

034668

HAVOC

by
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I came in when the goddamn stage show was on. The Rockettes were kicking their heads off, the way they do when they're all in line with their arms around each other's waist. The audience applauded like mad, and some guy behind me kept saying to his wife, "you know what that is? That's precision." He killed me.

Holden Caulfield

The specific character of despair is precisely this: it is unaware of being despair.

Soren Kierkegaard

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY - DUSK

Los Angeles spreads out like a flickering sixty mile tapestry... The bright clusters of suburbs, the dark wash of the Santa Monica mountains.

EMILY (V.O.)

You want to know about us? About kids in the Palisades? That's easy, right? Our parents move to the ocean and build walls facing the other way. They send us to private schools. They hire rent-a-cops in Ford Escorts.

From this height you can see the arteries of the city dwindling into veins as they reach for the ocean. The tentacles of Los Angeles bumping up against the fortified suburbs to the west, chaotic lights into quiet lushness... Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Brentwood, Pacific Palisades and Santa Monica... North of Montana, of course.

EMILY (V.O.)

This sends a powerful message: there's us and there's them, inside the circle and out. We live very sheltered lives.

EXT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - NIGHT

A Pacific Palisades strip plaza after the Banana Republic, designer bagel shop and Coffee Bean have closed.

EMILY (V.O.)

So we dress gangsta; we talk shit. So what? It's our own thing. At least we didn't watch Pulp Fiction four hundred times like every other idiot high school kid in America.

An Agoura Hills crew, Gumbys, about fifteen KIDS between 14 and 18 years-old lean against their expensive but declass  cars: Nissan pick-ups, BMW 318s, Maximas.

They stare across an intersection into the parking lot of a Pavillions supermarket.

EMILY (V.O.)

We're Tha PLC, Pali Local Crew, and we roll about twenty deep. If we don't know you... well, who the fuck are you, anyway?

EXT. PAVILIONS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tha PLC or Pali Local Crew is kickin' it. We see affluent TEENAGERS. We hear loud HIP HOP MUSIC thumping from a car. We hear LAUGHTER.

Most drive vintage American: cool convertibles, old Grand Wagoneers, etc. They wear baggy hip-hop gear and loiter in clusters near their cars. They smoke cigarettes.

Standing behind a '64 Impala that has been detailed to within an inch of its life is EMILY SAMMS, 16, beautiful and self-assured, playful but with clever eyes that can be intimidating. She's dressed like her friends only more so... Clothes from Fred Segal, designer section, but worn for maximum street credibility.

She talks into a video camera --

EMILY

Basically, the thing to remember is that none of it really matters. We're just teenagers and we're bored. Totally fucking bored.

The camera is held by ERIC COMER, 17, tall and thin, not dressed "gangsta" like everybody else, but in retro forties wear like a young William S. Burroughs. He's not part of any clique and there's an obvious rapport between him and Emily.

ERIC

(for the camera)

...So you really hate the Gumbys Crew?

Emily looks over to her best friend, ALLISON MASON, 16, almost pretty and unaware of it, with baby fat that will burn off and leave her stunning at 24. Allison and Emily throw their arms around each other and address the camera. They are best friends, but Allison looks up to Emily.

ALLISON

(inside joke)

Hate? Like the Crips and --

EMILY

The Bloods, like --

ALLISON

Geffen, and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY
Ovitz. Like the --

ALLISON
USA, and --

EMILY
Canada. Yo, should I let him in on the
secret?

ALLISON
I don't know, he's always hiding
behind that big-ass camera.

They want to be street and hard, but they also have been
educated at the best schools since they were about two.
They switch from slang to AP English and back again
without a thought.

EMILY
Word.
(to camera, facetious)
Well, okay. See, Comer, you're missing
the big picture. The conspiracy. It's
like Darwinian selection. You know
it's like those birds that eat better
than other birds or maybe they just
live in better neighborhoods and drive
better cars. Those people over there
commute from Agoura Hills where they
can't even see the ocean...

She waves her arm behind her where, sure enough, the
perfect streets dead-end into the Pacific.

ERIC
So you think this is a Malthusian
debate?

Emily looks across at the Gumbys waiting by their cars.

EMILY (cont'd)
Okay, Stanley Kaplan, ya.

Emily and Allison get into the backseat of the '64
Impala.

Eric trains the camera on the side of the Impala where a
long groove has been scraped into the paint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC
(for camera)
Somebody from Gumbys allegedly keyed
Toby Yellen's car.

INT. '64 IMPALA - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, TOBY YELLEN, 17, cocky, overly stylized athlete in suburban homeboy outerwear, rolls a blunt with meticulous concentration. Between his legs is a forty of Old English 800.

Emily leans over the front seat --

EMILY
Gimme some a dat forty, bitch.

She reaches between his legs and grabs the beer and takes a swig. She passes it to Allison. She kisses Toby on his cheek. He's lost in his handiwork.

TOBY
Gettin' blunted. Oh, yeah... Like the
man says... somethin'...

EMILY
So what're we doin'?

She sits back and stares at him as he rolls the joint.

TOBY
(continuing his thought)
Thinkin'... About the big picture...
You know... Oh, yeah... It's like my
man Tupac gettin' dusted by Puff Daddy
from the east coast, see? Then Suge,
he woulda had to hit back... Pow!

The lighter pops out on the dashboard. He fires up the Philly.

TOBY (cont'd)
It's about power and economics. That's
the lesson a homey's gotta learn if
he's gonna keep it real.

Toby stares out the window toward the Gumbys waiting in the high-end strip plaza. Emily takes a big hit and passes it to Allison.

EMILY
Tupac was nothin' but a pawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON
(total agreement)
Word up.

TOBY
I'm a fuck up Todd Rosenberg. I'm a
fuck him up. Thass all I'm sayin'.

Allison exhales her hit.

ALLISON
Big old stoney Toby.

EMILY
If you wanna fuck him up so bad...ly,
adverb, then fuck him up, I mean he
fucked up your car and you love your
fucking car, right? So what the fuck
are you fucking around for? Fuck.

Toby senses Emily is taunting him. He turns to look at
the two girls in the back seat.

TOBY
Em, are you fuckin' with me?

Emily keeps changing the music, sampling different songs,
looking for the right one.

EMILY
No... I'm fucking fuckin' with you.

Emily reaches out her hand, and Allison and she lightly
touch the tips of their fingers.

TOBY
Yo, Emily, I'm serious.

EMILY
Yo Yo Ma. I'm Yahoo, Serious.

Emily and Allison crack up. There's a pounding on the
outside of the car. A bunch of GUYS and a few girls are
standing there.

TOBY
I gotta go find someone with a dick.
He gets out of the car.

EXT. PAVILIONS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Toby meets up with his group of gangsta GUYS. One breaks toward him. This is SAM, 17, friendly fuck-up and Toby's best friend. Toby hands him his forty.

TOBY

Yo, PLC in full effect.

Toby leans against his car and everyone follows his gaze toward the other gang, Gumbys, in the other parking lot.

TOBY (cont'd)

Yo, we gonna have static. You best believe. PLC will be representin'.

Sam's voice is deep and rhythmic like a young Barry White. He's very high.

SAM

Tobes, baby, you got any of that Chronic? I been peaking on those shrooms for so long, you know how it is, earlier...

(zooming again)

The trees, Tobes, the trees ...

TOBY

Later, Holmes. We gots to see the man about his plan.

Emily and Allison and the others join and they begin walking down the hill toward the Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf parking lot. Snoop Dog's "LADIDADI" comes on someone's portable stereo.

SAM

(yelling)

Turn it up. We're gonna fuck them all up, Yo.

A very big guy, NICK, 17, HOWLS at the moon.

NICK

They been woofing all over Santa Monica Canyon. Gumbys owns PLC's ass.

There's some NOISE from across the street at the Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf -- the Gumbys see them coming.

TOBY

Turn it up. Snoop Doggy Dog, bitch. Let's catch a body, Yo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric films the group. These people like being filmed.
They pose and throw gangsta signs.

SAM

Be sure to get our signs. Tha PLC!

EXT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - NIGHT

Night WORKERS unload coffee supplies into the store. They warily watch the teenagers having their confabulation.

The two crews wait in separate corners of the parking lot while their leaders, Sam, Toby, of Tha PLC, and TODD ROSENBERG, 16, a short, serious Jewish kid, and LCEE, 17, a gangly athlete, of Gumbys, all wearing North Face/Timberland/Hilfiger, meet in the middle.

They stare at each other, arms crossed, signs out --

TODD

We gots to know who's been getting
their ups on the Calabasas overpass.

LCEE

Bunch of little rich punks.

Their arms are crossed, their jaws clenched. They stare at each other like hardened criminals.

TOBY

Yo, first of all, PLC don't tag off
the 101 freeway.

TODD

Then who tagged my parent's house?

TOBY

Don't be buggin'. This ain't right,
'cause alls I know is my car is all
fucked up and your name keep comin'
up.

TODD

I need to fuck something up, kid, it's
gonna be you, not your car.

SAM

(threatening)

Are we gonna get around this?

TODD

Don't you be buggin'. Niggaz don't
gotta be actin' all crazy and shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE LOT

Emily and Allison watch them talk. Beyond Todd and LCEE, there is a girl, DINAH, 16, too much make-up, talking with her friends.

Emily pulls out her phone and flips it open. She dials.

ON DINAH

as her phone RINGS, and she answers.

We see Emily talking into her phone.

EMILY

(whispered, like a kidnapper)

Dinah, yeah, so listen up. Toby's been telling everyone that after you the smell wouldn't come off for days. Also, nigga, you gotta stop making your clothes out of bedspreads from Pier 1.

Dinah is furious. She pulls Todd aside. We see her gesticulating.

Todd goes back to Toby, says something we can't hear. Toby shoves him.

The respective crews take a couple of steps toward each other. They pair off in a choreographed way, almost like a highschool tennis match.

TODD

(stepping back at Toby)

You best learn how to keep your bitch under control.

Toby looks casually back at his crew, at Emily, then, without warning, he punches Todd in the face and dives on top of him.

Lcee tackles Sam. Nick and the biggest Gumby face off.

Emily and Allison join the melee. Emily heads for Dinah.

It's street fight and no longer just rich white kids posing. It's violent, fast and surprising. People punching, shoving, kicking. There's blood.

Emily pulls SOMEONE off of Allison --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eric moves through the action like a young Robert Capa filming a battle.

SOMEONE picks up a box of coffee supplies and throws them, cappuccino cups flying everywhere.

INSIDE THE COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF

a WORKER is using the telephone, staring out at the ruckus piercing his suburban quietude.

Full Clockwork Orange Ultra-Violence. Toby has Todd Rosenberg down and repeatedly smashes his fist into his face.

We hear SIRENS. So do they. They respect sirens. Almost by mutual agreement, it stops.

NICK
(yelling)
Cops!

They break apart and run for their cars.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Emily and Allison in the back. Adrenaline flowing. Toby's driving fast. He spins in the seat.

TOBY
Everybody's okay? You okay? Fuck.

Emily is not flustered.

EMILY
Slow the fuck down.

TOBY
Okay. Fuck. Okay.

ALLISON
That shit was real.

TOBY
Fuck.

They look at each other.

ALLISON
What do we do, now?

TOBY
I don't know. Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toby reaches over the seat and takes Emily's hand. She squeezes his hand back.

EMILY

Let's just drive around, but keep it chill. We can go to Eric's later.

Allison slides across the seat and excitedly hugs Emily.

ALLISON

Who even cares... We can do anything we want.

EXT. BRENTWOOD - CONTINUOUS

They drive down Sunset through Brentwood. Big homes on big lots.

INT. '64 IMPALA - LATER

Hip-hop BLARES from the speakers. They're on the windy exclusive roads of Bel Air. Toby's hand on Emily's thigh.

EMILY

Mrs. Renze is now Mrs. Dr. Bateman. Eric's got like a mad plethora of stepdads. I don't think he even knows his last name anymore. Right here.

They turn down a driveway. A huge house looms before them. The mansion is dark and empty. No curtains on the windows, sparse furniture in the rooms.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - NIGHT

Expensive cars are parked in the driveway. A Westec SECURITY COP sits in his car with parking lights on. Two teenagers are explaining things.

TEENAGER

Here's a hunsky, don't come back until four.

Toby, Emily, Allison get out of the car.

EMILY

He said we could after-party but maybe it's all fucked up.

They walk around back.

EXT. MANSION BACK YARD - NIGHT

A bonfire burns on the patio. There's a STEREO playing. Teenagers cluster together in all the latest cliques: gangsta with gangsta, ska with ska, straight edge with straight edge.

AROUND THE FIRE

Nick and Sam and a few others smoke herb and drink. Sam talks in those long, elliptical Barry White sentences. It's an affectation, but an effective one.

SAM

(taps his head)
You know I been living up there inside
my head so long it's like I'm talkin'
to me but I can't hear what I'm
sayin'.

Nick nearly topples over from holding a hit so long. He sticks the blunt in Sam's face. Sam wants to pass.

NICK

(re: the blunt)
You want to give the kids midnight
basketball but maybe the kids don't
want midnight basketball.

SAM

I've already got a deep fried crispy
feeling.

ACROSS THE LAWN

A couple of GUYS come out of the house carrying a table with two chairs sitting on it.

They break up the furniture and throw it on the fire. They stand back and admire their work.

Toby sees Sam and Nick and heads that way. Eric approaches Emily and Allison. He has his camera.

ERIC

Hey, it's Malcolm McDowell from
Clockwork Orange.

EMILY

Whassup with the Lord of the Flies
routine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits beside them, lights a cigarette. Offers one to Emily and Allison. They decline.

ERIC
(teasing)
Whassup? Up is whass. Down is wid it.
Renters are coming. Nobody'll notice
the difference.

He hears someone PUKING. Eric flips on the camera. Its hi-tech light illuminates a very young GIRL bent over near some bushes.

ERIC (cont'd)
Hey, how's it going?

GIRL
I'm just a little sick. It's no
problem. I mean, I feel really good.

She stares into the light, utterly unconcerned. Her pupils are pinned. Eric turns the camera off and walks back over to Emily and Allison

ERIC
(shaking his head)
Breaking the law in all fifty states.
Wouldn't want to send the wrong
message about The Palisades School.

ON THE CAMERA'S MONITOR:

The footage of the girl puking, their exchange.

ALLISON
She's pretty.

EMILY
(mock advertisement)
Get skinny the west side way. At Camp
Palisades our Smack Diet is guaranteed
to slim you down.
(beat, then re: camera)
Have you decided what your thing is
on, -- the big docudrama?

ERIC
It's on what it means to be us.

EMILY
You're not one of us. You're the video
guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eric's feelings are hurt, but he covers.

ERIC

Yeah, well, then what it means to be you. Somebody could've been really hurt and I'm curious why nobody gives a shit. Why you don't?

She looks at Eric to see if he's messing with her.

EMILY

You don't really want to know about me.

ERIC

Yes, I do.

This may be the first time anyone has said this to her.

EMILY

Thass fucked up.

Eric's listening, still looking for an answer

EMILY (cont'd)

(making a joke)

Teenagers think they'll live forever don't you know. Immortal-like.

ERIC

You never answered my question.

EMILY

That's because it's a stupid question.

Toby approaches and breaks the moment. He's intoxicated.

TOBY

Time to say goodbye to video boy.

EMILY

You think so?

Toby is pulling on her arm --

TOBY

Yeah, come on, bye video boy.

Emily lets herself be pulled to her feet.

EMILY

Bye, video boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALLISON

Em, Are you sleeping over tonight?

As Toby pulls her away --

EMILY

I don't know. Probably.

Allison and Eric watch them go.

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN OVERLOOK - NIGHT

It's late. A secluded grassy turnoff. The muted lights of the city below. Music plays from the Impala. On the edge of the lookout, Toby sits with his arm around Emily.

EMILY

The lights look like... They look like..?

(frustrated)

What the fuck do the lights look like?

TOBY

Hey, take it easy. I don't know...
They look like... I don't know...
Lights.

EMILY

No.

TOBY

...What the fuck?

EMILY

White kids riot. Table tipped over.
Hors d'oeuvres spill.

Toby tries to kiss her. She pushes him off.

EMILY (cont'd)

Don't you think there's embarrassment
to being us?

(real pain)

Don't you feel it?

TOBY

(kissing her)

I don't know. Come on, Viny, you're
all ripe for lovin'.

Emily smiles. The music from inside the car switches to
"THEME FROM SHAFT." Emily listens, starts to get into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

(a Shaft put-on)

Oh, yeah, come on baby, you know how I
feel about you. You know how you make
me feel about making you feel that
deep down lovin' good.

She lets Toby kiss her.

EMILY (cont'd)

Oh, Shaft, you know how to love a
woman.

(in time with the music)

Shaft!

Toby is running his hands over her body. She lies back on
the grass, listening to the music, clearly disengaged.

EMILY

(with music)

Shaft!

Toby stops in frustration, and looks at her.

TOBY

What the fuck is up wichu?

Emily just stares at him.

EMILY

Shaft loves you, baby.

Off Toby wondering if he'll ever reach this person.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large house late at night. Emily works the key in a
side door. She steps inside.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house has that late-night stillness. Emily keys in an
alarm code. She passes a door that has dim light spilling
under it. From behind the door we hear CURT VOICES.

Emily stands outside the door for a moment and listens.
Then, she turns and leaves the house. As the front door
shuts behind her, the study door opens --

MR. SAMMS

Emily?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily's father, ROBERT SAMMS, 40's, handsome, overworked, stands in the doorway. Through the door her mother, JOANNA SAMMS, 39, beautiful, personally trained, clothes by Jil Sander, stands awkwardly.

MRS. SAMMS

Honey?

The parents don't look at each other, but they don't see their daughter either. They go back in the study.

EXT. EMILY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

It is dark and silent and lonely. Emily moves along a familiar route of paths and cut-throughs behind large, partially hidden homes. She finally approaches the back of another large house.

INT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily lets herself into Allison's house. She knows her way.

INT. ALLISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The only light comes from a television playing hip-hop videos with the sound turned LOW. Allison is half-asleep in her bed.

Emily taps softly at the door and enters. Allison looks over, unconcerned. This is an old routine between them.

ALLISON

Hey.

EMILY

Hey.

Emily is stripping off her clothes. She takes a T-shirt from a bureau. Allison recognizes Emily's sadness.

ALLISON

Is everything okay?

EMILY

Yeah. Same as always. I'm just sleepy.

Emily climbs under the covers.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm glad I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

Yeah, me too.

Allison switches off the TV and they go to sleep.

EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Early morning over a large stone California bungalow kind of thing set onto five acres backing up to a country club.

Behind the house we see a fairway. A GOLFER takes a clumsy SWACK at a ball, then hands the club to his CADDIE. Another golfer rolls into view.

INT. ALLISON'S KITCHEN - MORNING

A kitchen out of architectural digest - the perfect kitchen - and a perfect family tableau. Morning NEWS on the TV, MRS. MASON, 40's, attractive and kind, and MR. MASON, handsome and serene, and JOSH MASON, 13, puberty, fixates on Emily, sit at a breakfast table. A COOK is serving waffles.

Allison and Emily breeze into the kitchen.

MR. MASON

Morning, girls.

EMILY

Hey, Mr. Mason, Mrs. Mason.

This is Emily's surrogate family and she moves straight for the kitchen door. Allison sits for breakfast.

MRS. MASON

Emily, have some juice.

EMILY

Can't. I've gotta get some stuff from my house before school.

MRS. MASON

Talk to your parents about Idaho... If you want us to call...

EMILY

I'll ask. Thanks. See you later, Al.

And she's gone out theor. Josh stares after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
I can't believe someone that hot is
your friend.

MRS. MASON
That's enough, Josh.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Emily stops in the foyer. Listens. Nothing. Looks down a hallway. Nothing.

We hear the distant CRACK of a golf shot.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A cab from Beverly Hills Taxi Cab Co. pulls down the driveway and HONKS.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Emily enters the empty kitchen. She calls out --

EMILY
Mom? Dad?

Emily opens the fridge. Takes out a Tab. On the refrigerator door are two lists held in place by magnets.

The notes read:

Robert promises:

1. Call home if work is keeping him late. 2. Talk even if it's a "bad" day. 3. Plan one "special" thing for the two of them to do each month. 4. Show interest in her work. 5. Continue therapy.

Joanna promises:

1. Show interest in his job. 2. Be understanding of the stresses of his job. 3. Make love at least once a week. 4. Attend at least one work-related function per month. 5. Continue couples therapy.

Beneath these lists is a note to Emily:

Emily, your father would like you to stop by his office this week, maybe during lunch period.
- Mom -

Emily puts the note in her pocket and leaves the house.

EXT. PALISADES SCHOOL - MORNING

The taxi stops in front of an immense private school, in the architectural tradition of The Brentwood School.

INT. PALISADES SCHOOL - MORNING

The indoor/outdoor aspect of the school emphasizes the good weather of SoCal. Emily walks down a shaded pathway. Class has already started so all is quiet and orderly.

Emily visits her locker. Books tumble out. Schoolbooks, but also: "The Language Instinct," by Steven Pinker, "Messengers of God," by Elie Wiesel, "Complete Poems of Elizabeth Bishop," etc.

Taped inside the door is a picture of Courtney Love. Courtney's nose, cheeks, lips, breasts have been circled, with the words, "Fuck You and Your Augmented Doll Parts."

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Emily enters. The class is listening to the teacher, DR. HUGHES, 30's, Asian-American, likes country music and gay rodeo, pressed jeans and expensive boots, posters of manly men doing manly things in the American West. He notices Emily slipping in.

DR. HUGHES

I see we have a visitor with us today.
Welcome, Ms. Samms. Everybody welcome
Ms. Samms in case she feels
uncomfortable adjusting to a new
environment.

Emily takes her seat next to Nick and Toby. Eric is in the class also. He takes notes studiously.

EMILY

(sweetly)
By coming only occasionally, Dr.
Hughes, school manages to stay fresh
and interesting.

The class laughs. Hughes doesn't pick up on her taunt.

DR. HUGHES

Ah, what can I say, Em. They don't pay
us enough to be fresh and interesting
everyday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Hughes continues writing on the board, "1930's: Rise of Fascism in America." He teaches history with a liberal Brentwood/Santa Monica perspective.

DR. HUGHES

In Italy the trains run on time. This idea held a lot of attraction.

Eric raises his hand --

DR. HUGHES (cont'd)

Yes, Eric.

ERIC

It's like in Santa Monica, now they pick up homeless people and take them downtown to homeless camps.

DR. HUGHES

It's true... Over five thousand people live in virtual tent cities near 10th and Broadway, but I don't believe the city is gassing them, yet.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

This is a VIDEO INSERT from Eric's documentary. It has handheld verité quality. Toby is being interviewed.

ERIC (O.S.)

How long have you identified with black culture?

TOBY

I don't know. I've always been a nigga. I hate fuckin' white people. Ever since I was a kid I'd go like to Inglewood and play hoops with the busboys from our country club.

ERIC (O.S.)

They liked having you there?

TOBY

Yeah. We showed them how to smoke a bong. I don't think they'd ever seen one. Bongs are wack, anyway. Blunts are the move, B.

ERIC (O.S.)

Are you borrowing from their culture?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

(imitating, mincing)

Are you borrowing from their culture?
Don't fuck with me. We take what they
give us and really go with it. We've
got the resources. We out black the
blacks, out Latino the Latinos. Me and
my homeboys know how to chill you know
what I'm sayin'.

The camera pans to the elaborateness of the pool house.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

It's got a projection room, library, etc. This is Tha PLC
clubhouse.

Eric films Sam, Emily, Nick, Toby, Allison, a few others
sprawled on couches watching "Decline and Fall of Western
Civilization," the documentary about the early LA punk
scene. Emily's head is in Allison's lap.

ON TV: We're in the kitchen with Black Flag. A very young
Flea addresses the camera:

FLEA (ON TV)

Those guys are not our friends.
They're poseurs.

ALLISON

Punk music's wack.

SAM

I see Flea everywhere.

TOBY

Yeah, he goes to my gym and eats
wheatgrass and shit.

EMILY

The Sex Pistols are in AA with my mom.

SAM

Now that could make a brother wonder
what the whole point is.

Toby grabs a small kid, MIKEE, 15, nervous, and pulls him
to his feet.

TOBY

We gots PLC business tonight. We gots
to get little Mikee in the crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric films the PLC SHOUTING and CHEERING. He whips the camera back to the young Flea talking about poseurs --

INT. BEVERLY CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Toby and Sam and a nervous teenager, MIKE, crouch beside a new Mercedes 320. Toby has a screw driver in his hand.

They wait until a shopper drives away.

Toby slams the screwdriver in the door of the 320. The alarm goes off. They jump inside the car.

INT. MERCEDES 320 - NIGHT

Toby leans under the front panel and starts yanking shit out. The alarm stops. He works a little more. Pulls out the kill switch.

TOBY

Killed the kill switch. Anti-theft is bullshit.

SAM

Hurry the fuck up.

Toby jams the screwdriver in the ignition and works it hard. The car starts.

TOBY

Man, I'm serious, my mom drives one of these. I gotta write Mercedes a letter.

They drive away looking quite at home in the 320.

EXT. TOP OF SUNSET - NIGHT

Sunset before it drops down the hill to the ocean. Toby, Sam and Nick stand outside the Mercedes 320. Mikee's at the wheel.

NICK

You're PLC, muthafucka.

Mikee smiles nervously. He wants to be in the gang.

TOBY

No headlights. Put it in neutral. Wait three minutes, then go.

Toby, Nick and Sam get in Toby's Impala. They drive down the hill leaving Mike waiting nervously in the Mercedes.

EXT. GLADSTONES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

After closing time at the giant tourist restaurant on the ocean side of PCH and Sunset.

In the darkened corner of the lot, Toby, Sam, Nick, Emily, Allison and about ten OTHERS stare up at the steep hill leading down to the water.

INT. MERCEDES 320 - NIGHT

Mikee is rolling silently down Sunset, lights off. A few cars with their lights on pass him by. The Mercedes picks up speed. Mike pulls a tape from his shirt pocket. He puts it in the stereo. NWA's "FUCK THE POLICE" fills the car --

EXT. GLADSTONES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

THA POV OF THA PLC as they watch the darkened 320 roll into view, lights off, passing slower cars --

INT. MERCEDES 320 - NIGHT

Mike holding the car on the road in a tight turn, flying down toward the intersection of Sunset and the PCH. Traffic on the PCH moves in both directions.

EXT. GLADSTONES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The off-duty VALETS see the Mercedes shooting toward them across the intersection. They move out of the way.

EXT. PCH - NIGHT

The Mercedes flies across the PCH narrowly missing traffic. Mike tries to make the turn into the length of the parking lot, but can't do it.

INT. MERCEDES 320 - NIGHT

Mike YELLS in a testosterone-fueled ecstasy as the car careens through the guard rail and onto the beach.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Mercedes buries itself in the sand. The crowd breaks for the car.

Toby throws open the door. All four airbags, have been activated. Mikee is dazed. Blood runs from his nose. NWA is still PLAYING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

You're all right. You're all right...

MIKEE

So help my black ass... So help my
black ass...

EMILY

(excited, adrenaline)

Mikey, who the down nigga? Who is it?
You the down nigga. Down nigga.

They carry Mikee across the parking lot to Toby's car.

They wave to the valets as they drive off.

EXT. PALISADES SCHOOL VERANDA - DAY

The shaded area on the hill where students loiter during
their free time. Eric has the video camera trained on
Allison.

ALLISON

Emily's mom's pretty open about the
whole recovery thing.

ERIC (O.S.)

A lot of parents get sober.

ALLISON

Yeah. Mrs. Samms is always working
another ninth step or fourth step or
whatever... Trying to make it up to
everybody.

ERIC (O.S.)

Make up what?

Allison hesitates --

ERIC (cont'd)

You don't have to say anything...

ALLISON

There were times when Emily would find
her passed out and have to call an
ambulance. It was pretty wack.

(quickly)

That was a while ago. She's fine, now.

ERIC (O.S.)

Do you think kids our age have the
same kind of problems?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

(matter of fact)

I don't know, we didn't have to go
through the sixties and shit, so it
seems different.

INT. TOBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Toby pulls to the curb in front of a dark mansion on
Beverly, North of Sunset. Emily, Toby, in the front seat.
Allison and Sam in the back. They crane their heads to
see if anything is happening at this house.

EMILY

Franny told Nick this was going on.

SAM

Yeah, right, I foresee another night
of driving around.

Toby pulls away. They turn left on Sunset. They're
driving around, looking for fun.

TOBY

We can try Hollywood.

ALLISON

Yeah, go run up with the 18th Street
gang on Hollywood B-l-v-d.

(beat)

Em, who's working the door at
Sunshine?

Emily turns in her seat.

EMILY

I only know the guy Tuesdays.

(to Toby)

We need a plan.

They're driving down Sunset past The Chateau Marmont,
The Body Shop strip club, The Guitar Center...

TOBY

It looks like we're driving east.
Thass about all I can come up wit.

In the back seat, Sam perks up.

SAM

East, baby. East!

Allison picks up on it, the excitement building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

East. East. East. East run.

SAM

Slum run, baby, keep it real all over
the muthafuckin' street.

TOBY

East east?

EMILY

What does everybody think?

ALLISON/SAM

East!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

The Impala passes the Cinerama dome, and turns left on
Vine to Hollywood Boulevard.

It's a Saturday night so the gang parade is on: Latino
and African-American teenagers in polished vehicles
cruise slowly from light to light.

Police cars in the center lanes stop cars at random.

A lowered pick-up is pulled over. Four HOMEBOYS stand on
the street with their hands on their heads as two COPS go
through the truck with flashlights.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

They drive slowly past the search, staring.

ALLISON

(quiet bravado)

Without a badge, whadda you got?
...A sucka in a uniform just waitin'
to get shot.

TOBY

NWA, Bitch.

Emily stares at one of the CHOLOS who stares right back
at her.

SAM

East, baby, less go all da way. Get us
some of the chronic tonic.

TOBY

Downtown sewer herb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The neighborhoods change, becoming more funky and multi-culti in Los Feliz. They pass the Hillhurst/Virgil sign.

SAM

Virgil, now you're at it.

TOBY

Crossing Virgil, muthafucka, with The PLC. Let's score on MacArthur.

SAM

Melt in the dark, muthafucka.

They drive down Virgil and take a left on Sixth.

ALLISON

Oh, my God, I forgot. A friend of mine was in New York last week. They went to some hesh bar. Playing T-Rex and Bowie and that stuff. And in comes Snoop Dog and some wide Jewish girl with coke falling out of their noses. They got on matching fake fur.

Sam can't believe what he's hearing.

SAM

Ah, baby, now, that ain't right.

EMILY

(laughing)

We're worshipping the misogynistic fuck and he's tryin' to be all anonymous hanging with the Upper West Side Jew crew.

They are nearing MacArthur Park. The street becomes more alive. Suddenly there's foot traffic. Dark FIGURES clustering on corners.

TOBY

Jesus, look at this shit.

They stare out the windows. Drug DEALERS make eye contact, their thumb and forefingers form the letter "C."

Used-up crack WHORES stumble in and out of shadows.

They stop at a light. DEALERS surge toward the car, jockeying each other for position.

ALLISON

Fuck me, here they come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRUG DEALERS

Roca? You want Roca? Cheeva?

The light changes. They move to the next stop.

EMILY

(sarcastic)

Good thing drugs are illegal,
otherwise they'd be everywhere.

More DEALERS swarm --

ALLISON

God, what do we want? They have
everything. It's like a smorgasbord.

SAM

Muthafuckin' pupu platter, muthafucka.

The dealers go to the driver side of the car.

TOBY

I'll deal...

(out window)

Herb?

The dealers don't understand.

TOBY (cont'd)

Weed. We want herb.

DEALER

No comprendo. Cheeva?

TOBY

Smoke?

ANOTHER DEALER

Roca? Cocaine?

(suspicious)

You a cop? Cop?

Toby spins around in the seat, talks to Sam.

TOBY

Fuck this. I'm a try another corner.

They drive off. The dealers spill out in the street after
them, yelling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEALERS
(Spanish, subtitles)
Come back. Hey, rich white kid. Buy
from us.

MacArthur park is alive with its primary economy.
Everywhere you look there's a deal going down.

A cop car cruises slowly by, giving them the once over.

EMILY
Let's get off this main street. We
could get busted.

SAM
It's a wack wack wack world... We just
livin' in it.

Toby takes a left on Bonnie Brae. Up ahead is a darkened
corner where three or four cars have pulled to the side
of the road.

They pull in line. A DEALER approaches. The exchange
happens quickly.

DEALER
What you want?

TOBY
Weed. Marijuana.

DEALER
How much?

TOBY
How much for a quarter?

DEALER
Hundred.

TOBY
Eighty.

DEALER
Ninety.

TOBY
Okay. Okay. Hurry.

The dealer waves toward the shadows of an abandoned
building. He whistles. Somebody runs out holding
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He covers the bag with his hand so you can't quite see it. The dealer looks up the street as if he sees something ominous.

DEALER

Come on, come on. Cops. Where's the money? The cops.

Toby hands over a hundred.

TOBY

Gimme ten back.

The guy hands over the bag and backs off the corner into the shadows. There are no cops around.

TOBY (cont'd)

Hey, gimme the change.

EMILY

Roca?

Another DEALER on Emily's side steps forward.

ANOTHER DEALER

How much you want?

EMILY

I don't know... Forty?

He pulls some rock from his mouth which is where the dealers keep it in case they have to swallow the evidence. They exchange crack for money. He moves off.

Toby looks down at the little bag of weed in his lap. He picks up a small "clip scale" from the center console of his car. He weighs the bag like a suburban pro.

TOBY

Hey, this is light.

EMILY

Let's get out of here.

TOBY

(to dealer)

Hey, this doesn't weigh.

SAM

Toby, chill. Let's go.

The dealer looks cautiously up and down the street, and backs away into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SAM

Come on, Tobes, let's go.

TOBY

I know how to deal with these fuckin' people. Wait here.

Toby puts the car in park and steps out onto Bonnie Brae.

EXT. BONNIE BRAE - NIGHT

A white guy on foot after midnight cuts a wide swath in this neighborhood.

Toby walks toward the dealer who notarts up the street. Toby hurries after him. The other DEALERS have slipped away into shadows. Toby catches the guy.

TOBY

Hey, I'm talking to you. This bag's light.

The guy turns around. Looks Toby up and down.

DEALER

(Spanish, subtitles)

Get the fuck away from me and get in your car or you're going to get hurt.

Toby starts toward the guy as he speaks, holding the bag out --

TOBY

Just gimme my money --

The dealer reaches under his untucked shirt, hunching forward slightly, and pulls out a .45 caliber pistol that's been stuck in the front of his pants.

Toby raises his hands --

TOBY (cont'd)

Hey, it's cool, calm down, it's cool.

The dealer holds the gun up to Toby's face, so that the barrel is pushed up against his cheek.

DEALER

Gimme your fuckin' money. Give it to me.

Toby fishes out his wallet. Hands it over.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Allison are frozen. Emily gets out of the car.

ALLISON

Emily!

EXT. BONNIE BRAE - NIGHT

Emily starts a couple of steps toward Toby. The dealer looks over.

EMILY

Toby --

The dealer cocks the gun, then jabs it in Toby's mouth so that he's lifting him up in the air.

DEALER

(to Emily, Spanish)

You fuck this little fuck. What's wrong with you?

Sam starts from the car. The dealer waves him off.

DEALER (cont'd)

Put a.

The dealer pulls the gun out of Toby's mouth. He spins Toby around and shoves him down on the ground. Toby is on his knees.

TOBY

Don't... Don't. Ah... shit.

The dealer puts the gun to the back of Toby's head. Toby pees in his pants. The dealer looks at Emily.

DEALER

(in English)

Look at him. Scared for his life. Fuck your life. You don't know how to act proper.

TOBY

(tears coming)

Please... Don't.

He drops Toby's wallet, money still in it, on the ground. And walks quickly away.

Toby snatches up his wallet, anger returning. He yells after the guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY
Fuck you, Culo.

EMILY
Come on, let's go.

Toby is trying to regain his dignity.

TOBY
If I'd had my piece.

EMILY
Toby, you don't have a piece.

TOBY
That's what you think.

Toby looks down at his pants. Sees the spreading stain. He looks at Emily. He is humiliated.

In the windows of the tenement-style buildings a few people look out on the street, but if you look at them, they look away.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

ON VIDEO: Emily addresses the camera.

EMILY
I should've been scared or freaked out, but I wasn't. It felt real. I felt alive.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Dr. Hughes strides over to the board and writes: "Capitalism Does Not Equal Compassion." Emily and Toby sit near each other, but Toby avoids looking at her.

DR. HUGHES
... So the exploding Pinto did not hurt Ford. Who can tell me why the government bailed out the Savings and Loan Industry?
(beat)
Emily? You got a take on this?

Emily has been thinking her own thoughts. She sits up.

EMILY
No. I mean, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. HUGHES

No, you don't know, or no, you didn't do the reading?

EMILY

Both, I guess.

Dr. Hughes is saddened by this answer.

DR. HUGHES

Your parents are millionaires but you don't use the education you've been given.

There is no reaction from the class.

INT. EMILY'S DAD'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

The office of a man who runs big stuff. Two ASSISTANTS rolling calls, making things happen. Emily waits in the main office. Another ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT

Can I get you anything while you wait?

EMILY

No.

After a while, Mr. Samms enters.

MR. SAMMS

Honey, I didn't know you were stopping by.

EMILY

Mom left the note. Remember?

MR. SAMMS

Right, right.

He hugs her, then sits at his desk. He looks around, uncomfortable.

MR. SAMMS (cont'd)

Have you eaten lunch?

EMILY

I'm fine.

MR. SAMMS

I wanted to ask your opinion about something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily waits.

MR. SAMMS (cont'd)

What do you think about your mother
and me?

EMILY

What do you mean?

MR. SAMMS

About us, as a couple. Our marriage?
How does it strike you?

Emily doesn't know how to answer.

EMILY

What do you mean? I'm the kid. I don't
have an opinion.

MR. SAMMS

We've always talked about everything,
and I trust you.

EMILY

You want me to tell you what? Do I
think you should get a divorce? You
want your own kid to tell you whether
or not to stay in your marriage?

MR. SAMMS

No, no, of course not. It's just...
You're very important to me, Em. You
know that.

Emily looks steadily at her father.

EMILY

Of course, I do, Daddy.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Emily carries her books down a covered walkway lined with
lockers. She sees Toby and Sam talking to a group of
younger kids. Eric surreptitiously watches them talk.

TOBY

So, it was all fucked up. We was
downtown, you know what I'm saying,
and my Holmes Sammy got my back, but
it went down fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

We got out a there with some quick talking.

TOBY

Tha PLC gonna go back in full effect and nobody's gonna be frontin'.

Toby turns and sees Emily. He walks over to her. Eric watches the exchange from near his locker

TOBY (cont'd)

Hey, baby.

Emily is concerned about him.

EMILY

I just, I don't know. I was thinking about you and last night and... are you all right?

Toby doesn't understand her question.

TOBY

Yeah. That was insane crazy. Nobody had my fuckin' back. I'm a go back there and find that guy with PLC in full effect.

EMILY

It's okay.

TOBY

Nobody does that to me. I'm fuckin' hard. Come here.

He tries to pull her close. She shrugs him off.

EMILY

Don't... I just... If you want to talk about it... that's all.

Emily looks at him. Toby thinks - he knows he's not handling this correctly.

TOBY

Just... It's...

He sees Allison walking toward them and changes tack --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOBY (cont'd)

What can I say? Niggaz got me but it
won't happen again, ever. Count on
that, Em.

Allison comes up --

ALLISON

Hey, Toby --

Toby nods and walks back to his friends.

EMILY

(after Toby)

Yeah, okay, I wanted to say something,
but now I don't remember what it was.

ALLISON

What's up with him?

Emily looks over at Eric, who shuts his locker and walks
away. Allison takes note of this.

ALLISON (cont'd)

You know I know what we need...

(joking)

Girly Night.

INT. BARFLY - NIGHT

LA's trendiest nightclub, full of saline implants and
Persians with gold Rolexes.

Allison and AMANDA, 17, tall and sexy, and SASHA, 16, but
looks twelve, watch Emily talk with a much OLDER MAN by
the bar.

Emily is wearing a huge Farrah Fawcet wig that makes her
look sexier and more mature.

ALLISON

That guy's like, oh man, I'm gonna
fuck a teenager, maybe her friend,
too.

AMANDA

He's got his hand in his pocket.

SASHA

He's got a rug on his back.

ALLISON

He's spitting sick game. Check it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily is flirting heavily with the man, but it's clearly a put-on. The man catches his friend's eyes, as if to say, "I'm in there."

EMILY

So you're staying at the Bel Air Hotel?

OLDER MAN

Yes.

EMILY

(lying)

I've never been there... Is it nice?

OLDER MAN

It's the best place in town. I have a bungalow. We could order champagne.

EMILY

(mock sexy)

Ooh, really, I'd like that.

OLDER MAN

Yeah, I've got some blow, too. You wanna bump?

EMILY

Yeah, sure.

The guy fishes around in his wallet and surreptitiously pulls out a little packet. He passes it to Emily who slips it in her pocket.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'll be right back.

OLDER MAN

It's good, don't do too much.

Emily leans up and kisses him lightly on the mouth.

EMILY

I'll take it easy.

EXT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Emily, Allison, Sasha and Amanda pile into Sasha's Grand Cherokee. Emily's still wearing the wig.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

EMILY

I think he thought I was a pro. You think he thought that? Like he woulda paid me money. That'll be fifteen hundred dollars, please. Now, go in the bathroom, here's a magazine, good luck.

Emily is cracking herself up. She pulls out the coke.

EMILY (cont'd)

This is so Robert Evans. There's probably a Teheran hit squad after us, right now.

SASHA

Let me have a bump.

Emily passes the coke. Sasha pulls out her Gucci keychain and takes a hit off a key.

SASHA (cont'd)

(singsong)

I'd like to give the world a coke...
in perfect harmony.

She hands it to Amanda who also does some.

EMILY

Free coke. They should have this with lunch at school. It's like, he gave it to me, he didn't say he wanted it back.

Emily does a hit. Puts one under Allison's nose. She sniffs it.

EMILY (cont'd)

Now, that we're awake, what're we gonna do?

SASHA

Kill Whitey's playing at Alligator.
(they all rap along)
"Westec Sucks... Westec Sucks..."

EMILY

It's Friday night. Let's do something,
for once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

I think there's a party at the Bel Air, lonely old man suite, #3.

EMILY

Yeah, right.

(beat)

I know what we should do...

They all look at her expectantly.

EMILY (cont'd)

I know exactly... It's a little different.

AMANDA

Come on girl, give it up.

Allison turns on the cd player. "IS THERE A GHETTO IN HEAVEN?" By Tupac.

EMILY

Let's see whassup downtown.

ALLISON

Yeah, that worked.

EMILY

Toby was just tryin' to be all hard. I mean think about it. There's nothing to do here. Just the same boring shit. And there's a whole different world right there.

SASHA

What is up with homey homegirl?

AMANDA

There's a monetary zone of geography out of which we must not pass.

EMILY

Come on Al, that was so fucked up the other night... like a war zone.

Allison looks at her friend. Then turns the car around so that they're heading the other way down Sunset.

AMANDA

Oh, shit, what are we getting into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

I know, doesn't it make your stomach
feel good?

EXT. LOS FELIZ - NIGHT

The Grand Cherokee passes the Virgil/Hillhurst sign.

EXT. BEVERLY AND ALVARADO - NIGHT

The Cherokee crosses Alvarado. Clusters of HOMEBOYS on
the corner look in the car and see four pretty girls.
They start gesticulating and waving.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

Sasha and Amanda look out at the night activities. They
are dumbstruck.

SASHA

I feel like we're rolling the cage
through the zoo.

AMANDA

Do people know this is down here, I
mean, the police and shit?

EMILY

Don't worry, we can leave a trail of
bread crumbs.

(to Allison)

Go right, here - Bonnie Brae.

SASHA

I, for one, would just like to voice
the opinion that this is crazy wack. I
just wanted to say that.

Allison makes the turn. It's quieter, darker. People wait
on front porches of run-down working-class houses.

They cruise slowly by a group of Latino teenagers hanging
on a corner. They stare at the girls as they pass.

EMILY

Stop. Let's talk to them.

ALLISON

I don't know.

SASHA

Fuck that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Come on, stop. Or I'll jump out.

Emily opens her door. Allison slows the car.

ALLISON

Jesus, Emily.

EXT. BONNIE BRAE - NIGHT

The Latino gang eyes the car as Emily steps out.

SASHA

We'll watch from here.

Sasha and Amanda spin around in their seats to look back. They both lock their doors.

AMANDA

Yeah, I went on Safari once with my family. Oh, I didn't mean that in a racist way, more like in a danger way.

Emily slams the door and turns to face the people down the block. Allison gets out of the driver's side door.

ALLISON

I got your back.

EMILY

Thanks.

The men eye Emily warily. One of them, HECTOR, approaches. His eyes dart around, looking for police. White people make him nervous.

HECTOR

You want something?

EMILY

Yeah, no. I don't know. Not really.

Hector looks back at his friends. Shakes his head.

HECTOR

So what you smiling at?

Emily changes her expression.

EMILY

I'm just smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allison stands behind Emily. Cars are still going through the drive-thru crack store down the street. A car slows and Hector points down the street.

HECTOR (cont'd)

So what's your friend smiling at?

ALLISON

I think she's having a nervous breakdown.

HECTOR

What?

One of Hector's crew, CHINO, 19, heavy and quick, approaches. They speak rapidly in Spanish.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitled)

White fence rich girls... We gotta work.

HECTOR

(Spanish, subtitled)

Let's have them to the flats party.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitled)

What's the fucking point?

HECTOR

(Spanish, subtitled)

The point is they're good looking dumb white bitches and I'm horny as a motherfucker.

CHINO

I see what you're saying.

Emily and Allison stand there uncomfortably. Sasha and Amanda stare through the rear window.

Hector suddenly jumps at them and yells --

HECTOR

Boo!

Emily and Allison SCREAM. We hear SCREAMS from the car. Hector and Chino laugh.

HECTOR (cont'd)

You wanna come to a party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily and Allison exchange a look.

EMILY

Maybe.

HECTOR (cont'd)

It's starting now. It's close to here.

Hector knows they're scared.

HECTOR

It's a street party. On The Flats.

ALLISON

(impetuously, to hold her own
with Emily)

Okay. Yeah, let's do it.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitled)

The cops bust your ass cause of them,
you stay in jail.

Hector just keeps smiling at Emily and Allison, a
friendly and open smile.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

They follow a beat-up Cherokee that's been lowered and
has oversized tires.

SASHA

Where the hell are we going?

EMILY

On an adventure. A real adventure
without even leaving our own city.

Off their uncertain looks --

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

The Cherokee drives off the hill above MacArthur park.
They pass the hectic activity at the corner of Sixth and
Bonnie Brae. They head down into The Flats -- Sixteenth
Street gang territory.

They turn into the FDR Housing Projects.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

They are driving deeper and deeper into a secret city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

I've seen this on public television.

EMILY

Will you please shut the fuck up?

AMANDA

Okay, Money G. Take your Prozac.

Up ahead, you can see a crowd gathering on the street,
and a car with two big speakers on the roof.

EMILY

I'm sorry I said that. I just... This
is... I don't know... I'm into it.

EXT. PROJECTS - FLATS PARTY - NIGHT

A grimy street between identical public housing
buildings. The MUSIC is loud. About forty people around
some parked cars, on the curb, on stoops.

Emily, Allison, Amanda and Sasha get out of the car to
loud whistles. HOMEGIRLS stare unhappily.

Hector pulls a forty out of a garbage can filled with ice
and hands it to Emily. Emily takes a deep swig.

HECTOR

Thassit, homegirl.

Emily and her friends are dressed just like their more
urban counterparts. They move through the crowd.

ALLISON

(quietly)

This is so fucking intense.

Emily is happy.

EMILY

Yep.

ALLISON

I can't help feeling like I should
call somebody and tell them about it.

EMILY

Your dad would have a SWAT team here
in ten minutes.

Allison looks around. She swigs her beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

They'd be repelling down that building over there.

(fakes talking into a microphone)

Don't shoot the blonde girls, I repeat, no dead blondes.

(beat)

You think we could dance?

EMILY

I think we should just sit over here and drink and keep it chill.

Emily and Allison sit on a stoop. They watch the party. Allison is excited and drinking heavily.

ALLISON

Nobody'd be down here, but us.

Emily puts her arm around Allison. This is a real moment. They're two friends feeling bonded, having an adventure, really feeling alive. It's powerful and beyond words.

EMILY

It's different. It's... You and me... It's fuckin' great..

ALLISON

We don't need Toby, or Sam or anymuthafuckin'body else.

(re: her clothes)

Do you think I look hot?

EMILY

Allison, you always look hot.

ALLISON

You're just saying that.

A beat as Emily is just saying that.

EMILY

Would you fuck that guy?

She's motioning toward a handsome guy.

ALLISON

He'd fuck you in a second, if he could. But, I'm a go talk to him.

EMILY

Do it. But no dancing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allison stands and walks toward the guy.

ALLISON
(inside joke)
... Cause it can lead to harder stuff.

EXT. FLATS - LATER

Sasha and Amanda are getting wasted. They listen to two young ENTREPRENEURS talk drug dealing like they're discussing fast food franchise opportunities.

GUY 1
How you doin' with Temple and Union?

GUY 2
A lot of drive-up. Friday, Saturday,
Sunday. The shit be flyin'.

GUY 1
(nodding sagely)
You get much foot traffic through
there?

GUY 2
Not enough, but the average sale is up
by thirty percent. How you doin' up
Yucca?

GUY 1
Hollywood is some wack shit so we
pulled out... We still have a taxation
interest in a couple locations.

GUY 2
(admiring)
You don't need the cookie stand if you
taxin' it like Sammy.

ACROSS THE STREET

Allison is drunk also. She's talking to a handsome Latino, MANUEL, (19) lanky, muscular with the build of a boxer and short cropped hair. Allison sees Emily crossing the street toward her. She calls out --

ALLISON
(too loud)
Hey, Esse, my homegirl!

A quiet falls around them. Manuel stiffens, thinking Allison's making fun of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANUEL

Don't talk like that.

Allison is drunk and oblivious.

ALLISON

Whassamatter, Esse? You ain't down widdit.

Emily understands that her friend is drunk and crossing a line.

EMILY

Come on, Al. Let's think about jettin'.

ALLISON

You ain't down either. Fuckallayou. You're all my homeboys and girls and I love you.

Emily takes her hand, smiles at Manuel.

MANUEL

Your friend should chill out.

Emily pulls Allison toward their car. She signals to Amanda and Sasha.

Emily puts Allison in the backseat and takes her keys. She finds Hector talking to a young GIRL holding a BABY.

EMILY

Uh, Hector... thanks.

Hector just nods. Emily sticks her hand out to the girl.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm Emily.

The girl just holds her baby and giggles.

HECTOR

We're gonna move this party to a hotel
- The Tropical.

Emily looks at him like "that was forward."

HECTOR (cont'd)

Nah, baby, it's a place we party.
Where we have a friend who gives us
some rooms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR (cont'd)
(making a joke)
Nobody abducted your ass so far.

Emily looks at him, then walks toward her car. Hector calls out after her.

HECTOR (cont'd)
The Tropical Motel, near the five.
Or... maybe I see you at Universal
City Walk, that's where we go.

Emily takes a last look at the party going on in the streets of the projects --

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

Emily starts the car. Allison is sleeping. Amanda and Sasha can barely suppress their excitement.

AMANDA
I can't believe we did that, I can't
believe we did that. Emily's always on
the tip.

SASHA
It was way better than the Getty or
Symphony Hall.

Emily puts the car into gear.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

An eat-in kitchen/family room. Emily sits on a couch facing the camera on a tripod. Eric reads the notes on the fridge that her parents use to communicate.

EMILY
(uncomfortable)
We don't talk so much as leave clues
for one another.

Eric comes back to behind the camera. It's intimate in late afternoon light. Think "Sex, lies and videotape." The house is empty and quiet.

ERIC
Where is everybody?

EMILY
I'm not a latchkey kid... I've got
latchkey parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Is that why you ended up joining a gang?

Intimacy makes Emily edgy and uncomfortable.

EMILY

Oh, poor little rich girl needs the gang as mi familia. That's funny.

Eric senses there is some truth to this.

ERIC

Somebody once said that friends are god's way of apologizing for our families.

EMILY

Look... I don't know... how can I complain? If I say one word, it's like look at your life, there are people starving in India.

ERIC

There are people starving in Santa Monica --

EMILY

(confrontational)

I thought they take them downtown to starve --

ERIC

All I'm saying is it's not an excuse --

EMILY

I'm not making excuses --

ERIC

Hey, don't get angry --

Eric is getting close to something. Emily interjects --

EMILY

I'm not getting angry.

(she is, but calms)

Let me ask you a question:

hypothetically, is it possible that all of this is really about you being attracted to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This hangs in the air. Eric doesn't answer. Emily pulls off her jersey as if she's warm. She's wearing a tank top underneath. A black bra is visible.

ERIC

Maybe, I don't know.

EMILY

Oh, I think you know. You're a smart guy. You're just worried I don't feel the same way so you don't want to give up too much, playing hard to get in your guy way. It's so dishonest.

Eric is reeling, but tries to stay with his documentary.

ERIC

Whenever you say something serious, you stop talkin' all street and dope and shit --

EMILY

Step, muthafucka, I'm kickin' it old school. A big shout out to all the O.G.'s in the house.

She slouches back on the couch, eyes go to slits -- she's a HIPPIE STONER, she fakes inhaling a joint.

EMILY (cont'd)

Fire on the Mountain, dude, second set, the Greek, 1982, We had the kindest Humboldt. I found god. It was so peaceful and beautiful.

(beat)

I can be lots of people. I can be like you.

She sits up straight, total geek posture.

EMILY (cont'd)

Gee, Dr. Hughes, your position on Nicomachean Ethics is fascinating and it really applies to the post-crash worker's movement in Detroit. I will vote socialist when I turn eighteen and can actually vote. I'm not a geek exactly because I kind-of look like William S. Burroughs.

Performance over. She sits back on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC

Do you want to be a different person?

Emily pulls off her tank top. She's in her bra.

EMILY

Do you want to make love to me?

Eric isn't falling for her game.

ERIC

Seriously, isn't that what the clothes and the talk is about?

EMILY

Seriously, do you want to fuck me?

He is put off by this and embarrassed.

ERIC

I'm just trying to get to know you and you're acting like a porn star.

She goes with the idea, her demeanor changing again. She slowly pulls at the right cup of her bra, lowering it so just the edge of her nipple is showing --

EMILY (cont'd)

Ooh... my nipples are hard.

She stares at Eric a long beat, moves her other hand to her crotch --

EMILY (cont'd)

(super sexy)

Ooh, baby, making love would feel so good.

ERIC

Do you take anything seriously?

She locks her eyes onto his. She is sexy.

EMILY

How do you know I'm not taking this seriously?

ERIC

Because it's some bullshit power thing.

She stares at him, not used to being challenged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EMILY
Games are fun. It's like every need is
taken care of so now we can have
affectations.

ERIC
Would you mind covering yourself up?

She doesn't break his gaze, but very slowly slides the
bra back over her breast.

EMILY
It's great footage, hunh? It'll really
get the math team going.

ERIC
(angry)
Thanks.
(starting to say something)
You know... You...

He trails away into an uncomfortable silence. He shuts
off the camera and begins putting it away.

EMILY
What?

ERIC
Nothing.

EMILY
Say it.

ERIC
I don't want to hurt your feelings.

EMILY
Oh, you're gonna hurt my feelings.

He stops what he's doing --

EMILY (cont'd)
Come on... say it.

ERIC
(slowly)
I was just thinking you're one of the
loneliest people I've every met.

He reads her for a reaction. She looks away.

INT. TOBY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked in front of Emily's darkened house which looks monstrous and foreboding. Toby is smoking a joint and acting as cool as he knows how.

TOBY

I'm thinkin' about changing my gang name to Havoc...

(beat)

You can stay over at my crib... Nobody cares.

He tries to pass her the joint. She doesn't want any.

EMILY

Your dad stares at me.

TOBY

What?

EMILY

He looks at me when I'm walking around.

TOBY

No, he doesn't.

EMILY

Okay, you're right, he doesn't. Thanks for driving me around.

She opens the door. Toby tries to grab her hand, but he's too late.

TOBY

Driving you around?

The door shuts. He sits with it a moment, then throws the car in gear and drives away.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily stands in the driveway. She looks up at the silent house, then walks around to the garage. The brand-new Saab convertible is sitting in its slot.

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

Emily sits in the front seat of her car. There is a paper banner draped across the steering wheel that reads, "Happy Birthday From Mom and Dad." By the date, we see her birthday was several months ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tears away the banner. We see the odometer. It reads: 017 miles.

She looks for the ignition... She hasn't driven much.

EXT. TEN FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Saab creeps onto the freeway. It's late. There's no traffic. We see a sign: 10 EAST.

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

She drives. We see downtown come into view... the tall buildings with lights keeping the airplanes away.

She takes the Harbor Freeway, exits on Sixth Street.

EXT. BONNIE BRAE - NIGHT

The Saab rolls past the same corner where Hector's crew is working. They don't know the car so they're wary. Emily drives past, then parks at the curb.

She sits for a second collecting herself. Down the street the drug business continues unabated.

She walks toward them. Maybe ten GUYS loitering around a corner. We see Chino pass something to the DRIVER of a Mustang. He casually saunters back to the shadows.

Emily approaches. We recognize faces from The Flats party, but nobody is talking. They're at work. Hector's voice comes out of the shadows of a rubble-strewn lot.

HECTOR (O.S.)

You want something maybe we give you a discount. Thirty percent off, one time only.

Emily turns and sees him standing near the crumbling wall of an abandoned building.

EMILY

New customer discount.

HECTOR

You become an old customer real fast.

The crew watches Emily move closer to Hector. They look around nervously. One of them calls out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREW MEMBER
(Spanish, subtitled)
Hector, it's cool having your White
Fence around but maybe you wanna
invite her parents and the mayor of
Beverly Hills, too.

Hector pulls Emily into the shadows.

HECTOR
You can't stay around here. Too much
attention.

At that moment we hear a series of whistles and covert
whispers. The crew disperses as a cop car slowly cruises
down the road.

The two cops in the front seat scan the streets. They
stare straight into the shadows where Emily and Hector
are.

The cop car stops. All is silent. The car moves slowly
down the street.

HECTOR
Sit here.

Hector pulls Emily back to a stoop from which he has
sightlines to his crew moving product on different
corners. He watches her out of the corner of his eye. Her
clothes, style, attitude fit the milieu.

HECTOR (cont'd)
So what are you doing here, anyway,
lookin' all homegirl and shit?

EMILY
I always dress like this.

HECTOR
I'm tryin' to look like I got the
money and you wanna look like me.
(can't believe it)
Fuckin' white people.

Cars continually stop. The drivers all look the same:
white and nervous. There's a forty year-old man in a BMW.

EMILY
So what's that guy's story?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR

That's Del Adam. He's a public defender, but he don't remember me.

EMILY

He's a lawyer...

HECTOR

And he smokes rock. You think rock only gets poor people off? Baby, everybody smokes rock.

Another man drives up.

HECTOR (cont'd)

That guy drives a tow-truck.

Another expensive car, window rolls down, a man nervously looking around --

EMILY

I've seen him before.

HECTOR

On your TV. All those old commercials. Get a bucket of rock, finger lickin' good, have a barrel of rock, good-bye ho-hum.

TWO CREW MEMBERS appear out of the shadows. They hand Hector a wad of cash. He hesitates, looking at Emily. He reaches around the building to a crack in the wall. He pulls out an old paper sack from which he extracts a lot of product and forks it over to the salesman. They disappear back to the street.

Hector replaces the crack in the hiding place.

EMILY

Was that a lot?

HECTOR

One hour worth, unless it gets crazy.

Another car pulls up. We see a baby in a baby seat in the back of the car.

EMILY

They all look so scared.

HECTOR

Nobody wants to get busted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

Maybe they're scared of you.

HECTOR

You're looking at the safest corner in Los Angeles. This is a business. You got a better chance of gettin' mugged coming out of a Gap store.

Suddenly we hear frantic whistling and whispers. Hector stands, concerned. He waves Emily back into the shadows, but before she can move, two unmarked police cars screech into the street. Two bicycle COPS come down the sidewalk.

A police helicopter whizzes over head, a stern VOICE comes down from a loudspeaker --

COP

(from helicopter)

This is the police... Please step to the curb with your hands above your head.

(in Spanish)

This is the police... Please step to the curb with your hands above your head.

Cops in LAPD windbreakers move through the rubble strewn lots. The crew is roused to the corner.

Emily and Hector back down the side of the building --

COP (O.S.)

Hector, come on out to the street. We gotta have another talk.

HECTOR

Stay here.

Hector starts out to the curb, stepping through a hole in the broken down fencing.

COP (O.S.)

And bring your girlfriend, too.

Flashlight beams catch Emily against the wall. She follows Hector out to the curb.

The crew is lined up, about twelve guys standing in a row looking bored. Emily stands in the line with them. A FEMALE COP approaches Emily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FEMALE COP
Hands on your head.

EMILY
Oh, okay, sorry.

ANOTHER COP
No talking.

She puts her hands on her head and looks around. COPS with flashlights. COPS patting people down. COPS looking for drugs. The crew isn't worried. Emily patterns herself after their nonchalance.

Down the way, the COP IN CHARGE talks with Hector.

IN CHARGE COP
Where's the rock, Hector? Where'd you stash it? You got it on you? It's not on you. Help us out here so we can all get home a little quicker.

Two cops, one MALE, one FEMALE stand behind Emily. They are also very nonchalant, as if they've been through this a thousand times before, which they have.

These two cops start laughing. One points --

MALE COP
(sing-song)
Which one of these is not like the other ones, not like the other ones, which one of these is not like the other ones and my very good guess is... you... are... it.

They pull Emily out of the line.

FEMALE COP (cont'd)
What's your name?

EMILY
Emily Samms.

MALE COP
(bluffing)
It's a felony to attempt to buy drugs from an undercover officer.

FEMALE COP
Let's see some id.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Emily fishes in her pockets and pulls out her driver's license. The cop takes it and reads it.

FEMALE COP (cont'd)
Pacific Palisades, whooooo. You are a long way from home at two in the morning.

The cop yells down to his buddies.

FEMALE COP (cont'd)
Number 8 Ocean Road, Pacific Palisades. She musta took a wrong turn at Rodeo drive.

There are assorted HOOTS. The cop turns serious.

FEMALE COP (cont'd)
Okay, I'm done fucking around with you here. Is it in a garbage can, one of these fine piece-a-shit cars? D'you swallow it?

All of the crew is alert. Hector tries to make eye contact with Emily but a cop smacks his head.

FEMALE COP (cont'd)
So where is it? Or you're going in.

EMILY
I don't know what you're talking about.

FEMALE COP
Crack cocaine? You heard of it? Little pipe upside the head.

A cop down the way yells out --

COP
Look what we got...

Emily cranes her head to see them pulling crack out of a crew member's mouth.

COP (cont'd)
Forty worth of rock... Should've swallowed it, Ace.

The cop in front of Emily shoves her out toward the busted crew member, ACE CAPONE. He takes the crack from the other cop. Shows it to Emily, damp strips of pale yellow, like thick litmus paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

FEMALE COP

This is what we're talking about.

(beat)

You wanna sleep in your bed tonight,
Emily?

Emily looks back at the crew stoically watching her.

EMILY

I've never seen that stuff before. I
stopped to ask directions 'cause I
missed the ten by accident and then
couldn't get back on so I drove --

FEMALE COP

That's it. Hands behind your back.

They roughly put cuffs on Emily and Ace Capone. Emily
looks frightened for the first time.

ACE

It's just Juvee. Don't sweat nothin'.

FEMALE COP

Let's see how you like it? Ace Capone
here loves it. Don't you, Ace?

They put the cuffs on, then shove her in the back of a
cruiser. We see her face as they drive away.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - NIGHT

The chaos of a police precinct. Drunk, drugged teens
being led through the system. Girls screaming. The female
cop has charge of Emily.

They divide by gender and Ace Capone is led away.

ACE CAPONE

(sympathetic)

Your first time through the system.
It's not so bad.

Emily is handcuffed to a radiator and left alone.

ACROSS THE STATION

we see two OFFICERS talking.

OFFICER #1

Rich bitch smartass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER 2

Push the paperwork out of the way
somewhere.

Off Emily and the radiator.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A small cell whose walls are lined with benches. Four disconsolate teenage GIRLS, two black, two Latino sprawl on the benches. Two clearly are PROSTITUTES, one a scraggly looking street RUNAWAY, the last a JUNKIE suffering bad withdrawals.

The metal door slides back and Emily walks in. The others in the cell acknowledge her presence with their eyes and after a while they continue talking.

RUNAWAY

...I wasn't doing shit. They start playing twenty questions. "What's closer to you now, the moon or Europe?" Fuck you is closer to me, now.

PROSTITUTE #1

I been to Knott's Berry Farm.

PROSTITUTE #2

(preposterous)

I got a cock taped up my leg? Fat Vice Cop asks where my cock is? Sweet thing, my rent's seventeen hundred a month and that don't come from any sausage factory.

PROSTITUTE #1

Moon or Europe, what the fuck is that about?

The runaway notices Emily --

RUNAWAY

What'd you do?

EMILY

Me?

RUNAWAY

No, the debutante sitting next to you in the fake Donna Karan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

I was in the wrong place at the wrong time, I guess.

The runaway looks at her, understands.

RUNAWAY

I'll bet you were... That's a crime.

PROSTITUTE #2

Oh, you're funny. I got a friend JoJo who said the same thing... He got five life sentences plus twenty five years. That's three hundred years in jail. I think the country's only been in existence like two hundred or something.

Emily watches the others. She's curious. Interested in her surroundings and respectful.

The Junkie begins puking on herself. Runaway looks over, disgusted. Turns back to Emily.

RUNAWAY

You don't got any Dilaudid shoved up your ass get her to stop doing that?

EMILY

No.

RUNAWAY

You sure?

EMILY

Yes.

RUNAWAY

Positive?

A little hesitation before she answers.

EMILY

(very polite)

You can check if you like.

Runaway thinks about it for a while. This was a game.

RUNAWAY

I believe you.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Bored intake officers drinking coffee, filing papers and staring at the clock that now reads 6:30.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

The five girls are stretched out on benches. They have their arms over their eyes, blocking the sterile lighting. Maybe they are asleep. They talk softly.

EMILY

About half the time I want to stand up in school and start screaming, just screaming, for no reason. My therapist says I have a messed up relationship to time because my father's away so much.

RUNAWAY

(sarcastic)

There's a reason.

EMILY

You don't think that's a reason?

RUNAWAY

I think you have a *messed up relationship to time* because you got too much of it.

PROSTITUTE 2

Word up on that. I'm walking my ass around all day.

The door is thrown open and a WOMAN COP sticks her head in.

WOMAN COP

Emily Samms, your parents are here.

Emily stands up and looks over at the other girls.

EMILY

Well, bye, I guess.

Nobody stirs, but the runaway is looking at her. She rubs the hem of her sleeve.

RUNAWAY

(re: Emily's clothes)

That shit's real, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Yeah, it is.

The cell slams shut behind her.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Samms wait on hard chairs near a desk. They look tired and worried. There is a lawyer with them. He looks like BERT FIELDS.

Emily is brought from the cells. They stand, strained expressions softening. They gather her into their arms.

MR. SAMMS

How are you, honey?

MRS. SAMMS

Oh, honey. You're really fine, aren't you? You're okay. Nobody hurt you?

Emily nods.

EMILY

I'm fine. I'm fine.

BERT FIELDS

We'll get this straightened out, Emily. Don't worry.

Bert Fields goes over to talk to the person-in-charge.

MRS. SAMMS

Let's leave this charming place.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Emily and her father sit uncomfortably at the kitchen table.

Emily's mother has made grilled cheese and mugs of tomato soup, and brings the food to the table. There's an incongruity to Mrs. Samm's serving food that everyone is aware of.

MRS. SAMMS

(strained, but pleasant)

So, uh, soup's on, etcetera. And we're now... we're having a family lunch.

Mr. Samms begins laughing. It's infectious, not nasty at all. Emily starts to giggle. Mrs. Samms can't help it; she starts laughing also.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SAMMS (cont'd)

We haven't done this in a while, have we?

(still laughing, but new agey, too)

It feels good to laugh.

MR. SAMMS

Bert says the whole thing will go away by Wednesday. You're a National Merit Semi-Finalist and that counts with these people...

He trails off uncertainly. Mrs. Samms takes a tiny bite of her food. Mr. Samms leans forward again --

MR. SAMMS

Things haven't been so great between your mom and me lately. And we know this has made it difficult for you. But, we just need to understand --

MRS. SAMMS

May I say something? I don't want you to be too hard on yourself because we know how hard it's been for you... here... with us.

This is narcissistic in the extreme. Her parents can't see Emily other than as a reflection of themselves.

EMILY

I was arrested with crack dealers --

MRS. SAMMS

And we're here to listen, any time.

The implication here is that Emily should feel badly about all the guilt she's caused them to feel. Emily lowers her head, stares at her soup.

MR. SAMMS

Honey, you know we understand and just want to help?

MRS. SAMMS

Honey?

Emily finally looks up.

EMILY

Sure, I know.

EXT. EMILY'S BACK YARD - DAY

Emily walks out into their back yard. There is a swimming pool, a tennis court partially hidden by hedges. We hear the SWACK of the golf balls being hit on the fairway.

She walks to the back corner of the property. She can see a movement through the shrubbery separating their property from their neighbors.

Emily moves closer to the bushes. She sees a Mexican POOL BOY cleaning the neighbor's pool, the slow movement of the vacuum across the bottom.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Students milling around everywhere. Amanda, Sasha, Allison and OTHER GIRLS surround Emily. Emily sees Eric who sits at a table by himself reading a book.

SASHA

Emily, you're so fucking down --

AMANDA

Doin' like hard time --

EMILY

It wasn't like that --

ANOTHER GIRL

I heard you got in a knife fight --

AMANDA

I heard you hit a cop --

SASHA

I heard you met somebody named Ace Capone and he's coming here as an exchange student --

ANOTHER GIRL

Crazy wack. You went to jail?

ANOTHER GIRL

I heard something else and I can't even say it --

SASHA

She busted out --

The questions fly, the crowd almost ignoring Emily in their excitement. Emily catches Eric watching her. She smiles, utterly alone in a crowd --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY
(to Eric, joking about how un-
alone she appears)
See...

ANOTHER GIRL
What do your parents think?

ALLISON
Her dad waved the magic wand and it
all went away.

Toby and Sam approach --

TOBY
Going to jail is fucked up.

EMILY
It was juvenile detention center.

SAM
Baby be gettin' a rap sheet and have
them three strikin' your ass --

Toby shakes his head with disgust.

TOBY
Goin' all inner city without any of
tha crew having your back --

Sasha and Amanda exchange a glance --

SASHA
Somebody's jealous.

TOBY
Going without your crew, thass wack.

EMILY
It wasn't like that --

SASHA
I think it was fuckin' down.

We should really see Allison's adulation for her friend.

ALLISON
Emily's got the most balls of anyone
in the whole fucking school. I wish I
was there --

EMILY
No, you guys --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOBY

Tha PLC should've been representin'.

ALLISON

Maybe she don't need Tha PLC.

TOBY

Thass all she's got.

Emily stiffens --

EMILY

I know one thing. I don't need you
tellin' me what I need. I can roll
with it on my own.

Emily turns and walks angrily away. She veers to where
Eric sits with his head buried in a book. She clears her
throat; he lowers the book.

EMILY

Yu know, if you want to talk to me
again, if you're interested...

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

ON VIDEO: Emily speaks into the camera.

EMILY

Ah... Okay...

(in a rush)

You don't want to think you're with
somebody just because everyone else
thinks you should be, because you're
not a preassigned category or a
parking space, but he's...

(singsong)

popular and good looking and cool and,
you're liked by most boys and even
some girls, so the whole thing
seems... predetermined, but later
you're fucking him singing the theme
from Shaft and it doesn't even seem
real, it seems like a dream, like
you're just sleeping through your
life... Does that make sense? Ah, fuck
it.

ERIC (O.S.)

So what do you think isn't a dream?
What's real to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Don't you have an easy one? Okay. Let me think...

(softly)

I was downtown... with Allison. And we just sat there, for a moment, in the middle of this fucked-up situation and, we just sat there, together, and...

ERIC (O.S.)

And what?

EMILY

I don't know... It seemed real, that's all.

ERIC (O.S.)

Have you ever thought about Allison? Are you attracted to her?

EMILY

Easy E...

(mischievous)

But, wouldn't you like to know.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

It's incredibly messy with clothes and music and books spread everywhere. There are framed pictures on every surface: Emily with family, friends, Emily and Allison in a variety of phases: ballet; country club/tennis camp, deadhead, grunge, the current gangsta phase.

Allison channel surfs from the bed. Emily is getting ready.

ALLISON

Do you remember that party in Malibu when the wave hit the porch?

Emily doesn't remember.

ALLISON (cont'd)

And Sasha blew that white rasta guy upstairs and everyone could see through the window.

Emily goes to a bureau and retrieves a small silver box.

EMILY

That, I remember --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

Did you know Toby stuck his dick in
the mold of Jello shots and peed.

Emily makes a face -- disgusting. She brings the silver
box over, holds it open before Allison.

ALLISON (cont'd)

What is that?

EMILY

Crack cocaine.

Allison picks up a piece.

ALLISON

Where'd --

EMILY

I bought it the night Toby got fucked
with. I wanna try it.

ALLISON

How do you do it?

Emily opens a drawer and takes out a piece of aluminum
foil and a lighter.

EMILY

I called a drug hotline and asked what
signs I should look for if my mom was
smoking crack. They said pieces of
aluminum foil everywhere. So...

Emily puts a piece of crack on the aluminum foil. They
look at it.

ALLISON

Now what?

Emily ignites the lighter and holds it under the foil.
The crack makes a loud CRACKLING sound, popping.

EMILY

Shit. Where'd it go?

ALLISON

It splattered everywhere.

Emily sits on the end of the bed, perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY
(sarcastic)
That was fun. It's so sexy being a
teenage crack addict. Crack chic.

ALLISON
It's like Crack Chic is chic.

EMILY
It's like with "au jus."

They laugh together. Allison returns her attention to the television. She changes the channel to an episode of COPS.

ALLISON
I wanna go back down there with you.

EMILY
You wanna go back down tonight?

Allison thinks about it --

ALLISON
I'm down widdit, if you are.

Emily thinks, then slowly nods.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

They are on the freeway: 10 EAST. Allison drives. The dashboard clock reads 12:30 AM.

We see downtown all lit up in the distance. The grass and greenery give way to the industrial world around La Brea.

ALLISON
Do you think they'll ever build the
subway out to where we live?

EMILY
If cheesy Cheviot Hills can stop it,
you think they'll get it through
Brentwood?

ALLISON
Dr. Hughes said there used to be a
trolley system.

EMILY
Yeah, like in the thirties... Before
scary black people lived here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (cont'd)
When LA was one big swimming pool
surrounded by blooming gardenias.

We see signs for the 5 FREEWAY. Emily exits.

ALLISON
Do you know where you're going?

Emily looks at their surroundings. They are dipping into
a whole new world --

EMILY
(laughing)
No.

Emily reaches in the backseat and pulls out a Thomas
Guide.

EMILY (cont'd)
It's on Convention. I'll find it.

EXT. BAD HOOD NEAR FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Saab cruises slowly down desolate streets.

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

Emily and Allison see the hotel. The Tropical is fifteen
rooms around a motor court set into industrial desolation
near a freeway.

EMILY
Thassit.

Emily pulls into the parking lot.

In the office, we see a worried Night Manager pacing
around. He points toward Rooms 11, 12, 13 at the end.

Leaning against the hotel, a used-up female SKEL fires up
a glass tube, inhales a big hit, smiles obscenely, then
slides slowly to the ground in ecstasy. She blows out the
smoke in a white cloud --

SKEL
Spare some change for a bus ticket?

Allison hesitates.

SKEL (cont'd)
... Buy me a sandwich.

Allison fishes some change from her pocket and hands it
to the tweaking skel. Emily looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON
You never know.

They approach room 11 with trepidation. Loud MUSIC pumps from the other side.

Emily knocks. No answer. She pushes the door open --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emily and Allison stand by the front door. The room is lit by candles and there are streamers and signs in Spanish. The doors to the adjoining rooms are open, and thirty or forty PEOPLE spill in and out. It's hot, smoky, loud, mysterious. Guys are playing cards and dice.

People are dancing, drinking, smoking. There are girlfriends and small children. A young MOTHER with an INFANT sits on a bed gazing happily at her baby. People seem to be paying her respect.

The crowd notices the two white girls and grows quieter for a moment. Hector sees Emily and Allison. He makes eye contact with Chino, and they approach. The noise resumes.

EMILY
You said you kicked it here.

We hold a moment, not knowing Hector or Chino's reaction.

CHINO
So, you didn't say nothin', did you?

It's hard to know whether this is a challenge. Emily stares at them, not wanting to talk about it. Allison shakes her head affirmatively.

ALLISON
She didn't say shit.

Hector smiles. Somebody hands beers to Emily and Allison. The mood in the room is jubilant.

HECTOR
It's a party for little Javi. Just got baptized.

He nods toward the young woman with the infant.

EMILY
She's pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

They held us there for two hours thinking you'd break down in the cop car and they'd bring you back to give it up.

CHINO

The cops were crazy. Ace Capone's probably gonna do serious time.

Hector steps in --

HECTOR

That's not her fault. Ace was always a greedy. She's all right for a White Fence.

(casual)

You should stay around. This is gonna go all night.

Emily and Allison swig the forties. Across the room, a young gang guy sticks candles into cupcakes and lights them one by one.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The party is in high gear. Guys play cards around a table. People dance near the music. Blunts are going around along with a lot of beer and tequila.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Hector, Chino, Manuel and some others are crowded around a small table playing "Mexican dice" with Emily and Allison. Allison does a shot of tequila and chases it with a beer. Everyone's YELLING and CHEERING. Allison is drunk.

EMILY

You got nothing. Got nothing.

ALLISON

Bullshit. Bullshit.

Emily takes a hit off a blunt. A DICE PLAYER looks under the cup. Thinks. Then --

DICE PLAYER

Sixty four.

The cup slides to Hector. He accepts the bid. Shakes up the dice. Looks at his roll without letting anyone see. Looks at Emily. Thinks. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR
Fifty five.

He slides the cup to Emily. She shakes it. Reads her roll. Turns to Manuel --

EMILY
Mexican.

Manuel has to either "accept" or "challenge." He smiles at the pressure, then smoothly lifts the cup --

MANUEL
No chance.

Everyone looks. The dice read "21" - "Mexican."

MANUEL (cont'd)
Ah, shit.

The players go crazy. Chino slides him a full forty. Manuel stands.

MANUEL (cont'd)
The whole thing?

HECTOR
(Spanish, subtitled)
You got fucked.

Manuel begins swigging. He kills it. Then, shows his belly which is completely distended from malt liquor. The guys are giving him rafts of shit in Spanish.

MANUEL
(Spanish, subtitled)
Drinkin' like the Sixteenth Street,
muthafucka.

Emily and Allison are talking quietly. Allison's words slur slightly.

ALLISON
You ask.

EMILY
No, you ask.

ALLISON
Come on - you. You gotta do it. They like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The dice game is continuing. Emily leans close to Hector. In the flush of the booze and the game, she's confident.

EMILY

I gotta ask you something.

(Hector listens)

We wanted to know if we could join up with your crew?

HECTOR

What?

EMILY

You know, like join, get initiated, fuckin' secret handshakes and shit.

Others at the table are now listening.

HECTOR

You wanna get in the Sixteenth Street?

(messin' with her)

Be all down and shit, an O.G. in the house.

Emily pulls back. Allison leans in --

ALLISON

We're down. We just thought --

HECTOR

You gonna work a corner? You wanna be clockin' for my people? Like an afterschool job, you know, deliver newspapers or maybe move a little rock off Bonnie Brae?

EMILY

Fuck you.

There's silence around the table now. Nobody tells Hector to fuck off. He looks at Emily, then at Allison, then back to Emily. He starts to laugh. Allison laughs drunkenly.

HECTOR

No, no no, not fuck me. I hear you, Miss O.G. And, I'm thinking.

(to the table)

They wanna join the Sixteenth, be all homegirls and shit.

People nodding, staring, all right, yeah. Emily stands --

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

You wanna make fun of us, then we're outta here.

HECTOR

Hey, White Fence, it's --

EMILY

My name's Emily --

HECTOR

Emily. You wanna join, you can do it like every other lady here. But, you won't do it, so don't talk about it.

EMILY

Won't do what?

THE GUYS

Whoo...

CHINO

What it takes.

The men begin laughing again.

EMILY

Yeah?

Hector picks up a die. He rolls it once. Then rolls it again.

HECTOR

It's a dice game.

He rolls it again.

HECTOR (cont'd)

If you're still interested?

Emily and Allison make eye contact. They both nod. The rest of the room is paying attention, overtly or not.

HECTOR (cont'd)

You gotta do it with our people. You know what I mean? Do it.

Hector looks at the other guys... is this for real or just a ploy for sex, or both?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HECTOR (cont'd)

You each roll one time. Whatever number, that's the number of my friends you take...

He motions to one of the adjoining rooms.

HECTOR (cont'd)

... In there.

Emily and Allison now realize what's being propositioned. They don't want to lose face. Allison is watching for Emily's lead. Emily slowly nods.

EMILY

Okay, but I choose the "friends."

Allison doesn't want to be left behind... With bravado she does another shot.

ALLISON

Me, too. I'm down.

Hector picks up the die, and goes to the adjoining motel room. Chino follows him.

INT. ADJOINING MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large ramshackle room with two lumpy beds tilting at odd angles and a kitchenette in the corner. Eight or ten people are there: a couple on a bed, two guys chopping rails, etc. Hector strides in.

HECTOR

(Spanish, subtitled)

Out. Into the other room. Come on, up.

Out. Let's go.

Grumbling, the partiers comply. The room is empty. Hector indicates the two beds.

Emily sits on one. Allison on the other. They look at each other a long beat, seeing who'll go through with it.

Emily indicates she'll go first. Hector hands her the die. Emily looks at it, sees the faces of men looking through the doorway.

HECTOR (cont'd)

First decide if you want a big number or a small one.

Chino snickers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR (cont'd)
Big one. Big Six, come on.

Emily stares Hector down, then tosses the die. It comes up "1."

HECTOR (cont'd)
Be thinking who you want.

Hector passes the die to Allison. She hesitates, then tosses the die to the floor. It comes up "3."

ALLISON
Three. Okay. It's three. That's not too bad. It's just sex. Sex, I can handle.

HECTOR
Who do you want?

Allison thinks a moment, then points at Chino.

EMILY
Al, fuckallathis, we don't have to do this shit.

ALLISON
No, I want to --

Chino shuts the door in the face of the other room. It's just the four of them. Emily settles back onto the pillows. Hector sits beside her. Chino moves toward Allison. Hector puts his hand around the back of Emily's neck, surprisingly tender, and kisses her.

Emily looks around Hector at her friend. Chino is a big guy and he's on Allison, but more aggressively. He kisses her deeply, then pushes her down. Emily sees Allison struggling. Emily pushes Hector away, moving out from under him --

EMILY
I can't do this. Fuck it. Al?
(beat)
Allison!

Emily stands. Allison and Chino stop fooling around.

HECTOR
You gotta let her do her thing.

EMILY
Allison, listen to me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allison looks spitefully at Emily --

ALLISON

All I ever do is listen to you.

Emily moves toward Allison, takes her arm, lightly tugs as if to pull her up.

EMILY

Come on, Al. Fuck it.

ALLISON

No. I'm a do this.

(pointing to Hector)

And I want him first.

He speaks to Chino rapidly in Spanish.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitled)

Am I fucking the White Fence or not
fucking the White Fence?

HECTOR

(Spanish, Subtitled)

Get the fuck off the bed. And take the
other one with you.

Chino curses to himself in Spanish, but gets off the bed. He stands in front of Emily and slowly, but forcefully pushes her away from the bed. Hector moves for Allison --

HECTOR

Fuck all this talking. She can think
for herself.

Allison reaches for Hector. Chino holds Emily by the door. They both watch as Hector kisses Allison. He turns her around, kisses her neck and ear. It's sexy, passionate. He pulls up her shirt. She kicks off her shoes. They're kissing more deeply, Allison losing herself in it.

Clothes come off. Hector's pants are down. He's between her legs. Allison clutches at his back.

Emily turns and leaves the room. Through the door we hear the sounds of SEX, and see Chino's rapt attention.

INT. SAME ADJOINING MOTEL ROOM - LATER

This sequence should have a dream-like, interpretive quality that emphasizes the atavism and violence of sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON'S POV - Hector is on top of her. He signals to Chino who starts to move for her, too. Chino stands beside the bed, putting Allison's hand to his crotch. Hector turns her over.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emily watches as Manuel enters the adjoining motel room.

INT. ADJOINING MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison, with two men under the stained bedspread, sees Manuel enter the room. He's undoing his pants. Allison begins to cry.

Through the half-open door behind him, she can see the young mother with her newly baptized bab.

Allison starts to struggle. She tries to resist.

ALLISON

No... No.

The men continue without listening. Manuel and Chino do a high five over her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emily hears SCREAMING from the other room. She runs for the door --

INT. ADJOINING MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison sits in the middle of the bed. She is SOBBING, her body wracking. There is blood on the sheets. The three men are pulling their clothes back on.

Emily hurries to her friend.

HECTOR

She went crazy. She freaked.

Emily holds Allison.

EMILY

Oh, God. I'm sorry.

Chino and Manuel get out of there as fast as they can. Hector pauses by the door --

HECTOR

She went fuckin' crazy, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leaves the room. Emily begins picking up Allison's clothing.

INT. GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

Emily drives in silence. They city is dark and quiet behind them. Allison slumps against the door. Emily surreptitiously glances at her.

EMILY

Allison?

No answer.

EMILY (cont'd)

Al?

Allison stirs against the door.

ALLISON

I don't want to talk.

EMILY

Are you okay?

ALLISON

I'm fine.

EMILY

If you want to talk about it?

Allison slumps lower. There's a long silence, then --

ALLISON

I don't want to talk about it and I don't want you sayin' a word to anyone, either. Not a word.

They take a familiar Santa Monica Exit.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LATER

Emily lets herself into the darkened house. She listens a long beat, then slowly leans back against the front door and closes her eyes.

EXT. PALISADES SCHOOL - MORNING

On the playing fields, unathletic kids stand around in matching gym shorts and T-shirts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily tosses a medicine ball to Allison. It rolls to her feet. She looks at it. The gym INSTRUCTOR, a lively lesbian, huffs out encouragement to a couple of fat kids.

INSTRUCTOR

That's it! Good one, William. Okay, folks, let's break it up into teams for kickball.

Emily and Allison shuffle toward the kickball diamond. Emily points toward the horizon.

EMILY

Look, it's so clear you can see the San Gabriels.

Allison stares way off in the distance. The first ball is rolled to a kicker who kicks it into the outfield.

ALLISON

I don't know. I think those are clouds.

EMILY

I think it's snow on the mountains.

ALLISON

I think it's smog over Riverside.

Then, they speak simultaneously --

EMILY/ALLISON

How do people live out there?

They laugh. Allison stops quickly. Emily watches her.

ALLISON

(softly)

How do people live here?

The gym instructor bounds up to them, her gymnastic thighs rippling in lycra.

INSTRUCTOR

Emily Samms up... Allison on deck. A little enthusiasm, people, remember it's gym requirement.

Emily walks over to the diamond. SOMEONE rolls the rubber ball. Emily kicks it and drifts down the first base line.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Emily is lost in her own thoughts during a class change. Eric watches her a beat before approaching.

ERIC

Emm. Hey, Emily. Wait up.

She looks up, clearly somewhere else.

EMILY

Yo, it's tiny Truffaut.

ERIC

The yo goes at the back of the sentence now, haven't you heard?

EMILY

Tiny Truffaut, Yo.

(thoughtful)

You're right, I messed up.

Eric laughs, not realizing their moods are completely different.

ERIC

I need a tiny favor. I've got Sasha and Amanda, and I just want to ask you guys a question.

Emily starts shaking her head. Eric senses something.

ERIC (cont'd)

Hey, Em, is everything okay?

EMILY

I'm not sure I can deal with the chronic voyeurism right now, okay?

ERIC

Oh, I see.

(hooking her)

Ledyard's thinking about banning hip-hop clothing from school and I wanted your reaction.

Emily can't believe the triviality of this, but she follows him.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

Amanda, Sasha and Emily sit at three desks in the front row. Eric has the camera on a tripod trained at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Okay, I heard Ledyard's thinking about banning hip-hop clothing from school.

SASHA

What? That's wack shit.

AMANDA

No fuckin' way. He can't do that. It's like first amendment and shit.

Eric waits to see if Emily has an opinion. She doesn't.

ERIC

...Supposedly in response to that fight you guys got into at the Coffee Bean...

AMANDA

What did they like read that New York magazine article about those kids in Central Park?

SASHA

Maybe they saw "Kids?"

AMANDA

Hip-hop clothing definitely leads to premarital sex. You can quote me. On the MTF record.

SASHA

Hip-hop's kinda tired anyway. Have you seen that Hilfiger store? Greetings from Tarzana.

ERIC

Emily, what do think about the ban?

EMILY

What do I think?

(she thinks)

I think we have too much fucking time on our hands.

SASHA

Ooh, if it isn't Miss Thang --

AMANDA

Tell us, Oh Great One, about the foibles and affectations of the little people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily stands up, disgusted --

EMILY

Oh, fuck off. That's not what I meant
and you know it.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Dr. Hughes, wearing tight jeans with a red bandana
knotted around his neck, is passing back papers.

DR. HUGHES

Toby, very nice work, much improved,
you may do better than a large
undistinguished university in the
rural south after all.

He hands the paper to Toby who sits at the back of the
class. Dr. Hughes moves back to the front --

DR. HUGHES (cont'd)

Mister Wang, we need to talk...

There is an empty seat next to Emily. Emily leans over
toward Toby --

EMILY

Where's Allison?

TOBY

I heard she went home sick.

EMILY

She did? When?

Sam leans forward.

SAM

I saw her leaving with her mom.

Dr. Hughes is back at his desk. He watches Emily talking
with her friends.

EMILY

Her mom?

SAM

Yeah - she drives the Six Hundred,
right? Midnight Blue?

Toby nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Yeah, she left with her mom.

The bell rings. The students stand to leave.

DR. HUGHES

Tomorrow we review for the final.

Don't miss.

(catching Emily)

Emily, can I have a moment?

Emily looks at the door, then shrugs --

INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - DAY

"Teacher of the Month" bulletins on the wall. Coffee makers and no smoking signs. Emily sits at a corner table with Dr. Hughes. Allison's hair is down in her eyes like she's hiding.

DR. HUGHES

I'm worried about you.

EMILY

Line forms to the right.

DR. HUGHES

Look, stop with the sullen routine, you're one of the most articulate students we have.

Dr. Hughes reaches out toward Emily's bangs --

DR. HUGHES (cont'd)

And let me see your eyes.

Emily sits up, pulls her hair out of her face.

EMILY

Sorry.

DR. HUGHES

You don't have to be sorry. There's nothing to be sorry about.

(beat)

Do you know what I see when I look at you?

(beat)

I see someone who's truly arrogant. Do you know what humility is?

Emily thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Probably not.

DR. HUGHES

It's accepting your role in the world.
What do you think arrogance is?

EMILY

I'm guessing it's not accepting your
role, whatever that is.

DR. HUGHES

We all have a role. When things come
easily you don't appreciate them, you
don't feel like you've earned them.

(beat)

You're smart, but you don't try.
You're beautiful but you hide it under
your hair and strange wigs and baggy
clothes. You have rich, successful
parents but you identify with inner
city street kids. You're a natural
leader but you don't take
responsibility for the people you
influence.

(beat)

Look, contradictions are fun, they're
natural, we play with them, I mean,
Girl, I know I'm a racist and my
boyfriend's black. I'm a gay Jesuit. I
have a PHD.

She looks up. Is he joking? Dr. Hughes laughs. She
laughs.

DR. HUGHES (cont'd)

It's all true. Life is strange.

(beat)

It's easy to fool your parents because
you have their heartstrings twisted
around your fingers, but why would you
want to fool anyone, especially
yourself.

(beat)

Figure out who you are, the person you
can live with, that you can respect,
and then live with her. No looking
back.

Emily thinks a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Your boyfriend's a lucky guy, I'd like to meet him sometime.

DR. HUGHES

Oh, that's not so easy... he's a racist, too.

(beat)

Okay, lecture's over. Just think about it, please.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emily is asleep in her bed. We hear the SOUNDS of golfers practicing their craft in the early morning. We see a clock on the bedside... 7:25 AM.

Mr. and Mrs. Samms enter the bedroom. They share a moment watching their daughter sleep.

Emily senses something and sits up with a start.

EMILY

What? Oh, my God, you scared me.

(sleepily)

What is it? What time is it?

MR. SAMMS

It's okay. It's all right --

MRS. SAMMS

No, it's not.

He looks at her.

MR. SAMMS

Well, we need to talk. We just got a call from Allison's parents.

(searches for words)

Allison was attacked? They said she was sexually assaulted?

Emily sits straight up in bed.

EMILY

What?

(trying to get her mind going)

What? That's... what?

MR. SAMMS

Two detectives are on their way over here. I've got a call into Bert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY
I'm supposed to go to school.

MR. SAMMS
Just get dressed and come downstairs.

Emily nods, thinking her own thoughts. Her parents leave.
She jumps for the phone. Dials a number, waits.

EMILY
(into phone)
Allison, it's me. Are you there? Come
on, Al? Talk to me. What's going on..?
Shit. Call me! Please!

She slowly hangs up the phone, half hoping Allison will
come on the line.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Emily and her mother sit silently in the kitchen. Outside
the windows, it's another relentlessly bright morning.
After a while --

EMILY
(angry)
So ask me... You think I watched
Allison get raped? You think that?

MRS. SAMMS
No, I... I don't know what to think.
Did you go back down into that area?

Emily is silent.

MRS. SAMMS (cont'd)
Maybe you were curious?
(beat)
Maybe you wanted... I don't know? Tell
me, what is this about?

The doorbell RINGS. Mrs. Samms starts --

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Two detectives, LT. ANDY MARIS, 40's, and LT. CYNTHIA
KOVALESKI, 30's, stand there uncomfortably.

The front door opens and Mr. Samms steps outside.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Samms and Emily sit silently. A serious Mr. Samms returns to the kitchen.

MR. SAMMS

They'll come to Bert's office tomorrow. They have some questions.

(beat)

Okay, Emily. What the hell is going on?

She stares at her hands, saying nothing.

MR. SAMMS (cont'd)

Emily, what's this business about a Tropical Motel?

Emily remains silent.

MR. SAMMS (cont'd)

Emily! Come on, talk to us and we'll try to help.

Emily seems to be fighting back tears.

EMILY

I don't know... I don't know what happened.

Her father appraises her for a beat --

MR. SAMMS

I don't believe you.

EMILY

I have to talk to Allison.

MR. SAMMS

The Masons don't want the two of you seeing each other right now.

Emily stares out the window. Over the hedges you can see the roofs of neighboring houses.

INT. PALISADES SCHOOL - MORNING

Emily goes to her locker. We see a GROUP of kids watching her and whispering, clearly talking about her.

Toby approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

There you are. We gots to talk.

EMILY

I don't want to talk.

Toby looks at her as if she's insane.

TOBY

You don't.

(beat)

So fuckin' what? What happened to Allison? What the fuck were you doin' in some hotel room in a slum with another crew? What the hell is goin' on wichu?

Emily continues getting her books together. Toby grabs her and turns her to face him.

TOBY (cont'd)

Em... Talk to me. Come on.

Emily wheels on him.

EMILY

You sound so much like my fuckin' parents I can't stand it.

She slams her locker and walks away. Toby watches her, perplexed, then yells after her --

TOBY

Okay, you're out of Tha PLC. We ain't gonna sit around an let this kinda shit slide. You're out!

Toby slams his hand into the locker for emphasis.

INT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - DAY

Emily sits by herself drinking a cappuccino. She stares into some personal middle distance.

INT. CENTURY CENTER LAW FIRM - DAY

A large conference room on the twenty fifth floor. Views from the mountains to the shining sea.

Mr. Samms, Emily, Bert Fields and two JUNIOR PARTNERS face Lt. Kovalski and Lt. Maris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cops know they're getting stonewalled and know the power of money in thwarting humble police detectives, but they don't have to like it.

BERT FIELDS.

(smooth and slick)

Detective, this is an unfortunate situation we find ourselves in. It's my client's desire to protect the privacy of his daughter, not wanting, as I'm sure you understand, to have her exposed to anything that could endanger her or leave her open for, let's call it, press intrusion into her life. These are the priorities for my client.

LT. KOVALESKI

With all due respect to your daughter, we've got a gang rape to investigate and minor or no minor that's what we're gonna do.

BERT FIELDS

As I mentioned, she is a minor and under California law...

Bert gives a nod to the Junior Partner #1.

JUNIOR PARTNER #1

Emily Samms was not a witness to any crime. She attended a party. It's our position --

It's the detectives turn to blow off a little steam --

LT. MARIS

Your position? Her friend has been assaulted, not just assaulted, raped. She was in the next room and all we're asking is for some cooperation in identifying the fuckin' perps who, with all due respect, fuckin' did the fuckin'... with all due respect.

Bert Fields takes over smoothly and efficiently --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERT FIELDS

I understand completely your need to perform your job, it's a very important job, but you must see that putting my client's daughter in the position of identifying the alleged "perps" as you call them could endanger her and this isn't a risk any of us are willing to take.

The detectives exchange a quiet word, then --

LT. KOVALESKI

(to Emily)

Okay, that's great. You sit up here with daddy and his lawyers and your great life, daddy picking up the tab --

BERT FIELDS

(stern)

Officer, that's enough.

Detective Maris steps closer to Emily so he's leaning over her where she sits at the table.

LT. MARIS

Well, guess what sweetheart, you ain't no sweet little angel, that we know.

(total disgust)

You're just another fucked-up rich kid.

Emily looks up at the detective. His coat is open and she can see his shoulder harness and gun inside. Emily acts like she might take the gun from inside his jacket. Maris pulls back.

EMILY

Maybe I should just take your gun and blow my brains all over the conference room --

MR. SAMMS

Emily --

EMILY

Don't Emily me.

(to Lt. Maris)

So you're just another cop who didn't think of college as an option, and I'm just another kid whose dad has lawyers. So what?

(disgusted)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY (cont'd)
Ace Capone's doing ten to fifteen and
I go to the prom... Don't blame me for
making the rules 'cause I didn't.

Bert steps in --

BERT FIELDS
Why don't we take it down a notch or
two... I'm sure everyone will feel
much better.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. Emily moves away from her home. She takes a
shortcut between her yard and the next.

EXT. EMILY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Emily slips between darkened houses. We sense the quiet
stolidity of the rich, their privileged environs.

EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily slips into the backyard. The back-door opens
slightly and Allison stands there in pajamas.

ALLISON
I can't really talk.

EMILY
Why not?

ALLISON
Well, it's just... what happened to us
was all messed up.

They stare at each other, a lot of emotion in the air.

ALLISON (cont'd)
I was taken advantage of... I think
maybe they slipped me something, a
roofie, something like that.

EMILY
Maybe...

ALLISON
I wanted them to stop. You were there.
You're my witness.
(the emotional truth)
I can't believe I did that, Em.

EMILY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

You've got to tell the detectives what happened...

(looking for an excuse)

What they did to me.

Allison senses Emily's hesitation and recoils.

ALLISON

You don't care about anyone but yourself. Not me, or Toby or anybody.

(somebody else's words, but cutting)

I feel sorry for you. Everybody does.

The door shuts leaving Emily standing alone in the dark.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The harshly lit observation room for a line-up. Allison is there with her parents. Lt.'s Kovalski and Maris stand patiently beside an ADA.

MR. MASON

(to Allison)

Just sit tight. We'll have this over with, soon.

MRS. MASON

Honey, you're being so brave.

There's a SQUAWK through the box --

UNIFORM (V.O.)

We're all set in here.

Lt. Kovalski walks to Allison --

LT. KOVALESKI

Allison, come over here closer to the window.

Allison moves to the window, her father and lawyers following.

LT. KOVALESKI (cont'd)

Okay, we're gonna open the blind and ask you if you recognize anybody in the other room, you understand?

Allison nods. Lt. Kovalski throws the switch and the window goes clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE OTHER ROOM

standing in the line-up, holding numbers, are six members of the Sixteenth Street gang, including Hector, Chino, Manuel, and some randoms who pad out the line-up.

Allison stares at them a long time --

ALLISON
I don't know...
(off her parents)
I was... I was pretty wasted...

ADA
Take your time.

ALLISON
Definitely number seven.

Hector is holding number seven.

LT. KOVALESKI
Number seven please step forward, take
a quarter turn to your left.

Hector does as he's told --

ALLISON
Him, I remember.

Her father speaks up, a tough tone in his voice.

MR. MASON
There were three --

ALLISON
I know... I'm trying.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DAY

Emily is in the backyard. She looks through a window.

EMILY'S POV of an empty room with only an air mattress on the floor. Eric lies on the air mattress reading a book.

Emily taps on the window, startling him. He lets her in a side door.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DAY

The floors echo as they walk into the empty living room. Emily is clearly upset, but Eric doesn't push.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

I just, I don't know, I didn't want to see anybody.

ERIC

I'm glad you came by.

EMILY

(re: the emptiness)

Jesus, did you burn everything?

ERIC

The tenants decided they wanted it unfurnished. Everything I couldn't burn is in a warehouse in Reseda.

(re: the air mattress)

I'm just riding out the school year, then I think I have to move to Chicago with my Mom.

EMILY

Can I ask you a favor?

He nods.

EMILY (cont'd)

Can I just sit next to you for a while.

He looks up at her, not sure what this means.

ERIC

Sure.

She moves awkwardly toward him and sits, slowly laying her head on his shoulder. They sit like this for a moment and then almost instinctively he puts his arm around her. She slowly starts to cry.

ERIC (cont'd)

I heard what happened to you and Allison... You want to talk about it?

She shakes her head yes, but says --

EMILY

I can't... I'm sorry... I just can't right now.

As the sobs get bigger --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC
(quietly)
It's okay. It's okay.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Traffic whizzes by on the 101 freeway at the Thousand Oaks exit. The strip mall sits amidst car dealerships, fast food, Valley suburban hubbub.

In the back corner of the parking lot, Todd Rosenberg, LCEE, and six of the Gumby's crew wait in their cars.

Toby's Impala rolls up.

INT. IMPALA - DAY

Toby drives. Sam and Nick sit in the front; Eric and SOME OTHERS are piled in the back.

TOBY
This is gonna be some serious shit.

SAM
Now they got all the chance they need
to be finding out how much love there
is in the world.

ERIC
I don't know, man... If this is
seriously illegal, do you want my
camera on?

TOBY
(jittery, hard)
Our life is a fuckin' film and you're
the fuckin' filmmaker so turn the
fuckin' camera on and shut the fuck
up. That's why you're rollin' with Tha
PLC at all.

NICK
(nervous)
Yeah, come on, Eric, be cool.

They get out of the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Eric films the young gangsters approaching Todd and Lcee and the rest of GUMBYS. They have their arms crossed and look tough. THA PLC affects the same attitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD
Whassup?

TOBY
Keepin' it real, B.

Todd appraises Toby and the others. Sees Eric filming --

TODD
What the fuck is that?

TOBY
He's makin' a movie about us.

Todd thinks a beat --

TODD
PLC, or PLC and Gumbys?

TOBY
We gots to have this summit and you
gonna be in it, too.

TODD
A-ight then, but we don't got much
time for politickin'.

Todd walks around to the trunk of his powder blue BMW and
throws the trunk open, revealing GUNS, the kind you would
steal from your parents: expensive handguns, hunting
rifles, shotguns.

TOBY
It's the fuckin' arsenal.

TODD
Lcee's dad hunts all over the world.
They gots like a stuffed fuckin' rhino
in their basement.

SAM
We gonna be doin' some huntin' of our
own, baby.

Eric films the guns. Toby is respectful.

TOBY
It's time we put whatever was between
us aside and deal with this fuckin'
problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD

No Sixteenth Street punks are gonna be doin' our ladies and gettin' away with it.

NICK

It was fuckin' rape, man.

They bask a moment in the romantic seriousness of it all, the righteous fury. They are junior gangsters and the old codes apply.

TOBY

So Gumby's is down.

LCEE

We're fuckin' here, a-ight.

Todd slams the trunk.

EXT. WORKING CLASS HOME - DAY

A rundown Craftman house near West 1st and Virgil, a working class neighborhood on the edge of the war zone.

CASPAR, 30's, "veterano," sad and wise, and his wife, VIRGINIA, (VIRHEENIA), 20's, pretty, watch Manuel and Chino go over a Nissan Maxima. The four doors and trunk are open.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitles)

Not too new, so it don't look stolen. No seeds in the ashtray. No parking tickets. Legally registered to Virginia.

VIRGINIA

(Spanish, subtitles)

Don't let nothin' happen to my car.

CASPAR

(Spanish, subtitles)

So this White Fence from Pacific Palisades presses the rape charge and Hector goes away forever.

MANUEL

(angry, not really listening)

The bitches are out there just walking around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASPAR

(Spanish, subtitles)

Have you ever been out there?

Chino and Manuel clearly haven't been out there.

VIRGINIA

(Spanish, subtitles)

It's fucked up out there.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitles)

It's like going undercover, like being a secret agent, 007, muthafucka --

(he spins and fake shoots)

Blam, blam. I'll be driving 'cause I got the least outstanding.

CASPAR

(Spanish, subtitles)

You don't know what the fuck you're doing. You see where I live? I don't go past Hoover that way.

(he points)

Two blocks that way, Mara Salvatrucha.

Two more, Big Top Locos,

(points another way)

18th Street, Harpies. Fuckit, that's five hundred feet away and I say fuckit. Fuck City Walk, Fuck

Disneyland, Orange County and the ocean, too. I stay close and I stay out of trouble.

(beat)

You know what your mistake was..?

Chino looks away --

CASPAR (cont'd)

You know, right? Gotta bury your dick in a rich white girl. That was your fuckup and it's done. Hector can take care of himself; you gotta take care of the Sixteenth Street.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitles)

I know where they go to school and I know where they drink coffee. I'm gonna kill those two white bitches, and then have a lot less fuckin' problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIRGINIA

(Spanish, subtitles)

Men and their white bitches. You better not let nothin' happen to my car.

CHINO

(Spanish, subtitles)

Remember those field trips when we was in second grade, like to the aquarium and shit. That's what it's all about. We're going to the suburbs.

With their fresh-scrubbed faces, their spanking new Ralph Lauren and Timberland, they almost look like that's where they should be going.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Emily enters. Both of her parents are waiting in the kitchen. Emily is surprised to see them both home.

EMILY

What... What are you both doing home? Did anything happen to Allison?

MR. SAMMS

Allison's doing as well as can be expected... We talked to the Masons. They told us what happened down there.

EMILY

(relieved)

They did.

MRS. SAMMS

Nobody's blaming you... Allison found herself isolated in another room where she got attacked.

MR. SAMMS

You kids were drinking... They realize you didn't see what happened. This is going to go away for you. They don't need your involvement. We made sure of that.

EMILY

They're going to press charges?

MRS. SAMMS

Well, of course. It's just you don't have to be involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SAMMS

We're not going to punish you. Our feeling is this experience has been lesson enough.

Mr. Samms maneuvers into position for a hug. He clasps Emily to him.

MRS. SAMMS

We can finally put this behind us.

That's the end of the discussion.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Todd looks at the pistol in his hand, chambers it and shoves it down his pants.

Toby, Todd, Sam, Nick, and Lcee ride in nervous SILENCE.

Toby puts on some TUPAC.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Chino, Manuel, another Sixteenth Street GANGBANGER drive in the Nissan Maxima away from downtown into Silver Lake.

They stare out the windows, not talking. The MUSIC is by BIGGIE.

INT. ERIC'S EMPTY HOUSE - DAY

Emily moves through Eric's house, hearing her own VOICE echoing through the empty rooms, growing LOUDER as she approaches the projection room.

EMILY (V.O.)

We're Tha PLC, Pali Local Crew, and we roll about twenty deep. If we don't know you... well, who the fuck are you, anyway?

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Eric is watching "dailies" from his documentary. Emily enters the room and stares.

ON THE SCREEN: Emily is in the parking lot of Pavilions, talking to the camera --

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

The thing to remember is that none of it really matters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (cont'd)
We're just teenagers and we're bored.
Totally fucking bored.

ON THE SCREEN: Emily gets into Toby's Impala.

ERIC (V.O. ON SCREEN)
Somebody from Gumbys allegedly keyed
Toby Yellen's car.

Eric begins fast forwarding.

ERIC
My Dad says you can never be bored if
you have books around.
(turning to Emily)
I have something I have to show you.

Emily sits on the floor, leans back against the wall.

ON THE SCREEN: A woodsy area where the Gumby's and a
group of Tha PLC handle their weapons beside a black
Range Rover with tinted windows.

ERIC (V.O.)
(sardonic for camera)
Would these be the good twister
chasers or the bad twister chasers?

Toby sights up a shotgun, checks the action.

TOBY
This is for Allison.

Toby clearly doesn't know how to operate a weapon. Sam
has a powerful hunting rifle in his hands.

LCEE
Thirty Ought Six. Kill an elephant
with that mufucka'.

Sam holds up the elephant gun and squeezes off a round.
The recoil practically knocks him down.

Eric pauses the video.

EMILY
Whoa.

ERIC
It's all fun and games until somebody
starts a gang war.

EMILY
What are they gonna do with those?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

They said it's for defense. You know,
like the French Revolution, so it
won't happen again with the
guillotines.

EMILY

Don't joke.

She looks up at the projection of Tha PLC frozen with
their weapons.

EXT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - DAY

The Maxima is parked in the parking lot. The three
gangbangers are slouched down low in their seats, staring
out at everyone who passes by.

A YOUNG COUPLE sees them and, sensing something out of
order, hurries a little faster to their Saab.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Toby turns onto Bonnie Brae. It's late afternoon, almost
dusk. The corners haven't heated up, yet, and the
neighborhood is desolate.

They stare out the windows. On the street an old lady
works a baby carriage over the curb.

TOBY

(nervous)

Where the fuck are these people?

SAM

If they stay up all night long
partying then everybody still
snoozing.

Toby's cell phone RINGS, startling them. Toby answers.

TOBY

Yeah?

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Emily talks into her cell phone.

EMILY

Toby, what're you thinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY (V.O.)
(cagey)
What are you talking about?

EMILY
The guns, Toby?

TOBY
I don't have a piece, you said so
yourself.

EMILY
Toby, don't do anything stupid.
Please.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

The others watch in disbelief as Toby has this
conversation.

TOBY
(bitter)
Don't fuckin' tell me what to do. You
ain't in Tha PLC and this ain't your
business.

EMILY (O.S.)
You don't know anything about what
happened with Allison.

TOBY
Thass right. I'm just some guy who
fuckin' peed in his pants, right?
Right?
(lying)
Don't worry, Emily. We're all just
keepin' it chill. Now, I gotta go,
bitch, cause I'm busy.

He hangs up the phone. He turns to his friends --

TOBY (cont'd)
Less go catch a body at that Tropical
Motel.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Emily slowly closes her phone. Eric watches her.

ERIC
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes go back to the image on the screen of the teenagers with guns.

EXT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - DUSK

Two WESTEC SECURITY OFFICERS get out of their Ford Escort and approach the parked Maxima from behind. They carry flashlights. They tap on Chino's window. He starts, then slowly rolls the window down and looks up at them.

WESTEC OFFICER

I'm gonna have to see some I.D.

Chino looks the rent-a-cop over.

CHINO

You got a problem?

WESTEC OFFICER

There's a no loitering sign over there.

He points to the NO LOITERING sign posted on the building.

WESTEC OFFICER (cont'd)

We've had some complaints.

Chino fishes for his wallet.

EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric and Emily enter Allison's backyard in the dark. Emily stops. She's looking through the kitchen windows.

EMILY'S POV of Mrs. Mason taking a tea kettle off the stove. Mr. Mason, wearing his business suit, stands nearby. They are talking peacefully to each other.

Allison and Josh pass through the dining room. Josh is holding a plate and glass. They enter the kitchen. Josh sets the plate and glass down and leaves.

Eric watches Emily watching. This is the ultimate in Suburban Realism: lives continuing inside of warmly lit houses, others feeling excluded. HOLD ON Emily's face, the mixture of regret and resolve.

EMILY

Just wait here...

She walks across the yard toward the back door.

EXT. TROPICAL MOTEL - DUSK

There are a few cars in the lot. The frightened manager looks through the window. The skel is passed out beside the building.

The Range Rover pulls into the parking lot. It creeps down to the end of the row of units.

EXT. TROPICAL MOTEL - NIGHT

Toby and the others get out of the Range Rover with their guns.

Toby approaches the second-to-last door, #11. We hear some soft music from inside.

TOBY
(whisper)
Keep it quiet, then I'm gonna throw
the door.

They look at each other, trying to be hard, but they're clearly scared. Toby motions for the others to move up around the door.

They fan out, awkwardly holding shotguns and rifles.

LCEE
Man, this shit makes me nervous as a
muthafucka.

TODD
Lcee, you're hard, muthafucka!

Lcee nods uncertainly. Toby steals himself, then throws his weight against the door.

The door explodes inward. Toby and Todd spill through, the others right behind.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

They rich kids fly into the room, guns out. The SOUND of women SCREAMING --

On the bed is the young mother nursing her baby, Javi --

Another woman stands in the corner heating a bottle. A child plays on the floor. The women are screaming and crying. The babies wailing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MOTHER

(Spanish, subtitles)

Don't hurt my baby. Please, don't hurt my baby.

TODD

Shit, shit, muthafucka, where is everybody?

YOUNG MOTHER

(Spanish, beseeching)

Don't hurt my baby, please. Please, don't hurt my baby.

The teenagers look around the dingy room, the reality of where they are is starting to hit home.

TODD

What's she sayin'? What's she sayin'?

Toby gathers himself, he can translate --

TOBY

She's saying, "please don't hurt my baby." Oh, man. Oh, man.
(to the young mother)
I'm sorry.

The young men look at the dingy motel room, the babies... They look at each other holding guns.

INT. THE MASON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emily enters the kitchen where she spent a good portion of her childhood.

Mr. Mason steps away from her. Mrs. Mason's teapot is suspended. Allison stares. The house is still. Emily looks from one of them to the other, trying to find the words.

MR. MASON

(searching for the words)

Emily, you've always been a friend in our house, and it's not that we don't love you, but maybe we all need a little break.

A beat. Emily looks at Allison. Allison looks at Emily.

EMILY

(softly)

You didn't tell them about the dice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allison tenses, her voice low and wounded.

ALLISON
I'll never talk to you again.

Emily turns to Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

EMILY
We asked to be in their crew. If we
could join.

Allison starts to cry.

EMILY (cont'd)
The way to do that was by rolling the
dice, then... Then, you sleep with
whatever number comes up.

MRS. MASON
(confused)
Sleep with?

EMILY
It was their initiation thing. We
asked for it. We asked if we could
join, then we went in the other
room... on our own.

The Masons hear the truth in Emily's voice. They look at
their daughter. Allison continues to quietly cry.

EMILY (cont'd)
And that's what I have to tell the
police.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason make eye contact.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Toby and the others avoid looking at each other.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

The Range Rover approaches the Virgil/Hillhurst
intersection heading west.

From the other direction, the Nissan Maxima carrying the
three Sixteenth Street Gangbangers approaches the
Virgil/Hillhurst intersection heading east.

The light at Hillhurst/Virgil turns red.

The Range Rover slows to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Maxima slows to a stop. The cars wait across the intersection from each other.

Toby and Todd look out the window at the gangbangers in the other car.

Chino and Manuel stare back. No enmity. Just teenagers staring curiously from one nice car to another

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Sam breaks the silence from the backseat.

SAM

So what's everybody doin' tomorrow?
Anybody got any plans?

The question is awkward and just hangs in the air.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

The light changes. The two vehicles drive past each other, heading in opposite directions.

EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily lets herself out of the house into the backyard. She walks to where Eric is waiting. She's shaken.

ERIC

Are you okay?

EMILY

I guess...

Eric looks one last time at the house and the Masons sitting at the breakfast table. Emily doesn't look back.

EMILY (cont'd)

Come on, let's go.

Eric turns to follow her.

ERIC

Hey, you want to get an Ice-blended at
The Coffee Bean?

Emily keeps on walking her familiar route through the hedges and cut-throughs.

EMILY

(to herself)
Always... Always.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as we PULL UP AND AWAY from the back yard, we see the neighborhood, the strip plaza with The Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf...

We see the Palisades, the coastline, the city of Los Angeles spread out like a flickering sixty mile tapestry...

FADE OUT.

THE END

CLOSING CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SUNDOWN

ON VIDEO: A beautiful sundown on the pacific, rollerbladers on the boardwalk, happy chatter in the air.

Toby, Sam, and Nick talk into the camera.

TOBY

Back in the day --

NICK

In the day Havoc be going all crazy and shit --

SAM

Muthafucka was hard --

NICK

Now, we gots to be chillin' in the summertime.

ERIC (V.O.)

What about you Havoc? What're you doin' this summer?

TOBY

Don't start. I gotta work for my dad in the muthafuckin' mailroom.

NICK

And doin' community service.

TOBY

Fuck you...
(to Eric)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY (cont'd)

They got me delivering Meals on
Wheels. Taking like chicken sandwiches
to old people and shit.

SAM

Ah, baby, all the while I'm riding a
bicycle through muthafuckin Alsace
Lorraine.

NICK

Faggot.

SAM

Whaddayou want, baby? My parents are
making me go? It was that or Math Camp
in Michigan.

Behind them, in the pier amusement area, people throw ski-
balls, eat Sno-cones, and win stuffed animals.

FADE OUT.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE