

The Stringman Incident
by
Michael Markus
and
Tim Stubinski

Tim Stubinski
505-A Angus Campbell Drive
Pembroke, ON K8A 8K7
613-735-5925
tstub@sympatico.ca
WGAE REG. NO. I09185-01

FADE IN:

INT. OSCEOLA HEIGHTS/HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

LOCKER

The blank face of a nondescript locker and the happy BUZZ of emptying classes at the end of the day and week. With quick assured motions a hand dials the combination and the door open to reveal:

INTERIOR LOCKER

Packed with an eclectic mix of books, CD's and computer games. Not a school book in sight. A finger traces down the piles of books whose titles include: *Fear and Loathing in Los Vegas*, *The Prince*, *The Crow Road*, *Mexico City Blues* and volumes concerning Isometric Body Building and Martial Arts. *Fear and Loathing* is selected.

The same process with the music: Chet Baker, Guided by Voices, Failure, Deadsy, The Orb. Deadsy is chosen. The door shuts.

NATHAN STRINGMAN, 16, longish unruly hair and thick dark-framed glasses, wearing a plaid shirt with a white undershirt, stands in front of his locker, a backpack over his shoulder, phones in his ears, the book and CD player in his hands.

HALLWAY

An ignored presence wrapped in his music and his thoughts Nathan proceeds through the hallway, weaving past exuberant students and pockets of conversation.

Two JOCKS, in school jackets lean against the wall.

JOCK#1

I'll meet you at eleven. You got to help me with that keg.

JOCK#2

What about curfew? Coach-

JOCK#1

Coach knows it's the weekend.

Two skaters, ERIK and JEFFREY, 16, skateboards jutting out from their backpacks, pass.

ERIK

It's a great place for a party-

JEFFREY

Yeah Dude, but I can't believe he's going to have one-

ERIK

(laughs)

I don't think he knows yet.

No one seems to notice Nathan's presence and nothing seems to interest him until he passes:

LINDSAY ALLEN, 16, very pretty in her skater girl style, laughing with her friend JESSICA, the same age with short colored hair.

Nathan slows, his head turning to watch Lindsay, time appearing to slow as he takes in every detail of her--her face, her gesticulating hands--her infectious laugh. Lindsay waves in his direction.

Nathan almost starts to smile, catching himself before one can form as another girl, TANYA, passes from behind him and joins Lindsay and Jessica.

Picking up his pace, Nathan, expression inscrutable again, walks to the exit at the end of the hallway and, edging around a chatting group of students, shoves open the door and exits the school.

EXT. OSCEOLA HEIGHTS/STRIP MALL SIDEWALK

Nathan, engrossed in reading his book, walks down the sidewalk fronting a suburban strip mall. He nods his head to the music blasting in his earphones.

Erik and Jeffrey, feet pumping their skateboards, whiz past Nathan almost losing their balance as he stumbles into them, earphones slipping off as he drops his book to the ground.

Erik grinds his board to a stop on a curb in front of a Flower Store. Jeffrey skids beside him. They turn to comment to Nathan but, spotting something behind him, they quickly skate away.

Nathan picks up his book and starts to walk again.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Get in.

Nathan looks over at a police car, the Osceola Heights municipal logo, "Diligence and Fortitude" emblazoned on the side, driven by DAPHNE STRINGMAN, late 30's, in a Sergeant's uniform. He keeps walking.

The police car trails alongside him.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Get in.

NATHAN
(putting on earphones)
I'm good.

Daphne hits SIREN.

Bystanders jump and Nathan halts, looking over to the car.

DAPHNE
(smiling)
So how about a lift?

Nathan shrugs and begins to open the back door.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
The front Smart Guy.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Nathan climbs into the front seat. Daphne drives away.

DAPHNE
I saw what happened there.

NATHAN
What happened where?

DAPHNE
You were almost flattened by those
two Skaters.

NATHAN
It's Ok. I go to school with them.

DAPHNE
Sometimes you are oblivious to
everything. Life goes right by you
and you don't even notice.

NATHAN
(pretending to be
lost in looking out
the window)
What?

DAPHNE
It wouldn't hurt you, Nathan, to pay
attention once in a while. Maybe
take an active part in life instead
of sitting on the sidelines. Get a
girlfriend or ...

Nathan sighs.

NATHAN
I got something to tell you-

DAPHNE

Don't start. I know you're not gay.
I'm not falling for that again.

They look at each other and smile.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I know. I'm making you crazy. But
I worry.

NATHAN

I know. It's cool.

DAPHNE

So did you make that appointment?

NATHAN

Yeah, I got the note with my frozen
lunch.

DAPHNE

Sorry about that. I had-

NATHAN

Court. I know. The Shames thing.
How did that go?

DAPHNE

Not good.

NATHAN

(surprised)

I thought that it was a slam dunk.

DAPHNE

Not only did we hit bricks, but we
got the offensive foul. David's
testimony conflicted with mine and
he was first on the scene and
closest...

NATHAN

What? Supercop couldn't come through?

DAPHNE

Nathan, he's under oath he can't say
he saw something if he didn't see
it.

NATHAN

How could he see anything with his
head stuck up-

DAPHNE

(warning)

Nathan.

NATHAN

Sorry. Just I knew how important that case was to you. That file has been around the house so long I practically have it memorized myself.

DAPHNE

It's not over yet believe me.

(stops car)

Now I realize this will be traumatic for you but it has to be done.

NATHAN

(exiting car)

Yes, Mother. I'll get through it.

EXT. VI'S UNISEX SALON & BOUTIQUE

Nathan looks up at the sign to the shop and then at the row of older women, perched under hair dryers, seated by the window. He sighs and enters.

INT. VI'S UNISEX SALON & BOUTIQUE

RECEPTION DESK

VIOLET, a very large lady in her late 60's, accepting payment from a customer with hair an alarming shade of blue, looks up from the desk. Violet beams with pleasure.

DOORWAY

Nathan braces himself. Violet, squealing in delight, rushes over.

VIOLET

My Sweet Baboo!

NATHAN

(mutters)

Oh Brother.

Violet smothers Nathan in an all-enveloping hug. He disappears for a brief second in the dreaded world of big pillowy breasts and jiggly arms to re-appear, hair ruffled and glasses crooked.

Violet tugs gently at his hair.

VIOLET

Finally getting this mop cut.

NATHAN

Trimmed not cut Nanna Vi.

VIOLET

Mmmm. Yeah

She leads Nathan by the arm to her:

CHAIR

Nathan drops his backpack down and reluctantly sits in the chair. Violet flips an apron over him.

NATHAN

No, I mean it. Just a little trim.

Nathan pulls out a short ruler from under the apron, his thumb less than an inch down from the end.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No more than this. It's getting hot out-so just enough to stay cool.

Violet nods and takes off Nathan's glasses.

Nathan squints at the very out of focus ominous looking blob that is Violet now aiming a squirt bottle at him.

Violet starts to spray down his hair.

VIOLET

You should really get this short. You would look so handsome. All the boys are wearing it short now...

NATHAN

I'm not like other people. I don't want to be like other people.

VIOLET

Just like your mother. Never listen to a darn thing I ever told her. Wouldn't even wear a bra-her thingies bouncing around like two puppies fighting under a blanket.

NATHAN

Oh thank you, Nanna. My mother's thingies, just what I want to think about right now.

VIOLET

When you were a little tadpole you loved them-
(makes a sucking face)
-couldn't get enough. Loved to suckle you did.

Nathan attempts to stand.

NATHAN

That's it. I'm leaving.

With a little force from her big frame, Violet shoves Nathan back down in the chair, his feet flying up from the foot rest.

VIOLET
Just goofing with you Baboo.

As Violet starts to comb out his hair Nathan tries to suppress a yawn.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Tired again? Up all night playing on the Atari?

NATHAN
Computer Nan. I was playing some games with my friends on-line.

VIOLET
You still chums with those nice boys? That's good.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE

BEDROOM

MORRIS, 16, skinny with short black hair, sits at the desktop computer in his room engrossed in a Medieval "Warcraft" type on-line game.

MORRIS
Time to die you half-assed Chieftain Troll wannabe.

With a flourish of keyboard strokes, Morris obliterates someone on screen. Cackling with glee he opens the chat window and types furiously.

KITCHEN

Hands full of snacks liberated from the refrigerator, JEROME, 16, a heavy-set boy with very short cropped hair, turns to look at:

JEROME'S NOTEBOOK

To SEE his Chieftain Troll get beheaded in torrential gush of blood by Morris' muscular Barbarian Warrior character. The Warrior grinning happily bends the decapitated troll over and begins to hump him from behind.

KITCHEN

Jerome's mouth drops open.

JEROME
Crap!

JEROME'S NOTEBOOK

The chat window opens and reads "You suck your momma's titties."

KITCHEN

Jerome angrily throws down his food and types.

JEROME (CONT'D)

No, I suck **your** momma's titties.

DESKTOP SCREEN

Chat window displays "No, I suck your titties!"

BEDROOM

Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

Jesus. What does that mean?

DESKTOP SCREEN

Scrolls over in the game to a Cleric character just exiting a hut with a medical symbol on the sign outside. Cleric walks into a huge fire. The character moans in pain its life reading plummeting into the red and, close to death, leaves the fire and enters the hut where, with a TINKLING sound, gets "healed" and recharged. The process repeats itself several times.

BEDROOM

Morris stands up.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Freaking unbelievable.

REC ROOM

Curly hair standing up at many diverse angles, LAWRENCE, 16, sits on the floor by the couch, his notebook computer on his lap.

LAWRENCE'S NOTEBOOK

With a half-hearted rhythm with two fingers on the directional pad, Lawrence puts his Cleric through its fire/rejuvenation dance. In an open window in the corner of the screen a scantily clad beauty, TAMARA, mid 20's, seated at a desk in her apartment a small window visible over her shoulder, licks her lips provocatively.

REC ROOM

Lawrence licks his own lips.

LAWRENCE

Oh yeah. You're looking at Lawrence,
oh you want me. Oh yeah I'm a bad
pony.

Morris skulks down the stairs to the rec room and glares at Lawrence. He strides over to his curly-haired friend and smacks him in the back of the head.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(whining, rubbing his
head)

What did you do that for Morris?

Jerome, fresh snacks in hand, enters.

JEROME

What's going on.

Morris stamps over and whacks Jerome in the melon.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Hey!

MORRIS

Jerome, my parents don't buy groceries
to feed you, they already have a
Foster Kid.

Morris points to:

PICTURE ON WALL

Of a kid in full Crip colors, holding a Glock against his chest.

Morris looks at Jerome and Lawrence, both of them rubbing their heads staring back blankly.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I hope Stringman gets here soon. I
need some sharp competition.

INT. VI'S UNISEX SALON & BOUTIQUE

CHAIR

Nathan, mouth agape, phones in his ears upside down, dozes in the chair while Violet, scissors in hand, prepares to trim his hair.

VIOLET
 (nodding toward the
 women at the window)
 Take Clara there. She's on her third
 husband. First one a lush, the second
 gambled and the third just sits in
 his car and watches the kids in the
 park. Now Dottie she don't like the
 company of men if you get the drift
 of my dinghy...
 (looks at Nathan)
 Yo Baboo are you awake?

Nathan sleeps on.

Violet smiles and begins to trim.

JENNA (O.S.)
 Vi! Phone!

VIOLET
 Busy!

JENNA (O.S.)
 It's about the Graceland trip!

Violet puts her scissors down.

VIOLET
 Sweet Jesus in Pampers what now?

RECEPTION DESK

Violet walks over to the desk where JENNA, early 20's, tufted
 blond hair, holds out the phone to her. Violet takes the
 phone and, eyes rolling, listens for a few seconds.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Don't tell me this, Marvin. I don't
 want to hear this. We need air
 conditioning on that GD bus. I'm
 not riding to Memphis with a load of
 old ladies, half of them getting hot
 flashes. Hold your hat there a sec
 Marv.
 (to Jenna)
 Can you finish up for me? This is
 going to take a bit.

Jenna looks over to:

CHAIR

Nathan, hair wet and slicked down, naps.

JENNA (O.S.)
Oh he's a sweetie.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Down Girl that's my Grandson.

RECEPTION DESK

JENNA
What you doing?

VIOLET
Just finish up. He just wants to be cool.
(back to phone)
Think about it Marvin. Fifty sweaty big ol' gals reeking of talcum powder and boiled cabbage.

CHAIR

Jenna walks over to Nathan. She pulls out a strand of hair.

JENNA
Cool huh?

Jenna picks up the scissors and begins to cut.

LATER

RECEPTION DESK

Violet, now sitting down, back turned to the shop, is still on the phone.

VIOLET
No, don't put Rose in with Shirley 'cus Shirley says Rose whistles in her sleep.
(beat)
Yes, I'm assuming from her mouth. Put her in with Winnie. She's deaf as a post.

Violet swivels in the chair to look toward her chair. Her mouth drops open.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Oh my shattered nerves. What? Never mind I got to go Marvin.

CHAIR

Jenna puts down the scissors and steps back to admire her handiwork. Violet walks up behind her.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

This is so not what he wanted.

Nathan, stirring in the chair still napping, is now a much different looking person, his hair styled and cut very short.

JENNA

You said cool.

VIOLET

I'm going to wake him up. You should go take curler inventory for awhile.

Jenna tip-toes away as Violet gently shakes Nathan.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Wake up Baboo.

As Nathan wakes, Violet grabs his glasses from the shelf.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(forced cheerfulness)

All done.

Nathan blinks awake peering at the blurred reflection in the mirror, at the stranger confronting him.

NATHAN

(calmly)

Nan, give me my glasses.

VIOLET

No.

Nathan sticks out his hand.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Jenna didn't-I mean you look...

Violet sighs and hands Nathan his glasses.

Nathan puts on his glasses and the boy in the mirror comes sharply into focus.

NATHAN

Oh my fuck.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE/SIDEWALK

Nathan pauses at the glass. Running his hands over his head, feeling for hair no longer there, he looks at his reflection. He turns his head quizzically as he takes his new appearance in.

His introspective moment is disrupted in a explosive way as a speeding skateboarder, Lindsay, a huge Slurpee in her hand, backpack slung over her shoulder, barrels into Nathan.

Nathan, glasses flying off, plummets to the ground, Lindsay sprawling on top of him, the contents of the Slurpee spilling all over his shirt.

The glasses land underneath Nathan and break with a loud CRUNCH.

As Nathan turns over Lindsay still lays on top of him. They lock gazes for a second.

LINDSAY
Hi.

NATHAN
Hi.

Jessica, a few seconds behind Lindsay, stops her skateboard.

JESSICA
Who's that?

LINDSAY
Good question.

Lindsay climbs off Nathan.

Nathan, slurpee dripping from his shirt, fumbles for his glasses on the sidewalk and picks them up.

The glasses are smashed beyond repair.

While Jessica and Lindsay talk Nathan puts the remnants of his glasses in his backpack.

JESSICA
Come on! She's coming.

EXT. STRIP MALL STREET -- DAY

Daphne's cop car cruises around the corner several blocks down from the Convenience Store.

LINDSAY (O.S.)
Shit.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE/SIDEWALK

Nathan, ever fastidious, annoyed at his damp soiled condition removes his shirt. He wears a white sleeveless athletic shirt underneath it.

Lindsay and Jessica scope out Nathan's well-defined physique and give each other a knowing glance and smirk.

JESSICA
We got to go Linds.

Jessica starts to skate away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Bring your little friend if you want.

Lindsay grabs Nathan's hand.

LINDSAY
Come with us. The cops are coming!

Nathan looks down at Lindsay's hand holding his and, although it is a very brief contact, it seems longer and a shiny vision of her in the hallway of school plays in his mind for a second.

Lindsay reluctantly starts to skate away and Nathan looks from her to the approaching police car.

Nathan thinks a second and, stuffing his wet shirt into his backpack, begins to run after the girls as they skate into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Nathan scrambles after Lindsay and Jessica through the alley.

Daphne's police car, too big to go through the alley, pauses at the entrance before accelerating away.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Lindsay and Jessica burst out of the alley on to the street, closely followed by Nathan.

They hurry across the street toward a path leading into a tree area and into:

EXT. PARK

PATH

Now carrying their skateboards, Lindsay and Jessica walk beside Nathan through a shady tree-lined path.

NATHAN
(breathing heavily)
Where are we-

LINDSAY
Shhh.
(listens)
Ok not coming.

Lindsay grabs Nathan's arm.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Let's go.

NATHAN

Uh sure.

They start running again.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Daphne's car slows in front of the park entrance.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Daphne looks toward the park.

DAPHNE

I've had enough with the running.

EXT. SIDE STREET

The police car pulls away.

EXT. PARK

CLEARING

Lindsay, Jessica and Nathan enter the clearing, a obviously well-used area with an ash filled fire pit and a couple stolen picnic tables.

While Lindsay and Jessica light a cigarette, Nathan, breathing very heavily, bends over at the hips, hands clasped on his knees, trying to get his wind back.

Jessica hands Nathan the cigarette, instinctively he grabs it and then hesitates before passing it on to Lindsay.

NATHAN

Why am I doing-

LINDSAY

(holds up her hand)

Wait for it. Who are you?

Nathan straightens up and squints at Lindsay.

NATHAN

(slightly bewildered)

You don't know who I am?

LINDSAY

I should know who you are Superstar?

JESSICA

(giggles)

Rhymes. Cool.

NATHAN

I guess not.

Jessica looks over Nathan.

JESSICA
You look familiar. You play football?

NATHAN
Retired.

LINDSAY
In a band?

NATHAN
Big in Japan.

Lindsay draws on the cigarette, studying Nathan.

LINDSAY
Well I know you don't go to my school.

NATHAN
(shrugging)
I'm from outside.

JESSICA
What's more outside than Osceola Heights?

LINDSAY
I'm Lindsay, this is Jess and...

NATHAN
I'm Nath..Nate.
(nods)
I'm Nate.

LINDSAY
Cool. You look like a Nate. Any plans for tonight?

NATHAN
No. Not really.

LINDSAY
You do now.

EXT. BURNT SUBDIVISION -- EVENING

Daphne's car is parked in front of a row of blackened, burnt-out house frames, many of them with just the foundations still standing.

Daphne has crossed the yellow crime scene tape and, head bent down, kicks at some blackened beams.

Another police car pulls up beside Daphne's and, Officer DAVID Kopachek, late 20's, trim and cocky in his tailored spotless uniform, exits the car carrying two cups of coffee.

David steps over the tape and approaches Daphne who is now crouched over the beam.

 DAVID
Fuel?

 DAPHNE
 (not looking up)
Probably, gasoline or lighter fluid.

 DAVID
No...Fuel? Coffee?

 DAPHNE
 (looks up)
Oh, thanks David.

Daphne takes the coffee and opens the top. They both stare at the crime scene.

 DAVID
No matter how long you stare at it-
 (beat)
It's still burnt.

 DAPHNE
We had him, David. Had him dead in
the water. This stinks of Conrad
Shamess all over it.

 DAVID
I'm sorry I dropped the ball.

 DAPHNE
It's Ok. I understand. You have to
say what you saw. You spotted those
two kids and not Shamess running
away from his construction site.
Right?

 DAVID
Right.

 DAPHNE
Right. Just he's such a good fit
for it. Two steps away from Chapter
eleven, just closed down that big
warehouse a couple weeks before- no
money left to finish this subdivision
and he's lucky enough that it burns
down. And I'm sure I saw a Cadillac's
tail-lights leaving when I arrived
after you.

 DAVID
He's a bad actor I know.
 (MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

He'll slip up on something else.
We'll get him on that. Just there
are some bad-assed bored kids in
this town, they're all not like your
boy. A lot of them are capable of
doing this...just for stupid kicks.
There have been other fires too,
remember?

DAPHNE

Oh, I can see kids partying here. I
can even see them setting a fire
accidentally or on purpose. But it
started at least two different houses
almost at the same time. That just
doesn't feel right.

They both sip from their coffees, Daphne's eyes intent on
the burnt houses, David's firmly on Daphne. He turns away
when Daphne glances back at him.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Speaking of kids. I saw a new boy
running with that wild Allen girl
today, she's jacking slurpees again, -
short light brown hair, pretty quick.
He sort of matches the description
of one of the boys you saw here.

DAVID

Really? That's interesting. Tell
you what, I know where that crew
hangs. I'll follow up on in it.

David moves closer to Daphne and leans against her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We make a good team we'll get this
figured out.

Daphne steps away.

DAPHNE

Thank you David. I would appreciate
you following up on that...particular
lead.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE

REC ROOM

Jerome and Morris, giggling, huddle over the telephone handset
that Morris holds.

MORRIS

(into phone with a
feeble attempt at a
quiz master voice)

All right Mrs. Lipshitz, table salt
is correct. You've been doing very
well and I'm sure everyone else at
Shady Manor is really thrilled for
you and, now, here's your final
question on the Great Telephone Quiz.
For one million dollars! Are you
ready?

Jerome is laughing so hard he has to cross his legs to prevent
himself from soiling himself.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What was the name of the actor who
played the original Captain in the
original PILOT of the original Star
Trek?

(snickers)

This is for a million dollars so
remember take-

Jerome convulses into greater laughter until Morris' face
falls.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Pardon? Jeff Hunter?

(disappointed)

No...that is uh right. No well,
we'll get back to- Huh?

(panicking)

No! No that's not our number!

In panic Morris hangs up the phone.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Freaking Call Display.

JEROME

That went well.

Morris smites Jerome with the phone.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Aw...Lawrence! Help!

Lawrence, bent over his notebook, doesn't look up.

MORRIS

(to Lawrence)

You stay out of this Shrubhead.

Lawrence merely GRUNTS.

Curious, Jerome and Morris walk over to Lawrence.

JEROME

Lawrence what you looking at?

Lawrence attempts to cover the screen with his hand.

LAWRENCE

What! We stop playing?

MORRIS

Only about 45 minutes ago.

(peers at computer)

What you hiding?

JEROME

He's loading up on cheats!

LAWRENCE

I don't think so!

MORRIS

You cheating ass pirate.

A struggle ensues while Morris and Jerome wrestle Lawrence's hand away from:

NOTEBOOK SCREEN

To reveal, Tamara, in a tied up dress shirt, a chat window open beside the cam image.

JEROME (O.S.)

Hey, who's the dame?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

(sulking)

Just a friend.

REC ROOM

Morris squints at the screen.

MORRIS

A friend who's got videos and used underwear for sale?

LAWRENCE

Her name is Tamara.

MORRIS

You get her clothes off yet?

LAWRENCE

Haven't asked. We're only friends.

MORRIS

Mmm yeah. You in the chat? Let me guess.

(looks at chat window)

Hmm. Sir Beefalot...No. LongDong Silver...No. Goldie Showers? I hope not. Bingo! Captain Prickhard.

Lawrence shrugs modestly. Both Lawrence and Morris stare intently at the cam window again.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Well Captain she is an attractive sample of Femitude.

LAWRENCE

We've been chatting a while. She likes me.

Something else has attracted Jerome's eye.

JEROME

She lives here.

MORRIS

Pardon Domehead?

Jerome points at:

NOTEBOOK SCREEN

Tamara is opening her shirt to reveal a black push up bra.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Oh yeah...Make it so.

Jerome's finger covers up the image of the girl to tap the apartment window behind her.

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

What are you-

JEROME (O.S.)

Look out her window. She lives in Osceola Heights.

REC ROOM

With some concern, Lawrence and Morris exchange glances.

LAWRENCE

That sexy girl is on cam taking off her top and you're looking out her window?

MORRIS

Maybe the gym teacher was right about you.

Morris cuffs Jerome just on general principle.

JEROME

She lives here. I'll show-

Jerome reaches over to fiddle with the notebook keyboard. Lawrence, his essential geekdom overcoming his hormones, slaps Jerome's hand away.

LAWRENCE

I'll do it Latent Boy.

Morris grabs the computer.

MORRIS

No. I'LL do it. It's my program.

Morris shoves Lawrence aside and begins to type furiously and manipulate the mouse pad on the:

NOTEBOOK

As, increment by increment, the details on the cam image begins to zoom in on the window behind Tamara. As the last image of her disappears, Lawrence lets out a SIGH of disappointment.

JEROME (O.S.)

Watch the resolution maybe-

MORRIS (O.S.)

Put your helmet on and be quiet
Softskull and let the master work.

The image in the window reveals itself to be a suburban commercial street with a Big Boy Restaurant.

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

Food. Figures you would have spotted that.

JEROME (O.S.)

That's our Big Boy. Check out the sign.

The 'g' on the sign is missing, spelling "Bi Boy".

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Bi Boy. That's Osceola Heights.

REC ROOM

All three boys look at each other in wonderment.

ALL THREE TEENS

Wow!

LAWRENCE

We have a on-line Porn star living in Osceola Heights. Wait till Stringman hears about this.

MORRIS

(snorts in derision)

Ah, he won't care. Stringman's not interested in girls.

EXT. PARK

CLEARING

An intriguing view of curves and skin has developed as one of the buttons on Lindsay's shirt has opened.

Nathan, seated cross-legged on the ground, stares intently in his near-sighted way at this view while Lindsay, sitting the same way, her skateboard stuck in her backpack beside her, busily bends over a notebook and, with experienced precision, works on the process of rolling a joint.

LINDSAY

(casually, not looking up)

You know what I like about you? It's that you are not even trying to hide the fact you are looking at my tits. A lot of boys would try to be subtle-but not you.

Nathan clears his throat and looks away.

Jessica a few feet away, laying on her tummy, leg waving in the air, cell phone glued to her ear, winks at Nathan.

Lindsay looks up at Nathan and, smiling slightly, studies him for a second.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

If you're real good I'll show you my tattoos sometime.

NATHAN

I'll try and behave.

LINDSAY

Don't try too hard. Behaving is boring.

NATHAN

So where are your ta-

Loud VOICES echo down the path silencing Nathan.

Erik and Jeffrey, riding BMX bikes, skateboards jutting from their backpacks, glide from the path into the clearing. Tanya follows on a bike, a video camera slung over her shoulder.

LINDSAY (O.S.)
Fuck, T is with Erik and Jeffrey,
those two mooches.

Tanya dismounts her bike near Jessica and points the camera. Jessica shyly waves her away.

Lindsay is quickly packing up her notebook and rolling supplies.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Here take these.

She shoves several joints into Nathan's hands.

Erik and Jeffrey wheel their bikes toward Lindsay. Giving Nathan a sideways glance they dismount.

ERIK
Hi babe.

Erik attempts to hold Lindsay's hand. She slaps it away.

JEFFREY
(to Lindsay)
Got any blunts? Got any blunts?

LINDSAY
No Jeffrey.

Erik stares at Nathan, checking out the new competition. Nathan, unaware of this, looks back, squinting, in Erik's general direction. Erik grows uncomfortable at this seemingly impossible to intimidate glare and turns away to study something on his bike.

JEFFREY
Got any WEED Lindsay?

LINDSAY
No Jeffrey.

NATHAN
I do.

Nathan opens his hand to exhibit the joints.

Jeffrey's eyes widen in happiness.

JEFFREY

(quickly)

Thank you stranger in this town.

Lindsay glares at Nathan. Tanya joins her.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

May I?

NATHAN

(shrugs)

Help yourself.

Jeffrey daintily picks up one joint and holds it.

JEFFREY

Niiice. Nicely rolled. See Linds,
this is how you roll a little giggler.

ERIK

(to Nathan)

You go to Ignatius?

JEFFREY

(still hanging on to
joint)

Yeah! You got that Iggy look. All
those Catholic Northside Ass Kickers.

Tanya leans over to whisper in Lindsay's ear.

TANYA

He can kick my ass anytime.

NATHAN

(with rhythm and
passion)

Maybe I am not who I appear to be?
Maybe I am the kid you trip over in
the hall. The computer jockey sitting
in the library, the guy in the front
row with all the answers. You've
seen me for years and you don't know
my name. Maybe you don't know me at
all.

Everyone looks at Nathan and nods.

JEFFREY

Cool rant man. You in a band?

LINDSAY

(gives Nathan a slight
shove)

Oh yeah, he's big in Japan.

LATER

A haze of thick smoke hangs in the air around Erik, Jeffrey, Lindsay, Tanya and Nathan seated in a rough semicircle.

Jessica still mutters into her phone.

Jeffrey blissfully nods his head in appreciation.

JEFFREY

Nice...shit. Man you should start to smoke your own dope. Cus it is rockawesome.

Lindsay scours at Nathan.

NATHAN

(smiles at Lindsay)
Thank you.

Jessica finally puts down her phone.

LINDSAY

You done yammering?

JESSICA

Battery died.

TANYA

What up?

JESSICA

Toni's mom has the baby for the weekend. So it's on at the BT barn.

TANYA

Kewl.

ERIK

But first we got to shoot our video...remember?

Jeffrey springs to his feet.

JEFFREY

Way-O.

Jeffrey grabs his back pack and hops on his bike.

Erik, with the girls following, walks over to his bike.

Nathan remains seated.

ERIK

(to Nathan)
So, where's your board?

NATHAN
Broke it doing a Salad Grind down
the rail at the library.

ERIK
Tragic.

Jeffrey is in the middle of pulling off a Manual, up on his rear wheel, in the clearing.

JEFFREY
Righteous!

Everyone, with the exception of Nathan, commences to leave the clearing.

ERIK
(to Nathan)
You coming Deckless?

Lindsay walks over and grabs Nathan's arm.

LINDSAY
Of course he's coming. He is the
Dope Master.

Nathan allows himself to be pulled up and joins the group, Lindsay still gripping his arm.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
(whispers to Nathan)
You give any more of my weed away
you truly will be deckless...or
something like that.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK -- EVENING

Erik and Jeffrey have joined a group of boys performing BMX tricks on the cracked pavement in front of a row of warehouses, seemingly mostly abandoned, that are adjacent to sandpits and a quarry.

While Jessica films the bike boys Nathan squats on a cement parking median watching the performance and listening to MUSIC playing on a boom box. Tanya sits beside him.

TANYA
Pretty cool huh?

NATHAN
Yeah, Tanya it is.

TANYA
How do you know my name?

NATHAN

(slightly of guard)
I... I heard one of the other guys
say it.

TANYA

Really? None of them hardly ever
call me Tanya. Just T.
(looks over Nathan)
I've never seen you around here before
and I thought all the cool guys hung
here.

NATHAN

Not everyone.

TANYA

You're missing all the fun. We even
party in some of those empty buildings
sometimes. Who are some of the guys
you usually hang with?

NATHAN

(points to the boom
box)
Who's this playing?

TANYA

(points to Erik and
Jeffrey)
Them. Pretty good huh?

NATHAN

(mildly surprised)
Yeah. It is.

TANYA

Lindsay is playing the drums.

NATHAN

(very surprised)
Lindsay? Cool.

Nathan looks over at:

LINDSAY, who some fifty feet away, a group of younger male
skaters watching her in awe, flips up on a beam on her
skateboard several feet in the air and grinds down the length
of it.

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

She's some sort of *Uber* girl.

Tanya, slightly disappointed, looks at Nathan and nods.

TANYA

Yeah, most guys think that.

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Seated in a silver Cadillac in front of his boarded up warehouse in the Industrial Park CONRAD SHAMESS, 50, tanned and immaculate in a expensive suit, taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

David's police car pulls up along side the Caddy.

The two cars, driver doors facing each other, windows down, are parked in the rear parking lot of the warehouse, no other cars in sight, the biking teens, however, a flurry of movement in the background.

DAVID

Mr. ShameSS.

SHAMESS

Officer Kopachek.

ShameSS hands an envelope out his window over to David's outstretched hand.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

Nathan crouches on his knees aiming the camera at Erik and Jeffrey as they spin their bikes.

Framed in the viewfinder Jeffrey, rides past, his feet balanced on the bike's back pegs and, in the background, we see the two vehicles parked at the warehouse.

JEFFREY

Watch this. Boomer! Ang!

Jeffrey jams on the front brakes and attempts, by swinging his leg around, to spin the rear of the bike. Leg, peddles and handlebars become entangled until bike and Jeffrey crash to the ground.

ERIK (O.S.)

Nice.

The camera jiggles with Nathan's silent laughter.

CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

David inspects the contents of the envelope before sliding it under his seat.

SHAMESS

For one job done and a deposit toward the next.

DAVID

The next one will cost double.

SHAMESS

Then I'll need a cleaner job this time. I didn't like the heat I got on the subdivision.

DAVID

It wasn't supposed to be like that. She was supposed to have been patrolling on the other side of town. But don't worry this time will be different. No link to you at all other than being the unfortunate victim of senseless youth vandalism on several abandoned buildings at once. Just unlucky.

(points toward the
distant skaters and
bikers)

A well-placed skateboard or backpack should do the trick.

ShameSS spots the kids for the first time and slumps down in his seat.

SHAMESS

Jesus. Can they...?

DAVID

They don't see us.

(laughs)

They scatter when they see my cruiser. And even if they did they don't know you. Just a stupid bunch of punks so don't worry. They're screwing around here all the time which is perfect for us.

ShameSS sits up straight and starts his car.

SHAMESS

All right. Tonight.

DAVID

Tonight? That's a-

SHAMESS

Tonight. OFFICER Kopachek. I need the money and on the same day as my hearing, no one would think I could have done it. The audacity is brilliant.

The Cadillac starts to roll forward.

INDUSTRIAL PARK

Nathan stands up to aim the camera toward Lindsay who is popping an Ollie on her board.

Erik smiles at Jeffrey, who wiping gravel off himself, climbs back up on his bike.

In the bg the Cadillac stops and rolls back.

CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Shamess pulls along side David's car.

SHAMESS

I think they have a video camera and
it was pointing this way.

DAVID

That's not good.

SHAMESS

Get that camera.

INDUSTRIAL PARK

As the MUSIC blares and the video making session continues Erik torques in a circle on his back wheel. He stops suddenly.

ERIK

Scramble!

In the bg David's police car rolls toward them.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Scramble, Five O!

Everyone looks up and starts to skate or bike away in different directions.

In full flight Jeffrey leans over and picks up the boom box while pedaling away.

JEFFREY

Super Cop!

Nathan, the camera hanging on its strap over his shoulder, squints toward the approaching car.

Erik pedals toward his backpack laying on the pavement swooping it up in one smooth motion and bikes toward Nathan, quickly skidding to a stop.

ERIK

Bike or board?

NATHAN

What?

ERIK

BIKE or BOARD!

NATHAN

Bike. I guess..but-

Erik hops off the bike and hands the handle bars to Nathan and then pulls his board out of the backpack.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to wreck your bike.

ERIK

(skating away)

Don't worry! It's not my bike. I stole it!

NATHAN

(climbing on bike)

Of course.

INT. DAVID'S POLICE CAR

David peers through his windshield at the fleeing kids as he cruises toward them. His head pivots toward Nathan who carries the video camera.

DAVID

Got ya, you little shit.

David turns the wheel and stamps on the gas to speed toward Nathan.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

The approaching police car cuts off Nathan from the rest of the group and, not knowing the area, he starts to bike out of the park onto a dirt road leading to:

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Nathan, looking over his shoulder, pedals frantically down the rough dirt road toward the quarry and rolling mogul-like hills, strewn with junk and discarded construction equipment, that border the sandpit. The police car, spraying dust, trails him.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET

The rest of the group halts on the street that leads into the industrial park.

ERIK

Shit, where's he going?

Lindsay looks toward Nathan with much concern.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Nathan abruptly swerves off the road and begins to bike over the hills.

The police car, suspension bouncing wildly, chases him up and down the hills as they head toward the steep side of the sand pit. The car has to veer wildly to avoid the metal debris littering the route.

INT. DAVID'S POLICE CAR

Flung side to side, David clings to his steering wheel as his car attacks the hills.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Nathan begins to climb the steep sandpit hill. The severe incline is too much for him and he begins to slow.

The police car stops, continuing to bounce for a few seconds, near the front of the last small mogul before the big hill.

INT. INDUSTRIAL STREET

Everyone still watches the chase.

JEFFREY
(shaking his head)
Well, he's fucked.

Erik and Jeffrey begin to leave.

LINDSAY
Wait.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Looking up the hill at Nathan, David exits his car and leans on the hood, crossing his arms.

Less than two thirds up the hill Nathan runs out of momentum and begins to skid downward. Having no choice Nathan turns the bike around and speeds down the hill.

Nathan jams the brakes at the bottom of the sandpit hill.

The rear tire jams still and slides across the gravel hitting a golf ball size stone before stopping.

The stone ZINGS out from the tire's impact and careens through the air,

Ricocheting off the top of the last mogul,

Zinging over David's shoulder,

And smashing into the police cruiser's windshield.

David looks over to see a small indent form in the glass and then a spidering trail of cracks immediately appear.

Nathan turns the bike around and attacks the hill once more.

David, face set grimly, starts walking.

Nathan gets a little height and then, pivoting on his back wheel, turns the bike around and races down the sandpit hill once more. This time not stopping.

The bike and Nathan, pedaling hard, strike the mogul. The bike lifts up and hits the hood of the car.

David spins around in shock as Nathan keeps going across the hood, up the windshield, (which explodes apart) across the roof, down the rear window, one of the pegs in the back bike wheel striking the glass, crunching over the trunk and off the car.

David runs back to his car as Nathan bikes back the way he came.

INT. DAVID'S POLICE CAR

Brushing aside glass, David climbs behind the wheel. He slams his door shut. The back window shatters.

DAVID
You little Fucker.

David jams the car into reverse and jams down on the accelerator.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

The police car slams backwards hitting a half-buried length of jagged pipe which is driven into his rear tire.

The pipe punctures the tire and air escapes in a hissing rush.

Nathan pedals hard as the car pursues him, its tire shredding.

The police car hits one hill the wrong way, the front end jumping up in the air. On its downward impact the hood flies open and up and a gush of steam shoots out of the engine.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET

Nathan speeds across the Industrial Park parking lot toward the waiting group.

Jeffrey looks at a smiling Lindsay and then toward Erik.

JEFFREY
 (slowly)
 Fuckrageous.

In the bg David can be seen exiting his cruiser which he, angrily, begins to kick.

Nathan skids to a stop in front of everyone.

NATHAN
 (fighting for breath
 but coolly)
 So, what's next?

INT. REC ROOM

Lawrence, headset with a microphone on his head, sits at his notebook.

Morris hangs up the telephone.

MORRIS
 Stringman's not there. Not answering
 anyway. Probably got his nose stuck
 in a book. What a boring guy.
 (looks around)
 Where the hell is Jerome?

Lawrence gestures for Morris to be quiet.

LAWRENCE
 (into microphone
 suavely as possible)
 Can you hear me my darling?

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT

Face partly shadowed by her own headset Tamara sits at her computer where a string of GARBLED SOUNDS emits.

TAMARA
 What?

More SCRAMBLED NOISE somewhat like the voice of the parents in the Peanuts cartoons.

TAMARA (CONT'D)
 I can not understand a word you are
 saying.

REC ROOM

Lawrence shrugs his shoulders helplessly. After bludgeoning Lawrence with a pillow Morris makes a few adjustments on the:

LAPTOP

Where the animated bar graphs labelled: "voice level", "modulation" and "accent" adjust themselves on screen.

REC ROOM

Morris points to Lawrence to try it again.

LAWRENCE

Can you hear me now my sweet?

TAMARA'S APARTMENT

LAWRENCE MODULATED (O.S.)

(his voice now a very
deep toned voice
with a melodic English
accent)

Can you hear me now my sweet?

TAMARA

(very pleased)

Oh yes Captain. I hope you get your
webcam fixed soon. I can not wait
to see if your face is as sexy as
your voice.

REC ROOM

LAWRENCE

(voice cracking)

I have equally sexy voice and
face...and body.

MORRIS

(mouths silently)

You are such a fucking tool.

Lawrence gives Morris the thumbs up which Morris returns by
using his thumb to point to his ass.

Lawrence ignores Morris and peers into his:

NOTEBOOK

As Tamara smiles to him on her web cam.

TAMARA

Tell me more about yourself.

REC ROOM

Lawrence scratches his head a second before commencing to
shovel out his outrageous lies.

LAWRENCE

After I graduated from Oxford I came over to your charming little country to study at...Yale...and Harvard.

Morris rolls his eyes at Lawrence before squinting at:

NOTEBOOK

Where, behind Tamara, we see Jerome's head peeking up into her window.

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

Then I began work with the government to crack computer viruses. A new age spy if you-

REC ROOM

Morris pokes at Lawrence and points at the screen.

TAMARA'S APT

Jerome, stuffing a burger into his mouth, continues to peek in Tamara's window.

LAWRENCE MODULATED (O.S.)

Jesus Christ! What are you doing there? Get your big Big Boy eating melon out of there!

TAMARA

Excuse me?

LAWRENCE MODULATED (O.S.)

(flustered)
Sorry...I was talking to my...dog.

TAMARA

Where does your dog have his head?

LAWRENCE MODULATED (O.S.)

Where it shouldn't be.

Jerome flashes a two fingered devil salute and disappears.

LAWRENCE MODULATED (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(relieved)
All right. Tell me a little about your sexy self.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY

Erik, Jeffrey, Tanya, carrying the video camera, and Jessica enter the dim hallway of a run-down apartment building. Nathan and Lindsay enter after them. They begin to climb the steep stairway.

Something wet and slimy trickles down the stairs to stop at Erik's feet.

Everyone looks up the stairs.

TRAVIS, a teen with a greenish tinge, on hands and knees on the landing above them has just finished vomiting. He looks up as Erik tiptoes by.

ERIK

Hey Travis.

Travis gurgles in response. The rest of the group parades past.

JEFFREY

Looking good Trav Man.

JESSICA AND TANYA

Hi Travis.

LINDSAY

Travis.

Nathan hesitates, looking down with some concern at Travis who is beginning to retch again. Lindsay reaches back and tugs at Nathan.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

He's ok, he always pukes.

Nathan shrugs and continues upward.

NATHAN

Hey Travis.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM

The front door opens and our crew enters a dimly lit room, heavily hazed with smoke, filled with drinking teens. LOUD MUSIC blares from a serious stereo system. The chipped walls are decorated with rock and beer posters except for one corner with a baby's crib and a few toys scattered on the floor. Leaning against another wall is a large letter 'G' stolen from the Big Boy restaurant.

Nathan follows Lindsay closely as they weave through the room. He looks to the side into:

KITCHEN

Where several kids gather around the stove doing hot knives.

LIVING ROOM

Lindsay and Nathan continue on to stop at a couch where BILL, 24, and TODD, 24, sit on a couch smoking weed and watching a

large-screen television. TONI, 16, a dark-haired sharp-featured girl perches on the couch beside Bill. Her face brightens at the sight of Lindsay.

Toni squeals with delight and pops up to hug Lindsay.

TONI

(gushing)

Oh-my-God! You came! I'm so glad you are here. You should see Chase now-he's go big-so smart-and talk-he never shuts up.

BILL

Yeah, just like his fucking mother.

(to Todd)

Todd, change this fucking music.

TODD

You change the fucking music.

BILL

(icy stare through
the smoke from his
joint)

Change the fucking music.

Todd stands up and walks to the stereo, bumping into Nathan.

TODD

(to Nathan)

Fucker.

NATHAN

Sorry.

Todd changes the music to something louder and, giving Nathan, a narrow-eyed look, flops back down on the couch.

Toni looks at Nathan.

TONI

(to Lindsay)

Who's this?

LINDSAY

Peter Parker.

TONI

Hi Peter.

NATHAN

Hi.

MOMENTS LATER

Nathan, sitting on the floor, leans against the wall. Toni, Jessica and Lindsay form a little chatting female pocket beside him.

TONI

My God, I look at my hips and I just want to cry. Lindsay how do you do it? Stay so skinny.

Nathan, very bored, looks over a shelf where a grade six class picture of a group of 12 year olds is displayed, a young Toni in the front row. He focuses on a boy with glasses in the back row.

LINDSAY

Every day...I don't have a baby.

Nathan looks side to side before carefully reaching over and flipping the picture face down.

TONI

(laughing and lighting
a smoke)
You bitch.

Later

Nathan begins to cough in the extremely smoky atmosphere.

LINDSAY

(looks at Nathan)
Ok. Let's get some fresh air into those virgin lungs.

Lindsay stands up and tugs Nathan up to his feet.

TONI

Yeah, you take care of this one Linds.

Nathan, squinting in the haze, and Lindsay walk toward the kitchen.

Todd, reeling very badly, a beer in hand with two other bottles jammed in the pockets of his jeans, bumps into Nathan again.

TODD

(steps back with arms
outstretched)
You steppin' up dawg?

NATHAN

No. No step.
(points to kitchen)
Word.

LINDSAY

Wow, I hope I'm that rad when I'm
thirty.

Todd glares at them as Nathan and Lindsay walk into:

KITCHEN

With expansive arm gestures Jeffrey finishes relating something to Erik, barely listening with glazed eyes.

JEFFREY

It was ratchet man, ratchet!

Erik brightens as he spots Lindsay.

ERIK

Hey Linds.

JEFFREY

(to Nathan)

Yo Triple X...snap.

Lindsay ignores them and walks to the window over the sink. Erik sidles up beside her.

ERIK

Lindsay.

Lindsay leans over the sink and struggles to open the window. Erik, standing behind her, reaches across her, grabs the window and yanks it up. He continues to lean against Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Yo Scout, camping trip's over, pitch
your tent somewhere else.

Lindsay turns and pushes Erik back with one finger poking into his chest. She motions Nathan to her.

ERIK

Where you going?

Lindsay climbs up on the counter and begins to crawl out the window.

As Nathan climbs up on the counter Todd enters the kitchen.

TODD

(cuffs Jeffrey's head)

What's your little bitch ass friend's
problem?

Jeffrey pops up to sit on the kitchen table.

JEFFREY

He's got no problem T-Bri. My man
Nate stared down SuperCop and feared
no evil. He did a Paul Osicka
demolition ritual on the Dave-O wagon.
He reigned supreme Dude!

Nathan, smirking slightly, listening to Jeffrey's patter,
finishes crawling out through the window on to:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Lindsay, standing on the multilevel roof, very quiet and
calm compared to the hectic scene inside the apartment, helps
Nathan out through the window until he stands beside her.

LINDSAY

(softly)
Better out here. Quiet.

NATHAN

(slightly surprised)
You like quiet?

LINDSAY

Yeah, sometimes. You're surprised?
This might not occur to a guy like
you but there's more to life than
parties.

Nathan shrugs and smiles.

NATHAN

Yeah, I heard that somewhere.

Lindsay, three feet from the edge of the roof, starts to
walk toward another roof several yards away that sits some
three feet higher abutting directly against the building.

Nathan walks along parallel to Lindsay unaware that he is
only about three inches from the three story drop.

Lindsay stops walking and looks at Nathan in alarm.

LINDSAY

Aren't you afraid of anything?

NATHAN

Kittens.

Lindsay raises an eyebrow.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(seeing she is serious)
Well, actually, I am afraid of lots
of things.

LINDSAY

Heights?

NATHAN

Not usually. Not in a clinical sense
anyway.

Lindsay's wide eyes look down at Nathan's feet and Nathan follows her gaze and freezes, the edge of his shoe hanging over the edge.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ok, now I am.

Nathan backs up slowly to join Lindsay. They continue to walk over to the other roof.

LINDSAY

You were like an inch from the edge.
Do you have a deathwish?

Lindsay and Nathan raise themselves on to the other roof to sit close together, their legs dangling down.

NATHAN

"Youth fails to perceive the grim
masked skull behind shiny
eyes/Laughing through life unaware
of his macabre companion in disguise."

Lindsay looks at Nathan and shakes her head in wonderment at another revealed facet.

LINDSAY

Shakespeare?

NATHAN

Nate.

LINDSAY

(nods)
Death is freaky. You ever-

NATHAN

Just read about it.

LINDSAY

Jessica's grandfather died last summer
and I went to the funeral. Dead
people don't really look like they
are sleeping...they don't even look
like people.

NATHAN

The thing, the spark that makes us-
us is gone.

LINDSAY
(conspiratorial tone)
You want to hear something awful?

NATHAN
Of course.

LINDSAY
Jess' grandfather was a sweet old
guy, always went to Church, laughed
at every joke he heard, always gave
you hugs but not in a creepo old guy
way. He got real sick and was in
the hospital and as he was in there,
dying, he sort of motioned one of
the nurses over.

NATHAN
Famous last words?

LINDSAY
Exactly. She bent over and he
whispered his last words to her.

NATHAN
What was it?

LINDSAY
(in her best dying
old man voice)
Pull down my pants and play with my
balls.

Nothing from Nathan for a second and then he begins to laugh.

NATHAN
He did not say that.

LINDSAY
He did too. But that's not the awful
part. Stupid Jess had to tell me
that, right before the funeral. So
I'm sitting in the church, thinking
about this and...well I start
giggling.

NATHAN
(laughing harder)
That is so funny.

LINDSAY
(serious)
It is not! It's horrible. I couldn't
stop, all those people looking at
me. I tried stopping and I couldn't.
I was laughing and snorting.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

It was horrendous...and then poor Jess, she started laughing too.

Nathan tries to stop laughing but can not. Lindsay begins to giggle again.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Ok, it's a little funny.

NATHAN

You're a bad girl.

LINDSAY

And you love it.

NATHAN

I'm starting to think we shouldn't spend so much time worrying about what other people think of us.

LINDSAY

That's easy for you to say.

NATHAN

Why?

LINDSAY

Well, just look at you. You so got your shit together.

NATHAN

I do?

LINDSAY

Yeah, and I'm just like the rest of the world, just fumbling along. Most of the stuff I do is 'cus people expect me to do it or I just want to look cool to my friends. What I wear, who I talk to, it's already decided. You are so lucky to be who you are.

NATHAN

Got it all figured out huh? Who am I then?

LINDSAY

(thinks and smiles slightly)

You are a bad boy.

NATHAN

And you love it.

They smile at each other, gazes locking.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

David, head in his hands, sits on the trunk of his car, looking up as Daphne's car pulls in beside him.

Daphne exits her vehicle and assesses David's wrecked cruiser, walking around the car once before stopping in front of David.

DAVID
You wouldn't fucking believe it.

DAPHNE
Kids?

DAVID
Kid. I saw your boy, the one that was running with the Allen girl.

Daphne points to the wrecked car.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh yeah.

DAPHNE
So you think he might be one of those kids you saw the night of the fire?

DAVID
I have a strong feeling, yes. I didn't get a good look at him while he was executing an ET bike chase on my vehicle but I think so.

DAPHNE
Well, then I'm going-

DAVID
(holds up a hand)
Don't you worry, I'll find him for you.

David looks at his car once more and, furiously, begins to kick it again.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Daphne holds out a calming hand to touch David's arm.

DAPHNE
Easy David. I know the last couple of weeks haven't been good for you.

DAVID
(regains composure)
Sorry, Daphne.

DAPHNE

I just want to thank you for all your help with this. I know it was difficult for you when I got the promotion and-

DAVID

(forces a smile)

You helped me a lot when I transferred from Camden. So it's cool. Really. You deserved it. You are a hell of a cop.

A tow truck arrives and begins backing up to the car.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I just want to catch this kid, something tells me he is really dangerous.

EXT. ROOFTOP

No longer seated on the higher roof, Nathan and Lindsay lay on their backs on it looking at the sky. Nathan chuckles at something Lindsay has just said.

LINDSAY

(looking over at Nathan)

Ok, fascinating as it is, enough about me. Let's recap what I know about you. Let's see...I don't know your last name, I don't know what school you go to. I don't know your favorite food, your favorite band, where you live-

NATHAN

Velvet Underground.

LINDSAY

That's where you live?

NATHAN

Sometimes.

Long awkward pause.

LINDSAY

(points to her ear)

My new earrings are cool. My mom sent them from Tokyo. Can you see them?

Nathan looks over at her.

NATHAN

No.

Lindsay props up on an elbow and leans closer over Nathan so he can see her earrings.

Nathan studies the ear in question for a second and tentatively reaches out to touch the jewelry.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Nice.

Lindsay strokes Nathan's ear.

LINDSAY

You should get yours pierced.

This touch from Lindsay galvanizes Nathan.

NATHAN

(voice trembling)

Yeah, maybe some...

They lean even closer, preparing to kiss.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

Boo-Yah! Roof Party!

Nathan and Lindsay sit up and look toward the noise.

Jeff and Erik have climbed on to the roof through the kitchen window. Todd and half of the partygoers follow them out.

Lindsay hops off the ledge.

LINDSAY

Fuck.

NATHAN

(jumping off as well)

Exactly.

MOMENTS LATER

The party has moved full force out on to the roof. Tanya leaves Bill and Toni, engaged in a wet drunken sloppy kissing match, and sidles up to Lindsay and Nathan.

TANYA

Erik decided we should come out here.
I don't think he wanted to leave you
two alone.

LINDSAY

(unconcerned)

Really?

NATHAN

(concerned)

Really?

Erik, Jeffrey and a very inebriated Todd, beer bottles still stuck in his pockets, are on the move, Todd backing up, shadow boxing with the boys, his fists coming very close to their heads.

Todd backs into Lindsay who shoves him off with a disgusted look.

Todd recoils, spins around and starts to bring his hand up to slap at Lindsay.

Nathan instinctively blocks the slap and pushes back with the flat of his blocking hand on Todd's chest. Diminished depth perception causes Nathan to shove harder than he intended and, aided by the man's extreme drunkenness, Todd crashes to the ground.

All conversation ceases and everyone looks toward Nathan and Todd.

Enraged, Todd staggers to his feet.

TODD

All right you little fucker. You
been asking for this all night.
Here comes your reality.

Todd charges toward Nathan, everyone except Lindsay scrambling away. At the last second Nathan sidesteps and with a quick movement of feet and hands sends Todd down once more.

Todd rolls to his feet and approaches Nathan a little more cautiously.

Nathan backs up.

NATHAN

Look, I don't-

Todd draws closer.

TODD

Stand still and fight like a man.

Todd takes a swing and Nathan reacts by grabbing Todd's arm and shirt and, using Todd's momentum against him, flips him over a hip.

Todd bounces on the edge of the roof before slipping over the edge only held up from falling three stories by Nathan's grip on his shirt.

Nathan falls to his knees and reaches with his free hand toward Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
 (terrified)
 Holy Fuck. Holy Fuck! Let me up.
 I'm sorry you crazy fucker!

Both hands entwined in Todd's shirt Nathan braces himself and aids Todd to scramble back on to the roof.

Nathan stands up and brushes gravel off his knees.

Jeffrey, like the rest of the bystanders, stands, transfixed, open-mouthed, staring at the action.

JEFFREY
 Holy John fucking Woo.

Nathan touches Lindsay's shoulder.

NATHAN
 You all right?

LINDSAY
 That wasn't too psycho.

NATHAN
 I didn't...

A shaken Todd looks over at Bill who shrugs. With a trembling hand Todd reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bottle of beer. He tosses the bottle toward Nathan before stumbling away.

Nathan catches the beer, looks at it for a second then hands it over to Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
 You rule Nate. Fucking Dominate.

Jeffrey opens the beer which explodes in foam all over him.

INT. REC ROOM

Reclined on the floor his laptop in front of him, on a verbal roll, Lawrence, smiling, chats into his microphone.

LAWRENCE
 (laughs)
 Yes, I know, it just doesn't make sense, the whole language. Take plurals for example; mouse-mice, house should be hice then right? Goose-geese, moose-meese?

TAMARA (O.S.)
 (laughing)
 Oh Captain your are so amusing.
 (MORE)

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

I had never thought of that before.
You have the most intriguing way of
looking at things.

LAWRENCE

Call me Lawrence.

Morris and Jerome lay on couches, very bored looking over at Lawrence with open-mouthed disgust, full of disbelief that he could be talking about so stupid matters to such a sexy woman.

MORRIS

Call me Lawrence. Jesus.

Morris reaches over to a bowl of mints on the coffee table and picks up a candy to fling one at Jerome, hitting him in the crotch.

JEROME

Oh, graze shot. The cruelest blow
of all.

Jerome winces as the slow release reaction hits him.

Lawrence has snuggled closer to his laptop.

TAMARA (O.S.)

It is so rare to have an intelligent
conversation these days.

Lawrence looks over at

MORRIS

Who, ass in the air, holds a lit lighter to his rear.

MORRIS

Beware of the Blue Flame. He strikes
when you least expect it.

Lawrence sighs at the sound of FLATULENCE and a quick blue flare of light to the side.

LAWRENCE

Tell me about it.

Jerome looks at the clock at the wall.

JEROME

Maybe we should try Stringman again?

MORRIS

(waving his hand to
dissipate the foul
stench)

Why bother? He won't want to do anything. That's the difference between us and Stringman. We do things while he just sits in his room and reads about martial arts, extreme sports and all that shit, anything with people living on the edge fascinates him while he sits in there strumming his guitar with his headphones on. He never does nothing.
(nods to himself)

That's the difference. We have a life.

(shrugs)

It's too bad.

It's Jerome's turn with the lighter, aimed at his ass, his feet high in the air.

JEROME

Yes it is. Because he is going to miss this.

(very solemn)

Moe...this is the big one.

Lawrence peers into his laptop at the lovely Tamara.

TAMARA (O.S.)

What I really respect is how you haven't asked me to do anything...provocative.

LAWRENCE

It's provoking enough just speaking to you. What happens...happens.

TAMARA (O.S.)

I so like a mature man.

Lawrence romantic reverie dissolves as he looks up as a high-pitched SOUND almost like a jet turbine preparing for take-off fills the room. Then, a sudden bright flash of light, an anguished YELP followed by the WAILING of a smoke alarm.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY

The group tracks down the stairs past Travis, incredibly pale if not green, who sits on the landing his knees drawn to his chest.

TANYA

Great party huh Travis?

TRAVIS
 (feebly)
 Yeah, great party.

They stop at the lobby entrance. Nathan hesitates at the doorway.

ERIK
 Come on.

The boys exit with Jessica. Tanya hands the video camera to Lindsay before leaving.

LINDSAY
 Why am I stuck with this?

Lindsay aims the camera at Nathan.

THROUGH THE CAMERA she views Nathan as he leans against a fire extinguisher.

LINDSAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Ready to jet?

NATHAN
 No, I'm going to head.

LINDSAY (O.S.)
 Why?

Lindsay lowers the camera.

NATHAN
 I'm done with this and that.

LINDSAY
 (subdued)
 Ok. Sorry. I know this is all pretty boring for you. But thanks for hanging with us. Maybe some time...Never mind.

Lindsay turns to leave.

NATHAN
 Lindsay?

Lindsay, with a slight pained smile, doesn't look back as she walks out the door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/APARTMENT BUILDING

Lindsay joins Erik, Jeffrey, Tanya and Jessica standing in front of the apartment building. Erik and Jeffrey are on their bikes.

ERIK
Where's Crouching Tiger, Hidden Super -
Skateboard?

LINDSAY
He's bailing. He's not into it.

Jeffrey opens his mouth to say something.

Lindsay points a finger at Jeffrey as she starts to walk
way.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up.

JEFFREY
(to Erik)
What's her Oprah?

ERIK
(bitter)
Who cares?

Jessica trots to catch up with Lindsay. She says nothing
merely looking at her friend with concern.

LINDSAY
Why do I always go for the crazy
boys? Why not a quiet one, who likes
to read?

JEFFREY
All right. Let's represent.

They begin to walk and ride down the middle of the quiet
street passing the:

WAR MEMORIAL

With its monument of an eternal flame and a large statue of
the Unknown Soldier with a fixed bayonet.

STREET

Jeffrey bounces up and down on his bicycle.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
Where we representing?

TANYA
We're crashing Levi Croftus' party.

JEFFREY
Oh yeah, Loveda Softass.

Two headlights suddenly beam up to full intensity and the
group freezes in the glare.

ERIK

Shit!

JEFFREY

Bacon on the grill!

Everyone flees in scattering directions once again, Lindsay turning around to go back toward the Apartment Building. The camera dangling over her shoulder, she pulls out her skateboard and begins to skate.

Erik bikes beside her as they pass the building entrance.

The headlights turn to follow them.

ERIK

Go!

Lindsay looks at Erik in confusion.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Go!

As Lindsay skates away Erik pulls his bike up on its rear tire and flashes the finger to the approaching police car.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hey fucker!

Erik pauses, waiting to flee, his expression collapsing as the car passes him and continues after Lindsay.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

(yells to Lindsay)

Book!

Lindsay, looking over her shoulder at the cruiser, skates frantically into a:

7 11 PARKING LOT

Where she weaves around parked cars and medians, with the police car following her parallel one row of cars back.

As the police car reaches the end of the row and turns toward her, Lindsay grabs on to a parking meter, using the pole and her momentum to perform an abrupt 180 turn, her free hand clutching the board to her feet.

Lindsay zooms out of the parking lot on to:

DOWNTOWN STREET

Skating back in the direction she has just come from. Lindsay can not stay ahead of the police car which, motor revving ominously, begins to relentlessly gain on her.

After passing the apartment building Lindsay, realizing she can't escape, stops up suddenly.

Lindsay, breathing heavily, looks at the approaching cruiser, the car not seeming to make any attempt to slow, with widening eyes.

INT. DAVID'S POLICE CAR

David bears down on Lindsay.

 DAVID
 Got you, bitch.

Suddenly a thick layer of blinding foam appears on the windshield.

 DAVID (CONT'D)
 Fuck.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Lindsay leaps to the side as the foamed over car with its SCREAMING driver passes her, running over her skateboard.

Brakes squealing the out of control car jack-knifes into:

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL PARK

The vehicle crashing into the memorial, snapping off the eternal flame before stopping on top of the monument.

David, shaking his dizzy head, exits the car, climbing down to the ground. He walks several feet away, pulling out his radio. He looks down.

The flame from the monument licks at the underside of the car.

Before David can flee the car explodes with a WHOOSH, the vehicle and David flying through the air.

David lands in a thorny rosebush and he watches, with growing shocked disbelief as:

His flaming police car rises in the air and lands on the Unknown Soldier Memorial, the tip of the statue's bayonet plunging through the wrecked car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/APARTMENT BUILDING

Lindsay, with her mouth open, stands on the sidewalk and looks at the carnage across the street.

Sharing the same open-mouthed look of shock, Erik, Jeffrey, Tanya and Jessica make their way from separate directions toward Lindsay and look over to:

Nathan, carrying a still-smoking fire extinguisher in his hands, walks over to them.

JEFFREY

Oh Man not again.

ERIK

We have to get out of here.

(looks at Nathan)

That is unless there is another part of town you want to blow up first?

LINDSAY

My deck!

The skateboard lies in two pieces on the street.

ERIK

Forget it, I'll jack you a new one.

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL PARK

As David struggles to his feet in the bg, the police car and the statue tip over.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Walking away they all flinch at the sound of a THUNDEROUS CRASH.

JESSICA

(whispering)

We are in so much trouble.

As sirens begin to BLARE in the distance, they run away, Nathan throwing the fire extinguisher to the ground.

INT. POLICE STATION/OFFICE

Daphne watches a DISPATCHER print out information from a computer terminal.

DAPHNE

So what you got?

DISPATCHER

Nothing for the last couple years. Until the Arson investigation no mention of Conrad Shames at all.

DAPHNE

Nothing at all?

Clerk starts pulling papers from the printer.

DISPATCHER

Nothing here anyway.

(looks at sheets)

Couple years ago he had an impaired driving charge in Camden but it was dropped.

DAPHNE

Dropped?

(reaches for the
printout)

Who was the officer? I would like-

Daphne looks at the:

REPORT

Where, at the bottom, the signature and name of the investigating officer is indicated; David Kopachek.

DAPHNE

Frowns and thinks for a moment.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Could you put me through to Officer
Kopachek?

Before the dispatcher can touch the radio, lights on the dispatch console begin to light up and a portly OLDER POLICEMAN runs into the office.

OLDER POLICEMAN

We have a problem at Memorial Park!
Officer down.

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT

Daphne, Older Policeman and staff members watch a large truck, David, face blackened, in the passenger seat, pulling a flatbed trailer which holds the smoking cruiser still impaled on the destroyed statue go through the lot to the garage.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Hey Kopachek! What you call that
creation, The Unknown Car Wreck?

David flashes Older Policeman the finger.

OLDER POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

But is it Art? You know you wreck
one more squad car you win a coffee
mug.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

The group progresses down the street toward a large split-level house, lights ablaze, many cars parked outside and numerous PARTY-GOERS buzzing in and out.

NATHAN

Why?

TANYA

Why what?

NATHAN

Why is Supercop making it his mission in life to get us?

ERIK

It's Osceola Heights man, that's what they do—keep the streets clear of the rampaging teens.

JEFFREY

Not to mention Natanator you toasted his car.

ERIK

Twice.

NATHAN

He wasn't chasing me the second time. He could have gone after any of you. But he went after Lindsay. Why?

JEFFREY

Cus she has a killer sweet mega ass?

NATHAN

(smiling)

True true. But so do T and Jess.

Tanya and Jessica fake a blushing embarrassment attack.

JESSICA

Oh, well aren't you Mister Handsome Charming Man?

ERIK

Who the fuck cares.

Everyone has to scramble to the side as a white Cadillac, Shamess' vehicle passes them, slowly down. Tanya jabs her middle finger at the passing vehicle.

TANYA

Perv!

They reassemble and begin to move again.

LINDSAY

Yeah, he's right Erik. We've done some dashes before but not like this. He fucking near run me over...

(sighs)

This has been some night, I'm tired-
(pulls backpack off
shoulder)

And sick of carrying this fucking thing around-

(pulls out video camera)

Here take it.

Lindsay shoves the camera toward Tanya.

TANYA

I don't want it.

Tanya pushes the camera back into Lindsay's hands, they jiggle it like a hot potato for a few seconds before it slips out of their grip.

Nathan makes a quick grab for the camera, snagging it before it can hit the ground. He stares at the camera in his hand.

INT. SHAMESS' CAR

ShameSS, as he drives, cradles a cell phone on his shoulder, as he passes the Croftus house, looking back at the teens.

SHAMESS

Officer Kopachek? Hello this is a concerned citizen. Are you still looking for those kids?

ShameSS holds the phone away from his ear as David BELLOWS on the other end.

SHAMESS (CONT'D)

Well, I've found our lost sheep.

(looks back once more)

I think it's time to break up a party.

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE

Levi CROFTUS, 16, curly hair gelled, fashionably saggy clothes just not fitting right, stands on his deck and watches our merry band arrive. Behind him a huge out of control party rages inside the house.

JEFFREY

I wonder if this party is massivating?

A window slides open, LOUD MUSIC fills the air and a bra flies out to land on Jeffrey's head.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
 (holding the bra)
 Nudity!

Jeffrey jumps off his bike and runs into the house.

Croftus holds up his hand to stop the rest of them following Jeffrey into the house.

CROFTUS
 I'm sorry there are too many people here already. I didn't mind a couple people but when they showed up with the keg...

They start walking past Croftus.

CROFTUS (CONT'D)
 I said too many people.

Erik pats Croftus on the cheek.

ERIK
 Then a few more won't hurt, Croftus.

As Nathan, head averted, walks by, Croftus' gaze follows, a glimmer of recognition forming in his eyes. Before he can say anything a large scale model of the Millennium Falcon flies out the window. Croftus SCREAMS and scurries after it.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/MAIN FLOOR

The inside of the house, one wild party, populated by nearly every social strata of High School life. Bedlam to the sounds of MUSIC, ITEMS BREAKING, LAUGHTER, LOUD CONVERSATION. Jock#1 and Jock#2, very drunk, fill foamy cups of beer from a keg in the middle of the living room, most of it spilling.

