

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

AT THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL

FICK (17), dark hair, skinny punk, like a young Johnny Knoxville but with bad hygiene, skateboards down sidewalks, stairs, rails, etc.

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD

SHAT (17), dirty blonde, quarterback, real GQ-type, in a mesh practice jersey, gets the snap. PLAYERS scatter.

AT THE TENNIS COURTS

Fick skates through tennis practice. Ten PLAYERS flick him off, curse and try to hit him with balls as Fick flips them off as he exits.

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD

All players covered, Shat can't throw. He avoids a sack then runs.

ON THE TRACK

Fick kicks up the end of his board then walks toward the inner edge of the track that surrounds the football field.

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD

Shat gets tackled at the sideline and fumbles the ball.

Fick lights a cigarette, takes a long, deep drag as the FOOTBALL bounces, rolls then stops at his feet.

Shat gets up and heads toward Fick but stops short when he Fick picks up the football.

Shat grins and gestures for the ball. Fick chuckles.

FICK  
You want it?

Fick stabs the football with his pocket knife. It DEFLATES.

FICK (CONT'D)  
You got it.

Fick tosses the limp ball to Shat's feet, exhales his last drag towards Shat's face then flicks the cigarette at him. DEUCES and an joker's grin, then he skates away.

Shat picks up the limp ball, angrily looks at it, then groans as he turns to address the audience.

SHAT

That was Fick. He's not so bad... all the time. Actually, we really aren't that different. Let me take you back to about twenty five years ago, then you'll understand. Um... maybe.

INT. HALLWAY, SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK 1980'S)

SCHOOL BELL sounds. Classroom doors burst open. Acid washed jeans, mullets, hi top fades and leathers jackets spill out.

TEENAGE BETHANY (17), lots of sex appeal, her midriff showing, smiles and waves at random guys as she bounces down the hall - *Popular girl* - as...

SHAT (V.O.)

Our mothers met their junior year of high school. Bethany was the "it" girl, but there was something she was missing.

INT. GYMNASIUM, SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

TEENAGE DANIELLA (17), girl next door type, sits on the ground and stretches.

Teenage Bethany walks up and stops in front of Teenage Daniella who then sits up and smiles.

Re: Daniella's smile. Bethany sits on the ground, aligns the bottom of their feet, and extends her arms. They lock hands and start to chat as they stretch as...

SHAT (V.O.)

Someone to influence, to mold into that perfect friend. Someone that looked up to her and wanted to be like her. A side kick that would be by her side in good times and bad, but never be quite as good as her... in her eyes that is.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Teenage Daniella, and Teenage Bethany, in pajamas, sit at the end of a bed. Daniella paints Bethany's toe nails as Bethany talks on the phone.

SHAT (V.O.)

Bethany chose Daniella to be her second-rate it girl. It seemed, to her, like she couldn't have found a better friend.

Bethany makes a funny face then quickly hangs up the phone. They bust out laughing.

SHAT (V.O.)

From then on, they were inseparable.

Bethany's laughing calms and she EYES Daniella, eyes shut, sinisterly as Daniella continues to laugh hysterically.

EXT. FRONT YARD, HOUSE - DAY

Teenage Daniella and Teenage Bethany, in prom attire, stand with TEENAGE DATES (17), males in prom attire, who slide corsages onto the girls' wrists.

SHAT (V.O.)

There wasn't anything one of them did without the other by their side. Well, mostly nothing.

WOMAN gestures for them to take a picture. All four group together, and the picture is taken.

Bethany gently pushes her date away, then turns to Daniella. Off that, Daniella does the same and they pose for their own picture.

EXT. POOL SIDE - DAY (EARLY 90'S FLASHBACK)

ADULT BETHANY and ADULT DANIELLA (24) lounge pool side. A plate with several lines of cocaine, a rolled up bill, and two large margaritas sit within reach between them.

Bethany sits up, then snorts a line. She pushes the plate to Daniella who hesitates but then sits up and snorts a line.

YOUNG FRANCISCO (22), shirtless, tanned and muscular, stops with his back turned to them, extends a pole/net, and cleans leaves off the pool surface.

Bethany and Daniella both eye Francisco as...

BETHANY  
It's a beautiful day.

DANIELLA  
Yes, it is.

Bethany and Daniella drink their margaritas in silence a beat as they watch Francisco clean the pool water.

BETHANY  
Are you guys planning anything for your anniversary?

DANIELLA  
No. He's out of town on business this whole next week.

BETHANY  
(grinning)  
Mine too.

Bethany gets up, walks up behind Francisco and puts her arms around his waist. Daniella jealously eyes them.

Francisco grins, continues to scan the surface as Bethany giggles, runs her hands along his chest.

Francisco glances at a sneering Daniella from the corner of his eye. Off that, Francisco puts his arm around Bethany then begins to walk away so that Bethany follows.

SHAT (V.O.)  
Unless of course, guilty by association just isn't harsh enough and first degree murder seemed a better way to solidify a friendship and end joint partnerships. But, anyway...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

High-class furniture. Window looks out onto a large yard with a rod iron gate at the end of a long drive. This couple has money.

HUSBAND 1 (30), Bethany's, in an unbuttoned shirt and loose tie, angrily paces.

Bethany, in a teddy and robe, casually sits, slowly exhales. The SMOKE hovers in the air between them as Bethany rotates her extremely large wedding band.

Husband 1 suddenly stops.

HUSBAND 1  
Are you gonna tell me the truth?!

Bethany just glares, takes another drag.

Husband 1 resumes pacing. His fingertips grip at his chin and forehead in thought.

Bethany watches, her drags long and smooth as if calm, but her blinking EYES tell a different story.

Husband 1 suddenly stops again, points his finger and shakes it with every following word.

HUSBAND  
You're an addict, and you're a slut! So help me God, if I-if someone tells me-No! WHEN I find out, you'll never EVER get to see your son again!

Bethany lowers her gaze, takes a long drag, then exhales slowly toward Husband.

BETHANY  
(eerily calm)  
Over your dead body.

HUSBAND  
Really? Over my dead body? You're nothing without me!

Bethany chuckles, sighs, then stands.

BETHANY  
I'm sorry you feel that way.

Bethany flicks her cigarette at his chest. The CHERRY bursts.

Bethany exits as...

HUSBAND 1  
I've been nothing but good to you.  
I don't deserve this.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Bethany and Daniella glove their hands as they look into the backseat at BABY FICK (1) and BABY SHAT (1).

BETHANY

Sit tight, kiddos. This won't take long.

DANIELLA

(to Bethany)

Are you sure about this?

BETHANY

Yes! Considering you're in the same boat with me, you shouldn't even be second-guessing this!

Bethany rolls her eyes. Daniella reluctantly sighs but then exits after Bethany exits the car...

Baby Fick and Baby Shat COO as if talking to each other and "watch" from their POV in the car...

Bethany and Daniella go inside the house then into a well lit room with a large window where HUSBAND 1 & 2 play cards.

Husbands, not happy, put their cards down and turn toward them. Bethany and Daniella smile, strike up a chat.

Suddenly, Bethany pulls out a small GUN from her clutch purse. Husbands quickly stand, gesture "no."

Bethany shoots Husband 1 in the head, then hands the gun to Daniella as the other Husband 2, hands raised, backs away.

Daniella aims the gun.

A SHOT to his chest then Daniella's hands shake as she slowly lowers the gun and Bethany golf claps.

SHAT (V.O.)

Apparently, neither marriage was working out quite as planned. Too bad no one had thought up divorce insurance back then, or their decision might have been different.

Bethany plants the gun on Husband 1 as Daniella helps to arrange what would appear to the untrained eye to be a murder-suicide.

Daniella and Bethany smoke as they look over the crime scene.

SHAT (V.O.)

They thought they had set up the perfect murder-suicide. It seemed, to them, the best way to keep their money, their lives, and their kids.

Daniella and Bethany put their cigarette BUTTS out in an ashtray on the table.

SHAT (V.O.)

Little did they know, those two cigarette butts they left behind would be all the prosecutors needed to place them at the scene, and put them away for a very long time.

SLOW MO: Bethany and Daniella exit the front door, remove their gloves, head back to the car as...

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

But what would become of the two now supposedly fatherless children you may ask? After that night, we had an unspoken bond, and, as fate would have it, time could only keep us apart for so long.

INT. PRISON, VISITOR SIGN IN - DAY

Back to present day...

Fick, in torn jeans and TOOL T-shirt, approaches -

RECEPTIONIST 1, burly, intimidating woman, sits behind a counter with a thick, glass partition.

RECEPTIONIST 1

Name?

FICK

The name's Fick Thusman.

Receptionist 1 types, prints a paper, then slides it to him.

RECEPTIONIST 1

Door to your right.

Receptionist 1 waves Fick off as he grabs the paper then exits.

Shat, clean-cut and in slacks, approaches the counter. Receptionist 1 smiles.

RECEPTIONIST 1 (CONT'D)

Your name, please.

SHAT

Shat Hippens, ma'am.

Receptionist 1 types, prints a paper as...

RECEPTIONIST 1  
You look very handsome. I'm sure  
your mother enjoys every visit.

Receptionist 1 smiles, slides the paper to Shat.

SHAT  
Thanks.

INT. PRISON, VISITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

AT BETHANY'S TABLE

Bethany (40), thirty pounds heavier, Fick's mother, grins.  
Fick slumps down into the chair.

BETHANY  
I'm glad you finally decided to  
come back to see me. It's been a  
long time.

Bethany extends her hand to Fick.

FICK  
Have you lost weight? Or did your  
head bigger?

Fick shoots her a cocky grin. Off that, Bethany glares and  
retracts her hand.

AT DANIELLA'S TABLE

Daniella (40), still attractive and fit, Shat's mother,  
smiles and stands. Shat opens his arms, takes Daniella in for  
a tight hug as...

DANIELLA  
Oh, it's so good to see you again!  
It feels like it's been forever!

Shat and Daniella release from the hug.

SHAT  
I've missed you, mom.

AT BETHANY'S TABLE

Fick crosses his arms, cocks his head to one side. Bethany  
plants one elbow on the table and points a finger.

BETHANY

I'm disappointed in you son. I've gotten some bad reports from your aunt and uncle. They took you in out of the kindness of their hearts, and all you've done is give them hell. You've behaved badly and APPARENTLY haven't been following the rules.

Fick lifts his head, uncrosses his arms then leans forward as his eyes widen.

FICK

Well, Bethany. Apparently, you behaved badly and didn't follow the rules either.

Fick opens his eyes as big as he can, borderline crazy, then leans back and crosses his arms again.

AT DANIELLA'S TABLE

Daniella's eyes water as she extends her hand across the top of the table for Shat to take.

DANIELLA

I hope one day you can forgive me for the mistakes I've made.

Shat puts his free hand on top.

SHAT

Don't worry about it. You're my mom. Come on. You know I'll love you no matter what.

AT BETHANY'S TABLE

Fick sighs as he laces his fingers, then comfortably places them behind his head.

BETHANY

I know you think I killed your father, but dammit, Fick! I AM your mother and you WILL respect me!

Fick slowly pulls his hands from behind his head, runs his palms the length of his jeans then leans forward.

FICK

(calmly)

You know what? You're right. I should listen and respect...

Fick leans in further.

FICK (CONT'D)  
The UNrespectable.

Fick leans forward even more and points his finger.

FICK (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Who are you to tell me what I  
should and shouldn't do?

GUARD, tall and muscular, walks over, stands next to Fick.  
Off that, Fick looks up, his finger still pointed.

FICK (CONT'D)  
What? It's illegal for me to hate  
my mom for killing my dad?

Guard pats Fick's shoulder a couple times.

GUARD  
(deep monotone)  
Keep it down, son.

SPLIT SCREEN

Daniella wrings her hands.

DANIELLA  
Your grandparents are going to a  
home soon. It's already past time.

Bethany glares.

BETHANY  
You have no choice.

DANIELLA  
We know you boys won't understand  
right now why we chose him...

BETHANY  
(points a finger)  
But, you WILL listen and obey him.

Shat and Fick both wrinkle their brows.

Bethany grins. Daniella slightly winces.

EXT. FRAN'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Shat follows in his mid 90's model Bronco behind a moving truck that pulls into the long, dusty drive that winds to the front of the Francisco's two-story house where-

Francisco (44), still toned and handsome, enthusiastically watches from the top step as Fick unhappily sits on the bottom step, smokes a cigarette.

Shat parks then meets Francisco in the middle of the drive.

FRANCISCO

Who would've thought I'd see the day Fick AND Shat would both be with me! Aw, happy day, I say!

FICK

What? No one else can smell the load of shit?

Fick angrily flicks his cigarette. Francisco, still grinning, just shakes his head and turns back to Shat.

FRANCISCO

Good thing you boys won't be sharing a room!

SHAT

I just want to get my inheritance and get to school.

(to Fick)

Fine by you?

Fick literally growls like a dog. Francisco heads to the back of the moving truck.

FRANCISCO

(calling back)

Well then... Let's get this over with!

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Fick, empty handed, steps inside just past the screen door, holds it open for-

Shat, large box in his hands, enters the door just as Fick slams it into Shat, knocking the box to the ground.

INT. FRAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

TOP OF SECOND FLOOR STAIR

Fick sits a box just around the corner then hustles down the hall to his room.

Shat, same large box in his hands just somewhat busted now, turns the corner, trips over the box Fick planted and falls to the floor. The CONTENTS spill out.

IN SHAT'S ROOM

Shat pulls STUFF from a box, then suddenly a foam DART hits the side of his head. He stands then grips the side of his door and glares directly across the hall at-

Fick, a toy dart gun in one hand, lounges on his bed.

SHAT

Can't you just like... chill? We don't have to be here that long.

FICK

Can't you just like... fuck off and die somewhere?

Fick flips Shat off. Off that, Shat slams his door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Francisco, Shat, and Fick eat pizza and watch television.

All three laugh. Fick stops, shoots a glare at Shat.

SHAT

What? It was funny.

FICK

Yeah. Just so fucking hilarious you had laugh that damn loud?

FRANCISCO

Boys. Come on, now.

FICK

You're old ass can barely hear, anyway.

