

GLEAMING THE CUBE

by

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February 17, 1987

Director: Graeme Clifford

FADE IN:

1 EXT. JOHN WAYNE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

1

Speed. But not airplanes. Wheels. Little wheels. Skateboards.

Five kids on skateboards in the middle of a runway, looking like they just landed...a LEAR JET comes SCREAMING towards them and they blithely skate out of the way.

2 EXT. PRIVATE AIRCRAFT SECTION

2

Away from the commercial planes. The skateboarders weave their way through the Cessnas, Beechcrafts and executive jets...finally approaching a flight school, and...

...a young STUDENT PILOT emerging from the school. The skateboarders converge on him as he crosses the tarmac, trying to ignore them.

So he finally gives up, turns on the Thrashers' leader, BRIAN KELLY.

STUDENT PILOT

I told you no more. Didn't you get the message?

Brian is smart, alienated and though he looks like your proto-Orange County-skate punk, he really doesn't fit any mold.

He craftily REVEALS the cash in his hand:

BRIAN

Tell me you can really afford to say no.

The Student Pilot eyes the cash, then the kids. Agony.

STUDENT PILOT

Jesus --

(finally)

Okay. But I'm only taking one.

3 INT. PLANE - AIRBORNE - DAY

And of course there are five.

3

GREMIC hums "The Ride of the Valkyrie" and BUDDY has a camera. Brian finds the pilot's aviation map impossible to read so he tosses it aside and opens a regular street map.

The Pilot is mumbling to himself:

STUDENT PILOT
I shouldn't have done this. Why
did I do this?

YABBO, the one with red-white-and-blue hair, concurs:

YABBO
You're right. I'd never give me
a lift either.

SAM
(suddenly)
Empty pool at two o'clock -- !
Cross street?

BRIAN
(checks map)
Katella and Harbor.
(to Pilot)
Go lower --

STUDENT PILOT
(resigned)
Sure. Why the hell not?

He dips the nose; a beat, then:

BRIAN
(frowns)
It's no good. There's water in
the deep end.
(then, to Pilot)
Go over that way...there's a
development in Garden Grove.

GREMIC
Check it out. There's my mom's
house. Right. And there's my
dad's house. All right --

4 EXT. THE PLANE IN THE SKY - DAY

Turning...And as it turns, the SOUND of CHIMES begins to
BLEED OVER. Until...

4

5 EXT. SMALL PARK - ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

5

A crowd, mostly Vietnamese...in the forefront a file of formally dressed Vietnamese children; some with garlands of flowers, others with CHIMES, PLINKING out a simple tune...

This ceremonious greeting is for COLONEL BAO DAI TROC who, in full Republic of South Vietnam uniform, replete with gold braid and beribboned breast, is stepping from a car with his wife, the elegant MADAME TROC, and his pretty daughter TINA.

Troc formally acknowledges the children's greeting...then the crowd respectfully parts and he crosses through it toward a replica of the Vietnam War Memorial in the b.g.

ANGLE

As he does so, Madame Troc joins a group of Vietnamese women in the audience, and WE FOLLOW Tina as she threads her way among the spectators to join a handsome 16-year-old Vietnamese youth, VINH. Vinh's calm confidence sets him apart, and we'll pick up his story as we go along.

Tina and Vinh exchange a smile...their fingers surreptitiously entwine as they turn their attention to the podium...

ANGLE AT MEMORIAL

Where Troc is greeted by a number of other uniformed war veterans, some Vietnamese, others not.

Troc pauses to regard the monument for a solemn moment, then turns to address the gathering.

TROC

(in Vietnamese)

The occasion which has brought us together today is a somber one.

(and)

But this remembrance of the fall of Saigon should not serve as a reminder of defeat, but as a moment of renewed commitment to aid those who bear the burden of Communist tyranny in our homeland...

BACK TO VINH/TINA

As Troc's speech continues, he murmurs under his breath:

VINH

What about later -- ?

TINA

(murmurs as well)

What about later?

VINH
(with appetite)
Taco Supreme.

TINA
(suppresses
a grin)
You got it --

6 INT. THE PLANE - AIRBORNE

6

Passing over an immense construction site, with the wooden frames of houses, and in the backyards, swimming pools with recently poured concrete. Construction workers are everywhere. In six months this will be a city.

GREMIC
(excited)
Holy shit -- !

BRIAN
(nixes it)
Too many people.

YABBO
(to the Pilot)
James, Anaheim, puh-leeze.

The Pilot clenches his teeth, and...

7 EXT. THE PLANE -- AIRBORNE

7

Turning...

8 INT. PLANE

8

They fly over another neighborhood. Brian spots an empty swimming pool, grins:

BRIAN
Bingo -- !

As we notice a distinctive tree or patio awning in the backyard.

9 EXT. THE SAME BACKYARD - DAY

9

The rim of the empty pool. The NOISE of SKATE WHEELS on plaster. Two skaters come flying up over the edge of the coping and disappear into the bowl.

THE POOL

Outrageous skating. Look, this isn't an all-out skating film, but before a few terrible things happen to Brian and shake up his life, you have to see what is for him the only thing that matters. And we also see: he's the best, smoothest, highest.

ON THE EDGE OF THE POOL

Yabbo is psyching himself up. He lets go of the edge and skates down one side, then up the other, building up his momentum. When he gets enough speed he comes up the far side and does a high flip in the air. Then Brian, casually, without the preparation, goes twice as high.

Then Yabbo stops:

YABBO

A triple. An eggplanter with a backside fakie. Into a triple.

BRIAN

I strongly recommend against this.
No one has ever done a triple.

YABBO

Until now --

Yabbo pushes off, but we can see that since he's trying to prove something, he's tense, and he gets up high, does a flip, another flip, and then falls in midair from his board, crashing horribly.

10 EXT. SMALL PARK - ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

10

The Vietnamese gathering is breaking up...We TIGHTEN THROUGH the milling people to HOLD an unmarked police car parked across the street.

11 INT. UNMARKED CAR

11

A young detective, AL TROISI, is behind the wheel. His partner is MCGILL.

Troisi, as opposed to the rest of the cops we meet, has an East Coast edge that sets him apart. The other Orange County police will seem, in comparison, just a little white bread...cogs in a well-oiled machine. Troisi, although younger than just about everybody else, is not a cog.

Between the uneventful surveillance assignment and listening to McGill ramble on, Troisi is bored to tears.

McGILL

...this ain't Philly or New York City, Troisi. Different ballgame out here. It's like the promotion ladder -- you gotta get with the program or fall behind.

(and)

See, interest rates are the lowest they've been in years. Now's the time to either refinance or move up. Now Lois and me --

Just then the RADIO CRACKLES, reporting a call at the scene of the skateboard crash. Troisi glances toward the park:

TROISI

This thing's winding down. Let's go check it out.

As Troisi slams the car in gear, McGill shakes his head, sensing his counsel is not being taken to heart:

McGILL

Take it from me, Troisi, you gotta make some serious adjustments. This is Orange County --

12 EXT. BACKYARD - ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

12

As Troisi and McGill enter from the b.g., there's an ambulance, TWO UNIFORMED COPS talking with an agitated HOMEOWNER:

HOMEOWNER

I just had it painted! I just had it painted! Are they going to sue me? Can I sue them?

Yabbo is on a stretcher, his clothes are torn and his face smeared up pretty badly. There's blood and a lot of skid marks on the bottom of the pool.

As Yabbo is loaded into the ambulance:

HOMEOWNER

(bluffing)

You're in trouble, kid. I know my rights --

YABBO

Wrong. My right to party supercedes your right to paint.

The Homeowner looks like he's ready to choke. In the b.g., Troisi crosses from the uniforms to Brian and the other Thrashers.

And we should sense that these kids represent most of what Troisi finds alien and tasteless in this sunbleached suburban infinity upon which he has been set adrift.

TROISI

This was a pretty stupid move, or maybe you guys got that figured by now.

BRIAN

Aw, not a lecture. Aren't you supposed to read us our rights?

TROISI

(shrugs)

Have it your way.

With a casual snake-like move, Troisi gives Brian a patented (for smart-ass kids) zinger behind the ear which, when perfectly executed, is harmless but stings like a bitch --

BRIAN

Oww -- !

-- and Troisi executes it perfectly every time.

TROISI

The car's out front.

He's definitely got their attention now; resigned, the Thrashers shoulder their skateboards. Troisi shoots a look at the pool as they go:

TROISI

(continuing)

So what was he doing?

BRIAN

An eggplanter into a triple.

TROISI

That a salad or an ice cream cone?

BRIAN

Hey, nobody's ever done a triple before.

Troisi glances at the ambulance, where the doors are closing on Yabbo.

TROISI

No shit.

13 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

13

DON and GLORIA KELLY, Brian's parents, shake Troisi's hand as they take Brian away.

Gloria is a real estate agent and is wearing a Century 21 jacket. Don is in a business suit.

Don is the kind of American who can fuck up his kid and still be decent. There's a touch of North Carolina in Don's accent, and Gloria is the original positive thinker.

Despite appearances, they're not middle-class caricatures. And they both know that to disown Brian is to reject a precious part of themselves.

DON

Look at me when I talk to you.

BRIAN

I can hear you, Dad. Everyone can.

14 EXT. POLICE STATION

14

An unhappy family striding quickly to their car. Gloria tries to start the lecture:

GLORIA

Brian --

BRIAN

I didn't kill anybody, for Chrissake. All I did was thrash an empty pool.

DON

You have a responsibility to protect the people around you. You were there when someone was hurt. In my book, that's the same thing --

BRIAN

That book is out of print.

15 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

15

As Don pulls into the drive...The house is being remodeled, a room added. He pulls around a contractor's truck.

16 INT. GARAGE

16

Getting out of the car, Brian passes a rack with two skateboards on it as he carries his board into the house. One of the boards is antique, small, with metal wheels.

DON

Brian, the skateboard stays outside.

BRIAN

What are you worried about? It's not going to shit on the rug.

That one strips Don's gears:

DON

Okay, smart guy, what do you want from us?! Do you want us to be like you? You think if I had your haircut I could sell more policies. Maybe if I had your mouth I could close a deal every day?!

BRIAN

(wearily)

Never mind --

Gloria gently takes the skateboard from Brian:

GLORIA

(the peacemaker)

Please...

She rests the board on the rack.

17 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE

17

The three come in, collective misery unabated. Someone in the living room is listening to KENNY ROGERS.

GLORIA

We're home.

Brian's brother stands up from a desk where he's doing homework on a computer.

The surprise is, he's VINH, from the Vietnamese ceremony earlier. The family calls him Vinnie.

VINH

(to Brian)

Are you okay?

BRIAN

Yeah, I'm all right.

DON

They said if he's arrested again, he's in real trouble. And I'm not going to be there to help him out next time.

Vinh can talk to Don in a way impossible for Brian:

VINH

Dad, give him a break.

DON

I've given him too many.

18 INT. THE BROTHERS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

One side of the room is pure teenage chaos. The other side is hopelessly dull, except for a small handcarved Buddha and a few private relics, Vinh's shrine on the dresser. There's a distinctly Asian satin quilt on the bed.

Brian is stretched out on his bed, eyes closed, listening to a tape on headphones. He doesn't notice Vinh, who comes into the room.

Vinh goes to his desk to put his schoolwork away. There's a stack of clean clothes on the corner of the desk; he notes some items have fallen on the floor. For this he gives Brian's bed a kick.

Brian's eyes pop open:

VINH

(amiably)

Asshole --

BRIAN

Asshole -- ?

And with that he catapults himself at Vinh, and a brief brotherly wrestling match ensues. Brian is probably more athletic than Vinh but a bit younger...And finally it's a draw. And Brian has gotten a lot of bile out of his system.

They roll away from each other, GASPING for breath:

VINH

I take that back. You're a sloppy asshole.

Brian grins:

BRIAN
You know what they say...It's
a dirty job --

A beat as Vinh regards him, then:

VINH
They love you, you know.

BRIAN
They don't know what to think
about me.

With that he picks himself up, flops back on the bed. Vinh
also gets up, genuinely troubled.

VINH
Brian, I'm trying to help. I
just don't know how.

BRIAN
I know. But you can't. It's
between me and them.

A beat, then Vinh shakes his head. His attention is caught
by a chessboard on a small table beside his bed.

VINH
You moved --

BRIAN
Right. It was my turn.

VINH
(digging)
Yeah, but it was a good move.

Brian grins...then:

BRIAN
Look, everybody knows you're
the hero around here --

VINH
Ah, shut up.

BRIAN
They think you are, anyway --

VINH
 (a little
 uncomfortable)
 Will you be quiet. I'm trying
 to concentrate.

There's a beat of silence, then a KNOCK at the window, which doesn't surprise either one of them.

Vinh opens the window to REVEAL Tina Troc, the girl at the park earlier. He gives Brian a wink, climbs out to join her.

Brian flops back on his bed, puts on earphones and plugs in a tape. He's jealous.

19 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

19

Vinh is eating breakfast and working on a sheet of geometry problems. Don comes in and glances at the homework.

DON
 Geometry? That was last year.
 What happened to the calculus?

VINH
 (lying a little)
 This is for fun.

DON
 Have you decided about summer
 school yet?

VINH
 I don't know, Dad. Stanford has
 a good computer program. Berkeley
 has better physics.

DON
 (his choice)
 Stanford. It's the Harvard of
 the West.

VINH
 (smiles)
 We'll see --

20 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

20

Vinh is walking to school amid a group of healthy-looking, popular good kids, mostly Anglo and Asian; the kind of bright kids who get power as adults. Tina is among them.

They pass Brian and the Thrashers showing off on their boards. Yabbo is showing the effects of his spills; his head has a large bandage on it.

Brian twirls, bounces and flips his board from edge to edge and skids to a stop in front of Tina.

TINA

Brian, get out of the way.

Vinh hands a sheet of paper to Brian, the geometry he was doing at breakfast:

VINH

You left this at home.

BRIAN

Ah, shit...

VINH

I fixed a couple of answers. You did okay. If you put some effort into it, you might even pass without me.

Brian looks it over. He smiles. For once, he owns up to liking his brother.

BRIAN

Hey, a'right --

VINH

(affectionately)
You owe me one.

Vinh moves off to catch up with the others.

YABBO

By the way, Brian, I always forget, which one of you is adopted?

Brian watches Vinh walk away with his circle of contented friends.

21 EXT. BOLSA AVENUE - DAY

21

Bolsa Avenue isn't the only Little Saigon in Orange County, but it's the most elaborate, the longest. On either side of the road every store is owned by Vietnamese; every sign, every piece of commercial architecture is Asian.

22 EXT. BOLSA VIDEO/PLAZA PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

22

Vinh, riding a red Honda Elite motorbike, pulls into one of the small shopping plazas and parks in the lot in front of Bolsa Video. It is also the location of the Vietnamese Anti-Communist Relief Fund.

Helping to unload a delivery truck parked in front is BOBBY NGUYEN, mid-twenties. He's hoodlum-stylish, harbors a jealous dislike of Vinh.

BOBBY NGUYEN

Kel-ly, Kel-ly. You speak Vietnamese, Kel-ly...you know what go fuck your mother means?

VINH

Not today, Bobby, okay? I'm late.

BOBBY NGUYEN

No worry, Kel-ly, the Colonel loves you.

23 INT. BOLSA VIDEO - DAY

23

A poster of a refugee camp with Vietnamese lined up for food and a circle of children smiling for the photographer, and the legend, in Vietnamese and English: Remember Those Who Missed the Boat: Give to the VACRF.

But there are other posters in the room: The Terminator, The Bangles, Body by Jake ("Don't Quit"). And above the counter a TV plays a Vietnamese movie.

Colonel Troc, wearing his civilian trademark Rams cap, is behind the counter on the phone, alternating between Vietnamese and English. Tina is stocking shelves in the b.g. as Vinh comes in; she gives him a smile and a wave. As Vinh stows his gear behind the counter:

COLONEL TROC

No, no, Mr. Hong, please, no fresh vegetables, it takes six weeks for the boat to go to Vietnam, we're just sending medical supplies.

(laughing)

That's right, all we need is your cash. Goodbye, say hello to your family --

(off the phone,
to Tina)

Put Mr. Hong on the guest list.

He turns to Vinh, of whom he is fond:

COLONEL TROC
(continuing)
Well, you're late, Vinh. Very unusual.

VINH
I'm sorry, sir. I got stuck on a calculus problem.