Erik turns to face Lindsay as they enter the foyer of the split level living area of the spacious house.

ERIK
 Let's talk.

LINDSAY
 About?

Nathan takes the opportunity, camera in hand, to back away from Erik and Lindsay, angling through the party toward a closed door that leads into the basement.

Erik grabs Lindsay's hand and starts to pull her toward a patio door.

ERIK
 I want to talk to you.

Lindsay looks back.

Nathan is no longer in sight. All she can see is Jeffrey, white towel around his neck dancing on the dining room table.

LINDSAY

Ok, Erik.

Nathan stands by the closed door and runs his hand along the hinge side of the door. He raps the door hard once near a hinge and then, in a quick rhythm, several times more. The lock CLICKS open. Nathan opens the door and descends the stairs.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BASEMENT

The light flickers on as Nathan fumbles with the switch. The MUFFLED PARTY SOUNDS from upstairs filter down to him as he walks from the stairwell into the basement, a very large area with a pool table, assorted like new exercise equipment and enough instruments, guitars and drums, and PA equipment to outfit a complete band.

Along a wall numerous cardboard boxes labelled "Grandma's Stuff" are stacked. As he walks by Nathan looks down at one partially opened box and stops. He bends down to open it completely.

It appears Grandma was a bit of a pack rat as there is an entire box filled with eyeglasses. Nathan begins to sort through the various styles holding them to his face as he tries to find a pair that fits his prescription.

After several failed attempts, he discovers a pair that brings the world into sharp focus. The correct glasses are, unfortunately, a very ancient pair of pink cat's eyes glasses.

Nathan keeps the glasses on and looks around before proceeding to another closed door, a sign on it proclaiming, "Keep Out Levi's Room". Nathan opens that door with another series of secret knocks.

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/PATIO

Erik leans against the wall arms crossed while Lindsay studies her feet.

ERIK

What's your deal? What are you doing?

LINDSAY

WHAT are you talking about?

ERIK

This guy, you just met him and you are acting all-

LINDSAY
 (looks up)
 God--Erik.

ERIK
 He's dangerous. He's on some sort
 of mission.

LINDSAY
 You're hyperlaucinating.

ERIK
 (incredulous)
 You're falling for him.

Lindsay snorts in derision but does not answer unable to meet Erik's eyes.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/LEVI'S BEDROOM

The bedroom contains almost every entertainment gadget available to the modern teen; stereo, tv's, game consoles and a kick ass computer.

Nathan, glasses still on, sits at the computer desk, the camera propped beside him, and turns the computer on.

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/PATIO

Erik has moved closer to Lindsay.

ERIK
 It ain't supposed to play like this.

The depth of Erik's feelings hits Lindsay.

LINDSAY
 Oh Erik. I don't want to hurt you.
 You're my best friend.

ERIK
 Lindsay...

LINDSAY
 You're my best friend.

ERIK
 Ah...Fuck.

Erik storms back into the house.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/LEVI'S BEDROOM

Nathan has hooked up the camera to the computer. He starts to play back the footage on

COMPUTER SCREEN

Where Jeffrey dances spasmodically, a beer in his hand, in someone's rec room, lip synching to a hip hop song until Erik crashes in, knocking Jeffrey sprawling over a couch.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

My back.

NATHAN

Grinning, fast forwards footage of the group goofing around, drinking and smoking, until it focuses on a slightly high Lindsay in close-up.

LINDSAY

You want some of this?

She sways to the music licking her lips provocatively, opening a button on her blouse, LAUGHING and WHISTLING in the bg.

Nathan leans closer to

COMPUTER SCREEN

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

You like this?

The camera shakes up and down in affirmation. Lindsay stops her dance and breaks into laughter, the picture freezes on her face.

NATHAN

Reaches a finger tenderly toward the

COMPUTER SCREEN

Where the action speeds up again to the scene at the Industrial Park with Jeffrey performing his ill-fated stunt.

JEFFREY

Watch this! Boomer--Ang!

Jeffrey crashes to the ground.

ERIK (O.S.)

Nice.

The image freezes again and Nathan reverses it to the start of the futile trick and lets it run to the crash and then reverses again before pausing on Jeffrey sprawled in mid air, the two cars visible in the distant bg.

NATHAN

Adjusts his old lady glasses on his face as he studies the screen. He begins to type furiously on the keyboard.

NATHAN
Jesus, Morris where are you? Jerome?
(types again)
Ok Lawrence.

INT. REC ROOM

Lawrence still chats.

LAWRENCE
But all I'm saying was Harry meant
to meet Sally?

TAMARA (O.S.)
Like I was meant to meet you my sweet.

An Instant Message with a BEEP pops up on his computer.

LAWRENCE
Just one moment Dearest.

Lawrence reads the message and shuts off his microphone.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Morris! Morris!

Morris and Jerome, eyes blank, mouths open, sit on the couch
watching BattleBots.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Morris!

MORRIS
(reluctantly tearing
is attention away)
What?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Stringman on line. Looking for you.

MORRIS
(getting up from couch)
About fricking time.

Jerome rises and follows Morris, the ass of his pants burnt
black.

Lawrence shakes his head at this and turns back to his
computer.

LAWRENCE
(turning on mic)
Just was NASA calling. Now where
were we? Oh yes, how we were meant
to be.

TAMARA (V.O.)
Do you think it is?

LAWRENCE
(overcome with romantic notions)
Of course my dear it must be. What are the odds in a small place like Osceola Heights...

TAMARA (V.O.)
What?

Lawrence covers his eyes, distraught at his stupidity.

INT. TAMARA'S APARTMENT

Tamara leans forward.

TAMARA
You said Osceola Heights.

LAWRENCE MODULATED (V.O.)
(agitated, scrambling)
No, no. I said Ayatollah and Heights. He was terrified of high places. A totally different subject. I spent some time in Iran I just wanted...

TAMARA
That's not what you said. Now WHERE are you?

LAWRENCE MODULATED
Well uh..Well uh.

TAMARA
Tell me or I will block you.

LAWRENCE MODULATED (V.O.)
(sighs)
Ok.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/LEVI'S BEDROOM

A flurry of instant messages come up on the computer. Nathan shakes his head at them.

NATHAN
Ok. Ok. Relax Moe.
(typing)
I was just hanging out with some people.

LIVING ROOM

Jeffrey drunkenly leans over Croftus, who looks with growing concern at the destructive party going around him. Lindsay, searching for Nathan, walks around in the bg.

JEFFREY

See that's the fun part. I could call you KnobGobbler or GobKnobbler.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE/BEDROOM

Morris, at the computer, Jerome hanging over his shoulder, snorts in disgust.

MORRIS

He's been hanging out with some people? He doesn't know any people- just us.

A message pops up.

JEROME

What does he want?

MORRIS

He wants us to look at some video.

JEROME

Porn?

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/LEVI'S BEDROOM

Nathan shakes his head.

NATHAN

No. Not porn.

(types)

Just blow up the last couple frames.

*

Nathan hits a button so the video can begin to upload. As he leans back, closing his eyes to relax, the door starts to open. He snaps upright, snatching the glasses off his face.

Croftus, looking very flustered, stands in the doorway.

CROFTUS

What you doing here Stringman?

NATHAN

Nothing Buddy, I was just...

Nathan stops and puts his head in his hands.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You know.

CROFTUS

Not till I saw you sitting at the computer, just thought you were one of those punks before that. Plus not many people know the way to get into the inner sanctum. You've been here before with Morris and those other two stooges before right?

NATHAN

Once. That Command and Conquer tournament you had.
(dejected)
Fuck. Does anyone else know?
Lindsay?

CROFTUS

(sly smile)
What are you up to Nathan Stringman?
(gives him the thumbs
up)
Well whatever it is...good luck to you. Don't worry, no one knows...yet.

Nathan, disengages the camera, takes it, stands and walks toward Croftus and the open door.

NATHAN

Yet?

He follows Croftus out into:

BASEMENT

CROFTUS

You got to help me. They're tearing my house apart.

NATHAN

What can I do?

CROFTUS

We got to get them out of my house!
Or at least distract them.

NATHAN

I think you are vastly overestimating my-

Nathan pauses and stares at the musical equipment.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Your brother's gear is still here.

CROFTUS

Yeah. What about it?

INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM

David, face and ragged uniform dirty, stands at his locker, a duffel bag at his feet. He reaches into the bag and produces the broken pieces of Lindsay's skateboard.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

David?

Hurriedly, David jams the skateboard pieces into his locker.

DAVID

Yeah?

Daphne walks down the stairs into the locker room.

DAPHNE

Are you all right? I wanted to ask you about...

David slams the locker shut and begins to take off his uniform.

DAVID

I didn't see him but I sure the hell know it was him.

DAPHNE

Who?

DAVID

The car wrecking, bike riding, foam-spraying tricky son of a...that little fucker.

DAPHNE

Same kid?

David, standing in nothing but his boxers, points a finger.

DAVID

If he thinks he's got the best of David Kopachek, he's gravely mistaken.

DAPHNE

There's something else...

Daphne has to avert her eyes as David pulls off his boxers.

DAVID

I don't have time Daphne, I got to take a shower, change and get back out there before something else happens. I have to.

David grabs a towel from the rack and stomps toward the shower.

DAPHNE

What else could possibly happen
tonight?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

Shamess drives toward the warehouses. He stops his car beside a dumpster by a clump of hedges.

He exits his car and opens the trunk.

The trunk is full of gas cans.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BASEMENT

Nathan's finger flicks on an amp, a loud HUM filling the room.

Nathan, the camera at his feet, sits on a stool, guitar in hand and, leaning back, begins to play the first few NOTES of MC5's *Kick out the Jams*.

LIVING ROOM

The MUSIC from the stereo still blaring, people performing random acts of vandalism in the trashed room, Jeffrey pauses in his free form dancing as the first few NOTES from Nathan's song filter up.

Lindsay, standing nearby, still looking for Nathan, stops and looks around.

Jeffrey cocks his head and hurls a heavy ashtray at the stereo which CLUNKS to silence. Quickly Jeffrey strides to the ajar basement door which he pops open, the MUSIC getting louder.

He exits toward the basement followed by Lindsay and the rest of curious party-goers.

BASEMENT

Jeffrey enters the basement and draws up in surprise as he looks over at Nathan playing.

Croftus lurks by the wall, brightening as the rest of the crew enters.

Lindsay, enters, nodding to the music. Nathan looks up her and smiles. She walks over to the drum kit, sits down and begins to PLAY along.

As the rest of the Partygoers gather around to listen Lindsay nods at Jeffrey who needs little encouragement to pick up a bass, crank the amplifier and join in.

Everyone nods in appreciation as they get into the song which is sounding very good. Erik weaves his way to the front of the group.

Lindsay, seeing Erik as she furiously and skillfully pounds the drums, nods toward another guitar on the floor.

Erik shrugs, looks at Nathan, and backs away.

The band plays on.

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT

Back in a clean pressed uniform David, carrying his duffel bag, exits the station and walks toward his car, a 1988 Fiero.

Daphne follows him out.

As David opens the car door Daphne jogs over.

 DAPHNE

 Maybe it isn't a good time for you
 to be on the road right now. You're
 not in a good frame of mind.

David climbs into the car.

 DAVID

 (forcing himself to
 be calm)

 Look, you've made your point, I'll
 take the rest of the night off.

 DAPHNE

 (relaxing)

 Good. I still want to talk to you
 about another matter.

 DAVID

 (starting the car)

 Can it keep? No more business
 tonight. I just want to go home and
 do my Jell-O shots, puke and maybe
 get into bed.

 DAPHNE

 Ok David. Tough night I know. You're
 Ok?

 DAVID

 Absolutely Sergeant Sweetie. If I
 was any cooler you could skate on my
 ass.

Still trying to smile coolly and nonchalantly David jams the car into the wrong gear, sending it lurching into a parking median, a headlight smashing.

He rests his head on the steering wheel for a second before, forcing a cheerful grin, he backs out carefully and drives off.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE/BEDROOM

Morris and Jerome watch on:

MONITOR

The footage of Jeffrey crashing on his face. It stops, reverses and plays again.

MORRIS (O.S.)

What is Nathan Stringman doing fraternizing with Diet Eminem?

JEROME

Smirks at Morris.

JEROME

You're still mad at him because he and Erik gave you all those wedgies and shaved your eyebrows at Camp.

MORRIS

Surely you are mistaken. No such incident occurred.

Lawrence enters and looks at the screen.

LAWRENCE

Hey Moe, that's the dude who shaved your-

MORRIS

(pointing to the keyboard)

Do you mind we have some work to do here. Go back to your Internet floozie.

LAWRENCE

She's not a floozie, what ever that is. But she's...not on-line right now.

MONITOR

Morris, with some satisfaction, freezes the frame just as Jeffrey's head mashes into the ground.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Now, this is nice to watch, though I'm sure there was no permanent damage

(MORE)

MORRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
to that melon. But what did Nathan
want us to find?

JEROME points to the monitor swiping Morris across the face.
Morris slaps at him. Jerome jabs at the screen.

JEROME
What's that?

MORRIS
Get your finger off my screen. Now
it smells like your ass.

JEROME
How do you know it's my ass you smell?

MORRIS
(shakes his head)
Man.

Lawrence leans closer to the screen, his head close to
Jerome's

LAWRENCE
Yeah, what is that?

MORRIS
Spread out!

Morris brings their heads together with a hollow CLUNK.
Both Lawrence and Jerome, clutching their heads, flops to
the floor.

Morris begins laughing uproariously, leaning back, so far
back his chair flips over.

MOMENTS LATER

MORRIS

jabs his finger at the

MONITOR

Leaving a huge greasy smudge, pointing to where the two cars,
David's and Shames's are parked in the bg.

MORRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I see something. Is that a police
car?

JEROME AND LAWRENCE

Both sporting slight swelling on their foreheads look at
each other and back to

MONITOR

Where incrementally the image expands until the figures of the two men sitting in the car fill the screen. David is reaching over to accept the envelope.

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

Now Nathan might find this interesting.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BASEMENT

Everyone still watches the band, as Lindsay now sings a song in the microphone while playing the drums.

MAIN FLOOR

Erik, head in his hands, sits on top of the coffee table, feeling sorry for himself.

The front door opens and David enters the room.

Erik looks up at him.

ERIK

Hey.

DAVID

Hey.

Erik leaps to his feet and runs to the basement door, slamming it shut behind him.

David lunges after him futilely grabbing the locked door.

BASEMENT

Erik slides into the room, everyone looking up.

ERIK

Bust!

CROFTUS

There's a door over here!

Croftus, the rest of the party following, runs through the basement to a door leading to the:

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BASEMENT EXIT

The kids all pile out of the house toward David's parked car.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/MAIN FLOOR

David stops pounding on the door at the sound of a CRUNCH from outside. He looks out the window at:

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BACKYARD

The entire group of teens, Jeffrey leading, stomp up one side and down the other of David's car.

INT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/MAIN FLOOR

In frustration, David slams at the door with both hands. The door pops open abruptly and, with a YELP, David TUMBLES down the stairs into:

BASEMENT

David sprawls into the room at Croftus' feet.

CROFTUS
Oh Officer, I'm so glad you're here.

DAVID
Stick a sock in it precious.

David looks over at the video camera on the floor beside him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Whose camera?

CROFTUS
It's not mine, some of the local kids brought it in with them when they trespassed the house.

Smiling, David stands and picks up the camera.

DAVID
Evidence.

EXT. CROFTUS PARTY HOUSE/BACKYARD

The entire party, carrying coolers and other party essentials, strangely still following Jeffrey, tramp through the large backyard toward

WOODED AREA

JOCK#1
Where the hell are we going?

They begin to march through the woods.

JOCK#2
My feet hurt.

Jeffrey, pleased with the attention and being the leader for once, stops and faces the expectant crowd.

JEFFREY
Who's got the beats?

Tanya holds up a large beat box.

TANYA
Beats Sir!

JEFFREY
Then we got a Boomer! To the
Warehouse!

MURMURS of happy agreement from THE CROWD.

NATHAN
Is that a good idea?

Jeffrey throws his arm around Nathan's shoulder as they begin walking, cutting through the woods.

JEFFREY
Budamigo, of course not.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

The mobile party exits the woods and starts to walk through the quarry path that leads toward the warehouses.

Near the rear of the group Lindsay and Nathan walk together and, much to Nathan's silent delight, Lindsay slips her hand in his.

Erik watches in the bg.

Tanya approaches.

TANYA
Linds you got to see this. The
biggest squirrel I've ever seen is
chasing Jeffrey.

Lindsay looks toward Nathan who shrugs. Lindsay disengages and trots after Tanya into the darkness.

LINDSAY
(hopefully)
Please tell me its foaming at the
mouth.

Before Nathan can follow he has to stop up short as Erik steps in front of him.

ERIK
So, who the fuck are you?

NATHAN
Excuse me?

ERIK

We've had our laughs and our party and that's cool. But that's enough of the Mystery Man action for me. Who are you?

NATHAN

I've started to realize that it's not who you are but it's who people think you are.

ERIK

Very profound, but WHO are you? What are you doing? It took me ten years to get where I am with Lindsay and you're here less than ten hours and you've fucked everything up.

NATHAN

(starts walking away)
I didn't do anything.

Erik grabs Nathan by the shoulder.

ERIK

Do you do this for kicks? Go from town to town and put on a superhero act? Screw up people's lives. Is that your game?

NATHAN

You could not have it more wrong.

ERIK

(shoves Nathan)
Who are you?

NATHAN

(angered, shoves him back)
You should know who I am.
(shoves again)
Self-centered asshole.

Erik, fists clenched, steps toward Nathan, who assumes a defensive stance.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

It's sweet you two finally bonding but-

(steps between them)

ManLove is a frightening thing.

(jabs at Nathan)

If you guys are fighting over what I think you are-

(MORE)

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

(jabs Erik)

Don't. Because I am not some carnival prize.

(jabs both)

Be friends.

Lindsay grabs Erik.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Go get your nutty friend out of a tree so we can get out of here.

ERIK

(walking away backwards

looking at Nathan)

But who are you?

Nathan can only shrug.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

In single file the group trails between the warehouses, Jeffrey leading.

Like John Wayne in a Marine movie Jeffrey holds up his arm for everyone to halt.

Everyone crouches down as Shames, carrying gas cans, passes in the distance.

JESSICA

(whispering)

I smell gas.

TANYA

(whispering)

It's Jeffrey, he's been doing it all night. Gross.

JESSICA

No gas gas. Gasoline.

TANYA

Still probably Jeffrey.

At Jeffrey's signal everyone rises following him toward:

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

They pause in front of the building, barred windows boarded up, all doors chained and padlocked shut.

LINDSAY

This the one?

JEFFREY
Absolcertainly...uh Erik?

Erik points to the lit bulb over the main door.

ERIK
This is the one. Still got the juice
on.

JOCK#2
So how do we get in?

JEFFREY
(confident)
NP. Uh Erik?

Erik leads them over to a window at the side of the building not visible from the parking lot, the only one not barred, the boards been previously loosened and reattached. Erik begins to pry the boards off.

NATHAN
Should we be doing this?

ERIK
(with board in his
hands)
You don't have to. Why don't you
back to your real friends?

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Lights flicker on in the large warehouse exposing an almost barren area, save for several fork lifts and other warehouse equipment.

Nathan stands at the entrance to the

OFFICE

Where the lights sputter to life. A grimy, banged up computer sits on the shipping/receiving desk. Nathan steps partially into the room looking at the computer equipment with some interest.

JEFFREY
(in doorway)
You're not thinking of Watergating
that Jurassic rig are you?

NATHAN
(grins)
No Jeff.

JEFFREY
I'm relieved.

Nathan exits back to

WAREHOUSE

Where he stands at the office entrance watching the party come to life as people enter from the storeroom where the window entrance is situated and begin to mingle on the large floor. MUSIC plays, refreshments are served.

Jeffrey sits in the driver's seat on a forklift parked by the main door, trying to start it.

ERIK

What are you doing?

JEFFREY

Trying to get this buggy to go.
Robot Wars Baby!
(pushes some buttons)
Must be out of gas.

ERIK

It's electric.

Tanya and Jock#1, holding hands, walk by.

TANYA

Watch out Jeff-Squirrel!

Jeffrey spins around in fright and falls out of the seat. Erik shakes his head in disbelief.

Nathan squints at them with some amusement.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I'm sorry you guys don't like each other.

Nathan turns to Lindsay.

NATHAN

But I do like him...Look, Lindsay, there's some things I want to talk to you about-to tell you.

LINDSAY

There are some things I have to say to you too.

Nathan points into the office.

NATHAN

I just have to check on something first K?

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE/OFFICE

Nathan, the door of the office closed, glasses on, stares at the

COMPUTER SCREEN

As a grainy, blown up frame of the meeting between David and Shames loads.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Shit!

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE/BEDROOM

Morris blinks at his computer. The blown up picture of Shames and David prints out beside him.

MORRIS

Stringman is all excited again.

JEROME

They're torturing him.

LAWRENCE

(flatly)

Wedgies.

They all wince in unison.

JEROME

(squinting at screen)

He wants us to contact his mother right away with that pic.

MORRIS

(reaching for phone)

I'll do it. She likes me best.

MOMENTS LATER

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, I'm sorry, really, Daph-uh Mrs. uh..Sergeant-I just...

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

DAPHNE

(into cell phone)

Look Morris, I'm sorry, I'm busy. I have a lot going on tonight. I don't have time to look at pictures of crop circles or Darth Vader's driver's license.

(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Put Nathan on...where is he?...no
really where is he...home
right?...sitting on his computer when
I told him to go out...It's all right
you don't have to cover for him...
(angrily disengages
phone)

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE/BEDROOM

MORRIS

(looking at phone
quizzically)
She hung up on me.

LAWRENCE

Now that makes 100% of the world's
female population that hates you.

JEROME

What are we going to do?

Angered, Morris stares at the phone and then dials three
digits.

MORRIS

(into phone)
Yeah 911? We have an emergency here
at 148 Marsden Avenue, got a crazed
drugged teen on the Ecstasy, the
LSD, Rye Whiskey and ...Angel Dust
on the roof going to jump.
(hangs up)

JEROME

There's nobody on the roof.

Lawrence and Morris look at each other and then back at
Jerome.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

Shamess sprays gas around the base of a wooden warehouse.
As the light from a set of headlights frame him he turns in
fear and, then, relaxes.

SHAMESS

About time.

David walks toward Shamess.

SHAMESS (CONT'D)

(picking up a gas can
to hand to David)
Take it and get to my warehouse.

DAVID
This is a bad idea. This isn't the
right time.

SHAMESS
Do you have that camera?

DAVID
Yeah.

SHAMESS
Think any of those kids would have
seen anything, noticed anything?

DAVID
(reluctantly)
No. They are too stupid.

SHAMESS
(nods)
You got evidence?

DAVID
Yes. A skateboard. Kid has got her
name carved right in it.

SHAMESS
Sounds like the right time then.
The perfect time. No one would
believe I could be involved, would
dare to be involved. Hitler had it
figured out best—the Big Lie is the
one people will always believe. You
will be Johnny on the Spot again,
seeing the delinquents as they flee.

DAVID
Just...this is very big.

SHAMESS
Exactly. The biggest crime to hit
this burg in a long time and you are
going to break the case. You will
never be passed over for a promotion
again.

David nods.

DAVID
(almost muttering to
himself)
The little bastards could be capable
of this. They've already wrecked
two cruisers tonight, so it could be
very believable.

SHAMESS

What's that?

DAVID

Never mind, I'll tell you about it
some other time.

SHAMESS

All right. You have no reason to be
concerned. Plus it's a victimless
crime. No one is going to get hurt.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE/STOREROOM

Nathan, looking concerned, enters the storeroom, approaching
the open exit window. He pulls a box over and stands on it
to crawl out before reeling backward as Lindsay grabs him by
the belt.

LINDSAY

Where the hell do you think you're
going?

NATHAN

I was simply attempting to make a
nondescript exit.

Lindsay swings him around in a circle by the belt.

LINDSAY

So, was Erik right?

She lets go and Nathan stumbles backward.

NATHAN

Nah, he's not right, those jeans
don't make you look fat.

LINDSAY

Nate? Sometimes a joke just won't
do it...won't let you slide through.
What's going on? Was he right? Are
you just going to leave without saying
good-bye? Just when I started to-

NATHAN

To what?
(moves closer)
What?

LINDSAY

What do you think Jackass?

They lean closer together.

NATHAN

Oh.

They kiss.

EXT. MORRIS' HOUSE/FRONT LAWN

A small fleet of official vehicles; Ambulance, Fire and Police, lights flashing, have pulled up in front of the house.

On the lawn Morris, Lawrence, Older Policeman, PARAMEDICS and a PRIEST stand looking up on:

ROOF

Where Jerome, a spotlight focused on him, straddles the peak clutching on to the chimney. His legs tremble and he hangs on for dear life, obviously not going to jump.

JEROME

Life isn't worth living! I'm going
to jump! Jump I say!
(earnestly)
To be or not to be--

GROUND

Morris looks at Lawrence.

MORRIS

God.

Daphne, frowning, walks over to them.

DAPHNE

What's going on here?

OLDER POLICEMAN

We got a jumper.

PRIEST

Poor child. We have tried everything.

Daphne looks up.

DAPHNE

I see. Jerome!

ROOF

Jerome stops BABBLING and looks down.

JEROME

Oh Hi Mrs. Stringman.

GROUND

DAPHNE

Get down Jerome.

JEROME (O.S.)

Ok.

Daphne glares at Morris and Lawrence who shrug.

Sounds of SCRAMBLING, a SCREAM from above, then a HEAVY THUD.

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

David, gas can in one hand, duffel bag in the other, walks around the outside of the building, sprinkling fuel.

He stops in front of the chained doors, noting the barred windows before continuing around to the side.

He pauses in front of the open window. Frowning he cocks his head before dropping the gas can, and, duffel bag still in hand, begins to climb into:

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE/STOREROOM

David drops down on to the box and then down to the floor. He pauses, hearing the MUSIC now. Suppressing a curse he stumbles forward in the dim light until he steps on someone who YELPS.

Nathan and Lindsay, disheveled from making out, leap to their feet to face an equally startled David.

EXT. MORRIS' HOUSE/FRONT LAWN

The other Rescue People, packing up to leave, walk by looking over with disappointment and disgust as the Paramedic wraps Jerome's bruised, slightly cut head.

DAPHNE

I don't know where to begin. What are you boys up to?

Morris pulls out the printout from his pocket.

MORRIS

Nathan wants you to see this.

Daphne, rolling her eyes, takes the picture. She recoils.

DAPHNE

Where did you get this?

LAWRENCE

Nathan sent it.
(points at David)
Isn't that...

DAPHNE

Where was this taken?

JEROME
At the Industrial Park.

DAPHNE
How do you know?

JEROME
(points)
There's the Dunkin' Donuts dumpster
right behind them.

Everyone looks at Jerome.

JEROME (CONT'D)
Well, it is.

DAPHNE
Ok, I got to check this out. Can I
trust you boys to leave you alone?

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Daphne drives with the three guys jammed in the back seat.

LAWRENCE
I should really stay back there.
You know...just in case...

MORRIS
Look, Lameo, she isn't going to
contact you again. She doesn't know
anything about you and...if she
did..she wouldn't care.

LAWRENCE
Actually...

JEROME
(to Daphne)
Can we use the siren?

DAPHNE
I'm going to drop you off at my house.
I want to talk to Nathan and he will
keep you guys out of trouble. I
hope.

The radio HISSES.

DISPATCHER
We have reports of smoke at the
Industrial Park.

DAPHNE
Damn.

JEROME
Can we use the siren?

EXT. STREET

As Daphne's car speeds up, the lights and SIREN start.

JEROME (O.S.)
Cool.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE/STOREROOM

Lindsay and Nathan, holding hands, look at David.

DAVID
What are you stupid kids doing in
here? Are there-

ERIK (O.S.)
Lindsay, are you-

Erik walks in. Stops and looks at them holding hands.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Fuck.
(looks at David)
Fuck.

David steps toward Nathan.

DAVID
You're the little bastard I've been
chasing.
(looks closer)
Jesus. Damn it, what are you doing
here?

NATHAN
Long story.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

Shamess, a lighter and several gas-soaked rags in his hands,
runs from several burning buildings toward:

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Enraged, Shamess looks at his unburning building. He
frantically searches for David, spotting the gas can by the
window instead. He lights a rag and tosses it toward the
can.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE/STOREROOM

DAVID
We have no time. We got to get
everyone out of here.

ERIK

There's no one-

DAVID

Look, I'm not charging anyone. It's dangerous here- GET OUT NOW!

David turns.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have to do something. When I get back..all of you better be gone.

David climbs on the box just as, with a tremendous WOOF, the gas can explodes outside, sending David flying unconscious to the ground.

The wall and the area around the window erupt into rapidly spreading flames.

Nathan points to David.

NATHAN

We have to get him out of here!

Erik hesitates a second and then nods. They grab David by the shoulder and start dragging him from the room.

ERIK

This is one heavy pig.

Lindsay picks up David's dropped bag and follows looking back anxiously at the spreading fire.

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Shamess' pleasure at watching his building burn is interrupted as Daphne's car pulls into the park. Several fire trucks follow.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Daphne spots the figure of Shamess running toward the sand pit. She turns toward him and draws closer until the road ends.

DAPHNE

You boys stay here!

(hands them her cell
phone)

I want you to call Nathan. Find out what's going on. But stay in the car.

All three in the back seat nod innocently.

Daphne stops the car and jumps out.

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Daphne runs after Shames. He looks back as he tries to pull away.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

The party grinds to a halt as Erik and Nathan drap David into the main area, smoke trailing in behind them.

JEFFREY

Throw that sausage back you don't know where it's been.

Erik lets his half of David drop as the lights go out, the sole illumination a few emergency battery lights and the flickering flames outside.

NATHAN

There's a fire we have to get out.

Everyone begins to run toward the storeroom.

ERIK

Not there! It's on fire!

The crowd scrambles toward all the exits but the doors are locked and the windows barred and boarded shut.

JOCK#1

They are all locked!

The panic level rises as the smoke thickens and the fire spreads.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

All of Osceola Heights fire trucks have gathered to fight the fire. There are more buildings than trucks and no firefighters have arrive at the Consham building which sits fairly isolated at the far end of the park.

QUARRY/SANDPIT

Daphne catches up to Shames and, with a flying tackle to his legs, brings him down to the ground.

They roll around in the dirt Shames punching at her.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Heavy COUGHING as the black smoke thickens.

Nathan stumbles out of the office. Lindsay looks at him in puzzlement, she has found her skateboard in the bag.

LINDSAY
My skateboard. Why?

Nathan shrugs.

NATHAN
Phones and computer don't work. Anyone
got a cell phone?

Immediately cell phones appear in everyone's hands except
Nathan's, their green pads glowing in the dimness.

JEFFREY
Nine One One!

Almost in unison a multitude of fingers hit keypads punching
in the three numbers to be all greeted with a overwhelmed
BUSY SIGNAL.

NATHAN
Stop! Stop! Only one person call.

Caught up in panic or unable to hear many of the kids continue
to try to dial the emergency service.

Nathan pulls Lindsay toward him, she leans against him
coughing.

LINDSAY
We have to get out of here Nate.

He snatches her phone away from her and dials a number.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Lawrence sits in the back seat looking at the cell phone.

LAWRENCE
No answer.

Morris and Jerome sit in the front seat looking at the
keyboard and monitor that makes up the cruiser's computerized
data link up.

MORRIS
He might be on-line. It would only
take us a couple seconds to crack
into this. Stringman would hate to
miss these cool fires.

LAWRENCE
(aghast)
That's official police equipment. Do
you want to go jail forever?

The cell phone RINGS. Lawrence looks at the display.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Lindsay Allen. Isn't that the girl
Nathan has had that gigantic crush
on for like three years?

MORRIS

More like five years.

The phone RINGS several more times. They all look at it.

JEROME

Perhaps you should answer it?

LAWRENCE

Really? Ok.

(suave voice)

Jello.

(excited)

Hey, it's Stringman! We were...No
she's not-

(looks out car)

EXT. QUARRY/SANDPIT

Shamess has thrown Daphne and struggled to his feet but can
only flee a few yards before Daphne leaps on his back.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

She's a little busy right now.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

MORRIS

What's he doing with Lindsay's phone?

JEROME

Tell him about the fires.

LAWRENCE

I'm trying to but there is a lot of
noise. Screaming and that.

JEROME

Cool, a party.

Morris still hacks at the system which is BUZZING and blinking
warnings at him.

MORRIS

Which we weren't invited to.

LAWRENCE

Stringman you should see. We're at
the Industrial Park and all these
buildings are- What? Ok Ok..

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(hurt)

I'll fucking listen. What?

Lawrence slaps the wire barrier between the front and back seats.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You guys! Oh my God! Nathan is in one of those buildings! With a bunch of kids!

MORRIS

What! Tell him to get out. They're on fire!

A loud BELLOW emits from the phone.

LAWRENCE

He knows that Morris.

(into phone)

OK, I'll tell them Nathan. What building?

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

In the thick billowing smoke coughing kids have covered their faces with shirts and coats.

Jock#1 and Jock#2 bang on the front doors.

NATHAN

(shouting)

Stay low! Stay down!

Lindsay, coughing and gasping, grabs Nathan and drags him over to the forklift where Erik and Jeffrey stand.

LINDSAY

We have to get this going. Bust us out of here!

Jeffrey frantically presses the start button.

JEFFREY

It won't go! It must need a key or something.

Nathan peers at the forklift.

NATHAN

What kind is it?

ERIK

What?

NATHAN

Never mind.

Nathan reaches into his pocket and pulls out the cat eye glasses which he puts on so he can look at the machine.

Erik and Jeffrey look at each other in puzzlement. Lindsay's mouth opens in surprise.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Jerome holds the phone while Morris tries to obtain internet access through the terminal. Lawrence seen through the window as he runs from the car.

JEROME

(into phone)

Ok yeah. Redi-Lift forklift. R-E-D-I

(to Morris)

You get it?

Morris throws up his hands in exasperation.

MORRIS

Damn it!

(looks at Morris)

You do it Jerome.

JEROME

What?

MORRIS

You heard me. You're better at this stuff. We both know it.

JEROME

Why thank you Morris.

MORRIS

Oh, kiss my ass.

Jerome slides over to the terminal and begins to type quickly and confidently.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

Daphne drags a battered and handcuffed Shames through the parking lot as Lawrence, stops in front of her, arms waving animatedly for a few seconds before he sprints off toward the firefighters closest to the Consham building.

Daphne looks at the warehouse. She pulls out her gun and Shames takes the hint, sprinting with her toward:

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

where the flames have spread and parts of the building have begun to collapse.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

CRASHING as part of the roof falls in the back. Someone SCREAMS. Everyone has clustered around the fork lift.

Nathan squints at the phone's display and then back at the forklift where they have lifted off the control panel to reveal the mass of wires beneath it.

JEFFREY

(points at Nathan)

I know you. The dweebs always in the computer room and the library, you hang out with them. You're uh..

NATHAN

(lifting up wires)

Nathan Stringman.

JEFFREY

No, that's not it.

ERIK

(nodding)

Nathan Stringman.

JESSICA

(to a shocked Lindsay)

Now that's interesting.

NATHAN

(into phone)

Hurry up Jerome!

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

Jerome's fingers fly as the:

TERMINAL

displays the Redi-Lift corporate home-page and then the supposedly secure technical section before he hacks through rapidly scrolling pages of technical info and diagrams.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Hold on Stringman. We..he's got it.

INT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Jeffrey, Erik, Lindsay and Nathan hover over the wires. Nathan watches the:

PHONE DISPLAY

where the wiring diagram to jump start the fork lift appears.

NATHAN
Hook the Red and the Green together
Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
K.

Jeffrey crosses the wires.

Erik tries the start button. Nothing.

NATHAN
Damn.

Tanya slumps against the floor.

TANYA
I don't want to die in these pants.

Another part of the roof collapses. Closer now.

ERIK
Did you tell him the right model
number?

Nathan and Jeffrey look at each other.

INT. DAPHNE'S POLICE CAR

JEROME
The 4300 series? Why didn't you say
so?

He types again.

EXT. CONSHAM INC. WAREHOUSE

Outside the warehouse Daphne flings down Shames and runs over to a firetruck that is just pulling up. Lawrence, wearing a fireman's helmet, hangs on to the side.

Daphne grabs an ax from a fireman and starts running to the main door. Just before she arrives the door busts open as the forklift, Nathan driving, speeds out, swaying at top speed. She has to leap out of the way as the machine almost topples over, knocking Nathan out of the driver's seat to the ground.

The kids, assisted by the firefighters, rush out, coughing, near collapse. Erik and Jeffrey drag out David, Lindsay follows carrying her skateboard.

The roof of the warehouse crashes in.

The pilotless fork lift continues on through the parking lot to

BUSH AREA

where it crashes into David's car.

WAREHOUSE

Lindsay drops her skateboard and sprints over to a prone, unmoving Nathan. She crouches beside him and cradles his head.

LINDSAY
Nate..uh..are you all right?

NATHAN
(feebly)
Linds?

LINDSAY
Yes?

NATHAN
(weakly)
Do something for me?

LINDSAY
What?

NATHAN
Pull down my pants and play with my balls.
(smiles and opens his eyes)

LINDSAY
You crazy-

She smiles and leans closer to him-

DAPHNE (O.S.)
Nathan!

Daphne drops beside Nathan. Lindsay stands and backs away.

Nathan sits up.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
You all right?

NATHAN
Yes Mother I'm fine.

Daphne smiles in relief and looks closer at him.

DAPHNE
You got a haircut.

NATHAN
Yeah.

DAPHNE
I like it.

Jerome, Morris and Lawrence run over. Nathan, with Daphne's help stands up.

Erik, Jeffrey, Tanya and Jessica join Lindsay as Paramedics work on a conscious David in the bg.

Firefighters spray water on the buildings.

Shamess, sitting on the ground, watches his collapsed building burn.

The two separate groups: Nathan and his crew, Lindsay and her friends stand apart looking at each other.

Morris turns to Nathan.

MORRIS
So interesting night Stringman?

NATHAN
(face dirty, glasses
smudged and melted)
Yeah, you could say that.

LAWRENCE
(wistfully)
How come nothing cool ever happens
to me?

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

A KNOCK on the front door, then another before it opens. Tamara sticks her head in.

TAMARA
Hello?
(walks into the house)
Lawrence? Hello? Captain?

INT. OSCEOLA HEIGHTS/HIGHSCHOOL

HALLWAY

Nathan, new glasses on, stands at his locker with Jerome, Morris and Lawrence beside him exchanging good-natured Monday morning slaps and shoves.

They stop as Lindsay, Jessica and Tanya walk toward them.

Morris pokes Nathan who looks toward the girls once before looking away.

Lindsay appears almost about to speak and say something but, at that moment, Erik and Jeffrey, exchanging good-natured Monday morning slaps and shoves, join the girls.

They all walk away, Erik giving one backward glance toward Nathan and his friends.

Morris instinctively takes a defensive grip on his jockey shorts.

Without a word Nathan grabs his books, SLAMS his locker shut and walks away alone.

CAFETERIA

The school population has settled into lunch mode all the groups and cliques seated at their respective tables. Nathan, Jerome, Lawrence and Morris have their own table and, at the opposite side of the room, Lindsay, Tanya, Jessica, Erik and Jeffrey are seated.

NATHAN'S TABLE

LAWRENCE

(holding note)

Look, I swear to God I did not write this. She left it for me.

MORRIS

(looks at note and
tosses it away)

Blatant forgery. Now, as I was outlining earlier, here's our gameplan. We get on the server an hour earlier, slip in our mods-
(rubs his hands)
-and await our hapless victims.

JEROME

We do this right after school or after dinner?

MORRIS

Nathan?

Nathan not listening looks up from his sandwich to across the room. He stands.

LINDSAY'S TABLE

JESSICA

I don't care what she pierces. She will never be cool.

ERIK

We just going to sit here all day
and talk about Carlie's nipple or
are we going out to smoke it up?

JEFFREY

Mighteous! I'm ready to bang on that.

ERIK

You don't even know what you're saying
do you? You just make-

Erik stops as Lindsay stands up and starts walking.

NATHAN

begins to walk, curious heads in the cafeteria turning toward
him as he moves toward:

MIDDLE OF CAFETERIA

Lindsay and Nathan meet at the center of the room.

NATHAN

Hi.

LINDSAY

Hi. I'm Lindsay.

NATHAN

Nathan. Nathan Stringman.

They smile at each other.

FADE OUT: