SMALL BLOCK

(with Act Breaks for Table Read)

Written by

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TRIGGER WARNINGS

Thank you for listening to Small Block! Please note that there is adult language throughout that is not suitable for younger listeners.

Furthermore, there are a few items that might be triggering for some readers. These include:

- Suicidal Ideation/Discussion
- Transphobic Language
- Homophobic Language
- Minor Instances of Fatphobic Language

All phobic language is used intentionally for thematic reasons. It is not used without thought or due to either naïveté or bigotry.

Thank you again for listening to Small Block; now on to the show.

INT. P'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Hole's "VIOLET" starts.

A mostly bare chin with a solitary black whisker.

P, 14, muscular but fluffy with padding, face to the counter-length mirror, squints at his chin. He wears a purple beanie, grey Hole t-shirt, jeans. Flannel around waist.

Razor swipes the chin bare. Meticulously swipes again. Again.

He picks up a small spiral notepad and a pen. He shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers. He writes intensely. Pauses. Takes a DEEP BREATH. Continues.

He gingerly lowers the pen to the counter. Hand trembles. He reads the note silently, face resigned.

Nearby: old Swiss Army knife; cordless phone; Polo cologne.

P flexes his arms. Drops them dejectedly. His grey shirt creases along the underside of his pec. He pulls it taut but the crease reappears when he lets go.

He tears the shirt off quickly, frantically dons a black t-shirt for the band "Obituary" from the floor. His body was barely exposed.

Pulls the tee taut, lets go. The black hides his body better.

P sprays Polo on his inner wrist, rubs his wrists together, then dabs his neck and cheeks. Wipes the excess on his tee.

He studies the crisp new shirt. His face softens. His hand moves toward the knife... but instead grabs the phone.

He EXHALES. Pauses the CD boombox - "Violet" stops.

Dials. RING. Never mind. He hangs up. Reaches for the knife.

RING! The phone glows orange. P checks caller ID: "DAVIDSON".

It's KEV (14, half-Japanese), P's bestie. *OFFSCREEN FOR SCENE*. P answers.

P
You know in Coma where Axl's like, "when you said that no one's listening why'd your best friend drop a dime?"

KEV
Again with that shit? I called you. I'm definitely listening.

P
I know. I know.

KEV
Axl lies in that song anyway. "It's so easy to be social, it's so easy to be cool"? My fucking ass.

P
Please.

P shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

P (CONT'D)
You thought much about the dance?

KEV
Why, you think Bex has a date?

P
You gotta chill about Bex, man. You're my best friend now. You. Not her. And you're cool as shit.

KEV
Yeah, well, no one at school thinks so. Especially not Bex. If Carla was here I'd take her to the dance and then everyone'd see. Why are you asking, anyway?

P hesitates.

KEV (CONT'D)
Dude, do you like someone-

KEV'S DAD SCREAMS in the background.

KEV'S DAD
Hang up! I need to get on AOL.

KEV
It's P.

KEV'S DAD
He can tie up someone else's line.

Kev's tone changes. He SIGHS, then talks quietly.

KEV
I wish I could live with my mom.

KEV'S DAD
Ten more seconds and it'll be no CDs for a month.

KEV
Thank God for school.

P
Don't let him pollute your soul, dude.

KEV
Lyrics. Write that shit.

KEV'S DAD
Nine!

CLICK. The line goes dead.

P pulls a beaten-up chrome Zippo from a drawer.

He tears the note from the notebook. The top spiral's a trench of torn edges. Only half the pages remain.

P returns everything to the drawer except the Zippo.

He lights the page on fire. Drops it in the sink. P leaves the bathroom as the flame ashes up the page eating backwards into the words, starting with:

NOTE V.O.
(*read very quickly*)
.all you love I .sorry I'm

INT. P'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Metal band and movie posters line the walls: Candlemass; Mädchen In Uniform (1931); Pantera; Batman; etc.

Over the bed: framed full-size Back to the Future poster with various signatures in silver ink. Corner: electric guitar, practice amp, dumbbells.

The NOTE V.O. continues as P walks to the bed.

NOTE V.O.
.it in lie I'll bed my made I .stay
should I why reason any see can't I
.sorry I'm :love I everyone To
.Note Suicide My

On the desk: Model DeLorean. Yellow Sports Discman. CDs.

There's a photocopy flyer that reads: "PONDHILL HOMECOMING '94 MIDDLE SCHOOL DANCE". P picks it up and sits on the bed.

He looks to the desk: A framed recent photo of P with a half-Japanese boy the same age in front. Behind it, P pulls out a second framed photo: P, younger, and a GIRL at a waterpark.

In the photo, P's eyes are red as if he'd been crying, but he smiles joyously. The girl's mouth is open in a huge laugh, her arm protectively around P.

P gazes at the picture and smiles. He looks to the dance poster in his other hand, face growing complicated, when-

BEEEEEEP BEEEEEEP: the smoke detector wails.

P
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fu-

P runs to the bathroom, replacing the photo haphazardly. The pictures topple face down, the second on top of the first.

INT. P'S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

P enters. His DAD (45) removes a large crêpe from the stove and lays it alongside another on the center island.

Nearby: seared beef tenderloin, mushroom duxelles, pâté de foie gras, puff pastry, prosciutto di Parma.

TOOTSIE on the 32" CRT TV. Dad scrunches his nose.

DAD
D'you fall into a vat of cologne?

P flushes. He sniffs the air. Dad lays prosciutto in a tight, even pattern across the crêpes.

DAD (CONT'D)
Your mom reminded me of today's,
uh... significance. Pick a place.
Anywhere you want. Except sushi.

P
(deadpan)
Great. That's not dinner?

Dad LAUGHS as he layers duxelles onto the ham.

DAD
I think not. One of the O.R. nurses - Christine - is getting married. She loved the cake I did for our surgical tech. Been studying for the tests?

P
Yeah.

Dad stops spreading pâté on the duxelles, looks up.

P (CONT'D)
Swear. Remember when we went to see this? Best picture 1983 nominee. Jessica Lange won best supporting.

Dad glances at the screen.

DAD
Dressing up as a woman used to mean you were a Nancy, but he gets the girl, so... good on him, I guess.

P
Some Like It Hot, too.

DAD
Jack Lemmon in makeup. Ghastly.

Dad moves the tenderloin on top of the pâté, then delicately encases the beef in the layered crêpe. He pulls over a baking sheet with a layer of raw puff pastry.

P
Seems like a lot of work for steak.

Dad looks at P like he's a fucking idiot.

DAD
A Wellington is a body, an ecosystem. Tenderloin is tender, but there's no fat, no flavor. You have to put flavor around it for it to come alive. First, what do we have under our skin and muscles? Organs. Thus...

He looks at P expectantly. P stares back blankly. Dad SIGHS.

DAD (CONT'D)
Thus, pâté de foie gras. Rich, creamy, earthy. Then duxelles - mushrooms - more earthiness.
(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)
Then the Parma ham - salty, fatty. Then the crépe. You need to contain the juices - the essence - of the beef. Trap it so the outside - the puff - isn't tainted. The result-

Dad points proudly to the lower oven. The light is on, a golden Wellington with exquisite lattice baking.

DAD (CONT'D)
-is a showstopper. Look at that glorious little football. And the tenderloin, the heart, is perfectly isolated and protected. Pass me another.

P gets a Dr. Pepper and a raw tenderloin wrapped tightly in plastic wrap from the fridge.

P
Holy crap. There's, like, fifteen more tenderloins in here.

DAD
It's a wedding, not happy hour. You had the St. John's interview, right? Went well?

P
Definitely.

DAD
You better be taking this seriously. St. John's is, uh... Now that's a school.

MOM
(O.S.)
Brenda Nash told me there's a dance this Saturday.

MOM (48, healthy but thin) enters with a wrapped PRESENT.

MOM (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday in Japanese tonight?

P
Not this year.

Mom looks at Dad, pleased but curious.

DAD
You don't get full at sushi. (*to P*)
A dance, huh?

P
Not sure if we're going.

Dad looks up excitedly.

DAD
We?

P
Me, Kev, and Dizzy.

Dad and Mom exchange looks.

DAD
Football will be good for you.

P nods at the screen.

P
There's other ways to get girls.

DAD
None of them seem to be working.
(*re: the TV*) Change this shit.

P flips through channels methodically.

MOM
(slightly disappointed)
New shirt?

P
Gift from Kev. Dad, like my shirt?

DAD
This. This. The best. Jack Lemmon in this - now that's a performance. You seen it?

P stops the TV on THE APARTMENT.

P
Best picture 1961. You took me to Casa Linda.

Mom hands P her gift. P tears the carefully wrapped paper. He unfurls the present: a black Entombed band t-shirt.

P (CONT'D)
Entombed! Sweet.

P starts pulling it over his shirt. Mom shoots a good natured "You kidding me?" look. P glances at Dad, focused on cooking.

He rips off his old shirt and pulls the new one on hastily, purple beanie in place. Dad glances up.

DAD
(to Mom)
I thought you were going to get diet Dr. Pepper.

P rapidly tugs down his shirt to hide his body as Dad unwraps the tenderloin, places the beef in the pan. It SIZZLES. He removes the other Wellington from the oven. Perfect.

MOM
Gorgeous. That a tester?

Dad smiles mischievously. Slices it proudly. Pushes the slice to see: the beef is medium, a healthy uniform pink.

His face contorts in rage.

DAD
Piece of shit oven! Calibration drifted again. I shoulda gone with Viking, I fucking knew. This shit looks nice but inside it’s rubbish.

He opens the trash and shoves the whole Wellington in.

P
You don’t want to taste it?

DAD
Beef’s overcooked. Ruined. Never be as good as it could’ve been.

MOM
Let’s go to dinner.

DAD
I can’t leave, I’m behind.

On TV, The Apartment’s Dr. Dreyfuss pleads with Jack Lemmon’s Baxter to grow up and be a mensch.

DAD (CONT’D)
Words to live by. Ok. Call Pizza Hut; I feel like pizza. (*to P*) Any toppings you want.

INT. PONDHILL - WELCH’S CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

Hand painted “HOMECOMING ‘94” signs adorn the walls.

The room's divided into a quiz show arena: two arcs of desks flank Mr. Welch's (34) desk, replete with lectern.

True '90s style: Battle of the sexes. BOYS left. GIRLS right.

BEX, 14, punky, overweight, and confident as fuck, holds the baton. She's older now but is clearly the girl from P's desk photo. A large Homecoming Dance poster is offset behind her.

BEX
Joan of Arc.

MR. WELCH
Correct, Bex! Tie game.

Girls CHEER; boys GRUMBLE.

MR. WELCH (CONT'D)
OK, one point bonus for getting the final question correct. Charged with heresy for spiritual visions she claimed fueled her quest, what secular activity earned Joan of Arc charges of blasphemy?

BEX
Dressing like a soldier.

MR. WELCH
More specific.

P, tiny smile, purple beanie just so, eyes Bex intently.

BEX
Dressing like a male soldier.

MR. WELCH
The Girls take the lead!

The Girls HOOT. The Boys turn to P, as does Bex.

BOYS
P! P! P! P! P!

P waves them down. He smiles at Kev (*from the desk photo*).

P
As captain, I elect Kev to answer.

P passes Kev the baton. Boys GRUMBLE but a few show support. Kev smiles. His time to shine.

MR. WELCH
The category is movies.

Girls GROAN. Boys CHEER. Kev slumps. P slaps him on the back.

P
(whispering)
I got you.

P meets eyes with Bex. She smiles at him. P shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

MR. WELCH
What Barbra Streisand movie...

Mr. Welch's words drift away as a flash of silver catches P's eye out the window: A DeLorean drives down the street. P's eyes widen. Kev's hand nudges him back to the classroom. They WHISPER:

KEV
Holy shit. I think it's Yentl.

P turns back to the window. The beautifully utilitarian steel of the DeLorean contrasts with the greenery around it.

KEV (CONT'D)
Dude.

P
(without turning)
Streisand. Probably A Star Is Born.

MR. WELCH
Five seconds.

KEV
I swear it's Yentl.

MR. WELCH
Four.

P
(whispering to Kev)
You're terrible at movie stuff. I'd be shocked if it was Yentl. What was the exact question?

Kev looks at P stunned.

MR. WELCH
Three.

KEV
What was the exact question again?

MR. WELCH
Sorry Kev, gotta answer now. One.

Kev glances frantically at P. P gives him a THUMBS UP.

KEV
A Star is Born?

Silence as everyone waits. P looks out the window. The DeLorean's gone. He turns back to class.

MR. WELCH
The film that garnered Barbra Streisand the first ever directing Golden Globe for a female director in 1983 is-

P's head tilts back in despair.

P
Yentl.

MR. WELCH
That's right, P. Yentl. Girls win! No homework next week for you.

The girls ERUPT in joy. Kev gazes at Bex. She winks playfully at him. Kev drops his head. He glares at P, as does DIZZY (13, half-Vietnamese, half-dorky/half-cool bowl cut).

The other boys SIGH in frustration or MUTTER disapproval.

ROB
Way to go, Kev.

P looks guiltily at the visibly angry Kev.

P
Mr. Welch, one more question.

MR. WELCH
Sorry, P. Game's over.

P
They got one.

Bex raises her eyebrow at P. Mr. Welch ignores him.

MR. WELCH
Enjoy the three day weekend. Hope to see you all at the game, and of course, at the dance. Let's crush St. John's this year, we're due.

P
C’mon, Mr. Welch, be a mensch.

MR. WELCH
I also heard rumors of a surprise at halftime, just sayin’.

Mr. Welch winks.

P
Is it ‘cause Bex is a girl?

The class goes silent. Bex glares at P. His face makes plain he knows it was the wrong thing to say.

The bell RINGS. No one moves.

MR. WELCH
You’re team captain, P. You could’ve taken the question, but you gave it to Kev. It’s a question you should’ve and would’ve gotten. Just like I gave Bex a question she should’ve gotten. And she did. That was me being a mensch. Now it’s your turn. Bex, girls - don’t let P spoil your victory.

BEX
Who?

The class HOWLS in LAUGHTER.

INT. PONDHILL HALLWAY - COUPLE MINUTES LATER

P walks toward Kev, who shoves books into his locker. Homecoming Dance posters on the walls, along with Homecoming decorations and team signs.

A classmate - ZACH - walks by, as does JAMES.

ZACH
Kev, leave movies to P, bro.

JAMES
Yeah. Follow P’s lead next time.

P arrives at Kev’s locker.

P
Dude, I’m so sorry.

KEV
Thank God Carla doesn't go here.
I'd die if she'd seen that.

MARTHA and JANET pass as well. To P:

MARTHA
Go crawl back in your hole you
chauvinist pig.

DIZZY
(O.S.)
Mind your own holes, feminazi.

Scowling, Dizzy joins Kev and P as Martha and Janet leave.

MARTHA
(to Dizzy)
You sound like a St. John's creep.

JANET
Good luck finding a date to the
dance, P.

P
(to Kev)
Least the girls hate me not you.

BRITT
(O.S.)
Be at the game tomorrow, big dawg?

BRITT (14, handsome quarterback energy) at his locker with TIFFANY (14, thickly athletic, solid) and a COUPLE OTHERS.

Britt throws P a football. It's wide, but P gracefully leaps and catches it decisively in one hand.

P
Fuck St. John's.

P spirals the ball back to Britt, who smiles.

BRITT
My man.

Kev shoves a book into his locker with a CLANG. P's eyes signal to Britt; he nods toward Kev.

BRITT (CONT'D)
It'll cut your way next time, Ken.

Britt nods at P then turns back. Kev mutters to P:

KEV
Sure “Ken” will kill it next time.

GIRLS LAUGH. P looks: Bex with friends. He pulls his purple beanie down, hides behind the locker door. As she passes:

BEX
Yeah, but I gotta work tomorrow...

Safe, P pulls his head out. Bex, jubilant, walks by a parade of Homecoming Dance signs on the walls.

DIZZY
The fuck, fag? You know every useless movie fact about every stupid movie exactly like whatever it was.

P
There was a DeLorean outside.

Dizzy’s face instantly shifts. Kev is speechless.

DIZZY
How fast was it going? Was it cool?

P
Yes. Super cool.

KEV
You made me lose to Bex, of all people, over a DeLorean?

BEX
(O.S.)
“Of all people,” huh?

P’s eyes close. He turns. Bex stands, a Homecoming Dance sign to her right.

BEX (CONT’D)
Worried deep down that me and P are still besties behind your back?

P reddens. He glances at the dance sign. SMALL CROWD gathers.

BEX (CONT’D)
No need to keep us separated, Kev. Yard’s free. Come out and play.

P
Bex-

BEX
Is it ‘cause I’m a girl, P?

The crowd OOHs. P and Bex meet eyes. He breaks first. Bex walks away victorious.

DIZZY
Yeah, you’re lucky you’re a girl.

Bex flips her middle finger without turning.

BEX
I am lucky I’m a girl, Ditzy.

P watches Bex pass another Homecoming Dance sign, every step taking her farther and farther away from it.

He shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

DIZZY
(under his breath)
Heifer.

Kev glances at Dizzy, SLAMS his locker shut. The sound blends into a LOUD, DISTORTED POWER CHORD from P’s guitar in

DIZZY’S GARAGE - AFTER SCHOOL

P - GUITAR, Kev - BASS, and Dizzy - DRUMS practice for their metal band, SHADOWKING. Cool blend of thrash and groove.

KEV
(singing)
Endless sea of faces / master at
the back / void of emptiness
surrounds me / catacomb of black

P harmonizes for the chorus.

KEV (CONT’D)
Hidden deep from sunlight in
a game I cannot win / Drown
in ocean, for all I’m worth
I’ve nothing left within /
See the surface from below
but still I hold my form

P
Hidden deep from sunlight in
a game I cannot win / Drown
in ocean, for all I’m worth
I’ve nothing left within /
See the surface from below
but still I hold my form

The music swells, then drops dramatically as P screams:

P (CONT’D)
I am unbroken!

Dizzy's snare CRACK-CRACK-CRACKS as the band kicks back in. The new part's more technical, heavier, and less accessible.

KEV
I'm not feeling it.

The band stops.

KEV (CONT'D)
Check this.

Kev plays a deeply simple bass groove. P's not impressed, but tries to find a way in. He plays a complex thrashy riff.

KEV (CONT'D)
Too much.

Kev restarts. P plays a less complex death metal riff.

KEV (CONT'D)
Mirror me.

P SIGHS, but mirrors Kev's groove close enough.

KEV (CONT'D)
Yeah! That's what people want. You hear that band Korn yet? They rock.

P
What about Pantera? Carcass? Machine Head? Dream Theater, even.

KEV
You can't play Dream Theater. Divine Intervention came out last month. Know how many times I've heard it on the radio? I haven't. And that's Slayer. They buried fucking Slayer. Know how many times I heard Blind by Korn yesterday?

P
Fuck radio. Shadowking needs to make epic shit that changes people's lives. Dizzy, you don't want to sell out.

DIZZY
But I'd like to sell. I'm with Kev.

P guiltily looks at Kev, who smirks. P concedes.

He plays the simple riff. Kev joins on bass. Dizzy plays a very simple beat. P's eyes focus on his cable jack.

The metal sleeve distorts P's reflection. The tubular jack resembles the *Bánh Tét* Dizzy's mom, MRS. D, makes in

DIZZY'S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Mrs. D puts the bánh tét in a Tupperware with a few others. The wrapped, tied green banana leaves are uniform.

She spreads a banana leaf on the counter. Adds rice.

Large containers of food nearby: homemade mac & cheese, Spanish rice, grilled chicken drumsticks, salad.

P and Kev walk to the CD player.

P
Costumes? Like makeup and stuff?

KEV
We need an image.

P
Cool if we play some tunes, Mrs. D?

MRS. D
No grr-grrr-grrr.

Mrs. D imitates death metal growls. P LAUGHS.

Kev hands him a Korn CD while eyefucking the bánh tét.

KEV
Research. Are those the things we had for Lunar New Year, Mrs. D?

Mrs. D nods.

MRS. D
Bánh tét.

P
Image isn't music, man. I don't wanna be Kiss. Which track?

KEV
Seven. Kiss' problem is they took the makeup off. If they hadn't, no one would've seen what they really looked like. Problem solved.

P
Kiss' problem is they suck.

BAGPIPES play. Dizzy enters. Mrs. D adds mung beans.

DIZZY
What's this gay shit?

MRS. D.
Philip.

DIZZY
My bad. Fellas, what's this gay crap?

MRS. D.
Thank you.

P hands Dizzy the CD case. Kev stares as Mrs. D lays pork belly onto the beans.

Dizzy's eyes almost leave his head looking at the CD case.

DIZZY
Whoa. There's a track called "Faget." Play that next.

KEV
Every band does t-shirts and jeans now. No one has a look.

MRS. D
I like this - bagpipes. Better than P's music.

DIZZY
Mayhem and some of the black metal bands wear corpse paint.

KEV
See? Not makeup. "Corpse paint." It conjures something. Image is a huge part of music. It says stuff.

P
I want the music to say stuff.

Dizzy eyes a Tupperware of spring rolls. Only green vegetables are visible through the translucent wrapper.

DIZZY
No shrimp?

MRS. D
In the middle. Protects better, easier for Uncle Chris to bite.

DIZZY
Better when they’re on top of the other stuff, you taste them first.

Mrs. D wraps and ties the bánh tét.

KEV
A band shouldn’t look like chess club.

P
And a band’s music shouldn’t sound like checkers.

Mrs. D assembles a new bánh tét. Dizzy reaches toward the mound of them in the Tupperware. Mrs. D slaps his hand away.

MRS. D
These are for Uncle Chris. All the other food is for you.

DIZZY
Why does he need bánh tét in October?

MRS. D
He doesn’t have much time.

DIZZY
(under his breath)
Maybe when I’m dying I’ll fuckin’ get one then.

Mrs. D stops. Silence. Dizzy’s demeanor shifts.

P and Kev know the drill. P quietly grabs three sodas from the fridge. Kev discreetly retrieves his CD. They exit to

DIZZY’S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

P shuts the door lightly.

Multiple DeLorean and Metal band posters on the walls by the bunk bed. Japanese Sega Genesis, big ‘90s computer tower, 32” CRT TV, clothes strewn, Super Soakers waiting for summer.

P gives Kev a Coke Classic, opens a Dr. Pepper. The Sprite remains for Dizzy. Kev grabs it instead.

P
She’s gonna whup his ass.

Kev takes the Pondhill Yearbook off the desk.

KEV
Nah. Moms are supposed to love you. Imagine if his dad was here.

Kev idly flips through the yearbook. He stops abruptly, eyes burning silently at the page.

KEV (CONT'D)
I bet she thinks I'm so stupid.

P
Mrs. D?

Kev holds up the yearbook, jabs it toward P: a large candid photo of Bex smiling, a butterfly resting on her open palm.

KEV
Bex, man. Bex. I don't want your old best friend to think your new best friend is a dumbass loser.

P
Do you really care what she thinks?

KEV
Do you?

P hesitates. He looks down. Kev smiles ruefully at the silent confirmation, tosses the yearbook on the bed.

P
I bet she's jealous.

Kev smiles. He pops open the Sprite, sips quietly.

P stares at the yearbook as if he can still see her.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - EVENING - LATER

Dizzy enters with a Dr. Pepper, Coke, and Sprite.

DIZZY
Put your dicks away, fags!

MRS. D
(O.S. from the kitchen)
Philip!

DIZZY
Obscure your penises, fags.

He nods at his mom's tacit approval, shuts the door. Kev grabs the Sprite from Dizzy's hand and opens it.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
I hate Coke. We get it for you.

Kev takes a long swig. Dizzy snatches the remote, jabs it. The movie unpauses.

ACE VENTURA on the TV: Pacing his bathroom, Ace realizes that the female Detective Einhorn is actually the Miami Dolphins' kicker he's been trying to locate. In revelatory joy he exclaims that Einhorn's a man, which he repeats immediately in revulsion as the horror of their kiss dawns on him.

P
I love this part.

Disgusted, Ace plungers his face, vomits excessively, and acts out other phobic hijinks while "The Crying Game" plays.

P, Kev, and Dizzy LAUGH so hard they cry.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - LATER

A KNOCK on the door. Mrs. D. enters.

On TV: Einhorn, visibly shellshocked, stands motionless as Ace rips off her skirt. Looks normal. Then Ace solves the mystery. He spins Einhorn around, her tucked penis outlined in panties. He exclaims, "That's why Roger Pedactor's dead. He found Captain Winky!"

"The Crying Game" plays. The entire police force dry heaves.

The boys LAUGH hysterically.

MRS. D.
Did she go to the bathroom in her underwear?

The boys LAUGH even harder.

P
No, Mrs. D. She used to be a man-

DIZZY
Still is a man.

P
-so that's her penis.

MRS. D.
What's it doing in her butt?

Kev, purple-faced, falls over laughing. Dizzy turns red.

Mrs. D waves her hand at Dizzy. He pauses the movie, staring longingly at the Sprite as Kev drinks.

MRS. D. (CONT'D)
Going to Uncle's. Back tomorrow.

The boys try to hide their excitement.

MRS. D
When do you boys want to go to the dance Saturday? Philip's been talking about it for weeks.

P and Kev eye Dizzy, who flushes.

DIZZY
Don't y'all kinda wanna go?

KEV
Yeah. Us standing alone while they play poser crap like The Sign and All That She Wants. Sounds great.

DIZZY
We'll hang. Laugh at the posers.

P
It could be fun, dude.

KEV
Or we can hang here. More fun.

MRS. D
You all decide.

Mrs. D closes the door, pokes her head back inside.

MRS. D.
Woman, man - penises are always in the front.

P bites his lip. Kev slaps a hand over his mouth. His face turns more purple, his body heaves as he stifles a laugh.

The boys stare at each other. The front door finally closes. They erupt in LAUGHTER. P POUNDS the bed. The impacts blend into the SOUND of Kev's feet running toward the bathroom in

DIZZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Kev beelines toward the bathroom.

Right as Kev gets to the door, Dizzy sprints past, locks it.

Kev BANGS on the door.

KEV
I only have one pair of underwear!

P
You brought one pair of underwear
for a three night sleepover?

DIZZY
(through the door)
Yellow waterfalls yellow waterfalls
yellow waterfalls, rushing streams
of pee, urine urine urine.

P
Use his parents' bathroom.

Kev looks at the closed door of the far bathroom.

He BANGS on the door in front of him again.

DIZZY
(through the door)
Amazing how much piss I have left,
it might never end.

P
I'll say it was my idea.

KEV
You got a death wish, dude.

Kev runs into Dizzy's parents' bathroom.

INT. DIZZY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The fridge door opens. P grabs a DR. PEPPER.

He leans against the fridge, stares at the back wall. It's only a door and glass panes - effectively a big window.

The patio is unlit but the small pool faintly glows.

The kitchen light transforms the glass into a semi-transparent mirror, both inside and outside visible.

P stares at his lackluster reflection. He mutters to himself:

P
As if Bex would go to the dance
with you anyway.

He raises his sleeve. Flexes. No definition. Other arm.

DIZZY
(O.S.)
You look like Arnold's gay poolboy.

P pulls his sleeve down, shirt taut. Dizzy enters, smiling.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Where's Kev?

P
The other bathroom.

Dizzy's lips curl.

DIZZY
Both you fuckers know to stay out. My bathroom's for guests. Public. The other is private. Off-limits.

P
Ooh, are there deep dark secrets in there? He was gonna piss his pants.

DIZZY
He pee-dance?

P
Full on Vogued.

Dizzy LAUGHS, looks out the large back window.

DIZZY
Gimme any coke but Coke. Imagine how freaky it would be if some dude appeared outside right now.

P tosses a Sprite. He examines his reflection in the glass.

P
Yeah. Like forty four. Tough. Man's man. Used to play football.

A FAINT IMAGE appears outside the glass, intensifying.

P (CONT'D)
Long hair but it's thinning. Not sure he'll ever go fully bald, but you can see skin through the hair. Pathetic. Clean shaven but his face has that grey beard shit. It's ugly. He's ugly.

As if in slow motion, the man shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers. It's rough, staccato, compared to P.

The image briefly overlays P's reflection as it slowly shifts back to the inside part of the glass, then disappears.

P adjusts his purple beanie, then eyes his Dr. Pepper.

P (CONT'D)
Your mom ever buy diet?

Dizzy CRUNCHES his empty can against the counter. He opens an outstretched hand to P.

DIZZY
I meant like some deranged homo pervert who'd break in and buttfuck you and Kev.

P hands Dizzy a fresh Sprite.

P
I'd make sure you got buttfucked first and last.

KEV
(O.S.)
PENIS!

P and Dizzy SCREAM. Dizzy's unopened Sprite falls, exploding against the floor.

Kev saunters in loose and relaxed, a fountain of Sprite spraying next to him. Kev licks a little off his hand.

KEV (CONT'D)
Who's getting buttfucked?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

The basketball bounces against the concrete. The boys play Tips on the adjustable full-size hoop. P dribbles.

Only P wears a shirt. Kev and Dizzy's tees lie in a pile. P's flannel is tied around his waist. Purple beanie a bit sweaty.

KEV
I'd still fuck her.

P
Gross, dude.

KEV
Einhorn doesn't have some bitch tied up in a well. She's hot.

DIZZY
Her cock wouldn't bother you?

KEV
I said I'd fuck her, not marry her. Can you imagine dating a perv like that? I want a freak in bed not a freak when we're at the store.

P
I'd rather kill myself.

KEV
Who cares if no one knows?

DIZZY
If you're going to be gay you should be a fucking man about it.

P
I'd kill myself and then have the most epic funeral mix CD.

KEV
For Whom the Bell Tolls?

P
Played out.

DIZZY
Marche Funebre?

P
Sick track. But not as sick as my handle.

P drives left, sidesteps Kev, then twists past Dizzy. The ball kisses the backboard, bounces off the rim. It misses.

Kev leaps forward. Airborne, he tips the falling ball up toward the basket. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. It drops in.

KEV
Back to eleven, bro! Know what'd rock at a funeral? Cemetery Gates.

P
Yes. Pantera's my shit.

Pantera's "I'M BROKEN" shatters the night.

The boys turn their collective head in unison.

A DeLorean, sleek and silver, turns onto the street. The windows are down. The engine RUMBLES.

A WOMAN (42) drives. The muscular guitar's defiant bluesy metal groove provides the perfect foundation as the singer screams the song's chorus: "I'm broken! Inherit my life!"

DIZZY
Goddamn.

P
Wait!

P sprints toward the car. He's at the end of the driveway. The car isn't going to stop.

KEV
Dude! You're gonna get killed.

P launches forward in front of the car, purple beanie flying.

Holy shit holy shit holy shit it's not stopping it's not stop-

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE. The brakes squeal. The car stops. Just enough to be safe but definitely enough to be dangerous.

KEV (CONT'D)
Good thing we settled the funeral mixtape.

The purple beanie's on the street. P tugs his shirt taut, his ponytail briefly visible. P and the woman at a standstill.

She's sitting back, bathed largely in shadow. Slivers of light illuminate her half smile.

P
I'm P. That's Dizzy and Kev. I've- we've (*nods at Dizzy)* never been this close to a DeLorean.

Dizzy ambles slowly, entranced.

DIZZY
Can I touch it, DeLorean Lady?

MISS WORLD
Miss World. Go ahead.

MISS WORLD leans forward: Dark hair a similar color to P's. Flannel, midriff tank. Yellow scarf around her neck.

Dizzy runs his hands over the car as if it's magic.

P
Flux capacitor hiding in there?

Miss World CHUCKLES.

MISS WORLD
Sure is, but who knows if it works.

P
Take us for a ride and find out.

MISS WORLD
Nice try, but it's a bit weird for an adult to take three teens she just met out for a ride. Plus it's a school night.

ALL THREE BOYS
Three day weekend.

MISS WORLD
You do synchronized swim too?

P
We're in a band.

MISS WORLD
Got a tape?

P
Might be a little heavy for a girl.

The DeLorean RUMBLES to life. Miss World puts it in gear. P steps forward, touching his knees to the bumper.

P (CONT'D)
Sorry. I say stupid things sometimes.

KEV
Don't ask him about Barbra Streisand movies.

Miss World LAUGHS.

P
We don't have a tape. Our stuff's a thrash/groove/death metal hybrid. But both Sweden and Florida death metal. If that means anything.

KEV
And some Korn.

MISS WORLD
So Megadeth, Slayer, maybe Arise-era Sepultura - I'm assuming pre-Black Metallica - mixed with Pantera and Machine Head. And for death metal, what? Early Entombed and... Obituary? Though maybe Morbid Angel. Oh - and some Korn.

P, Kev, and Dizzy stare at her, mouths agape.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
Girls aren't always what you think.

The DeLorean reverses. P's chance is fading. He takes a deep breath. He SINGS.

Kev cringes at the totally embarrassing earnestness.

P
Memory of summer has long past / Crawling through mud and silt; the rain never washes me clean / Encrusted in clay the seed can still flower / But the sun has forgotten my name

The DeLorean stops. A dog HOWLS.

MISS WORLD
What's that?

P
Lyrics I've been writing.

Miss World assesses P. He puts the purple beanie on his head.

MISS WORLD
Not bad. Might've earned a ride. Your parents around?

DIZZY
(still enamored with car)
No.

Kev smacks Dizzy's arm.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
That was stupid.

MISS WORLD
Will they be here Saturday night?

DIZZY
We'll be at the dance.

KEV
No we won't.

Miss World looks at P. P surveys his friends.

P
We might be.

Kev glares at P. Dizzy looks at Kev.

KEV
My girlfriend Carla's not in town.

MISS WORLD
You could go as a group.

DIZZY
Thank you.

KEV
Going without a date sucks.

MISS WORLD
Anyone you two like?

Dizzy shakes his head. He turns, walks around the car in awe. Kev goes to the basketball hoop.

Miss World eyes P.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
DeLorean turns into a pumpkin soon.

P glances guiltily at Kev. He shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

Miss World smiles playfully, looks P square in the eye.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
My biggest regret is the amount of regrets I have. Careful, Dizzy. Couldn't see you.

P nods, taking in her words as Dizzy steps back from the car.

Miss World smiles coyly at P.

P
You coming back?

P and Dizzy watch her shrinking taillights fade into night.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - MORNING

Sun streams in. P awakens. Top bunk, alone in the room.

He listens: nothing. He quietly slips the yearbook from under his pillow. A Kleenex sticks out - a makeshift bookmark.

He opens to Bex smiling with the butterfly. He gazes fondly. He glances at the DeLorean poster on the wall, then back to Bex. He trials different ways to ask her to the big question.

P
Do you want to go to the *dance* with me? Do *you* want to go to the dance with *me*? Do you *want* to go to the dance with me? *Do* you want to go to the dance with me?

Through the wall: TOILET FLUSH, FAUCET. P quickly returns the Kleenex with Bex and shoves the yearbook under his pillow.

Kev enters from the bathroom, an unopened but sweating Sprite in hand, backpack in the other.

P (CONT'D)
What about Coma at my funeral?

KEV
Wouldn't make sense. You're not killing yourself.

Kev open the Sprite, sips. P reaches; Kev passes him the can.

KEV (CONT'D)
You'll probably die surrounded by your hot wife and perfect kids.

P takes a long drink, returns the can. He adjusts his purple beanie, worn through the night.

P
You know... the dance might not be so bad.

KEV
Please. I'm not gonna be the dateless loser in the corner with his other dateless loser friends while Bex laughs at me.

P
She wouldn't laugh at you. I mean, I could...
(MORE)

P (CONT'D)
I don't know, have her... hang with us at the dance. She's super nice.

KEV
Yeah? You want her to hang with us now? Maybe next time you two have a heart to heart you can tell her how super nice I am.

Kev chugs the Sprite. He throws the empty can at the trash. It misses. He sorts through his bag by his pillow.

P rolls over, facing the ceiling. He softly sings Guns N' Roses' *Coma*.

P
Hey you've caught me in a coma / And I don't think I wanna / ever come back to this / world again

P looks at the closed door. No Dizzy. Glances at the door again. DEEP BREATH. Here goes.

P (CONT'D)
There's some shit I wanna tell-

The door POUNDS open.

DIZZY
Where's my dad's Penthouse, homo?

Dizzy storms into the room, glaring at P.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
I know you took it from the stack in my parents' bathroom.

P
Your dad has a stack of Penthouses? *(to Kev)* Did you take it?

Kev shakes his head.

DIZZY
All fifty seven issues need to be-

P
He has fifty seven Penthouses in the bathroom and you never told us?

DIZZY
Everything needs to be fucking perfect or my dad will be pissed.

P
I told you I didn't take it.

DIZZY
And I'm telling you you're a liar.

Dizzy grabs P's backpack. Kev props his pillow behind him.

P
Don't touch my bag, dude.

Dizzy dumps the contents onto the floor. Books cascade out, followed by clothes and a Ziploc with a t-shirt inside.

A blue Trapper folder falls out, papers scattering. P rushes to the floor, collecting them.

P (CONT'D)
That's our fucking lyrics, man.

Dizzy spots something under P's pillow. He tosses the pillow to the floor. He holds the yearbook, confused.

KEV
Dude, you whacking off to the yearbook?

P eyes the Kleenex bookmark sticking out the top.

DIZZY
Where are you hiding it?

P jumps up, grabs the yearbook. He lets it fall to his side, the Kleenex drifting to the floor.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Just put the shit back, ok? And whatever else you're hiding. My dad-

P
Where is your dad anyway? I'm here, like, every weekend. Haven't seen him in months.

KEV
Dude.

Outside, Mrs. D pulls into the driveway.

P
I've seen your mom working her ass off though while you bitch about how she won't make you a bánh tét, or ribs, or a fucking sandwich.

Dizzy’s on the verge of tears.

KEV
Some shit should stay inside, bro.

DIZZY
It’s gotta perfect when he comes back.

P shakes his head and pushes past Dizzy into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

P walks toward the kitchen. Mrs. D quietly closes the front door, her eyes ringed dark.

P
Morning, Mrs. D.

They enter the kitchen. P gets water. Dizzy enters, quiet.

DIZZY
How’s Uncle Chris?

Mrs. D turns to Dizzy, tired. A faint smile.

MRS. D
Ok for now. You boys want omelets? Anything you want inside.

Dizzy glances at P first, then shakes his head.

Mrs. D hands him three bánh tét. She winks conspiratorially.

MRS. D (CONT’D)
I can make more before he runs out.

P offers Dizzy a cold Sprite. He takes it. They’re ok.

INT. DIZZY'S BATHROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

P opens the Ziploc in front of the mirror.

An impeccably folded band t-shirt inside: SEPULTURA - BENEATH THE REMAINS. He inspects every millimeter carefully. Leaning close, he spots a tiny crumb. He brushes until every trace is gone.

EXT. STREET/PLANET VHS - SHORT TIME LATER

The sun shines brightly on the perfect Sepultura shirt.

P, Kev, and Dizzy walk toward the Planet VHS parking lot. They each hold different ice cream treats. Kev - Flintstones pushup pop; Dizzy - firecracker; P - drumstick.

DIZZY
C'mon, I wanna get The Crow.

He walks even faster. P grins at Kev and walks even slower. Kev slows in kind. They talk quietly.

P
The Crow soundtrack is so badass.

KEV
Why'd you say Bex could hang with us?

P
I just meant at the dance. If we went. You brought her up.

Kev thinks about it.

KEV
We're cool, right?

P
Dude, always. You're my brother. Yeah, I still like her. Just not... the same way I used to.

Kev nods, thinking. Dizzy notices how far behind they are.

DIZZY
The fuck, Kev?

P
We just wanted to give you space.

DIZZY
And I want to give you my fat cock in your ass.

P
Ever consider how tiresome it is hearing gay shit from you all the time?

DIZZY
Ever consider how I'd like you better if your mouth was full of dicks instead of words?

Kev LAUGHS. P smacks Kev's arm, but smiles.

P flat tires Dizzy. Dizzy kneels to put his shoe back on.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Fucker.

Finally at the store, P reaches for the door handle. Dizzy runs past him, flinging the door open. The door flies into P, knocking his hand.

The Drumstick mashes onto his chest, leaving a huge vanilla smear spattered on his shirt.

P
Fuuuuuck youuuuu. We gotta go back.

DIZZY
You wish. Looks like Kev's load blasted all over your chest.

Kev and Dizzy LAUGH.

P
Seriously. Please. Let's go back.

INT. PLANET VHS - MOMENTS LATER

Bex stands at the front of the Blockbuster-style video store.

P tries to hide his shirt, but nothing doing.

BEX
Welcome to Planet VHS. P, looks like Kev dumped a load on your chest. Reach out if you need me - VHS stands for very hospitable service.

She walks off, smiling. P's face burns.

Dizzy leans over the tape return counter trying to see what was just came in, but it's obscured.

P follows behind Kev closely, trying to hide his shirt. The three boys sort through the rows of tapes on the counter.

DIZZY
Chick flick, chick flick, seen it, chick flick. It's not fucking in. Thanks for insisting we come here today instead of yesterday, P.

KEV
We can do Son in Law again.

Dizzy renews his efforts. P pulls a tape.

P
Naked Gun 33 1/3?

DIZZY
Anything but Son In Law.

Tapes CLUNK into the return bin. Dizzy searches for help. He signals to a MANAGER. She talks into her headset.

Bex arrives moments later. P stands behind Kev.

BEX
(innocently)
Need help sounding out the titles?

DIZZY
Ugh. Are any of those The Crow?

P leans to Kev. Quietly:

P
Got any quarters?

INT. PLANET VHS BACK ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A small arcade setup with a few game cabinets.

P, alone, plays Super Street Fighter II Turbo. He's CAMMY, a blonde female military fighter.

He fights GUILE, a blond male military fighter.

Cammy and Guile battle back and forth. The two blond/e fighters look like mirrors as they trade blows.

They connect simultaneously with each other.

They collapse. Double KO.

A quarter is placed by the bottom of the screen.

BEX
(O.S.)
Next.

P turns. Bex is right there.

P
Shit.

BEX
Hey now. ‘Til yesterday I thought we were still friends.

She inspects P’s chin.

BEX (CONT’D)
You shouldn’t shave your one hair, you look like a girl without it.

P
Listen, I’m-

Bex pushes in the quarter.

BEX
I’ll be gentle since your bodyguard and his gunsel are outside.

P
That’s funny. Sam Spade calls a guy a gunsel in Maltese Falcon.

Bex stares dead-eyed, answers deadpan.

BEX
Oh, my golly. Do you know where I could possibly rent such a film?

P
Listen, I’m an idiot.

Bex hits START.

SHORT TIME LATER

P and Bex eye the screen intensely. Cammy (P) flips. Blanka (Bex - a green manimal) grabs and bites her. KO. Bex wins.

BEX
Two-zip. Almost won a round though.

She checks her watch.

BEX (CONT’D)
Seven minutes left. Three of five?

P glances toward the door. No sign of Kev. DEEP BREATH.

P
This is kinda embarrassing, but-

BEX
Is it about the shirt? Bit fucked you'd show with my favorite album looking more like Beneath the Semen, but I forgive you. For that.

P looks at his Beneath the Remains shirt with the huge ice cream splotch. He turns to the door: still no sign of Kev.

P
It's not the shirt. I wanted to ask... Listen, that was not me yesterday. I mean, it was obviously me, but not, like... the real me. The real me wouldn't do that.

BEX
Oh yeah? Cause it looked like you.

KEV
(O.S.)
The fuck, dude?

Kev shoots P a loaded look from the doorway.

BEX
Eight whole minutes without P. Postpartum, much?

KEV
(super sarcastic)
Maybe I wanted to see you.

BEX
Flowers over there, please. I'm busy kicking P's ass. At least, I think it's P. There's a debate.

P avoids both their eyes. He stares into his reflection in the game screen.

P
It's not what you think, dude. We just went a few rounds. With everything yesterday, you know... I didn't want her to feel bad.

Bex snatches her remaining quarter. As she leaves:

P (CONT'D)
Wait-

BEX
Guess this one isn't the real you either, right?

She's gone. P stares at the door.

KEV
Not like you used to, huh?

INT. PLANET VHS - MOMENTS LATER

P and Kev, mid-chat, find Dizzy at a wall of The Crow boxes.

P
She called next.

KEV
She can call whatever the fuck she wants. You don't have to play.

Kev walks a couple aisles over. P calls after him.

P
Who doesn't continue playing when someone calls next?

DIZZY
Forty seven fucking boxes and not a single goddamn actual tape in. I knew we should've come yesterday.

Kev rapturously brings the box for Son In Law.

KEV
May I suggest Son In Law, gents? Featuring the lady of my dreams, Miss Carla Gugino.

DIZZY
I'd rather shoot myself in the butthole.

KEV
You like it.

DIZZY
I used to like it.

VIDEO CLERK
(O.S.)
Oh, God!

A distressed VIDEO CLERK runs past the boys, tearing toward the bathroom.

Dizzy turns to P, who peers over the aisles looking for Bex.

DIZZY
Isn't there anything else you want? Something more filmy or whatever?

P
Know what I heard is actually pretty good? The Crying Game.

KEV
Bro.

DIZZY
Either of y'all seen it?

P
No.

KEV
Nope.

P spots Bex talking to a TALL, THIN WOMAN with a VCR case. The woman's short shirt shows her midriff. Yellow flower in her hair.

DIZZY
So this IRA guy's gonna fuck this girl, right?

Bex smiles broadly, almost beaming. She points at a shelf. The woman turns, revealing her face.

P
Miss World!

Miss World, surprised, turns. She waves. The boys approach.

BEX
...fourteen fifty for the weekend. Returns for VCRs are inside the store. I'm here Sunday if you wanted to hand it directly to me. Anything else I may help with?

MISS WORLD
No, thank you... (*eyeing Bex's name tag*) Bex.

BEX
Reach out if you need me - VHS stands for very hospitable service.

Bex smiles wistfully, reluctantly leaves. P's eyes follow. Dizzy tries to locate the DeLorean out the store window.

P
(looks pointedly at Dizzy)
So lucky that we came today. (*to Miss World*) Thought any more about a ride? Our parents'll be at the Homecoming Game later. We're playing St. John's. You could meet them. They'll tell you no big deal and we could go for a ride there.

KEV
God, I'd love to see everyone from school look at me ride around with a hot chick blasting Pantera.

P
My parents'll buy you a Frito Pie.

Miss World smiles.

MISS WORLD
Can't tonight.

Dizzy turns back to the shelves.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
Was fun talking music and you all seem nice, but a ride's a bad idea. Sorry. I'm an adult. It's weird.

P's face falls.

DIZZY
Here it is!

Dizzy holds up the box to The Crying Game.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
So like I said, this IRA guy is going to fuck this girl, right? It's like any normal, boring sex scene, tits or whatever, but then the camera keeps going down and she has a fucking dick!

P and Kev both stop what they're doing.

KEV
They show it?

Dizzy nods. Miss World listens intently.

KEV (CONT'D)
She hot?

DIZZY
Dicks should be on dudes. Plus it shoulda been huge if you wanna shock people.

P
What does the guy do?

DIZZY
Hits her and pukes. Obviously.

Miss World's eyes circle the group. Kev bursts out LAUGHING.

P
Ace Ventura is so smart.

Miss World steps in, taking the tape from Dizzy.

MISS WORLD
Tomorrow morning? Same house?

P
Yes.

MISS WORLD
Deal.

DIZZY
For real?

MISS WORLD
Promise. Eleven A.M. I want to talk to your parents first, though.

KEV
Sweet! I'll wear my Metallica shirt. No, my Primus shirt again. No, maybe my Nine Inch Nails shirt.

P
You brought four shirts but only one pair of underwear?

KEV
Five shirts.

Miss World puts The Crying Game back on the shelf.

MISS WORLD
Rent something else.

Dizzy points to the tape in her hand.

DIZZY
That The Crow?

She displays her tape: Peggy Sue Got Married.

MISS WORLD
Tomorrow at eleven.

She leaves.

DIZZY
Holy shit. Holy shit. I'm going to ride in a DeLorean tomorrow.

P
I can't even imagine what it'll be like to actually be inside it.

Kev waits til she's at the register, then quietly picks up The Crying Game. He looks at P and Dizzy, shrugs.

P gazes at Bex's cheerful smile as she rings up Miss World.

INT. PLANET VHS CHECKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Dizzy checks the tape return one last time.

Bex works one of two registers. P and Kev wait for the other.

Only one CUSTOMER ahead, but their Video Clerk, the same one who ran by earlier, shifts back and forth uncomfortably.

P picks up a Cadbury Creme Egg from the discount bin.

KEV
Ugh. Those don't deserve to exist.

P
I like the center.

Dizzy returns. The customer leaves. Their clerk turns to Bex:

VIDEO CLERK
Oh, God. This new medication. I can't hold it, cover me.

The boys look to Bex's register. She smiles sweetly at them.

MOMENTS LATER

Tapes slide across the counter. P adds the creme egg.

BEX
Shit tastes like butt.

DIZZY
You eat butt?

Bex LAUGHS loudly then stops abruptly, deflating Dizzy. P swaps the egg out for a purple grape Tootsie Pop.

Bex holds up The Crying Game.

BEX
Really?

DIZZY
She has a dick.

BEX
Ever think she also has feelings?

P looks at Bex. He adjusts his purple beanie.

P
Yeah, let's put it back.

Bex slides it under the counter.

DIZZY
Goddammit. I wanna rent two movies.

Kev slides Son In Law across the counter. He and P silently watch Dizzy stare at it.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Fine. I get to ride in a DeLorean, I'll give you Son In Law.

P nudges Kev in congratulations.

BEX
Touching. A true sacrifice. That'll be eight eighty. Oh, wait. You guys wanted The Crow, right? Guess what my mom just returned?

Dizzy raises his hands to the Lord. P gives Bex a sincere "Thank You" smile, the kind with a sheepish apology included.

Bex smiles warmly. She slides the tape across the counter:

Yentl.

Tense CROWD NOISE builds, getting louder. P drops his head.

EXT. HOMECOMING GAME - NEARBY FIELD - EVENING

P's head raises. Nearby CROWD NOISE floats on the wind.

P charges down the field, weaving past ST. JOHN'S EIGHTH GRADE DEFENDERS.

All the players are in street clothes: a playground game.

The football floats through the dark night sky, arcing downward, straight into the hands of the RECEIVER on the

HOMECOMING GAME - MAIN FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

The varsity Pondhill RECEIVER catches the ball, tears toward the end zone.

Bright Stadium Lights bathe everything in fluorescent drama.

"Go Pondhill" and "Beat St. Johns" signs on one side.

"He Walks With Us", "St. John's is King", and "Pondhill Eat Shit" signs fill the opposing stands.

The Receiver cuts sharply, dodges a tackle, dives: Touchdown!

The Pondhill CROWD ERUPTS. CHEERLEADERS SCREAM wildly.

EXT. HOMECOMING GAME - NEARBY FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

EIGHTH GRADE GIRLS talk about anything else as they kinda watch P and team play on a small field away from the stands.

Spill from the real game's lights illuminate the play.

CHEERS waft across the night air.

P turns, looks for the ball.

The girls couldn't care less when a DEFENDER tags Britt, the QB (*the boy who threw the football to P in the hallway*).

Kev is rapt on the sidelines.

KEV
C'mon Britt! P! Let it out, baby!

P's team huddles. P scans the sidelines - no Bex.

BRITT
Fourth and five. Last shot.

Dizzy's chest heaves. He spits. P adjusts his purple beanie, tugs his shirt taut.

P
Safeties are playing close and center. I'll be free if I go left.

BRITT
Sounds good, Beef. Guys, those St. John's faggots are gonna blitz. Tiff, I need that juice. Dan's faking going middle. Plug the left. Dizzy, stop Jack.

Tiffany (*thick athletic girl at Britt's locker before)*, nods.

TIFFANY
I'll have that fat fuck nursing my dick when we're done.

MOMENTS LATER

They line up. P crouches, ready.

BRITT
Blue 42! Blue 42! Hut!

P sprints.

Dizzy mirrors and blocks JACK at the line of scrimmage.

Britt drops back in the pocket.

Tiffany plants her feet and wraps her arms around Dan. She hurls him to the ground.

Dizzy slips, collapsing into the dirt. Jack's free; he runs through the gap Dizzy left open.

Britt sees Jack getting closer. His arm goes back to throw.

Dizzy scrambles on the ground, lunges. His craning fingers grasp Jack's ankle.

Jack tumbles. Britt's free.

P button hooks. The ball sails through the air.

It's wide left.

P leaps, extending his arm. Got it.

KEV
Fuck yeah, P!

P runs. Safeties scramble from the middle. They're too far.

Touchdown! P's team CHEERS.

JACK
Foul! Interference.

DIZZY
That was clean.

BRITT
Jack. You lost.

JACK
No way. He's (*points at Dizzy*) dirty. We win.

TIFFANY
You St. John's fucks think you're owed everything.

DAN
Just what we're due.

DIZZY
(to Jack)
You got caught. Get over it. You and your bitch.

He nods at Dan.

DAN
You wanna go, bitch?

Kev charges onto the field.

KEV
Yeah, let's go motherfucker. I'll skullfuck you so hard archaeologists will think they've discovered a new species.

St. John's team LAUGHS.

DAN
Archaeologists? Man, your school's stupid.

KEV
Beating your ass though.

Kev points to the giant scoreboard above the real field. Pondhill's ahead, 17-7.

P runs over. One of the St. John's players trips him.

P tumbles. He stands, fixing his purple beanie.

DAN
Damn, boy. Don't I know you from the buffet?

JACK
I've seen less jiggle on Jell-o. Guess there is always room.

The St. John's team LAUGHS.

P looks down. His soft belly's partially exposed - his shirt rode up in the fall. He quickly yanks his shirt taut.

Jack, Dan, and the St. John's team leave, CHEERING.

P joins Kev and Dizzy. Dizzy high fives Kev.

DIZZY
Thanks for having my back.

KEV
They ain't taking my boy's TD away.

Kev looks to P, beaming.

P
(off Dizzy's look)
That save was sick. No way Britt gets that pass off without you.

P extends his fist to Dizzy, but before Dizzy can bump it:

KEV
But that catch, though. (*to Dizzy*) Could you see P from the ground? It was awesome, man.

Dizzy dusts the grass and dirt from his clothes.

P and Kev watch as he walks away past the edge of the light, throwing middle fingers to St. John's.

EXT. HOMECOMING GAME - NEARBY FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Kev and P walk.

P
Dizzy earned us that win. That kid's all heart.

KEV
He wouldn't've had to save it if he hadn't fallen in the first place. And Britt - our class may think that dude's hot shit but it's garbage. Motherfucker's never thrown an on-target pass ever. The team owes you the victory. You. You deserve that shit. Fuck those St. John's buttpuppets.

P eyes Kev. Kev kicks a small rock deep into the night.

KEV (CONT'D)
Pondhill for life, bitches!

Kev tilts to see the stadium lights. P studies him.

KEV (CONT'D)
Next year we'll settle it in the real game. You gonna play?

P
Maybe.

KEV
Maybe? You'd be a starting receiver as a freshman. Who knows how many touchdowns you'd score? Everyone would revere you.

P's silent. He steals a glance at Kev.

KEV (CONT'D)
What's your deal? Seriously.

DEEP BREATH.

P
My parents are making me apply to schools for next year.

Kev slowly stops.

P (CONT'D)
If I get in anywhere, I'll be gone.

KEV
You want to go?

P
You kidding? Not unless you go.

They eye the St. John's 8th graders laughing.

P (CONT'D)
Ugh. My dad would cream if I got into St. John's. Over my dead body, though. I told the St. John's interviewers that I don't fit in at an all boys joint and that religion has no place in school. Then I quoted "Jesus Saves".

KEV
Slayer? You quoted those religious fucks Slayer?

P
I tanked the interviews at every school, dude.

KEV
You're such a bro, man.

The whistle BLOWS. Halftime.

KEV (CONT'D)
Shit! I told my dad I'd find him before halftime.

P
Want me to come with?

Kev's silent.

P (CONT'D)
I don't get it. When I see him he's super nice to me but then he yells 'cause you're on the phone with me and all the other shit you tell me he says. What do I have to change for that asshole to like me?

Kev LAUGHS bitterly. He walks away singing Metallica's *Disposable Heroes*:

KEV
You will do / what I say / when I say / Back to the Front

EXT. HOMECOMING GAME - STANDS - SHORT TIME LATER

P locates his parents in the stands. Dad nods at the field.

DAD
Could be you next year. Girls love football players. Hopefully you'll be on the other side, though.

P
I just scored a touchdown with the guys but the St. John's jerks pulled BS and said it didn't count.

DAD
Don't hide behind excuses. Leave an opening and your opponents will find a way to crawl out. Seal the deal. Girls love football players. I wanted to play football. Sweat. Passion. The guys.

MOM
Girls love rock stars, too.

DAD
If they play real music.

P looks down. He sees Bex head toward the concessions.

P
Need drinks? Corndogs?

DAD
Teri?

P's mom pulls out a crisp twenty dollar bill. She shuffles through other twenties until she finds the most wrinkled one.

She hands it to P, saving the crisp one. P nods to Dad.

DAD (CONT'D)
Frito Pie - make sure they slather the chili and cheese, I don't want to be able to see underneath - and a Soda Bucket. They got Big Red?

P
Really?

DAD
What the hell's wrong with Big Red?

P turns to Mom.

MOM
Coors, please.

P
How ‘bout cream soda?

MOM
Harris, go with him for the beer.

Bex is halfway to the concessions, alone.

P
I want to make it easy on you both.

DAD
Wouldn’t you prefer a cream soda?

Mom opens her wallet.

MOM
I’ll put this twenty away.

MOMENTS LATER

P and Dad head toward the concession stand.

DAD
Christine’s wedding is Sunday. If you need to get clothes or anything tomorrow for the dance...

P
If I get a date I’ll let you know.

DAD
Chad, you know, his uncle growing up... He couldn’t find anyone to take to dances at your age. Not in high school either. Coulda had anyone, too. Running back. Good looking, that guy. Wasn’t ‘til much later he found... people he jibed with. Like him. Get what I mean?

P
I’m a loser and I won’t find anyone until I’m older?

DAD
No. What? This guy was...

Dad looks around, then leans in close.

DAD (CONT'D)
(whispers)
He's a... He likes-

P
I like girls, Dad.

DAD
Of course, of course. I was just checking in. Not that there would be anything wrong if you didn't like girls. It's the nineties. You can be anything these days.

Up ahead, P can just make out the back of Bex's head.

DAD (CONT'D)
I guess it's not so bad going stag. Plenty of unbridled fillies around.

P
Jesus Christ. Fillies?

DAD
Yeah, fillies. What do you call them? Chicks? What about her?

Dad points out a THIN GIRL.

P
High school.

DAD
Freshman?

P
Junior.

DAD
Her?

He points at a more age appropriate but even THINNER GIRL.

P
Not for me. She thinks metal sucks.

DAD
That music's holding you back. Her?

Dad points out the THINNEST GIRL yet, a cheerleader.

P
That's literally the varsity cheerleading captain.

DAD
Really? That short? Taken?

P
Preston Jacobs.

DAD
Makes sense. QBs always get the girls. Muscular but not too muscular. Handsome. Must be a DNA thing. You ever see an ugly quarterback? And they're never fat. Another benefit of playing.

P tugs the corners of his shirt taut. Bex is just ahead.

VOICE
(O.S.)
P!

P wheels. Mr. Welch approaches with a large, covered box.

MR. WELCH
Tough break yesterday. I shouldn't have spoken so openly in front of the class. Seen Bex around?

P
It's ok. And no.

MR. WELCH
Well, I doubt she's hiding. Ok, gotta finish setting up the, uh... halftime surprise.

He motions to the box he carries.

MR. WELCH (CONT'D)
Hope you enjoy. (*to Dad*) Mr. Richards.

Welch nods and smiles at Dad, then leaves.

DAD
Dr. Richards, you uncouth fuck. I'd bet money that St. John's makes sure their teachers know the station of their students' parents. Who's Bex?

P
Bex. Bex, Dad. You know who she is.

DAD
So what's the deal?

P
Nothing. I just gotta apologize.

Dad SIGHS.

DAD
You gotta be courteous to women. Be a mensch, right?

Dad points out different THIN GIRLS.

DAD (CONT'D)
Any one of these could be yours. You just gotta act right.

Dad spots a LARGER GIRL from behind buying cotton candy. He doesn't recognize her. He CHUCKLES and points his thumb.

DAD (CONT'D)
Some are easier to get than others.

P follows Dad's thumb to see Bex buying cotton candy. He quickly averts his gaze, focusing on a large locust shell on the ground. He scratches his whisker.

DAD (CONT'D)
Almost forgot.

Bex is gone. P looks around; she's nowhere.

DAD (CONT'D)
Happy belated birthday. Mom insisted on the ridiculous ribbon.

Dad hands P something. P looks upward at him.

EXT. HOMECOMING GAME - SHORT TIME LATER

P's face turns, scanning for Bex.

He walks past the concessions, past the restrooms, past everywhere. She vanished.

SIGHING, P turns around. Bex is right behind him.

P
Jesus Christ!

P jerks, Dr. Pepper sloshing out of his cup and onto his hand. Bex smiles.

BEX
I've been shadowing you for five minutes. Worth it.

She peers around him as he regains his wits.

BEX (CONT'D)
No Kev?

P
He's with his dad.

BEX
My condolences. To both of them.

P
You'd like him if you got to know him.

BEX
Yes, I've always thought that.

P LAUGHS.

P
Can I have some of your cotton candy?

BEX
Can I have some of your Dr. Pepper?

They swap. She makes a face.

BEX (CONT'D)
Is this diet?

P nods. Bex shrugs it off, drinks again.

BEX (CONT'D)
So? I've been tailing your ass. Who we looking for?

P
You.

Bex turns the cup vertical and drains the soda. She holds it above her mouth so that P can watch the last drops fall in.

BEX
Now I'm sad we're alone. You've been doing such a great job humiliating yourself in front of people.

P
That’s nothing new.

BEX
Mom still talks about Wetroplex.

P
Just your mom?

BEX
Oh, I do too. And my dad. And my sister. Some cousins.

P
Haven’t been to a waterpark since.

P smiles. He looks at the bright stadium lights in the distance. His face shifts.

BEX
What?

P
Just wondering if I’ll ever have lights like that shining on me.

BEX
Aren’t you planning to play next year?

P
I mean the band. You know Metallica played to 1.6 million people in Russia? Pantera played earlier in the day and their crowd was over 500,000. They’re from here and they played to over half a million fans going batshit for their music.

BEX
What was the song you wrote me in fifth grade?

P
Sunshine Heart.

Bex smiles.

BEX
I just wanted to see if you still remembered.

P
Thought I’d forget?

BEX
It’s not fifth grade anymore.

P
Know what I remember most about Wetroplex?

Bex looks at him like he’s a dumbass.

BEX
Shitting your swimsuit on the lazy river and then duck walking with the inner tube stuck on your ass so your suit wouldn’t fall off?

P
No one else would’ve laughed with me. No one else would’ve made me laugh.

Their eyes meet, connected. They look deep into each other, the moment suddenly intimate, close, and raw.

BEX
I missed you.

P pushes his purple beanie up. He puts a knee on the ground, raises the cotton candy like a proposal.

P
Will you go to the dance with me?

Bex is shocked.

BEX
You can’t use my cotton candy.

P stands, returns the cotton candy.

BOOM! A lone firework explodes, painting the sky.

BEX (CONT’D)
Whoa.

P
Mr. Welch’s surprise.

BOOM! BOOM! More fireworks. The glow paints their faces.

P’s eyes, naked and deep, connect with Bex’s.

P (CONT'D)
I think you feel sometimes you're the only one who knows how special you are.

BEX
Not when we were friends.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!

BEX (CONT'D)
Ok. The dance. Ok.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The finale of the fireworks. They burst in aggressive beauty.

P, overjoyed, SCREAMS excitedly into the air.

KEV
(O.S.)
P?

P turns. Kev is clearly worse for wear after his dad - he might've been crying.

KEV (CONT'D)
Thank God. Thought I was gonna find you with fuckin' Bex again.

BEX
Fuckin' Bex, huh?

Bex steps from behind P. Kev's face drains. He looks like he's been punched. He hurries away.

BEX (CONT'D)
I take it you didn't mention this.

P
Yeah. Seven tomorrow?

BEX
If that shit's squared by then.

MOMENTS LATER

BOOM! The last few fireworks ignite as Kev stomps ahead.

P
It's not what you think. Hey! It's not what you think.

Kev strides forward without turning.

KEV
Yeah? Well every time I turn my back for a fucking second you run to her.

P
You're my best friend, man. Swear.

Kev stops, closes his eyes. P catches up.`

KEV
Just tell me, man. The truth. Tell me.

P nervously stammers.

P
Wh-what? She- we're just friends.

KEV
Do you even like me anymore?

P breathes again, relieved.

P
Of course.

Kev LAUGHS bitterly, stomps forward.

KEV
Can't even be honest with me.

P
Did your dad fuck you up?

Kev wheels on him, eyes ringed red.

KEV
I love her, dude! I love her. Ok?

P
I told you, when we're eighteen I'll find a way for you to meet Carla-

KEV
Bex, man. Bex.

Kev storms toward their classmates ahead. P, dazed, follows.

P
Bex?

KEV
You think I'm stupid? Just friends my ass, fucking pal-ing it up with her like old times. You're going to be best friends forever and I'm not going to have either of you. Well, joke's on her 'cause you're chasing me and she's alone.

They reach their classmates, passing around a SODA BUCKET - a 96 oz. cup with a handle and lid. James offers P the bucket.

JAMES
Beer, P?

KEV
I'll have some.

JAMES
You fucked us, bro.

KEV
Just give me the fucking beer.

P nods at James. James gives Kev the bucket.

ROB
Going to the dance tomorrow, P?

ZACH
Taking Two Breakfast Bex?

P's head snaps toward Zach. The whole group of boys erupts in LAUGHTER. Kev stares at the ground.

ROB
Can you imagine? P going with "Double Quarter Pounder with Cheese" McDonald? Every dance would be a slow dance.

JAMES
Maybe it's true. You guys were best friends forever.

P pulls down his purple beanie, tries to play it cool.

P
As if.

KEV
Caught you alone with her twice today.

CLASSMATES
(like second graders)
Oooooooh!

P eyes Kev, hurt. A moment of guilt, then Kev steels himself.

James hands Kev the cup of beer. Classmates LAUGH and HOLLER.

Kev tilts his head back, drinks. Moonlight and floodlights paint P's face different hues.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Blue, red, white, yellow light flickers on P's face.

Bare Knuckle 3 (the import version of Streets of Rage 3), a video game, on the TV. The boss, a ridiculous gay stereotype named ASH, enters the fight.

P's purple beanie-framed face focuses intently on Ash's.

Ash is heavily muscled. Black goatee. Purple cop hat, black legless leotard, green stockings that end mid-thigh, and women's knee-high heeled boots.

A large gold women's symbol medallion hangs from Ash's neck.

P plays as BLAZE FIELDING, badass female cop in all red: miniskirt, boots, crop top.

KEV
You slipped. That's all I'm saying.

DIZZY
I'm sure you could see everything I did wrong from the sidelines.

P tries to ignore them. Onscreen, he expertly counters Ash's prancing kicks. Ash laughs effeminately.

KEV
My stomach hurts.

Kev walks behind Dizzy. He covertly rummages in his pillowcase, removes something. He exits.

P
You're right. The import version of this game is the shit.

Dizzy lowers his car magazine and watches the screen.

DIZZY
I kick this faggot's ass, like, everyday.

Blaze wins. Ash lies on the ground then sits up, sobbing.

Outside, a CAR STARTS and DRIVES OFF. P pauses the game, freezing Ash on the ground, mid-cry.

P
Your mom's leaving this late?

Dizzy stares at the window even after the curtains go dark.

DIZZY
My dad woulda gotten a kick out of him. He hates homos.

P
You can fight him now if you want.

P stands, puts the purple grape Tootsie pop in his mouth.

Dizzy raises the magazine.

DIZZY
Maybe later. If the mood hits. Get me a coke too. Not Coke.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

P closes Dizzy's door. The bathroom door opens.

Kev pulls him inside.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

P's surprised it doesn't smell bad.

P
Thought your stomach was fucked up.

Kev hands P a Penthouse magazine. August 1994. A black and white photo of a beautiful dark haired woman on the cover.

P (CONT'D)
You did take it.

Kev, angry, takes a breath to calm himself.

KEV
This is a peace offering. I was going to show you anyway, but I'm showing you now, so...

P
Listen, Bex-

KEV
You wanna look at this?

P shakes his head. Kev takes the magazine.

Kev listens at the door - no Dizzy. He removes a box of Q-Tips and a large bottle of hand soap from under the sink.

KEV (CONT'D)
Hold this.

He hands P a white first aid kit with a big red cross.

He pushes the magazine deep in the cabinet, replaces the other items, and shuts the door.

KEV (CONT'D)
Coming back?

P shakes his head.

P
Grab Dizzy a drink.

Kev leaves. P assesses his purple beanied reflection in the mirror. Pulls his shirt taut. He twists his arm, looking for definition.

He examines his lone whisker. It's starting to sprout.

MINUTES LATER

P's eyes peer out from behind the Penthouse.

First aid kit and other items on the counter.

He idly rubs his lone chin hair and examines the magazine. Flips through. Stops at a pictorial with a man and a woman.

P examines the images almost scientifically. Almost confused.

Quickly flipping through, he suddenly stops, captivated by two women kissing: Debbie and Draghixa.

His face changes. He CRUNCHES through the last bit of purple shell on the grape Tootsie pop, finally reaching the center.

He gazes at the two women kissing. His face soft, his eyes intense, searching. No lust.

P shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

He turns the page delicately, attention rapt, his world existing only within the two women's glossy paged fantasy.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

P returns to find Dizzy and Kev wrestling on the floor. Kev locks in a sleeper hold on Dizzy. Dizzy's face reddens as he struggles. Finally, he taps Kev.

DIZZY
Matté, matté. Fuck!

Kev releases. He opens a sweating Sprite, drinks.

KEV
Start Son In Law, bitch.

Dizzy reluctantly opens the Coke that Kev brought him.

DIZZY
No.

KEV
Wrestling for it was your suggestion. You're gonna welch now?

DIZZY
I don't want to see that stupid movie again. Back to the Future.

KEV
Fuckin' please.

DIZZY
In less than ten hours I get to ride in a DeLorean. Of all the cool cars in the world, I'd pick the DeLorean to ride in first, and for once, I'm gonna get what I want. And I wanna be hyped as fuck.

KEV
Bro, no one cares about that busted ass car outside of you and P.
(MORE)

KEV (CONT'D)
It looks like an industrial fridge with a windshield. It sucks, bro. I won. I want to watch Son in Law. I don't get to marry Carla in ten hours. You know how much I care about her. Let me have this. She's the girl of my dreams, the person I'd do anything to spend my life with. No one else comes close. She'll be an amazing mother. When we get married-

DIZZY
Wake up! She's famous. She's a fucking movie star and you're nobody. You never will be. Damn it. Get over it.

KEV
Fuck y-

DIZZY
I'm so fucking sick and tired of hearing you complain all the time like a bitch. I slipped at the game? *I* slipped? Bitch, at least I wasn't playing cheerleader on the sidelines. Fuck you and fuck Carla. You can't always get what you want.

Dizzy crashes out of the room, the door SLAMMING behind him.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
(O.S. from down the hall)
Fuck!

P
(to Kev)
Dude, what the fu-

The door flies open.

DIZZY
Why the fuck am I leaving? This is my fucking room. Y'all motherfuckers leave. Get the fuck out. Now.

Dizzy storms over, kicking the ground under their legs.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Get. The fuck. Out!

Dizzy turns the TV back to Bare Knuckle 3. The game's still paused, the effeminate Ash frozen mid-sob.

Dizzy snatches the controller as P and Kev shuffle out. He kicks the door shut.

INT. DIZZY'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

P and Kev enter. The air's heavy. P sits with his guitar.

He idly plays it as is, no amp.

P
Dizzy should focus on his love life, not yours.

Kev slowly slides down the wall until he reaches the floor.

KEV
Play something.

P flips the amp on. Clean channel. Neck pickup. He plays a melancholic, somewhat bluesy lick.

Kev closes his eyes. Guitar fills the room with shared pain.

Kev flips off the ceiling light, toggles the string lights lining the room. The warm glow offers barely more light than candles or a Christmas tree.

Kev picks up his bass, turns on his amp. He plucks a single rumbling, sustained note. He plays off P, driving the rhythm and weaving a harmony around P's notes.

Kev's groove in place, P plays a slow, sorrowful lead line.

Kev adds chords as P moves in and out of rhythm and lead.

Their eyes connect the way that can only happen with music. P nods slowly at Kev, whose mouth twists slightly.

P kicks to the distortion channel.

They play, charged. More complex than during practice, the sound intricate, thoughtful, and their own.

Building to a furiously beautiful climax, they hit their final notes in unison.

Kev leans back, shadows covering part of his face.

KEV (CONT'D)
Dad took my CDs.

P
You hung up at nine.

KEV
Same difference. Least he only got the wallet.

Back on the clean channel, P plays softly.

P
You're not Dave Mustaine, you know.

KEV
No. Bex was. I'm Kirk.

P
Well he's still in Metallica, yeah?

KEV
You like Megadeth more than Metallica. Look, I get it. I overreacted. My bad, bro. Just no more Bex tonight, 'k?

P nods. Few moments later:

P
How did you know Yentl?

Kev CHUCKLES quietly.

KEV
My aunt told me that one of my parents' last attempts at patching things up was weekly date nights. This was when I was almost two. So they went to Yentl because my dad's an idiot and doesn't know shit about movies. Midway through, my mom turns to my dad and tells him she wants a divorce. He stands up in the middle of the theater yelling like an asshole. You've heard him. People are screaming at him to shut the fuck up. They had to stop the movie. Now they're on their way to the car. My mom hasn't said anything since she said she wanted to get divorced. He finally asks her why. And she says, "I can't be myself with you."

P studies Kev's face as he plays.

KEV (CONT'D)
I wish I knew what she meant, what she wanted to be. But she died the next year. I watch Yentl a lot.

P
Never asked your aunt?

KEV
She moved back to Japan. Dad won't give me her number.

Kev leans into the light.

KEV (CONT'D)
Shadowking could be great, you know. That shit just now... People would die for us. We'd be all over the radio.

P
Imagine looking out from the stage knowing every single person there is with you, feeling what you feel.

KEV
Thinking we're gods.

Kev's bassline sounds similar to Nirvana. After a moment:

KEV (CONT'D)
Kurt fucked me up, man. How can you give that shit up? The adoration. The recognition. He had everything. Still... like he said in Scentless Apprentice: "You can't fire me because I quit". Fuckin' rock star move. Now they talk about his genius more than when he was alive.

P stops playing. He tugs at his purple beanie. Kev's bass provides a dark minor key warmth.

P
He hurt, man. You can laugh with your friends, or play music, tour the world... Anything. Everything's good then. In those moments - the good moments - the pain goes away. Until you remember it. Then in the moments between the laughs you remember it. Then you can't remember how to forget it.
(MORE)

P (CONT'D)
You can wish you were someone else, anywhere else, but that's not possible. So you push it back inside and keep it there and eventually that's all that's left. There was something beautiful once, but now it doesn't exist cause there's no more space to hold it.

KEV
Welcome to every night at my house.

P's soft CHORDS ring out as he speaks.

P
When I was four I wanted a Cabbage Patch Kid more than anything. So Christmas morning I'm tweaking not knowing which one I'll get 'cause I've seen neighborhood kids with all these cool ones - different hair, different clothes, all these colors and hairstyles. My friend Sarah had this girl with an orange jacket and sneakers; my next door neighbor Emily had one with big red hair. All of them were so bright and exciting and wonderful. So I'm eyefucking this big wrapped box under the tree while my parents make coffee; then my grandparents had to have breakfast. It's killing me. I don't think we got to presents until, like, 10:30.

KEV
Dude.

P
I know. Finally, I unwrap it and there it is. Brown hair. Blue overalls. Blue checked shirt. I think he had a red hat, maybe, but I lost it. I hated him. Why would anyone choose him? He was boring. Ugly. But I didn't want to be ungrateful, because I wanted a Cabbage Patch Kid so bad and I got one and my mom said my dad had gone all around and found the last boy doll in town. So I pretended I loved it.

(MORE)

P (CONT'D)
But every time I looked at it I knew it could've been better, but that's not what I was given. That was the first time I remember feeling The Grey. It was like I didn't know if the sun still existed. Even though it was out. Everything was just... cold, like I'd forgotten what warmth was and I didn't know how to remember the sun. Maybe Kurt couldn't remember either. Maybe all he knew was cold. You gotta know warmth to feel the sun.

KEV
Write that down. The last thing. Right now. Sick fucking lyric.

P
The folder's in the room.

Kev looks around. Nothing. P sees a NOTEBOOK by the drum kit.

P (CONT'D)
Dizzy's notebook.

Kev rips out a sheet of paper, hands it to P.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

P returns with a glass of water.

Dizzy and Kev begrudgingly co-exist. They're on the floor, not close but not separate.

Partially eaten bánh tét on plates, almost like a burrito. The tube of rice rests on the banana leaves. The pork is in the middle, surrounded by a layer of beans and then of rice.

They watch Naked Gun 33 1/3. Kev's eyes stay on the screen; every so often Dizzy's eyes drift to Kev.

P gets a CD wallet and yellow Sports Discman from his bag.

On the bunk, he removes a disc with a white, skeletal spiral. He adjusts headphones around his purple beanie.

Nine Inch Nails' "ERASER" starts, insects or aliens playing instruments made of straws until the drums start pounding.

P gazes at Anna Nicole Smith on the TV: Curvy. Beautiful.

He carefully takes out Dad's gift: two sealed envelopes tied with a bizarre ribbon: guitars alternating with the classic Groucho Marx black-glasses-big-nose-mustache disguise.

First letter is from Greentree Prep. Second is St. John's.

Greentree first: *We regret to inform...* P EXHALES in relief.

Jagged guitars crashing, the song's vocals start:

ERASER
Need you / Dream you / Find you /
Taste you / Fuck you / Use you /
Scar you / Break you

P quietly and meticulously peels open the St. John's letter.

Trembling, he unfolds the paper and reads: *CONGRATULATIONS!*

He closes his eyes slowly. DEEP BREATH.

Scans further: *The panel was particularly impressed by your distinct candor and courage; that confirmed you are St. John's material above any other factor.*

The song continues:

ERASER (CONT'D)
Lose me / Hate me / Smash me /
Erase me

P's eyes dart above the letter to his friends. Kev and Dizzy both LAUGH at the movie: resentment fades, smiles turn real. The song echoes P's thoughts:

ERASER (CONT'D)
Kill me / Kill me / Kill me

Kev blissfully eats the bánh tét, motions P to push his headphones back.

KEV
We'll have them at our feet, dude.

P weakly smiles. He puts the headphones on. Eraser continues:

ERASER
Kill me / Kill me / Kill me

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - MORNING

P wakes up alone. Q Lazzarus' GOODBYE HORSES plays faintly. He looks at the TV: the dance scene from The Silence Of The Lambs. Buffalo Bill, penis tucked, dances in his own skin.

NOISE outside - P pulls back the curtains: Kev and Dizzy play basketball. Back to normal.

He checks the time: 10:45. Only about 8 hours 'til the dance.

EXT. DIZZY'S DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

P exits the house with a Dr. Pepper. Dizzy, shirtless, tosses Kev the basketball. Kev misses.

DIZZY
That's K. You're a COCK, motherfucker!

P
(to Kev)
Got a sec?

KEV
After I exact my revenge.

DIZZY
Bring it. I ain't leaving this driveway until I'm in a DeLorean.

Dizzy swishes a three. Looks to the road. Checks his watch.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Four minutes. I love those doors. The weird-ass taillights. The frame was actually inspired by a Lotus Esprit. It was gonna have a rotary engine like the RX-7, which woulda been sweet. The car's underpowered, but whatever. Looks so goddamn cool. (*checks watch*) Three minutes.

P shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

P
Why is Silence of the Lambs on?

Kev and Dizzy LAUGH.

KEV
You catch the part in Naked Gun last night where Anna Nicole Smith had a dick?

P
The fuck?

KEV
You fell asleep. Full on Gonzo-nose cock. Shoulda rented The Crying Game, woulda had the trifecta.

P
Einhorn or Anna?

KEV
Anna. Got those thighs and those boobs. Thick ass. Dick, no dick, whatever. Course, if she had a dick y'all would never hear about it.

DIZZY
I wanna stop hearing about all the dudes pretending to be women that you'd fuck. 11:02. This is crap.

Dizzy checks his watch, then the road. Still no Miss World.

KEV
(quietly to P)
Bet you didn't see anything like that in the Penthouse.

P glares at Kev as Dizzy wheels on P, angry and pleading.

DIZZY
Dude. Please. My dad will beat my-

HONK!

Dizzy's head turns excitedly. With a blip of the horn, Mrs. D pulls in the driveway. Perfect timing.

She lowers the window. She looks and sounds exhausted. Dizzy runs over.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Mom, thank God you're here.

MRS. D
Get in. I need your help.

The color drains from Dizzy's face.

MRS. D (CONT'D)
Won't take long, I promise.

DIZZY
Please. Just hang out for a bit and then I'll do whatever you need, we can spend as much time as you want. Just not right now.

MRS. D
Uncle Chris-

DIZZY
Mom, for real. Not now. You have no idea. Please just stay for a bit. It's important. Please.

He looks to P and Kev for backup. They play invisible.

Mrs. D kills the engine. Dizzy knows to walk over. Her dark-circled eyes gaze heavily up at him.

MRS. D
I'm sorry to ask you, Philip.

Dizzy knows he's lost. He snatches his shirt off the ground. Mutters to P and Kev.

DIZZY
Please keep the DeLorean here as long as possible.

He turns away as a tear rolls down his cheek. He pulls the Judas Priest shirt on. They leave.

P
Can we talk about Bex?

KEV
Inside. (*seeing P's concern*) Miss World'll blast something heavy, we'll hear.

Kev walks inside. P watches Mrs. D's car shrink away.

INT. DIZZY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

P enters. Kev has the Penthouse. The White First Aid Kit sits on the counter.

Kev turns to the toilet paper bookmark: Debbie and Draghixa.

KEV
You like the lesbos kissing, huh?

P
It’s soft, somehow. Intimate. Not like a guy kissing a girl.

Kev finds a picture of a guy sitting, legs spread, while a girl kneels almost in praise, her head in his crotch.

KEV
Kissing? How ‘bout some girl straight up worshipping your cock.

P
Listen, about Bex... I want you to be happy. I want nothing more than for everyone in class to see you like I do. But I-

Kev juggles the magazine in his hands, feeling its weight.

KEV
I’m going to bring this to school. Blow everybody’s minds. James, Rob, Zach, all those fucks - they’ll be eating out of the palm of my hand. Britt might even give “Ken” a high five, that stupid bitch. You’ll know my name, asshole.

P
You gonna ask Dizzy? His dad’ll kill him.

KEV
My dad says asking forgiveness is better than asking permission.

P stands in the open bathroom door, craning his neck to hear.

P
Don’t take it.

KEV
Dizzy over me, huh?

P
Imagine if you caught shit from your dad cause of your friends.

Kev looks P straight in the eye.

KEV
That's every day of my life.

Kev shuts the magazine.

KEV (CONT'D)
I'm sick of being invisible. Why doesn't everyone see that I'm cool? What's wrong with them?

P
You've only been here one full year. Takes time. But listen, me and Bex-

KEV
You think less of me, huh? For liking Bex?

P
No, I...

KEV
I know she's big, but if you could see her like I do... I gotta be me, bro. My mom didn't have anything to fall back on but she left anyway. I gotta be me.

P leans on the counter to stabilize himself but something pokes him. He moves the white First-Aid kit out of the way.

KEV (CONT'D)
You really never knew?

P shakes his head.

P
Thought you were all about Carla.

KEV
You heard Dizzy... Carla Gugino's famous. I'm nobody. She's... that's for you guys. When I'm alone I think about Bex. Can't stop thinking about Bex. At first I think I was worried about losing you, so I kept comparing us and I was like... "Why would P ever pick me over her?" She's smart. Sexy. So goddamn funny. And she doesn't take shit from anyone, ain't afraid of anyone. Fuck; that's so hot.
(MORE)

KEV (CONT'D)
She wouldn't care for one second what the guys said about her. She knows she's hot shit. Plus you used to be super close with her and you, well... that's a hell of an endorsement. I thought maybe you two could be friends again if we got together.

Kev paces nervously.

KEV (CONT'D)
Fuck it. I'm gonna ask her to the dance. You think it's too late? She probably hates me. You think she hates me? She probably hates me. Maybe I should just ask her to dance once we're there so it seems spur of the moment. Would you put in a good word for me?

P
Uh... yeah. Yeah.

KEV
Thank God you fucked up your interviews. High school without you would be... I'm glad I can be myself with you, bro.

Kev grabs the Penthouse.

KEV (CONT'D)
Mind? I gotta shit.

INT. DIZZY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

P ambles into the room, dazed. He pulls the blinds, opens the window. Cool breeze briefly rustles in.

The driveway's empty. The air is quiet.

P raises his pillow: yearbook and lyrics folder underneath.

Yearbook first: he gazes at Bex's picture, a lot of complex shit behind his eyes.

He looks at the wall shared with the bathroom.

He shuts the yearbook, takes out the lyrics from last night.

The breeze rustles the paper. P looks outside: grey.

He HUMS a melody, but it's not right.

P
Something something I gotta know
warmth to feel the sun... covert
love pumps blood through chambers,
my heart a concealed gun- fuck,
that's terrible. Fucking awful.

He rolls onto his back holding the page above him, searching.

A dark spot shines through from the back. P flips it over. On the side, Dizzy drew a heart with "Kev" inside it.

WHOA - P's shocked.

The toilet FLUSHES. P's head snaps to the door then back to the heart on the paper.

He hurriedly gets another of Dizzy's notebooks from his desk. He inspects for drawings, hoping for a clean page. First page: nope. Second one: KEV + DIZZY. Third: both sides are clean.

He tears it out and places the notebook far back on the desk.

P copies the lyrics to the new page. Crumples the original.

EXT. DIZZY'S DRIVEWAY - FEW MOMENTS LATER

P tosses the crumpled paper in the trash can.

Mrs. D pulls into the driveway. Dizzy hops out before the car's fully stopped. He rushes to P, tying to remain calm.

DIZZY
So?

Kev exits the house as Mrs. D pulls away. Dizzy wheels.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Mom, wait!

Mrs. D is already down the street.

KEV
She came, bro. It was awesome.

P watches Dizzy's face subtly contort with emotion.

P
She didn't come yet, man. You
didn't miss it.

Dizzy drops to his knees, overcome.

KEV
(to P)
Bro, you ruined it.

Dizzy looks up at Kev, absolutely wrecked. Quietly:

DIZZY
Why'd you fuck with me, prick?

P's eyes move slowly from Dizzy to Kev.

He runs into the house.

KEV
C'mon, you still love me. Friends?

Kev offers a hand to Dizzy, who slaps it away.

Dizzy pushes himself off the ground. He walks to the end of the driveway. Looks down the street in case anything's new.

After a few moments he walks back, kicking a small rock. It lands in the center of the driveway.

P exits with a Sprite for Dizzy.

DIZZY
I wish this bitch would get here.

He throws his Judas Priest tee down, grabs the basketball.

KEV
I wish you'd stop being a bitch.

Eddie Van Halen's OUT THE WINDOW cuts the thick air as the GROWLING TANDEM of guitar and DeLorean turn onto the street.

Dizzy's face bursts alive. He grabs his shirt from the side of the driveway, pulling it on as he runs.

The DeLorean stops. Miss World steps out, a large yellow sunflower clip in her hair.

DIZZY
Me first, please.

Miss World LAUGHS.

MISS WORLD
Let me meet your parents.

Dizzy's face falls. P looks at him sympathetically.

INT. DELOREAN - SHORT TIME LATER

The DeLorean ROARS throatily as it hurtles down the street. Scattered leaves RUSTLE in its wake.

BOYS
Yeahhhhhhh!

The boys SCREAM excitedly. P sits in front. Kev and Dizzy kneel in the small rear bulkhead.

Miss World eyes them. P feels the car accelerate. Miss World focuses ahead.

MISS WORLD
You want to see the future, boys?

They LAUGH.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
If my calculations are correct, when this baby hits eighty eight miles per hour you're going to see some serious shit.

DIZZY
Faster.

The DeLorean tears down the wide street, a perfect runway. Engine strains louder. P watches the speedometer. 45. 50. 57.

MISS WORLD
What do you want to see Dizzy?

DIZZY
My car collection.

MISS WORLD
Kev?

KEV
The birth of my son.

The car ZOOMS faster.

MISS WORLD
P?

P doesn't answer.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
Seventy five, P.

P braces, tense and nervous.

P
I don’t like to think about the future.

MISS WORLD
Worried about what you’d see?

KEV
Probably worried he’ll be dead.

P and Miss World’s eyes fly to Kev. The car decelerates sharply.

KEV (CONT’D)
Buffalo Bill’s gonna murder him and turn him into a dress.

P LAUGHS like, “You idiot.”

P
He only kills women.

KEV
You’re gonna rub the lotion all over your skin, you don’t want *that* hose.

DIZZY
You’re the one that wants to fuck Einhorn.

Miss World’s brows furrow.

MISS WORLD
Boys-

KEV
Buffalo Bill is a dude that sews skin clothing. Einhorn is a chick with a dick. Big difference.

DIZZY
Still a man.

MISS WORLD
Really, let’s not-

P
Don’t know, bro. It’s in the name - “chicks with dicks”. Chicks. Women.

DIZZY
You wouldn’t feel that way if you pulled off some girl’s panties and boom! Massive dong in your face.

MISS WORLD
(forcefully)
What’s your dream car collection?

Dizzy lights up.

DIZZY
I’ll have one of these for sure.

P looks at his reflection in the side mirror.

EXT. DIZZY'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

The DeLorean returns. Metal BLARES out the open windows.

Miss World parks at the edge of the driveway. The smiling boys exit the car.

P
Time?

DIZZY
2:06.

P shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers. He tries to get Kev’s attention.

Miss World’s still in the DeLorean. She fidgets back and forth, chewing her lip with a conflicted look.

DIZZY (CONT’D)
(O.S.)
You want a drink or anything?

She starts, jarred from her thoughts by Dizzy at the window.

MISS WORLD
Where’s the nearest gas station?

DIZZY
Bout ten minutes from here.

Miss World looks pained. She fidgets more in her seat.

DIZZY (CONT’D)
You gotta pee?

MISS WORLD
I can make it ten minutes.

She puts the car in gear. Dizzy's eyes widen.

DIZZY
Wait! Don't leave. Please, I want to get a picture with it.

MISS WORLD
I really have to go.

DIZZY
I have a Polaroid, it'll be super quick. You can pee here, it's no problem. Please. My dad will think it's the coolest thing.

She assesses him cautiously. In almost a pained whisper, he pleads innocently.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Please.

Slightly shaking her head as if it's a bad idea, Miss World get out of the car. Dizzy sprints ahead, returns quickly with the Polaroid camera.

At the door, he points to the main bathroom.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Guest bathroom's right there. Lotsa different cokes in the fridge - Dr. Pepper, Sprite... actual Coke, if you want.

Miss World enters.

Dizzy strips his Judas Priest tee, throws it on the driveway. It lands on the small rock from before.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Take my picture, P.

P turns, about to talk to Kev.

P
Gimme a sec.

DIZZY
She's about to leave. Now or never.

P reluctantly leaves Kev. He snaps a couple pics of Dizzy.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Get one with me and Kev.

Kev joins Dizzy at the car. P snaps one.

P
Hold on.

He steps backward, trying to frame up a little wider.

His foot contorts around the shirt and rock. He falls hard, staring into the yellow "JUDAS" poking out from the black.

INT. DIZZY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

An empty Band-Aid Box being shaken.

Damp paper towel on his arm, P returns the box to the drawer. A small red spot grows on the paper towel.

P checks a couple other drawers. Nothing. He remembers:

P
First aid kit.

He walks toward Dizzy's bathroom door. Reaches for the knob.

He's about to grab it when he notices the door's closed. The light's on and the fan's running: Miss World.

P shakes his head, smiles - close call. He turns to the other bathroom; maybe it has a first aid kit too.

The paper towel's getting more red.

P hurries toward the door, reaches for the knob.

INT. DIZZY'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bathroom, the door opens quickly. P steps in; stops dead. His face contorts in shock and embarrassment.

P
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry.

He quickly shuts the door.

EXT. DIZZY'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - COUPLE MINUTES LATER

The door slowly opens a tiny bit. A sliver of Miss World's face timidly peers through the crack. She sees P nearby.

The door shuts quickly.

P
I didn't know you were in that bathroom, I swear.

No answer. After a few moments:

MISS WORLD
Did you call the cops?

P
What?

The door cracks open.

MISS WORLD
Are you trying to keep me here until they come?

P looks genuinely confused.

P
Why would I call the cops?

MISS WORLD
C'mon. The Crying Game yesterday, then all that stuff in the car about Silence of the Lambs and chicks with dicks? That wasn't a casual conversation you have in front of someone you've just met.

P LAUGHS momentarily, but stops himself.

P
No, that was just... my friends are idiots.

He pauses, smile dropping.

P (CONT'D)
If you thought that we... knew about you, why'd you use the bathroom?

The door opens more.

MISS WORLD
I pee a lot now. Side effect.

P
Why didn't you use the other one?

MISS WORLD
It smelled.

P hovers near the door. Miss World looks embarrassed and scared. Her voice is quiet.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
P?

P
Yeah?

MISS WORLD
May I please leave?

P's mouth drops slightly open as he finally realizes he's inadvertently trapping her.

EXT. DIZZY'S DRIVEWAY - COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Dizzy talks to Kev by the DeLorean.

DIZZY
...honestly, even in '81 there were faster and better cars, but the cool thing with the DMC 12 is...

The front door opens. Miss World walks directly toward the car but stops, noticing Dizzy and Kev.

She moves away from the door but not quite toward the car, unsure of where to go.

Dizzy notices. He walks toward her.

KEV
(loudly)
Damn, my stomach again.

Kev exits.

Miss World stiffens as Dizzy approaches, quickly wiping her wet eyes. He stands next to her. They face the car. He eventually speaks, voice soft.

DIZZY
You never see these cars outside of the movies. They were only made for a couple years - there were three model years, '81-'83, but production was only for two - same time we were all born.
(MORE)

DIZZY (CONT'D)
And you know there's others out there, thousands of them, but you never see them in person. To the point where you wonder if it's all a joke. Like there's just a few left and you'll never, ever see any of them.

Dizzy gazes into Miss World's red-ringed eyes.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Thank you. This was... a really incredible day.

Miss World EXHALES.

Dizzy takes a final look at the DeLorean, running his hand gently over the angular lines of the steel. He walks to the basketball hoop as P exits the house.

P hands Miss World a Dr. Pepper and a Kleenex.

P
For the road. I didn't mess with them or anything.

She dabs her eyes with the Kleenex, then turns her gaze to the cool grey sky.

She cracks the soda open, takes a long swallow.

MISS WORLD
What's the hardest thing you've ever had to do, P?

P
Live.

Miss World closes her eyes.

She removes the yellow sunflower clip from her hair. Breeze rushes through her freed curls as they fall to her shoulder.

She opens her eyes slowly and meets P's gaze.

MISS WORLD
Same.

Her eyes remain fixed on the cloudless grey expanse.

MISS WORLD (CONT'D)
I used to not like thinking about the future either. But here I am. Here I still am.

P nods, clearly affected, as Miss World opens the DeLorean and steps mostly inside.

P
You met the girl I like at the video store. Bex. She said yes.

Miss World stops, unable to move for a second. Her eyes well. The faintest tinge of a smile, then she pulls the gull-wing door closed with a THUNK.

EXT. DIZZY'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The DeLorean starts up, a THICK RUMBLE. Dizzy approaches P.

DIZZY
What the hell did you say to her before?

The DeLorean drives away.

KEV
(O.S.)
Yo, P, can we talk for a sec?

Kev's in the doorway. P runs over. Kev speaks quietly.

KEV (CONT'D)
Where's the Penthouse?

P
I don't know.

Kev's still quiet but louder than before.

KEV
Dude, where's the fucking Penthouse?

DIZZY
(O.S.)
You showed it to him?

Dizzy's behind them, trapping P between him and Kev.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
I told you to put it back. Why didn't you do it yet?

P stares at Kev.

DIZZY (CONT'D)
Hey.

P
I did.

DIZZY
Thank God.

KEV
You put it back?

P
Let it be, man.

DIZZY
I thought you took it.

KEV
I took it.

DIZZY
But you knew how important... my dad, man.

Kev turns to P.

KEV
And you know how important it is to me.

P
His dad, dude.

KEV
What about my fucking dad?

P
I just... listen, we'll come up with another plan for school.

DIZZY
School?

KEV
We saw how well your plan worked last time, so...

P
You don't know, man.

DIZZY
What does school have to do with the Penthouse?

KEV
What don't I know?

P looks at Dizzy.

KEV (CONT'D)
What don't I know?

DIZZY
What the fuck does school have to do with the Penthouse?

KEV
I was going to show the guys.

DIZZY
You were going to take my dad's shit to school? Without asking?

KEV
I'm sorry, dude. (*to P*) Nice.

P
I was trying to throw you a bone.

Kev pushes P.

KEV
Throw me a bone?

P
Don't touch me, dude.

KEV
I need you to throw me a bone?

P
When's the last time you saw his dad, man? Not everything is about you.

P tries to push past Kev, but Kev blocks him.

KEV
It is for me.

P
Let me through.

P tries to brush past again, but Kev pushes him back.

P (CONT'D)
Let me through, bitch.

P pushes faster this time, but Kev shoves him back.

P stumbles backwards. He trips down the steps, smacking face first on the concrete.

KEV
Fuck.

P lies motionless.

DIZZY
P?

P MOANS. Dizzy helps him roll into a seated position.

P feels his forehead. Blood trickles out under the beanie.

KEV
Dude, I'm so sorry.

P strains to his feet. He uses whatever strength he can muster to pull his shirt taut. He staggers to the doorway.

He looks Kev in the eye. Kev steps aside. P goes to the

BATHROOM

The cabinet's wide open, the contents on the floor. P unclasps the first aid kit. He dabs at his face with gauze as Dizzy enters. Kev watches from the doorway.

P
Wanna go to the dance, Dizzy?

DIZZY
With you? I don't swing that way.

P LAUGHS painfully.

P
I already have a date.

KEV
You have a date?

DIZZY
Who?

P looks into the reflection of his bleeding face. A dark spot has formed on the purple beanie.

P
Bex.

KEV
But... I was going to ask her.

DIZZY
(to Kev)
Bex?

P
I asked her at the game. She wouldn’ta said yes to you anyway.

KEV
Fuck you, dude.

DIZZY
You wanted to go with Bex?

P
She doesn’t like you.

KEV
Yeah? How do you know?

DIZZY
Kev?

P
She doesn’t.

KEV
All I wanted was a nudie mag to take to school to finally, finally be treated like I deserve and not be hidden behind you. But no. Dizzy’s dad might come back. Dizzy’s dad, Dizzy’s dad, Dizzy’s dad. You wanna know what woulda happened if Dizzy’s dad came back? Nothing. Because he ain’t coming back next week, and even if he did, he wouldn’t notice one magazine out of the massive stack of porno in there. But you took it from me anyway. Let’s keep Kev in his place at school, can’t let anyone else see that Kev’s cool. Nah. Set him up in front of the whole class, make him look like a fucking idiot. You can’t even let me go to the dance with Bex even though you ditched her the moment I showed up. ‘Course, you weren’t man enough to tell me you’d already asked her when I told you I love her.

Dizzy stares at Kev, breaking. He rushes out of the cramped bathroom and into his room.

P
I love her too.

KEV
Isn't that convenient.

NOISES through the walls: shit being thrown.

It sounds like Dizzy's CRYING among all the CRASHES.

P
You should apologize to him.

KEV
Don't tell me who to apologize to.

P
This is all fucked. I'm sorry, dude. Truly. I was going to tell you but then you told me you loved her, and... You're my best friend, man. And I'm yours. I'm still here for you. Anything that happens at school, or with your dad, or-

KEV
My dad. God, my fuckin' dad. If you knew, man. If you knew. He doesn't hate you, you know.

P
What?

Dizzy bursts from the room, CRYING audibly past the bathroom.

KEV
That asshole loves you. Every day: "Why can't you be like P? P's such a good athlete, maybe he could show you some things. Bring him around more, toss the ball around. P's favorite food is sushi, why don't you love sushi?" Fucking prick. What the fuck is wrong with me? What's so much better about you? Maybe you should go somewhere else next year.

P looks toward the open door, then back at Kev.

P
I got into St. John's.

Sounds of a KNOB JIGGLING down the hall.

KEV
You're leaving?

P nods, a trickle of blood running from his temple.

KEV (CONT'D)
I can't make it through high school alone. You gotta stay.

P
Dizzy cares about you, man.

KEV
Yeah, well, Dizzy's never going to be you.

Dizzy's SOBS turn both P and Kev's heads. He stands in the doorway, a bundle of Penthouses in his arms. He heard.

Tears stream down his face. He motions the Penthouses to Kev.

DIZZY
Here. Take them, they're yours. I'll tell my dad I took them, or... It'll be ok, I swear. I'll work it out. Here, take them. Take them.

Dizzy holds the magazines out, sniffling. Kev LAUGHS quietly.

KEV
Maybe this is why my mom killed herself.

P stares at Kev while Dizzy quietly cries.

INT. DAD'S CAR - EVENING

P stares out the window. Small purple bandage on his temple. Hair in a tight ponytail.

He's dressed for a dance - jacket, slacks, nice shoes - but a black My Dying Bride shirt pokes through from underneath.

He clutches a small yellow rose.

DAD
After the dance I'd love your opinion on the Wellington. Tester came out perfect, if I do say so.

P nods.

DAD (CONT'D)
Do you think I should have brought a piece for... name again?

P
Bex, Dad. Bex. We were super close for, like, six years. Bex McDonald.

DAD
Oh, McDonald. Mark's her dad, right? Handsome guy. Strong. He was a tight end in college. You can tell by that wife of his. Well, good. Now, remember: respect, respect, respect. Women always deserve your respect.

They stop at a red light. P spins the flower, examining it.

DAD (CONT'D)
Oh, look at this. Look at this.

P looks up. A slightly plump woman walks in the crosswalk.

DAD (CONT'D)
Bet I know where that cow's going. Disgusting.

Dad motions to the other side: a Pizza Hut in a strip mall.

P SIGHS, shrinks into the seat. Dad turns to him, smiling.

DAD (CONT'D)
I know you wanted your mom to drive you, but I had to do the honors. My son taking a beautiful girl to a dance is a big deal.

He pats P on the leg. The light turns green.

DAD (CONT'D)
Remember what the man said: "Be a mensch." Respect and dignity: every woman deserves both.

P scratches his chin hair. He looks out the window as they pass a red light.

EXT. BEX'S HOUSE - EVENING

The red taillights flush with light as the car stops.

P exits. He pulls his shirt taut. The same for his jacket.

He climbs the steps, pulls his shirt taut again by the door.

He shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers. Rings the doorbell. He glances at the car. Dad gives a thumbs up.

The door opens. Bex is radiant. She looks him over, smiles.

BEX
Nice shirt.

P
For you.

P extends the yellow rose. She takes it, admiring it. He smiles at her. She notices the bandage.

BEX
The fuck happened to your face?

P
Always wanted to hear you say that to me. You look beautiful.

She gazes down.

BEX
Before we go, I... You caught me off guard a bit yesterday. I was surprised and just... it was so out of the blue.

P
I wanted to tell you for so long.

BEX
I want to go to the dance with you. But I'd like to go as friends.

P's smiles falls. He glances at the car. Dad isn't looking. He pulls his shirt/jacket taut. Bex puts her hand on his arm.

P
I know it wasn't cool that I kinda dropped out of your life.

BEX
P-

P
Hold on. I know it wasn't cool. But I won't do that again. I promise.

BEX
Good. Because I want my best friend back. But it's not about you.

P
Do you like someone else?

BEX
Not exactly.

P
Do you like Kev?

Bex LAUGHS loudly.

BEX
Kev? I'd rather eat a bag of dicks.

P
Then who?

Bex searches in his eyes. Finally:

BEX
I don't like guys.

P's blank, then puts it together in a rush.

BEX (CONT'D)
You can't tell anyone.

P
You're a lesbo...an?

BEX
A lesbo-an? Really?

P
At least I didn't shit my pants.

Bex GIGGLES.

BEX
You're an idiot. Don't tell anyone.
Please?

P
Swear.

BEX
Wow, that feels good. Ok. You wanna
do this?

P studies Bex's happy, relieved face. He gently rubs the purple bandage and smiles, but not out of happiness.

P
I think I might stay in, actually.

BEX
You sure? I'm still gonna go, so if you change your mind...

P nods. He turns toward the car. A tear carves down his face toward his chin. It runs by his short whisker, then plummets. Without turning:

P
Bye, Bex.

INT. DAD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

P enters the car. Bex still stands in the doorway.

DAD
She gained weight.

INT. P'S BATHROOM - LATER

A plate with a barely eaten piece of Beef Wellington on the counter. The beef at the center looks perfect and preserved.

P stands in front of the mirror, his jacket and slacks crisp. He judges himself.

He opens the Suicide Drawer.

He places each item ceremoniously on the counter - notepad, pen, sunglasses, knife.

The Zippo gleams as P shuts the drawer with it inside.

He writes with conviction in the notepad.

RING. The cordless phone illuminates. P checks the caller ID: PONDHILL SCHOOL. P clicks "Talk". LOUD MUSIC and TEENAGE VOICES blast out.

Whole scene: only P is onscreen.

KEV
So you are at home.

P
Yeah.

KEV
Bex looks hot.

P
Yeah.

A pause, then:

KEV
Thanks, bro. It takes a real man to step aside like this.

P doesn't answer.

KEV (CONT'D)
Look. I'm sorry for how today went down. Let's make the rest of this year the best we can before you head to St. John's. Cool?

P
Yeah.

KEV
Alright. I'm going to find Bex. Wish me luck.

P hangs up. He writes a final line in the notepad. Puts down the pen.

P pulls his tee and jacket taut, eyes himself in the mirror. He shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers.

He picks up the knife. He pulls open the longest blade, rotating the knife in his hands.

RING. The phone rings again. Caller ID: PONDHILL SCHOOL.

P
We're cool, Kev.

BEX
(imitating Kev)
Bro, thanks, bro. I, like, totally deserve your best friendship and stuff. (*back to normal*) You ok?

P
Yeah.

Bex waits.

P (CONT'D)
I'm ok.

BEX
Hey, this might seem silly, but, uh... who was that lady?

Bex sounds somewhat coy and unsure for the first time.

P
Who?

BEX
The tall one you talked to. With the curls and the VCR. The pretty one.

P's face shifts. He meets his reflection's eyes.

BEX (CONT'D)
P?

P
A friend.

Bex SIGHS wistfully.

BEX
She was cool.

P hangs up. He looks himself up and down in the mirror. Picks up the knife. Brings it toward himself. Snaps the blade shut.

He gathers the notepad, pen, sunglasses, and knife and exits the bathroom, shutting the door. The empty bathroom is quiet. The mirror's expanse is barren without a subject.

P's been gone too long.

Finally, the knob turns. P timidly opens the door. The door's mirror is visible, displaying the DeLorean poster perfectly.

Standing at the sink he's surrounded by his reflection in front of him and the DeLorean behind. He drops a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER on the counter.

He wears only underwear - black briefs - and a thin tank-style undershirt. A band of flesh between the briefs and the too-short singlet. His exposed abdomen trembles in the soft light.

He unfolds the paper: Debbie and Draghixa gently kiss. He studies them quietly. Assesses himself.

He slowly shakes his arm, extending and curling his fingers. It's new this time - light and fluid. Graceful.

He looks, transfixed, as his arm moves with new life. He watches his arm lightly glide to his razor.

He delicately shaves his lone whisker 'til his chin's completely smooth. He touches his face, examining his features softly.

He gingerly removes the purple bandage. The dull purple bruise no longer bleeds.

He pulls the hair tie from his ponytail. His hair cascades out, a beautiful bounce of curls just above his shoulder.

He presses his waist inward to narrow it, feigning wider hips; a more feminine look.

He strokes his smooth leg past the black briefs that in this light with this pose look undeniably like panties.

Trailing fingers move delicately up his abdomen. The slight softness and give of the smooth belly rebound effortlessly as the finger glides past.

He cups his slightly plump pec. It takes form under the thin shirt, the echo of a female breast.

He presses PLAY on the CD player, skips to track two. Hole’s “MISS WORLD” starts to play.

She continues to examine herself, mesmerized by the surprise her body offers.