SHAT

Dude, don't talk to him that way. Have some respect.

FICK

Respect this.

Fick spits a chunk of pizza out at Shat.

Francisco walks to the TV, shuts it off.

FICK (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!?! It was gettin' good!

SHAT

Geez, Fick. Watch your mouth.

FICK

Who the fuck are you? My fucking father? No!

Francisco retrieves a small, brown SACK from a cabinet next to the TV then sets it on the coffee table.

FRANCISCO

Boys. Please, shut up for a second. This is serious. There are some legal matters that have arose we need to get figured out soon.

FICK

My probation is up. They already took that thing off my ankle.

FRANCISCO

Not that.

SHAT

Then what? I know I'm not in trouble.

FRANCISCO

Well, it seems your mothers have been keeping a secret for quite a while now.

FICK

What? They killed someone else?

FRAN

Ugh, no.

FICK

They're lesbians! Ha ha!

SHAT

You're disgusting.

FICK

Oh, Fuck off!

SHAT

If our mothers are coupled dikes  
then that would make us like  
brothers!

(to Francisco)

I'm sorry his attempt to be an  
asshole only makes him look like  
that much more of an idiot.

FRANCISCO

(grinning)

It only comes natural to feel the  
need to apologize in this case.

Taken aback, Fick and Shat wrinkle their brows.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

Brotherly love, maybe?

Francisco gestures toward the sack. Off that, Shat pulls from  
within a DNA HOME TESTING KIT.

Fran looks at Fick, then slowly looks at Shat. Fick and Shat  
slightly open their mouths in confusion, then look at each  
other.

FICK

Fuck that! No fuckin' way that cum  
drop is my brother!

SHAT

Okay, ass clown. You think I want  
YOU to be my brother?

FRAN

Guys. Guys. There's just the  
possibility. It may not even be  
true, but your mothers think you  
both deserve to know and because of  
the legalities surrounding your  
inheritance at eighteen, we have no  
choice but to do this.

FICK

Deserve to know. Deserve to know?  
What kind of fucked up statement is  
that?! I haven't given a fuck for  
seventeen years. I don't give a  
fuck now.

SHAT

Why wasn't this done a long time  
ago, like... when we were born?

Francisco shrugs.

FICK

Fuck our mothers and their fucked  
us mistakes! Fuck you, Fran. Who  
the fuck are YOU, anyway!

SHAT

(to Fick)

Shut UP!

(to Francisco)

What do you mean by *legalities*?

FRANCISCO

Depending on the outcome, the  
payout of inheritance may change.  
Plus, if for any unforeseen reason  
something should happen, official  
next of kin needs to be known.

FICK

For why? We're seven-fucking-teen.

FRANCISCO

You never know. Things can change  
pretty quick.

Francisco gestures to the kit.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

A thirty second scrape to the  
inside wall of your cheek then, in  
about a week, we'll all know the  
truth and we'll know for certain  
where the money's going.

Francisco clasps his hands, then with a defiant nod, exits.

Shat removes the contents then slides a Q-TIP enclosed in a  
case across the coffee table to Fick.

Fick picks it up, but absurdly stares at it like an unusual  
object.

Shat scrapes the inside wall of his cheek as...

FICK

I don't like Fran. I'm not doing  
this. Something about this is  
fucked up.

SHAT

Oh, shut up already. They made a clerical error and forgot to get it done sooner. That's all. Just do it and get it over with. You don't have a choice.

Fick glares, angrily thrusts himself out of his chair.

FICK

Man... Fuck this!

Fick grips the q-tip as he exits.

INT. FICK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fick slams his door shut, randomly tosses the Q-tip amongst his stuff strewn from packing boxes then hops on his bed.

FICK

This is fucking absurd.

Fick lets out a heavy sigh, stares at the ceiling a beat. His forehead wrinkles in thought then he suddenly grins and gets off his bed.

Fick throws his stuff around in a hunt for the Q-tip then finds it. He sticks it in the front of his pants.

FICK (CONT'D)

Fran can schlob on my knob for all I fucking care.

Fick pulls the q-tip from his pants, blows a PUBIC HAIR off the top then chuckles as he bounces out of his room.

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE, HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Shat and TEAMMATES huddle. BO (17), white and obese, and JAKE (17), black and athletic, stand on either side of Shat.

BO

What's the call, boss hog?

SHAT

Ockham's Razor.

JAKE

Yeeee....

TEAMMATE 1

What?!

SHAT

Bo and Jake know what they're gonna do. The rest of you, run the in and out.

TEAMMATE 2

Why do Bo and Jake get something special?

TEAMMATE 1

(to teammate 2)

Cause they're Hippens' butt buddies.

JAKE

He's my buddy, but my ass has not a damn thing to do with it.

SHAT

Just shut up and do it.

BO

Yes, dear.

Break, then they all take their positions.

SHAT

Ready... Set... Hut, Hut!

Everyone scatters.

Shat jumps back, scans the field.

Jake blocks, pivots then runs toward the out of bounds line.

Bo blocks two players from getting to Shat.

Shat tosses the ball to Jake.

Jake readies to run, but then tosses the ball back to Shat.

Shat sees a hole Bo made for him, readies to run but then a player comes from behind and tackles him.

BACK TO SCENE

COACH (48), husky, bald, throws his clipboard to the ground, angrily advances toward Shat as...

COACH

What in the bloody hell was that?!

Shat shrugs, looks to the ground. Coach grabs his face mask.

COACH (CONT'D)

We have too much on the line for you to be shruggin like that. Now tell me, what confounded mess did you call that?

SHAT

Ockham's Razor.

COACH

You think a razor's gonna get this team to State, boy?

Shat shrugs. Coach jerks Shat's face mask.

COACH (CONT'D)

No! The only thing a razor's good for right now is career suicide!

Coach releases Shat's face mask with one last jerk, turns like he is going to leave, but then turns back to Shat with a finger pointed at Shat's face.

COACH (CONT'D)

(angry whisper)

You ever heard you reap what you sew, Hippens? Well, I hope you understand it cause right now you're reaping yourself a hell of a mess!

Coach grabs Shat's face mask.

COACH (CONT'D)

Got it, boy?!

SHAT

I got it, Coach.

Coach releases with one last jerk. Shat takes a deep breath, puts his hands on his hips, turns and sees...

AMBER (17), Shat's girlfriend, head cheer leader, off with the cheer squad, waves and blows a kiss.

COACH

Come on, ladies! Back on the line!

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE, HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Fick half glares, half snarls at -

COUNSELOR (40), fat with glasses, as she types away at her computer a beat, then turns to Fick.

COUNSELOR  
Okay, now tell me... What happened?

FICK  
It's not my fault she's a withering rag of misinformation.

COUNSELOR  
Come on now, Thusman. You know I can't have you talking about the faculty that way. They're here to help you, not hurt you. Trust that what they teach you is correct.

Counselor turns to her computer and types once again.

Fick proceeds to fiddle with the box of PAPER CLIPS on the edge of her desk as...

FICK  
Which sheep herder are you gonna stick me with next?

COUNSELOR  
There's home EC, buuuut... I can't rearrange the rest of your classes to fit it in. I don't see much...

FICK  
I'm not gonna graduate. There's no fucking point to this.

Counselor gives a quick, peripheral glare, then resumes her search on her computer.

COUNSELOR  
Then there's shop class, but, after that incident with the box cutter last year in art, the principal has made it perfectly clear NOT to let you enroll in that class.

FICK  
It slipped out of my hand!

Fick snarls, resumes fiddling with the paper clips.

COUNSELOR  
I don't think I have much more available.

Counselor turns to Fick. Off that, he drops the paperclips into the box, and sits up.

FICK  
So you finally gonna give up and  
let me drop out?

COUNSELOR  
Of course not.  
(big smile)  
Philosophy is the answer.

FICK  
No. Find something else.

COUNSELOR  
Fick, there's nothing else. You've  
whittled away every other option.

Counselor chuckles causing her body fat to giggle.

FICK  
You think you're a comedian?

COUNSELOR  
(chuckling)  
You don't get it? You can't get  
into shop class but you...  
(gesturing)  
*Whittled.*

Fick glares. Off that, Counselor composes, clears her throat.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
Anyway, you have no other choice.

FICK  
Everyone ALWAYS has other choices.

Counselor slams her palms on her desk with sudden impatience.

COUNSELOR  
AND there's ALWAYS a reason for  
everything, so deal with it!

SCHOOL BELL RINGS

Fick groans, forces himself out of his chair, then exits.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
(cheery, calling to)  
Mr. Peterson's... tomorrow morning!  
Have a great rest of the day!

Counselor lifts a stack of papers, aligns them, reaches into the box of paperclips, but when she pulls one, a long CHAIN of them stream from the box.

Counselor sighs, then lets the chain fall to her desk.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
That boy is a lost cause.

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Shat, practice jersey, backpack on his shoulder and an armful of books, follows Amber, PHILOSOPHY BOOK in hand, to the bar.

Amber takes a seat, sets her book in front of her as Shat unloads the stuff onto the counter.

Shat opens the refrigerator door, scans its contents as...

SHAT  
How'd classes go today?

AMBER  
(big sigh)  
Uuuhhhh....

Shat grabs two sodas, hands one to Amber.

SHAT  
What's wrong babe?

AMBER  
Nothing.  
(pause)  
Well, I had thought philosophy was gonna be a breeze.

SHAT  
I almost took that. What's so unbreezey about it?

AMBER  
Today was about some guy that found some sort of magical ring.

SHAT  
Lord of the Rings?

AMBER  
No, silly!  
(acts intellectual)  
(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

Anyway, this guy finds a ring, and when he puts it on and turns it, he goes invisible.

SHAT

Sounds cool, like Lord of the Rings.

AMBER

Not really. Anyway, he can do whatever he wants, cause he's like invisible, and no one can stop him.

SHAT

How's that not cool?

AMBER

You have to hear the whole story. So, he goes to the palace and the king brags to him about how hot his wife is and how this guy should like see her naked. So the guy goes invisible and watches her undress, but the Queen catches him!!

Shat opens his eyes wide, humors Amber.

SHAT

But, I thought he was invisible?

AMBER

I know, right?! So then the Queen informs him that he must kill the king and marry her to like justify the fact he has seen her naked.

Amber gestures, awaits a response.

SHAT

Okaaaay... Then what?

AMBER

The guy kills the king then gets to be king. Isn't that crazy?!

SHAT

Not really.

AMBER

Ugh. You don't think it's awful the king called killed?

SHAT

He was kinda asking for it.

AMBER

Hmph. Well what would you do with a ring like that?

SHAT

Nothing I haven't already done.  
(pause; drink)  
See you naked.

Amber blushes. Shat pushes her hair aside, kisses her neck, and then whispers into her ear.

SHAT (CONT'D)

Tell me more.

Shat pecks at her neck as...

AMBER

Our brains may be like computers and what we think is like really happening isn't... like it's all computer-generated.

SHAT

Do you feel this? Or is it just some computer telling you I'm lovin' on you?

Amber giggles.

CABINET SLAMS SHUT

Startled, Amber and Shat pull away from each other to see -

Fick digs his hand into a box of cookies, walks to the kitchen table, and on his way, snatches up Amber's book.

AMBER

What's your problem?

FICK

My name's Fick Thusman, that's my problem.

Fick eats, scans the book, chuckles as Shat and Amber get close once again.

FICK (CONT'D)

So you think you're a philosopher now?

AMBER  
 (matter-of-factly)  
 I'm taking philosophy so I HAVE to  
 philosophize. That's what  
 philosophers do. So yeah. I'm a  
 philosopher.

Fick laughs hysterically then suddenly stops, interrogatively  
 eyes Amber as...

FICK  
 Do you believe in God?

AMBER  
 Yeah, who doesn't?

FICK  
 Would you take a bullet for Him?

SHAT  
 What kind of question is that?

FICK  
 (to Shat)  
 I'm talking to her.  
 (to Amber)  
 Just answer the question. Yes or  
 no?

AMBER  
 Of course I would if it like meant  
 showing my faith to others and  
 bringing others closer to Him.

Fick chuckles as he stuffs his mouth with cookies.

SHAT  
 What's your point, asshole?

Fick intensely eyes Shat as...

FICK  
 Point is, anyone with strong faith  
 has no business trying to  
 philosophize. If they believe so  
 strongly in their "God" enough to  
 take a bullet for an imaginary  
 friend, then they in NO WAY can  
 open their minds to other  
 possibilities, ESPECIALLY to the  
 fact that GOD IS DEAD!

Amber's face reddens, glares as she grips Shat's shirt.

AMBER

That's not true, Fick! You're too stupid to be a philosopher so shut your ugly MOUTH!

Fick smiles, opens his mouth to speak, but only shakes his head. He gets up from the table, leaves the cookies, takes the book then on the way out...

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hey! That's my book!

Fick waves it in the air.

FRANCISCO (O.S.)

Stop right there!

Fick stops, turns around. Francisco enters with the cordless phone in his hands, a glare on his face.

AMBER

Hi, Fran.

FRAN

Hi, Amber. You care to join us for dinner?

AMBER

No, but thank you. I have to get home. Bunch of-

FRANCISCO

Good, because both of these boys have an appointment to meet. It seems one of them has scrotum hair growing in his mouth.

INT. FRANCISCO'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

2009 black Navigator. Francisco impatiently taps on the steering wheel as Shat climbs into the passenger seat.

Fick takes his sweet time to finish his cigarette at the bottom of the porch steps as...

Shat waves bye to Amber then rolls up the window.

SHAT

I'll call you later!  
(under his breath)  
Thank God I can get away for a bit.

FRANCISCO  
Amber's a nice girl.

SHAT  
Mmm... She's alright.

FRANCISCO  
Hold on to her.

SHAT  
Don't have to worry about that. I  
don't think she'll let me let her  
go.

Francisco groans as he rolls down his window.

FRANCISCO  
Come on, Fick! Let's get a move on!

Fick takes one last long drag, exhales slowly, then heads  
toward the Navigator as...

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. Most people don't  
realize the love of their life  
until they're in a place they can't  
reach them anymore.

Fick slides in, slams the door shut.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
When I say it's time to go, I mean  
it's time to go!

