

KEN PARK

by

Harmony Korine

THE SOUNDS OF "SLAYER," SPEED METAL IS HEARD AT FULL VOLUME.

THE SCREEN STARTS OUT BLACK. IN SMALL WHITE TYPE WRITTEN LETTERS, THE NAME "KEN PARK," APPEARS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF SCHOOL PLAY YARD - DAY

The sun is shining.

A tall skinny kid with zits is walking down the sidewalk. He is 17 years old. He has red bushy hair that flops on his shoulders. He is wearing a leather jacket and ripped jeans.

He is carrying a small vintage tape deck in his hand. "SLAYER," is being blasted. The sound is muffled and distorted as it vibrates out the tiny speaker.

He is smiling and singing the words to the song.

The camera follows him down the street and into the playground.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

He enters through the waist high door in the fence that surrounds the tiny play ground.

The play ground is crowded with kids. Kids on the monkey bars. Kids playing in the sand. Kids jumping off the swings in mid air. Kids on the slides. The actual play ground is very simple and ugly. It looks as if no one has restored it in quite some time. There are big patches of dirt in the sand, the picnic table is waterlogged, it's overall appearance is not too attractive. The kids playing look dirty and poor.

He walks over to the rubber tire swing. He sits down in the center of tire.

Some kids turn and look at him because his music is so loud.

He puts the tape deck beside him next to the swing.

He begins to shake his head back and forth to the music. He is singing the words and smiling.

After a few seconds he stops singing and just smiles.

He smiles a big goofy gleam. Like he's a plastic mannequin. He stays in that pose for about 10 seconds.

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Then in one single motion he pulls out an old hand gun from the side of his hip.

He puts the gun to the side of his head, right up against his temple.

He pauses for an instant and cracks an even bigger smile, with the gun at his head.

He pulls the trigger and blows his brains out.

All the kids playing stop and look. Reactions of some the kids swinging on the monkey bars.

His body falls sideways off the tire swing. His legs are still caught in the center of the tire.

The swing is shaking back and forth with his legs. The chains are rattling.

"SLAYER" is still blasting.

Some of the kids start running over to see what happened.

Shawn, is a 14 year old boy. He begins a voice over. As he speaks, we watch all the little kids get in a circle around the dead body.

The music is still going except at a lower volume. It accompanies Shawn's voice over. He speaks as if he's thinking on the spot, sort of confused and random.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I used to be friends with this guy. His name was Ken Park. His name spelled backwards was Krap Nek (crap neck), and I used to tease him about it. And one day after school I heard he blew his brains out. I don't think I had anything to do with it, but I still felt guilty.

Close up of Ken Park's face. A large chunk of his head is missing.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Crap Neck.

CUT TO BLACK, LIKE THE CLICK OF A SLIDE.

Close up of a bright color photo. The picture is of Ken Park as a child. He has a bushy red afro and his socks are pulled up over his knees. He is wearing a Superman T-shirt. He is smiling and his thumb is stuck out like a hitchhiker.

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SHAWN (V.O.)

This is Crap Neck when he was age eleven. His mother told me he was buried in his lucky motorcycle jacket. She said his toothbrush is missing. She said that she could feel his spirit.

CUT TO BLACK, LIKE THE CLICK OF A SLIDE.

Close up of four boys and a girl. This picture is a cast of the characters. The characters range in age from 14 to 18. They are all five sitting together on the edge of a bed. Two of the boys are shirtless and the girl is in a bra. One of the boys has a skateboard inbetween his legs. They all look happy together.

SHAWN (V.O.)

From left to Right. Mike, Claude, Peaches, Tate, and that's me on the end. Shawn is my name. We're all friends. We all live in a town in California called Vasalia. It's pretty boring but sometimes when we hang out together we have fun.

CUT TO OPENING CREDITS. THE CREDITS ROLL IN SIMPLE SILENCE.

END CREDITS.

THE SCREEN CLEARS AND SHAWN'S NAME APPEARS IN SMALL WHITE LETTERS.

The letters disappear and a black and white photo of SHAWN appears in the center of the screen. The picture is a basic portrait.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

(16 year old boy)

Shawn is one of my best friends. He's young but he's kinda smart. Once we were driving down the street and he threw a tennis ball at an old lady. He made us stop the car. He got out and apologized. He gave her a dollar and then he scraped the dandruff off her shoulder.

The sound of a young boy whimpering in pain.

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SHAWN'S BROTHER
(O.S.)

I give up! Get off me.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S ROOM - DAY

SHAWN and his BROTHER are wrestling on the floor. SHAWN has his brother in a head lock. SHAWN is in his boxer shorts, his brother is dressed for school.

SHAWN'S room is a mess. It's small and junky. It looks as if it has not been changed or upgraded since SHAWN was a little boy. Clothes are lying on the floor. Books, records, empty potato chip bags, wrappers, a Rams football helmet, the entire floor is completely cluttered with junk of this sort. A small wooden bunk bed with yellow and blue sheets takes up half the room. There are no pillow cases on the pillows. A poster of BRUCE LEE doing a roundhouse kick is tacked on the wall. A dirty fish tank is on his school desk.

The closet door is open and shoes and skateboards are falling out. Both skateboard and GARBAGE PAIL KID stickers are plastered all over his room. His room is a tiny, sloppy, cluttered cubicle.

SHAWN is 15 years old. He is small and brunette. He is the cutest kid in the movie. He has a baby face, a look of pubescent innocence. A true boyish charm. SHAWN looks like the boy next door who mow's your lawn.

SHAWN'S BROTHER is 10 years old. He looks like a miniature version of SHAWN. Very cute, with a bowl hair cut. He looks like a little angel, like MIKEY on the CHEX commercials.

SHAWN is sitting on his little brother's stomach, his brother's arms are pinned to the floor.

SHAWN
Do you love me?

SHAWN'S BROTHER
Get off me!

SHAWN taps his brother hard on the chest.

SHAWN
Say I'm the master.

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SHAWN'S BROTHER

I hate you. Get off.

SHAWN punches his brother hard in the chest. SHAWN'S BROTHER screams out in pain, he turns a little red, he looks like he's about to cry.

SHAWN

(smiling)

Say you love me. Say Shawn your the master.

SHAWN'S BROTHER

(in pain, like he's really
being injured, he's crying)

Get off me. You're hurting my stomach.

SHAWN slaps his brothers face and pounds his chest.

SHAWN

(laughing)

I swear I'm gonna make you bleed you little fucker. Why can't you say you love me? Just say it. You love me because I'm the master of the universe.

SHAWN slaps his brother hard on the cheek. SHAWN'S BROTHER'S face is bright red, almost purple. Tears are rolling down his face.

SHAWN'S BROTHER is screaming out in pain.

SHAWN

Just say it bitch. You love me.

SHAWN'S BROTHER

(crying)

I love you.

SHAWN looks happy.

SHAWN

Don't cry. You love me. And I love you.

SHAWN scoots back and starts kissing his brother over and over on the cheek. His brother tries to move his head away but SHAWN is too forceful.

SHAWN puts his cheek on his little brothers mouth and then quickly takes it off.

SHAWN stands up and looks at his little brother on the floor.

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SHAWN

Now go to school. You're gonna be late.

INT. SHAWN'S KITCHEN - DAY

SHAWN'S MOTHER is sitting at the kitchen table. She's writing out a shopping list. She has transparent braces on her teeth. She is in her mid to late thirties. She is overweight, she has a strange face with penciled in eye-brows.

The kitchen is a basic lower middle class kitchen. The wallpaper looks dirty. There is a bowl of slightly aged fruit in the middle of the table. Plastic polka-dotted mats are set at each spot. A bowl of half eaten soggy cereal is sitting next to SHAWN'S MOTHER.

SHAWN walks into the kitchen. He's holding a skateboard under his arm and he's wearing a back pack.

SHAWN'S MOTHER

(not looking up)

You need me to drive you to school?

SHAWN

No thanks.

SHAWN goes to the refrigerator and pours himself a tall glass of Coke for breakfast.

SHAWN'S MOTHER continues to write out the list without looking up.

SHAWN'S MOTHER

(deadpan)

Your brother wanted me to tell you to fuck yourself.

SHAWN

(deadpan)

Good.

SHAWN gulps down his Coke and puts the glass in the sink. He walks to the door.

SHAWN'S MOTHER

Before you go, give me a kiss please.

SHAWN walks over and kisses his mother on the cheek. She looks up at him and smiles.

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He walks to the door.

SHAWN'S MOTHER

Luv you.

SHAWN

(smiling)

Bye.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF SHAWN'S HOUSE - DAY

SHAWN jumps on his skateboard and starts skating. He does tricks, he's very good, very smooth.

He skates down the sidewalk past a few houses, people are outside watering their yards, they are in their way to work and school.

Shawn gets off at the last house at the end of his street.

The house is the same as all the others on the street. Middle class housing with plants on the front porch and chipped paint on the front steps, sprinklers in the yard, and a dented mailbox. A small tree is in the center of the yard.

SHAWN puts his skateboard under his arm and walks up the steps. He enters the house without knocking.

INT. RHONDA'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is sparse and clean. Basic wood furniture. Pictures hanging on the wall, family portraits.

SHAWN walks into the house, he enters through the front and then looks around and walks into the living room.

RHONDA'S 4 year old daughter is sitting a few inches from the T.V. screen, she's watching the Playboy Channel.

SHAWN

Where's daddy?

RHONDA'S LITTLE

DAUGHTER

(looking at the T.V. set)

Work.

SHAWN

Where's mommy?

She points upstairs to her mothers bedroom.

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SHAWN smiles and then pats her on the head.

SHAWN runs up the steps.

INT. RHONDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is small, it has a bed, a closet, a boudoir, and a small bathroom.

RHONDA is folding clothes on her bed, a burning cigarette is hanging off her lips.

RHONDA is very sexy, she's not beautiful, but she is sexy. She has kinky brown hair and wide hips. She's about 37 years old. She speaks slow and bored. She looks like your friends mother whom you always wanted to sleep with.

SHAWN walks in and sets his skateboard down.

RHONDA looks at him and then continues folding.

SHAWN very casually walks over to the bed and sits down next to where she's folding.

He looks up at her and smiles. She looks at him and smiles.

SHAWN

(deadpan)

Can I eat you out?

RHONDA

Not now, I'm folding.

She puts her cheek out and SHAWN kisses it.

CUT TO BLACK. THE NAME "CLAUDE" APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF THE SCREEN IN SMALL WHITE LETTERS.

The letters fade out and then a black and white photograph of CLAUDE appears in the center.

PEACHES (V.O.)

(16 year old girl's voice)

When I was little, Claude saved me from drowning. We used to play doctor. Sometimes he twitches, you know sometimes he's nervous. I remember once he cried because he couldn't solve a Rubik's Cube.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOME/THE BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is a make shift weight room. It has boxes stacked up high in one corner. The room is dark and the walls are bare. In the center of the floor is a bar bell press. Weights are neatly organized, a pair of red and white boxing gloves are sitting next to the weights. The dirty laundry basin is in the corner. A single light bulb with a small chain illuminates the cramped room.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is lying on his back, he's lifting a heavy bar bell. As he lifts the bar bell he lets out a very loud moaning noise, he puffs out his cheeks and mashes his face. He's wearing a black tank top that advertises some kind of cigarette company. He's wearing baggy blue sweat pants and cheap flip flops. He is a very big man with thinning hair, lots of chest hair, his muscles are outstanding, but he still has a large pot belly. He is macho white trash, he looks like a fan of Hulk Hogan's.

Besides being tall, CLAUDE does not look a thing like his father. He is very skinny and out of shape, his hair is long and shaped like a bowl. He is very pale.

CLAUDE is standing above his father, spotting him with his hands as his father lifts the bar bell.

The scene opens with CLAUDE'S FATHER continuously lifting the bar bell and making very loud, excruciating noises.

CLAUDE

I got it.

He guides his father as he puts the bar bell in its holder.

CLAUDE'S FATHER sits up and breathes heavily.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Hand me the towel.

CLAUDE walks over and gives his father a white towel.

CLAUDE'S FATHER wipes the sweat off his face and under his arms. He blows his nose.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

You wanna go now?

CLAUDE

No. I don't wanna lift.

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CLAUDE'S FATHER
Come on, I'll spot you.

CLAUDE
No thanks. I don't feel like it.

CLAUDE'S father continues to wipe himself off as CLAUDE stands.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
You know why your mother married me?

CLAUDE
Why?

CLAUDE'S FATHER
Because I have muscles.

He looks at CLAUDE.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
Come over here. Come over here and feel.

He puts his arm up and makes a muscle. CLAUDE looks like he doesn't want to come over.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
(looking at his own arm)
Come on. Feel it.

CLAUDE walks over and feels his father's muscle.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
The first time I met your mom she just stared at them.

He puts his arm down and resumes wiping the sweat off his body.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
Do you have a girlfriend?

CLAUDE
Not a full time...Not a girlfriend. I see girls though.

CLAUDE'S FATHER stands up and starts disassembling the weights.

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CLAUDE'S FATHER

Your mother says you might be a fairy.

(pause)

You fuckin those girls?

CLAUDE

Yeah. Some of 'em.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Let me ask you somethin. Do you consider yourself a winner?

CLAUDE

I don't know.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

You don't know? You know Claude sometimes I look at You and I feel ashamed. It seems like you can't do nothin right.

CLAUDE is silent. CLAUDE'S FATHER steps in front of him and begins stretching.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

I look at you and I get sick. I mean my stomach actually gets sick. I see you in the morning and I get off to a bad day because I'm ashamed. You're own mother thinks you're a pansy. She can't even sleep at night.

CLAUDE scratches his nose and rubs his eyes.

CLAUDE remains silent. CLAUDE'S FATHER begins to do rapid toe touches, every time he bends down he makes a loud breathing noise.

CUT TO BLACK. THE NAME "PEACHES" APPEARS IN SMALL WHITE LETTERS.

The name fades out and a black and white picture of PEACHES appears in the center of the screen.

TATE (V.O.)

Peaches has the nicest peach smell about her. She's a real women. Her mom died of cancer when she was a little girl. Peaches looks just like her mother. Peaches used to take ballet class and all the boys would watch her through the window. Sometimes she would let us watch her undress.

INT. PEACHES HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A picture of a 3-D Jesus winking into the camera.

PEACHES FATHER is sitting on a velvet yellow plastic covered couch. There are religious pictures hanging on the wall, the last supper, the crucifixion, a Christian calender, and a picture of a red rose with the word "love" written in the center. The floor is covered with green shag carpet. A small television set is sitting on top of a little wooden stand. All the furniture is covered in plastic. The room is dark and badly lit.

PEACHES FATHER is a short Spanish man with dark black hair.

He is sitting off the couch, looking at a small black Bible that is lying in the center of a white doily on a little wooden table. He is holding a yellow highlighter in his hand.

PEACHES FATHER wears black horned rimmed glasses and parts all his hair to one side. He is wearing a button down shirt and corduroy jeans. He looks like a Spanish Pasoini.

He is reading the Bible to himself and mumbling out random incoherent words. As he does this he looks very serious.

He is sweating so he pushes his wet hair over to one side.

After we see him read for a short time, he pulls out his highlighter and begins to mark the bible. As he does this he gets a very big smile on his face and begins to laugh. He looks as if he won a prize of some sort.

PEACHES

Popi.

PEACHES is standing in front of the table that her father is reading on. PEACHES is 16 and very pretty, she is very feminine but she still retains a certain girlish innocence. Her breasts are big, but she in no way looks sluttish. Her hair is long and dark. She is a full two inches taller than her father.

PEACHES FATHER continues to highlight and laugh to himself.

PEACHES

Popi.

He does not respond.

PEACHES bends over and knocks on the wooden table.

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PEACHES FATHER looks up slowly, almost like a drunk man, he is smiling and sweating.

He has a slight Spanish accent. He speaks very gently.

PEACHES FATHER
(quietly)
Peaches.

PEACHES
What are you doing?

PEACHES FATHER
Reading.

PEACHES
Are you hungry?

PEACHES FATHER
No thank you.

PEACHES
How do you feel?

PEACHES FATHER
(slowly)
I feel fine.
(pause. He looks at her.)
Do you know that the phone rang before
and it was for you It was that boy
Curtis.

PEACHES
Curtis called? What did he say?

PEACHES FATHER
He said he was on his way. He said is
Peaches here. I said Peaches is outside.

PEACHES
He's coming over. Ok good.

PEACHES FATHER
Is Curtis the one with the Curis?

He motions to his hair.

PEACHES
Yeah.

PEACHES FATHER smiles again and begins to chuckle. He puts
his head down and continues to read the bible.

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PEACHES watches her father for a second, she looks as though she is studying him, then she walks out of the room.

PEACHES FATHER takes out his highlighter and begins to mark a passage.

PEACHES FATHER

Peaches.

CUT TO BLACK. THE NAME "TATE" APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF THE SCREEN.

The letters fade out, a black and white photo of TATE appears in the center of the screen.

SHAWN (V.O.)

In the seventh grade a dog bit off Tate's face. He had to chase the dog to get his nose back. People would walk by him and say "Tate is insane." He used to spit on girls and make his friends laugh. He was smart though, it was just that he thought differently than everyone else.

INT. TATE'S ROOM - DAY

A three legged dog is standing in the middle of the room barking.

His room is very neat and organized. It is decorated in all cream colors. He has a race car bed with race car bed sheets. He has a large book shelf filled to the rim with books. Everything is in perfect order. He has a computer on his desk.

A ceiling fan slowly circles.

TATE is 17 years old. He is regular sized and plain looking. He has brown hair. He is wearing semi-baggy dark jeans with a white T-shirt that says "Keep it simple."

TATE is sitting at his desk. He is looking at pictures of third world starving children, children with swollen stomachs, anorexic children sitting with their anorexic parents, kids with flies in their eyes. All the pictures are in a stack, they look as if they have been torn out of assorted magazines.

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The three legged dog barks again.

TATE is looking intently at a picture of a naked little boy. He speaks in a strange squeaky voice.

TATE

Skinny.

He takes a black pen and writes the name "Billy" above the boys head.

TATE

Skinny Billy. Now you have a name.

He pulls out another picture from the stack. The picture is of a starving short boy standing next to his naked mother.

TATE is analyzing the picture. He writes the Name "Gary" above the little boys head.

TATE

Gary Coleman. Different Strokes.

He writes "Mrs. Drummond" above the ladies head.

TATE

Mrs. Drummond and her son Arnold.

TATE smiles to himself.

The dog starts to bark loudly.

TATE snaps his finger and points.

TATE

Legs!

The dog barks again.

TATE

Legs, please! I'm trying to work.

The dog continues to bark.

TATE stands up and walks over to the dog. The dog is starting to hobble away but it continues to bark.

TATE kicks his dog in the stomach and knocks it over.

The dog quickly gets up and barks even more frantically.

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TATE

(pause)

Shut up! You can not continue to do
this to me...All the time.

TATE gets on his knees and grabs one of the dogs legs.

The dog is trying to balance on two diagonal feet, as TATE
holds his third leg in his hand.

The dog snaps.

TATE

Don't fuckin bite me...I'll fuckin
rip...I'll rip it off Legs.

The door opens and TATE'S GRANDMOTHER walks in. She is old
and short. She is wearing a flannel nightgown and blue
house slippers. She looks old and sweet. She walks slowly,
and wobbles from side to side.

She is holding a plate full of cut fruit.

She slowly walks in with the plate of fruit.

TATE watches her as she walks in.

TATE

Jesus Christ You never fuckin knock!

The dog continues to bark.

TATE stands up.

TATE'S GRANDMOTHER

I cut you some fruit. I thought you
might be hungry.

TATE

(nervously)

I'm not hungry. I'm just trying to do
some work. And when you come in here
without knocking, that means you're
acting like a fucking bitch.

TATE'S GRANDMOTHER

Please Tate. Take the fruit.

TATE punches his hand.

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TATE

No, I want you out of my room!

The dog Barks.

TATE'S GRANDMOTHER

Tate, look. Here's some Kiwi.

She points to a mound of sliced Kiwi fruit.

TATE takes the plate from her hand and smashes it on the floor. This makes the dog go nuts. TATE'S GRANDMOTHER looks like she is going to cry.

TATE punches his hand and starts jumping up and down.

TATE

(screaming)

Get out bitch! Get the fuck out of my room!

TATE'S GRANDMOTHER

(worried)

Please Tate.

She begins to slowly move towards the door. She is whimpering loudly.

TATE

(screaming)

Out grandma! Out!

He starts pushing her arm. He grabs her by the back of the neck and starts pushing her out the door.

TATE'S GRANDMOTHER

I'm going. I'm leaving.

As he pushes her out he slams the door.

TATE

(screaming)

I hate you you fuckin bitch!

TATE starts kicking his door over and over.

The dog is barking hysterically.

TATE walks over to the dog. He pulls his shoe off then he pulls off a long grey tube sock with three black stripes.

The dog is barking in TATE'S face. TATE grabs the dogs snout and ties his sock tightly around.

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The dog makes a high pitch whimper.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. RHONDA'S ROOM - DAY

SHAWN is sitting on RHONDA'S bed with his legs hanging off. He kicks his sneakers off his feet.

RHONDA is standing in front of him. She walks up to him and he puts both his hands above his head. She pulls his shirt off.

She bends over and kisses the side of his stomach. SHAWN lets out a small giggle.

RHONDA
Ticklish.

RHONDA smiles and then gets down on her knees.

She unbuckles his belt and then she pulls his pants off. He looks very happy. This should have a similar feel to a mother undressing her son.

SHAWN is now lying in the center of the bed, he is wearing boxer shorts. He has his head on a pillow and his hands are crossed above his head.

RHONDA is still clothed. She is lying on her stomach next to SHAWN. She has long red finger nails.

RHONDA starts blowing on SHAWN'S stomach. SHAWN is looking down at RHONDA.

RHONDA takes her index finger and starts rubbing very gently around SHAWN'S belly button. SHAWN gets goosebumps. He lets out a small gasp.

RHONDA is now rubbing SHAWN'S whole stomach with her fingernails, as she does this she continues to blow.

SHAWN just watches for a while.

SHAWN
It feels good.

Now RHONDA is lying on her back in the middle of the bed. She is wearing a grey T-shirt and khaki pants.

SHAWN is between her legs. RHONDA has her head propped up with two pillows. She is barefoot and her toenails are painted red.

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SHAWN is rubbing his hand between her legs. He is watching his hand. RHONDA scoots her head back into the pillow.

RHONDA

Take my pants off.

SHAWN is pulling her pants off her legs. She pushes her hips up and SHAWN pulls her pants off.

Now RHONDA is in her white panties. SHAWN is moving his hand between her thighs. He is moving his hand in circular motions and her hips are following his hand movements. Her hands are holding tight to the sides of the bed.

RHONDA is making faint moaning noises.

SHAWN

It's really wet.

RHONDA

Pull my panties off.

SHAWN has his face between RHONDA'S legs. She has one hand on his head and she's rubbing his hair. Both her knees are pointing upwards and SHAWN'S face looks locked between them.

RHONDA

Good Shawn. That's it.

SHAWN continues. RHONDA is letting out deep moans.

RHONDA

(sounding out of breath)

That's it Shawn.

SHAWN puts both his hands around her her thighs and continues.

RHONDA looks straight down between her legs at SHAWN'S face moving around in her private part.

RHONDA

That's the place...Keep licking...Keep licking it...

RHONDA puts her head all the way back in the pillow and arches her back upwards toward the ceiling.

RHONDA

Lick it...Yeah. move your tongue back like that...Oh shit, that's it...That's it...That's it Shawn.

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She lets out a squeal.

SHAWN stops and puts his head up. He looks up at RHONDA, his face is red and smiling.

SHAWN

Is this the best spot?

RHONDA

Put your...Put your head back...

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is very white trash. The bed is a pullout mattress. There are big pillows sloppily thrown against the wall. A small wooden dresser is next to the bed. On the dresser are several prescription pill boxes. Papers are scattered on the desk and around the floor. A television set is on the opposite end of the room. The knob is missing so there is a lock wrench attached to the dial. Clothes are lying in a pile on the floor. An ironing board is in the center of the room, a shirt is hanging off the side, and an upright iron is lying on top of the shirt.

CLAUDE'S MOM is eight months pregnant, her stomach is very large. She's wearing extremely short yellow shorts. There are stains in her shorts. She's wearing a tight pink thrift store T-shirt that says "Florida" and it has a pink Flamingo on it. Her hair is brown and short, cut like a boys. She is wearing many bracelets on her wrist. She wears thick bifocals with huge lenses. She is around 40 years old.

She is sitting off the side of her bed. CLAUDE is clipping her toenails with a small brass scissor.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Ouch! Be careful. Don't cut me.

CLAUDE

How close do you want me to get?

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Get it all the way down. But don't cut me. Be careful.

CLAUDE clips.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Damn it Claude! That's too close. You're getting my skin.

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CLAUDE

Sorry.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Get my big toe.

CLAUDE clips her big toe. As he does this, he makes a face like he's slightly disgusted.

CLAUDE

That was a big one.

She picks her foot up on the bed and starts to rub her toes.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Ow. You cut my toes all up.

CLAUDE puts the scissors on the nightstand.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Go get the broom and sweep up the nails.
Please.

CLAUDE walks over to the closet and gets a skinny wooden orange broom with a scooper.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER opens up the bed stand drawer. She pulls out a plastic leather cigarette case and then takes out a menthol cigarette.

CLAUDE walks over and starts sweeping up the toenails.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER lights her cigarette and watches CLAUDE sweep. As she smokes, she rubs her pregnant stomach.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

You missed one.

(she points with her
cigarette)

It's right there.

CLAUDE looks around.

CLAUDE

Where?

She picks something off her tongue and points to the floor.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Look...It's...It's right there by the...

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is dirty and funky. A small olive-yellow refrigerator with plastic wood stained handles is up against the wall. The sink is full with dirty dishes and pots. An Igloo cooler is sitting on the kitchen counter. The floor is plastic tile and broken in some places. A red multi level metallic mesh basket hangs from the ceiling. One level has potatoes and onions, the bottom level has spotting oranges. A door to the outside is open and the sun is shining through.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is opening the refrigerator.

CLAUDE walks in with a scooper full of his moms toenails. He walks over to a small powder blue plastic trash can, the kind that you step on the handle and the top pops up. He dumps the nails in.

He sets the scooper on top of the trash can. He does not acknowledge his father being in the room.

CLAUDE'S FATHER pulls out three remaining beers from a previous six pack. He pulls one off the plastic hoop and then puts two under his arm. He calmly closes the refrigerator door.

He opens a beer and it makes a SWISH sound.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
You want a beer?

CLAUDE still not looking at his dad.

CLAUDE
No thanks.

CLAUDE walks over to the open door and pulls out his skateboard from behind the door. He pushes open the screen door and walks outside.

CLAUDE'S FATHER gulps down a beer and puts the empty can on the counter. He watches CLAUDE leave then he follows him out.

EXT. CLAUDE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The driveway is small and paved. To one side of it is CLAUDE'S front yard, the other side is a fence separating houses. The grass on the front yard is cut nice and short.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is standing on the side porch near the garage. Dried out potted plants are sitting on the banister.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE is skateboarding in the driveway. He skates back and forth doing tricks. He's flipping his board and doing 360 ollies. The tricks he's doing take skill and a certain amount of concentration. But he's still just messing around on his skateboard.

As CLAUDE skateboards, his father watches him closely. As he watches CLAUDE, he drinks his beer.

CLAUDE continues to skate, unaware that his father is watching him.

CLAUDE'S FATHER scratches his pubic area and lets out a burp.

CLAUDE falls backwards and his skateboard shoots into the front porch.

CLAUDE

Shit.

CLAUDE'S FATHER smiles and walks down next to the skateboard. He's wearing cheap flip flops. With the front of his toe, he flicks the board over.

CLAUDE stands up and looks at his father.

With all the power of an ax, CLAUDE'S FATHER smashes the skateboard in half. He drives his foot right through the center of the board. He picks his foot up and shakes the splinters off of his flip flop. He smirks to himself.

CLAUDE starts walking toward his father. He has a blank expression on his face.

CLAUDE

Holy shit. I don't believe it. You just broke my board.

CLAUDE grabs his own hair with both his hands. He looks in a state of disbelief.

CLAUDE

You broke my fuckin board!

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Shut the fuck up. And stop screaming.

He looks around to see if the neighbors are watching.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

(looking at the skateboard)
That's not a sport...You're wasting your time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE

Why did you have to break my board?

CLAUDE'S FATHER

I just told you. That's a bullshit toy.
It makes too much noise. It disturbs
your mother, it disturbs the neighbors,
and I'm sick of hearing it.

CLAUDE bends over and picks up his broken skateboard.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

If you wanna play, I'll throw the ball
with you or I'll play some shit...

CLAUDE starts walking back into the house.

CLAUDE

(pissed)

Yeah. Let's throw the ball.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Get back over here.

CLAUDE stops and turns around.

CLAUDE'S FATHER takes a sip of his beer and walks up to him
and just looks at him.

CLAUDE'S FATHER slaps CLAUDE hard across the cheek and it
makes a loud STINGING noise.

CLAUDE looks down at the ground like he's seen this a
million times before.

CLAUDE

(very nonchalant)

Oh cool. Come on hit me again.

CLAUDE'S FATHER smacks him again.

CLAUDE'S face looks bright red. He looks like he's about to
cry. He sticks his cheek out and points to it with his
finger, using the same hand that he's holding the skateboard
with.

CLAUDE'S father wallops him across the face again.

CLAUDE

(crying)

Cool...OK...Well I'm gonna go now.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE turns around and walks into the house.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

(to himself)

Don't play fuckin asshole with me kid.
You're gonna lose every time.

CLAUDE'S FATHER picks up his his foot and starts flicking the splinters off the inside of his flip flop, as he does this he wobbles back and forth trying to maintain his balance.

He follows CLAUDE into the house.

INT. PEACHES HOUSE/KITCHEN

The kitchen is very simple, plain, and small. It only has a little stove and refrigerator. Against the wall is a little wooden table with two chairs set on opposite sides. There is a toaster in the middle of the table and above the toaster is a crucifix clock. A small chop block stands next to the stove.

PEACHES FATHER is standing in front of the chop block cutting a ham sandwich, mayonnaise is falling off the side of the sandwich. All the sandwich ingredients are on the chop block.

PEACHES and CURTIS are sitting at the table on opposite ends. They both have a glass of soda.

CURTIS has curly red hair, his hair is puffed out like an afro. He's skinny but muscular. He is dressed like a skateboarder, in baggy pants and T-shirt. He has a nice face.

CURTIS and PEACHES are whispering back and forth.

PEACHES FATHER cuts his sandwich in half.

PEACHES FATHER

Curtis, would you like a ham sandwich?
I'll make it for you.

CURTIS

No thanks.

PEACHES FATHER

Are you sure? The ham is fresh. I just bought it.

He puts the sandwich on a plate.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURTIS

No thanks. I'm not really hungry.

PEACHES FATHER walks over to the table and puts his plate in-between PEACHES and CURTIS, then he crouches down and gets on his knees.

CURTIS jumps up and grabs the back of his chair.

CURTIS

Oh here...Take...Take my seat.

PEACHES FATHER

No, I'm fine.

PEACHES

That's the way he eats. He likes to eat on his knees.

PEACHES FATHER bows his head and silently mumbles a prayer.

He picks up his sandwich and takes a big bite. He gets mayonnaise on the side of his mouth.

CURTIS watches him chew.

PEACHES FATHER

(with his mouth full)

Curtis, how have you been?

CURTIS

Fine.

PEACHES FATHER

How did it go at the dentists?

CLAUDE

The dentist?

PEACHES FATHER

Yeah, Peaches said you were having problems with your teeth.

CURTIS

Oh, it went pretty well. I only had to get two wisdom teeth taken out. One in the back didn't have to be pulled.

PEACHES FATHER

Did it hurt?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CURTIS

Not really...It hurt a little after.
They shot me up with pain killers.

PEACHES FATHER

Can I see? Open your mouth.

CURTIS scoots up and opens his mouth wide. PEACHES FATHER
bites into his sandwich then looks curiously into Curtis'
mouth.

PEACHES FATHER

Wow, they did a good job. I cant see
any scars.

CURTIS

Yeah.

PEACHES FATHER

That's a real nice job.

CURTIS closes his mouth and grins.

PEACHES

Popi, do you remember when you used to
have a little point hanging from your
tongue?

PEACHES FATHER

You mean from where I bit my tongue on
the end.

PEACHES

Yeah do you remember?

PEACHES FATHER

Sure I remember...You were little.

PEACHES

I rem. it cause it used to poke me.
It had like a little pitch fork on the
end.

CURTIS

What happened to it?

PEACHES FATHER

Peaches mother made me cut it off. She
said it looked like the devil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

Yeah, it looked like that guy in Kiss.

CURTIS

Gene Simmons.

PEACHES FATHER

I remember the guy cut it off and I told him not to use any anesthetic..

CURTIS

Ooph.

PEACHES FATHER

...Because I'm allergic to dope.

CURTIS

Did it hurt.

PEACHES FATHER

No not really...It stung a little on the end when it would rub against my tooth.

The phone rings. PEACHES jumps up.

PEACHES

I'll get it. Hold on.

She walks out of the room and gets the phone. She takes her glass of soda with her.

PEACHES FATHER and CURTIS are sitting alone. The room is silent for a moment as PEACHES FATHER eats and CURTIS drinks.

PEACHES FATHER

So, does Peaches like your hair?

CURTIS

My hair?

PEACHES FATHER

Yeah.

CURTIS

Um, I guess so. She hasn't really said anything...Why.

PEACHES FATHER

Because when I was young I had curly hair like yours...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURTIS

Yeah?

PEACHES FATHER

...Not as much though. Peaches mother used to love my hair.

CURTIS

Yeah?

PEACHES FATHER

She used to twist the curls with her fingers. But my hair straitened out. I got older and I lost my curls.

He takes a big bite of his sandwich and wipes off his mouth with a napkin.

CURTIS bites into an ice cube and spits part of it back into his cup.

PEACHES FATHER

Maybe you should watch out. Maybe Peaches will fall in love with your curls. And then what will you do?

PEACHES FATHER starts to laugh. CURTIS smiles.

INT. TATES BASEMENT/DEN - DAY

The basement is large and mostly empty except for a folded up ping pong table on the side. There is a small pile of folded up rugs and a washer and dryer. The floor is covered in thin brown carpet.

TATE, his GRANDMOTHER and GRANDFATHER, are all sitting at a fold up poker table. They are playing Scrabble. The board is in the center and judging by the amount of words, it looks as if they have been playing for a while. The words HUNCHBACK, KLEPTO, ARTHRITIS, and JAILBAIT are just some of the words on the board.

TATES GRANDFATHER is old but in good shape. He has completely white hair and he's wearing a white polyester shirt with a white undershirt that is visible underneath. His pants are baby blue and his shoes are white pleather loafers. His hair is slicked back, he looks like he smells of Aqua Velva.

TATE has a large glass of milk in front of him.

TATES GRANDMOTHER has a chip in her hand. She examines the board and then puts down the letter "s." She turns the word "take" into "takes."

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATES GRANDMOTHER
Takes.

TATES GRANDFATHER
How many points?

TATES GRANDMOTHER
Six...Seven points.

TATES GRANDFATHER writes it down on a small piece of paper.

TATE takes a sip of his milk and it leaves a stain on his upper lip.

TATES GRANDMOTHER looks at him and motions to his lip.

TATES GRANDMOTHER
You've got a milkstache.

TATE licks it off.

TATE
Is it off?

TATES GRANDMOTHER
Yes.

TATES GRANDFATHER
It's your turn Tate.

TATE looks at the board then looks at his letter supply. He pulls out four chips and turns the word "lash" into "whiplash."

TATE
Triple word score. That's twenty three points.

TATES GRANDMOTHER
Good one...Whiplash.

TATE smirks.

TATES GRANDFATHER counts to make sure the points are correct, then he writes them down.

He sets his pen down and begins to look for a word. He picks up a chip and almost lays it down.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATES GRANDFATHER

Hmm.

He presses the chip against his lips. He puts the chip back in his stack.

He looks for a while without making a move.

TATE

It's your go.

TATES GRANDFATHER

I'm going...I'm just thinking.

TATE sips his milk and wipes his lip off with the back of his hand.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

Do you see anything?

(pause)

Maybe you need new letters.

TATES GRANDFATHER starts picking up chips. He smiles like he just thought of something spectacular.

TATES GRANDFATHER

(softly)

I've got one.

He puts the chips down and using the letter "s" from the word "whiplash" he spells "sipi."

He immediately starts counting points.

TATES GRANDMOTHER starts saying the letters out individually.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

S, i, p, i...

TATE

Sipi...That's not a word. What's a sipi?

TATES GRANDFATHER

Sipi is part of the body.

TATE

Part of the body?

TATES GRANDFATHER

Below the hip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATE

Challenge...That's not a word.

TATE reaches over to the other side of the table and grabs a thick dictionary.

TATE'S GRANDFATHER puts his hand on the dictionary.

TATES GRANDFATHER

It's below the hip. You don't have to challenge me on every word.

TATE smiles and starts thumbing through the book.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

(to TATE)

I think sipi is a word. I think it is.

TATE continues to search, then he stops and points into the book, he smiles.

TATE

(looking into the book)

Nope...There's no such word. You're a liar. There's "sip" and there's "sepia," but that's it...You're a liar.

TATES GRANDFATHER

I'm not a liar. I know it's a word.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

He's not a liar.

TATE

How come it's not in there then?

TATES GRANDFATHER

I don't know. It might be an old word. It's medical...Maybe they don't use it anymore.

TATE

That's bullshit...You're technically disqualified for lying.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

Oh Tate...

TATES GRANDFATHER quickly stands up and scoots his chair back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATES GRANDFATHER

That's it, I quit.

He knocks his chips over.

TATES GRANDMOTHER

Please...

TATE

You cant quit because you already lose.
You're disqualified...You're a bullshit
artist, gramps. I win. I've got the
most points.

TATES GRANDFATHER turns away and starts walking up the
steps. TATES GRANDMOTHER quickly follows him.

TATE stands and walks a few steps, he picks up the small
piece of paper that his GRANDFATHER was using to keep score
with. He yells to his grandparents as they walk up the
stairs.

TATE

94 points for grandma...110 points for
me...Grandpa is disqualified...And I win
the game.

TATE runs up the steps with the paper in his hand.

TATE

You don't have to run away. Just
congratulate me!

TATES GRANDMOTHER

(O.S.)

Please Tate.

