

JURASSIC PARK

by

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INT. MALL - DAY

A crowded shopping mall, late afternoon. Along walks a BUSINESSMAN carrying a briefcase.

A TEENAGE GIRL suddenly comes sprinting through the atrium with a crazed look in her eyes. As she runs by she SLAMS into the man's arm, spins around, GRABS him by his suit jacket.

MAN

Uh--

GIRL

What's the date?

MAN

What?

GIRL

The date!

MAN

(bewildered)

Uh. The 30th. March 30th.

GIRL

What year?

MAN

1993.

The girl is profoundly relieved.

GIRL

Oh, thank God. Thank God. *It worked.*

MAN

What--

The girl sprints away, out of the man's sight. He just stands there, utterly baffled.

INT. MALL

She's behind an escalator now. Two other kids, MITCH and KEN, each hand her five dollars. The girl's name is GIA.

GIA

What next?

MITCH

Do the baby thing. I love the baby thing.

INT. STORE - SOON AFTER

Gia's pushing a BABY STROLLER through an upscale clothing store, pretending to shop. From elsewhere in the store, Mitch and Ken watch her, clandestine-like.

A WOMAN peruses the merchandise a few feet away. She glances at Gia, then at the stroller, then back at Gia. She looks puzzled. Shakes it off. Keeps shopping, looks back at the stroller, finally decides to say something--

WOMAN

Um. Excuse me.

Gia pretends not to hear.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Hey.

GIA

(turning)

Yeah?

WOMAN

Uh... your--

She points at the stroller.

GIA

Sorry?

WOMAN

Your... your stroller.

GIA

What about it?

She's deliberately drawing this out to attract onlookers. It's working.

WOMAN

It's, uh... it's empty.

GIA

What?

WOMAN

Your stroller is empty.

Gia steps around to the front of the stroller to see for herself. Sheer panic seizes her face. She unleashes a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

INT. FOOD COURT

Gia and Mitch are eating. Mitch is writing something on a pad of paper.

GIA

So my dad's doing the campaign for this movie, it's coming out next year. It's about -- honest to God -- it's about a bus that'll explode if it goes slower than fifty miles per hour.

Mitch looks up and chews thoughtfully.

MITCH

That's either the coolest or the dumbest thing I've ever heard. I'm not sure which.

INT. STORE

Ken's in a baby goods store next to the food court, standing at the counter with the stroller from earlier.

CASHIER

Didn't you just buy this like ten minutes ago?

KEN

Yes. Good memory.

CASHIER

Why are you returning it?

KEN

I remembered I don't have a baby.

INT. FOOD COURT

Gia stuffs a handful of fries in her mouth.

GIA

(nodding toward notepad)
What's that?

MITCH
You know. The thing.

GIA
What thing?

MITCH
(looking up)
Whitman's class. The writing
assignment.

Gia stares blankly.

MITCH (CONT'D)
The-- the assignment that's worth
twenty percent of our grade? Pick
your favorite book and write the
next chapter?

GIA
Oh yeah. That.

MITCH
You have no idea what I'm talking
about.

GIA
Nope.

MITCH
Well. You've got...
(checks watch)
... fifteen and a half hours. To
write two thousand words.

GIA
Deadlines are just suggestions.

As he goes back to writing, Mitch smiles in a way that says
both "I really like you" and "You really don't get it."

GIA (CONT'D)
So what's your book?

MITCH
Nineteen Eighty-Four.

Gia leans back.

GIA
"On second thought, maybe he didn't
love Big Brother after all..."

Mitch laughs.

EXT. BUS STOP

Gia and Mitch are making out like the world is ending. Ken watches them with the look of a scientist observing animals in captivity.

A bus approaches. Mitch opens his eyes mid-makeout to read the number.

MITCH
Oh, shit. This is the 2017.

GIA
Fuck.

She grabs her backpack and kisses Mitch one last time.

MITCH
Love you.

GIA
Course you do.

She hurries onto the bus. Mitch notices Ken staring at him with a faint smile.

MITCH
What?

Ken just shakes his head and looks away.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You know, there was a time when she was only barely out of my league.

KEN
What happened?

MITCH
She got insanely hot, I just got a few inches taller.

INT. GIA'S PLACE - EVENING

GIA
Hey. I'm home.

Her home is a high-rise condo, more like someone's bachelor pad than a place for a family.

She enters the kitchen. It's messy. Her dad, TOM, is there, staring into a chunky proto-laptop.

TOM
Hey kid. Where you been?

She starts going through the pile of mail.

GIA
You know. Hanging out with Mitch.

TOM
Yeah? Where?

She looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)
What? You really wanna try to tell me not to keep tabs on you? You wanna know how fucking *embarrassing* it is when my assistant gets a call from the *police*--

GIA
Fine. Jesus. We were at the mall.

She stares at him, mostly with concern. He starts pacing.

TOM
Yeah, yeah, it's, uh-- sorry. I'm sorry. It's just work, you know?

She looks skeptical. He turns to her, tries to smile, surveys her grunge-inflected outfit.

TOM (CONT'D)
See, now here's what I don't get. The holes in the jeans. What's that supposed to prove?

GIA
That you don't care.

TOM
But you do care. You cut holes in your jeans.

She finds something interesting in the mail.

GIA
(holding up envelope)
What's this?

TOM
Uh...
(squints)
Oh. From Universal.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Passes to the first test screening of, uh, Spielberg's dinosaur thing. It's tomorrow I think.

GIA

Why is it in the middle of the day?

TOM

They just pull tourists off the street and ask 'em if they wanna see a free movie. You get the best samples in the early afternoon.

GIA

Are you going?

TOM

Nah, I don't need to. The thing's tracking huge. Even if it's a total shitpile it'll make a billion dollars.

He loosens his tie. Gia's still examining the passes.

TOM (CONT'D)

You okay with pizza for dinner? I get the feeling neither of us feels like cooking.

GIA

(absently)

Yeah, I'll order.

TOM

Thanks.

(yawns)

Wake me up when it's here.

He stumbles into his room and collapses on the bed. Gia stuffs the passes in her pocket.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Mitch is opening his locker. Ken walks up.

MITCH

Hey.

Ken nods hello. As Mitch dumps his books, he's greeted two or three times by other students walking by. None of them acknowledge Ken.

KEN

Like I'm not even here. If I had feelings they'd be hurt right now.

MITCH

People like you. I think they just find you intimidating.

KEN

I don't think they find me at all.
(beat)
I need some breakfast.

He wanders off toward a candy machine. Mitch slams his locker shut, revealing GIA leaning against the neighboring one.

MITCH

... How long have you been standing there?

There's a gleam in her eye.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What?

She smiles.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What is it?

GIA

We're not going to school today.

MITCH

We're not?

GIA

We're going on an adventure.

MITCH

Yeah? What kind of adventure?

She wordlessly reaches into her pocket and hands him one of the tickets to the test screening.

GIA

(sultry)
65 million years in the making.

MITCH

(reading ticket)
Whoa.

GIA
We're gonna be the first in the world to see the dinosaurs.

MITCH
Okay, but-- but we can't cut school. *I* can't.

Gia rolls her eyes.

GIA
Why? Because then you won't get into Yale?

MITCH
Well... yeah.

GIA
Genius: they only catch you if they catch you. Which is never. They don't care. This isn't Ferris Bueller.

Mitch doesn't quite buy this logic.

GIA (CONT'D)
God, you're screwed up. What's it like to think rules exist?

Ken returns, chewing on a candy bar.

GIA (CONT'D)
Here. Watch.
(to Ken)
Do you wanna cut class today to go to Westwood for the first ever test screening of Jurassic Park?

KEN
(mouth full)
Yeah, okay.

Gia looks at Mitch expectantly.

MITCH
Look. It's not that I don't *want* to. It's just--

She moves in closer and puts her arms around his neck.

GIA
Mitch...

MITCH
 (weakly)
 Oh no. No no. Please... please
 don't be sexy.

GIA
 (sexily)
 You don't have to do this for me.
 Just... do it for the dinosaurs.

Mitch closes his eyes.

MITCH
 I... no...

She whispers in his ear, breathing heavily:

GIA
Dinosaurs.

MITCH
 Okay. Okay. Fine.

She smiles and starts to pull away from him, but as her gaze drifts, she spots something--

GIA
 Oh, shit.

She grabs the handle of Mitch's locker and SWINGS it back open, lightning-quick, re-concealing herself. Mitch turns to see what she's hiding from.

It's a teacher, MR. WHITMAN, late 30s, charismatic, walking down the hallway, carrying a stack of papers. He looks up as he approaches.

WHITMAN
 Mitch.

MITCH
 Hey Mr. Whitman.

He's about to walk on by, but he stops, thinks a beat--

WHITMAN
 Hey Mitch, listen. I read your
 assignment.

MITCH
 What? I put it in your mailbox,
 like--

WHITMAN

Ten minutes ago, yeah. I always read yours first so I know what kind of curve I'm grading on. Anyway. Can you stick around a few minutes after class?

MITCH

Yeah. Sure. Something wrong?

Whitman smirks.

WHITMAN

I'll see you upstairs.
(over his shoulder)
Both of you.

GIA

Fuck.

She lets the locker fall back shut. Whitman chuckles to himself as he walks away.

MITCH

Well. Cross that little caper off the slate, huh?

GIA

What? No. No way. We'll just leave after first period.

Mitch is about to protest, but instead just sighs.

KEN

Where should I wait for you?

GIA

Chester's.

KEN

Oh, good. Waffles.

The bell rings.

KEN (CONT'D)

See you in an hour.

INT. CLASSROOM

It's a couple minutes before the start of class. Gia and Mitch walk in and sit down next to each other. Behind them, a trio of male STUDENTS are talking.

STUDENT #1
So, what, they dig up a dinosaur
egg or something?

STUDENT #2
Yeah, I think so.

STUDENT #3
What? No. It's amber. Amber. Like,
tree sap. Dried sap. Amber.

STUDENT #2
Amber?

STUDENT #3
Yeah. I read the book. Prehistoric
mosquitos, they bit the dinosaurs.
They filled up on dinosaur blood.

Gia smiles at Mitch, slyly. He smirks and slumps back in his
chair: clearly there's no resisting the dinosaurs.

STUDENT #3 (CONT'D)
And then they got stuck in tree sap
and the sap dried. And they're
still in there, full of dino-DNA.

STUDENT #1
Amber.

STUDENT #3
Yeah.

A GIRL sitting nearby turns to face them.

GIRL
Okay, who keeps saying my name?

Another student, KEMP, walks by her --

KEMP
Hey Amber.

She twists back around and smiles up at him.

AMBER
(swoony)
Hi Kemp.

Kemp's tall, athletic, preppy. He sits down right in front of
Gia and immediately turns around and starts talking to her.

KEMP
What're you doing this weekend?

GIA
... I'm sorry?

KEMP
We're driving up to Big Bear.
Jarecki's got a dock there and Josh
Bryer's got mushrooms.

GIA
Really.

MITCH
Boating and hallucinogens with the
lacrosse team. That's hard to turn
down.

KEMP
Bring your gay best friend too.
Good to have a soberado, make sure
no one drowns.

Mitch stares. Kemp acknowledges him for the first time.

KEMP (CONT'D)
What's up Lasker. Puberty's comin'
any day now, don't you worry.

GIA
Fuck off.

KEMP
One's gonna drop a little lower
than the other. Don't panic --
that's normal.

Mitch leans forward like a clever response is forming in his
mind, but Gia speaks before he can:

GIA
What about those weird little white
spots? Are they normal too?

Kemp's grin disappears.

GIA (CONT'D)
Or have I just been misinformed?

The bell rings. Whitman enters.

KEMP
(staring right at Mitch)
Good comeback.

He turns to face forward. The class quiets down.

WHITMAN
 (flipping through book)
 Okay, act two, scene one. We need a
 Polonius and a Reynaldo.
 (looks up)
 Oh. Miss Moretti.

That's Gia.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
 I've been reminded that you're to
 be remanded to the custody of Mrs.
 Winter for first period. She's
 waiting in her office.

Some murmuring among the students. She clearly didn't want
 this information to be public.

GIA
 Right. I forgot.

She gathers her things and mouths "DINER" to Mitch. He nods,
 distracted.

INT. DINER

A charming old-timey diner, empty except for a GIRL sitting
 alone at a booth in the corner, looking anxious.

Ken enters and heads for an empty table. The girl sees him.

GIRL
 Hey. Ken.

He stops and squints at her.

KEN
 ... Bork?

GIRL
 Hi.

The girl is MEGAN BORK. Ken walks over to her booth, warily.

KEN
 What are you doing here?

MEGAN
 I'm-- we're-- Jurassic Park. Isn't
 this where we're meeting?

KEN
 Oh.

He slowly slides into the opposite side of the booth.

INT. SCHOOL GUIDANCE OFFICE

Gia's talking to -- or rather, being talked to -- by the school guidance counselor, MRS. WINTER.

WINTER

My point is, at this stage of your academic career, a slipping average is incredibly dangerous.

(beat)

And... look, your life outside this building is none of my business, but... two drug misdemeanors on your record don't exactly--

GIA

You've got something in your teeth.

Winter hesitates a beat, then presses on without acknowledging the remark.

WINTER

I'm just saying, you're on the verge of *losing* college. Imagine the person you'll be in ten years, and imagine how angry she'd be at her 17-year-old self for letting her life slip away.

GIA

The person I'll be in ten years.

WINTER

Yeah.

(nods)

Yeah -- be honest. Ten years. Where do you wanna be?

Gia just shakes her head, smiling to herself, like it's the dumbest question she's ever heard.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Come on. Where do you see yourself?

GIA

I... don't.

WINTER

Really.

Gia shrugs.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Well. Maybe that's what's missing.
We all need dreams.

GIA

And I'm sure yours was to be a high
school guidance counselor.

She regrets it right away. Winter lets her pen fall to her
desk and leans back in her chair.

INT. DINER

Megan's trying her best to make conversation. Ken's wishing
he was anywhere else.

MEGAN

... I mean, it was so cool of her
to invite me. We, like, never hang
out anymore. And then when I was
waiting here alone I started to
think maybe it was all a joke.

KEN

A joke?

MEGAN

Yeah, like, "Ha ha, we made Megan
Bork skip class and sit in a diner
for an hour."

KEN

Oh. No, her jokes are usually
funnier than that.

Awkward silence.

WINTER (V.O.)

So, to recap...

INT. SCHOOL GUIDANCE OFFICE

WINTER

... Ambition's for suckers. The
future's a myth. Screw everything.
Use it all up. Get your kicks while
you can. Yes?

GIA

A little too fortune-cookie, but
yeah, you're getting it.

WINTER

Look, I'm not a stranger, okay? I get where this comes from. My--
 (hesitates)
 My dad died when I was in college, and that was painful enough that I can't begin to imagine what you--

Gia looks away.

WINTER (CONT'D)

(soothing)
 All I'm saying is if you want to hate this world, believe me, you have ample cause. But you should know there isn't a single girl in this school who wouldn't drown her puppy to switch places with you.

Gia responds with an icy stare. Winter picks up her pen.

WINTER (CONT'D)

You can go back to English class.

Gia wordlessly takes her books and leaves. Once she's gone, Winter looks up at the door a beat, then, with her mouth closed, runs her tongue over her teeth.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gia continues down the empty hallway. First she DUMPS her books in a trash can, then she KICKS OPEN the big side door at the end of the hall and walks out into the daylight. The door groans shut behind her.

INT. DINER

Ken and Megan have clearly given up on trying to have a conversation.

There's a guy, DAN, sitting alone at the counter. He's about 21, stoner-ish, wearing a BURGER KING uniform.

Sound of the chimes on the front door. It's GIA.

Megan turns to look --

MEGAN

Thank God.

Dan turns to look --

DAN
Oh, shit.

Megan tries to wave, but Gia's attention is on Dan. He gets up from his stool and heads toward the door.

GIA
Hey friend.

DAN
Outside. Outside.

They leave. Megan looks at Ken like "What the hell?"

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Gia follows Dan outside and into an alley next to the diner.

GIA
I don't need much.

DAN
Yeah, well, I don't deal anymore.
I'm, I'm, you know. I'm out.

GIA
What, did Burger King promote you
to Head of Lettuce Operations or
something? No more time for
extracurricular activities?

DAN
No, no, I'm quitting that job too.

He fails to suppress a proud smile.

DAN (CONT'D)
I got into UCLA as a transfer
student. Spring quarter just
started. Here. Look.

He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, unfolds it, holds it up for her.

DAN (CONT'D)
This is the courseload of a man
with a future.

GIA
(reading)
You have a three-hour class called
"Trees"?

DAN
Yeah, my trees class.

GIA
What's your major? "Stuff"?

DAN
It's not trees like trees, it's--

GIA
You know, I'd love to discuss this further, but I really need some drugs first.

DAN
I told you. I'm done. I, I don't deal anymore, I don't even blaze.

GIA
Yeah. Ten bucks says you've got a joint in your left pocket.

DAN
I don't.

GIA
I see the unmistakable bulge of the Altoids tin.

DAN
... Fuck.

Defeated, he pulls an Altoids tin out of his pants pocket. Inside is a single small JOINT.

DAN (CONT'D)
Twenty.

Sound of a school BELL ringing --

INT. CLASSROOM

Students start shuffling out of English class. Mitch quickly packs up his stuff and heads past Whitman toward the door.

WHITMAN
Mitch.

MITCH
(stopping)
Yep.

Whitman gives him a what's-the-deal look.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh. Oh yeah. Sorry.

WHITMAN
You in a hurry?

MITCH
No, no.

He puts down his bag and leans against the wall. The classroom empties out.

Whitman grabs Mitch's assignment off his desk, glances at it a beat, then looks at Mitch thoughtfully.

WHITMAN
Out of curiosity: what is it you think I'm about to tell you?

Mitch hesitates.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
Be honest.

MITCH
That, uh... I need to try harder.
That I'm coasting?

WHITMAN
I said be honest.

Mitch sighs.

MITCH
That it's fucking brilliant.

WHITMAN
His worst fears confirmed.

He hands Mitch the assignment. In red marker on the first page there are three big exclamation marks.

MITCH
Whoa. Three?

WHITMAN
I want to know how this happened.

Mitch mulls it over.

MITCH
It was... easy. Writing like someone else -- that's easy. It's all fake, right?
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's not me, it's just, you know...
 (gestures aimlessly)
 It's easy when you don't mean it.
 You can say anything.

Whitman folds his arms.

WHITMAN

You're saying, capturing the voice
 of the greatest English writer of
 this century, that's easy. But
 saying something you mean,
 something you actually feel --
 that's beyond your abilities.

MITCH

Uh... yeah.

WHITMAN

That's messed up, man.

MITCH

I don't-- I mean, it's like, what
 the hell can I say? I'm a kid; I
 don't know anything. I have no
 right to express my opinions until
 I have all the answers.

Whitman smiles ruefully.

WHITMAN

Mitch. *Nobody* knows anything.
Everyone is faking it. Every one of
 your heroes is actually an asshole.

Mitch considers this.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

I'm serious. If you spend your
 whole life waiting to become the
 guy you think you're supposed to
 be, you'll miss every chance to be
 the guy you are.

MITCH

Can I ask you something? What did
 you want to be when you were 17?

WHITMAN

I wanted to be Lisa Plover's
 boyfriend.

MITCH

Who's Lisa Plover?

WHITMAN
Mrs. Whitman.

INT. DINER

Gia slides into the booth across from Ken. She's stoned.

GIA
Where's Bork?

KEN
Bathroom. I've spent the last half
hour trying to figure out why you
invited her.

GIA
Because I value old friendships,
Ken. I don't let the people I care
about fall out of my life. We're on
this earth to look after each
other. Love is the only thing
that's real.

KEN
Why'd you actually invite her?

GIA
She has a car.

Megan returns and sees Gia.

MEGAN
Hey! Finally.

She slides in next to her and gives her an awkward half-hug.

GIA
Hey kid.

MEGAN
Is Mitch coming?

GIA
Any minute. Where are you parked?

MEGAN
Parked?

GIA
It's this thing with cars where you
make it so they can't roll away.

MEGAN

Oh. I don't have the car today. My brother dropped me off.

An uncomfortable beat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

... That's okay, right?

GIA

Yeah, it's awesome.

Gia avoids Ken's gaze and reaches for a menu.

INT. SCHOOL

Break's over and the halls are empty. Mitch is standing at the top of a short staircase leading down to the main doors.

He stares at the exit, hesitating.

To his right is the main office. He can see the secretary. He has an idea.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE

He enters the office and leans against the secretary's desk. She takes a few seconds to notice him.

SECRETARY

Yes?

MITCH

Hi. If I need to leave school early, I have to, like, sign out, right?

SECRETARY

Yes.

She grabs a clipboard and a pen.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

MITCH

Mitch Lasker.

He smiles. Why didn't he think of this before?

SECRETARY

And what's your reason for leaving early?

Uh oh.

MITCH

... Sorry, what?

SECRETARY

We have to write down a reason. Otherwise kids would just sign out whenever they feel like going to the movies.

MITCH

Right. Right. Yeah, it's a, uh...
(swallows)
... dentist appointment.

She looks at him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's my... teeth.

SECRETARY

And your dentist's name is what?

MITCH

His name?

SECRETARY

Yeah.

MITCH

Or her name, if it's a...
(trailing off)
... woman. Uh--
(clears throat)
Whalen. Dr. Whalen.

SECRETARY

Whalen?

MITCH

Yeah, like... "whale", and then--

SECRETARY

Whale N.

MITCH

Yeah, you got it.

SECRETARY

Okay.

She puts down the clipboard and goes back to work.

MITCH

So you're gonna give him a call?

SECRETARY

We call to confirm appointments,
yes.

MITCH

Cool. Uh, when-- when is that going
to happen?

SECRETARY

In about thirty seconds.

MITCH

(nodding)
Awesome.

EXT. STREET

Mitch is **SPRINTING** down the street, panicked and desperate. He finds a **PAY PHONE** and frantically grabs the receiver and drops in a quarter.

There's no dial tone. He **BANGS** the receiver repeatedly against the phone box.

MITCH

FUCK!

He takes off running again.

INT. DINER

Ken wolfs down some waffles while he studies a transit system map laid out on the table.

KEN

It's gonna take forever to get to this thing. The bus stops here every half hour, but somehow the same bus only stops downtown once an hour. Apparently half of these buses are getting sucked into a black hole.

GIA
 (stoned)
 How come your waffles came in like
 two minutes and I'm still waiting?

MEGAN
 You didn't order anything.

EXT. STREET

Mitch has found another pay phone. He's exhausted from
 running. He dials a number.

MITCH
 Please, please...

It starts ringing.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Oh, thank God.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE

A RECEPTIONIST answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hello, Dr. Whalen's office.

INTERCUT

MITCH
 (crazed and panting)
 Hello! To whom am I speaking?

RECEPTIONIST
 This is Molly.

MITCH
 Molly. I need you to listen very
 carefully now. My name is Mitch
 Lasker. I'm a patient of Dr.
 Whalen's. First, I have a question:
 in the past few minutes, has anyone
 called you asking about me?

RECEPTIONIST
 Um... no?

MITCH
 Okay. Good. That's terrific. Now,
 listen: very soon, you *will* receive
 such a call.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

And there's something very important I need you to do. Are you with me so far?

RECEPTIONIST

Mmm-hmm.

MITCH

Great. That's great, Molly. Here's what I need you to do for me: if someone calls you asking if Mitch Lasker has an appointment today, you tell them *yes*. Do you understand?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, you want to book an appointment!

MITCH

No, no--

RECEPTIONIST

We can't get you in today, but maybe sometime in... May?

MITCH

No! Listen! I don't *actually* need an appointment. I just need you to say I have an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, but-- I can't put you into the system for today

MITCH

NO! You don't *need* to put me in the system! Just say that I'm--

RECEPTIONIST

(talking over him)

Sir, please listen. Sir. Please: *you cannot get an appointment today*. If it's an emergency, you may go to a hospital--

MITCH

NO! NO! LISTEN TO ME!

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE

The school secretary dials a number. Next to her phone is the phone book open to the Yellow Pages.

Busy signal. She hangs up.

INT. DINER

A waitress comes by to collect Ken's empty plate. Gia's leaning against the wall with a distant look.

GIA
Where the fuck is my boyfriend?

EXT. STREET

Mitch is still yelling into the phone.

MITCH
... who is, like, the coolest
fucking girl in the world, and also
the hottest, which is, you know,
seriously messed up, she, she got
tickets to that, that DINOSAUR
MOVIE! OKAY?! So, fucking LISTEN TO
ME and DO WHAT I FUCKING TELL YOU!

He sighs.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Okay. You know, the only reason I
started cursing at you is I'm
pretty sure you hung up on me a
while ago. But if you're still
there, I sincerely apologize.

He awaits a response. There's a *click*, then:

RECORDING (V.O.)
If you would like to place a call,
please deposit--

MITCH
Yeah.

He hangs up and rubs his eyes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(quietly)
You're so fucked.

INT. DINER

Ken's working out some calculations with a pencil and paper, deep in thought, finger to his temple.

KEN

Okay. So the next bus stops here
in...

(checks watch)

... three minutes. If we catch this
one, we can get to Westwood by 1
o'clock. If we miss it, we won't
get there until 2:45. What time
does the movie start?

He looks up at Gia. She's on another planet. Ken reaches over
and grabs the passes out of her bag and reads one of them.

KEN (CONT'D)

... 2:40. So. We have to go *now*.

MEGAN

You think Mitch bailed?

GIA

(distantly)

Not possible.

They all take a beat to think.

MEGAN

Okay. Here: me and Ken will go now,
and you wait for Mitch and take the
later bus, and we'll save you seats
for the movie.

GIA

Yeah. Good.

Ken sighs.

KEN

Fine.

He slides out of the booth.

KEN (CONT'D)

Gia -- listen: the bus you wanna
take downtown is number 2125. It
stops right outside.

GIA

(singing softly)

In the year 2125...

KEN

Gia.

GIA
Yeah, I got it.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE

The phone rings.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello, Dr. Whalen's office.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE

SECRETARY
(into phone)
Hi, this is Janet Shields calling
from Junipero Serra High School.
Can I confirm that one of our
students is a patient of yours?

INTERCUT

RECEPTIONIST
Sure, what's the name?

SECRETARY
Last name Lasker, first name Mitch
or Mitchell.

RECEPTIONIST
(reading computer screen)
Mmm... yep, here he is. Mitch
Lasker, two fillings, allergic to
fluoride.

SECRETARY
Great, thank you.

The school secretary hangs up and puts a CHECKMARK next to
Mitch's name on her clipboard.

INT. DINER

Mitch enters the diner. He looks around and sees Gia in the
corner, asleep, with her legs propped up on her side of the
booth. He hurries over and sits down next to her.

MITCH
Hey.

She's asleep. He puts his arm around her and shakes her
gently. She opens her eyes and smiles at him.

GIA
You're late.

MITCH
I know. Sorry. Where's Ken?

GIA
He left with Bork. They'll save us
seats.

She yawns, moves her feet to the floor, looks at Mitch. For the first time she notices he's pale and flustered.

GIA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MITCH
Uh. I, uh...

He runs his fingers through his hair.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I did a stupid thing. I tried to,
to sign out, at the office, so I
wouldn't, you know, technically be
cutting class, but I--

GIA
What?

MITCH
I don't know, I--

GIA
(grinning)
That's so stupid!

MITCH
Yes. I'm aware. Anyway. I'm fucked.
They're gonna know I lied to them,
I'm gonna get suspended, and you
know that box, the box on all the
college apps, the box that says,
"Have you ever been disciplined for
academic dishonesty?" -- in other
words, "May we toss your
application into the garbage?" --
I'm gonna have to check, "Yes."

He looks at her. Her eyes are still bloodshot.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Are you stoned?

She nods proudly.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Fell off the wagon pretty quick.

GIA
What wagon? There was no wagon.

MITCH
"Okay Mitch, I promise I'll stop getting high every day." What was that?

GIA
This isn't every day. Not every day has dinosaurs.

Mitch just shakes his head and rubs his eyes.

MITCH
Wait. They'll save us seats?

GIA
Yeah.

MITCH
So you gave them the passes?

GIA
... Whoops.

INT. BUS

Ken and Megan are seated next to each other on the 2125 bus. You can tell it's been a silent ride so far. Ken stares out the window. Megan looks at him. Waits a beat, then --

MEGAN
What's your problem with me?

He turns away from the window, reluctantly.

KEN
What?

MEGAN
You never say hi. I pass you in the hall, you don't even make eye contact. There's something you don't like about me and I wanna know what it is.

Ken doesn't answer. Megan's frustration grows more visible.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What, am I, like, not smart enough to talk to you? Not *interesting* enough?

She says "interesting" like it's a pejorative.

The bus slows to a stop. Two GUYS get on, both in their late 20s, both wearing clean white shirts and ties. They take a seat behind Ken and Megan.

Ken still hasn't answered. The bus starts moving again.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And even now you're ignoring me.
(sighs)
Whatever. Screw you.

She gives up, turns away.

KEN

I ignore you because I'm extremely attracted to you.

He matter-of-factly takes a big bite of his candy bar and goes back to staring out the window.

MEGAN

Excuse me?

KEN

I mean, you're beautiful. You know that. Nobody actually *tells* you that, because they're jealous or scared or they don't think you need to be told. As if there exist people who don't need to be told they're beautiful.

(another bite)

But you know it. Though, you don't really seem like you know you know it.

Those guys sitting behind them are talking to each other.

GUY #1

Fuck. Where's the phrase book?

GUY #2

Don't ask me.

Megan's trying to deal with what she's just heard.

MEGAN

So-- so if you *like* me, then why--

KEN

I don't want to be your friend if I can't sleep with you. It's mentally exhausting.

MEGAN

Well... well, what makes you think you can't? I mean, like, you're *right*, you can't, you're a freak, but how-- I mean, how do you know?

KEN

You just want me to keep telling you you're pretty.

MEGAN

... Yeah, I guess.

Ken chews thoughtfully, trying to find the right words.

KEN

I'm pretty sure you'd be the third or fourth most popular girl in school if your name wasn't so weird.

INT. BUS

Gia and Mitch are on a different bus. Her attention's on him; his attention is elsewhere.

She leans against his shoulder and stares up at him, then starts poking him lightly on the cheek. Poke. Poke. Poke.

MITCH

Why is this happening?

She stops and just rests against him for a long moment, then looks up at him again.

GIA

How come you haven't asked me how it went with Winter?

MITCH

Oh yeah. How'd it go with Winter?

GIA

I don't want to talk about it.

MITCH

Okay.

(beat)

Am I supposed to insist that you tell me what happened or am I supposed to respect your desire not to talk about something that's gonna bring you down?

GIA

You're supposed to know without asking.

She puts her arms around him and leans against his shoulder again. She's deep in thought. There's a long pause.

GIA (CONT'D)

When I was a kid everyone used to say I was exactly like her. I loved that. And now, it's just... it's like it just means...

She trails off, but her point is clear, at least to Mitch.

MITCH

Let's see. Do you want above-title billing?

GIA

No.

MITCH

Do you want your face on this month's Vanity Fair?

GIA

No.

MITCH

Then you're fine.

She feels better. They ride in silence.

INT. BUS

One of the guys sitting behind Ken and Megan is reading something out of a pocket-sized phrase book. Call him JIM. His partner is ROB.

JIM

(slowly)

Wa-ta-shi... no.. nam-ay... wa...

Ken glances back at him, overhearing.

MEGAN

You want some gum?

KEN

What? No.

She pulls out a pack of gum and unwraps a piece.

JIM

Watashi no namae wa Jim Mazurek
desu.

(faster)

Watashi no namae wa Jim Mazurek
desu.

Ken listens intently. Megan pops the gum in her mouth.

MEGAN

I'll chew a piece of gum for like
five minutes and then the flavor's
gone and my jaw hurts so I spit it
out. And then literally all I can
think is "I really want some gum."

JIM

(without the book)

Watashi no namae wa Jim Mazurek
desu.

He forces a smile, bows slightly, offers a handshake.

ROB

Dude--

MEGAN

So I start chewing another piece
and spit it out five minutes later.
Over and over. I go through a whole
pack in, like, an hour.

She looks at Ken.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What does that mean, do you think?

KEN

(absently)

I don't know.

ROB

Dude. Don't embarrass yourself.
Stick to English.

JIM
They don't speak English.

ROB
... *What?*

MEGAN
I think it means I'm never satisfied. Like, I always want what I don't have.

ROB
What the *fuck?* We've got-- we've got *twenty minutes*--

JIM
Watashi no namae wa Jim Mazurek desu. Everything's gonna be fine.

ROB
Oh my God. We're fucked. This fucking contract-- dude, this is *everything*--

MEGAN
Like if there's a boy I like and I find out he likes me then I don't like him anymore. It's, like... a serious problem.

KEN
Uh-huh.

MEGAN
Are you listening to me?

KEN
(loudly, to Rob and Jim)
Hey.

They look at him.

KEN (CONT'D)
This is your first meeting?

ROB
What?

KEN
The Japanese. You're meeting them for the first time?

JIM

Yeah.

KEN

Okay. Don't start with your name.
First ask "How do you do."
Hajimemashite watashi wa Jim
Mazurek desu.

His Japanese is flawless. Rob and Jim look at each other.

JIM

What-- how?

KEN

I grew up in Japan.

ROB

Why?

KEN

No reason.

JIM

Okay... say, say, uh, say this:
say, "Although we are a small
firm," uh, "we can service all your
graphic design needs in the North
American market." Say that.

KEN

(in Japanese, subtitled)
**Although we are a small firm, we
can service all your graphic design
needs in the North American market.**

ROB

Holy shit.

JIM

Okay. Okay kid. So... we've got
this meeting, like, right now. Can
you-- I mean, do you mind--

KEN

Not for free.

JIM

Okay. Yeah. We'll give you...
(looks at Rob)
I dunno, a hundred bucks?

KEN

A hundred bucks?

JIM
Yeah.

KEN
Really?

JIM
(grinning)
Yeah.

KEN
A whole hundred?

Jim's grin fades.

JIM
Okay. Well, shit. Name your price.

KEN
I want three percent of the
contract.

ROB
Fuck you.

JIM
Three *percent*?

ROB
Fuck you, kid. Fuck you.

JIM
Three *percent*?

ROB
Fuck you. *Fuck you.*

KEN
Okay.

Calmly, he turns his back to them. Megan's completely baffled.

ROB
Fuck.

He looks out the window.

ROB (CONT'D)
This is our stop. Fuck.

JIM
(sighing)
Kid.

Ken looks at him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Three percent.

ROB
(softly, shaking head)
Fuck you.

Jim and Ken shake hands.

KEN
(in Japanese)
This will be of great benefit to me.

JIM
Whatever.

The bus pulls over.

KEN
(rapidly, to Megan)
It's the Bruin Theater on Broxton north of Weyburn. Gia didn't think to give me the passes because she was blazed out of her mind and I didn't think to take them because I was distracted by the thought of having to share an hourlong bus ride with you, so, I don't know, wait for them outside I guess.

MEGAN
Wait-- wait-- what--

Ken gets up and follows Jim and Rob toward the door.

KEN
Oh. Hang on.
(smells his breath)
Yeah. One second.

He walks back to Megan.

KEN (CONT'D)
Hey. Give me some gum.

INT. BUS

Mitch and Gia are asleep. Their bus is stopped and empty.

The BUS DRIVER looks at them through her rearview mirror.

BUS DRIVER

Hey.

No reaction.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Hey.

Still nothing. She grabs an empty Kleenex box and flings it at them. Mitch gets it in the face. He wakes up, looks around, blinks.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

End of the line. Get out.

EXT. STREET

They groggily wander outside. The sign on the front of the bus changes to "NOT IN SERVICE."

GIA

(yawning)

Where are we?

MITCH

(looking around)

We're supposed to be downtown...
but...

They're standing next to a small field in a severely run-down residential area. Not downtown.

Mitch turns around and sees something.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck me.

Down the block are the WATTS TOWERS.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Watts? Seriously?

The bus is starting to leave. Mitch runs up to it and bangs on the door.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey!

The door opens. The bus driver stares at him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey. I asked you if this bus goes
downtown. You said yes.

BUS DRIVER

It does. The depot's downtown. I'm going to the depot.

MITCH

Oh. Well, that's fantastic. You're a fantastic person.

The door closes.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(banging on door)

Wait! WAIT!

The bus pulls away. Mitch turns and looks at Gia.

MITCH (CONT'D)

The 2525, huh?

GIA

Fact-checking should really fall on the person who's not on drugs.

Mitch kicks a rock, frustrated.

GIA (CONT'D)

How long are you gonna be mad at me for this?

MITCH

I don't know. A few more seconds.

Standing a few yards apart on the empty street, they stare at each other for five or six seconds.

MITCH (CONT'D)

All right.

He takes her hand and they start walking.

EXT. ALLEY

The Nickerson Gardens housing project in Watts. Around the corner from a large courtyard, an 18-year-old kid, DEV, supernaturally relaxed and effortlessly charismatic, sits against the wall with a WALKMAN in his hand and a yellow legal pad balanced against his leg.

He slides on a pair of headphones and hits "PLAY."

We hear the sound of his voice, recorded in what sounds like a club full of people:

DEV (V.O.)
 -- and the trial, man -- you know
 what they did? They moved it --
 y'all know that? -- they moved it --
 to *Simi Valley*. Y'all know?

He shuts his eyes and follows the rhythm of the words.

DEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now, I don't care if you got a tape
 of the fuckin' chief of police
 pullin' Rodney King's teeth out...

Some laughs are heard. He scribbles something on his notepad.

DEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The fuck you think twelve white
 people from Simi Valley know about
 injustice? What's injustice in Simi
 Valley, man? When you don't get a
 Mastercard for your tenth birthday?

Laughter.

DEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 When Murphy Brown's a rerun?

Big laughs; cheers. He stops the tape, rewinds, hits play.

DEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 -- tenth birthday? When Murphy
 Brown's a rerun?

Stop. He takes off his headphones.

DEV (CONT'D)
 (out loud)
 Murphy Brown's a *rerun*? When Murphy
 Brown's a *rerun*?

He taps his notepad thoughtfully.

DEV (CONT'D)
 Rerun. Rerun. Repeat. Repeat?
 (beat)
 When Murphy Brown's a *repeat*? When
 you don't get a Mastercard for your
 tenth birthday? When Murphy Brown's
 a *repeat*?

He sighs and writes "RERUN or REPEAT?" and circles it, then
 puts his headphones back on and hits play.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Ken and the two graphic designers are seated on some chairs in an elegant lobby. Rob and Jim look nervous; Ken looks bored.

A group of five or six JAPANESE DUDES in suits enter the lobby.

JIM

Here we go.

The three of them stand up. Rob looks at Ken.

ROB

Kid, if you screw us, I swear to God--

Ken slaps him on the back.

KEN

Relax. I've got a lot riding on this.

EXT. WATTS

Mitch stares at the side of a bus shelter. At the top there's a sign saying "MAP." Underneath there's a large square-shaped hole in the ubiquitous graffiti, indicating where the map used to be.

Gia walks up carrying a soda and a pack of Skittles. She looks at the missing map.

GIA

That's helpful.

MITCH

Did you ask the guy in the store?

GIA

Yeah. We got as far as "bus." You wanna know what "bus" is in Korean?

MITCH

No.

GIA

It's "bus."

Mitch slumps against the wall of the shelter. He looks off to the side, where there's a large housing project courtyard. A few people are hanging out on their front porches.

MITCH
(mumbling)
We could ask--
(clears throat)
We could ask one of them.

Gia squints at the courtyard.

GIA
Are you sure?

MITCH
What, are you scared?

GIA
I don't know. This is where the
riots happened. I'm pretty sure the
Korean guy had a 12-gauge behind
the cash register.

MITCH
These people are the same as us.
They just got a lousy hand.

Gia chews on her Skittles.

GIA
I got a pretty fucking lousy hand.

MITCH
Oh really. Have you looked in a
mirror lately?

She smiles a little.

GIA
Okay ace. Who's the target?

Mitch studies the people in the courtyard. There's a tall bespectacled guy in his late 20s talking to some younger guys; an older couple, retirement age; two young mothers chatting; two YOUNG BOYS, 13 or 14, standing on the corner.

MITCH
The kids. They'll respect us.

GIA
All right.

They start walking.

GIA (CONT'D)
Wait, why will they respect us?

EXT. ALLEY

Dev paces back and forth as he silently reads back his notes. In the background, Mitch and Gia approach -- the kids they're asking for directions are right around the corner.

MITCH

Hey.

Dev glances up to see if the hey is directed him, then goes back to his notes when he sees it's not.

EXT. COURTYARD

The two kids, WES and MAX, look at Mitch warily.

WES

Ain't got no bud, skippy.

MITCH

Uh. No. We're not, uh-- we were actually, uh, we were trying to get downtown -- well, Westwood--

EXT. ALLEY

Dev glances up again, devoting some small fraction of his attention to what Mitch is saying.

MITCH (O.S.)

... and, uh, we got on the wrong bus, and we were just wondering, like, if you know how we could--

EXT. COURTYARD

MAX

Call a cab.

MITCH

Yeah. Well, we would, but we've got, like, six bucks on us.

WES

You need cab money? Tell your girl to suck three dicks.

MAX

Shit man, look at her. She could do it in one.

WES
I'll flip you for it.

They laugh. Mitch stares.

MITCH
... What the fuck?

WES
Uh oh. He's upset.

MAX
Doogie Howser got beef.

WES
(lispy Bugs Bunny voice)
This means war!

These two are enjoying themselves immensely. Mitch looks at Gia.

MITCH
Is this really happening? Are we getting humiliated by a couple of fucking twelve-year-old dope slingers?

GIA
(stunned)
Mitch--

WES
The fuck did you say?

GIA
Oh God.

MAX
Faggot, I'm fourteen.

EXT. ALLEY

This conversation has Dev's full attention now. He tosses his notepad on the ground, folds his arms, takes a few steps forward and leans against the wall to listen.

EXT. COURTYARD

WES
You see us slinging? You see us slinging dope right now?

MITCH

Right, you're just a couple of South Central kids standing on a corner for no reason, telling strangers you ain't got no bud.

WES

Correct, shithead, 'cause we *ain't* got no bud. Every day, you fucking people, fucking college kids drivin' down here--

(nasal voice)

"You sellin' weed? You sellin' weed?"

MITCH

Nah, you're selling... what?

(looks around)

Hell, this looks like a crack neighborhood. Too nice for smack.

GIA

Stop it.

WES

Motherfucker--

MAX

"Smack."

WES

The fuck you know about "this neighborhood"?

MAX

(laughing)

He called it "smack."

WES

Motherfucker gotta get taught.

He cups his hand to his mouth.

WES (CONT'D)

Hey yo, D.H.!

MAX

(suddenly serious)

No. Man, no.

WES

D.H.!

The tall bespectacled guy on the other side of the courtyard looks at Wes and walks over.

D.H.
 (to Wes and Max)
 Young squires.

He's intensely mannered and highly intelligent.

D.H. (CONT'D)
 (nodding to Gia and Mitch)
 Abercrombie. Fitch.

Everyone else in the courtyard is watching now. A few people have wandered out of their houses for the occasion. Dev emerges from the alley to get a visual.

WES
 That one called me a dope slinger.
 Said this is a crack neighborhood.

D.H. turns and faces Mitch. They take a beat to size each other up.

D.H.
 Is he lying to me?

MITCH
 I--

D.H.
 (interrupting him)
 What was it about him that gave you
 the impression he sells drugs?

MITCH
 I--

D.H.
 (interrupting again)
 Was it, uh, his hair? The color of
 his eyes?

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN COURTYARD

From a distance, two YOUNG GIRLS watch D.H. and Mitch, a jump rope hanging limp between them. A third GIRL riding by on a bike stops when she sees the other two.

GIRL ON BIKE
 (craning neck)
 What's goin' on?

OTHER GIRL

D.H. is about to beat the shit
outta that white boy.

EXT. COURTYARD

Mitch takes a breath. D.H. waits patiently for him to answer.

MITCH

I--

D.H.

(interrupting)

I work very hard so that the
members of my family don't have to.

(glances at Wes)

So that they can, uh, ply a
different trade. You understand?

MITCH

Yes.

D.H.

No, because you've never sacrificed
anything for anybody. I can tell.
You don't know struggle. It's okay.
You're still young enough to learn.

DEV

Hey, D.H.

Dev walks over.

DEV (CONT'D)

Hold up, man.

D.H.

Superstar. This ain't yours.

DEV

Nah, but I was right there, I heard
the whole thing -- Wes and Max,
they dissed the girl. Dude was just
standin' up. They ain't even
lookin' for bud.

(grins)

They want *directions*.

Laughter from the onlookers.

DEV (CONT'D)

They got on the wrong bus!

More laughter. D.H. looks at Wes.

D.H.
You disrespected the girl?

Wes says nothing.

GIA
It was proposed that I suck a dick.

MITCH
Three dicks.

D.H. looks at Dev, then at Mitch, then back at Dev.

D.H.
Show 'em how to get the fuck outta here.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM

The Japanese businessmen are seating around a conference table, chuckling politely at something. The one in charge, MURAKAMI, says something in Japanese. Ken translates:

KEN
Chairman Ito regrets that he can't be here. He's entrusted them to be his, uh, like... eyes and ears. Surrogates.

Jim smiles at Murakami.

JIM
That's fine, no problem. So, should we, should we get started?

Ken glances at him, frowning slightly.

KEN
(in Japanese)
Let's get started.

The Japanese men nod. Jim uncaps a marker and steps next to a large whiteboard. Rob watches Ken carefully.

JIM
So, as I'm sure you're aware, we're a very small agency. Including Mr. Kroeker and I, we only have nineteen full-time employees. But we see this as a strength, not a weakness.

Everyone looks to Ken for the translation. He's still frowning, buried in thought.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ken.

KEN

Mmm. Sorry.

He takes a breath and turns to face the Japanese men.

KEN (CONT'D)

A man is lying in bed with his wife.

The Japanese men look at each other.

JIM

Right. So, uh, our size, our small size allows us to work with less overhead...

KEN

The man turns to his wife and says, "I would like to have sex."

Murakami murmurs something to his aide.

JIM

... to be agile, nimble, to change with the times...

KEN

"But I understand if you're not in the mood," he tells her. "And I don't want to pressure you."

Murakami's aide smiles knowingly and murmurs something back.

JIM

... to embrace new methods and new technology. To produce materials that will attract the attention of a fickle public.

KEN

"So," he says, "here is what I propose: if at any point in the night you want to have sex, simply pull on my penis one time."

Murakami starts to smile. The other men look guarded, glancing at Murakami to gauge his reaction.

JIM

Allow me to draw a diagram of our flat organizational structure compared to the hierarchical structure of a larger agency.

KEN

"And if you don't want to have sex, simply pull on my penis one hundred times!"

Murakami bursts out laughing. The other men laugh too.

Jim has just drawn two shapes on the whiteboard: a small flat rectangle and next to it a large triangle. He and Rob are baffled. Murakami bangs on the table, gasping for air.

ROB

What the fuck is happening?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

A smiling Murakami is shaking Jim's hand in the lobby.

KEN

He says the lawyers still have to look at the contract, but there shouldn't be any problems.

JIM

Uh. Great.

The Japanese men all smile and bow politely and start to walk away. Ken looks at Jim and Rob.

KEN

Well. I'll be in touch.

He turns and starts to follow the Japanese guys.

ROB

Wait, wait. Where the hell are you going?

KEN

(over his shoulder)
We're getting lunch.

EXT. WATTS

Dev and Mitch walk down a street in Dev's housing project. Gia follows a couple steps behind.

MITCH

You wanna do standup your whole
life?

DEV

Nah. I wanna be on SNL.

MITCH

How do you get on SNL exactly?

DEV

If you're Dana Carvey, your uncle
gets you an agent and your agent
gets you an audition. If you're
Eddie Murphy, you fuckin' blow into
the producer's office and beg.
(nods toward house)
We're here.

They walk up to the front door. Dev fishes a set of keys out
of his pocket. Mitch hangs back and looks at Gia.

MITCH

(quiet)
You okay?

GIA

What was that back there?

MITCH

What, I was-- I was standing up for
you. What do you mean?

GIA

That's bullshit. I can tell when
you're pissed off.

MITCH

Of course I was pissed off. You
heard what they said to us.

GIA

Not at them. At me.

Dev holds the door open.

DEV

Yo, I gotta ask: of all the people
in that courtyard you could've
asked for help, why'd you pick the
ones that'd give you the most shit?

GIA

Yeah, Mitch. Tell him.

MITCH

I dunno. I guess... I guess I see kids that age and it's like... it's like, they're freshmen, I'm a junior, you know?

Dev laughs and shakes his head.

DEV

Freshmen. Goddamn.

INT. DEV'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DEV

I got a bus schedule somewhere.

They walk into the living room. There's a six-year-old kid, FRANCIS, playing with some Lego on the floor.

DEV (CONT'D)

You can sit down. That's Francis.

MITCH

Hey Francis.

While Dev hunts around for the bus schedule, Mitch takes a seat at the end of the couch, expecting Gia to sit next to him. Instead, she sits down cross-legged on the floor.

GIA

(smiling)

Hi.

FRANCIS

Hi.

Noise from the kitchen as Dev searches for the schedule.

DEV (O.S.)

It was right here.

GIA

What're we makin'?

FRANCIS

A spaceship.

DEV (O.S.)

Dammit.

He enters the living room.

DEV (CONT'D)
I can't find it.

GIA
Pretty spiffy spaceship. But
where's the hyperdrive?

FRANCIS
What's a hyperdrive?

DEV
Brought you all the way back here.
Dammit.

He slumps down on the chair across from Mitch.

MITCH
It's okay.

GIA
It makes your spaceship go further.
You wanna go to the moon, you can
go ahead and ride a regular
spaceship. You wanna go to Rigel
Seven, you need a hyperdrive.

DEV
Never seen a girl that hot say
"hyperdrive" before.

He rubs his eyes, thinking.

DEV (CONT'D)
Okay. You gotta get to Westwood.
I'll drive you.

MITCH
What? No, no--

DEV
Probably too late to catch the bus
anyway. When does the dinosaur
movie start?

MITCH
2:40.

Dev checks his watch.

DEV
Yeah. So, I'll take you. My dad
drives a town car, he brings it
home most days. He's on the early
shift. Be home any minute.

(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)
(looks at Francis)
Little man's gonna have to come
with.

FRANCIS
(constructing hyperdrive)
Nah. I'm goin' to Rigel Seven.

MITCH
You know, we've got five passes.
Our two friends are coming, but, if
you want the extra one--

DEV
For real?

GIA
Yeah, we were just gonna sell it to
some idiot tourist.

DEV
Well, if it's just the one,
Spaceman should get it.

Gia looks at Francis.

GIA
Hey kiddo. What's your opinion on
dinosaurs?

We hear someone walk in the front door. It's Dev's father,
FRANK, dressed in a suit, looking tired.

DEV
Hey dad.

Frank tosses his keys on the counter and notices the two
strangers in his house.

FRANK
This a field trip?

MITCH
Sort of.

DEV
Dad, that's, uh... Winona, and this
is her boyfriend... Ethan.

GIA
Hi. I'm Winona.

Frank looks at Mitch.

FRANK
How'd you get her?

MITCH
(deadpan)
I'm really funny.

Frank smiles and starts to head upstairs.

DEV
You sleepin'?

FRANK
Yeah.

They watch him walk upstairs and wait patiently for the sound of his bedroom door closing. Dev jumps to his feet.

DEV
(quietly)
Let's go.

INT. RESTAURANT

Ken's at a busy upscale restaurant with his Japanese pals. He's wearing a SUIT now. Murakami and the rest are all laughing at something. Ken says something in Japanese and they all laugh harder.

He sits back and loosens his tie. He notices something a few tables away: a gorgeous WOMAN and an important-looking MAN having lunch, having what looks like an intense discussion.

Ken leans over to Murakami and says something in Japanese, nodding toward the couple. Murakami looks over, raises an eyebrow, grins, says something back, turns and nudges the guy next to him. He and his colleagues are fairly drunk.

The couple's conversation is becoming louder and more heated.

WOMAN
"From now on, there's only you."
You said this. So: fuck you.

She takes an angry sip of water.

MAN
It's not possible to discuss this
rationally when you're just making
stuff up.

She SLAMS the glass of water down. The whole restaurant hears. People turn to look.

WOMAN

(loudly)
I'm making stuff up? I'm lying?

MAN

And now the spectacle. I would've thought your appetite for performance would be satisfied by all the work I've brought you.

WOMAN

Actually, very few of my *appetites* have been *satisfied* by you.

Some uncomfortable chuckling from the crowd. She tosses her napkin down on her uneaten food.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But you're right, there've been countless performances.

She stands and starts to hastily collect her things.

MAN

Come on. Come on, at least bag that up. It's the last eighty dollar meal you're gonna see for a while.

WOMAN

Fuck you.

MAN

Oh.
(to onlookers)
She's not hungry. Probably has something to do with the fucking snowblower she's got for a right nostril.

Shocked murmurs. Mouth agape, the woman grabs her purse and storms out, brushing past Ken's chair.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry -- left nostril?

He takes a sip of water and does his best to ignore the stares. Slowly, everyone else goes back to eating.

Ken's gazing out into the restaurant foyer, where he can partly see the woman leaning back against the wall and lighting a cigarette. He narrows his eyes and takes a thoughtful sip of his Coke.

He puts his glass down, slowly pushes his chair back, and rises to his feet.

KEN
(in Japanese)
Gentlemen.

He carefully buttons his suit jacket.

KEN (CONT'D)
Today is a day for miracles.

With supreme confidence, he strides out into the foyer.

INT. RESTAURANT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The woman is the only other person there, smoking her cigarette, staring off into space. She notices Ken.

WOMAN
I'm allowed to smoke here.

He takes a couple of steps forward, not breaking eye contact. Waits a beat before speaking.

KEN
He doesn't respect you. He never did.

She shoots him a lethal stare and takes a long drag. She clearly wants to be alone. Ken presses on.

KEN (CONT'D)
With men like him it's never about love, or sex, or money. It's about power. They can have any woman, but they don't want any woman; they want every woman.

She exhales elegantly toward the ceiling, pretending he isn't there. Ken takes another step forward.

KEN (CONT'D)
Me -- I just want one.

INT. RESTAURANT

The Japanese guys watch the scene from their table. They can see the woman from the side and they can clearly see Ken putting the moves on her, but they can't tell if it's working. Murakami murmurs something that probably means "Watch this."

INT. RESTAURANT FOYER

KEN

What I want is to not give a fuck about anything in this world except doing what's necessary to make a single person happy. I can tell just by looking at you that you've never been with anyone who's understood what that means.

She shuts her eyes and blows some more smoke.

KEN (CONT'D)

Also...

He leans close to her ear and lowers his voice --

KEN (CONT'D)

I have the hookups. *Real* blow. Pure. Not this cut-with-glass Hollywood ego-trip nosebleed stuff. Not the stuff that turns you into an asshole. I'm talking about God's blow. Only euphoria.

She takes another drag.

KEN (CONT'D)

I can take you to places you didn't know existed.

She exhales again, extending it into a long sigh.

WOMAN

How's this: I'll give you twenty bucks if you stop talking to me.

INT. RESTAURANT

The Japanese see the woman hand something to Ken. They murmur excitedly.

Ken strides back to the table, slowly and deliberately, wearing a smug smile.

The table looks up at him like, "Well?"

He triumphantly holds up a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL. The Japanese businessmen erupt in cheers.

INT. CAR

Dev's barrelling down the Santa Monica Freeway in his father's employer's Town Car. Francis is riding shotgun, Gia and Mitch are in the back.

DEV
One more mile to the 405. We're
like ten minutes out.

Mitch's attention is on Gia, who's staring out the window. He takes her hand. She doesn't look at him.

DEV (CONT'D)
So. What do you wanna be?

He glances at Mitch in the rearview.

MITCH
Sorry, what?

DEV
When you grow up. What do you wanna
be?

MITCH
Uh. I dunno.

DEV
What do you mean you don't know?

MITCH
I don't really know anyone who
knows. Except you.

Dev mulls this over.

DEV
That's fucked up.

The car's TWO-WAY RADIO crackles on.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Frank?

DEV
(looking around, startled)
What the fuck?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Frank, you still on?

DEV
Oh, fuck. Fuck.

MITCH

Who is that?

DEV

It's my dad's dispatcher. Fuck!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Frank, answer your goddamn radio.

DEV

Fuck.

He hesitantly takes the radio handset out of its cradle. Wincing, he draws it to his mouth and turns it on.

DEV (CONT'D)

(deep voice, into radio)

Hey, it's me.

(beat)

Frank.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

What the hell, Frank?

DEV

(deep voice)

Uh, sorry I didn't pick up. I dropped my... sunglasses--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

You're not down for a double shift. You switch with Manny or something?

DEV

(deep voice)

Yep. Switched with Manny.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Fine. Listen, we got a guy at LAX. Flight landed early -- when the hell does that happen, right? I need you to pick him up and take him to the Century Plaza.

DEV

... Fuck.

(deep voice, into radio)

No problem.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Good. United 108, he'll be at the terminal 6 baggage claim. The name for the card is Sheingold. S-H-E-I-N. Be nice to this guy.

(MORE)

DISPATCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His company's half our book in New
York.

DEV
(deep voice)
Sheingold. Got it.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Thanks, Frank.

DEV
(deep voice)
Frank out.

Dev lets the radio handset fall to the ground.

DEV (CONT'D)
Fuck.

MITCH
You can drop us off at the movie
first, right?

DEV
I wish, man. I'm sorry.

GIA
You said we're ten minutes out.

DEV
Yeah, in the opposite direction. A
rich white dude waiting twenty
extra minutes with his bags is
enough to lose my dad his job.

GIA
Shit.

EXT. GAS STATION

Dev pulls the car up to a gas station near the freeway. Gia,
Mitch and Francis disembark.

DEV
I'll get back here as fast as I
can. We can still make it.
(to Francis)
Little man, you okay to hang with
Zack and Kelly for a while?

Francis nods.

DEV (CONT'D)
All right. Back in a flash.

MITCH
Tell Sheingold I said hi.

Mitch shuts the passenger door and Dev drives off. Gia sits down on the curb. Mitch gets a few dollars out of his pocket and holds them out to Francis.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hey buddy. Go on inside and get yourself a snack.

FRANCIS
You need anything?

MITCH
Nah, thanks.

FRANCIS
I meant her.

GIA
(trying to smile)
I'm okay.

Francis goes into the store. Mitch sits down on the curb next to Gia.

MITCH
Hey.

GIA
(soft)
Hey.

MITCH
Let's talk about what's actually going on inside your head today. Because I'm at a loss.

GIA
I'd rather not talk.

MITCH
Okay, well, that's the first thing we can discuss.

GIA
I'm serious. I need some space.

MITCH

Yeah. You know, I'll dig as hard as you feel like making me, but the whole leave-me-alone-but-don't game is deeply unappealing right now.

GIA

Good. So just leave me alone.

MITCH

Right.

(sighs)

Christ. You know why I put up with this shit?

GIA

(evenly)

Why do you put up with this shit, Mitch?

MITCH

Because your damage is real. Mine and everyone else's, it's all imaginary. So, whatever. You're Gia Moretti. The unluckiest girl in the world. You can be as selfish as you wanna be.

Gia stares at him coldly.

GIA

You don't know anything.

EXT. AIRPORT

Dev pulls up to the arrivals area of an LAX terminal.

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM

He's standing at the end of a busy baggage claim area holding up a placard that says "SHEINGOLD". He looks impatient.

A slim young GUY wearing shades approaches from the side, stopping when he sees the card.

DEV

Finally.

The guy looks Dev up and down.

GUY

Shouldn't you be wearing a suit?

DEV
Casual Wednesday.

The guy puts down his bags and takes off his shades.

DEV (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

It's CHRIS ROCK.

DEV (CONT'D)
Chris Rock?!

CHRIS ROCK
No -- Morty Sheingold. Keep your
fucking voice down.

Dev eagerly offers a handshake.

DEV
I'm Dev. Dev Mattick.

Chris Rock shakes his hand unenthusiastically.

He waits for Dev to take his bags and lead him to the car.
Dev just stands there grinning.

CHRIS ROCK
(dryly)
Tell me, Dev. What do you do for a
living?

EXT. AIRPORT

Dev stuffs Chris Rock's bags in the trunk of the Town Car
while Rock climbs into the backseat. Dev slams the trunk
shut, takes a calming breath, and looks up at the sky.

DEV
(to God)
Listen. You fuck with me on this,
I'll kill you.

EXT. GAS STATION

Mitch and Gia stand around outside the gas station, not quite
looking at each other. They've been fighting on and off for a
while. Francis is on the curb, quietly sipping a soda. Mitch
checks his watch, kicks a rock.

GIA

Why don't you just say what you
wanna say?

MITCH

Tell me what I wanna say. Please.
I'm curious.

GIA

I talked you into cutting school
and now you'll never hit whatever
fake fucking idea of success you've
been taught to shoot for.

MITCH

That's not-- I don't care about
that. I mean, I do, but whatever.
It's just, I'm, I'm trying to be a
part of your future. And you're
doing everything you can to make
sure you don't have one. I mean,
just what the hell are you looking
forward to? Sixty more years of
hanging out at the mall and getting
high behind the Dairy Queen?

GIA

I'm just trying to be seventeen.
I'm trying to live my life. Fuck
the future -- I want you with me
now. But lately you don't give a
shit about anything that isn't a
line on a Harvard application.

MITCH

That's not true.

GIA

Yeah it is. You've been carrying me
too long. I can tell. My shit's too
heavy, it's pulling you down. Soon
you're gonna wanna drop me and keep
on walking.

MITCH

For fuck's sake. I tell you I love
you like nineteen times a day.

GIA

You do say the words.

MITCH

What, you think I'm lying?

GIA

Yeah, I guess not, 'cause you'd be the first guy in history to say "I love you" in exchange for sex. You'd have to be a genius to think of that. I mean, you're a smart guy, Mitch, but--

MITCH

Fuck you. I said it when I didn't have to. I said it before you did. I, I put myself on the line--

GIA

(laughing)

Yeah. It was a huge risk. Massive. You were so brave.

MITCH

Okay.

He nods.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I get it now. I get what's going on.

(beat)

Your mom killed herself 'cause she couldn't be a movie star and now you think the world is a colossal shitcluster where no one is happy and everything good falls apart and everyone who loves you eventually leaves you. And you're trying to get me to prove you right.

Gia says nothing for a long beat. She then shields her eyes from the sun and gazes down the road.

GIA

Dev said the movie's a ten minute drive that way?

MITCH

What?

GIA

I'm gonna walk.

MITCH

(incredulous)

What--

GIA

You have no fucking idea who I am or what I want. You don't even know what you want. So, stop analyzing. Stop trying to figure out stuff you'll never fucking understand.

She starts to walk away, then stops, turns --

GIA (CONT'D)

Oh -- one more thing: *learn to fuck me right.*

Jeez.

GIA (CONT'D)

Maybe then I can quit smoking weed, you know?

Mitch swallows and shakes his head.

MITCH

One day you'll turn around, and you'll look behind you, and all you'll see will be wreckage.

GIA

Uh-huh.

He turns his back to her. She keeps walking. Francis watches her leaving, and looks up at Mitch expectantly.

MITCH

(sighing)

Do what you want, kid.

Francis jogs to catch up with Gia. Mitch slumps down on the curb, alone.

INT. CAR

Dev's grinning at Chris Rock in the rearview mirror. Rock's spread out on the back seat with his feet up. He's not a happy man.

DEV

So uh, Chris. You grew up in Harlem, right?

CHRIS ROCK

Bed-Stuy.

DEV
 Right. Yeah, I'm from South
 Central. Watts. Nickerson Gardens.

CHRIS ROCK
 Yeah? What's your house number?
 P.O. box?

Dev tries to chuckle, blinking at the surprising coldness. He searches for something else to talk about.

DEV
 SNL's been dope this season.

CHRIS ROCK
 No it hasn't.

Silence.

DEV
 I'm a, you know, I'm a comic too. I
 do standup.

Rock has stopped acknowledging him.

DEV (CONT'D)
 I actually got a tape of my set
 here -- maybe... maybe you wanna--

CHRIS ROCK
 Man, look. I'm a decent guy most
 days. But I hate this fucking city.
 I only come here to sell my soul
 one little piece at a time. So no,
 I don't wanna hear your piece of
 shit tape, or talk about my piece
 of shit show, or reminisce about
 how shitty my life was in the
 projects compared to how slightly-
 less-shitty it is now. I wanna get
 to my hotel and go to my meetings
 and get the fuck outta here.

DEV
 (quiet)
 Okay man. Fair enough.

They drive in silence. Dev suddenly has an idea.

DEV (CONT'D)
 Hey. You know that dinosaur movie?

CHRIS ROCK
 What?

DEV

The dinosaur movie. Jurassic Park.

CHRIS ROCK

Oh. *The* dinosaur movie.

DEV

What if I told you there's a test screening in fifteen minutes and I can get you in?

CHRIS ROCK

I've had lunch at Spielberg's house. You think if I wanna see his new thing I need help from you?

DEV

So you seen it already?

CHRIS ROCK

No, but--

DEV

You know anyone who has?

CHRIS ROCK

... No.

DEV

Well. Here's your chance to make all your hot-shit friends jealous. Go ahead, pick up the phone, call your boy Steve, ask for a, whatever the fuck, a private screening. Y'all can make a day of it. Watch the movie, eat some pistachios, play a little backgammon--

CHRIS ROCK

Yeah, yeah, okay--

DEV

Or just ask me. Up to you.

Chris Rock sighs.

CHRIS ROCK

Fifteen minutes, huh?

EXT. GAS STATION

Mitch is lying on his back staring at the sky. The Town Car screeches up and Dev jumps out.

DEV

Yo.

Mitch sits up. Dev looks around for Gia and his brother.

DEV (CONT'D)

Where they at?

MITCH

Uh, they left.

DEV

What do you mean, they left?

MITCH

Gia's walking to the movie.

DEV

What? What the fuck?

He takes a moment to think.

DEV (CONT'D)

Who's got the tickets?

MITCH

She does.

DEV

Fuck! What the fuck?!

MITCH

What's the problem?

DEV

How long 'til it starts?

MITCH

(checking watch)

Two minutes.

DEV

Shit. How long ago'd they leave?

MITCH

I dunno. Half an hour.

Dev sighs.

DEV

We gotta find 'em. C'mon.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mitch gets in the front passenger seat. He looks at the guy sitting in the back.

MITCH
(nodding slowly)
Chris Rock. Why not.

Chris Rock offers a glum half-wave. Dev pulls out of the gas station and starts speeding down the road.

DEV
Gentlemen, we're eyepelin' for a skinny white girl and a little dude who looks like me.

CHRIS ROCK
What does this have to do with the dinosaur movie?

DEV
All part of the plan.

He glances at Mitch.

DEV (CONT'D)
Man, I leave you alone for an hour, you turn suicidal. The hell happened back there?

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

Megan's still outside the theater. She's clearly been waiting there a while. She checks her watch and sighs.

EXT. STREET

Gia walks down Overland Avenue with Francis. She's struggling against a barrage of stinging thoughts.

GIA
(sharply, to self)
Fucked it up. Fucked it up again.

Francis looks up at her. She notices his stare.

GIA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

She notices something in the distance.

GIA (CONT'D)

Hey.

It's a BUS. She rifles through her pockets and her bag.

GIA (CONT'D)

Kiddo, you got any change left over
from that soda?

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a pair of ONES and some coins. Gia smiles. She looks up and down the street.

GIA (CONT'D)

I don't see a stop.
(beat)
Stay right here.

As the bus approaches, she STEPS OUT ONTO THE ROAD and stands directly in its path. It slows to a stop in front of her.

GIA (CONT'D)

I feel like that guy in Tiananmen
Square.

She looks at Francis.

GIA (CONT'D)

This is where Mitch would say,
"Yeah, except instead of standing
up to a tank you're trying to get
to a dinosaur movie," and I'd go,
"Details."

The bus door swings open.

BUS DRIVER

You're not supposed to do that.

GIA

You going to Westwood?

BUS DRIVER

Yes.

She takes Francis's hand and they start to get on. Gia hesitates, remembering past experience --

GIA

Right now?

The bus driver nods.

INT. CAR

DEV

Sounds like you fucked up.

MITCH

You don't have to tell me I fucked up. I know I fucked up.

DEV

I'm just saying, you fucked up.

CHRIS ROCK

It does sound like you fucked up.

MITCH

Yeah. Thanks, Chris Rock.

CHRIS ROCK

No problem.

MITCH

I know I fucked up, okay? I spend all this time trying to figure out what I wanna do with my life and trying to get into a good enough school to actually do it. And the one thing I *know* I want, the one thing I want every day, I already have, it's there, it's right in front of me, and I fucking lose it.

CHRIS ROCK

Breaks my heart.

MITCH

(to Dev)

Is Chris Rock making fun of me?

DEV

Yeah.

(beat)

Look man, it's easy. You want something, you gotta fight for it. You gotta earn it.

MITCH

That doesn't sound easy.

DEV

Yeah, it's not.

He stops at a light, still looking for Gia and Francis.

DEV (CONT'D)
Where we at now?

MITCH
Eleven minutes.

DEV
(murmuring to self)
Where the fuck are they?

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

Megan's still standing outside. From the distance she hears:

GIA (O.S.)
BORK!

She turns to look. Gia's walking up with Francis.

MEGAN
(with a weak wave)
Hey.

GIA
Where's Ken?

MEGAN
He, uh... well, I'm not exactly
sure what he did. It was
impressive, whatever it was. But
he's gone. Who's the cute kid?

GIA
Megan, I'm like a million percent
sure this is a stupid question,
but: you got any weed? I need to
make it so I can't think thoughts.

MEGAN
Sorry.

Gia looks around, trying to get a sense of her surroundings.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Where's Mitch?

GIA
He's, uh...
(beat)
"Campus Shoe Repair"? Wait...

She turns and looks all the way down the street, shielding her eyes from the sun.

GIA (CONT'D)
Holy shit, that's UCLA.

MEGAN
Uh, yeah. I think it is.

GIA
What time is it?

MEGAN
2:55.
(points to entrance)
Should we, um--

GIA
(staring into the
distance)
Trees.

INT. CAR

MITCH
We're fifteen minutes in. I'm
guessing the dinosaur park is now
experiencing its first malfunction.

DEV
Okay. Fuck it. We'll go to the
theater.

He makes a SHARP TURN onto another street and heads toward Westwood Boulevard. As they approach, they see the street is BLOCKED by a police barricade.

DEV (CONT'D)
What the fuck--

They watch a cop on a MOTORCYCLE drive by, followed by two POLICE CARS, followed by a large LIMO with two American flags attached to the hood. Dev makes a hasty U-turn.

INT. LIMO

Ken's in his own limo with the Japanese guys, turning onto Westwood, just AHEAD of the motorcade. They can see it through the rear window. Ken leans toward Murakami--

KEN
(in Japanese)
The guest of honor.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

The town car pulls up to the theater. Megan's standing there with Francis. Mitch gets out first.

MITCH

Hey. Where is she?

MEGAN

She, uh... left.

MITCH

What do you mean she left?

MEGAN

She left. She said "I'll be back" and she gave me all the passes and she told me to look after this little guy and she went that way.

(notices Chris Rock)

... Where do I know him from?

MITCH

Huh? Oh. He's on TV.

DEV

(walking up, smiling)

Hey, you must be Bork. I've heard a lot about you.

She shakes his hand, unsure of how to respond.

CHRIS ROCK

This is Bork? Whoa. No offense Bork but I thought you'd be ugly. I don't know why.

Megan's more confused than she's ever been in her life.

INT. HALLWAY

Gia walks along a hallway in a UCLA building. A PROFESSOR's voice can be heard faintly. Gia spots the room she's looking for and puts her ear to the door to listen a moment, then hesitantly PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE lecture hall, filled almost to capacity. Gia walks in like she's expecting someone to notice her, but no one does.

PROFESSOR

... and so what we end up with is a left child, right sibling binary tree, which is the binary representation of a k-ary tree.

Gia quickly spots DAN, sitting alone at the opposite end of the back row. He's ASLEEP. She moves along the row and sits next to him.

Dan's head is back and his mouth is hanging open. Gia looks at what he's got in front of him: a blue plastic WATER BOTTLE, a notebook, and a stapled sheaf of LOOSELEAF PAPER.

She slides the sheaf of paper toward herself, and after looking at it, FOLDS IT UP and stuffs it in her pocket.

She then takes the water bottle and, with much delight, SQUIRTS WATER INTO DAN'S OPEN MOUTH. He instantly wakes up and starts gagging.

DAN

(coughing)

What--

(sees her)

Oh. Wait...

(looks around, remembers where he is)

What--

GIA

I missed you.

DAN

You came all the way here. Jesus. That was the last of what I had. That was *it*, okay? I'm not lighting another spliff until graduation.

GIA

Fine.

DAN

... Fine?

GIA

Yeah. I understand. You need to focus on your future.

He wonders what she's up to.

PROFESSOR

Okay, that's an hour and a half. Let's take a ten minute break.

Students start getting up to stretch their legs.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Oh, and please hand in your problem sets if you haven't already.

Dan looks around for his problem set. He lifts up his notebook. Hunts through his bookbag, increasingly frantic.

He looks at Gia.

DAN
Where's my homework?

She smiles.

DAN (CONT'D)
God, you're--
(sighs)
All right.
(beat)
Fuck. All right. Follow me.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

Mitch, Dev, Francis, Megan, and Chris Rock are being led through the theater lobby by a young STUDIO ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT
I saw the workprint last night.
These dinosaurs do not disappoint.

They reach a door with a sign saying "PRIVATE SCREENING." But the assistant only opens the door a CRACK and peers inside. Everyone looks at each other, confused.

MEGAN
Uh... can we...

ASSISTANT
Hang on, I wanna time this right.

Muffled sound of Laura Dern talking. John Williams' score is clearly building to something important.

DEV
What the fuck, man--

ASSISTANT
Wait. Wait wait wait.
(pause)
Okay.

He smiles and swings the door all the way open.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

It's that famous first shot of the BRACHIOSAURUS walking between the trees. The score switches from tense buildup to the majestic JURASSIC PARK THEME just as they enter.

There's a hushed "whoa" from everyone in the theater.

SAM NEILL

It's... it's a dinosaur.

Everyone except Mitch wanders down to the nearest empty seats, their eyes locked on the screen. Mitch hangs back and glumly leans against the side wall.

JEFF GOLDBLUM

You did it. You crazy son of a bitch, you did it.

Mitch stands there as the iconic scene unfolds, looking at the screen but not really watching. His mind is elsewhere.

The brachiosaurus lifts its front legs to eat the leaves off a particularly tall tree. It drops back down with a massive THUD. The audience loves it.

LAWYER GUY WHO GETS EATEN

We're gonna make a fortune.

Dev, now seated, looks around for Mitch just in time to see him LEAVE. He gets up and follows him out.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

DEV

Hey man. Wait up.

Mitch stops, turns.

DEV (CONT'D)

You okay?

MITCH

I gotta find her. I can't just wait for her to come back. It's gotta be me coming to her.

DEV

(beat)

Yeah. You're right.

MITCH

Problem is, all I have to go on is
Bork saying she went "that way."

DEV

Well. Okay. What's that way?

MITCH

No clue.

The GIRL working the concession stand pipes up --

GIRL

UCLA.

They both look at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Sorry; I was eavesdropping. UCLA.

(points)

It's like right there.

MITCH

Shit. Yeah.

(to self, after a beat)

Why would she go to UCLA?

GIRL

Hey. I go there. It's a good
school.

MITCH

No, I mean... why would she go
there, like, physically. There's
nothing she'd--

(beat)

Unless...

DEV

What?

MITCH

Drugs.

DEV

You think?

MITCH

Yeah. Every time something bad
happens, every time she needs to,
like, turn her brain off.

(beat)

Fuck.

EXT. ROYCE HALL

People in suits are milling on the front portico of UCLA's Royce Hall. A few of them are wearing shades and earpieces -- they're SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. The doors to the AUDITORIUM are open and a female SPEAKER is addressing the audience.

SPEAKER (O.S.)

... Still, all this is nothing compared to what we'll see in the decade to come. Imagine a world where any child with a PC and a modem has access to the sum of human knowledge. A world where you can book a flight and rent a movie with the click of a mouse.

Against the wall there's a table with a sign saying "CONFERENCE SIGN-IN." KEN is there, being handed a bunch of BADGES, one of which he puts around his neck.

He walks over to Murakami and the others and says something in Japanese and gestures toward the doors to the auditorium. They all go inside.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

They take their seats. The auditorium is close to full.

SPEAKER

Our keynote speaker has championed the Information Superhighway since long before its potential was obvious to the rest of us. Ladies and gentlemen, please join me in welcoming Vice President Al Gore.

Applause.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

Mitch is using the phone at the concession stand.

MITCH

(into phone)

Hi, I need the number for a Burger King franchise, it's in Glendale, on Brand, close to, uh, Lexington?

(pause)

Yeah.

(pause)

Thanks.

INT. BURGER KING

The franchise MANAGER answers the phone.

MANAGER
Burger King.

INTERCUT

MITCH
Hi there, I'm trying to get the
name of one of your employees.
He's, uh... I'm not sure how to--
he's sort of a, uh, a stoner type--

MANAGER
Yeah, that's Dan. Dan Sacks.

MITCH
Sax, like a saxophone?

MANAGER
No, like a bunch of sacks. He just
quit though. He got into UCLA and
he moved into the dorms. Can't take
the commute.

MITCH
Really. That's fantastic.

He gives Dev a thumbs-up.

MANAGER
Sure, I guess.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

MITCH
Thanks a lot.

He hangs up.

MITCH (CONT'D)
He goes to UCLA. It's gotta be him.
(to concession stand girl)
Is there, like, a way to look up
people in the dorms?

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
Sure, the switchboard. Here.

She dials a number on the phone and hands him the receiver.

MITCH
 (into phone)
 Hi, I need the number for a
 student. Dan Sacks.
 (pause)
 No, like a bunch of sacks. It's a
 common mistake.

He grabs a pen and something to write on.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 ... five three three one. Got it.

He pushes the receiver cradle and quickly dials again.

GIRL
 This is exciting.

Dev looks at her like "Really?"

INT. DAN'S DORM ROOM

Dan's roommate BEN is lying on his bed reading a book. The
 phone rings.

BEN
 (answering it)
 Yep?

INTERCUT

MITCH
 Hey, is Dan there?

BEN
 He's at class.

MITCH
 Oh. Uh, listen. Let's say I needed
 to, uh, pick up. Like, drugs --
 marijuana --

BEN
 (not an idiot)
 I understand what you're talking
 about.

MITCH
 Would Dan be able to help?

BEN

Well, I don't know him that well. We've only been living together a week. But I'm pretty sure he's outta that game. I saw him today, he said he sold his last joint ever to this high school chick. He didn't want to but he couldn't say no because she's really hot or something.

MITCH

Yeah, that's... familiar. So, let's say I really needed Dan to score for me. What would he do? Would he come to you?

BEN

Nah, I don't touch the stuff. But uh, let's see...

(beat)

Oh -- there was this chick at this party last night. He talked to her for a while. They smoked a joint together. Her joint. I don't know her name though. I think she came with Amy?

MITCH

You got Amy's number?

INT. AMY'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now AMY's talking to Mitch.

AMY

(into phone)

Oh yeah! Dan! Yeah, he was super into Ivy. She told me they made plans to hang out today. He's gonna come by Royce around 5 when she gets off work.

MITCH (V.O.)

Royce?

EXT. ROYCE HALL

We see Dan and Gia walking up the steps in front of Royce. Above the entrance there's a large BANNER that says "THE SUPERHIGHWAY SUMMIT: IMAGINING THE FUTURE."

AMY (V.O.)

Yeah, Ivy works part-time for UCLA Catering, there's some kinda big-deal thing going on at Royce Hall. Right around now I think.

MITCH (V.O.)

You think she's got weed?

AMY (V.O.)

Always.

They continue down the arch-covered portico that encircles the building, passing two Secret Service guys posted at the entrance. Gore's speech can be heard.

AL GORE (O.S.)

... but the changes yet to come will be so dramatic that we can't be certain what the future will look like. We know the direction, but not the destination...

INT. RECEPTION HALL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Caterers are preparing for the post-speech reception. Dan and Gia enter. Dan looks around and spots his friend --

DAN

Hey. Ivy.

He waves. IVY smiles and walks over.

IVY

You're three hours early. I'm impressed.

DAN

Yeah. Sorry. I, uh... this is awkward--

IVY

(to Gia)

Hey. I'm Ivy.

GIA

Gia. I'm blackmailing Dan into getting me weed.

Ivy looks at Dan.

IVY

You came here to pick up?

DAN

Well... yeah, but--

IVY

Not only am I at work, but the fucking vice president is downstairs. There are Secret Service agents everywhere. I had to pass a background check just to be allowed to carry an hors d'oeuvre tray around the reception. And you really thought I'd be stupid enough to have *drugs* on me right now?

Dan is duly chastened.

IVY (CONT'D)

Well, you were right. Let's go outside.

Before they can leave, another young CATERER walks up --

CATERER

Hey, Ivy. Phone call for you.

IVY

Who is it?

CATERER

Didn't get his name.

IVY

Take a message. I'm going on a, uh, smoke break.

CATERER

All right.

Ivy leads Gia and Dan outside. The caterer walks back to the phone.

CATERER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Can I take a message? She just stepped out for a smoke.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

MITCH

(into phone)

No, that's-- wait. For a smoke?

(beat)

Was anybody with her?

CATERER (V.O.)
Yeah, a really pretty girl and a
guy who looked like Dave Grohl.

MITCH
Thanks.

He hangs up.

MITCH (CONT'D)
She's there. Gia. She's there right
now. Royce Hall.

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
That was so cool.

Mitch heads for the door. Dev jogs after him.

DEV
Hold up, I'll drive you.

MITCH
What? No man, you stay here.

DEV
Fuck that. She'll be gone by the
time you get there.

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
You can take my bike.

MITCH
... Really?

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
Yeah, it's probably actually faster
than driving. Here, catch.

She tosses him a bike lock key.

MITCH
How did I ever live without you,
Concession Stand Girl?

She smiles.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Dev)
Listen. There's a room over there
containing two insanely great
possibilities. One is becoming
friends with the exact guy you want
to be in ten years.
(MORE)

IVY
 (like a pusher in an after
 school special)
 Come onnnn, man. Don't be a
 squaaare.

DAN
 (sighing)
 Fine.

He takes a drag.

IVY
 I was kidding, but okay.

DAN
 (coughing)
 Fuck me, that's strong.

He passes the joint to Ivy. She takes a drag and exhales.

IVY
 So tell me about this boyfriend of
 yours. Is he a cool guy?

EXT. STREET

Mitch RACES down Westwood Plaza on a HOT PINK bicycle with a
 giant basket.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Ken watches Gore finish his speech --

AL GORE
 And so we meet today on common
 ground, not to predict the future
 but to make firm the arrangements
 for its arrival. Let us master and
 develop this new language together.
 The future really is in our hands.
 Thank you.

He gets a standing ovation. Ken says something to Murakami
 and walks out of the auditorium while everyone is still
 applauding. He passes a SECRET SERVICE AGENT at the entrance.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
 (into wrist)
 It's done. Sundance is moving
 upstairs.

IVY (V.O.)
So why aren't you there?

EXT. ROYCE HALL

Gia stares at Ivy a long beat. They're both pretty stoned, as is Dan.

GIA
... Sorry, what?

IVY
The movie. You came all this way to see it. Why aren't you there?

GIA
Because I know he's there. And I know he hates me now. I, I keep picturing the way he'll look at me, the look in his eyes...

She trails off. Dan's gazing into the distance, at a GUY IN A SUIT approaching from the other end of the long walkway.

DAN
Guys... who's that?

IVY
(squinting)
I don't know. Nobody.

She looks at Gia and sees her distant, morose look.

IVY (CONT'D)
If he loved you before, he's not gonna hate you 'cause of one fight.

GIA
I don't know. I fight really really good.

Ivy smiles, part "Trust me" and part "I believe it." She checks her watch.

IVY
Shit. I should get back.

Dan's still fixated on the guy in the suit.

DAN
Guys, seriously. I think that's, like, a guy. A Secret Service guy.

IVY
Dude, it's nobody.

DAN
(panicking)
No, I'm... I'm pretty sure it is.
He's gonna smell the pot, he's--
we, we can't stay here.

IVY
Dan. Listen to me. You smoked too
much and now you're paranoid.
Everything is fine.

The guy's getting closer. Dan is terrified.

DAN
I'll get expelled.

IVY
Dan--

DAN
Fuck.

He takes off RUNNING.

IVY
DAN!

He sprints around the corner to the front portico, where he's
noticed by the ACTUAL SECRET SERVICE AGENT posted at the
entrance.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
(into wrist)
Got a guy running through the front
arches. Probably nothing, I'll
check it out.

He steps out into Dan's path and holds up his hand.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)
Slow up, sir.

Dan sees him, stops, glances backward, then JUMPS out of the
portico over a hedge and onto the lawn and continues running.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)
(into wrist)
He's evading. I got him.

The agent SPRINTS after him and catches up quickly. Gia and
Ivy can see him TACKLE Dan to the grass.

IVY

Shit.

She looks around, then pulls open the nearby SIDE DOOR and motions for Gia to follow her in.

INT. ROYCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

IVY

(mostly to herself)

He'll be fine. He didn't do anything they give a shit about and he doesn't have anything on him.

(after a beat, to Gia)

Okay. Go down this hallway, turn right, and walk out the back.

GIA

Okay.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL TERRACE

Businessmen and academics are networking and glad-handing inside the reception hall. Ken and Murakami are out on the adjacent terrace, looking like they're waiting for something.

Ivy walks out onto the terrace carrying a tray of drinks.

CATERER

I was starting to think you bailed.

IVY

He's here.

CATERER

Who?

IVY

Gore. He just walked in.

Ken, overhearing, murmurs something to Murakami.

INT. ROYCE HALL

Gia's walking down a hallway in Royce. She turns a corner to find a SECRET SERVICE AGENT standing there.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Hello, ma'am. Where're you headed?

GIA
Uh, I was just--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Are you a student here?

GIA
... Yeah.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
What are you studying?

GIA
(beat)
Trees.

A pause.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
You mind if I look inside your bag?

GIA
What for?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
When people lie to me I'm supposed
to figure out why.

She reluctantly hands him her bag. He finds it right away.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)
... Christ.

He pulls out a small BAG OF WEED.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)
You think I care about this?

GIA
You don't-- you don't have to,
like, you know. You don't have to
report it.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Which means, what, I'm doing this
'cause I want to?
(into wrist)
Can I get campus police to the
first floor west hallway? Found a
little girl with a bag of dope. I'm
Officer friggin' Krupke today.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL TERRACE

A young AIDE to the vice president walks up to Ken and Murakami on the terrace.

AIDE

Mr. Murakami. So sorry for keeping you waiting.

They shake hands. Ken translates into Japanese as the aide speaks.

AIDE (CONT'D)

The vice president is very interested in the work your company's doing here in the States. He'd be delighted to give you a few minutes of his time to hear about your future plans.

(gestures inside)

Right this way.

Ken suddenly hears a familiar voice coming from below the terrace --

GIA (O.S.)

(loud and defiant)

Are you listening? I don't go here. You can't do anything to me.

He looks over the balcony toward the ground and sees Gia being led away by a CAMPUS POLICE OFFICER. He's uncharacteristically rattled. Ivy too sees what's happening.

IVY

Oh, fuck.

Murakami and the aide are watching Ken, wondering what's up. He thinks hard for a beat, then looks at Murakami.

KEN

(in Japanese)

Sir. What is most important in life?

Murakami raises an eyebrow.

KEN (CONT'D)

Please, sir.

Whatever this is, Murakami doesn't seem to like it, but he plays along.

MURAKAMI

Loyalty.

KEN

Loyalty to whom?

AIDE

Uh, I'm sorry, what're we--

MURAKAMI

To one's family.

KEN

**Loyalty to one's family. Please
indulge me further: imagine that
you are in my position, in a moment
such as this, and a member of your
family is in distress. What do you
do?**

He's glancing at Gia with worry. Soon she'll be too far away for him to be able to follow and help. Murakami looks over at her too, piecing together the situation.

MURAKAMI

**I weigh one loyalty against
another. I choose the heavier. And
without complaint or regret I bear
the cost of my choice.**

Ken swallows.

KEN

**It has been a privilege to receive
your wisdom.**

He bows.

KEN (CONT'D)

(quietly, in English)

This is a huge fucking mistake.

AIDE

What--

Ken hurries inside and out of the reception.

EXT. ROYCE HALL

Mitch jumps off the pink bike and goes SPRINTING up the steps next to Royce, toward the side entrance. He doesn't notice Ken running out the front.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL TERRACE

From the terrace, Ivy watches as Ken catches up to Gia and follows her and the cop out of view. She heads back inside.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

She moves through the crowd. Another CATERER spots her.

CATERER

Ivy. There's a guy here, says he needs to talk to you. He can't get in 'cause he doesn't have a badge but he said to give you this.

He hands her a folded napkin. She puts down her tray of drinks to look at it. On the inside is written "HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?" next to a crude but effective drawing of Gia.

She sees Mitch standing by the door and walks over.

IVY

Let me guess. Mitch?

MITCH

Yeah.

IVY

I've got some really shitty news.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION

This place looks more like a LIBRARY than a police station -- it's set up in an old campus building that was clearly intended for academic use. No jail cells or interrogation rooms, just a large open area with offices.

Ken is sitting on a bench, staring at the ground, his leg jittering. He sees Mitch enter, out of breath.

KEN

Are you psychic or something?

MITCH

Where is she?

KEN

They're, I don't know, they're getting her fingerprints.

MITCH
Fingerprints? What--
(looks around)
Campus police? She's not a student,
how can they even--

KEN
Yeah, turns out the UCPD has state-
wide authority. They're real
police. This...
(gestures around)
... is an actual police station.

MITCH
Fuck me.

He sits down on the bench. Ken's leg-jitter starts up again.
Mitch looks at him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Since when are you the nervous one?

KEN
I did a stupid thing. I mean, it
was what I was supposed to do, but--

GIA is led out of a room by a COP. She sees Mitch.

GIA
Oh boy. This is awkward.

Mitch walks over to her and gently squeezes her arm.

MITCH
(close)
You all right?

She frowns and licks her lips, not really looking at him.

GIA
I'm thirsty.

He stares at her.

GIA (CONT'D)
Like... really thirsty.

Mitch blinks and walks over to a nearby water cooler, and
pours out a cup while she watches. He walks back over and
hands it to her. She downs the whole thing in one gulp and
scrunches up the paper cup and tosses it on the floor.

The cop walks over, holding a clipboard.

COP

Okay, so. Third offense, probation violation. Depending on the judge, some correctional time is likely. Fairly certain from experience you're gonna get expelled from your private school.

(glancing at her litter)

Also fairly certain you're gonna pick that up and put it in the trash.

She hides her face. Mitch looks like he got hit by a truck.

MITCH

Excuse me. Hey.

COP

Who're you?

MITCH

Pretend like it doesn't matter.

The cop stiffens.

MITCH (CONT'D)

She had, what? A quarter on her?

COP

Seven grams, yes.

MITCH

For seven grams of pot you go to jail?

COP

When it's the third time in two years, yeah.

MITCH

No. No no. That's not how it works.

COP

(suppressing a smile)

No?

Mitch looks at Gia, then back at the cop, intensely.

MITCH

No. No. The, the, whatever you found, the bag -- it's not hers. It's mine. It belongs to me.

COP
(grinning)
So, what, she was holding it for
you?

MITCH
Yeah.

The cop turns to the other police in the room.

COP
Hey. Kid says she was holding it
for him.

The other cops chuckle. The DESK SERGEANT overhears from a nearby office. He stands in his open doorway to see what's going on.

MITCH
Stop laughing.

COP
What?

MITCH
Stop fucking laughing. Is this a
joke to you? Destroying somebody's
life?

COP
Watch it. You're talking to a
police officer.

Mitch smirks.

MITCH
Well, I apologize if my lack of
respect is unconcealed. But you
need to understand something. This
isn't gonna happen. It's not. I'm
sorry. Her future doesn't belong to
you. It's not yours to ruin.

The cop folds his arms.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You're gonna put this on me.

COP
I can't do that.

MITCH
Sure you can. You're the guy with
the badge, right?
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's a piece of paper in a file. I-- Christ, I don't need a spotless fucking record. There are things I'll pretend to give a fuck about losing, and there's her. I mean, Jesus. College. Who cares. I already know what I'm here to do. I'm supposed to make this person's life worth living. Fuck everything else.

COP

Well, that's nice. But in the real world, we don't lie about a charge just because someone's boyfriend decides to sacrifice himself.

MITCH

Oh, fuck no. No. This, this isn't sacrifice. This is total selfishness. My life's never not gonna be strapped to hers. I'm already deep in the fucking blast radius, okay? So, you take this off of her and put it on me and it's less of a lie than you think. You don't, you're pulling the pin on two lives, not one.

The cop smiles, looks down, shakes his head.

COP

Okay. You're a bright kid. Here's some free advice: find a girl who isn't gonna drag you down to the bottom with her.

MITCH

Hmm.

(nods)

Yeah. That's good advice. Are you married, Officer?

COP

Yeah.

MITCH

How long?

COP

Twenty-three years.

MITCH

Twenty-three years. Wow.

Mitch smiles.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You still fuck her?

COP
... What?

MITCH
Do you still fuck your wife?

COP
The hell did you say?

MITCH
It's a simple question. I'm just
curious.

COP
(incensed)
Kid--

MITCH
How often do you fuck your wife,
Officer?

The cop stands there FUMING, looking at Mitch like he's about to murder him. Mitch looks serene.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You don't treat her like garbage.
You don't do that. Sorry. Beat me
to death if it's what you feel.

The desk sergeant finally steps in--

DESK SERGEANT
Gary.

COP
(eyes on Mitch)
Yeah.

DESK SERGEANT
Take fifteen. Go for a walk.

The cop doesn't move.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Now.

COP
(quietly)
Yeah.

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)
 (sniffs, looks around)
 Yeah, okay.

He stalks away, out the back exit. The desk sergeant looks at Mitch.

DESK SERGEANT
 When he comes back, you won't be here. Make sure of that.

He goes back in his office and shuts the door.

There's a weird ELECTRONIC WARBLING. Ken reaches into his suit and pulls out an enormous CELLULAR PHONE.

KEN
 (answering phone)
 Moshi moshi.
 (pause)
 Hai. Hai, sugu ni iku....

Everyone watches him get up and wander outside.

FRONT DESK OFFICER
 ... Is he from the future?

EXT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION

Murakami is standing outside the station, his hands in his pockets. Ken walks up looking grave and apologetic.

MURAKAMI
 (nodding toward building)
This is a police station?

KEN
Barely.

Another silent beat, then Ken can't take it anymore --

KEN (CONT'D)
Sir. I feel so ashamed--

MURAKAMI
Never apologize for doing a necessary thing.

KEN
But the meeting--

MURAKAMI
 Ken.
 (in Japanese)
 (MORE)

MURAKAMI (CONT'D)

**Do you really think a three billion
dollar company would put me in
charge of North American
operations...**

(in English)

... if I didn't speak a word of
your language?

His English is heavily accented, but solid. Ken is stunned.

KEN

Holy shit.

MURAKAMI

Yes.

KEN

What-- why didn't you tell me?

MURAKAMI

It never came up.

A pause. Ken's still reeling.

MURAKAMI (CONT'D)

Is your friend all right?

KEN

No.

Another pause. The wheels are turning in his mind. He has an idea. He straightens his posture and takes a breath.

KEN (CONT'D)

(in Japanese)

I must request a favor.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION

Mitch is seated on the bench next to Gia. She wordlessly takes his hand.

GIA

(soft)

How'd you get here so fast? How'd
you know to be here?

MITCH

I was comin' to find you. I wanted
it to be me who came to you and
said I'm stupid and I'm sorry.

(beat)

I met your friend Ivy.

GIA
Ivy's the coolest.

MITCH
Yeah.

They sit in silence for a beat.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Listen. I gotta stop lying.

She looks at him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I should never have told you I love you. Not because it's not true, but because I don't know if it's true. I mean, I'm seventeen. You were right -- I don't know anything. Neither do you. We say stuff just because we think it's what people are supposed to say. We should stop doing that.
(pause)
Anyway. I know what I want now. I figured it out.

GIA
Yeah?

MITCH
I want what's right in front of me.

She smiles. KEN enters.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Ken)
Hey. We should go.

Ken ignores him as he walks confidently to the office of the desk sergeant, knocks on the door, and lets himself in. We can SEE the two of them talking through the office window, but we can't hear what's being said.

GIA
What's he doing?

Ken's grinning and gesticulating. The sergeant starts to chuckle. Soon he's laughing, hard. He begs off, like, "Stop, you're killing me." They shake hands. Ken waves goodbye and comes out of the office. His smile instantly switches off.

KEN
You're off the hook. Let's go.

GIA
What?

MITCH
What?

KEN
Come on. We can still make the end
of the movie.

They slowly stand up and follow him toward the door.

MITCH
What the hell did you say to him?

KEN
I asked him if he wanted to be head
of security at the new West Coast
headquarters of Zaibatsu Systems.

MITCH
Oh. Why didn't I think of that.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

The assistant we met earlier is leading Gia, Mitch and Ken
through the theater lobby. They pass the concession stand.

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
Hey! Did you get her back?

MITCH
Yeah, for now.

CONCESSION STAND GIRL
Bummer.

He tosses her the key to her bike lock.

GIA
Who was that?

MITCH
That's, uh, Concession Stand Girl.
She works here.

GIA
Really. Tell me more.

They reach the door to the theater.

ASSISTANT

Okay. If this times out the way I think, it's gonna be pretty funny.

He swings open the door, revealing the MOVIE SCREEN...

... which has just begun to show the CREDITS. The audience APPLAUDS and CHEERS.

MITCH

... Wow.

Dev is the first of their friends to come wandering out. Megan follows close behind. As soon as she sees Ken, she can't take her eyes off him; he pretends to ignore her.

DEV

Oh, hey. What took you so long?

MITCH

You know, a run-in with the Secret Service, some possession charges, the usual.

DEV

(grinning, nodding)

I get it. You were foolin' around.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

They're standing outside now. Gia leans against Mitch, whispering something in his ear; he smiles. Chris Rock writes something on a scrap of paper and hands it to Dev.

CHRIS ROCK

Next time you're in New York, gimme a call. I'll introduce you to some people.

DEV

Next time I'm in New York? When the fuck am I gonna be in New York?

Chris Rock stares at him.

DEV (CONT'D)

I mean: thank you, famous person.

CHRIS ROCK

Yeah, work on that.

He gets into a cab. Nearby, Ken is finishing up his call.

KEN
 (into phone)
 Itsudemo. Hai. Arigato.

He hangs up and notices Megan watching him. They search each other a beat.

MEGAN
 Um. Hey. Listen--

KEN
 I'm leaving the country soon. So we can't fall in love. But we can do absolutely anything else.

He hands her his CELL PHONE.

KEN (CONT'D)
 I'll call you.

He walks past her, leaving her stunned and speechless, and sidles up to Mitch.

KEN (CONT'D)
 Hey. Can I get my CDs back from you sometime?

MITCH
 Yeah, sure. Why?

KEN
 I'm moving to Tokyo in six weeks.

MITCH
 ... Oh.

He opts not to press further. Dev walks up with Francis holding his hand.

DEV
 We all set?

MITCH
 Yep.

Silence. Nobody moves. They look one way down the street. They look the other way down the street. All they learn is that the sun will be setting soon, and the street is very, very long.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 How the fuck do we get home?

CUT TO BLACK.