

FOXES

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOXES

by

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FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1

INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JEANIE, a creamy beauty of sixteen, sits in a jerrybuilt windowseat, her legs tucked up under her. This is her bedroom in the small apartment she shares with her mother in the San Fernando Valley.

She mumbles to herself as she writes in a school notebook. She's wearing a T-shirt that reads: I ATE THE WHOLE THING. Under the shirt, bikini panties.

JEANIE

... and now it's all become
so clear... that when I say
I love you, dear...

Jeanie falls silent as MADGE passes through frame and flops down on the single bed, under a poster of Fred and Ginger at their stylish best. Madge, going on seventeen, is a stunning brunette with a full woman's body. She has a slow, mature quality.

MADGE

You hear from Annie?

JEANIE

(not looking up)
No.

MADGE

You waiting up for her?

JEANIE

(meaning 'no')
Oh sure.

DEIRDRE ambles in, wearing satin gym togs, the word ROCKY stitched across the rear. Ultra-thin and ultra-sophisticated, she is just fifteen. Wearied by life at an early year, she speaks with effort. A nasal drone, actually.

She fusses about making a nest on the floor, pulling pillows from the bed where Madge lies. There's a battered leather chair, speakers nailed at ear level to either side. She pulls its cushion to the floor, collapses onto it. The light is in her eyes.

DEIRDRE

You gonna keep the light on?

JEANIE
A minute.

DEIRDRE
(a whine)
God.

JEANIE
(a greater whine)
God.

Jeanie scribbles away. She stops, looks critically at what she's written.

DEIRDRE
Can we hear it?

Jeanie makes a face, meaning 'forget it.'

DEIRDRE
God.

Jeanie turns off the hanging lamp over her head, but remains seated in the windowseat. Enough light spills in from outside for her to read over what she's written.

MADGE
(always the peacemaker)
Maybe it's something private.

DEIRDRE
'S another poem about Scott...
we heard the last seven
thousand.

MADGE
Please.
(to Jeanie)
You coming to bed?

JEANIE
(still reading)
Yeah.

She leans forward, just above Madge's head, reads softly.

JEANIE
"In the middle of the night
when I get scared,
I reach for you,
but you're not there.
And now it's all become
so clear,
That when I say I love you,
I don't really.
I just don't want to be

DEIRDRE
(from the floor)
Nice.

Jeanie sets the notebook down on the windowseat, lowers herself down on the bed next to Madge. Suddenly she lifts up, grabs the notebook, scribbles on it.

JEANIE
"The End."

She slides back on the bed, lowering out of frame, leaving US HOLDING on the darkened window. On a slow zoom, WE GO THROUGH the window to the far distant sight of Colonel Sander's chicken bucket, turning in the night.

TITLES.

Under titles, we see a montage of the Valley as it spins down for the night, a glaring collection of fast-food eateries, broad boulevards and thinning freeways. As the last of these pop art signs blink to black, we

CUT TO:

2

INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jeanie and Madge are asleep on the narrow bed. On the floor cushions, also asleep, is Deirdre. Next to her is a new-comer, ANNIE, a redhead.

They all sleep like broken furniture, as only kids can.

In the morning light, we note the walls are crowded with cutouts of Vogue models, Joni Mitchell by the sea, ticket stubs, art nouveau jewelry (with feathers), a photo of a long-haired boy with guitar.

The clock radio clicks and disco music blares. Jeanie is the first to stir. She steps over the slumbering Madge and hits the deck. She gives Deirdre a gentle kick in passing.

JEANIE
Shake your booty.

Deirdre groans. Jeanie does a disco dip and heads for the bathroom. Behind, Madge lifts up on the bed.

MADGE
Jeanie, don't stay in there.

JEANIE
I'm not even in there yet.
God.

Jeanie disappears into the bathroom. Madge makes a face at the radio, turns it off. Deirdre snakes up from the floor, places the radio next to Annie, turns it on. Madge scowls.

DEIRDRE

We got to wake up Annie.

MADGE

(softly)

Annie, wake up. Annie.

WE GO IN on the sleeping girl. Annie has full russet hair, full lips, full breasts. She's a basket of fruit.

Jeanie looks in from bathroom, toothbrush in mouth.

JEANIE

Annie awake?

MADGE

Not yet.

Jeanie makes a face. Deirdre stretches.

DEIRDRE

I didn't hear her come in. I was totally vegged.

JEANIE

She was sick, all over this guy's car.

DEIRDRE

From what?

JEANIE

Quaaludes and beer and wine and then some really kind of heavy pills. I don't know.

Jeanie disappears into bathroom. Madge looks down at Annie.

MADGE

Poor thing.

DEIRDRE

Teenage dopers. What a waste.

Jeanie enters with a glass of water and a towel, leans over Annie. She pours a dribblet of water on her forehead.

MADGE

Don't do that.

JEANIE

Shhh.

MADGE

God.

Jeanie quickly dries Annie's forehead.

DEIRDRE

The Three Stooges, they
always just threw it.

MADGE

She can't do that, she'll
drown.

DEIRDRE

I'm only saying that's what
the Three Stooges always do,
I didn't say she should do
it, okay?

Jeanie flicks more water at Annie. Nothing. She stands.

JEANIE

She's gonna flunk out, you know.
She ditches one more day, they're
gonna put her on the street.

DEIRDRE

Forget it.

JEANIE

What's that mean?

DEIRDRE

I mean, what the shit.

MADGE

Please!

DEIRDRE

She doesn't care if she
never wakes up.

JEANIE

You believe that?

(Deirdre shrugs)

You really believe that.

Deirdre looks away, bored, infuriating Jeanie. After a brief struggle with herself, Jeanie throws the glass of water full in Annie's face. Some splatters Deirdre, who jumps. Annie splutters, opens her eyes. She slowly focusses on the three girls looking down at her.

ANNIE
(innocence)
What're you guys looking at?

Groans of disbelief from the girls.

CUT TO:

3

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

3

The cluttered kitchen of the small apartment.
The girls are at a cramped breakfast table, munching
granola. Madge pours coffee for Annie.

They are dressed for school in various combinations of
jeans, painters pants, cork platforms, junk and real
jewelry, subtle eye makeup. They are aware of their
bodies.

ANNIE
You guys are so dragged with me.

JEANIE
How's your head?

ANNIE
(shaking it)
Like there was a whole bunch
of people living in there but
they all moved out. Am I sick.

JEANIE
You all want to ditch sixth
period and drive to the beach?

DEIRDRE
I got a hair appointment at
Saks.

ANNIE
Thought you said I couldn't
ditch.

JEANIE
Phys ed, you can ditch that.

MADGE
What're you doing to your hair?

DEIRDRE
Mom's after me to get it chopped
so I can look like Dorothy Hammil.

MADGE

Wha-a-at?

DEIRDRE

She doesn't dig me wearing all her clothes and having guys think I'm mature, okay, like they would be going for me and not looking at her.

ANNIE

Get them to chop you head instead, Deirdre.

DEIRDRE

That's pretty retarded considering who it was sick all over this guy's car last night.

ANNIE

Who cares?

DEIRDRE

He cares, don't you care?

ANNIE

I didn't even know him. Besides, it was this really gross Trans Am with some jerk-off dragon blowing smoke all over the hood.

MADGE

Was he cute?

ANNIE

(shoveling granola)

Who?

DEIRDRE

The geek in the car, geekaloid.

ANNIE

The only geek I know is Randy Teratunian.

DEIRDRE

So?

ANNIE

So you're the one thinks he's hot.

DEIRDRE

I do not.

MADGE

You said you wanted to go with him.

DEIRDRE

(patiently)

I never said I want to go with him. I said I want to ball with him.

JEANIE

(to Annie)

Your dad know you were here last night?

ANNIE

(nonchalant)

I got to call him.

Jeanie and Madge exchange worried glances. Madge shakes her head, dropping her eyes. She notes her wrist watch.

MADGE

Guess what! For a big elaborate change we're late again. I don't believe it.

JEANIE

Relax. We're going. We're going.

DEIRDRE

I'm always getting tardies.

JEANIE

(fishing in her purse)

My keys!

MADGE

Oh no, again?

JEANIE

Keys!

4. INT. BEDROOM - DAY

4.

Jeanie and Madge are stooped down, throwing clothes in all directions: "Keys!" Annie saunters in, pops open a beer. Jeanie gives it a mean glance, but continues her search for the keys. Annie picks up an album cover.

ANNIE

Can I listen to Abbey Road?

They ignore her.

ANNIE (Cont'd)
Whenever I need to mellow out,
I always listen to my mom's
Abbey Road.

JEANIE
(straightening up)
We're going to school, retardo.

ANNIE
When I'm eighteen, I'm going
to shine that place.

JEANIE
Yeah, well you're sixteen now.

ANNIE
Ain't that a bitch.

5. INT. HALLWAY - DAY

5.

Annie follows Jeanie into the hallway. Jeanie puts a hand on a closed door, motions Annie to go on. She steels herself, goes in.

6. INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

6.

MARY, Jeanie's mother, is asleep. She's fortyish and frail. Next to her, also asleep, is SAM. He's pleasant, with hair everywhere but on his head.

Jeanie tiptoes over, stoops, opens her mom's tote bag. She draws out her keys. They jingle. Mary opens her eyes. Sam sleeps.

MARY
(a whisper)
Where you going?

JEANIE
(normal voice)
School.

Mary motions her to speak quietly.

MARY
Leave the keys.

JEANIE
Why?

MARY
You can't take the truck.
We'll talk later.

JEANIE

How come?

MARY

We'll talk when you get home.

JEANIE

That's unfair.

MARY

Come right home.

JEANIE

Can't we talk now?

Sam stirs. Mary gives him a nervous glance.

MARY

No, dear, please, I don't want to start anything now.

JEANIE

And I don't want to have to worry all day you're gonna pull some big number later.

MARY

The school called... oh God, I'm not going to talk about this now.

Mary looks victimized.

JEANIE

I know. Child Development.

MARY

You've been cutting.

JEANIE

Just Child Development. It's so stupid, mom, you wouldn't believe it. Can't I have the keys? Please.

MARY

(clouding up)

I don't want to have a bad day, Jeanie.

JEANIE

It's my truck. Dad gave it to me.

Mary clamps her jaw in distress, hoping silence will end this. Jeanie slams the keys back into the bag. Sam lifts up on one elbow. Mary's distress increases.

MARY

This is Sam.

SAM

(a smile)

Hello.

MARY

My daughter, Jeanie.

JEANIE

Hi.

SAM

I'm pleased to meet you.

Jeanie gives him an awkward, fleeting smile. She leaves.

CUT TO:

7. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

7.

Jeanie stomps into the crumpled living room: clutter and unhealthy plants. Small dining alcove in the b.g.

JEANIE

We're walking.

She jerks her shoulder bag off the shelf: something falls. They head for the door.

JEANIE

You know what I really hate about this place? When some place is too small you can never find anything. No shit.

Jeanie slams out the door. The girls hustle after.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HALLWAY - JEANIE'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

8.

The girls ramble down the single flight of stairs in this two storied apartment house.

JEANIE

I should go live in New York, in a loft and become a painter or something. I mean it. I need space. Twenty foot ceilings!

ANNIE

Really. Let's all go to New York. Open up a boutique.

At the bottom, Jeanie opens the outside door. She stops dead in her tracks.

Standing in the door is a BIKE COP (FRANK), in full uniform. He's enormous. He leans forward and slaps Annie hard across the face.

The girls freak. Annie yelps, races back up the stairs. Frank takes another swing, hits her a glancing blow across the backside.

ANNIE

No, dad. No, no, don't.

Giving chase, Frank stumbles against Jeanie, putting her on her seat and slowing himself down.

In tears, Annie reaches an elbow in the stairs above. She crawls out the window onto a carport roof just below.

WE FOLLOW rapidly as Frank races up to the window. Beyond him, we see Annie jump off the roof.

ON GIRLS

The girls stare in disbelief and horror as the Cop hurries back down the stairs and rushes out.

WE MOVE WITH GIRLS, again racing back up the stairs to the landing. They look out.

From THEIR POV we see Annie run across a vacant lot. She ducks behind a car. Frank comes into lower frame, looking this way, that. He passes the car where Annie is hiding.

INTERCUT: the girls holding their breath.

The cop hurries up the street. Annie dashes off between two houses.

The girls relax. Deirdre shakes her head.

DEIRDRE

That guy is sick.

MADGE

What're we gonna do?

JEANIE

Call the cops.

It's hopeless, and their reactions say that.

9

INT. CLASSROOM - CHILD DEVELOPMENT - DAY

9

We START IN CLOSE on Jeanie giving a rubber doll a bath in a plastic dishpan. She slops away. She lifts the doll by one leg. It drips. Her heart is not in this.

MRS. STEINER

You're lifting the child by the leg!

MRS. STEINER looks like a collection of stray wisps. She's near sixty. She rushes up to Jeanie. The other girls look up from their doll bathings.

MRS. STEINER

Please, please, you are not savages. Take the child gently, just so gently.

JEANIE

That's a rubber doll, Mrs. Steiner.

MRS. STEINER

We show our baby love and our baby will grow up in love.

Mrs. Steiner takes the doll from Jeanie, folds it in a towel. She cradles it in her arms. Jeanie watches this with hardly veiled contempt. Steiner sings to the baby.

MRS. STEINER

Hushaby... hushaby... baby
hushaby... go to sleep... go
to sleep...

Jeanie looks over at a GIRL, rolls her eyes in disbelief. The Girl sniggers. Mrs. Steiner is lost in her lullaby.

CUT TO:

10

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

10

The high school hallway between classes is mayhem: kids running for their lockers, shouting, shoving. A COUNSELOR in baseball cap, grabs a kid by the arm, slows him down.

Jeanie approaches her locker, doll and dishpan under one arm. It's the lower locker and for the moment is blocked by a guy who's fussing in the upper one. He's LOSER.

With matted blond hair and grundgy Hawaiian shirt, he looks like he's trying to win the Ratso look-alike contest. Inside his locker, he's pouring vodka into a coke can. Jeanie notes this. He gives her a shit-eating grin. She stoops down, pushes his legs aside, opens her locker.

Loser leans back against the wall, sipping his spiked coke. He offers her the can.

LOSER
Wanna hit?

She lifts the doll by a leg.

JEANIE
I'm a mother.

LOSER
(idiot laugh)
All right.

She throws the doll into the locker, slams the door. A cute boy, SCOTT, leans into frame, kisses her on top of the head. She looks up, their noses almost touching.

JEANIE
Creep.

SCOTT
You gonna say 'hello'?

JEANIE
(standing)
Hello, Scott.

She turns a cold shoulder to him, heads into the traffic of kids. He follows close at her heels.

SCOTT
Miss me?

JEANIE
How's Susan?

SCOTT
Susan Halpern?

JEANIE
You know some other Susans?

SCOTT
Okay so her folks invited me
down to their beach house.
They were there the whole time.

JEANIE
They never took their eyes off
you?

SCOTT
Well, yeah. Sort of.

The Counselor spots Jeanie.

COUNSELOR

Hey, Jeanie, like your new hair-do.

JEANIE

It's not new, Mr. Simmonds.

COUNSELOR

You come into the office?

He heads off, she starts to follow. Scott stops her.

SCOTT

Don't I get a kiss or something?

JEANIE

You think I want Susan Halpern's bacteria?

He tilts her chin up, kisses her. Loser walks by, makes a popping noise with a finger in his mouth. Jeanie breaks away, gives Loser a look.

CUT TO:

11 INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeanie follows the Counselor into a large, open bay office. A SECURITY OFFICER is standing over two SULLEN BOYS, one black and one white. He looks like a golf pro, his coat tucked back to reveal a pistol.

He spots the Counselor, steps over, speaks in low tones.

SECURITY

They were fighting.

COUNSELOR

Something racial?

SECURITY

No. A girl.

COUNSELOR

Thank God.

The Counselor motions Jeanie over to a long counter. He walks around it, leans across it to speak in conspiratorial tones to her. She's wary.

COUNSELOR

You know where Annie is?

JEANIE

No.

COUNSELOR

No idea?

JEANIE

No.

COUNSELOR

Her dad's looking for her,
you know.

JEANIE

No.

(he gives her a look)

I mean, no, I don't.

COUNSELOR

I'd like to talk to her first,
find out what's going on in her
head. Maybe I can smooth things
out with her dad. He's -- he
gets --

JEANIE

Crazy.

COUNSELOR

Angry. He thinks she should go
to a hospital.

JEANIE

(shocked)

Where?

COUNSELOR

A private hospital, someplace
out in Sun Valley.

JEANIE

A mental hospital?

COUNSELOR

They've worked with lots of
runaways.

JEANIE

She doesn't run away any more.

COUNSELOR

She's been gone a week.

JEANIE

She was at my house. Ask my
mom.

COUNSELOR

I know, honey, but the guy's
her dad, he's worried --

JEANIE

You know why her sister ran off?
Really, Mr. Simmonds, do you
know? He put handcuffs on her
'cause she got pregnant by some
guy and he acts like she's some
sort of fallen woman and all
she wanted to do is go get an
abortion or something. No shit,
Mr. Simmonds.

Mr. Simmonds notes the profanity, says nothing.

COUNSELOR

Yeah... he gets really angry.

JEANIE

(this guy is no help)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - STREET - DAY

Madge, Jeanie and Deirdre are down as they walk in the
flat San Fernando Valley. They pass a lot of junk
buildings: Taco Bell, laundromat, etc.

JEANIE

How's Annie supposed to
become your well-adjusted
teenager? I mean, if she
got right with her dad,
she'd be really fucked.

DEIRDRE

For sure.

JEANIE

If she got so he thought she
was spiffy A-okay, she'd have
to become Policewoman.

The trio stops to look in a record chain window at some
display of disco madness. They stare ahead while speaking.

JEANIE

She ought to have a place to
go, you know?

MADGE

Where?

JEANIE

Sometimes I think if you've had a fight with your mom, right, and it's one o'clock in the morning, there's no place to go... someplace with pillows around, and music, and just some people to talk to. That sort of thing.

During this, a bus has pulled up to a stop down the sidewalk. A door opens. A skateboard drops out onto the walk. A boy's foot is right behind it. Without touching pavement, BRAD, is on motion on his board.

DIERDRE

Brad!

Brad glides over to them. He's fourteen, short as the girls, with the look of a sly angel.

DEIRDRE

Where you been?

JEANIE

You seen Annie?

BRAD

I'm working.

JEANIE

You not going to school?

BRAD

I got a job filling up fire extinguishers.

JEANIE

You seen Annie?

BRAD

(off-handed)
Yeah.

JEANIE

Where?

BRAD

On the bus.

JEANIE

That bus?!

Deirdre jumps around, shakes her fist at the departing bus.

DEIRDRE

Hey, bus, dumb bus, dumb
fucker bus.

MADGE

You sure you saw her?

BRAD

She wanted me to hang with
her, but I got to work.

JEANIE

Where's she going?

BRAD

Holly-weird.

MADGE

You're lying. She's on
probation.

Brad shrugs.

DEIRDRE

Hollywood Boulevard is a bozo
no-no. That's what her parole
officer said.

JEANIE

If you're lying, you're a low
character.

Brad smiles, pleased with the description. Shoving off on
his skateboard, he glides through the store's automatic
doors without lifting an arm.

MADGE

She wouldn't.

JEANIE

No.

They're not certain. They rush towards us, disappearing to
either side of camera.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JEANIE'S - DAY

13.

Madge and Deirdre are sitting in the cab of a vintage yellow
pickup truck. The door towards Jeanie's house is open. Jeanie
bursts out of the house, races towards them. Keys dangle in
her hand.

She jumps into the truck, slams the door. The truck sputters,
starts, lunges forward.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DRIVE-BYS - THE TRUCK - DAY

The truck rockets down Lankershim Boulevard and into Hollywood. Jeanie drives like a Teamster: arrogant and smooth.

15 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

DEIRDRE

He's lying. If Annie had asked him to go with her, he'd a gone.

JEANIE

If she asked him to fly straight up, he'd grow wings.

MADGE

He used to be such a sweet kid.

DEIRDRE

Used to be.

MADGE

I don't care, he's got beautiful eyes. Really. There's something that just always reminds me of love about the guy. His mom and dad, they... made him, his mom got pregnant with him right after the first Beatles concert at the Bowl. That was love.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

They are passing along Hollywood Boulevard which, these days, looks like a documentary on urban blight. No sight of Annie, but a yeasty collection of shabby POST-HIPPIES, OLD LADIES with string bags, pretty-faced BOY HUSTLERS.

WE HOLD on a cliché BLACK PIMP in fur hat and clothes that look like sherbert. He's propping up a bank building, talking to a WHITE CHICK in Frederick's get-down-finery.

JEANIE (voice over)

There's Dragon.

DEIRDRE (voice over)

He gives me the creeps.

The truck pulls to a stop in a red zone. Jeanie gets out, heads towards Dragon. The Chick wanders off.

ON DRAGON AND JEANIE

As Dragon stands there, cooling it behind his shades, he's two heads taller than Jeanie. She tries not to show fear.

JEANIE

You're Dragon, aren't you?

He may be, but he's admitting nothing. He looks away.

JEANIE

You seen Annie?

The man turns to look down at her. We don't know what his eyes are saying behind the shades.

JEANIE

Annie Mallick? You used to know her.

After an insidious beat, he looks the other way. She stands her ground with growing unease. He's immobile. She walks away.

17 INT. TRUCK - MOVING

MADGE

God, Jeanie, I don't know how you'd even talk to the guy. He could, you know, hypnotize you like a cobra or something and the next thing you know you're on the boulevard and you're dressed like the Pointer Sisters.

DEIRDRE

I knew Annie wouldn't be here. She's not that bananas.

JEANIE

(hoping)

Any more.

They come to a stop at a crosswalk.

GIRLS' POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Looking through the truck window; crossing the street in front of them is a tall, tall TEENAGE GIRL with bleached white hair, slit sun glasses, silver windbreaker, hot pants and stilt plastic shoes.

DEIRDRE

Hey, there's Mary.

MADGE

Who's she?

DEIRDRE

She's in my floral arrangement class.

JEANIE

What a weirdo.

MADGE

Mary Weirdo.

JEANIE

Hey! The Merry Weirdo!

Jeanie bursts into operetta falsetto. Madge flies into counterpoint. Deirdre falls out with laughter.

Still HOLDING the POV shot, we see Annie suddenly appear on the crosswalk. She's with Loser. She's dragging along some stray dog on an improvised leash.

ON GIRLS

They stop singing. They look at each other, alarmed.

POV AGAIN

Jeanie honks. It makes Annie jump a mile. She looks at girls.

ANNIE

Hey, Jeanie, no shit. Hey, hey, hey!

She jumps up and down, yanking at Loser's arm, indicating truck. She's delighted to see them.

JEANIE

Come on, get in.

ANNIE

I'm walking my dog.

JEANIE

On Hollywood Boulevard?

ANNIE

We just found it. This is Loser's belt.

JEANIE

Come on.

A sportscar with a SWINGING SINGLE behind the wheel is blocked by Annie. He shouts out the window.

SINGLE

Hey, baby, can you move it?
Huh?

LOSER

You talking to me?

SINGLE

No, creep, you ain't my baby.

JEANIE

(sensing trouble)
Come on, Annie.

DEIRDRE

(shouting around
Jeanie)
Annie!

LOSER

You don't talk to my woman
like that.

ANNIE

Oh God, his woman!

SINGLE

Just move it, will you, friend?

LOSER

I ain't your friend.

SINGLE

Then you must be my asshole,
asshole.

Loser stalks towards the sportscar. A crowd has gathered. Horns honk. Annie drops the leash and the dog disappears in the crowd.

ANNIE

Loser!

Loser rips open the door to the sportscar, pulls the Swinger out of his car. The man is off-balance, falling to one knee, trying to fight back.

ANNIE

Loser! Come on, Loser! God,
I mean stop.

Jeanie jams the truck up next to Annie. She jumps in.
The truck shoots forward.

INT. TRUCK

The girls look back to see Loser kick the man in the face.
Blood spurts. The girls react with horror.

18. INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING

CUT TO:

18.

All four girls are jammed into the cab of the truck. Jeanie gives Annie, in the middle, a nasty look. She shrinks.

JEANIE

You're on probation, you dumb
shit. You're supposed to stay
out of Hollywood.

ANNIE

Loser was taking me home.

JEANIE

Stay away from Loser. He's in
a street club.

ANNIE

I wanted to get home to talk
to mom before dad gets there.

MADGE

He wants to put you in a
hospital, you know.

ANNIE

A hospital!

JEANIE

For severe maniacs.

ANNIE

He can't do that.

JEANIE

Oh yeah?

ANNIE

(shrinking more)
I am totally freaked.

She pulls out a pint bottle of rum, uncaps it. Jeanie and Madge try not to notice.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY TRACT HOUSE - DAY

19.

The truck slows to a stop in front of a tract house in San Fernando Valley.

JEANIE

You don't see his car?

ANNIE

Nope.

JEANIE

What about your mom?

ANNIE

She doesn't have a car.

20 EXT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jeanie is on the porch. She looks in the window. She goes to the door, raps lightly. Waits. Tries the door. It's open. She enters.

21 INT. ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room: big TV, plaster figurines and chain store furniture. Jeanie crosses the room stealthily. Goes into a hall.

22 INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeanie is opening drawers in Annie's room, stuffing clothes into a Fleetwood Mac tote bag. The room has three single beds: clutter of stuffed animals, posters, etc. Jeanie thinks she hears something, stops, listens. It's nothing. She continues packing.

23 INT. ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeanie comes into the living room, carrying the bag, a stuffed animal, a hair dryer. There is an ominous GROWL off camera. She stops dead.

She SEES a woman sitting across the room, in the shadows, a Great Dane at her knees. The woman is GLADYS, Annie's mother. The dog growls; it is held by the woman. Gladys is a worn-out woman. Even her hair seems to have given up.

Jeanie approaches her. Gladys watches her, her face inexplicably blank.

JEANIE

We were going to call you, Mrs. Mallick. I mean, my mom was going to call...

(no response)

Mom wants Annie to stay with us a few days... if it's okay...

(still no response)

Just so her dad doesn't come with a straight jacket or something... I mean, if you won't tell him where she is...

Gladys looks a hole in her.

GLADYS

I don't tell the man nothing.

Jeanie absorbs this, waits for more. There is no more. She hurries out. Gladys sits, holding on to her dog.

CUT TO:

24

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jeanie and Annie are pushing a shopping cart in a supermarket. Annie, it should be noted, is wearing a halter that reveals a midriff of apricot skin, satin pants with floppy bottoms.

They pass a MAN who glances up from his shopping. His jaw slackens. The girls move into an aisle.

ANNIE

I can't feel sorry for my mom,
not while she's taking shit
from my dad.

Jeanie grabs a bag of chips off a display rack.

JEANIE

What do they mean bar-b-que
flavor?

She rips it open, crunches a chip. She makes a face, hands it to Annie. Annie crunches, also makes a face. Jeanie throws the bag back, takes another.

ANNIE

He's not really my dad, you know.

JEANIE

Since when?

ANNIE

It's true.

JEANIE

Okay, it's true.

ANNIE

Back in the flower children days,
when people were all the time
doing acid, I was like eleven, I
dropped acid and it just came out.
That guy, the cop, ain't my dad.
I saw my real dad. No shit, I
saw him.

Jeanie shows enthusiasm for this idea.

JEANIE

Yeah, what was he like?

ANNIE

Really cool. Somewhere between Cary Grant and the Mighty Thor. Nothing got to him. He was a motocross biker.

JEANIE

I don't see Cary Grant on a bike.

ANNIE

He was. Road hog.

JEANIE

You're crazy.

ANNIE

He was so beautiful.

Jeanie grabs some junk food, dumps it into the cart.

The slack-jawed man appears again. His eye falls on that patch of apricot skin. Annie spots him, nudges Jeanie.

ANNIE

Oh oh, hot breath.

JEANIE

(disgusted)

Please, just shine him.

Annie stretches sensually, her arms extended high. The man walks his cart into a stack of jam jars. They topple.

Annie flashes him a smile. Jeanie pulls her out of frame.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CHECK-OUT LINE - DAY

Annie and Jeanie come up behind Deirdre and Madge at the cashier. Deirdre is holding a single container of yogurt.

ANNIE

(to Deirdre)

That all you're eating?

DEIRDRE

(sotto)

Would you girls kindly talk to each other?

ANNIE
(to Madge)
What's wrong with her?

MADGE
What's always wrong with her?

DEIRDRE
Please.

In way of explanation, Madge motions with her head to the BOX BOY (GREG). He's the whole trip: blond curly hair, sculpted teeth, blue eyes, skin a surfer bronze.

With each motion of his arm into the bag, he glances up at Deirdre. She is responding like Camille: each languorous glance in his direction seems to be costing her what is left of her life's energies.

Madge, between them, follows the glance like a tennis rally.

Annie has trouble taking this in silence. She beats a tattoo on the moving belt. Deirdre gives her a look.

CASHIER
That's thirty-eight cents.

DEIRDRE
(handing coins to Madge)
She's paying for it.

CASHIER
(indicating Jeanie's
cart of junk food)
All this?

MADGE
Yes.

The Cashier starts ringing up potato chips. Deirdre heads around Madge, offers her lonely yogurt to the Box Boy.

He looks up, smiles. Her eyes drop modestly.

Jeanie looks like she's having an attack of hives.

The Box Boy puts the yogurt carefully into a small bag.

BOX BOY
This okay?

DEIRDRE
That will be fine, thank you.

He hands her the bag. She looks at him, belatedly returning his smile. He smiles again. She takes the bag.

DEIRDRE (cont'd)
Thank you... ah... Greg.

BOX BOY
(surprised)
Huh?

She gestures at his name tag.

DEIRDRE
Greg.

GREG
(a laugh)
Oh yeah, Greg.

He laughs it up. She gives him a light smile. Such sophistication.

She turns away. He watches her go.

We WATCH also: saucy hips. She stops as though her attention is suddenly caught by a paperback book on a rack.

INTERCUT: Madge and Jeanie: about to die.

Deirdre glances back at Greg from her book.

He smiles.

She forces another of Camille's last smiles, puts back the book, heads out.

Greg is transfixed.

Jeanie slams the counter in front of him.

JEANIE
Hey, let's get the goodies
in the goodie bag, huh?

He jumps, pops open his sack.

CUT TO:

26 INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

The four girls are dressing for the night. Mayhem. Junk food packages all over, a massacre.

The girls are in various stages of undress: they are assembling a variety of ensembles, a number of striking looks out of very little. Bikini panties and no bras under it all.

Deirdre is in front of a small vanity mirror, drawing a careful line under her eye. Jeanie is taking things from the closet. She and Madge and Annie are trying them on.

JEANIE

Just so it's not some place in the Valley. I'm thinking of somewhere up in the hills, you know, with lots of light and avocado trees. And a really spiffy sound system where you could listen all the time without the neighbors calling.

DEIRDRE

I don't know what I'd say to my mom.

JEANIE

Just tell her with the alimony she's getting --

DEIRDRE

She doesn't get alimony anymore since she married Franklin.

JEANIE

She gets child support.

DEIRDRE

I guess.

JEANIE

You're the child, dummy. It belongs to you.

MADGE

What about me? My folks're still together.

ANNIE

Maybe they're about to break up.

MADGE

Gol, Annie, don't say that.

JEANIE

(to Deirdre)

Tell your mom you want a family unit. You haven't especially got a family unit right now.

DEIRDRE

No, Franklin's not a family unit.

ANNIE

I don't want you guys going through this big number just because of me.

JEANIE

What number?

ANNIE

Moving out, finding a place of our own.

JEANIE

It's not just you. My mom would love it. She's all the time talking about she's still a young woman and all.

Jeanie enters the closet. Annie looks over Deirdre's shoulder into the mirror.

ANNIE

Oh no, I look like shit.

DEIRDRE

(looking up at her reflection)

You do not.

ANNIE

Look at me!

DEIRDRE

I lost my mascara.

JEANIE

(from inside closet)

Use eye liner. But brush it on. You mess up, and the whole thing smears all over your face.

MADGE

(to Deirdre)

Actually, you don't have to tell your mom anything if you don't think it's a good idea.

DEIRDRE

I'm not going to let you guys find some fabulous place and leave me out.

Jeanie steps out of the closet in yet another outfit. Annie is fixing up at the mirror. Jeanie puts a hand on Annie's knee to steady herself as she pulls off her platforms.

ANNIE

Hey, you got your scuzzy hand on my white pants.

JEANIE

Those are my pants.

ANNIE

Well I'm wearing them.

During this, Madge stoops down next to the leather chair to put a record on. She sits on the floor, leans against the chair, lights up a cigarette.

MADGE

God, my folks, I don't know what they'd say. They never think I should do anything.

The music is like Joni Mitchell. The girls all slow down a minute. More cigarettes. Jeanie crosses to leather chair.

JEANIE

Tell them you're staying over at my house a lot. Just at first.

Jeanie flops into the leather chair. Deirdre scoots up on the bed.

MADGE

Sometimes they make me feel so incredibly juvenile. I hate it.

JEANIE

(looking up)

What I always thought about was a place with two windows. One on either side. One with the morning sun where I could write. And a window for the afternoon, where I could paint.

They listen to the music, pensive. Madge is the victim of a sudden welling emotion. She looks up at Jeanie.

MADGE

Oh Jeanie, do you think we could?

JEANIE

(surprised at this
intensity)

I don't know. I'm going to
talk to my dad first. Mom, if
I ask her for the child support,
forget it.

Deirdre pulls the phone up on to the bed. She dials.
While she waits for an answer, the girls all space off
into their own thoughts.

DEIRDRE

Hello, could you give me the
number for the Ralph's market
on Lankersheim... I don't
know ...

(to girls)

... near Victory?

A chorus of groans. Much eye rolling.

DEIRDRE

(into phone)

I'm sorry. I'm having trouble
hearing. Could you say that
again?

She writes the number on the wall with her eye liner.
She hangs up. All the girls watch. She dials.

DEIRDRE

Hello, may I speak to Greg,
please? Well, it is, yes of
course. It's an emergency.
I'm calling from the hospital.

(the girls fall out)

No, but pretty serious. Not
really, but pretty ... Yes, I'm
his sister ... thank you.

There's a countdown. The girls exchange glances, snigger,
look at her. She makes a point to ignore them.

DEIRDRE

Hello. Is this Greg?

Annie makes a dying noise, a gurgle. The girls laugh loudly.
Deirdre covers telephone.

DEIRDRE

I promise you, I'm capable of
homicide.

(back to phone)

I know you don't remember me, but
I was in your store today ... huh?

DEIRDRE

(cont'd)

... Oh, Deirdre Thompkins. I just bought a little container of yogurt ... Yes, that's right! Jeans and a white blouse with a lace collar! That was Mexican lace.

(she laughs a phony laugh: the girls die)
I'm surprised you remember.

ALL

Uggggghhhh ...

DEIRDRE

I'm sorry to call you from your work, but I am faced with a difficult problem. You see, I have, that is, I had, these two tickets to the Angel concert. For tonight? But I lost them. And I thought maybe I dropped them at your cashier stand.... You haven't? Oh, drats!

ANNIE

Drats!

DEIRDRE

I mean, I looked through my purse and everything. I mean, like, let me look again. Oh my God, am I embarrassed. I don't know how to tell you this, but I feel so stupid. I just found them in my purse. And I mean, I just told my date -- he's not my boyfriend or anything -- just my date. I told him we couldn't go, and he's gone on down to Newport Beach or something ... What? You do? I mean, Angel is cute and all, but the punk group with them, they're all such a bunch of retards with safety pins in their faces and things, you mean you don't have to work tonight? Oh, God, Greg, well I don't know, I mean if you would like, but you hardly know if you would like me or anything --

JEANIE

Oh for Chrissake, shine him and get off the phone.

DEIRDRE

No, no. I'm getting there
in a car with some of my dear
friends. But I could meet you
in the lobby. The Shrine Auditorium.
About eight. Wonderful. Yes, Greg.
Goodbye, Greg.

She hangs up, her face set in defiance of the girls.

MADGE

What're you going to tell
Bobby? You broke a leg?

She dials nonchalantly.

DEIRDRE

Hello, Mrs. Koch. This is
Deirdre. Can I talk to Bobby?
... Huh? He's left already?
Where, it's too early! He
wanted to get his car washed?
Yeah, that's cool. Yeah, yeah,
we're all meeting at the concert.
Thank you, Mrs. Koch.

She hangs up. She looks stricken.

JEANIE

Too bad he cleaned his car
before all the bloodshed.

Deirdre catapults off the bed, rushes for the closet.

DEIRDRE

I got to change!

CUT TO:

27. EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

27.

The truck rockets to a stop in the parking lot outside the
Shrine Auditorium. Jeanie hops out, then Madge, then Annie.
They look back, waiting as Deirdre unfolds.

She's a creation: red wrap-around pants, Frye boots, a
Dior silk blouse open to the navel. Lots of hanging jewelry.

ANNIE

You look weird.

DEIRDRE

My mom likes this look.

JEANIE

That shows where your mom is at.

A clot of sulky BOYS are sitting on a parked car, following the girls with their eyes.

BOY #1

Got a ticket you wanna sell?

The girls pointedly ignore them, walk on.

BOY #2

Wanna buy some 'ludes?

The girls walk on.

BOY #1

Anything you want, baby?

ANNIE

(over her shoulder)

Not from you, slime.

The boys hoot with laughter.

BOY #1

Dykes!

The other boys echo: Dykes! with much hooting. Jeanie stops, wheels on Annie, throw her arms out.

JEANIE

Baby!

ANNIE

Sweetheart!

They kiss. Madge and Deirdre rush to them, throw their arms around them -- a huddle of kissing girls.

DEIRDRE

Ooooooh, we're in love!

The boys hoot some more. The girls turn their asses to the idiots. They link arms, and march towards us, the four of them, hitting stride, heads up. Such sophistication.

CUT TO:

28.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - LOBBY - NIGHT

28.

The girls are passing through the turnstiles, opening their purses for the college age SECURITY MEN to check. The BOYS at the next turnstile are getting patdowns from the Security Men. Much grumbling.

WE MOVE with them as they pass through the teenage crowd in the ornate lobby. Scott comes steaming up.

SCOTT
Where you guys been?

JEANIE
(trying to sweeten him)
Good evening.

SCOTT
The first group is on.

JEANIE
(trying again)
I see you got the ticket.

SCOTT
Yeah, thanks. We're missing
Heavy Water. Skip says they're
dynamite.

JEANIE
Don't thank me. They're from
my dad.

ANNIE
Hi, Scott. How's tricks?

SCOTT
(barely noticing her)
Hi.

MADGE
Who's Skip?

JEANIE
(wrinkling her nose)
A surfer.

SCOTT
What's wrong with that?

ANNIE
(dipping like a surfer)
Shoot the curl.

Deirdre, who has been looking through the crowd, wanders up. She's in a trance. Without asking, she takes Annie's lit cigarette, walks right between Scott and Jeanie, sits on a bench.

SCOTT
She okay?

JEANIE

Whyn't you go look at the seats?

SCOTT

I did. They're dynamite.

JEANIE

Dynamite.

Scott senses the pardon.

SCOTT

You got an attitude, you know.

JEANIE

You want to be sweet?

SCOTT

I'm going in.

He stomps off. Jeanie watches him go, disturbed.

ANNIE

Hey, Jeanie. There's your main man. Here's your guy!

The girls turn to see a GROSS DADDY lumbering by. Filthy, his hairy stomach protruding out from a leather vest.

JEANIE

Too hot for me. Talk to Deirdre.

ANNIE

How about it, Dee? You into brutal force?

Deirdre is too tragic to answer. Madge nudges her urgently.

MADGE

There's Bobby.

DEIRDRE

Where?

They all turn to see BOBBY, a self-impressed guy in gabardines coming through the turnstile. He waves at them, steps forward

As he does, from the adjoining turnstile, Greg, the box boy, steps forward. They advance, almost in step, not aware of the other.

ANNIE

Okay, Deedee, do your stuff.

Deirdre is dying. The girls watch the pair approach with delicious fascination. Bobby arrives first.

BOBBY
Hey, folks.

He leans over, kisses at Deirdre. She is frozen.

BOBBY (cont'd)
You okay?

Greg arrives.

GREG
Hi, Deirdre. Am I late?

Bobby looks at Greg. Greg looks at Bobby. All look at Deirdre.

BOBBY
Who're you?

GREG
Huh?

All look in mounting alarm as Deirdre slowly rises, hanging onto Jeanie as a squeal arises from somewhere deep in her devious little heart. With her mouth frozen shut, the squeal is locked in her chest. It gets louder. Jeanie rolls her eyes like a minstrel man. She doesn't believe this.

JEANIE
We gotta talk, big Bob.

BOBBY
Huh?

Jeanie takes Bobby's arm and steers him away from the group. He resists, looking back at Greg bending solicitously over Deirdre.

GREG
You sick or something?

Deirdre shakes her head 'no,' steadies herself on his arm.

GREG
You ought to sit down.

She nods gratefully and folds like a dying swan onto a bench. Madge and Annie smirk between them.

29 . ON JEANIE AND BOBBY - AT GLASS DOORS - NIGHT

Jeanie drags Bobby up to one of the glass doors.

JEANIE

Let me ask you, have you ever known me to shit you?

BOBBY

All the time.

JEANIE

This is one time I'm not.

BOBBY

Oh yeah?

JEANIE

It's Annie, she's sick.

BOBBY

It's Deirdre, she is definitely sick.

JEANIE

Annie is so wigged out her dad's gonna put her in a mental ward. I'm not kidding.

He looks over at the group. Greg is leaning solicitously over Deirdre. Annie is laughing, jumping around.

BOBBY

She doesn't look sick.

JEANIE

That's because she's not talking to the blond guy.

BOBBY

I'm going in.

JEANIE

We wanted to distract her mind, so we lined up this guy to be her date tonight and okay she takes one look at him and she thinks he looks like her dad. She almost did her whole self-destruct thing right on the spot.

BOBBY

He doesn't look like her dad.

JEANIE

Sure, he's got this whole cop thing going for him.

We LOOK again: Greg is smiling, his sparkling white teeth set off by his surfer tan.

BOBBY

Bull shit..

JEANIE

And since she's always had
this thing about you --

BOBBY

Since when?

JEANIE

All the time. When she was
twelve she thought you were
all four Beach Boys in one
pair of flippers.

BOBBY

You're a lying bitch.

JEANIE

Yeah? And you're Annie's date.

BOBBY

What about Deirdre?

JEANIE

She's being kind.

BOBBY

Yeah?

JEANIE

She's agreed to sit with Greg.

She takes his arm. He yanks it free. She coos at him.

JEANIE

For Annie.

She takes his arm again. He tolerates it, barely.

ON GROUP

Jeanie and Bobby arrive. Jeanie signals Deirdre.

JEANIE

Why don't you all go in check
out the seats. They're
dynamite.

Deirdre gets the message, jumps up. She wiggles her
fingers at Bobby. Bobby is furious. Jeanie holds his arm.

GREG

Nice to meet you all.

Annie, to one side, is buying some pills from a well-dressed STONER BOY, handing him bucks. She smiles over at Bobby.

ANNIE

You want a 'lude?

Bobby ignores her. At the instant, Brad rambles up, wearing a black disco jersey with sequin lettering: DEATH TO DISCO. Bobby glares down at him.

BOBBY

Where're you sitting?

BRAD

With Annie.

BOBBY

Huh?

BRAD

I'm her date.

BOBBY

Well fuck you guys!

Bobby stalks off. Annie calls after him while Stoner Boy gives her change.

ANNIE

Wait, maybe this guy has a valium or something, calm you down.

(to Jeanie)

What's wrong with him?

Jeanie shrugs in mock innocence.

CUT TO:

30. INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

30.

We see ANGEL in performance.

WE CUT to reactions from our principals in the audience. Annie and Brad sharing a joint; behind them, Deirdre and Greg; Madge and Scott sit together, an empty seat between them. Madge looks at the seat, turns to look back towards the entrance, worried.

CUT TO:

31 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

WE SEE Jeanie making her way up the long approach backstage to the stage area. There's a traffic of STAGE HANDS and the funky entourage of the group on stage.

From the back, we see BRYAN. He's standing just offstage, watching the group. He's a young forty, with a casual Ivy League look. Jeanie comes up behind him, puts a hand on his back. He turns, breaks into a smile, kisses her.

She tries to speak but it is lost in the din from stage. He puts an arm around Jeanie's waist, comes back towards us, leaning down to hear her better. WE PULL BACK.

BRYAN

You get the tickets?

JEANIE

Thanks, all my friends say thanks.

BRYAN

What's up? How's mom?

JEANIE

I was hoping... I wanted to ask you something.

BRYAN

Great!

(then distracted)

We're going into Seattle tomorrow. Three nights in a football field.

He makes a sour face about the football field. He stops, leans her back against a wall, gives her a searching look.

BRYAN

Go ahead, ask.

Jeanie looks around, reluctant to get started with people passing by.

JEANIE

Maybe after the concert.

He takes her hand, pulls her further down the hall. He stops at a door marked: MEN. He pops his head in.

BRYAN

Hello?

No answer. He pulls her in. The door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeanie is sitting on a wash basin. Bryan is leaning back against the door. He is all concentration now.

BRYAN
You that unhappy?

JEANIE
It's just that a bunch of us want to do it. We want to have a place to help each other, sort of.

BRYAN
Maybe this can wait until I come back. I'm going to be in town all through Christmas. We'll be together a lot. I want you to meet Sandra. Did you meet her?

JEANIE
No.

BRYAN
God, can she cook Japanese. You'll like her.

Someone pushes at the door behind Bryan. He blocks it, peers out through the crack.

BRYAN (cont'd)
In a minute, huh?

He closes the door, takes a deep breath, lets it out. She gives him a worried look.

JEANIE
Are you getting any rest?

He shrugs, but he slows down, speaking lower.

BRYAN
What you ought to do, go out and find a nice little house for you and mom. Some place in the Valley with trees around. I'll pay for it.

JEANIE
Mom likes where she is. I'm talking about me, dad.

BRYAN

It's a bummer living in that dinky place with all those dead plants.

JEANIE

It wouldn't take much. Just the child support part, you know?

BRYAN

I wouldn't dare mess with that. Those lawyers would roast me.

(he sees her
disappointment)

You want some money for clothes?

JEANIE

I'm okay.

He reaches out, pulls her off the wash basin, hugs her. She puts her arms around his waist, the side of her head resting against his chest. His chin is on top her head.

BRYAN.

Stick with mom, huh? Christ, it's tough enough having an absentee father.

JEANIE

I don't mind.

BRYAN

I do.

They fall silent: we hear the muffled sound of music from stage. They rock slowly.

BRYAN

I been away too much is the problem, hon. God, this Christmas, let's go back on up to the ranch, huh?
(no answer)

Huh?

JEANIE

Great.

He kisses the top of her head. WE SEE what he doesn't: her face clouding with sadness.

BRYAN

God, to get away, no plumbing,
just nature, you know, and the
rooster, the one-eyed rooster.
Remember him?

(her head against him,
she nods)

One of these times, I'm buying
out Zak and those guys. We'll
own the ranch, you and me,
without all those crazies around.
Just you and me and all your
friends. And horses. Hmmm?
Lots of horses. Won't that be
fine ... oh yeah ...

He rocks her. WE GO IN on her face: her eyes have filled.

CUT TO:

33. INT. STAGE AND AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

33.

Angel is performing on stage. The crowd is wild.

ON SCOTT AND MADGE

A BEAUTIFUL CHICK is in the aisle, waving at Scott. He
waves back, motions her to join him. The chick climbs
past Madge, sits next to Scott, gives him a hug. Madge
gives her a nasty look, gets up, heads out.

34. INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

34.

Jeanie approaches the doors to the Auditorium. She's down.
Muffled music tells us the concert is in progress. The
lobby is empty except for a FEW KIDS milling around the
concession stand.

As Jeanie lifts her hand towards the door, it suddenly opens
of itself. Madge pops out. Jeanie stops in her tracks.

MADGE

Scott is mad at you.

JEANIE

Why? Cause I went to talk
to my dad?

MADGE

Marilyn whats-her-name big tits
is in your seat.

JEANIE

It figures.

Jeanie shakes her head in disgust. She decides against entering. She turns, walks away. Madge follows.

34A. INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

34A

The two girls stroll aimlessly down one of the backstage hallways. They're deep in thought.

MADGE

He sure has changed since
he got the van.

JEANIE

He changed since he got the
hairblower.

MADGE

For sure.

JEANIE

And his surfboard. And Susan
Halpern and all their spiffy
new hodaddy friends down at
Newport. It makes you sad.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE approaches. The girls stop to give them
room. Jeanie notes they are in front of a door marked:
DRESSING ROOM. Curious, she pushes the door open slowly.
It's pitch black inside.

34B: INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

34B

WE CUT to black. WE HEAR Jeanie's voice.

JEANIE

Dad doesn't want to give us
the money.

MADGE

Oh, no.

JEANIE

He wants me to stay with Mom
so I can grow up just like her.
Fruitcake.

During this exchange, a light blinks on. It's above a
dressing table, and Jeanie has switched it on. She steps
to the next table, switches on another, then another,
lighting this cavernous backstage dressing room. Jeanie
flops down in one of the chairs, looks in the mirror.
Madge sits in front of a mirror next to her.

MADGE

It's all over with Scott, huh?

JEANIE

I guess.

MADGE

You been together with him
three years. It's too much.

JEANIE

Remember how he was so sweet?
Back in the ninth grade, when
he was in this group? A little
mini-rocker, you know. All he
was into was music and getting
this really permanent buzz on.

MADGE

We all get older.

JEANIE

I didn't expect him to become
a surfer.

MADGE

You sure used to think he was
hot.

JEANIE

When I first met him I was so
in love every time I saw him I
cried. He never figured it out.
Hi, he'd say, and I'd just
blubber. It was weird. I bought
him this bracelet in Laguna, but
I never gave it to him because I
didn't have the guts. Later, when
we got together, I didn't give it
to him because it reminded me so
much of him I didn't want to let it
go.

They sit in silence.

35. INT. CAB OF TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

35.

In the moving truck, Jeanie is at the wheel. She's down. Madge, Annie and Brad are with her, blankly watching the road. Brad turns, deadpan as always, and puts his eyes on Annie. After a beat, she comes aware of him, gives him a questioning look.

BRAD

Can I stay with you tonight, Annie?

ANNIE

I'm staying at Jeanie's.

BRAD

Can I stay with you?

ANNIE
What do you mean?

BRAD
Can I sleep with you?

ANNIE
God, Brad, what if I meet
somebody slick?

She laughs at her joke. He clouds up.

BRAD
You really are shitty sometimes.

ANNIE
'Cause I won't sleep with you?
Come on, we've known each other
practically forever.

Silence while Brad broods. Then, he looks at Madge,
still deadpan.

BRAD
Can I stay with you?

MADGE

Me?

BRAD

I told my dad I wasn't coming home.

MADGE

You would want to -- Jesus, Brad.

He looks at her soulfully.

BRAD

It wouldn't be bad, really.

She shakes her head at the silliness of this, looks out the window. Another silence. At last, in a low inquiring voice:

BRAD (cont'd)

Jeanie...

She looks at him, lifts her eyebrows, then back to her driving.

JEANIE

Unreal.

Brad shrinks back, sulking. The girls try to keep straight faces, but his somber face is too much. They burst into laughter.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - DOUGHNUT SHOP - NIGHT

The truck brakes to a stop. The door flies open, Brad jumps out. He slams his skateboard to the ground, pushes off on it.

ON GIRLS

They watch him go, resigned and a little amused.

ON PARKING LOT

Brad flies across the parking lot at Van Nuys and Ventura, the well-lit stores including a doughnut shop popular with bikers. As Brad swoops between parked cars, a flotilla of bikes comes roaring in.

Brad, in his anger, doesn't slow down for the bikes. He weaves through them. They are determined not to slow down either. This is considerable derring-do on Brad's part.

ON GIRLS

Annie shrugs, gives a small wave, speaking almost to herself.

ANNIE

Later, Brad.

Jeanie starts forward. The truck barely moves when Annie grabs Jeanie's arm, causing her to swerve, then brake.

ANNIE (cont'd)

(screaming)

Duke! Duke!

JEANIE

Let go!

ANNIE

There's Duke, I'm not lying,
there's Duke.

MADGE

Where?

THEIR POV

We PAN the front of the bikers' doughnut shop, coming to rest on DUKE, a solemn fellow whose eyes may be blue but the rest of him is dark: dark curly hair, black Indian prayer shirt, black draw-string pants, black boots. A silver bracelet. He is sitting on his big Honda, sipping a Slurpee. We HOLD on him.

ANNIE (voice over)

Honk your horn.

JEANIE (voice over)

Don't.

Honk, honk, honk, honk.

JEANIE (V.O.)

Stop that.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Duke!

Duke looks up, sullen and seductive. We HEAR the truck door open.

JEANIE (V.O.)

You're staying with us, Annie.

ANNIE (V.O.)

I thought he was up north.

JEANIE (V.O.)

Really, Annie.

ANNIE (V.O.)

He was living with this chick
in Salinas.

MADGE (V.O.)

Come on, Annie.

JEANIE (V.O.)

Annie!

The door is heard to slam. While we hold on Duke, we see him smile slowly with recognition. INTO FRAME runs Annie. She throws herself against Duke. He gives her a broad smile, kisses her. She turns, waves at girls.

ON GIRLS

They're pissed.

ON DUKE AND ANNIE

Annie climbs on the back of the Honda. Duke throws his undrunk Slurpee on the pavement, kicks his bike into a roaring start. He peels off from the doughnut shop, Annie holding on, her hair flying back.

They weave around two cars entering the parking lot. They roar off down Van Nuys Boulevard.

ON GIRLS

They're worried.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. MADGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37.

The truck comes to a stop in front of a homey domicile on a tree-crowded street in North Hollywood.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

MADGE

You know something funny?

JEANIE

What?

MADGE

I wish I wasn't giving this party.

Madge senses Jeanie doesn't either. She gives her a look. Jeanie shrugs, climbs out of the truck. Madge follows.

37A. EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

37A.

The girls walk up the two steps to the porch.

MADGE

Take my advice and forget
about Scott.

JEANIE

Scott who?

MADGE

There's lots of other guys.

Jeanie turns to face Madge.

JEANIE

Yeah? Like who, for instance.

MADGE

Lots.

JEANIE

Lots of egos.

MADGE

No.

JEANIE

Out of control egos.

Madge leans back against the front door.

MADGE

You know about guys.

JEANIE

What do you mean?

MADGE

You've slept with guys.

JEANIE

(indignant)

Maybe a few in ninth grade 'cause
it was new, but I'm not some
total dingbat like Deirdre.

MADGE

Okay.

JEANIE

I'm not Suzy Slut, you know what
I mean.

MADGE

Yeah.

(she goes into herself;
silence)

I slept with a guy once.

JEANIE

(dumbfounded)

When?

MADGE

We didn't do anything or anything. We just slept. He held me so tight my nose was up against his neck. I thought I was going to suffocate.

JEANIE

Who was this guy, the Boston Strangler?

MADGE

You don't know. He's older.

JEANIE

You been sticking your nose in some guy's neck and I don't know!?! We used to be friends.

The door behind Madge bursts open, and TWO TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRLS knock past Madge, one shoving the other. They stop dead in their tracks, look in alarm at Madge. One says, "Ooops!". They rocket back inside, slamming the door.

Madge, in sudden anger, opens the door to follow.

CUT TO:

38

INT. MADGE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madge and Jeanie enter the sprawling living room, comfortably but not elegantly furnished. The room is blasting with disco music. A younger SISTER (SISSIE) is dancing with some of her girlfriends, all about twelve.

SISSIE

Hey, sis.

Madge is furious.

MADGE

What're you guys doing here?
Mother!

SISSIE

(whiny)

Okay, okay.

Out of the kitchen and into the dining alcove comes her MOTHER. A round of pizza dough droops down over her fore-arms. She's a mellow woman with a direct, humorous manner.

MADGE

What're these guys doing here?

SISSIE

Gol, what a cry baby.

MADGE

I'm going to get furious at
you.

SISSIE

(mocking)

I'm gonna get furious at you.

MOTHER

Sissie!

(with dragging step,
Sissie approaches)

Put 'em up.

Sissie holds up her arms. Mother drapes the pizza dough over them. Mother gestures her towards kitchen. As she exits, she makes a face at Madge.

The Mother gives a stern look at Sissie's little friends. They all scoot out of the room behind Sissie.

MOTHER

Hello, Jeanie.

JEANIE

Hi, Mrs. Axman.

MOTHER

What's the fuss?

MADGE

You know I don't want a bunch of kids at my party.

MOTHER

Okay, okay, so your friends aren't kids any more.

MADGE

Mom!... Oh God, I don't expect you to understand.

MOTHER

You know and I know that's malarky, Miss Smart -- Jeanie, turn that off, will you?

Jeanie crosses to phonograph, turns off disco music.

MOTHER (cont'd)

We just as well sit and talk out the ground rules of a few things before your friends get here.

MADGE

Mom, I don't want a lecture now.

MOTHER

I didn't say lecture.

MADGE

In front of Jeanie and everything.

MOTHER

You want a beer, Jeanie. We got a keg in the kitchen.

JEANIE

No thanks.

MOTHER

Let's all sit down.

Madge is clouding up, but really.

MADGE

Mom, I'm trying to get my head into having a good time and if you're going to go and spoil it --

MOTHER

Come on, laugh a little, for damn sake. Dad and I got the keg of beer, which I still can't believe, but damn if we didn't. After the party gets started we're going on to bed. You'll have the house.

MADGE

What if I told you some of the people don't drink beer. They drink other stuff.

MOTHER

What people? You mean your high school friends?

MADGE

I mean they drink Scotch and tequilla and things like that.

Mother wants to be fair, she speaks in fair tones.

MOTHER

You drink Scotch, Madge?

MADGE

No I don't, but I could. If I wanted I could drink it for breakfast.

MOTHER

You drink Scotch, Jeanie?

JEANIE

No. I don't like Scotch.

Mother looks at the two of them, trying to be understanding.

MOTHER

They're bringing Scotch tonight?

MADGE

Maybe, I don't tell them what to do, I'm not their mother.

MOTHER

Well, well... it's gonna be some party, huh? Maybe dad and I should go out of town for the night. Then everybody wouldn't have to have a mother around.

MADGE

You see -- you're just going to make it impossible.

MOTHER

Everybody could get real drunk on Scotch and have a, a free time, a real sexual time, maybe.

Sissie appears at the dining alcove.

SISSIE

Did you call me?

MADGE

No.

MOTHER

Go back in the kitchen, Sissie.

SISSIE

I want to hear.

MOTHER

Go!

She departs.

MADGE

(to Jeanie)

It's unreal. Why do they always have to talk about sex?

MOTHER

It's not me. You, your friends, they're all talking about it, having affairs, in junior high school, my God.

MADGE

(her eyes smarting)

You don't think we can have any serious emotions, that any of us can really experience something deep. Jeanie, she's been in love since she was twelve. I'll bet you don't even believe it.

Jeanie listens to Madge with mounting astonishment: she's not sure she even believes it.

MOTHER

I don't want you to think I came from another planet.

MOTHER (cont'd)

When I was young, when dad and I were going together, we... we experimented. Yes, we did. More than once. I can't lie to you.

MADGE

Oh mom, you don't have to get into this.

MOTHER

But I always wished we hadn't. That we'd waited.

MADGE

You don't understand. I have. I've waited.

MOTHER

What do you mean?

MADGE

I mean I'm a virgin.

MOTHER

What's wrong with that?

MADGE

I hate it.

Mrs. Axman savours this information for a beat.

MOTHER

Well, thank God.
(shouting)

Sissie, bring your mother a beer.

This is not the reaction Madge wants. She jumps up, fighting back tears, hurries out of the room. Jeanie feels awkward. She looks at Mrs. Axman, Mrs. Axman looks at her.

MOTHER

What're we going to do with her?

Jeanie shrugs. Sissie appears at the hall door through which Madge disappeared.

SISSIE

We're not gonna have a party?

MOTHER

We sure as shootin' are.

SISSIE

Madge says we're not.

Mother is up like a shot and hustling out of the room, in the direction of Madge. Sissie, the sneak, is delighted with the drama she has helped create. She boogies over to put on a record.

CUT TO:

38X

INT. MADGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

3

Madge is crying, face down on her bed. Mother is standing at the door.

MOTHER

If you don't come out and say hi to your friends, I'm sending them away.

(Madge doesn't respond)

If I do send them all away, you're gonna have to call everyone and apologize.

(no response)

And until you do -- you're getting me furious, Madge -- until you make an apology on the phone to everyone of your guests who shows up here tonight, you are grounded.

(sobs from Madge)

You can bank on it!

Mother turns away, slams the door.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. MADGE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

39

Sissie is sitting in the dark of the front porch steps. Deirdre, Greg and three others arrive up the walk.

SISSIE

You got to go home. Party's off.

DEIRDRE

Where's Madge?

SISSIE

She's grounded.

DEIRDRE
How come?

SISSIE
She's a virgin.

The group is stunned. Sissie is smug.

CUT TO:

40 INT. JEANIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 4

Jeanie is down as she crosses the cluttered living room. She dumps her shoulder bag. She looks in her room: nothing. She notices her mother's bedroom door. A light coming from within. She crosses to it, looks in.

41 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM 4

Mary is in bed, reading. Food and books are strewn across the bed. Her hair is on vacation. She looks up and sees Jeanie at the door. Mary is troubled, but tries to be light.

MARY
How was the concert?

JEANIE
Fine. I saw dad.

MARY
How is he?

JEANIE
Fine.

Mary seems even more troubled by the mention of "dad." She looks down at her book. Tears form in her eyes.

JEANIE
What's wrong, mom?

MARY
I just read this same page
five times.

JEANIE
Why'nt you sleep?

MARY
(sharp)
I have a test tomorrow. I
study for my tests.

JEANIE
Okay.

MARY
(now contrite for
being sharp)
Your dad thinks if I get my
degree I'll be smart enough
to leave him alone.

Jeanie sits down on the bed, puts her hand on her mom's
knee.

MARY
You do your homework?

JEANIE
It's the weekend. We don't
have any.

Mary wants to question this, but lets it drop. She closes
her book, wipes her wet cheek.

MARY
I have this crazy idea you
might go to college, read a lot
of books and become a brainy
person so you'd know how to
talk to neurotics like your
mother.

Jeanie pats her mother's knee.

JEANIE
How's your friend?

MARY
(defensive)
Sam?

JEANIE
He seems nice.

MARY
He's with his wife.

JEANIE
Oh.

MARY
Ex-wife. They're divorced.

JEANIE
That's cool.

Mary studies her daughter for condemnation. Jeanie tries
to stay light.

MARY
He's taking me to lunch tomorrow.

- 07 -

JEANIE
He take you to dinner last night?

MARY
What does that mean?

JEANIE
Ah... I don't know.

Jeanie throws her hands up in exasperation.

MARY
I'm a forty year old woman and I'm reading Plato again. It's insane. No, he didn't take me to dinner last night. He was going to take me tonight, but his ex-wife called and he... he couldn't. He apologized.

JEANIE
What for?

MARY
I know I should have had dinner with him first and found out if his intentions were honorable but I was too busy throwing myself at some guy like every other divorced, hysterical undergraduate at UCLA because I wanted to, I wanted to be good to myself. Okay?
(she's gone high;
she falls contrite
again)
I'm sorry.

Jeanie pats her mother's knee. She gets up, totally weighed down by all this.

42 INT. JEANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeanie turns on her bedside lamp. It has an improvised blue paper shade that casts a dim light through the room.

She puts a record on: YES, hard abstract rock. She throws herself into the leather chair. She is bombarded on either side by the wall-mounted speakers. She closes her eyes.

MARY (O.S.)
Jeanie.

She opens her eyes. Her POV: Mary is standing in the doorway in a ratty bathrobe and barefoot. She is in tears. Jeanie turns down the music.

JEANIE

Yeah?

MARY

I can't focus. Again.

It's an old signal. Jeanie gets up slowly to follow her mother.

JEANIE

It's your prescription. You should get it checked.

MARY

(going out door)

I know, I keep meaning to get them checked.

43

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary is under the covers. Jeanie crawls under next to her. They snuggle close. Jeanie opens the book. Mary turns a page for her.

MARY

Right there.

(points)

You'd like Plato. He and his friends, none of them liked to wear shoes.

Jeanie smiles. Mary leans her head against her daughter.

JEANIE

(reading)

'Thus far I have been speaking of the fourth and last kind of madness, which is imputed to him who, when he sees the beauty of the earth, is transported with the recollection of the true beauty...'

FADE OUT.

44

INT. MADGE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Madge is resplendent. She sits in front of her mirror, in a print summer dress. She is applying light makeup. She seems strangely airy, happy.

The door opens. Sissie comes in, closes door behind her. Sissie looks at her sister in surprise.

MADGE

Get out of here or I shall
personally kill you.

Sissie doesn't get out, but watches as Madge puts the hat
on her head. She pulls it into place. Admires herself
in the mirror, ignores Sissie altogether.

Madge stands, picks up her clutch purse, turns for one
last look at her summery self in the mirror.

She turns, walks to the open window, and without breaking
stride, climbs out. She's gone in a wink.

Sissie's mouth is agape.

CUT TO:

45. OMIT

45.

46. EXT. LAUREL CANYON AREA - DAY

46.

Madge is striding up one of the steep canyon roads near
Laurel Canyon. She is swinging her hat in one hand,
passing in and out of the dark shade of trees.

47. EXT. JAY'S PLACE - DAY

47.

Madge appears over the crest of a steep incline. She
walks up to the entrance of a redwood A-frame.
Eucalyptuses tower over the house. A sleek MG is parked
out front.

She slows her step as she notices the door is open. She
peers in, nervous.

HER POV

Just beyond the white-tiled foyer stands JAY, suitcases at

his feet. He's stuffing papers in a briefcase. He's in a Polo business suit, looks like money, but not ostentatious. He's an older man of 29.

He looks up, sees Madge, breaks into a smile. Madge comes in, tentative. He puts out an arm to embrace her. He tries to kiss her, but her head turns as she notes the bags.

MADGE

Oh, Jay, you're leaving town.

He turns her chin, kisses her lightly.

JAY

Just for a week. To New York.

He kisses her again. Now she's not only nervous, she's sad. He leads her into the living room.

48 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

There are plants everywhere. Rattan furniture. A pinball machine. A hanging trapeze bar. A dazzling sound system. He leads her to one of the rattan chairs. She sits.

JAY

I been calling your house for weeks.

MADGE

I couldn't call back.

He scoots a chair to face her, takes her hands.

JAY

Why? I was like dying.

MADGE

Mom thinks I'm going with Terry. She likes him 'cause he smiles a lot. It's obnoxious.

JAY

What's wrong with me?

MADGE

You know.

JAY

I don't..

MADGE

The age thing.

JAY
For a change.

MADGE
You're twenty-nine.

JAY
Almost thirty. And divorced,
don't forget that.

MADGE
You couldn't come by the house,
or take me to high school
things. I felt -- weird.

JAY
You?! People were always
looking at me like the weirdo,
not you.

MADGE
Don't get mad at me.

JAY
Ah, honey, you come into the
office for a summer job, I fall
in love with you, I forget how
old you are, it doesn't matter.

MADGE
Well I'm sixteen!

JAY
My grandmother was having
babies at sixteen.

MADGE
Sheilah had a baby at sixteen.

JAY
Yeah, but my grandmother was
married.

MADGE
(a rising protest)
She didn't want to marry the
guy!

JAY
Okay. Okay. Don't you get
mad.

He leans forward, kisses her nose. She gets very serious.

MADGE

I want to ask you a question...
(he waits)

Do you really love me?

JAY

(dumbfounded)

That's the question?

MADGE

No, I'm getting to the question,
but I want to know that first.

JAY

I'm in love with you. You
know what that means?

She nods solemnly.

MADGE

It means you throw up a lot.

He laughs, but she is not ready to laugh.

MADGE

Really. Everytime I listen to
the radio, every song is about
you. I been -- sick -- a lot.

JAY

What is the question?

Now she is not only very serious, she's very nervous. He
watches her with close sympathy.

MADGE

I know how we didn't actually
do anything that night
because you have this tremendous
amount of respect for me, I
appreciate that, like you said,
you don't rush into something
not when you feel so deeply
about someone and everything...
but...

JAY

(waiting)

Yeah?

MADGE

(looks down)

What would have been wrong
with it?

This knocks the wind out of him. It's his turn to get nervous.

JAY

What?

MADGE

(looks up)

If we had made love. Would it have been so awful?

JAY

(barely breathing)

No.

They look at each other in deep silence.

MADGE

When does your plane leave?

More deep silence.

JAY

They got planes going all day to New York.

They look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

49

INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeanie is asleep in her bed. Next to her, dead to the world, is Annie.

The phone rings. Jeanie is not awake as she answers it.

JEANIE

Hello.

The digital clock tells us it's noon.

CUT TO:

50

INT. JAY'S LOFT BEDROOM - DAY

Madge is sitting up in a bed which is in a loft above Jay's living room. A kimono is more or less pulled around her shoulders. Jay is not here. She is radiant and speaks in a low, serene voice.

MADGE

Jeanie, I've been a terrible friend to you, okay, I've

MADGE (cont'd)
been keeping a secret from
you, it's just the most
important secret of my life
and I feel terrible.

INTERCUT: JEANIE - trying to wake up.

MADGE (cont'd)
I'm in love with Jay, you don't
know him, he's a much older
guy, but I'm in his bed now --

INTERCUT: JEANIE - she wakes up.

MADGE
He says if I want why don't I
spend all my time here except
when he's out of town, then he
says everyone can stay here,
Annie too, he says Annie is
cool, he's dying to meet you
all but he's going to New York
in about two minutes or
something --

During this last, Jay's hands reach up over the edge of the
loft: he's standing on the ladder. He places peaches,
crackers, beer, in that order, on the ledge. His head
appears. Madge gives him a kiss, continues to babble.

51 INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeanie listens.

JEANIE
Madge, did you cry...?
That's okay. Maybe I will.

She hangs up, pensive. Annie's eyes are open.

JEANIE
That was Madge.

ANNIE
I heard.

They're both pensive. Annie puts an arm around Jeanie,
holds on to her.

JEANIE
It's things like that can
make you sad.

ANNIE

Yeah... your best friend...
the day she gets devirginized.

JEANIE

(exasperated)

No, not that.. She's the sort
of girl if she goes to bed
with a guy she's gonna marry
him.

ANNIE

Come on, a girl gets married
at sixteen, she'd have to be
really ugly.

JEANIE

We'll never see her again.

They mull this over.

ANNIE

I'm not getting married until
I'm twenty-six. Or maybe I'll
have a baby and then decide if
I really need the guy. But
not until I'm twenty-six.

JEANIE

What're you going to do until
then?

ANNIE

Just what I'm doing. Have a
good time.

They hold each other.

CUT TO:

52

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Madge is sitting forlornly in a window seat, looking out.
Sliding glass doors lead to a redwood balcony. Beyond is
a steeply carved canyon, dense with vegetation and punctu-
ated by occasional houses.

JEANIE (off screen)

Space!

Madge turns to face the room and we cut to include all
our girls, lounging about, drinking wine. Jeanie is doing
a wheelie in the middle of the room, her arms outstretched.

JEANIE
Space! Let's all run away
and just sit here and watch
the plants grow.

DEIRDRE
(to Madge)
It's okay?

MADGE
If we don't break anything.

ANNIE
What about your folks?

MADGE
(defensive)
I'll just tell them.

JEANIE
What?

MADGE
(her defenses crumble)
I don't know.

Jeanie sees the enthusiasm about to sag, she exhorts them.

JEANIE
If we're like going to have
a family, we got to have
everyone agree to do things.

DEIRDRE
I can drive.

JEANIE
Yeah?

DEIRDRE
If anyone wants me to drive
them shopping.

JEANIE
Why don't you drive yourself
shopping?

DEIRDRE
God, I don't know what you
all want.

ANNIE
Food, you gimp.

DEIRDRE

What's the big deal, it's
only a week.

JEANIE

(more exhortation)

What do you mean, we get a
taste of this, we'll find
another place.

DEIRDRE

How?

JEANIE

God, if I hate anything, it's
a bunch of down heads.

But she can't resist going a little down herself. She sits.
There is a still moment while the girls look about the place,
obviously fantasizing about it. At last:

ANNIE

I'll tell you, it's a super
place for a party.

DEIRDRE

For sure.

JEANIE

(back on her feet)

No way!

ANNIE

Yes, mother.

JEANIE

We're not having a bunch of
rowdy teenagers tear up the
place. Right, Madge?

Madge nods absently.

ANNIE

Who's 'we'?

JEANIE

(to Madge)

Didn't he say we could all
stay here?

MADGE

I guess.

JEANIE
(sweeping gesture)

We!

DEIRDRE
Who said it had to be rowdy?

ANNIE
Right! What about a dinner party, you know, sit down. Just a few of us.

JEANIE
Forget it. You don't know enough guys who won't throw food across the table.

DEIRDRE
Greg wouldn't.

ANNIE
Yeah, why do we all the time have to munch out with some grossly immature kids? Let's have candles, you know, and long dresses.

MADGE
Long dresses?

For an instant, Madge is interested. Jeanie looks at Madge, surprised at this defection. Madge stares out the window, bowing out.

DEIRDRE
Bobby has a tuxedo.

ANNIE
He's mad at you.

DEIRDRE
Randy isn't mad at me and I know he has a tuxedo.

JEANIE
Wait a minute, if we're going to do it, let's do it right. Any guy wants to come, he has to rent a tux.

MADGE
I don't want a party.

JEANIE
(not hearing her)
But black, okay? Not any of
those pink and blue things
like a Tijuana wedding.

MADGE
Not without Jay.

JEANIE
Who?

ANNIE
God, Jeanie, he only owns
the place.

JEANIE
Oh, Jay! I'm sorry, that's
cold. Oh yeah, Madge. Poor
Madge. Maybe you can invite
Terry. He's got a nice
smile. How about it.

Madge doesn't reply. She looks back out the window.

CUT TO:

53. INT. JAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

53.

SHOOTING from the living room, WE HOLD on the arch that
leads up two steps to the dining area. It is empty.
Madge suddenly appears in long dress, the elegant hostess.
She looks into the room, stops as if she's suddenly
remembered something.

REVERSE

There are three boys sitting stiffly in the conversation
area, all in tuxes. They half-rise as Madge appears.

ON MADGE

MADGE
I'm sorry. I'll be right
back.

She glides back the way she came.

ON BOYS

The boys sit back awkwardly. WE recognize Greg. Next to
him, a carrot-topped boy, TERRY. Also a snobby-looking
boy in powder blue tux named CARTER, holding a joint. They
are no sooner settled than:

THE ARCH

Annie appears, loaded, juggling a tray of champagne glasses. She is also a knockout in her elegant whatever.

ANNIE

Is this stoked!?

As she stumbles into the room, the boys do their half-rise again. They settle back as she sets the tray on a coffee table, kneels down and carefully hands the boys the empty glasses. They look at them oddly. Annie turns, shouts:

ANNIE

Jeanie!

Jeanie appears in the arch, holding a bottle of champagne. She strikes a pose, a subtle pause, waiting for the boys to look up. She's being sophisticated.

JEANIE

You want something for those glasses?

ANNIE

Hurry it!

Jeanie walks slowly into the room. Madge appears behind her, carrying a tray of appetizers. Annie grabs the bottle out of Jeanie's hand. She wrestles with the cork. Pop! She slops the bubbly all over.

ANNIE

Shit!

Jeanie reacts to the profanity, giving her an ugly look. She hands a glass to Terry, who breaks into his famous smile.

JEANIE

Terry?

(then Carter)

Carter?

She hands a glass to Greg. He doesn't seem to notice. He's transfixed, looking off, a big smile. The girls notice, turn to follow his gaze.

Deirdre is standing in the archway. She must have flown to Paris to get what she is wearing. It's loose, flowing, sexy, and too old for her. She is lighting a cigarette for herself, taking her time.

She looks up, as though surprised to be the center of attention.

DEIRDRE

Need anything from the
kitchen?

JEANIE

Just you, Deirdre.

She slinks in. The girls exchange knowing glances. Deirdre
sits on the floor, is handed a glass.

CARTER

I think this occasion calls
for a toast.

DEIRDRE

Great. Carter has this
tremendous speaking voice.

He likes the compliment. He raises his glass, thinks.

CARTER

Ah --

ANNIE

Shit!

Annie jumps up, she's spilled champagne on her dress.

JEANIE

Annie!

Jeanie stands, helps her shake out her dress. The door-
bell chimes.

JEANIE

I'll get it.

Jeanie heads off. Annie runs past her.

ANNIE

I got it!

Jeanie makes a face, follows after her.

IN FOYER

Jeanie catches up with Annie before she can open the door.

JEANIE

You gonna be gross at our
party?

Annie doesn't hear. She opens the door. There stands Brad.

He is in a parody of a tuxedo: a long sleeve T-shirt on which a tuxedo design has been printed. Black pants. Black sneakers.

Annie turns from the door with a whine.

ANNIE

I told you we shouldn't invite him. I wanted a real date.

BRAD

I'm a real date.

ANNIE

You're a nurd.

BRAD

Annie, you really get me pissed sometimes.

ANNIE

Why don't you just grow up, or get taller, or something.

To Jeanie's astonishment, Brad sits down on a small cedar chest next to the door. He is about to cry.

JEANIE

Come on, Brad, you're tall enough to eat dinner. Why don't you dry up, Annie, have some coffee.

Brad stands. Annie reaches behind his ear into his blond Afro, pulls out a joint.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

She gives him a kiss on the lips. He shoves her back.

ANNIE

Hey! Rejection.

Jeanie goes off. Annie offers her arm to Brad. He considers, then grabs her arm and neck and gives her a hard, lightning kiss.

She clowns, reels, goes cross-eyed. He takes her arm, leads her off.

CUT TO:

54. INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

54.

Brad and Annie enter the dining area: candlelight and linen. Very nice. Everyone else is seated.

ANNIE

Hey! Is this stoked?

JEANIE

(dry)

Totally stoked. Sit there.

Again, the doorbell chimes. Madge looks pained, jumps up.

MADGE

Everyone start.

55. INT. FOYER - NIGHT

55.

Madge opens the door. There's a teenage girl, in JUMPSUIT with an Exxon label.

JUMPSUIT

Is Laurie here?

MADGE

No, Debby, this is a private party.

JUMPSUIT

Laurie said to meet her here.

MADGE

Look, Debby, I'm really going to be pissed off. I don't know how Laurie knows about this party.

JUMPSUIT

Can I come in and wait for her?

MADGE

No.

JUMPSUIT

God!

MADGE

Goodnight.

Madge closes the door. She shakes her head, unhappy.

CUT TO:

56. INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

56.

Dinner is over, coffee is being poured, a joint passed. Annie is higher still, talking in a rush. Jeanie tries to slow her down by handing her coffee cups to pass on.

ANNIE

I looked over at the other table and it was her. I could not believe it. Joni Mitchell! She looked terrific. I put my hand on Corky's hand and I go, Hey, that's Joni Mitchell, and he goes, Oh, yeah, you know, like it was his mother or something and I was like freaking out. Joni Mitchell! Hey!

JEANIE

You guys heard that new album by Weather Report?

ANNIE

(jumping up and down)

You know! Joni Mitchell! I smiled at her, and she smiled back. No shit. I thought that was really hip. Joni Mitchell smiled at me! I mean, no shit.

JEANIE

Okay, Annie.

Chastised, Annie sits down. Jeanie hands her a cup which she passes on to Carter. In her contrition for having been gross again, she explains herself to Carter.

ANNIE

I mean, at least she wasn't some stuck up twat.

They freeze. Deirdre pulls out a cigarette.

The doorbell chimes again. Jeanie jumps up.

JEANIE

My turn.

57. INT. FOYER - NIGHT

57.

Jeanie opens the door. It is JASON, a tall, curly-haired kid who is goodlooking and knows it.

JASON
Scarlett!

JEANIE
Hello, Jason.

JASON
Come on, Scarlett, this is
Rhett, let me in.

JEANIE
Very funny. Go away.

He steps in, puts an arm around her waist, drawing her to him. He kisses at her, she turns her cheek.

JASON
On good looks alone, I deserve
more than that.

JEANIE
Why don't you take your good
looks down the hill.

From behind, Annie rushes up.

ANNIE
Jason!

He looks up, dropping his arm from around Jeanie. Annie rushes into his arms. Big kiss. Jason beams.

JASON
Hey, princess.

ANNIE
You still at Hollywood High?

JASON
Nah, Christ, I go to Pierce
College. I'm a psych major.

ANNIE
Come on, you want some wine?

JEANIE
This is a private party.

JASON
You know Buddy?
(turning to holler)
Buddy, you want some wine?

BUDDY lurks in the door behind Jason. He's surfer material.

ANNIE
Come on in, Buddy.

JEANIE
No, you don't.

ANNIE
God, Jeanie, dinner's over.

JEANIE
This isn't our place.

ANNIE
Let's ask Madge.

Annie leads Jason and Buddy into house. Jeanie wants to protest, but they're in. Jumpsuit jumps in right behind them.

JUMPSUIT
I'm with Buddy.

JEANIE
Christ.

JUMPSUIT
There's lots of guys out there.

Alarmed, Jeanie peers out the door as Jumpsuit scampers into the party. Jeanie sees cars parked on either side of the road. Teenagers standing around, drinking, looking over at the house. We hear Jeanie groan.

58. INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

58

The room is full of kids, fifty maybe. The music is blaring, but no one is dancing. Everyone is being stoned, drinking beer, talking, crawling all over the place, up the ladder to the loft, behind the furniture. WE MOVE slowly through this immobile horde.

WE PASS Brad holding the hand of a GIRL who is exactly his size. She wears white pants and a Peter Max T-shirt. The bathroom door opens, a GUY comes out. Brad and the Girl step in, close the door.

We PASS Jumpsuit talking in low earnest tones to a much impressed girl who must be THIRTEEN.

JUMPSUIT

If you're going with a guy you can use a diaphragm 'cause you got an idea when you're doing it, but on your own, you better stick to the pill 'cause you never know what you don't know, you know.

A cigarette is dropped on the carpet. Jeanie lunges for it, dipping a napkin into water, daubing the spot. She looks around, checking out the party, uneasy.

Jason comes by, puts an arm around Jeanie, pulling her to her feet.

JASON

Why don't we step outside?
I want to show you something.

JEANIE

No, thanks. I've seen it.

He laughs. She shoves at him. Her struggle stops. She notices something off screen, registers surprise. Jason turns to see what's up.

TOWARDS DOOR

Coming from the door into the crowded room is Loser. Behind him, THREE OTHERS, part of his street gang. They are not bikers. They look more like beach rats: Hawaiian shirts, windbreakers, one with a fat belly, all greasy and in need of shaves.

People look at them, wary of them. They seem to enjoy the reaction. Loser nods at Annie. She tries to snub him. He grabs her by the chin. She pries loose. He smiles, lets her go. She looks scared.

She steps over to the toilet, tries the door. It's locked. She raps. It opens. Out walk Brad and the blonde girl:

they have changed outfits. She's in the fake tuxedo, he's in the Peter Max and white pants.

Loser and his group pick up beer cans, popping them, sending spray around. They sit on a couch. People move away.

Madge, followed by Terry, comes into the room, freaks. She grabs Jeanie.

MADGE

They can't stay.

Jeanie steps up to Loser, Madge and Terry behind.

JEANIE

You can't stay. Sorry.

LOSER

It's okay. Don't be sorry.

JEANIE

This is a private party.

LOSER

I'm just leaving.

He makes no motion to go. There's a countdown. Loser looks up at one of his punks.

LOSER (cont'd)

You ready to go, darling?

The punk gets another beer, pops it. He belches.

TERRY

Yeah, he's ready to go.

Jeanie and Madge look at Terry in surprise. He's lost his smile.

PUNK

(toasting Terry)

One for the road, huh, turkey?

Terry grabs the beer can. From his seated position, Loser hits Terry in the stomach. The Punk slaps Terry with an open hand.

Jeanie goes nuts, ramming Loser backwards with her hands. From a supine position now, Loser kicks Terry, sending him sprawling. He shoves Jeanie aside.

Terry comes to a stop against the bathroom door.

Annie opens it, looks down, screams. Brad is inches away from that scream. He bolts, catapulting himself across the room. He jumps with two feet in Loser's lap, sending up an answering howl. He crashes at the Punk with his head. The Punk lands a fist on Brad's head that drops the tiny scrapper.

Many things happen at once now.

Jason whirls with an elbow to catch a punk in the throat who is about to crash a bottle into the turntable.

Madge is on the verge of tears, helping Terry up.

Jeanie is on the phone, saying, "Would you please get me the police?" Buddy is knocked back by one of the punks, knocking the phone onto the floor. Jeanie dives for it.

A few of the guests scramble up the ladder for the loft. A NAKED COUPLE appears from the loft, looking over the edge at the action.

Loser is on his feet. Carter gives him a disdainful look and gets hit for his pains. Greg retaliates, hitting Loser. Behind Greg, Beirdre screams. Startled, Greg turns to look at her, giving Loser a chance to hit him, knocking him down.

The boy-half of the Naked Couple drops down from the loft into the action. He's hit with a pipe by one of the punks, knocked cold as he lands. He never makes his feet: it's all one motion.

Mayhem. The gang devastates the place.

Brad gets up, is pushed out onto the deck by two punks. They lift him, throw him off the deck.

WE SEE him land in some bushes about ten feet below.

We CUT BACK to the party to see the gang walk out the door with the stereo equipment, turntable, amps, tape deck, speakers, the works.

They are gone.

In the lull after battle, the kids pull themselves together.

Madge is crying in Jeanie's arms.

JEANIE

Oh no, shit no, oh shit no.

Through the open door rush FOUR POLICE, shotguns held at the ready. They train the menacing guns on the room. Deirdre bursts into tears. Everyone is freaked.

The cops stand at the ready.

CUT TO:

59. OMIT 59.
60. EXT. JEANIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 60.

Mary brakes her Toyota to a slow stop. She gets out, heavy. She waits for Jeanie to get out and reluctantly, sadly follow.

61. INT. JEANIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 61.

As Mary and Jeanie enter the living room, the cats meow loudly. Mary scoops one up, heads for the kitchen. Jeanie heads for her room.

MARY

Stay here.

Mary disappears into the kitchen. Jeanie stops, sits down, looks at the floor.

Mary appears at the kitchen door, pouring dried cat food into a bowl.

MARY

Narcotics, drunkenness, destruction of property. What else did they say?

JEANIE

(incredulous)

They're cops, mom!

Jeanie continues to stare at the floor. Mary gives her a look, steps back into the kitchen. We HEAR her place the bowl on the floor, followed by murmurs from the insistent cats.

Mary comes back into the room, holding a tall glass of water. She's nervous, afraid of the confrontation that must follow.

MARY (cont'd)

I don't like your friends, Jeanie.

JEANIE

(hot)

I know that!

MARY

You'll have to tell me, are there any nice people left, I don't know.

With a shaky hand, Mary pours water into a sickly avocado plant on the dining room table. Jeanie's eyes are stinging with angry tears, but she doesn't break.

JEANIE

You never like my friends.

MARY

Are there some nice boys, some nice girls, either one?

JEANIE

Yeah.

MARY

What?

JEANIE

Yeah, I said yeah.

MARY

Whatever happened to the word 'yes'?

JEANIE

God almighty, you don't care, Annie's dad is putting her in the hospital ...

Jeanie breaks into tears. Mary is instantly contrite. She walks to her daughter, puts a nervous hand on her.

MARY

I'm sorry, I care. Annie is a good kid basically.

JEANIE

You don't know her!

MARY

You're upset.

JEANIE

She can die in that hospital.

MARY

No, no, darling.

JEANIE

She could get super depressed and commit suicide.

MARY
(alarmed)
Did she say something about
suicide?

JEANIE
She can't stand small spaces.

MARY
Did she actually say the
word suicide?

JEANIE
No, but I know what she thinks.

MARY
We'll call the hospital.

JEANIE
No, mom, that'll just make it
worse for her.

MARY
We'll talk to the doctors, ask
their opinion about Annie.

JEANIE
Their opinions are sick. If
they say Annie is sick,
they're just sick.

MARY
They're doctors. At least we
can ask their opinions.

JEANIE
Forget it.

MARY
What?

JEANIE
Don't keep asking me what.

MARY
'Forget it' is a very rude
thing to say.

JEANIE
Oh mom... you always want me
to cry and I hate to cry...

Jeanie pushes her mom back and buries her head in the sofa,
sobbing. It's small but real violence, from which Mary
recoils.

MARY

Maybe Annie is sick, you ever think of that? Maybe the whole bunch of you are sick.

JEANIE

Jeez....

MARY

You booze, you dope, you sleep with whoever. I don't know who you are. You may look like kids, but you don't sound like them. You're short forty year olds. Tough ones.

Lifting up on sofa, tears streaming.

JEANIE

Since dad left, you hate everybddy, everybody! -- except for some guy you can just meet and --

Mary's fury mounts. Jeanie stops.

MARY

What! Meet and what!

JEANIE

You just throw yourself on the line all the time, mom. You jump at a guy and, and then he doesn't see you any more and you cry on the phone.

MARY

I don't care if you are my daughter, you can't talk about my friends --

JEANIE

You talk about my friends.

MARY

You don't like Sam.

JEANIE

I don't know him. Do you? Do you, mom? Did you know him before you jumped into bed with him, huh, mom?

Mary trembles. Her fists go up, wrist-side out. With rugged control, she lowers them during the following.

MARY

That's... that's nasty and
rude... and cruel and unloving
... I wish I could punch you...
oohhhh... God, I wish I knew
how to punch you.

Mary races across the room, pushes a cat off the table,
wheels on her daughter.

MARY (cont'd)

What's wrong with Sam!
(Jeanie sobs)
Stop that.. What's wrong with
Sam?

A few sniffles and Jeanie stops crying. Her mother waits
for a reply. Jeanie takes her time.

JEANIE

He wears white shoes.

Mary goes nuts. She races at Jeanie, waving her fists.
Jeanie cringes back.

MARY

White shoes! Apologize, you
apologize.

Jeanie gets up, heads across room.

MARY (cont'd)

I'm not finished.
(Jeanie keeps going)
You're not so hip, you know.
Just because they fit you for
a diaphragm, that doesn't
make you a woman!

Jeanie goes into her room, slams the door.

CUT TO:

62. INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

62.

Jeanie flops into the chair. Mary is right behind her,
slamming open the door, dangerously under control.

MARY

Sam is a very good man, make
no mistake.. He's decent. He
cares for me. He says he even
loves me. Well, we'll see.

MARY (cont'd)

I'm going to spend some time with him. A week, a few days, who knows. You want a place of your own. Fine. Have this one. I'm not bringing him here anymore. Not for you girls to stare at. There's too much music here, and boys and girls, your friends all over the floor, half out of their clothes. Lying all over the furniture, you're too beautiful. All of you. You just make me hate my hips. I hate my hips!

She pounds on one hip with a hand, turns, slams out.

Jeanie continues to face the wall. We GO IN slowly on her. She is not crying.

CUT TO:

63. EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - DAY

63.

Jeanie's yellow pickup pulls to a slow stop in front of Jay's A-frame. She gets out, lumbers towards the door.

64. INT. JAY'S HOUSE - DAY

64.

Jeanie enters the house, looks around at the wreckage. She's ruined by the sight of it. She picks up the two pieces of the large platter on which they served dinner. She holds them together. She's very sad.

65. INT. JAY'S DEN - DAY

65.

Jeanie enters Jay's den. Madge is scrunched down in an Eames chair, dozing off. Jeanie puts the broken shards on the desk. The noise wakes Madge.

She lets out a small scream.

JEANIE

Hey, it's me.

MADGE

I thought it -- was Jay.

JEANIE

It's me.

Madge clouds up.

MADGE

Oh, Jeanie --

JEANIE

Where's Deirdre?

MADGE

Her mom won't let her come.

JEANIE

Huh?

MADGE

Stay away from trouble,
something like that.

JEANIE

Well, shit on her.

MADGE

She's not going with us to
see Annie?

JEANIE

No one's going.

(Madge is startled)

I talked to her mom.

MADGE

You talked to Gladys?

JEANIE

She said Annie can't have any
visitors unless they're the
family and her dad doesn't want
any of us coming out there, he's
such a total Dracula.

MADGE

Oh no.

JEANIE

I wanted to scream or something,
but it's not her fault. Gladys
is actually a nice woman once
you get past her depressions.

MADGE

What're we gonna do?

JEANIE

(flopping into a
chair)

I was thinking about having a

JEANIE (cont'd)
nervous breakdown, maybe they'd
put me in the next room or
something. Really. I'm ready
for a nervous breakdown.

They hear a noise. They look up anxiously.

THEIR POV

They see Jay dropping his luggage in the living room. He comes towards them, looking heavy, enters the room. The girls are terrified.

JEANIE
It's awful, huh?

JAY
It's not good.

Madge bursts into tears. Jeanie rises.

JEANIE
We're getting jobs and gonna
pay for the stereo --

Jay picks up the broken pieces of platter off the desk. Jeanie and Madge watch the gesture, guilty.

JEANIE
I'm taking the high school
proficiency exam. I won't
have to go to classes anymore
and I can work fulltime.
They give you like a certificate
to go to college --

He looks up at her sadly.

JAY
Will you excuse us?

JEANIE
(running down)
--- some colleges. I can get
into some colleges.

Jeanie looks at Madge, then at Jay, then at Madge. She wants to stay by Madge, but she has no choice. She leaves with a wave at Madge. Jay stands looking down at the sniffling Madge.

MADGE
We -- are -- paying for
everything.

JAY
Doing what?

MADGE
Huh?

He flips the shards onto the floor. He goes to the door, peers into the living. Madge's tears dry as apprehension builds. He goes into the living room.

JAY
You have any idea what it'll cost to put this place back together?

MADGE
(trying to sound convincing)
Yes.

JAY
Oh yeah? How much?

The trapeze bar hangs by one chain. WE SEE through the door frame as Jay grabs the bar and rips the remaining chain from the ceiling. It topples to the floor. Madge is rooted in her chair in terror.

MADGE
We're getting jobs!

Jay makes a disbelieving noise. He goes out of her POV, stomps to another part of the room. WE hear him crash something. Madge begins to get angry.

MADGE
(calling)
You think we're children!

JAY (off frame)
I know you're children, living off your parents, for Christ sake.

Madge goes to the door.

66. INT. LIVING ROOM

66.

WE SEE her appear, look at Jay mournfully.

MADGE
I thought you said you loved me -- whatever -- age didn't matter.

JAY

I do love you, I fucking
worship you, I must be nuts.

He kicks in the front of the already torn speaker cloth.
Madge flinches. She sets her jaw.

MADGE

I'll leave.

JAY

Terrific.

She can't believe she's heard that. She starts the long
march across the living room. Jay watches her.

MADGE

You can stop wrecking things.
It's just going to cost us
more.

Jay runs after her, grabs her arm.

JAY

What're you going to do?
Become a waitress at Denny's?

MADGE

Maybe.

JAY

At that rate it'd take you
all about eighty years apiece.

MADGE

In eighty years I'll be ninety-
six and you'll be a hundred and
nine!

JAY

And I'll still be pissed.

MADGE

I'll tell you one thing Mr. Jay
Thompson, the next time you see
any of us children coming
through this door, we'll have
the money in our hands.

She yanks free of him, heads for the door. He grows
alarmed.

JAY

What door?

MADGE

This door.

She steps out the front door and slams it behind with a resounding thud.

Jay looks around the wrecked room. Looks at the door. He's in a misery of indecision. He pushes some broken piece off a table. It clatters to the floor, but doesn't make him any happier. With sudden decision, he stalks across the room, yanks open the door.

He stops short. There, just outside door, is Madge, standing with her back to him. He's startled and unable to say what he was about to say.

JAY

I'm really pissed at you and
all your flaky teenage friends.

He closes the door. A beat. He opens the door.

HIS POV

He sees Madge walking down the road.

JAY

I'm not through talking
to you.

MADGE

I am.

JAY

Come back here!

MADGE

So you can beat me up?

JAY

Goddamn right.

MADGE

Forget it.

Off she walks. He watches. His anger has spent itself. He's desperate.

JAY

Please.

She stops, looks back.

MADGE

What?

JAY
What do you mean what?

MADGE
Please what!

His fury returns.

JAY
Please come back here so
I can beat you up!

She stalks off. He stomps back into the house, slams the door. His fury again slips away. He steps cautiously over to a window, looks out.

HIS POV shows Madge walking down the road with confident step. Suddenly she stops, looks back.

He ducks away from the window, not wanting to be seen. After a beat, he peeks out again.

HIS POV shows the road empty. Entirely empty. He is miserable.

CUT TO:

67. EXT. SINGLE-STORIED FACTORY - S.F. VALLEY - DAY

SHOOTING from across the street, we SEE Jeanie's truck come to a stop in front of a single-storied factory somewhere in the Valley. A white stucco building.

Jeanie gets out. A man in BASEBALL CAP is exiting the building. She speaks to him. He points off.

She heads in the direction he points, heading around the building to its back.

68. EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

Brad is at work behind the building, spraying pastel frosting on Christmas trees. He wears a nose mask. Jeanie comes out. He sprays an impressive amount of frost to impress her. She's impressed.

JEANIE
I thought they had you
filling fire extinguishers.

BRAD
Christmas is coming.

He takes off his mask.

JEANIE
You break for lunch some time?

BRAD
No.

JEANIE
I thought maybe you'd want go
go to lunch.

BRAD
Swell.

JEANIE
They don't mind?

BAD
He's paying me shit.

He drops sprayer, grabs his skateboard. They head off.

69. INT. TRUCK - MOVING

69.

Brad watches the sights go by. Jeanie looks at him to
read his mood.

JEANIE
I thought you might be sad
about Annie and need to talk
to someone.

(he doesn't
look sad)

I remember how completely
sad you can get about things
and I don't want you to have
to go through any of that
alone.

BRAD
Thanks.

He's impassive, watching the sights. She lets the issue
drop.

JEANIE
You smell something?

BRAD
It's my boots.

JEANIE
You been walking in something?

BRAD
I ran out of socks. It makes
my feet sweat a lot.

JEANIE

It's awful. I mean, I'm sorry,
but you should get some socks.
Your boots are awful.

He takes off a boot, throws it out the window. Jeanie reacts. He takes off the other. Out it goes.

JEANIE

You didn't have to do that.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

70. EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

70.

Jeanie and Brad sit beside the truck up on Mulholland Drive. Vegetation around. The basin of L.A. at their feet.

They are eating junk food from its containers. Brad digs his bare feet into the dirt.

JEANIE

The trouble with L.A. is everybody's trying to be so super-cool, so much in their own space, like they would be ruined if they were to care too much or anything. I know, I used to be in yoga class.

BRAD

(munching)

This is poison. You don't know what they put in this stuff.

JEANIE

I know, but whatcha gonna do?

She munches. During the following, Brad takes a joint from behind his ear and shares it with her.

JEANIE (cont'd)

People don't want to feel the pain in things. You know what I mean? For instance, I can feel the pain in things some times. Like, there's this one-eyed rooster I know, a dog got to him and bit a big hole in his

JEANIE (cont'd)

head or something, he's got just one eye. At this place where I used to go with dad, back when he was into the outdoors. It's a ranch actually, up in the Sierras with a lot of stoner types, real spiritual heads who were always in some full lotus and squatting their way to a new head or something and there's this one-eyed rooster, with part of his head missing and I have to explain to these guys, they're up squatting around the trees at dawn, doing their deep yoga thing, like it works best in the morning before the world gets too busy or something and I was saying to them, I just look at the rooster and I feel pain, and I said that to these guys and they're going om, om, like some chorus and what is really bullshit is they're all rock and rollers making lots of really great money and they're om oming up in the hills, and I say there's this pain in the rooster's head and they go, Too much maya! Too much maya! And I go, What? And they go, pain is an illusion, you know, like it's not real. Illusion. Christ, I wanted to laugh but it was like a church for these guys, under the trees and all. I did something really gross. My dad got real pissed, but I did it. I accidentally let this guy's hot tea, this whole cup of hot tea, fall on his leg and he screamed and jumped around and said he wasn't mad at me or anything but that was a really stupid bitch thing to do, but, boy, he stopped talking about pain being an illusion.

CUT TO:

71. EXT. JEANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

71.

The truck pulls up in front of Jeanie's apartment house. It's twilight, lights just going on.

INT. VAN

Jeanie and Brad are quiet for a moment.

JEANIE

It's too late to go back to work.

BRAD

'S okay.

JEANIE

I'm sorry.

They sit for a moment. Jeanie looks as though she's going to cry and is fighting it.

JEANIE

Was there angel dust in those joints?

BRAD

No.

JEANIE

You're not lying?

BRAD

No, really.

He puts his arm around her, aware of her sudden distress.

JEANIE

I don't know why, I just can't handle it ... angel dust ...

She breaks, real tears, real sobs. He holds her. Somewhere off a phone rings. And rings. She looks out the window.

BRAD

That your phone?

JEANIE

Forget it.

(it rings again)

Ooh!

She's angered with the damn phone. She gets out. Brad follows. She looks up at her window, hurries into the entry.

CUT TO:

72. INT. HALLWAY - DAY

72.

She hurries into the entryway, cocks an ear. The phone rings. Brad shoves her on. She races to the door, hurriedly opens it. Enters. Brad leans against the jamb, watching through the open door.

73. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

73.

Jeanie runs into the darkened living room, grabs the phone. She's lit by light from the hallway.

ANNIE

Annie! My God, it's Annie.
Brad's here, you can talk to
him in a minute. How are you?
They let you use the phone ...?
(alarm)
Bob's Big Boy? Wait a minute
... Yes, you can too talk.
Annie. Annie!

She hangs up the phone, worried.

73A. INT. HALLWAY - DAY

73A.

Jeanie comes out, slams door behind her, heads down stairs. Brad follows.

JEANIE

She's at Bob's Big Boy.

BRAD

What's she doing there?

JEANIE

(unahppy)

She's loaded.

CUT TO:

74. EXT. BOB'S BIG BOY - TWILIGHT

74.

Jeanie's truck bumps into the Bob's Big Boy parking lot, pausing next to a seven foot statue of Bob's Big Boy, a hamburger in hand. The restaurant just beyond.

Brad and Jeanie look around, the motor idling. They see what they came for.

Across the parking lot is a well-lit all-night store, 7-11. Parking directly in front is a vintage white Caddie convertible. Seated in it is Annie. Lounging around it are Loser's three punks. Beyond, leaning against the plate glass of the store is Loser himself. All drinking beer.

ON BRAD AND JEANNIE

They're scared, but they got to do what they got to do.

The truck pulls to a stop behind the Caddie, athwart it. Jeanie and Brad climb out. Brad's skateboard falls out, rolls off. He grabs it, tucking it under his arm. The gang watches with bemused hostility. Jeanie walks up to the car. Annie is totally out of focus.

JEANIE

Hi, baby. Ready to go?

ANNIE

I'm so burned.

LOSER

We're having a party.

JEANIE

Doctor said no more parties
for her.

Annie gestures for Jeanie to lean forward. She does.

ANNIE

(a whisper)
Get me home.

Brad, on the opposite side of the car, puts a hand on one of the punks to move him away from the door.

BRAD

Excuse me.

LOSER

(from storefront)
What'd he say?

PUNK

Excuse me.

LOSER

(coming forward)
Why? What'd he do?

Brad tries to shove the punk aside. He laughs insanely, won't budge. Loser comes up to Brad.

LOSER

(to a punk)
Jimmy, what is this pile of
shit?

The punk grabs Brad, lifting him off his feet.

PUNK

This one?

Brad struggles, dropping his skateboard. One of the punks grabs it, then grabs Brad's legs. He places the board on Brad's stomach. Amid insane laughter, the two cart him to the end of the 7-11 building, off into the shadows. They dump him into a trash can. He struggles to his feet; they shove him back, more laughter.

Loser is laughing as he wanders back to the storefront. The third punk stands at the car door, defying Jeanie to open the door to assist Annie.

Jeanie is frightened and furious. She looks over at Loser with his idiot grin. She starts towards him.

Loser whips out an imaginary pistol, shoots at the approaching Jeanie with thumb and forefinger.

LOSER

Shoot out.

Jeanie keeps stepping towards him. Loser makes another shooting noise.

Out of the shadows flashes Brad on his skateboard. He's speeding. Loser turns to look as Brad slams against him, toppling him back. He cracks through the plate glass window. It shatters. He falls through.

Brad hasn't broken speed, but keeps on flying off into the dark of the parking lot.

The punks rush forward. Howls from Loser.

Jeanie runs to the Caddie, drags Annie out.

The punks step through the broken window. Loser is howling, jumping to his feet among the shards.

Jeanie shoves Annie in the truck, slams the door.

INT. 7-11 - ON LOSER AND PUNKS

LOSER

I'm hurt, really hurt.

PUNK

Where?

LOSER

Here.

He reaches over his body, not really hurt. He reaches elsewhere.

PUNK

Your neck's bleeding.

The truck door is open, spilling light. Into this patch of light come Brad and Jeannie, propping Annie up between them, walking her.

ANNIE

They gave me all this prescription dope at the hospital. What a trip, man. Remember that? Jack Nicholson ...

(into dark: her Nicholson imitation is slurry)

What a trip, man ... I was so pissed I just walked out ... right in the middle of visitor's hour ... with this girl's parents, like I was the sister ...

(into the light)

No one even saw me. Can we sit down?

She starts to collapse towards the running board of the truck. With a grim expression, Jeanie drags her on.

JEANIE

You gotta walk off those pills. You could go into a coma or something.

Annie ignores Jeanie's grimness, smiles at Brad who holds her opposite arm.

ANNIE

Was I happy when you showed up. You were beautiful.

BRAD

You lie.

They walk back into the dark.

ANNIE

You were my hero. I saw you coming, I said, Hero, take me home.

BRAD
You didn't.

ANNIE
I was thinking it.

BRAD
Yeah?

JEANIE
You shoulda called.

ANNIE
I did, I called forever.
(back into the
light)
Then those idiots picked me
up, I had to tell them I was
about to pee in their stupid
car before they let me go
call.

JEANIE
Why'd you even get in their
stupid car?

ANNIE
(giving Jeanie a
strange look)
I thought you'd be happy to
see me.

Annie pulls free, flops down on the running board. She
looks up at Brad.

ANNIE
You got a 'lude?

JEANIE
No, he doesn't.

ANNIE
You gonna be a total drag?
I just shined one mother, I
don't need another.

Jeanie puts her hands on her hips, looks down at Annie,
giving her a square look.

JEANIE
Okay, so you got a coupla
low characters for parents
and you think they can fuck
all, I can understand it,
but if all you want to do is

JEANIE (cont'd)
stay loaded all the time and
just shine everybody, well,
shine you 'cause it ain't
working anymore.

ANNIE
Well, shine you if that's what
you feel. I'm going up to
Oregon.

Annie gets unsteadily to her feet, leans on the truck for
support.

JEANIE
Oregon!

ANNIE
Bert's up there.

JEANIE
Another dirt head.

ANNIE
He's measuring trees.

JEANIE
Here I'm living by myself right
now, okay, my mom moved out, I
don't know what the hell she's
doing with her life, but that's
her business, you understand,
I'm willing to let you stay
with me for a while but I'm not
having you stay out all the
time and get loaded.

ANNIE
(pushing away from
truck)
I'm going to Oregon.

JEANIE
Shit, you can't even walk one
foot in front of the other.

Annie starts off in anger, Jeanie grabs her arm. Annie
wrenches herself free and goes crashing off into the
scrub bushes beside the road, staying in line with the
spilled light from the truck. Jeanie races after her.

As Annie goes crashing through, Jeanie comes up behind,
lunges at her. They tumble together in the undergrowth.

As they wrestle around in the dirt, we hear:

ANNIE

Stop it, Jeanie.

JEANIE

Listen.

ANNIE

I'm getting really pissed.
Stop.

JEANIE

No.

Jeanie has her pinned down, more or less. Annie manages to sit up. Jeanie is almost nose to nose with her.

JEANIE

You want to stay with me,
you got to go by the rules
and the rules are we're
gonna get through this
fucking high school, we gotta
pay back Jay, and we gotta
get jobs and a bunch of shit
like that and it's gonna be
tough shit and you may not
like it but shit is shit and
you gotta learn to eat a
little if you're gonna get
through all this -- shit --
in life. I'm just not coming
after you anymore everytime
you goddamn blow it.

Annie pulls back indignantly, dusts off her arm. She's still seated.

ANNIE

You know, nobody can take a
joke anymore.

Jeanie lets this burn in, not believing it. She speaks in low deadly earnest.

JEANIE

How you think I feel when you
come in at four o'clock in the
morning stumbling through the
door, well, it hurts 'cause I
see you burning yourself, it
hurts real deep. I don't want
to have that pain anymore.

In the dark of this desolate hill, Annie tries to avoid Jeanie's staring eyes. Beyond them, on the road, a cop car pulls into view, its overhead lights whirling garishly. Annie springs up on all fours.

ANNIE

It's my dad.

JEANIE

No, it's not. It's a patrol car.

Annie scrambles back into a bush, out of view.

JEANIE

Stay there, Annie. Don't go far.

82. THE DIRT ROAD

82.

Jeanie approaches the truck where Brad stands facing one of the COPS. A second COP stays in the car, with its blinding lights.

COP

I want some ID's.

(to Jeanie)

You too.

BRAD

Why?

COP

You're after curfew, this is a private road, and because I want them.

Jeanie glances off in the dark, worried about Annie.

CUT TO:

83. EXT. A NEARBY ROAD - NIGHT

83.

The white Caddie pulls to a stop on a nearby road. The punks look across a chasm at the flashing lights of the cop car. Jeanie and Brad stand in the headlights of the car, talking to the Cop.

CUT TO:

84. EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

84.

Jeanie is sitting behind the wheel of her truck, Brad beside her. The Cop is standing next to the driver's side.

Just behind him, his car, the motor running, his Partner at the wheel. It is facing in the opposite direction from the truck.

COP

You're going home this time.
We don't want to see you up here again.

PARTNER

We got your names.

The Cop turns, climbs into his car. It pulls off, turns in the road to come up behind the truck. During its maneuver, Brad surreptitiously opens the truck door and slips out into the dark.

Quietly, Jeanie pulls the door shut behind him.

In position behind the truck, the cop car blinks its high beams. Jeanie drives off, the cop car following.

We HOLD on the dark road. After a silence, we hear Brad's voice calling.

BRAD

Annie! Annie!

There's a distant whimper for a reply. We hear Brad crashing out of the bush. We can barely make out his dark form on the road.

BRAD (cont'd)

Where are you, Annie?

ANNIE

(a distant voice)

Was that my dad?

BRAD

They're gone, they're all gone. Where are you?

ANNIE

Here.

Annie's dark form appears fifty yards down the road. Brad hurries towards it.

A light appears over the crest of the hill, opposite from the direction Jeanie went and the cops went. It illuminates Annie from behind. She turns into the beam of the fast approaching car. It's the white Caddie.

Brad slows to a stop.

The car swerves, fishtailing to a stop just short of Annie. She freaks, takes off into the bushes again.

Loser stands up in the open-topped car. One of the punks jumps out. Blood shows through Loser's scarf as he looks around.

LOSER

Where'd she go?

PUNK

I see her.

BRAD (O.S.)

Hey, turkey!

The punk stops. Loser whips around.

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

Over here!

ON BRAD - LOSER'S POV - LONG SHOT

Brad steps into the beam of light. While holding the skateboard under one arm, he turns his back to Loser and friends. He unbuckles his pants, drops them, treating them to his private moon.

ON THE CADDIE

The punk jumps in. Loser punches the driver into action.

ON BRAD

He shoves off on his skateboard, buckling his belt.

ON CADDIE

Coming.

ON BRAD

He rounds a curve into a steep stretch. SHOOTING UP the hill, we see him do a graceful slalom, back and forth, trying to brake his speed.

The Caddie appears at top, barreling down on him. It comes at him with deadly aim. WE fear he's unaware of it as he slaloms across and back.

As the car is upon him, he zips off into a driveway and into...

85. A CONSTRUCTION SITE

85.

Brad flies across the raw wood floor of a stilt-legged house in progress. He stoops down to avoid a cross-bar between studs, sailing under it.

On the road, behind him, the Caddie brakes to watch.

Brad shoots towards the edge of the building: it is elevated. He flies off the end of the building: he's crouched, holding the board against his feet.

He drops about eight feet to the road below.

CUT TO:

86. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

86.

Jeanie comes out on a residential street in the flatlands at the bottom of the hill. The cop car turns off on a side street.

Immediately, Jeanie turns a U in the street, speeds back in the direction she came.

CUT TO:

87. ANOTHER ROAD

87.

Brad is crouched low on his board, on a long direct run down a sloping road, dangerously picking up speed.

His POV shows the Caddie appear out of a side road at the bottom of the hill.

Brad stands, does a 360° pirouette, swerving off on a side street.

The Caddie chases up the hill after him.

88. ANOTHER ROAD

88.

There is a fallen sign next to the road, a twenty footer. With the car right behind him, Brad skateboards up the sign, does a wild-wheelie, comes racing back down.

The car brakes, having over-shot the sign. It burns rubber backing up.

Brad is off on foot through some mesquite towards a lower road.

89. THE LOWER ROAD

89.

The board comes flying out of the mesquite, Brad's foot behind it.

We see him racing down the residential road towards a split in the road. He slows, looks back. The Caddie is just appearing way up the hill. He looks forward.

His POV shows the cop car down hill, beyond the fork. It is slowly crossing the right hand road, heading towards the left.

Brad comes to complete stop. He looks back, waiting. The Caddie spots him, heads for him.

He stands, like a matador waiting the charge. The car picks up speed.

Slowly, Brad pushes off. He strokes, picking up speed. The Caddie comes nearer. He takes the left side of the fork.

90. AN INTERSECTION

90.

Brad squats down to pick up even more speed as he flashes into a residential intersection. It is near the bottom of the hill where things have flattened out.

From the right side of the intersection, the cop car appears, cruising slowly.

Brad zips in front of the cop car.

The Caddie is right behind him. It does not zip in front of the slowly moving cop car. It zips into its side, coming to a thudding halt.

In the instant after impact, astonished cops look across at astonished punks, their cars wedged together.

Beyond them, in the distance, Brad speeds off down the residential street.

CUT TO:

91. INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

91.

As can be found in L.A., this is a phone booth in the middle of literal nowhere. It glows with a blue light on a sidewalk that borders vacant scrub and a hill beyond.

Annie is on the phone, listening. Shooting from outside, we see her growing distress.

ANNIE

Oh Jeanie... be there... be there...

She listens some more, slams the phone down. Looks around, frightened, opens the door slowly.

CUT TO:

92. EXT. ECHO MOUNTAIN - PROMONTORY - NIGHT

92.

Jeanie's truck is stopped at the Lookout Mountain promontory, its motor running. Jeanie stands in the road.

JEANIE

Annie! Annie!

No response. She runs over, leans into the truck, honks its horn. No response.

CUT TO:

93. EXT. VALLEY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

93.

Annie is hitchhiking on a boulevard in the Valley. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a shiny Seville pulls up.

He pushes open the door. She leans in, looks at him. He smiles a slimy smile. Her face drops. She pulls back out of the car, again sticks her thumb out.

The man reaches over, angrily slams his own door shut.

CUT TO:

94. INT. JEANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

94.

Jeanie is looking out her window, deep in thought. The phone has been dragged into the room and rests beside her on the window seat.

She looks up sharply as the sound of the living room door opening is heard. She gets up, goes towards the sound.

95. LIVING ROOM

95.

Jeanie stops at the hall door to the living room. Just inside the front door is Mary, putting her key back in her purse. Her bags are at her feet. She looks over at Jeanie first in surprise, then embarrassment.

Without word, Jeanie crosses, picks up the bags, heads towards her mom's bedroom. She's without expression. Somewhat hangdog, Mary follows.

96. INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

96.

Jeanie places the bags on the bed. Mary comes in behind her.

MARY

You disappointed?

JEANIE

No, mom, really.

MARY
I know you wanted a place
of your own.

JEANIE
We sort of had one...

Jeanie's face clouds. Mary misses this as she opens the lid to a suitcase, stares down at it dumbly.

MARY
Sam wants me, it's not that.
... He wants me to stay...

JEANIE
What happened?

MARY
I couldn't move my robe over there. The place was too nice for my robe.

Mary picks up a sweater, holds it. She looks over, at long last, at Jeanie. She notes the tears forming in Jeanie's eyes. Mary registers alarm.

JEANIE
Annie's got away from the hospital... and we don't know ... where she is.

Mary drops the sweater, goes over to hug her daughter. Jeanie bawls.

MARY
She'll show up.

JEANIE
I don't know.

Mary nods knowingly, rocks her daughter in her arms.

CUT TO:

97. INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

97.

A TEENAGE BOY and GIRL are in the car, the boy driving. Annie sits in front with them. They are passing a joint, which Annie refuses.

GIRL
Diana was going for John cause she kept calling him a fox, really stupid, cause

GIRL (cont'd)

John had just went to bed
with Judith in Judith's van
during the party at Stan's
house --

The car turns.

ANNIE

Where you going?

GIRL

I got to see if Shelly's home.
She's got my Tiffany's necklace.

ANNIE

Better drop me here.

GIRL

We'll just be a little while.

ANNIE

I got to get to North Hollywood.

Car stops.

BOY

You want a pill?

ANNIE

No.

He holds out a pill to her. She looks at it, considers,
doesn't take it. She climbs out.

98. EXT. A VALLEY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

98.

Annie's unsteady as she climbs out onto the pavement. She
barely puts her thumb out when a sleek car pulls up. A
couple of night creatures are in the car, a MAN and a
WOMAN, well-dressed and well-oiled.

The woman rolls down her window, looks out at Annie. She's
about thirty, the man a little older. She seems sly.

WOMAN

You want a ride?

ANNIE

You going to North Hollywood?

The woman looks over at the driver, laughs.

WOMAN
Are we going to North
Hollywood?

MAN
(also laughing)
Yeah, let's go to North
Hollywood.

The woman gets out, holds open the door for Annie. Annie gives her a look, puzzled by her weirdness. She looks around at the passing traffic, reluctant to enter.

ANNIE
You sure you're going that
way?

The woman gestures her to enter. Annie does. The woman slams the door after her, then opens the back door and gets in herself. The car peels off.

CUT TO:

99. INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

99.

The man is holding a fifth of rum between his legs, in his crotch, actually. He grins at Annie.

MAN
I'm Daryl. That's my wife,
Bert.

ANNIE
Oh yeah?

The Woman leans over the back of the seat, her head coming in close on Annie. Annie feels a chill.

WOMAN
You think that's a strange name?

ANNIE
It's strange.

DARYL
Hold this.

Daryl hands Annie a paper cup.

WOMAN
Watch your driving.

MAN
Grab onto this.

Hands the bottle to Annie. He untwists the cap, as she holds it.

100. EXT. THE CAR - FREEWAY RAMP - NIGHT

100.

The car careens up the ramp to a freeway.

101. INT. THE CAR - MOVING

101.

MAN

Grab the wheel!

Annie freaks, grabbing the wheel, steering for a brief moment as the man pours rum for himself.

EXT. THE CAR

The car speeds out into the traffic of the freeway, swerving in front of a car that has to brake.

INT. THE CAR - MOVING

The man laughs uproariously, takes the wheel back.

ANNIE

You guys are weird!

Man looks back at the woman, laughs.

MAN

You hear that?

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

The car is swerving from lane to lane, at high speed.

INT. CAR - MOVING

The man, smiling broadly, pats Annie's knee reassuringly. She notes it. The hand comes to rest on her knee. She lifts the hand off. He laughs, holds up his hand to show his wife in back.

MAN

The beast with five fingers!

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

High speed.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

The man's hand is still held stupidly in the air, like a kite over Annie's head. She tries to ignore it, glancing at the road with concern. The woman comes in close, speaking almost directly into Annie's hair.

WOMAN

Why don't you relax?

ANNIE
I got to get to Jeanie's.

WOMAN
Who's she?

Shooting from the back we see: the woman in close on Annie; Annie watching the man's hand hover over her head. No one seems to notice the distant blinking lights of a stalled truck ahead.

The man's hand comes to rest on Annie's shoulder. She pushes it off. He laughs.

MAN
Oooops, lots of beasties.

He shares the laugh with his wife, whose face has gone in even closer on Annie's hair. Annie is half-turned, trying to see what the woman is doing.

The man holds his hand aloft, watching it himself. The stalled truck comes slowly, then quickly, towards us. No one notices. It is suddenly on top of us.

102. AS WE HOLD this shot, the car crashes into the stalled 102. truck.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

103. INT. AN EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT

103.

Annie is on the table in an emergency ward, in a cubicle partitioned off by curtains. TWO COPS watch as an INTERN cuts away at her pants with a scissors.

Annie opens her eyes. She's out of focus. She looks down at the Intern cutting away.

ANNIE
Don't.

INTERN
It's okay.

ANNIE
That's Jeanie's pants.

She closes her eyes. A SECOND INTERN puts a cup of oxygen over her face. He feels her throat for a pulse.

We have ANGLED AROUND so that, shooting past Annie, we include an opening in the white curtains that form the walls of this cubicle. In the patch of light outside the curtain, we see Jeanie peering in, anxious about Annie. She is about six feet away. Crowding around her are Madge, Deirdre, Brad.

There's motion, indicating a man and a woman making their way through the kids. It's Gladys, Annie's mother, in a raincoat, although it's not raining. With her is her husband, but not in his uniform. He's in sport shirt and slacks. The couple is drawn.

They glance at the girls, and enter through the opening in the curtain. The kids, following their lead, press in behind the parents.

The Second Intern looks up at them, professionally sad.

SECOND INTERN

(a whisper)

We've lost her.

Annie's father collapses to a chair, puts his face in his hands. Gladys stands beside him, a hand on her husband, staring down dumbly at her daughter.

The kids are stricken as they stare down at Annie. Jeanie puts her arm around Madge for support. Brad moves up beside Jeanie. Deirdre steps beside him, puts her arm around him.

The father looks up, tears flowing quietly. Gladys takes the handkerchief from her husband's hand, presses it against her face.

Brad blinks the tears from his eyes.

BRAD

You sure piss me off sometimes,
Annie.

We PAN DOWN from the four kids to Annie. She is serene and beautiful.

CUT TO:

104. OMIT
105. OMIT

OMIT 104
OMIT 105

WE ARE ANGLED DOWN to include only Deirdre and Jeanie in a pew. Deirdre is streaming tears. Jeanie is stone-faced. There is the sound of a long, sustained organ note.

The note breaks, Deirdre looks up. We hear the opening peal of the wedding recessional on the cut to:

ALTAR

Jay and Madge, in wedding togs, are kissing at the altar. Madge's family stands by, smiling. Sissie is bridesmaid: the rest of the BRIDAL PARTY is made up of pint-sized relatives; kids, that is.

The couple break from the kiss and head down the aisle that is lined on either side with white irises. Madge carries a bouquet of white irises.

In front of the limo that is about to carry off the newly-weds, Madge is hugging Jeanie. Jay is smiling just behind Madge. Deirdre stands by with STAN, a tall skinny boy we haven't seen before.

MADGE

Oh Jeanie, we're gonna miss you.

JEANIE

Miss me? You're the one just got married. Aren't you excited?

MADGE

(cutting her eyes at Jay)

Terrified!

They all laugh. Jay hugs his bride.

JAY

You hear that?

MADGE

But we're staying here. You're going to college and gonna write the great novel and become famous or something. You won't even remember us.

JEANIE

Come on, I get stuck on some really stupid part, I'll call you on the phone and read it.

DEIRDRE

Me too.

JEANIE

Yeah, you too.

Sissie comes up with her pint-sized bridesmaids. They are carrying armloads of the white irises.

SISSIE

In the truck?

JEANIE

All those?

SISSIE

There's more. The place looks like a funeral.

MADGE

Sissie!

Sissie leads off her contingent of small fry. In the b.g., we see them tossing the white irises in the back of Jeanie's truck.

JAY

Goodbye, ladies. You're terrific.

He kisses Jeanie, then Deirdre as Mary comes up to observe. She looks pulled together in her special occasion suit. Jay opens the door for Madge. She can't pull herself away.

MADGE

Ooooooh.

She gives quick pecks to Deirdre and Jeanie, gets in the limo with Jay. It glides off.

DeirdreDeirdre starts off, motions Stan to follow.

JEANIE

Where you going?

DEIRDRE

I'll come out later, okay. We got to stop by Stan's, it's some kind of really heavy family thing, you know.

Jeanie dismisses her with a shrug.

DEIRDRE

Bye, Mary.

Deirdre wiggles her fingers at Mary, heads off with Stan.

STAN

Nice meeting you all.

The two women, Jeanie and Mary, walk pensively towards the parking lot. That's what they seem now, two women. In the b.g., we SEE Deirdre get behind the wheel of a convertible VW. Stan hops in beside her. It drives off past our women.

MARY

Where'd she get that?

JEANIE

Her dad. It's a gift for getting into Oak Hall.

MARY

I thought it just took money to get into Oak Hall.

JEANIE

That's all it takes to get a VW too.

They arrive at the truck, stop. Another familiar moment of awkwardness between them.

MARY

You want me to drive out with you?

JEANIE

If you want.

MARY

If you want.

JEANIE

I mean, I don't want to tell you you can't.

MARY

Tell me the truth. My God, the least we can be is honest at this point with each other, can't we?... I don't know, sometimes it gets so complicated, I think it would be better if we didn't call each other mother and daughter any more.

Jeanie puts her hand on her mom's arm.

JEANIE

I'd like to go out alone, that's the truth. And I also like calling you 'mom,' okay?

MARY

Okay.

JEANIE

The subject doesn't come up too often, so I don't get a chance to tell you, but I love you, mom.

She gives her mom a kiss. Mary embraces her awkwardly. Jeanie turns, climbs into her truck, fires it. It drives off. Mary watches it go, about to cry.

CUT TO:

108, EXT. MALIBU ROAD - DAY

108.

The truck turns off the Pacific Coast Highway, onto a side asphalt road that slopes down to the broad Pacific.

109. EXT. PARKED TRUCK - DAY

109.

Jeanie is lifting armloads of irises out of the truck and letting them drop out of frame. It's hard work. Scooping out the last, she lets herself drop to the ground.

WE MOVE down with her, revealing a simple tombstone with a ridiculously large mound of irises heaped in front of it. Other tombstones surround us. As Jeanie leans against the side of the tombstone, we read the inscription:

ANNIE MALLICK

1964-1979

You Take Our Love
With You

Jeanie pulls out a cigarette, lights it. WE MOVE in slowly on her as she puffs once, then a second time. WE CONTINUE the move in as she lowers the cigarette out of frame, steady smoke snaking up from below.

WE HOLD IN CLOSE on her face. Her voice-over reading is dry throughout, matter of fact and free of self-pity.

JEANIE (voice over)

Back in the heavy stone days when we used to stay up and talk a lot, Annie and me, we were talking about dying. How it feels and all. I said I'd never get buried. I couldn't stand them shovelling dirt in my face, like I know I'd be dead but I still might have this strong compulsion to breathe, okay?

She takes a quick drag off her cigarette and it again lowers out of frame.

JEANIE (voice over)

But Annie, she said she wanted to be buried right in the ground, under a pear tree. Really. Not in a box or anything. She said she wanted the roots going right through her and each year we'd come along, take a pear and go, 'Hey, Annie's tasting good this year, huh?'

A tear forms and makes its slow way down her immobile face. She speaks aloud.

JEANIE

What a crazy broad.

As the tear almost reaches her chin, her arm comes quickly into frame, wiping the tear. She continues to stare straight ahead.

At last, we cut to what she has been staring at: the sloping grounds of the cemetery, a small cliff dropping to the white beach below, and beyond, the endless Pacific. It is against this unbroken blue that we roll

END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.