INT. TATES HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is simple with white walls and blue carpet. The
walls are bare.

TATE walks through the hallway looking for his grandparents,
but they have already made their way upstairs.

INT. TATES LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is very neat and classical. There is a
fireplace against the wall, a pretty cream couch with a
glass table in front, the front windows are covered with
lace drapes. Against one of the walls is a bookshelf
covered with assorted nick knacks, war pictures, glass
figurines, and of course books.

CONTINUED-

CONTINUED:

TATE walks in and looks around. As he walks through the living room he quickly glances out the window.

TATE sees three girls jumping rope in front of his house.

He walks to the front door still holding the little piece of paper.

EXT. IN FRONT OF TATES HOUSE/STREET - DAY

TATE is walking down the cement path in his front yard. The lawn is neat and manicured. There are houses of almost identical stature surrounding the premises.

As he gets to the end, he steps down off the side walk, right in front of the jump roping girls.

REBEKAH is the girl jumping in the center, she is cute and wearing pigtails. All three of the girls look around 9 years old, they are all chewing gum. One on the end is chubby and wearing pink spandex bike shorts. The other girl is normal looking.

They are singing as they jump.

As TATE makes his way off the sidewalk REBEKAH stops jumping and the rope hits her feet.

All three of the girls stop and look at TATE.

REBEKAH

Hi Tate.

TATE

Hi Rebekah.

(he looks at the other girls.)

Hi...What are you guys up to.

The CHUBBY JUMPER shrugs.

REBEKAH

Just jumping. We're trying to work on a new routine. My school is having a talent show.

TATE

Can I come and watch?

REBEKAH

If you want.

TATE takes a step back and sits down on the curb.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH
Were you fighting with your
grandparents again?

TATE
I caught him cheating in Scrabble again.

REBEKAH
Why do you always play that with him?

TATE
I don't know. I beat him though.

TATE hands REBEKAH the piece of paper.

TATE
I got a 110 points.

REBEKAH
That's pretty good. Do you want a Fire
Ball?

TATE spits and then nods.

REBEKAH looks at the CHUBBY JUMPER and nods.

REBEKAH
Give him one.

The CHUBBY JUMPER pulls a little piece of candy from out of
the inside of her shorts.

She hands it to TATE and he puts it in his mouth.

TATE
Thanks.

REBEKAH
Do you want to jump?

TATE
Can I?

REBEKAH
Yeah, but I get to twirl.

She runs over to the CHUBBY JUMPER and grabs the rope.

CHUBBY JUMPER
dissappointed,
Uhh...

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH

Come on you get it next.

TATE walks over to the center.

The three girls count to three in unison and then start twirling.

TATE begins to jump.

The CHUBBY JUMPER is off to the side watching. As she watches TATE, she does some kind of cheerleader routine where she moves her body like a strip tease dancer.

All three of the girls are SINGING a jump rope song.

A boy on a bicycle rides by and stares.

TATE continues to jump as the girls sing their song, he's holding the piece of paper tightly in his hand.

INT. RHONDA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

Her bathroom is small and cluttered. The light is off but the door is half open so that the light from the outside is coming in.

RHONDA has one foot on the edge of the bathtub. The water to the tub is flowing strong. She is naked except for a long grey T-shirt.

She lifts up her shirt and starts splashing water into her bottom private.

She takes a towel from the rack and wipes herself dry. Then she throws the towel over her shoulder and turns the faucet off.

INT. RHONDA'S BEDROOM

SHAWN is lying on the bed in his underwear, he's not wearing a shirt and his legs are crossed. He's smoking a cigarette. His head is propped up with a stack of pillows. He looks happy and relaxed.

RHONDA walks in. she has a glass of water in her hand. She is barefoot. It makes a SMACKING sound as she walks across the hard wood floor.

RHONDA

Hi.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

Hi.

RHONDA climbs into bed. She takes a sip of her water and then gives the glass to SHAWN.

She scoots over and kisses the side of his arm.

SHAWN

Did you like that?

RHONDA

Yes.

SHAWN

How many times did you come?

RHONDA

I don't know.

SHAWN

More than twice?

RHONDA

I don't know.

SHAWN

Huh?

RHONDA

I'm not sure...But it was really good Shawn.

SHAWN takes a sip of his water and looks to the ceiling.

He pauses for a moment.

SHAWN

Do you think about fucking me when you're with Bob?

RHONDA

No.

SHAWN

Why not?

RHONDA

Cause he's my husband.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

Yeah, but you still fuck me.

RHONDA

So.

SHAWN

So...If you love him, why do you fuck me?

RHONDA

Cause I like you...Why are you asking so many questions?

SHAWN

I want to know...Do you love me?

RHONDA

No.

SHAWN

I didn't think so.

RHONDA

Why? Have you fallen hopelessly in love with me?

SHAWN

I'm not sure. I think about you a lot. .
I think about you and Bob doing it.

RHONDA

You do?

SHAWN

Yeah.

RHONDA

Do you get excited or angry...Or What?

SHAWN

I don't know. Sometimes I dream about flying in here and smashing his head against the wall and then taking you and bringing you back to my room.

RHONDA smiles. He looks at her legs.

SHAWN

Most of the time I just think about touching your body.

RHONDA starts softly rubbing his chest.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

Sometimes when I'm with Hannah I pretend it's you. I can see your face on her...Instead of her face.

RHONDA

She was talking about you all yesterday...At dinner.

SHAWN

What was she saying?

RHONDA

You know...She was just rambling. She kept saying, oh Shawn is doing this, Shawn is gonna take me here. She loves you...It's easy to tell.

SHAWN

Yeah. I love her too.

RHONDA

You guys make a cute couple.

RHONDA looks over at the dresser.

RHONDA

Hand me the barrett.

SHAWN leans over and hands the barrett to RHONDA.

She puts it in her mouth and then gathers her hair back.

SHAWN

You know you make the same noises as her?

She makes a SURPRISED MUMBLE noise with the Barrett in her mouth.

SHAWN

Yeah.

She takes the Barrett out of her mouth and puts it around her hair.

RHONDA

What else?

SHAWN

You have a lot of things alike. You like me to do the same things...You have the same pussy smell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RHONDA

We do?

SHAWN

Yeah...But you're better in bed.

RHONDA

I am?

SHAWN

Yeah.

RHONDA

I'm older. I know more...More experience.

SHAWN

I know. I like that.

RHONDA

You do?

SHAWN

Yeah.

RHONDA

Does your mom Like Hannah.

SHAWN

Yeah.

RHONDA

What about your dad?

SHAWN

Yeah he thinks she's pretty. They both like her.

RHONDA

Which reminds me, when you speak to you're mom, or your dad, ask them which day they need me to pick up you're brother. Because if it's Friday I can't do it.

SHAWN

OK.

RHONDA

I've got to go to the doctor with Bob.

He bites his cuticle.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RHONDA

Come here.

She pulls him over and they start kissing. She sticks her tongue deep into his mouth.

The two of them get under the blankets.

RHONDA puts her hand down his pants, she begins to jack him off under the blanket. Her arm is going back and forth.

The two of them are staring at each other.

SHAWN

Who's dick is bigger, mine or Bobs?

RHONDA

Yours.

SHAWN smiles and RHONDA continues to jack.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

A small revolving desk fan is going back and forth.

CLAUDE'S FATHER and MOTHER are lying next to each other on the bed. They are both drinking beer in a can.

CLAUDE'S FATHER has his shirt off, his big hairy stomach is exposed.

The television set is on. They are both watching the JERRY SPRINGER SHOW.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

What are we gonna do?

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

I don't know.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

We can throw him out.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

No we wont. I wont allow it.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Well I'm gettin sick...I cant take it much longer.

INT. CLAUDE'S FRIENDS APARTMENT - DAY

Four teenage boys are sitting around in an almost empty apartment.

A stack of skateboards are lined up on top of each other next to the front door. The apartment is up three stories. All the boys are sitting next to the window. The boys are all dressed pretty similar, baggy pants, sneakers, T-shirts. They look sweaty.

Incense are burning on a small plastic crate in the center of the room. A raggedy futon with no sheets and a few flat pillows is against the side wall, one of the boys is sitting on it drinking a bottle of GATORADE.

The other three boys are sitting by the window smoking a bowl.

CLAUDE is sitting on a blue bean bag.

CLAUDE

Fuck 'em man. They're nuts. He tries and fuck with me for no reason. Half the time I have no Idea what he's mad about.

FRIEND 1

What does he do?

FRIEND 2

You need to get out.

CLAUDE

He hits me or yells at me...And my mom...

FRIEND 2

...What does your mom say?

CLAUDE

She doesn't say shit. I don't even think she cares.

FRIEND 3

You need to break the fuck out.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

CLAUDE'S FATHER and MOTHER are in the same position on the bed.

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

He's just growing up.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Bullshit...He's just wasting his life.
He does nothing.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

He does things.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

He waste's time with his friends...I
know he does drugs.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

No he doesn't.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

I can smell it on his cloths. And he
thinks he gets over on me. But I know
what goes on. I know what he does.

INT. CLAUDE'S FRIENDS APARTMENT - DAY

They are continuing their conversation.

CLAUDE

And all he does is sit around and
drink...He drinks beer all day.

FRIEND 1

He doesn't have a job?

CLAUDE

Hell no. He got fired a couple of
months ago...But he's always been that
way.

FRIEND 2

You should fuckin hit 'em back. Punch
him in his fuckin face...

CLAUDE

Yeah right.

FRIEND 3

You should...I did...My dad was smackin
my mom...He was hittin her in the
face...And I took a flower pot
he motions like he's
throwing a flower pot:
and I was like boom, I busted it over

MORE!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRIEND 2 (cont'd)
his head. He got all dirt and shit in
his cut.

They start laughing.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Continued talking.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Should we take him to a doctor...A
psychiatrist?

CLAUDE'S FATHER
With what money?

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
I don't know...Maybe we need to talk to
someone.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
He just needs to grow up and take some
responsibility...He needs to work...Get
a job...He's had it too easy.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Maybe we could send him to your parents
for a while...After he's done with
school.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
I don't think they would take him.

INT. CLAUDE'S FRIENDS APARTMENT - DAY

Still talking and smoking.

CLAUDE
I'm gonna get the fuck out...Get my own
apartment.

FRIEND 3
You should move in here.

CLAUDE
Yeah?

FRIEND 2
Yeah, we have room for another person.

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE
How much rent?

FRIEND 2
For the four of us it would be like 125.

FRIEND 1
150 with utilities...Altogether.

CLAUDE
Shit...Yeah I should move in. Where
would I sleep?

FRIEND 1
You could sleep over there...By the
closet...Bring a mattress in.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Still talking and drinking.

CLAUDE'S FATHER
...I don't know. I'm sick of thinking
about him.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
So stop thinking about him...You're just
gonna upset yourself.

INT. CLAUDE'S FRIENDS APARTMENT - DAY

Still talking.

FRIEND 2
Fuck him man. He sounds like a punk.

CLAUDE
Yeah. Fuck him.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Still lying on the bed.

CLAUDE'S MOM jumps a little.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Ow!

She grabs her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

It kicked me...It just kicked.

CLAUDES FATHER smiles.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER grabs her husbands hand and places it on top of her stomach.

She moves his hand around hoping he might feel something.

INT. CLAUDE'S FRIENDS APARTMENT - DAY

CLAUDE is tapping the pipe on the side of the ash tray.

CLAUDE

It's cashed.

He puts the pipe in his mouth and blows out.

It makes a WHISTLING NOISE.

INT. PEACHES ROOM - DAY

PEACHES room is both girlish and sophisticated. She has many books and records. She has a pile of SASSY magazines on her desk. There are several Teddy bears in a corner on her floor. Her bed is raised, it has a brass bedstead with all white sheets and pillows. A snowboard is sticking out of a packed closet.

A poster board with tacked up pictures of PEACHES and her friends is hanging on the wall above her desk.

There is a long body length mirror on the inside of the open closet door.

We see an arm being tied to a brass bed post.

PEACHES is wearing a white bra and panties. CURTIS has his shirt off, he is still wearing his jeans and shoes.

PEACHES is sitting on top of CURTIS' legs, his back is up against the bed post.

PEACHES is forcefully tying a tight knot around CURTIS' wrist. She is using HELLO KITTY shoestrings. She looks very happy and excited.

CURTIS

Can't we do it normal?

PEACHES looks him in the face and smiles. She grabs his face with both her hands and quickly kisses him on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

No.

She begins to tie up his other hand.

CURTIS

Ow...Come on...Be careful...Not so tight...This kills my circulation.

PEACHES

Shut up. Stop complaining.

She finishes tying his arm.

She begins to move down his body.

She unbuckles his Boy Scout belt. Her hair is falling in front of her face and almost onto his stomach.

She starts pulling his pants and underwear off. Right when you see his pubic hair she stops pulling his underwear and just takes his pants down. He lifts his legs and she tosses his pants off the bed.

He has black argyle socks on his feet.

She smiles and pulls them both off.

PEACHES takes each foot and ties it tightly to the bed post.

PEACHES stands up and looks at CURTIS. He is completely tied and spread out like an eagle. He is flexing his wrists and ankles. He looks helpless.

PEACHES smiles. she looks very happy and accomplished.

CURTIS

Jesus Christ.

INT. PEACHES FATHERS BEDROOM - DAY

His room is dark and gloomy. He has no television. Only a small wooden bed and a little black dresser with a tiny oval mirror. There is a small writing desk by the front door.

There are several pictures of him and his wife on the little dresser. There is a huge framed picture of Christ with his hands clasped together in prayer, on the wall.

PEACHES FATHER is looking in the mirror, he is spraying his hair with water, he is using a plant sprayer. He also shoots a few sprays into his face.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

He pulls out a cheap dime store plastic black comb and starts brushing his hair with it. He pushes all his hair tightly over to one side then he sets the comb down on the dresser.

He very briefly looks at one of the small pictures of him and his wife, it is framed in a small bronze heart, she is sitting on his lap, they are both smiling.

He walks over to his writing desk. He flips on the small light and starts going through the desk.

He pulls out a little key and he opens a small drawer on the bottom of the desk.

He pulls out a large black photo album. There is a white rag above it that he pulls off.

He walks over to his his neatly made bed and places the book on top of it.

He opens the book and sees pictures of him as a little boy. He is with his father and he's holding a line of fish. All the pictures on the first page are in black and white. On the other side are pictures of his wife as a little girl. She is very cute, holding a doll and wearing knickers. There are many other pictures of their families.

He continues to flip.

INT. PEACHES BEDROOM - DAY

CURTIS (O.S.)

(he makes a loud noise)

Ow...Shit.

PEACHES is sitting on top of CURTIS.

He is still all tied up, her knees are to the side of his body, her arms are spread out propping her up.

She is biting his nipple.

CURTIS

Ow...Fuck.

PEACHES

Do you want me to fuck you?

CURTIS

Yes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

Say it.

She pulls his nipple with the front of her teeth.

CURTIS

Ow...Fuck me!

PEACHES

Shh...

She laughs.

She sits up on his lap and starts moving her hips back and forth.

PEACHES

What else do you want me to do?

CURTIS

I want you to do everything.

PEACHES

Do you want me to suck your cock?

CURTIS

Yes.

She continues to rock her hips back and forth.

PEACHES

Open your mouth.

CURTIS

What?

PEACHES

Open your mouth.

He opens his mouth and tilts his head back.

PEACHES makes a face and then spits into his mouth.

INT. PEACHES FATHERS BEDROOM - DAY

A close up of PEACHES FATHER and MOTHERS wedding picture. They are standing side by side. They both look around 18 years old. Her wedding dress is long and beautiful, he's wearing a black tuxedo and his hair is curly and poofed out.

PEACHES FATHER is looking at the picture, he smiles but looks sad.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flips the page and looks at the pictures of the wedding reception. He's kissing his wife next to the big cake.

He puts his finger on a picture of his wife blowing a kiss into the camera.

He is rubbing the picture with his finger.

He looks very somber and melancholy.

In the corner of the page is a close up of him with his big curly hair.

He smiles and picks the open book up and walks to the door.

INT. PEACHES BEDROOM - DAY

PEACHES body is halfway off the bed. Her head is licking his lower stomach.

CURTIS is moaning in delight.

PEACHES is pushing his underwear down with her mouth. She is clawing his stomach.

PEACHES FATHER

(O.S.)

(from behind the door)

Curtis I want you to see something.

CURTIS moves his head up.

PEACHES continues without hearing her father.

The door knob twists back and forth.

The door flings open and PEACHES FATHER walks in. He has the photo album in his hand.

PEACHES FATHER

My curls...

As PEACHES FATHER raises his head he sees his daughters face in-between CURTIS' legs. CURTIS is still completely tied up.

CURTIS is startled and he quickly closes his legs.

PEACHES is startled, she jumps up and looks at her father.

PEACHES FATHER

Oh lord...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

Popi!

CURTIS

Oh shit.

PEACHES FATHER drops the book on the floor. He looks like he is about to cry.

PEACHES FATHER

Son of a bitch.

He starts walking to the bed.

PEACHES starts screaming.

PEACHES FATHER

Oh lord.

He runs up and grabs PEACHES by her hair.

He throws her to the floor.

CURTIS

Please...Untie me!!!

PEACHES

Popi, popi!!!

PEACHES FATHER jumps on the bed and starts beating the shit out of CURTIS.

PEACHES tries to help but her father smacks her across the face and she falls down.

Everyone is screaming.

PEACHES FATHER is punching CURTIS over and over in the stomach and face.

PEACHES FATHER has tears streaming down his face. He's trying to pull CURTIS off the bed, but he is tied up too well.

PEACHES FATHER is pulling CURTIS so hard that it looks like he might rip out his arms and legs.

As he pulls CURTIS the bed is flying off the ground. The mattress is falling off the bed and CURTIS is swinging back and forth.

CURTIS is screaming in pain and horror.

CONTINUED!

CONTINUED:

PEACHES is on the floor screaming and crying.

PEACHES FATHER is continuing to go nuts on CURTIS.

INT. TATES ROOM - DAY

A professional female tennis match is on the television.
One of the players grunts and serves the ball.

TATE is sitting in his bed under the covers.

He is watching the game with the remote control in his hand.

He turns up the volume a little bit and coughs into his hand.

We hear the two tennis players hitting the ball back and forth, after every hit we hear a GRUNT.

TATE sits up and pushes the blanket off.

He sits up on the end of his bed and quickly pulls his socks up.

He stands up and walks over to his closet.

He begins to go through his belt and hat drawer.

He picks up belts and then puts them back in.

He picks up a black leather belt and looks at it, he lightly slaps his forearm with the belt, then he puts it back.

We hear the TENNIS GAME in the background.

He goes through another drawer and then quickly shuts it.

He walks over to his door and walks out.

INT. TATES HALLWAY - DAY

TATE is walking down the hallway past a few rooms, at the end of the hall he opens a door.

INT. TATES GRANDPARENTS BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom is small and neat. The floor is old tile. The toilet has a soft cushion seat. There is a cup full of toothbrushes. A set of false teeth are floating in a glass on the sink. A mirror medicine chest is above the sink.

The sink is dripping water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATE opens the door and then shuts it behind him.

Two bathrobes are hanging on the back of the door. One is blue and the other is lavender.

TATE starts going through the bathrobes.

He pulls out the long belt from the blue bathrobe. He wraps it around his fist.

He quickly looks at himself in the mirror, then he tightly shuts the dripping sink.

He walks out.

INT. TATES HALLWAY - DAY

TATE walks through the hallway and into his room.

INT. TATES ROOM - DAY

The game is still on the T.V.

TATE locks his door.

He stands up in front of his mirror and ties a noose with the soft bathrobe belt.

He puts the noose around his neck and pulls it tight with his hand. He sticks his tongue out like he's hanging himself.

He loosens the noose and takes his head out.

He walks over to his closet door and ties the loose end to the door knob. He pulls it to make sure it's tied tightly.

He walks over to the windows and pulls open the blinds. The sun casts a beautiful bronze light into the room.

He walks over to the television and turns the volume all the way up. The girls are playing tennis. Their noise is very loud.

He goes to one of his drawers and pulls out a small bottle of lotion.

He walks over to his bed and takes a pillow. He throws it on the floor.

He walks over to the noose and slips it tightly around his neck.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bathrobe belt is tied to the doorknob which is attached to the noose around TATES neck.

He slips his pants off and sits down on the pillow.

He opens the lotion and squirts it into his hands.

He puts the lotion on his penis but we only see him from the top up.

We hear the tennis players GRUNTING loudly. TATE closes his eyes and starts to get himself excited by the sounds. He begins to jirk off.

He leans forward and his face begins to turn red.

As he listens to the women making noises he gets very excited and starts going at it faster.

We see the women sweating and playing hard on the television. We hear a light applause after a point is scored.

As TATE continues to strangle himself and masturbate, his face is getting redder. He is making little GRUNTING noises after each noise made by the girl.

We watch him as his face loses circulation and his cheeks puff out, his eyes look like they are about to pop out.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

TATES GRANDPARENTS are playing tennis against each other. They are both wearing matching tennis outfits, white shorts and polo shirts. TATES GRANDFATHER is wearing a sun visor and his wife is wearing a scarf.

They are playing on a regulation outdoor court. There are couples playing on both sides of them.

TATES GRANDFATHER arches his back and serves the ball over the net. He makes an old mans MOANING noise.

The ball comes straight to TATES GRANDMOTHER, she takes one step and barely knocks it back over the net.

TATES GRANDFATHER runs up to the net and forcefully knocks it back.

TATES GRANDMOTHER lets it go out of court. She walks over and picks the ball up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

TATES GRANDFATHER smiles and walks back into position.

They knock the ball back and forth for a while.

INT. TATES BEDROOM - DAY

TATE is still going.

His face is purple and he looks ready to explode. Spittle is flowing from his lips.

The girls are still playing on television.

TATE is getting off from the noises that they are making.

We hear a loud applause come from the television.

TATE speeds up and starts making loud noises. The next thing we see is TATE virtually explode, he screams out in a horrific burst of pain and pleasure.

His arm slows down and his head falls to his shoulder. He looks dead.

On the television we see the two players walk up and shake hands. The crowd is going crazy with applause.

The winner of the game starts blowing kisses as the clapping continues.

She has a trophy in her hand and she takes a quick bow.

TATE sits there with no motion. The noose is still around his neck. His face is purple. He is barely breathing. His eyes are closed and his head is drooping to one side.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

An average California high school. School is over and kids are running all over the front of the building. Kids are running to catch the school buses. Kids are driving away in their own cars and yelling at each other out their windows. Teachers with brief cases are walking to their cars. A bunch of white trash kids are standing around their cars smoking cigarettes. General after school mayhem.

SHAWN is standing by the school buses with HANNAH (RHONDA'S 14 year old daughter) and two other teenage girls. All three of the girls are smoking cigarettes. HANNAH is very cute and innocent looking, she is short with strawberry blond hair and a button nose. She is wearing shorts and a T-shirt. SHAWN has his skateboard under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All three of the girls are holding books in their hands. HANNAH is holding a thick unicorn notebook with papers falling out the side.

Kids are running into the school busses all around TATE and HANNAH. They are screaming and laughing. Exhaust is blowing from the buses.

SHAWN goes to kiss HANNAH and she pulls her head back.

HANNAH

Where were you today? Why didn't you come to school?

SHAWN

I woke up late. And my mom was like fuck it, stay home.

HANNAH

You miss so much.

SHAWN

I know...I gotta start coming.

They kiss.

HANNAH

You better, Mrs. Reeves was asking about you. She said your failing her class.

SHAWN

I know.

HANNAH

You'll have to take summer school.

SHAWN

Fuck that.

HANNAH'S FRIEND

Oh my GOD you missed the best fight...

HANNAH

(excited)

Oh yeah!

SHAWN

Who was it...Who fought?

They all start walking to the bus entrance. The three girls take their final puffs and then throw their cigarettes on the floor.

CONTINUED (CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH

Some black kid...He's in my typing
class...He punched a retarded kid for
running over his foot with a wheel chair.

INT. TYPING CLASS - DAY

A bunch of kids are standing around in a circle. Some kids
are still at their typewriters typing. Computers on tables
line the wall. Angelic Cardboard cut outs are pasted onto
the chalkboard.

In the middle of the circle of kids is a six foot tall black
guy with bifocals, he is standing in front of a quadriplegic
in a wheelchair. The boy in the wheelchair is wearing a red
bow tie.

The TALL BLACK BOY picks up the QUADRIPLÉGIC by his shirt.
The QUADRIPLÉGIC is totally limp like a dead fish. His
shoes are velcro Pay Less sneakers.

TALL BLACK BOY

(in a deep voice)

You fucking quadro.

The TALL BLACK BOY slaps the QUADRIPLÉGIC hard in the face.

The QUADRIPLÉGIC lets out a DEEP MOAN, but his lips and face
don't move.

Everyone watching is silent.

The TALL BLACK BOY throws the QUADRIPLÉGIC into his
wheelchair.

The wheelchair almost tips over.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Jeez.

I/E. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

SHAWN and the others are stepping into a big yellow school
bus full of screaming adolescents.

The BUS DRIVER is a fat women with a baseball cap.

As SHAWN steps in, she closes the doors.

SHAWN

(to the BUS DRIVER)

Hi.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

She winks. She has a menopause moustache.

BUS DRIVER

Hi.

SHAWN and HANNAH make their way to the back of the bus.

SHAWN grabs HANNAH'S hips and they sit down.

INT. RHONDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is clean and done in white tile. The kitchen cabinets are white with metal handles. There is a coffee maker and a blender next to the empty sink. There are different colored stools in front of a small island like table that is connected to the sink.

RHONDA'S LITTLE GIRL (age 4) is sitting on a red stool. She is kicking her feet back and forth. She has a halfway empty glass of orange juice in front of her, there is a bendable straw in the glass.

RHONDA is standing up next to the sink. She is making her daughter a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. She is still barefoot but now she is wearing khaki pants and a black blouse.

RHONDA is using a butter knife to spread the peanut butter on a piece of whole wheat bread.

She gets a little on her thumb and then sucks it off.

RHONDA

Do you want bananas on your sandwich hun?

RHONDA'S LITTLE DAUGHTER is bent over drinking through her straw.

She shakes her head.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

No.

RHONDA

You sure? You don't want any nannies?

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RHONDA

Did you clean you're room?

She nods with the straw in her mouth.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

Yeah.

RHONDA is finished making the sandwich. She puts it on a small glass plate and then cuts the sandwich diagonally in half.

She puts the plate in front of her daughter.

RHONDA

After you eat I'm putting you in the bath.

The girl shakes her head and looks up.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

No.

The kitchen door opens and BOB walks in. BOB is RHONDA'S 40 year old husband. He is tall and balding. He is wearing a suit with brown loafers. He is carrying a red mesh bag full of oranges in one hand, and a brief case in the other. He has a nice tired physical appearance.

As BOB enters, RHONDA looks up a little bit surprised.

RHONDA

Bob.

BOB

Hi.

He smiles.

RHONDA

What are you doing home so early?

BOB

I finished early. We had an office meeting and I just left.

RHONDA

Is everything ok?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Yeah...Fine...I just wanted to come home.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

Oranges.

RHONDA'S LITTLE DAUGHTER smiles and claps her hands together.

BOB puts his brief case down on the floor and pats his daughter on the head.

He puts the oranges on the counter.

RHONDA

Where'd you get those?

BOB

The Mexican guy down the street was selling them out the back of his station wagon. They're from Florida...Extra juicy Florida oranges.

He rips open the bag and a few oranges roll out on the counter.

He pulls a knife out of one of the drawers and cuts the orange into quarters.

RHONDA

Did you pay the electric?

BOB

Yep...I sent it out this morning.

BOB sticks a piece of orange in his mouth and makes a PLEASURABLE GROAN.

BOB

Delicious.

He sticks a piece in RHONDA'S mouth. She bites down and then grabs the sides with her hands.

RHONDA

Mmm...These are good.

BOB

Right.

He picks up another piece and looks at his daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Do you want a piece?

She smiles and nods.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER

Yeah.

He hands her a piece.

She bites into the orange and it squirts her in the eye.

She jumps a little bit and then squints.

EXT. IN FRONT OF RHONDA'S HOUSE - DAY

A school bus stop sign is extended.

The school bus doors open.

HANNAH steps out first and SHAWN follows behind her.

SHAWN

(to the bus driver)

Bye.

BUS DRIVER

Bye Shawn.

She shuts the doors and then drives away.

They begin to walk to the front of HANNAH'S house.

SHAWN stops walking and grabs HANNAH'S face with both his hands.

He begins to kiss her. She is holding her notebook tightly with both hands.

She pulls her head back and smiles.

HANNAH

Don't.

SHAWN

Why not.

HANNAH

Not here...I don't want my parents to see...And also my neighbors tell my parents things.

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CONTINUED:

They walk up the porch to the front door.

HANNAH takes out her key to unlock the door.

BOB opens the front door with a smile on his face. He is still wearing his suit, only now he is in his socks.

He steps out onto the porch

BOB

Hi guys.

HANNAH

Hey.

SHAWN looks at BOB surprised and disappointed.

SHAWN

(a little nervously)

Hi Bob.

BOB

You stayin over for dinner?

SHAWN

Um...

He looks over at HANNAH. She is staring at him like she is in love.

BOB

You should stay. Rhonda's cooking up a brisket.

SHAWN

I wish I could but I promised my mom that I'd have supper at home.

RHONDA walks out onto the front porch with everyone else. She is holding her LITTLE GIRL. She looks and acts completely relaxed.

RHONDA

Hi guys.

SHAWN

Hi Rhonda.

RHONDA

Are you gonna have dinner with us tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH

You should.

SHAWN

I don't know...Let me talk to my mom...Maybe I can get out of it.

RHONDA

Ok, do what you can do. You have an open invitation like always.

She smiles at him.

SHAWN

Thanks.

BOB

Oh...Hold on...I got something for you Shawn.

BOB runs back in the house.

RHONDA

(looking at her little girl
and talking in a funny voice)
What is daddy gonna get...Huh...What is
daddy gonna get?

SHAWN looks over at HANNAH.

SHAWN

(in a soft voice)
So I'll call you when I get home.
Alright?

HANNAH

Alright.

SHAWN kisses her on the cheek right by her mouth. RHONDA looks and grins.

BOB walks out with a big orange in his hand and an equally big smile on his face.

BOB

Florida fresh...Just got 'em.

He tosses the orange to SHAWN.

SHAWN

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN steps off the porch with his skateboard in one hand and orange in the other.

RHONDA
Tell your mom to call me.

SHAWN
OK.

He puts his skateboard down and looks at everyone standing on the front porch.

They all smile and wave.

SHAWN waves with the orange in his hand.

He skates off.

We watch him skate past a few houses.

He looks around and then throws the orange in somebody's yard.

I/E. CLAUDE'S FATHER'S CAR - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER is in a small Japanese car with his friend MURPH. The two of them are slightly intoxicated. MURPH is more intoxicated than CLAUDE'S FATHER who is driving.

MURPH is around the same age. He has greasy black hair and a black moustache. He is wearing blue jeans, flannel shirt, and tan work boots. He has a fat stomach and he talks in a very high voice, almost like the voice of a young girl. He has a metal flask full of alcohol sitting between his legs. One of his hands is resting limply on the flask.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is still wearing shorts, tank top, and flip flops only now he is wearing a tan fishing hat.

They are driving down a street full of fast food restaurants and cheap motels.

MURPH
Oh here...This one...Pull over.

A short skinny white lady with a bad complexion is standing in the street in front of a bus stop. She looks very sickly. She is wearing a short skirt and white pumps. She has a cheap plastic purse hanging from her shoulder. Her hair is feathered and bleached with the roots coming in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S FATHER
(not excited)
Come on Murph.

MURPH
No...Come on...Stop, I like this one.

CLAUDE'S FATHER slows the car down and pulls over in front of the girl.

She walks over and sticks her head and shoulders all the way into the car on the passengers side.

PROSTITUTE
Hi.

MURPH
What's going on baby?

Her hand drops and falls on MURPH'S leg. She looks back and forth at both of them.

PROSTITUTE
What's going on with you.

MURPH
How much for a dick suck?

She looks very unaffected and business like. Not sexy in the least bit.

She looks down between MURPH'S legs.

PROSTITUTE
Fifteen dollars a person.

MURPH
How much for a hand job?

PROSTITUTE
Ten.

MURPH
Hm...

He looks over at CLAUDE'S FATHER.

CLAUDE'S FATHER shakes his head and then pulls away.

The PROSTITUTE smacks her head on the open window as he speeds off suddenly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Fuck that.

MURPH

(disappointed)

Hey...Where you goin?

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Forget that whore.

MURPH

Why...What was wrong with her?

CLAUDE'S FATHER

She looked awful.

MURPH

She didn't look awful...I liked her.

He takes a swig from the flask.

They keep driving without saying anything.

MURPH

Did you see the way she was lookin at me?

MURPH looks out his window and jumps.

MURPH

Oh look there's another one...Stop...She looks real good...Look.

INT. CLAUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE is pacing around his room with a cordless phone pressed against his ear.

His room is small and messy. There are no windows. His bed is right in front of the door. The paint on the wall is chipped and falling off. He has a lava lamp and a magic eight ball on the floor by his bed. He has a plastic egg crate full of books and magazines. Broken skateboards and skateboard paraphernalia are piled in a cardboard box by the bed. His dirty cloths are on the floor. His bed is unmade and messy. His room looks like a poor kids'.

He is wearing baggy boxer shorts that are falling from his hip, they are grey and dirty, he is also wearing a long skateboard T-shirt. He is wearing striped tube socks with a hole in the toe and heel.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His room is dark. It is lit mainly by the lava lamp near his bed.

CLAUDE

(on the phone)

Hi, can I please talk to Robin?

(pause)

Robin...Hi...It's Claude...Yeah sorry I didn't mean to call so late...Your awake?...Yeah...No...I did that's why I'm callin...Yeah...Well I'm gonna be there tomorrow...Yeah so we should hook up...Yeah...You can come over tonight if you want...Why not...They don't care just sneak out...Yeah...So...Fuck it take a chance...You should just come...No, he's out somewhere and my mom's asleep...You can just come through the back...Yeah...OK...OK...Forget it then...Yeah it's no big deal, I'll just meet you there tomorrow...

He sits down on the edge of his bed.

He picks up the Magic Eight Ball and shakes it.

The Eight Ball reads "YES, DEFINITELY." He puts it back.

CLAUDE

(still on the phone)

...Yeah I'll bring some...Don't worry about it...Alright that's cool...Ok then...Ok...Bye...Yeah I'll see you tomorrow...Bye.

I/E. CLAUDE'S FATHER - NIGHT

The two men are still driving, only now they are in a lower middle class residential area.

CLAUDE'S FATHER takes a quick sip from the flask and then passes it to MURPH.

MURPH has his window open and the wind is blowing his face and hair.

MURPH

Shit man we need to get some pussy.
Where's all the women at? Where'd they all go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Who knows.

MURPH

Do you know where they are?

CLAUDE'S FATHER

I don't know. Maybe their all asleep.

MURPH

Shitttt. There's a lady at my work that I wanna fuck. Her name is Sam.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Sam.

MURPH

Yeah Sam...Do you...Do you know her?

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Sam is a guys a name.

MURPH

No, no, no, Sam is a girls name. She is quite the woman...I've seen her bend over for pencils and her tits just fell out...

CLAUDE'S FATHER starts cracking up and almost wrecks the car into a ditch. MURPH laughs hysrerically.

MURPH

...Shit I wished I knew where she lived. We could go over there.

They both laugh very hard.

MURPH sticks his hand out the window and their laughter can be heard from out the window as they drive.

EXT. MURPH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls up in front of his house. CLAUDE'S FATHER slams on his breaks and skids in gravel.

The two men are still laughing.

MURPH'S house is simple and plain with a metal fence surrounding the premises. The lights are all out and there is a small plastic kiddie pool in the front yard.

MURPH cracks his car door open and the car light pops on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPH drinks the last bit of alcohol from the flask and then turns it upside down to show that it's empty.

The two men sit there smiling and breathing heavy.

MURPH opens the car door all the way and slowly staggers out.

He tosses the flask on the seat.

MURPH looks at his dark house.

MURPH

I wouldn't mind fuckin my wife...If she
wasn't so damn wretched.

He slams the door shut.

CLAUDE'S FATHER spits out the window and drives away,
spitting gravel behind him.

INT. CLAUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE is standing up in front of his bed.

He pulls his tube socks off.

He pulls his T-shirt off and throws it in the corner.

He sits down on the side of his bed and clicks his lava lamp
off.

He lies down and pulls the covers over his waist.

EXT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He quietly pulls into his driveway.

He gets out of his car and drunkenly walks to the side door.
He has the flask in his hand.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER opens the door and look's around.

The house is completely dark and silent.

He sets his flask down near the sink.

He moves over to the sink and turns on the water.

He sticks his mouth under the faucet and gargles the water
in his cheeks. He spits the water into the sink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shuts the sink off.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER walks through the skinny hallway. He walks past CLAUDE'S room and into his own bedroom.

He opens the door.

INT. CLAUDE'S PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER walks in quietly.

CLAUDE'S PREGNANT MOTHER is asleep on the bed. She is snoring loudly.

CLAUDE'S FATHER steps out of his flip flops and takes off his fishermans hat and puts it on the dresser top.

He walks over and looks at his sleeping wife.

He stares at her body.

He walks over very close to her face and just watches her as she snores.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S father walks past CLAUDE'S ROOM and into the bathroom next door.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER clicks the light on.

He leaves the door open.

He takes a piss and it makes a loud noise.

He flushes the toilet and walks out leaving both the door and light open.

INT. CLAUDE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLAUDE'S FATHER walks out and pushes his hair back with his hand.

On the wall in front of the bathroom door is a group of framed family portraits. Pictures of the family sitting together on a picnic table when CLAUDE was a little boy.

There is one big high school picture of CLAUDE with a smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

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CLAUDE'S FATHER drunkenly stares at the picture of CLAUDE.

He walks over to the entrance of CLAUDE'S room. The door is closed.

He puts his hand on the doorknob and carefully turns.

INT. CLAUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE is asleep in bed. The covers are almost all completely off him. One of his legs is hanging halfway off the bed. He is making no noise as he sleeps.

The small digital clock besides his bed reads 1:13.

The door very quietly creaks open.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is standing in the hallway looking in. The light from the bathroom casts a large shadow against the back wall.

He looks at CLAUDE sleeping. He then looks around and quietly steps in.

He partially closes the door but light is still coming in.

He steps in making a little noise but CLAUDE remains unmoved.

CLAUDE'S FATHER then gets close up and stares at CLAUDE'S face in the exact same way he did with his wife.

He then looks down at CLAUDE'S breathing body. He is skinny with not much hair on his body.

CLAUDE'S FATHER moves over to CLAUDE'S leg that is falling off the bed.

With his hand he hesitantly touches the top of CLAUDE'S leg hair. He slides the top of his palm across the surface.

CLAUDE shifts his body but does not wake up or open his eyes.

CLAUDE'S FATHER looks up at CLAUDE'S body.

A small portion of CLAUDE'S testicle is poking from out the bottom of his boxers.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is staring with a strange look of importance on his face.

CLAUDE'S FATHER crawls onto bed. The mattress sinks very low and makes a loud noise.

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He immediately sticks his hand up CLAUDE'S underwear. He starts to move his head down, between CLAUDE'S legs.

CLAUDE jumps up surprised and bewildered. He blinks his eyes trying to focus them.

CLAUDE'S FATHER is startled.

CLAUDE'S FATHER

Shh...It's me, dad.

CLAUDE jumps back against the back of the bed and kicks his father in the face with the top of his foot.

CLAUDE screams.

CLAUDE

(scared)

What do you want?

CLAUDE'S FATHER punches him in the chest and drops his head between CLAUDE'S legs.

INT. PEACHES ROOM - EVENING

A bible comes crashing down on PEACHES head.

PEACHES is sitting on the floor next to her bed. The room is a complete mess with things thrown everywhere. The mattress is hanging off the side of the bed.

PEACHES is still in her underwear and bra. She is sitting on her legs with her hair in her face. Her head is tilted downwards towards the floor. Her face is swollen from crying. Snot is coming out her nose. She is shaking as she cries. She looks like a hysterical mess.

PEACHES father is standing tall above her like a possessed demon. One of his feet is standing on the mattress. He has a thick black bible in his hand. A long wavy strand of black hair is flowing freely from the rest of his neatly combed head.

PEACHES

(screaming at the top of her lungs)

Stop it!

PEACHES FATHER smashes her in the back of the head with the bible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES FATHER

Bring your children up in the way of the
lord so they will follow when they are
old.

PEACHES is crying with her face down.

PEACHES FATHER crouches down and smacks the front of her
head with the bible.

She lets out a loud scream.

PEACHES FATHER

The following shall be unclean for you
from among the things that swarm on the
earth: the gecko, the land crocodile,
the lizard, the sand lizard, and the
chameleon. Is Curtis a lizard? Does he
crawl like a serpent? Those are for you
the unclean among all the swarming
things; Whoever touches them shall be
unclean. Whoever touches them shall be
grasping outwards towards Lucifer's
slippery reign.

PEACHES remains hovering and sniffing.

PEACHES FATHER looks at her and then he stands up and smacks
her very hard again on the head with his bible.

She screams and sits up. She grabs her fathers legs with
both her hands and she puts her head on the side of his leg.
She wipes her tears on his pant leg.

PEACHES

(crying)

Please...I'm sorry...I'm sorry popi...I
didn't mean it...I don't want to hurt
you...I wont do anything like that
again...I don't want to hurt you popi...

She looks up at his face.

PEACHES

Forgive me.

He looks down on her at his leg and then hits her again on
the head with his bible.

She cries out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

(talking into his leg)

I'm sorry!

PEACHES FATHER

You shall keep my laws and my rules, by
the pursuit of which man shall live. I
am the lord. Jesus Christ.

He kicks his leg away and PEACHES falls to the ground
crying. She is hovering flat on the floor with one of her
arms protecting her head.

PEACHES FATHER watches her cry for a few seconds. He begins
to walk around her in circles, all the time staring down at
her.

He quickly runs out of the room leaving the door open.

PEACHES remains there on the floor crying and unmoved.

We can hear PEACHES FATHER'S footsteps stomping through the
house, and we can hear a door being opened and things
falling to the ground.

CURTIS' pants and socks are on the floor. The rope is still
tied to the bed post.

We can hear PEACHES FATHER walking quickly back to the room.

PEACHES does not flinch or look up.

PEACHES FATHER enters the room with a big fluffy white
wedding dress with all the tapestry attached.

He walks in and tosses it on top of PEACHES.

PEACHES FATHER

This was your mothers wedding dress.
When she wore it she was a pure virgin.
A divine gift from the lord. She had
visions. Right before she died, she had
a vision...And I thought she was crazy,
she said she saw me and I was an angel
with three arms and when I died she
would escort me to heaven. When God
looked at us together, he said "you look
wonderful together, you are a beautiful
couple."

His eyes begin to tear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES looks up crying with the wedding dress on top of her.

PEACHES FATHER

And you know what I did? I smiled and shook his hand with all three of my hands. She thought that was nice.

He looks down at her crying.

PEACHES FATHER

Peaches, you have entered the house of sin.

PEACHES continues to cry as her father walks out.

INT. TATES ROOM - NIGHT

TATE is standing in the middle of his room naked. He is holding a micro cassette recorder up to his mouth. There are speckles of dried blood all over his chest and cheeks. His fingers are completely covered with blood. In one of his hands he is holding a pair of false teeth.

TATE presses the record button and begins to speak directly into his micro cassette recorder.

TATE

I'll tell you exactly how I did it. I know this is important so I'll tell you exactly right.

INT. TATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

For the rest of this scene there is no sound except for TATE'S voice.

The kitchen is large with a big table and refrigerator. There are open cabinets stocked with food. A microwave oven is built into one of the wall cabinets.

TATE flips open the kitchen light. He is wearing long blue jeans and a T-shirt.

He walks over to a drawer by the sink and pulls out a very big kitchen knife.

TATE (V.O.)

I went to my kitchen and got a knife that my Grandfather bought through the mail. The knife is very strong and able to cut through cans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the knife in his hand and then walks out.

He clicks the light off behind him.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The stairway is carpeted in blue. The banister is white.

TATE is walking up his stairs with the knife pointed down and outwards in front of him.

TATE (V.O.)

I walked up the stairs and made sure
that if I tripped I would not be injured.

INT. TATES GRANDPARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is small and neat. TATES GRANDPARENTS are asleep in bed. They have green covers neatly over them. They are facing the opposite sides, only touching each other with their bottoms. TATE'S GRANDFATHER is sleeping closest to the door. In front of their bed is a cherry wood dresser with a long oval mirror. Their house slippers are neatly placed at the sides of their bed.

Next to the bed nearest TATE'S GRANDFATHER is a small night stand. Prescription pill bottles neatly line the top next to a box of tissues and a glass of water with a pair of false teeth floating at the bottom.

TATE enters the room and flicks on the light. His GRANDPARENTS do not wake up.

TATE immediately starts taking his clothes off until he is naked.

TATE (V.O.)

I came into my grandparents bedroom and
turned the lights on so I could see them
sleeping. I got naked so when I killed
them I wouldn't get any blood on my
underwear or my other clothes.

TATE runs and jumps onto his GRANDPARENTS' bed with the knife in his hand. He jumps like a superhero. He immediately begins stabbing his sleeping GRANDFATHER in the neck.

TATE (V.O.)

I jumped on my grandparents bed and
stabbed my grandfather in the neck. His
skin was thick like leather. I tried to
get him in one stab but I just felt the

MORE)

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CONTINUED:

TATE (cont'd)
need to continue. He twitched a little
like a chicken.

TATES GRANDMOTHER turns around and starts screaming
hysterically.

TATE crawls over his dead GRANDFATHER and starts stabbing
his GRANDMOTHER in the chest.

TATE (V.O.)
Then my grandmother woke up and started
screaming. I crawled over my
grandfather and stabbed my grandmother
in the breast. She looked surprised to
see me there, like that. She died very
fast, I think she whispered "I love you
Tate." She said, "I love you Tate. I
love you grandson."

TATE sits up on his knees and looks at his two dead
grandparents. Blood is everywhere. TATE is smiling like he
just accomplished the feat of his lifetime.

TATE (V.O.)
When I saw them like that I got a
strange tingly feeling. My penis got a
boner. But when I heard my dog "Legs"
barking downstairs I got limp again.

TATE gets off the bed with the knife in his hand and walks
over to his GRANDFATHERS night stand.

TATE takes his grandfathers false teeth out of the cup and
shakes the water off on the side of the glass.

INT. TATES BEDROOM - NIGHT

TATE is in the same spot talking into the recorder.

TATE
I killed my grandfather because he's a
cheater who likes to tell war stories.
I killed my grandmother because she gave
me fruit without washing it and she is a
manic depressive who likes to sleep in
the daytime.

He clicks the recorder off and puts his GRANDFATHERS false
teeth in his mouth.

INT. RHONDA'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

RHONDA, RHONDA'S LITTLE GIRL, BOB, HANNAH, and SHAWN are all sitting together at a neatly made dinner table.

They are all talking amongst each other and eating like one big happy family.

BOB

Please pass the salad.

SHAWN reaches across the table and passes a big bowl of salad to BOB.

BOB

Thanks.

He scoots the food onto his plate with a big red spoon.

HANNAH

Can you pass the juice mom?

RHONDA hands HANNAH the juice.

RHONDA

How's the salad?

SHAWN

Delicious.

RHONDA

How'd the brisket turn out? I'm not sure I cooked it long enough.

SHAWN

No, it's good.

BOB

Yeah, are there any more potatoes?

RHONDA plops a few little potatoes onto BOB's plate.

BOB

Put some juice on it.

RHONDA pours the juice from the roast onto his plate.

SHAWN smiles at HANNAH and pours himself a glass of juice.

RHONDA turns to her DAUGHTER and wipes her cheek off with a paper napkin. Her DAUGHTER continues to eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RHONDA
(to her daughter)
How is it? Good?

The DAUGHTER turns to RHONDA and smiles while nodding.

RHONDA'S LITTLE
DAUGHTER
I taste's good.

They continue to eat.

INT. CLAUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDE is wearing shorts, sneakers and a T-shirt. He is standing in his room quickly packing a small red duffle bag with cloths from off his floor. His hair is messed up and he looks as if he has been crying.

CLAUDE'S PREGNANT MOTHER is standing in front his bed. She is wearing a pink bathrobe with dirty white ankle socks. Her stomach is poking out a little bit and her arms are crossed. She looks worried and talks calmly.

The sound of a dog BARKING outside.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
So where are you gonna go?

He continues to look around and throw things into his bag.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Where are you goin Claude?

CLAUDE
I'm gettin out.

She watches him pack.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Maybe that's the right thing. Maybe you
should go.

CLAUDE starts to cry but he still keeps looking around his room.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Why are you cryin?

CLAUDE
I don't know. Why don't you just leave
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

You don't want to go? You want to stay here because you have nowhere to go, right? You have no money.

He says nothing.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

You always were a cry baby about things.

CLAUDE

Yep.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

I don't think men cry because of their daddies...Their daddies makin 'em cry. I see you provoking him. How are you gonna make it out there, if your daddy still makin you cry? You're always fightin. He doesn't deserve it.

CLAUDE says nothing.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

Does he?

CLAUDE.

I wouldn't care if he died.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER

I don't believe that.

CLAUDE

I swear to God. I wouldn't give a shit.

CLAUDE stops packing and looks up at her, he is crying and trying to hold it in, he wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

CLAUDE

Mom...You don't understand...

CLAUDE'S MOTHER is starting to cry as she looks at him face to face. Her lips are quivering but she is also trying to not show emotion.

CLAUDE

I wasn't starting anything...

(pause)

...I was asleep mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE wipes his eyes and gets on his knees and looks under his bed.

CLAUDE'S mother walks up to him on the floor and bends over and pulls back the blanket.

CLAUDE'S MOTHER
Your socks are under there.

She points.

CLAUDE sticks his hand under his bed and pulls out two dirty socks.

INT. PEACHES ROOM - NIGHT

The bed and all the rest of the furniture is pushed up against the wall in one big mess.

PEACHES is wearing her mothers wedding dress. The dress is old and at least two sizes too small. Her breasts are poking out and some of the buttons are closed. Her eyeshadow is messed up and her long hair is very messy.

PEACHES FATHER is wearing an old thrift store tuxedo top with a small baby blue bow tie. His hair is neatly slicked over to one side.

They are both standing arm in arm in front of her brass bed stand. There is a crucifix tied to the center with the shoelaces that PEACHES used to tie CURTIS up with, it looks like a mock altar.

PEACHES FATHER
Do you take me to be your honorable
husband?

PEACHES
I do.

PEACHES FATHER
To have and hold under the sanctity of
the lord who art in heaven.

PEACHES
I do.

PEACHES FATHER
To love and respect and never turn on me.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

Yes

He is silent.

PEACHES

I do.

PEACHES FATHER

To be there for me in sickness and in health.

PEACHES

I do.

PEACHES FATHER

And when I die do you plan to mourn the death of your only true love. To stay a widow and think of me often.

PEACHES

(pause)

I do.

PEACHES FATHER

If anyone has any objections let them speak up now or forever hold their peace.

Silence.

PEACHES FATHER

You may now kiss the bride.

PEACHES FATHER quickly turns around and grabs both her shoulders.

PEACHES closes her eyes and locks her lips in total reluctance.

PEACHES FATHER gently kisses her on the lips.

PEACHES FATHER walks over to the pile of junk and pulls out a very pretty ivory and silver colored music box.

He sets it on the fallen mattress and opens the top. A small plastic ballerina figurine begins to spin around. A beautiful lullaby starts to play. A small pair of gold hoop earrings are on the surface of the music box next to the dancing ballerina.

PEACHES is silently watching her father.

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PEACHES FATHER walks over and grabs his daughters wrists.

He begins to dance but she does not move.

After a few seconds he embraces her hands and she slowly responds by dancing.

He puts his cheek against hers and they continue to dance in a small circle.

PEACHES FATHER

You are a very good dancer, Peaches.

They remain dancing slowly.

I/E. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

It is raining hard and the cars windshield wipers are going back and forth.

TATE is sitting in the back seat of a police car. He is wearing a plain white T-shirt and a pair of khaki shorts with some unlaced high top sneakers. The blood is still on his face.

Two police OFFICERS are in the front seat. They both have moustaches and the driver is wearing a pair of wire rimmed bifocals. A thick sheet of plastic protective glass separates TATE from the OFFICERS. It is very quiet in the car. The OFFICERS are talking to one another but their voices are not heard.

The police radio can faintly be heard from the back seat where TATE is handcuffed.

TATE is rocking back and forth as if he were doveding.

He slowly leans back and starts talking softly and in his regular voice.

TATE

I had a lot of cowlicks. And as long as I lived I never really had a true girlfriend. I used to spit on girls and make my friends laugh. I did this because I was so ugly that I knew I could never have a girl. The kind of girl I wanted. In the seventh grade a dog bit off my face. I had to chase the dog in order to get my nose back. People would walk by me and say "Tate is insane." I was smart though. I could remember things and in a way I was a cut

(MORE)

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TATE (cont'd)

above the rest. My father used to sell pin ball machines. He had a pot belly and he would wear gym shorts in the winter. I wanted to join the army but I couldn't get in. I would always brag that my uncle was in the Mafia. I thought about going to a housing project and start shooting at people. But I knew I would miss everyone, that's why I couldn't get in the army. Once I stole a stuffed animal from Disneyland and I got caught. They took me to the holding place on the back of a golf cart.

TATE stops talking and just looks out the window. He smiles with his nose pressed tightly up against the glass.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is small and dirty. A little bed is scooted up against the back wall next to a big window with ugly brown and yellow curtains hanging down. There are no sheets on the bed, only a small thrift store patch work blanket and a few flat pillows without covers.

A large adjustable Lazy Boy chair is sitting in front of the window. There is an open red duffel bag and a pair of white panties on the seat cushion of the chair.

The floor is wood and falling apart, it looks as if it has a layer of dust and dirt on it's surface. Both boys and girls clothes are scattered all over the floor. A pair of tall black boots is lying halfway underneath the bed.

A few skateboard pictures that have been cut out of magazines line wall. There is a big poster of Bruce Lee on the wall next to the bed.

PEACHES and SHAWN are lying naked side by side on the bed. Their legs are hanging off the bed. Their heads are touching and PEACHES has her hand resting on SHAWN'S stomach.

CLAUDE is sitting on the end of the bed with his back against the wall and his legs crouched together. He is smoking a cigarette and looking at his two friends. He is wearing a pair of dirty white Fruit of the Loom underpants that look several sizes too big for him. His hair is sticking straight up.

They all three look happy and somber. Very relaxed. PEACHES and SHAWN are staring at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

Can you remember your dreams?

CLAUDE lets out a deep cough into his hand.

SHAWN

Yeah, sometimes.

PEACHES

What are they about? Can you remember any?

SHAWN

I don't know.

CLAUDE taps out his ashes on the window sill beside him.

PEACHES

I can remember all mine...

SHAWN

...Mine are about leaving...Just like leaving everything and going somewhere, where I've never been, to Hawaii or some place. I won't have to be around all the people I hate.

PEACHES

Do you have to come back?...

SHAWN

What do you mean?

PEACHES

I mean do you ever come home and see your friends again or do you just leave...and like...You know, not come back, that's it.

SHAWN

That's hard...Cause it doesn't really happen like that. It's like none of this exists. Not you or anything and... I'm in another place.

CLAUDE

I can't dream of other places. I can't picture in my head what they look like. Everything I think about looks like here.

RAPID CUT to all three of them having sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE and PEACHES are tonguing each other.

SHAWN crawls on top of Peaches and starts kissing the back of her neck.

Hands and legs are all going back and forth on top of each other. It is impossible to distinguish who is who.

PEACHES is licking SHAWNS stomach.

PEACHES is making deep moaning noises, the other two boys can be heard breathing.

RAPID CUT to SHAWN who is now sitting in the big chair on top of the red duffel bag. He is still naked only now he is sitting up like a gentlemen, with his arms firmly grasping the sides of the chair.

PEACHES is lying down, scooted all the way against the wall with her back facing the two boys.

CLAUDE is lying on the bed, he is on his side looking at SHAWN.

CLAUDE

Did you ever read that book "Island of Paradise."

SHAWN

Hu-ah, no.

CLAUDE

I read it. It's about this Island off the coast of Africa, or in Haiti or somewhere...And its this place, where the whole philosophy of the world is set up around sex.

SHAWN laughs.

CLAUDE

Yeah, its weird. These people sit around all day and just fuck each other.

SHAWN

(smiling)

Shut up.

CLAUDE

No, I'm serious...But it's deeper than that...I mean these guys came up with a way, through like hundreds of years of practice...That they can have sex and not make babies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

How?

CLAUDE

I don't know, but they fuck like 15 or 16 times a day and that's it. That's all they do. That's their whole life.

SHAWN

What are they called?

CLAUDE

I forget, but it's supposed to be like the best society. No one fights or anything. They just sit around and fuck all day. It's supposed to be some kind of utopia...A utopian society.

SHAWN

Yeah?

CLAUDE

Yeah, I'll lone you the book.

RAPID CUT to the three of them having sex again.

PEACHES is sitting on CLAUDE'S lap. CLAUDE is sitting upright on the Lazy Boy chair. PEACHES is moving her hips back and forth. CLAUDE has his hands over her breasts.

SHAWN is on his knees in front of them. He is holding her face with his hands and kissing her.

RAPID CUT to the three of them wrestling like little kids. They are all on the little bed play fighting.

The mattress is sinking and the SPRINGS are making a loud noise.

SHAWN is on his back and PEACHES is sitting on top of him choking him.

SHAWN pretends like she killed him. He sticks his tongue out and drops his hands to the side. PEACHES is laughing.

CLAUDE comes up from behind her and hits her on the back of the head with a pillow.

PEACHES falls on top of SHAWN and then he jumps up and starts tickling her.

CLAUDE joins in. Both boys are viciously tickling her as she laughs hysterically and tries to kick them away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACHES

(cracking up and almost in tears)

Quit!!! Get off!!! Get off me!!!
Help!!! Someone help!!!

They persist.

SHAWN bends down and kisses her on the neck. CLAUDE continues to tickle her stomach.

RAPID CUT to the three of them sitting on the end of their bed with their backs against the wall.

SHAWN is sitting up in the middle, PEACHES is resting her head on his shoulder, CLAUDE is on the end near the window.

The sun is coming in through the window.

BIRDS CHIRPING and CARS DRIVING, can be heard.

SHAWN

Ok. Ok I'm ready.

PEACHES

You got one?

SHAWN

Yeah. Guess who am I.

CLAUDE

Man or women?

SHAWN

Man.

PEACHES

Are you a singer?

SHAWN

No.

CLAUDE

Are you famous?

SHAWN

No. Not really.

PEACHES

Are you an entertainer?

CLAUDE reaches over to the window sill and grabs a crumpled pack of cigarettes.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

No. But I used to be in a band.

PEACHES

Um, do we know you. Are you a friend of ours?

SHAWN

Yeah.

CLAUDE lights his cigarette and blows out a big puff of smoke.

CLAUDE

Do you skate?

SHAWN

No, definitely not.

PEACHES

So you're young right?

SHAWN

Right.

PEACHES

You live around here?

SHAWN

No.

Shawn shakes his head.

CLAUDE

Hmm...

SHAWN

I'll give you a hint.

PEACHES

Ok.

SHAWN

I'm no longer here.

PEACHES

Tate!

SHAWN

No. I'm not living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE
Your dead?

SHAWN
Yeah.

CLAUDE
Why didn't you say so?

SHAWN
You have to guess.

PEACHES
Who are you?

SHAWN
You give up?

PEACHES
yeah.

THE SCREEN TURNS BLACK AND THE NAME "KEN PARK" APPEARS IN THE CENTER IN WHITE TYPE WRITTEN LETTERS.

What comes next is a montage of quick scenes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

KEN PARK is sitting next to his GIRLFRIEND on a green park bench.

His GIRLFRIEND has very light hair and a small build. She is not particularly striking, but she has a nice simple face. She is wearing acid washed jeans and a blue sweater.

KEN PARK is sitting on the bench with his hands in his hair.

His GIRLFRIEND has her arms crossed, she looks upset.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Ken Park got his girlfriend pregnant.

KEN PARK
Do you want to keep it?

GIRLFRIEND
I don't know.

He takes his hands out of his hair and sits up.

She looks at him with her arms still crossed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRLFRIEND

But I ain't gettin no abortion. I'm not
lettin no one stick a hose thingy up
inside me.

KEN PARK is silent.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

They are inside of a semi crowded department store. They
are in the baby section. People are shopping in the
background.

KEN PARK and his GIRLFRIEND are looking at different baby
toys.

His GIRLFRIEND is now showing, her stomach is sticking out.
She is wearing a large oversized shirt and a pair of white
shorts.

KEN PARK is wearing a faded out OZZY OSBORN T-shirt.

He picks up a rainbow colored baby rattler and shakes it.

SHAWN (V.O.)

They decided to have the baby.

His GIRLFRIEND picks up a big box with a picture of a baby
carousel on the front.

KEN PARK drops the rattler on the floor and takes the box
out of her hand.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

They are both sitting in an almost empty movie theatre.

The movie has not begun and a few people are slowly
staggering down the aisle.

They both have their feet up on the seat in front of them.

His GIRLFRIEND is holding a tray full of Nacho chips with
melted cheese on top.

KEN PARK blows on one of the chips and then puts it into his
mouth.

They both look happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN (V.O.)

And after a few months they even got themselves excited by the whole idea.

KEN PARK

If it's a boy lets call him Sammy. If it's a girl I like the name Cleo.

GIRLFRIEND

No. I hate both those.

KEN PARK

You do?

GIRLFRIEND

Yeah. If it's a boy I want to call him Sid.

KEN PARK

Sid?

GIRLFRIEND

Yeah like Sid Vicious. And I like the name Natalie for a girl. Or I like the name Cal for a boy. It's short for California.

She eats one of her nachos.

KEN PARK smiles.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

KEN PARK is standing in a small dirty back room of a restaurant. There are big cardboard boxes around him.

KEN PARK is dumping ice cubes into a huge cooler. He is using a big white plastic bucket.

He is sweating hard.

SHAWN (V.O.)

He took a job shovelling ice cubes into a cooler.

He wipes his forehead with the side of his arm and then shuts the cooler.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

KEN PARK is holding his GIRLFRIENDS hand as a group of nurses wheel her into the delivery room.

CONTINUED (CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is wearing a shirt with a picture of CHARLES MANSON on it.

His GIRLFRIENDS face looks very tense. She is blowing her cheeks out and breathing.

KEN PARK

Come on, breathe!

His GIRLFRIEND lets out a big painful scream.

INT. BABY HOLDING ROOM - DAY

KEN PARK is in a room full of new born babies.

A NURSE walks up to him and hands him the screaming BABY.

The BABY has coffee colored skin, it looks half black and half white.

KEN PARK picks it up and looks at it. He has a very confused look on his face.

SHAWN (V.O)

And then she had the baby and it looked like his best friend Hank.

A high school year book picture of a black guy in a tuxedo and and big smile on his face. Under the picture is the name HANK WILSON.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF SCHOOL PLAY YARD - DAY

We now return to the very opening scene of KEN PARK walking into the play ground.

A tall skinny kid with zits is walking down the sidewalk. He is 17 years old. He has red bushy hair that flops on his shoulders. He is wearing a leather jacket and ripped jeans.

He is carrying a small vintage tape deck in his hand. "SLAYER," is being blasted. The sound is muffled and distorted as it vibrates out the tiny speaker.

He is smiling and singing the words to the song.

KEN PARK (V.O.)

I don't know why I care. Yesterday I bought milk and today it was spoiled. I drank it, and to me it was cottage cheese. It's so easy to make do. We do it all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera follows him down the street and into the playground.

He enters through the waist high door in the fence that surrounds the tiny play ground.

CUT TO BLACK

THE "SHAGGS" SONG "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD" STARTS TO PLAY.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END

(CONTINUED)