

FADE IN:

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

As TROY ANDERSON opens his eyes, he is treated to the sight of TOMMY DIFORO staring at him from close range.

CLOSE ON TOMMY

TOMMY

Troy. Troy, wake up, man.

TROY

Tommy, what the hell do you want?

TOMMY

Dude, you gotta help me.

Troy sits up, prompting Tommy to back away slightly. Troy is a good-looking high school senior; the kind of guy that girls want to date and guys want to hang out with. Tommy, on the other hand, is a little chubby with sort of a not-so-bright look to him.

Scattered throughout the living room on the numerous couches and chairs as well as on the floor are dozens of other people. Their presence, along with the empty cans and bottles strewn about the room are all that remains of the previous night's party.

TROY

What time is it?

TOMMY

It's early. Like six-ish.

TROY

Six! This better be important.

TOMMY

It is.

Tommy pauses for a moment before continuing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I took a shit.

Troy stares at him in disbelief.

TROY

Dude, you better have more to say than that.

TOMMY

No, man, you don't understand.

He glances around in all directions to make sure no one is listening.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I don't remember where.

TROY

(shaking his head)

What?

TOMMY

I woke up a few minutes ago and I have this vision of myself doing the deuce somewhere in this house. But I can't remember where.

TROY

Tommy, this is Speed's brother's house alright. We're lucky that these guys are letting a couple of high school guys like us party here. If you fuck this up for us, we're gonna have no where to party all summer.

TOMMY

I know, Troy.

TROY

These guys are twenty-one. You understand that. They can get beer. Their parties aren't going to get busted.

He makes a sweeping motion with this hand.

TROY (CONT'D)

These girls are freaking hot.

TOMMY

I know all that, man. I looked everywhere. That's why you gotta help me.

TROY

(cautiously)

Help you what?

TOMMY

Help me find the shit, goddammit!

Troy hesitates for a moment before throwing up his arms in disgust.

TROY

Alright. Jesus Christ.

They both stand up and walk into the kitchen.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

TOMMY

OK. Now look for a spot where someone would most likely have left a big dump.

TROY

You know for 99% of the population that would be the fucking toilet!

TOMMY

Look, I don't need a lecture, alright.

TROY

No. You need a fucking diaper.

TOMMY

I'm gonna look upstairs again. You take this floor.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S FAMILY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troy tiptoes around the sleeping party-goers, peeking behind couches and chairs, checking the potted plants and even opening the drawers of the china closet.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy walks slowly down the hall, peering into any of the bedroom doors that are open. As he passes the master bedroom, he peeks in and sees a girl lying in the bed. The covers are only pulled up halfway, revealing her naked breasts. He takes a few more steps then, realizing what he has just seen, stops and walks back, pushing the door open a little wider.

TOMMY

(in a whisper)  
Well, hello!

Tommy looks quickly around the room. The girl appears to be the only one in the room. Tommy walks over to the bed and stands above the girl. He stares at her for a few seconds, grinning as he does. He looks in both directions, then reaches slowly for the sheet that is partially covering her. Just then, a toilet FLUSHES.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus!

Realizing that someone is about to exit the master bathroom, Tommy leaps over the sleeping girl, landing on the bed next to her. She stirs but does not wake up. He then slides off the other side of the bed and crawls underneath just as KEN PHILISTINE enters the bedroom from the master bathroom.

Ken pulls the covers up over the sleeping girl, then sits on the edge of the bed and rubs his head.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Troy continues his search. As he passes Ken's bedroom, he looks in and sees Ken perched on the edge of the bed. Troy pauses in the doorway.

TROY  
(whispering)  
Hey Ken.

Ken looks up groggily.

KEN  
Hey Troy. What are you doing up so early?

TROY  
I was just looking for...

As Troy is talking, Tommy appears underneath the bed near Ken's feet. A look of pleading and horror covers his face.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(raising his voice)  
...the fucking bathroom!!

Ken shoots him a strange look.

KEN  
Alright, settle down. It's just down the hall.

Ken buries his face in his hands again. As he does Tommy pleads in silence for help.

TOMMY  
(mouthing the words  
only)  
Get me out of here!

\*

Troy mouths a response back to him, then tries to come up with a plan.

TROY  
Ah...hey Ken. Can you come here for a minute?

KEN  
(looking up)  
Why?

TROY  
I want to show you something.

Ken lets out a deep sigh, then stands and joins Troy in the hallway.

KEN  
(perturbed)  
What?

Troy places a hand on Ken's back and leads him down the hallway.

TROY  
This way.

Troy casts a glance over his shoulder to see Tommy scurry out of the bedroom.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(pointing out the  
window)  
Look...a beautiful sunset.

KEN  
That's what you dragged me out here for? I always thought you were half a fag! If I wasn't so hungover I'd fucking pound you.

He turns around and storms back toward the bedroom.

TROY  
I'm sorry Ken, I thought you'd like to see this...

As Ken makes his way down the hall, Tommy emerges from another room and passes by him.

TOMMY  
Hey Ken!

KEN  
Fuck off!

Ken SLAMS the bedroom door. As Tommy approaches Troy slaps him in the head.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy enters as Tommy continues to search frantically behind furniture.

TROY  
I've looked everywhere.

Tommy turns to face him.

TOMMY  
Me too. I don't know.

TROY  
Is it possible you just dreamt it?

TOMMY  
(shrugging)  
I guess.

TROY  
I'm going back to sleep.

He walks over the couch and lays down. Tommy shrugs one last time then curls up in ball on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Troy and Tommy are awakened by a shrill SCREAM coming from another room. Both shoot up and shoot each other a worried glance.

GIRL (O.S.)  
Oh my god! Kenny!!

Troy and Tommy stand up and move in the direction of the shouting.

INT. KEN PHILISTINE'S SUNROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A small crowd has gathered around an ottoman situated in front of a wicker chair. Many are holding their noses and retching in disgust.

GUY  
That is the biggest pile of shit  
I've ever seen.

TROY  
(whispering to Tommy)  
Did you check in here?

TOMMY  
(to Troy)  
I thought you did.

KEN  
What the fuck did the dog eat?

They all consider it for a moment.

GIRL  
Wait a minute, the dog wasn't in  
here last night.

TOMMY  
Yes he was! I saw him go in there!

KEN

No, she's right. The dog was locked  
in the garage all night.

GUY

Well if the dog didn't do that, then  
who the hell did?

Suddenly, everyone in the sunroom turns to stare at Tommy  
and Troy.

EXT. KEN PHILISTINE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens and Troy and Tommy come tumbling out,  
landing hard on the lawn outside. Troy stands up and brushes  
off his clothes.

TROY

(to Tommy)

You fucking moron!

Tommy looks up at him from the ground.

FREEZE FRAME on Tommy.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's Tommy Diforo. He's been a  
friend of mine since we were little  
boys. Which is the only reason I  
continue to tolerate all of his  
bullshit. Tommy does everything in  
excess: drinking, eating, pulling  
pranks. Like this one time...

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Troy enters, stomping his feet on the doormat to shake off  
the snow. Tommy is kneeling backward on his couch, peering  
out of the window. Troy removes his coat.

TROY

Hey Tommy. What are you doing?

TOMMY

Shhh. Come here.

Troy joins Tommy on the couch.

TROY

(whispering)

What are we looking at?

TOMMY

Is it true that if you put a penny  
on the railroad tracks the train  
will completely flatten it?

TROY

I guess so.

TOMMY

Well what happens if you put something bigger on the tracks?

TROY

Why?

TOMMY

Never mind. Just what happens?

TROY

How much bigger?

TOMMY

(shrugging)

Like...an old refrigerator.

TROY

What!?!

Suddenly an EXPLOSION in the distance rocks the house, nearly causing both boys to tumble off the couch. A wide grin forms across Tommy's face.

TROY (CONT'D)

You fucking moron.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Tommy and Troy rush outside. A large black cloud of smoke fills the air.

TOMMY

Yes!!!

TROY

Are you insane? Do you know how much trouble you can get in for this?

Tommy glances at him with a semi-concerned look.

TOMMY

No. How much?

TROY

Well...I don't know. But I can't imagine that kids who derail trains go unpunished.

TOMMY

Oh come on, Troy. They'll never know it was me.

Troy glances over at the tracks in the fresh snow that lead out of Tommy's driveway and across an open field, before disappearing into the valley which is now filled with thick smoke.

TROY  
I don't think it'll take a whole  
episode of C.S.I. to crack this case.

Tommy takes a long look at the tracks.

TOMMY  
Oh shit, Troy, you're right.

He grabs Troy by the arm.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You gotta help me cover the tracks.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Tommy and Troy are busy shoveling over the tracks that Tommy made by dragging the refrigerator. Both appear exhausted. Tommy pauses and leans on his shovel.

TOMMY  
Hey Troy. I'm sorry, man.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. KEN PHILISTINE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Tommy peers up at Troy.

TOMMY  
Hey Troy. I'm sorry, man.

Troy offers his hand to Tommy and helps him to his feet.

TROY  
Don't worry about it. C'mon. Let's  
go find D-ball.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

Troy is driving with Tommy next to him. He brings the car to a stop along a road next to a heavily wooded area. Troy honks the car horn three times quickly. Several seconds later, DAN "D-BALL" O'CONNOR stumbles out of the forest. D-Ball is the perfect compliment to Troy; a little rougher, little less-polished.

TOMMY  
Man, why is he always in these fucking  
woods?

TROY

Christina's house is right on the other side. Her parents won't let her stay out all night. So, she comes home, checks in, then sneaks out and spends the night in the woods with this idiot.

D-Ball approaches the car. As he does, Tommy jumps into the back seat. D-Ball opens the door and slides into the passenger seat.

D-BALL

What's up, boys!

He taps fists with both Troy and Tommy.

TOMMY

D-Ball.

TROY

How's it goin', bro?

D-BALL

Not good. My back hurts. I gotta stop sleeping in those fucking woods.

Troy pops the car into drive and heads down the road.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

So how was Kenny's party after I left.

TROY

Pretty uneventful really. Oh...except for numb-nuts here taking a shit in the sunroom and getting us banned for life.

D-Ball turns to look at Tommy in the back seat.

D-BALL

You fucking moron!

FREEZE FRAME on D-Ball.

TROY (V.O.)

This character is Dan O'Connor. "D-Ball" to most people. He and I have been best friends ever since high school began. I don't know what it was about the two of us, but when we were together, it was like we were unstoppable as far as the ladies were concerned. He was the perfect wingman.

(MORE)

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And I certainly did my share of wing-  
 manning for him. Or winging-man.  
 Or...whatever. Although, we did  
 occasionally hit a snag or two.

EXT. A TRAILER PARK -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Troy and D-Ball are crouched over, shuffling alongside of a trailer.

TROY  
 Are you sure about this? I really  
 have a bad feeling about this.

D-BALL  
 Why?

TROY  
 I don't know. I just don't like  
 being here.

D-BALL  
 You have something against people  
 that live in trailer parks?

TROY  
 Individually, no. But collectively,  
 they frighten me.

D-Ball stops and turns to face him.

D-BALL  
 What in the hell are you talking  
 about?

TROY  
 I don't know. It's like a strange,  
 creepy little sub-culture. They're  
 all grouped together to form this  
 little tight-knit community; like  
 the gypsies.

D-BALL  
 Gypsies?

TROY  
 Yeah, gypsies. And we, the outsiders,  
 will never be accepted. I mean, you  
 can be as nice to them as you want,  
 but you'll always be on the outside  
 looking in. They're like one  
 big...low income...family.

He shudders.

TROY (CONT'D)

I don't know...it just freaks me out.

(becoming more animated)

I don't like being here. I don't even like driving by. And I'll tell you another thing...

D-Ball slaps him. Troy shuts up instantly and just stares at D-Ball with a look of shock.

D-BALL

You needed that.

TROY

(nodding)

Yes I did.

D-Ball turns around and they resume shuffling alongside the trailer.

D-BALL

Now keep quiet. Robyn said to wait behind her trailer and she and her friend would sneak out to meet us.

TROY

She better be worth it.

D-BALL

Oh she is! You should see the tits on this bitch. I'm talking Pam Anderson...

Suddenly, as they round the corner of a trailer, they are staring down the barrel of a shotgun. The gun is held by CLINT, Robyn's father.

CLINT

Go on, boy.

Troy and D-Ball freeze.

CLINT (CONT'D)

I b'lieve you were talking 'bout my daughter's tits.

D-BALL

Ah, no. No sir.

CLINT

Shut the hell up and get inside.

He motions with his gun toward the front door. D-Ball and Troy start to march in that direction.

INT. CLINT'S TRAILER -- MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

D-Ball and Troy are seated on a tattered yellow couch. Clint stands across from them, still aiming the shotgun at them.

CLINT  
Now what the fuck do you two little pricks want with my daughter?

D-BALL  
She's my lab partner and we have this assignment...

Clint cocks the shotgun, causing D-Ball to shut-up instantly. The door to the trailer swings open and four other tough-looking men walk in.

TRAILER PARK TOUGH #1  
Hey Clint. We heard some commotion.

TRAILER PARK TOUGH #2  
Thought we'd come on over, see if you needed anything.

Troy elbows D-Ball.

TROY  
(to D-Ball)  
See. Like the gypsies.

Upon hearing the whispering, Clint turns his attention back to the boys.

CLINT  
Boy, gimme one good goddamn reason why I shouldn't shoot you.

TRAILER PARK TOUGH #1  
These boys stealin'?

CLINT  
Naw. They was looking to have a good time with my Robyn.

Troy scoots forward on the couch.

TROY  
Excuse me, sir. We really didn't mean any disrespect. We were just hoping to hang out for awhile with your daughter. But since it's late, we didn't think it would've been right to ring your doorbell.

He turns to D-Ball.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 These things have doorbells don't  
 they?

CLINT  
 I'll tell you what. I'm gonna let  
 you go this time. But I better not  
 ever catch you 'round here again.

He hands the shotgun to one of the other men and picks up a  
 tablet and pen from the coffee table.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
 And I want your names, 'cos I'm gonna  
 be keeping an eye out for you two  
 sons of bitches.  
 (to Troy)  
 Now what's your name?

TROY  
 My name...

A lightbulb goes on somewhere!

TROY (CONT'D)  
 It's, ah, Tommy. Tommy Diforo. D-I-  
 F-O-R-O.

Clint writes the name on his paper.

CLINT  
 (to D-Ball)  
 And you?

D-BALL  
 Troy.

Troy stares at him in utter disbelief.

CLINT  
 Troy what?

D-BALL  
 Troy Anderson.

He turns to Troy and smiles.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. TROY'S CAR -- MORNING

The three boys drive through town.

D-BALL  
 You know, all kidding aside, this  
 could be a real problem. Kenny's  
 house was a sure thing all summer.

TROY

No shit.

D-BALL

I mean, those guys are twenty-one. They're gonna be partying all the time and the cops aren't even gonna look in their direction.

TROY

You got that right.

D-BALL

So what are we going to do?

TROY

I don't have the slightest idea.

D-Ball smiles over at him.

D-BALL

I guess we need to brainstorm?

TROY

My thoughts exactly.

D-BALL

Thomas?

He turns to look at Tommy who has just finished rolling a joint. He holds it up for the rest to see.

TOMMY

One step ahead of you.

Troy pulls the car into the driveway of a large, Colonial-style house and kills the engine.

EXT. SPEED'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Troy hops out of the car just as RICHIE "SPEED" PHILISTINE comes out of the garage and heads toward the car. Speed is thin with a sort of slacker-chic look about him; baggy pants, faded tee. As he nears the car, Troy tosses him the keys.

SPEED

Troy.

Troy and Speed shake hands.

SPEED (CONT'D)

How was the party?

TROY

Don't ask. Where the hell were you?

SPEED

Pacing myself. I'm sure my brother will have plenty of parties this summer. I just don't want him to get tired of our shit.

TROY

Too late. Mind driving?

FREEZE FRAME on Speed.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is Richie Philistine. Ken's little brother. We call him "Speed" because he does nothing fast. He talks slow, he moves slow. There's never a sense of urgency. But he's one of the smartest kids I've ever met. And besides using his smarts in school, Speed comes up with some of the sickest schemes you've ever seen.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A wide set of stairs lead up to the school's main entrance. The flat yard in front of the school slopes down to a row of parking spaces. A small crowd is gathered in near the parking space closest to the stairs.

TROY (V.O.)

Like this one time when Speed successfully lobbied for a designated parking space for our principal, Dr. Hurdlebaum.

DR. HURDLEBAUM wheels his Mercedes into the parking spot as the small crowd, which includes Troy, Speed, Tommy and D-Ball applaud. Hurdlebaum steps out of his car.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Thank you all. This is most appreciated.

Speed steps forward holding a small sign. He moves the front of the car and sticks the pointed end of the sign into the ground. Tommy joins him and hammers the sign firmly into place. Speed points to the sign and slowly reads its message.

SPEED

This spot reserved for school principal, Dr. Ron Hurdlebaum.

Hurdlebaum extends his hand to Speed.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Thank you, Richard.

A student from the school paper snaps a photo of the two of them shaking hands.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Speed is standing in front of an open garage in the school's shop area. He is talking to several larger, tough-looking students.

TROY (V.O.)

And then bribed some of the kids in shop to reverse the steering column on Maintenance Man Larry's tractor.

Speed hands an envelope to one of the shop kids.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER (FLASHBACK)

Troy, Speed and D-Ball are huddled together behind a bush across from the school. The maintenance man is mowing the lawn in front of the school. He is making his first pass, with the hillside to his left and the row of parked cars below it.

TROY

Are you sure this is going to work?

SPEED

Of course I'm sure. The shop guys reversed the steering column. So when good old Maintenance Man Larry reaches the stairs and tries to turn right...

The tractor is approaching the stairs. Larry cuts the wheel to the right, expecting to go that way. Instead, the tractor shoots sharply to the left, bolting down the hill and landing solidly on the hood of Principal Hurdlebaum's Mercedes.

TROY & D-BALL

(in unison)

Holy fuck!

The tractor has completely crushed the hood of the Mercedes, flattening the "Reserved Parking Space" sign in the process and sending the maintenance man tumbling onto the car's windshield.

SPEED

Nice!

He turns to his two friends, who both are in shock.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Told you it would work.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. SPEED'S HOUSE -- DAY

FREEZE FRAME on Speed.

TROY (V.O.)

Also, Speed doesn't smoke. Which is a good thing. I don't know how much more relaxed a guy can get. This also makes him the perfect designated driver.

Speed gets in the driver's seat while Troy hops in back with Tommy.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Speed sends a quick glance to D-Ball and Tommy.

SPEED

Good morning boys.

D-BALL

Speed!

