BEDROOM - LATER

Jake, Win and Staci sit on Rob’s bed and watch the show.

A few of Rob’s other friends from school, the neighborhood, and his family mill about the bedroom.

They look at his collections, his books, his records, everything as if they were in a museum.

JAKE

Fuck this.

Jake gets up and leaves. Win puts his arm tenderly around Staci and she lays her head on his shoulder.

KITCHEN AREA

Jake navigates through the crowd and heads for the terrace to find some space.

TERRACE

Jake steps out only to see Charles Harris who finishes up a cigarette.

HARRIS

Jake. I...

Jake turns his back on Harris and walks to the railing on the other side of the long terrace.

HARRIS

You were always a good friend to him, Jake.

In fact, I am continually amazed to what lengths friends will go to for each other.

Harris heads back inside. Jake reaches into his jacket pocket, takes out a pack of smokes and lights one placing the pack and lighter neatly on the railing.

From the 14th floor apartment overlooking the Hudson the view is amazing. Jake takes it all in as if for the last time and stares out across the river to the Palisades of New Jersey.

Alan walks over to Jake carrying two glasses of an amber-colored liquid. He puts one of the glasses down on the railing next to Jake and the other to his lips. Finally...

ALAN

We missed you at the funeral.

(r.e. the cigarettes)

You mind?

Jake politely shoves the pack over. Alan opens it and takes one out.

ALAN

Why’s your last cigarette upside down?

JAKE

S’posed to be lucky.

ALAN

A lucky cigarette.

JAKE

Yeah. Pretty stupid, I suppose.

Alan

Seems to me that you do a lot of stupid things, Jake.

Alan swigs. Jake inhales long and deep.

ALAN

So, what’s with the name “Jake” anyway? Your name’s Jacob, isn’t it?

JAKE

I like Jake.

ALAN

Seems to me you just don’t know who you really are. Not like Robert. Now there was a man who knew who he was. I taught him that.

Beat.

ALAN

Drink up, Jake! I bet you could use it.

JAKE

I’m fine.

ALAN

Yeah you are, aren't you?

Alan lightly elbows Jake in the ribs and gives him a wink and a smile.

ALAN

C’mon, let’s be friends. Let’s have a drink and a smoke just like two old buds. Whaddaya’ say? In fact, how ‘bout we drink a toast to Robert? You think that’d be good?

Before Jake has a chance to respond, Alan tosses the cigarette over the side, goes to the glass terrace door and throws it wide open.

ALAN

Everyone? Please, may I have your attention? Just for a moment?

Jake hesitantly follows into the spacious apartment, drink in hand, confused and curious.

LIVING ROOM

The people in the various rooms stop what they're doing and turn towards Alan.

Win and Staci enter along with numerous others.

ALAN

You all know Jacob, I’m sorry, *Jake* don’t you? He was on the boat with Robert.

(to Jake)

That must have been a terrible ordeal for you, Jake.

(back to the rest)

Well anyway, Jake and I would like you all to raise your glass to my son, the late Robert Michael Kaufmann. A man who could have had it all but who will now never know the love of a wife, of a family, of all that life has to offer because this… this boy… this boy and his pals led my son astray with drugs and alcohol and sex and…

Sharon Kaufmann rises from the couch.

SHARON

Alan, please. It wasn’t Jake’s fault.

ALAN

No. No, of course it wasn’t. He’s as much a victim as my son, isn’t he? Only Jake looks a little different. Let’s see… what is it?

Alan inspects Jake from toe to... he focuses on the skull. His whole countenance changes, becomes intense and severe and he slaps Jake in the head. Hard. Some of Jake’s drink spills.

JAKE

Hey!

ALAN

His head hasn’t been… and his brains aren’t…

SHARON

Please, Alan! Stop! It was an accident!

ALAN

Did you see what was left of him? I did!

Jake’s had enough. He puts down his glass and makes a move to leave.

JAKE

If you’ll excuse me.

Alan grabs him by the front of his shirt and stops Jake in his tracks.

ALAN

Where are you going, Jake or Jacob or whatever the fuck your fucking name is?

JAKE

Let go of me.

ALAN

You’ve got the rest of your miserable life ahead of you! The least you can do is drink to my toast!

Jake offers no response. Alan balls his fist and aims it at Jake’s face.

ALAN

Drink damn you! Or I’ll…

JAKE

What? Kick my ass? Make a man outta me the way you did Rob?

Alan freezes. Jake grabs Alan’s hand and throws it off him. He reaches for the drink, swigs the contents down then slams the empty glass back down on the table.

JAKE

Satisfied?

With a grunt, Alan picks up the empty glass and heaves it out the open terrace door. He stares through Jake and breathes heavy and furious, veins bulging out of his neck, his red face oozing with sweat.

ALAN

I'll never be satisfied.

Jake stares back, but his anger can't compete. Instead, it gives way to guilt, shame and grief.

JAKE

Rob was the best friend I ever had. I just want you to know that.

Jake turns and the crowd parts for him as he walks off toward the front door.

Alan makes no attempt to stop him. Sharon briefly puts her hand out to touch him but then pulls it back before she might.

INT. GARAGE – LATER THAT DAY

The door’s wide open. Winston and Staci enter and find Jake working furiously on the heavy bag. A nearly empty bottle of Jack Daniels sits off to the side.

WINSTON

He was wrong, you know.

Jake ignores them and continues to pound.

STACI

You were so lucky, Jake. I never knew how Rob really felt about me, but it was obvious how much he cared about you. Maybe I was always a little jealous of that.

Jake continues to pound, only now the bag’s taking a harder pounding.

WINSTON

C’mon, let’s leave him alone.

They turn to leave and slowly walk out.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Wanna do a run for old time’s sake? My ride’s not as fast as the Caddy, but it’s...

STACI

It’s fast enough to get us over to J.T’s. Feel better, Jake.

Jake starts to laugh as he keeps hitting the bag.

STACI (CONT'D)

What’s so funny?

Jake’s laughter gets Win going and then eventually Staci.

WINSTON

What are we laughing at?

JAKE

Hell, I don’t know what you’re laughing at but I’m laughing at us.

WINSTON

At us?

STACI

Why?

JAKE

Let’s see, there’s the booze, the drugs, the suicide runs. Yeah, I’d say that pretty much sums it up.

STACI

We’re having fun. What’s the matter with that?

JAKE

Oh, yeah! We’re having a fucking blast, aren’t we? Nothing quite like the funeral of our eighteen-year-old friend to pick up one’s spirits! And speaking of picking up one’s spirits...

He stops hitting the bag, grabs up the bottle of J.D., sloshes it around and takes a hefty swig.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Jack and Coke! Now this is the *real* real thing!

STACI

Whatever. I’m outta here.

JAKE

We’re outcasts, you know. You, him, me. Even Rob.

STACI

No, I’m not.

JAKE

Oh, yes you most certainly are. You know how I know? Because outcasts only hang with other outcasts. Makes them feel better about themselves. What the hell else would have brought us together?

WINSTON

Interesting idea but I can’t say that I agree.

JAKE

And why am I not surprised? Afterall you’re the unaffected scholar. The Jane Goodall of the Bronx who’s slummin’ it with us monkeys just long enough to be able to write some kind of socioeconomic, Nietzscheistic thesis on aberrant teenage behavior. We’re nothing more than a pet project to you.

WINSTON

That’s not true and you know it!

Jake swaggers over to Win who tries to back up and roughly drapes a sweaty arm over Win’s neck.

JAKE

Okay Professor, you’re up! Present your thesis! As one of your loyal subjects I would love to hear your theories.

WINSTON

I don’t have any.

JAKE

Sure you do!

STACI

Leave him alone.

JAKE

Shut up! “Nosce te ipsum.” Latin for...

Win doesn’t respond.

JAKE

(louder)

“Nosce te ipsum!” Which is Latin for…?

STACI

Stop bullying him!

WINSTON

Know thyself.

JAKE

Yes! Know thyself! Which looks awful good on paper but in real life that’s real fucking scary and we can’t handle being scared. Shit, we can’t even admit it if we are, so we do everything we can to make those feelings go away.

WINSTON

You’re trashed.

Jake’s grip around Win’s neck gets tighter.

JAKE

Of course I’m trashed! Why should this day be any different? You think that just because Rob’s dead anything should change? It should but it hasn’t. This is what we do and we think we’re so fucking cool. We think we’ve got it all worked out but you know what? We don’t.

STACI

Speak for yourself.

JAKE

Fine! *I’m* not cool! *I’m* scared! Rob was the best friend I ever had and I’m fucking pissed to hell that he’s dead!

STACI

You don’t think I am? You don’t think Win is? I loved him and he loved me!

JAKE

He loved bangin’ you, Staci! Hell, I know I did! The rest you made up in your coked-out brain!

STACI

That’s not true! He did love me and I’m not going to let you or anyone else take that away from me!

Jake releases Win and moves toward Staci, practically stalking her.

 JAKE

What happened to you, Staci?

STACI

Nothing.

JAKE

You’ve changed, you know that? You're as screwed up as your parents.

STACI

No!

JAKE

Oh, yeah, you are. Just like I am, just like he is. It’s a fucking plague! Is that what you want, Staci? To end up like them?

STACI

Shut up!

He grabs her firmly by the shoulders.

JAKE

I said is that what you want?!

Staci slaps Jake hard, breaks free and takes off.

JAKE

That’s right! Run little girl! Get out while you still can!

 Jake turns his attention back to Win.

WINSTON

You’ve lost your fucking mind.

JAKE

No, baby. I just found it.

Win leaves.

Jake stands in the quiet for a moment then picks up the bottle and with a roar, throws it against the wall.

INT. JAKE’S APARTMENT – MINUTES LATER

Jake bursts in to find Butch and Debbie sitting quietly on separate ends of the sofa.

JAKE

Let’s go.

DEBBIE

What?

JAKE

I said let’s go.

Butch

What’s your problem?

Jake grabs Debbie by the forearm and pulls her up.

DEBBIE

I can’t!

In a single move, Butch pulls her back down, gets up and hits Jake hard.

JAKE

Not this time.

And with that, Jake goes one-on-one with Butch in an all-out brawl that spills all over the living room.

The slug-fest is brutal. Fists with rings, furniture corners and broken glass rip clothes and puncture flesh. Blood begins to flow on both sides. Jake gets knocked down hard repeatedly but with nothing left to lose, each time he gets up and fights back even harder.

Seeing and sensing that her son is in real danger, after hesitantly looking at the phone a couple of times, Debbie finally reaches for it and dials.

The fight continues but soon Butch’s energy begins to wane, the velocity and frequency of his attacks lessens dramatically as the combination of Jake’s punches and the booze takes its toll. Finally, one last combo from Jake sends Butch to the floor... where he just sits... and bleeds... and gasps for breath.

BUTCH

You got a lot of fight in you, kid. I’ll give you that.

Jake backs off cautiously. He turns and takes a step towards Debbie who cowers in the corner and sobs, the phone still in her hand.

JAKE

You’ll be okay. Just come with me. Please!

Butch lunges across the ground reaching for and managing to grab Jake’s ankle that causes Jake to fall face-first into the hardwood floor.

DEBBIE

No!

Butch quickly pulls himself over Jake and nails him with a couple o’ more drunken hooks that land with painful precision.

Jake, winded and wounded, stops fighting back for a moment, enough time for Butch to grab the closest object he can get his hands on- the bottle of SoCo.

BUTCH

Jakee, Jakee, Jakee. See, I think your problem is that you were never properly disciplined.

He takes a swig and then smashes the bottle on a table. Half the bottle disintegrates, the other half remains dangerously intact. Butch leans in, his face inches away from Jake’s face, the bottle inches away from Jake’s neck.

BUTCH

And you know what, son? Often times the best lessons can hurt real bad.

Energy suddenly surges through Jake. He head-butts Butch then grabs hold of Butch’s forearms and pushes him back.

JAKE

How many times I gotta tell you?

Jake grabs and turns the broken bottle around so that as he finally falls on top of Butch...

JAKE

I’m not your son!

The jagged edges sink deep into Butch’s gut.

BUTCH

Holy shit... holy fucking shit...

Jake rolls off the gasping, unbelieving Butch and runs over to Debbie who still cowers in the corner, sobbing and shaking.

Jake picks her up and heads out of the room.

BUTCH

C’back here...

Butch manages to stand up.

BUTCH

Jake!!!

Jake turns and looks back at Butch who holds his gut and staggers after them. But then Butch just stops. He looks down at the blood that oozes through his fingers.

BUTCH

No fucking way.

Butch falls to the floor again. His knees hit first, then his face. This time he doesn’t move.

Neither do Jake or Debbie.

In the distance, POLICE SIRENS wail.

INT. JAKE’S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Jake pulls two suitcases from a closet. He carries them through the now cleaned-up apartment and drops them next to Debbie who stuffs a knapsack with some clothes and other small stuff.

DEBBIE

Thank you.

Jake smiles. He looks at Debbie and notices that for the first time in a long time, she looks really good.

Debbie extends an old “Band-Aid” tin.

DEBBIE

I found this while cleaning up. You might want it.

Jake opens up the tin and spills the contents into his hand; two keys, one unmarked, the other with a “U-Lock-It Storage” Unit #A-94 tag. And the last item, a PINK SLIP.

Jake looks to Debbie who smiles.

DEBBIE

I’ll be ready when you get back.

INT. U-LOCK-IT STORAGE UNIT #A-94 – LATER THAT DAY

Jake pulls the sliding-door up. The bright sun streams in and lights up the large tin room. From floor to ceiling, nothin’ but dismembered car parts.

JAKE

Holy shit.

Jake scans the room. In the back of the garage-sized storage-unit, a piece of chrome peeks out from under an oil-smeared tarp and reflects bright in his eyes.

Curious. He walks over and in a single move, pulls the grimy canvas off.

Jake’s eyes and mouth widen as he backs up slowly to get a better look at the buried treasure: a ‘73 HARLEY DAVIDSON “SHOVEL-HEAD.”

Jake leans against the metal wall and stares at the machine glowing in all its primed Southern California-born glory.

EXT. NEW YORK STATE TURNPIKE - DAY

Debbie holds on tight as they ride upstate... on the Shovelhead.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK – DAY, CONTINUOUS

Down twisty-turney country roads, they finally turn into a driveway past a sign which reads “Country Cottage. A Retreat.”

The bike pulls up to a large, white New England style house where a woman, CAROL McALLISTER, (60’s), a very sweet, grandmotherly-looking woman, waves and walks toward them.

They get off the bike. Debbie turns to Jake.

DEBBIE

I'm sorry.

JAKE

It’s okay.

DEBBIE

No, it’s not. I hope... maybe one day...

JAKE

I can stay, you know.

Debbie shakes her head. She throws her arms around Jake and embraces him hard.

DEBBIE

You can go.

Jake returns the embrace.

JAKE

I love you, Mom.

Her grip tightens around him and she smiles through the tears that begin to flow.

CAROL

Hello, children! So good to see you both again!

The embrace breaks and Jake turns to Carol.

JAKE

My Mom’s clothes and some other stuff should get here tomorrow or the day after.

CAROL

That’ll be fine, Jacob. But may I have a word with you before you leave?

JAKE

Sure.

They walk off.

CAROL

Your mother is perfectly welcome to stay here as long as she needs to. However, there is one matter that we need to discuss.

Jake

Just let me know how much and I’ll get it to you.

CAROL

Isn’t your stepfather still handling your estate?

JAKE

Not anymore.

EXT. RIVERSTONE ACADEMY, FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER

Graduation Day. Win stands at the PODIUM and recites from an old, weathered book.

WINSTON

*“... Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere ages and ages hence. Two roads diverged in a wood, and I, I took the one less traveled by.* *And that has made all the difference.”* Thank you and good luck to each and every one of you.

He closes the book and goes back to his chair on the stage. PRINCIPAL HARRIS replaces Win at the podium. He says some final words of encouragement, wisdom and assorted other bullshit. Seconds later a cacophony of cheers and caps fill the air.

Win and Staci run to catch their respective accoutrements and after they do, hug each other and together with their parents, walk towards Jake's hiding spot.

Parking lot

JAKE

“Louie, Louie” would’ve been my first choice but that seemed to work out pretty good.

WINSTON

Jake!

STACI

What the fuck you doing here?

JAKE

Nice to see you, too, Staci.

Staci takes off with her parents.

Jake (CONT’D)

(calls after Staci)

Congratulations!

She flips him the finger and keeps walking.

MR. O’SHEA

Winston!

WINSTON

(to Mr. O’Shea)

I'll meet you at the car, Father.

MRS. O’SHEA

Don’t take too long, Dear. Your father needs to be at the airport by two.

Winston nods and the O’Shea’s walk toward their car.

WINSTON

You okay?

JAKE

Yeah. They knew all about Butch so between that and Debbie deciding to testify… self-defense. Pretty much open and shut.

WINSTON

That’s good. How is she?

JAKE

I dunno. Listen Win, about those things I said...

WINSTON

Don’t worry about it.

JAKE

I was wrong. I’m sorry.

WINSTON

Apology accepted.

Win notices the bike.

WINSTON

Hey! This is really nice. Whose is it?

JAKE

Mine now. And before you go getting your panties in a bunch, it’s totally legit. Surprisingly enough.

WINSTON

Looks sturdy enough to make it clear across country. If one were so inclined.

Jake smiles.

WINSTON

Here.

Win extends an old, leather-bound book towards Jake, the same one he had on stage. Jake takes it and looks at the antique with *Mountain Interval* etched simply on the spine and smiles.

JAKE

I always kinda dug the Frost man.

WINSTON

I know. It’s a first edition. Pretty rare, actually. I’d like you to have it.

JAKE

How come?

WINSTON

My friend, I have come to think that it was penned with you in mind. Maybe even all of us. In any case, I figure it’d make for some good light reading. For the road, perhaps.

JAKE

Perhaps.

A couple of awkward moments go by.

JAKE

Well, look, I gotta get outta here. I just wanted to say congratulations and all.

A horn honks.

JAKE

Go on. Get outta here.

Win looks to Jake, smiles and then heads off toward the waiting car.

JAKE

Hey, Win!

Win stops and turns.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why us, anyway?

WINSTON

A wise man once said, “If not now, when?”

JAKE

What does that mean?

WINSTON

It means that it’s been the best three damn years of my life.

Jake smiles. The O’Shea’s car horn honks again, this time repeatedly.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

For fuck’s sake! Would you shut it already?

The horn stops.

JAKE

There may be hope for you yet, young Jedi.

Win smiles as well and as he walks toward the car, he calls out to Jake.

WINSTON

Fare thee well, Jake Severs! I bid you safe passage and the fondest of adieus!

Win gallantly bows and gets into the backseat of the luxury sedan.

Jake then hops aboard his bike and together they drive slowly down the rocky driveway. But as the gravel merges with asphalt, Jake turns and burns rubber in the opposite direction.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE – DUSK

The HARLEY darts through the south-bound traffic. As it crosses into Ft. Lee, a NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE MOTORCYCLE COP pops his cherries, catches up to Jake and forces the bike off onto the shoulder.

Jake takes off his helmet.

JAKE

Fuckin' Jersey.

THE TROOPER, (40’s), gets off his bike and struts slowly towards Jake, ticket-book in hand which he slaps menacingly on his uniform-encased thigh.

Jake watches in his side-view mirror until he and Trooper are face to face.

A momentary stare-down.

JAKE

Afternoon, Officer. What seems to be the problem?

TROOPER

License and registration, please.

Jake takes the documents out of his wallet and hands them over to the nice law enforcement official who thoroughly scans them, then re-trains his eyes and looks the bike over bike long and hard.

TROOPER

Where you headed in such a hurry, son?

JAKE

Thataway.

The Trooper stares back, obviously not amused by Jake’ wise-ass answer.

JAKE

Sir.

Jake smiles. The Trooper finally gives Jake his stuff back, quickly fills out something official...

TROOPER

I’m giving you a warning this time.

Rips it out of his book and hands it to Jake.

TROOPER

Just slow down a little. You hear me?

JAKE

Yes, Sir.

The Trooper nods, takes one last look at Jake’s Harley...

TROOPER

Nice bike.

And then walks back to his own ride.

As Jake watches the Trooper disappear somewhere down the ‘Pike, he automatically balls-up the wafer-thin annoyance.

Just as he’s about to toss it, Jake hesitates. Instead of trashing it, he smoothes it out, sticks the paper back in the book and then finally shoves them both back into the saddle bag.

Jake straps his helmet back on, guns the engine and with his trademark cocky smile, hauls ass outta there.

 **FADE OUT.**

**THE END**