

CLASS

An Original Screenplay

by

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CLASS

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

Fall. The spectacular colors of autumn leaves. Morning dew still glistens.

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES PREP SCHOOL - MORNING

Classic. Red brick, slate, and stone. Ivy league. Bustling with activity. STUDENTS moving in for the new term carrying trunks, suitcases, garment bags.

JONATHON OGNER

eighteen, slight, drags an enormous trunk SCRAPING and GRATING across the courtyard. He is the only student wearing the Mt. St. Charles uniform: blue blazer, grey slacks, white shirt, black tie. Others wear jeans, t-shirts, tennis shoes, etc. Jonathon stops, consults a piece of paper, looks around and continues on.

EXT. CHAPEL

Jonathon drags his trunk across the lawn.

EXT. EDGEWATER DORM - MORNING

A couple of students run out the door as Jonathon pulls up with his trunk. He takes a breath and looks gratefully up at the sign above the door -- EDGEWATER.

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - STAIRWELL

Jonathan enters and treks up the first flight of stairs, trunk THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS

Jonathon rounds the corner and climbs the third flight, other students pass him going up and down. The THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING continues o.s., as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THIRD FLIGHT LANDING

At last Jonathon clears the top, exhausted. He drags the trunk to...

ROOM 308

inserts a key and opens the door.

A FRIENDLY VOICE

Hey, you must be Jonathon. Come
on in!

INT. ROOM 308

SQUIRE ELSWORTH BURROUGHS IV, "Skip" to his friends, eighteen,
heir to the upper class Eastern establishment, a prince of the
royal American Dream, is lounging in his robe. Skip leaps to
his feet, holds out hand.

SKIP

Squire Elsworth Burroughs the fourth.
Call me Skip.

Skip takes the trunk from Jonathon, pulls it in, shuts door.

SKIP (cont'd)

(heaves trunk onto bed)

Whatcha got in here, a dead body?

(talking a mile a
minute)

You know we had a guy last year,
smuggled his girlfriend up here
in one of these, lost the key --
by the time we got it open, she
was dead!

(laughs uproariously;
then punches Jonathon
on shoulder)

Just kidding. Welcome to Mt. St.
Charles.

(points to empty side
of room)

This is your side, make yourself
at home.

Skip's half of the room is looked over by a huge MOOSEHEAD. His
side is filled with expensive toys: TV, stereo, typewriter, stocked
bookshelves, tennis racket, skis; all the musts of a youthful jetsette

Jonathon's half -- stark, empty shelves, stripped bed.

SKIP (cont'd)

I guess nobody told you...

(fingers Jonathan's
coat)

we don't have to wear those rags
'til tomorrow. Here I am
rattling on, you're probably tired.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP (cont'd)

Sit down, take your shoes off,
tell me something about yourself.
Where're you from, where'd you go
to school?

JONATHAN

Well, I --

SKIP

(checks watch)

Oh shit, we gotta go.

Skip slips off his robe and stands before Jonathan in red silk
bra and woman's panties.

SKIP (cont'd)

Like 'em?

Jonathon's eyes widen.

SKIP (cont'd)

I love 'em. I looked all over.
Most guys go to Neiman Marcus,
but I found this fabulous little
boutique nobody knows about called
Henri's. It is tres merveilleux.

JONATHON

(hesitant)

What are you doing?

SKIP

Here, feel 'em. Real silk.

Skip grabs Jonathan's hand and places it on his bra-covered
breast.

SKIP (cont'd)

If these don't take first prize,
there is no God.

(dropping Jonathon's
hand)

C'mon, c'mon, we gotta go. Hurry
up and change.

JONATHAN

What are you doing?

Skip slaps forehead with palm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

Oh no, oh God, I forgot you've never been to Prep school, you wouldn't know, how could you?

(laughing)

You must think I'm a real weird guy.

(overcome with laughter)

Look, look, it's a Mt. St. Charles tradition.

(calming down)

Every year the seniors have to parade around campus in women's underwear. Supposed to teach us humility or somethin', I don't know. What it really is, the seniors give the lower grades shit all year long, they get one chance to laugh at us. They've been doin' it every year for a hundred years.

(gives a helpless shrug)
Tradition.

(thinks it over for a beat)

Jesus, what are you gonna do?
Let me think, let me think...

JONATHON

Well, I --

SKIP

Wait just a minute...

(snaps fingers, points to Jonathon)

Jenny!

JONATHON

Jenny?

Skip digs through a drawer and comes up with a black lace bikini and bra. Holds them up.

SKIP

You're in luck.

JONATHON

Look, I really --

SKIP

What do you want me to do, give you mine? I planned for this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP (cont'd)
 Look, granted, you're not going
 to win with these...
 (holds out black
 lingerie)
 ... but at least you won't be
 embarrassed.

As Jonathon weakly reaches out for them, we...

CUT TO:

INT. DORM - HALL

The door opens and Skip, in bra and panties, exits quickly.

SKIP
 C'mon, c'mon, we're gonna be
 late.

Jonathon, now clad in black lace bra and panties, peers out
 the door.

JONATHON
 I can't.

Skip grabs him by the arm.

SKIP
 If I miss the judging 'cause of
 you...

Skip pulls him down the stairs.

INT. DORM - GROUND FLOOR - SAME TIME

As Skip comes tearing downstairs with Jonathon in tow.

SKIP
 Hurry it up!

JONATHON
 I'm comin', I'm comin'...

Skip flings open the door and flings Jonathon...

EXT. DORM

outside, into a group of STUDENTS. Jonathon turns in time to
 see Skip slamming and locking the door behind him.

THROUGH THE GLASS PANEL, we SEE Skip give Jonathon a confident
 "thumbs up".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathon stares at Skip in horror as we HEAR a "wolf's whistle", followed by:

STUDENTS

Hey, honey... Hubba hubba...

Jonathon stiffens and the blood drains from his face as he realizes his predicament. Mustering what little dignity he has left, he walks to the door and tries to open it. Locked. MORE WHISTLES, VOICES, CATCALLS AND APPLAUSE. Jonathon turns and faces the crowd of jeering students stone-faced.

INT. SKIP'S ROOM

Skip is in hysterics. He falls on the bed in a fit of laughter. The WHISTLES, CATCALLS, etc. INCREASE IN VOLUME OUTSIDE. Still laughing, Skip slowly gets up and crosses to the window.

EXT. DORM

A hundred or so students have gathered below, HOWLING at Jonathon who is now about ten feet below Skip's window, scaling the ivy-covered walls. Every dorm window is open and STUDENTS lean out watching Jonathon's escapade. A boy leans dangerously far out a window and snaps a photo. Skip leans out, sees Jonathon and laughs so hard he falls onto the floor o.s.

INT. DORM ROOM

Skip is on the floor, convulsed with laughter. Suddenly Jonathon appears in the window and climbs in. Jonathon closes the window, stares down at Skip who is laughing helplessly, trying unsuccessfully to control himself. Jonathon glares at him. Skip finally masters his emotion, gets a straight face, looks at Jonathon, then bursts out laughing again.

SKIP

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I know it was a rotten thing to do...

(can't stop laughing)

I was supposed to have my own room... no hard feelings, okay?... Really, it is a tradition, somebody falls for it every year!

(beat; regains control)

Look, I'm really sorry, I really am. Don't take it personally, it was just a prank.

(offers his hand)

No hard feelings?

Jonathon stares at his hand for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP (cont'd)
C'mon, we're roommates. We're
gonna be together for a whole
year. Truce?

Jonathon reluctantly takes his hand.

JONATHON
... Truce.

Skip uses all his might not to laugh again, and ultimately
has to turn away as he explodes in a spasm of hysteria.

CUT TO:

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wearing his robe, Jonathon is alone in the bathroom. He finishes
washing his face, dries off, looks at himself in the mirror for
a moment. As he picks up his shaving kit and heads for the door,
two senior boys, ROGER and ALLEN, enter. They both smile when
they see Jonathon. Roger gives him a "wolf" whistle. Allen
winks. Jonathon ignores them both and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jonathon exits the bathroom and we HEAR Roger and Allen laughing.

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - 11 P.M.

Surrounded by the dark woods, Mount St. Charles looks almost
Gothic in the dim moonlight.

A VOICE

Lights!

A few remaining lights blink off, leaving the buildings in total
darkness.

EXT. EDGEWATER DORMITORY - SAME TIME

A flashlight glares into CAMERA as MR. SCHNEIDER, the tall,
Ichabod Cranish science teacher enters the dorm.

INT. DORMITORY - SAME TIME

Mr. Schneider enters. MANNIX PETRIE, seventeen, chubby, red
hair, the dorm master, greets him.

MR. SCHNEIDER
Good evening, Mr. Petrie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MANNIX
Everything's okay, sir.

MR. SCHNEIDER
Good night, Mr. Petrie.

MANNIX
Good night, sir.

Schneider exits. Mannix pulls a cigarette butt out of his pocket, lights up, takes a drag just as Schneider sticks his head back in.

MR. SCHNEIDER
One more thing. . .

Mannix quickly sucks the cigarette into his mouth in one deft move.

MR. SCHNEIDER (cont'd)
. . . if you have any trouble with
boys smoking, let me know. Okay?

Mannix nods. Schneider exits. Mannix opens his mouth, the cigarette reappears and he continues to smoke as if nothing happened. He starts up the dark stairway.

INT. ROOM 308 - LATER

Skip is asleep. Jonathon is lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. He looks over at Skip, then looks back at the ceiling. Deep in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Jonathon picks up his tray, turns from the cafeteria line, looking for a place to sit.

HIS P.O.V.

of a sea of unknown, unfriendly faces. WHISPERS, pointing fingers, giggling.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH JONATHON as he moves past the rows of tables. We HEAR WHISTLES and --

VARIOUS STUDENTS
It's the guy in the woman's
underwear. . . The lovely Miss April. . .
Great tits. . . Nice ass. . .

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Skip, sitting at one of the tables, sees Jonathon and his predicament. He motions to Jonathon.

SKIP

Hey, Jonathon. Over here!

Jonathon ignores Skip, moves to an empty table and sits all by himself. In the very corner. He pushes the food around his plate with his fork for a moment, then buries his face in his hands. His shoulders tremble with muffled sobs. Some of the whispers fall silent.

ANGLE - SKIP AND FRIENDS

at the Edgewater table. Including Roger, Allen, Mannix, and LARRY.

ROGER

Oh God, what a dork.

LARRY

We're talkin' a major zero.

Allen laughs.

SKIP

Shut up.

Skip sees Jonathon get up from his table and walk out of the dining hall.

CUT TO:

INT. EDGEWATER DORMITORY - LATER

Skip moves down the hall, stops in front of 308. He starts to open the door, stops. Knocks. No response.

SKIP

Jonathon... It's me.

(no response)

Come on.

Skip opens the door, enters.

SKIP (cont'd)

You're makin' way too big a --

Oh fuck!

Jonathon is hanging from the ceiling, a noose around his neck. His face is white as a ghost. Some bodily liquid drips from his shoe.

Skip stares at Jonathon's body in total shock for a moment, then goes tearing out of the room, running down the hall.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EDGEWATER DORMITORY - MOMENTS LATER

as Skip is racing back to the dorm with HEADMASTER DASHELL "DASH" KENNEDY, fifty, formidable, and MISS NURSE HOWARD, CHAPLAIN BAKER, totally average, and LOTS of STUDENTS, including the Edgewater boys.

SKIP

I don't know why he did it. I

don't know why he did it. Oh

God, it was just a joke.

INT. EDGEWATER DORMITORY - THIRD FLOOR - SAME TIME

Skip, et al, come charging down the hallway to 308. Skip throws open the door. Stops in his tracks as the others gather around him. Crowding in. All are speechless.

HEADMASTER KENNEDY

Is this meant to amuse me, Mr. Burroughs?

THEIR POV

of the body -- what once was Jonathon is now a rather crude, but unmistakeable, PAPER MACHE EFFIGY OF HEADMASTER KENNEDY wearing the black bra and panties. We HEAR a siren approaching in the distance.

INT. ROOM 308

Roger, Allen, and Larry can't control themselves and burst out laughing. Chaplain Baker quickly turns and tries to shush them to no avail. Kennedy puts his hand on Skip's shoulder and looks at him, almost pityingly.

HEADMASTER KENNEDY

Why don't you stop by my office about eight in the morning. It'll give you a chance to think about what you've done, and it'll give me a chance to think about what I'm going to do. And please invite your dead roommate.

Kennedy turns, exits. The students part like the Red Sea, making way for him. And Chaplain Baker gives Skip a "bad dog" look and slowly shuts the door. Skip is alone in the room. He stares up at the hanging effigy. Beaten. Suddenly we HEAR a strange noise coming from the closet. Skip looks at the closet. We HEAR pounding from within. Skip moves to the closet. We HEAR laughter coming from inside now. Skip opens the door.

Jonathon is inside. Pounding the floor. Fit to be tied. Tears of laughter stream down his face, streaking his white "death" make-up.

JONATHON

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I know it was a rotten thing to do...

(can't stop laughing)

... but what could I do, I was so humiliated. I had no choice. I simply had to kill myself. God, it was awful... Don't take it personally... it's just a prank.

(regains control;
offers hand)

No hard feelings?

Skip stares at Jonathon's hand for a moment.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Truce?

Skip gives Jonathon a begrudging smile, takes his hand.

SKIP

Truce.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Establishing the most impressive two-story old brick house on campus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEADMASTER KENNEDY (O.S.)
I'm not really prepared for this
conversation...

INT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

Kennedy is seated behind his desk. Skip and Jonathan stand before him, silent, rigid. On the wall behind Kennedy is a framed photo -- Kennedy shaking hands with President Reagan. Autographed.

HEADMASTER KENNEDY (cont'd)
Usually I have at least a month
before I am faced with students
in women's underwear, or an artist's
rendering of my persona dangling
from the rafters.

(lets that sink in)
We're only in the first week,
gentlemen. It's frightening to
imagine what could happen by
Christmas... isn't it?

SKIP & JONATHON
Yes sir.

KENNEDY
That was rhetorical. I like to
give every boy one chance to screw
up. I think we can assume that
you've each had yours now... The
simple solution to your inability
to cope with one another would be
to separate you. But I'm not
going to do that. You're going
to learn to live with one another.
And you're going to behave like
adults. No ifs, ands, or buts.
Is that clear?

SKIP & JONATHON
Yes sir.

KENNEDY
Good day.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Skip and Jonathon, looking properly chastised, exit. Skip mimes wiping the sweat from his brow. Jonathon nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYING FIELDS OF MOUNT ST. CHARLES - DAY

Lacrosse. Two teams battling it out. Skip, Jonathon, Roger, Mannix, Allen, Larry and OTHERS.

Jonathon tears across field flailing his lacrosse stick in the air.

JONATHON
I got it, I got it, I got it!

Indeed he does -- he catches the ball, THWACK! in the forehead and crumples to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

SKIP

leaps into the air, makes an impossible catch, and flings the ball into the goal.

JONATHON
(victory fist)
Yeah!

DISSOLVE TO:

JONATHON

attempts to copy Skip's impossible catch.

JONATHON
I got it, I got it, I got it!

Like a tank, Mannix rumbles in as Jonathon leaps into the air missing the ball -- but not Mannix -- Jonathon bounces off him like a handball off a backboard and crumbles to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

SKIP

dodges an opposing player, makes an incredible backhand stab, fakes, flings and scores.

JONATHON
(weakening)
Yeah!

DISSOLVE TO:

A MASSIVE PILE-UP OF BOTH TEAMS

The WHISTLE BLOWS. The players peel themselves off, one by one, ultimately revealing Jonathon flat on his back at the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

bottom of the pile, gripping his lacrosse stick for dear life and -- miraculously -- the ball in his net.

SKIP

(gives him a hand up)

Nice catch.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - LATER

Bodies -- in shape, out of shape and no shape. Jonathon's skinny frame is colored with bruises and lacerations from the game.

ROGER

Hey Mannix, I see you finally grew a hair down there.

MANNIX

I'd have more, Rog, if you hadn't eaten all the others.

LARRY

(to Jonathon)

Good game, rat.

Larry gives Jonathon a butch slug in the arm. Jonathon winces in pain, tries to hide it with a smile.

JONATHON

Ditto.

Jonathon moves towards the exit. Allen slaps him on his bruised back.

ALLEN

Not bad, champ.

JONATHON

Check,

Jonathon enters...

THE LOCKER ROOM AREA

and now that he's alone, immediately drops the jock charade. His shoulders sag. His whole body in pain.

JONATHON

(a gasping old man)

Ahhhhhhhhhh...

Jonathon drags himself to the lockers and collapses on a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

bench. A couple of lockers away, Skip stands in powder blue boxer shorts. He has the perfect muscle-toned, all-American body. He pats on Polo after-shave. Smiles.

SKIP

Really into death, aren't you.

JONATHON

Pussy game.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Senior American History. MR. KRIEGER, the rotund teacher, is passionate about two things: food and history.

This is a stimulating class, Skip and others pay attention. Jonathon, in the back row, is absorbed in a math problem with his calculator.

KRIEGER

Thomas Morton is a rather obscure picaresque figure in American history. And one of my personal favorites. It's 1624 when Morton arrives in Colonial Massachusetts as one of the owners of the Wollaston Company. When Wollaston and most of the settlers move to Virginia, Morton stays on and takes charge of the colony, renaming it Merry Mount. Inevitably this free-living, prospering, sharp-tongued Anglican, runs into trouble with his Pilgrim and Puritan neighbors, when he erects a Maypole --

Krieger notices Jonathon not paying attention. He stops and waits. Everyone looks back at Jonathon who is so intent on his math, he doesn't even notice.

KRIEGER (cont'd)

Are we boring you, Mr. Ogner?

JONATHON

(looks up)

Huh?

KRIEGER

Why don't you just continue on where I left off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRIEGER (cont'd)
(no response)
We're waiting, Mr. Ogner.
(still no response)

SKIP
(stage whisper)
Thomas Morton!

JONATHON
Thomas Morton.

KRIEGER
What about him?

SKIP
(stage whisper)
Maypole!

KRIEGER
He doesn't need any help from
you, Mr. Burroughs.

Skip nods amiably.

JONATHON
(shifts into high gear)
Morton wrote bawdy verse, poked
fun at his saintly neighbors,
monopolized the beaver trade,
and sold guns to the Indians.
Basically, Morton and his friends
liked to drink a lot, dance around
a Maypole dressed as bears, wild
boars, and satyrs, and uhhh...
fornicate with the local Indian
girls.

Class laughs.

JONATHON (cont'd)
The Pilgrims arrested Morton, cut
down his Maypole, and exiled him --

KRIEGER
(holds up hand)
Okay, Mr. Ogner, go back to what
you were doing. I'll just pick
up where you left off. The Puritans
exiled Morton to the Isle of Shoals --

Skip glances at Jonathon, impressed. *Good*

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Jonathon sits at his desk, studying. Skip is sprawled on his bed, in his robe, perusing the Cliffnotes version of "Moby Dick". Without looking up, he grabs the tequilla bottle and freshens his drink. He drinks, sighs, and tosses the Cliffnotes at Jonathon.

JONATHON

Some of us are trying to work.

SKIP

Pardonnez moi.

MANNIX (O.S.)

Lights!

Jonathon gets up and attaches a BLACK-OUT BOARD to the window. Then he places a towel at the foot of the door and returns to his desk. Skip watches this ritual, disgusted. He gets up and thumps the bottle down on the book Jonathon is reading.

SKIP

If you read one more word, I'm going to drink this entire bottle myself and barf all over you.

Jonathon gauges the sincerity of this threat, then closes the book.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Skip and Jonathon are seated on their respective beds facing each other. Glasses in hand, the half empty tequilla bottle is on the floor between them. Skip is in the midst of cleaning and repacking his pipe. Jonathon is lost in thought, takes a sip from his drink. Skip refills Jonathon's glass.

SKIP

What d'you say we play a little drinking game. It's called "Your deepest darkest secret."

JONATHON

Must we?

SKIP

Sure, it's great. First I tell you a secret, then I drink. Then you tell me a secret, then I drink again. Then when I'm really drunk, you put me to bed and give me a blow job. Ready?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I'm not sure I like this game.

SKIP

You wanna cut out all the bullshit
and get right to the blow job?

(winks)

Just kidding. Okay. Here we go.

(ponders)

A secret, a secret, a deep dark
secret. . . Okay, my first car, an
Alfa just like the one I've got now.
First day I had it, I totalled it.
So me and a friend towed it up on top
of a mountain and pushed it off. I
reported it as stolen and got a new
one. With a better radio I might add.

Skip drinks.

SKIP (cont'd)

Your turn.

JONATHON

I'm supposed to tell you a secret.

SKIP

You got it.

Jonathon thinks for a moment, then --

JONATHON

Okay, we live in Pittsburgh in your
basic tract house. When I was a
kid I built a fort in the garage.
I used to go in there and smoke
cigarettes and read dirty magazines.
So one day I'd been in there smoking.
And that night when my old man got
home and closed the garage door, all
these hot coals and charred Playboys
came down on his head. The whole
fucking garage was on fire.

SKIP

What'd you do?

JONATHON

The intelligent thing. I blamed it
on the kid down the street.

Jonathon drinks. Skip nods.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SKIP

Two years ago I met this girl, Heather McMillan. She was twenty-five and I told her I was twenty-one. I didn't know what I was doing, but I must've done something right 'cause a month later she shows up on my doorstep and tells me she's pregnant.

JONATHON

You knocked her up the first time?

SKIP

Dat ain't all folks. My old man is Squire Franklin Burroughs, the third, and if I wanted to live to be the fourth there was no way I was going to tell him. So one night my folks are throwin' a small party for a hundred and fifty close personal friends. With my last twenty bucks I buy this huge pair of boots -- size fourteen. I tromp through the gardens, break in the French doors, leave these giant muddy tracks all over the Persian rug, then sneak into the study where all the coats and purses are. To make it look real, I couldn't take a little, I had to take everything. I gave the girl enough money to have six abortions. Then about a week later I meet this other guy who tells me he gave the same girl money for the same thing. It was all a crock a shit.

Jonathon stares at him for a moment, then bursts out laughing.

SKIP (cont'd)

And to this day, they're still looking for this enormous burglar with size fourteen feet.

Jonathon laughs even harder. Skip takes a healthy belt from his glass.

SKIP (cont'd)

Okay. . . beat that one.

Jonathon calms, remains silent for a long moment, then --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

When I was twelve I went to the hospital to have my tonsils out. I was lying in bed after the operation and I'd already read all the books I brought with me so I got up looking for something else and picked up my medical chart.

SKIP

And you found out you were dead.

JONATHON

I found out I was adopted.

SKIP

No shit?

(Jonathon nods)

What did your parents say?

JONATHON

I never told them I found out.

Both are silent for a moment, then Jonathon drains his glass. Skip immediately refills it.

JONATHON

Okay. . . beat that one.

SKIP

(a long pause, then --)

Alright, but I have to drink before this one.

(drinks)

This is something I've never told anyone. And you've got to swear what you hear will never leave this room. Swear to God?

JONATHON

Okay.

SKIP

(ultra serious)

I killed a man.

(a long beat)

I was in Puerto Vallarta last year with some friends. We're all in a bar when I meet this gorgeous girl. She takes me back to her place. I walk in the door and the next thing I know some huge guy puts a gun to my head and my gorgeous gal is goin' through my pockets.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SKIP (cont'd)

I musta been really drunk 'cause I kicked the sonuvabitch in the balls and went for the gun. The next thing I know there's this huge explosion and the guy's lying there with blood pouring out of this hole in the side of his head.

JONATHON

Jesus! What d'you do?

SKIL

I got the hell out of there.

Skip tosses his glass aside and drinks from the bottle. Another silence.

SKIP (cont'd)

Ball's in your court, ace.

Jonathon is speechless, then:

JONATHON

I can't beat that.

SKIP

Alright. Then just tell me the worst thing you've ever done.

A long pause.

JONATHON

I cheated on the S.A.T.

SKIP

(belittling him)

What, you wrote a few logarithms on your sleeve.

JONATHON

No, I bought the test. I had all the answers going in.

SKIP

Come on. I can smell bullshit a mile away.

JONATHON

Cost me three hundred and fifty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

You cheated on the S.A.T. You
cheated on the S.A.T.

(thoroughly delighted)

That's incredible! I love it!

JONATHON

You love what?

SKIP

You're the smartest guy in the
 school. You didn't have to cheat
 on the S.A.T. Christ, even Roger
 passed the S.A.T. Jesus, you
 really cheated on the S.A.T.
 That's pretty serious.

JONATHON

Well you killed a guy!

SKIP

Well... not exactly.

(starts laughing)

That sonuvabitch in Puerto Vallarta
 got away with everything I had.
 And I was so scared I shit in my
 pants!

Skip falls off the bed laughing. Jonathon just stares at him.

JONATHON

What an asshole.

Skip laughs all the harder as we...

GOOD
 SCENE -
 EST. RELATIONSHIP
 SETS UP VITAL
 INFO - ACCEPTED
 CUT TO: CHANGING SAT.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - STAIRWELL - DAY

Between classes. Student traffic. Jonathon moves downstairs
 with a FELLOW STUDENT.

JONATHON

Kafka's symbolism is obvious.
 The apple represents original sin.
 It sticks in his side like Christ's
 wound -- and eventually it festers
 and destroys him.

FELLOW STUDENT

No, no. What he's sayin' is we're
 all bugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathon! SKIP (O.S.)

Skip hurries down from above, pushing his way through. Jonathon waits for Skip, the other student continues on.

STUDENT
Later.

CAMERA TRACKS with Jonathon and Skip as they move downstairs.

SKIP
Guess what you're doing tonight?

JONATHON
Latin.

SKIP
Wrong. You've got a date with
the second prettiest girl at
Foxfield.

JONATHON
(stops in his tracks)
You didn't.

SKIP
I did.

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

After lights out. Jonathon and Skip are two shadows in the dark room, speaking in anxious rapid-fire whispers. Skip is opening the window.

JONATHON
I can't go through with this.
I feel nauseous.

SKIP
What are you talking about,
you've done it before.

JONATHON
I've never done it before!

SKIP
(reaches behind desk;
pulls out rope)
You climbed up here the first day.

JONATHON
I'm not talkin' about that. I'm
talkin' about the girls!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

You've never done that before?

JONATHON

Well, sure, I've done it, I've done it lots, maybe not all the way every time. I mean I've kind of done it. God, I really don't feel too good.

SKIP

(puts hand on Jonathon's shoulder)

Jonathon, you've got nothing to worry about. These are very nice girls. I might not even get laid.

(afterthought)

Although that's highly unlikely.

EXT. DORM - NIGHT

A rope is flung out of the boy's room, trailing down the side of the building to the ground. Skip and Jonathon climb out the window and, hand over hand, descend the rope.

JONATHON

(sickly)

Skip, I'm not kidding. I'm really not up for this.

SKIP

Shhhhhh!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DEAD OF NIGHT

Skip leans into his Alfa Romeo convertible two-seater and releases the handbrake.

SKIP

(whispers)

Okay.

Jonathon helps Skip push the car across the lot.

JONATHON

(whispers)

This is crazy, we're gonna get caught. I don't want to get caught. You know what they'll do if they catch us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP
Shoot us.

JONATHON
That's not funny.

SKIP
Will you relax?

JONATHON
No.

They hop in the car and it coasts silently out of the parking lot and onto the road leading out of the school.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As the Alfa Romeo ROARS around a curve PAST CAMERA, Jonathon holding on for dear life.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CRICKETS. The car is parked in a small clearing. Jonathon and Skip wait. Skip checks his Casio watch -- as it hits midnight it BEEPS BEEPS. Skip hoots like an owl. O.S. we HEAR an answering HOOT.

JONATHON
I don't believe this.

LISA AND SUSAN

two rather striking young preppy ladies bound out of the wilderness toward the car. Giggling.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Skip and the girls in front, Jonathon stuck uncomfortably in the narrow space behind the front seat, his head wedged between Lisa and Susan. The car sways back and forth as Skip SCREECHES around the curves like Andy Granitelli. Jonathon closes his eyes, trying to maintain, his face ashen.

Lisa and Susan are talking at REDLINE 9,000 R.P.M.'s:

LISA
... It's not that they don't want to work, it's just that we haven't given them the opportunities.

SUSAN
Poor people are just like you and me. Except they don't have any money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

It's not their fault. They have
so many kids, they can't get out
from under.

SUSAN

We've been educated, we use
birth control, we're not going
to get pregnant.

Skip shoots Jonathon a confident look. Jonathon looks ill,
beads of sweat glisten on his forehead.

LISA

But nobody gives a damn about
them. And their situation will
never change until we do something
about it.

Jonathon makes a horrible GUTTERAL SOUND. Susan and Lisa
turn to face him.

SUSAN

You don't agree?

JONATHON

No, no, I --

As Jonathon throws up all over the girls, they scream in horror
and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Engine off, lights out, the Alfa Romeo coasts into the parking
lot and stops. Skip and Jonathon sit silently for a long
dejected moment, then:

JONATHON

You know... deep down inside,
I really think they liked me.

Skip slowly turns and looks at Jonathon, then laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES CLASSROOM BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

Jonathon is moving up the stairs, books under his arms, amid
the crowd of students.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP (O.S.)

Jonathon!

Skip catches up to Jonathon.

SKIP

Guess what I just did for you.

JONATHON

I don't want to know.

SKIP

(holds out hand)

Welcome aboard, Mr. Secretary.

Jonathon just stares at the hand.

INT. ROOM 308 - AFTERNOON

JONATHON

Secretary of the dance committee
is bullshit. It's just an excuse
to get out of class.

Skip is tying his tie, looking in the mirror. Unhappy with
the tie, he flings it aside and tries a flashy ascot instead.

SKIP

That's only one of its positive
aspects. The best part is there's
five of us, four hundred and
seventy-nine of them.

CUT TO:

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS

walking across Foxfield campus, staring out dorm windows,
jogging and bicycling, etc.

EXT. FOXFIELD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - AFTERNOON

The Mount St. Charles school van pulls to a halt. Dressed in
freshly pressed blazers, Roger, Mannix, Allen and Jonathon
step off the bus, followed a moment later by Skip, wearing a
black velvet jacket and ascot. Skip halts on the bottom step
and gazes affectionately at all the girls.

SKIP

(Maurice Chevalier)

"Sank heaven for leetle girls..."

Humming happily, Skip joins his friends.

INT. HEADMISTRESS' HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Victorian. Afternoon tea. Present are the Mt. St. Charles boys and five Foxfield girls, all in uniform: JULIA, SLOANE, BETTE and Lisa and Susan (the girls Jonathon threw up on). HEADMISTRESS DeBREUL, an aging socialite, presides.

All seated in a circle, tea cups, saucers and croissants balanced in laps. Sloane has the floor.

SLOANE

... and just before the last dance our Mrs. DeBreul and your Mr. Kennedy will present the prize for best costume.

SUSAN

Can we just say something?

LISA

We think this whole costume thing is really childish.

BETTE

What?!

JULIA

But it's a Halloween dance.

SUSAN

Julia, there are more important things in this world than Halloween.

LISA

There are people starving right here in our own backyard.

MRS. DeBREUL

Lisa, why don't you offer our guests some more croissants.

Lisa reluctantly stands, picks up the platter of croissants and moves down the line of boys, starting with Mannix. Mannix takes three. She gives him a look and moves to Allen.

BETTE

But a Halloween dance without costumes is just like every other dance.

SUSAN

Personally I think any dance is inappropriate considering the condition of the world today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

I'm so sick of you two and your
psuedo-intellectual liberal crud.

MRS. DeBREUL

Julia!

Lisa, approaching Jonathon with the tray, looks back over her
shoulder.

LISA

(to Julia)

Well, your cotton candy idea of
life makes me want to vomit.

MRS. DeBREUL

Lisa!

Lisa turns back and, finding herself face to face with Jonathon
who is reaching for a croissant, instinctively backs away.
As he reaches further, Jonathon's tea cup, balanced on his
knee, slides off his saucer, crashes to the floor. The hot
tea splashes onto Lisa's legs.

LISA

FUCK!

MRS. DeBREUL

Lisa!

Lisa jumps back, tossing the croissants into the air.

JONATHON

I'm sorry...

The croissants fall like rain around the room. One lands in
Susan's tea cup, splattering her. Another lands on Mrs.
DeBreul's head. And a third lands in Skip's open palm.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Excuse me, I'm sorry...

(pulling out
handkerchief)

... let me help.

Jonathon bends down to dab Lisa's scorched leg.

LISA

Stay away from me!

She backs up and plants her spiked heel right on Mrs. DeBreul's
corns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. DeBREUL

FUCK!

Mrs. DeBreul pushes Lisa off her foot, sending her reeling into Jonathon, who stands, SMACKING his head into the heavy silver serving tray, KNOCKING the tray out of her hands and sending it CRASHING into a Ming vase. Jonathon, stunned, grabs his head. Lisa SLAPS him hard across the face, knocking him off-balance.

LISA

You... peon!

Jonathon reaches for something to maintain his balance. Unfortunately for Lisa, he grabs her blouse as he falls, popping all the buttons and revealing the fact that she's not wearing a bra. Jonathon crashes into one end of the coffee table, catapulting the tea service into the air. The girls scream. Ever calm, Skip surveys the utter destruction. He takes a nibble of croissant.

SKIP

Why don't we leave it up to the individual as to whether or not he or she wants to wear a costume.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

The dance committee -- Skip, Jonathon, Allen, Roger, Mannix -- stands before Kennedy. Somber. Kennedy is at his desk, on the phone, staring at his photograph of President Reagan shaking his hand.

KENNEDY

(into phone)

... I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. DeBreul...

Yes, it was most unfortunate...

(glares at Jonathon)

The vase was a gift from Eleanor Roosevelt?... Irreplaceable?...

No, no, I don't think that's too extreme. Not at all. As a matter of fact, I think you're being quite generous...

(trying to hang up)

Yes, yes... you too. Good-bye.

He hangs up, faces the boys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Well, Mr. Burroughs, you and your dance committee have really made an indelible impression on our sister school. And especially you, Mr. Ogner. Not only are you forbidden to attend the Halloween dance, but you are the first boy in the history of Mount St. Charles to ever be banned from Foxfield Girls' Academy until, and I quote, the day you die.

(lets it sink in)

I hope, for your sakes, this is the last such conversation I'll have with you... for the rest of the year. Do I make myself clear?

THE BOYS

Yes sir.

EXT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The five boys exit. Jonathon is the most depressed of the group.

SKIP

Banished from Foxfield forever.

ALLEN

The only females within a hundred miles.

JONATHON

What am I gonna do?

SKIP

(wrapping a friendly
arm around Jonathon)

Die a virgin.

CUT TO:

INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - CLOSE ON JONATHAN - NIGHT

looking in the mirror. T-shirt and jeans.

MANNIX (O.S.)

(muffled)

Jonathon, lemme borrow your comb.

Jonathon hands his comb to a HAIRY PAW.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Crowded with boys in costume. Mannix, in a gorilla suit, is combing his fur. Included -- Cyrano De Bergerac, shark, a native, spaceman, Reagan, etc. Commotion. Mannix hands the comb back now clogged with gorilla hair. Jonathon stares at it blankly.

MANNIX

Merci.

As Jonathon heads for the exit, a big chicken, smoking a cigarette comes out of one of the stalls.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jonathon moves down the hall, opens the door to 308. He's immediately hit with a BLAST OF LIGHT and a MOZART REQUIEM. JESUS CHRIST appears to him. Silhouetted in the heavenly light.

JESUS

Ta daaaaaaah.

Jonathon enters. Moves past Jesus, turns down the music. With the long hair, beard, robe, sandals, and compassionate eyes, Skip makes a grand Jesus.

SKIP

You look troubled, my son.

Jonathon ignores him.

SKIP (cont'd)

But worriest thou not about being banished forever from the Foxfield school for girls. For even though they are the only females within a hundred miles, there is still a place where thou canst journey to:

(pulls a bus ticket
out of robe)

Boston. On the nine o'clock Greyhound.

JONATHON

Forget it.

SKIP

(as Skip)

Jonathon, Jonathon, Jonathon... Desperate circumstances require desperate measures. Your reputation proceeds you. Sexually you're finished in this part of the state.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

Must you rub it in.

SKIP

Yes.

(slaps ticket into
Jonathon's hand)

You take this ticket, you go to
the Boston Tea Party, and you
find the woman of your dreams.
If she's not there, take whatever
you can get. Grab a cab and take
her to the Bunker Hill Inn, get
one of the bungalows, light a
fire in the fireplace and plant
your seed in the Garden of Eden.
Here's a hundred bucks. Spend
it all in one place.

JONATHON

A hundred?

SKIP

Until you get laid, none of us is
safe.

(places hand on
Jonathan's shoulder)

And whatever you do, don't tell
her you're in high school. Tell
her you're a longshoreman, tell
her you're a theatre critic for
the Times --

JONATHON

But --

SKIP

No buts. I don't want to see
you back here until you succeed.
In fact, I'm not going to let
you back in the room unless you
bring me her...

(thinks a beat)

... panties!

JONATHON

Look, Skip, I'm not like you.
I don't have your finesse, your
charm, your --
(searching)

SKIP

In a word, class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I'm just no good with women.

SKIP

You know that, I know that, but the broads that go to the Boston Tea Party... Look, Jonathon, you're a terrific guy. Really. You've got a lot going for you. I wouldn't say that if I didn't mean it.

(a beat)

Well, I might say it if I didn't mean it. But probably not to you.

The door bursts open. A gorilla, chicken, shark, and Toulouse Letrec enter.

GORILLA

Come on. Let's go.

SHARK

Time's a wastin'.

CHICKEN

Puck-puck-puck.

T. LETREC

I'd lend you some money, but I'm a little short today.

The gorilla clubs Letrec with a hairy fist.

SKIP

(to Jonathon)

Get this one for the Gipper.

Skip shoulders his cross and exits with the others.

EVERYONE

See ya, Jonathon... Later...

Bon voyage... Don't get any on you.

The door shuts. We HEAR the boys loudly descending the stairs. Then silence. Jonathon is left alone. He moves to his desk. Sets the bus ticket and money down. Picks up a very thick copy of Thomas Mann's Magic Mountain. Opens it to the marker. Glances back at the ticket,

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A Greyhound bus roars PAST CAMERA. Emblazoned above the

(CONTINUED)

FANNY S. H. 11-11-41
COSTUMES

CONTINUED:

windshield is the destination sign -- BOSTON.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BOSTON TEA PARTY - NIGHT

On the wharf. Flashing neon. Eligible singles come and go. A cab pulls up. Jonathon gets out. The cab pulls away. Jonathon is wearing his best, and only, sport jacket, slacks. He just stares at the bar for a long moment.

JONATHON

(sotto)

Oh God, what am I doing here?

A beautiful, buxom, YOUNG LADY walks past Jonathon, gives him a onceover, and enters the bar.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Нормативные акты.

INT. BOSTON TEA PARTY - NIGHT

Jonathon enters. This place is a meatrack and packed with men and women on the make. Like a fish out of water, Jonathon takes in the scene -- smooth talk, MUSIC, smoke, sex.

Jonathon spots the young lady who gave him the onceover outside. She sits at a table with a couple, half listening to their conversation, sizing up the beef in the room. Her eyes linger on Jonathon. Mustering courage from some unknown reservoir, he manages a small smile. She turns away. The smile fades, he takes a deep breath and makes his move -- right into a passing WAITRESS, almost spilling her drinks.

WAITRESS

Watch it.

JONATHON

Sorry.

Jonathon continues towards the young lady, resolute, Frank Buck stalking his prey. He stops at her table. No one looks at him.

JONATHON (cont'd)

(nervous)

Hi.

The girl looks at him.

JONATHON (cont'd)

My name's Jonathon. What's yours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girl looks away. Jonathon pulls up a chair.

JONATHON (cont'd)
Mind if I join you?

Jonathon casually puts his foot on the wicker chair seat, his arm resting on the back.

JONATHON (cont'd)
You live around --

Suddenly Jonathon's foot CRASHES through the wicker seat. The young lady and her friends stare up at Jonathon. Red-faced, he tries to disengage his leg from the chair with as much dignity as he can muster. The chair won't give. He begins to struggle, then wrestle, with the chair. Losing his balance, he begins hopping frantically. He hops o.s. where we HEAR:

JONATHON (cont'd)
Ahhhh!

Followed by a monumental CRASH AND:

IRATE PATRONS (O.S.)
You asshole!... Bastard!...
Sonuvabitch!

CUT TO:

SAME PLACE - LATER

Jonathon is working another side of the room. He eyes a couple of attractive girls and opts for a rather PLAIN GIRL sitting by herself at a table. He gulps his drink, then crosses to her, limping slightly. He gives her his best smile, then:

JONATHON
Hi, my name's Jonathon, can I
buy you a drink?

PLAIN GIRL
Fuck off.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We HEAR someone throwing up from one of the stalls. A moment later the TOILET FLUSHES. Jonathon staggers out of the stall.

BACK IN THE BAR - SAME TIME

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE. Everyone is looking at a WILD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN, seated backwards on her barstool, head on the bar. The BARTENDER pours tequilla and quantro into her open mouth -- an upside-down Margarita.

Jonathon finds an open spot at the bar, slips in.

JONATHON
(to ANOTHER BARTENDER)
Coke.

BARTENDER
What d'you want in it?

JONATHON
A little cream.

The bartender gives him a look, mixes his drink. A CUTE GIRL is drinking with the couple next to Jonathon. She smiles, reacting to his drink. She elbows the guy next to her, points out Jonathon's Coke and cream. The cute girl leans up next to Jonathon.

CUTE GIRL
You here alone?

JONATHON
(caught off guard)
Huh?

CUTE GIRL
Are you here alone?

JONATHON
Yeah.

CUTE GIRL
You know, I get a very good feeling from you.

JONATHON
You do?

CUTE GIRL
Give me your hand.
(reluctantly he does;
she caresses it)
You've got a very exciting aura.
I bet you hear that all the time.

JONATHON
(warming up)
Now and again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans forward on the bar, pressing his hand to her breasts.

CUTE GIRL

Let me test it.

JONATHON

(hesitant)

Test what?

CUTE GIRL

Your aura. Just relax.

(hands him a nickle)

Take this nickel, close your eyes,
go on, close 'em.

He does.

CUTE GIRL (cont'd)

Now see if you can run the nickle
from your-forehead to your chin,
then from ear to ear without
losing contact with your skin.

JONATHON

That's it?

CUTE GIRL

(breathless)

It'll tell us everything we need
to know.

Eyes closed, Jonathon carefully follows the instructions,
tracing a big black line on his face. Trying not to laugh,
the cute girl and her friends get up and leave.

The wild woman at the bar pushes away a man who is trying to
kiss her neck. Her eyes come to rest on Jonathon who is
unwittingly drawing a BLACK CROSS on his face.

Jonathon completes the test.

JONATHON

Okay, how'd I do?

He opens his eyes. Looks around. The cute girl is gone. A
few people look at him strangely.

PASSING WAITRESS

(to Jonathon)

Looking good.

JONATHON

(confused)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrying a glass of water and several cocktail napkins, the Wild Woman pulls up a barstool next to Jonathon, eyeing the black cross on his face. She's 38 and beautiful.

WOMAN

You come here often?

JONATHON

Not often.

WOMAN

Mind if I show you something?

She opens her makeup mirror and holds it so Jonathon sees his reflection, black cross and all.

JONATHON

Oh God.

She smiles, dips the napkins in the water, starts to clean his face.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Why am I such a dip?

WOMAN

It could happen to anyone.

JONATHON

Only a turd would fall for something like that. And that turd is me.

WOMAN

Maybe you're right.

JONATHON

(stands)

Well, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to find a very tall building with a fabulous view and jump off.

Jonathon heads for the door. The woman watches him go.

EXT. BOSTON TEA PARTY BAR - SAME TIME

Jonathon exits the bar, looking rather defeated. He half-heartedly hails a cab when the Wild Woman comes up behind him and slips her arm through his.

WOMAN

I know just the tall building.

EXT. BOSTON HILTON - NIGHT

A towering structure. A brightly lit glass elevator on the outside of the building ascends toward the heavens above.

INT. ELEVATOR

Jonathon and the woman, alone, at opposite ends of the elevator, staring at one another. No expression, no talk. She smiles. He smiles back, albeit nervously.

INT. HILTON - TOP FLOOR

The elevator doors open. The woman exits. Jonathon follows her to a door marked -- ROOF ACCESS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

JONATHON

Look, don't you think this has gone far enough?

She opens the door, starts up the stairs, and disappears into the darkness.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Strong gusts of wind whip across the roof. The access door opens and Jonathon peers out.

JONATHON

Oh shit.

HIS POV

of the woman, standing at the edge of the roof, right up against the ineffectual two-foot restraining wall, the wind tearing at her hair and clothes. The twinkling lights of Boston spread out below.

Jonathon tentatively approaches the woman, stopping well away from the edge.

JONATHON

Why don't you come back here?
(no response; shouts
to be heard over wind)
EXCUSE ME, WHY DON'T YOU --

WOMAN

I heard you. Why don't you come over here?

JONATHON

I'm pretty comfortable over here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Beautiful view, isn't it?

JONATHON

Not really.

WOMAN

What are you afraid of?

JONATHON

Dying.

WOMAN

That's nothing to be afraid of.

She sits down on the restraining wall. Jonathon gulps, moves towards her.

JONATHON

Look, I want to be totally honest with you. You're scaring the living shit out of me. Gee, I just thought of something -- I haven't eaten. What about you? Are you hungry?

He pulls out the hundred dollar bill Skip gave him.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I'm pretty hungry. What d'ya say I buy us dinner.

The WIND SNAPS the hundred dollar bill out of his hand. He instinctively lurches after it, but stops at the edge as the bill flutters away into the night.

JONATHON (cont'd)

(long beat)

Now I am going to jump.

WOMAN

It's only money.

JONATHON

It was my only money.

WOMAN

Have you ever been in love?

JONATHON

I was pretty fond of that hundred dollar bill.

(CONTINUED)

5000
VERY FUNNY
BUT NOT

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

(matter of fact)

I've never been in love. Do you think something's wrong with me?

JONATHON

You're asking me? The dip?

WOMAN

Well, you seem like such a sensitive dip.

JONATHON

I am a sensitive dip.

WOMAN

Then tell me, what's wrong with me?

JONATHON

How can I tell you what's wrong with you, I don't even know you.

WOMAN

Then maybe we'll have to get to know each other better.

JONATHON

(after a long silence)

Are you hungry? I'm pretty hungry. What d'ya say you buy us dinner?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jonathon and the woman descend. Alone. After a beat, Jonathon turns and looks at the staggering view. The woman can be SEEN reflected in the glass.

JONATHON

So, what d'you want to eat? You like Chinese, Italian...

IN THE REFLECTION we SEE the woman drop her coat and, incredibly, slip her dress off her shoulders.

JONATHON (cont'd)

What about sea food, you know, Boston, the port, the harbor... What about --

(sees her naked reflection; weakly)

-- lobster. A ahh, I always wanted to ahhh, to try lobster. I've heard it's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The woman pushes the "stop button". The elevator suddenly stops. Jonathon very nervously clears his throat. The woman moves up behind him, puts her hands on his shoulders and slips his coat off. She gently turns him toward her.

He stares at her, stunned. Every muscle in his body rigid. She's beautiful.

JONATHON (cont'd)

This is an elevator.

She slides her arms around his neck.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I know this great little inn --

She kisses him full on the mouth. His arms slowly go around her.

EXT. HILTON - CLOSE ON ELEVATOR - NIGHT

as Jonathon surrenders to her. CAMERA PULLS BACK as they begin making love in earnest. The elevator is stalled on the fifty-first floor. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to INCLUDE the black skyscraper, the two lovers in the brightly lit glass elevator, and finally the SECOND ELEVATOR ASCENDING past the stalled one. *V. 3000
SCENE*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL INN - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

the quaint New England style inn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNGALOW EIGHT - DAY

Jonathon and the woman are in the midst of passionate love-making. Jonathon on top. The woman slows him down and rolls over on top of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW EIGHT - DAY

A BELLMAN is picking up the room service tray outside the door. He finds a woman's stocking sticking out from under one of the plates. He pulls it out, examines it for a moment, then drapes it over the doorknob, and moves away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - NIGHT

Still there.

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - 11 P.M.

as Mr. Schneider enters with his flashlight. Mannix greets him.

MANNIX
Everything's okay, sir.

MR. SCHNEIDER
Good night, Mr. Petrie.

MANNIX
Good night, sir.

Schneider exits. And Mannix turns his chubby body and dashes upstairs as fast as he can.

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Mannix races up the stairs, down the hall, and enters...

INT. ROOM 308

Skip, Allen, Roger, Larry. In the midst of discussion.

MANNIX
I can't take this anymore! Where
the hell is he?!

SKIP
What d'you think, I'm hiding him
in here? I don't know where the
hell he is.

ALLEN
Look, it's been two days --

LARRY
We've got to tell them he's
missing.

MANNIX
Of fuck, I'm ruined. You had to
send the little twerp off to
Boston, didn't you?!

ROGER
Shut up, blimp.

SKIP
(stands)
Screw it. So I get in trouble,
I'm tellin' Kennedy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A big groan from the guys. Allen stands.

ALLEN

That's a very honorable thing to do, Skip.

(slaps his shoulder)

Been nice knowing you.

As Allen heads for the door, it opens. Jonathon is standing in the doorway. They all stare at him in silence, then:

SKIP

Where the hell have you been?!

Jonathon tries to hide his cocky smile as he reaches into his inside coat pocket and theatrically pulls out a pair of women's panties. Dangling them from his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dark. Skip and Jonathon in their respective beds. Silence, then:

SKIP

In an elevator, in a fuckin' elevator? *Gold*

Jonathon is lying in bed, hands clasped behind his head -- the new Don Juan.

JONATHON

The first time.

Jonathon glances up at the postcard taped to the wall -- the Bunker Hill Inn.

SKIP

I can't stand it.

JONATHON

Stuck between the fifty-first and fifty-second floors.

SKIP

I can't stand it.

(a beat)

How old is she?

JONATHON

(loving it)

Uhh, mid-thirties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SKIP
Ohhhh Gaaawwwwd.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - MORNING

Filled with boys. All heads bowed, hands clasped in prayer.
Larry, sitting next to Jonathon, leans in.

LARRY
(whispers)

How big?

Jonathon unclasps his hands. Holds them in front of his chest,
miming modestly gigantic breasts.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Beakers, boys, and bunson burners. Everyone wears white aprons
and goggles. Jonathon is mixing chemicals. Next to him,
Allen holds a beaker over a flame.

ALLEN
What's her name?

JONATHON
Eleanor. She's a fashion designer.
I told her I'm at Harvard, working
on my Phd thesis.

ALLEN
Jesus. . . And you really. . .

Jonathon nods.

ALLEN (cont'd)
Jesus. . . And she really. . .

Jonathon nods again.

ALLEN (cont'd)
Jesus.

Suddenly Allen's beaker, held too long in the flame, shatters.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Between classes. Lots of STUDENTS milling about. Books under his arm, Jonathon crosses through the quad. Everyone looks at him with awe and respect. Jonathon nonchalantly basks in his new found glory.

A STUDENT
The guy's an animal.

Good series of scenes?
CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

ELEANOR'S PANTIES are now stretched between the antlers of the moosehead. Skip is lying on his bed, reading a Playboy, occasionally glancing at Jonathon who is packing an overnight bag. After lights out. Blackout paraphernalia in place. TWO BUNKER HILL POSTCARDS are now taped on Jonathon's wall. Jonathon finishes packing, turns to Skip.

JONATHON
Well. . . see you Monday.

SKIP
(re: Playboy)
Oh my God. Listen to this. One out of every two males experiences impotence at least once in his late teens.

(looks at Jonathon)
One out of two. Wow.

(suddenly bright)
Well, have a swell time. Give Eleanor my love.

Jonathon casually flips Skip off, then turns off the lights, takes down the blackout curtain, grabs his bag, and crawls out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL INN - NIGHT

Carrying his bag, Jonathon crosses toward BUNGALOW EIGHT.

INT. BUNGALOW EIGHT - LATER

Jonathon and Eleanor are in the midst of lovemaking. Their passion crescendos to a wild moaning climax. Collapsed in each others arms, they breath heavily for a moment, then --

JONATHON
So. . . how've you been?

Eleanor looks at him and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BELLMAN - NEXT MORNING

as he removes the plate covers. Revealing two servings of EGGS BENEDICT. He bows graciously, then exits. Jonathon and Eleanor are in bed, sheet pulled up around them. Jonathon grabs both plates, hands one to Eleanor, and starts eating voraciously. Eleanor watches the first egg benedict disappear into Jonathon's mouth.

ELEANOR

Bon appetit.

Jonathon stops chewing, glances at her, smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

JONATHON AND ELEANOR - AFTERNOON

The absolute final note of another climax. Collapsing in each other's arms again. They breath heavily for a moment, then --

ELEANOR

What've they been teaching you at Harvard?

JONATHON

Deep breathing. . . it's all in the diaphragm.

ELEANOR

Let's hope so.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BELLMAN - NIGHT

as he removes the plate covers. Revealing two large T-BONE STEAKS, etc. He eyes Jonathon and Eleanor -- still in bed with the sheet pulled up around them -- bows graciously, then exits. Jonathon grabs both plates, hands one to Eleanor, and starts eating.

DISSOLVE TO:

JONATHON AND ELEANOR - LATE NIGHT

making love once again. Slowly. Jonathon makes a face, in pain.

ELEANOR

How's your thesis?

JONATHON

It hurts. I may never walk again. *6:00*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ELEANOR
Your thesis. Your Phd.

JONATHON
Oh fine, great. . . they accepted
my proposal.

Jonathon moves faster. Eleanor responds.

ELEANOR
I thought they. . . already
accepted your proposal.

JONATHON
Ahh, they did. . .

Both are going for it now.

JONATHON (cont'd)
. . . But now they've accepted
the outline. . . which means they've
accepted the whole . . . proposal,
everything. Everything's. . .
accepted.

ELEANOR
That's. . .
(climaxing)
. . . wonderful.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Eleanor is asleep. Jonathon watches her for a moment, then
slips out of bed, silently crosses to the door, and exits.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dead of night. Jonathon moves quickly through the gardens,
grabbing every flower in sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

Eleanor wakes up and SEES FLOWERS everywhere. She smiles,
looks over at Jonathon, who is asleep. A small streak of
mud on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BELLMAN - MORNING

as he removes the plate covers. Revealing OMLETTES, WAFFLES, etc. He glances at all the flowers, then smiles at Jonathon and Eleanor -- still in bed -- then exits.

EXT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

THREE other BELLMEN wait expectantly for him. He closes the door, smiles broadly, and holds out his hand, palm up. Disgusted and amazed, the others dig into their pockets, pulls out their money, and start paying off their bets.

DISSOLVE TO:

*Belmont
Big Good
Pitt. note*

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jonathon is lying in the tub, eyes closed. King of the Mountain. Feet propped up. Arms dangling over the sides. Eleanor enters, wearing a robe, hair tied up in a towel, carrying an ice bucket. She dumps half the ice into the sink. She stirs it around in the water, then scoops up the icy water and splashes it on her face. She repeats this procedure a couple of times, then pats her face dry with a towel, and stares at herself in the mirror.

ELEANOR

D'you ever wish you were someone else?

JONATHON

(opens his eyes)

You mean like Zorro?

ELEANOR

How old are you really?

JONATHON

Okay, I'm only twenty-five, I just look twenty-eight.

ELEANOR

(looking in mirror)

How old d'you think I am?

JONATHON

(studies her)

Fifty, sixty.

She gives him a look.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Seventy?! I'm a grave robber.

Eleanor picks up the ice bucket, casually dumps it over Jonathon, firmly stuffing the bucket over his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNGALOW EIGHT - LATER

Jonathon is seated at the wet bar. Backwards. His head resting on the counter, mouth open.

JONATHON

(leery)

Ready when you are.

Two STREAMS of LIQUID cascade into Jonathon's mouth. Eleanor stands over him pouring Tequilla and Quantro into his open mouth. He drinks. . . and drinks. . . and begins to choke. He sits up, coughing.

ELEANOR

(enjoying this)

You want some water?

Coughing, Jonathon nods. Eleanor picks up the seltzer bottle, aims carefully, and blasts him with a fine spray of water. He runs for cover. She follows, blasting away. Jonathon grabs the plate cover and uses it as a shield, deflecting the water. With his other hand he grabs a weapon -- a soggy, half-eaten waffle.

JONATHON

Ahah! So you want to play rough
huh?

He starts toward her. Eleanor hesitates, then suddenly spots something horrible O.S.

ELEANOR

Oh my God. . .

Jonathon turns to look and Eleanor blasts him in the face once again with the spritzer.

JONATHON

You crumb!

Jonathon flings the waffle at Eleanor. She ducks. The waffle SPLATS against the wall. Jonathon leaps on her. They fall back onto the bed. Eleanor is laughing hysterically. Jonathon's laughter subsides as he stares down at the beautiful woman pinned in his arms.

JONATHON

(blurting it out)

I love you.

Eleanor stops laughing. Sobered by his remark.

ELEANOR

Let me up, Jonathon.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JONATHON

No.

ELEANOR

Why don't you take over?

She takes her hands off the controls.

JONATHON

What're you doing?!

ELEANOR

Go ahead. It's just like driving
a car.Jonathon tentatively takes the controls. But only for a
second.

JONATHON

Okay, that's enough, that was fun.

ELEANOR

You're doing fine. A little to
the left. . . a little more. . .
don't be afraid.(Jonathon shoots
her a look)

Come on, left. . . left!

EXT. CESSNA

as it suddenly barrel-rolls to the left.

INT. CESSNA

Eleanor once again has the controls. Jonathon is panting,
hands gripping the wheel.

ELEANOR

You can let go now.

EXT. CESSNA - LATER

Flying over Cape Cod. Beautiful scenery.

INT. CESSNA

Eleanor flicks on the automatic pilot. Takes her hands
off the controls. Jonathon looks at her fearfully.

ELEANOR

Don't worry. Automatic pilot.
(unbuckles safetybelt)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He releases her. She gets up. Moves to the bathroom. Jonathon, bewildered, watches her.

JONATHON

I'm sorry. . . It just slipped out.

ELEANOR

No, no, it's okay.

She smiles for his benefit, then enters the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Eleanor's smile is gone. She leans against the door. Her eyes well up with tears.

ELEANOR

Damnit.

(starts to cry)

Shit-shit-shit-shit-shit.

Despite her efforts to control them, the tears continue to fall.

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER

Jonathon is lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Eleanor enters from the bathroom, in control again. She immediately starts getting dressed.

ELEANOR

Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - DAY

A CESSNA twin engine roars down the runway and, on wobbly wings, takes flight.

INT. CESSNA

Eleanor is in the captain's seat. Jonathon in the co-pilot's. Jonathon's eyes slowly open wide as they barely clear the tree-line.

JONATHON

Why are we doing this?

ELEANOR

Don't you love it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ELEANOR (cont'd)
Instead of you coming down next
week-end, why don't I come up?

JONATHON
What d'you mean come up?

ELEANOR
(unbuckling Jonathon's
seatbelt)
To Harvard. We'll stay at your
place.

JONATHON
My place. You'll stay at my place.

Eleanor starts to unbutton Jonathon's shirt.

JONATHON
At Harvard. What a great idea.
(re: her advances)
Are you doing what I think you're
doing?
(she nods)
Oh God. . . When did you want to come
up?

ELEANOR
(continues to
undress him)
Next week-end.

JONATHON
Oh, next week-end. Ah, I won't be
there. Isn't this dangerous?
(she nods)
I won't be there next week-end. I'll
be. . .
(motions vaguely O.S.)
. . . ah, in the city.

ELEANOR
(starts to undress)
New York?

JONATHON
Yeah, a conference.

ELEANOR
Even better. I'll meet you.

JONATHON
In New York?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She pulls him into the back of the plane.

ELEANOR
We'll have a great time.

JONATHON
In New York.

EXT. CESSNA

Circling.

ELEANOR (O.S.)
I'll get us a room at the Pierre,
we'll take a Hansom cab through
Central Park, we'll eat in Little
Italy, we'll do the whole romantic
bullshit routine. *two*

JONATHON (O.S.)
In New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - NIGHT

Jonathon scales the ivy-covered wall toward his room.

INT. ROOM 308

The BEDSIDE CLOCK reads -- 3:14 A.M. Jonathon climbs in
the window, wearily pulls the rope in after him, then collapses
on his bed. As his head hits the pillow we --

JUMP CUT TO:

SKIP - MORNING

shaking Jonathon awake.

SKIP
Wake up, limp dick, you're gonna
miss chapel.

Jonathon moans.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL THEATRE - DAY

Drama class. Play in progress. MRS. DELOWIE, the drama teacher, is seated in the front row watching the scene.

STUDENT #1

A hundred men will die if Lubitsch doesn't get through.

STUDENT #2

(pulling a gun and aiming at first student)

A hundred and one.

They wait. Nothing happens.

STUDENT #2 (cont'd)

(repeating cue louder)

A hundred and one!

(still nothing)

A hundred and one!

Mrs. Delowie stands and heads back stage.

MRS. DELOWIE

Lubitsch! Where are you, Lubitsch?

Mrs. Delowie enters...

BACK STAGE

where Jonathon, in WWI uniform, is asleep in a chair, pistol in hand. Mrs. Delowie walks up to him.

MRS. DELOWIE

Oh, Lubitsch.

She gently removes the pistol from his hand, points it in the air and pulls the trigger, firing the blank. BLAM! Jonathon leaps about three feet in the air as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Once again Jonathon is packing his overnight bag. Now there are three Bunker Hill Inn postcards taped over his bed.

SKIP (O.S.)

(muffled)

You're crazy, you're out of your mind.

The closet door opens and Skip walks out with an armload of ties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SKIP (cont'd)
You're delirious, disordered,
dimented. . . How else can I say it?

JONATHON
Stupid.

SKIP
But you're going anyway.

JONATHON
Yeah.

Suddenly Skip throws himself at Jonathon's feet, embracing his legs.

SKIP
(melodramatically)
No, don't leave me! Take me with
you! I can't bear these lonely
nights without you! What's she
got that I haven't got?

JONATHON
I'm ignoring you.

SKIP
I should never have come out of
the closet.

Skip stands, holds the ties against Jonathon's sport coat, picking the best.

SKIP (cont'd)
You're really in love with her,
aren't you?

JONATHON
Duhhhh.

Skip drapes the two best ties over Jonathon's shoulder.

SKIP
Does she love you?

JONATHON
I have no idea.

SKIP
Does she know you love her?

JONATHON
All's I know is I'm going to
New York.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Skip takes the remaining ties and walks back to the closet. He stops in the doorway, turns to Jonathon, winks and waves.

SKIP

Well, ace. . .

(singing)

"Give my regards to Broadway,
remember me to Herald Square. . ."

Skip theatrically exits into the closet, shutting the door behind him. We HEAR his MUFFLED SINGING continue O.S. Jonathon smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Manhattan.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A horse-drawn Hansom cab CLIP-CLOPS through the park, Jonathon and Eleanor in the back. Having a grand ol' time.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Jonathon and Eleanor walk up Fifth Avenue. Jonathon is taking in all the sights and sounds. Eleanor spots something in a men's store window, takes Jonathon's arm and pulls him inside.

INT. MEN'S STORE - DAY

Brooks Brothers-ish.

JONATHON

What are we doing?

ELEANOR

(removing his coat)

Getting rid of this eyesore.

A SALESMAN approaches.

JONATHON

I happen to like that eyesore.

ELEANOR

(to salesman; points
to Harris tweed in
window)

We want that coat in --

(points to Jonathon)
his size.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN
(sizes up Jonathon)
Thirty-nine regular.
(heads for coatrack)

ELEANOR
We're not getting rid of it
entirely, we're merely giving
it a much needed rest.

Salesman returns, holds new coat open.

SALESMAN
Sir?

Jonathon slips into the Harris tweed.

SALESMAN (cont'd)
Very nice.

Jonathon checks himself out in the mirror, turns to Eleanor
and fixes her with a Marlboro Man squint.

JONATHON
What's the verdict.

ELEANOR
It's a hung jury.

The salesman clears his throat.

ELEANOR (cont'd)
Now, slacks.

SALESMAN
May I suggest --

ELEANOR
-- dark blue, wool.

SALESMAN
(glances at Jonathon)
Thirty-one.
(moves o.s.)

JONATHON
Now what are you saying about
my pants?

ELEANOR
I'm not saying anything. They
speak for themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Jonathon gives her a look as the salesman returns. He hands the pants to Jonathon, points O.S.

SALESMAN

The dressing room is over there,
sir.

Jonathon heads for the dressing room, disappears behind the curtain.

SALESMAN

(to Eleanor)

Excuse me, I'll be right back.

The salesman moves to greet ANOTHER CUSTOMER. Eleanor shifts Jonathon's old coat to her other arm and his WALLET slips out and falls to the floor. Eleanor picks it up, glances once at the dressing room, then opens the wallet, looks through a couple of pictures, then discovers his --

MOUNT ST. CHARLES I.D. CARD

with picture, signature, and date.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Jonathon zips up the slacks, looks at himself in the mirror.

JONATHON

(to Eleanor)

Okay, ready or not --

He steps out of the dressing room.

JONATHON (cont'd)

-- where are you.

Jonathon sees his coat on the floor, crosses to it, sees his open wallet and I.D. card.

JONATHON

Oh fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Jonathon tears down the sidewalk, once again wearing his own clothes. Dodging pedestrians.

GOOD - SHE DISCOVERS

INT. HOTEL PIERRE - LOBBY - DAY

Jonathon tears through the lobby, leaps into the elevator just as the doors are closing.

INT. TWELFTH FLOOR HALLWAY

Jonathon races to the room, fumbles with the key, then opens the door.

INT. ROOM

Jonathon enters.

JONATHON

Eleanor!

She's not there. He moves to the closet, flings open door. Only his things remain. He picks up phone.

JONATHON (cont'd)

(waits impatiently)

Come on, come on.

(into phone)

Did the woman in 1206 check out?

(listens)

Shit!

Jonathon slams the receiver down, races to window, opens it in time to SEE Eleanor getting in taxi twelve floors below.

JONATHON (cont'd)

ELEANOR!!! ELEANOR!!!

The taxi pulls away. He turns, faces the empty room, then kicks the end table, sending the lamp crashing into the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK - LATE AFTERNOON

Lightning, THUNDER, heavy rain. Jonathon stands in the mud by the side of the road, bag at his side, holding out his thumb uselessly as car after car roars past him. A semi-truck tears past, the sudden gust of wind practically knocks Jonathon over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "GOOD EATS" TRUCK STOP CAFE - NIGHT

A real dive. Still raining like hell. Flashing neon. An open Jeep roars into the muddy parking lot, skids to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The DRIVER is an old guy in his sixties with a big grey beard, protected from the rain by a bright yellow slicker. Jonathon, sitting on the passenger side, is drenched. Jonathon thanks the man, steps out into a mud puddle, and trudges toward the pay phone. The Jeep fishtails away.

*Good
P. 125
Slicker*

Standing in six inches of water, Jonathon drops his dimes into the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Skip's Alfa Romeo moves down the wet highway.

INT. ALFA ROMEO - SAME TIME

Skip drives. Jonathon is next to him, shivering in a blanket, wringing out his sport coat.

JONATHON

What am I gonna do?

Jonathon wrings water out of the coat onto the floor of the Alfa. Skip glances at him and the puddle of water.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I don't know her number, I don't know her address, I don't even know her last name.

SKIP

Knew her pretty well, did ya?
(a beat)

Sorry... Look, she was bound to find out sooner or later.

JONATHON

I just wish it'd been later.
(wrings out sock)
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - SUNSET

INT. DORM ROOM 308 - EVENING

Jonathon is in bed. Skip enters, stares at Jonathon in disbelief.

SKIP

What're you doin'? Come on, you going to stay in there the rest of your life?

(no response)

Don't you think you're taking this a bit hard?

(still nothing)

Come on, Jonathon, you gotta go to dinner. Come onnnn... I can't believe you'd forego chipped beef on toast, pickled beets, and your favorite and mine, eggplant surprise.

JONATHON

I'm not hungry.

SKIP

Now that you mention it, neither am I. But that's no reason not to eat the shit! You coming or not? Last chance.

No response. Skip exits. A beat, then the door reopens.

SKIP (cont'd)

One more chance.

No response. Skip exits. A beat, then the door reopens.

SKIP (cont'd)

This is your final last chance.

JONATHON

Leave me alone.

Skip thumbs his nose at Jonathon and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - WEST HALL - DAY

Jonathon sits alone on the grassy slope beside the building. Forlornly chucking rocks o.s. Extremely sad and sentimental MUSIC PLAYS. Jonathon stares off into the empty distance as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the MUSIC CRESCENDOS into a NERVE-SHATTERING CLASH of instruments. We HEAR a baton, tapping furiously.

MUSIC TEACHER (O.S.)
(from West Hall)
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO! If Mozart
were alive today, this would have
killed him. Once again...

*beep
music from
Bee*

As the sentimental MUSIC begins again, we...

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Full class, includes Skip, Jonathon, Mannix and Roger. MR. BERNHARDT, the art history teacher, is handing back blue book exams.

MR. BERNHARDT
(to various students)
Very well done, Mr. Muhl,
extraordinarily average, Mr.
Petrie, very nice, Mr. Jackson.
(to Skip)
Very perceptive, Mr. Burroughs, too
vague, Mr. Gubser...
(stops at Jonathon's
desk)
I think we have something really
mediocre here, Mr. Ogner.

Jonathon looks down at the C+ grade on his blue book.

MR. BERNHARDT (cont'd)
Don't keep it up.
(moves on)
Offended all my sensibilities,
Mr. Rivkin.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - DAY

Skip and Jonathon walking between classes.

SKIP
Wow, a Cee plus, now you've really
got something to be depressed
about. Even Roger got a Bee minus.

JONATHON
I don't give a shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

So, what're you gonna do for
Christmas, crucify yourself?

(no response)

Jonathon, I think you're missing
the point here.

JONATHON

You do.

SKIP

She was beautiful, she was wonderful,
but a fuck is just a fuck.

JONATHON

Sometimes you're a real asshole.

SKIP

Admitted, but you're not the first
guy to ever get dumped on.

JONATHON

One thing I don't need right now
is the world according to Skip.
Why don't you do us both a favor
and just shut up.

SKIP

Okay, Mr. Depth, wallow in it.

Skip branches off and heads for his class.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES CAMPUS - NIGHT

After lights out. Not a creature is stirring, etc.

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - MANNIX'S ROOM

Mannix is sleeping peacefully. Suddenly the door bursts open. Skip, Allen, Roger, Larry charge in. Mannix sits up in a panic.

MANNIX

What the fuhhh --

SKIP

It's show time.

Allen begins setting up a projector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNIX

I was sleeping.

ALLEN

You were beating off.

MANNIX

I was not.

LARRY

You will be soon.

Allen flicks on the eight milimeter film. It FLICKERS against the wall. Title: RAUNCHO DELUXE. Black and white, MOS. A scantily clad woman waits by the fire. She suddenly sits up and mouths to the camera, "Oh that must be my date." She prances to the door, opens it, and greets her "date" -- a well-dressed German Shepherd, top hat and tails.

ALLEN

I found this archival treasure in my uncle's closet.

ROGER

(pointing to film)

Look, it's Mannix's mom.

MANNIX

Look, it's Mannix's fist.

Mannix punches Roger in the shoulder, knocking him off the bed. CAMERA PANS to boys, the light flickering off their faces.

THE BOYS

Oh Gawd... Jesus... Disgust!
Deeply moving...

Allen covers his eyes with hand. Peeks through fingers. Suddenly we HEAR a wierd moan o.s.

SKIP

What was that?

MANNIX

That is a teutonic tool.

SKIP

Shut up. Listen!

We HEAR the wierd moan again. Skip opens the window, sticks his head out, looks up. We HEAR, "I hate her!"

SKIP (cont'd)

Oh great.

Skip runs for the door, knocking over the projector enroute.

INT. ROOM 308

Jonathon on a rampage. Drunk and pissed off. Sloppily throwing things into his overnight bag.

JONATHON
THAT BITCH! SHE CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME! FUCKING BITCH!

He has trouble zipping up the overnight bag, flings it against the wall.

JONATHON (cont'd)
 GODDAMNIT. GODDAMMIT!

He screams incoherently and, with a sweep of his hand, sends everything on his desk crashing to the floor. Jonathon throws his suitcase out the window and climbs out as the door opens and Skip enters.

SKIP
 (sotto)
 Oh boy...
 (races to window)
 Jonathon!

EXT. EDGEWATER DORM - NIGHT

Skip leans out the window, makes a grab for Jonathon. Just misses. Jonathon is half-climbing, half-falling down the ivy.

SKIP
 What the hell're you doing?!

Lights begin to blink on in dorm rooms around them.

SKIP (cont'd)
 You asshole!

Skip comes out the window after him. About ten feet above the ground, Jonathon loses his grip and plummets into the mud. He gets up, slips and falls, gets up again, then grabs his bag and starts running across the quad.

SKIP (cont'd)
 You fuckin' lunatic!

Skip scrambles down the vine. Leaping off at the second floor. He lands, rolls, and comes up running.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skip chases Jonathon across the quad. More lights blink on,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

including the lights in Headmaster Kennedy's house. Jonathon disappears into the trees. Skip gaining on him. As Skip disappears into the trees, Headmaster Kennedy appears on his front porch. Robe and slippers. Peering into the darkness.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark. Cold. Jonathon tears through the underbrush. Skip leaps over a moss-covered fallen tree, closing the gap. Jonathon veers around some trees. Skip dodges between them, cutting Jonathon off, and tackling him. Both of them crash into the dirt.

JONATHON

Let me go! Leave me alone!

SKIP

Shut up!

JONATHON

I'm gonna find her!

Skip clamps his hand over Jonathon's mouth. Looks back over his shoulder toward the quad. We HEAR voices. A couple of flashlights glare in the darkness. Jonathon struggles to speak. Skip puts his mouth right next to Jonathon's ear.

SKIP

(angry whisper)

If you don't shut up you're gonna
get your ass thrown outta here and
you can kiss your fuckin' future
good-bye!

(jerks back Jonathon's
head)

You hear me?!

Jonathon nods. Skip slowly releases his grip, gets off him. Flashlights are closing in. Jonathon jumps to his feet and starts running again.

SKIP (cont'd)

Christ!

Skip charges after Jonathon, catching him immediately, swinging him around.

JONATHON

I'm gonna find her --

SKIP

Not tonight.

Skip decks him with a hard right to the jaw.

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - NIGHT

A none-too-happy Mr. Schneider exits room 304, then -- proceeds down the third floor hallway, Mannix at his side, doing a bed-check.

MANNIX

I'm sure it was just one of the younger boys having a nightmare.

MR. SCHNEIDER

Don't give me any of your bullshit, Mr. Petrie.

MANNIX

Yes sir.

Schneider opens the door to room 306, steps in. Behind his back, Mannix motions to...

SKIP

who appears from the stairwell, an unconscious Jonathon over his shoulder. With long, quiet strides, Skip just makes it into 308 when Schneider exits 306. Mannix smiles innocently.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON THE PICTURE WINDOW - DAY

Jonathon, his cheek bruised where Skip hit him, stands in front of Headmaster Kennedy's desk at attention. Kennedy is talking to him seriously. Jonathon looks stunned. CAMERA WIDENS to INCLUDE Skip, who is peering in, trying unsuccessfully to eavesdrop. As Kennedy gets up from his desk, turning toward the window, Skip ducks.

Skip edges around the corner of the house toward the front door. As it opens, he flattens himself against the wall. Jonathon exits. Doesn't move. In shock. Skip peers around the corner. Sees the look on Jonathon's face.

SKIP

Uh-oh.

Skip moves to him. Jonathon looks at Skip forlornly, an envelope in his hand.

SKIP (cont'd)

Oh shit. He kicked you out, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I...

Too depressed to speak, Jonathon hands Skip the envelope and walks dejectedly down the steps. Envelope in hand, Skip moves after Jonathon.

SKIP

(angry)

My parents give a shitload of money to this dump. They're not gonna kick you out.

JONATHON

What's done is done.

Jonathon takes the envelope from Skip's hand, opens it, holds the letter up in front of Skip's face. Skip reads for a moment, then:

SKIP

You dirt clod.

Jonathon lowers the letter, revealing a big shit-eating grin.

SKIP (cont'd)

Harvard accepted you already?

JONATHON

Headmaster Kennedy said, and I quote, "Jonathon, you are a credit to us all," end quote.

Jonathon mimes wiping sweat off his brow, flicking it away. They laugh.

JONATHON (cont'd)

You saved my life.

SKIP

Cause...

(pinches Jonathon's
cheek)

you still owe me a blowjob.

CUT TO:

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathon is on the payphone at the end of the hall.

JONATHON

I'm only gonna be gone for the first four days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CLO -
SUSS - WORST
BEST HAPPENS
SET UP NISSEY

CONTINUED:

JONATHON (cont'd)
 I'll still be home for Christmas...
 (HORN HONKS O.S.)
 Look, I gotta go... I love you
 too, I'll call you when I get
 there.

Jonathon starts to hang up, but his family continues to talk.

JONATHON (cont'd)
 Mom, Dad, I'm eighteen. . . No,
 I don't think I know everything
 there is to know... I promise...
 I love you too. Bye..
 (hangs up; exhausted)
 Whaaaaaah!

The HORN HONKS again. He picks up his suitcase, runs
 for the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Skip's Alfa Romeo eats up the road, Skip and Jonathon, each
 doing their best Elvis imitation, really hamming it up.

SKIP AND JONATHON
 (singing)
 "Don't be cruel, Ooo Ooo Ooo,
 To a heart that's true.
 I don't want no other lover,
 Baby it's stilla youa,
 I'm thinkin' of."

As each tries to out-sneer the other we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BURROWS ESTATE - DAY

Skip's Alfa turns onto the quarter-mile driveway. Jonathon
 takes in the estate -- the gatehouse, stables, gardens, tennis
 court, and finally the magnificent stone mansion itself.

The Alfa pulls up in front of the house. The world's largest
 Christmas tree can be SEEN through the enormous picture window.

SKIP
 Welcome to Toad Hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I've never seen such a vulgar display of wealth.

(looks at Skip)

How can I get one?

SKIP

Marry me.

JONATHON

(looks at house,
then Skip)

There's got to be an alternative.

SKIP

(getting out of car)

Well, you can do what we did.

Bootlegging bought this place.

JONATHON

Bootlegging?

SKIP

Sure. Before Gramps went legit.

We HEAR thundering hooves. Mr. Burroughs gallops up on his Arabian stallion. In his late forties, he is a handsome and confident member of America's ruling class.

MR. BURROUGHS

Welcome home, son.

Skip reaches up to shake his father's hand.

SKIP

Dad, I'd like you to meet my roommate, Jonathon Ogner.

MR. BURROUGHS

Hello, Jonathon.

Jonathon reaches up to shake hands.

JONATHON

Nice to meet you, sir.

The spirited horse snorts and paws at the ground. Jonathon instinctively backs away.

MR. BURROUGHS

I'll see you for drinks. Nice to have met you, Jonathon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Burroughs gallops away on the horse, jumping a hedge.

SKIP

Hi ho, Silver.

They pick up their bags and head for the front door.

INT. ENTRYWAY

Need we say elegant. Skip and Jonathon enter. MAGGIE, the maid, greets them.

MAGGIE

Skip!

Maggie hugs Skip.

SKIP

Hi gorgeous, Maggie, this is Jonathon, my roommate and a latent homosexual.

MAGGIE

Stop it.

(to Jonathon)

I don't pay any attention to him.

Maggie starts upstairs. The boys follow.

SKIP

Where's Momma Burroughs?

MAGGIE

Your mother's shopping. She'll be home soon. We'll put Jonathon in the room next to yours.

SKIP

He's an animal, Maggie. Let him sleep outside.

MAGGIE

You're terrible.

(to Jonathon)

Isn't he terrible.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Maggie opens the door to Jonathon's room.

MAGGIE

Make yourself at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

Thank you.

SKIP

Well, there goes the neighborhood.

MAGGIE

I'm not too old to take you over
my knee.

SKIP

(rushes back to her;
throws arms around her)

Do it now, Maggie, do it now!

INT. JONATHON'S ROOM

as Jonathon closes the door. He stands in awe of his surroundings -- huge four-poster bed, high ceiling, fireplace.

JONATHON

(re: spacious room)

Wow.

He crosses to the French doors, opens them, and steps out onto the balcony. He surveys the vast acreage of the Burroughs' estate, which includes a small forest and a lake. In the distance, Mr. Burroughs gallops across the picturesque scene.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Wow.

Skip enters the room through the connecting door, crosses to the fireplace.

SKIP

You know, Jonathon, this room
has always had a special place
in my heart.

Skip removes a loose brick from the fireplace. Pulls out a baggie full of joints. He takes a few out, replaces baggie and brick.

SKIP (cont'd)

(lighting up)

I'll never forget that long hot
summer with the LaBelle sisters
from across the lake. They were
sixteen, I was twelve.

(takes a major hit;
sighs fondly)

They taught me the meaning of the
word nymphomaniac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds out the joint to Jonathon.

JONATHON

I better not.

SKIP

You better. You wanna get good and fucked up for an evening at home with the Burroughs'.

Jonathon takes the joint.

SKIP (cont'd)

And don't let the old man scare you. If you really want to get on his good side, just tell him you've got a hard-on for firm government control.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - COCKTAIL HOUR

MR. BURROUGHS

(irate)

Government control is an anathma to the free enterprise system.

A billiard table, a bar, a fabulous view through the French doors. Skip, Jonathon, Mr. Burroughs, all with drinks in hand.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Any rational person knows you can't interfere with the laws of supply and demand!

Jonathon shoots Skip a look. Skip tries not to laugh.

JONATHON

(trying to recover)

Well, I can see your point, sir, that's the reason I'm not for tariffs.

MR. BURROUGHS

You have to have tariffs. How else can our automobile industry retool in time to compete with the damn foreigners.

A Jaguar pulls up outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

Really, Jonathon, how can you be so blind?

We HEAR the front door o.s.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Skip? Are you home?

MR. BURROUGHS

In here, Phyllis.

Skip and Jonathon get to their feet as MRS. BURROUGHS enters carrying several packages. Maggie enters behind her.

MAGGIE

Let me have those.

She takes the packages from her and exits. Jonathon stands frozen as Skip crosses to embrace his mother.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Hello, sweetheart, how are you?

SKIP

Mom, I want you to meet my roommate, Jonathon Ogner.

Mrs. Burroughs faces Jonathon for the first time. Both are more than slightly stunned due to the fact that Mrs. Burroughs is Eleanor, the wild woman with whom he had the affair.

Neither speaks.

SKIP (cont'd)

Jonathon?

JONATHON

Huh?

SKIP

This is my mom.

JONATHON

Oh, ahh... Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Burroughs.

MRS. BURROUGHS

I need to freshen up.

(backs toward door)

So I'll go freshen up and I'll see you at dinner.

Mrs. Burroughs exits.

INT. ENTRYWAY

Mrs. Burroughs stops right outside the door, leans against the wall. The shock of it beginning to register.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd O.S.)
So, where were we? Government interference.

INT. DEN

Jonathon crosses to the French doors, pretends to look at the view, keeping his back to Skip and Mr. Burroughs in the b.g.

MR. BURROUGHS
I am adamantly opposed to the government bailing out corporations.

SKIP
Unless, of course, it's our corporation.

MR. BURROUGHS
That's not funny.

JONATHON (to himself)
Holy fuckin' shit.

CUT TO:

INT. BURROUGHS MANSION - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Mrs. Burroughs enters, moves to the medicine cabinet, removes a bottle of pills. She swallows a pill, puts the bottle back. Stares at herself in the mirror for a moment, then reopens the cabinet, takes another pill.

INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathon sits on the edge of the bed in shock, his suitcase next to him. Two tons of depression dragging him down. There's a KNOCK at the connecting door.

SKIP (O.S.)
You in there?
(no response)
I know you're in there. I'm comin' in so you better get it out of your fist.

Skip opens the door connecting their two rooms, enters. Dressed for dinner.

SKIP
What's this? You're not ready. You're not even unpacked.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I don't know about this, Skip.
I should really go home.

SKIP

What are you talking about?

JONATHON

It's Christmas.

SKIP

Really? Was that on the news?

JONATHON

You know, my parents, I haven't
seen them --

SKIP

You feel out of place, don't you?

JONATHON

Well, yeah.

SKIP

Forget it. Everybody feels out
of place here.

Opens Jonathon's bag, pulls out the "eyesore" coat.

SKIP (cont'd)

Put this on, let's go.

Jonathon hesitates.

SKIP (cont'd)

Come on, my family's just like
your family. Except we have a
lot more money.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathon, Skip, Mr. Burroughs and Mrs. Burroughs are seated
around the table. Main course. Wine. Mrs. Burroughs' food is
untouched.

MR. BURROUGHS

(cutting his beef)

So, Jonathon, Skip tells me you
and I have something in common.

Jonathon freezes, fork mid-way to mouth. Mrs. Burroughs' eyes
dart from Jonathon to Skip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)
I bet you can't guess what that
might be.

JONATHON
No, sir.

MR. BURROUGHS
I was also the first boy in my
class at Mount St. Charles to be
accepted to Harvard.

MRS. BURROUGHS
(pointedly)
Jonathon, how wonderful. You're
going to Harvard.

She raises her glass in a toast.

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)
Congratulations.

She drains her glass, then holds it out for Skip to refill.
He does.

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)
Thank you, sweetheart.

MR. BURROUGHS
(eyes his wife)
You should try some of the roast,
Phyllis, it's a superb cut.

Silence,

SKIP
(to fill the gap)
I wish we had food like this at
St. Charlie. We'd probably have
a lot fewer suicides.

MR. BURROUGHS
If you concentrated more on your
studies and less on bad jokes,
perhaps you would've been accepted
to Harvard by now.

Another silence. Then Mr. Burroughs turns to Jonathon.

MR. BURROUGHS
How's your room, Jonathon? D'you
have everything you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

Oh, yes... everything, everything --

MR. BURROUGHS

Good. By the way, be sure to lock your windows. I don't want to alarm you, but two years ago we were having a dinner party when a burglar broke into the study and stole all our guests' valuables. It was an embarrassing situation I can assure you, but even out here we are no longer impervious to crime.

SKIP

We think it was a Negro. /

Mrs. Burroughs holds out her empty wine glass to Skip.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Could you pour me some more wine, sweetheart?

Skip reaches for the bottle as:

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Why don't you wait for the next course.

Skip hesitates. Mrs. Burroughs looks at her husband, then sets the glass back down.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Let's get back to Harvard here for a moment, Jonathon --

Mrs. Burroughs stands, leans forward, reaching for the wine bottle and knocks her glass off the table. It shatters. Silence for a moment, then she leans to pick it up. Maggie enters from the kitchen.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Leave it. Maggie will clean it up.

Ignoring her husband, Mrs. Burrows picks up a piece of glass:

MRS. BURROUGHS

Ow!

She sits back down. Looking at the small cut on her finger.

MR. BURROUGHS

I told you to leave it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie quickly and quietly cleans up.

Mrs. Burroughs dips her napkin in the water glass and wraps it tenderly around her finger. Jonathon waits for Mr. Burrows or Skip to say something. They don't. Then:

JONATHON

Are you alright?

MR. BURROUGHS

(answering for his wife)

It's nothing.

Mrs. Burroughs eyes fill with tears. She looks to Jonathon. Jonathon stares back helplessly.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

If you do well at Harvard,
Jonathon...

He waits for Jonathon's attention. Jonathon turns away from Mrs. Burroughs.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

... you can write your own ticket.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Burroughs is undressing, extremely upset. Mrs. Burroughs sitting on the end of the bed, very quiet.

MR. BURROUGHS

Dammit, Phyllis, I don't know
why you insist on behaving the
way you do! What kind of example
do you think you're setting for
your son?! Or don't you care?

(no response)

What do you care about? What the
hell d'you give a damn about
anymore? Come on, tell me, I'd
like to know. You certainly
don't give a damn about your
responsibilities. Or anything
else for that matter. What the
hell is wrong with you?!

He crosses to her, stands over her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

I don't give a damn what you do privately, but when you're with me or representing this family, when there are guests in this house, then you damn well better bury your neurosis, or whatever the hell it is that you've got, and behave like a lady even if you don't feel like one. Is that clear?!

He has trouble getting his tie off. He rips it off, flings it aside.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Goddammit, I'm tired of having this argument.

*JONATHAN
SHAMELESS EXPLANATION
TALS*

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Jonathon is in bed, lying on his side, eyes open. We HEAR the door open o.s. Jonathon shuts his eyes. We HEAR the door close. Mrs. Burroughs in dressing gown, sits down on the bed. Waits.

MRS. BURROUGHS

I have to talk to you.

Jonathon doesn't move. Mrs. Burroughs shakes him.

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

(a little too loud)

Jonathon!

Jonathon sits up sharply. Whispers frantically.

JONATHON

What do you want? Jesus, you got a lot of nerve.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Jonathon, I'm so confused --

JONATHON

You're confused. Jesus. Jesus!
Your son is in the next room!

MRS. BURROUGHS

(reaches for his hand)

I need to explain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

(backing away)

No, no. No, you don't. You don't need to explain. I don't want to know, at least not here.

MRS. BURROUGHS

(grabs his hand)

Jonathon, I would never have done it if I'd known who you were.

Jonathon yanks his hand away and leaps out of bed to avoid physical contact.

JONATHON

Well, vice versa!

Mrs. Burroughs moves across bed toward him.

MRS. BURROUGHS

(pleading)

Jonathon.

JONATHON

(helplessly)

Eleanor, please.

(she continues towards him)

Mrs. Burroughs.

(she stops)

MRS. BURROUGHS

Why did you lie to me?

JONATHON

Why did you lie to me?

MRS. BURROUGHS

I had to.

JONATHON

You had to. What d'you mean you had to?!

She gets up, moves toward him.

MRS. BURROUGHS

I had to protect my name and my family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

(backing away)

Well excuse me. I don't have a big name and family to protect.

MRS. BURROUGHS

No, you lied to me because you're just an eighteen year old snotty-nosed kid.

JONATHON

Is that what you thought when you fucked me in the elevator?

Mrs. Burroughs stops.

JONATHON

I don't know what you want from me. If you want understanding, okay, I understand. If you want forgiveness, okay, I forgive you --

MRS. BURROUGHS

I just want you to hold me.

She puts her arms around him. He stands stiffly.

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Can't you hold me...please?

At last his arms go around her, comforting.

The connecting door to Skip's room CREAKS open a couple of inches.

SKIP (O.S.)

(whispers)

Hey, Ace, you awake?

Jonathon shoves Mrs. Burroughs back, leaps for the door, and, as it opens, throws his shoulder into the door, slamming it shut.

SKIP (O.S.) (cont'd)

Ow, shit!

He motions wildly at Mrs. Burroughs who's already on her way out. When she exits, Jonathon opens the connecting door.

SKIP (cont'd)

(rubbing forehead)

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

I was trying to open the door for
you, but I tripped --

Jonathon stops speaking when he SEES the GUN in Skip's hand.

JONATHON (cont'd)

What's that for?

SKIP

Rats. Get dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlit lake. An inboard motor kicks over and a classic old wooden ChrisCraft glides out of the boathouse past the dock. Skip at the helm, Jonathon beside him. Skip floors it. The boat nearly stands on end as it ROARS out across the lake.

CUT TO:

A RAT

gnawing on a piece of bone. GUNSHOT! The wood shatters next to the rat who darts away across the wharf.

The boat floats on the water, ten yards from the rotting wharf. Skip blows the smoke off the muzzle of the gun, trades it to Jonathon for the bottle of Glen Livet.

SKIP

What'd you think of dinner,
pretty entertaining, huh?
(drinks)

You ever wonder if your parents
still do it?

Nothing from Jonathon.

SKIP (cont'd)

I can't imagine mine doing
it.

(points to wharf)

There's one.

Jonathon points gun haphazardly -- fires, misses by a mile.

SKIP

Nice shootin', Pilgrim.

They trade bottle and gun.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP (cont'd)

D'you think your mom or dad ever
had an affair?

JONATHON

No, maybe. . . I don't know.

SKIP

Actually I think my parents have
a very normal relationship -- he
tells her exactly what to do and
she ignores him.

Skip FIRES.

SKIP

Got him!

JONATHON

Oh shit, this is gross.

SKIP

(handing him gun)

Listen Rocko, it's dem or us.

JONATHON

I don't want it.

SKIP

C'mon, they're only rats.

JONATHON

I don't want it!

SKIP

What's with you?

JONATHON

Nothin'. Give me the gun.

Jonathon takes the gun.

A rat scurries across the wharf.

SKIP

There!

Jonathon FIRES the last three bullets into the wharf. The
rat escapes, but not the wharf. It CREAKS LOUDLY, lists, then
slowly topples into the water. Skip takes the gun back.

SKIP

I think that about wraps it up.

Skip starts up the engine and they ROAR AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURROUGHS' ESTATE - MORNING

A misty morning. Mr. Burroughs rides PAST CAMERA, sitting masterfully astride his horse. Next is Skip, at ease atop his Arabian. Then Mrs. Burroughs rides past, looking great in top form. And finally Jonathon, pale and tired, bounces past, butt slapping saddle, holding on for dear life.

could be funny!

Mr. Burroughs reins up. Looking over a vast expanse of meadow. He takes a deep breath. The others rein up beside him.

MR. BURROUGHS

How you doin' there, Jonathon?

Jonathon gives him a brave smile.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Good man. Okay, who's gonna race me to the north fence?

(no response)

What about you, Skip?

SKIP

Do I have to?

Without warning, Mr. Burroughs whips Skip's horse with his riding crop.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

YAAAAHHHH!

Skip's horse bolts and gallops away. Skip is nearly thrown, but regains his balance and kicks the horse into high gear.

Mr. Burroughs smiles at Mrs. Burroughs. She returns it with an icy glare. Then, making sure Skip has a good head start, Mr. Burroughs whips his horse and gallops after him.

Mrs. Burroughs and Jonathon watch the two of them gallop across the open meadow for a long moment, then:

JONATHON

How are you?

Mrs. Burroughs turns on him:

MRS. BURROUGHS

I want you off this property today.

She reins her horse around, then gallops back toward the house. Leaving Jonathon alone.

EXT. BURROUGHS' ESTATE - NORTH FENCE

Skip and Mr. Burroughs race toward the fence. Full gallop. Neck and neck. Hooves flying. Getting closer and closer to the fence. At the last moment, Skip reins in his horse. Mr. Burroughs whips his horse harder, leaps into the air, and just barely clears the fence. Skip shakes his head in disbelief.

SKIP

Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN BUS STATION - DAY

Skip's Alpha pulls up. Jonathon, slightly saddle sore, gets out, bag in hand. Skip walks with him toward the depot.

SKIP

Some friend, deserting me in my hour of need.

JONATHON

I really gotta get home.

SKIP

Okay...but that means the engagement is off.

JONATHON

Thanks a lot for having me. I had a great time.

Skip pantomimes "jerking off" with his hand.

JONATHON (cont'd)

What a card.

(holds out his hand)

See you back at school.

A middle-aged COUPLE walks past. For their benefit, Skip ignores Jonathon's proffered hand, throws his arms around him and "dips" him the classic Hollywood style. The couple look at them, shocked.

SKIP

(to couple)

It's all right, we're roommates.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - DAY

The first few boys are returning from Christmas vacation.

INT. EDGEWATER DORM

Jonathon is climbing the stairs with Roger and Mannix. All are schlepping their vacation luggage

ROGER

Coming back here is depressing enough but having to face exams is almost more than I can bear.

MANNIX

And having to examine your face is almost more than we can bear.

They reach the third floor landing. Jonathon heads for his room.

INT. ROOM 308

Jonathon enters, stops in the doorway. Staring at Eleanor's panties still stretched between the Moose antlers over Skip's bed. Jonathon closes the door. Climbs up on Skip's bed and takes down the panties. We HEAR an off-key TRUMPET fanfare followed by:

SKIP (O.S.)

Okay you guys, the kid is back!

Jonathon quickly stashes the panties in the trash can just as the door opens. The TRUMPET BLASTS again. Skip stands there, trumpet in hand. He's dressed in ragged t-shirt, frayed jeans, sandals, bright yellow and lime green plaid sport coat, dark 3-D glasses, and cigarette dangling from his mouth.

SKIP (cont'd)

Miss me?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADMASTER KENNEDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mannix walks up the stairs, manilla folder under his arm. He enters.

INT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Mannix crosses to the study. The door is ajar. We HEAR VOICES from inside. Mannix stops by the door and is just about to knock when he HEARS:

KENNEDY'S VOICE

-- an investigation of our students?

Mannix freezes, peers through the crack in the door.

HIS POV

of Kennedy and G. C. BALABAN, who is a very serious man in his thirties.

KENNEDY

(continuing)

Do you really think that's necessary?

BALABAN

Yes I do. And so does the state of Massachusetts. I want to get to the student files as soon as possible.

Kennedy's attention is drawn to the door.

BALABAN (cont'd)

The only way to clean up this problem --

Kennedy holds up his hand to stop Balaban.

KENNEDY

(to Mannix)

Is somebody out there?

MANNIX

(sticks his head in)

Yes sir, it's me sir.

KENNEDY

What can I do for you, Mr. Petrie?

MANNIX

(holding up manilla envelope)

Mrs. Hayworth needs your signature.

Kennedy motions Mannix into the room. While Kennedy signs the papers in the envelope, Mannix looks at Balaban. Mannix smiles. Balaban just stares at him. Mannix's smile fades.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Jonathon and Skip are studying. Both at their desks. Skip is reading a book when suddenly he slams it shut in frustration, bites it, growls like a madman, then throws it against the wall.

SKIP

I don't get it, I don't get it,
I don't want to get it. I hate
it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathon looks at Skip for a moment, then picks up the book, sits down on the bed beside Skip, hands him back the book.

JONATHON

What don't you get?

SKIP

I don't get why they torture us with funda-fucking-mental theorems of calculus. Where the hell am I ever going to need to know the Brachistochrone Problem?

JONATHON

Friday morning's exam.

SKIP

I'm never going to do it. There's no way. I'm a dead man. Adios Harvard, bonjour Trade Tech.

Jonathon snatches the book out of Skip's hands, opens it.

JONATHON

Listen, if the area under the curve represented by $f(x)$ is bounded by the vertical lines $x=a$ and $x=b$, how can the curve be calculated? In other words, what d'you have to find?

SKIP

A gun. It's hopeless.

JONATHON

I'm going to sit here all night until you get this. Now come on, what function do you have to find?

SKIP

It's on the tip of my tongue.

The door opens, Allen sticks his head in.

ALLEN

Meeting in Mannix's room after lights out.

Allen exits.

SKIP

Hey we've got a meeting in three hours, I'd better get ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHON

Skip.

SKIP

What was the question?

JONATHON

If the area under the curve
represented by $f(x)$ --

SKIP

Oh yeah, oh yeah, ahhhh, I have
to find the anti-derivative.

JONATHON

(clueing him)

Which can be calculated by...

SKIP

By...by...the function $g(x)$ such
that it equals $f(x)$.

Jonathon gives him a "come on" gesture with his hands.

SKIP (cont'd)

More?

JONATHON

And then computing...
(waiting for Skip
to join him)

JONATHON AND SKIP

... $g(b)$ minus $g(a)$.

JONATHON

Let's take it from the top.

CUT TO:

INT. MANNIX'S ROOM - AFTER LIGHTS OUT

Packed with boys, including Skip, Jonathon, Allen, Roger, Larry,
and Mannix.

MANNIX

-- all I heard was them talking
about some kind of investigation.

A BOY

What kind of investigation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNIX

I don't know. That's what I'm
trying to tell you!

Everyone starts TALKING at once. They are suddenly silenced
by a SPECIAL KNOCK at the door -- two longs, three shorts,
four more longs, then eight in rapid succession. Mannix
nods to one of the YOUNGER BOYS, who unlocks the door, opens
it. The BOY STANDING GUARD outside sticks his head in.

BOY STANDING GUARD

Jonathon. Telephone.

Everybody turns, looks at Jonathon.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - PAY PHONE

Jonathon picks up the phone.

JONATHON

Hello?

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE

Jonathon, it's Eleanor.

JONATHON

(glancing down
hallway)

Oh God.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE

How are you?

JONATHON

Are you serious?

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE

Why didn't you say good-bye when
you left?

JONATHON

You ordered me off the property.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE

I'm sorry.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JONATHON
Why are you doing this?

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
Why do you think I'm doing it?

JONATHON
Don't play fucking games with me.

A long silence, then:

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
I miss you.

JONATHON
I can't talk. I gotta go.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
Okay...you're right. Take care of yourself.

JONATHON
You, too.

He hangs up, walks away.

INT. ROOM 308 - SAME TIME

Skip is getting ready for bed when Jonathon enters.

SKIP
Who was it?

JONATHON
Huh?

SKIP
On the phone.

JONATHON
Oh, uh, my mom. The dog died.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Mannix, carrying an armload of manilla files, passes by a door with a glass window, glancing in casually. He stops on the other side and peers back in...

MANNIX'S POV

of Balaban sitting at a desk, student files spread out before him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANNIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Packed with boys, including Skip, Jonathon, Mannix, Roger, Allen, and Larry. Allen holds a fistful of STRAWS which the boys are drawing. Jonathon takes one. It's long. Skip takes one. Short.

SKIP

Okay, that's it. It's me, Roger,
Doug, and Barry.

Skip opens a can of black polish. Holds it out for the chosen four. They smear it on their faces. Commandoes.

The SECRET KNOCK at the door. Everyone freezes. One of the boys unlocks the door. The boy standing guard outside sticks his head in.

BOY STANDING GUARD
(irritated)

Phone again for Jonathon.

Groan from the guys. Jonathon gets up, exits.

Skip looks at his three fellow commandoes.

SKIP

Let's go.

MUSIC CUE: A "Dirty Dozenish" theme as the four boys slip out the window and into the night.

INT. HALLWAY

Jonathon is on the phone. Silence for a long moment. He's numb.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
Are you still there?

JONATHON
I'm still here.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
Just for the weekend.

JONATHON
I can't.

MRS. BURROUGHS' VOICE
I just want to see you one more time.

Several boys exit Mannix's room and move past Jonathon. Jonathon feigns nonchalance.

JONATHON
Please don't call me anymore.

Jonathon hangs up. Frustrated as hell. Staring at the phone.

JONATHON (cont'd)
(sotto)
Fuck, shit, goddammit.

He takes the phone off the hook and leaves it dangling.

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. ST. CHARLES - BALABAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Skip, Roger, Doug, Barry crouched outside the window. All slowly rise up and peer in.

THEIR POV INTO THE BATHROOM

of Balaban, in the shower.

BACK TO SCENE

The boys follow Skip to another window. Skip pushes the window open.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM

Skip and the boys climb in. We can HEAR the shower o.s.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skip directs the attack, silently pointing out each boy's area of investigation. They carefully search the room.

Roger removes a card from Balaban's wallet. He stares at it, his eyes grow wide.

INT. SHOWER

Balaban is lathering up when we HEAR:

ROGER (O.S.)

Holy shit!

Balaban cocks his head, listening.

INT. BEDROOM

Skip has his hand clamped over Roger's mouth. Roger holds the card up in front of Skip's face. It reads: "G. C. BALABAN - SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR - MASSACHUSETTS ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE."

Roger takes Skip's hand away from his mouth.

ROGER

(urgent whisper)

The guy's a fuckin' narc!

We HEAR the shower turn off, then --

BALABAN (O.S.)

Hello? Hello? Is somebody there?

The boys panic. Throwing caution to the wind, they race for the front door, all trying to beat each other out. Tripping, knocking over a lamp. Skip yanks open the front door as Roger leaps past -- and right through -- the screen door. The others follow suit.

A moment later Balaban appears in the hallway dripping wet. Looks curiously at the torn screen door.

CUT TO:

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - BOYS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jonathon, alone in the bathroom, is washing his face. He dries off, tired, at a loss. Suddenly the door bursts open and every boy in the dorm crowds in heading for the toilets. They are dumping and flushing pills, pot, booze and other illegal substances. Chaos. Paranoia.

VARIOUS BOYS

When's the bust?... Maybe tonight...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARIOUS BOYS (cont'd)
Shit...There's gonna be cops all over
the place. (in tears) I'll never make
it through exams now.

Roger brushes past Jonathon, smoking three joints, carrying
an overflowing stashbox.

JONATHON
(follows Roger to toilet)
What's going on?

ROGER
The guy is a narc. There's gonna
be a raid for sure. If you have
anything, better dump it.

Jonathon gets bumped out of the way as several boys crowd
toward the toilets. Jonathon watches the pandemonium.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HALL - DAY

Mr. Schneider posts grades. A group of anxious BOYS crowd
around. Skip amongst them.

MR. SCHNEIDER
Read 'em and weep.

EXT. EAST HALL - SAME TIME

Skip comes barreling out the door, leaps all five steps, and
goes tearing across campus.

EXT. EDGEWATER DORM - SAME TIME

Skip runs through the open doorway.

INT. DORM - THIRD FLOOR STAIRWELL

Skip takes the stairs three at a time, arriving on the third
floor landing just as Jonathon hangs up the phone, looking
gloomy.

SKIP
(ecstatic)
Who are they!!

Skip grabs Jonathon, dances him around.

JONATHON
You passed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

Passed my ass! We're number one and two. Thanks to you. We're a friggin' genius. So we are going to party our balls off. And we're gonna start right now.

JONATHON

I can't.

SKIP

I didn't hear that.

JONATHON

I've gotta go to Boston.

SKIP

(snaps finger)

Good thinkin'. Boston. We'll trash the sucker.

JONATHON

Skip, I'm going alone.

SKIP

Oh no, not again, not Mr. Morose.

(grabs him by collar)

Forget her, will you? A fuck is just a fuck. You'll never find her.

JONATHON

I just want to be alone, okay?

SKIP

(melodramatically tongue in cheek)

Okay, okay, okay, that's it. That's the way you want it, that's the way it's gonna be. Never let it be said that this guy...

(thumbs himself)

...couldn't take a hint. But next time you're feeling sad and blue, don't expect Skipper to put on his big red nose and floppy shoes just pour vous.

Skip turns, walks away and waves without turning back.

SKIP

Adios.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS - EARLY EVENING

Jonathon waits at the bus stop. Alone. The bus pulls up. He boards.

POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

We SEE the bus pull away.

SKIP (O.S.)

He's on.

EXT. SIDE ROAD

Skip stands on the hood of his Alpha. He lowers the binoculars. He jumps behind the wheel. Larry, Roger, Allen, Mannix are packed into the small car, sharing a bottle.

SKIP

The mission of mercy has begun.

Skip guns the motor and roars off after the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL INN NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

EXT. BUNGALOW EIGHT - SAME TIME

Jonathon stops outside. Stares at the door for a long moment, then knocks. The door opens. Mrs. Burroughs is standing in the doorway. She looks fantastic. Wearing a tasteful black silk dress. Neither moves for a moment, then:

MRS. BURROUGHS

Come in.

Jonathon walks in. The door closes.

INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

MRS. BURROUGHS

Can I get you something to drink?

JONATHON

No, thank you.

MRS. BURROUGHS

You still have that coat.

(smiles)

May I take it?

JONATHON

I think I'll just keep it on...
not that I don't trust you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BURROUGHS
Won't you sit down?

She sits down on the couch. Jonathon opts for the chair.

MRS. BURROUGHS
Well, it's good to see you. How
are you?

JONATHON
Okay.

MRS. BURROUGHS
Just okay?
(no response)
So much for the small talk.

JONATHON
What're we going to chat about,
my life at school, your husband?

Mrs. Burroughs gets up, fixes herself a drink.

MRS. BURROUGHS
Having your period, Jonathon?

JONATHON
I'm just trying to be honest.

MRS. BURROUGHS
Why, we get along much better
without it.

Mrs. Burroughs pours another drink and sets it on the coffee
table in front of Jonathon.

JONATHON
Okay, great, what d'you want to
be this week? Jane the waitress,
Betty the lawyer? Why hold back?
Why not the queen of England?
Anything special you'd like me
to be?

MRS. BURROUGHS
Civil.

They stare at each other for a moment, then:

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)
Why don't we be who we really are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

JONATHON

You mean the little eighteen year old snot-nosed kid and the rich bored housewife.

MRS. BURROUGHS

You're not an eighteen year old snot-nosed kid, Jonathon, you're a fully developed sonuvabitch.

JONATHON

Jesus Christ, I'm not the one that was calling you every week for a month! You don't seem to understand that your son is my roommate, my best friend. Jesus! I can't believe we're arguing about this! What the hell're we doing here?!

MRS. BURROUGHS

(unphased)

You know perfectly well what you're doing here.

A long beat, then --

JONATHON

Oh right, you think I'm here 'cause I wanted to jump your bones. Uh-uh, I came because I felt sorry for you.

About to take a drink, Mrs. Burroughs stops, then hurls the glass at Jonathon. Hard. It SMASHES against the wall.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Goddamn you, where the hell d'you get off talking to me like that?! You don't know anything about me, you don't know anything about my life, you don't know anything about anything. The first time I saw you in that bar, you were pathetic. You were nothing but a sympathy fuck. And a pretty pour one at that.

She hits the ice bucket with her fist, knocking it to the floor.

MRS. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

Goddammit, nothing ever works!

(a beat)

You'd better leave.

She turns away from Jonathon. Picks up the bottle of Vodka, starts drinking. Jonathon watches her begin to drain the bottle.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

Hey!

Jonathon moves to her, grabs the bottle away from her.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Stop it!

Mrs. Burroughs makes a grab for the bottle. Jonathon holds her back with one arm, and with his other hand, pours the vodka onto the floor. She stares at him, moves to the phone, dials.

MRS. BURROUGHS

(into phone)

This is bungalow eight. I'd like two bottles of vodka sent up right away.

(hangs up)

Weren't you leaving?

Jonathon stares at her helplessly for a moment, then crosses to her and puts his arms around her. Surprised, Mrs. Burroughs stands there rigidly.

JONATHON

I'm sorry.

The anger drains from her face.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Oh shit.

Her arms go around him and they hold each other for a moment. Jonathon pulls back, looks at her. Then she kisses him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL INN - SAME TIME

Skip, Larry, Mannix, Roger and Allen move stealthily across the lawn. Each with a bottle of champagne. Skip in the lead. They're trying to control their laughter. Skip tries to shush them. They laugh even louder.

SKIP

There it is! Over there!

MANNIX

This is gonna be great.

SKIP

Keep it down, keep it down.

INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Jonathon is lying on the bed, shirt open, shoes off. Mrs. Burroughs is on top of him, kissing him as she unbuckles his belt. She stands, slips the dress off her shoulders and lets it cascade to the floor.

EXT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Skip and the boys close in. Skip takes a deep breath, moves to the door, and is about to knock when he is seized with a fit of laughter. He turns away, covering his mouth with his hand, leaping away from the door and setting off another round of suppressed laughter from the boys.

INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Both naked. On the bed. Clothes strewn about. Jonathon and Mrs. Burroughs are locked in a passionate embrace. Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the door. They freeze.

A VOICE

Room service.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Send him away.

Mrs. Burroughs slips under the sheet as Jonathon grabs the blanket, wraps it around himself and crosses to the door. He adjusts the blanket, and opens the door.

SKIP, LARRY, MANNIX, ALLEN, ROGER

SURPRISE!!

The boys charge into the room, POPPING BOTTLES of champagne.

THE BOYS

Hey, Jonathon! Party time!
Let's get drunk and be somebody!

SKIP

Hey, like the outfit.

The boys' exuberance is suddenly diminished by the sight of the naked woman in Jonathon's bed.

MANNIX

Oops.

The other boys giggle embarrassedly, but Skip is stunned as he recognizes his mother. Mrs. Burroughs stares at her son in shock. Jonathon is speechless. Skip can't take his eyes off his mother. Finally:

SKIP

Well, Jonathon, aren't you going
to introduce your friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathon slumps into a chair. The boys begin to sense something isn't quite right.

SKIP

Okay...I'll do the honors.
Everybody, I'd like you to meet
Mrs. Squire Elsworth Burroughs,
my mother.

A nervous laugh from Allen and Mannix -- Is he kidding?

Suddenly Skip turns and walks out of the room. There is a moment of incredible tension. Nobody knows quite what to do. Jonathon bolts from the chair and charges out of the room, wrapped in his blanket.

MRS. BURROUGHS

(very softly)

Will you please excuse me.

The boys exit. Mannix pulls the door shut behind them. Mrs. Burroughs' expression, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL INN - SAME TIME

Skip walks away from the bungalow. Jonathon stumbles up behind him, tripping over the blanket.

JONATHON

Skip!

(Skip continues to walk)

Skip, I'm sorry. Oh fuck, man, I'm really sorry.

Skip keeps moving. Jonathon struggles to keep up.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I didn't know who she was. Not until I went to your house.

Skip, please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm --

Skip stops in his tracks, and turns on Jonathon, freezing him with a stone cold glare.

SKIP

Don't worry about it. A fuck is just a fuck.

Skip walks away. Leaving Jonathon standing in front of the hotel, wrapped in his blanket.

FADE OUT:

SEEK BETTER IF
BOYS SUSPECT JON
MEETING WORKING
FOR WHEN SKIP SEES
THAT MANNIX CALLED
ON BOYS CAUGHT, SEE
SKIP
MANNIX
FOR OTHER BOYS
TO KNOW.

FADE IN:

EXT. MT. ST. CHARLES - DAY

Jonathon approaches Edgewater dorm. He stops outside, hesitant. Mannix exits the dorm. Surprised to see Jonathon.

Mannix gives a self-conscious wave and moves quickly on.

Jonathon looks up at the dorm, changes his mind, turns and heads for the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jonathon sits on a rock next to a stream. He huddles against the cold, coat collar turned up. In the b.g. we can SEE the lights of Edgewater Dorm. They blink off. Jonathon slowly gets to his feet and heads for the dorm.

INT. DORM - NIGHT

Jonathon climbs the last few stairs and turns down the hallway. He stops outside the door. Waits a beat. Then enters...

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Dark. Skip lies in bed. His eyes follow Jonathon as his roommate closes the door, starts to get undressed. Averting his eyes from Skip, Jonathon gets into his bed. He lies there very still. He starts to roll over. Stops. Looks at the...

MOOSEHEAD

Eleanor's panties stretched between the antlers once again.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - MORNING

The 6:30 A.M. BELL RINGS. Skip gets out of bed, wearing boxer shorts. He heads for the door, grabbing his towel and shaving kit. As soon as he's out the door, Jonathon rolls over and sits up.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Eight boys, including Allen and Roger are already fighting for toilet space. Allen leans against one of the stall doors, pounding on it.

ALLEN

(groggy)

C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AD LIBS

Oh what a beautiful morning.
Gimme back my soap. Eat shit.
Who's got some deodorant?

Skip enters. All the chit-chat fades quickly to an embarrassed silence. Ignoring the silence, Skip moves up to a sink and starts washing his face.

Allen, leaning against the stall door, is watching Skip. Suddenly the stall door opens and Allen falls in.

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Skip and Jonathon pass each other in the hall, Skip heading back to the room, Jonathon heading for the bathroom. Jonathon glances at Skip. Skip stares straight ahead.

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

The rink is set up on the frozen Mt. St. Charles' pond. Hockey game in progress. Jonathon sits on the bench with a few other players, watching the rough action, glad they're not a part of it.

COACH

(cheering game on)
Pass off, Pass off, move it!
C'mon, get it down field, get
it down field.

The puck is passed from one player to another. A player skates it towards the goal. Fast.

Skip tears across the ice and collides with the player, stealing the puck and sending the player sliding across the ice on his back and crashing into the...

BENCH

where the guys lift their skates to avoid being hit.

PLAYER

(angry)
Hey, fuck you Burroughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH

Watch the language, Muhl.

(to Skip)

You wanna play, Burroughs, or sit
on the bench?!

Skip glances at the coach, dead pan, then skates to center ice.

EXT. SUMMERS HALL - DAY

Jonathon waits outside. A BELL RINGS. Doors open, students
exit, Skip amongst them. As Skip moves off across the quad,
Jonathon walks up alongside him.

JONATHON

I want to talk.

SKIP

Forget about it.

JONATHON

No, this is bullshit, Skip --

SKIP

I said forget about it. I have.

Frustrated, Jonathon stops. Skip continues on without him.

CUT TO:

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - AFTERNOON

Jonathon walks down the hall and enters...

INT. ROOM 308

Jonathon freezes in his tracks. Mr. Burroughs stands at the
window, hands in pockets. He turns. Tense.

MR. BURROUGHS

Hello Jonathon.

JONATHON

(hesitates)

Hello.

MR. BURROUGHS

Do you know when Skip will be back?

JONATHON

He should be back pretty soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long uncomfortable silence. Mr. Burroughs looks around the room, eyes stopping on the moosehead with woman's panties. Jonathon sees what Mr. Burroughs is looking at. Mr. Burroughs looks at Jonathon.

Jonathon forces an "oh shit here it comes" smile. A longer uncomfortable silence.

MR. BURROUGHS (cont'd)

How's your social life, Jonathon?
I imagine you have a lot of girlfriends.

(no response)

No?

JONATHON

Alright, Mr. Burroughs, let's get it over with. I'm sorry, but I just...I can't take it anymore.

MR. BURROUGHS

Take what, Jonathon? What're you talking about?

JONATHON

What am I talking about?

MR. BURROUGHS

Yes, what are you talking about?

JONATHON

Ahh, I'm sorry. I ahh...I don't know what I'm talking about.

MR. BURROUGHS

That makes two of us.

Another silence, then the door opens. Jonathon and Mr. Burroughs turn as Skip enters.

SKIP

What are you doing here?

Mr. Burroughs looks at Jonathon.

MR. BURROUGHS

Would you excuse us?

JONATHON

(unsure)

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Jonathon exchanges a quick glance with Skip as he exits, closing the door behind him.

SKIP

What's wrong?

MR. BURROUGHS

Your mother's in the hospital.
She's had a nervous breakdown.

SKIP

Is she alright?

MR. BURROUGHS

Not according to her.

SKIP

I don't know what that's supposed to mean.

MR. BURROUGHS

Your mother checked herself into a hospital three days ago. She thinks she needs psychiatric help. So she's getting it.

(Skip nods)

You don't seem surprised.

SKIP

What d'you want me to say? If she thinks she needs it --

MR. BURROUGHS

What kind of attitude is that?

SKIP

It's not an attitude. I'm just saying that Mom probably knows better than anyone else --

MR. BURROUGHS

What she knows is she can get away with anything. She's hiding behind this "I can't cope" crap. And I won't stand for it. I won't have people coming up to me and saying it's too bad about your wife while they're wondering what I did wrong!

SKIP

Pretty ungrateful of her. *h-c*

Mr. Burroughs back-hands Skip across the mouth.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MR. BURROUGHS
I'm really very tired of your
smart-alec attitude, Skip.

Skip glares at his father for a long moment.

SKIP
I'm sorry.

MR. BURROUGHS
Your mother's problems are to
remain private.

SKIP
Where is she?

MR. BURROUGHS
No one is going to see her and no
one is going to know about it.
Is that clear?
(no response)
Is that clear?!

Skip nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT ST. CHARLES - SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The SENIOR CLASS is seated. Headmaster Kennedy enters with
G.C. Balaban. Suddenly there's tension in the room.

ROGER
That's the guy, that's the narc.

Roger, Mannix, and the Edgewater boys watch, cocky, as Kennedy
and Balaban turn and face the boys. Kennedy waits for quiet.

KENNEDY
Gentlemen, I've assembled the
senior class because I'm going to
need your help.
(re: Balaban)
This is Mr. Balaban. He's with the
State Attorney General's office. He
is presently conducting an investigation
involving all the secondary schools
in the state. Evidently there has
been widespread cheating on the S.A.T.
tests at many of these schools.

The audience perks up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KENNEDY (cont'd)

I hope that Mr. Balaban is wrong about Mount St. Charles, but nonetheless, we are going to give him our full cooperation.

An ANGRY MURMUR erupts in the auditorium. It is especially hot around Roger.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

BOYS AROUND ROGER

(angry whispers)

A narc, huh? You asshole! I flushed
three hundred dollars down the
goddam toilet! You stupid shit!

Roger slumps down in his chair.

KENNEDY

Gentlemen, quiet! Mr. Balaban
will be interviewing students
tomorrow. I expect you all to
conduct yourselves honorably and
honestly. That's all.

Kennedy and Balaban remain standing in front as the Seniors
get up to leave.

JONATHON

stays seated, stunned. After a moment he discovers Skip
moving up the aisle. Skip passes Jonathon without a second
glance.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Jonathon and Skip are both sitting at their desks. Skip appears
to be totally engrossed in his material. Jonathon, on the
other hand, is having trouble keeping his eyes on the page.

JONATHON'S POV

of his textbook. He's underlining with a pencil as he reads:
"We have shown that the worker sinks to the level of a commodity
and becomes indeed the most wretched of commodities." Jonathon's
pencil stops.

BACK TO SCENE

Jonathon looks over at Skip. Skip turns a page, intent on his
reading. Jonathon looks back at his book.

JONATHON'S POV

as he reads the same line again.

BACK TO SCENE

Jonathon looks up again. Still nothing from Skip. Jonathon
looks back at his book, tries the same passage one more time.
Then, unable to concentrate, he closes the book and tries
another. Suddenly Skip stands, grabs his coat, pulls the
black-out curtain off the window.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHON

What're you doing? It's lights
out.

Jonathon hurriedly switches off the lights. Skip opens the window, tosses the rope out.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Where're you going?

Ignoring Jonathon, Skip climbs out the window and down the rope.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURROUGHS' ESTATE - NIGHT

The elegant mansion outlined by moonlight. A DARK FIGURE darts across the landscape.

INT. MANSION - MAGGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is asleep. The bedroom door creaks open. The dark figure is silhouetted in the doorway. The dark figure crosses to the bed.

SKIP

(whispers)

Maggie!

Maggie wakes with a start.

MAGGIE

What're you doing here?

SKIP

Where's my mom?

MAGGIE

Skip --

SKIP

Tell me where she is.

MAGGIE

Your father specifically said --

SKIP

Maggie...please...

Maggie hesitates.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A big city hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Skip walks through the doors: "NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC" - NO ADMITTANCE.

INT. HALLWAY

Skip moves down the hallway. Checking the numbers on the doors. He stops at one, knocks softly, then enters.

INT. MRS. BURROUGHS' HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Mrs. Burroughs is lying in bed. She looks at Skip standing in the doorway. He closes the door. Stands there. Neither knows quite what to say.

SKIP

How are you?

Mrs. Burroughs struggles to control her emotions, then --

MRS. BURROUGHS

Does your father know you're here?

SKIP

No.

MRS. BURROUGHS

Are you alright?

SKIP

I'm okay.

MRS. BURROUGHS

You look a little thin.

SKIP

The food at school makes fasting a necessity.

Mrs. Burroughs smiles. A long beat.

SKIP

By the way. . . I got accepted to Harvard.

MRS. BURROUGHS

That's. . . ah. . .

She can't speak. Emotion overwhelming her. She shrugs apologetically at Skip as the tears begin to fall.

Skip hesitates, then moves to his mother and embraces her.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chemistry lecture. Mr. Schneider is in the midst of another one. Full class, including Jonathon, Roger, Allen. Roger now sports a black eye.

MR. SCHNEIDER

. . . concerned with the rates at which chemical reactions occur, varied factors affect that rate. . .

Mannix enters.

MR. SCHNEIDER (cont'd)

. . . including solvents, temperature, pressure, catalysts, and collisions.

(to Mannix)

More bodies for the inquisition, Mr. Petrie?

Mannix hands him two slips of paper.

MR. SCHNEIDER (cont'd)

Mr. Simons and Mr. Litman, you are today's lucky winners.

SIMONS and LITMAN slowly get to their feet and follow Mannix out the door. Jonathon watches them.

MR. SCHNEIDER (cont'd)

I know we've all been instructed to give our full cooperation to this stupid and pointless investigation, but when they interrupt one of my brilliant lectures, it pisses me off.

The class laughs. Scattered applause. Nothing from Jonathon.

CUT TO:

6
INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Skip picks up his tray and moves to the table where the Edgewater Boys are seated. Heavy duty conversation going on. Skip sits down opposite Jonathon. Roger now has two black eyes.

MANNIX

-- kept Ostroff in there for an hour and a half.

ALLEN

I heard they nailed Powers.

LARRY

(irate)

Powers, what a jerk-off! The guy didn't even cheat, but he was so fuckin' scared he confessed to smokin', stayin' up after lights out, sneaking off campus, and spying on Kennedy's wife.

A communal groan.

ROGER

Well it's gonna take a lot more than some fag from the Attorney General's office to open --
(points to lips)
-- these lips.

MANNIX

Yeah, two fags.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

Half naked native women are performing the ritual Masai mating dance. CHANTING, YELLING, DRUMS, and tits. Suddenly fifteen year old WALLY BLACKBURN walks into scene. The naked woman continue to dance on his face and chest. He squints INTO CAMERA. We HEAR assorted HISSES and BOOS and "Get outta the way."

INT. HISTORY CLASS - SAME TIME

National Geographic film has been interrupted by Wally. Dr. Krieger turns off the projector, turns on the lights. Among the class: Jonathon and Skip.

DR. KRIEGER

What is it, Mr. Blackburn?

Wally hands him the slip of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. KRIEGER
Mr. Ogner, you're wanted in the
office.

He hands paper to Jonathon.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jonathon enters. Hands his slip of paper to a SECRETARY

SECRETARY
Just take a seat over there.

Jonathon crosses to five chairs. The first four occupied
by STUDENTS. Jonathon sits down. Waits.

The door to the office opens. A BOY exits. Balaban sticks his
head out, reads from a list.

BALABAN
Mr. Caufield.

The boy in the first chair gets up, enters the office. The
door closes. The remaining boys all move up a chair.

BOY NEXT TO JONATHON
This sucks royally.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Caulfield exits. Balaban sticks his head out --

BALABAN
Mr. MacFarland.

MacFarland stands, heads into the office. The door closes
and the boys move up another chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Balaban sticks his head out the door.

BALABAN
Mr. Ogner.

Jonathon stands, enters. The door closes.

*THESE
CUTS/SCENES
UNRECEIVED*

INT. BALABAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Balaban crosses to his desk, studying a file in hand.

BALABAN

(motioning)

Sit down, sit down...

(reading)

Jonathon.

Jonathon sits down. Balaban puts the file aside and sits on the corner of the desk, facing Jonathon.

BALABAN (cont'd)

So...this is a real pain in the ass way to meet, isn't it? I hear you're already headed to Harvard. I'm a Yale man myself.

(opens file, glances at it)

You got a near perfect score on your S.A.T. Very impressive. Normally I'd suspect you right away. But you've got an extremely high I.Q. and you've been a straight A student all your life. The only conclusion I can draw is, either you're innocent or you've been stealing tests since you were in nursery school.

Balaban chuckles. Jonathon remains dead-pan.

BALABAN (cont'd)

I don't like being here anymore than you do, Jonathon, but...

(helpless gesture)

...what I'm doing does have a purpose. It's very difficult to get into the top universities in the country now and it's unfair when someone like you works very hard to earn their way in and another guy just buys the answers. We've already arrested several of the people involved in the stealing of the tests. Eventually we'll find everybody, including those who bought the tests. So, with that said, I guess we should get down to business. I have to ask you a few questions.

Balaban moves back around the desk. Takes pen in hand. Stares at Jonathon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

117.

BALABAN

Do you have any knowledge of
the stolen S.A.T. tests?

JONATHON

No.

BALABAN

(marks questionnaire
in front of him)

Do you know personally, or have
you heard of any person or
persons purchasing S.A.T. tests?

JONATHON

No.

BALABAN

Did you purchase an S.A.T. test?

JONATHON

No.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT

Skip is lying on his bed reading. Jonathon enters. Crosses to his desk, drops his books. He sees an envelope on Skip's desk. He stares at it for a moment, then looks at Skip.

JONATHON

You heard from Harvard?

Skip reaches behind his head, onto the desk, and, without looking up from his book, hands the envelope to Jonathon. Jonathon looks at the letter. A beat, then:

JONATHON (cont'd)

Congratulations.

Skip holds out his hand. Jonathon gives him the letter. And once again, without looking up from his book, Skip drops the letter back on his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308 - NEXT MORNING

Skip and Jonathon get dressed. In silence. Skip is the first to pick up his books and exits.

CUT TO:

BY THE WAY
WHY DID JON.
CHASE?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

English Literature class, includes Skip and Jonathon. The TEACHER has just been handed a note by Wally Blackburn. The class waits in suspended anticipation.

TEACHER

All right, Mr. Burroughs, you may have escaped "The Wasteland" for today but you are still responsible for the material.

With Jonathon watching his every move, Skip stands, takes the note from the teacher and exits.

INT. BALABAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Skip enters. Balaban shuts the door and crosses to his desk, studying a file in hand.

BALABAN

(motioning)

Sit down, sit down...

(reading)

Squire.

Skip sits. Balaban puts the file aside and sits on the corner of the desk, facing Skip.

BALABAN (cont'd)

So...this is a real pain in the ass way to meet, isn't it? I see you've applied to Harvard. I'm a Yale man myself.

(opens file, glances at it)

You got a very high score on the S.A.T.

(looks at Skip -- no response; looks back at file)

You're not related to the Burroughs who's on the board of A.T. and T., are you?

SKIP

Daddy.

BALABAN

(nods)

I imagine the pressure on you to get into Harvard is pretty intense.

(no response)

Your grades aren't bad, but I think it's your S.A.T. score that's going to get you in.

(nothing from Skip)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

119.

BALABAN (cont'd)

Look, Squire, I don't like putting you through this, but what we're doing here does have a purpose. We live in a very competitive society, sometimes the overwhelming pressure to succeed can dictate our morality, sometimes we are compelled to do things we wouldn't normally do. But that does not lessen our responsibility to society -- and to ourselves. We've all done things we're ashamed of, and we all have to live with them, sometimes painfully, because only occasionally does the opportunity present itself to rectify our mistakes.

(lets that sink in)

So, with that said, I guess we should get down to business. I have to ask you a few questions.

W.B.H.
THERE WERE
WERE WERE
TO SHARPEN
THIS

Balaban moves back around desk, takes pen in hand with questionnaire in front of him.

BALABAN (cont'd)

Do you have any knowledge of the stolen S.A.T. tests?

There's the longest beat in American cinema, then Skip gets up and heads for the door.

BALABAN (cont'd)

Mr. Burroughs, where do you think you're going?

Skip continues to the door, opens it, then turns, faces Balaban.

SKIP

Fuck you.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

ROGER

(stunned)

He really said "Fuck you?"

It's lunch. But no one at the Edgewater table is eating. Roger, Allen, Larry, et al, listen incredulously -- no one more so than Jonathon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNIX

He looked him right in the eye,
said "Fuck you" and walked out.

ROGER

Allllllrrriiiight!

The Edgewater boys are elated. A boy from the next table leans in.

BOY FROM NEXT TABLE

What'd he say?

LARRY

He told Balaban to go fuck himself.

BOY

No shit?!

(to his own table)

Yeah, he really did it.

Boys lean from one table to another passing the news. Like a prairie fire it rages through the dining hall.

JONATHON

sits there stunned, watching the excitement spread. As Skip walks in, the clamor quickly subsides. Jonathon looks up.

ROGER

(leaps to his feet)

HEEEYYYYYYYYY Skip!

Roger starts applauding and the room explodes with cheers, applause, whistles. Even Mr. Schneider at the Teacher's Table joins in. *VERY good*

SKIP'S POV

The CHEERING throng.

BACK TO SCENE

Skip watches. Expressionless. He turns and walks out. The applause dies down. This is not what they expected.

Jonathon gets up.

EXT. DINING HALL/CAMPUS - DAY

Skip crosses the campus toward woods. Jonathon exits the dining hall, runs after Skip, catches up with him. Walks alongside. A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON

Just tell me one thing, why
didn't you turn me in?

Nothing from Skip.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot. You
don't talk to me. You save my
ass but you don't talk to me.

Skip continues to ignore him.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Well, thanks a lot buddy.

(slaps Skip on the
shoulder)

Maybe I can do the same for you
sometime.

(still nothing from
Skip)

Well, you're probably right.
What could anybody do for Mr.
Perfect.

(snaps fingers)

Wait a minute, I've got it. I
could drop dead. You'd like that
wouldn't you? Sure you would. I
could hang myself... No, I've
done that. How 'bout I shoot
myself? Better yet, you shoot me
and mount my head up on the wall
next to the moose. Then you can
take the panties and stretch
them between my ears. Come on,
you'd like that wouldn't you?

(grabs Skip's arm;
spins him around)

Come on, you'd love it!

Skip angrily pulls his arm away and continues to walk.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Gee you're a hard guy to please...
Been nice talking to you...

(suddenly angry)

How the hell was I supposed to
know who she was?! Am I supposed
to ask everyone I meet if they're
related to you?!

(Skip keeps walking)

You sent me to that goddamn bar
in the first place.

(still nothing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON (cont'd)

What the hell was your mother
doing there?! Did you ever think
of that?!

(going for the
jugular)

Did you send her there too?!

Without warning, Skip throws a lightning fast punch that cracks Jonathon in the face. Jonathon is lifted a couple of feet off the ground. He slams down into the dirt. Skip turns, walks away. Jonathon lies motionless.

EXT. WOODS

Skip weaves his way through the trees. Angry. Suddenly Jonathon charges in and slams his fist into Skip's back with all his might, knocking Skip down. As Skip gets to his feet, Jonathon takes a wild swing and somehow connects, hard. Skip stumbles back, trips, falls. Jonathon rubs his fist in pain.

Skip charges, tackling Jonathon, lifting him off his feet, driving him into the ground. They struggle in the mud, rolling over and over, tumbling down the small embankment into the stream.

Skip and Jonathon thrash about in the cold water, wildly lashing out at one another. Jonathon slams an elbow into Skip's ribs, breaks free, and struggles out of the stream. Skip charges after him. Grabs him, knocks him down.

Skip is about ready to hit Jonathon again when Jonathon grabs a rather nasty looking rock. Skip backs off as Jonathon scrambles to his feet. Keeping an eye on the rock, Skip circles Jonathon. Both breathing hard, filthy, hair matted with mud. Skip fakes left, then right, then charges --

SKIP

AHHHHHHHHHH.....

Jonathon, scared, throws the rock at Skip, cracking him on the knee. Jonathon turns and runs like hell. Skip stumbles, grabbing his knee in pain.

SKIP (cont'd)

You little prick!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathon splashes across the stream. Glancing back over his shoulder. Skip is running after him as fast as he can with his injured knee.

Jonathon runs to the chapel, disappears inside.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Deserted. Jonathon runs through the pews as Skip bursts in the door after him. Putting a dozen pews between himself and Skip, Jonathon stops to catch his breath. Skip gauges his plan of attack. He moves around one pew. Jonathon backs around another.

Skip dodges around some more pews. Jonathon keeps backing away.

Suddenly Skip starts directly for Jonathon, going over the tops, leaping from pew to pew. Jonathon darts down the aisle, heading for the side door. Skip leaps off the pew, knocking it over and into the pew behind it, causing them to domino -- row after row, crash to the floor, THUNDERING in the cavernous chapel. Jonathon dashes out the door.

EXT. CAMPUS - SAME TIME

Jonathon races from the chapel, knocking through SEVERAL STUDENTS. He charges toward the Edgewater dorm. In the b.g., Skip

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

bursts out of the Chapel and sprints after Jonathon. Rapidly closing the gap.

Jonathon fumbles with his tie, ripping it off his neck as he charges into...

INT. EDGEWATER DORM - SAME TIME

Jonathon slams the door, quickly wraps his tie around the crossbars. Skip runs up, grabs the door, tries to pull it open. The door opens slightly, but Jonathon's makeshift lock keeps Skip out.

Jonathon races upstairs while Skip, in a rage, yanks at the doors. After several tries, the door gives. Skip bolts up the stairs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - SAME TIME

Jonathon grabs the fire extinguisher from the wall, spins and aims at Skip, who is half a flight down the stairs.

JONATHON

Stop!

Skip doesn't. Jonathon pulls the trigger. A minute dribble of foam trickles onto Jonathon's foot.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Fuck.

Jonathon heaves the fire extinguisher at Skip, who ducks just in time. The fire extinguisher sails over his head and crashes through the stairwell window. Jonathon dashes to room 308 and slams the door shut in Skip's face.

INT. ROOM 308

Jonathon locks the door and jams a chair under the doorknob. Skip pounds on the door.

SKIP (O.C.)

GODDAMMIT!

Jonathon backs away from the door. The pounding continues.

INT. HALLWAY

Skip is throwing his body against the door. In animal rage. Again and again. The door holds. Skip stops, fists clenched, glaring at the door in a blind fury.

INT. ROOM 308

Jonathon staring at the door. Silence. Waiting for the next barrage. It doesn't come.

JONATHON

Skip?

(no response)

Skip?

Still nothing. Jonathon takes a tentative step back toward the door.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I know you're out there...I'm
not opening the door... How
dumb d'you think I am?!...Fuck
you... Skip?

Unbeknownst to Jonathon, Skip appears in the window behind him, throwing the window open. Jonathon wheels around as Skip tumbles into the room. Jonathon grabs the chair and rips it from under the doorknob. He struggles with the lock, opens the door and is about to escape when Skip grabs him from behind and flings him back into the room.

Jonathon slams into the wall. Skip grabs him and hits him hard in the face. Jonathon's head snaps back, his legs buckle. Skip grabs him with his left hand and is about to punch him again with his right when:

JONATHON (cont'd)

(weakly; mouth
bleeding)

No, no, wait. Truce... Truce.

Skip hesitates for the crucial second that it takes Jonathon to slam his knee into Skip's groin. Skip drops Jonathon and they both crumple to their knees. Hurting. Skip painfully cocks his fist and throws another punch at Jonathon's head. But Jonathon is already dropping to the floor. Skip's fist slams into the desk. He groans and collapses to the floor, doubled up, holding his groin.

Skip and Jonathon are lying side by side. Staring at each other. Neither speaks for a long moment, then:

JONATHON (cont'd)

Sorry...I thought you were going
to kill me.

SKIP

(gasping in pain)

I wouldn't rule it out altogether.

Jonathon lies there for a moment, then sits up painfully. Leans against the bed. He spits some blood onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHON (cont'd)
I never would've seen her again,
I swear to God, but she kept
calling me... Christ, how d'you
think I felt when I found out
who she was...

Jonathon's eyes well up with tears.

JONATHON (cont'd)
I mean, fuck, I was in love with
her.

Jonathon starts to cry.

JONATHON (cont'd)
Life is really fucked, you know
that?

Skip watches Jonathon cry. Jonathon turns his head away.

SKIP
(eyes filling with
tears)

Shit.

Skip, too, begins to cry. Jonathon turns back to Skip, stares
at him through his tears.

JONATHON
What're you doing?

SKIP
Nothing.

Skip continues to cry.

JONATHON
Jesus, what a dip.

They cry. Gradually their grief subsides. Jonathon takes a
deep breath, exhales. Both are physically and emotionally
drained. They stare at each other expressionless and we...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND - DAY

Fall. The spectacular colors of autumn leaves.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE - DAY

Skip's ALFA moves through the streets of Cambridge.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

CLASSIC ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Ivy League school. Bustling with activity. STUDENTS moving in for the new term. Carrying trunks, suitcases, garment bags.

Skip, carrying two suitcases, moves across the campus, passing the marble sign: HARVARD UNIVERSITY. He consults a piece of paper and enters --

INT. HARVARD DORMITORY - DAY

Skip moves down the hallway.

GIRL'S VOICE

Skip. . . Skip!

Skip turns and SEES LISA AND SUSAN running towards him. The girls now sport short severe haircuts and suits.

LISA

How did you get into Harvard?

SKIP

I drove.

The girls giggle.

SUSAN

We're in the business school.

LISA

We're gonna be so rich.

SUSAN

Is this your dorm?

LISA

Oh can we see your room? They put us in an outhouse.

Skip leads the way to ROOM 107. Sets his luggage down, opens the door.

THEIR P.O.V.

of a BLOND WOMAN. Standing in a playboy pose, her back to the door. Wearing black lace bra, panties, and garter belt.

WOMAN

Guess whoooooooooooo?!

The woman spins around, arms open wide. She has a beard. It's JONATHON. His expression plummets when he sees Susan and Lisa. He stands there mortified, slowly removes the wig.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Lisa and Susan stare at Jonathon in shock. Skip opens his arms wide --

SKIP

Jonathon!

Skip runs to Jonathon and gives him a big bear hug. Then they both turn and look at the wide-eyed Lisa and Susan.

SKIP

It's okay, we're roommates.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT:

THE END