TOMMY

Speeeeed!

As Speed backs the car out of the driveway, Tommy lights the joint, takes a long drag then hands it to Troy.

FREEZE FRAME on Troy.

TROY (V.O.)

Oh yeah. That's me. Troy Anderson. I'm pretty much your average American high school senior. I'm into the same shit that most average American high school seniors are into. I did OK in school; just well enough to get into a good college. Where I'll probably do just well enough to get a decent job, move into the suburbs. I don't know...join a bowling league.

INT. TROY'S HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Troy enters through the front door and tosses his backpack onto the stairs. He then walks down the hallway toward the kitchen.

TROY (V.O.)

I'm an only child, which I guess is pretty cool. I say that because I see how much Tommy and Speed hate their siblings. My dad's pretty cool. For the most part.

(MORE)

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He grew up pretty poor but has done alright for himself. Which means he has like this old school work ethic that I just can't seem to grasp.

Troy opens the refrigerator and searches around for something to eat.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I mean, I see these kids who study constantly and join every club and do every activity. It all seems like bullshit. I do just enough to get by and usually end up the same as or better than all of them. Kind of hard to find the motivation in that.

Finding nothing suitable, he grabs a can of soda and closes the refrigerator door. His dad, CARTER ANDERSON, is standing there.

MR. ANDERSON

Son.

TROY

Hey dad.

Troy opens the can of soda and walks over to the island in the center of the kitchen.

MR. ANDERSON

Any luck in the job search?

TROY

Guess that depends on whether or not you really want to find a job.

Mr. Anderson slides onto a stool.

MR. ANDERSON

Now, Troy, we've talked about this.

TROY

I know. It's just...this is my last summer. I mean, this is it. After this, it's non-stop work for the rest of my life. Don't you want me to enjoy my last summer?

MR. ANDERSON

Son, you need to understand, life is not always going to be about your enjoyment. It's about contributing, about learning values and becoming a valuable member of society.

TROY

And working at Chuck E. Cheese's is going to accomplish that?

MR. ANDERSON

More so than sitting around my house all day with your delinquent friends will.

TROY

Since you mention it, Speed doesn't have to get a job this summer. Neither does D-Ball.

MR. ANDERSON

If D-Ball jumped off of a bridge would you?

Troy considers the question for a moment.

TROY

I suppose if he had a good enough reason for doing it.

He sets down his soda and begins to pace around the kitchen.

TROY (CONT'D)

Look dad, I guess what I'm trying to say is...did you work during your last summer before college.

MR. ANDERSON

Of course.

TROY

Right. And if you didn't, I bet you would've had a lot more time to spend with your friends and family, right.

MR. ANDERSON

I suppose so.

TROY

That's what I'm talking about. Once I go to college, things are going to change. My friends are going to start doing their own thing, I'm only going to see you and mom a couple times a year. This is my opportunity to make the most of what I have now. Sure, I'm gonna have fun. But it's about so much more than that. It's about having the time now to do the things I won't be able to do later.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

To be able to look back someday and not have to say 'man, I wish I could have done that' or 'I wish I would've had the time to do that'.

He comes to a stop in front of his dad and places a hand on his shoulder.

TROY (CONT'D)

Do you see what I mean?

Mr. Anderson nods slowly.

MR. ANDERSON

Actually I do, son. You make quite an argument.

TROY

(nodding slowly)

Thank you.

He takes his hand off of his father's shoulder and picks up the can of soda.

TROY (CONT'D)

So...we cool?

Mr. Anderson rises from the stool and gives him a big smile.

MR. ANDERSON

No. Get a fucking job.

EXT. TROY'S HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Troy is shooting hoops in the driveway when his mother's car pulls into the driveway.

TROY (V.O.)

My mom is awesome. She's the perfect mix of lenient and naive to allow me to get away with almost anything. The only problem is, she treats me like I'm perpetually ten years old.

Troy's mother, CAROL ANDERSON, springs out of the car and runs over to Troy.

MRS. ANDERSON

(waving)

Troy! Come here honey! I've got a surprise for you!

TROY

(under his breath)

Oh, shit.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

(louder)

Hi mom.

Mrs. Anderson plants a big kiss on Troy's cheek.

MRS. ANDERSON

You know how you love to play Dungeons and Dragons?

TROY

I...I used to. I haven't played that in about eight...

MRS. ANDERSON

(interrupting)

Well there's a new lady in my church group. They just moved here from Ohio and...

She turns back toward the car and waves.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Cliffton, come on!

The back door of the car opens and CLIFFTON steps out. He is nearly as tall as he is wide. He has thick black glasses, a crew cut, is wearing a button-down shirt with suspenders, shorts and black socks. He is a good six years younger than Troy.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

This is Cliffton. He loves to play Dungeons and Dragons too!

CLIFFTON

I have a one hundred-sided dice.

TROY

Good for you.

CLIFFTON

Once I thought I had cholera.

TROY

That's too bad.

(to his mother)

Mom, can I talk to you for a second?

Troy pulls his mother aside.

TROY (CONT'D)

What the hell can you possibly think I have in common with this retard?

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh, hush Troy. You know you'll have a good time. You said the same thing about your friend Friedel.

TROY

He wasn't my friend. You brought him home from the children's ward at the hospital.

MRS. ANDERSON

Yes, and you played with him for hours.

TROY

He had cancer. I felt terrible. What did you expect me to do?

MRS. ANDERSON

Well, pretend this one has cancer too.

She pinches Troy's cheek.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I'm going to make you boys some cookies and lemonade.

CLIFFTON

I saw a real live gnome once.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. TROY'S CAR -- DAY

Troy passes the joint up to D-Ball.

TROY (V.O.)

So that's the crew. Just your run-of-the-mill high school guys. When we weren't getting drunk or hooking up with chicks we pretty much thought about getting drunk or hooking up with chicks.

D-Ball hands the joint back to Tommy, then blows a cloud of white smoke at Speed.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Of course, we also found plenty of time to fuck with just about everybody.

D-Ball glances out the window then points eagerly ahead.

D-BALL  
 Hey! Look alive! It's Stephanie  
 Grady.

Up ahead an enormous girl of about their age walks slowly along the sidewalk. Tommy and D-Ball quickly roll down their windows and lean out. As they near the girl, Speed lays on the horn.

D-BALL & TOMMY  
 (together)  
 380 Grady! 380 Grady! 380 Grady!

Troy reaches over and takes the joint away from Tommy.

TROY  
 (laughing)  
 You guys are such dicks.

He takes another long drag then hands it back to Tommy.

SPEED  
 So where we going anyway?

TROY  
 The mall.

TOMMY  
 Why are we going to the mall?

D-BALL  
 Because the way I see it, today's agenda includes eating, scamming on chicks or stealing shit.

TROY  
 Right. All of which can be accomplished at the mall.

TOMMY  
 I hate the mall.

He passes the joint up to D-Ball.

TROY  
 Why? Think of all of the interesting places there are for you to take a shit.

D-BALL  
 Yeah. The possibilities are endless.

Tommy sinks back in his seat and folds his arms.

TOMMY  
 Man, screw you both!

INT. RICHLAND PARK MALL -- LATER

The four boys walk through the mall's entrance, which opens right into the food court.

D-BALL  
 (inhales deeply)  
 Ahhhh. Smell that! Capitalism and  
 fried food!

A group of teen girls pass by right in front of the boys.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
 With just a hint of Tommy Girl!

Tommy, who had been lurking in the back, pushes his way past the other three boys.

TOMMY  
 I am going to eat every fucking thing  
 in this food court!

He bolts off in the direction of one of the many restaurants.

SPEED  
 I'm going to get an Orange Julius.  
 You guys want one?

TROY & D-BALL  
 (together)  
 Yes!

Speed walks off while Troy and D-Ball scout out their options.

TROY  
 Pizza or tacos?

D-BALL  
 Yes.

INT. RICHLAND PARK MALL -- LATER

D-Ball, Troy and Speed are seated at a table. Tommy shows up with a tray filled with just about every item available at the food court. Before sitting down he reaches across the table and helps himself to something off of everyone else's tray. Troy slaps his hand.

TROY  
 Stop!

Tommy settles into a chair.

D-BALL  
 So, anyone got any bright ideas?

TOMMY

About what?

SPEED

About what we're going to do all summer now, thanks to your dumb ass.

TOMMY

Are we still talking about that?

TROY

Yes. We're about to graduate, we have the most important summer of our lives ahead of us and we have nowhere to party.

All four take a moment to eat and contemplate their slim options.

TOMMY

What about my sister?

D-BALL

What about her.

TOMMY

Her and her friends party almost every weekend. As far as I know, they've never had any problems with the cops.

D-BALL

The private school girls? I don't think so.

SPEED

No wait, this isn't a bad idea. Chip, that dude from my Independent Study group is dating a girl from Tommy's sister's school. He says their parties are pretty sick.

D-BALL

So, Tommy. Get the scoop for us.

TROY

Yeah, this is your chance to redeem yourself.

TOMMY

Shit, she won't tell me.

(to Troy)

But she'll tell you Troy. She digs you.

TROY

Fine. We'll stop by your house later.

They sit in silence for a few seconds, finishing their lunch.

TOMMY  
Speed, if they call it Independent  
Study, why the hell do you have a  
group?

All four burst into laughter. Troy peers over the railing to the first floor of the mall. He sees several girls from their high school, FELICIA and JANINE, and one girl, RAVEN, who he's never seen before.

CLOSE ON RAVEN

Troy leans closer to the rail for a better look.

TROY  
Dude, who is that?

D-Ball stands and peers over the railing.

D-BALL  
That's Janine and Felicia.

TROY  
I know that. Who's that in the black?

D-BALL  
Never seen her before.

TROY  
She's amazing.

Suddenly, Tommy hollers down.

TOMMY  
(shouting)  
Janine! Felicia!

Upon hearing their names, the girls turn and look up. They laugh, give a little wave, then hurry off.

TROY  
Tommy, you idiot!

TOMMY  
What? They laughed.

D-Ball places his head in his hands and sighs deeply.

D-BALL  
Ugh...Tommy. Sometimes I hate you.

He takes a quick look around at his friends.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Come on. Lets go steal a video game.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Tommy and Troy enter through the front door and head straight up the stairs.

TOMMY  
Mom, I'm home. Me and Troy are going  
up to my room.

Troy and Tommy arrive at the top of the stairs.

TROY  
You sure your sister is home?

TOMMY  
Let's find out.

Tommy approaches his sister's closed bedroom door and gives it a kick, sending it swinging open. Tommy's sister, MAGGIE, is inside dressing.

MAGGIE  
Tommy you pervert! Get out!

Tommy smiles and walks toward his own bedroom.

TOMMY  
(to Troy)  
She's home.

Another girl, TAYLOR, exits the bathroom and heads toward Maggie's bedroom.

TAYLOR  
Tommy you are such a loser.

TOMMY  
I love you, Taylor.

He walks into his bedroom and plops down on the bed. Troy follows with a confused look on his face.

TROY  
Who the hell was that?

TOMMY  
That's Taylor. She goes to school  
with my sister. Her parents moved  
about a month ago so she's staying  
with us until the school year is  
over.

Taylor walks by again.

TROY  
Dude, she's really cute.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Tommy, I told you to quit looking at me!

TROY

She certainly seems to have taken a liking to you.

Tommy starts to toss a ball into the air.

TOMMY

Well, what can I say. Ladies love cool Tommy!

TROY

How come she hates you so much?

Tommy sits up and turns to face Troy.

TOMMY

(shrugging)

Ah, you know how it is. When you live with someone you just tend to see all of their bad habits. You know, see them at their worst.

TROY

And you've done nothing to provoke her?

TOMMY

On the contrary. I've been on my best behavior.

He stands up and walks to his desk, opening a drawer to retrieve something.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

That reminds me.

Tommy walks into the hallway holding a pair of panties.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey Taylor, I swiped this pair of panties from your laundry basket about two weeks ago. Think I can trade it for a fresh one? The stank is starting to fade.

Both girls shriek in horror.

TAYLOR

Tommy you are such a freaking pig!

She SLAMS the door. Tommy returns to his room, grinning.

TROY  
You are absolutely unbelievable.

TOMMY  
Thanks. Hey go ask them about the party.

Troy throws his arms up in frustration, then heads off for Maggie's room.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy knocks on Maggie's door.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Go away!

TROY  
Hey Mags. It's Troy.

After a few seconds, the door opens.

MAGGIE  
Hey Troy. Come on in.

Troy enters and Maggie closes the door behind him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
This is my friend, Taylor.

TROY  
Hi. I'm Troy.

Taylor smiles flirtatiously.

MAGGIE  
Troy is Tommy's friend.  
(to Troy)  
By the way, why are you friends with him?

TROY  
Believe me, I ask myself that same question more than you can imagine.

TAYLOR  
So what are you boys up to today?

TROY  
Actually that's what I wanted to talk to you about. We're looking for a place to party next weekend. You guys got anything cooking?

MAGGIE

I thought Tommy said you guys were going to be partying at Speed's brother's place all summer.

TROY

Yeah, well. Things don't always go as planned, if you know what I mean.

MAGGIE

We don't have any real plans yet, but we can let you know later in the week.

TROY

Cool.

TAYLOR

Just give us a call.

Troy gives them both a big smile.

TROY

Alright.

INT. TROY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Troy enters the kitchen where his mother is preparing dinner.

TROY

Hi mom.

MRS. ANDERSON

Hi honey. Dinner will be ready in about an hour.

TROY

Cool. I'll be up in my room.

He heads for the door.

MRS. ANDERSON

Do you want some Tang?

Troy stops.

TROY

Excuse me?

Mrs. Anderson turns toward him holding a big glass of orange liquid.

MRS. ANDERSON

Tang. It's what the astronauts drink.

TROY

No thanks.

She moves toward him, holding the glass with an outstretched arm.

MRS. ANDERSON  
But it used to be your favorite.

Troy reluctantly takes the glass.

TROY  
When?

Mrs. Anderson returns to her cooking.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Oh, you know.

Troy takes a sip of the drink and grimaces.

TROY  
Thanks.

He turns and leaves the kitchen.

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy enters. He kicks off his shoes and flips on his stereo. He picks a magazine up off of his desk and walks toward the bed. Suddenly, a bell on his computer sounds. Troy walks over and sits down in front of the computer.

ON THE MONITOR

A message from "Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken" appears: "Hey! You there?"

BACK TO TROY

TROY  
Oh, I'm here.

His fingers type a quick reply.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Just got back, babe. What's going on?

ON THE MONITOR

Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken's reply appears: "Not 2 much. Been thinking about u!"

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)  
Then why won't you meet me.

ON THE MONITOR

Troy's reply appears: "Me too. Feel like telling me anything else about yourself tonight?"

BACK TO TROY

He sits back in this seat and rubs his hands together awaiting her reply.

TROY (CONT'D)

Here we go.  
 (reading)  
 What else do you want to know?  
 (to himself)  
 Everything dammit!

ON THE MONITOR

Troy's reply appears: "How 'bout your real name?"

Her answer comes quickly" "Not yet, honey!"

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)

Ugh, this is killing me.

He cracks his knuckles.

TROY (CONT'D)

OK. Here goes.

Troy reads aloud as he types.

TROY (CONT'D)

Over these last few weeks I have gotten to know you better than any girl I've ever known before. You sound like the perfect girl for me. I know...wait a minute...

He deletes the last word.

TROY (CONT'D)

I *hope* you feel the same way. We met on-line but live in the same town. It is fate! Why should we keep torturing ourselves.

He sends his message and puts his face in his hands, waiting for a reply.

ON THE MONITOR

Her reply appears: "I have to go. Moms calling. Talk 2 U later?"

BACK TO TROY

He throws up his hands in disbelief.

TROY (CONT'D)

Great. I pour out my heart and she has to go eat dinner.

ON THE MONITOR

Troy's words appear: "Sure. I'll be on later tonight."

BACK TO TROY

Troy stands up and walks over to his bookshelf. He takes the yearbook off of the shelf and plops down on his bed. He opens the yearbook up. Several of the photos of the girls on the page are crossed out.

TROY (CONT'D)

OK Barbie. Who are you?

INT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

The cafeteria is lined with rows of long tables, each of which is filled with students. Troy, carrying his tray, weaves his way between two of the tables to take a seat next to D-Ball. Speed is seated across from them.

TROY

Less than two more weeks of school lunches, boys.

D-BALL

Amen.

Speed stabs at his food with his fork.

SPEED

I don't know. I think I'm gonna miss the half-cooked, luke warm comfort of the caf.

TROY

Well something tells me the food in the dorms next year isn't going to be much...

His eyes wander across the cafeteria.

TROY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Speed and D-Ball follow his gaze across the room. Tommy is coming toward them. He is carrying what appears to be a life-sized CPR dummy. As he weaves in and out of the tables, he smacks several other students in the head with the large doll. Finally, Tommy arrives at their table with a wide grin.

His grin fades when he sees the looks on the faces of his friends.

TOMMY

What?

D-BALL

What do you think?

Tommy holds the dummy upright so it looks as if it is standing next to him.

TOMMY

Oh, her? This is Annie.

He pulls down the front of the doll's pants, revealing a patch of dark hair.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Look...lifelike genitalia!

(to Speed)

Yo, make room.

Speed slides over into the empty chair next to him. Tommy props the doll into the vacated chair and takes the seat next to it.

SPEED

Tommy, what are you doing with the Sex Ed Demonstration Dummy?

TOMMY

They loaned it to me to prepare my lesson plan for tomorrow.

He points at D-Ball's tray.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You gonna finish that?

TROY

OK, Tommy, generally we don't know what the hell you're talking about when it doesn't involve a life-sized plastic doll with pubes. What makes you think we're not going to need any further explanation this time?

TOMMY

I'm teaching Sex Ed tomorrow.

SPEED

For Senior Switch Day? Christ that's like letting Lizzie Grubman teach Drivers' Ed.

TROY

(to Speed)

Wait a minute...you know what he's talking about?

SPEED

I think so. Tomorrow is Senior Switch Day and apparently douchebag here has somehow convinced the powers that be to let him talk about sex out loud and to other people.

D-BALL

What the hell is Senior Switch Day?

SPEED

Don't you listen to the morning announcements?

D-BALL

Speed, I don't even know where my homeroom is.

SPEED

On Senior Switch Day, the seniors, with permission, get to take over the role of one of their teachers.

TOMMY

Yep. And tomorrow I get to be Ms. Worthington.

All four boys look across the cafeteria at Ms. Worthington. She is wearing shorts, white knee socks, and a half-way zipped up sweat shirt. She has a very short haircut and is twirling a whistle around her finger as she chats with another teacher.

D-BALL

(to Tommy)

I always knew you were a dyke!

TROY

Let me get this straight. You get to spend the entire day teaching Ms. Worthington's class.

TOMMY

Damn straight. I get to miss all my classes and everything.

SPEED

(pointing at the dummy)

You better not abuse that thing tonight.

Tommy gently strokes the doll's face.

TOMMY  
I wouldn't think of it.

SPEED  
You know what I mean.

TROY  
Hey listen. I talked to Tommy's  
sister last night.

D-BALL  
How is Maggie? That little minx!

Tommy points across the table at him.

TOMMY  
Knock it off, D-Ball.

TROY  
One of the private school chicks'  
parents are going to a wedding this  
weekend out of town.

D-BALL  
Oh yeah?

TROY  
Yeah. She lives over by the old  
little league field. Party is  
supposed to kick off around nine  
and...Tommy!

All eyes turn to Tommy who has his arm around the dummy and  
is squeezing its breasts.

TOMMY  
Sorry.

TROY  
Anyway, supposedly this girl has an  
older cousin or something who is  
going to take care of getting the  
kegs and everything.

D-BALL  
Very nice. Sounds like we're in  
business.

He holds out his fist and Troy pounds it with his own.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Good job, T-Roy!

Tommy digs into his backpack and pulls out a stack of papers  
which he begins to leaf through.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Hey Tommy, let's try and make sure you take a dump before the party this weekend, alright.

TOMMY

Shut up man.

He continues to leaf through the papers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell am I going to talk about for an entire period tomorrow?

SPEED

Do you even know enough about sex to fill an entire lecture.

TOMMY

Maybe I'll just talk about my pecker the whole time.

TROY

Maybe first you should learn what the proper term for pecker is.

INT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- LATER

Troy and Speed are walking to class. Up ahead Troy sees Janine and Raven standing by a locker. He comes to a stop.

TROY

Look, it's that chick from the mall. Damn, she's hot. How is it that I've never seen her before?

SPEED

I don't know. I don't recognize her either. Why don't you go introduce yourself?

TROY

I guess I could. I just don't think Janine likes me very much.

Speed turns to him and pinches his cheek.

SPEED

Nonsense. You're Troy. Who doesn't like you! I'm going to be late for class.

Speed leaves. Troy takes a deep breath and approaches the two girls.

TROY

Hey Janine. What's going on?

JANINE

Hi Troy.

TROY

Didn't I see you at the mall the other day?

JANINE

Ah, yeah. I guess.

Troy smiles at the new girl.

TROY

So, are you going to introduce me to your friend?

JANINE

(completely disinterested)

This is Raven. She's new. Raven, this is Troy. He's a mhore.

RAVEN

You're Muslim?

JANINE

No, that's *mhore*. As in male whore.

TROY

Whoa! Janine, why would you say that...

Suddenly, Principal Hurdlebaum approaches from behind.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Mr. Anderson.

Troy spins around upon hearing his name.

TROY

Dr. Hurdlebaum.

JANINE

Bye Troy!

She and Raven giggle, then scurry off.

TROY

No, wait...don't...

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Troy, I got a message in my office that you wished to speak with me.

Troy turns his attention to the principal, his disposition improving slightly.

TROY  
Yes. Yes I did.

DR. HURDLEBAUM  
What about?

TROY  
Well, I know it's short notice and all, but I was wondering if anyone had approached you about Senior Switch Day tomorrow.

DR. HURDLEBAUM  
Approached me as in...

TROY  
As in, I would love to be principal for the day!

DR. HURDLEBAUM  
You have an interest in someday becoming a principal?

TROY  
Well, no sir, not exactly. But I do hope to obtain a management position someday, and I figured what better way to learn than by stepping into the shoes of the man in charge of our school.

DR. HURDLEBAUM  
Well, Troy, quite frankly I'm flattered. I think that would be an excellent idea. Come by my office before first period tomorrow.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Principal Hurdlebaum is seated at his desk with Troy seated across from him. The principal's office is nicely furnished. In addition to the large mahogany desk, there are two big leather chairs, one of which Troy is seated in, a long leather couch, a small oak table and a large, neatly organized bookcase.

DR. HURDLEBAUM  
Well that should really just about cover it, Troy. Any questions?

Troy takes a quick glance at the notebook in which he had jotted down the instructions for his role as principal.

TROY  
I don't think so, sir. I think I got it.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Now as acting principal, you will be expected to make decisions, deal with students' questions or even discipline problems. I expect you to be fair. Even though there is no grade per se, I will be taking a look at what you accomplish today.

TROY

Not a problem, sir.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Excellent. My secretary Evelyn will get you anything you need today. She also has a pretty good idea of how things work around here, so feel free to use her as a resource.

TROY

And where will you be?

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Well, I'll probably patrol the halls for awhile, maybe even catch a swim in the pool. Evelyn has my pager number if anything important comes up. Otherwise, you're on your own.

Troy extends his hand across the table to Dr. Hurdlebaum.

TROY

Looking forward to the challenge, sir.

Hurdlebaum stands up and walks toward the door. He checks his watch.

DR. HURDLEBAUM

Good. Well, first period should just about be underway.

The school bell RINGS. Hurdlebaum exits the office, closing the door behind him. Troy stands up and walks behind Hurdlebaum's desk, taking a few moments to read the spines of some of the books on the large bookshelf. He then takes a seat in Hurdlebaum's oversized leather chair.

TROY

This is alright!

He kicks his feet up on the desk.

TROY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Today's going to be a good day.

Suddenly, the intercom on Hurdlebaum's desk BUZZES. Troy leans forward and presses the glowing button.

TROY (CONT'D)

Yes?

EVELYN (O.S.)

Mr. Anderson, there is a student here to see you.

TROY

Oh...OK. Send him in.

(to himself)

Fuck. So much for relaxing.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Troy, you have to hit the button to disconnect, dear.

Troy bolts forward and hangs up the intercom. There is a knock on the door. Troy stands behind the desk.

TROY

Yes. Come in.

The door opens and ALEXIS enters. She is a cute sophomore wearing a yellow Tommy Hilfiger top and a plaid skirt. Troy smiles upon seeing her.

TROY (CONT'D)

Hey Alexis.

ALEXIS

Troy? What are you doing in here?

TROY

Senior Switch Day. I'm the new principal.

Alexis laughs.

ALEXIS

Oh my god! That is so great.

Troy motions to the small table to the side of his desk.

TROY

Here, sit down.

Alexis takes a seat as Troy comes from behind the desk to join her at the table.

ALEXIS

So you, like, actually get to sit in Hurdlebaum's office and everything.

TROY

Yeah. From what he told me I get to make decisions and everything. I guess as long as I don't do anything too crazy, he'll go with it.

Troy leans in closer to her.

TROY (CONT'D)

So, young lady, what did you do to get sent to the principal's office?

ALEXIS

You mean, like, I'm actually supposed talk to you about this?

TROY

Sure. What's up?

ALEXIS

I'm trying to drop a class and was told I had to get Hurdlebaum's permission to do it.

Troy springs to his feet.

TROY

Ah! Drop Class Forms. He showed me this.

He walks back to the desk and starts to open drawers.

TROY (CONT'D)

Now where the hell were they?

Suddenly, he stops and looks over at Alexis.

TROY (CONT'D)

Actually, I'll just have my secretary find them.

ALEXIS

Shut up!

Troy presses the intercom button on his desk.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Yes?

TROY

Evelyn, can you bring me in a Drop Class Form please?

There is a brief moment of silence.

EVELYN (O.S.)  
Top right hand drawer, Troy. I'm  
sure you can find them.

She disconnects. Troy glances over at Alexis.

TROY  
I may have to let her go.

Alexis bursts into laughter. Troy finds the form and returns  
to the table.

TROY (CONT'D)  
OK, let's see here. What is the  
class?

ALEXIS  
Spanish One.

Troy writes on the form.

TROY  
And...why do you want to drop?

ALEXIS  
Because I failed the last two tests  
and have no chance of getting anything  
above a "D".

TROY  
I hope you had a better excuse than  
that for Hurdlebaum.

She reaches across the table and places her hand over Troy's.

ALEXIS  
Luckily, I won't need to come up  
with one.

Troy glances down at her hand and smiles.

TROY  
Why haven't I seen you around much  
lately? We had a good time together  
that night at Keebler's party.

ALEXIS  
I know we did. You never called me.

TROY  
What? No way. If I remember  
correctly, I called you but you never  
called me back.

She withdraws her hand.

ALEXIS  
Oh, I've heard that one before.

TROY  
Are you saying I'm lying?

She smiles at him but does not answer.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Alright, look. I'll admit, I may have used that line before. But this time, I'm being honest. I really did try to call.

He reaches his hand out to her.

TROY (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Don't be mad. What if I promise to call you later this week?

She smiles and takes his hand.

ALEXIS  
OK.

She leans across the table and they start to kiss.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- LATER

Alexis is standing by the doorway holding her books. Troy is standing in front of her.

ALEXIS  
So you'll call me later this week?

TROY  
I promise.

He turns and looks back at the table. The form is still lying there.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't forget your form.

He walks over to the table and scribbles down his signature, then walks back and hands it to her.

ALEXIS  
Thank you.

She leans forward and kisses him one last time.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Come here.

Using her thumb, she wipes away the lipstick from his mouth.

TROY  
 Alright. I'll talk to you soon.

ALEXIS  
 Bye!

She exits. Troy stands in front of a picture hanging on the wall and fixes his hair in the reflection. He then walks back behind the desk and sits down. Leaning forward, he presses the intercom button.

EVELYN (O.S.)  
 Yes.

TROY  
 Evelyn, I need you to page a student for me. Dan O'Connor.

EVELYN (O.S.)  
 No problem.

She hangs up.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

D-Ball enters. Troy is seated in the big leather chair behind the desk.

D-BALL  
 Very nice!

TROY  
 Welcome.

D-BALL  
 I'll tell you what, I've been in here a lot of times. But without Hurdlebaum, this place doesn't suck nearly as much.

He walks over and stands to the side of the desk.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
 And you get to hang out here all day?

TROY  
 Correction. We get to hang out here all day.

D-BALL  
 That's what I'm talking about!

He glances down at the desk.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
 Are these Hurdlebaum's glasses?

TROY  
Yeah, I guess so.

D-Ball slams his fist onto the desk, breaking the glasses.  
Troy jumps.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Dude, what the hell are you doing?

D-BALL  
Who cares. Just tell him it was an  
accident.

D-Ball turns around and takes a book from the bookshelf.

TROY  
I wonder how Tommy's making out in  
Sex Ed?

D-BALL  
He hasn't started yet. I just talked  
to him. I guess Worthington's first  
class isn't until third period. I  
think he's in Home Ec now.

INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MRS. MIRRA is standing in front of the class. With the exception of a kitchen area behind her, the classroom appears pretty normal. There are six rows of student desks. Tommy is seated in one near the window. The kitchen area consists of a refrigerator, several ovens, three workstations and a combination washer/dryer.

MRS. MIRRA  
Today I want you to work in your  
groups and plan your menu for next  
week's luncheon.

She picks up a folder from the table and begins to fan herself.

MRS. MIRRA (CONT'D)  
Now, you may be asking yourselves  
'what is that wonderful smell?' .  
Well, as a special treat, I've made  
a few batches of my secret chocolate  
caramel brownies. Once they cool  
and your menus are approved, you can  
help yourselves to some.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Mark is busy flipping through some papers on Hurdlebaum's desk. D-Ball takes the book that he was leafing through and walks over to the leather couch.

D-BALL  
Mind if I borrow this book?

TROY  
Go ahead.

Troy continues to look through the papers.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I was up 'til two again last night.

D-BALL  
Don't tell me, another internet date  
with what's-her-name.

TROY  
"Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken"

D-BALL  
Oh yeah. At least tell me you're  
having cybersex.

TROY  
It's not like that.

D-BALL  
Did you figure out who she is yet?

TROY  
Not yet.

D-BALL  
But she knows who you are.

TROY  
Yeah. I told her a few weeks ago.  
It's so frustrating.

D-BALL  
Did she at least tell you what she  
looks like?

TROY  
No.

D-BALL  
Well what if she's ugly?

TROY  
I asked her if she's pretty.

D-BALL  
And?

TROY  
Well, she said no.  
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

But you know how girls are. Even the hottest ones say that they're ugly.

D-BALL

You wanna know what I think?

TROY

Not really.

D-BALL

You're wasting your time.

TROY

How so?

D-BALL

Because dude, you get plenty of ass here...in the real world. Why do you want to waste your time with that virtual shit?

TROY

You don't understand. The conversations that I've had with her are amazing. She is such a cool girl. I just feel that she, you know, gets me. I mean, do you know how cool it would be to actually get to hang out with her for real this summer.

D-BALL

Yeah, whatever. Are you gonna hit this?

Troy looks up at D-Ball who has rolled a joint and is laid back on Hurdlebaum's couch smoking it.

TROY

Asshole! What are doing?

D-Ball blows out a big cloud of smoke.

D-BALL

Always wanted to get high in Hurdlebaum's office.

TROY

At least get over by the window!

D-Ball turns and looks at him.

D-BALL

Only if you join me.

TROY

Fine.

He gets up. As he does, D-Ball stands up and walks over to the window and opening it. As Troy arrives, D-Ball hands him the joint.

D-BALL

Doesn't get any better than this!

INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Mirra addresses the class.

MRS. MIRRA

OK, then. Why don't you all get into your groups. And when you have your menus ready, let me know and I'll join you.

The students get up and start congregating in their groups.

MRS. MIRRA (CONT'D)

Tommy? Can you open a window please? It's so hot in here with these ovens on.

TOMMY

OK.

Tommy walks to the window and opens it. He's about to turn away when he catches a familiar scent.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy leans out the window to get a better smell. Directly below him, smoke trails out of an open window. D-Ball and Troy can be seen in the window smoking their joint.

INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Realizing that what he smells is marijuana, Tommy begins to breathe in deeply. He glances back to make sure that Mrs. Mirra doesn't see him.

TOMMY

Oh my god!

Clouds of white smoke float up from below the Home Ec window. Tommy leans out the window so far that his feet are off of the ground. With his hands, he is shoveling as much of the white smoke into his mouth and nose as he can.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Troy and D-Ball continue to puff away.

TROY

By the way, guess who came to see me first period.

D-BALL

Who?

TROY

Alexis Reed.

D-BALL

How'd she know you were here?

TROY

She didn't. She came to see Hurdlebaum about something.

D-BALL

Cool. Didn't you hook up with her once?

TROY

Yeah. Earlier this year's at Keebler's.

D-BALL

I remember that.

TROY

And...

D-BALL

And what?  
(his eyes widen)  
Here?

Troy starts chuckling and nods.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, you hooked up with Alexis Reed here in Hurdlebaum's office?

TROY

You know it.

D-BALL

Where?

Troy points over to the small table and chairs.

TROY

Over at that table.

D-Ball flicks the roach out the window. His eyes grow wide with anticipation.

D-BALL  
You know what we have to do?

TROY  
(smiling)  
What?

D-BALL  
We have to get two chicks in this  
office for next period.

Troy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a slip of paper.

TROY  
I'm already one step ahead of you.

He hands the list to D-Ball.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Why stop at two. We have six more  
periods. Put your list together and  
I'll give it to Evelyn to page them.  
'Sure things' only!

D-Ball eagerly snatches the list and walks hurriedly toward  
the desk to find a pen.

D-BALL  
This may be the greatest idea you've  
ever come up with. Not only am I  
gonna get some tail at school, but  
in the principal's office no less.

He turns quickly back to Troy.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
I call Hurdlebaum's desk.

TROY  
It's my idea, asshole. I get the  
desk. You get the couch.

D-Ball takes a long, hard look at the couch.

D-BALL  
OK. That'll work.

INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Mirra notices Tommy sticking out the window.

MRS. MIRRA  
Tommy. Everything alright?

Upon hearing his teacher, Tommy slides back into the room.

TOMMY

Yeah, fine.

CLOSE ON TOMMY

His eyes are half-closed and a dumb grin is plastered across his face. He is as high as a kite.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Just getting some fresh air, baby!

MRS. MIRRA

Excuse me!

TOMMY

I mean, Mrs. Mirra.

Tommy starts to wander toward the front of the classroom. KRISTIN, a girl from his group, waves to him.

KRISTIN

Tommy, our group is meeting back here.

Tommy ignores her and continues to walk.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Tommy?

TOMMY

Yeah, I hear you.

As Tommy nears the front of the class, another classmate, Stephanie Grady, gets up and walks toward the back of the room.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Uh-oh! Look out! Here comes 380 Grady!

STEPHANIE GRADY

Screw you, Tommy!

TOMMY

380 Grady! 380 Grady!

Stephanie pushes her way past him. Tommy holds his belly and doubles over with laughter. After regaining his composure, he continues on his trek across the room. He finally comes to a stop at the refrigerator and gives a quick glance over his shoulder to make sure no one is looking. He opens the refrigerator and peers inside. He spies a plate of bacon.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, baby!

Piling about six slices of bacon on top of each other, Tommy shovels them all into his mouth. While chewing, he reaches for a container of whipped cream and opens it. With one hand he takes a big scoop of the white cream out of the container and shoves it in his mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So good!

Tommy grabs a carton of milk and closes the refrigerator. As he turns around, he spies a plate of the chocolate brownies cooling on the counter.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mirra strolls about the classroom, observing each group as they work on their assignment. Suddenly she looks up and notices Tommy. He has devoured an entire plate of brownies and is chugging milk from the carton.

MRS. MIRRA

Mr. DiForo!

Tommy looks up and lets out a loud belch.

TOMMY

(perplexed)

What?

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- LATER

Troy is reclining in Hurdlebaum's chair with his feet kicked up while D-Ball lays on the couch.

TROY

Damn. That stuff was good.

D-BALL

The G-13. That's some baaaaaad weed!

The intercom buzzes.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Mr. Anderson. The students you asked to see are here.

Troy springs to life, leaping to his feet.

TROY

Yes, Evelyn. Please send them in.

(to D-Ball)

Showtime, baby!

D-Ball also springs to his feet and walks toward the center of the room near Troy. The door opens and BRIANNA BANKS and CAITLYN WINTER enter. They both seem shocked to see Troy and D-Ball.

TROY (CONT'D)

Hey ladies.

Brianna walks over to him and hits him on the arm.

BRIANNA

You jerks! We thought we were in trouble.

D-BALL

You still may be!

(to Caitlyn)

What's going on?

CAITLYN

Not too much. You?

BRIANNA

What are you guys up to?

Troy leads Brianna over to Hurdlebaum's desk.

TROY

Nothing. We were just sort of hanging out. Thought maybe you guys would want to hang.

CAITLYN

Where is Hurdlebaum?

TROY

Out. He left me in charge.

Troy sits down on top of Hurdlebaum's desk and pats the surface next to him.

TROY (CONT'D)

Sit down.

BRIANNA

On the desk?

TROY

Why not.

Brianna hesitates for a moment then joins him on the desk. D-Ball and Caitlyn meanwhile have cozied up together on the couch.

D-BALL

So how come you don't invite me over anymore.

CAITLYN

I thought you had a girlfriend.

D-BALL

Me? No.

CAITLYN

What about Christina?

D-BALL

We broke up.

CAITLYN

When? My sister said she saw you guys at Ken Philistine's party together.

D-BALL

We broke up afterwards. We had a big fight. It was ugly.

CAITLYN

Speaking of ugly; is it true that Tommy Diforo took a crap on Ken's couch?

D-Ball waves her off.

D-BALL

No. See that's how rumors get started. It was behind the footstool in the sunroom.

CAITLYN

Ewww.

Meanwhile, Troy leans closer to Brianna.

TROY

You know, if I were to kiss you right now, you'd be the first girl to say she made out in the principal's office.

BRIANNA

Is that so?

TROY

Well except maybe for that lunchlady with the mustache. I always see Hurdlebaum making eyes at her.

Brianna giggles innocently.

BRIANNA

You are so funny.

TROY

So is that a yes?

BRIANNA

Sure.

They start kissing.

INT. PRINCIPAL HURDLEBAUM'S OFFICE -- LATER

Troy is on top of Brianna on Hurdlebaum's desk. They are kissing and her shirt is undone. On the couch, D-Ball is wearing only his boxers. Caitlyn's shirt is off as well. The intercom buzzes.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Mr. Anderson?

Troy reaches over and hits the button.

TROY

Yes, Evelyn.

Brianna has to cover her mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Your next appointment is here.

TROY

OK. I'm almost finished in here.  
Give me a few minutes.

He clicks off the intercom.

BRIANNA

Next appointment?

TROY

Yeah. Unfortunately if anyone really does need to see Hurdlebaum I actually have to take care of it.

BRIANNA

(frowning)

That sucks.

TROY

I know.

He gets off of her and stands up.

TROY (CONT'D)

You better get dressed.

She sits up and buttons her shirt. Caitlyn too stands up and dresses. Troy and Brianna walk toward the door.

TROY (CONT'D)

This was cool. I'll call you later.

She leans in and kisses him.

BRIANNA

No you won't. But that's OK. C'mon  
Caty.

Caitlyn leans down and kisses D-Ball, who is still sitting  
nearly naked on the couch.

CAITLYN

I guess I'll see you later this  
summer?

D-BALL

Count on it, babe.

The girls exit. Troy walks over to the couch.

TROY

How is it that you're practically  
naked?

D-BALL

Clothing can be so restricting.

TROY

Hurry up and get dressed.

D-BALL

What for?

TROY

What do you mean 'what for'?

D-BALL

I'm probably just going to end up  
this way again.

TROY

How's it going to look if you're  
just sitting here in the principal's  
office in your drawers.

D-Ball reaches for his pants.

D-BALL

Alright. But I get Hurdlebaum's  
desk this time.

INT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

Tommy walks slowly down the hallway. His face still has  
traces of both chocolate and milk on it. He walks as if  
he's in a trance while students weave in and out of his  
pathway. Finally he arrives at Ms. Worthington's classroom.

INT. MS. WORTHINGTON'S CLASSROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy enters. Most of the students are already seated. Ms. Worthington is behind her desk in the front of the room. Tommy slowly starts to head for an open seat.

MS. WORTHINGTON  
Ah, Mr. DiForo. You might as well  
just stay up here.

She stands up and walks to the front of the classroom.

MS. WORTHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen. As you're  
recall, Mr. DiForo here has  
volunteered to instruct us today as  
part of Senior Switch Day. I trust  
you'll all give him your undivided  
attention.

She starts to walk toward the back of the class but Tommy stops her.

TOMMY  
(quietly)  
Oh, hey...maybe I should just sit  
down.

MS. WORTHINGTON  
Oh, don't be nervous Tommy. You'll  
do fine.

She pats Tommy on the back and heads for an empty chair in the back. Slowly Tommy walks to the front of the room and turns to face the class. Each face in front of him seems to be larger than life. The colors in the room start to jumble together into one big mass. The room starts to spin.

TOMMY  
Um...vagina.

Tommy passes out.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Troy is driving with Tommy in the passenger seat. They approach D-Ball's house. Troy stops the car and sounds the horn. D-Ball jogs out of his house and gets in the car.

TROY  
What's up?

D-BALL  
Not much. Quite a day, huh?

TROY  
Unbelievable.

He takes off down the street.

D-BALL

(to Tommy)

Hey how did the sex ed lecture go?

Both D-Ball and Troy burst into laughter.

TOMMY

Shut up. I don't want to talk about it. Besides, you two assholes are the ones who got me stoned. What the hell was in that shit?

D-BALL

That was good stuff, man. Besides, all you did was inhale second hand smoke.

TROY

Yeah, we actually smoked the shit and we were fine.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, you didn't follow it up with a pound of bacon and sixteen chocolate brownies.

D-BALL

Please tell me you shat before we picked you up this evening.

TOMMY

Yeah, like eight times. It's pretty much all I've done since I got home from school.

TROY

So Tommy, is your sister's friend Taylor going to be here tonight?

TOMMY

Yeah. They were still getting ready when you picked me up.

TROY

Nice.

TOMMY

Don't waste your time. That bitch is trouble.

TROY

Hey, I'm just going to relax, drink a few beers and see what happens.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON TROY.

TROY

(in a serious tone)

This is the Cardinal Puff Puff Puff  
for the third and final time tonight.

The camera pulls back. Troy is seated at a table with several other guys and girls. Taylor, Maggie's friend is seated right next to him. Holding his cup of beer between three fingers and his thumb, Troy takes one drink, pauses, takes another, pauses, then finishes the beer in his third drink. He then taps the cup three times on the table and goes through a series of various other motions, all of which are repeated three times.

TROY (CONT'D)

Once a Cardinal, always a Cardinal.

Troy turns the cup over with his right hand, then flips it back upright with his left. Those seated around the table burst into applause. BRENT, a classmate, reaches across the table and high-fives him.

BRENT

You rule, man!

Taylor leans in closer to him.

TAYLOR

That was awesome.

TROY

Well, I've had a lot of practice.

He puts his arm around her and gently rubs her shoulder.

TROY (CONT'D)

Yo, Brent! Fill me up?

Brent reaches across the table and grabs Troy's empty cup, then heads off to refill it. D-Ball enters the kitchen and leans down to Troy.

D-BALL

(whispering)

Dude, can I talk to you?

TROY

Sure.

(to Taylor)

Hey, I'll be back, alright?

She smiles and nods. Troy stands and he and D-ball walk into the next room.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

D-Ball and Troy walk over near the couch. Another student, CHIP BARBER, is standing near the fireplace. He is wearing a tight shirt to show off his muscular body. A younger student, AIMEE, walks past him. As she does, Chip reaches out and grabs her ass.

AIMEE  
Knock it off, Chip!

CHIP  
C'mon baby, what's the matter.

He reaches out and seizes her by the arm, pulling her close to him.

AIMEE  
Chip, stop it!

CHIP  
One kiss and I'll let you go.

She struggles to get free.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
C'mon, one kiss.

Finally Aimee breaks free of his grip and walks away.

AIMEE  
You're an asshole Chip.

CHIP  
I know.

He laughs and downs his beer in one big gulp. Looking around, he spies a freshman sitting on the couch. Chip walks over toward him and tosses the empty cup in the freshman's lap.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
Freshman! Fill my fucking beer!

The freshman hurries to his feet and rushes out of the room.

D-BALL  
Man, Chip Barber is such a dick. I mean, we're dicks, but we're the good kind of dicks.

TROY  
Yeah, we're cool. He's...a dick.

He turns his attention back to D-Ball.

TROY (CONT'D)  
So what's up?

D-BALL  
 (grinning)  
 Feel like seeing a good show?

Troy smiles back at him.

TROY  
 Why? What do you have cooking?

D-BALL  
 Jessie Dean. I convinced her to go  
 upstairs with me.

Troy grimaces.

TROY  
 Jessie Dean? Why?

D-BALL  
 What do you mean 'why'? Why not?

TROY  
 You sure Christina's not going to  
 show up here?

D-BALL  
 No. I just talked to her. She's  
 having a girls' night with her  
 friends.

TROY  
 Yeah, but Jessie Dean?

D-BALL  
 Who cares? She's kind of cute.

TROY  
 Dude, you're going to get a disease.

D-Ball reflects quietly for a moment.

D-BALL  
 Yeah, maybe. Anyway, bedroom at the  
 top of the stairs. Five minutes.

Troy holds up his fist and D-Ball hits it with his own.

TROY  
 Go get her!

Troy walks across the living room. He sees Tommy chatting  
 with another group of guys. Tommy is so drunk he can barely  
 stand without leaning against the wall.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Tommy, come here.

Tommy staggers over to him.

TOMMY  
Troy! What's going on, my man!

TROY  
Come with me.

Troy pulls on his arm, leading him toward the stairs.

TOMMY  
Where we going?

TROY  
Just come on.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tommy and Troy enter and close the door behind them.

TOMMY  
What are we doing? I'm not hooking  
up with you dude.

Tommy bursts into laughter at his own joke.

TROY  
Shut up, man. D-Ball's on his way  
up here with Jessie Dean.

Tommy's eyes light up.

TOMMY  
S.T.Dean?

TROY  
Yes. C'mon, you hide in the closet,  
I'll take the bathroom.

Troy walks toward the bathroom.

TOMMY  
Hold on, let me throw in a chew.

Tommy sets his empty spit cup on the nightstand, takes out a can of smokeless tobacco and throws a big pinch into his mouth. Troy goes into the bathroom and pushes the door almost all of the way shut. Tommy dashes over to the closet and gets inside, also pulling the door almost shut.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

From Troy's vantage point inside the bathroom, the bedroom door and the bed can clearly be seen. After a few seconds, D-Ball enters with JESSIE DEAN.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

D-Ball and Jessie enter the room kissing.

D-BALL  
You look so hot tonight.

She pulls away from him and pushes him backwards onto the bed.

JESSIE  
Unzip your pants!

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troy chuckles and covers his mouth to avoid being heard.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy's eyes widen upon hearing what Jessie tells D-Ball. D-Ball sits up and starts to unzip his pants. From inside the closet Tommy can see D-Ball's back. Without taking his eyes off of the scene in front of him, Tommy pats the ground next to him feeling for his spit cup. He doesn't find it. Peering out of the closet, he sees the cup on the nightstand where he left it.

INSERT - EMPTY PLASTIC CUP ON NIGHTSTAND

BACK TO SCENE

Tommy's eyes grow wide upon realizing that he has nowhere to spit.

TOMMY  
(mumbling quietly)  
Oh shit!

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

D-Ball stands up. Jessie drops to her knees and starts to...you know! As she does, D-Ball starts to "perform" for his hidden audience. First he makes the "devil horns", sticks out his tongue and starts to head-bang.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troy has his mouth covered as he watches D-Ball next pretend to play drums on Jessie's head.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - CLOSET

Tommy's cheeks are puffed out as he tries to contain his laughter for fear of covering the inside of the closet in chew spit. D-Ball meanwhile, assuming that someone is in the closet behind him, turns at the waist and starts playing air guitar.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Looking toward the bathroom where Troy is hidden, D-Ball points down at Jessie and mouths the words "She's good!". He then breaks into the cabbage patch. As he does, Jessie stops and looks up at him.

JESSIE  
What the hell are you doing?

D-Ball immediately stops dancing and puts a hand on her head.

D-BALL  
Nothing, babe. Just enjoying the ride.

Jessie...resumes!

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy looks like he is about to explode. Unable to control himself anymore he searches frantically along the floor of the dimly lit closet. Finally, he finds a woman's shoe. He holds it up in order to examine it better. With no alternative, Tommy spits about a pint of black spit into the shoe.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jessie stands up, having completed her task.

JESSIE  
(wiping off her mouth)  
How was that?

D-BALL  
That was phenomenal!

She leans forward to kiss him, but D-Ball turns his head.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
I...I can't.

JESSIE  
(taken aback)  
What do you mean you can't?

D-Ball turns slowly away from her.

D-BALL  
It's just...I feel bad.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troy smiles as he watches.

TROY  
 (whispering)  
 Oh, here we go!

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jessie grabs D-Ball by the shoulder and spins him back around toward her.

JESSIE  
 What do you mean you feel bad?

D-BALL  
 Well, I really shouldn't say. I mean, he made me promise.

JESSIE  
 Who did?

D-BALL  
 Chip Barber. He really likes you.  
 (pleading)  
 Promise me you won't tell him I told you.

Jessie lets go of D-Ball's arm and smiles.

JESSIE  
 Chip Barber? He likes me?

D-BALL  
 (nodding slowly)  
 Yeah. Hey, you know, he's here tonight. If you want, I can talk to him for you?

JESSIE  
 Really?

D-BALL  
 Sure. Come on.

He puts his arm around her waist and escorts her out of the room. As he exits, he turns back toward the bathroom door and winks.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troy waits until D-Ball and Jessie have left the room then stumbles out of the bathroom laughing.

TROY  
 Tommy! Let's go!

Troy leaves the bedroom without waiting for Tommy.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy comes down the stairs and sees D-Ball standing by the fireplace holding two beers. As Troy approaches, D-Ball hands him a beer. D-Ball motions across the room.

D-BALL

I should play matchmaker more often.

Troy looks across the room to see Chip and Jessie making out passionately. A look of utter disgust crosses his face.

TROY

Oh god! It's been less than a minute.

D-BALL

I think they're in love.

TROY

You are an evil, evil person.

Chip and Jessie start to leave the living room, walking right past Troy and D-Ball.

CHIP

(to D-Ball)

Thanks dude! I owe you one!

D-BALL

You have no idea!

He waits until they both leave the room then turns back to Troy.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

They're dumb! So what do you want to do now?

Troy's eyes are fixated across the room.

TROY

Dude, it's her.

D-Ball follows his eyes across the room. Raven is standing with another girl sipping a beer.

D-BALL

Well go talk to her.

TROY

I will. I need to wait for the right moment though. Just hang here with me.

D-BALL

What do you mean 'right moment'?  
(MORE)

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Just go. You're Troy! Troy the Boy!

TROY

I know. But that bitch Janine told her I was a mhore.

D-BALL

Janine thinks you're Muslim?

TROY

No, it means male whore.

D-Ball pushes him forward.

D-BALL

Who cares. Just go!

The girl with whom Raven is talking to starts to walk away leaving Raven by herself.

TROY

OK. I'm going.

Troy slowly makes his way across the room. As he nears, Raven notices him and gives him a shy smile.

TROY (CONT'D)

Hi.

RAVEN

Hi.

TROY

I'm Troy.

RAVEN

I know.

TROY

We really didn't get much of a chance to talk the other day...

Suddenly, Chip comes sprinting down the stairs screaming.

CHIP

Cops! Cops!

Instantly, the party is in a frenzy with people scurrying in every direction. Dozens of kids rush in between Troy and Raven, washing her away in a sea of bodies. Troy helplessly watches her disappear, then turns to rush off himself.

TROY

Oh shit!

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The party is again calm. About twenty or so students who didn't manage to escape are lined up against a wall. Troy and D-Ball are among them. As is DIANNA, the party's host. Raven is not. Three uniformed police officers are busy surveying the room and jotting down notes.

COP #1  
Whose house is this?

DIANNA  
(sobbing)  
Mine.

One of the cops points to a pyramid of empty plastic cups that is sitting on the coffee table.

COP #2  
Notice the decor.

Another cop scribbles something into his notepad.

COP #3  
Look at the residue in this ashtray.  
Is this marijuana?

Another cop rushes over to investigate. The first cop continues to talk to Dianna.

COP #1  
Where are your parents?

DIANNA  
I think I'm going to throw up.

The policeman places a hand on her back and walks her over to the bathroom.

COP #1  
Go in the bathroom.

D-Ball watches intently.

D-BALL  
(whispering to Troy)  
Follow my lead.

TROY  
(whispering back)  
What?

Without responding, D-Ball leaves the line-up and approaches the two cops that are now tasting the ash in the ashtray.

D-BALL  
 Hey officer. The other guy said we  
 could use the bathroom upstairs  
 because the one down here is full.

The cop turns and looks suspiciously at him.

COP #2  
 Come again.

COP #3  
 Hey, Lee, it tastes like marijuana  
 to me.

The second cop quickly turns his attention back to his  
 partner.

COP #2  
 (to D-Ball)  
 Yeah. Just hurry up.

D-Ball and Troy dash up the stairs.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

D-ball and Troy reach the top of the stairs.

TROY  
 Now what?

D-Ball looks around frantically in all directions.

D-BALL  
 We jump.

He turns to run, but Troy stops him.

TROY  
 What??

D-BALL  
 Think about it. They didn't get our  
 names yet. As long as we get the  
 fuck out of here, we're home free.

He turns and dashes down the hall.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
 Come on!

Troy stays frozen in place.

TROY  
 No...D...just wait.

Too late. He's gone. Troy jogs into the family room and  
 opens the door to the back porch.

He does it slowly to avoid making any noise. He steps out.

EXT. DIANNA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Troy is standing on the back porch. Stairs lead down to the back yard. He peers over the deck to ensure that there are no police waiting below. He leans back inside.

TROY  
(whispering)  
D-Ball.

He waits for a reply. None comes. Suddenly, one of windows facing the back of the house opens and D-Ball jumps out. He lands hard in a bush below. Troy throws his arms up in exasperation then tiptoes down the stairs to the backyard. He rushes over to D-Ball.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Are you OK?

D-BALL  
No. How did you get out here?

TROY  
I took the stairs, you idiot.

D-Ball looks over at the stairs.

D-BALL  
Stairs. Right.

Troy helps him up.

TROY  
C'mon lets get out of here.

D-BALL  
Where's Tommy?

TROY  
I don't know. I guess he made it out.

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Troy walks into his bedroom. He pulls of his shirt and jeans and slips into a pair of shorts. He walks over to his computer.

TROY  
You awake Barbie?

He taps away at his keyboard. She is awake.

ON THE MONITOR

Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken's words appears: "Hey sweetie! I was hoping you'd be on tonight"

BACK TO TROY

A big smile covers his face.

ON THE MONITOR

Troy's reply appears: "What are you doing?"

Her answer comes up quickly: "Did you make it safely out of Dianna's party tonight?"

BACK TO TROY

A puzzled look crosses his face.

TROY (CONT'D)  
How'd she know about that?

He types his question in.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(typing)  
How did you know about that?

He leans back in his chair waiting for her to answer. Seeing her reply appear, he leans back in to read it.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
Small town. Word travels fast.  
(then)  
I guess it does.

ON THE MONITOR

Barbie's next statement appears: "So did you talk to anyone interesting tonight?"

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)  
Ah, a hanging curveball.  
(reading as he types)  
Nowhere near as interesting as you.

ON THE MONITOR

Barbie's reply appears: "I know what you mean. I hate sitting here night after night alone."

Troy quickly types: "So what are you saying?"

BACK TO TROY

He picks up a small basketball and starts to toss it in the air.

TROY (CONT'D)  
C'mon baby! Now or never.

He leans forward and reads her answer aloud.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I think I'm ready to meet.

He slaps the desk.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Sweet!

ON THE MONITOR

Troy types the following: "Awesome! I'm so excited..."

Her next post interrupts him: "Oh shit! Mom's coming. Gotta go! G'night baby!"

BACK TO TROY

He types frantically.

TROY (CONT'D)  
No, no, no! Not now.

After a few seconds he realizes that she is gone.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

He flips off the computer and walks over to his bed.

INT. TROY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Troy's mother is busy in the kitchen. The phone rings.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Hello. Yes he is. Just a moment.

She walks over to the foot of the stairs and yells up.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Troy! Telephone!

She sets the phone down on the counter. A few seconds later Troy enters.

TROY  
Hey mom!

MRS. ANDERSON  
Hi honey. You have a call.

She hands him a plate.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Here is your lunch. I have to run  
to the store.

She kisses him on the cheek and leaves. Troy walks over to  
the counter and sets the plate down, picking up the phone.

TROY  
Hello?

His father enters.

MR. ANDERSON  
Troy?

TROY  
(into the phone)  
Hold on a sec.  
(to his father)  
Yeah dad?

MR. ANDERSON  
Troy, I'm tired of waiting for you  
to find a job on your own. I spoke  
to my friend who works at United  
Fruit. If you don't find a job by  
next weekend you can go to work  
picking berries in the field.

TROY  
Dad, chill out alright. This phone  
call is about a job.

MR. ANDERSON  
(a bit taken aback)  
Oh. Excellent, son. Glad to hear  
it.

He exits the kitchen. Troy waits until he is gone to resume  
his conversation.

TROY  
You still there?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TROY AND D-BALL

D-BALL  
Yeah dude, what the fuck?

TROY  
Don't ask.

D-BALL  
Did you talk to Tommy today?

TROY  
Yeah a few minutes ago.

D-BALL  
He made it out OK?

TROY  
Not exactly.

D-BALL  
What does that mean?

TROY  
He passed out in a closet upstairs.  
Dianna found him this morning when  
she was cleaning up.

D-BALL  
What the hell was he doing in the  
closet?

TROY  
We were up there watching you and  
Jessie. I thought he was right behind  
me when I left. I guess I was wrong.

D-BALL  
Better that Dianna found him than  
the cops.

TROY  
I don't know. I guess she totally  
freaked out on him. Something about  
ruining an expensive pair of shoes.

D-BALL  
Whatever. Hey listen, I got something  
special planned for tonight. Get  
Tommy and Speed and then pick me up  
at eight.

TROY  
I don't know, man. After last night,  
I may just want to chill out.

D-BALL  
Fuck that, man. This is a great  
idea. Just be here at eight.

He hangs up. Troy looks down at the plate in front of him and picks up one of the sandwiches. It has been sliced into quarter and the crusts have been cut off. He grimaces in disgust and lets it drop back onto the plate.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- NIGHT

Troy, D-Ball, Speed and Tommy are standing in front of a small boutique in the city. The large neon sign in front announces "LIVE NUDES".

TROY

This is your great idea?

D-BALL

Absolutely. Listen, Ken's party was a bust, Dianna's got busted, I figure we needed a change of scenery.

He spreads his arms out wide.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Downtown, baby! The big city. No one knows us, anything goes and we can do whatever the hell we want.

TOMMY

Like go to Live Nudes?

D-BALL

That's the spirit, Tommy.

SPEED

I thought we were going to drink some beers?

D-BALL

We are. We have all night. But first things first. Let's go look at some titties!

He turns and walks toward the entrance. Tommy quickly joins him. Speed and Troy linger for a moment before following.

TROY

Do you have a bad feeling about tonight too?

SPEED

Troy, I have a bad feeling about every night.

INT. LIVE NUDES -- LATER

All four boys are standing in a small hallway. There are four doors ahead of them, marked one through four. A light near the top of each door indicates if the room is in use. Three of the four lights are on.

SPEED

OK. Now what?

They all stare at the one unlit door.

D-BALL  
Someone's gotta go?

Tommy, D-Ball and Speed all stare at Troy.

TROY  
What's everyone looking at me for?

D-Ball steps forward and places a hand on Troy's shoulder.

D-BALL  
Show us the way, Troy.

Troy looks in the eyes of each of his friends, then throws his arms in the air.

TROY  
Oh for Christ's sake, all right.

Troy walks forward and enters the unlit door.

INT. LIVE NUDES - BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

The booth is tiny and very dimly lit. As Troy enters, straight ahead is the glass screen with the black shade in front of it. A coin box hangs on the left wall next to a tissue dispenser. On the right wall is a sign that says "Hot Show - \$5" and a red telephone. After taking a look around, Troy grimaces in disgust.

TROY  
Eww.

He takes out his \$5 gold coin and inserts it in the slot. Instantly the black shade slides up revealing the stripper, MONIQUE. Monique is black, weighs a cool 250 pounds and is wearing a white bikini top and bottom. Upon seeing Troy, she picks up the red phone in her booth.

MONIQUE  
Hey there, sugar! I'm Monique.

Troy stares in disbelief for a moment.

TROY  
Um, hi.

MONIQUE  
You can hear me, but I can't hear you baby. If you want to talk, pick up the phone.

Troy looks over at the phone on his side of the booth, then picks it up taking caution to not let it actually touch his head.

TROY

Hello.

MONIQUE

So how you doing, baby?

TROY

I'm OK.

MONIQUE

Ooh, me and you gonna have us a good time!

She points at her breasts.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You wanna see these? Ten dollars.

She tugs at her bikini bottoms.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You wanna see what's under here?  
Ten dollars. You wanna see it all,  
that'll be twenty-five.

Troy ponders for a moment.

TROY

Wait a minute. It's ten for the top  
and ten for the bottom.

Monique starts swaying slowly.

MONIQUE

That's right.

TROY

And twenty five for the whole deal.

MONIQUE

You got it baby.

TROY

Why wouldn't I just pay for the top  
and bottom separately and save myself  
five dollars?

She stops her dancing.

MONIQUE

What?

TROY

I mean it's cheaper to pay for each  
individually.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

What you should do is charge fifteen dollars for top, fifteen for the bottom but twenty five for the whole thing.

MONIQUE

What are you, my fucking accountant? Just gimme twenty five motherfuckin' dollars!

Troy points at the sign on the wall next to him.

TROY

What about this sign? It says 'hot show, five dollars'.

Monique moves her hand up and down her body.

MONIQUE

This is what you get for five dollars.

TROY

You mean...you just stand there?

Monique nods.

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure that's really a "show". Or "hot"?

Monique puts her one free hand on her hip.

MONIQUE

Well, I'll tell you what. You can file a false advertisement claim with our lawyers on your way out.

The black shade drops. Troy hangs up the phone.

TROY

Oh thank god.

Troy exits the booth.

INT. LIVE NUDES -- CONTINUOUS

Troy joins his friends in the hallway.

D-BALL

Well? How was it?

TROY

Monique? She was...unique?

SPEED

Monique? Was she hot?

Troy forces a smile.

TROY  
Oh yeah! Smokin'!

Tommy forces his way past the others.

TOMMY  
That's it. I'm next.

Tommy rushes into the open booth and slams the door behind him.

INT. LIVE NUDES - BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy takes a quick look around the booth.

TOMMY  
Nice!

He eagerly shoves his five dollar coin into the slot. The screen slides up revealing Monique. Tommy gives her a good look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
(grinning widely)  
Oh, mama!

Monique picks up the phone.

MONIQUE  
Hey baby! I'm Monique. What can I do for you tonight?

TOMMY  
Rub yourself!

MONIQUE  
I can't hear you, sweetie.

INT. LIVE NUDES -- CONTINUOUS

Troy, D-Ball and Speed linger in the hallway.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Finger yourself!

Tommy's voice echoes throughout the hallway.

TROY  
Jesus Tommy, use the phone.

The door to another booth opens and a tall, middle-aged man exits and brushes past the three of them.

D-BALL  
Number two's open, Speed. That's  
all you.

Speed considers it for a moment.

SPEED  
All right, what the hell.

Speed heads into the empty booth.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Put the phone in your ass!

D-Ball and Troy shake their heads in unison.

D-BALL  
So how bad was it?

TROY  
You owe me five bucks.

An old man walks into the hallway, just as Tommy emerges  
from the booth.

TOMMY  
That was freakin' awesome!

D-Ball turns to the old man.

D-BALL  
Hey, you can go ahead.

OLD PERVERT  
You sure?

D-BALL  
(smiling)  
All you.

The old man enters the booth. Troy turns and looks back  
toward the counter where the gold coins are purchased. His  
eyes suddenly grow wide. He grabs D-Ball's shoulder.

TROY  
Holy shit, dude! It's Hurdlebaum!

D-Ball and Tommy turn and look. Sure enough, Dr. Hurdlebaum  
is purchasing his five dollar gold coins.

D-BALL  
You gotta be freaking kidding me!

TROY  
Dude, we gotta get the hell out of  
here!

They glance around in all directions looking for an escape. Finally D-Ball points at the booth that Speed is in.

D-BALL  
Speed's booth!

They rush toward the booth and push the door open.

INT. LIVE NUDES - BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

The three boys burst into Speed's booth. Speed has his pants pulled down around his knees and is...watching the show.

SPEED (CONT'D)  
(pulling up his pants)  
What the fuck!

They are packed into the booth so tightly that no one can move. Speed is facing the wall with the sign on it. D-Ball is facing him. Troy is facing the door and Tommy has his back against the glass.

TROY  
Sorry dude. Hurdlebaum is out there.  
We had to hide.

The black shade comes down, hiding the stripper.

D-BALL  
Speed, were you jerking off?

SPEED  
I thought that's what you're supposed to do in here?

TROY  
You guys, be quiet. If we get caught in here we're dead.

D-Ball continues to stare and smile at Speed.

SPEED  
Stop looking at me!

D-BALL  
Pervert!

TOMMY  
Troy, check and see if Hurdlebaum's out there.

TROY  
OK.

Troy opens the door just a crack and peers out. The hallway is empty.

TROY (CONT'D)

Looks like the coast is clear.

SPEED

Let's get the hell out of here.

Troy pushes the door open and he, D-Ball and Speed dash out into the hallway. Tommy remains in the booth.

TROY

Tommy, let's go!

TOMMY

I...I can't.

They all turn back and look at Tommy. He is trying to walk forward but cannot seem to move.

D-BALL

What do you mean you can't.

TOMMY

I think I'm stuck to the fucking glass.

He struggles to move forward but it is now evident that his back, which was pressed against the glass, is stuck. Troy, D-Ball and Speed scream in disgust at the same time.

D-BALL

Oh my god! That's the sickest fucking thing I've ever seen.

TOMMY

You guys, get me the hell out of here! Speed, I'm gonna kill you!

SPEED

Don't look at me. I didn't even finish.

TROY

I honestly think I'm going to throw up!

The disgust turns to laughter for everyone except Tommy.

TOMMY

I'm not kidding, you assholes! Get me out of here!

SPEED

We gotta help him.

All three return to the booth. Tommy holds his arms out in front of him and they begin to tug on him. After a few pulls, he tears free.

TROY  
That did not just happen.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MOMENTS LATER

The boys stumble into the street in front of Live Nudes.

TOMMY  
We must all agree never to talk about  
this again.

D-Ball and Troy burst into laughter.

D-BALL  
Yeah right, Tommy!

TOMMY  
Take me home. I gotta get out of  
this shirt.

TROY  
No way. There is no way you are  
getting into my car wearing that  
shirt.

TOMMY  
Screw you, Troy!

SPEED  
I thought we were going to get some  
beers.

TROY  
Do you want to go into a bar with  
him wearing those clothes?

D-BALL  
He's right Tommy. You gotta ditch  
the shirt.

TOMMY  
And wear what?

D-Ball points across the street to the next block.

D-BALL  
There's a Tee Shirt shop right over  
there.

Tommy glances down the road. He contemplates his situation  
for a few seconds then finally takes off his shirt.

TOMMY  
All right, fine. Let's go.

Tommy tosses his shirt into a garbage can and all four boys  
jog across the street.

They arrive in front of the Tee Shirt Shop. A SECURITY GUARD stands in front. As they try to enter the store, the guard stops them.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry, pal. Can't go in without a shirt.

TOMMY  
That's why I'm going in.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry man. Can't let you.

Tommy turns to his friends.

TOMMY  
Someone gimme a shirt.

TROY  
Hell no.

D-BALL  
Don't look at me.

Tommy pulls out his wallet.

TOMMY  
Oh for Christ's sake. Then go buy me a fucking shirt.

He hands Troy a twenty dollar bill. Troy, D-Ball and Speed enter the store.

D-BALL  
OK. Don't go anywhere.

TOMMY  
Real funny.

The security guard peers at Tommy out of the corner of his eye.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What?

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- LATER

Troy, Speed and D-Ball exit the Tee Shirt Shop. Troy tosses a shirt to Tommy who puts it on without looking at it.

TOMMY  
Where's my change?

TROY  
It cost twenty on the nose.

Tommy has the shirt on. It is a yellow tee shirt that is about three sizes too small. It is skin tight on him and doesn't cover his belly. Printed on the shirt in rainbow colored iron-on letters are the words "I'm Batman!" As soon as he has the shirt on, his friends and the security guard burst into laughter.

TOMMY

Real funny you assholes! You better not have spent twenty dollars on this.

TROY

That's what it cost, man. What do you want me to say.

SPEED

Come on. Let's go to a bar.

Troy, D-Ball and Speed turn and walk off, still laughing. Tommy pauses for a few seconds before following.

TOMMY

Ah, fuck it!

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR -- LATER

All four boys are seated around a table in a bar. There are about twenty other patrons at tables or bellied up to the bar.

TROY

You sure about this?

D-BALL

Absolutely. It's foolproof. The beauty about these downtown bars is they never card.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Hi guys. What can I get for you?

D-BALL

Four drafts, please.

WAITRESS

Sure. Can I see some I.D.?

D-BALL

I.D.? I come in here all the time.

WAITRESS

I've never seen you before.

D-BALL

Oh. OK.

He pulls out his wallet and begins to shuffle through it.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Aw, man. I think I left it in my apartment. You guys got yours?

The other three boys all shake their heads.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Sorry about this. Not going to be a problem is it?

She smiles at him.

WAITRESS

No, no problem.

She turns and walks away.

D-BALL

See. I told you guys. Nothing to worry about.

A BOUNCER approaches their table.

BOUNCER

Guys, can I see your I.D.s please?

D-Ball, always thinking quickly, has a response ready.

D-BALL

Again? We just showed them to the waitress?

The bouncer leans in closer.

BOUNCER

Well now you get to show them to me. Or else I get to show you how my boot fits up your asses.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MOMENTS LATER

All four boys are standing in the alley outside of the bar.

TROY

(to D-Ball)  
Foolproof, huh?

D-BALL

Ah, that place sucked anyway.

TROY

No, this whole night sucks. In fact, this whole summer is going to suck. We're banned from the one safe place in town to party, which had hot older chicks, I might add; the local pigs are all over every party that we or someone we know might try to have; I have one girl I like that won't tell me her name or anything about herself; another girl I like thinks I'm a male whore; a fat stripper tried to extort twenty-five bucks from me; Tommy got stuck to some jiz-covered window and now we get kicked out of what had to be one of the shittiest bars I've ever seen. If anyone has a bright idea as to how we're going to salvage this fucking summer, I'd love to hear it right now!

He pauses, waiting for some sort of a reply.

CLOSE ON TROY

TROY (CONT'D)

Well? Anyone got any ideas?

CLOSE ON D-BALL.

D-BALL

No.

CLOSE ON SPEED.

SPEED

Not really.

CLOSE ON TOMMY.

Tommy shakes his head. Meanwhile unnoticed, a small black man, TYRONE, appears next to Troy. He is wearing a long fur coat (despite the fact that it is summer), sunglasses (despite the fact that it is night), a black fedora and more gold than Fort Knox.

CLOSE ON TYRONE.

TYRONE

I got just what you need, baby!

BACK TO SCENE

Surprised, Troy turns to the newcomer.

TROY

Who the fuck are you?

TYRONE

I'm Tyrone baby! I'm legit!

The boys all share a perplexed glance.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Yo. I saw what just happened in that bar. If y'all want some beer, I get it for you.

TROY

(in a skeptical tone)

You're going to buy us beer?

TYRONE

I get you whatever you need. You want weed? You want girls? Tyrone got it. I'm legit, baby!

D-Ball smiles and reaches for his wallet.

D-BALL

Sounds like a plan.

Speed reaches over and stops him.

SPEED

Wait a minute. You sure about this?

D-BALL

Why not? You heard him. He's Tyrone. He's legit!

TYRONE

I'm legit!

TROY

What's the catch?

TYRONE

No catch, baby. Whatchu want? Couple of sixes?

D-BALL

Yeah, that'll do.

TYRONE

I'll tell you what. You let me get a six for myself, I'll get you whatever you need.

SPEED

You want us to buy you a six pack?

TYRONE

Hey, I gots to get mine too!

D-BALL  
That sounds fair.

He looks at Speed and Troy for agreement. None is coming.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Come on! You guys want beer or not?

Speed and Troy look at each other.

TROY  
Yeah, I guess so.

They all start to reach for their money. Tyrone starts to bounce with excitement.

TYRONE  
Well, alright!

He notices Tommy's shirt.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
(to Tommy)  
Hey! Wassup Batman!

D-Ball collects the money and hands it to Tyrone.

D-BALL  
Here's thirty bucks. That should be enough for three sixers.

TYRONE  
Cool, baby. What kind y'all want?

D-BALL  
Whatever's cheapest.

TYRONE  
You got it.

He turns and starts to walk in the opposite direction of the bar.

TROY  
Yo!  
(pointing to the bar)  
Where you going?

Tyrone stops and walks back toward them.

TYRONE  
Look man, I can't go back in there. They just watched me walk out right after y'all.

He points down the alley.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

There's another bar just on the other side of that alley. I'm gonna go there. Y'all wait here.

After hearing no audible objections, Tyrone heads off down the alley. The boys watch him until he disappears.

SPEED

That was dumb. One of us should have went with him.

D-BALL

Will you guys relax. Tyrone is a good guy.

SPEED

He's never coming back you know.

TROY

How do you know he's a good guy?

D-BALL

I just felt it alright. Damn, you guys are cynics. Always gotta believe that people are out to get you. Why can't you just have faith in your fellow man for once. Stop being such haters.

TROY

Shut up!

SPEED

Yeah, shut up!

They stand in silence for a few moments. Finally, Tyrone appears in the alley headed back toward them.

D-BALL

See? Here he comes.

SPEED

Yeah and where's the beer.

Tyrone stops in front of them.

TYRONE

OK, check this out. For thirty bucks I can get the sixes. But they got a special going on right now. If y'all gimme another five bucks, I can get four sixes. That's three for you and one for me.

TROY

You want more money?

TYRONE  
 You want more beer? It's a deal,  
 man. I wouldn't lie to you. I told  
 you, I'm legit.

D-Ball reaches for his wallet again.

D-BALL  
 Alright, everyone buck up.

They hand Tyrone another five bucks.

TYRONE  
 Cool, cool. Alright, I be back.

He heads off again down the alley.

D-BALL  
 See? You're all gonna owe me an  
 apology when this is over. And Tyrone  
 too!

FADE OUT:

SUPER: "TWENTY MINUTES LATER"

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- LATER

All are still standing in the alley waiting for Tyrone.

CLOSE ON D-BALL.

D-BALL  
 He's never coming back is he?

BACK TO SCENE.

TROY  
 You asshole. Let's get the hell out  
 of here.

They start to walk away. Tommy remains where he was.

TOMMY  
 No!

They stop and turn toward him.

SPEED  
 What?

TOMMY  
 I'm not going anywhere until we get  
 our beer or our money back.

Troy walks toward him.

TROY  
Dude, he's gone. OK? Now let's...

TOMMY  
(angrily)  
No godammit!

He points at the others.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I say we tear this goddamn city apart  
until we find him.

TROY  
Then what?

TOMMY  
They we make him give back the money  
or get us the beer or we kick the  
shit out of him. You saw him. He  
weighed, what, a buck fifty.

D-Ball steps forward.

D-BALL  
You know, that's not a half-bad idea.  
I'd love to get my hands on that son  
of a bitch.

TROY  
(to Speed)  
What do you think?

SPEED  
That's a lot of money to just piss  
away.

Troy surveys the faces of each of his friends.

TROY  
All right. Let's get the car. Let's  
find that motherfucker!

They all shout in excitement then sprint off down the alley  
to find the car.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

Troy is driving with D-Ball in the passenger seat. Tommy  
and Speed are in the back seat. They are moving slowly,  
casing the town. GANGSTA RAP is pumping through the car.

TROY  
No sign of him?

SPEED

Not yet.

D-BALL

He probably lives down here, right?

TROY

I would assume so, why?

D-BALL

Well, unless he lives in one of the high-rise apartment buildings, which I highly doubt, Clearpointe is the only neighborhood in walking distance from that bar.

TOMMY

That's a good point.

Tommy leans forward and points out the windshield.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Make a left on Grant, it'll take you right into Clearpointe.

Troy does as told. As they progress down Grant Street, the taller buildings of the city give way first to abandoned lots and run-down buildings, then finally to fenced in project housing. All four boys continue to scour the landscape for Tyrone. Suddenly, Troy pulls the car to the side of the road and slams on the brakes. D-Ball and Tommy snap to attention.

D-BALL

You see him!

Troy turns slowly toward him.

TROY

(slowly)

No I don't see him. But it just dawned on me that this may be the stupidest fucking idea that we've ever had.

D-BALL

What do you mean?

TROY

Think about it. We're four high school kids from white suburbia, about to drive into arguably the most dangerous neighborhood in the city, looking to pick a fight with a pimp who stole thirty bucks from us.

TOMMY

Thirty-five.

TROY

Whatever. I mean, I don't know about you guys, but I'm not willing to get shot in Clearpointe over a couple of six packs.

SPEED

You make a good point. They don't call this neighborhood "Gunpointe" for nothing.

Dejected, D-Ball looks back at Tommy.

D-BALL

You know, he's probably right.

Tommy opens the back door and steps out of the car onto the sidewalk.

TROY

Tommy? What the hell are you doing?

Tommy leans back into the car.

TOMMY

If we're not going to find him, I at least gotta do this to make myself feel better.

He stands outside the car and yells at the top of his lungs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You motherfucker! You're lucky we didn't find you. If I ever see your sorry ass again, I promise you I will fucking end you!

An ELDERLY BLACK MAN with a walker approaches him slowly from behind.

ELDERLY BLACK MAN

Boy! What in the hell are you screaming like that for?

The old man startles Tommy. Tommy spins around to face him.

TOMMY

(scared)

It's one of them! Step on it, Troy.

He pushes the old man who goes tumbling into the grass. Tommy jumps back in the car as Troy speeds off.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

The four boys drive back home, each looking completely depressed.

SPEED

This may have been one of the most depressing nights ever.

TOMMY

Ah, cheer up, Speed. It wasn't so bad.

Tommy throws a couple of punches in the air.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Besides, did you see me lay the smack down on that fool.

TROY

Shut up, Tommy. He was, like, seventy.

SPEED

Yeah, and crippled.

D-Ball peers at Tommy over his shoulder.

D-BALL

Yeah, take it easy....Batman.

Troy, Speed and D-Ball burst into laughter.

SPEED

Shit. Let's get something to eat.

EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT -- LATER

Troy's car pulls into Stop & Go Burger, a popular drive-in fastfood restaurant. There are many other students hanging around the parking lot. All four boys get out of the car.

TOMMY

We should have smoked up. I hate this place when I'm not stoned.

SPEED

Not me. I love the Stop & Go. I'm getting a double pizza burger.

TOMMY

Yeah, get me two of those.

Tommy and Speed head inside to order. D-Ball and Troy linger behind.

D-BALL  
Hey. There's your lady.

D-Ball points across the parking lot. Raven and Janine are sitting on the open tailgate of a pick-up truck.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Now's your chance. Go talk to her.

Troy contemplates for a minute.

TROY  
OK. But you have to get rid of Janine.

D-Ball slaps him on the back and starts to walk toward the girls.

D-BALL  
What's a wingman for?

D-Ball approaches the girls.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Hey Janine! Wanna fuck?

Janine stands up and walks away in disgust.

JANINE  
Screw you, Dan!

D-Ball walks after her.

D-BALL  
Wait baby! Let's not go just yet.  
I wanna get some cheese fries first.

Raven watches the two of them walk away, then looks at Troy and smiles shyly. Troy approaches her, then starts looking around in all directions.

TROY  
If I talk to you again the cops aren't going to storm this place or anything?

Raven laughs.

RAVEN  
I think we're safe this time.

Troy sits down next to her on the tailgate.

RAVEN (CONT'D)  
That was so crazy the other night.  
I was so scared.

TROY

I hear you. I guess you managed to escape unharmed.

RAVEN

Somehow I ended up outside and just jumped into a truck with a bunch of people and we drove off. How 'bout you?

TROY

Um...Dan and I managed to avoid getting in trouble.

RAVEN

That's good to hear.

TROY

So how long ago did you move here?

EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT -- LATER

D-Ball, Speed and Tommy are hanging around Troy's car. D-Ball is sitting on the hood eating cheese fries while Speed and Tommy are finishing their food at a nearby table. Troy approaches.

SPEED

We ordered you a burger but Tommy ate it.

TOMMY

Hey, you snooze, you lose.

TROY

That's OK. I'm not hungry.

D-BALL

You OK?

Troy looks at his friends with a solemn, almost distant gaze.

TROY

You know that hot new girl Raven? I think she may be my secret internet girl.

SPEED

You think she's "Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken"?

TROY

I...I think she may be.

D-BALL

What makes you think that?

TROY

I started chatting with Barbie about four months ago; right about the time Raven moved here. Barbie told me that she doesn't have a lot of friends, which makes sense since she's new. Then, after Dianna's party got busted, that same night I was talking to Barbie and she already knew about it.

D-BALL

Raven was at Dianna's party.

TROY

Exactly. Then just as I was leaving, I said something like 'it was cool to finally get to talk to you'. You know what she said?

TOMMY

"Do me doggie-style"?

Troy shoots him an annoyed glance.

TROY

She said "I've been waiting for this for a long time too." See?

D-BALL

(shrugs)

You may be on to something, man.

TROY

Oh man. If that turns out to be true, it is going to be so cool hanging out with her this summer.

SPEED

Hanging out where? You haven't forgotten our little problem, have you? We have no where to party.

BRUCE, a tall, older kid approaches their car. He's wearing a faded Grateful Dead tee shirt, a pair of faded jeans and sandals.

BRUCE

That's not a good problem to have.

All four boys turn around upon hearing his voice.

TROY

Bruce?

Troy rushes toward him and gives him a big hug.

TROY (CONT'D)  
What's up, man! Been a long time!

He turns back toward his friends.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You guys remember Bruce Frontino?  
He was a senior when we were freshmen.

D-Ball steps forward and shakes his hand.

D-BALL  
Of course. The living legend himself.

Speed extends his hand as well.

SPEED  
Hi. Rich Philistine.

BRUCE  
(shaking his hand)  
Oh yeah. Kenny's little brother.

Troy points to Tommy.

TROY  
And this is Tommy DiForo.

Bruce reaches out and shakes Tommy's hand.

BRUCE  
Speaking of Kenny, aren't you the  
one who shit in his sunroom.

TOMMY  
No, man. Wasn't me. Must've been  
some other guy.

TROY  
So what's going on, man? Did you  
graduate from college?

BRUCE  
Not quite. I'm taking my time, if  
you know what I mean.

TROY  
So college is pretty cool?

BRUCE  
Bro, it's amazing. Take all the fun  
you had in high school, subtract all  
the bullshit. That's college.

TROY

(solemnly)

Yeah, speaking of bullshit. We've certainly got our share of that.

BRUCE

Ah, let me guess. Too young to buy alcohol. It's a pain in the ass to find someone to buy it for you. And when you do, you got no where to drink it because your parents or the police are all over your shit.

SPEED

Sounds like you've been there.

BRUCE

Sure have. My last summer before college was the same way.

TROY

What did you do?

BRUCE

Well, we lucked out actually. A buddy of mine who was a few years older, his dad had an old empty warehouse on the outskirts of town. You know, over by Hardees Lake.

TROY

Yeah.

BRUCE

So we partied there all summer. It was awesome. It was a bit of a pain in the ass to find, but that meant that the cops never really bothered us.

TROY

Sounds awesome. Unfortunately, I don't think we know of anyone with a set-up like that.

BRUCE

I'll tell you what. Let me give this guy a call. His old man passed away, but I think he still owns the warehouse. It's just sitting there. I'll bet if you give him a few hundred bucks he'll turn the keys over to you for the summer.

D-BALL

He'd do that?

BRUCE

He may. If I vouch for you guys. Plus I'll remind him that he'll be helping a new generation of seniors say goodbye to their high school years in proper fashion.

TROY

Yeah, one problem. Where the hell are we going to get a few hundred bucks.

SPEED

Good point. We were relieved of our last thirty bucks by Tyrone the smooth-talking pimp.

He sneers at D-Ball.

D-BALL

What can I say? I thought he was legit.

BRUCE

Well, you have my number Troy. If you can scrape the cash together, give me a call. I'll see what I can do.

TROY

Thanks, man.

He shakes Bruce's hand.

BRUCE

Anytime. Good seeing you boys again.

Bruce turns and walks away.

D-BALL

Wow. Bruce Frontino.

TOMMY

He really is as cool as they say.

Tommy grabs a handful of cheese fries from the plate he is holding and shoves them in his mouth. D-Ball notices and turns to him.

D-BALL

(to Tommy)

Give me back my fucking cheese fries!

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Troy is sleeping. His mother enters the room holding a cordless phone.

MRS. ANDERSON

Troy.

She gently shakes him.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Troy, wake up dear.

Troy slowly begins to stir.

TROY

What is it?

His mother hands him the phone.

MRS. ANDERSON

You have a call, honey.

TROY

This early in the morning? Who is it?

MRS. ANDERSON

I don't know.

She points at his bed.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Did you see I found your old Star Wars sheets?

TROY

Yeah, I noticed. Thanks.

She continues to smile down at him. Finally, he holds the phone up.

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh, right.

She leaves his room. Troy puts the phone to his ear.

TROY

Hello?

On the other end is CHRIS MULLIGAN, a friend from school.

CHRIS (O.S.)

What up, Troy? It's Chris Mulligan.

TROY

What's up, man.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Today's the day, partner.

TROY  
What day?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Senior skip day, dude. My parents  
leave for work at eight. Blow out  
after first period.

TROY  
(suddenly beaming)  
No way!

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Absolutely. Pass the word along,  
OK?

TROY  
You got it.

He hangs up the phone.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(aloud)  
Well, this day just got a hell of a  
lot more interesting.

He powers the phone back on and calls D-Ball.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
Hello?

TROY  
D?

D-BALL (O.S.)  
I heard. Coop just called me.

TROY  
This could get ugly.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
I know. It's beautiful isn't it?  
Pick me up in a half hour.

INT. MULLIGAN'S LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Most of the senior class is partying at Mulligan's house. The music is playing and the alcohol is flowing! Troy is chatting with a few classmates near the sofa as Tommy approaches.

TOMMY  
Gotta love senior skip day, baby!

He does a shot then quickly follows it by pounding a full can of beer.

TROY  
Tommy, it's not even ten o'clock in  
the morning. Pace yourself.

TOMMY  
What do you think I'm doing?

TROY  
Not pacing yourself.

Chris Mulligan approaches. Troy slaps hands with him.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Mulligan! Nice party dude.

Troy takes a sip of his beer.

CHRIS  
Thanks man. Hey, do a freshman with  
me!

Troy's eyes light up.

TROY  
You got it! Where is she?

Chris holds up two extra-large shot glasses.

CHRIS  
No, dude. A freshman shot. Check  
it out.

He points to a line on one of the shot glasses.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Fill it up to this line, that's a  
freshman. Here's a sophomore...

Chris continues to explain the various sizes of shots that  
the glass holds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Junior, senior and finally...the  
graduate! By the end of the day,  
I'm gonna graduate.

He sets the glasses on a coffee table and begins to pour.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
But we gotta start small. You and  
me are doing freshmen.

TROY  
No, man. No shots for me.

Chris stops pouring and looks up at him.

CHRIS

What do you mean 'no shots'?

TROY

I mean I gotta go home after this.  
I can't get annihilated. Beer only.  
No shots.

Chris finishes pouring and holds out one of the glasses to Troy.

CHRIS

Troy, I've known you since fifth grade. This is one of our last high school parties. You mean to tell me that you won't celebrate all of the good memories we've had by doing this shot of vodka with me.

Troy rolls his eyes and reaches for the glass.

TROY

Well since you put it that way. But this is it. One shot only.

They click glasses and both down their shots.

INT. MULLIGAN'S KITCHEN -- LATER

A crowd is gathered around the kitchen table. D-Ball is standing in the center of the crowd, leading the activities.

D-BALL

Alright everyone, gather round.  
They are about to graduate!

Troy and Mulligan are facing each other on opposite sides of the table. Both appear to be completely smashed.

CHRIS

You ready for this baby!

TROY

Let's do it!

They clink their shot glasses together and each down the equivalent of five shots of vodka in one foul swoop! The crowd erupts with applause. Troy and Chris each give a loud victory shout. Troy falls backwards and is caught by the crowd surrounding the table. He is out cold.

INT. D-BALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Troy wakes up on the couch. D-Ball is sitting in an easy chair watching television. Speed is across the room on the phone.

TROY

Oh my god.

He squeezes his forehead.

TROY (CONT'D)

Where the hell am I?

D-BALL

You're at my place.

TROY

I've never felt so bad in my life.

D-BALL

Not surprised. I've never seen anyone drink so much vodka. You're officially part Russian now.

TROY

Did I do anything stupid?

D-BALL

Define stupid.

TROY

Did I pass out?

D-BALL

Yes.

TROY

Did I throw up?

D-BALL

Yes.

TROY

(alarmed)

Did I piss myself?

D-Ball turns to look at him.

D-BALL

I don't know. I didn't check.

Troy reaches down and feels his crotch.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Well?

TROY

Doesn't feel like it.

He tries to sit up.

TROY (CONT'D)

What time is it?

D-BALL

Almost nine.

TROY

What?!? My parents are going to  
kill me!

D-Ball stands up and walks over to the coffee table and picks  
up a stack of papers.

D-BALL

Relax. I called them.

TROY

(skeptical)  
You called my parents?

D-BALL

Yeah. I talked to your mom.

TROY

And?

D-BALL

I told her that you were staying  
here tonight because you had to help  
me write my term paper so that I can  
graduate with the rest of my class.

Troy lays back on the couch.

TROY

She bought that?

D-Ball walks closer to him.

D-BALL

Well, actually it's sort of true.

He sets the stack of papers on Troy's chest.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

So...whenever you feel up to it.

Troy rubs his head some more.

TROY

Why do I feel like someone yelled at  
me. Did someone yell at me?

D-BALL

No. What are you talking about?

TROY

I don't know. I just have this vision of someone yelling, actually screaming at me.

D-BALL

Interesting. Don't know what you mean.

D-Ball sits on the edge of the couch next to him.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

Listen...I did something bad.

Troy moves his hands away from his face and looks up at D-Ball.

TROY

What?

D-BALL

I said I did something bad.

TROY

I heard you. What did you do?

D-BALL

Alright. The other day, I was over at Valerie Mussari's house.

TROY

What the hell were you doing there?

D-BALL

That's not important.

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

D-Ball is on the couch making out with VALERIE. Her shirt is off.

D-BALL (V.O.)

Anyway, I'm at Valerie's house and it's...time for me to leave.

MR. MUSSARI

Valerie? Are you home?

VALERIE

Oh shit! It's my dad!

D-Ball looks at her with a look of horror.

D-BALL

What?

She slides out from underneath him and starts to quickly get dressed.

VALERIE

You have to get out of here. He'll kill us both if he catches us.

D-BALL

Good enough for me.

He heads toward the front door.

VALERIE

No, he'll see you. Go out through the garage.

He points to a door on the other side of the house. D-Ball instantly heads for it.

INT. VALERIE'S GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

D-Ball enters, pulling the door shut behind him.

D-BALL (V.O.)

So I decide to leave through the garage.

As D-Ball hurries through the garage, he notices something and stops to look at it.

D-BALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As I'm leaving, I notice something. A box. It's filled with bottles. Vodka bottles.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. D-BALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

D-Ball is still perched on the couch retelling his story.

D-BALL

This dude had a case of vodka. I'm talking 18 full sized bottles.

TROY

So?

D-BALL

Well, on the way home from Mulligan's party today, we drove past Valerie's house and I happened to notice that her garage was open.

Troy bolts upright.

TROY

Yeah, and?

D-BALL

Well, now we have 18 full-sized bottles of vodka.

TROY

You idiot!

D-Ball springs to his feet.

TROY (CONT'D)

Mr. Mussari is in the mob!

D-BALL

Oh, no he's not. That's just a myth. He's an importer.

TROY

That's the myth! What the fuck is an importer.

D-BALL

Settle down. No one saw us.

TROY

I'm gonna throw up.

D-BALL

What could you possible have left to throw up?

TROY

What the hell are we going to do with all that vodka. After today, I never want to see that shit again.

D-BALL

It's not for us.

Troy looks over at him, perplexed. D-Ball's tone becomes suddenly serious.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

I've been thinking a lot about what Bruce told us the other night. The old warehouse? The rave? We have to do that.

He sits back down by Troy.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

We are now in possession of the one thing that every high school kid in this shithole town needs; alcohol.

Speed hangs up the phone and walks over to join them.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
 We can sell these bottles at 100%  
 mark-up. We'll have the warehouse  
 money in a matter of weeks.

Troy stares at him for a moment, deep in thought.

TROY  
 Nobody's gonna buy this shit.

SPEED  
 I just sold three bottles at \$25  
 each.

FREEZE FRAME on Troy.

TROY (V.O.)  
 And just like that, our criminal  
 empire was born.

INT. A RANDOM HOUSE -- NIGHT

D-Ball enters what appears to be a dining room and shuts the door behind him.

TROY (V.O.)  
 The vodka actually sold quicker than  
 I ever would have thought.

D-Ball walks over to a cabinet and opens it. It is filled with liquor bottles.

D-BALL  
 Bingo!

TROY (V.O.)  
 Which simply meant that we had to  
 steal more.

D-Ball walks over to the room's lone window and opens it. After a few seconds, Speed appears. Upon seeing him, D-Ball returns to the liquor cabinet and starts removing bottles, which are then fed through the window to speed.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It was too easy. We stole from  
 parties...

EXT. A PAVILION -- AFTERNOON

A picnic is in full swing. People are chowing down at picnic tables. A few kids are playing badminton. Adults are standing around drinking beer from the keg. A picnic table sits away from the crowd. Its top is covered with various bottles of soda and liquor.

D-Ball approaches the table and pulls an empty potato chip bag out of his pocket. He takes a quick look around to make sure no one is watching, then quickly slides two bottles of alcohol into the bag.

TROY (V.O.)

We stole from neighborhood picnics...

D-Ball walks away casually, holding the bag and pretending to eat from it.

EXT. HEATHER REINER'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Troy, D-Ball and Speed are standing at the front door to a house. Troy rings the doorbell. HEATHER REINER, a freshman, answers.

HEATHER

Hey guys! What's going on?

TROY

Hi Heather. We happened to be in the neighborhood and thought we'd stop by and see if you wanted to hang out.

She opens the door wider.

HEATHER

Sure, come on in.

The three boys enter the house.

TROY (V.O.)

But mostly, we stole from clueless freshmen chicks!

INT. HEATHER REINER'S HOUSE -- LATER

Troy and Heather are sitting on the couch making out. D-Ball and Speed are no where to be seen. After a few minutes of kissing, Heather pulls away.

TROY

What's the matter?

HEATHER

I don't know. It's just...you hardly ever talked to me in school.

TROY

I was scared.

HEATHER

Scared?

TROY  
I was afraid you wouldn't like me.

HEATHER  
Troy, I had your picture hanging in  
my locker.

TROY  
Well, I...never looked in your locker.

HEATHER  
Yeah, but then I had it made into a  
tee shirt.

Suddenly, D-Ball and Speed appear in the doorway. They are each on one side of a large cardboard box that is filled with bottles of liquor. Upon seeing that Troy does not have Heather distracted, they freeze. Troy notices them standing in the doorway.

TROY  
A tee shirt! Wow, I...I think I  
love you!

He goes back in for the kiss.

HEATHER  
Oh, Troy!

They start making out again. Speed and D-Ball continue across the room, grinning widely at Troy's Oscar performance.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

Troy is driving with Speed in the passenger seat. D-Ball is in the back seat rifling through the box of liquor.

TROY (V.O.)  
We stole everything. And turned it  
all into cold, hard, cash!

D-BALL  
We got two Absolut's, a Crown Royal,  
two Jose Cuervos and something called  
Vermouth.

TROY (V.O.)  
D-Ball was principally responsible  
for procurement.

EXT. SPEED'S HOUSE -- DAY

Troy and Tommy pull up in the car. Speed approaches the passenger side and Tommy hands him a wad of cash.

TROY (V.O.)  
Speed handled all of the accounting  
and finance.

Speed counts the money.

SPEED  
There should be sixty here.

TOMMY  
I stopped at McDonald's. Go fuck  
yourself!

TROY (V.O.)  
I'm not sure what the fuck Tommy  
did.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

It's lunchtime. Students are sitting at various tables or  
benches or lounging in the grass. Troy is talking with  
another boy as two girls, MANDY MARCO and LAYLA RAY watch.

TROY (V.O.)  
I handled selling and marketing.

The boy that Troy was talking to walks away.

MANDY  
Go ask him!

She nudges Layla toward Troy and the girl reluctantly  
approaches.

LAYLA  
Excuse me, Troy?

Troy turns toward her.

TROY  
Yeah?

LAYLA  
Hi, I'm Layla. I heard that you can  
get...

He holds up his hand, silencing her.

TROY  
Stop.

He looks around in all directions.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Walk with me.

He turns and starts to walk across the campus. Layla catches up and walks along side of him.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You were saying?

LAYLA  
Oh yeah. I heard that you can get alcohol.

TROY  
What do you need?

LAYLA  
Well, we were like having a sleepover tonight and we like wanted to see if we could get some, you know, peach schnapps.

TROY  
Where do you live?

LAYLA  
Um, in Meadowbrook Farms.

Troy stops and turns to face her.

TROY  
OK Layla. I can do it. One bottle of peach schnapps.

She nods eagerly.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Twenty dollars. Meet me at the tennis courts at six o'clock.

Troy dons a pair of sunglasses and walks away.

INT. D-BALL'S SHED -- DAY

Several folding tables are covered with various kinds of liquor bottles. Other stuff normally found in a shed such as lawnmowers, snowblowers, rakes and shovels, are shoved into one corner of the shed to make room for the tables. D-Ball and Troy are taking inventory of their stock.

TROY (V.O.)  
We set up our headquarters in the shed behind D-Ball's house. He claimed his parents never went in there. Granted, it was a bit risky, but it was the best idea we had.

Speed enters the shed and throws a large wad of money onto the table. D-Ball picks it up and hands half to Troy. They both start to count the money.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The money that we were bringing in was unbelievable. We had quickly developed a reputation around school as the supplier of choice. And nobody suspected a goddamn thing. It was perfect.

All three boys start slapping each other on the shoulder in a celebration of their success.

FREEZE FRAME on all three boys.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Which of course meant that we had to go and fuck it all up.

INT. TERRY HAFNER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Troy and D-Ball are talking with TERRY HAFNER, a junior who was having a party. Other party-goers are milling around, drinking and having a good time.

TROY  
 Hey Terry, we're taking off. Great party though.

He shakes Terry's hand.

D-BALL  
 Yeah man. Thanks.

D-Ball steps forward and shakes Terry's hand as well. He has a light jacket slung over his shoulder.

TERRY  
 Anytime guys.

EXT. TERRY HAFNER'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

D-Ball and Troy exit Terry's house. Troy pulls the door shut.

TROY (V.O.)  
 We got cocky...

They pause for a moment on Terry's front porch.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Well? Did you get anything?

D-Ball smiles and takes the jacket off of his shoulder. The sleeves are tied in a knot at the cuff and there are two bottles of liquor shoved into each sleeve.

D-BALL  
 Like clockwork!

EXT. THE TENNIS COURTS -- EVENING

Troy is talking to REGGIE, a classmate. Reggie is holding a bottle of vodka, mulling over whether or not to purchase it.

TROY (V.O.)  
We got greedy...

REGGIE  
Twenty-five bucks for this?

TROY  
Look, if you don't want it, don't buy it.

REGGIE  
I'm just saying twenty-five seems awful steep.

Troy slides his cell phone out of his pocket and places it to his ear.

TROY  
(into the phone)  
What's that? OK.

He hangs up the phone.

TROY (CONT'D)  
(to Reggie)  
Sorry. Now it's twenty-eight.

REGGIE  
You just said twenty-five!

TROY  
Look, it's a commodity. It's indexed to the Chicago Board of Trade. Don't blame me.

REGGIE  
Twenty-eight bucks! This is robbery!

Troy puts the phone to his ear again.

TROY  
(into the phone)  
What? Thirty?

EXT. D-BALL'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

D-Ball and Troy are carrying a snowblower across the yard. They stop at the top of a large ravine.

TROY (V.O.)  
And we got sloppy.

D-BALL  
Ready? On three. One, two...

They pick up the snowblower and rock it back and forth.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Three!

On three, they toss it over the side of the ravine. They peer down below at it. It is sitting atop other debris including several lawn chairs and a wheelbarrow.

TROY  
Your dad is going to be pissed.

D-BALL  
Ah, he probably won't even notice it's gone until winter.

TROY  
I don't know.

D-Ball turns to face him.

D-BALL  
Look, we needed the space. We're a rapidly growing small business.

He slaps Troy on the shoulder.

D-BALL (CONT'D)  
Come on. Help me get the lawnmower.

INT. D-BALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The door to the basement opens and D-Ball enters, pulling it shut behind him.

TROY (V.O.)  
And then one day, just like that, it was all over.

D-Ball clicks on the light. His mother is standing there with her arms folded. All of the liquor bottles that had been stored in the shed are now situated on the ground in front of her. Empty.

TROY (CONT'D)  
The proverbial shit had hit the proverbial fan.

EXT. HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Speed, Tommy and D-Ball are sitting outside at a picnic table eating lunch.

TROY (V.O.)

Luckily for the rest of us, D-Ball's mom was pretty cool. She didn't tell our parents or anything, which would've bad. Really bad.

Troy walks across the quad toward his friends.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

D-Ball didn't even get in that much trouble. Apparently, dumping out all of his stolen alcohol and effectively ruining his financial livelihood was satisfaction enough for her, and punishment enough for him.

Troy arrives at the table.

TROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It didn't matter though. We had raised more than enough money.

He sits down.

TROY (CONT'D)

Alright fellas. I just talked to Bruce. We're all set.

Tommy and Speed exchange a high-five.

D-BALL

You're serious? We got the warehouse?

TROY

Absolutely. He said it's ours for the summer. I'm going to swing by Bruce's to get the keys later tonight.

D-BALL

Guys, this is freakin' huge! We are going to throw the sickest party ever!

TROY

That's right. Bruce even agreed to get the beer for us. And the best part? We'll be far enough outside of town that the cops won't even bother us.

SPEED

This is it fellas. This is what we've been talking about.

D-BALL  
That's right. High school is over.  
Let's go out with a bang.

Troy smiles and stands up.

TROY  
Well then, let's spread the word.

MONTAGE - THE BOYS SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT THE PARTY

-- Troy and D-Ball talk to a group of girls in front of the school.

-- Tommy chats on the telephone while lying on his couch.

-- Speed talks to a deejay who is standing behind a turntable. After a few seconds, the deejay nods his head and shakes hands with Speed.

-- Troy and Raven walk together down the hallway in school.

-- D-Ball passes Speed in the hallway. He holds up six fingers. Speed stops and writes the number down in his notebook.

-- Troy is in his car. Chris Mulligan and some other boys are standing outside his driver's side window. They nod excitedly then shake hands. Troy drives off.

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Troy is seated in front of his computer, chatting with "Barbie".

ON THE MONITOR

Barbie's words appears: "So what did you want to tell me, babe?"

Troy types his response: "We're throwing a huge rave tomorrow night. It's going to be at the old warehouse off of Provost Road. Near Hardees Lake."

Barbie replies: "I heard."

BACK TO TROY

TROY  
You heard. How?

He types his question.

ON THE MONITOR

She replies: "Word travels fast around school."

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Sure. Or I could have personally  
 invited you in the hallway this  
 afternoon.

ON THE MONITOR

Troy's words appear: "I want you to come."

She answers quickly: "What???"

He replies: "You heard me. I think it's time we met!"

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)  
 OK, babydoll. It's now or never.  
 I'm tired of this shit.

He leans forward to read her response.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 OK.

He starts flailing his arms in celebration.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Fucking A!!!

ON THE MONITOR

She writes: "I think you'll be surprised when you finally  
 see me."

He responds: "I think I may already have a pretty good idea  
 who you are!"

BACK TO TROY

TROY (CONT'D)  
 I figured it out, baby!  
 (reading aloud)  
 You hope I'm not disappointed. Oh  
 don't worry.  
 (reading as he types)  
 I could never be disappointed in  
 you.

He reads what he has written, then decides to add one more  
 word for emphasis.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Ever.

INT. TROY'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Troy is on the telephone with D-Ball.

TROY  
It's set, dude. She's coming to the party.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
Who?

TROY  
Barbie. You know, my internet girl.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
You still think it's Raven?

TROY  
It's gotta be. All the clues point to it. Anyway, she says she's going to be wearing a jean skirt and a red Hilfiger top with a white flower in her hair. That's how I'll know it's her.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
Well, I personally couldn't be more thrilled.

Troy smiles, a bit taken aback.

TROY  
Thanks man. I appreciate that.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
Don't read into it. I'm just fucking sick of hearing you talk about it.

TROY  
Whatever. All right, I gotta go. I'll see you tomorrow.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
Party time, baby!

TROY  
Party time!

He hangs up.

EXT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The warehouse is tucked away in a wooded area down a long driveway. Other than the thirty or so cars parked in front of it, it looks completely abandoned. Three boys, HAROLD, PRICE and CARLOS, approach what looks to be the main entrance. They are carrying sleeping bags and pillows.

HAROLD  
I guess this is it.

CARLOS  
It has to be. Look at all the cars.

HAROLD  
It looks dead.

The stand at the door for a minute, deciding whether or not to knock.

PRICE  
Should we just go in?

One of the boys reaches out and turns the knob. The door swings open.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Despite the warehouse's grim exterior, inside is anything but. The party is in full swing. The main floor of the warehouse is a large open space. The deejay that Speed hired is set up one end and is spinning dance tracks. The warehouse must be well insulated, because no music can be heard from outside. Most of the party-goers are packed onto the dance floor, jamming to the music. Others linger on the two steel staircases on either side of the warehouse or on the catwalk overlooking the dance floor to which the stairs lead. Various rooms, once offices, branch off behind the catwalk.

HAROLD  
All right!

Harold, Price and Carlos enter and pull the door shut behind them. Tommy sees them from the dance floor and makes his way over.

TOMMY  
What's up fellas! Glad you could make it.

He shakes hands with all three newcomers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Listen, everyone is throwing their sleeping bags into the rooms upstairs.

CARLOS  
Dude, this place rocks!

TOMMY  
I told you it would!

He points to a small opening in the center of the first floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The kegs are in there.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - ON THE STAIRS -- NIGHT

Troy is making his way down the stairs. He runs into Chris Mulligan who is on his way up.

CHRIS

Troy. Good party, man.

TROY

Thanks, Chris. Up for some shots later?

CHRIS

Hell no. I'm sticking to beer tonight.

TROY

Me too.

He holds up his empty cup.

TROY (CONT'D)

That's where I'm headed now.

CHRIS

Alright, man. I'll see you around.

Troy continues down the stairs and walks to the opening in the center of the warehouse. A couple of girls are filling their cups from the tap.

TROY

Here ladies, let me.

He takes the tap from one of the girls and fills their cups.

CHICK #1

Thanks, Troy. You're the best.

CHICK #2

You gonna come dance with us?

TROY

(smiling)

Maybe in a little bit. I need a few more of these first!

CHICK #2

We'll be waiting.

They walk away and Troy fills up his own cup. Behind him, in one of the warehouse's other rooms, some tables have been set up. A group of kids are seated around one of the tables playing a drinking game. Speed is among them.

Troy watches the game from a distance for a few seconds until Speed notices him. He gives Speed a satisfied smile and raises his glass. He gets the same in return.

Troy walks back toward the dance floor. He sees Tommy dancing in the center of a circle of girls. Upon seeing Troy, Tommy points at him. Troy smiles back and nods to him.

Next, Troy looks up to the catwalk above him. D-Ball is standing next to a girl watching the dance floor from above. He too notices Troy and waves down to him. Troy returns the wave. Suddenly, Taylor approaches Troy from behind and puts her arms around his waist.

TAYLOR

Guess who?

Troy turns around and smiles upon seeing her.

TROY

What's up Taylor?

TAYLOR

Must be my lucky night.

TROY

Why's that?

She smiles at him seductively.

TAYLOR

I never thought I'd be able to get you alone this early in the evening.

Troy slides his arm around her.

TROY

I think I'm the lucky one.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - THE CATWALK -- NIGHT

The girl that D-Ball is talking to excuses herself and walks away. He turns around and leans on the railing, looking down on the dance floor. Tommy approaches.

D-BALL

Tommy Salami!

TOMMY

I told you I hate it when you call me that.

D-BALL

You're still standing. I'm impressed.

TOMMY

Dude, I'm having the best time tonight. I've been dancing with Susan Yearling and I think she's totally feelin' me.

D-Ball points down to the dance floor.

D-BALL

Then why is she making out with Carlos Garcia?

TOMMY

What? Where?

Tommy leans over the railing for a better look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Godammit!

He turns around and leans his back against the railing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So where's Christina?

D-BALL

She went to the bathroom.

TOMMY

Where's Troy?

D-BALL

I don't know. I haven't seen him in a while.

As they chat, Raven and another girl, Felicia, approach, both carrying sleeping bags.

RAVEN

Hey guys! What's going on?

The boys turn toward her.

D-BALL

Hey, what's up? Glad you could make it.

RAVEN

Is Troy here?

D-BALL

He is, but to be honest, I'm not sure where he is.

TOMMY

He may be downstairs playing "Asshole" with Speed and those dudes from Speed's independent study group.

Tommy turns back to watch the dance floor below.

RAVEN

OK.

She motions down toward her sleeping bag.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Troy told me that everyone was crashing here tonight?

D-BALL

Yeah. Just go ahead and throw your stuff in any of these rooms here.

She gives him a big smile.

RAVEN

OK. Thanks a lot.

The girls walk away.

D-BALL

No problem.

As D-Ball watches Raven and Felicia make their way to one of the rooms, Tommy begins to tap him furiously.

D-BALL (CONT'D)

What?

TOMMY

Dude, check it out?

Tommy is pointing down to the first floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is 380 Grady doing here?

D-BALL

That's a good question.

TOMMY

Who the hell invited her?

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - ONE OF THE ROOMS -- NIGHT

Raven and Felicia arrive at the door to one of the rooms. It is pulled shut.

RAVEN  
How's this one?

FELICIA  
As good as any.

Raven opens the door. Troy and Taylor are inside. They are lying on a bunch of rolled-up sleeping bags. Troy is on top of her. They are making out and her shirt is undone.

RAVEN  
Oh my god!

Upon hearing the intrusion, Troy and Taylor stop kissing and both turn toward the door.

TROY  
(shocked)  
Raven!

Tears begin to form in her eyes.

RAVEN  
I don't believe this.

Troy tries to get to his feet but loses his footing and falls back onto the pile of sleeping bags.

TROY  
Raven, wait.

RAVEN  
Forget it. You really are a whore!

She tosses her sleeping bag on the ground, then turns and dashes off down the catwalk. Felicia follows. Troy hangs his head in disgust.

TROY  
Fuck!

TAYLOR  
Are you Muslim?

TROY  
What? No.

He gets to his feet successfully this time and heads for the door. D-Ball and Tommy appear in the doorway.

D-BALL  
Dude, why didn't you tell me you were in here. I would've run interference.

TROY  
I don't know. I gotta go after her.

He tries to push past Tommy and D-Ball, but D-Ball stops him.

D-BALL  
Wait. You need to see something first.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - THE CATWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

D-Ball and Tommy escort Troy to the railing. D-Ball points down to the dance floor.

TROY  
What?

D-Ball puts his hand on Troy's shoulder and directs his gaze.

D-BALL  
There.

Troy throws up his hands.

TROY  
So what. Stephanie Grady is here.  
Who gives a fuck?

He turns to D-Ball, who points again.

D-BALL  
Look again!

This time Troy notices.

CLOSE ON STEPHANIE GRADY

She is wearing a jean skirt, red Tommy Hilfiger shirt and a white flower in her hair.

BACK TO SCENE

Troy's mouth drops. Tommy pushes forward for a better look.

TOMMY  
What is it? What are we looking at?

TROY  
It's her?

TOMMY  
Who's her?

TROY  
That's Barbie?

D-BALL  
I'm afraid so, man.

TOMMY  
 What do you mean Barbie...wait a  
 minute?

His eyes widen as he turns to D-Ball.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 You mean "Barbie\_Seeking\_Ken"? Troy's  
 internet girlfriend is fuckin' 380  
 Grady?

TROY  
 I don't believe this.

Tommy bursts into laughter.

TOMMY  
 Looks like she found Ken. And  
 finished his ass off with some duck  
 sauce.

D-Ball motions for Tommy to stop.

TROY  
 (angrily)  
 Knock it off, Tommy. I'm not going  
 to tell you again.

TOMMY  
 I gotta go find Speed.

Still laughing, he goes jogging off. From below, Stephanie  
 looks up and makes eye contact with Troy. She smiles shyly.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - ONE OF THE ROOMS -- LATER

Troy and Stephanie are standing on opposite sides of one of  
 the warehouse's small rooms.

STEPHANIE GRADY  
 You're disappointed. I can tell.

TROY  
 No, Stephanie, it's not that...

STEPHANIE GRADY  
 It's okay Troy. Believe me, I was  
 prepared for that.

TROY  
 Look, I'm not disappointed that it's  
 you, I'm disappointed because I  
 thought that...

STEPHANIE GRADY  
 It was someone else?

TROY

(solemnly)

Yeah. I thought I figured it out  
and I guess I was expecting to see  
her wearing that white flower tonight.

They stand in silence for a few moments.

TROY (CONT'D)

You could have told me sooner, you  
know.

STEPHANIE GRADY

Yeah right. And run the risk that  
you may stop chatting with me. I  
spend nearly every night chatting  
with one of the most popular boys in  
school about the most intimate and  
special things. I wasn't about to  
jeopardize that. I never lied to  
you Troy. I was just careful about  
what I revealed.

Troy covers his face with his hands.

TROY

When I think about how my friends  
and I treat you at school...

She takes a few steps toward him.

STEPHANIE GRADY

But that's not the real you, Troy.  
And I know that. If I thought that  
that was the real Troy Anderson, I  
would've stopped chatting with you a  
long time ago. But I got to know  
the real you. And I understood that  
sometimes you had to put on the facade  
for your friends and for your  
reputation. You said so yourself.

TROY

Can you forgive me?

STEPHANIE GRADY

I already have.

(then)

I'll understand if you don't want to  
talk to me anymore. I'd be lying if  
I told you that I thought when you  
learned it was me you would just  
pick me up and carry me away  
somewhere.

She pauses for a moment, then smiles.

STEPHANIE GRADY (CONT'D)

You probably couldn't lift me anyway.

Troy looks up at her and realizing that she is joking around, manages a slight laugh.

TROY

Didn't you tell me that you looked like Jessica Alba?

STEPHANIE GRADY

You don't see the resemblance? It's mostly in the eyes.

They both laugh.

TROY

You really are a great girl Stephanie.

STEPHANIE GRADY

Uh-oh. It's the 'you really are a great girl but' speech.

TROY

No, it's not, OK? Just stop. This is just a lot for me to deal with. I mean, I fell in love with the girl on my computer screen. And I built in my mind an image of what she was like in real life. And now I've met you and...

STEPHANIE GRADY

(interrupting)

That image is shattered!

TROY

No. The image is different. I'm just going to need some time to sort this all out.

There is a knock on the door and Tommy enters.

TOMMY

(in an unusually quiet manner)

What's up Troy?

(to Stephanie)

What's up....three-eighty?

STEPHANIE GRADY

(quietly)

Hi Tommy.

TOMMY

(to Troy)

Dude, can I talk to you for a minute?

Tommy walks back to the door and Troy joins him.

TROY  
What is it?

TOMMY  
Um...Raven just left. I thought  
you'd want to know.

TROY  
What do you mean 'left'?

TOMMY  
I mean, she just got her stuff and  
she's going home.

TROY  
Fuck. Alright, thanks man.

He slaps Tommy on the shoulder and Tommy leaves. Troy turns  
back to Stephanie.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Hey, I...um...I need to...

STEPHANIE GRADY  
Its okay. We can talk later if you  
want.

He manages a weak smile.

TROY  
Thanks. Thanks for understanding.

He turns to leave.

STEPHANIE GRADY  
Troy.

Hearing his name, Troy stops and turns around. Stephanie  
takes the white flower out of her hair and tosses it to Troy.

STEPHANIE GRADY (CONT'D)  
Give her this.

Troy nods and smiles slightly, then turns away and leaves.

EXT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Raven is walking outside toward her car. Troy bursts through  
the warehouse's main door and jogs after her.

TROY  
Raven, wait!

She keeps walking, ignoring him.

TROY (CONT'D)

Raven, please. Just give me a chance to explain.

She stops and spins toward him angrily.

RAVEN

OK, Troy, let's hear it. I saw everything pretty clearly, so it'll be interesting to see how you talk your way out of this one.

Troy comes to a stop in front of her.

TROY

Look, what you saw...it was nothing.

RAVEN

Nothing to you? Or nothing to her?

TROY

To either of us. I don't know why you're getting so upset. It's not like you and I are dating or anything.

RAVEN

Oh no. You can say that again. You and I will never be dating.

TROY

What's the big deal? I ditched her because I want to spend time with you.

RAVEN

Right. I when I get in my car and drive away, then what? Will you go back to her or will you find someone else to hook up with?

TROY

It's no big deal. It's high school. That's what you do. You hang out, you hook up and you move on. Then one day, you meet someone special. And all the hooking up doesn't matter anymore. You find that person and you stay faithful to them.

RAVEN

And you think I'm that person for you?

He moves closer to her.

TROY

I'd like to at least have the opportunity to find out. Okay, I admit it. I've hooked up with a lot of girls. But when I've had a girlfriend, which I've had from time to time, I'm faithful to her. I promise you that.

Raven chuckles slightly and places her hand on his shoulder.

RAVEN

You don't get it, do you? All of these girls that you plow through in your quest to find the 'right one', did you ever stop to think that for them, you may be their right one? They're not hooking up with you because they think it's fun or it's, quote, 'what you do in high school'. They're doing it because they think that they have a chance to be that someone special for you. Not just some piece of ass that you laugh with your friends about. And when you discard them, when you move on to the next one, it hurts them.

She lets her hand drop.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

There's more to life than just hooking up. Don't get me wrong, it's fun. Okay? It's great when it lasts. But it's so much more fulfilling to build a relationship with someone that's going to last beyond the car ride home. Building friendships, getting to know someone, creating lasting relationships; that's what life should be about. And you could be missing out on that by bouncing from one bed to the next.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out her car keys.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Look Troy. I'm not saying that you're a bad guy. I think you're probably a nice guy. And maybe someday you would have figured all of this out on your own. But any guy that I date, will have already had to have figured it out.

She turns and opens the door to her car.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Good night. Thanks for the party.

She gets in and shuts the door. She starts her engine and puts the car in reverse. Before pulling away she looks at Troy one last time. Knowing he's been defeated, Troy manages a small wave. Raven pulls away.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy slowly makes his way back to the party. His slow gait and dazed look are clear evidence that Raven's words stung pretty hard. Troy walks to the keg and pours himself a beer, downing half of it almost instantly. Taylor sees him and rushes over.

TAYLOR

Hey cutie.

She nestles up close to him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Since we we're interrupted before,  
what do you say we go upstairs and  
pick up where we left off?

Troy looks over her shoulder into the other room. Speed is still seated at one of the tables playing "Asshole". Tommy has joined as well. The group they are playing with appear to be having a great time. Troy smiles at Taylor.

TROY

Thanks, Taylor. But not right now,  
okay. I think I'm going to play  
some "Asshole" with my friends.

He leaves her and walks into the other room. As he approaches the table, he puts a hand on Speed's shoulders.

TROY (CONT'D)

Got room for one more?

Speed glances up at him, then turns to the rest of the table.

SPEED

New player! Automatic asshole!

The table erupts with cheering and laughter. A few guys slide down to make room.

TOMMY

Troy's automatic asshole!

He slaps hands with the kid sitting next to him. Troy looks around the table and smiles.

TROY  
OK, gimme the cards!

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - THE CATWALK -- MORNING

Troy walks out of one of the rooms rubbing his head. His hair is a mess and the pain of a hangover is evident in his facial expression. He sees Speed sitting on the stairs drinking a glass of water.

TROY  
What's up Speed?

Troy sits down on the step next to him.

SPEED  
Good morning. You hurting too?

TROY  
You know it. That was some party last night.

SPEED  
Yes it was. The first of many, I might add.

TROY  
(smiling)  
Yep. This summer is looking like it may turn out alright after all.

They sit quietly for a moment.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You seen D-Ball?

SPEED  
He left last night, remember? Had to get Christina home by one.

TROY  
Oh yeah.

Troy stands up.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Guess I'd better go pick his ass up then.

SPEED  
Alright. You wanna hit the mall later?

TROY  
Probably. I'll call you.

He walks down the stairs.

EXT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

Troy is seated in his car in the same wooded area where he usually picks up D-Ball. He raises his hand and is about to sound the horn when he stops.

TROY

Aw, screw it.

Instead of sounding the horn, Troy puts the car in drive and takes off down the road.

EXT. STEPHANIE GRADY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Troy walks up the front steps to the porch of a nice two story house. He rings the doorbell. After a few seconds, MRS. GRADY answers. She is thin, has blonde hair pulled into a ponytail, is wearing very short shorts and a tank top and is, well, hot!

MRS. GRADY

Yes?

TROY

(taken aback)

Um, hi. Is Stephanie here?

MRS. GRADY

Sure, just a second.

She turns inside and calls up the stairs.

MRS. GRADY (CONT'D)

Stephanie! You have a visitor honey.

After a few seconds, Stephanie comes bounding down the stairs.

STEPHANIE GRADY

Thanks mom.

Mrs. Grady disappears back into the house. Stephanie steps outside and pulls the front door shut behind her.

STEPHANIE GRADY (CONT'D)

Hi Troy.

TROY

Hey Stephanie. Let me first start by apologizing about last night.

STEPHANIE GRADY

What for?

TROY

I don't know. Everything I guess.  
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

My reaction upon learning it was you, ditching you to go after Raven, whatever.

STEPHANIE GRADY

It's no big deal, Troy. Really. I understand.

TROY

Anyway, I had the chance to do some thinking. When we talked on the internet, I think we both created this fantasy world where we thought, or at least I thought, that when we met it would be this amazing romance that would just sweep both of us off of our feet. And now, I'm not sure how realistic that is. I think you need to get to know a person, in person, a little more before you can really move to that next level.

Stephanie nods slowly in agreement.

TROY (CONT'D)

Look, we may never end up being, you know, romantically involved. But that doesn't mean that we should just altogether give up on the relationship that we've built over these past months.

STEPHANIE GRADY

That sounds great.

Troy extends his hand to her and she shakes it.

TROY

Start out as friends?

STEPHANIE GRADY

Absolutely.

He reaches into his pocket.

TROY

By the way, I think this belongs to you.

He pulls out the white flower from the night before.

TROY (CONT'D)

Sorry if it got a little smashed.

She takes the flower.

STEPHANIE GRADY

That's okay.

She puts the flower behind her ear. Troy points back to his car.

TROY

So, would you like to have breakfast with me?

STEPHANIE GRADY

(smiling)

I would love to.

TROY

Cool, let's go.

He turns and starts walking toward the car.

TROY (CONT'D)

We just gotta make one stop first.

INT. TROY'S CAR -- LATER

Troy is in the driver's seat with Stephanie next to him. They are stopped along the road in the wooded area where he usually picks up D-Ball. Troy sounds the horn three times. After a minute or two, D-Ball and CHRISTINA emerge from the woods. Troy looks over at Stephanie.

TROY

Don't ask.

D-Ball opens the back door and he and Christina slide in.

D-BALL

What's up, bro.

TROY

Hey man. Hi Christina.

CHRISTINA

Hi Troy.

D-BALL

Hell of a party, huh?

TROY

One of a kind man. Hey, do you guys know Stephanie?

D-BALL

I think so. How's it going Stephanie?

STEPHANIE GRADY

Not bad, thanks.

CHRISTINA  
Hi Stephanie, I'm Christina.

STEPHANIE GRADY  
Nice to meet you.

TROY  
You guys want breakfast?

D-BALL  
Does Howdy Doody got wooden balls?

TROY  
I'll take that as a yes.

EXT. TROY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Troy wheels the car down the road.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
So where's Speed?

TROY  
He was still at the warehouse when I left.

D-BALL (O.S.)  
And Tommy?

TROY (O.S.)  
You know what? I don't know what happened to Tommy.

INT. THE OLD WAREHOUSE - ONE OF THE ROOMS -- MORNING

A bunch of sleeping bags are spread out on the floor. There are four girls lying on top of them. Tommy is lying right in the middle between two of them. Tommy wakes up and looks to his right then his left. Seeing where he has awakened brings a big smile to his face. He takes a deep breath and folds his hands on his chest. Suddenly, his face wrinkles as he smells something disgusting. He sniffs about five times quickly and a look of horror crosses his face. He reaches down, his hand disappearing below his waist and off camera. He retrieves his hand and puts it to his nose. He winces immediately in disgust.

TOMMY  
(quietly, to himself)  
Oh no. Oh God no. I didn't!

THE END

FADE OUT:

AS THE CREDITS ROLL

INT. TROY'S CAR -- DAY

D-Ball is in the driver's seat. Troy is in the passenger seat passed out cold. Speed is leaning up from the back seat.

D-BALL  
Wake him up.

Speed nudges Troy.

SPEED  
Troy. Wake up, man.

He nudges him harder and eventually resorts to slapping him lightly on the face. Finally Troy, who is stone-cold drunk, comes to.

TROY  
Whereami....

D-BALL  
Hey, bud! Wake up, man. We need your help.

TROY  
(barely able to speak)  
OK.

D-BALL  
OK. Go ring the doorbell and ask for Valerie.

TROY  
Wha for?

SPEED  
You're a diversion. A distraction.

Troy stares intently at him for a few seconds.

TROY  
Okay.

He doesn't move.

D-BALL  
OK, so go!

D-Ball reaches over and opens Troy's door for him. Troy slowly gets out.

TROY  
Valerie?

SPEED  
That's right, buddy, Valerie.

Troy makes it out of the car and slams the door.

SPEED (CONT'D)  
(to D-Ball)  
You sure this is a good idea?

D-BALL  
No, but do you want him to try to  
carry the bottles?

SPEED  
Good point.

EXT. VALERIE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Troy staggers down the sidewalk to the front door.

TROY  
Valerie. Valerie, please.

He chuckles to himself, then finally finds the doorbell. He sways back and forth for a few seconds.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I hafta piss.

Without regard for where he is, Troy unzips his fly and starts to pee on the side of the house. He is swaying as he does it. Suddenly the door opens and MR. MUSSARI answers.

MR. MUSSARI  
What the...

Upon hearing him, Troy turns back toward the door. He is still peeing, causing Mr. Mussari to jump out of the way.

TROY  
Sorry, sorry, sorry.

He zips up his pants.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Is Valerie here?

MR. MUSSARI  
Who the fuck do you think you are?

Troy stops swaying and stares at Mr. Mussari for a few seconds before bursting into laughter.

MR. MUSSARI (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
You goddamn son of a bitch!  
(MORE)

MR. MUSSARI (CONT'D)  
I oughta rip off your fucking head!  
You come to my house drunk, piss on  
my fucking house! Look at you!

Troy continues to laugh and point at him.

MR. MUSSARI (CONT'D)  
If knew for sure you were eighteen  
I'd rearrange your fucking face with  
my two bare fucking hands. Do you  
even hear me, you punk, cocksucking,  
little pansy-ass bitch!

Speed jogs down the sidewalk and grabs Troy, dragging him  
toward the car.

SPEED  
I'm sorry. I'll take him home.

MR. MUSSARI  
That's it. I'm going to get my  
fucking gun.

He slams the door.