

Trampoline Gardens

by
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EXT. TRAMPOLINE, BICKEL BACKYARD - DAY

BILLY BICKEL (6) jumps with other kids on GIANT TRAMPOLINE, stretched with rusty springs. SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK.

Children's faces, lit with glee, soar weightless between bounces. Echoing laughter.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

Throughout the ages, mankind has sought ways for soothing everyday stresses. Be it hang-gliding, skydiving, no-handed handlebar bicycling, or potato sack races. You name it...

A handful of neighbor kids wait impatiently for a turn.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - DAY

Sweeping into next yard, passed a mailbox, up driveway.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

On along to more brutish examples - like Dionysian orgies, running naked from villages off to the hills - man's always been driven by pursuits of pleasure and distraction evermore.

Settling upon SIMON SCHULTZ (15) owner/operator of "Classy Cuts" lawn services, blazes through a cloud of grass-shavings, marching behind a tricked-out mower.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

Work hard, but only as means to justify an end. Transcending cultures, income levels, and age, folks discover their drive for such escape to be limitless, bottomless, utterly addicting...

Sound of RRRRRRRR - mower engine echoes throughout the land.

Welcome to an idyllic mid-Michigan summer afternoon in this suburban community called 'Riverdale Estates.'

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

...for lets face it, if there's one thing everyone can agree upon, from time to time, life can be one tremendous pain in the ass...

EXT. BACKYARD, BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

Wearing only a baggy T-shirt boasting: "Life's a Bitch," MAUREEN BICKEL (thirties) emerges through a sliding door onto backyard deck. Strikingly beautiful, though disheveled.

She makes subdued efforts to compose herself while puffing on a freshly-lit cigarette.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
Introductions, you ask? Well of course. I am, put simply, the "I am." The straight-shooting almighty son of a gun, at least as far as trampolines are concerned in these "Riverdale Estates."

From same door ELIJAH SCHULTZ (forties) exits. He has salt-n-pepper hair and mustache, sports a loose neck tie. Shirt-tails untucked. A cigarette stashed above his ear like a librarian's pencil.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
I've observed these lives, and am now nearly ready to cast my judgement...

Elijah cracks a beer and swigs. "AAAAAAAH." Puts cig between his teeth, then fumbles through his pockets, coming up empty.

Maureen lights it for him -

MAUREEN
Need me to smoke it for you too?

ELIJAH
(different topic)
Come to think of it, maybe you
should smoke it.

Shoots her a lusty smirk. WINK. Pretty inappropriate amidst this "children's" backyard atmosphere. Maureen scolds -

MAUREEN
Huh - You wish.

ELIJAH
Wish...? Don't pretend like you didn't just...

She presses a finger over his lips.

MAUREEN
Shhhhh.

Maureen sees Billy jumping crazy on the trampoline, nearing edge. She swoops over to pull him down.

MAUREEN

I tell you, time and again, honey.
Jumps like that scare Mommy.

Billy smiles and bats his big, baby blues.

MAUREEN

Why torture me?

Speaking to other kids, who still bounce -

MAUREEN

Your folks know you're over here?

KIDS

(nodding)

Mmmmm. Hmmmmmm.

MAUREEN

And they don't mind?

KIDS

(heads shake 'no')

Mmmmm. Mmmmm. No ma'am.

MAUREEN

I'm not old enough to be a 'ma'am.'

She ushers Billy up the deck, passing through slider. Closes screen door behind them.

Elijah following, nearly collides face-first into the screen.

He plays it off with his jagged smile. Turns back to sip his bottle and watch trampoline sports.

INT. BASEMENT, CASPER HOUSE - DAY

A home furnished sports bar complete with a billiard table and pinball game. On massive flat screen TV, brightly displayed, an X-box 360 hockey game revs into high gear.

NICK CASPER (15) and Simon Schultz (lawnmower man) slouch in beanbag chairs and wrestle hand-held controllers.

Nick's got a dark indie rocker edge, while Simon is preppy in striped Polo and rocket scientist glasses, constantly sliding down the bridge of his nose, revealing big doe eyes.

Simon's team scores, sounding GOAL HORN, which echoes throughout the basement.

SIMON
Ha! Balls across your chin there
Nicky!

NICK
Oh yeah? Wiped on your forehead
bitch!

Defiantly, Nick scores twice in quick procession. Horn sounds. Nick dances a victory dance.

SIMON
Screw this!

Simon flings his controller, which pelts the wall, narrowly missing TV.

NICK
Watch it Simon! You almost broke
my controller!

From back pocket, Simon pulls a stack of folded love letters. In girly, bubble handwriting, phrases like, "Be each other's 1st." -- "Love you sooo much." -- "Our first time."

NICK
(sniffing)
Phew - is that what her pussy
smells like?

SIMON
Naw, that's perfume spritz. Girls
do that when they really love ya.

NICK
So she's going to let you fuck'n
ball her. Major congrats.

SIMON
Yep, we're "doing" it. Soon as she
gets home from "cheer" camp.

NICK
I still can't believe you got that
hot slut to be your girlfriend.

SIMON
She's never done it before.

NICK

Sure, I bet, but ya gotta watch chicks these days. Saw this thing on Oprah, where som're gettin butt-poked like bunches of times and still considering themselves 'virgins'.

SIMON

Not this one.

NICK

Bout fifty-fifty odds I'd say.
But you know, she's not nearly as smokin as your dear-old mother.
Though roughly nobody is.

Simon grabs Nick and tries to slam his head into the couch.

SIMON

Ass munch!

SOUND: Upstairs, GARAGE DOOR OPENING, and car pulling in.

Nick's eyes shoot toward the ceiling -

NICK

Shit, my dad. Let's bolt -

Guys collect roller hockey gear and sneak away.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Nick? Anybody home?

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Six teenagers play roller hockey on a fenced-in tennis court. The net at center court has been rolled to one side so they can skate back and forth like a hockey rink.

Nick unleashes a slap shot, blasting Simon's glasses. Ball ricochets over fence and bounces through parking lot.

From across lot, BETTY SCHULTZ (late thirties), Simon's mom, witnesses the shot to her son's face.

BETTY

(winces)

Awwwe baby.

Betty's a plenty sexy woman with a youthful bounce to her. She palms a six-pack of ice-cold Cokes.

BETTY
(calls out)
Are you OK Simon?

SIMON
(rubbing face)
Yeah mom!

BETTY
How bout those glasses?

SIMON
(bending hinge)
They're fine mom!

As ball rolls up, she stops it with her foot.

Nick skates up to retrieve ball, finds himself stopped before Simon's hot momma.

Close on: Her cleavage. Her puckered lips. Her pleated khaki shorts. All looks appetizing to a teenager with raging hormones. Nick smiles.

Mom's full lips smile back, exposing overly-whitened teeth. Noticing his muscles, young skin, his not-yet needing to shave. Tiny Sweat trickles down nape of his neck.

BETTY
Oh yeah -

She hands over six-pack, giggling awkwardly.

NICK
Thank you Mrs. Schultz.

He scoops up tennis ball, and skates away -

BETTY
Tell Sime dinner's at five.
(beat)
You know, you're always welcome to
join us if you like, Nicholas.

NICK
Tonight's dinner's already booked,
but another time I suppose. Thanks
for the invite.

BETTY
Anytime.

Nick rolls back to crew and dishes out cokes.

NICK

(to Simon)

Your hot mom told me to tell you
dinner's at five.

(beat)

Amazing.. I literally chubbed-out
talking with her for two seconds.

SIMON

That's the last thing in the world
a kid wants to hear.

HOCKEY PLAYER

(sipping coke)

Nick's right. I'm getting an
erection just thinking about it.

INT. DINING ROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - EVENING

Betty, Simon and ELLIE BELLY (4) perched around a beautiful dinner table eating "second-helpings" of lasagna. Dad's place, thoughtfully set, but vacant.

Carrying on as though nothing is out of the ordinary -

BETTY

How's cross-training going honey?

SIMON

Great. Mr. Anderson says if I stick to the regimen, it should nearly guarantee me a slot on the varsity squad. Not that the team's very good.

BETTY

You're a wonderful hockey player honey. And Nick?

SIMON

He's the ever-ready all-star. Won't even have to bother trying out.

BETTY

He's a good kid.

Headlights flash as Elijah Schultz's red Cadillac screeches to a halt in driveway.

BETTY

Oh Sime, you won't believe what Ellie Belly did today, she...

Ellie's kicking her feet, truly proud of...

FRONT DOOR blasts open, and Elijah stumbles through. Jelly-eyed, disheveled and tipsy.

In one hand he holds his GYM BAG, and the other, a bouquet of WITHERED-UP FLOWERS.

ELIJAH

Oh, what a workout today. I've increased my cardio po-
(hiccup)
Potential by at least 4 percent.

BETTY

(boiling)

It's considerate to call when you're going to be late, Lije, especially on lasagna night.

Elijah presents flowers to Betty, who makes no effort to accept, so he drops them on her lap.

ELIJAH

(winks at kids)

Yes dear, mine was hectic and crazy. Yours? Did you have a nice manicure?

Elijah kisses her hard on the forehead, like a lip punch.

BETTY

Jesus Elijah. You reek to high heaven of booze and cigarettes.

ELIJAH

Jesus? Oh no. You're not using him and 'heaven' in the same sentence again? This ought to be good.

On dining-room wall there's an EMPTY NAIL. Directly below, on floor, a framed picture of religious significance. It's leaning against wall, facing in.

ELIJAH

AND, as you well ought to remember, I gave up smoking for lent.

BETTY

You know bumming cigarettes is still "smoking" don't you.

ELIJAH

(Scowl forming)

Hmmmm, SO... I hit the gym, then
met a client for a quick drink at
Tripper's. Maybe some smoke got on
my clothes. Now, if it pleases the
court, I move to have my case
dismissed.

(inhales dinner aroma)

Mmmmmm, lasagna night, my favorite!
Right kids!

Elijah pulls up a plate for self-service, sensing his wife's
fuming glare -

ELIJAH

(re: flowers)

You're going to want to stick those
in some water.

BETTY

Mmmmm. I can think of better
places to shove em.

Elijah unfolds his napkin, placing it in his lap. Eyes his
wife dead-on and speaks through a phony smile -

ELIJAH

Betty - if you continue to kill my
buzz, we're going to have some real
problems around here.

Betty politely wipes her mouth, pushes back her chair, and
heads into kitchen.

Flowers spill off her lap, scattering on floor.

She returns with a BOX of WHITE ZINFANDEL, slamming it on
table along with a wine glass.

ELIJAH

What? You're falling off the wagon
already?

Betty guzzles her first glass.

BETTY

Thirteen days down the drain. But
you make it look so irresistible.

ELIJAH

In front of the kids now, huh?

BETTY
Kids are family too.

ELIJAH
(shifting gears)
How's the lawn business son?

SIMON
(eagerly)
Great. I'll have my money saved
for hockey camp in like, no time.

ELIJAH
No, you'll be flushing away your
money son. Concentrate on providing
an excellent service, and hone
those business skills.

(then)
Hockey classes, at this point, are
pretty frivolous, don't you think?
If we had what it took to go pro,
wouldn't we know by now?

BETTY
Maybe for him it's just fun.

ELIJAH
What's your problem!

Kids wish they could hide, but also glued to exchange as
though they're watching a tennis match.

BETTY
You're my problem! Why even come
spoil our dinner? Why not just stay
shacked up with your bimbo!

Ellie's eyes widen -

ELIJAH
Because you're the bimbo I'm
shackled with!

The shouts freak out Ellie Belly, who covers up her ears.
Simon rushes to calm, plucking COTTON BALLS from his pocket.

ELIJAH
Goddamn!

SIMON
Ellie's ears - Could'ya please stop
shouting obscenities!

BETTY
Put her cotton in!

Simon scoops Ellie off her chair, rushing her from room.

SIMON
C'mon sweetie, lets bounce.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

As twilight sets over the serene neighborhood, Simon helps Ellie Belly up onto handlebars of his BMX bike.

SIMON
Watch your toes in the spokes.

Ellie's excited as Simon swerves his bike, slalom-style through streets. Wind whisking through their hair -

SIMON
Don't worry about nothing Ellie Belly. You know I got your back.

ELLIE BELLY
OK Sime.

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - EVENING

Simon helps Ellie onto trampoline and she bounces away with a big grin and wild eyes. Other kids bounce too. SQUEAK-SQUEAK.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
Ah, The solace I provide, the illusion of flight and phenomenon of weightlessness. Funny they would call it 'acting childish', when all they're doing is blowing off steam like the rest?

Elated faces full on childish glee.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
I say it's the adult ones who're the trouble-makers. Stubborn, irrational, selfish to the extreme.

The SUPERVISING PARENTS sip cocktails and socialize.

Close On: chubby feet and "this little piggy" toes, touching down to black nylon.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
So that's me, providing solace in a
neighborhood that's fallen under a
dark curtain.

Children bounce higher and higher. SQUEAK - SQUEAK!

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
The sound of my beating heart,
grown rusty, broken from a long-ago
tragedy, and another yet to come.
(beat)

But for now, for this moment, all
that exists is the bounce. The
weightlessness. I, being the place
they desperately need most.

Under porch, a PANEL of LATTICE FENCE flops off, and out
crawls Billy from a secret HIDING SPOT: a small storage room
containing a weedwhacker and gardening supplies.

Billy approaches Simon, tentatively.

BILLY
Word on the street says you can
back flip.

SIMON
Used to. I've been out of the game
a while.

BILLY
Can you show us?

ANOTHER CHILD
Yeah, do it!

SIMON
Naw kids. I'm retired.

INT. ELLIE BELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon puts Ellie Belly to bed with a kiss.

ELLIE BELLY
(yawning)
Thanks Sime.

SIMON
Sleep tight Ellie Belly.

INT. DINING ROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon scoops up broken flowers off dining room floor. He puts them in a water-filled vase.

He sets bouquet on the table and fiddles with flowers, trying to restore some beauty to the arrangement.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Sime on his knees, tightening up his bike chain, while Nick rides his BMX in circles around him. Nick has a pair of BINOCULARS strung around his neck.

NICK

You can't go through with it.
You're gonna kill our reps before
they're even established. You,
exposed as a shitty lover. And me,
I'll be black-balled by
association.

Simon working a ratchet, trying to ignore his friend.

NICK

At least practice on a watermelon
or something. A lubed-up baseball
mitt works. I gotta nicely broken-
in catcher's mitt to loan ya.
That's how I learned.

(simulates)

What you do is bear down and don't
stop. Try'n see if you can pound
away for a solid hour straight.

SIMON

I'm not going to have sex with your
old scrump-mitt. And what makes
you the in-house expert?

NICK

(rolls eyes)

Dude, c'mon.

SIMON

No, you come on. You're still not
getting cred for untraceable
'supposed' flings while visiting
your bro at college. Like my dad
says, "if you can't prove it, you
can't count it."

NICK

It happened. Like I told ya.

SIMON

What were their names? Let's follow up with a phone number.

NICK

We didn't get to the personals, with so much hot sex going on -

SIMON

Liar. Dog the freakin' Bounty Hunter couldn't track those girls down, cuz they don't exist.

NICK

Screw you man! I screwed the heck out of those college hotties.

(then)

Whoa, check the noise down at Peterson's -

Half a block down, an argument has escalated from within the Peterson house, making its way onto the front lawn.

MR. DAVIES

...if you ain't leaving your husband, then...

MRS. PETERSON

Alex, keep your voice down.

SIMON

(smirks)

And I'm pretty sure that's not Mr. Peterson...

A new sight for Nick, peering through his binoculars.

NICK

Wow! If only Brandy Foster was my cross-street neighbor...

A few doors down and across the street, luscious BRANDY FOSTER (17) preps to wash her cherry red Mustang. She wears a wife-beater with no bra and a pair of cut-offs. She fills a bucket full of water and tons of suds.

NICK

Yep, that piece of A-list vagina has taken down community leaders and parents' friends alike.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

More than a couple disgraced
substitute teacher's corpses lay in
her wake.

(beat)

Likely our fathers have tried to
hit that and been shot down. A
legendary 'pew nanny' - the subject
of myth and lore all the way to
Kalamazoo and back.

From down street, Brandy notices them gawking. She smiles
and waves.

Simon and Nick spin-off, trying to conceal a pair of driveway
BONERS from her sight.

SIMON

Well...uhhh.. Chain's tight.
Let's go tear up some trails.

NICK

Boy-yoing bull's-eye. Let's do it.
Uh oh!
(through the binocs)
Boogies flying in at 3 o'clock.

DAVE ELLISON (17), TOMMY ELLISON (15), and TODD CAMPBELL (15)
ride their BMX's down street in dark-menace formation. From
the handlebars of Todd's bike, a GHETTO BLASTER pumps evil
sounds of SPEED METAL.

These guys are bad news from the get-go, wearing sleeveless
rugby shirts and muddy soccer cleats. Mean and nasty and
chew tobacco and wear backwards hats. Can grow mustaches and
always anxious to find any excuse to kick someone's butt.

As they pass, Brandy playfully squirts hose water at them.

TOMMY

Whore!

DAVE

Oh baby, the things I'm going to do
to you.

BRANDY

Wouldn't count on it.

When passing Simon and Nick, the bullies size up their BMX
bikes with dirty looks.

TOMMY

Fucking posers!

Todd launches a spray-shot of tobacco spit onto driveway, splattering Simon's sneaker.

DAVE
Hey Schultzee, tell your ma I'm coming for her.

Simon GULP's. Too afraid to utter anything but -

SIMON
OK.

After bullies pass, boys reconsider -

SIMON
Screw the trails.

NICK
Let's watch a movie or something.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

They're watching "Ghost" on TV. It's the tearful ending where Patrick Swayze (Sam) prepares to set off to Heaven. Demi Moore (Molly) cries her eyes out. Patrick says, "I love you Molly." And she says "Ditto."

Simon's eyes, red and watery, SNIFF SNIFF.

Nick shoots straight up -

NICK
That's it! I solved your problem.

SIMON
What problem?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - DAY

Door crashes open and Nick storms in, followed by Simon.

SIMON
No you're not going through my parent's closet for a porn stash that doesn't exist. Trust me, they're not the type.

Nick flings open closet door and enters.

NICK
Everyone's folks're the type.
Watch.

Simon peers out window, overlooking the driveway.

SIMON
You're wasting your time pal.
Listen, it's not much of a issue,
really. Maybe there's a book out
on the subject -

Nick tosses some lingerie out onto the floor.

NICK
Of course there's a book, but whose
got the time to read?

Nick pops out holding a large, flopping dildo.

NICK
Would you say I'm getting warmer?

SIMON
What the shit! Listen Nick, man,
this isn't such a great idea. My
parents value privacy.

NICK
(head pops out)
Course they do. Wouldn't you if
you were a porn fiend?

He tosses to Simon's feet sex jellies, vibrators, and what appears to be a ball-gag.

SIMON
They're not porn fiends...

Again, out the window. As Mom's SUV pulls into driveway.

SIMON
Crap! Hurry!

Nick exits closet holding onto an unzipped gym bag full of porno tapes and DVDs.

NICK
Found the mother-load!

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Slams bag down on bed.

NICK
You got a VCR in here?

SIMON

Nope.

NICK

Then old school is out. We can still kick it new school, no bothers. We'll watch a dozen or so of these. You'll transform into a pro-styler. When Andrea comes home, she won't even believe what hits her, backs up, rolls over, and hits her again.

Nick pops in a DVD and plays it. The boys watch closely.

SIMON

Oh my god, is that, no...

NICK

That's fucking sick. I guess they don't call them man's best friend for nothing.

They switch discs, "let's try this one." Nick fast-forwards, scanning for "good" parts.

SIMON

Yeah, but I'm not going to strap on a donkey dork to boink her, so I don't see how these're gonna help. I'm sorta aiming for something a tad more special.

NICK

Trust me, it'll be plenty special.

Switch discs. Fast-forwarding.

SIMON

(in awe)

Wow. I don't think anyone's ever going to like me enough to let me do THAT to them.

NICK

(switching discs)

You'll like this one, I've seen this actress work before, and I'm a huge fan.

Blue light flickers off boy's eyes, followed by a "skin-tone" reflection. Simon and Nick cock their heads off to one side as this one captures their attention.

The bedroom door swings shut for privacy.

SUBTITLE: "4 or Five Pornos Later..."

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SCHULTZ HOUSE - DAY

Outside of, but focused on Simon's bedroom door. Loud sex sounds coming from inside. Whimpering and moaning, plus sexed-up porno music.

SIMON (O.S.)
Stop! Stop! You're going to fast!

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Simon attempts to rip the remote from Nick's hand.

SIMON
Stop fast-forwarding dude, I need to see this.

Nick holds up an "unmarked" DVD.

NICK
How about this one?

SIMON
It's a wild card. Let's do it.

Slipped into machine, the boys settle back, by now enjoying pizza slices and Orange pops.

Eyes towards the screen as images flicker. And their expressions FREEZE. Pizza slices and sodas drop and bounce on carpet. Orange fizz soaks into white carpet.

NICK
What the fu...

Like stuck in molasses, they can't back away from TV quick enough. Total revulsion.

NICK
Turn it off...turn it off..

SIMON
Is that your friggin' mom?

NICK
Can't be...

SIMON

Yup, and the trampoline lady, Mrs. Bickel, I think... And Mr. Thomas... And the lady from two doors down...

NICK

Shit, a fucking neighborhood backyard orgy. All "gonzo" style and shit.

SIMON

Whoa, Nicky. Say what you will about my ma, but your's ain't half-bad at... you know. Kinda unexpected.

NICK

Drop it.

Nick wrestles the remote back from Simon.

SIMON

You better hope that's you're dad there, holding the camera.

NICK

It's not.

SIMON

How can you be sure? The film quality's not the greatest.

NICK

Because my dad's penis doesn't look like a mo-fuckin pig in a blanket!

Nick pounds DVD player, violently removing the disc.

NICK

It's too grainy anyway. Can't be sure what we saw.

SIMON

Like heck it was.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon lays in bed in the dark, using a flashlight to re-read Andrea's LOVE LETTERS.

He smells perfume and cherishes little phrases like, "Can't wait to be each other's first," and "make passionate love all night."

He places letters into a shoe box overflowing with a heap of similar letters. He flicks out his flashlight and drifts off to sleep with warm, peaceful thoughts.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick lays atop his still-made bed, fully dressed down to the shoes. Like an insomniac, he channel surfs in a regular rhythm, hardly even blinking his eyes.

NICK
Fucking Teen Wolf.

As he flicks, Teen Wolf shows up on every channel.

NICK
What the fuck?

Teen Wolf - Teen Wolf - Teen Wolf - Teen Wolf - then he's bombasted with images of "homemade" porn.

NICK
Noooooo!

Now it's on every channel, flesh crawling against flesh. Suddenly, Nick's left side throbs a SHARP PAIN.

NICK
(clenched teeth)
Ahhhhh!

He transforms into a WEREWOLF. Hairy hands, tremendous claws, clothes ripping off, sharp teeth, yellow eyes.

JOLTS up in bed, soaked in sweat. Touching all over his body. He's back to normal, though thoroughly freaked out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SCHULTZ HOUSE - MORNING

The garage door rises and Simon emerges, yawning. It's a picturesque lawn business morning.

Simon has a WOODEN CART "jimmied" together, attached to the back of his BMXer. Sign reads "Classy Cuts" across the side.

He rolls mower up onto his trailer, then also loads in a gallon jug of gasoline and a weedwhacker.

He pedals the whole contraption up street.

EXT. DAVIES HOUSE - MORNING

Simon presides over a lawn in desperate need of mowing. He pops on his Ipod and FIRES UP MOWER.

Rocking out as he mows with precision, a nicely cut pattern. Easily enough god-given talent to mow for the major leagues.

Half-way through a pass, his phone vibrates in it's hip-holster. Caller ID: "Nick." Simon answers.

SIMON
(shouts)
S'up my brother?

NICK (O.S.)
Uhhhh. Not feeling good at all.
Something I ate or something.
(vomits - blaaaah!)

SIMON
Sounds awful! Maybe just stay in bed today, ya know? Listen I'm standing here scalding a lawn right now. Gotta throw 'er into drive.

NICK (O.S.)
Simon, I needa see you. Please promise we can hang out later.

SIMON
I promise.

Hangs up. He plows another couple strides before the phone blows up again from his waistband.

SIMON
What!

Caller ID comes up: "Dre." Simon answers -

SIMON
Hi baby, holy heck do I miss you!

ANDREA (O.S.)
Hey Sime, what's shaking? I got really freaking good news...

From well overhead, neighborhood appears serene, with kids splashing in pools, and dads off to work, and moms driving mini-vans to grocery stores.

Meanwhile, Simon stands in center of a half-mown yard, chatting with his beloved.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Looking horrible, Nick bikes along to Simon's house. He's pale with matted hair, coughing into a napkin.

He throws down his bike onto Simon's yard. Along his way to the front, he notices a baby-blue VW Beetle in the drive. Flowers in "flower-holder".

EXT. PORCH, SCHULTZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Simon answers door with a great-big smile on his face till he lays eyes on...

SIMON

Nick. Crappers, I forgot.

Door opens further, revealing curly-blonde, double-D ANDREA BECKET (16) wearing cheerleading sweats. She moves in tight on Simon, nibbling his ear.

ANDREA

Hey Nicky. Isn't Sime simply delishy? Hope you guys weren't doing too much of this -
(grinds him)
While I was gone. Ha ha.

SIMON

Nope, no ear-nibbling or pelvis grinding in your absence, were we buddy?

NICK

Hardly any. So, Andrea - weren't quite expecting you back so soon, were we Simon?

ANDREA

Just lucky I guess. At least Simon anyway, cuz I've been aching for him all week.

NICK

(to Simon)

Can I have one word? Over here?

Simon follows him out, pulling door behind him.

NICK

Remember our "bro's before ho's" policy? What's happening here man? I need you tonight.

SIMON

Well, you see, Dre got back a couple days early, and -

NICK

I hate this. Everytime she's around it's like I turn into a fucking ghost.

Eager hands yank Simon back inside.

SIMON

I'm so sorry dude. Can it wait till tomorrow?

Simon's gone and door slams shut.

Returning to his bike, Nick hocks a loogie onto Andrea's VW windshield.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - NIGHT

On couch, Simon and Andrea, inter-woven, tongue kissing.

ANDREA

Lucky boy. Hey, you want to see a new cheer I developed?

From starting position, she hollers out -

ANDREA

Give me an "S." Give me an "H."
And an "O." Give me a "W" ...

Through a long alphabet, complete with interwoven claps and kicks -

ANDREA

...And what's it spell?

SIMON

(timidly)

Show me your, erm, breasts?

She flashes her breasts and performs a somersault back onto his lap -

ANDREA
(clapping)
Yeah, but I spelled tits.

Collapsing over him, tugging at his belt and zipper.

SIMON
My parents're in the other room.
They can hear us.

FLASH: Next room, Elijah splashes AFTERSHAVE before grabbing his "GYM" BAG, and heading out to his car.

FLASH: Upstairs bedroom, Betty draws a water-bong toke of marijuana while eying a tray of KY jelly next to a freshly-peeled CUCUMBER.

Back to living room, Andrea lustling heavily.

SIMON
I'm sorry, just not comfortable
doing stuff here -

INT. ANDREA'S VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Simon and Andrea, parked on dark road. In the backseat, mostly undressed, heavy mashing, causing windows to fog.

Headlights pass, and Simon pops his head from the jam-pile to investigate.

SIMON
Sorry, paranoid about cops.

ANDREA
We're hardly doing anything wrong
here. And it's a public road.

SIMON
We're ready to statutorily rape
each other. That's prison time.

ANDREA
I said "hardly" anything wrong.

SIMON
This isn't totally sexy.

ANDREA
Awe, c'mon Sime, my sweet little
honeypot is a throbbin'.

SIMON
Alright already. I'll try.

ANDREA
D'ya bring a rubber?

FLASH TO:

INT. ELIJAH'S CADDY - DAY

FLASHBACK - Elijah gives Simon a ride home. Elijah squeezes a beer can between his knees as he drives.

ELIJAH
Son, you don't happen to have a cigarette on you do you?

SIMON
No dad, I don't smoke.

ELIJAH
Figures. Listen, check my gym bag there, see if I have a pack of Carlton's in the bottom.

Simon unzips bag, shifting aside a jock strap and socks.

SIMON
I thought you quit.

ELIJAH
I am quit, however I still enjoy the smell of burnt tobacco from time to time.

Past a pair of Converse All-Stars, Simon comes upon a mother load of CONDOMS in his father's bag.

SIMON
What'er all these for?

ELIJAH
Well son... You see, I have a lot of love to share, more than the average person can handle. You don't have to mention any of this to your mother though. And I'd rather you didn't.

(then)
Go ahead, put a few condoms in your pocket. Never know when nature's going to call.

SIMON

Dad, am I gonna have too much love
to share when I'm older?

ELIJAH

Hmm... Well hopefully you'll have
just enough...

BACK TO:

INT. ANDREA'S VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Simon unwraps condom and rolls it on. Poised.

Headlights pull behind and STOP. With sweat at his brow,
Simon freezes at the threshold of insertion.

ANDREA

Awe, that's nothing Sime, I told
ya. Please, push it in.

Suddenly, TAP, TAP at window. They hustle to cover up with
nearest clothing.

Holding her pants to her chest, Andrea lowers foggy window
down a crack.

POLICEMAN with flashlight aimed, illuminating their faces.

POLICEMAN

What do we have here? Looks to me
like a pair of juvy delinquents.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick opens UNMARKED CASE from earlier and places "naughty"
DVD into the player. The reflection on his face and eyes goes
from blue screen to nude-color orgy motion.

He pours a tall glass of whiskey mixed with Faygo pop.
Leaning way back to take a load off, he sips his cocktail and
works fast-forward button on the remote.

Nick settles back, unbuckling his pants, watching intently.

Later, Nick rolls a watermelon into the room. He pulls out a
Swiss Army knife and stabs melon repeatedly, till a hole
hollows out.

He eases himself into the melon with an "aaaahhhh."

As he watches TV, he pumps away, rhythmically. Gaining speed till... Climax.

He slides off watermelon in exhaustion.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

KNOCK, KNOCK at door wakes Nick, who's splayed out face-down on his bed, wearing only T-shirt and socks. The room dark, though when Simon blasts in, he brings along the light.

SIMON

You a vampire now or what? Been
phoning you half the day. Was
starting to think you killed
yourself or something.

Simon moves around room, tripping over litter, opening curtains at each window, illuminating VAST WRECKAGE.

SIMON

(witnesses horror)
Looks like I was right. What in
Lothar's name happened here Nicky?

Around room: TV's snow-out screen. Whiskey and Faygo bottles spilled, tossed aside. Clothing everywhere. Melons of various sizes carved with holes.

NICK

(pulls pillow over head)
Hell if I know...

He looks under covers and spots watermelon seeds and pulp, dried up around his crotch.

Nick rolls over and cringes, nearly vomiting. Terrible headache, wrecked genitals.

NICK

Auch, whiskey... I should have
killed myself. By the way, get the
fuck out of my room!

SIMON

Awe c'mon man, you're not still
ticked about yesterday?

NICK

You torched principal number one,
"bro's before ho's."

SIMON

Won't happen again.

(beat)

And... I got a lead on a hot party
at Hilary Miller's. Why don'cha
pull up your wrinkliest pair of
slacks and we'll drop a beat-down
on the streets.

NICK

You think I want to be seen with
your ass? You'll sell me out for
Double-D first shot you get.

SIMON

Na man, that's all in the past.

Plus I lifted a sixer.

(presents packaged liquor)

Only you and me tonight bro.

NICK

(tussles Simon's hair)

Who can stay mad at you? You're
too damn cuddly.

Nick reaches into paper bag, pulling out a WINE COOLER,
putting it to his fevered forehead.

NICK

What the shit is this? Naw dude,
if we're going to be partying with
the spirit team, we need to get our
drink "on."

FLASH: Basement sports bar. Boys fill up an empty 12oz.
juice container, pouring in bits from all Dad's hard liquor
bottles.

NICK

The trick is to leave 'em still
looking full.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a barbecue pool party featuring adults and high-
schoolers. Sunburned adults, toasted already, have been
drinking all day. The youngsters rush to catch up.

Simon and Nick scout layout, sipping winecoolers, strutting
cool, saying "sup" to people, though pretty much ignored.

NICK

This is so cool, these kids totally partying down with their parents!

(beat)

Things at my house would be way chiller if my folks and I would just get fucked up together.

SIMON

It's so evolved!

MR. MILLER appears from behind boys, patting their backs.

MR. MILLER

Hope you gents are having a good time tonight. Why don'cha take a puff offa this.

He passes a GIANT BLUNT. The boys puff and choke.

MR. MILLER

Simon, take a walk with me, I want to show you something.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Miller and Simon on patio, overlooking backyard, recently mown, sprinklers chirping away. Magnificent and serene.

MR. MILLER

Isn't it majestic? You do spectacular work son. In my 17 years of owning this house, my lawn has never looked better. You're a fucking "lawn whisperer."

INT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Back inside amongst party-goers -

MR. MILLER

Hey everybody, say "hi" to Simon Schultz. He does the lawn.

EVERYONE

Hey, what's up Simon.

Simon and Nick reconnect, now riding high. Chicks check them out. They're buzzing hard and feeling pretty good, erupting into laughter for no reason.

NICK
I got'sta hit the john.

SIMON
Ride the wave baby.

Nick rounds corner with a bee-bop, walking face-first into...
PORNO SWINGER SAM. Nick backpedals -

NICK
Sorry sir, sorry.

He races back to Simon, whose chatting up HILARY (16).

NICK
Buddy, I need a word. CODE RED.

SIMON
What the crap, man?

NICK
(aside)
This is one of those amateur porn parties.

SIMON
You're kidding me, there's kids here.

NICK
I spotted me a swinging dick from the movies.

SIMON
It's a grainy film how could? Wait. D'ya swipe my parent's porn flick?

NICK
None of that matters now, but this guy at the bathroom, he's in on it, no doubt. I'd recognize his Fu Manchu mustache anywhere.

(looking side to side)
These people are perverts Sime. They're gonna wait till the minors go home, then they'll break out cameras and jellies, and "bow-cha-wa-wow -wow" music.

(as certain as he gets)
It's going to be gettin sick in here very soon.

Now all they see: Parents wrapped in towels, unusually "familiar" with each other. Leaning on one another in hot tub. Creepy back rubs. Feeding each other hors devours.

Shirtless men, moustaches, ponytails trying to conceal bald spots. While their luscious female counter-parts, stuffed with Botox and augmented breasts.

As blender full of frozen margaritas makes the rounds, it's easy to detect a seedy porno undertone.

SIMON

You know, I think you're right.

NICK

(paranoia creeps in)

Don't suppose they know we know?

SIMON

Be cool man. I need you to hang in there.

Suddenly, Elijah Schultz enters through front door, carrying a camera bag and lighting equipment.

PARTYGOER

Everybody, look who's here!

Shocked, Simon dives for cover underneath the hors devours table. Yanks Nick by ankle, dragging him under as well.

SIMON

Heck with this. Scene's getting too hot.

NICK

Flee..Flee...

The boys sneak outside as party revs into high gear.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - NIGHT

Beside sandbox and jungle gym, the boys rock on swings. Simon sparks up a marijuana cigarette.

NICK

Dude?

SIMON

Miller tipped me pot for his lawn.

They pass it back and forth. From his cargo-shorts pocket, Nick pulls the mix bottle of liquor.

NICK

I think it's about time for the secret weapon.

SIMON

Maybe it's like some short-lived experimental thing?

Nick looks at him, like, "c'mon dude.".

NICK

As much of a chance, I suppose, as there is they've been at it for years, recording untold volumes upon volumes.

SIMON

What they do for jollies isn't our business. Maybe after a certain age, being jolly becomes damn-near impossible.

NICK

Unless you pass around each other's wives and video it. Sure, I'll buy that, why not?

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Boys stumble home. They stop to gaze down one street, curiously.

SIMON

Don't even think about it. Let's just go home and pass out.

NICK

Aren't you even a tiny bit curious?

SIMON

I wanna go crawl into my bed. C'mon, let's not.

Before they know it they're creeping in front of Miller's house. All the lights out.

SIMON

See there's nothing even going on. Party's over.

NICK

I don't think so. C'mon.

They sneak around to side of the house. Nick climbs up and peers over fence.

NICK
Look. There.

From a window on second floor, bright light, partially blocked by a curtain.

Nick scurries up fence, finding enough footing to crawl to roof from there. Simon follows, drunken and apprehensive.

SIMON
Come down from there this instant.
You're going to get hurt.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon and Nick cower on both sides of lit window, peeking in.

SIMON
Ho-lee cow.

NICK
Looks like your pervert father is the director of this whole twisted freak show. And it's his nasty "pig in a blanket" penis!

Simon slips and falls down with a THUD. Porno people turn to window. They pull back curtain and investigate noise.

Boys hang tight from window ledge, directly underneath, while naked Elijah, and his uncircumcised penis dangles directly over them. He can't see them.

SIMON
(whispers)
This is a tad too close for comfort. Can we please go now?

Nick climbs down to yard. Simon's still stuck like a cat in a tree.

SIMON
All of a sudden I'm terrified by heights!

NICK
Let go and I'll catch you.

SIMON
Naw, it's OK. I got it.

But Simon's grip falters and he spirals to earth -

INT. BASEMENT, CASPER HOUSE - MORNING

Simon wakes up on Nick's couch. This morning feels damper and chillier than most, or the world has recently been up-graded to a more hostile place.

He rolls into a fetal ball, whimpering.

NICK
(with cig and coffee)
Relax dude, this isn't such a bad thing.

SIMON
Really? Cuz it feels pretty dang bad. Like the discovery we're being reared by a colony of Vampires.

By now, Nick has grown into his "sickness" look. Hair slicked back, wet. When he slips his sunglasses on, he could pass as "Walking Dead."

NICK
Vampire's fucking rock. Think of it this way, what could we possibly do now to render us "bad kids" in contrast?

SIMON
I don't know, like saw somebody's head off?

NICK
Yeah, a pretty wide berth to live within. Truly great days await us.

Nick puts his arm around Simon, giving him a squeeze.

NICK
Come along buddy, let's go blow something up.

Simon slips away, recoiling.

SIMON
I... I can't be with anybody right now. I'm not feeling safe.

NICK
I understand your fear Sime. It's a very powerful magic.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
Just know I'm here for you.
(reaches out)
Join me in exploiting this.
Together we'll rule the
neighborhood.

SIMON
(recoils)
No, get away from me.

Simon escapes through a sliding-glass door.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Along his walk, Simon notices the "cheating" couple has reconciled. Mr. Davies in his car, while Mrs. Peterson leans through window for close-talking and smooching.

Simon gets the willies.

Moments later, he comes upon Ellie Belly riding training wheels in the middle of street outside their home.

SIMON
Ellie Belly what'cha doing?

ELLIE BELLY
Learnin to ride my bike.

SIMON
You can't be in the middle of the
street. Where the fuck is mom?

ELLIE BELLY
Ohh, Sime. You dropped an "f" bomb.

SIMON
Sorry, but I'm pissed.

ELLIE BELLY
Mom needs sleep. Guess I made her
head hurt or something.

SIMON
Come on. No playing in the street.

He yanks Ellie by elbow, while carrying her little bike to backyard.

SIMON
We can ride bikes after I get back
from work. But right now I need
your help with this -

Simon pulls SIDEWALK CHALK from a bucket. He draws faces and boats and balloons and stars. Ellie smiles.

SIMON

I need your help with my mural.
Will you finish it while I work?

ELLIE BELLY

Sure.

SIMON

And keep bikes off the street?

Ellie nods yes, Simon kisses her and departs.

EXT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

Simon dismounts his lawnmower trailer in front of Maureen Bickel's. Fires up mower. "RRRRRRRRRR"

He notices his FATHER'S CADILLAC parked nearby.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

Elijah removes a cigarette from Maureen's purse. The sound of MOWER FIRING UP startles him.

ELIJAH

Shit! Simon's mowing the grass.

MAUREEN

He fucking kills it too, in a good way I mean. He's a real talent.

ELIJAH

Awe fuck, I hope he doesn't notice my car... Shit.

Maureen and Elijah sip an early batch of martinis. Billy, in another room, plays a gory Xbox fighting game.

A healthy bouquet of flowers stationed on coffee table.

MAUREEN

Not sure I understand sneaking around your wife.

(lights smoke)

It was her, who hand-held video taped you taking my nether-region at the party, was it not?

ELIJAH

Special times.

MAUREEN

So what's the big secrecy of our occasional sport-fuck? Seems like she could've processed it by now.

ELIJAH

Yeah, but the "Neighborhood Watch" is one thing. Betty and I agreed we could "share" on league night, while still being together.

MAUREEN

You devil. Don't know how you got her to go for that.

ELIJAH

Kicking and screaming. But now I think she's starting to enjoy herself, perhaps a bit much.

MAUREEN

What do you care?

ELIJAH

I don't. It's not like we're in love anymore. Obviously. But with children involved...

Elijah peers thru curtains at Simon passing with mower.

ELIJAH

...has to be handled delicately.

MAUREEN

If discretion was your aim, you'd park in my garage instead of the street. Just saying.

ELIJAH

Guess I don't care if people know.

They kiss, till she pushes back -

MAUREEN

Um.. You know... I noticed you doing some heavy "cock-blocking" at the group last night. For future reference, it's not attractive.

ELIJAH

I know. It's those young punks.
You don't want to get mixed up with
them.

MAUREEN

Amateur porn party? Isn't it the
whole point? Let loose, drop the
drawers and dive in...

ELIJAH

It's for your own protection. I
don't like seeing those guys all
drooling and pawing at you. I find
it disrespectful and embarrassing.

MAUREEN

Don't be silly, doesn't bother me.

ELIJAH

It bothers me.

(beat)

What, can you blame me? Who in
their right mind wants to share
this sweet little ass?

He spanks her on the butt.

MAUREEN

Possessive bullshit Elijah, even
for you. You wanna keep it light
and silly, I'm game. But the minute
you go dark, I'm running for the
hills. I didn't escape a prison of
a marriage to get shackled to you.
And when you're talking that way,
you sound just like him.

ELIJAH

Whoa, easy girl. Put down your
baggage. It's not like I'm going
to stalk you or nothing.

MAUREEN

When somebody says that, it
probably means they're a stalker.

ELIJAH

Stop it.

MAUREEN

OK. But repeat after me, "no cock-
blocking."

Elijah leans in and sniffs flowers on the coffee table.

ELIJAH
Mmmmmm. Pretty huh?

MAUREEN
Stunning, and if I weren't
allergic, they'd be all I could
ever dream for in a grocery store
bouquet. Sentiment's appreciated,
but you should package 'em back up
and take 'em home to wifey. You
know, keep the romance alive.

Sound of WEEDWHACKER fires up out window.

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - DAY

Simon trims grass at trampoline's feet.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
Huh, huh. That tickles! Ewwe that
tickles. But don't stop!

Bushes need clipped. Simon heads under porch, entering "secret" storage room. He reemerges with HEDGE SCISSORS.

As Simon trims bushes, Billy sneaks from the house and climbs upon trampoline. He bounces, ignoring rule #1 about unsupervised trampoline use.

SIMON
Buddy, you better come down from
there. It's not safe for little
guys going solo.

BILLY
(attitude)
I can handle it old man.

Simon shrugs and continues trimming.

Moments later, Billy missteps, into a strange bounce and flies up and off trampoline. Lands hard on his side, knocking out his wind. UUUUUGGGGHHHH.

In full panic mode, Maureen sprints out to console wailing youngster.

Simon finishes and loads up. Moving on...

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - DAY

Simon wears his hat backwards and blasts tunes through headphones. Drenched with sweat. He glances up and sees...

Brandy. Beaming. Sparkling. She's barefoot with her trademark cut-offs and button-down denim shirt tied at the bottom, showing jewels in a pierced belly-button.

BRANDY
(hollers)
Can I get a hand for a second?!

Simon follows along behind, sizing up her shape.

BRANDY
My dad's not here and I need some
burly man hands to move this thing.

Simon admires his spaghetti-thin arms.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE - DAY

Upon entering, Brandy b-lines straight to kitchen.

BRANDY(O.S.)
Can I offer you something cold to
drink?

SIMON
Sure. I'll take some water. Or a
pop. Or whatever you got.

Brandy passes over a bottle of HARD LEMONADE.

BRANDY
We have this.

SIMON
Is it alcohol? I'm actually
operating heavy machinery.

She taps his bottle with hers, "cheers" - then pushes his up to his lips.

BRANDY
Bottoms up.

SIMON
(no choice)
Suppose I could take a swig or two.

She tips it into his mouth - GLUG GLUG GLUG.

BRANDY

You know you're pretty cute, in a
totally dorky way. I like it. You
got this Weezer vibe to you.

Simon can't help but gawk: Coppertone tan. Perfect shadow
within the cleavage. Nicely tapered high thigh.
Claustrophobia sets in -

BRANDY

You seem edgy. Do I make you
nervous?

SIMON

Oh no. I'm generally spazzy.

BRANDY

You've heard the rumors, haven't
ya? About me and teachers, and...

SIMON

Well maybe some stuff.

BRANDY

And you believe what you hear?

SIMON

Well?

BRANDY

It's a bunch of funky hearsay.
Anyone will tell ya pretty much
anything.

SIMON

That's what I think too.

BRANDY

Hector wasn't a teacher. He was a
guidance counselor. And it's awful
how they crucified him.

Hard lemonade shoots out of Simon's nose.

SIMON

Hector?

BRANDY

Mr. Gonzales to most. Total hot
babe with chiseled muscles and
knuckle tattoos, wowza.

(MORE)

BRANDY (CONT'D)
If you'd a caught a glimpse of what
I saw in those big hazel eyes of
his, you'da prolly lost your mind
and fucked him too.

SIMON
I don't really have sex with guys.

BRANDY
Still, you mighta. Less you're not
as cool as you look.

SIMON
(confused)
OK. So how about that move you
mentioned? Lawn's a'waitin.

BRANDY
Na. On second thought, I like the
TV stand where it is.

SIMON
Anything else?

She's got glossy lips wrapped around the glass bottle. She
tongues it as bubbles and booze pass ivory white teeth.

A trickle of sweat drips from Simon's brow.

BRANDY
Boy, it's a funky-ass scorcher out
there today.

She unbuttons her shirt, letting it hang open loosely. The
middle-sides of her breast exposed. Simon plays it cool.

SIMON
Hmmm. No tan lines.

BRANDY
Do you want to feel them?

SIMON
Hmmmm?

BRANDY
Wanna fondle my perky boobies?

SIMON
(shakes head)
You.. can't be...

BRANDY

I'm dead serious. I want to know if
you'll feel me up right now.

Simon stumbles toward her. Loosening his fingers, he reaches in and palms a bare b-cup.

SIMON

Huuuuch.

Unannounced, Brandy grips Simon's bulge, over his shorts, and tugs hard. He doubles over with a moan and twitch.

Shocked, he storms out. Gooey-wet pants, stained in front.

BRANDY

(rolling in laughter)

It's not a big deal. Don't go!

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - DAY

Simon picks up mowing where he left off.

Humiliated, he limps along an awkward strut. Almost crying.

INT. LANSING MALL - DAY

Simon and Nick in food court, beating the heat by grabbing Orange Julius smoothies. They scout babes.

SIMON

How about them?

NICK

Those trolls? They're little league. We're stepping up to the majors.

Nods toward a young professional hottie. Looks like she's on lunch break from Victoria's Secret.

SIMON

(grabbing jock)

Sure, I'd take two of those.

Later, cruising through mall, nearing Ladies' Footlocker.

SIMON

Oh shit, Dre's working. Let's lay-low as we pass. Can't have her catching me clocking honeys.

NICK

Why does that sound so fake when
you say it? And don't pretend like
it's an accident we're stalking
your girlfriend. Cock smoker.

SIMON

Dude, it's not like that. We're
gonna just sneak on by... What?

Andrea stands behind them, arms crossed, wearing her black
and white striped referee uniform, standard issue for
employees of the shoe store. Whistle around her neck.

ANDREA

Exactly why you need to sneak by?

SIMON

(smooches)

Oh hey. There she is. Hey baby.

NICK

I like your ref's whistle Dre. It
hangs nicely off your double-d's.

ANDREA

Fuck off Gizmo, fuck'n asshole.

SIMON

Ha ha, called him "Gizmo."

Andrea secures Simon by hand, leading him aside.

ANDREA

I hate to interfere with your
"bro's before ho's time" -

NICK

(overhears)

What else did you fuckin tell her
ya pussy?

ANDREA

...and before you guys go off givin
each other hummers in the parking
lot, I need a word...

She presses her lips to his ear and whispers sweet nothings.
Simon blushes. Soon, she's tonguing his ear and whispering
dirty nasties. "My warm flesh flower..."

Andrea turns a "dazed" Simon back over to Nick.

ANDREA

Bye boys, try to stay out of
trouble.

NICK

(walking away)

I can't say enough bad shit about
that bitch. I'm telling you, she's
all wrong, especially for your
first. She's a goddamn man-eater.

SIMON

(still stunned)

Wha?

NICK

Nevermind. Just fuck it. Now I'm
in a shit mood. See what she does?
Now the whole day's poached.

Nick splits in a huff. It takes a moment for Simon to return to his body, noticing his friend's departure. Simon chases.

SIMON

I know, and I apologize. Look,
we're hanging. Bro's before ho's.
Wasn't fair and I know it. Let me
make it up to you. Whatever you
want for the rest of the day,
seriously, you name it.

NICK

Really?

SIMON

Your wish is my command.

NICK

Alright cocksucker, we're going on
a shoplifting spree!

A twinkle ignites in Nick's eye.

INT. SAVE-ON DRUGSTORE - DAY

Simon browses Thrasher magazine while positioning himself. He's poised within striking distance from a rack of chewing tobacco cans.

Nick loiters across the aisle, choosing between titles of hard-core porn magazines. A real pornography snob. He fakes a cough while ripping the plastic cover off.

NICK

(flipping pages)

...sure, you're going to get the deflower dickin. But a chick like her, a down to the core ho. She's going to transform immediately. She'll need longer dick, harder dick, thicker dick, two dicks at once. You're going to fall real short really damn fast. You'll tease up her inner wild stallion, then some ex-con's gonna come along and bone her rotten.

SIMON

You're lack of confidence in me is legendary.

NICK

Call em like I see em's all.

While SHOPKEEPER helps a customer, Simon's free hand reaches for a tobacco tin. His hand shakes.

SIMON

(whisper shout)

Dude, I don't think I can do this.

Nick stuffs a stack of porno mags up his shirt, tucking them into his waistband.

NICK

Don't be a sucka. Take it.

Simon plucks the tin from the rack and pops it into his underwear. Boys hurry out the exit. DOOR CHIME.

EXT. HILL NEAR MALL - DAY

They huddle under a tree. Nick cracks lid off tobacco and they take turns pinching and stuffing their bottom lips.

SIMON

(rubs lip)

This is intense. I can't feel my feet anymore.

NICK

After a while you won't catch a buzz. You'll only feel normal, and pissed if you don't get some. It's still pretty cool though.

SIMON
(blinking eyes)
I'm trippin' balls! I'm trippin'
balls!

The world spins for Simon, beautifully at first. Eventually too hard. BLAAAAAAAH! Simon up-chucks through his fingers.

SIMON
Not feeling good anymore.

Nick rests, back against the tree trunk, flipping pages of skin magazine.

NICK
You'll be alright. You did good today. You made Daddy real proud.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Elijah flicks on bright lights, illuminating a bed's tussled sheets. He picks the digital camcorder off tripod and fools with lenses and settings.

Outside bedroom, sounds of crowd partying it up.

ELIJAH
(saluting with cocktail)
OK sweetheart, get on your mark.

Betty slips out of her robe and crawls onto bed, stark naked.

ELIJAH
Position, Daryl.

Naked DARYL (30) crawls on top of Betty and goes into sex-dance.

Elijah gets underside shots and every angle. Very thorough. Masturbates while filming.

ELIJAH
Lucky this thing has an auto-steady function.

The sex couple intensify, building to...CLIMAX.

Sweat-covered Daryl rolls off and puts flame to a cigarette. Betty lays flat, nothing but breathing.

Elijah dives onto bed in-between the two. He plucks the cig out from Daryl's lips. Laying there looking at ceiling -

ELIJAH
(inhales smoke)
Was it as good for you as it was
for me?

INT. BATHROOM, CASPER HOUSE - DAY

Nick poses in bathroom mirror. He opens cabinet, exposing shelves full of prescription meds.

NICK
Bull's eye.

INT. KITCHEN, SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Flowers on kitchen table. Water's turned green. Last petal flutters down to table.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Betty sleeps wearing blinders. Half-empty bottle of wine on nightstand.

Bedside DRAWER OPENS and Simon's hand reaches in, plucking a large bud from mom's stash of marijuana.

INT. HALLWAY, SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Simon struts passed Ellie's room.

ELLIE BELLY (O.S.)
Whatt'ya think Sime?

He pushes door open, and sees her busy crayon-drawing on walls. Tiny sis bobs before a giant crayon mural filled with flowers, elephants, and rainbows.

SIMON
Holy shit Ellie Belly - it's
breathtaking.

ELLIE BELLY
Thanks. But you know you shouldn't
say the "s" word.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Simon enters his room, where Nick reclines on bed. They line up assortment of "scavenger-hunt" drugs.

NICK
Beer... liquor... weed...

SIMON
Check - check.

NICK
Mom's anxiety pills crushed so we
can powder our noses.

SIMON
Huh?

Nick uses a baseball card to draw white powder lines on a
Xbox game case.

NICK
Check-ity check, one - two.

Nick bows his head for a snort. Comes up rubbing his nose as
Simon passes hash pipe. Simon blows smoke through screen
window. They open warm beers.

The boys crack-up while "experimenting" with drugs.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Boys stumble onto their BMX bikes.

SIMON
If there's one important thing my
father's instilled in me it's -
always crack a beer for the road.

They ride their bikes along, sipping beers, then tossing
empty cans into a neighbor's bushes.

They stop at trail head, and stare down the "drop-in" path.

SIMON
Do we dare?

NICK
What's gonna stop us on a day like
today? Or ever more?

Smiling in agreement, they plunge their bikes over steep drop-in, one by one.

EXT. BIKE TRAILS - DAY

Gliding through woods at high speeds. Wind on their faces.

Nick goes no-handed, stretching arms way out.

NICK
I'm flying. I'm super man.

Suddenly, BULLY Todd APPEARS and javelin-launches a tree branch into Nick's spokes. Bike stops on a dime, flipping Nick over the handlebars. He flops to earth with a THUD.

Bullies, Dave and Tommy appear, snarled faces. Ghetto blaster cues some menacing theme music, some dark-ass Guns n Roses.

TOMMY
What are you poser fuck-nobs doing on our trail?

Nick writhes face down in the dirt, struggling to get his wind back. "HHHUUUHHH!"

TOMMY
What is it poser? Does your tummy hurt? Maybe you need to take a Schultz.

DAVE
I need to take a Mrs. Schultz.

TODD
Ain't that the truth.

Nick pulls himself back to his bike. Simon stands tall, guarding his vulnerable friend.

DAVE
I believe my brother asked you turds what you're doing down here.

SIMON
Great question. And if you want the answer, you'll have to just suck it out of my asshole.

TOMMY
That, little sister, was a wrong answer.

Bullies drop their bikes prepare for hand-to-hand combat.

Nick's doubled over on his bike, appearing to be weeping. But as he lifts his head he shows smiling teeth, drunk and drugged, he's laughing his ass off.

NICK
Hilarious! Suck it out of my
asshole!

SIMON
Let's go! Let's go!

The boys push off, pedaling quick, whipping down path.
Bullies mount up and zig-zag in hot pursuit.

Up ahead on path, what's referred to by kid-folk as "Dead Man's Ramp." Nobody truly knows where it leads because nobody's had guts enough to challenge it. They pedal onward.

TOMMY
We got 'em now!

DAVE
In two hours we'll be picking those
fuckers out of our poop!

The boys bear down, faster toward the great unknown.

SIMON
(to Nick)
We're not going to make it!

NICK
Go faster!

They hit the ramp and soar off into the woods. Tree branches
and leaves pass their cheeks.

SIMON, NICK
Aaaaaahhhhhh!

At the bottom of the jump, bullies pull up at the last
second, skidding and crashing into each other.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Line of trees, the edge of thick woods. Then -

SIMON, NICK (O.S.)
Aaaaaahhhhhh!

Nick and Sime fly out from trees and land back on a paved
road. They celebrate, laughing and high-fiving.

Moments later, bullies appear, bearing down once again.

The chase rip-roars through the hood. Cutting across yards,
tossing up rooster tails of thrown sod and dirt as they pass.

EXT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

Simon and Nick zip past the trampoline, and hit brakes.

Momentarily out of sight, boys duck under porch, hiding in the SECRET COMPARTMENT, bikes and all.

INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT - DAY

Cramped quarters, dark and dingy.

SIMON

I can't believe what just happened.

Nick covers Simon's mouth -

NICK

Shhhhhh.

Peering out through slits in porch, boys see bullies skid to a stop on Bickel's lawn.

TOMMY (O.S.)

And this little homo went wee wee
wee all the way home.

BOOM BOOM BOOM as bullies footfalls storm up porch, directly over Simon and Nick's hidden faces.

SOUND OF: BANG BANG BANG on door.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

BANG BANG BANG! Elijah smokes a borrowed cig while slumping into couch. He flinches -

ELIJAH

What the...?

Elijah slides onto all fours and crawls to window, peeking through. He sees bullies threatening from the porch.

DAVE

We know you're in there
motherfuckers!

Elijah slithers along floor back to couch, lays low.

The bullies peer through windows. Elijah slumps out of view, but reaches up for his beer.

TOMMY(O.S.)
Come out here and get what's
coming!

Later, bully crew return to their bikes.

TODD
Oh well. Their time will come.

EXT. RIVERDALE COMMUNITY POOL - DAY

Simon and Nick cruise along patio sporting flip flops, Speedo swim suits, muscle shirts and aviator sunglasses. They're acting like big shots now.

NICK
Did you bring any stripper money?

SIMON
Some what?

NICK
My uncle Steve has this philosophy - you should never leave home without stripper money. Meaning you never know what the day's gonna bring, so in order to prepare for the unexpected, i.e. winding up at a strip club and needing spontaneous lap dances, Steve always stuffs a couple hundie in his fanny pack before leaving the house.

They roll passed a row of female sunbathers, who chuckle at sight of male Speedos.

NICK
Ladies -

Simon spots Brandy and a friend across the way. He tries to cover his identity while pointing Nick in opposite direction.

SIMON
Here's a good spot. Perfect locale for maximum ray-adge.

Brandy observes them from across the patio, two buddies in matching Speedos rubbing tanning oil on each other's backs.

Sime and Nick see a KID (5) they know in pool, swimming with the aid of floaty wings.

NICK

I wonder if that kid realizes his mom's a great big home movie star.

SIMON

(chuckling)

I'd still be breast-feeding if I was him.

The boys recline back on chairs and soak in sun rays.

NICK

Maybe our parents and neighbors are dealing with a natural progression, fulfilling needs in a far more advanced and evolved matter than what society deems reasonable.

Knowing the draw-backs of monogamy, how it goes against god-given human instincts. Could go so far as to say it's likely hazardous. Maybe they're like pioneers of some brave new Utopian revolution.

SIMON

Or maybe they're sicko psycho sex fiends.

NICK

Anywho, gimme a fucking dip, bubba.

Simon holds out can of chew. After Nick takes a pinch, Simon follows suit. He vomits into spit cup. Uuuuugggghhh.

NICK

Stuff's pretty sweet eh?

SIMON

(blood-shot)

Not too bad.

NICK

What's that chick doing? Isn't that your neighbor?

Brandy tries to catch Simon's eye contact -

SIMON

I don't think it's her.

NICK

Sure it is, she's waving right at you.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Before headin' over next time,
shave your nut sack, chicks love
it. She'll be guzzling yer foam in
no time.

SIMON

Don't go there. I might sprout a
Pinocchio nose. Then this whole
Speedo swimsuit experiment's gonna
backfire in our faces.

Matching Speedos, realizing how impossible to conceal an
erection in there. Nick develops a mischievous grin.

NICK

Warm vagina grips you, the way a
soft hand holds a baby bird.

SIMON

What the?.. Dude, I'm serious.

NICK

Lick'n nipples.

SIMON

Stop!

NICK

Till you spray sperm over her sweet
buttocks. I've always liked that
work, buttock!

Simon sprouts an erection, and attempts to cover up. Nick
yanks away the towel, laughing.

SIMON

Alright, you asked for it.
Mounting up my mom. Giving it to
her from behind... rubbin' them
boobies with your face...

NICK

A low blow, even for you!

SIMON

(chuckles)

Slippery pussies.

Nick sprouts full wood as well.

They fight over towels, throwing each other's into the pool.
Leaving themselves vulnerable.

Brandy and her friend approach -

BRANDY

Hi Simon. I don't know if you saw
me, waving from across the pool.

SIMON

Oh yeah, hey.

BRANDY

Wanted to say hi, and introduce my
friend Tonya.

(to Tonya)

He's the Michelangelo of
lawnscaping.

FRIEND

I'm a big fan of your work.

(sees bulges, bothered)

Ohhh -

Brandy also notices guy's "issue" - Speedos with erections.
Nick's is larger, donkey-ish.

BRANDY

(giggling)

You might want to pour some cold
water on those.

Girls return to their seats, safely over there.

SIMON

I knew matching Speedos was a dumb-
shit idea.

Mothers shield eyes of their youngsters.

NICK

(to kids)

What you looking at? It's where
babies really come from!

INT. BATHROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - DAY

Simon emerges from shower with a towel around his waist. He stands at the sink, gazing into mirror. SUNBURNED SHOULDERS - "aaahhhh" - so he rubs on aloe lotion.

He spreads a PHONY MUSTACHE across his lip, making "grown man" poses into mirror. He grabs razor to "fake" it off.

Squirts a mountain of shaving cream onto his hand, considers carefully, then rubs it into groin-region. SHAVES DOWN THERE.

Takes after-shave, splashes a little on his cheeks and chin, then claps hand onto his "junk." - Ooooowweee! Ooowwee!

FLASH TO: IMAGES, Brandy at pool in bikini. Brandy washing car, covered in suds, partial nipples through her wet shirt.

BACK TO: Dark bathroom, except for scent-candle on counter top. Simon balances on a step stool, masturbating in mirror. Phony mustache unsticks, flopping diagonal across his mouth.

He convulses uncontrollably, and topples off stool...

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seedy Nick watches the "sacred" porno. He sits on floor, on a mound of sprawling nudie magazines. With remote control, Nick fast-forwards, play, rewind, play...

He shakes out a COUPLE PILLS from a bottle of Viagra.

On TV, Betty's face, neck and shoulders, jiggling as some random (Swinger Sam) pleasures her.

Nick pauses, fast-forwards and rewinds through a series of Betty poses with random men.

Nick unzips his pants. He mobilizes his webcam and points it at his jock. Presses buttons, enabling himself to watch himself masturbate on his own laptop monitor.

He falls into ecstasy, while webcam light blinks.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - DAY

Elijah buttons his shirt. Betty puts on earrings while staring into her vanity mirror. She powders away super-dark circles under her eyes.

Elijah exhales smoke. Sets hash pipe next to Betty's hairbrush. Cough - cough -

ELIJAH

I want to say I'm sorry for...

BETTY

I know Lije, me too.

ELIJAH

You wanna be friends today?

BETTY

Yeah, I'd like that.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. She squeezes onto tightly. They gaze at one another in mirror. "Handsome couple."

A THUD comes from bathroom. Elijah investigates -

ELIJAH
Everything alright in there son?

Elijah slides open door. Sees his son sprawled on floor covered in a towel. Crooked phony mustache, flicker of scent-candle. Simon stands up and brushes himself off.

SIMON
Everything's cool. Getting ready
for the barbecue.

EXT. RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Four or more houses in a row, throwing a block party backyard barbecue. Neighbors in Hawaiian shirts, eating burgers, sipping from red plastic cups. Kids roam wild.

Elijah shakes an assortment of hands, says -

ELIJAH
Good to see you again -

Betty follows behind, laughs politely at everyone's jokes.

Ellie wears her prettiest dress, runs off with kids she knows toward balloons, and sugary snacks.

Simon and Nick step to each other. Simon dresses like he's heading to a wedding, while Nick, appears to've just left a funeral, wearing sunglasses well after dusk.

SIMON
You doing alright friend? You look
like you got the flu or something.

NICK
Must be the 'or something' cuz I'm
feeling better than ever.

While holding hands with his wife, Elijah spots Maureen across yard. She's the center of attention, flirting with young studs. Elijah's grip tightens on Betty's hand.

BETTY
Ouch -

Woman with pitcher appears.

PARTY HOST
Who's ready for a batch of my
famous margaritas?

Elijah's cup, held high and ready. Betty tugs him away.

BETTY
(to host)
Tequila doesn't agree with Lije's
temperament.

Elijah's smiles fake, clenched teeth like a ventriloquist.

ELIJAH
You're my mother now?

BETTY
(matching smile)
No, I'm not your mother.

Betty grabs a cocktail, the Mr. And Mrs. toast each other
with animosity, then stomp away in separate directions.

At trampoline, Billy convinces Simon to exhibit tricks.

SIMON
Alright kid, hold my shirt, and
stay back.

Simon mounts trampoline and bounces. Sunset behind him paints
perfect backdrop as Simon catches tremendous "air."

Kids pour out of the woodwork, cowering at foot of the
trampoline, vying for better vantage points. Simon performs
flips, back flips, side flips. Children cheer him.

From across the way, Andrea watches her boyfriend work the
crowd in a perfect moment of bounce-magic.

Nick watches too, alone in shadows, hinting of jealousy.

Ellie and some kids break off with glass jars, trying to
capture FIRE FLIES emerging from bushes.

CHILD
There's one!

ELLIE BELLY
Get it!

Slamming martini, Elijah steers toward discussion around
Maureen. He sets into a "cock block" stance.

Maureen frowns upon his actions, remaining polite, trying to change subject. Young studs chuckle uncomfortably, puzzled.

Elijah leans in close for a moment of privacy with Maureen, smelling her hair.

MAUREEN

You want some coke, there's a tray
in my bedside table, right?

Young studs all smile, rubbing their noses.

ELIJAH

(close talking)
No, all I want is you. Just you.

MAUREEN

Whoa tiger, watcha drinking there?

She smells his glass.

MAUREEN

That's no kiddy cocktail. Which
reminds me, I need a refresher.

She slides away, but Elijah grabs her wrist, freezing her uncomfortably. A man hand grips Elijah by shoulder -

YOUNG STUD #1

I think you'd better let the lady
get her drink.

Elijah shakes grip, spins, and pushes stud hard into a patio table. Folding chairs flop around.

ELIJAH

Don't lay your hands on me, ever.

YOUNG STUD #2

Why don't you back down pops!

YOUNG STUD #1

(stands)

Yeah man, what'chu got?

Elijah further escalates, but Betty sidesteps to contain him. Maureen eyes an opportunity to exit. He reaches for her, but she disappears into crowd.

As Betty tries to reason with him, Elijah swats her away.

ELIJAH

Because I don't want to fucking
come with you!

BETTY

Lower your voice! I told you not to mess with the tequila - but what did you go and do?

ELIJAH

See any guys here Betty, you want me to video you fucking?

Anonymous faces look up from plates of cocktail shrimp.

BETTY

You fucker! How dare you? It's your fantasy, not mine! Don't blame me for playing along with your sick-ass games.

ELIJAH

Not like I have to twist your arm.

BETTY

I don't believe this.

ELIJAH

Who cares, there's no love here anymore anyway.

They stare at each other, faces reddening. Betty storms away.

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - NIGHT

Simon leans alongside trampoline, toweling sweat from his brow. Andrea approaches, juicing with enthusiasm.

ANDREA

Wow Simon, I've seen a whole new side of you tonight.

SIMON

Oh yeah, that.

ANDREA

Makes me even more horn-dog for ya, if that's possible. Even better news, my parents went to their cottage, over night.

Enough small talk, Andrea practically yanks Simon out of his sneakers to follow her.

Nick seeks Simon as well, pursuing him, but when Nick emerges through crowd, Simon and Andrea have vanished.

NICK
Fuck this lame-ass scene.

Nick grabs a Butterscotch Schnapps pint off the smorgasbord drink-mixer table as he departs.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty drains wine from her glass, already toasty. Her eyeliner long-ago ran down her cheeks and dried. MRS. DAVIES (forties) approaches her -

MRS. DAVIES
Hey doll, me and the gals are
getting ready to head back to my
place for some heavy after-hours.

BETTY
(sniff)
No thanks. Not in the mood.

MRS. DAVIES
You sure now? We'll get you cleaned
up, then we'll really let loose. My
niece brought over some Maui Wowie.

BETTY
Well, since you put it that way.

MRS. DAVIES
Atta girl.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Elijah packs clothes into his gym bag. Along the way, bumping aside pictures of him, Betty, and kids.

ELIJAH
(taunted by bed)
I'd rather sleep in my car!

He pulls out a handful of condoms from his gym bag and pitches them at Betty's pillow.

INT. ANDREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrea leans across his pillow, reaching to light a candle. She pushes 'play' on mp3 player, creating pre-arranged indie love-music vibe. They toast wine coolers and smooch.

ANDREA

Why does your breath smells like
vitamins?

SIMON

Trampoline wiped me out. Had to
replenish.

Andrea undoes his belt and yanks down Simon's pants.

ANDREA

Awwee, you shaved. Adorable.

She leans way in, pushing Simon onto his back. With a big smile, he goes cross-eyed.

Next, under covers, Simon on top. Andrea guides him in.

ANDREA

Gentle Sime.

She closes her eyes to enjoy it.

ANDREA

Not too gentle. You're not gonna break anything, go ahead and sock it to me.

Simon closes his eyes and thrusts hard once, hoping for glory. FADE TO BLACK -

ANDREA (O.S.)

Yelp!

SIMON(O.S.)

Oh shit, I broke it!

INT. DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Across backyard from Bickel's house, on farside of the trampoline, lies the Davies house. The after-hours gets into swing, some 30 people strong.

NICK plays PEEPING TOM from bushes.

Nick enters house. He stumbles from room to room, strangely blending in while surrounded by drunk adults.

SWINGING CHICK

Hey, you're kinda cute.
(asks friend)
Who is that?

Nick smiles and takes a swig off a bottle.

NICK
(winks)
I'm nobody.

He moves on, heading upstairs.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Maureen opens door, dressed in a silk robe. Elijah slumped on her stoop, as pathetic as ever, with his gym bag, unshaven, and his crooked grin.

She takes mercy on him, stepping aside.

Elijah enters, grabs her with strong hands. They kiss hard in entryway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick enters, finding himself alone. He opens drawers and snoops through closet. He finds multiple unmarked DVD CASES. "Bayo chuck a wow wow."

Suddenly, HE VOMITS into a potted plant.

He feels his way to bathroom, where he cowers before the toilet, up-chucking violently. Seemingly without end.

Eventually, Nick teeters at mirror in nothing but boxer shorts. At his feet, vomit-laden clothes. Nick tips up a bottle of Scope, swishing from side to side before spitting.

He flicks off bathroom light, kicks off his boxers and crawls beneath the sheets, in what this drunken stupor has led him to believe is his bed in his house.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty sits close with a young stud, quiet-talking and cracking up. She's leaning on his inside thigh, in a pair of tight jeans and cowboy boots.

MRS. DAVIES
(doing rounds)
You sure seem to have turned a
corner. You doing alright sweetie?

BETTY

Oh hell yeah. Hell yeah. Thanks so much Carol for insisting I come. I feel... mucho better-o.

Cowboy whispers into her ear. Betty burps and giggles hysterically.

BETTY

Excuse me, tell you what, I gotta hit the little girl's room. You head upstairs and find us a love nest, warm them sheets and I'll be right up.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Cowboy boot-scoots down hallway. Swings open first door and witnesses group sex in front of a camera.

COWBOY STUD

Hey, now. Watch those shadows.

He opens a second door revealing a pitch-black room. However, hall light illuminates a large clump beneath bedspread, silhouetting a passed-out party-goer.

A third room is up for grabs. Fluffy bed.

Cowboy undresses, minus the boots, and covers his "junk" with a pillow. Props himself up across bed and waits.

INT. DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Downstairs, Betty on toilet. She wipes.

She grabs a couple cold-one's from a cooler.

Upstairs, she enters porno room. Covers eyes and backs out.

BETTY

Ooops, excuse me. Wrong room.

At next door she KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK.

INT. GUEST ROOM, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Cowboy stud hops naked to lightswitch.

COWBOY STUD

Just a minute!

He flicks off lights and slips back into bed.

COWBOY STUD
OK come in!

Betty enters DARK ROOM, slightly illuminated by a full moon out window. She sets down beers and undresses.

BETTY
You're so quiet now. Hope you're ready for some grade-A.

Naked, she slides beneath covers and rubs him. She climbs on top, taking the ride. Moaning, like she's getting the wind knocked out of her.

BETTY
Damn. I didn't realize you were packing so much. It hurts a bit, kinda hittin' me in the dinner.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Door opens and cowboy exits guest room, still holding a pillow over his privates. He looks around, dazed.

Shrugs shoulders and heads into porno-shooting room.

COWBOY STUD
Y'all got room for one more?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty's riding harder and harder, nearing climax. Moaning.

BETTY
Oh, I'm going to come. Lemme see your eyes.

She flicks on bedside lamp. Looks down to see...

NICK'S FACE as he's getting ground into damp sheets. Smile on his face shifts to horror when he opens his eyes to see...

NICK
Oh-ma god!

BETTY
Ho-lee shit!

Both frozen in disbelief, still stuck together, mouths agape -

Finally, Betty leans over, clicking out the light.

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elijah and Maureen lay together. Drifting off with her head on his chest. Digital clock/radio reads 3:45am.

Suddenly SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK sound of trampoline.

ELIJAH
(cracks eye)
What the fuck?

Maureen's sound asleep, so he dare not move.

Out window, a bright motion-censor lamp illuminates.

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - LATE NIGHT

Brightly lit backyard. Camera records this ... Beastly nude adults climb onto trampoline and perform funky acts. Bouncing boobs and bouncing penises.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
Have you ever seen triple double-u
dot homemade triple-ex dot com? If
you haven't, I suggest you stay
away, it's an utter waste of time.
But if you have, you already know
the popularity of amateur
trampoline porn is skyrocketing.
Goes to show how far they've truly
fallen as a species.

A woman bounces onto her belly, performing break dance "centipede." Breasts smash into and bounce off trampoline continuously.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
However I admit, rather shamefully,
in deriving guilty pleasure from
these wacky bouncy boobies.
...Alright girl, you go on with
your bad self...

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

As sun rises, SQUEAK of trampoline QUIETS. Elijah finally dozes off.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Elijah's peaceful face, sound asleep.

Suddenly, SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK echoes across the land once more, jolting Elijah from his delicate slumber.

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - MORNING

Simon and Nick bounce at opposite ends of the trampoline.

SIMON

It was pretty good.

NICK

Pretty good? But not excellent?

SIMON

No, it rocked, seriously.

NICK

I've known you since we were 5. I can tell when you're holding back, so wassup?

SIMON

I had to fake.

NICK

What do you mean? You faked orgasm?

FLASH TO:

INT. ANDREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon makes an exaggerated "oooohhh."

He crawls off Andrea, facing away.

He pulls off rubber and flips it inside-out, revealing it's EMPTINESS. He stuffs it in his T-shirt pocket.

BACK TO:

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - DAY

Bouncing rhythmically - not missing a beat.

CLOSE ON: Simon's face, attempt to suppress shame as it bubbles up.

NICK

Fuck me, ruined us is what ya did.

SIMON

No worries, I split with the evidence.

NICK

Doesn't matter, chicks know when you're faking. That's, like, their number one job.

SIMON

I'm sorry. It was hard, OK.

NICK

Really? It got hard?

SIMON

I mean it was difficult - there was like tons of pressure. Everything started swirling. I wasn't getting enough oxygen. The room smelled like burnt erasers. I started losing my boner and, I dunno, I sort of panicked.

NICK

You couldn't nut on a little rockin' piece of hard candy like that. You're prolly a homo. Or maybe an animal banger. Maybe you'd rather stick it in a dolphin, huh? You sick dolphin fucker you.

SIMON

I don't want to have sex with a dolphin. Sorry man, I didn't mean to ruin your life.

NICK

I showed you the movies. All you had to do was give it to her hard and steady, you know, like we saw. Where's the difficulty? Right now we could be sitting pretty, coolest kids in Riverdale. But no...

SIMON

Get off my balls man. Least I got in the game.

NICK

You weren't the only one.

SIMON

Bullshit.

NICK

True shit. After you and soggy-fuck left, I was inspired for my own conquest. Ended up balling some hot older broad.

SIMON

You're such an asshole Nicky, you always do this.

NICK

Do what?

SIMON

Always comes back to being all about you doesn't it?

NICK

Just saying what happened about some hot random donging. And at least I came.

SIMON

It's not interesting enough fer ya hearing about my difficult, yet magical experience. Yer waiting on a chance to up-jump my story with something bigger and better and fulla bullshit.

NICK

Wait a minute -

SIMON

You wait a minute! I had the most important, albeit flawed, intimate experience of my life last night. And instead of being supportive, you're fucking competitive.

Simon bounces on his bottom, flying right off the trampoline. He lands it, and blazes away across yard in a huff.

NICK

Where you going?

SIMON

Outta here. I don't have time for your bullshit anymore.

NICK
(under breath)
Aight then. See you later,
Schultzee.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUBTITLES: "One Week Later..."

EXT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Garage door opens and Simon exits, mounting up on his bicycle-drawn lawnmower cart. He pedals off to work.

Once he's out of sight, Betty emerges onto porch. She looks around, suspiciously, then unties rope on her flagpole, LOWERING THE FLAG - down, down.

DOWN THE STREET: Nick leans on a fence, smoking a butt. He spots flag going down and springs into action.

The bully, Todd rides by on his BMX. He spots Betty, the flag dropping, and Nick heading over there. He knows the score -

TODD
Aren't you supposed to be the kid's best buddy? That's messed up man.

Nick cocks his fist like he's going to pummel Todd.

NICK
You better just back the fuck up.

Up onto Schultz's porch, Nick pushes door open, entering.

The commotion pulls Ellie Belly's attention off TV momentarily. She sees Nick's blur pass, heading upstairs. Ellie tunes back into "Care Bears."

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nick damn-near kicks down the bedroom door.

Betty lays on bed, naked, and wrapped in AMERICAN FLAG. As he approaches, she shoots up, meeting him with a deep, passionate kiss.

INT. LANSING MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

Nick wants an Orange Julius, but that being his and Simon's spot, he's conflicted. He moves on to Auntie Annie's for a giant pretzel and cherry lemonade.

Positioned behind him in line, dressed in her zebra stripes, is Andrea. She holds a tray of chili fries, and studies Auntie A's drink menu.

ANDREA

Hey Nick.

NICK

Sup Dre, you're working, huh?

ANDREA

Yep. Girls gotta buy kicks.

NICK

So, uh, heard you and my boy Sime sealed the deal the other night.

ANDREA

(miffed)

Huuch. He tell you all about it or what?

NICK

Pretty much. Sounded like a chubalicious exchange to me.

ANDREA

Just great, that goddamn Simon... Whatever, it'll give you something to jack-off to when you're hanging upside-down with your choke rope, or whatever you vampires do.

NICK

You're outta order sister. I'm only here for the pretzels, and doing my best to be pleasant with you.

ANDREA

Never knew what he saw in you in the first place. Always told him you were bad news from the get-go. Problem is, Sime's got a big, dumb heart. Too bad, it's gonna be his downfall.

NICK

You know what, fuck this. Don't redirect at me, I'm not the one who gave you your first crappy shag.

ANDREA

You're wrong.

NICK

Am I now?

ANDREA

It was sweet what Sime and I shared. Something beyond your capacity, unless you find some slut with an incurable disease, and you trick her into thinking your prick's full of medicine.

Nick shakes his head, seals his lips, and departs. Biting his tongue grows harder with each step. Get's away cleanly till -

INT. LADIES' FOOTLOCKER - DAY

Moments later, the beast gets off the leash. Nick storms into store, right at Andrea, who's with a customer.

NICK

Couldn't've been so wonderful, poor kid couldn't even ejaculate.
That's right, he faked it!

Andrea rushes Nick, backing him into a wall of shoes.

ANDREA

Bullshit Nick!

NICK

Oh is it? D'ya check the rubber?

ANDREA

(hits home, cuz she had
her suspicions)
I couldn't - he took it with him in
his pocket.

NICK

Damn right he did.

He winks, snaps and points at Andrea, fingers like guns. He exits, point made, point taken.

CUSTOMER
Excuse me -

ANDREA
Get outta my face lady.

Andrea pulls from her pocket a pink I-phone and speed-dials.

EXT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty emerges onto porch, unties and lowers the flag.

SOUND: phone ringing - Simon's specialty ring tone. We see Betty and Nick's action, while hearing Simon and Andrea.

SIMON (O.S.)
Hello.

ANDREA (O.S.)
Hey Sime, it's me.

Nick, across the street, spots Betty's signal and heads over.

SIMON (O.S.)
Of course it's you silly. Who else calls from your phone? Kidding... What's wrong?

Nick launches up porch and into house, up the stairs.

ANDREA (O.S.)
Nothing's wrong. I just need to see you, can you come by?

Nick bursts into bedroom. Betty's no where to be seen, just the American flag splayed out on bed.

SIMON (O.S.)
Sure. Is everything OK? You sound so serious.

ANDREA (O.S.)
I need to see you. Promise me you'll come.

The closet door bursts open - naked Betty charges Nick, pushing him to the bed, kissing passionately.

SIMON (O.S.)
OK, I'm coming...

INT. LANSING MALL - DAY

FOOD COURT: Simon pays for a pair of Orange Julius smoothies.

FOOTLOCKER: As he approaches the store, Simon sees Andrea with an expression on her face that concerns him.

SIMON
Hi Dre...?..

ANDREA
This is going to be hard to say.
Probably just as difficult to hear,
so I'm just going to bring it.

Simon's only defense, a pair of Styrofoam cups. He GULPS.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Sime, darling, I love you dearly.
However, we don't make a good
match. Girls mature faster, and
I'm afraid I'm too sexually
sophisticated for you.

SIMON
But...

ANDREA
Not a bad thing. You should cherish
your immaturity. Growing up isn't
all great. Stay a boy, defend it.
But I can't...

Simon sobs. Customers inside Ladies Footlocker crane their necks to observe the exchange.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Oh no, please don't cry. This is
all for the better. You'll see.

SIMON
(blubbering)
Did I do something wrong? I can
make it better. Did Nick say
something?

ANDREA
I respect you Simon like a best
friend, so I'm going to fly
straight with you. I met this guy
at cheerleader camp, and one thing
led to another, but no biggie,
you're still my first... well
vaginally speaking at least...
(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(beat)

So Kevin and I hit it off. He's a college cheerleader. Pyramids, tossing girls in the air. And you know what Sime, he gets me. I have much to learn from ole college Kevin.

SIMON

I watched a bunch of videos. I could teach ya too. We could learn things together.

ANDREA

(bites lip)

Please don't make this harder than it has to be. My heart's breaking too. You're a damn good catch Simon Schultz... I curse myself for feeling like I need more.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, Simon pushes an Orange Julius towards Andrea, who shakes her head, no.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Thanks, you can have mine.

Andrea slips into the shoe store. Leaving Simon to emotionally collapse right there in the middle of the mall.

EXT. LANSING MALL - DAY

Simon slouches at curb, next to his chained-up bike.

He does his best to handle smoothies while speed-dialing his cell phone.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

On top of the dresser, Nick's cell phone sounds a crafty ringtone and vibrates.

Across room, the bedspread covers Betty and Nick as they wrestle around underneath.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Simon bikes along sidewalk near a busy street. Steering with one hand, while hugging smoothies cups with the other. It's his last-ditch hold-out of relationship lost.

Sipping from one straw, and tears pouring down his face, he has difficulty navigating through fogged-up glasses.

EXT. RIVERDALE COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

Simon lays under a tree, power drinking both smoothies down to "CCCRRRRRR" of the bottom. He tries the cell again.

FLASH TO: Nick's phone ringing upon dresser. RING, RING -

BACK TO: Brandy's red Mustang pulls up behind Simon.

SOUND: HONK HONK! She's trying to get his attention.

His mood lightens as he approaches car. Presses "CANCEL" on his out-going call.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RING - RING, phone on dresser. The comforter folds back revealing a worked-over Betty.

BETTY

Hun, don't you think you should answer your phone?

NICK

No, I'm pretty sure I shouldn't
(phone stops)
See - it's cool.

Nick and Betty go back for it. Pumping and moaning, twisted up in the sheets. Betty sighs in ecstacy.

BETTY

(heaving)

Uhhhh - I don't know where you learned all this -

Nick over-excites. He squints his eyes and shudders.

NICK

Ooops. Sorry.

BETTY

It's OK. I'm older. We don't have to worry about making any more siblings for Sime and Ellie Belly.

The statement torpedoes any sexy sort of mood.

Nick exits bed, pulls up his jeans and stuffs feet into his Chuck Taylor's.

Ellie Belly opens door and peaks inside room.

ELLIE BELLY

Mommy?

Ellie sees mommy with a hash pipe to her lips. Sees Nick, shirtless, weaving his belt through loops.

BETTY

Honey, I'll be right with you.
Please close the door, OK.

The door closes painfully slow.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I can't believe this is my life.

NICK

We'll make it work.

BETTY

Work what Nick? You're my kid-
son's best friend. I feel like some
horny Florida school teacher. This
can't continue. I need you to go.
Now.

NICK

No, I can't. You're the one.
You've always been...

BETTY

Oh my god, I'm going to be sick.
(dry heaves)
Please, LEAVE!

Nick steps back, spooked. She sees clearly now - he's only a boy. She's devastated. She pulls covers up.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Nick. So sorry.

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick descends staircase. Color drained from his face, returning a "vampire-esque" look. Ellie dashes and hides.

NICK

Ellie, don't hide. I was helping
yer ma.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
The shower's broken, and I know how
to fix it.
Didn't want to get my clothes wet.

She remains hidden.

He exits front door, looking up at flag flying at half-mast.

EXT. RIVERDALE COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

Simon approaches Brandy's car, wiping away tears.

BRANDY
S'up lover boy? Awwe, your eyes're
all red. Something got you down?

SIMON
I'm fine. Thanks.

BRANDY
Listen, I'm gonna go to a little
booze-fest with some college
friends. Wanna go get fucked up?

SIMON
(hesitates, then)
Let's do it.

BRANDY
You got anything hipper to wear?

INT. SCHULTZ HOUSE - DAY

Brandy's car screeches to a halt outside. Simon jumps out and races into his house.

Ellie looks up from TV to see Simon's blur head upstairs.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Simon dresses in tweed pants and a hipster bowling shirt. He splashes on aftershave.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Simon checks in with mom, finding her sprawled across her bed, asleep wearing her signature eye blinders.

Half bottle of wine on night table.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SCHULTZ HOUSE - EVENING

On way out, Simon spots crazed Ellie Belly. In the dark, she eats peanut butter from the jar and watches a movie in which Freddy Krueger chases some poor shlub through a puddle of blood, wielding razor hands.

ELLIE BELLY

Sime, you know where the clicker is? This show's kinda scary.

SIMON

Oh Jesus.

Simon clicks off TV and heads out front door -

EXT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon leans through the passenger window.

SIMON

There's a situation in there.
Afraid I'll need a rain check.

BRANDY

Too bad Simon-bo-bimon. Could very-well be your once in a lifetime opportunity. No returns, and no substitutions.

SIMON

Wish there's something I could do.

BRANDY

Sorry lover boy.

Brandy power-rolls up window.

Simon backs away, dejected. But quick-turns back and slips his fingers thru window as it nears the top.

SIMON

Wait - ahhh!

The window pinches 8 of his fingers in the top, but Brandy quickly rolls back down.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Thanks, Ahhh.

(shaking fingers)

Anyway, give me an address. I'll do what I gotta do, then meet ya.

She smiles, and writes details on his throbbing red hand.

INT. SCHULTZ HOUSE - EVENING

KITCHEN: Simon makes Ellie a bologna and relish sandwich.

BATHROOM: Simon gives Ellie her bath, careful not to smudge away his "party details."

LIVINGROOM: Ellie in pajamas. Simon brushes snarls out of her wet hair.

SIMON
You sleepy yet?

ELLIE BELLY
I need cartoons.

Simon sets Ellie up with a blanket and kid movie.

SIMON
(kisses her head)
No more scary movies, right?

ELLIE BELLY
Nope.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He flings open mom's bedroom door.

SIMON
Ma! I'm heading out.

BETTY
(yawns)
OK apple, have fun.

She flips over and goes back to sleep.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - NIGHT

Simon stares out window, heading across town.

EXT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Simon stops on sidewalk in front of a beat-up apartment complex. Party rages out windows and onto the upper deck.

Simon double-checks address on his hand, then heads up.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Simon navigates through a crowd of drunken coeds. At kitchen table, 5 COLLEGE JOCKS pound shots in a drinking game, along with Brandy. Talking loudly and laughing wildly.

BRANDY
...I'm not that kinda girl.

Everyone rolls their eyes - including her.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
OK, I am. If dude shows, He's
getting the ride of a lifetime.

Friends laugh and egg her on. She knocks back her shot and slams glass on table, to rambunctious applause.

Simon steps up.

SIMON
Look, I made it.

BRANDY
Hey look everyone it's Lover Boy.
This kid rocks, get him a drink!
Guys, this is my neighbor, the one
I told ya about. Simon, these are
my boys.

SIMON
What's up fellas?

BRANDY
(aside to Sime)
Get me outta here.

Simon takes her hand, tugs Brandy along to outdoor patio.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Thanks, I needed some fresh air.

SIMON
Boy, you're tipsy, huh?

She lights a cigarette and offers one. She's wobbly drunk.

BRANDY
(squints)
You know, you've got gorgeous eyes.
But sad, you feel like talking?

SIMON

Oh, it's a long story. None of it I totally understand. My girlfriend of 2 years broke up with me.

BRANDY

Didn't realize ya had one of those.
She didn't find out about our
little...
(one stroke)

SIMON

No, nothing like that. Apparently she met some cheerleader dude, something. It's all kinda fuzzy.

BRANDY

Bitch. Treating little Lover Boy like that.

(then)

Well, as you've prolly noticed, I'm totally forward. And horny as hell. You feel like making out or something? It's guaranteed to take your woes away.

SIMON

...sure. I mean, SURE. But really quick, I gotta hit the john, long ride over.

BRANDY

(pawing)

Don't leave me, I'll miss you.

(pouts)

SIMON

I'll be right back. I can't kiss on a full bladder. If I get a... you know.. it hurts.

He pulls away and fights his way through crowd.

INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Simon looks in mirror. Big sigh. Excitement.

Hurries his fly open and points it at toilet.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

BULLIES enter looking meaner than ever. Tommy lugs a case of beer, carried like a suitcase. Todd carries the ghetto blaster up on his shoulder, blaring Metallica.

Brandy spots them right off. She signals to her guy-friends at the kitchen table -

BRANDY
That's him!

INT. BATHROOM, PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon washes hands. He coaches himself in mirror. He slicks hair back and exits.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Simon scans through crowd. Brandy's not where he left her. As panic sets in, Simon spots her chatting with bullies.

SIMON
Why are they here? No, not tonight.

If ever there was a time for bravery, it's now.

Simon approaches Brandy and the bully-squad, but is headed off by Todd wielding the "speed metal" shield.

TODD
What are you doing at a college party, poser?

SIMON
Shit, I party all the time. I'm always "party."

Simon sidesteps to get around, but Todd further blocks.

TODD
I'm going to need a little help understanding something I saw the other day. Maybe you can clarify.

Dave and Tommy close-talk Brandy and she's smiling.

DAVE
Wanna come check out my new wheels?

BRANDY
Yeah? What cha get?

As they shuffle towards front door, Simon desperately needs to get by. He shoves his way -

SIMON
I gotta get by, I need a word with my date.

TODD
(push back)
It's beginning to dawn on me... how you could be so pathetic...

Simon pursues Brandy, but stops in tracks when he hears -

TODD (CONT'D)
(from behind)
I'd be a fucking weirdo too if my best buddy was ho-in' out my ma.

SIMON
What did you say?

TODD
Sneaky shit too. When the coast is clear, signaling up the flagpole.

FLASH TO:

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Days earlier, Simon pedaling up street on his lawn cart. He sees in rearview mirror, MOM LOWERING FLAG.

Strikes his curiosity, but he presses on, pedaling.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Simon and bully face to face.

SIMON
That's a shit-eating lie.

TODD
Is it? When you get a chance, sniff your buddy's cock. See if it don't smell exactly like your mom's vj.

DAVE
(turning back)
Hey it's Schultzee.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Dude, I knew yer momma was naughty,
but fuck me if I'm not jealous.
Props to your little dick-wad
friend. He might actually be kinda
cool...

TODD

Yeah, maybe next time we see him we
won't beat his ass. Not sure we can
say the same for you...

BRANDY

Awe, leave him alone. He's tiny.

TOMMY

(aside)

We're not forgetting that bullshit
stunt you pulled the other day.
Tonight's only a free pass cuz we
got pressing business.

(presses into Brandy)

But don't worry, we still owe ya a
good one.

Last resort, Simon grasps Brady's hand.

SIMON

What are you doing with these
creeps?

BRANDY

Awe Sime, don't look at me like
that. I'm only going for a joy
ride. Always been a sucker for a
muscle car, but I'll be right back.

(to bullies)

D'ya know Sime here mows lawns?
He's amazing.

TODD

Don't worry lawnmower man. We'll
handle her from here.

(winks)

If you catch my meaning.

Brandy and bullies exit. Empty beer can thumps Simon's chest.

Outside, SOUND of the heavy engine revving, followed by
peeling-out of tires.

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maureen does makeup in bathroom mirror.

Elijah's gym bag, opened upon bed. He changes clothes, and catches an electric shave. HMMMMMM -

Maureen comes out, looking radiant. Wearing a high-high mini-skirt. Elijah clicks off his razor, frowns and huffs.

MAUREEN

What?

ELIJAH

Well, it's... You look... beautiful
OK.

MAUREEN

Then what's the problem?

ELIJAH

I get the notion you are showing
off for the studs.

MAUREEN

Yeah. And the chicks. Sorta the
whole point. Flaunt it while you
got it.

ELIJAH

I see it as disrespect, is all.
Those guys drooling all over you.
Drives me goofy.

She halts dead in her tracks. Stares at him matter-o-factly.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Alright. Sorry, I'm kidding -

He clicks on his electro-razor. She yanks plug from wall.

MAUREEN

No you're not.

ELIJAH

It's fine, really.

MAUREEN

I don't want you to come. You've
become such a fucking buzz kill, it
won't be any fun if you're there.

ELIJAH

Hey, I was invited -

MAUREEN

They're mostly my friends. Just do
me one simple favor and not come.

ELIJAH

I'm not sure if I understand.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry, this is pushing down on my chest. And I need it off. You suck too hard, Elijah. I worked my ass off to get independent from Wayne, and I'll be damned if I give an inch of it back for anybody.

ELIJAH

Big Wayne Bickel, built like a lumberjack, hung like an ox. I can't believe I left my wife for this bullshit!

MAUREEN

You shouldn't have. I didn't ask you to do that. You're not even what I'm looking for.

A-bomb's gone off in Elijah's lap. As ashes settle -

ELIJAH

What can I...

MAUREEN

Go home. Grovel on your knees. Tell her you made the worst mistake of your life and beg her to take you back.

He nods while contemplating, then -

ELIJAH

(shakes 'no')

Can't. I'm not ready yet.

Hound dog eyes, pleading for 'mercy.'

MAUREEN

Faaa, Elijah. I suppose you can crash here a couple days to get your shit in order.

Elijah's lightens up. He approaches Maureen for an embrace. She blocks him by handing over his gym bag.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Blankets are in the downstairs closet. Couch is somewhat soft.

Elijah accepts his sentence.

ELIJAH

Thanks Maureen. I'm so sorry.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry too. Sorry you're so messed up. I really am. But I can't carry your shit. Mine's too heavy as it is.

ELIJAH

I know.

She slips into high heels, grabs car keys and exits.

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie sleeps in front of TV. Credits roll in her movie. Her eyes flutter open.

ELLIE BELLY

Sime? Sime!

She slides off couch and opens entertainment center cabinet, poised before a large inventory of DVD movies.

She considers title after title, Lion King - Cinderella - Spy Kids - Toy Story.

She pulls out a DVD with an UNMARKED COVER.

She narrows her options between Lion King and the "unmarked".

Unsheathes UNMARKED DVD and slides it into disc player.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

Elijah lays on couch, boxers and a wife beater T-shirt. He nods off as TV plays.

He's jarred from sleep by sounds of CRIP CRIP - sounds almost like rocks hitting the house, but not quite as hard.

One eye open, he looks around, "what the..?"

EXT. BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

THREE MASKED VANDALS hurl eggs at house.

Vandals leap for cover into bushes when Maureen's Corvette whips into driveway.

Maureen and a YOUNG STUD stagger from car, on up porch and into house.

Vandals emerge from bushes. They toss a roll of toilet paper up into the tree. Repeating, till fully toilet-papered.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

Maureen and her male enter, giggling in a drunken stupor. Kissing and kicking off clothing as they head up stairs.

Elijah cranes his neck, viewing entryway. He sees articles of clothes and shoes tossed down stairs as horny couple head up.

ELIJAH
Huuffff!

Depressed, he flips over and closes eyes tight.

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie's eyes swell in TV BLUE LIGHT, ready to soak up an opening image:

GRAY STATIC -

Then, SCRAMBLED FLESH-ACTION, but only for a flash -

Then, a dubbed copy of SpongeBob SquarePants.

Ellie smiles wide -

ELLIE BELLY
Punge Bob!

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - NIGHT

SOUND: from upstairs huffing and puffing and wild moaning.

Elijah's TORTURED EXPRESSION, while flipping channel after channel. Volume goes way up in attempts to drown out -

Exotic sex sounds growing louder, echoing through house.

EXT. SHARP PARK - NIGHT

Dave's muscle car idles on dirt road. Headlights beam, while brake lights and exhaust smoke dance in the rear.

Brandy stumbles back to car, buttoning her pants. She taps on glass and the boys let her in.

BRANDY

Thanks. I thought I was gonna piss
my pants.

Plastic DASHBOARD JESUS mounted with stick-em. Brandy stares cock-eyed, taken aback when seeing figurine BLINK IT'S EYES.

Bullies pass a joint between themselves, eyeing-up Brandy and snickering. They wear their "VANDAL" BANDANAS around their necks. She makes nervous conversation -

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Bombing that house was hilarious.
Sorry about cracking an egg on the
seat. Think I got most of it up
though. It'll be easier to tell
when the sun comes up...

Car doors SNAP LOCKED. Boys smile devilishly, pulling vandal masks up around their faces.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

It's probably too late for me to
walk away, huh?

TOMMY

(through mask)

Yeah, pretty much.

Masked bandits corner her in backseat.

EXT. SHARP PARK - NIGHT

Fogged windows. Car continues to idle, rocking gently. Brandy's hand presses against window, then smears away.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CASPER HOUSE - MORNING

After knocking several times, to no answer, Simon opens the door to Nick's house and pokes his head in -

SIMON

Hello! Door was open...

He enters and makes his way through house. Curiosity draws him into a darkened den with blinds pulled shut. Thin lines of sunlight creep across room.

Simon scans entertainment center, searching DVD titles.

MRS. CASPER (O.S.)
Can I help you find something in
particular?

Room had seemed empty, but now MRS. CASPER (45) reveals herself. Seated in corner wearing shades in the dark. Smokes and drinks scotch on rocks. Thin lines of sunlight accent her features, and billow her cigarette smoke.

SIMON
No ma'am just looking. I loaned
Nick my copy of "Goonies" and was
checking...

MRS. CASPER
I found that vile flick in Nick's
closet. It's unfortunate you boys
had to see that.

SIMON
(nervously)
Not sure what you mean.

She takes a sailor's steep draw off her smoke.

MRS. CASPER
(raspy)
Funny actually, caught on tape, the
exact instant when I fell out of
love with Nick's father. Only took
one dirty movie to cut thru twenty
years of bullshit denial. Better
late than never I guess.

She drains her drink, ice clanking off her teeth. Ahh.

MRS. CASPER (CONT'D)
The experiment didn't work the way
we thought it might. Instead of
adult fun, we found perverted ways
to divide families.

SIMON
I don't get how you could do it.

MRS. CASPER
Thanks to your folks. I often
wonder where we'd be now if they
hadn't hosted the inaugural party.

Simon backs out of the den, leaving drunken Mrs. Casper to cackle herself into a coughing fit.

He repels from the house, back-pedaling onto porch, straight into... Nick...

EXT. PORCH, CASPER HOUSE - DAY

The guys size each other up. Simon snarls.

NICK
What's that for?

SIMON
I'm gonna ask you once, and
everything going forward relies on
the straightness of your answer.

NICK
(fights a smirk)
What?

SIMON
Did you have sex with my mom?

NICK
Oh god no.
(smile widens)
What kind of question is that?
What gives you the...

Simultaneously, in the distance, nearly out of sight, BETTY exits Schultz house, ties on AMERICAN FLAG and raises it.

Simon spots this. Nick sees this, and can no longer keep a straight face, blushing like a cat hiccuping feathers while maintaining to've not eaten the canary.

NICK (CONT'D)
(deep exhale)
Sorry bro, but she really is sweet.

Simon launches the hardest punch of his life, catching Nick square in the teeth. Nick drops flat into yard.

Simon shakes his hand, stings from the punch.

SIMON
You mother fucker! I never want to
see you again!

Simon mounts up on his BMXer. Nick staggers to one knee. Blood pours from his mouth as he chuckles like a madman -

NICK
(missing tooth)
Ditto bitch!

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Simon rides faster and faster. He looks at his fist on the handlebar and sees Nick's front tooth stuck in his knuckle.

He arrives at entrance of trails, and without a second thought, he drops in, pedaling as fast as possible.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - MORNING

Elijah wakes up, twisted on couch. Aching back. He stands and stumbles in his underwear, attempting to stretch a kink out of his spine.

Billy stares at him. An awkward silence ensues. Til -

BILLY
Hi sir.

ELIJAH
Good morning boy.

BILLY
What'ya say you put on yer pants,
and then we play some Xbox?

ELIJAH
Sorry kid. I have to be somewhere.

BILLY
Oh yeah? Where?

Elijah looks around. The gym bag opened, next to twisted sheets on the sunk-in couch. The net worth of his soul.

ELIJAH
What game have you got?

BILLY
Fists of Krull Four.

ELIJAH
(pulling up pants)
How do you play?

LATER, they're locked in a video game death match.
Clobbering each other in ultra-violent spectacular ways.

Elijah, bright eyed and enthusiastic. He's got a cigarette behind his ear and sips from a beer bottle.

On TV, Elijah's barbarian pummels Billy's samurai. He jumps into a victory dance, pumping his fist.

ELIJAH

Boo Ya!

LATER STILL, six empty bottles at Elijah's feet, as he drinks bourbon straight. The tone of the game has darkened.

Billy's warrior climbs on top of Elijah's and pulverizes his head with punches.

ELIJAH

Goddamn it!

Elijah throws his controller down into a beanbag chair.

BILLY

(re: table)

Careful sir. That's glass.

They square off for another battle.

From upstairs, young stud comes down, pulling his shirt on, carrying shoes.

He checks in on the fighter game, watching the combat with growing interest.

YOUNG STUD #1

Is this the new Fists of Krull?

BILLY

Heck yeah.

ELIJAH

(cig in mouth)

Can we help you with something sport?

YOUNG STUD #1

I got winner.

Stud reaches for a beer on Elijah's pile. Lije blocks him.

ELIJAH

No you don't have winner. Why don't you move on down the road, slick.

Stud gets the picture, ties up his shoes and exits.

Soon, Maureen saunters downstairs, wrapped in a silk robe.
She grimaces out the window -

MAUREEN
What the fuck?

Toilet paper wrapped in every tree, blowing in the wind.

Maureen also sees crude words spray painted upon garage.
Even the trampoline has been vandalized, paint and eggs.

Maureen's emotions go from zero to a hundred.

MAUREEN
Some piss-ants thrashed the living
shit out of my house!
(to Elijah)
And I imagine you didn't hear
anything, right?

ELIJAH
Wouldn't say I didn't hear
anything. That friend of yours, he
sure can yell can't he.

MAUREEN
Oh dude, don't even fuck with me.
(to son)
Billy, pretend you didn't hear the
"f" word.
(re: out window)
Every goddamn tree in the yard's
got TP flapping from it.

It dawns on her they're playing video games, and Elijah's
"three-sheets" already.

MAUREEN
This is crazy! Your couch surf
here is done dude. I Don't care if
you sleep in your car in the mall
parking lot, or in a dumpster
behind Ponderosa. Just not at my
house.

Maureen marches back upstairs.

MAUREEN
Be gone!

Slams her bedroom door. Elijah and Billy exchange glances.

ELIJAH
Wow, that was awkward.

BILLY

Yeah. So, how about one more?

ELIJAH

Yeah, one more.

The video warriors stampede toward one another.

EXT. BIKE TRAILS - DAY

Simon races through woods, in midst of the best run ever. Flying off of jumps and the whole nine.

Suddenly, he slams on brakes, skidding to a stop.

Sees Dave's cherry MUSCLE CAR parked on dirt road. Ghetto blaster placed on the hood.

SIMON

Damn.

HAND REACHES out and presses 'play' on ghetto blaster, cueing up a terrifying song like "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent. A music selection hand-picked for Simon's massive ass-whooping.

Luckily, Simon notices exactly enough space to squeeze by the passenger side of car. He sizes up distance, takes a deep breath, and charges...

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

Video game continues, and Elijah gets rambunctious when fighter puts a move on Billy, throwing him into a brick wall.

ELIJAH

Haaa! Up yours kid!

BILLY

Oh yeah!

Billy's fighter grabs Elijah. He executes a series of quick super-special moves. Billy's warrior pops the head right off of Elijah's, and proceeds to eat it like a peach.

BILLY

Ha! You want a bite old man?

ELIJAH

Fuck this shit!

Elijah goes to throw controller down, but remembers at the last instant about glass table. Loses grip anyway -

Controller flies across room and SMASHES right into the center of the 72 inch flat-screen plasma.

Billy's eyes bulge from their sockets.

BILLY
You killed the TV!

ELIJAH
Oh shit.

Just then, WAYNE BICKEL (40) shaved head and muscle shirt, trots up back porch. Slider's locked so he taps on glass.

ELIJAH
You going to get that?

BILLY
(shocked)
Mmm-mmm. (No)

Begrudgingly, Elijah stands, shirtless, pants unbuckled. He approaches slider, opening it for Wayne.

WAYNE
What's up son?

BILLY
Hey dad.

WAYNE
(to Elijah)
Sup to you pro-styler? S'at your mack-daddy caddy in the drive?

ELIJAH
Yes sir.

WAYNE
You seem pretty casual, kicking it in my house, playing Xbox with my kid. Sipping my brews. You taking up the mortgage too?

ELIJAH
Oh man, it's not how it looks.
I'm friends with your ex-wife.
She's letting me crash...

WAYNE
Divorce ain't final. And until I stop having to drop 90 percent of my paycheck into this bitch...

Wayne notices Billy's wild eyes. Wayne follows the train of his son's attention to the TV. Blinking and sparkling, controller's wedged in the cracked screen.

WAYNE

Junior, I'm gonna whoop your ass.

BILLY

He did it!

Wayne gives Elijah a major once over, up real close.

WAYNE

Son, you better head up to your room. There's some major grown man shit about to go down.

Billy races out the room.

WAYNE

Now listen Cool Breeze, you can help yourself to my wife's ass, I mean who hasn't?

(getting into Elijah's face, finishing with teeth to eyes)

But the TV. The fucking TV.
That's off limits!

ELIJAH

Like I said, her and I are only friends...

WAYNE

She ain't had a male friend yet she hadn't balled at least once. You know what I'm saying? But I ain't trippin' over that. What's concerning to me is the great-big crack in my three fucking thousand dollar television set.

ELIJAH

Was in the heat of battle. I'll pay for it, I promise.

Wayne takes sunglasses off the top of his head and sets them gingerly onto a book shelf.

WAYNE

I know you'll pay for it. Twice. Second time, financially. But the first time, the fun time, you're going to pay for it physically.

Wayne bounces like a boxer and cracks knuckles.

ELIJAH

Listen, we don't have to resort to violence.

WAYNE

Oh, but I insist.

EXT. SHARP PARK - DAY

Simon's stand-off with the bully car. He's speeding toward the narrow space into safety.

SUDDENLY, Tommy swings open car door, bashing Simon off his bike. Quickly, all three bullies scramble out and jump him.

TODD

Told you we'd catch ya.

As Simon gets to feet, Tommy kicks him back to the dirt.

TOMMY

Schultzee, you wanna sniff my jock?
Still smells like you're slutty
girlfriend, from the other night.

TODD

Yeah my crank reeks like her nappy
dugout.

DAVE

Mine's kicking the aroma of that
bitch's bush and her butt.

SIMON

What's with you guys? Never shower?

TOMMY

That's funny Punching Bag, tell me
another.

Tommy holds Simon by shirt collar. Throws a big punch.

INT. BICKEL HOUSE - DAY

A solid fist lands on Elijah's jaw, knocking him into wall.
Mirror shatters, and OIL PAINTING of JESUS crashes to floor.

The scuffle consists of Wayne kicking major butt, while
Elijah tries, unsuccessfully to block punches and escape.

ELIJAH
Ouch, ouch, ouch.

Maureen tramples downstairs.

MAUREEN
Stop it Wayne! Get off him!

Frightened, Billy peeks into room, made nervous by violence.

As Maureen attempts to pull Wayne away, he fires another shot that RINGS ELIJAH'S BELL, all the way to his toes.

Elijah crashes to carpet with fluttering consciousness.
Echoes of Maureen and Wayne yelling sound a mile away.

Elijah blinks rapidly, staring at oil-painted Jesus. The FLAMES around his IMMACULATE HEART flicker.

JESUS CHRIST
(winks)
I forgive even you, ya wretch.

Jesus backs away, farther and farther. Elijah reaches out.

ELIJAH
No Jesus, save me!

Wayne holds Elijah's foot, pulling him towards the door, fighting Maureen off. Elijah bounces on one foot.

ELIJAH
No!

Wayne whips him at door, and with the screen shut, Elijah smashes through, falling outside, onto back patio.

Tackled, the two men roll in backyard, underneath immaculately toilet-papered trees.

Maureen's hands slap Wayne, trying to pry him off Elijah.

Behind it all, BILLY SNEAKS toward TRAMPOLINE.

Climbs on and bounces, still watching fight. Bounces higher and higher, preparing for a TRICK.

Trampoline, wet with morning dew. Billy's bare feet. The SQUEAK - SQUEAK - SQUEAK.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

I had previously thought not to butt in, but we'd reached a critical mass, where it'd become apparent an intervention was no longer avoidable. And much like traditional gods that work in mysterious ways, I too could step in, using methods within my grasp. These people desperately needed help. Thy will be done.

The ever-present SQUEAK finally SILENCES.

Men quit fighting, noticing Maureen. She's staring wide-eyed back towards trampoline.

MAUREEN

Oh shit.

Billy's airborne, in near-suspended animation, having attempted a flip, but failing to tuck. He pinnacles in height as a sprawling snow angel waving his arms and feet.

He lands head-first on the side of the trampoline, driving his face into rusty springs and heavy steel brackets.

He drops through springs like a ragdoll and falls to grass, lifeless, bleeding profusely.

MAUREEN

(runs)

Oh shit, oh shit.

Then silence. Time and sound suspended.

But from her expression, as Maureen holds her son, it's apparent she's hollering her head off.

EXT. BIKE TRAILS - DAY

Todd punches Simon's forehead, driving him into dirt. Consciousness flutters as Todd climbs off and disappears.

Tommy and Dave fade too, as does the muscle car. All bully-traces evaporate, except for DASHBOARD JESUS.

The tiny plastic statue hovers in the air, exchanging glances with Simon. Then Jesus flies away like a hummingbird.

Simon lays on his back, looking at the sky. He's powdered with brown dirt. He has a split lip and a swollen eye.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Simon hobbles his bike down street. The bike is trashed, bent handlebars, wobbly rims, flat tires.

In the distance, at Bickel's, there's a fire truck, ambulance and police. Seems like the whole neighborhood's under-siege.

A policeman stops Simon's trek.

POLICEMAN

This way's blocked, you'll have to go around.

SIMON

What happened here?

POLICEMAN

Nothin' kid, just move along like I asked ya.

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Simon enters. Betty greets him, hugging tightly.

BETTY

All the sirens and lights. I was so worried. Are you OK honey?

At first, he's rigid, trying not to get pulled too close, finally giving in.

SIMON

Yeah mom, I'm OK.

BETTY

(sizes him up)

You look rotten. Were you hit by a car?

SIMON

Kind of.

Betty cleans Simon up with a washcloth and band-aids.

LATER, front door CREAKS open.

In entryway cowers Elijah, a beaten man. His face covered in scabs and bruises. Bridge of his nose has "butterfly" bandage on it. Izod shirt ruined with dried blood.

Awkward stand-off.

BETTY

Don't you have a lot of nerve.

ELIJAH

The Bickel boy. They're not sure
if he's going to pull through.

FLASH TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Elijah's Cadillac swerves into Emergency drop-zone. Elijah jumps out, and pulls Billy out of backseat.

Elijah rushes bloody Billy inside hospital as stunned Maureen and Wayne file in behind them.

ELIJAH

I need help over here!

Elijah hands Billy off to doctors. Kid's put on a bed and wheeled away, amid much chaos.

Later, in the waiting room, covered in Billy's blood. Elijah quietly weeps into his hands while doctors speak with Mr. and Mrs. Bickel.

Finally, Maureen's hand touches Elijah's shoulder.

MAUREEN

It's time for you to go be with
your own family.

Without looking up, Elijah nods.

BACK TO:

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - EVENING

Elijah weeps in entryway. He approaches his wife for comfort.

Betty puts out her arm to block him.

BETTY

You can't walk in and out of our
lives when it's convenient.

Ellie Belly's face appears at top of the stairs.

ELIJAH

Please Betty -

BETTY

What were you doing at Bickel's in
the first place? Explain that to
your wife and children!

In a teary rage, he grabs Betty by both arms, hard enough to leave hand marks.

ELIJAH

Can't you see that doesn't matter
now?

BETTY

Nope. This is what doesn't matter.
I can't be with you anymore Elijah!

Elijah kicks over coat rack and hollers.

BETTY

These kids have seen enough. I've
seen enough. We can't live like
this anymore!

ELIJAH

Goddamn it Betty, I know! I just
need a little understanding!

BETTY

What the hell do you need me to
understand?

As parents escalate voices, panic creeps onto Ellie's face.

Simon whisks up stairs, fiddling in his pocket. He has NO COTTON.

He ushers her down the hall to her room.

ELLIE BELLY

You got beat up.

INT. ELLIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Simon sets Ellie on her bed and enters her closet. Downstairs YELLING permeates through floorboards.

ELLIE BELLY

What are you doing?

Simon exits closet holding a ballerina outfit.

SIMON

We're going to play a game called
"early Halloween."

ELLIE BELLY

How?

SIMON

We dress up and go trick or
treating.

ELLIE BELLY

That's stupid.

SIMON

No it's not. I played it when I was
your age. It's the best game ever.

ELLIE BELLY

No ballerina. I hate ballerina.
How about my Princess Leia costume?

He heads back in. Tussling around, he eventually emerges.

SIMON

No Leia to be found. How about
Dragon?

Ellie Belly ponders -

ELLIE BELLY

OK.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Simon and Ellie mosey down street, into setting sun. She's dressed in DRAGON COSTUME, carrying an empty pillowcase.

ELLIE BELLY

I feel like a dork Simon. It's not
Halloween.

SIMON

You don't even know what you're
talking about. Watch.

They head up the next driveway. Ring doorbell.

An OLDER NEIGHBOR answers door impatiently, lowering his reading glasses to size up potential solicitors.

SIMON

Come on say it.

ELLIE BELLY
Trick or treat!

The neighbor stares at them, unimpressed.

SIMON
(explains)
See sir, I'm taking my kid sister
on a dry run, so when Halloween
comes, she'll have it down pat.

NEIGHBOR
Halloween's not for a couple
months.

SIMON
(smiles)
Practice.

NEIGHBOR
Sorry kids, we don't observe fake
holidays.

SIMON
C'mon Ellie, obviously this guy's
not hip.

Back on road, Simon points up to the next house.

SIMON
This one's got its lights on.

ELLIE BELLY
I don't want to go Simon.

Simon weeps, quietly at first, then full sobbing. He cowers
to his knees in the middle of street.

The dragon stares at brother. He cries so hard his nose runs.

SIMON
I want to get through this without
being scarred for life. I don't
want either of us to have to lug
this around -

Ellie hugs him and pats his head.

ELLIE BELLY
Don't worry.. Don't worry..

INT. SCHULTZ'S HOUSE - EVENING

Betty pounds on Elijah with balled-up fists. He grabs her wrists, restraining. Tears flow down both their faces.

BETTY
Why did you abandon us Elijah?

He drops to his knees and cowers into her lap.

ELIJAH
I don't know. I'm so sorry. I'm
so sorry. Please forgive me.

She attempts to push him away, but he pushes back, in deeper.

ELIJAH
(wailing)
I'm so sorry. I'm so fucking
sorry.

Betty leans over and pulls him tight. She holds her husband.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Ellie patting Simon's head, as he regains composure. Simon studies dragon costume, he sniffs and laughs.

ELLIE BELLY
A car's coming.

They move to side, as headlights pass. Sprinklers pop up in lawns throughout neighborhood.

SIMON
Promise me you're not old enough to remember this, that when you're grown up, this whole episode'll have happened before your brain was big enough to remember.

ELLIE BELLY
(shakes head 'no')
I don't think so.

SIMON
I love you Ellie Belly.

ELLIE BELLY
I love you too Sime'a Bean.

They glide away into sunset.

SIMON

Gotta level with ya, there's no such thing as early Halloween.

ELLIE BELLY

I know. I dressed up for you.

A little further down the block -

SIMON

Maybe it's gonna be alright.

ELLIE BELLY

I know it will.

As they walk, a breath-taking moon appears over tree-line.

ELLIE BELLY

See, told ya.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Simon wakes up and rolls out of bed.

INT. SCHULTZ'S GARAGE - MORNING

Simon enters and pops a tape into a ghetto blaster. Old-school hip-hop beats.

Corner of garage is converted to make-shift gym.

Simon does sit-up, then bench-presses two full gallon jugs duct-taped to either end of a hockey stick.

Simon drops a dip into his lower lip, then nearly pukes. Gagging, he spits in trash, then tosses whole tin in.

SIMON

I'm just not that cool.

Later, Simon uses tools to FIX HIS BIKE.

Simon checks his watch, time to get a move-on.

INT. KITCHEN, SCHULTZ HOUSE - MORNING

Simon pushes into kitchen, ready to engage -

SIMON

Mom, Dad. I have something I need to get off my chest...

His expression: "what's this?"

Observes sober, refreshed parents postured around breakfast nook along with delighted Ellie Belly, they're dressed in Sunday best and eating a healthy breakfast.

ELIJAH

Good morning son. I see you're getting an early jump.

Simon stares at dining-room PICTURE, previously leaned against base-board, but has refound its place, proudly hung upon wall. "The Last Supper."

ELIJAH

Yep, we're turning a new leaf. Mom and I have recommitted ourselves to Saint Gerard's.

Elijah and Betty grab hands, smiling into one another's eyes.

ELIJAH

Care to join us this morning son?

SIMON

No. Sounds nice, maybe next time. I've got a backlog of lawns. Business is boomin' as they say.

ELIJAH

Very well, but remember, life is not all about work. I would like to see you devote at least as much time to off-ice training. We have varsity hockey tryouts right around the corner.

Simon's jaw about hits floor. "Wow."

ELIJAH

(butters toast)

So, there was something you needed to get off your chest son?

SIMON

Nope. I think that pretty much covers it for now.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY

Doorbell rings, Andrea answers. Simon nervously on porch. Over his shoulder, parked at the street, his BMX mower cart.

SIMON

Hi Dre.

ANDREA

Howdy Sime. What's up?

SIMON

Are your folks home?

ANDREA

No, I'm alone here. Why what's up?

SIMON

Was wondering if they still needed servicing of the grass. You know, since our breakup and all. If they found somebody else, I'd totally understand...

ANOTHER CHILD

Stop. They'd be crazy not to keep you. You have a real gift.

SIMON

Thanks. Cool, well I'll get started then.

They stare at each other.

ANDREA

(bats eyes)

Is there anything else?

SIMON

No. Should there be?

ANDREA

I got one for ya. What would you say if I made a mistake Sime, with us I mean? Thrashin' something totally beautiful. Kevin is certainly nothing to write home about, especially since I still live here. That's a joke.

SIMON

Sorry it's not working for ya.

ANDREA

I mean he's really, REALLY not my type.

FLASH TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

KEVIN (19) pins Andrea down, in throes of sex. There's an open bag of PORK RINDS on bedside table. Kevin tries to deep-mouth kiss her, while she squirms, avoiding mouth contact.

Kevin spansks his own bare butt, like he's whippin' a horse to make it run faster. Andrea rolls her eyes. "Pathetic."

Kevin has an orgasm, then farts. He laughs wildly as Andrea pulls up covers. She's humiliated and violated.

BACK TO:

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY

Conversation continues:

ANDREA
How about you? Dating anyone serious?

SIMON
(avoids eye-contact)
You know, got some irons in the fire. Playing the field.

ANDREA
Any chance for us getting back together? Let'n bygones be gone.

SIMON
I don't know Dre. I've got so much on my plate. The yard business is boomin' and I've got hockey camp in a couple of weeks.

ANDREA
I know, I know...

SIMON
Plus I got this apology thing I gotta do for Nick. I got so upset I literally punched his tooth out.

He shows tooth-wound on his knuckle.

ANDREA
Boy, did he have that coming.

SIMON

Even so, a tooth is a tooth. I'm
not the type of guy goes around
knocking em out.

ANDREA

I'll let you in on a little secret
I've learned, When it comes to
apologies, time is of the essence.

SIMON

You're right. Here, magnetize this
to your fridge.

Simon hands over a magnetized business card.

SIMON

And tell your folks I'll call later
to reschedule the lawn. I got a
friendship I need to go fix.

He gives Andrea a big, awkward hug. He mounts-up his BMX and pedals away.

ANDREA

Go get him tiger! He's lucky to
have you.

EXT. CASPER'S PORCH - DAY

Simon rings bell, then knocks persistently.

STAN CASPER (late-forties) answers. He's dressed in a dingy robe and boxer shorts. Gacked out of his noggin, like he's been doing hard drugs and crying for days straight.

MR. CASPER

Hey Simon. You just missed him.

SIMON

When'll he be home?

MR. CASPER

He won't. Nick and his mother left
this morning to go be with family
up in Cheboygan. They're not
coming back.

Simon is stunned.

MR. CASPER

You need a drink? I got a Pepsi
Cola around here somewhere. You're
welcome to come in if you want.

The house is totally trashed. Big screen TV blasts static at full volume.

SIMON

No thanks Mr. Casper... Are you
gonna be alright?

MR. CASPER

Let me lay a piece of advice on you son. Won't make much sense now, but it will... Never bring the prettiest girl to a swinger party. In the end it bites ya in the ass.

Mr. Casper trails off, stumbling back into his living room.

SIMON

Thanks Mr. Casper. I'm Sure I'll
find that useful, someday.

With his back to Simon, Mr. Casper waves. He fishes around for something on the floor.

EXT. STREETS, RIVERDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Simon rolls down his street, wiping tears from his eyes. Stops at Brandy Foster's. He sets up mower equipment.

The garage door opens and Brandy jumps into her car and reverses, music blasts from within.

Noticing Simon in rearview mirror, she screeches brakes. He comes around to passenger-side open window.

He sizes her up, noticing scabbed knees under her mini-skirt. She has a black eye hidden with too much cover-up.

She notices his black eye too.

BRANDY

Where'd you get that shiner?

He turns his head, catching better light, revealing -

BRANDY

Ooooh double-shiner.

SIMON

I caught the business end of a bare-knuckle shuffle.

BRANDY

But I should see the other guy, right?

SIMON

I didn't get any punches in at all. I might'a scratched one of their necks, but that's pretty sissy.

BRANDY

Sorry to hear. Those guys are such assholes.

SIMON

What?

(she knows who)

Yeah, they are.

And speak of the devil, BULLIES APPEAR from up the street, gliding down into cul-de-sac. Ghetto blasting!

BRANDY

Speak of the cock-smokin' devil.

SIMON

Wha? Oh shit.

BRANDY

Shouldn't have to worry about them anymore. I'm actually surprised they chose this road...

SIMON

How do you mean?

BRANDY

Watch this -

Brandy approaches edge of driveway and stands her ground.

As bullies spot Brandy, their demeanor down-shifts. Turn off ghetto blaster and glide, daring not to make eye contact.

As they pass, Brandy raises her hands like she's hurling lightning at them.

BRANDY

Haaaaah!

The bullies flinch and nearly fall off their bikes. They cower and hurry passed.

Brandy laughs hysterically.

Bullies high tail it out of there lickety-split.

Simon looks at Brandy, curiously, like WTF?

BRANDY

Simon Schultz, you dirty dog. You figured I fucked em, huh?

SIMON

(shyly)

I tried not to think of it.

BRANDY

I eat boys like them up for lunch.
They might even be...you know, into pole rather than hole.

Simon cocks his head. Not sure if he believes her.

BRANDY

Get in.

(re: the car)

There's this killer song you gotta hear.

He does, and she cues up song for him.

SIMON

(head-bop to beat)

I like it.

Brandy fingers power-window controls. As windows raise up -

BRANDY

So I got to thinking about you and me, and I want to run something by you...

SIMON

You and ME?

Windows sealed. Her lips move as she explains. Simon's smile widens as though he's hearing best news of all time.

Brandy smiles too, glossy lips in rearview mirror. She's glad to have made his day, his year, his adolescence.

She fires up a cigarette and lowers windows to exhale.

BRANDY

...when d'ya wanna take up that
offer? You free later?

Simon gazes passed her, straight through her -

SIMON

Holy shit, do you see what I see?

A U-haul truck idles 6 houses down. Parked so as to not get trapped in cul-de-sac.

Approaching, silhouette of a banished hero. Nick saunters down street, toward Simon and Brandy.

Simon pops his car door.

SIMON

Do you mind if I...?

BRANDY

Not at all. Go get him loverboy.

Simon hands her a fridge magnet.

SIMON

Pop this on your fridge. My cell's
the best way to...

BRANDY

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Simon and Nick meet in the middle of the street.

SIMON

Listen I'm...

NICK

Dude, I've been a shitty friend. I
took you for granted, not to
mention...

SIMON

Please don't mention it... Ever.

NICK

Got'cha. I just need you to know
how sorry I am...

SIMON

Let's start over...

NICK

...because I love you bro. I
always did and I always will.

SIMON

(wiping tears)

Ditto bitch.

They hug each other hard, tears rolling down their faces,
splashing onto concrete at their sneakers.

NICK

There's a car coming.

They step to the side, still hugging.

Simon mounts up onto his BMX cart.

SIMON

Hop on buddy.

Nick climbs up for a handlebar ride.

SIMON

Watch your toes in the spokes.

They glide through neighborhood, chatting easily, pointing out neighborhood details like, "Appears Ms. Timber's daisy patch came in early this year."

Bike riding through hood, first Nick and Simon, then...

FLASH TO:

EXT. ANONYMOUS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bullies riding through a different hood.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

Whatever magic neighborhood vixen
Brandy Foster cast upon Todd
Campbell and the Ellison brothers
in the backseat of that '67 Ford
Mustang must have been quite
powerful, for they never rode down
Simon's street again.

EXT. BIKE TRAILS - DAY

Empty bike trails, with a light breeze.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

For that matter, they were never again seen on the bike trails either. They never spoke to each other regarding the incident. Eventually the time came when they ceased speaking to one another completely.

EXT. ANONYMOUS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

BULLIES ride along, ghetto blaster leads the way.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

Whether it was for fear of having committed such an unspeakable act, or fear of police involvement. Or perhaps Brandy unleashed little monsters from within, uncorking entirely new fears. Ones that couldn't be lived down.

The bullies, ride down road, then split off into three separate directions and vanish.

BACK TO:

EXT. BICKEL'S BACKYARD TRAMPOLINE - EVENING

Nick and Simon pass a dozen saddened kids, all staring at - "Cursed" Trampoline, guarded by YELLOW police barrier SAFETY TAPE. There's still dried blood on it.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

Likewise, The words she spoke to Simon just now in her car, must have been equally as potent...

Finally, Simon pulls away tape. Followed by Nick, the two kick away shoes and climb up, bouncing. The neighborhood kids applaud such courage.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)

...for it inspired an act seven years in the making. Bringing together two best friends to soar to new heights...

Like a pair of acrobats, Simon and Nick showcase flips and twists while continuously bouncing.

ON STREET: Schultz family car passes, en route home from church. From her car seat, Ellie Belly spots the boys.

ELLIE BELLY
(points)
There's Sime! Let's stop!

They pour out of car and wander up, hand in hand, arm in arm.

ON PORCH: Billy Bickel hobbles out to watch as well. He's on crutches and 30% of his body is in a cast. Other than bumps and bruises and stitches, he'll be alright.

Maureen follows him outside.

Eye contact established between Elijah and Mo. She acknowledges gratitude, nodding down to her son, "thanks" from across yard. Elijah smiles.

For a moment, Elijah longs for deeper meaning behind the glance, but finally looks away, never to return.

Elijah watches his wife and daughter as they view Simon.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
As the neighborhood trampoline, I'm
like a shepherd tending my flock,
or a gardener manicuring my greens,
or however that analogy goes...
This is me...

As boys continue to jump, feet bouncing on trampoline.

TRAMPOLINE (V.O.)
...and these are my gardens.

NICK
My mom's moving us up north, which
sucks, but I guess it's a new
beginning. She's got a house
picked out and everything.
(beat)
You and me'll hook up for
vacations. Come up north and clock
some new fanny I line up for us.
And when I visit, I can hit up all
the old fanny that never noticed me
in the day, but in my absence will
be dying to get some. It'll be on
like Donkey Kong 24-seven.

SIMON

Great plan bro. But in the meantime, I think I'll lay-off the tail a while.

(blushes)

Too much work. Plus I gotta get into tryout mode.

NICK

Can't bullshit a bullshitter. I saw you and Brandy hashing out some diabolical pussy plan. Tell me you're plotting a major fluid swap... Well are ya?

Simon smiles.

NICK

C'mon, I'm dying here. What was that all about?

Simon's grin grow wider as he bounces to great heights.

NICK

Brother man, we're best buds. Give up the fucking goods.

SIMON

(shakes head)

Naw.

Higher and higher jumps. Pure delight on their faces.

The boys bounce to backdrop of a perfect Michigan sunset sky, pinks and purples and everything in-between.

Lightening bugs flutter out from within bushes and trees.

SQUEAKY SPRINGS sound effect continues on after the -

FADE TO BLACK.