COLONEL TROC
(amiably)
No problem. We'll take it out of your paycheck.

TINA
(admonishing)
Daddy --

COLONEL TROC
(to Vinh)
Get to work --

24 INT. TROC'S OFFICE

24

One wall of the inside office is covered with mementos of Colonel TROC's glory days as a warrior in Vietnam.

Vinh, at a computer, is transferring typed and handwritten receipts, shipping manifests and accounting ledgers to a sophisticated spreadsheet program. Right now he's entering the data from a stack of INVOICES. A long list of medical supplies (everything from bandages and cotton swabs to penicillin; we should get the feeling that the items are all relatively small). The invoices are arranged in columns: Item, Quantity, Weight, Cost. At the top of each invoice is a SHIPPING DATE and a SHIPPING WEIGHT.

Something bothers him. The most recent invoice shows a shipping weight of 9,450 pounds. Vinh is puzzled. He gets a yellow legal pad and we see him copy the figures from the weight column following the categories: penicillin/400 units/...280 (pounds) alcohol/500 gallons...700 pounds, etc.

Vinh writes the names in Vietnamese. When he gets to the bottom of the column, he quickly adds it up, and the total for this container is 4,250 pounds. He quickly puts the 9,450 pounds on the paper and then subtracts the lower total. He circles the sum: 5,200. He sits back for a moment, then writes on top of the page: WMS.

He gets up. He opens the door to the store. Tina is gone.

25 INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

25

VINH
Colonel Troc?

COLONEL TROC
Are you finished already?

VINH
No, sir.
(then)
But there's something wrong with
the shipping weight of the last
container. The bandages and
medicines only weigh 4,250 pounds,
but the shipping invoice says
they weighed 9,450.

Troc frowns sharply, but he covers with a light dig:

COLONEL TROC
Vinh, how long have you been an
expert on cargo containers?

VINH
It's just that I think somebody
may be ripping us off.

COLONEL TROC
Oh? Who?

VINH
Well, Western Medical Supplies is
the distributor, and they've been
handling all the shipping.

This is a line of inquiry Troc definitely wants to shut off:

COLONEL TROC
Nonsense. I'm sure this is just
a clerical error.

VINH
I know, I'll go double-check the
last few shipments.

Now Troc is getting annoyed. Vinh turns to go, but Troc
stops him:

COLONEL TROC
Vinh, you've been working here for
two weeks now, and you're doing a
good job. But I can't have you
spending time on shipments that have
been paid for and received with no
complaints.

VINH

I'm just trying to find out if
someone is stealing from us --

COLONEL TROC

Yes, of course you are well-
intentioned. But I have a container
leaving in a week.

(and)

Maybe I need an experienced person
to finish the job.

VINH

(puzzled)

But...I can do it --

Troc puts his arm around Vinh's shoulder in a paternal way,
the decision made:

COLONEL TROC

Vinh, forget the books. I'll
get a professional accountant.
There'll be no hard feelings between
you and me, and you can work here,
in the shop, behind the counter.

VINH

(crestfallen)

I want to help the community.
That's why I came to work here --

COLONEL TROC

You think working behind the counter
isn't helping the community?

Vinh is getting exasperated, the way kids do when they're not
being understood.

VINH

No, sir, but --

Now Troc is getting hot; unreasonably so, all things considered:

COLONEL TROC

I work behind the counter. You're
not too good for that, are you?
Half the people who left the
motherland drowned on their way to
freedom so they could have opportunity.
And when I offer you opportunity
appropriate to your age, you start
complaining.

VINH

I'm sorry.

Troc takes a breath, then:

COLONEL TROC

Vinh, both of us are getting excited. That's not a good atmosphere for work. Go home, and when you're ready, I'll have a job waiting.

VINH

(uncomprehending)

Are...are you saying I'm fired?

COLONEL TROC

No. Just temporarily relieved of duty.

Troc offers his hand. Vinh shakes it, limply, and lets it go.

26 INT. TROC'S OFFICE - DAY

26

Back in the office, humiliated and confused, he tears the legal pad page of notes he made from the tablet, puts that in his briefcase. Then he slams the case shut...

27 INT. KITCHEN - BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

27

Brian is fixing himself something of everything in the refrigerator when a PLUMBER comes in carrying a bathroom sink.

PLUMBER

You ordered a bathroom sink, that right?

BRIAN

Could be.

That's all the checking the man's going to bother with. He continues on through the house.

In the next moment, Gloria comes in with a shopping bag. Immediately she notices a bad scrape on Brian's elbow.

GLORIA

You did that skating, didn't you?

BRIAN

Maybe. I didn't notice.

Of course she doesn't believe him and he doesn't expect her to.

GLORIA
 You know, I wouldn't worry so
 much if you'd wear some protection.
 Like those helmets and pads I see.

BRIAN
 Yeah, well, they're expensive.

Gloria opens the shopping bag for Brian. Surprised, he pulls
 out a Pro-Tec helmet and Rector pads.

BRIAN
 (continuing)
 Pro-Tec and Rector...The most
 expensive.

GLORIA
 I shouldn't tell you this, but
 I love to watch you skate.

BRIAN
 (interested;
 embarrassed)
 You do?

GLORIA
 Yeah. I'm horribly clumsy and
 always have been so I can hardly
 believe that a child of mine
 could be so graceful.

There's a look between them; she is the one who can get
 through to him.

28 DELETED

28

29 INT. BRIAN'S AND VINH'S BEDROOM

29

Vinh is on his bed, smoking; the window is open. Brian comes
 in, pulls up in surprise at the sight of the cigarette:

BRIAN
 Since when did you start smoking?

VINH
 Shut the door.

Brian does so.

VINH
 (continuing)
 I just started.

BRIAN
That shit'll give you cancer.

VINH
I'm in trouble.

BRIAN
(sarcastic)
Oh no, you got a B-plus in
calculus?

VINH
(erupts)
You think you're pretty smart,
don't you?! You think I'm an
asshole! You think I just kiss
up to Mom and Dad and pay the
rent with good behavior, don't
you?!

That nails the thing between them square in the forehead;
very uncharacteristic of Vinh. Brian is jolted; a beat, then:

BRIAN
I'm going to leave the room, then.
I'm going to come back in, and
what do you say we start over, okay?

He leaves, closes the door, opens it again and when he comes
in he's all smiles:

BRIAN
(continuing)
Hey, Vinski, why the long face?

But Vinh isn't playing along:

VINH
Maybe you and your friends are
right.

BRIAN
(incredulous)
We are?

VINH
You don't trust adults at all,
do you?

BRIAN
Here's what I think. Grownups
are predictable.

VINH
(grimly)
Don't count on it.

BRIAN
Oh, yeah...they're living under the illusion that life as we know it will continue forever, so they expect you to behave as though what you do today will have an effect on where you'll be in thirty years.

(and)
But it's ridiculous to believe that there's going to be anything in thirty years, that it won't all be blown up.

He flops down on the bed; the exposition has penetrated even Vinh's preoccupation, and he's staring at him.

BRIAN
(continuing)
I don't know what's worse, the whole world blown up in a nuclear war, or a 7-11 on every corner.

VINH
You figured that out all by yourself?

BRIAN
(deprecatingly)
Hey...
(then)
So what's your problem, anyway?
You get somebody pregnant?

VINH
I don't think so.

BRIAN
I got it. You sold drugs to an undercover cop?

VINH
Sure --

BRIAN
You're not failing school. You didn't discover you're in love with a guy, so...

(and)
It has to be work. What happened at work today?
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D.)
 (off Vinh's
 silence)
 C'mon, what happened?

VINH
 (a beat)
 I think I fucked up.

BRIAN
 (incredulous)
You?

VINH
 One minute I thought I was doing
 something right. The next minute...
 (breaks off;
 then)
 Maybe I'm not the one who fucked
 up...I know I got the figures right --

BRIAN
 (interested)
 Yeah? What figures -- ?

VINH
 (shakes his head)
 You wouldn't understand.

BRIAN
 (sarcastic)
 Wow, Vinh, I'm glad we had this
 chance to talk. And to think the
 new room is almost ready and I'll
 be out of here. Say goodbye to
 all the good times.

30 EXT. THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

30

We HEAR the JOHNNY CARSON THEME or JOAN RIVERS' OPENING
 MONOLOGUE from the TV in Don and Gloria's room. Vinh opens
 the bedroom window.

31 INT. BRIAN'S AND VINH'S ROOM - NIGHT

31

Brian pretends to sleep, but he's watching.

Vinh takes a camera with a flash from his desk and puts it in
 his pocket. He folds the yellow legal pad sheet from work
 and puts it in an inlaid box on the dresser.

He pauses to light a stick of incense and put it before the
 Buddha, then pauses to consider the picture of his family.

VINH

You know, I don't remember anything about Vietnam. And it's funny, because I should. I had to go to school on Saturdays just to learn the language, and I was six years old when I came here. And a six-year-old remembers lots of stuff, but I don't...

(and)

You're my family now. I'm a Kelly. I'm your brother.

BRIAN

I know that.

He gives Brian a look, then turns to study the chessboard. Smugly, he toys with Brian:

VINH

Unh unh. I see two moves. One I win, one you win. Figure it out while I'm gone.

He pauses at the window:

VINH

(continuing)

You got twenty-four hours. Same time, same place.

And he goes...

32 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

32

Vinh, on his Honda, rides through an industrial park, stopping at the offices of Western Medical Supplies.

There's no one around. This is one of those buildings with offices in front and a large warehouse behind, all in one structure.

Around back are the windows to the bathroom. A high window looks unlocked. Vinh climbs up a drainpipe. He reaches over; the window is open. He pulls it out away from the building and then climbs above it. He lowers himself, feet first, into the bathroom.

33 INT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

33

It's dark in the warehouse. Vinh doesn't see that he breaks an INFRARED BEAM.

Vinh uses his camera's FLASH to see what's around him.

The warehouse is full of crates and boxes. Most are clearly labeled with the usual medical brand names: Searle, Geigy, Blue Cross, Johnson and Johnson.

Wooden crates labeled A Gift From The American People.

Vinh walks quickly through the towers of boxes until he finds a crowbar. Then he returns to the wooden "Gift" crates. Starting surely but nervously he snaps the steel bands around the crates and then pries off the top. He reaches into the crate, and ALL THE LIGHTS COME ON. He freezes. We HEAR someone's FOOTSTEPS. Vinh jumps from the boxes and looks for someplace to hide. The FOOTSTEPS are LOUDER. And then ED LAWNDALE walks into the row. He's the sort of blow-dried Californian you see on a political campaign or under indictment. Right now he's got a gun drawn on Vinh.

VINH

Police?

LAWNDALE

(no such luck)

Owner.

VINH

(relieved; tries
to talk his way
out of this)

Listen, I know this looks bad,
but I'm not here to rob you or
anything, really, you have to
believe me. See, I work for the
VACRF and I was working on the
books, and I found some things
that didn't seem to add up, and
it's dumb, I realize now, but...
if you could just call Colonel
Troc...His number is 937...

Lawndale puts the gun away.

LAWNDALE

I know his number.

34 EXT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL - NIGHT

34

On the motel strip surrounding the Magic Kindom. Lawndale is driving. Vinh is in the back seat, hands tied, mouth taped, under a blanket.

Lawndale drives into the motel parking lot as Bobby Nguyen, the young Vietnamese hood of the earlier sequence, leaves the manager's office with a key. He sees Lawndale and nods. We SEE the MOTEL MANAGER turning away from Nguyen.

35 INT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL ROOM

35

Vinh, still bound, sits on the edge of the bed. Bobby strips the tape from his mouth with a vicious swipe.

LAWNDALE

Who are you really working for?

VINH

I told you who I was working for --

BOBBY NGUYEN

(in Vietnamese)

You're a Communist sympathizer, aren't you, Kel-ly --

LAWNDALE

(snaps)

No Vietnamese -- !

(and)

What'd you say?

BOBBY NGUYEN

I said he's a Communist.

LAWNDALE

He's a kid, for Chrissake --

(and, to Vinh)

Who'd you tell about those containers?

VINH

Tell what -- ?

Lawndale hits him.

36 INT. BRIAN'S AND VINH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

36

Brian sits up in his bed, staring at Vinh's side of the room. There are sympathetic vibrations in the air and he can feel them.

He looks out the window, a futile gesture. The stick of incense has burned down. Troubled, thoughtful, he lights another one.

37 INT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL ROOM

As Bobby pulls the dazed Vinh upright, quickly wraps a wet towel around his neck, starts to twist it.

LAWNDALE

Okay, let's try it again --

Just then there's KNOCK at the door. Lawndale breaks off the interrogation...

38 EXT. MOTEL ROOM

As Lawndale emerges to join Troc, who has just arrived. He's decidedly annoyed with Lawndale:

COLONEL TROC

What's going on?

LAWNDALE

You tell me. The kid says he works for you. Name's Vinh --

COLONEL TROC

He told you the truth.

(and)

What have you got him here for?

LAWNDALE

Maybe you wanted me to bring him to your place?

COLONEL TROC

(shakes his head)

Very well. I'll talk to him.

(and)

He's an honest boy. He is no threat. This was all an unfortunate misunderstanding. Do you understand?

LAWNDALE

Just be sure you're right about that, Colonel.

He opens the motel room door:

LAWNDALE

(continuing)

After you.

39 INT. MOTEL ROOM

39

Troc and Lawndale come in. Vinh is still. Nguyen is sitting on the bed, shaking Vinh. He starts babbling in Vietnamese:

BOBBY NGUYEN
I've done this twenty times
and I've never killed anyone.
It's been done to me twice and
I'm still alive. I don't know
what happened.

COLONEL TROC
(in Vietnamese)
What's wrong?

LAWNDALE
No Vietnamese!

BOBBY NGUYEN
(in Vietnamese)
He's dead.

Troc turns icily on Lawndale:

COLONEL TROC
He's dead.

LAWNDALE
(shocked)
Jesus...

40 INT. BRIAN'S AND VINH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

40

Brian has been awake for a long time, watching Vinh's bed.
Vinh's alarm RINGS.

Brian lets it ring.

41 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

41

Brian is at the table, reading the comics. Gloria comes in.

GLORIA
Where's your brother?

BRIAN
(casual lie)
He had some stupid math class or
something, but if you're worried
about his proper nutrition, he
grabbed an apple on the way out.

She straightens his hair with her fingers affectionately:

GLORIA

Someday I'd like to see you
get up early, comb your hair
and go to some 'stupid math
class.'

42 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

42

Kids on their way to class. Brian stops Tina Troc.

BRIAN

Tell Vinh he owes me one.

TINA

He owes you? You've got to be
kidding.

BRIAN

Yeah? I never stay out all
night.

TINA

(quizzically)
What are you talking about?

BRIAN

Can I ask you a question? What
did you need a camera for?

She turns and walks away:

TINA

You're impossible.

BRIAN

(to himself)
Everyone is on my fucking case
all the fucking time.

Yabbo, Gremic, Sam and Buddy skate INTO FRAME. Brian does
an angry kick turn and skates to his gang.

43 EXT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

43

A HOUSEKEEPER rolls her laundry-and-cleaning cart down the
outside of the motel.

Vinh's Honda Elite is parked outside the room we were at
the previous night.

44 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

44

The Housekeeper goes in. The curtains are drawn and she pulls them open.

We look out over the Disneyland parking lot. The Matterhorn shines in the morning sun. The Housekeeper turns around.

Vinh is hanging by his neck from a belt in the closet.

44A THE SAME - LATER

44A

Troisi is watching a MEDICAL EXAMINER and PARAMEDICS work on Vinh's body stretched out on the bed. The belt has left a large bruise around his neck.

The Motel Manager of the night before is giving information to Troisi's older partner, McGill.

MOTEL MANAGER

...I don't know, like I said,
I rented the room out to some
Chinese kid. It was about eleven
...little after, maybe --

TROISI

(cutting in)

This kid's Vietnamese.

MOTEL MANAGER

(ingratiating
grin)

Hey, you know, they all look
alike --

TROISI

(disgusted)

No, they don't.

McGILL

(annoyed)

Don't mind Mr. P-R.

(and)

Now look, you remember anything
unusual about the way he acted...

McGill continues questioning the Motel Manager; Troisi joins the Medical Examiner.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Shit, kids didn't kill themselves
when I was going to high school.
These days you blink and another
one drops.

(and)

What the hell is going on, Troisi?

TROISI
What do I know?

Troisi moves closer to the body:

TROISI
Any sign of drugs?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Nothing immediate. Just a guess.
(and)
You're the one who knows the family?

TROISI
I've met them.

Off the Examiner's look, Troisi sighs:

TROISI
Yeah. Okay. I'll make the call.

45 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

45

Brian's history class. The TEACHER writes dates on the blackboard. There's a KNOCK on the classroom door. The PRINCIPAL comes into the room, glancing at Brian. The Teacher stops, lightly plays to the class.

TEACHER
They've all been expelled?
Thank you. I can teach in peace.

The Principal whispers to the Teacher. The Teacher looks at Brian:

TEACHER
(continuing)
Brian?

YABBO
They're sending you back to kindergarten.

BRIAN
At least I'll have some competition.

46 EXT. CLASSROOM

46

Brian walks outside with the Principal. We're at a respectful distance when they start to talk. We don't have to hear what's said.

Brian doesn't know how to react. His body jerks a few times; he tries to spin around. He feels sick.

47 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

47

Gloria is in the bathroom, screaming. Maybe Americans don't usually give in to their grief, maybe you only see this pain when a Third World village gets shelled, but right now Gloria is beyond consoling. Remember...

She has just been told her son killed himself.

48 THE LIVING ROOM

48

Don sits collapsed and broken in a chair. He's aged ten years in a morning.

48A ON BRIAN

48A

In the dining room, a step above the living room. Brian stands on his board, rolling back and forth, using the edge of the dining room table for support. Don looks at Brian on the board and shakes his head; this is his surviving son, his heir.

BRIAN

He said he was gonna be back.

49 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

49

Don and Gloria surrounded by mourners. No sign of Brian. Among the mourners is a large contingent of Vietnamese. They offer their hands to the parents. The crowd is evenly divided among Vietnamese and Caucasians. There's Yabbo and his parents. A WOMAN is talking to Gloria by the graveside.

WOMAN

You know, after what he went through, coming over here, is it true his whole family was killed by pirates?

GLORIA

The Navy found him at sea, floating on a raft with five dead bodies. He never talked about it.

Colonel Troc, wearing his full uniform, with decorations on his chest, moves over to introduce himself. He is with his wife, Madame Troc, and Tina, who seems overcome with grief.

DON
Colonel Troc, hello.

COLONEL TROC
You know my wife, Francoise, and
my daughter, Tina.

GLORIA
Yes, hello.

MADAME TROC
This is so awful.

COLONEL TROC
I want you to know, we'll miss
Vinh terribly. You must not blame
yourselves. He was killed in the
war. It just took a long time
for him to die.

GLORIA
(crying)
Thank you.

The casket is above the grave. In the crowd, two KIDS, ten years old or so, are making each other laugh. One pantomimes choking on a rope, the other laughs. An OLDER SISTER slaps their hands. It's just life. Meanwhile, a CHRISTIAN MINISTER conducts the service while a BUDDHIST PRIEST rings a funeral bell. We HEAR SKATE WHEELS. There's a stir at the edge of the crowd as it parts to make way for Brian. He looks more punk than we've yet seen. Formal punk.

He walks up to the lip of the grave. He places Vinh's Walkman and Kenny Rogers tapes on the casket. Then he steps back.

FADE OUT

50 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY

50

Brian stands before Vinh's shrine, looking at it intently as though for the first time. He picks up the family picture. Then he takes Vinh's handwritten note from the inlaid box.

51 EXT. HARBOR BOULEVARD - DAY

51

Brian skating along. This is Orange County. Clean streets, glass office buildings, one-and-a-half cars for every person, and no pedestrians. As Brian passes a PIZZA HUT, Buddy, his skate friend, now wearing a Pizza Hut uniform, waves to him. Brian waves back.

52 EXT. BOLSA AVENUE - DAY

52

Brian skates through Little Saigon.

53 INT. MAN WAH MARKET - DAY

53

Brian skates through aisles until he sees who he's looking for: Tina Troc, pushing a basket. They're alone in the aisle. He rides up to her and does a swift kick stop.

BRIAN

This isn't a coincidence, your mother said you were here.

TINA

I left school early today, people kept asking me about Vinh. They're jealous of me because I had a friend who killed himself. Isn't that sick?

BRIAN

I think it's sick that everyone is so sure he killed himself. He was happy, he was on top of the world. He was a prince. He had more to live for than I do.

TINA

There's a lot you don't understand.

They come to the fresh fish section at the back of the store. There are two large tanks, one with fish and the other with lobster and crab. Tina speaks in Vietnamese to the MAN at the tank.

TINA

Two catfish, please.

The Man grabs the fish out of the tank and Brian watches with surprise as he places each on the floor under his foot and clubs it on the head. He then wraps both of them in newspaper and hands them to Tina.

BRIAN

What don't I understand?

TINA

Okay. Was he Vietnamese or American? He was caught between two cultures. He didn't know what he was. Your family gave him a good home, and I'm sure they loved him, but maybe love isn't enough.

BRIAN
(shows her
the note)
What's this?

TINA
Numbers.

BRIAN
Yeah, but what do the words
say?

TINA
I don't know. I can't read
Vietnamese.

Brian takes the note back.

BRIAN
Did your father ever say anything
to you about Vinh having trouble
at work?

TINA
No.

BRIAN
Did Vinh ever say anything about
trouble at work?

TINA
You're his brother. Didn't you
ever talk to him?

54 EXT. BOLSA AVENUE - DAY

54

Brian skates down Bolsa, through Little Saigon. The plazas are crowded with people, Asians. Brian stops to show one or two Vietnamese Vinh's note. They shrug and shake their heads, no, they can't help him. He skates past Bolsa Video and then around the corner to:

55 EXT. BILLIARDS PARLOR - DAY

55

55A INT. BILLIARDS PARLOR - DAY

55A

Brian skates into a Vietnamese Billiards Parlor where a crowd of young Asians, most of them in their early twenties, plays pool, smokes cigarettes and listens to Chinese pop music. The punk may be out of place in the room, but everyone in the room is out of place in America. He skates to the MANAGER.

MANAGER
(prepared for
trouble)

Yes?

Everyone is watching him. Brian hands him the piece of paper. The Manager looks at it. He hands it back to Brian.

BRIAN
Can you translate it for me?
What does it say?

MANAGER
I don't know.

It's not his business. Brian looks around the room. He goes to a table where someone is racking the balls. He offers the paper to the players. TWO of the PLAYERS are sincerely interested in this translation problem. They study it and confer in Vietnamese. Brian is hopeful.

BRIAN
You know what this is?

PLAYER ONE
This is about drugs.

PLAYER TWO
See, here, it says Drug Supplies.

BRIAN
Drugs?
(incredulous)
Vinh? Drugs?

PLAYER ONE
Maybe drugs. It also means
hospital.

PLAYER TWO
Lot of money. Half a million
dollars. Where did you get this?

BRIAN
(bewildered)
I found it.

He grabs the paper back.

The Two Players go back to their game, and we see that behind them, watching all of this, is Bobby Nguyen.

Brian puts the paper back in his pocket. And he's off. Nguyen gives up his turn at the table.

56 EXT. KATELLA AVENUE - DAY

56

Brian skates quickly down the sidewalk and Nguyen follows in his car. Brian turns onto another boulevard and Nguyen passes him, then makes a turn across a gas station to get back to Brian.

When he's behind Brian again, Brian knows he's there.

57 EXT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL - DAY

57

Brian skates the length of the motel, hopping on and off the garden curbs, tight, angry little tricks. The Housekeeper who discovered the body comes out of one of the rooms, pushing a cleaning cart which has a fresh supply of soap, matches, etc.

BRIAN

I gotta ask you a question.

HOUSEKEEPER

Lost and found is in the main office.

BRIAN

No, that's not it. Were you here when they found the kid who killed himself?

HOUSEKEEPER

I was here. Why are you asking me?

BRIAN

He was my brother.

Brian idly picks up and then pockets a Cosmic Age matchbook off the cart. The Manager comes up behind him.

MANAGER

And if I had a brother like you, I'd kill myself too. Now get out of here.

(beat)

Hey, wait. The kid who killed himself was a slope.

BRIAN

(ready to kill)

A what?

MANAGER

(knows he shouldn't have said that)

I mean, I don't think he was born in Norway, you know? You don't look like his brother.

BRIAN

And you don't look like an asshole.

Brian sees Bobby Nguyen parked in the lot of the motel next to this one. He acts as though he sees nothing and gets on his board. Nguyen pulls out of his space. When he gets to the street, he can't find Brian.

57A ON BOBBY NGUYEN

57A

Angry with himself, he tears away. When he does, Brian appears from between two parked cars where he was hiding and skates into the traffic, grabbing on the tail of a passing bus. Now he's in the traffic following Nguyen.

58 EXT. BOULEVARD - ON THE TRAFFIC - DAY

58

We FOLLOW Nguyen's car. Nguyen stops at a gas station and Brian lets go of the bus, like a water-skier letting go of the rope, skimming to shore, staying out of Nguyen's line of sight.

59 EXT. ARCO STATION PAY PHONE - DAY

59

Nguyen is on the phone. We see him from a distance; he's agitated. It's not important to know what he's saying. He hangs up.

He gets back into his car.

60 INT. BOBBY NGUYEN'S CAR - DAY

60

As the car leaves the gas station with an angry squeal of tires, he slides in a TAPE. KENNY ROGERS.

BRIAN

on the floor in the back, rolls his eyes; Kenny Rogers again! Beneath the driver's seat are two handguns and a mean knife.

61 EXT. THE CAR - DAY

61

pulling into an old orange grove.

61A INSIDE THE CAR

61A

The car stops. Brian doesn't know where he is. Nguyen reaches under the seat and takes one of the guns. He tucks it into a neoprene ankle holster. We HEAR the CAR DOOR open and Bobby get out. The TAPE is still running.

62 EXT. THE ORANGE GROVE - DAY

62

There are a few spots left in Orange County where you still see remnants of the original citrus civilization. The last groves are being plowed under. This is one of them.

Bobby Nguyen stands next to the car. Two men and two cars are waiting: Troc and Lawndale.

62A ON BRIAN

62A

He HEARS CAR DOORS but little else. Nguyen's TAPE is louder than most of the dialogue.

LAWNDALE

What's going on here, Bobby?

BOBBY NGUYEN

Not "Bobby." Nguyen. Nguyen.

62 ON TROC, LAWNDALE AND NGUYEN

62

LAWNDALE

I'm sorry. Nguyen, start at the beginning.

BOBBY NGUYEN

You give me money, maybe I tell you. You give me airplane ticket to Hong Kong.

COLONEL TROC

(in Vietnamese)

Don't be stupid.

LAWNDALE

(paranoid)

Goddamn it, no Vietnamese!

COLONEL TROC

I told him not to be stupid.

BOBBY NGUYEN

(gloating)

Not stupid. Insurance.

62A BRIAN

62A

is frustrated because he can't hear them clearly. He wants to look out of the window. He pokes his head through the seat divider and can SEE, in the passenger side view MIRROR, the reflection of Bobby Nguyen's back, a partial view of Lawndale, but not his face, and no sign of Troc. The SONG ENDS. Brian HEARS this next interchange.

62 RESUME SCENE

62

Lawndale tries to calm Bobby. He has a disturbing raspy voice.

LAWNDALE

I'll send you back to Hong Kong.

Nguyen pulls his gun and levels it at Lawndale.

BOBBY NGUYEN

Ticket is easy. I want money.
Don't give me jerk-off hand job.

He fires the gun in the air. The next SONG on the TAPE BEGINS.

62A BRIAN

62A

is now scared. He takes the gun from under the seat. The way he looks at it, you know he's never held one before.

62 RESUME SCENE

62

Nguyen levels the gun at Lawndale.

Troc slices the air with his fist and chops Nguyen across his arm, sending the gun to the ground. Nguyen grabs his wrist in pain.

COLONEL TROC

(in Vietnamese)

You idiot -- !

Lawndale snatches up the gun, but Nguyen lunges for it. A struggle, a SHOT and Bobby spins to collapse against the car.

62A INSIDE THE CAR

62A

Brian watches Nguyen slide down the window. Their eyes meet; Brian's shock is the last thing Nguyen sees.

62 OUTSIDE THE CAR

62

From this ANGLE we can SEE BRIAN in the car and Troc and Lawndale as they look at the body. Troc is nearly livid with rage, bites back an outburst with sarcasm:

COLONEL TROC

You handle guns very well.

LAWNDALE

What was I supposed to do? Let
him shoot me?

(and)

Anyway, I'll handle this.

COLONEL TROC

No, I know his father, I'll
handle it.

62A BRIAN

62A

SEES Lawndale's back as he walks away. Troc disappears from
the MIRROR. Brian HEARS Lawndale DRIVE AWAY.

62 TROC

62

comes around the car.

62A BRIAN

62A

presses as far into the bottom of the car as he can; he
doesn't look up.

62 TROC

62

reaches into the driver's side through the open window. He
turns the keys and the keys and the ENGINE and TAPE STOP.
The sudden silence is frightening. He takes the keys out and
goes around the back of the car and opens the trunk. He then
picks up Nguyen's body and puts it in the trunk.

62A BRIAN

62A

HEARS the TRUNK CLOSING. Troc comes around the side of the
car; will he look inside? No. He walks away. Brian HEARS
his CAR START. Troc leaves.

ON THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Brian's face poking INTO FRAME. All clear. He looks around
carefully and then carrying his skateboard, runs from the car.

63 EXT. A FORLORN PAY PHONE - DUSK

63

As a shaken Brian approaches from the b.g. He fumbles for a
coin, drops it in the slot and manages to punch in 9-1-1 .
Then:

BRIAN

Yeah...can you get me the police.
Somebody just got killed --

64 EXT. THE ORANGE GROVE - NIGHT

64

Three police cars roar into the field, bubblelights spinning.
Brian springs from one car, followed by Troisi and McGill.

To Brian's bewilderment, Nguyen's car is gone.

BRIAN

It was right here.

The two cops exchange a look. Troisi looks on skeptically
as McGill studies Brian a beat; then:

McGILL

Okay...let's go over it again.

(and)

You get taken here. And this guy
gets out of the car, talks to a
couple of other guys, and then he's
dead. Who shot him?

BRIAN

(exasperated)

How do I know? What, I'm supposed
to stick my head out the window and
ask everybody to turn around?

TROISI

Hey -- !

Another zinger. This time Brian doesn't flinch.

McGILL

Okay, back it up, then.

(and)

You're in the back seat of the car
of the guy who was following you.
Why was he following you?

BRIAN

(guarded)

I don't know. He was just following
me. Maybe he was a pervert.

TROISI

(fed up)

Right. You jump in the back seat
of a pervert's car. Playing hard
to get, right?

BRIAN
(lashing back)
You know, if I had a dog with
a face like yours, I'd shave his
ass and make him walk backwards.

This time Troisi is going to give him more than a zinger, but
McGill casually blocks the swat:

McGILL
Whoa, whoa, big fellah --.
(to Brian)
And you, you little shit, watch
your goddamn mouth.

BRIAN
(frustrated)
It happened! Right here! I'm
not lying!

TROISI
No? You oughta hear what it
sounds like from this side.

BRIAN
(stubbornly)
The dead guy's name was Bobby
Nguyen.

McGILL
(a beat)
Okay. Get in the car.

Brian hesitates a beat, then does as he's told. McGill turns
to Troisi:

McGILL
(continuing)
Run the make, Troisi. I gotta
take a piss.

He starts off into the orchard.

McGILL
(continuing)
I read in the paper they're going
to put a P-U-D in here. Townhouses.
Gonna be real nice.

TROISI
P-u-d. What's a pud?

McGILL
Planned Unit Devel --
(and)
Forget it, Troisi.

Troisi starts toward his car, waving off the other two police units.

65 INT. CAR

65

Using the onboard computer terminal, Troisi punches in ROBERT/BOBBY NGUYEN. Brian watches from the back seat:

BRIAN
He made a call from the pay phone
at the Arco station on Katella,
around four o'clock. The people he
called have to be the people he met
here.

The computer comes up with: NO MATCH ROBERT/BOBBY NGUYEN.

Troisi settles back, expelling a breath. He is not happy.

TROISI
(clipped)
Anything else?

It's all gone to shit, and Brian knows it. Finally, quietly
and carefully:

BRIAN
I think...I think somebody...
I don't think my brother killed
himself.

A beat; Troisi gives Brian a look, and there's something in
the kid's face that gives him pause.

TROISI
Okay. I'm listening.

BRIAN
My brother was not the kind of guy
who would hang himself in a motel
room. I was just trying to find
out more about it, and I went to
the motel to see it for myself, and
then this guy started following me,
Bobby Nguyen, and then he was killed
the way I said.

TROISI
What about no body? What about no
sign of violence?

BRIAN

(near tears)

I don't know! They came and got him!

(and)

Why would I make this up?!

TROISI

Okay. Take it easy.

(and)

Is that everything?

(drills him)

I mean everything -- ?

A beat; Brian nods. Just then McGill gets back in the car:

McGILL

What came up on this Nguyen?

TROISI

Zip.

McGILL

Shit.

He turns ominously on Brian in the back seat:

McGILL

(continuing;
hard)

All right, kid, cut this shit --

TROISI

(cutting in)

Let's sleep on it, Harv.

McGill gives him a surprised look:

McGILL

Yeah?

TROISI

(nods)

I wanna sleep on it.

BRIAN

That's all you're gonna do?

TROISI

Uh uh. We're gonna take you home.

66 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

66

As Brian comes in. His mother is fixing dinner.

BRIAN

So, uh, you didn't go to work today?

GLORIA

No, I'm taking off a few weeks, while you're out of school. Your father went, he couldn't sit around the house. Where did you go?

BRIAN

(gestures vaguely)

You know.

GLORIA

What did you do?

BRIAN

Mostly I just thought.

GLORIA

What about?

BRIAN

Vinnie. Our chess game...he was winning...He never would have...

(difficult to

say this to her)

...what if Vinh didn't kill himself?

GLORIA

But he did.

BRIAN

Maybe he didn't. Maybe someone killed him. Maybe it was murder.

GLORIA

If you're trying to make me feel better, this isn't helping. Brian, he wasn't shot on the sidewalk by someone who was taking his wallet, he killed himself in a motel room. That's what we have to start with, we all failed him, you failed him, I failed him, your father...the three of us.

67 EXT. COSMIC AGE MOTEL - NIGHT

67

As Trqisi's car pulls up. He steps out, crosses into the motel office. Through the window we see him say something to the Motel Manager.

He gets some resistance, ignores it...and stepping behind the counter, he starts to go through the register.

68 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

68

Brian skates away.

69 EXT. YABBO'S HOUSE

69

Brian looks in the living room window at the family. Surprise: Yabbo and his parents get along great. He's playing Scrabble with his MOTHER, FATHER and KID SISTER. There's warmth, a fire in the fireplace, everyone is listening to the same MUSIC. Yabbo's Mother sees Brian.

MRS. YABBO

Brian, come in or go home, but
don't crush my roses.

70 EXT. YABBO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

70

Yabbo walks ahead of Brian through the backyard. He stops, bends over and lifts a manhole cover in the middle of the yard. Then he's down the hole. Brian follows and pulls the cover after him.

71 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

71

Brian and Yabbo, talking seriously in the bomb shelter, which is Yabbo's room. It's an old one, not very deep, with a circular staircase. Concrete walls, a vintage Civil Defense medallion, a few cots. Yabbo's got a small workbench where he puts skateboards together. Brian is casually looking through a phone book.

BRIAN

I don't know. Do you think I
failed Vinh?

He turns to the "N's" in the phone book.

YABBO

Failed him? Uh uh. You fail
math. Not brothers.

BRIAN
You know what I mean.
(then)
Maybe I'm as bad as they say.

YABBO
As who says?

BRIAN
Everyone.

YABBO
Don't listen to the numbers. The
common herd, man, just shine it on.
You're different.

BRIAN
I'm different? Did you check
yourself out in the mirror this
morning?

YABBO
That's an oversimplification.
When I say different, I mean
different.
(and)
But don't worry, it's an intangible.
Nine-tenths of the people don't
grasp it, so you're safe for now.

BRIAN
Maybe I don't want to be different.

YABBO
It's not optional.

71A INSERT - A PHONE BOOK

71A

He finds Nguyen. There are twenty, but only two Roberts,
one R.

71 RESUME SCENE

71

He goes to leave, turns with a smile.

BRIAN
Yeah? I could run away.

YABBO
Personally, I wouldn't blame you.
But you don't want your picture on
a milk carton, do you?
(then)
I'll tell you what, I'll see they put
your picture on a six-pack of Bud.

72 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

72

A run-down tract house in a Vietnamese neighborhood. Small, beige, falling apart.

72A CLOSE ON MAILBOX

72A

The name Robert Nguyen.

73 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

73

A screen door before the wooden door. Brian rings the bell. The wooden door opens and in the shadows we see an outline of someone who might be Bobby Nguyen.

OTHER NGUYEN

Yes?

BRIAN

Mr. Nguyen? Robert Nguyen?

OTHER NGUYEN

Yes?

He opens the door. He's not Bobby; he's in his seventies.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. ANOTHER DOOR - DAY

74

The door opens. A WOMAN is there.

BRIAN

I'm looking for Robert Nguyen.

R. NGUYEN

No magazines! No more magazines!

DISSOLVE TO:

75 EXT. POOR APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

75

There's a myth that Asian immigrants all get rich. Not the ones who live here. It's a Polynesian Tudor Hacienda nightmare from the sixties. Brian skates into the entrance and studies the row of mailboxes. Most of the boxes are falling apart. Brian looks through them; there's very little mail in any of them, but one is crammed full: Penthouse Magazine, a Playboy rabbit sticker....Nguyen/Apartment 2E.

Poor VIETNAMESE MOTHERS and their CHILDREN are in the courtyard. Brian goes up the stairs to the second floor. He knocks on 2E. Nothing.

BRIAN
Hello. Telegram.

No answer. The Mothers in the courtyard don't seem to notice him. He tries the door. The knob turns. He opens the door slowly.

76 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

76

As Brian comes cautiously in...and is suddenly and unceremoniously spun up against the wall by...

TROISI
Hold it -- !

Brian has frozen; Troisi is staring at him in surprise:

TROISI
(continuing)
What the hell do you think you're doing here?!

BRIAN
What do you think?
(then)
What are you doing here?

TROISI
The surf was shitty and my tennis racket needs new strings.

BRIAN
(suddenly
excited)
You found out something, right?!

Troisi doesn't look like he's going to open up.

BRIAN
(continuing;
quietly)
You gotta tell me. I...we -- his family -- we have a right to know.

TROISI
(a beat)
Sit down, kid.

Brian takes a seat at the kitchen table, littered with old newspapers and take-out food containers. Troisi shakes his head.

TROISI
(continuing)
Jesus, what a slob. Will you
look at this place --

He takes a seat opposite Brian:

TROISI
(continuing)
I know how much is riding on this
for your family. So here's the
news: Nothing I've got right now
says your brother didn't commit
suicide, and everything else says
he did.

Brian starts to jump in, but Troisi silences him:

TROISI
(continuing)
The only reason I'm just a little
tiny bit interested is your brother
didn't register at the motel the
night he died.

BRIAN
He didn't? Who did?

TROISI
I don't know who did, but I checked
the signature on his driver's
license against the registration and
the handwriting wasn't even close to
a match.

(then)
So that means there was at least one
other party involved.

BRIAN
Bobby Nguyen -- ?!

TROISI
I don't know that.

He rises from the table, starts to search the room. Quickly,
from a jumble of papers near the phone, he extracts a tattered
address book.

BRIAN
What's that?

TROISI
(irritably)
What's it look like?

Brian watches as Troisi starts thumbing through the book, comparing the numbers in it to a list on a page of a notebook of his own.

BRIAN
What about that call he made
from the pay phone on Katella?

Troisi indicates his notebook:

TROISI
I got it covered, okay?
(then)
Now will you get out of here --

BRIAN
What have you got against me,
anyway?

TROISI
Look at you. You're a fuck-up.
(and)
I know, because I was a fuck-up,
too.

Now he's come across an envelope of cancelled checks. He sits back down at the table and, setting his notebook and Nguyen's address book aside, starts thumbing through the checks.

Brian can see the pay phone numbers in Troisi's open notebook.

BRIAN
But you're not any more? A fuck-up,
I mean?

TROISI
(absently)
Could a fuck-up acquire this kind
of wealth, power and prestige?
Especially in Orange County?

BRIAN
Happens all the time.
(then)
So what have you got against Orange
County?

TROISI
(still preoccupied)
It's five thousand miles to the
nearest Yoo-Hoo.

BRIAN
(blankly)
Yoo-Hoo? Yoo-Hoo?

Troisi finishes with the checks, glances up, re-registering Brian:

TROISI
Hey, I said get going. C'mon,
shoo --

BRIAN
Come on, man, I know there's more
you can tell me --

Troisi rises angrily from the table:

TROISI
Okay, that's it! I want you out
of here right now!

BRIAN
(spits)
Fuck you -- !

He knocks over the table between them, sending everything scattering.

TROISI
(boiling)
Pick it up.

BRIAN
You pick it up --

TROISI
(livid)
Pick it up.

That has the desired effect. Brian starts to pick up the table and the mess.

When he's on the other side of the table from Troisi, he takes the notepad and tears out the page with the phone numbers. Then he stands up and puts the last pile of papers back on the table.

BRIAN
Sorry. You're trying to help.
I was an asshole.

TROISI
(cooled out)
Forget it.
(and)
As soon as I know something for
sure, I'll be in touch, right?

BRIAN

Right.

He starts for the door, pauses. Troisi is riffling through kitchen drawers with that instant concentration on the job at hand; Brian relegated to a backburner.

BRIAN

(continuing)

Hey --

TROISI

What -- ?

BRIAN

If you don't like it here, why don't you just go back home?

TROISI

Very complicated.

(and)

Came out here to go to school and get laid. Wound up getting married.

He breaks off, realizing Brian still hasn't vanished:

TROISI

(continuing;
ominous)

Hey --

Brian goes.

77 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

77

Brian with a handful of change. He slides a quarter into the phone. While dialing, he toys with the matchbook from the Cosmic Age. He dials 550-1000.

VOICE

Automobile Club.

Another quarter: 985-4321.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Seventy-five cents, please.

Brian drops in two more quarters.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Thank you.

We HEAR the CONNECTION, the PHONE RINGING, then a breathy WOMAN'S VOICE. This is a recording.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Well, hello there, you must be the fellow in room 122. Oooh, I've been wanting to meet you. Please, handle my voluptuous torso while I skim those pants off for you. Wow, what a plunger you carry, you're so long and stiff...Oh, I'm getting so wet...

Brian listens for a moment, but he has something else on his mind. He hangs up. He tries the next number.

78 INT. BOLSA VIDEO - DAY

78

TRAN DIEM, Bobby Nguyen's replacement, answers the phone.

TRAN DIEM

Bolsa Video.

77 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

77

BRIAN

Sorry, wrong number.

Stunned, he hangs up.

79 EXT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

79

Brian skates past it. He looks in. Tran Diem is stacking cassettes. Colonel Troc, Rams cap pushed back, is behind the counter, selling a VCR, showing the finer points to an Asian customer. Brian looks at him: is this the person who was there the night Bobby Nguyen was killed?

The door to the back room opens and Tina Troc comes out, carrying school books. Brian moves so she can't see him. Troc proudly introduces Tina to the customer.

Brian skates away.

80 EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

80

Brian skates up to the police station. He does a neat little trick with his board in front of two cops and then walks up the steps into the station, board in hand.

81 INT. POLICE STATION

81

Brian sits facing a desk; all around him the NOISES and commotion of a police station.

Suddenly:

BRIAN

Oww -- !

Troisi has joined him, dealing off a zinger in passing:

TROISI

Give me back the numbers.

Brian hands over the page of phone numbers from Troisi's notepad and, urgently:

BRIAN

Bobby Nguyen called Bolsa Video.
Bolsa Video is owned by Colonel
Bao Dai Troc. My brother was
working for him.

(and)

Troc and Nguyen, that's two out
of three. I don't know why, I don't
know how, but I know who. We just
have to find the American. The guy
who shot Nguyen.

TROISI

Nobody shot Nguyen.

BRIAN

(stares at him)

What are you talking about?

TROISI

We got a tip this morning. Ran
a passport make. Bobby Nguyen --
your Bobby Nguyen -- arrived in
Hong Kong last night.

BRIAN

(a beat;

stunned)

They're...they're covering their
tracks. I don't know how --

In desperation, he takes Vinh's legal pad note from his pocket:

BRIAN

Bobby Nguyen saw this, and that's
why he followed me.

TROISI
Where's this from?

BRIAN
My brother.

TROISI
(hard)
Why didn't you show this to me
before?

BRIAN
(drops his head)
I figured you'd think he was mixed
up with drugs.

TROISI
Drugs?
(then)
Nick, come here...give this a
look, will you?

NICK OLIVER, mid-thirties, joins them.

TROISI
(continuing)
What does this say?

NICK OLIVER
(translating)
Penicillin, two hundred pounds,
bandages, eight hundred pounds,
alcohol, five hundred gallons...
(shrugs)
It's a list of medical supplies...
a bill of lading. Cargo.

TROISI
Thanks --

Nick moves off. Brian looks skeptical.

TROISI
He did a couple of tours over there
during the war. Intelligence.
(and)
Your brother worked on the relief
fund, right?

Brian is crushed, groping for straws:

BRIAN
What about the motel registration?
The other guy -- ?

TROISI

There's lots of explanations for two guys and a motel room. Most of them you're not gonna like --

BRIAN

What about what I saw -- ?!

TROISI

(quietly)

Yeah. What about it?

Then, genuinely empathizing with Brian, he leans forward and, gently:

TROISI

(continuing)

Look, kid...Brian...It's time to let go of it. It was a suicide. That was the coroner's finding. We gave it a shot, but that's how it's going into the books.

BRIAN

(stubbornly)

They killed my brother.

TROISI

(tight)

You're not listening to me --

BRIAN

(erupts)

You're the one who's not listening!

(and)

They killed my brother!

And he hurls himself OUT OF FRAME...HOLD Troisi a beat, as the SOUND of SKATE WHEELS COMES UP...

82 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

82

Brian skates through a course of ramps, pools, curbs, driveways, platforms...it's an intense, furious, almost violent meditation; an attempt to release incredible frustration which is not entirely satisfying.

82A ANGLE - POOL

82A

Empty; Brian poised, and then almost with no thought to it, he does the impossible triple that Yabbo missed.

82B ANOTHER ANGLE

82B

As Brian sits in the middle of the empty pool where the plaster falls away to the deep end. He lets his skateboard roll down the incline, up the other side...back down. He watches it...up, back...up, back...and we see a grim determination building in him. He knows he's not going to be able to skate and bullshit his way through this one. It's almost a goodbye to his adolescence.

83 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

83

Brian is at Vinh's grave. The cemetery is peaceful, the greenest place in the county.

BRIAN

Vinh, we better talk. Man to man. I'm in over my head. I started something and I don't know how to finish it.

(and)

You were always great at that, finishing, I mean. Remember that aircraft carrier model? I bought it but I couldn't follow the instructions, and you built it.

(then)

Pardon me for taking advantage of your position like this, 'cause you can't talk back...but I guess that was always the thing. You were always one step ahead. I couldn't ever quite catch up and it really pissed me off. So finally I quit trying. I gave up.

(then)

Funny, huh? Now it's everybody else giving up on you. Except me. The fuck-up. I'm not giving up.

It's tough holding back the tears. He starts to go, pauses:

BRIAN

(continuing)

I miss you, Vinh. I hate doing my own homework.

DISSOLVE TO:

83A INT. BROTHERS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

83A

Brian kicks off some clothes and sits on the bed. He is saddened, discouraged, worn out. He glances at Tina's framed photograph on Vinh's desk and beside it a smaller one of Tina and her father. Brian studies Troc, then looks back at Tina. He has an idea.

84 EXT. SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

84

Tina is eating lunch with , two of them Caucasian. One of the girls whispers something to Tina with a giggle, indicating someone is watching.

It's Brian...he crosses over:

BRIAN

Hi --

TINA

(a bit uneasy)

Hello, Brian.

(and)

Are you okay -- ?

BRIAN

Yeah...sure --

(and)

Hey, there's something I'd like to talk to you about.

(eyes other girls)

You want a Coke -- ?

Tina doesn't like this, would prefer he went away. She resists a beat...but he is Vinh's brother:

TINA

Okay...

They go...there's the obligatory giggling among Tina's friends, and...

84A ANGLE AT SNACK BAR

84A

As Brian joins her with two Cokes, hands her one:

TINA

What do you want?

BRIAN

It's kind of hard to explain. I'd like...you know...for us to be friends --

Tina likes this even less. A bit helplessly:

TINA
Brian...We can't --

BRIAN
Why not -- ?

TINA
(now exasperated)
Look, I'm sure that on your planet
there must be someone for you to
be... 'friends' ...with.

He doesn't say anything.

TINA
(continuing)
Brian, it wouldn't be any better for
you than it would for me. We don't
have anything in common --

BRIAN
We have Vinnie --

TINA
(emotionally)
Not any more!
(then)
And it's more complicated than
that. It's kind of embarrassing
...my father won't let me see
American boys. Even as 'friends.'

BRIAN
(frowns)
I don't understand...

TINA
(completely
exasperated)
You don't have to.
(then)
And even if he would...
(shakes her head)
Brian, will you look at yourself?

A beat; Brian expels a breath. Then:

BRIAN
Yeah. Okay. I get it.

TINA
I'm sorry.

Another beat. She goes, and...

85 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - SHOWER - DAY

85

Brian washing his hair.

THE BATHROOM MIRROR

Brian, wielding scissors with grim resolve, cuts his long hair. He takes out his earring.

86 BEDROOM

86

Brian searches through his dresser drawers, tossing aside the skateboard and rock-and-roll T-shirts and ripped jeans, and uncovers a layer of Izod polo shirts and clean-cut trousers.

CLOSET

Behind the sneakers: leather loafers. A belt is pulled off a hook.

BEDROOM WALLS

Down come all the skating posters, the band posters, the stickers.

CLOSET FLOOR

All the old clothes are dumped in the corner.

87 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

87

Gloria lifts the glasses rack from the dishwasher. She hears someone coming into the kitchen and looks up. She drops the glasses, which shatter.

Brian looks like a poster boy for Exeter. He gives his mother a shy grin.

88 EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

88

Don drives into the garage. When he sees Brian he misses the brake pedal and crashes into the back wall, collapsing a huge pile of old newspapers.

89 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

89

Remember that scene in "The Nutty Professor"; Jerry Lewis has taken the Jekyll/Hyde potion for the first time, and we see everyone's reactions to him when he's Buddy Love?

Girls tap each other.

The Thrashers stop their tricks. Brian is walking. Yabbo:

YABBO
Halloween is in October.

BRIAN
So?

YABBO
So why are you in that costume?

GREMIC
He sent everything else to the cleaners.

SAM
His mother put him up to it.

YABBO
Where's your deck?

BRIAN
I felt like walking today.

YABBO
No no no no no. We have to talk about this.

BRIAN
Nothing to say.

90 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

90

Brian walks with a sense of purpose. He tries to appear sophisticated and cool; he manages a kind of wry smile.

90A BRIAN'S POV

90A

The object: Tina Troc with her friends. A friend sees him first, and off her reaction Tina turns to see Brian. Their eyes meet, then Brian looks away.

Tina opens the door to a classroom as the BELL RINGS.

91 EXT. CENTURY 21 - DAY

91

An office in an old corner mall, near a dry cleaner and a 7-11.

92 INT. GLORIA'S CENTURY 21 OFFICE - DAY

92

Yabbo is talking to Gloria. A SECRETARY, another REALTOR are in the b.g. On Gloria's desk we see a framed studio photograph of Brian and Vinh together when they were seven. The office's small refrigerator will soon be irresistible to Yabbo.

YABBO

I think you should send Brian to a doctor.

GLORIA

Because he's wearing a clean shirt?

He opens the refrigerator and takes a banana from a bowl of fruit.

YABBO

People don't change overnight. I know. I've tried.

GLORIA

Yabbo, have something to eat.

YABBO

Thanks.

(takes more)

Remember, you heard it here first. He's up to something.

GLORIA

Ah, what could it possibly be?
Ah, maybe he's trying to graduate high school.

YABBO

Mrs. Kelly...Gloria, you don't understand. He's the best skater south of the Santa Ana Freeway, probably in the whole of Orange County.

(and)

Gloria, he gleams the cube.

GLORIA

I'm afraid I don't follow you.

YABBO

Gleaming the cube. It's the place you skate when you really...let go.

He looks expectantly at her...but she doesn't get it:

GLORIA

Well, he's giving it up, so it doesn't matter.

YABBO

No. When you're that good you
don't give it up. You can't.

GLORIA

(impatient)

Yabbo, if you admire Brian so much,
take a tip from him. Maybe the
world would look a little better to
you if you looked a little better to
the world.

YABBO

Just remember that I warned you.

93 INT. MALL - DAY

93

The new Main Street. Three levels lined by shops with
escalators in the middle.

Today, Tina, wearing a Bolsa Video T-shirt, is working after
school at her mother's clothing store: PARIS 99. The clothes
are Parisian, higher fashion than the area cares about. The
store can't be doing well, not when everything is reduced 35%
to 50%. Tina stands behind the counter. Her mother sits in
an open dressing room, reading a Vietnamese paper. She wears
sunglasses, lots of make-up, jewelry.

94 INT. PARIS 99 - DAY

94

Brian comes into the store.

BRIAN

Do you have anything in my size?

TINA

Please...

Tina, embarrassed, indicates her mother.

Madame Troc looks up. Turns the page. Looks back down.

TINA

Mother, I'm taking off for a few
minutes.

Tina's mother gives a cursory wave.

95 INT. MALL CAFETERIA - DAY

95

Brian and Tina drinking soda.

BRIAN

I woke up this morning and I realized that if I wanted you to give me a chance, I had to give you a chance to give me that chance. D'you know what I mean?

Tina shakes her head helplessly:

TINA

It doesn't change anything. My father's feelings aren't going to change.

BRIAN

Why, 'cause he was some sort of big cheese back in 'Nam?

TINA

Please don't call it "'Nam." It's not 'Nam, it's Vietnam. And he wasn't just some sort of a big cheese, he fought against the French and then he fought against the Communists. He was a patriot. It's important that he keep up appearances, that he doesn't give up.

BRIAN

Why?

TINA

Don't you know anything about history?

BRIAN

Ask me about algebra. History is next semester.

TINA

My father has to show the community that we're a nation in exile. He says that someday we're going back.

BRIAN

You don't sound too convinced.

TINA

It would just mean more fighting. More war. Have you ever seen dead children in the street? Have you ever hidden in a basement while your house was under attack? Have you ever seen people taken from their houses and shot?

BRIAN
You saw that?

TINA
That's why we're here.

They're silent for a moment.

TINA
(continuing)
I think about Vinh. I think about
him all the time. It must have
been very hard for you when he died.

BRIAN
Yah.
(beat)
Maybe if your father met me...

TINA
If you come over you can't just
pick me up and throw me in the car.

BRIAN
That's no problem. I don't have
my license yet.

96 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

96

Just outside his room. He's walking down the hall when he's
startled by Vinh's voice.

VINH (V.O.)
Hey, Brian! Catch!

BRIAN
(quietly; a
dream? a
prayer?)
Vinh?

VINH (V.O.)
Bri-yunn, come on. It's your
birthday.

Brian walks slowly into

97 INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

97

Where he sees his parents watching a home videotape. It's
the backyard, a year or so ago. Vinh has a frisbee. Don and
Gloria don't know Brian is in the room. He's wearing a
windbreaker.

VINH ON THE TV
Come on, Brian, catch it.

BRIAN ON THE TV
This is stupid.

VINH ON THE TV
Ready or not...

On the television, Vinh throws the frisbee to Brian, who arrogantly lets it drop without trying to catch it. His mother starts to cry. Don kills the sound but leaves the picture on.

BRIAN
(softly)
I'm going out.

They turn, and in the dim light they see a clean-cut boy in a familiar jacket.

GLORIA
Sit down, honey --

BRIAN
I can't, I'm late.

He leans over and kisses her on the forehead.

DON
You're looking good, Brian.

Brian goes, leaving Don and Gloria to watch the silent video together.

98 EXT. TROC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

98

A two-story developer's spec house, five years old, American, plain, white, a bit of New England, a touch of "Leave It To Beaver." Troc's station wagon is parked in the driveway.

Tina is in the middle of a fight with her parents as Brian walks up to the front door.

99 INT. TROC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99

COLONEL TROC
No! I have made this clear all
along. No!

Madame Troc tries to be the mediator between the father and daughter. Her sympathy is with Tina, her loyalty is with Troc.

MADAME TROC

What your father means is that
you should be going out with a
boy from the Community.

TINA

What does it mean to you? Americans
can come to the store, but they can't
come to the house?

The DOORBELL RINGS.

99A INT. TROC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99A

Brian stands awkwardly at the front door. Tina opens it
with her parents looming behind her. She fights back tears.

BRIAN

Hi.

(to Madame Troc)

Hello, again.

The Colonel looks Brian over.

TINA

Mother, Father, you remember
Brian Kelly? Brian, this is my
father, Colonel Bao Dai Troc. And
this is my mother, Madame Francoise
Troc.

Formal nods. Brian reaches out to shake the Colonel's hand.
Their hands meet...

COLONEL TROC

This is quite a change.

Brian looks at himself as though he doesn't quite understand.

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, I cut my hair. Well,
I guess we all do unexpected things
sometimes, don't we?

COLONEL TROC

Yes, I suppose we do.

TINA

Brian, if we want to get to an
eight o'clock movie...

MADAME TROC

Can't you come into the garden for
some Vietnamese tea?

TINA

Some other time, Mother...

BRIAN

Wait, maybe we should. I hope the Colonel doesn't mind, there's a million questions I'd like to ask him.

COLONEL TROC

Questions?

TINA

Brian, we have to go.

BRIAN

Yeah, about history. About what really happened, you know, in Vietnam. I think maybe it would help me understand what happened to my brother.

The Colonel doesn't want this any more than Tina does.

COLONEL TROC

Some day, perhaps, but you have your movie.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

100

Brian and Tina are leaving the multiplex theater at a mall. They're eating chocolate chip cookies and walking back to her car.

BRIAN

So what else does your father do, beside send medicine?

TINA

Isn't that enough?

BRIAN

It's great. I think it's great. I just thought maybe there was something else he did, too.

TINA

Like what?

BRIAN

I don't know. And he does it all alone. That's amazing.

TINA
(getting impatient)
He has plenty of help.

BRIAN
All Vietnamese, or does he work
with Americans?

TINA
Brian! How would you like it if I
was stuck on talking about your
father all night?

BRIAN
I'd say bye-bye.
(then)
So what should I talk about?

TINA
(smiles)
The things friends do.
(and)
Come on, I'll start. What's so
great about skateboarding?

BRIAN
(thinks about it)
Sometimes you just disappear. There's
no skateboard, there's no road,
there's no body, there's just...air,
motion. Speed. There's...forward. I
don't know how else to say it.

TINA
And you've stopped?

BRIAN
Everything has to end.

100A INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

100A

As Brian comes in...his father is in the living room, reading
the paper.

Brian starts toward his room; then, on second thought, crosses
into the living room, parks it on a sofa arm near his father.

BRIAN
How's work?

DON
(a bit defensive)
It's the first time in your life
you've ever asked me that question.

BRIAN

Okay...so, how is it?

DON

(subdued)

It's awfully hard to talk about actuarial tables or fire indemnity when I can't get Vinh off my mind.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know.

DON

I remember the first time I saw pictures of the boat people and thinking that we had to do something for them. We bombed their country and we owed them shelter.

BRIAN

Vinh was lucky to have you as a father.

Don looks up surprised.

DON

We always used to say that Vinh was special because we chose him. We chose him, we used to say that all the time. To make him feel wanted. But how did that make you feel? Brian, what did I ever do for you?

BRIAN

Uh...you took me to Disneyland.

DON

Once. When you were six.

BRIAN

And they threw me out of the park for pissing on Donald Duck. I was difficult before you adopted him. Dad, that's the past. Like Vinh's death. Don't blame yourself.

DON

(a little threatening)

Are you giving me advice?

BRIAN

(uncomfortable)

I guess so.

DON
I'll take it.

101 EXT. BALBOA - DAY

101

The Thrashers - minus Brian - are skating between the amusement park rides on the Balboa peninsula. They skate beautifully. They're watched by a crowd of high school kids, real ones, and anyone would want to be a part of this sexy, colorful, physically confident crowd. This is the beach. This is California.

Suddenly, Gremic spots Brian riding off the Balboa ferry on a bicycle. He is wearing a coat and tie. The sight of his friends tears at him.

YABBO
Aaaagh! I'm sick. He's on a bicycle!

SAM
The next thing you know, he's going to drive.

YABBO
(the Tempter)
A forty-foot kidney-shaped pool, ten-foot deep end, the pool is empty and the house burned down last week.

BRIAN
Not today.

YABBO
Brian, everybody knows you're blaming yourself for Vinh's...for what he... for the way he died. I just want you to know that your friends still think about you, that your friends, you know...We love you.

BRIAN
Thanks.

Brian bikes away.

SAM
What's gotten into him?

YABBO
I don't know, but if I get it, shoot me.

102 EXT. BALBOA PARK - DAY

102

Tina Troc, wearing traditional Vietnamese dress, moves through a crowd carrying an hors d'oeuvres tray. THREE other GIRLS her age do the same thing. Their satin sashes are emblazoned with the VACRF logo. A loudspeaker plays traditional Vietnamese MUSIC. Some distance ahead, Tina spots Brian in his jacket and tie. Brian smiles at Tina and she smiles back.

There are a couple of news crews with cameras, a hundred or so Vietnamese, half as many Caucasians, a hospitality table, bar, Porta-sans. Troc takes the microphone at the podium.

As he does, he notices Brian and pulls the microphone too close. There is the SHRIEK of FEEDBACK.

COLONEL TROC

My wife and daughter will tell
you, I don't need the microphone
anyway.

The crowd laughs.

COLONEL TROC

This is a wonderful moment. There
are so many people to thank, as we
say, (traditional Vietnamese thanks).
It's good to see that the press is here,
and for their benefit let me remind
them that we come to celebrate relief.
Relief for our brothers and sisters who
are still trapped in Indochina, for
those who must wait in refugee camps,
and for those who cannot escape, they
put their faith, their trust, in us.
In our support. On their behalf:
(another Vietnamese salutation).

He nods and claps his hands for the crowd. They applaud back
and he leaves the podium, shaking hands with well-wishers.

102A AT THE BUFFET TABLE

102A

Tina serves herself. Brian hesitates.

TINA

Don't you like this stuff?

BRIAN

(a real regret)

Well, my parents made a federal case
out of it and they said I had to eat
it to be nice to Vinh, so...you know...
I had to be a jerk. Besides, it always
seemed incredibly weird.

TINA

What about American food? You
don't think a chili dog is weird?

She starts pointing out dishes.

TINA

(continuing)

You can't be scared of stir-fried
vegetables. This is beef satay, which
is barbecued meat that you put in a
hot peanut sauce; these are sesame
noodles...

OVER Tina's lesson, OFF SCREEN, out from the crowd's chatter
WE HEAR a VIETNAMESE BUSINESSMAN calling out:

BUSINESSMAN (O.S.)

Ed! Ed! Over here!

Tina continues pointing out food to Brian. Then WE HEAR that
distinctive VOICE, disturbing and raspy:

LAWNDALE (O.S.)

Mr. Phong: What are you doing
this far away from the bar?

Everything should stop for a second as Brian spins to see the
source of that Voice, to see Lawndale. MRS. LAWNDALE is by
his side.

LAWNDALE

(continuing)

Isn't this a beautiful day? Isn't
California the greatest?

BRIAN

Who's that guy?

TINA

Mr. Lawndale? He owns Western Medical
Supply. He ships medicines to Vietnam
for my father's relief program. And
that's his wife. She's weird.

(and)

Why?

Brian is imprinting on his memory:

BRIAN

Western Medical Supply.

103 DELETED

103

104 INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

104

Brian sits up in bed. Think of a vampire waking up when the sun goes down, not the evil part, but think of that dedication to the night. The SOUND OF SKATE WHEELS ON PAVEMENT BEGINS TO COME UP. The click click click of the wheels going over sidewalk cracks, the pleasant rattle of the ball bearings.

THE CLOSET FLOOR

Brian's hands search the pile of discarded skate clothes. He finds a dark T-shirt and camouflage pants.

105 THE RELENTLESS FORWARD MOTION OF A SKATEBOARD FROM THE BOARD'S POV:

An obligatory shot. The time for it is now. We can see the transition from residential neighborhood to big boulevard. We can see that tonight the skating is purely for transportation, no tricks, no games, no emotional release.

106 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

106

WE HEAR the familiar SOUND of a SKATEBOARD on concrete. Brian skates INTO the SCENE. He starts circling the warehouse; after trying a few doors and windows, he stops. He assesses the problem.

He comes to a ladder to the roof. He's determined. Carrying his skateboard, he climbs the ladder.

107 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES ROOF - NIGHT

107

A row of skylights. He tests a skylight. The lock is loose. He releases the latch. He lifts the skylight open. This is a scary moment for him; he takes a breath and he lowers himself to:

108 INT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

108

A catwalk suspended from the roof. Brian lowers the skylight to close it. As he moves along the catwalk, he carefully ducks an INFRARED BEAM.

It's dark in the warehouse. He reaches the wall and finds a ladder and climbs down.

108A THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR

108A

Brian skates between the pallets. He comes to the Gift From The American People boxes.

A mailing label is taped on. It's addressed to Hong Kong.

He tests the steel band on a crate. Impossible to take off with his bare hands. He skates away.

HOLD on the CRATE.

Brian returns with a crowbar. He rests the flashlight on another crate. He uses the crowbar to twist the band. It snaps.

He tries to pry the lid off. It's hard to do. He uses the crowbar to smash the wood, to splinter it, to rip through the planks. He rips off a section. Packing material. He grabs the flashlight and with his free hand tears at the packing material.

Metal. Gun barrels. Brian is scared. He looks over his shoulder. No one is there. He rips off a mailing label. Underneath it is a new address: Johannesburg, South Africa.

Brian skates away in a hurry, but now he's careless. When he unlocks the door from the inside, he breaks the INFRARED BEAM of the silent alarm.

109 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

109

Troisi is on the phone:

TROISI
Where are you?
(and)
Okay, if you go back inside again
and they don't kill you, I will.
Stay put.

And...

110 EXT. STREET - ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

110

As Troisi's car cruises PAST CAMERA.

110A INT. TROISI'S CAR - MOVING

110A

Troisi gives Brian a look:

TROISI
You do a lot of breaking and entering
in your spare time?

BRIAN

I wasn't gonna take anything.

(angrily)

If that's all you're worried about,
what're you doing here?

TROISI

(sighs)

Kept bugging me. That apartment
didn't look like Bobby Nguyen was
taking off on an Oriental holiday.

(and)

You're absolutely sure it was this
Lawndale guy out there in the
orange grove?

BRIAN

Yeah. It was him.

TROISI

Okay, let's see what we've got
here --

We can SEE they're approaching Western Medical as Troisi keys
up the onboard computer, punches in LAWNDALE, E/EDWARD, and gets:

TROISI

(continuing)

Three outstanding parking citations.
Very bad desperado we've got here --

BRIAN

(frustrated)

He's the guy, I'm telling you -- !

He'd leaned a little close to Troisi for that one.

TROISI

Not in my ear, okay?

He's punching in WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLY...back comes a pretty
mundane read-out but capped with an underlined gobbledegook
code which means something to Troisi.

He abruptly pulls to the curb.

BRIAN

What is it -- ?

Troisi is punching in another query:

TROISI

Nothing.

A beat; what Troisi gets back isn't satisfying. He signs off on the computer, puts the car in gear.

BRIAN
Where are we going?

TROISI
You're going home --

Brian presses:

BRIAN
You got something, didn't you?!

But Troisi's mind is elsewhere; he snaps:

TROISI
Kid, just sit there and be quiet.
I'm trying to think --

BRIAN
(right back)
What with -- ?

Troisi more or less ignores that...He slows as he passes the front of Western Medical, studying it.

A beat; Brian adds sourly:

BRIAN
(continuing)
You have a shitty attitude, even
for a cop. I think you ought to
get counselling.

TROISI
(absently)
Oh, yeah? Well, that makes two
of you.

BRIAN
Two? Who else?

TROISI
Jeanne. The little woman. Who
else?

He turns up a side street behind the property. But now his mind has clicked onto another tangent as he concentrates on checking out the physical premises of Western Medical.

TROISI
(continuing)
What does she expect? The other morning,
ap-pro-po of nothing, she tells me we're
going to have a kid. Right over the
orange juice --

He brakes...uses a flashlight to penetrate a shadowy corner.

BRIAN
Yeah? Well...you know --
(at a loss)
Congratulations.

Troisi douses the light, drives on:

TROISI
Hey, it's not like it was exactly
in the game plan. You don't just
go out and...have a kid.

BRIAN
(curious)
What do you do?

Troisi is still studying the Western Medical property:

TROISI
What do I do?

They've come to the end of the property. He breaks off, realizing this conversation with himself was two-party. He glares irritably at Brian:

TROISI
(continuing)
Will you just shut up --

111 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

111

Near Brian's house...as Troisi's car slows to a stop in the f.g.

BRIAN
(getting out)
What happens now?

TROISI
Nothing, until I know exactly what
I got here.
(then)
And you stay out of it, understand?

And he goes...

112 INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - DAY

112

Troc and Lawndale are having lunch.

It's a small place, formica tables, Air Singapore posters, a few Oriental charms on a shelf near the kitchen entrance.

Troc is eating with a knife and fork, Lawndale is expertly manipulating chopsticks.

LAWNDALE

Someone broke in and opened a crate.
It happened to contain a hundred
rifles and twenty-five thousand rounds
of ammunition.

Troc is looking at him sharply.

LAWNDALE

(continuing)
Nothing was taken.
(and)
Might have been a dooper...we get
a few of those.
(then)
Might not have been.

COLONEL TROC

I don't want anything to compromise
the movement.

LAWNDALE

Colonel, I'm not really worried
about the movement. I'm worried
about me.

COLONEL TROC

You have a sacred trust.

LAWNDALE

I have thirty SAM missiles, a thousand
M-16's and a half million rounds of
ammunition, and I've moved them.

COLONEL TROC

Where? My people are waiting for
their weapons.

LAWNDALE

They'll have to wait a little longer.

113 INT. TROC HOUSE - NIGHT

113

Brian and Tina are listening to MUSIC and facing a comfortable
fire in the fireplace.

TINA

Do you ever think about the future?

BRIAN

You mean, what do I want to be when
I grow up?

TINA

Yeah.

BRIAN

I don't know. I used to want to be a veterinarian. But on a farm, you know, horses and cows.

TINA

A tough guy like you?

BRIAN

Well, I wanted to live in the country. But you know what a farm vet does? He helps cows get well so they live long enough to be turned into Quarter Pounders.

TINA

How'd you get to be so cynical?

BRIAN

(with a smile)
Practice.

She comes close to him. She puts her hands on his shoulders.

BRIAN

Can I ask you something personal?

TINA

Sure.

BRIAN

Where's the bathroom?

Disappointed, she indicates the hallway toward the study.

Brian goes down the hall. He scouts the rooms, looking for... looking for something. He's on alert. Passing the Colonel's study he sees the Rams cap on his desk. He opens and then closes the door to the bathroom, loudly, so Tina will hear it.

114 INSIDE THE STUDY

114

He goes through the desk, quickly rifling the contents. He takes an engraved Zippo lighter.

Suddenly, the MUSIC STOPS. Tina bursts into the room.

He shoves the lighter into his pants pocket and forces himself to examine a map of Vietnam on the desk.

TINA
What are you doing?

BRIAN
Interesting map.

TINA
My parents just pulled into the
driveway...you better go out the
back door --

BRIAN
Didn't they know I was coming over?

Tina shakes her head.

BRIAN
But why'd you risk that?

TINA
Maybe I'm beginning to understand
why Vinh thought you were really
okay after all.
(and)
Now hurry --

115 FRONT DOOR

115

Colonel and Madame Troc come in the front door.

116 BACK DOOR

116

Brian races away.

117 EXT. TROISI'S HOUSE - BEACH AREA - DAY

117

Sort of funky...maybe a small second-floor flat set back a few
streets from the beach.

Troisi emerges dressed in jogging shorts and shoes, a towel
thrown across his shirtless shoulders. He looks steamed, and
as he quickly closes the door we HEAR some hurled object SMASH
against it (although we don't hear any female voice).

He shakes his head, starts down the short flight of wooden
stairs to the street...pulls up short.

ANGLE

Brian is there, with his skateboard.

BRIAN

Hi...

(shrugs uneasily)

Just thought I'd check in and see if you came up with anything.

TROISI

Yeah, I came up with a day off!
Do you mind?

(and)

How'd you find out where I live?

BRIAN

(shrugs)

My dad wrote you guys' group medical.
He's got all your addresses.

TROISI

(sighs)

Look, kid, you caught me at a bad time. See me tomorrow downtown, okay?

And he jogs off with a vengeance. Brian watches after him in frustration, and...

117A EXT. BIKE PATH

117A

Adjacent to the sand...Troisi is jogging in the sand; we're GOING WITH him, and here comes Brian on his skateboard, doing some mild stunts as he stays abreast of Troisi.

TROISI

(annoyed)

I thought I said tomorrow --

BRIAN

Hey, it's a free bike path.

As this goes on, WE SEE that Troisi can't help but be somewhat intrigued by the intricate gyrations Brian is performing on the skateboard. A beat, then:

BRIAN

(continuing)

Wow. I never figured you for a jogger.

TROISI

Oh? What's that supposed to mean?

BRIAN

You know...joggers. Anybody can jog.
I mean, why bother?

TROISI
(tight)
Maybe...it's...healthy.

BRIAN
Okay...
(then)
Except I read somewhere a guy who
wrote a book about it dropped dead
at forty or something. Right in
his Filas...

At that, Troisi pulls up, indicates the skateboard:

TROISI
And that's supposed to be a big deal?

BRIAN
(shrugs)
I didn't say it was a big deal --

TROISI
(decisively)
Gimme that --

BRIAN
(surprised)
Hey, I don't think that's a very
good idea. It's not as easy as it
looks...really --

But Troisi has already appropriated Brian's wheels.

He mounts the board tentatively...but with only a few wobbles,
and he seems to get his balance, maybe even something of a feel
for it.

A bit of this; now Troisi's really feeling good; shoots Brian
a superior look.

And it's just then...

BRIAN

winces as Troisi eats it hard on the bike path with appropriate
accompanying profanity.

THE SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Brian is sitting on the sand with Troisi as the latter gingerly
feels around his ankle.

He glares at Brian, who gives him an "I tried to warn you" sort
of shrug.

Another beat, then Troisi is forced to acknowledge the humor of it, smiles, shakes his head. Brian does, too.

BRIAN

Look, I'm sorry. I guess I shouldn't have hassled you on your day off --

TROISI

Ah, forget it --

He tentatively starts to get to his feet. As he bobs around, starting to test his ankle:

TROISI

(continuing)

Okay, here's the make on Western Medical...There was a flag on the computer read-out, so I made a few calls. Seems they've been on the shady edge of a couple of illegal arms deals overseas. But through intermediaries so there's nothing hard.

(then)

So there's Lawndale, there's Troc, and there's a blank space where Bobby Nguyen ought to be. But no evidence.

(then)

So it's gonna take time.

BRIAN

(crestfallen)

Time -- ?

TROISI

(earnestly)

Kid, I'm hanging in, okay?

He shakes his head in frustration:

TROISI

(continuing)

I gotta figure some way to shake their tree. And that's gonna take a little time.

He starts to go; gives Brian a look:

TROISI

(continuing)

But you gotta trust me, okay?

And he goes, leaving Brian watching thoughtfully after him.

118 EXT. NOVELTY STORE - DAY

118

As Brian comes out. He's got a Rams cap. He adjusts it, jumps on his bike and rides off.

119 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER/BEDROOM

119

As Brian and Yabbo ENTER FRAME from above:

YABBO

This abnormal behavior, it all has to do with Vinnie, right?

BRIAN

What abnormal behavior?

Yabbo sighs, pulls a box from beneath his bed.

BRIAN

(continuing)

Aren't you worried about your mom finding it?

YABBO

Uh uh. She's claustrophobic. Hasn't been down here since '85. Why else would I live like this?

Brian is going through the contents of the box.

YABBO

(continuing)

Cherry bombs, M-80's, a string of way-loud New Year's noisemakers. Take your pick.

120 INT. BRIAN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

120

Brian siphons gas from his father's car. He sucks on a rubber hose until the gas comes through and then fills a three-gallon can.

CUT TO:

121 SKATEBOARD POV

121

of boulevard concrete, sidewalks and curbs.

121A BRIAN

121A

wearing camouflage pants and a small backpack. The MUSIC is coming up to throttle...

122 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

122

With his board under his arm, Brian climbs over the fence. He uses the board to protect himself from the barbed wire. A security trailer, where there was none before, is parked near the fence.

Ahead a SECURITY GUARD

checks the door to the warehouse.

After the Guard passes...Brian, stretched across his board, is paddling forward.

He's wearing the Rams cap he bought. He adjusts position so he can do a modified sidestroke. A SECOND SECURITY GUARD comes around the building but doesn't see Brian.

The two Guards disappear behind the building together.

THE SECURITY TRAILER

Under the trailer, Brian starts loosening a cotter pin holding the trailer in place. He takes chocks away from its wheels.

Then he takes a string of Charlie's firecrackers from his backpack, lights them and tosses them into the trailer.

They go off. The SOUND from inside the trailer is like war.

The two Guards come running from around the building. Brian stays under the trailer.

When the firecrackers stop, the two men look inside and then cautiously step up and then into the trailer.

Brian puts an M-80 into a large juice can and throws it up in the air. It EXPLODES at window level.

123 INT. SECURITY TRAILER - NIGHT

123

The trailer is shaken by the SOUND of the EXPLOSION and then MACHINE GUN FIRE, or something close to it.

FIRST GUARD

Duck -- !

124 EXT. SECURITY TRAILER - NIGHT

124

Brian slides a pin into the trailer door's outside latch. It can't be opened from the inside now. The gasoline can is on his skateboard. He lights a rag in the can's spout and then rolls the board towards the warehouse loading bay, in the direction of a large propane gas storage tank. When the board is clear of the trailer he gives a last tug on the cotter pin, and now the trailer begins to roll. Brian's old elbow wound is open.

THE SKATEBOARD

rolling forward with the wick burning closer to the can.

THE TRAILER

is rolling towards the fence.

THE SKATEBOARD

rolls underneath the propane gas tank and bounces off the wall. The gas can BLOWS UP and then the propane goes with it. The force of the blast propels the retreating skateboard.

BRIAN

watches the trailer crash into the gate and roll safely out to the street. He reaches down like a shortstop picking off an easy ground ball and deftly catches his board.

He skates up to the flames, drops the Rams cap by the door.

124A ANGLE AT FIRE ALARM

124A

as Brian smashes it...skates away.

125 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - LATER - NIGHT

125

Police and firetrucks are everywhere.

ON RAMS CAP

A HAND picks it up: it's one of the Security Guards. He gives it to Lawndale.

126 EXT. ROOF OF ANOTHER BUILDING - NIGHT

126

It starts to rain.

Brian, with binoculars, watches Lawndale looking at the cap. Lawndale is angry; he goes to his car phone and makes a call.

Satisfied, Brian leaves.

127 INT. TROC BEDROOM - NIGHT

127

Troc is on the phone. His wife is beside him in bed, listening, disturbed.

COLONEL TROC
(trying to be calm)
Ed...now, Ed, you moved everything
out, right, so they can't find
anything. We're safe.

128 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

128

Lawndale is on his car phone. He's holding the Rams cap.

LAWNDALE

What makes you think you're so safe.

COLONEL TROC (O.S./THROUGH PHONE)

What do you mean by that?

LAWNDALE

If it could happen to one of us, it could happen to the other.

He hangs up.

129 INT. TROC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

129

Troc is putting the phone down.

COLONEL TROC

Americans, they're all crazy.

(to Madame Troc)

Get Tina, and send her to Tang's house, now.

MADAME TROC

You promised me! You promised me!
No more war, it was all over, you
said no more war!

Madame Troc doesn't move. Tina, in her bathrobe, comes into the bedroom.

TINA

Daddy, what's going on?

COLONEL TROC

Go to your Uncle Tang's house right now.

TINA

What have you done?

COLONEL TROC

Nothing.

TINA

Then why do I have to run?

130 EXT. WESTERN MEDICAL SUPPLIES - NIGHT

130

The rain continues. Firetrucks, police. Another unmarked cruiser pulls in and Troisi and McGill step from it.

McGill takes in the raging fire. Troisi watches the burn in complete dismay.

McGILL
Jesus, what a fire --

TROISI
Fire? Uh uh.
(and)
That's a tree shaking.

McGill gives him a look.

131 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 131

As, soaked, he climbs in through his bedroom window.

132 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 132

as he peels off his soaked clothes, jumps into bed and turns out the light. A beat. Then he snaps the light back on, jumps up and grabs a blow-dryer, starts drying his hair.

133 DELETED 133

134 DELETED 134

135 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT 135

The DOORBELL is RINGING...Gloria, in a robe, arrives to answer.
It's Troisi and McGill.

GLORIA
What is it?

TROISI
I'd like to talk to your son,
Mrs. Kelly.

THE SAME - MINUTES LATER

As Brian has made an appearance...Troisi is checking his hair for dampness. There is none.

TROISI
(skeptically)
In bed, eh?

BRIAN
(shrugs)
You know, early to bed, early to rise --

That's one too many for Troisi:

TROISI
Folks, do you mind if I have a
word with Brian in private -- ?

But he's already got him out the door before they can reply.

135A EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE

135A

As Troisi uncereemoniously spins Brian to face him and, in his face, thoroughly pissed:

TROISI
I don't like bullshit, kid, not from
anybody, and least of all somebody I
went out on a limb for -- !
(and)
I can't pin that fire on you right
now, but I know you set it. And that
makes it a whole different ballgame.
You don't go around setting fires, I
don't care what your problem is!

BRIAN
Somebody had to do something! You
said so yourself --

TROISI
By the rules --
(and)
But you don't like rules, do you?
You're above rules, right?
(then)
Well, let me give you a piece of
news...I was the one guy in the
universe who listened when you talked.
Now there's nobody!

And with that he turns and goes...

135B INT. HOUSE

135B

As Brian comes back in. His parents are waiting for him. Don, sensing that things have been going on he's not been aware of, is angry and ready to get angrier:

DON
Brian, what's going on?

BRIAN
(shrugs uneasily)
It was just a misunderstanding.

DON
Don't give me that! Those police
came here for a reason!

BRIAN

It was just...somebody broke some
car windows. No big deal --

Don stares at him a beat, then flatly:

DON

You're lying --

Gloria senses things could get out of hand:

GLORIA

Don, let's just drop it for now --

DON

(snaps)

We're always dropping it!

(then)

You spend your whole life, okay, not
your whole life, but years, years and
years...in one direction...You say to
yourself, well, so I'm not going to
own the world, but I've achieved
something else, something more important.
A family. A home.

(turns on Brian)

Then that turns out to be a lie!

A beat; then Gloria steps between them, implores:

GLORIA

That's enough! I want us all to
just go to bed now!

Another beat; then:

DON

Fine.

And, turning his back on Brian, he goes. HOLD on BRIAN and GLORIA.

136 INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

136

Brian is in bed...a beat, then a KNOCK at the window. It's Tina.
Surprised, he helps her in.

BRIAN

God, you're soaked. Let me get
you a towel.

He goes into the bathroom and comes back with a big towel. He
wraps it around her.

TINA
(exhaustion, tears)
Everything is falling apart.

BRIAN
Hey hey hey hey hey...

He seats her on the edge of Vinh's bed.

TINA
I was supposed to go to my uncle's
house, my father told me to go...
but everything's so confusing --

BRIAN
I'm sorry.

TINA
Kelly, you're so bizarre. What do
you have to be sorry for?

BRIAN
Causing you trouble.

TINA
My friendship with an American boy
is the least of my troubles.

She looks at him, smiles for the first time.

TINA
You know, I used to watch you skating.

BRIAN
(playfully)
Yeah? What'd you think? I was
pretty good, huh?

TINA
That's not what I meant. I used to
think, oh, those punks, they're so
angry. But then I started looking at
you, and I thought, no, he's not angry,
he's sad.
(she's about to cry)
I really like you. It's awful, sometimes,
the things you have to go through to
make a friend.

A beat...then he puts his arms around her and they hug. It's
the kind of hug that's more important than a kiss, because you
can get enough of those in life.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAWN

138

Brian, wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Tina has long since fallen asleep in Vinh's bed.

TINA

What time is it?

BRIAN

Five-thirty.

TINA

I have to go.

She climbs out of bed, starts for the window. But her eye falls on something on the desk. Her father's Zippo lighter.

TINA

What's this?

BRIAN

It's nothing, it's just an old lighter.

She flicks it on and off.

TINA

This is my father's.

BRIAN

No, I got it at some Army surplus store.

TINA

The American ambassador gave this to my father in 1969. It has his initials on it.

She flicks it on. She holds up the flame.

BRIAN

Any way I try to explain this to you will come out all wrong.

TINA

Try.

BRIAN

They killed my brother.

TINA

Who?

BRIAN

Your father and his friend Lawndale. They're using the money from the charity to buy guns. My brother must have found out, that's why they killed him.

TINA

Go on.

Brian continues, not trying to hurt her, just trying to explain.

BRIAN

I know it won't matter to you, but
I didn't want to hurt you. I didn't
know you. All I wanted to do was get
at the people who killed my brother.

TINA

Do you have proof?

BRIAN

Enough for me.

TINA

Can you prove to me that my father
killed your brother?

BRIAN

There's something else.

He crosses to the desk, hands her the address tag from the crate.

BRIAN

It's from one of the medicine boxes.
I saw the guns.

TINA

But you can't prove that they killed
Vinh.

BRIAN

Not yet.

TINA

Yes or no.

BRIAN

No.

She drops the lighter, goes.

Brian lies back on his bed. We HEAR Tina's CAR driving away.
He flicks the lighter on and puts his finger into the flame.

139 INT. TROC HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

139

The Colonel is on the phone, talking in Vietnamese. He stops
when Tina comes in the room and puts down the phone.

COLONEL TROC

Where were you, where did you go? Do you have any idea what you've been putting us through? You were supposed to go to your Uncle Tang. Where were you?

TINA

What happened to Vinh Kelly?

COLONEL TROC

(this takes a
breath from him)

Why are you asking me about this now?

TINA

What happened to Vinh Kelly?

COLONEL TROC

Who have you been speaking to?

TINA

How did he die?

COLONEL TROC

He killed himself. How would I know any more than you?

TINA

It wasn't about guns, Daddy? It wasn't about Mr. Lawndale?

COLONEL TROC

Tina...

TINA

I don't blame him for what he's done. I'd have done anything. Anything.

COLONEL TROC

My God, it's his brother, isn't it? All of this.

She's fighting tears. She hands him the address tag.

COLONEL TROC

Vinh Kelly's death was an accident. You have to understand, you have to believe one thing about me. Whatever I've done, I've done for the Vietnamese nation. There are still people who want to fight the Communists. But medicine and humanitarian aid alone doesn't bring your country back to you. His brother! You don't know what that boy has done.

He picks up the phone and pushes a speed-dial button.

140 INT. LAWNDALe'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

140

Lawndale on the phone.

LAWNDALe

He's a kid? And he did it alone?
Christ...Well, as long as he's keeping
this between him and us...you know
what we have to do...

141 EXT. BOULEVARD - ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

141

Brian starts to skate home. He doesn't see that he's being followed by Tran Diem and FIVE other YOUNG VIETNAMESE TOUGHS, a pretty slick-looking crew, all on Honda Elites. They've staked out the road, anywhere he goes they can follow. They assemble behind him.

141A A STAINLESS STEEL OIL TRUCK is in front of Brian. The back of the truck works like a huge rear view mirror, and he can SEE the deadly phalanx behind him. He skates off the road, through a gas station, and he's followed. He turns down a hill. 141A

142 EXT. A STEEP HILL - DAY

142

Tran Diem pulls up alongside Brian while Brian speeds downhill.

TRAN DIEM

Mr. Lawndale wants to see you.

BRIAN

What for? To play Monopoly?

TRAN DIEM

He wants to talk.

BRIAN

Yeah, right.

Brian crosses in front of Tran Diem and skates to a driveway. He's going so fast that he shoots up in the air and lands on the sidewalk. The Honda Elites pace him on the steep street. Everyone is going fast. NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE have to get out of the way of the kid on the skateboard and the motorscooters behind him.

Down at the bottom of the hill is a police car. Brian skates back into the street. The police car turns uphill. Brian skates straight at it.

143 INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

143

The TWO COPS see Brian and the Vietnamese Toughs coming at them. Brian LEAPS with his skateboard up to the hood of the car, rides up the windshield...

144 BACK TO SCENE

144

and then slides over the hood. The Honda Elites have been going too fast to stop. One crashes into the police car, four others are brought to a stop either by falling or sliding, and only Tran Diem rides away safely.

WE should also SEE that Brian's skateboard has been pretty well shredded by all of this.

145 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

145

Brian is alone in the room. Troisi comes in:

TROISI

Why were they following you?

BRIAN

They said Lawndale wanted to see me.

TROISI

That's not what they say. They say you called them...

(refers to notepad)

...motherfucking, faggot, slant-eyed gooks.

BRIAN

Wow, that really sounds like me.

TROISI

(a beat)

Ready to tell me about the fire?

BRIAN

What fire?

TROISI

You ought to be scared, you know.

BRIAN

I am.

146 INT. POLICE STATION PROCESSING DESK - DAY

146

Brian picking up his belongings. His parents don't say anything as the beaten skateboard is lifted out of the bag. Brian looks at them, feels guilty about the board, tries to carry it unobtrusively, can't. As they start out of the station, Don is grimly silent.

147 INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

147

At the far end of a long hallway we see Troisi talking to Nick Oliver, the cop who translated the medical supplies list. Troisi gestures a couple of times, and Nick nods.

148 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

148

All five Toughs are assembled now, seated across from Troisi and Nick Oliver, who is standing.

TROISI
(to Toughs)
This is Detective Oliver. Let's
all get to know each other.
(and)
Who paid you to run down the kid --
Troc or Lawndale?

United, all of the Toughs feel invincible.

TROISI
(continuing)
By the way, anybody get a postcard
from Bobby Nguyen? No? He ever
mention why he left in such a hurry?

The Toughs look poker-faced.

148A INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

148A

As the troubled family comes in...Brian starts to head straight for his room, but Don stops him:

DON
I don't know what's going on, Brian.
But I give up. From now on, you're
on your own.

A beat, then Brian heads straight for his room. Gloria starts to call after him, doesn't. She turns to follow Don into the living room.

148B INT. LIVING ROOM

148B

As Gloria turns on her husband, more than a little distraught:

GLORIA
(demands)
Did you mean that?

DON
Mean what?

GLORIA
That Brian is on his own? That,
somehow, we're not his parents
any more?
(and)
My God, somebody may have tried to
kill him today, and all you can seem
to care about is whether he was on a
skateboard!

DON

It's what it represents. He knows
how I feel about it --

GLORIA

(angrily)

No, he doesn't know how you feel about
anything! Because you quit trying to
tell him!

(groping uncertainly)

Somehow, with Vinh...with everything...
it all went wrong --

(and)

We were so happy that he was quick
to learn, adapt...was so...rare...how
the two of you were so different and
yet so much alike --

(breaks off; then)

It was exciting, but...

(helplessly)

What about Brian? Where did he fit in?

DON

(neately)

That's not fair! If he'd ever tried!
Just once -- !

But Gloria whirls on him, torn and angrily confused:

GLORIA

(a plea)

All I know is Don, he's the only son
we have left...

And she rushes from the room. HOLD DON a beat.

148C ANGLE AT BRIAN'S ROOM

148C

Don approaches...RAPS tentatively at the DOOR. There's no
answer. Finally he opens it.

148D INT. BRIAN'S ROOM

148D

As Don comes in. Brian's gone.

HOLD Don's sudden, genuine concern, then...

149 INT. ANOTHER INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

149

A feeling that much frustrating time has passed...coffee cups,
overflowing cigarette butts. McGill enters, crosses to Troisi.
Oliver is leaning against the wall, observing.

MCGILL

The lawyer's getting pretty steamed...
but I told him they were still in
processing.

Troisi nods, turns back to the Hoods:

TROISI

Now, we're going to go through this
one more time for the detective.
Your whole story --

The Toughs exchange bored looks for one another's amusement.
Tough #2 pokes the Leader:

TOUGH #2

(in Vietnamese;

SUBTITLES)

You tell that guy at Western Medical
we get extra money for talking to
this dumb shit.

The Toughs all laugh. Troisi glances at Nick Oliver.

NICK OLIVER

(in Vietnamese;

SUBTITLES)

Which dumb shit is that?

The Toughs stare at him in astonishment. Oliver smiles:

NICK OLIVER

(continuing; SUBTITLES)

That's all, guys, you've given us
everything we need.

149A INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

149A

Troisi is at his desk placing a call to the Kellys. INTERCUT
Don as the conversation unfolds.

149B INT. DON'S STUDY - NIGHT

149B

149A TROISI

149A

TROISI

Hello, Mr. Kelly...This is Detective
Troisi. Is Brian in --

DON

(anxiously)

I was about to call you, Detective.
I just checked his room. He's not
there.

Troisi bites back an oath:

TROISI

All right...

(then)

Mr. Kelly, I don't want to alarm you, but it looks like some of the things Brian has been telling us about the circumstances of your son Vinh's death might be true. It looks like it may have been a murder after all --

Don is appropriately stunned:

DON

Murder...My God --

TROISI

And I'm afraid Brian might be in danger himself. I think you'd better check out his friends, places he hangs out.

(and)

I'd feel a lot more comfortable if I knew just where he was right now.

DON

I will...right away.

Troisi hangs up and with new urgency grabs his coat. As an afterthought, before he heads for the door, he pulls his .38, snaps open the cylinder to check the loads.

150 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

150

Brian drops down into the shelter, flipping on a light and waking up Yabbo. Brian is all business now.

BRIAN

Fix this.

He shows Yabbo his wrecked board.

YABBO

Brian. It's dead.

BRIAN

I need a deck. Street wheels. Lapper. Nose guard. Rails. Keep the trucks real tight.

YABBO

(smiling)

Who are you?

BRIAN

I don't have time to kid around.

YABBO
What's going on?

BRIAN
I'll need some other things, too.

YABBO
When do you need it?

BRIAN
Now.

YABBO
That's way fast.

Brian is the New Ice Age.

YABBO
But I'm fast.

151 EXT. LAWNDALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - DAWN IS IN HALF AN HOUR

151

Troisi's and two other cars out front. Troisi and McGill at the door. Mrs. Lawndale opens the door. She's hard-looking and not surprised to finally see the police.

TROISI
Mrs. Lawndale, is your husband home?

MRS. LAWNDALE
He's gone.

TROISI
Do you mind if we have a look around?

MRS. LAWNDALE
No...Come in.

TROISI
By the way, Mrs. Lawndale, I don't suppose you've seen a teenage boy around here any time during the night --

she shakes her head. Troisi turns to McGill.

TROISI
(continuing)
Go through everything. I'm going to pay Troc a visit.

152 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

152

YABBO'S WORKBENCH

Tuning a skateboard; choosing wheels, weighing them in each hand.

BRIAN
(chooses one)
The red ones.

YABBO
It's a rougher ride on the street.
All they are is faster.
(off Brian's look)
You got it.

Applying skid tape. Brian finds a bubble of air under the tape.

BRIAN
Do it over.

YABBO
Is one little air bubble gonna
make a difference?

BRIAN
Yes.

Yabbo rips it up and starts over.

YABBO
(talking to himself)
Yabbo, the next time a man gleams
the cube, keep it to yourself.

As the drill makes holes for the rails...

153 DELETED 153

154 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - JUST BEFORE DAWN 154

YABBO

positioning the wheels

BRIAN

putting on the safety equipment his mother bought him: knee pads,
elbow pads, gloves...helmet...

Choosing his shoes: Vans on his left foot, Converse on his
right foot...

155 DELETED 155

156 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - DAWN 156

YABBO

makes final adjustments, checking the line, testing the flexibility
of the trucks.

He gives Brian the skateboard. Brian spins the wheels with his hand.

BRIAN
Get the guys. Just in case.

YABBO
We're with you, man.

157 EXT. YABBO'S HOUSE - DAWN

157

THE SKATEBOARD'S SPINNING WHEELS ON THE STREET
catch the first light of the day. The metal parts shine like silver.

158 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - DAWN

158

Yabbo makes a call.

159 INT. PIZZA HUT - DAWN

159

Buddy answers the phone.

BUDDY
Pizza Hut.
(beat)
Yabbo! What'd you want? The usual?

158 INT. YABBO'S BOMB SHELTER - DAWN

158

YABBO
Fuck no, man, how can you eat pizza
at six in the morning? Listen, it's
time to scramble. We've gotta round
up the guys. Brian needs us.

160 EXT. STREET - DAY

160

ON BRIAN

He passes the Pizza Hut.

160A ON BUDDY

160A

He sees Brian ride by. He dials another number.

161 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

161

The PHONE RINGS. Sam's ANGRY FATHER comes storming into

162 INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY

162

Sam is sleeping.

ANGRY FATHER

Six in the morning and there's a phone call for you! Sam, when your friends disturb my sleep, I disturb your sleep. And tell Buddy this house is off limits.

Sam is immediately on Red Alert.

SAM

Did he say "scramble?"

ANGRY FATHER

Yes.

SAM

Dig you later, Daddy-O.

Sam starts throwing on clothes.

163 EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

163

Brian rides into the traffic and hitches a ride on a bus.

164 DELETED

164

165 EXT. GREMIC'S HOUSE - DAY

165

Sam bounces a spare skate wheel off Gremic's bedroom window. Gremic pokes his head out the window.

SAM

Got a job.

GREMIC

Okay.

SAM

Could be dangerous.

GREMIC

Could be?

SAM

Will be dangerous.

GREMIC

Let's go.

166 EXT. TROC'S STREET - DAY

166

The SOUND of SKATE WHEELS. Brian arrives.

A station wagon in Troc's driveway is being loaded with luggage. Lawndale's Thunderbird is behind the station wagon.

Brian picks up his skateboard and cuts through

167 EXT. BACKYARDS - DAY

167

on the same side of the street as Troc's house. It's early in the morning, remember, and if he startles anyone, it's a HOUSEWIFE in pajamas watering the garden. But he's not on politeness mode, and he doesn't say anything, and his fervor has the kind of supernatural aura which doesn't invite any interruptions. He jumps up to

167A A BACK WALL

167A

Ahead of him is Troc's backyard. It is a dramatically landscaped Oriental garden. Brian is impressed.

168 EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

168

Troisi pushing it. He turns onto Bolsa Avenue.

169 EXT. PIZZA HUT - DAY

169

Wheels. Little wheels. The team is coming together. Eight, ten skateboards, and the best riders in Orange County.

170 EXT. TROC'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

170

Troisi on the way to Troc's house.

171 INT. TROC'S HOUSE - DAY

171

Lawndale and Troc are in Troc's office. Troc is feeding papers into a small high-speed shredder. The paper is turned into confetti. The two men talk quietly.

LAWNDALE

I don't think you should go to Hong Kong. I'm taking care of the situation.

COLONEL TROC

(not hearing Lawndale)

I kept asking myself, why is the tag detachable. This is new. And I thought, he's not going to send the guns to Hong Kong. He's sending them somewhere else. Right?

LAWNDALE

Why would I do that?

COLONEL TROC

Because you don't think I have chance to conquer Vietnam. Because you only want to back a winner. Where were you sending the guns? South Africa? South Korea?

LAWNDALE

And a few to North Korea, too. It's a business.

COLONEL TROC

We killed Vinh, and he only meant well. We killed Bobby Nguyen. He started out a good boy. Then you got to him.

He takes out a gun.

172 INT. TROC HOUSE - HALL OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE - DAY

172

Tina knocks. She's tear-stained but composed.

TINA

Mother and I are ready. We're all packed.

She opens the door.

173 INT. TROC'S OFFICE - DAY

173

Lawndale grabs Tina and pulls a small gun from his jacket.

LAWNDALE

You know I'll do it.

174 EXT. TROC'S BACKYARD - DAY

174

Brian sees Lawndale grab Tina. He puts the tail of the board on top of the garden wall and stands on it. The length of the board hangs in the air. He's perfectly balanced.

175 INT. TROC HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

175

Troisi races in, gun drawn; he looks into the rooms on either side of the hall and then comes to the office.

176 INT. TROC OFFICE - DAY

176

Troisi, gun in front of him, swings around the corner into the room. He sees Tina in Lawndale's grip.

TROISI

Put the gun down.

While Lawndale's attention is diverted, Troc lunges for the gun.

177 EXT. TROC'S BACKYARD - DAY

177

BRIAN

Here we go, Vinh.

He launches himself...He skates down the steep vertical wall; building up speed, he clears an ornamental pond and...

178 INT. TROC'S OFFICE - DAY

178

Troisi can't get a clear shot at Lawndale because Tina is in the way and...Lawndale shoots Troc. Tina screams as her father falls back against a book case, and while the sound of the shot is still in the room...

Brian CRASHES through the floor-to-ceiling plate glass window. Glass is shattering into a spray of nuggets as Brian is sent sprawling.

Lawndale, rough with Tina, backs her out through the broken window. Before following, Troisi rushes to check on Brian and Troc.

Brian is bleeding, but the cuts are superficial.

TROISI

(to Brian)

Are you all right?

BRIAN

Where's Tina?

179 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

179

Tran Diem comes around the side of the house, and Lawndale stops him. With Tina and Diem now at gunpoint, he leads them towards Troisi's police car, which is blocking Lawndale's Thunderbird. He forces Diem to get in the driver's seat, while he puts Tina in the back and gets in beside her.

178A INT. TROC'S OFFICE - DAY

178A

Madame Troc runs to her husband and cradles him in her arms. He is bleeding and unconscious. He is dying.

TROISI

Call 911, get an ambulance.

(to Brian)

You stay here, help her.

Then he runs out through the broken window and around the house to the street.

180 EXT. TROC HOUSE - STREET - DAY

180

Troisi can SEE his police car down the street, turning onto the boulevard. He sticks his head in the Thunderbird's window.

TROISI
Shit, no keys!

He opens the door and dives under the steering column, looking for the leads to hot-wire the car. Suddenly there's another head under the column, too. Brian.

BRIAN
Let me, this is against the law.

Brian is already pulling out wires from under the steering column, and in a fast few seconds, the car is going. He looks at Troisi, who is already behind the wheel, throwing the car into gear.

TROISI
Mind if I drive?

181 EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

181

It's morning rush hour...We can even HEAR a little drive time RADIO CHATTER ("Good morning, Orange County," etc.)...The stolen police car is slowed by the traffic. Suddenly the lights and SIREN are activated. Troisi comes screeching into an intersection and turns. He SEES his police car getting away, two blocks ahead.

182 INT. THUNDERBIRD - DAY

182

Troisi is on the car phone.

TROISI
Requesting a roadblock on Harbor
Boulevard.

He hangs up. Brian picks up the phone and dials...

BRIAN
Yabbo...This is it. You're after a
stolen police car on Harbor.

He hangs up. Troisi looks at him. Brian shrugs.

BRIAN
You got your team, I got mine.

183 INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - DAY

183

Lawndale's gun is against Tran Diem's neck. Tina is on the floor of the car. Traffic is now getting out of the way.

LAWNDALE

Get off the boulevard.

Diem cuts through a large parking lot, Troisi behind; now they're closer.

184 EXT. ANOTHER WIDE STREET - DAY

184

Diem is out of the parking lot. A light is ahead; it's yellow.

LAWNDALE

Go!

Diem races through the light when it's red, causing an accident between two cars that were turning, and now the intersection is filled with other cars that were waiting for the green.

185 INT. THUNDERBIRD - DAY

185

Troisi is having trouble getting through the blocked intersection.

BRIAN

This is where I say goodbye.

Brian unbuckles his seatbelt, opens the door and puts his board on the road, guiding it with his right foot. The car is going fifteen miles an hour. Troisi brakes.

TROISI

Brian, no!

186 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

186

And Brian is in the intersection on his board. He skates through the messed-up traffic, and ahead of him can SEE the stolen police car. Brian is at the top of a downgrade and he's able to pour on the speed. Troisi can't go forward or backward at the moment.

LAWNDALE

SEES Brian.

The car turns up a hill, SIREN screaming and lights flashing.

187 EXT. STREET ON HILL - DAY

187

Lawndale is halfway up the grade.

Brian is at the base of the hill; there's no way he can follow now. It looks like Lawndale will get away.

187A TOP OF THE HILL

187A

When we look to the top, elation grows as each of ten skateboarders flies into view. With Yabbo in the lead, they're like a formation of fighter planes in the Battle of Britain.

The formation divides and through the gap comes Buddy at the wheel of the Pizza Hut's delivery truck, headed straight for Lawndale's car.

187B TRAN DIEM

187B

brakes violently.

LAWNDALE

Keep going!

But Diem chickens out and turns down a side street. The side street leads downhill. The Thrashers follow him while the pick-up truck's momentum carries it down the hill. The side street leads to a road going over an open storm drain.

187C BRIAN

187C

sees the car travelling over the storm drain with Thrashers in pursuit. In an attempt to catch up, he turns to the storm drain, and then he skates down the almost vertical walls of the drain and up the other side.

187D THE STOLEN POLICE CAR

187D

pulls ahead of the Thrashers and crosses the bridge over the storm drain.

187E BRIAN

187E

arrives on the boulevard beyond the storm drain, ahead of the Thrashers and behind Lawndale.

187F A FREEWAY ENTRANCE

187F

is ahead. Diem is petrified, but he has to drive for his life now. He turns onto the freeway.

BRIAN

grabs onto the back of an airport bus. The bus continues onto the freeway. We HEAR the wail of police SIRENS in the distance.

187G TROISI

187G

driving, has approached the storm drain from the opposite direction. He's hitting the HORN as hard as he can, and when he SEES Brian riding his skateboard onto the freeway, he follows him.

187H THE BUS DRIVER

187H

looks in his side view mirror and SEES Brian. He checks his speedometer. Fifty-five. He hits the brakes.

187I BRIAN

187I

uses the momentum of the bus and lets go, releasing himself into the next lane. He grabs onto the passenger door handle of a van. Lawndale is in traffic, four or five cars away and up ahead. Troisi is blocked by a truck.

188 INSIDE THE VAN

188

The VAN DRIVER SEES Brian in the window. It's a bit disconcerting, but the driver, a classic Heavy Metal Party Animal, a beer-for-breakfast kind of guy, is not too plussed.

VAN DRIVER

Hey, good buddy, you wanna get in?

BRIAN

You see that police car up ahead?

VAN DRIVER

(not the brightest)

Is he after you?

BRIAN

(goes with it)

Yeah.

VAN DRIVER

Hang on.

The Driver lets out a charming but lethal REBEL YELL, downshifts and floors it...

Speedometer 60, 65, 70...

189 EXT. THE VAN

189

One speed bump and Brian would be a stain on the 405.

They're drawing closer to Lawndale.

TROISI

some distance ahead, has his HORN blaring. Traffic is trying to get out of the way. Beyond him, we SEE three police cars pull onto the freeway.

LAWNDALE

is stuck between two big sixteen-wheelers, the best of Kenilworth and Mack. The drivers can see that this is not the police. Lawndale is waving his gun out the window at them. This is a gesture that displeases the truck drivers.

Jammed between the trucks, Lawndale can SEE underneath the truck on his left...Brian's FEET on the skateboard. Diem can't go forward, and Lawndale forces him to go sideways now, towards the next off-ramp.

LAWNDALE
(to Diem)
Get off the freeway!

190 INSIDE THE VAN

190

The Van Driver sees that Brian is ready to leave him.

VAN DRIVER
Don't tell me you gotta go...

BRIAN
Thanks for the ride.

VAN DRIVER
It's been real.

Another REBEL YELL...

191 OUTSIDE THE VAN

191

Troisi is now dogging Lawndale. Brian sees Lawndale edging towards the off-ramp. He pushes off from the van and, riding low, between the wheels underneath the first truck, gets to the next lane and comes up right beside Troisi in the Thunderbird.

Brian grabs onto the door.

TROISI

brakes a little.

TROISI
For Christ's sake!

BRIAN
They're getting away!

192 Troisi reluctantly speeds up again. Now they're on the off-ramp. 192 The ramp is a tight curve with a posted speed of 25 miles per hour. At 60, Troisi is having trouble with the front-heavy car.

TROISI
Let go!

Brian does as he's told, and when he lets go, Troisi swings the car violently into the wall, crushing the door that Brian was holding onto. The impact corrects the slide and Troisi continues after the police car.

Brian is going faster than he's ever gone. He tucks low and like a bobsled in the sharpest turn, he rides the wall of the ramp.

Diem is going too fast and is forced to brake. The police car spins out and smashes against the wall at the bottom of the ramp. Diem is thrown into the windshield.

Lawndale leaps out of the car, dragging Tina with him.

Troisi also hits the wall. He gets out of his car, gun drawn on Lawndale, but he can't shoot without risking Tina's life. Lawndale turns on Troisi, gun raised.

Brian is almost there, behind Lawndale.

BRIAN

No!

Brian launches himself into the air, board first...twirling the board, it's now a shield, and then he comes with the full force of his ride into Lawndale's back, sending him forward, away from Tina. Brian continues past him, landing hard, and if there's any need for slow motion, we'd get it now, as his safety pads and helmet keep him from being torn up on the road.

TROISI

slaps handcuffs on Lawndale. Tina rushes to Brian. He's face down. She turns him over. His cheek has been scraped raw. He opens his eyes, he focuses.

BRIAN

You okay?

TINA

I'm okay.

192A BRIAN'S POV

192A

Troisi appears in his frame of vision.

TROISI

You did good.

192 RESUME SCENE

192

Brian starts to get up. Troisi puts a hand on his shoulder.

TROISI

Take it easy.

SIRENS. Police cars. Buddy in the Pizza Hut truck comes off the freeway. The Thrashers leap from the back while it's going slowly and skate down to Brian.

An ambulance arrives. Yabbo retrieves Brian's skateboard which is completely chewed up. He skates back to him. He looks at his friend with awe.

YABBO

Shit, man, this is less than an hour old.

BRIAN
You didn't have the trucks tight
enough, I could have been killed.

YABBO
(big smile)
Next time.

They give each other a power handshake. That's as much energy
as Brian can muster. The ambulance is ready, the MEDICS start
to lift him onto a gurney.

YABBO
(to rough Medic)
Watch it.

FADE OUT

193 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

193

Brian is in bed, eyes closed. His arm is in a cast, the side
of his face is bruised.

Tina watches him.

He opens his eyes.

BRIAN
How long have you been here?

TINA
A while.

BRIAN
How long have I been here?

TINA
Couple of days.

BRIAN
Your father?

TINA
He died.

BRIAN
I'm sorry. I really am.
(a beat)
What are you going to do?

There's a silence. Brian realizes she's holding his hand. He
touches her arm, her long hair.

TINA

My mother wants to stay here, but I don't know...after what's happened, how can I go to school again? How can I face anyone?

BRIAN

Look, don't go back until I get out of here. Then we'll go together. I'll walk you.

193A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

193A

Brian is standing at Vinh's grave.

In the b.g., we SEE Troisi's car draw to a halt. He gets out, crosses to Brian's side.

For a moment they contemplate the grave together. Then:

TROISI

He must have been a pretty terrific guy.

BRIAN

(nods)

He was.

TROISI

(a beat)

Well, it happens. Good ones come along, I guess. So maybe I'll get lucky --

BRIAN

(light jab)

I thought maybe you were going to do the kid a favor and take a hike --

TROISI

(shrugs)

Well, we had a couple of talks. Maybe I was overreacting, you know?

(and)

Anyway, she's a good lady. Crazy about me. So what're you gonna do?

(then; resigned)

We're going out and look at a couple of split-levels today.

BRIAN

Split-levels? You?

Troisi gives Brian a look, smiles:

TROISI

You gotta make some adjustments, right?

Brian smiles, nods, and...

194 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

194

As he walks up to the front door.

195 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

195

The front door opens. Brian is framed in the doorway. His parents step into view.

A moment passes. Then Don steps forward and puts his arms around his son and leads him into the house.

The door closes.

FADE OUT

THE END