FICK  
Then just send me the crap to hell!

Francisco hits the gas.

INT. CLINIC - LATER

Francisco crosses his arms and glares. Shat voluntarily  
scrapes the inside of his cheek with the swab on his own  
as...

NURSE (28), smoking hot, scrapes the inside of Fick's mouth  
as Fick steadily looks down into her cleavage.

NURSE  
Now, now. That's a good boy.

Nurse steps back, takes Shat's swab from him and puts them in  
the proper containers.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Okay, you guys. We should get the results in about a week.

(to Francisco)

I'll give you a call when they arrive.

Shat exits.

Francisco readies to leave but has to loudly, repeatedly SNAP to get Fick to stop trancing at Nurse's ass.

EXT. FRONT YARD, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER

Francisco, Fick, and Shat exit the Navigator then head toward the front door.

Fick grabs his skateboard from off the side of the porch.

FRANCISCO

Where you headed?

FICK

Got an appointment with a beautiful, flaming man. And no, he's not a faggot.

Francisco and Shat head up the steps.

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Francisco and Shat walk into the kitchen as...

FRAN

What do you want for dinner?

Francisco opens the refrigerator, pulls items out. Shat takes a seat at the bar.

SHAT

Ah. Don't cook anything. I'll just grab a sandwich.

Shat rubs his face.

FRAN

You okay? Fick bothering you?

SHAT

No, no. I've known Fick since Pre-K. That dick head just wants attention.

Francisco chuckles, starts to make Shat a sandwich.

FRAN

Then what's the problem? You worried he's actually your bother?

SHAT

Nah. I've just been really tired.

FRAN

You have a lot on your plate: football scouts, scholarships, graduation-

SHAT

Amber.

(pause)

She's just so worried about making solid plans.

FRAN

The illusion of planning is solid, but a plan never is.

Shat chuckles. Fran puts the finished sandwich on plate, slides it toward Shat.

SHAT

I gotta get some sleep. I've got community service in the morning.

Francisco grins, pats then grasps Shat's shoulder as Shat lets out a big yawn.

FRAN

You're a good kid. It's no wonder your mother loves you so much.

Shat grins, lifts the sandwich. MEAT and VEGGIES fall out. They chuckle.

SHAT

Hey. Thanks for being so cool. I know you didn't have to agree to let us stay here.

FRANCISCO

(grinning)

Trust me. I'm very much obliged.

EXT. BENCH ON SIDEWALK, STREETS - DAY

Fick and RYAN (17), skater punk, kick up the end of their boards then sit on a bench.

Fick lights a cigarette, smokes as Ryan leans forward, puts his elbows on his knees. They look around at-

PEOPLE pass by them: a prissy woman with a matching chihuahua, two nuns, a business man talking loudly on his phone, a girl scout troop, etc.

FAT MAN with a loudspeaker, a Bible, and a SIGN, front side, 'REPENT'

FAT MAN

Repent! The end times are near!  
Repent! The end times are upon us!

Fat Man circles in his spot with each approaching, apathetic person to make sure they hear what he has to say. SIGN, backside: 'THE END TIMES ARE NEAR' as Fat Man exits.

RYAN

(nonchalantly)  
We're going to hell.

Fick takes a long drag then tilts his head back to exhale the smoke into air above him.

FICK

There is no hell.

RYAN

If there's a God there has to be a heaven. Then there has to be a devil and a hell.

FICK

No. People get bored and make shit up. Scary shit never stops selling. Like Jaws.

RYAN

God is a shark?

FICK

In a way.

Ryan ponders this a moment.

RYAN

I think there's a god and a devil.

FICK

What if they're the same?

Ryan wrinkles his brow as Fick takes his last drag, flicks the cigarette, then grabs his skateboard.

FICK (CONT'D)

When something good happens people thank some god like it made it happen. But when something bad happens, people blame a devil. Either way, their god always comes out on top. I don't think there's a difference. It can do good and bad as it pleases and get away with it.

Fick rises from the bench.

FICK (CONT'D)

If there is a god, it's also the devil, and it's an evil fucking genius.

INT. OFFICE, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER

Manly. Sophisticated. Animal heads mounted on the wall.

Francisco pours himself a glass of scotch on the rocks at his wet bar.

Francisco turns music on softly, then tosses a few darts.

The last DART misses the board and bounces off the wall.

Francisco frowns then takes his glass with him to sit behind his desk.

Fran pulls out a few sheets of writing paper and a pen then writes...

FRAN (V.O.)

Dearest Bethany, I informed the boys they're possibly brothers, but they didn't take it so well. Blood does run thicker than water, but without water, we would have no blood. Fick has changed his antics, and still finds joy in getting a rise out of others. I think he's quite possibly a lost cause, a professional opinion I quote. Although he is your son, I know your feelings are mutual.

(MORE)

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

But, persevere, things will change. As far as Shat goes, if you'd be so kind to inform Daniella, he's doing well. He has been actively involved in volunteer work, but it seems he has become a bit depressed. I'm not sure the reasoning behind that, but I'll keep my eyes open. I fear there's only going to be more turmoil ahead. I know this is an especially tough time for young men to decide where they'll be going in life even though the decision is not always left in their hands. Con mucho amor, Francisco.

Francisco grins, folds and seals the letter in an envelope. He puts it off to the side, reaches into a low drawer then pulls out a wooden, decorated BOX.

Francisco opens it, slowly drinks as he EYES the inside.

INT. NURSING HOME, FRONT DESK - MORNING

RECEPTIONIST 2 (30) types at her computer as Shat approaches. She stops, and turns to Shat with a smile.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Hi. How can I help you?

SHAT

I'm supposed to volunteer.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Wonderful!

Receptionist 2 smiles as she extends a clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)

Just sign in and I'll get you where you need to go!

SHAT

Thanks.

Shat fills in the information as...

RECEPTIONIST 2

You know, it's so good to see one of today's youth come out and volunteer their time.

SHAT  
 (eyes down)  
 I'm doing this for my college  
 applications.

Shat hands the clipboard back to Receptionist 2.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
 It makes me look better.

Receptionist 2's smile fades as she takes the clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
 Oh. Well then...

SHAT  
 (somewhat confused)  
 Is something wrong?

RECEPTIONIST 2  
 (fake smile)  
 Oh no. No, I just thought...  
 well... never mind.

Receptionist 2 sighs, lays the clipboard down.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)  
 It'd just be nice to see more  
 people do things out of compassion  
 rather than for a reward.

Shat stares blankly at her.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)  
 Anyway. Just head down the hall to  
 room 110 and someone in there will  
 get you started.

Shat taps the counter then walks away.

INT. OLD MAN'S ROOM, NURSING HOME - LATER

Shat pushes a cart of new sheets with a bag for the old ones  
 hanging off the side.

OLD MAN (84) gazes out the window at the rising sun. Shat  
 stops the cart between a made bed and one undone.

SHAT  
 Sir, I'm here to change your  
 bedding.

Old man gives no response.

SHAT (CONT'D)

Sir?

No response. Shat shrugs, pulls off the comforter and begins removing the sheets.

Old man clears his throat, turns in his chair toward Shat, and GASPS. Shat freezes.

OLD MAN

Dag-nabbit! Can't cha knock first?!

SHAT

Sorry, sir. Didn't mean to startle you. I thought you heard me come in.

Old man groans out of his chair, wobbles with a cane around his bed. Shat is working on to the bed that is made, as...

OLD MAN

They need to tell me when new people are coming in. Damn whipper-snappers like yourself just barging in with no notice.

SHAT

I won't be here long. There'll be someone new again, just so you know.

Old Man gets to the bed and sits down on its edge.

OLD MAN

There's no consistency to anything anymore. How old are you? Fourteen? Fifteen?

SHAT

Ha ha. I'm almost eighteen.

OLD MAN

You in school?

SHAT

Yes, sir. I'm a senior.

OLD MAN

You going to college?

SHAT

Yes, sir. I plan on being a lawyer.

OLD MAN

A lawyer you say! Well that'll be quite an achievement. What kind of law you intend on practicing?

SHAT

I'm not sure yet. Gonna see which schools I get into first. I just want to make sure I get a chance to put the bad guys away.

OLD MAN

So you wanna play Superman?

Shat stops, wrinkles his brow. The old man lifts his chin in the air, waits for an answer.

SHAT

No, I don't think I could ever be a super man.

Shat walks around the bed, tucks the sheets in as...

OLD MAN

You know, that's what this world needs, a genuine, real-live Superman that knows the law well enough to flex his arm and put all the bad ones away... for good.

Shat removes the pillow cases, tosses the naked pillows onto the bed - *Senile old fart!* - ever so often giving the old man a sideways glance as...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

We don't need a solo man that hears everyone's cries or wishes. No Jesus, no Santa Clause. We need men that can differentiate between wrong and right on a common standard, and THAT is what no single man has been able to do. We need a leader.

(rises; fist in air)

A leader, I tell ya! One that won't falter or bend to monetary gain or political corruption!

Old Man sits back down on the bed, out of breath to catch it again. Shat walks back to his cart, loads and unloads bedding as...

SHAT

I think the guys doing that kind of stuff now are doing a pretty good job. I mean, no one's perfect.

Old man shrugs, slowly pushes himself from atop the bed. He begins his slow walk back to his chair at the window, as...

OLD MAN

Young man, I think you should realize many of those men that say they're putting the bad guys away ARE the bad guys. Their intentions may look good, but deep down... they're malicious.

SHAT

You can't expect every bad guy to get put away.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry you feel that way.

SHAT

It's not that I feel that way, it's just how it is.

OLD MAN

You bring something on yourself, you deserve punishment. But some of those guys doing the punishing, are doing it wrongfully.

Old man reaches his chair, resumes his gaze. Shat finishes up on Old Man's bed as...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You know, it took me almost my whole life to realize the people I thought I could trust, the ones that were supposed to have our best interests at heart, were the ones lying to my face, and everyone else's. I'm an elder, yes, but just know young man, that doesn't make a shit of difference. More than I'd like to admit, it only gets worse as they get older when it's supposed to be the other way around.

Silence as Shat stands, waits further elaboration.

SHAT

Do I need to change the other bed?

OLD MAN

No, she passed away in that bed last week. I think they changed the sheets after they took her body.

SHAT

Well, I'm finished here... unless there's something else you need.

OLD MAN

As a matter of fact, there is...  
(turns to face Shat)  
I keep hearing someone kickin' a bucket. Will you ask him to stop?

INT. PHILOSOPHY CLASS, HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Amber, in her cheerleader uniform, takes her seat and rummages through her backpack.

Tardy BELL rings.

MR. PETERSON (33), one of those "cool" teachers, stands up from his desk to address the class.

MR. PETERSON

Let's pick up where we left off.

Amber lets out an aggravated groan then Fick enters with Amber's book in hand.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Awww, Mr. Fick Thusman. Glad you could join us. This will be a delight to classroom discussion.

Fick gives a "what's up" nod then walks to Amber. He tosses her Philosophy book onto her desk with a smile. Amber glares.

FICK

Don't fret, Barbie doll. I didn't steal your Miley Cyrus book marker.

Fick jumps the desk caddy corner and behind her to take a seat. Amber snarls, opens her book.

MR. PETERSON

God... does he exist or doesn't he?  
Is he the alpha and the omega?

(MORE)

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Or is he just a figment of our imaginations?

Mr. Peterson walks to Fick's desk and drops a Philosophy textbook on the top of it.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Don't lost it, mark in it, burn it, or try to sell it. They're not cheap. You will be billed.

(to the class)

Today we start with arguments about such, and everything under and around the sun that is related, if those things even exist.

Mr. Peterson gets back to the front of the class, points a finger and scans it across the room.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Anyone have anything to ask? Say? Any opinions? Who cares to open? Anyone?

Amber raises her hand.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Shoot.

Mr. Peterson dramatically retracts his finger, takes a seat at the corner of his desk, crosses his arms.

Amber lowers her hand, adjusts in her seat, and lifts her chin high - *This is going to be so easy! Like, Duh!*- With sophisticated posture and supposed intellect...

AMBER

One, the Founding Fathers began this country on the basis of the belief in God. Two, America is the best country. Therefore, three, God has to exist since America is such a great country.

Fick laughs hysterically, then suddenly stops and glares at Amber. Off that, she looks back, rolls her eyes, then looks to Mr. Peterson with a grin - *I know I'm right.*

FICK

You have to be-

Mr. Peterson puts up a hand.

MR. PETERSON  
Et... Okay, students. What fallacy  
has Amber committed?

Mr. Peterson scans the room, but no student raises a hand.  
All students look between Fick and Amber. Mr. Peterson grins.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)  
No one knows?

Mr. Peterson lifts his chin, widens his eyes, but gets  
nothing.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)  
THAT is the extra credit assignment  
for tonight...  
(gets up from desk)  
Along with the lesson questions.  
(writes it on chalk board)  
Which fallacy, or how many, has  
Amber has committed?

Amber glares back at Fick. Off that, he blows a kiss.

I/E. CAFETERIA, HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Shat, in his football jersey, lets his tray fall onto the  
table then slumps into his chair. He yawns, puts his face in  
his hand.

JENNIFER (17), pretty, female version of Fick, but toned down  
a bit, sits down next to Shat.

JENNIFER  
You okay?

Shat quickly lifts his head, rubs his face.

SHAT  
Yeah. Just tired. Moved, football,  
school, volunteering-

JENNIFER  
Blah, blah, blah.

Shat and Jennifer make eye contact, smile.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
So. Yeah... Got your calculus  
notes?

Shat instantly looks around for his backpack as...

SHAT

Yeah-I-ugh-dammit. I left my bag in my gym locker.

JENNIFER

No problem. That just means I'll have an excuse to come find you later.

Shat slightly blushes, grins just as Amber walks up, her tray in one hand, the other hand on her hip.

AMBER

(to Jennifer)

Can I help you?

JENNIFER

With what?

AMBER

Ugh. Do you know who I am?

JENNIFER

Yeah, bitch. I'm a CIA operative.

(gets up)

Of course I know who you are, but that doesn't mean I give a fuck.

Jennifer shoots Shat one last grin, then exits as Shat smiles, but quickly covers it with a fake cough.

AMBER

What did she want?

SHAT

She's in my calculus class.

AMBER

I don't care if she's your cousin. I don't like her.

Shat lets out another big yawn as Bo and Jake get to the table, sit in front of Shat and Amber.

BO

Pretty boy. Ain't no yawning on game day!

JAKE

Yeah! Whatcha thinkin'? This is the big game. We need you today.

BO

We don't need Shat, just his hands.

AMBER

Hey!

JAKE

Don't get jealous. Just remember,  
we've ALL had Shat's hands between  
our legs.

BO

(gesturing)

Blue! Blue 42! And I'm not talking  
about blue balls.

Shat, Bo and Jake laugh. Amber glares at Shat.

JAKE

(to Amber)

Relax. All we want is his body. You  
can have everything else.

Bo is the beat box as...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bo-Jake-it, Bo-Jake-it, Let me  
see... you shake it! I got this  
hoe; his name is Bo. His titties  
sag-

AMBER

Hey! I'm like trying to eat her.

The guys chuckle.

BO

So. Ginger's place. Eleven o'clock.  
Sharp. Victory party.

SHAT

I don't know man. I'm exhausted.

JAKE

You better unexhaust yourself. If  
you fuck up the game tonight  
because "I'm tired" I'm holding you  
responsible.

BO

Sorry, coach. I didn't get enough  
beauty sleep cause I had to get my  
ass waxed.

Bo, Jake and Amber laugh. Shat cocks an eye at Amber.

AMBER  
What? You could use a good wax.

                  JAKE  
What a cock sucker!

                  AMBER  
Hey! I'm not-

                  JAKE  
Not you!

Jake points. Off that, Shat and Amber turn around to see-

OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

Fick's white ASS presses up against the cafeteria windows from the outside. He laughs hysterically, gives it a little shake, then pulls his pants up.

Fick turns around and flips Shat's table off then turns to Ryan.

                  FICK  
We're skipping.

                  FRIEND  
Dude. I already have Saturday school for the next two months.

                  FICK  
And?

                  RYAN  
And I'm tired of sleeping in a chair. My forehead is flat from the table.

                  FICK  
We'll be back in time for the pep rally. They'll never know we were gone.

                  RYAN  
I don't know, man.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - LATER

Ryan grins as he hands the CASHIER money and his ID.

Cashier, with a discerning look, tosses a pack of cigarettes on the counter alongside a scratch off and two sodas.

CASHIER  
That shit will kill you.

RYAN  
People get cancer all the time,  
even nonsmokers. My grandpa smoked  
for fifty years and he's... okay.

CASHIER  
I'm talking about the sodas.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Fick leans against the wall as Ryan exits the store, hands  
Fick the cigarettes and the SCRATCH OFF.

FICK  
Give me a coin.

RYAN  
I ain't got one.

FICK  
Then how the fuck am I supposed to  
scratch this?

RYAN  
I don't know. Use your coke nail.

Fick snickers, puts the scratch off in his back pocket, then  
digs in his front pockets.

FICK  
Where's my shit? Do you have my  
shit?

Ryan shakes his head.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Shit!

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - DAY

Francisco's enters with a laundry basket full of jeans, sets  
it on the dryer.

Francisco opens the washer, begins to checks pocket of nice  
jeans then tattered and torn jeans as the washer fills.

Francisco digs in pockets of Fick's jeans, wrinkles his brow  
then pulls out a small BAGGY of white powder.

Francisco glares, shakes his head, then tosses the baggy into the waste bin.

Francisco shuts the washer then exits.

Francisco enters with a contemplative look.

Francisco reaches into the waste bin and retrieves the baggy. He looks at it with a sinister grin then puts it in his shirt pocket.

INT. GYMNASIUM, HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

MARCHING BAND warms up, the bleachers fill as STUDENTS and FACULTY file into the gym.

Fick and Ryan sit next to an exit furthest from where most of the activity is going on.

Marching BAND plays. CHEER LEADERS run in and do their performance of jumps and tumbles as the football TEAM walks in single file across the edge of the gymnasium wall, lines up along the bottom row of the bleachers.

Coach walks out to the center of the gym with a microphone in one hand. Coach gestures for silence.

COACH

(pumped)

Hey ya'll... glad you could all  
make it out! How's everyone feelin'  
today?

Coach raises his hand to quiet the crowd.

COACH (CONT'D)

(acting sad)

Well, guys... I have some good news  
and some bad news. First for the  
bad news. Big Mike won't be playin'  
this next game...

Coach points to a hefty PLAYER, crutches at his side. Teammates on either side hit his shoulders.

COACH (CONT'D)

(getting excited)

...but not to fear! He'll be BACK  
and BETTER THAN EVER for State!

Coach throws up a closed fist. Off that, Crowd cheers.

COACH (CONT'D)  
 Now for the really good news! It's  
 time to announce this year's MVP  
 award recipient. You, the student  
 body, have voted...

Coach pulls an envelope from his back pocket, slowly starts  
 to unwrap it.

COACH (CONT'D)  
 And the winner is... Drum roll  
 please... None other than...

Coach puts up a hand. Drum roll stops and cymbals clash.

COACH (CONT'D)  
 None other than our star  
 quarterback, SHAT HIPPIENS!

Crowd roars.

Shat smiles, walks out onto the floor, turns to wave, then  
 heads to Coach, as...

COACH (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Hippens. Get on up here  
 and give your fans a few words! You  
 deserve this!

Shat takes the microphone.

SHAT  
 I would like to thank all of you  
 for choosing me, but first and  
 foremost, I would like to thank  
 God...

Fick gets up, angrily burst through the door to exit.

Ryan follows.

EXT. GYMNASIUM, HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Fick stops and stares at a homemade BANNER: 'BE AGGRESSIVE'

FICK  
 Ha! Really?!?

Fick ravenously rips at it and throws it to the ground.

Fick throws the last piece to the ground, walks away as he  
 lights a cigarette. Ryan follows.

FICK (CONT'D)  
 Social conventions suck. Coach can  
 go fuck himself!

INT. OFFICE, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - DAY

Fran sits at his desk, pulls out a paper and pen and writes.

FRANCISCO (V.O.)  
 Dearest Bethany, My apologies for a  
 short letter, but I have the big  
 game to get to that will get Shat  
 to the big game. In my hopes, Shat  
 will have learned to listen to his  
 superiors; they know what's best  
 for him. Please, let Daniella know  
 his progress. I know she still  
 resents me, but for that, I cannot  
 apologize. Fick has worsened, and I  
 fear receiving his inheritance will  
 only allow for funding to go on a  
 downward spiral of more drugs and  
 alcohol. I fear his life will be  
 cut short if he doesn't open his  
 eyes. Con mucho amor, Francisco.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Fick, Ryan and BAND MEMBERS sit along the front of the  
 makeshift stage, their GEAR and INSTRUMENTS set up behind  
 them, as they drink beer and pass a joint.

RYAN  
 Shouldn't you be cheering your bro  
 on?

Fick shoots him a stoned smirk.

BAND MEMBER 1  
 (gesturing, sarcastically)  
 Yeeeah... It's the BIG GAME.

Fick ignores them, leans forward.

They all listen to the music, smoke a beat then-

Fick leans back, his chin in the air. He slowly looks over at  
 Ryan all dramatic like but with a high smile.

FICK  
 Don't you know we're ALL part of  
 the big game?

They ponder this a moment then-

Fick laughs as he gets up, turns the music off, grabs his guitar.

Fick rifts.

Fick stops, looks at his guitar.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Play from your fucking heart!

EXT. FOOTBALL GAME - NIGHT

Marching band plays. Crowd cheers. Cheerleaders jump, tumble.

INSERT - SCORE BOARD

HOME 14 VISITOR 17 QUARTER 4 TIME 00:30

BACK TO SCENE

Players are huddled.

JAKE  
Coach wants to kick. What are we gonna do?

SHAT  
We can't kick. If we go into overtime, we'll lose.

BO  
Damn, Shat. Do what coach says. Run one more play, gain some yards, then we kick.

SHAT  
No! We're not gonna kick.

JAKE  
Coach is gonna kick your ass.

Coach hollers from the sideline. Shat gives a quick look, then back to the huddle.

SHAT  
Ockham's Razor.

JAKE  
(throwing hands)  
Goddamn it, Hippens!

SHAT  
Just do it!

Players groan and shake their heads disappointedly.

EVERYONE  
BREAK!

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Players take their positions on the line.
- Coach angrily crosses his arms, glares onto the field.
- Amber stops bouncing, anxiously looks toward Shat.
- The snap. Jake pivots, heads toward the sideline.
- Shat jumps back with the ball, passes to Jake.
- An opponent advances on Jake. He passes back to Shat, run forward, pivots, then runs back.
- Shat almost gets tackled, but right before tosses the ball to Bo.
- Jake gets back to the line and Bo passes to him.
- Like a football God, Jake hauls ass with leaps and bounds to score the touchdown.

BACK TO SCENE

REF gestures touchdown as he blows his whistle.

BUZZER SOUNDS

INSERT - SCORE BOARD

HOME 20 VISITOR 17 QUARTER 4 TIME 0:00

INT. GINGER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

House party full of high school kids. Music blares. EVERYONE chants as...

RANDOM KID does a keg stand as Bo and Jake hold him up. Everyone cheers then Random Kid stumbles away.

SHAT  
Top me off.

Shat extends a plastic cup.

Bo and Jake snicker.

JAKE  
Hippens?!? You drinkin' a beer?

SHAT  
Yeah. This is a celebration, right?

BO  
Maaaaan. Today wasn't the big game.  
Next week is State. THAT'S the big  
game. Why would we wanna get  
plastered and fuck it up?

Bo swiftly hits Shat on the side of the arm.

JAKE  
It's our destiny, baby! I'm not  
gonna let no alcohol slow me down.  
State! State! State!

Everyone chants as Bo and Jake walk off, head into the party.  
Amber walks up.

SHAT  
Aw, damn.  
(to Amber)  
You want it?

AMBER  
Um. No. I'm good.

A GIRL walks up to Amber and they chat as Shat scans the  
room, his eyes set on Jennifer off in another room.

Shat watches Jennifer a moment. She catches him looking at  
her, shoots him a seductive grin.

Girl walks away then Amber wraps her arms around Shat,  
lovingly gazes up at him.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
You ready to go? You gotta be up  
early, but we can still get in a  
quickie.

SHAT  
Naw, let's stick around for a  
little while. I'm not tired yet.

AMBER  
How 'bout this? I go home now and  
in like thirty minutes you knock on  
my window.

Shat contemplates as...

AMBER (CONT'D)

And if for some reason, you know,  
we go longer, I can still make sure  
you get up in time???

SHAT

Okay.

Amber kisses Shat on the lips, smiles as she exits.

Shat looks toward Jennifer.

INT. FRANCISCO'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fick, stoned out of his mind, walks into the kitchen. He loads the island with bread and sandwich fixings. He messily piles stuff on for a huge sandwich.

Fick takes a big bite, but stops chewing when he sees Francisco's KEYS on the bar.

Fick sinisterly grins, snatches the keys in one hand, then exits as he clutches the sandwich.

Refrigerator left open. Lights on. Lettuce, tomato, and lunch meat trail out the door.

INT. GINGER'S HOUSE - LATER

Jennifer fixes herself a drink when Shat walks up.

SHAT

What's up?

JENNIFER

Heeeeey! Good game. That was really  
awesome at the end.

SHAT

Yeah, so awesome Coach threatened  
to bench me at State.

JENNIFER

No fucking way! You think he really  
would?

SHAT

Naaah. I'm too important.

JENNIFER  
Is it lonely up there on your  
pedestal?

Shat and Jennifer chuckle then make eye contact.

SHAT  
So?

JENNIFER  
Soooo...?

Suddenly, beer SPEWS over the crowd.

Fick throws away a now empty beer bottle, then changes the music.

SONG  
Take me home tonight, I don't wanna  
let you go 'til I see the light.

Fick stupidly dances as he gets between Shat and Jennifer.

FICK  
Excuse me, Shit head. Shouldn't you  
be resting your pretty head. You  
got old ass to wipe clean tomorrow.

JENNIFER  
(chuckling; to Shat)  
Ha ha. So that's your secret.

FICK  
Aw, yes. Bed sores, saggy balls  
aaaand... Alzheimer's so you don't  
realize how much your life SUCKED.  
Cheers.

Jennifer chuckles, smiles big at Fick as they knock glasses.  
Fick puts an arm around Jennifer.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Swipe some valuum, a couple ace  
bandages, and one of those cool  
packs that break and turn hot.

Fick swoops Jennifer into his body.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Cause I'm about to get tore up then  
tear something else up.

Fick and Jennifer fall off into the party. Shat bites his lip, glares then angrily groans as he exits.

INT. SHAT'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Shat drives as he pounds the steering wheel to the music.

Shat stops in front of Amber's house as he turns the music down. MEGAPHONE, wood cut out with her name on it.

Shat looks toward a window with faint light.

Shat rubs his face then runs his fingers through his hair as he lets out a long, deep groan.

Shat taps the steering wheel as he contemplates a moment.

Shat turns the music back up then drives off.

INT. SHAT'S ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Sun rises and LIGHT shines on Shat's face. Off that, His eyes slowly open. He lays there a moment as his brow wrinkles and eyes stay steady in concerned contemplation.

Shat groans as he gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shat, shirtless, pajama pants, enters the kitchen to see Francisco cooking.

FRANCISCO

Good morning, sunshine. How 'bout a breakfast fit for a champion?

Shat half snarls, half groans as he takes a seat at the table. Off that, Francisco turns from the stove to him.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

You okay?

SHAT

Yeah. Something just doesn't feel right.

FRANCISCO

Hmm. Talk to me. You get hurt? Pull a muscle? Something bothering you?

SHAT

No. I just-I don't know.

FRANCISCO

Feelin' sick?

SHAT

No. Just worried but I don't know why. It's weird.

FRANCISCO

What do you have to be worried about? I bet it's just nerves. Something big's gonna happen this week.

SHAT

I hope State goes better than yesterday's game.

FRANCISCO

You guys won. You're going to State. Everyone will be looking at you. I don't think you have anything to worry about.

SHAT

Yeah, no pressure.

Francisco opens the refrigerator, talks as...

Fick and Jennifer tip toe into the hall. Shat gives a surprised look, then glares at Fick.

Jennifer pleadingly mouths "please."

Shat hesitates, then...

SHAT (CONT'D)

Fran, will you get me a muscle milk out of there?

FRANCISCO

Sure, where is it?

Shat gestures for them to go. Fick and Jennifer creep through the kitchen as...

SHAT

There should be one more vanilla, on the top shelf.

FRANCISCO

I don't see it. Someone may have drank it.

SHAT

Maybe on the middle shelf. I saw it there yesterday, unless maybe-

Front door shuts. Fick waltzes into the kitchen, MAIL in hand.

SHAT (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole. You did, didn't you?

Francisco shuts the refrigerator then begins to transfer the food to serving plates and clean up as...

Fick sits at the table.

FICK

Yeah, 'cause I like drinking cum shakes that heighten my testosterone levels and rip my chest so that ten years from now when I have a nagging wife that wants me to pick the kids up from school instead of letting me go to the gym to work out, my ripped chest will turn into man boobs and my ball sac will sag like jello. Fuck that.

Fick tosses the mail onto the table.

FRAN

Nice to know you're thinking about your future.

FICK

Fran. Let me borrow fifty bucks?

FRANCISCO

For what?

FICK

For future's sake, a fifty dollar bond will multiple annually at a variable rate and when you finally croak, I won't have the financial obligation to see fit that your ashes get spread across a manure pit.

Francisco gives Fick a quick snicker then back to the food.

FRANCISCO

No. Get a job.

FICK

You know, Fran, that's how I know you're not a Mexican.

SHAT  
 What does that have to do with Fran  
 being Hispanic?

FICK  
 It proves he's a stingy fucking  
 Jew.  
 (pause)  
 Ah-ha!

Fick adjusts in his seat, pulls the scratch out from his back pocket.

FICK (CONT'D)  
 Fuckin' sweet. Good thing I only  
 wash my clothes once a month.

Francisco sets the food center of the table, plates and silverware for the boys.

Fick grabs a spoon, scratches the ticket as...

FRANCISCO  
 I do your laundry.

FICK  
 Ha. Right. You are a Mexican.

SHAT  
 You're such a moron. When are you  
 gonna-

Fick's eyes shoot open. He laughs hysterically.

FRANCISCO  
 He's mentally ill. I don't think he  
 can help it.

Francisco rolls his eyes, begins to sort through the mail.

FICK  
 At least I'm a retard with some  
 bread. Five hundred dollars  
 bitches.

SHAT  
 No way.

Shat snatches the ticket from him, scans it as Fick leans back, gives a cocky grin.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
 You lucky brick.

FICK

Did you just call me a prick?

SHAT

No. Buh-buh-brick.

FICK

What do you know about bricks?

Shat flicks the ticket back at Fick.

SHAT

You can't cash it anyway. You're not old enough.

Francisco extends an envelope to each of them. Fick tosses his to the side, begins to eat. Shat neatly opens his.

FRANCISCO

Were you two expecting something?

SHAT

SAT results.

FICK

That's what that shit is? I was so fucking high that day, I forgot I even went.

Francisco takes a frustrated, deep breath, looks to Shat.

FRANCISCO

So?

SHAT

Twelve forty.

FRANCISCO

That's good, right?

SHAT

Not good enough.

Fick chews on a big bite of food as he rips his open, tearing part of the letter off with the envelope. He scans it, then opens his mouth and lets the food fall out of his mouth onto his plate.

SHAT (CONT'D)

That's disgusting.

FICK

Thirteen twenty disgusting?

Shat angrily snatches the letter from Fick.

SHAT

A thirteen twenty? How? You don't deserve that score. You don't study. You barely show up to class. You aren't even going to fuckin' graduate. You don't give a shit about anything but yourself. So how the hell do you get a better score than me?!?

FRANCISCO

Boys, please. Not at the table.

FICK

Just cause you do good doesn't mean good's gonna happen. Check your universal thoughts, my bastard brethren.

SHAT

What THE HELL does that mean?

FICK

You have a foolish, conforming, gotta-get-myself-polished mentality. You're no better than an intellectual midget with a dick longer than his legs that's only good for fucking his own ass. Thank the dead Lord cause that bastard knows we don't need more A+ assholes adding to the high degree of idiocracy already present on this hell-bent, goddamned earth. THAT'S what that means.

Francisco looks at his watch then, in a hurry, between bites of good and drinks...

SHAT

You're so full of shit. No. Fuck that. You're a piece of shit that doesn't deserve SHIT!

FRANCISCO

Boys! I'm gonna be late. Please, don't kill each other while I'm gone.

SHAT

I'll peroxide all the blood up.  
You'll never know Fick came and  
went.

FICK

Riiiiight. Cause you're just soooo  
fucking hard core.

Francisco stands, grabs his briefcase, jacket and keys then  
exits as...

FRANCISCO

I mean it. No violence.

SHAT

Seriously, there had to be a mix  
up. There's no way...

Shat's words trail as he sets a deep glare on Fick.

FICK

People like you make me sick. Not  
like gonna ralph sick, more like  
why don't I stick my thumb up my  
ass then lick it 'cause I'm such a  
douchebag that's what I carry in  
fanny pack when I'm-

FRANCISCO (O.S.)

(deep, booming)

Both of you! Out here! Now!

Shat and Fick freeze, look toward the front door.

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

Now!

EXT. FRONT PORCH, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Francisco's nostrils flare as he rubs his head. Shat and Fick  
walk through the front door. Shat gasps. Fick chuckles.

FRANCISCO

Who?! How?!

Francisco's Navigator sits sideways on the steps, a large  
dent in the driver's side door. Pots and plants smashed and  
scattered. Dirt on the hood. Puke on the side windows. A bra  
hanging from the rearview mirror.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

If this doesn't run, so help me,  
Fick. I don't care that you're  
seventeen. I'll bend you over my  
leg and tear your hide.

FICK

Sounds a bit erotic. Pedophile  
much?

Francisco ignores Fick, gets in the Navigator and starts the engine. A cat SQUEALS in pain. Off that, Francisco quickly shuts off the engine.

SHAT

Holy shit.

FICK

Friday night. Gotta get that pussy.

Francisco pops the hood, exits the Navigator.

Shat opens the hood. All three stare down at a frazzled cat's TAIL, orange and white stripes sharply stand out against the black and grey engine.

FICK (CONT'D)

I've always been scared of  
commitment.

Fick turns to Shat with a chuckle.

Shat clocks Fick in the nose, sends him tumbling onto the ground. Blood flows under Fick's hand as he covers the middle of his face.

FICK (CONT'D)

Holy! Ow!!! What the fuck was that  
for?

SHAT

For disrespecting Fran. For fucking  
up his truck. For killing-GRRR!!!  
For fuck's sake, Fick. You're so  
delusional you drove with a cat in  
the engine and you didn't even  
fucking notice!!!

Fick gets up from the ground, wipes the blood from his nose onto his jeans.

FICK

Tell me what's really wrong, Shat.  
Huh? C'mon, pretty boy.

(MORE)

FICK (CONT'D)

It's cause I got your girl. Cause you can't handle the fact I might actually be smarter than you. It's cause I'm happy and you're not. And you know it!

Shat balls up a fist, readies to go after Fick again, but Francisco intervenes.

FRANCISCO

Stop this. Now!

Francisco grips both boys by the arms.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

You two are lucky I don't call the cops. Shat, get your shit together. Fick, just shut the hell up and keep to yourself. I've had it up to here with you boys' shit.

FICK

Up to where, Fran? Your fucking cock since cocking a gun seems like a great past time adventure for you.

Francisco angrily shoves Fick away. Shat confusedly looks to Francisco.

Francisco swiftly picks his briefcase from off the ground, gets in the Navigator.

Francisco quickly and roughly backs off the front porch steps then exits.

FICK (CONT'D)

I hate that motherfucker!

Fick enters the house, slams the door behind him.

Shat angrily looks at the damage and debris of pots.

SHAT

Why does this shit have to happen to me?

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Shat pushes the cart full of old and new bedding down the hall, stops in front of a room.

Shat picks up the clipboard, wrinkles his forehead as he scans the first page, flips to the second then returns it back to his cart.

Leaving his cart behind, Shat enters the room.

INT. RESIDENT'S ROOM, NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Both beds are stripped bare. Personal items are boxed up. The CHAIR sits angled as if someone were looking out the window.

Shat looks around the room, then walks to a packed box. He pulls out a black and white picture of a COUPLE (mid 20's) that looks from the 1940's. The MAN wears a military uniform and the WOMAN wears a conservative dress. They smile, gaze into each other's eyes.

Shat puts the picture away then walks to the chair. He runs his hand along the top of the back then takes a seat.

Shat lets out a big sigh, then gazes out the window a beat.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (O.S.)  
Sweetheart.

Shat, startled, quickly stands, turns to see Receptionist 2 standing in the doorway.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't leave your cart unattended. If something comes up missing, you'll have to pay for it.

SHAT  
Sorry.

Receptionist 2 grins, turns to walk away, but then stops.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
Don't be sad. This kind of thing happens all the time here.

SHAT  
I didn't even know him.

An awkward pause.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
There's no one to come pick up his things... and her's that he kept, if they could come of use to you then you can...

SHAT

No. It's okay. I don't want them.

Another awkward pause as they look around the room.

SHAT (CONT'D)

How do you do it?

RECEPTIONIST 2

It's just a profession. As long as I don't get close to anyone, their passing doesn't affect me.

SHAT

That sounds...

RECEPTIONIST 2

Awful. I know.

(pause)

I owe you an apology.

Shat wrinkles his brow.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)

I was disappointed you weren't here out of compassion, but I realize I'm the one that has no compassion. I go through the motions, and that's all. Hell, I don't even remember his name.

(pause)

Compassion in my job would only hurt my ability to perform. I guess just getting something done matters more than the emotion behind the work.

SHAT

I don't remember his name, either.

Receptionist 2 and Shat grin at each other.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Don't take too long in here. There are others waiting.

Receptionist 2 exits.

INT. BATHROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - DAY

Fick wipes dried and wet blood from under and around his nose. Ryan sits on the toilet and rolls a joint as...

FICK  
The blood won't fucking stop.

RYAN  
(chuckling)  
That's what you get for talking  
shit.

FICK  
Shut up with that karma shit,  
faggot.

Ryan stops laughing, glares then goes back to rolling. Fick  
wipes more blood, then angrily tosses the rag into the sink.

HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

RYAN  
Want me to get it?

FICK  
Probably for Fran, but for all I  
care, Fran can go fuck himself.  
I've hated that mother fucker from  
day one. I wish I had something on  
him. Let's tear the walls down  
while he's gone. I bet there's a  
dead body or two hidden somewhere.  
Something about him just creeps me  
out, makes my skin fucking crawl  
and want to peel off. I can't  
fucking figure out why. It's  
fucking agitating.

Ryan chuckles, goes to back to preparing the joint. Fick  
shuffles in the drawers as...

RYAN  
Why didn't you hit him back?

FICK  
I don't fucking know.

RYAN  
You get scurred?

FICK  
Fuck no. I don't have shit against  
Shat, just Fran. I don't want Fran  
to have a reason to put me away.

Fick pulls swimming nose plugs out of the drawer, wraps the  
band around his head, then clamps his nose, wipes the blood  
again as...

FICK (CONT'D)

You know what? I should've swung. I should've made it look like an accident. Wait 'til right before Fran got between us, then BAM! Woulda looked like any other big bang fucking occurrence. Juuuust an accident.

RYAN

Fran could fuck you up if he really wanted to. He might be old, but he looks tough.

FICK

You're fucking delusional. One fist to his face and that mother fucker would be gone. Gramps wouldn't have to worry about getting into a nursing home after that. His lights would be OUT!

Ryan looks up at Fick's clamped nose, chuckles. Off that, Fick angrily removes the nose clamp.

RYAN

People die in threes.

Fick jerks the toilet paper off the dispenser, tears off a few squares, rolls them as...

FICK

So what you sayin'? We'd die with him?

RYAN

Someone died already. I heard it was somebody from the party last night. That's one. Now there's gonna be two more.

FICK

Three's a magical number.

Fick inserts one makeshift toilet paper plug in one nostril.

RYAN

How?

FICK

I don't know. All that feng shui shit says to do things in threes.

RYAN

What are you? Martha fucking  
Stewart now?

FICK

Martha can spit shine my tripod in  
threes.

Fick grabs his crotch jokingly, then inserts the other toilet  
paper plug into the other nostril.

Fick opens the window, then sits on the tub next to Ryan.

FICK (CONT'D)

People die in threes, but are born  
in tens. Awesome fucking universal  
order. Yeesssss... I'd love to meet  
that mathematical maker.

Fick picks the joint up, sniffs it, smiles.

FICK (CONT'D)

Fuck three. There's only enough  
here for two.

Ryan chuckles. Fick lights the joint, takes a deep hit.

HOUSE PHONE RINGS

FICK (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up already!

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Francisco sits in a leather chair in a sophisticated, high  
priced, high status office that gives the impression he might  
be seeing a lawyer.

Francisco sets his briefcase on the desk, opens it and  
retrieves a manila envelope.

FRANCISCO

Got here a little faster than  
expected.

Francisco extends the envelope.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

(man's voice)

Have the boy's seen them yet?

FRANCISCO

Not yet. Actually, I'm surprised they've survived this long in that house together.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

That bad?

FRANCISCO

It's as if they both have a taste for blood, just like their mothers.

Francisco and Unknown chuckle.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

Love just isn't enough now-a-days.

FRANCISCO

Not if we must let bygones be bygones.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

Some things are just inherently irrevocable.

FRANCISCO

Well said.

Francisco grins, closes his briefcase, stands, then shakes hands with Unknown.

INT. SHAT'S BRONCO - LATER

Shat drives, blares angry heavy metal music a beat.

Flashing cop car LIGHTS in front of a house get his attention. Shat turns the radio down and slows.

A wooden sign made to look like a football, Jake's jersey # on the sign.

Shat parks.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shat walks to the house, gets to about ten feet from the front porch steps when-

POLICE OFFICER steps out the front door. Shat stops, wrinkles his brow. They nod at each other.

Just then, JAKE'S MOTHER (42), black but flushed like she is ready to pass out, walks out the front door, looks onto Shat.

Shat discerningly stares at her. Mother's chin quivers. She snuffles. Her hand grips a handkerchief. She wipes her tears.

Amber comes out onto the front porch.

AMBER

Shat. I tried to call the house,  
but no one answered. Where were  
you? Why didn't you show up last  
night? I was scared you were with  
them?

Amber begins to cry, steps forward to be next to Jake's Mother.

SHAT

What are you talking about? Where's  
Jake?

AMBER

Bo was taken to the hospital, but  
he can't talk.

SHAT

(confused anger)  
What do you mean, he can't talk? He  
was just fine last night.

AMBER

We don't know-

SHAT

What do you mean you don't know?

Police Officer puts up a hand, steps forward, clears his throat.

POLICE OFFICER

Son, there was an accident last  
night and-

But before he can finish, Mother breaks down, falls to her knees.

JAKE'S MOTHER

My baby! No!

Police Officer hurries to her side.

SHAT

No. No.

Shat walks backyard a moment as he repeats his disbelief, watches as two FAMILY MEMBERS come out to help.

AMBER

Shat.

SHAT

Fuck that. You're lying. All of you. This is-this is not happening.

Shat walks right, jogs to his truck, slams the door as...

Amber hurries off the porch after him, gets in the passenger side.

INT. SHAT'S BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Shat blares the music, drives fast. A flooded face as Amber tenses in the passenger seat a moment, then finally reaches over and turns the music off.

AMBER

Please. Just pull over. Talk to me.

Shat glares, then turns the music back up, but Amber turns the music right back off.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Pull over!

Shat shakes his head, then pulls to the side of the road.

Shat holds back tears, looks out the window, grips the wheel until his knuckles turn white then lets out an angry groan.

SHAT

What happened? What the fuck happened?

AMBER

They don't know.

SHAT

What do you mean they don't know? Someone has to know. They're the fucking cops for Christ's sake. They do this stuff for a living. They have to fucking know.

AMBER

They don't know!

Shat punches the steering wheel, rubs his forehead as he leans his head against his window. CARS race past on the road, but he pays no mind as...

AMBER (CONT'D)

He wasn't at home this morning and his mom thought he was at Bo's since they went to the party together. Then Bo's mom called Jake's mom and that's when they realized something was wrong. You didn't show last night and I was scared to death that you-

SHAT

I'm fine! Can't you see? I'm fine! Now get to the point. What fucking happened?

Amber gasps, sniffles as Shat turns away.

AMBER

They found his truck in a field. It must have flipped five or six times. They said more than likely he didn't suffer. His neck broke. He died quickly. Bo's in a coma. They know they were at the party so they're gonna wait on the toxicology report before they determine anything, that way they know if anything was in his system.

Shat ponders this a second then suddenly turns to Amber.

SHAT

(deeply glaring)  
In his system? Did you seriously just say that?

Taken aback, Amber leans in toward her window.

AMBER

It's just what-

SHAT

It's just what, Amber? Just what?!? You know Jake. You were at the party. You KNOW he didn't even have so much as a sip of beer! But you're gonna repeat that shit just because that's what they're gonna wait to go by. Like that's the fucking answer. Bullshit!

Shat hits the steering wheel repeatedly then stops and shakes the pain from it as Amber silently cries.

SHAT (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Shat starts his Bronco up again.

SHAT (CONT'D)

Look. I'm sorry. This just doesn't make sense.

AMBER

(angry tears)

It doesn't to me, either, but I'm not gonna lose it like you are now. Please, just get a grip for one second, can ya' ??? I have a reason to think about my emotional state and so do you. We have something else to deal with.

Shat gives a confused, peripheral snicker, then takes a deep, long breath.

SHAT

Am I taking you home? Or are you coming with me?

AMBER

We need to talk.

Shat turns the music up then peels out to get back in drive on the road.

EXT. FRONT YARD, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER

Fick and Ryan walk out of the house, ready to get on their bikes, BMX low riding trick bikes as...

Shat turns off the Bronco then he and Amber exit and start their walk to the house.

FICK

Awww. Such a long, sad, sad face?  
Someone die?

Shat balls a fist, readies to chase after Fick, but Amber grabs his arm.

AMBER

Let it go.

Shat flings Amber's arm off his and stomps up the stairs as Fick hysterically laughs, rides away.

Amber's chin quivers. She hesitates then goes into the house.

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shat randomly curses as he walks to the kitchen table, throws a chair out of his way, then takes a seat.

Frightened, Amber keeps her distance off in the kitchen.

AMBER

I know you just lost a friend-

SHAT

One of my best friends, Amber. Can you get that in your hollowed out skull?

Amber snuffles, readies to cry again.

SHAT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just-I just can't handle things I don't understand. I hate it. I hate... This.

Amber eases toward the table then down into the chair across from him.

AMBER

If we're still gonna be together, I need you to be strong right now.

SHAT

I've never had to deal with this. Never. What do you expect me to do? How are you expecting me to act?

AMBER

Shat. I need to know you can handle stress.

SHAT

My dad is dead. My mom's been in prison my whole life, but my grades have stayed high. I'm the star quarterback. I have a promising future. I'm JUST FINE WITH STRESS!

Amber leans back away from Shat as he rubs his face to calm.

SHAT (CONT'D)

What's your point? How does Jake dying have anything to do with whatever our thing is?

AMBER

Thing?

SHAT

Yeah, thing. We're not going to the same college, so the buck stops at graduation.

AMBER

But, I thought we talked about it-about our future together.

SHAT

YOU talked about our future. I just listened.

AMBER

Well you should have listened because then I would've known you'd be listening to me now. With death brings new life, and this is one I want to hold on to. Whether or not you feel the same. I don't know.

Amber's chin quivers. She snuffles. Shat groans, leans back in his chair and wipes his face.

SHAT

Babe. Please, this isn't a good time right now. What is it-what is so important?

Amber looks at every angle around Shat, but not at him.

AMBER

I'm pregnant. Three months.

Awkward silence. Shat's jaw drops. Amber lets the tears silently flow.

Amber stands, pushes her chair back in.

SHAT

Do you want me to take you home?

Amber walks out as...

AMBER

I'll walk. I guess I need to do  
some thinking, too.

Shat lets his forehead slam to the edge of the table.

Amber SLAMS the front door behind her.

Shat closes his eyes tightly, snarls, then repeatedly lets  
his forehead knock onto the table.

INT. SHAT'S ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shat gets to his room, pulls three SLEEPING PILLS from a push-  
thru panel, quickly takes them. He grabs a half empty bottled  
water on his night stand to choke them down.

Shat lays down, alternates between trying to keep his eyes  
closed, tossing and turning, then finally slams a fist into  
the wall.

Shat gets off his bed, then exits across the hall...

INT. FICK'S ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tornadic aftermath-clothes and crap everywhere, it makes no  
difference in appearance when Shat ravages through Fick's  
belongings.

Shat pulls out a prescription bottle filled with mixed pills.  
He opens it and lets several fall into his palm.

Shat picks out three white pills with red/pink speckles, puts  
the rest back, then tosses the bottle back into the junk  
pile.

EXT. SKATE PARK - LATER

Ryan stands at the top of a half pipe with Fick. They both  
stare down toward the ground as they smoke.

Ryan flicks his cigarette, jumps on his skateboard, tries to  
pull out a trick, but wipes out.

Fick chuckles as Ryan grips his side, groans on the ground.

Fick flicks his cigarette, jumps on his skateboard, then  
lands the trick.

Fick skates back around to Ryan then helps him off the  
ground.

FICK  
 You should've stayed at home and  
 sucked on your momma's tit-tays.

RYAN  
 Shut the fuck up.

Ryan groans, grips at his side.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I think I broke my fucking hip. I  
 can't go no more.

FICK  
 Idiot.

Fick looks around as Ryan straightens himself back up.

Fick pulls the winning scratch off from his back pocket and  
 holds it in the air.

FICK (CONT'D)  
 It's all fun and games until  
 someone gets their cyber head blown  
 off.

Ryan takes the lottery ticket, squints, then smiles.

INT. SHAT'S ROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER

Shat drools, snores as he sleeps.

Francisco walks in, crosses his arms as he looks down on  
 Shat.

Shat yawns, smacks his lips then rolls over.

FRANCISCO  
 Shat. Get up.

No response. Off that, Francisco pokes at Shat's arm.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
 Come on. We've got to go.

Shat sleepily groans, pulls the covers over his head.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
 Shat. Get up.

Francisco jerks the covers from off Shat.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
Get up. Get dressed. Now.

Shat's eyes sleepily open. Francisco exits.

INT. PRISON, VISITING AREA - LATER

Shat, bags under his eyes, sad, tired face, leans his head against the wall as he watches-

Francisco and Bethany, at a distant table, talk and hold hands in the center of the table.

Bethany sniffles, wipes a tear. Francisco squeezes her hands then pulls a white envelope from his shirt pocket, hands it to her.

Fran gets up from the table, touches one hand to his lips as if blowing a kiss. Bethany reciprocates.

Fran walks over to Shat.

FRAN  
Bethany would like to speak with you.

Shat looks around the room.

SHAT  
Where's my mom?

Fran puts a hand on Shat's shoulder. Shat wrinkles his brow.

FRAN  
Please, just go talk with Bethany.

Fran releases his hand from Shat's shoulder and walks off.

Shat groans, slowly gets up, then walks to Bethany.

Bethany smiles as Shat heavily sits down in front of her.

SHAT  
I want my mom. Where is she?

Bethany clear hers throat and looks down at the table before looking back up to Shat to speak.

BETHANY  
Shat, what's been going on? I hear things aren't so good.

Shat looks at Bethany as if she is wasting his time.

SHAT

Your son is an asshole. Amber is pregnant. Your son is a fucking genius and might be my brother. My best friend just died for no fucking reason. Did I mention Fick is a prick?

Bethany fakes an awkward grin.

BETHANY

So I heard.

SHAT

If you heard then why do you ask?  
Now where's my mom? I want my mom.

Bethany extends one hand across the table, gestures for Shat to take it, but Shat glares to reject it.

SHAT (CONT'D)

I will say it one more time. I want my FUCKING mom. Where the FUCK is my mom?!

Bethany pulls her hand back.

BETHANY

Something happened, Shat. We don't exactly know what yet, or if it was on purpose.

Shat tilts his head back and opens his eyes very large.

SHAT

(very stern)

Tell me... where my mom is.

BETHANY

Your mom is gone, Shat.

Shat keeps his head tilted and eyes large as he continues to look at Bethany, her words are not registering yet. Off that...

BETHANY (CONT'D)

They found her yesterday, and we don't know if someone else is responsible or if she did it of her own accord. She's dead, Shat. Your mother is dead.

Shat continues to look at her a moment. Then, without a word, gets up from the table and walks away.

Bethany stands up, extends an arm as if reaching for him, but does not give it much effort.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Shat... Shat... Please, come back.

Bethany keeps her arm in the air for a moment, but after Shat is obviously gone, she lowers her arm and sits back down.

Bethany takes the letter from Fran into her hands and unfolds it. She smiles as she looks down and begins to read.

FRANCISCO (V.O.)

My Dearest Bethany, It seems as though things have taken a turn for the worse. The boys lives are falling apart and the worse I fear has happened. I thought it would be Fick that would react in such a way, but, sadly, it was Shat that threw the first punch. I refrained from calling the authorities because I do believe this will work out. I await the DNA results and, in my hopes, this obligatory matter will be straightened out and settled just shy of their eighteenth birthdays. I do not wish to see the boys part as enemies, but what's of utmost importance, I hope their hatred for each other does not spur more violence. I await with my eyes, ears and heart open, and am continuously anticipating a chance to help these boys find peace. Con mucho amor, Francisco.

Bethany smiles, kisses the letter, then tucks it away in her bra.

INT. FRANCISCO'S SUV - LATER

Shat, like a zombie, stares straight forward as they drive.

FRANCISCO

You gonna be okay alone? Or do I need to cancel my meetings?

SHAT

I'll be fine.

FRANCISCO

Are you sure? I can reschedule.  
It's not that big a deal.

Francisco pulls into the drive and parks in front of the house.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

Or I can call Amber. I know she  
will stay with you.

Shat slowly turns a deep glare to Francisco.

SHAT

I'm FINE!

Shat exits the SUV.

Francisco's watches Shat enter the house. Off that, Francisco grins then drives away.

INT. FRAN'S OFFICE, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shat enters, goes to the liquor cabinet. He tries to open it but it's lock. Shat hunts in the desk drawers, angrily pushes everything around, but can't find the key.

Shat inserts a flathead screwdriver, pries and pries, groans and growls, then finally breaks it open.

Shat pulls out a bottle of Scotch, exits the office.

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shat pulls a rocks glass from the cabinet, pours the Scotch to the rim.

Shat opens the refrigerator, retrieves a beer. Scotch in one hand, beer in the other, he alternates between the two until they're gone.

Shat slams the empty glass and bottle onto the counter, wipes his face and groans from the burn. He grips his chest, closes his eyes, and holds his breath.

Shat releases with a deep breath, the tears and chokes begin.

Shat wipes his face, forces them to stop.

Shat rubs his face and head as he takes a few deep breaths.

Shat seems composed, but then suddenly his face grows angry.

Shat chunks the Scotch bottle across the room. It busts against the wall.

Shat quickly exits the kitchen.

INT. ARCADE - LATER

Ryan stops at the JURASSIC PARK game: sit inside an enclosed box, black curtains on each side, and guns shoot at the screen to kill the lunging and attacking dinosaurs.

RYAN  
Put some money in.

Fick pulls crumpled, disorganized money stack from his pocket, chuckles in half shock and half amusement.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
How much have you spent?

FICK  
Two sixty. Ain't that some shit?!

RYAN  
Fuck me, man.

Fick shrugs, inserts the money then jumps into the game.

Ryan and Fick select the Two Player option, grab their guns and aim.

DINOSAURS hide, advance, retreat and die on the screen as Fick and Ryan excitedly hoop and holler, shoot them dead.

Ryan's man runs out of lives. He lets his gun fall from his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
This game is fucking violent!!

FICK  
They're not real, you dip shit. How can it be violent if it's all pretend?

Fick almost gets ambushed by several dinosaurs.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Eat metal you scaly pricks.

RYAN  
Pricks? You're the one invading their territory.

Fick's jaw angrily drops, he turns to Ryan and pretends to shoot him in the head.

Ryan angrily swipes the gun.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Man, that shit ain't funny.

Fick chuckles, turns back to the screen, resumes shooting.

FICK  
I'm a lone man in unchartered  
territory. All ize got is me gun  
and me bullets. No bitch to fuck.  
No whiskey to drink. And I just put  
my best friend out of his misery.  
What's a po boy like me to do?

RYAN  
Kill yourself.

Fick slowly lowers the gun, stares at the screen, watches as the dinosaurs pounce on then kill his imaginary player.

Fick suddenly exits.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I was fucking kidding! Hey! Where  
are you going?

INT. KITCHEN, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - LATER

Fick enters the house, eyes the room as he walks through the kitchen, his head high as he listens for any movement.

FICK  
(calling out)  
Bung holio? Chimichanga?

Fick groans, stops, then turns in his spot. He sees a NOTE on the refrigerator, goes to it, snatches it off then reads it.

FICK (CONT'D)  
You have to be fucking kidding me.

Fick crumples up the note, randomly tosses it, lights a cigarette then sighs as he walks out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM, FRANCISCO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fick stands in the doorway, crosses his legs at the ankles and slyly leans into the door. He stares downward as he contemplates out loud and smokes his cigarette.

FICK

It's like a fucked up Romeo and Juliet story... For fags... except we have to be with each other. Star crossed, DNA denied brethren, their blood line unknown, forced to live under the same roof, can't stand each other but don't realize how much they need each other. Isn't that fucked up? One falls prey to the other's fist whilst the other falls prey to his own. Magical the way our self-deprecating acts and self-loathing do damage to others more than they do to our own bodies.

Fick points his finger with the cigarette toward the ground.

FICK (CONT'D)

You think I give up? Fuck no. And you condescendingly ask why I don't give a fuck? Well, fuck you. I don't give a fuck because pieces of shit like you care so much you drain yourself, literally. And then shit like this happens.

Fick takes a long drag, watches the smoke float then hover int he air a moment before looking back down at the floor.

FICK (CONT'D)

At least the poison set in fast for Romeo. Just alike, one of us is willing to kill himself for the other, but in a screwed up, oh-poor-pitiful-me melodrama. Ha. Love is universally fucked up. No wonder there's fear in love. I'm scared to love for fear of dying over shit like this. I fear you, I love you. So selfish. I love you, but fear me not for leaving you in love. Fuck that!

Fick takes another long drag, slowly exhales, then chuckles.

FICK (CONT'D)

I wish Amber really loved you. Then maybe that bitch would have already offed herself. Fucking cunt.

Fick takes another long drag as he rubs his face in frustration, but then chuckles after exhaling.

FICK (CONT'D)

How does it go? Time is relevant?

Fick looks around the room in some sort of daze, then suddenly snaps out of it.

FICK (CONT'D)

Holy fuck, I smoke too much. Maybe this relevant fucking time I should actually give a shit. To shit or not to shit?

(pause)

I guess when you gotta shit, you gotta shit. There's no question to it.

Fick puts the cigarette out on the bathroom counter, kneels, then cocks his head.

FICK (CONT'D)

Fucking hypocrite. You promised Fran you'd peroxide up the blood. Do I look like a goddamn house maid?!

Fick stands, grabs a rag, then kneels again.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - DAY

Amber walks in the street toward her house, gets to the driveway but suddenly stops, grimaces.

Amber shakes it off, takes a deep breath then starts up the drive again.

Suddenly, she hunches over, grabs her stomach in pain.

AMBER

Mom... Mom... MOM!!!

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Francisco sits alone in a chair, reads in a magazine.

NURSE 2 enters. Off that, Francisco puts the magazine off to the side, stands.

NURSE 2  
You can see him now.

Francisco follows Nurse 2 out of the room.

INT. SHAT'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The door eases open. Francisco enters to see-

Shat, flushed face, dark and drooping eyes, lays motionless in the bed. His left wrist wrapped with a line of blood showing.

Francisco pulls a chair to the side of the bed. Off that, Shat takes a deep breath, turns his head toward Francisco then lets it heavily lay back into his pillow.

FRANCISCO  
You're lucky, you know it? Had it been an hour later, you'd be a goner.

SHAT  
I never thought I'd be the one to do something like that.  
(pause)  
But I'm glad I did.

Shat turns his face forward. Francisco sighs.

FRANCISCO  
You're one of very few that can look back on a suicide attempt. Shaaat... Why'd you do it?

SHAT  
I lost it. My chest was so heavy I thought my heart was going to beat out of it. My brain was burning. It's like my body was separating into three.

Pause.

FRANCISCO  
Where'd you get the pills?

SHAT  
I found 'em in Fick's room. I don't remember even going in there.  
(MORE)

SHAT (CONT'D)

I just remember throwing shit around like I already knew they were there. I don't even know HOW I knew they were there. After I busted your scotch bottle, I finished off a bottle of vodka. I don't know how I kept them down.

FRANCISCO

You should probably thank him.

Shat turns back to Francisco with a wrinkled brow.

SHAT

Who?

FRANCISCO

Fick's the one that found you.

Shat gives no response in any form. Awkward, unsure silence a moment.

SHAT

You know, I felt like everything was done. I felt like I just couldn't keep going no matter what options I gave myself. I can't lie. It felt good. The pain mixed with the numbness, the path to an incoherent state. It was like I could connect with every nonliving thing around me. It felt like hours of just floating, just letting go.

FRANCISCO

So you don't regret it?

SHAT

Not at all. I just regret it was Fick that had to be the one to save me.

Shat faces forward again. He and Francisco sit in silent contemplation for a few moments.

FRANCISCO

Why the razor?

SHAT

Just some idea that's been ringing in my head. A simple explanation is usually right. That's all I could think about.

(MORE)

SHAT (CONT'D)

The simplest explanation to make things stop would be for me... to stop.

Another moment of silence then Francisco rises.

FRANCISCO

I have to get funeral arrangements made. You still have to speak with a psychiatrist before they'll release you, but you'll be out in time for her funeral. Think you can handle it?

Shat takes a deep breath, nods as he exhales.

Francisco pats his shoulder, then exits.

INT. PHILOSOPHY CLASS - DAY

Half the desks are empty. A sad energy fills the room. A stiffness with no smiles.

Fick takes his seat right before the SCHOOL BELL sounds. Off that, Mr. Peterson stands up from his desk, writes on the chalkboard.

MR. PETERSON

Are people born bad?

Mr. Peterson turns back to the class.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Anyone?

Female STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT

Children are innocent. Life experiences and personal choices make people turn bad. No one is born bad.

MR. PETERSON

So you think people are born inherently good?

STUDENT

Yeah.

MR. PETERSON

Why then would a toddler get molested, or an infant get shaken so hard it dies, or a three year old get thrown from a car window in rush hour traffic... If, as you say, they are innocent and born good? Shouldn't the good and innocent only receive good in return?

CLASSROOM, disturbed students, ponders this a moment.

STUDENT

I mean, you would think so, but it's not the babies that were bad. Who ever did that to them was the bad person, not the children.

MR. PETERSON

So then, my big question, why do bad things happen to the good?

Classroom ponders this a moment.

Classroom door opens and Amber, clutching her books to her chest, keeps her head low as she makes her way to her desk.

Fick keeps his eyes forward, pays her no mind.

Amber gives him a quick, sideways glance before sitting down.

GIRL leans forward.

GIRL

(whispering)

You okay? I heard you had your appendix taken out?

AMBER

I'm good. Thanks.

Student 2 raises a hand. Mr. Peterson points at him.

STUDENT 2

You're asking this 'cause of Jake, huh?

MR. PETERSON

No. I'm afraid that was just coincidence.

FICK

Coincidence. Ha! You have to be  
fucking kidding me.

Classroom's attention turns to Fick.

MR. PETERSON

Okay, Fick. Why do bad things  
happen to good people?

FICK

People aren't born bad or good.  
They're just born. Evil can't exist  
without good, so why does it have  
to be black or white, good or bad?  
What's the difference between good  
and bad anyway? Just perspective.  
Everyone thinks it's bad that Jake  
had to die. He was young, athletic,  
promising future, blah dee blah  
blah. But what do we fucking know?  
Maybe next week he was gonna get in  
a different accident and end up a  
vegetable for the next forty years.  
THAT would have been worse, so  
maybe him dying now was good.

STUDENT

That is such a horrible thing for  
you to say right now.

FICK

How?!?

STUDENT

Cause a young man just lost his  
life when he had a bright future.

FICK

I JUST fucking said that.

MR. PETERSON

So you don't think there's bad or  
good in action or people?

FICK

It's a complicated matter no one  
can answer, and quite frankly,  
there's no real logic in the chain  
of events. Maybe we're all born  
bricks. Some of us just get lucky.

Classroom snickers. Off that, Fick glares around at everyone.

FICK (CONT'D)

Bad things can't happen to good people if there are no good people.

STUDENT 2

Maybe the bad happens so we can appreciate the good?

FICK

How the fuck does a mother's only son dying be something that could make her appreciate the good in something else?

Classrooms get quiet.

FICK (CONT'D)

Shit happens! Quit trying to explain it. Just realize it. Deal with it. Shut the fuck up and move on.

Some students snicker, others sigh, one starts to cry. Amber lays her head on her desk.

Mr. Peterson walks to the chalk board.

MR. PETERSON

Since half the class will be gone for the wake, and most of you will be at the funeral, I'm not scheduling a quiz until Friday.

STUDENT 2

But we're getting a half day so we can go to the game.

FICK

Maybe Jake did it on purpose so you bitches couldn't go to that pompous, exemplified, bullshit waste of a money event.

STUDENT 2

You're such a jerk!

STUDENT

Yeah, Thusman. I hope karma gives you what you deserve. Cause Jake sure didn't deserve to die.

FICK  
 (chuckling)  
 You're fuckin' delusional if you think there's some force out there making sure good and bad is balanced out and that your idea of some sort of universal justice is served.

STUDENT  
 Fick should've died.

FICK  
 My point exactly. Now reconsider that karma bullshit.

MR. PETERSON  
 Karma, karma, karma... now...

Mr. Peterson grabs a stack of papers, begins to pass them out as..

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)  
 Here are your last tests AND your deserving, karma induced grade.

Mr. Peterson lays Amber's test face down on her desk. She turns it over to reveal a red, circled F.

AMBER  
 What?!?

Girl, smiles at her own grade, then leans forward to look at Amber's.

GIRL  
 Whooooaaa... Who fails philosophy?

Amber's eyes tear up. She sniffles.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Cloudy. Misty rain. Gothic statues in a cemetery of tall head stones. Creepy like they are watching.

Francisco and Shat, in black funeral suits, stand side by side as they look onto the rose covered casket. Just a handful in attendance.

Casket begins to lower. Francisco turns to walk away. Off that, Shat follows.

Francisco and Shat head toward where Shat's Bronco and Francisco's Navigator are parked.

SHAT

I wish more people would have shown up.

FRANCISCO

Me too, but it's been twenty-five years since your mother last saw anyone. Everyone's moved around. I couldn't get a hold of no one.

Francisco pulls cigarettes from his coat pocket, stops several feet shy of his Navigator.

SHAT

That sucks. I really wanted mom to have a better goodbye.

FRANCISCO

Your mother knows she was loved. The fact that you were here is all that matters.

Francisco pulls lighter out of his pocket and is about to light his cigarette.

SHAT

Mind if I...?

Francisco gives Shat a funny look while lighting his cigarette.

FRANCISCO

When did you start smoking?

Francisco pulls cigarettes back out and hands Shat the whole pack.

Shat takes out a cigarette.

SHAT

I haven't... yet.

Francisco lights Shat's cigarette then hands the lighter to Shat.

Shat takes a drag and coughs. He tries to give the cigarette pack and lighter back to Francisco.

Francisco chuckles and puts hand up for Shat to keep it.

Shat wrinkles his brow.

SHAT (CONT'D)

I don't want all of them, just one.

FRANCISCO

Keep 'em, I have more. Just remember, they're addicting.

Francisco points his finger at him in warning then turns around. A few beeps of his car alarm, then the Navigator starts and pulls away.

Shat looks at his cigarette then takes another drag. He coughs again, but not as hard this time.

Shat looks around, then walks off in the direction of a group of trees only yards away from a big pond.

Shat stops at one tree and leans against it as he continues to smoke, gazes out into the water.

Shat finishes his cigarette and flicks it onto the ground. It lands inches away from a BIRD laying on the ground. Alive or dead? There are no signs of blood or injury.

Shat walks to it and kneels down. Shat grabs a stick from the ground and gently pokes the bird in its stomach area.

The bird's wings move and it's BEAK slightly opens, but then the wing lowers and the beak eases to almost closed.

PREACHER (O.S.)

Sorry about your loss, son.

Startled, Shat drops the stick and quickly stands, turns to see-

PREACHER (55), salt and pepper hair, stands behind him, his Bible in one hand, a gray umbrella in the other.

Preacher slightly turns in the direction of a path.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Care to walk with me?

Shat and Preacher walk on the path in silence a few beats.

Shat keeps his head lowered toward the ground as they walk, his hands in his pockets. Preacher keeps his chin high, looks further down the path as they walk.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Life and death are hard concepts to understand.

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

It's always joyous for a new life to be brought into this world, and almost always a troubling time when a life is lost. God works in mysterious ways when it comes to matters of life and death. If only we knew the answers, then maybe the death of a loved one wouldn't be so hard.

Preacher and Shat walk a beat more in silence, then Preacher angles toward a bench. Shat follows.

They sit down, stare off a moment.

Preacher points at fresh ground a few sites in front of them.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

See that over there, where it looks as though a hole has just been covered?

Shat looks up to see what the Preacher is referring to.

SHAT

Yeah...

PREACHER

I attended that funeral yesterday. A man in my church was heading off to run some errands one beautiful afternoon. He checked his mirrors, and when he saw nothing behind his truck, he backed out of his driveway. His normal routine. Nothing out of the ordinary, but then he felt the truck hit something. When he got out to inspect, that's when he saw a pink bouncy ball roll from under his truck out into the street.

SHAT

He hit a kid, huh?

PREACHER

Yes. A tragic day. It was his four-year old daughter. A little girl too small to be seen behind his truck, too small to be visible from his view in the rearview mirrors.

Preacher looks at Shat.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 She felt no pain, thank God. She  
 died-

SHAT  
 For real. I... don't want to hear  
 this.

Shat pulls his cigarettes from his jacket pocket.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
 (gesturing)  
 You mind?

Preacher shakes his head. Off that, Shat lights a cigarette  
 as Preacher takes a deep breath as if to compose and try  
 again.

Shat readies to put the cigarettes back in his jacket, but  
 Preacher gestures.

PREACHER  
 May I?

Shat extends the cigarettes and lighter.

Preacher takes a cigarette. He takes a long drag, coughs a  
 bit.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 I haven't had one of these in  
 years.

Shat uncomfortably adjusts on the bench then looks over at  
 Preacher.

SHAT  
 Why?

PREACHER  
 Why am I smoking? I really don't  
 know.

SHAT  
 No. Why, as in why does this even  
 happen. Jake, the little girl, my  
 mom?

Preacher takes a deep drag, lets the smoke blow out of his  
 nostrils.

PREACHER

All our lives in the church, we are taught that God has a plan for all of us, everyone one us. You, me, the little girl, the little girls' father... everyone. Faith is the peace of mind that helps us get through the misunderstanding of death.

SHAT

But why?

PREACHER

I don't know, son. I don't know.

Silence a beat as they ponder.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

It's like being a six year-old on Christmas with a huge present taller than you and wider than the tree. It's got the cool, festive snowman wrapping paper, and the big gold bow. It's even got your name on it. You know it's great. It's from your beloved parents you trust so much, and it's huge. It's gotta be just perfect for you.

Preacher takes a long drag as his words trail off to silence.

SHAT

And then what?

PREACHER

The house burns down and you never really get to know what that great gift was. We just know it was supposed to be great.

Preacher clears his throat and looks toward the little girl's grave site.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I was worried for that little girl's parents, that they may turn away from God during such a trying time... A time when they need God the most.

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

They didn't turn away from Him, and it was through the grace of God they could keep themselves together, pick up the pieces, and then be able to get on with their lives again. It's the same with the present. No matter how great it may have seemed things were going to be, some times we just have to let it go and move on... Without any rhyme or reason.

Shat contemplatively keeps his eyes on the burial site. Preacher turns to Shat.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

God has a plan for you too Shat. Don't ever lose faith in Him. Keep your faith in God, and know the plan he has in store for you is there for a reason.

SHAT

So it was God's plan that the dad run over his little girl?

Preacher opens his mouth. Wait... and then...

PREACHER

He giveth and He taketh away. I do know that little girl is now home, in heaven, with her Heavenly Father.

Shat slightly grins.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Just like I know your mother is now resting at home in heaven with her Heavenly Father as well.

Shat wrinkles his brow and squints.

SHAT

Have you seen Heaven?

PREACHER

No, I haven't, but it's through my faith in God and his holy hands guiding me that I know with all my heart Heaven is there and will also be my final resting place.

Preacher turns to Shat with what should be a calming grin.

SHAT  
My mom was an Atheist.

Shat stands then walks away.

On the walk back, his cell phone vibrates in his jacket pocket. Shat pulls it out. AMBER.

Shat silences the call then puts the phone back in his jacket pocket.

INT. SHAT'S BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Shat gets inside his Bronco. New voice mail ALERT.

Shat looks at his phone for a second then hits a button. He puts the phone to his ear, listens to Amber's message (not audible).

Shat nods his head that he is satisfied and hangs up phone. He tosses it into his passenger seat, starts his Bronco, turns up the music, then drives away.

INT. BO'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Bo, hooked to machines, lay motionless with his eyes closed. BO'S MOTHER (47), very overweight and greyed, sobs as she sits next to the bed, caresses his arm.

KNOCK at the door.

BO'S MOTHER  
Come in.

Fick enters with a small bouquet of flowers. Off that, Bo's Mother rises with surprise.

BO'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
My, my. It can't be. I haven't seen  
you since, well, since you didn't  
stand no taller than my hip.

Fick, in an awkward situation, randomly sits the flowers down.

BO'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
So nice of you to bring those for  
Bo. I know he'll be surprised to  
know they're from you.

Fick scratches his head, not sure if he sure snicker or grin.

FICK

Naw, they're for you. I thought you'd need some color. I mean, some cheering up, or-

Bo's Mother grins, puts up a hand.

BO'S MOTHER

I know what you're trying to say, Fick. Believe me, just you showing up here means the world to me.

(gets choked up)

Thank you.

FICK

You were the mom I never had. I couldn't leave you hanging here all by yourself.

Bo's Mother wipes a tear away.

BO'S MOTHER

(softly)

I never gave up hope in you.

Fick nods, lowers his eyes to the floor, then turns and exits.

INT. WAITING ROOM, CLINIC - DAY

Shat, still in his funeral suit, sits at the end of a row of chairs. He flips through magazines just to be doing something, not stopping to read or look.

The door opens. Off that, Shat looks over to see Fick enter, take a seat, and set his skateboard to rest on one leg.

SHAT

Hey.

FICK

Hey.

Fick leans his back against the wall, fiddles his thumbs. Shat continues to magazine surf.

FICK (CONT'D)

You ready for this?

SHAT

Ready as I'll ever be.

Silence a beat.

FICK  
 (jokingly)  
 You know, you didn't have to get  
 all dressed up for me?

Shat looks to Fick, closes the magazine, then puts it off to  
 the side.

SHAT  
 My mom's funeral was today.

FICK  
 (taken aback)  
 Shit. Yeah. Fuck! I forgot.

A MAN and WOMAN come into the waiting from a different door,  
 cut through the waiting room then exit.

Silence and then...

SHAT	FICK
Thank you for-	I'm really sorry I-
Both stop, wait to see if the other will talk, then Shat softly chuckles.	

SHAT  
 Were you about to apologize?

FICK  
 Were you about to thank me?

Both playfully snicker.

SHAT  
 Did you take a picture of me like  
 that?

FICK  
 I should've after you broke my  
 fucking nose. You looked like a  
 fucking idiot laying there in your  
 own puke, blood running all over  
 the floor, your mouth open like-

SHAT  
 Okay, I get it. I get it.

Fick anxiously looks at Shat.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
 Thank you. Satisfied?

Fick happily nods. Shat clears his throat. Off that, Fick  
 turns back to Shat.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
Weren't you about to say something?

FICK  
Maybe.

SHAT  
Weeellllll...?

FICK  
Well what? You want me to make a  
fucking list for you?

Shat grins, shakes his head.

Fick purses his lips, contemplates, then finally spits it  
out.

FICK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I didn't have your back  
sooner. Is that enough for your  
preppy ass?

Shat and Fick both grin, appeased, but not at each other.

Nurse, smiling ear to ear, enters with a manila envelope.

WOMAN  
Guess what guys?!? The results are  
in! Are you two ready to hear your  
brotherly status?

Shat and Fick look at each other then at Nurse.

SHAT  
I think I'll pass.

FICK  
Me too. Some times not knowing is  
better than knowing the truth.

Shat stands then exits as Fick grabs his board, stands and  
steps up to the confused Nurse.

Fick reaches in his pocket, pulls out a folded piece of paper  
and slips it into her uniform pocket.

FICK (CONT'D)  
Call me.

Fick winks, then bounces in his steps to exit.

EXT. CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Fick and Shat stand at the top of the stairs, look out into the busy, traffic congested street and the myriad of different people passing each other.

Fick turns to Shat.

FICK  
(scratching head)  
What now?

SHAT  
(looking around)  
Shit, I don't know.

FICK  
(smiling)  
Fuck this! Ah ha ha!

Fick throws hand in air, readies skateboard, waves off to Shat, then gets on skateboard and jumps off the stairs.

Shat removes his suit jacket as he walks down the stairs to his Bronco parked along the sidewalk.

Shat tosses his jacket into the back, gets in, rolls the windows down, then lets his music blast.

Shat adjusts his rearview mirror, then peels out into the traffic as soon as the slightest spot opens.

CAR honks and DRIVER flips him off. Off that, Shat smiles.

MONTAGE

-- Fick skates down sidewalks, on rails, etc.

-- Shat drives like a bat out of hell on the freeway.

-- Fick pulls out a couple moves, then an awesome trick.

-- Shat drives on a beach side road.

-- Fick kicks his feet to pick up speed, jumps, then lands in a fountain. He comes out of the water smiling.

An OLD LADY stares at him absurdly. Off that, Fick glares then repeatedly splashes her.

Old Lady shudders then runs away as fast as she can.

Fick laughs hysterically, then lets himself fall back and float on the surface.

-- Shat gets out of his Bronco, throws off his shoes, walks to the water's edge, sits down and looks into the sunset.

INT. FRANCISCO'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shat and Fick sit across from each at the kitchen table, pour out pieces for the JENGA game.

Francisco sits in chair between them, but pushed back away from the table.

FRAN

I meant it when I said I never thought I'd see the day you two were living under the same roof, but I take it back. I never thought I'd see the day you two would be getting along, like brothers.

Fick snickers.

FICK

Come on, Fran. Titles don't mean shit.

Francisco crosses his arms, nods in contemplation.

FRANCISCO

And I hate to say, but you're absolutely right.

FICK

Damn straight, I'm right.

FRANCISCO

Sons of mine or not, you two kind of grew on me.

Shat and Fick look at Francisco. Off that, Francisco smiles big.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)

Like nasty hemorrhoids that just won't go away.

FICK

Oh, so someone's got jokes now?

All three chuckle, then Francisco stands up.

FRANCISCO

You boys skip me this round. I'm gonna up to the office and make myself a drink.

Francisco exits. Shat contemplates, then pulls out a piece and balances it on the top.

Fick sticks his tongue out as he contemplates.

SHAT

You have to use your tongue to think?

FICK

Man, this game is fucking crazy. Is absurd how easy it is to build something up, but how much easier it is to make it all fall apart again.

SHAT

Whoa. Isn't that a little deep for Thusman.

FICK

Shut the fuck off.

Fick pulls out a piece, balances it on top. Shat chooses a piece, balances it on top as...

SHAT

So what now?

FICK

I don't know. We get our money in a couple weeks. What are you gonna do with your's?

SHAT

I wanted to do the college football thing, but eeehhhh... I don't know. I think I'm gonna travel for a while, go foreign a bit and see what else is out there.

Fick and Shat rotate choosing and balancing pieces, the formation thinning and growing as...

FICK

What about Amber?

SHAT  
 God works in mysterious ways,  
 right?

Fick wrinkles his brow as he ponders this a split second,  
 then chuckles.

SHAT (CONT'D)  
 What about you?

FICK  
 There's a school in Cali I started  
 looking at. I don't know. Maybe  
 I'll get my thumb out of my ass and  
 actually apply myself.

SHAT  
 Fick... You actually sound a little  
 sane at the moment.

FICK  
 (jokingly)  
 Fuuuck. Thanks for putting me back  
 off line.

Fick eases his piece to the top, sets it down, but it begins  
 to wobble. He pulls the piece up, lets the structure settle,  
 then lowers it once again.

Just when Fick pulls it off the piece, all the pieces crash  
 to the table.

FICK (CONT'D) SHAT  
 Jenga! Jenga!

Fick and Shat laugh, begin to rake up the pieces as a SHADOW  
 creeps across the table.

Fick and Shat turn toward the shadow's owner, their smiles  
 fade to looks of confusion.

FICK (CONT'D)  
 I fucking knew it.

Francisco shoots Fick in the head. Shat instantly stands, but  
 Francisco shoots him in the chest.

BETHANY (V.O.)  
 My Dearest Francisco, It saddens to  
 me to hear the boys are in such  
 poor states of mind...

A gloved Francisco puts the gun in Fick's hand then lets it  
 drop to the ground.

BETHANY (V.O.)

If only they would reach out to  
God, I know He could show them the  
way.

Francisco pulls a small baggy of cocaine from his shirt pocket and forms a line on the table in front of where Fick had been sitting then lays a rolled up dollar bill next to it.

BETHANY (V.O.)

I know, regardless of the stumbling  
blocks you three have faced, that  
every moment you have finally  
gotten to spend with your two boys  
is something you have cherished.

Francisco walks to Shat's dead body to stand over it as he lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag, and slowly exhales.

BETHANY (V.O.)

I only wish that I could have been  
by your side.

Francisco steps over Shat's body to walk back to the doorway then smokes as he surveys the murder-suicide.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Alas, my days in this hell are  
almost at their end, and soon  
enough I'll be in your arms again  
once more.

Francisco exits the kitchen...

INT. FRANCISCO'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The only light is the cherry firing up on Francisco's cigarette from his long drag as he walks into...

INT. FRANCISCO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francisco turns on the bathroom light, pulls his wallet from his back pocket. He sets the cigarette on the edge of the sink.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Now we will finally have the  
opportunity to make up for lost  
time and mend our mistakes of the  
past.

Francisco opens his wallet and pulls a folded picture. He unfolds it to reveal an old picture of him and Bethany, pool side, when he was the pool boy and she wasn't a murderer yet.

Francisco grins, folds it back, put it and his wallet away.

Francisco grabs the almost burned out cigarette from the sink's edge, takes the last drag. He exhales slowly then flicks it into the toilet.

BETHANY (V.O.)  
Eternally yours, body and soul,  
Bethany

Francisco flushes the toilet. The cigarette SPIRALS down the drain.

FADE OUT: