

Includes Revisions

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RISKY BUSINESS

By

Paul Brickman

IMPORTANT

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Fifth Draft

June 8, 1982

FADE IN:

1 BLACKNESS. SLOWLY PULLING BACK, the blackness is revealed to be a sunglass lens. PULLING BACK FURTHER, another lens and, then, the partial face of a seventeen-year-old, ~~JOEL'S VOICE~~ Slowly, a fuller portrait. His pensive features, bathed in shadow, remain darkly dramatic. His face is still, but smoke swirls from a dangling cigarette. His lips move.

~~JOEL'S VOICE~~
The dream is always the same --

2 EXT. HOUSE - ~~SEVERAL OF CHANGES~~ - DUSK

A typical middle-class home. Traditional architecture. Swirls of leaves blow across a wide expanse of midwestern lawn. It's getting dark.

JOEL'S VOICE
Instead of going home, I go to
the neighbor's.

Joel turns his bicycle into his driveway and parks it. He jumps a small hedge and moves to the neighbor's house.

3 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

The door is slightly ajar. Lights are on inside.

JOEL'S VOICE
I ring, but nobody answers. But
the door's open, so I go inside.

He enters.

4 INT. HOUSE - ENTRY AND LIVING ROOM

FOLLOWING Joel as he looks about. We hear a shower running upstairs.

JOEL'S VOICE
I'm looking around for the people,
but no one seems to be around.
Then I hear this shower running.
So I go upstairs to see what's
what.

4A CLOSE SHOT - SIDE TABLE * 4A

~~Two~~, lit cigarette and ashtray.

4B CLOSE SHOT - COFFEE TABLE * 4B

Spiral notepads, pencils, reading glasses.

4C CLOSE SHOT - MANTLE * 4C

Half cup steaming coffee.

5 INT. HALLWAY - JOEL 5

moving cautiously past the bedrooms.

JOEL'S VOICE

All the doors in the place are slightly ajar.

He continues down the hall, glancing into each room. At the end of the hall, he enters a bedroom. Nobody is there. It leads to a bathroom from which the SHOWER SOUNDS emanate.

Joel peeks inside.

5A INT. - BATHROOM * 5A

JOEL'S VOICE

And then I see her -- this girl -- in the shower, in all her natural loveliness. What she's doing there, I really don't know because she doesn't live there. But it's a dream, so I go with it.

The girl turns her head and sees Joel standing halfway in the doorway. She speaks while continuing to soap herself.

JOEL'S VOICE

'Who's there?' she says.
'Joel,' I say.
'What are you doing here?'
'I don't know what I'm doing here. What are you doing here?'
'I'm taking a shower,' she says.
So okay, I can see that
I give her, 'Do you want me to go?'
'No,' she says, 'I want you to wash my back.'
So now I'm getting enthusiastic about this dream.

5

CONTINUED:

5 A

He begins to move toward her, slowly at first; but she keeps fading away, as if the entire side of the bathroom, shower stall and all, is pulling away from him at every step.

JOEL'S VOICE

I go to her, but she's hard to find through all the steam and stuff and I keep losing her.

He quickens his pace, but the side of the room pulls away at an equal rate. He tries to close the gap.

JOEL'S VOICE

Finally I get to the door --

He reaches for the shower door and --

6

~~INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY~~

6

-- enters a room packed with students taking tests.

Steam billows from doorway.

JOEL'S VOICE

-- and I find myself in a room full of kids taking their college boards. I'm over three hours late.

He surveys the room in a panic. Everyone's about finished. He looks at the clock.

JOEL'S VOICE

I've got two minutes to take the whole test. I've made a terrible mistake. My life is ruined.

Trembling, he sinks back against the wall.

7

OMIT

7

8

OMIT

8

9

OMIT

9

10

OMIT

10

11

OMIT

11

12 INT. BARRY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

12

Barry's face appears through a thick blue haze. A huge bomber cigar is clamped between his teeth.

~~Barry~~
Alright, here's the game. Five card draw with a spit, anaconda, high-low, pass two to the right, one to the left, dueces, aces, one eyed faces wild, guts to open. Ante up, ~~Barry~~.

12A WIDER ANGLE - POKER GAME

12A

The guys are grouped around a card table, puffing up a storm on identical cigars. MILES DALBY tosses in his ante and turns to Joel. Barry starts to deal.

~~Barry~~
(to Joel)
So what happened?

JOEL
Last night?

MILES
Yeah. With ~~her~~.

JOEL
She was babysitting down the street --

MILES
We know that.

JOEL
So I went over there --

13 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

13

JOEL (V.O.)
I get in, the kids are still up. She's reading to them

~~She's reading to them~~

13

CONTINUED:

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Nancy Kessler reads ~~THE LITTLE ABLEIN THAT COULD~~ to a couple of small KIDS on the floor. Nancy's fully developed, even a little heavy. Joel sits at the breakfast table, constructing ~~Timothy~~ forms, waiting for Nancy to put the kids to bed.

13A

INT. POKER GAME

13A -

~~JOEL~~
You guys playing or talking?
Fifty to ~~one~~.

Joel examines his hand. Tosses in some chips. Miles does the same.

MILES

I'm in.

The game continues.

MILES

So?

JOEL

So ~~she's taking the kids to bed, I~~
~~can't play any more.~~
~~She's taking the kids to bed --~~
two hours
of that shit and I'm going
out of my mind. Finally --
she takes the kids up.

14

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

Joel paces the kitchen anxiously. He plays with the faucet, turning it on and off.

JOEL (V.O.)

Next thing I know, she's back
in the kitchen wearing one of
those shortie nightgown jobbies.

Nancy leans against the doorframe wearing such an article
of clothing. She smiles sheepishly.

15 INT. POKER GAME - NIGHT

15

BARRY
(getting interested)
How short?

JOEL
(indicating)
Like this. So I say, 'What's
all this?' Turns out she was
giving the kids a bath and hit
the shower by mistake and all
her clothes are drying upstairs.

GLENN
Tell me about it.

JOEL
So she plops down right there
on the kitchen floor --

BARRY
In the kitchen?

JOEL
We're under ~~Mr. Scit~~ and
she says --

15 INT. KITCHEN

15

Nancy's on the floor, looking hot and available. We
can't hear her, but the words that form on her lips
are quite clear.

JOEL (V.O.)
'I think I'm in the mood.'

Joel stands next to her. Scared shitless.

16A INT. POKER GAME - NIGHT

* 15

BARRY
She said that?

JOEL
I'm telling you --

BARRY
What did you say?

16A CONTINUED:

16

JOEL
I didn't say anything.

GLENN
What did you do?

JOEL
What do you think I did?

GLENN
What do I think you did?

JOEL
Yeah.

GLENN
I think you got the hell out
of there, ran home and whacked
off.

I think so too.

JOEL
(sarcastically)
Right --

MILES
I disagree.

Joel turns hopefully to Miles.

MILES
Did you have your bike there?

JOEL
Yes --

MILES
I think you jumped on your
bike, pedalled home and whacked
off.

JOEL
That's what you think --

OTHERS
Yeah.

16A

CONTINUED:

7A

16A

Went home -- JOEL

*

Yeah OTHERS

*

With Kessler lying there like that? JOEL

*

Yeah OTHERS

*

CONTINUED

16A CONTINUED:

16A

Joel slinks down in his chair. Revealed, ashamed, defeated.

JOEL
My life is really depressing.

17 EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

17

The game is breaking up. The guys are leaving in ~~the car.~~

Joel and Miles talk privately on the lawn. In dress and manner, Miles is looser and hipper than Joel.

MILES
No guts, ~~no glory.~~

JOEL
I know. Only when it came to a crunch, I just wasn't attracted to her.

MILES
Should never stop you.

JOEL
She seemed too big.

MILES
Could've worked out.

JOEL
I figured I would have gotten into trouble, somehow.

MILES
Sometimes, you gotta say, 'What the fuck.' Make your move.

JOEL
That's easy for you to say. You're probably going to ~~lose.~~ You're all set. I don't want to make a stupid mistake. Jeopardize my future.

MILES

Joel, want to know something --

JOEL

What?

MILES

Every now and then, say 'What the fuck.' 'What the fuck' gives you freedom. Freedom brings opportunity. Opportunity makes your future.

JOEL

You know this for a fact --

MILES

Believe it.

Glenn's car stops on the street, honking for Miles.

MILES

Be right there!

(to Joel)

I hear your folks are going out of town.

JOEL

Yeah. Tommorrow.

MILES

And you got the place to yourself.

JOEL

Yeah.

MILES

(challenging)

What the fuck. Huh?

Joel contemplates the possibility.

MILES

If you can't say it, you can't do it.

Miles joins the guys in the car. They pull off. Joel moves to his bicycle.

17A ANGLE DOWN THE STREET - JOEL ON BICYCLE 17A

pedalling into the darkness, becoming a small figure.

JOEL

(sotte voce)

What the fuck...what the fuck...
what the fuck...

18 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 18

Joel is back with Nancy the babysitter. She's standing in front of the breakfast table.

NANCY

I think I'm in the mood.

Joel clears the table of ~~trinkertoys~~. He guides her onto the table. She pulls him toward her. Her eyes close; her lips apart.

The room is enveloped by a RED FLASHING LIGHT and an amplified VOICE.

VOICE THROUGH BULLHORN

Alright, Goodsen, we know you're in there!

JOEL

Oh Christ!

Joel panics. Tenses. Nancy, terrified, grabs his hand.

NANCY

What is it?!

JOEL

Someone's out there!

He inches forward to peek through the curtains.

18A HIS POV - THE FRONT YARD 18A

~~Local police~~ crouched behind dozens of police vehicles. A ~~train~~ with searchlight blazing. A ~~half-track~~ bringing national guard reinforcements. Some wear gas masks.

18A CONTINUED:

18A

Joel's parents joined by a swarm of concerned neighbors.

DETECTIVE WITH BULLHORN

Joel, the house is surrounded.
Do exactly as we say and no one
gets hurt. Get off the baby-
sitter, put on your pants, come
out with your hands up.

19 INT. KITCHEN

19

Joel and Nancy, frozen in terror.

20 EXT. FRONT YARD

20

Joel's mother speaks into a bullhorn. Her voice
shakes.

~~Joel's mother~~
Please, Joel, do what they
say. Just get off the baby-
sitter. Don't throw away your
life like this!

A WILD MAN grabs the horn. His wife clutches at his
side.

~~Joel's mother~~
Listen, you goddam punk,
You'll never have a future,
not if I can help it! Got
that! No future!

21 PULLING BACK - INTO KITCHEN

21

JOEL
Who was that?

NANCY
~~Joel's mother~~

22 INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

22

NANCY'S FATHER (V.O.)
(fading out)
No future, no future, no future...

Jarred by the nightmare, Joel sits up in bed, sweating,
breathing hard.

- 23 OMIT * 23
- 24 OMIT * 24
- 25 OMIT * 25
- 25A INT. GOODSSEN KITCHEN - JOEL'S POV - HIS MOTHER * 25A

She is grabbing a quick roll and coffee near the sink.
She addresses THE CAMERA.

~~MOTHER~~

Joel, did you get your SAT scores yesterday?

JOEL (O.S.)

Yes.

MOTHER

Well, how'd you do?

JOEL (O.S.)

~~Yes~~ math, 560 verbal.

His mother conceals her disappointment. His father enters, taking a roll.

MOTHER

Can you take them again?

JOEL (O.S.)

I guess.

~~MOTHER~~

Joel, I want to show you something.

- 25B JOEL'S POV - FOLLOWING HIS FATHER 25B
- through the dining room.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Honey, did you pack my ~~bag~~

FATHER

It's in your cosmetic case.

-- and into the living room. We arrive at a rack of highly sophisticated ~~equipment.~~ ~~music player.~~ He turns up the volume somewhat.

25B

CONTINUED:

25B

FATHER

Joel, do you hear something odd? Something unpleasant?

JOEL (O.S.)

No.

FATHER

A preponderance of bass perhaps?

JOEL (O.S.)

No.

FATHER

Is this the way I left the equalizer?

JOEL (O.S.)

No.

FATHER

This is not some toy for you and your friends. If you can't use it properly, you're not to use it at all. My house, my rules.

Father exits frame. CAMERA (Joel) DRIFTS to mantle, where a ~~small~~ is highlighted by two small spotlights. Joel's hands reach out, placing a ~~small~~ on it, as if on a head.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Joel! That's not for playing with.

The ~~she~~ quickly leaves the frame.

25C

INT. GOODSSEN STATION WAGON - JOEL'S POV - HIS PARENTS

25C

From the back seat.

FATHER

Joel, I spoke to ~~Sill Rutherford~~ and it turns out he is ~~not~~ ~~for~~ ~~Princeton~~

JOEL (O.S.)

I'll never get into Princeton.

25C

CONTINUED:

25C

FATHER

Well, I already arranged for an interview -- Friday night -- the 4th.

JOEL (O.S.)

Aww, Jesus --

MOTHER

Tell them about your involvement in ~~some job interviews~~.

FATHER

They look for that kind of thing.

JOEL (O.S.)

Forget it. I'll never get in.

25D

~~INT. AIRPORT~~ - THE ESCALATORS - JOEL'S PARENTS - HIS POV

25D

Joel's mother hands him a pink envelope stuffed with cash.

MOTHER

There's fifty for food, which should be more than enough, another fifty for emergencies and an extra twenty-five, just in case.

JOEL (O.S.)

Okay.

FATHER

Joel, don't forget to water the plants around the patio. At least twice.

JOEL (O.S.)

I won't.

FATHER

Plus the ficus in the dining room.

MOTHER

I wrote all that down. It's on the refrigerator door.

250

CONTINUED:

250

JOEL (O.S.)

Dad, want me to start your car?

FATHER

The car'll be fine.

JOEL (O.S.)

For the battery, I mean.

FATHER

(emphatically)

Joel, please, you're not to use my car. You're not insured for it. Use Mom's car.

MOTHER

Use my car, honey.

FATHER

Joel? Do we understand each other?

JOEL (O.S.)

Okay.

They reach the terminal floor.

FATHER

Be good now.

Joel shakes his father's hand.

MOTHER

As far as the house is concerned, use your best judgement. You know we trust you.

She moves to hug him.

JOEL (O.S.)

Have a great time.

MOTHER

We will. You too.

They move off. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing Joel. They wave. He returns it.

- 26 EXT. KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY - THE STATION WAGON 26
Joel is cruising back home.
- 27 EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - THE GARAGE 27
Joel pulls in next to his ~~father's car, a gleaming~~
~~charcoal Porsche 928.~~ As Joel walks past the Porsche,
he notices a smudge on the rear deck. He takes a rag
and wipes it clean.
- 27A INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN * 27A
The pink envelope is placed on the counter.
- A27B SHOT - A REFRIGERATOR DOOR - NIGHT A27B
A handwritten list of chores is taped on. The freezer
door is opened. ~~A frozen dinner is pulled out, a turkey~~
~~Meatloaf.~~
- 27B SHOT - OVEN DOOR * 27B
The dinner slides in.
- 27BB SHOT - OVEN * 27B
being turned on.
- 27C INT. DINING ROOM 27C
Joel sits down to a candlelit supper. He reaches off
frame for a ~~Bottle of Guinness~~ ~~Irish~~. He pours a tumbler
full. Takes a slug.
Opens the foil on his dinner. Takes his fork. The whole
turkey-stuffing-gravy section comes out in one piece.
Frozen. He tries the vegetables. Same story. He licks
at it like a popsicle.
- 27D INT. LIVING ROOM 27D
CLOSE SHOTS - ~~Stereo Equipment~~ - AFTER DINNER *
A switch is flicked on. A power light glows. Meters
come to life. Tape rewinds to start. His arms slide
the entire equalizer up - high.

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27E FULL SHOT - THE LIVING ROOM

27E

~~Joel and real glass~~ through the house.

Joel is quite ripped, standing in his jockey shorts in the middle of the room, feeling very free and sexy.

He bops and struts around the room in a manic dance to freedom and privacy and general lewdness.

27F EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE

27F

As Joel dances to music.

FADE OUT:

28 OMIT

28

28A ~~INT. BARBER SHOP~~ - DAY

28A

Joel and his friends snacking after school -- Barry, Glenn, Chuck, and Nancy Kessler.

GLENN

~~Didn't get into Harvard.~~

BARRY

Shit.

NANCY

He must've aced his boards.

GLENN

Seven-eighty verbal. Seven-sixty-five math.

BARRY

Shit.

GLENN

You know what a Harvard MBA makes? First year? Thirty grand.

NANCY

I've got a cousin. Went into dermatology. First year -- over sixty thousand.

BARRY

Just for squeezing zits.

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28A

CONTINUED:

28A

GLENN

Why don't you try it, ~~Barry~~.
You've got the experience.

BARRY

Thank you. You're very kind.

Barry's hand goes defensively to his face.

JOEL

Is there anyone here who wants
to accomplish anything? Or do
we just want to make money?

The group pauses for a moment.

NANCY

Just make money.

BARRY

Yeah.

CHUCK

Make money.

GLENN

Make a lot of money.

NANCY

What about you, Joel?

JOEL

(thoughtfully)

Serve my fellow mankind.

Joel's hit with a barrage of flying french fries.

JOEL

Hey! Cut it out! Come on!
Just kidding!

28B

~~INT. CLASSROOM - SENIOR RENOVEMENT - DAY~~

28B

The words "free enterprise" and "profit motive" are
written on a chalkboard. A LECTURER speaks to a semi-
circle of students.

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28B CONTINUED:

28B

LECTURER

Free enterprise. The system that permits individuals to organize business for personal profit.

28C PANNING STUDENTS

28C

The freshly-scrubbed, serious faces of would-be capitalists.

LECTURER

Profit motive. That unique feature of ours that makes us the most competitive people on earth. Now -- for those of you who are serious about staying competitive, you should be well into your second week of marketing and sales. Is there any company that still doesn't have a product in production?

END PAN ON JOEL AND BARRY

They exchange a look that says that don't have a product in production. They're the only ones.

BARRY

(to Joel)

It's almost ready.

Joel looks skeptical.

BARRY

Don't worry.

29 INT. ENTRY - NIGHT

29

Joel opens the door for Glenn.

GLENN

Hi.

JOEL

Hi. What's up.

GLENN

I heard your parents were away --

29

CONTINUED:

29

JOEL

Yeah.

GLENN

I thought maybe we could borrow
a room.

Glenn's GIRLFRIEND steps up behind him.

JOEL

Barry's here. We're working.

GLENN

We won't bother you.

GIRLFRIEND

We don't have anywhere to go.

GLENN

You know how it is.

JOEL

(acquiescing)

Alright. Take my room.

They enter.

GLENN

Great.

GIRLFRIEND

Thanks, Joel.

30

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE ON MEMO-MINDER

It's a note pad attached to a wooden base. A toggle
switch and red diode protrude from the top of the frame.

BARRY

I call it the ~~memo-minder~~
Let's say a call comes in, it's
for your mother, and it's fairly
important. You write the message
here and hit this switch.

(he does so)

Now you got the light.

The red light flashes.

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30

CONTINUED:

30

SOUNDS of lovemaking filter into the room, making Joel and Barry a little nuts. They look toward the ceiling.

BARRY

Okay, so another call comes in and this one's for your father and it's really important and you'll get your ass kicked in if he misses it. So you write down the message and hit position two.

He pushes the switch another notch and the memo-minder ~~sounds in a high-pitched, annoying tone.~~

MEMO-MINDER

Memo...memo...memo...

BARRY

\$1.86 in parts. We'll sell it for \$9.95 and make a fortune.

LOVEMAKING SOUNDS intensify.

JOEL

I can't concentrate with this.

BARRY

It's really annoying.

The SOUNDS intensify.

JOEL

Shit, I'm getting out of here.

31

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Joel yells up.

JOEL

Lock the door when you leave, okay?

No response.

JOEL

If you read me, grunt twice.

He gets two exaggerated grunts.

JOEL

Thank you.

32 EXT. JOEL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

32

The electric door slowly flipping open. Inside, the station wagon and the Porsche.

An engine starts. It's the Porsche. Backup lights flicker. It cautiously backs down the driveway. The car stalls. Joel restarts it.

~~MUSIC~~ Jeff Backs "The Pump." Dark, pulsing, a little bad.

32A THE PORSCHE - MOVING' - NIGHT

32A

Joel and Barry cruising the town. High adventure. ~~Car music~~. Joel props his left arm on the door and relaxes a bit.

BARRY

I can't believe Glenn, bringing ~~me~~ over like that --

JOEL

Why?

BARRY

'Cause he boffed ~~her~~ last week.

JOEL

He did?

BARRY

Yeah, then after the game, Saturday he fucked her.

JOEL

Barry --

BARRY

What?

JOEL

Boffing and fucking are the same thing.

Barry thinks a moment. He's a little embarrassed.

BARRY

They are?

32A CONTINUED:

32A

JOEL
What did you think it was?

BARRY
I thought it was something else.
(another beat)
You're sure on this?

JOEL
Positive.

BARRY
(still pondering)
Shit.

33 ~~INT. MOVIE THEATRE~~ - NIGHT * 33

Impressing girls in front of the theatre.

33A ~~INT. MOVIE THEATRE~~ - NIGHT * 33A

Turning a few donuts in parking lot where three school busses are parked.

33B ~~EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS~~ - NIGHT * 33B

At a red light next to some guys in a ratty Datsun sedan. The Datsun guns its engine. The guys jokingly adlib challenges.

34 ~~EXT. HIGHWAY~~ NIGHT * 34

The road twists and turns sharply for a quarter mile or so. Joel stops the car. ~~Transitions to the next scene~~ Checks his rear view mirror.

35 INT. CAR 35

JOEL
Say when.

BARRY
(punching a stopwatch)
Hit it.

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35A ANGLE - THE PORSCHE 35A
 Roaring by, slipping into the 1st turn, tires squealing.

36 OMIT 36

37 OMIT 37

37A INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - LIST OF CHORES - NEXT DAY * 37A
 Joel's finger moving to his next responsibility.

38 EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - DAY * 38
 Joel is raking leaves and shoving piles into plastic containers.

MILES

Okay, good, you've done the old man's car bit. That's a good start. Now try this on for size.

He pulls out a sex newspaper.

MILES

(reading)

The Leather Castle. Chicago's finest dominants and submissives. Fully equipped dungeons. Beginners welcome.

JOEL

(facetiously)

Sounds great.

MILES

Here's one: 'My daddy used to spank my bare bottom. Now he's gone. Will you take his place? Call Misty.'

They laugh.

38

CONTINUED:

36

MILES

Ca'mon, Joel, you gotta take advantage of this. They come right to your house. ~~'Countess Angelique seeks young submissive with large ankles.'~~ Joel, how can you miss?

39

INT. JOEL'S KITCHEN

39

They're ~~drinking beers.~~ Miles is still working on Joel.

MILES

Okay, this is the one. 'For a good time in the privacy of your own home, call ~~XXXXXXXX-XXX-XXXX~~ Succinct, to the point, down to business. What do you think?

JOEL

If you want to call, call for yourself.

MILES

A good time, Joel. In the privacy of your own home. What else can you ask for?

JOEL

I'll make my own calls, thank you.

MILES

Then call.

He pushes the phone toward Joel.

JOEL

Forget it.

MILES

Alright, I'm calling.

Miles starts to dial.

MILES

Someday you'll thank me for this.

JOEL

Better not mention me.

MILES

(on phone)

Hello, Jackie?...oh...

(to Joel)

Answering machine.

(waiting, then

very fast)

Hi, Jackie, this is Joel

Goodsen, 345 ~~Street~~, Glencoe --

JOEL

ASSHOLE!

Joel lunges for the phone, but Miles twists away, shielding it with his body.

MILES

(still on the phone)

I'd like a good time in my
home tonight. Bye.

Joel punches away at Miles' arm. Miles retreats, laughing.

JOEL

Give me the number. I'm calling
her back.

MILES

What number? There's no number.

Miles rips the number from the newspaper. *

JOEL

(advancing)

Give it, goddammit!

MILES

I'm telling you --

Miles shoves the scrap of paper into his mouth.

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39

CONTINUED:

39

MILES

-- there's no number.

JOEL

Shithead. Get outta here!

MILES

Gotta go. Check you later.

Miles exits. He's still amused.

JOEL

Shithead.

40

EXT. PATIO - AFTERNOON

40

Joel watering the potted plants.

40A

OMIT

*

40A

41

EXT. DRIVEWAY

41

Joel lugging plastic lawn bags to street.

42

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

42

Joel pulls the foil off another ~~frozen dinner~~. He pours a glass of milk.

43

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

Joel at his desk, studying the apex lines of racing turns in a ~~car and driver~~.

He hears an automobile pull into the driveway. He tenses, sits up rigidly, listens. A motor idling.

JOEL

Oh God.

Rev. 6/8/82 *

44 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT 44

A ~~car~~ is parked in the driveway. A rear door opens. A FIGURE emerges, bathed in shadow. We cannot distinguish her features at all. She starts toward the house.

45 INT. JOEL'S ROOM 45

He's still at his desk. Frozen. Ears pricked forward, listening for every sound.

A45A EXT. HOUSE - FOLLOWING JACKIE * A45A

to the door.

A45B ON JOEL * A45B

His heart is thumping. Maybe it's not her. Maybe she'll go away.

DOORBELL RINGS. Joel doesn't move an inch. Maybe he won't answer it. Maybe she'll go away. He turns off his desk light. Sits in the dark.

SECOND RING.

JOEL

Oh. God.

PERSISTANT KNOCKING at front door.

45A FOLLOWING JOEL 45A

going downstairs, toward the entry. He pauses in front of a mirror. Adjusts his hair.

46 INT. ENTRY 46

Deep breath as he reaches for the door. Opens it.

JACKIE

Hello, Joel. I'm Jackie.
How are you this evening?

46

CONTINUED:

46

Jackie is black. Jackie is neither distinctly male or female. Her voice is two octaves lower than anything Joel would be comfortable with. Jackie has very broad shoulders and severe mustache shadow. She wears a lime green dress accented with a magenta scarf.

JOEL

(polite, but quick)

Hi, Jackie. Nice to meet you.
I'm not Joel. Joel stepped
out for a moment. If you can
wait one minute, I'll go call
him. Joel. Thank you. Be
right back.

Joel gently, but firmly, closes the door, leaving Jackie outside.

46A

FOLLOWING JOEL - AROUND HOUSE

46A

Furiously, he kicks the walls and tosses some pillows.
He picks up a remote phone dials.

JOEL

Ca'mon, ca'mon!

MILES' VOICE

Yeah --

JOEL

Get over here, Dalby!

INTERCUT

47

INT. MILES DEN - NIGHT

47

The guys are in the background taking a break from poker. Pizza is passed around, ~~beers~~ are poured.

MILES

How'd it go?

JOEL

You better get over here!

47

CONTINUED:

47

MILES
I'm playing cards, Joel.

JOEL
Just get over here!

MILES
Is she there?

JOEL
She's waiting for you.

MILES
She's not waiting for me, Joel.
She's waiting for you.

JOEL
(hostile)
Are you coming?

MILES
No. I'm playing cards.

JOEL
You're not coming --

MILES
No.

JOEL
You're really not coming --

MILES
No.

48

EXT. GOODSSEN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

* 48

Jackie is getting impatient. She starts ringing the doorbell.

JACKIE
Hello?

The peephole opens. Joel's face fills the view.

48 CONTINUED:

48

JOEL

Hi. Sorry about the misunderstanding.

48A REVERSE ANGLE -OVER JOEL'S SHOULDER

* 48A

Jackie's face in the peephole.

JACKIE

Joel -- be a courageous person, open the door, that way, see, I can call a cab.

JOEL

Sure. Absolutely. No problem.

He opens the door.

49 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

49

Jackie hangs up phone.

JACKIE

They'll be a few minutes --

JOEL

Again, I'm really sorry.

Jackie cools her coffee with tap water.

JACKIE

Long as we come to an arrangement, I'm in no mood for complaining.

JOEL

Of course.

JACKIE

I mean, when you put your good money down, you gotta get what you went after in the first place, know what I'm saying?

Joel nods.

JACKIE

I mean, when you buy a TV, you don't buy Sony if you want a ~~TV~~.

49

CONTINUED:

49

JOEL

That's right.

JACKIE

I mean, I know we could get along
real nice, but, hey, it's your
hard-earned dollar. Am I right?

JOEL

(total agreement)

Hey --

JACKIE

This way, we make an arrangement,
everybody comes out right.

JOEL

You had car fare.

JACKIE

A long ride, Joel. I don't
ever come out this far.

JOEL

And your time --

JACKIE

My time, my effort, my infinite
patience and understanding --

JOEL

Thank you.

JACKIE

Seventy-five dollars.

JOEL

(gulp!)

Fair enough.

50

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

50

waits in driveway. Joel and Jackie move in front
of the headlights. He pays her from the pink envelope.

JACKIE

Joel, I'm going to give you
a number. Ask for .

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50

CONTINUED:

50

She writes on the envelopé.

JACKIE
It's what you want.

JOEL
(not really interested)
Thank you.

JACKIE
What every white boy off the
lake wants.

JOEL
Fine. Hey, thanks for coming.
You're a great person.

They shake hands.

JACKIE
I know.

51

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

51

Joel taking a shower.

52

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

52

Joel's stereo is on. ~~Soft melancholy rock.~~ He
slips into bed under a light sheet. Tucks his arms
behind his head. Thinks.

A ~~beam of light from the ceiling~~ light into the room.

His hand slips down to the middle of his body. There's
a little movement beneath the sheets.

His eyes close, then open quickly. He jumps out of bed.

52A

JOEL AT HIS DESK

52A

~~pouring over the news from the newspaper,~~ the
one with the piece ripped out.

52B

~~Glances at~~

52B

offering up endless combinations of eccentric sexual
activity.

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52C CLOSE ON JOEL 52C
 methodically crossing off ad after ad. He circles two possibilities, but rejects them after a second thought. He tosses the whole newspaper in the trash.
 On the side of his desk, he notices the pink envelope. *

52D CLOSE ON PINK ENVELOPE * 52D
 There's a phone number and a name, "Lana."

52E ON JOEL * 52E
 making a decision. He reaches for the remote phone. Dials quickly. Heart thumping. *

JOEL

Hello, ~~Lana? OK, OK?~~
~~211-3365~~

He hangs up. Waits. The phone rings. He picks it up. Doesn't say anything.

LANA'S VOICE

Hello?

Joel offers a throat-clearing sound. To show that he's there.

LANA'S VOICE

Hello?

JOEL

Yes.

LANA'S VOICE

Hello.

JOEL

Lana?

LANA'S VOICE

Yes?

JOEL

I'm a nice kid and I'd like to meet you. Tonight. *

52E CONTINUED:

Joel chokes again.

LANA'S VOICE

Great.

(beat)

Hello.

JOEL

Yes.

LANA'S VOICE

Where are you?

JOEL

Glencoe.

LANA'S VOICE

What's your name?

JOEL

Joel.

LANA'S VOICE

Joel, may I have the address?
Make things easier.

JOEL

Yes. 345 ~~Glencoe~~

LANA'S VOICE

Joel?

JOEL

Yes?

LANA'S VOICE

I'll see you tonight.

53 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

53

Joel pours himself a stiff scotch.

54 INT. BATHROOM

54

Joel prepares. Combs hair; applies aftershave..

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55
 Joel settles on the couch, picks up a ~~SOURMET MAGAZINE~~
 sips drink. He can't concentrate enough to read. He
 puts his hands behind his head. Waits.

56 EXT. HOUSE - RUSTLING TREES - NIGHT
 The wind off the lake is picking up.

56A A BICYCLE * 56
 is blown over.

56B LEAVES * 56
 swirl across the lawn.
 Shifting moon shadows.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - VERY LATE 57
 Joel's sleeping on the couch. The doorbell is RINGING.
 Someone's trying the lock. Joel doesn't stir. We hear
 FOOTSTEPS, moving along the side of the house.

57A OMIT * 57

57B INT. - EMPTY DINING ROOM * 57
 SOUNDS of the back door opening

57C INT. - EMPTY ENTRY HALL * 57
 FOOTSTEPS in the house

57D INT. LIVING ROOM - ON JOEL * 57
 A WOMEN'S VOICE is close at hand.

LANA'S VOICE
 (a whisper)

Joel?

Joel stirs, opens his eyes.

JOEL

Yes?

57E ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE LANA

57E

She's standing in the archway. She even looks good in the dark.

LANA
Are you ready for me?

JOEL
Uh-huh.

Lana steps past the couch, moving toward the window. She places her purse on the window seat. She starts to remove her shoes.

Joel watches her. He's still groggy. The soft moonlight, her voice, the vision of her elegant body at the window -- it's all very dream-like.

Joel steps from the couch. He moves to her, stepping behind her. He places his arms around her, caressing her through her dress. She arches back. He drinks in her fragrance.

Joel lifts the hem of her dress high and kisses her back. *

The FRENCH DOORS blow open. *

Wind and leaves rush through the room. *

Standing so, facing the window, he pushes against her. They begin to make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. HALLWAY - A WALL - SAME NIGHT

58

CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY, picking up various framed ~~pictures~~ traces of Joel's life -- a charcoal caricature, age eight, bought at a local art fair; Joel age five, with the ~~grandparents~~ grandparents at his side; a class picture, kindergarten.

PANNING FROM BALCONY to the floor where Joel and Lana are erotically engaged on the hallway carpet. *

58A INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON REFRIGERATOR

58A

BLACKNESS, until the fridge opens.

Joel takes a slug of ~~CATORADE~~.

DISSOLVE TO:

Rev. 6/3/82

59 INT. DEN - STILL THAT NIGHT 59

MOVING ACROSS SHELVES, a series of mementos -- ~~grade school athletic ribbons, plastic trophies, a "Joel" mug, family photos,~~ Joel and his father with a soap-box car.

MOVING across the room to a leather Eames chair where Joel and Lana are wrapped together. They are still quite active. As we MOVE CLOSER we --

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. HOUSE - MORNING 60

A newsboy flips morning papers from the ~~back of a station wagon.~~ His mother drives.

61 EXT. BACK YARD - THE PATIO - MORNING 61

Joel steps from the back door. Lana has set coffee, grapefruit and ~~meat~~ on a small table. She wears jeans and a sweater.

He moves toward her. He's nervous. He didn't expect someone near his own age.

JOEL

Good morning.

LANA

Hi. Beautiful place here.

JOEL

Thanks.

LANA

Is this all yours?

She indicates the yard.

JOEL

Yeah. My folks', really.

LANA

Great.

(beat)

Your folks out of town?

JOEL

Yes.

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61 CONTINUED:

61

LANA

What is this? Half acre?

JOEL

A little less.

LANA

Do you know what it's worth?

JOEL

No, not really. A lot, probably.

LANA

Uh-huh. Real estate's great.

They look at the real estate.

LANA

I'll need three hundred dollars,
Joel.

Joel continues to stare at the real estate. His face
is frozen in one position.

JOEL

(finally, weakly)
You're kidding.

LANA

No, I don't believe I am.

JOEL

(stammering, shaking
his head)
Can I send it to you?

LANA

I don't believe so, Joel.

JOEL

'Cause I don't even have that
much. Here. In the house.

LANA

How much do you have?

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61 CONTINUED: 61

JOEL
(exiting)
I'll check.

LANA
(to herself)
You do that.

62 OMIT 62

63 EXT. BACK YARD 63

Joel exits the back door.

JOEL
(brightly)
Fifty dollars!

He offers it. She doesn't even acknowledge the gesture.

LANA
What do you think we should
do about this, Joel?

JOEL
(thinking fast)
I have a savings bond. At
the bank.

LANA
I'm not real good at
waiting for people.

JOEL
I'll be quick.

LANA
Be sure.

64 OMIT 64

65 INT. VAULT AREA 65

Joel enters.

A65A CLOSE ON SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES A65.

A bank employee removes Joel's family's box.

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A65B THREE PRIVATE ENCLOSURES

* A65C

One door swings shut.

65A PRIVATE ENCLOSURE

65A

Joel opens the box. Thumbing through some family documents, he comes upon his U.S. bond. He opens the envelope.

65B CLOSE ON BOND

65B

It's dated May 5, 1966, his date of birth. Attached is his ~~birth certificate~~. A note laced with lilacs reads: "May your life be filled with happiness and joy. We love you. ~~Grandma and Grandma~~"

65C CLOSE ON JOEL

65C

Reacting to the note. He's reluctant to cash it.

66 EXT. JOEL'S BACK YARD - DAY

66

Joel moves to yard. He has the money.

JOEL

I'm back --

Lana is not at the patio table. Her dishes have been cleared.

67 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

67

JOEL

I'm here --

No one else is. The dishes have been rinsed and placed in the drainer.

JOEL

Hello?

(beat)

Okay for you.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

68

Joel drops back on the couch, pulling the cash from his front pocket. He examines it. He looks up, staring across the room. Something is wrong --

68A HIS POV - THE MANTLE

68A

~~His mother's Steuben glass egg is missing. A circle of light highlights its absence.~~

68B ON JOEL

68B

rising, going to the mantle.

JOEL

Oh no. No. No.
(fiercely)

No!

69 ~~INT. REESE'S STORE~~ - JOEL AND MILES - AFTERNOON

69

MILES

Just tell your mother it
broke. An accident.

JOEL

This pisses me off.
~~You know what that egg's~~
~~worth.~~

MILES

No.

JOEL

More than \$300. I'm sure.
I am pissed!

MILES

What're you going to do?

JOEL

Get it back. Want to help?

MILES

Sure. When?

JOEL

Tonight.

MILES

Can't tonight. Got a trig
mid-term.

69

CONTINUED:

69

JOEL

Hey, Mr. What-the-fuck. What about exploring the dark side. What about all that. Or was that all just bullshit?

MILES

That was just bullshit, Joel. I'm surprised you listen to me.

JOEL

Jerk.

Joel exits and returns.

JOEL

So, are you coming or what?

70

~~INT. THE RITZ CARLTON~~ - NIGHT

70

A luxury hotel in Chicago's Water Tower Plaza.

71

INT. RITZ CARLTON LOUNGE - NIGHT

71

A vast, open space with greenery, running brook, and pianist behind a white Steinway grand. Chicago's answer to The Waldorf's Palm Room. The lounge borders the lobby of The Ritz. We're on the twelfth floor.

71A

JOEL AND MILES

71A

are seated at a small table, their backs to a wall of glass overlooking the Loop. They both nurse hot chocolates. Miles studies a ~~card~~ Joel scans the room.

MILES

How do you know she'll even be here?

JOEL

I called Jackie. She said, try the Ritz.

. Miles checks out the tab they've been building.

71A CONTINUED:

71A

MILES

This was a great idea, Joel.
~~where else could I get a hot~~
~~chocolate for four dollars?~~

JOEL

She's here.

MILES

Where?

JOEL

Elevator.

71B THEIR POV - BANK OF ELEVATORS

71B

Lana steps from one, crosses the lobby, and meets a distinguished gentleman. They chat.

A71C ON JOEL AND MILES

* A71C

MILES

Jesus, she's fantastic.

JOEL

Yeah.

71C ON LANA

71C

Looking past the gentleman, she glances into the lounge. She spots Joel. Without changing a muscle of her expression, she meets Joel's stare. The gentleman continues to address her.

71D ON JOEL AND MILES

71C

MILES

God, she's looking right at us.

JOEL

Yeah --

MILES

She knows we're here.

Joel raises one finger, as if to say, "found you."

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71E LANA

71E

breaks off the staring contest, turning her full attention to the gentleman. They exchange a few words and move toward the elevator. She doesn't look back.

71F JOEL AND MILES

71F

watch her disappear. Miles turns to Joel, waiting for him to act. Joel doesn't know what the hell to do.

MILES

That's it?

JOEL

I don't know. I guess so --

72 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

72

Joel and Miles exit and move toward their car.

MILES

We came all the way here for that?

JOEL

(defensively)

Well, she's knows that I'm on to her.

MILES

(sarcastically)

She must be terrified.

They approach Joel's Porsche. We hear a voice behind them.

LANA

Joel!

Lana is running toward them, wearing a thin dress, clearly not dressed for the cold. She's in a hurry.

LANA

Do you have a car?

JOEL

Right here.

LANA

Let's talk, okay?

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72 CONTINUED:

72

JOEL
Okay.

LANA
In the car. I'm freezing.

73 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

73

They pile in. Miles in the back.

LANA
Will you do me a favor?

JOEL
You want me to do you a favor?

LANA
I just need a lift.

74 EXT. SIDEWALK - NEARBY

74

exits the hotel, moving quickly toward the car.
He's a stocky, little guy in a trendy Armani sportcoat.
He's angry about something.

75 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

75

JOEL
I want the egg back.

LANA
Fine. You got it. Let's go.

JOEL
When?

Lana spots Guido who's not more than five yards away
from them and closing fast.

LANA
Joel, please, start driving.

JOEL
(unaware of any danger)
When do I get it back?

Miles has an eye on Guido and begins to size up the
situation.

75 CONTINUED:

75

MILES
Uh, Joel, better get moving.

INTERCUT:

75A EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

75:

Now Guido has his face against Lana's window. He reaches for the door. It's locked.

~~GUIDO~~
(to Lana)
Get outta the car!

Guido starts pounding on the roof of the car.

LANA
Please. Start driving!

MILES
Joel!

GUIDO
Get out! I'm telling you!

Guido pulls a small caliber pistol from his pocket. He taps it on the window.

MILES
Fuck Joel!

GUIDO
Don't do this to me!

75B CLOSE ON GUN - SLOW MOTION

75:

making contact with the window.

INTERCUT:

75C CLOSE ON IGNITION KEY - SLOW MOTION

75C

Joel's so nervous, he misses the ignition. He keeps trying. Finally, Lana's hand helps guide it home.

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75D EXT. PORSCHE

75C

as it pulls away.

Guido charges after the car.
Then, he veers off toward the hotel garage.

75E INT. PORSCHE

75E

JOEL

Who was that guy?

LANA

My manager. He gets a little
crazy sometimes.

Joel makes a right on Michigan Avenue and heads north.

76 EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUNE - NIGHT

76

The Porsche joins traffic moving toward the Outer Drive.

77 EXT. HOTEL GARAGE - NIGHT

77

~~A white Cadillac~~ roars out of the indoor garage, cutting
off a cab, racing toward Michigan Avenue.

78 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT - MOVING

78

As Joel settles into traffic.

JOEL

(to Lana)

This is my friend Miles.

Lana lights a cigarette and glances into the back. Miles
appears a little pale.

LANA

You like excitement, Miles?

MILES

(subdued)

Love it.

78

CONTINUED:

78

LANA

Good for you.

JOEL

Where do you want to go?

Lana sucks on her cigarette, slowly letting out the smoke.

LANA

(sarcastically)

I don't know, Joel, I haven't given it a lot of thought, you know?

JOEL

Well, then tell me this -- am I going in the right direction?

Lana takes a long direct look at Joel, a look that says nothing in particular, but succeeds in intimidating the hell out of him.

LANA

This is a wonderful fucking direction, Joel. You're doing great.

79

EXT. OUTER DRIVE - NIGHT

79

The Cadillac changes lanes. He's not more than three car lengths behind the Porsche and he's closing the gap.

80

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

80

Lana sees it coming.

LANA

Shit, he's coming at us --

JOEL

(scared)

Who? That guy? Your manager?

80

CONTINUED:

80

LANA

Yeah. The white Cadillac.

JOEL

Maybe he's not following us.

LANA

(are you stupid?)

What?

JOEL

Maybe he's not following us.
I'm pulling off.

81

EXT. OFF-RAMP

81

Joel takes the Fullerton St. exit. The Cadillac follows.

82

INT. PORSCHE

82

JOEL

I'm pulling on.

83

EXT. OUTER DRIVE

83

Joel takes the on-ramp. The Cadillac follows.

84

INT. PORSCHE

84

Lana's head pops up through the sun roof.

LANA

Big man, huh, ~~huh~~! Big man
with a gun! You think you're
so big, huh! What're you gonna
do, shoot us all? Huh, Big man?

LANA

(for Guido)

Moron.

Miles looks like he's about to throw up with fear.

LANA
(to Miles)
How you doing back there?

MILES
Fine.

JOEL
This Guido, he's your manager --

LANA
That's right --

JOEL
-- or your pimp?

Lana sends Joel another of her patented looks.

LANA
That's quick, Joel. Have you
always been this quick or is
this something new?

MILES
(weakly)
I don't believe this. I've
got a trig mid-term tomorrow
and I'm being chased by Guido
the killer pimp.

JOEL
Miles is going to Harvard.

LANA
Hopefully.

The beginning of Sheridan Road. A series of high-rise
condominiums.

85A ~~EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY~~ * 85A.

Neither car exceeds the speed limit.

85B ~~EXT. SA ...~~ * 85B

still moving north.

86 INT. PORSCHE * 86.

JOEL
What's he doing?

Miles is sitting sideways playing lockout.

MILES
Still coming. ~~Behind the VW.~~

LANA
What a moron.

86A EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - CENTRAL AVENUE * 86A

Crossing gate lowers, blocking the Porsche.
Cadillac pulls up behind.

87 INT. PORSCHE * 87

JOEL
Miles --

MILES
Yeah --

JOEL
I think I can take him.

87A THEIR POV - THE GATE * 87A

88 OMIT * 88

89 OMIT 89

90 CLOSE ON JOEL 90

tensing with concentration.

JOEL
Here we go --

Joel stands on the accelerator. *

91 THE PORSCHE 91

lurches forward in a cloud of thick blue smoke. It
flies across the tracks making a hard left. *

92 THE CADILLAC 92

follows suit, squealing tires in a surge of power.

92A THE PORSCHE * 92:

zips beneath a viaduct and hits another left turn.

93 OMIT 93

94 OMIT * 94

- 95 INT. PORSCHE - FAVORING JOEL 95
He's working hard, but he knows the area like nobody's business and he's got a good feel for the car. His adrenalin is pumping. A small smile creeps across his lips. *
- 95A VARIOUS SHOTS - PORSCHE AND CADILLAC * 95A-
Joel leads Guido into a tight circle.
The Porsche roaring out of blind alley, making another tight left.
The Cadillac breaking awkwardly into the turn.
- 95B PORSCHE - POV * 95B
Accelerating rapidly into a straight.
- 95C INTERSECTION - ~~ALLEY AND STREET~~ * 95C
A blind corner. Suddenly a sedan appears, Joel whips the car around. A near miss.
- 95D INT. PORSCHE * 95D
Joel, Lana, Miles reacting.
- 95E THE CADILLAC * 95E
Failing to negotiate a turn, scraping a fender.
- 95F JOEL'S MOVE * 95F
On the third circle, Joel takes an extreme right turn from the alley, zipping into a ~~car~~ street. He kills his lights and disappears at a high rate of speed.
- 95G MOMENTS LATER - THE CADILLAC * 95G
Shoots out of the alley, heading left, staying with the same pattern.
Wrong direction.

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96 OMIT 96

97 OMIT 97

98 OMIT 98

99 INT. PORSCHE - OUT OF DANGER 99

Joel is slowing now. Miles is on the floor in the back. Lana leans toward Joel, dropping an admiring hand on his leg.

LANA
Hey, you're good. You're
really good.

Joel takes a relaxing breath. He turns slowly to her.

JOEL
(with authority)
~~Porsche~~ There is no substitute.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

100 INT. DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING 100

Joel's at the dining table on the phone with his parents.

JOEL
Wait, let me write this down --
Saturday. ~~On the flight 152~~
Three-thirty. Right?

101 ~~EXT. RESORT HOTEL~~ - OUTDOOR PATIO 101

Joel's parents are eating a lavish breakfast on white linen. Behind them, bathers romp about on some tropical beach. A warm breeze ripples through their striped umbrella.

MOTHER
And everything else is okay?
You've got enough money?

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102 INT. DINING ROOM - ON JOEL

JOEL

Well, it never goes as far
as you think it'll go.

A woman's hand pushes a plate of eggs and toast in front
of him.

JOEL

Yes, I know, I'm learning.

A woman's hand pours his juice.

JOEL

So you're having a good time,
too. And how's Aunt Tudi?

He holds the phone away, feigning sleep. Lana seats
herself across the table. She wears Joel's old
Chicago Green Pill.

JOEL

(still on phone)

Good. I will. I will. Alright.
Good. See you then.

He hangs up. Looks at Lana.

JOEL

My folks.

LANA

And how are they?

JOEL

My folks?

LANA

Yeah.

JOEL

They're fine.

LANA

And Aunt Tudi?

Rev. 6/8/82

102

CONTINUED:

102

JOEL

Oh, she's fine too. Her hip's
much better, thank you.

(beat)

You were telling me about Guido.

LANA

Yeah, well, I quit Guido.

JOEL

How come?

LANA

He thought he owned me, you
know. Nobody owns me. Problem
is -- I owe him for some clothes
and hospital bills and stuff.

JOEL

You were in the hospital?

LANA

Yeah, I had this big pain
here.

(hand to chest)

Thought it was a heart condition.

JOEL

What was it?

LANA

Heartburn.

(examining spoon)

Nice service. What is this --

~~Food is good...~~

A HORN HONK outside.

JOEL

Look, I've got to go to school,
so you'll have to leave.

Lana falls quiet. Injured.

LANA

You're kidding.

JOEL

No, I've really got to go.

LANA

You won't let me stay?

MORE HONKING.

JOEL

I would, but you might walk
off with something big --
like a wall or the fireplace.

LANA

A few hours. Is that too much
to ask? Make a few phone calls.
I'm not going to take anything.

CONTINUED

JOEL

I'm sorry.

PERSISTENT HONKING. Joel gets up. Lana stays seated.

JOEL

I'm sorry.

LANA

No, I'm sorry.

Silently, angrily, she begins to clear the table.

JOEL

I'll be right back.

103

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

103

Miles and Glenn are in ~~Glenn's car~~, waiting. Joel moves to them.

JOEL

Go ahead without me.

MILES

She's still here?

JOEL

Yeah, and she won't leave.

Joel runs back up the driveway. Miles and Glenn watch with envy.

MILES

She won't leave.

GLENN

Is that bad?

104

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

104

Joel enters. Lana is rinsing the dishes.

JOEL

Look, I just want the egg back, I want my house back, I've got lots of work to do.

104 CONTINUED:

104

LANA

Did you have a good time last night?

JOEL

You mean after we got back here?

LANA

You know what I mean.

JOEL

Yes. I had a great time.

(beat)

Don't tell me I owe you another \$300?

LANA

Did I say you owe me anything?

JOEL

No.

LANA

I don't remember saying you owe me anything. You're really getting me upset.

A brief stalemate.

JOEL

What about the egg?

LANA

You're the one who's going to college. You figure it out.

Joel takes a deep breath. Shakes his head with frustration.

JOEL

How long do you need?

LANA

Long enough to make a few phone calls. Figure out how to get my stuff back. Guido's probably got me locked out of the apartment by now.

Rev. 6/8/82

104 CONTINUED

104

Joel gathers his books and papers.

JOEL

Okay, but will you do me a favor?

LANA

Anything, cookie.

JOEL

Don't steal anything.
And don't call me cookie.

(beat)

If anything's missing
when I get back, I'm
going to the police,
I don't care what happens.

LANA

Joel, go to school. Go
learn something.

Joel leaves.

105 ~~EXT HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY~~

105

~~MUSIC: The Eagles' "Teenage Jail."~~

Joel runs toward the entrance. Nobody's around. He's late.

106 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

106

Joel races past a hall marshal.

MARSHALL

(without conviction)

May I see your pass?

He's long gone. She goes back to her reading.

107 ~~INT. CLASSROOM - DAY~~

107

A teacher passing out tests.

107 CONTINUED:

Rev. 6/8/82 *

61.

107

TEACHER

I'm sure you've all read chapters
six through eight by now, so
here's a little pop quiz to
confirm it. All books on the
floor please --

107A MOVING CLOSE ON JOEL

107A

clearly not prepared for this.

108 INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

108

Lana surveys the room, the artwork, some of the vases.
She stoops down, rolls back a corner of the oriental
rug and examines the quality of the weave.

108A INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CLOSET

108A

Lana examines Joel's mother's wardrobe.
Finds something of interest.

109 ~~INT. JOEL'S HOUSE~~ - WRESTLING ROOM - DAY

109

Joel and Miles stalk each other in full wrestling
gear

JOEL

You didn't tell anyone, did
you?

MILES

No. ~~Lana~~ knows.

JOEL

I know. What about Barry?

MILES

He knows too.

JOEL

Just don't tell anyone.

MILES

I won't.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Lana looks over an antique halltree in the entry. She's wearing an article of clothing of Joel's mother over her pajamas. Lana checks out the china and silverware in the kitchen. Above the counter hangs a bulletin board with eyehooks and an assortment of keys.

111

~~EXT. TRAIN STATION~~ - DAY

111

A familiar-looking Porsche slips into a space in the commuter parking lot. Lana exits the car and travels up the stairs to the station.

She moves to the platform that is designated, "from city." There, she lights a cigarette, paces somewhat, and waits. In the distance, we hear the sound of an approaching Chicago & Northwestern commuter train.

112

INT. ~~CLASS~~ - DAY

112

Joel's waiting anxiously for the final 3:30 bell. He looks at the clock. It says 3:29.

TEACHER

Lab reports should be on my desk by tommorrow afternoon. I won't accept any that aren't typed.

Joel looks at the clock. Still 3:29.

All12A ~~EXT. TRAIN STATION~~ - DAY

All12A

The train leaves the station, revealing Lana & ~~Vicki~~. Vicki carries plastic covered clothing over her shoulder.

112A INT. ~~CLASSROOM~~ DAY

112A

TEACHER
Don't forget. Term papers are
due on Friday...

The clock again. Still 3:29. Seemingly stuck.

TEACHER
....They'll count for fifty
percent of this semester's
grade, so make sure they're
in on time.

CLOSER ON JOEL. CLOSER ON CLOCK. Now it says 3:28!

JOEL
. Come on, goddammit!

He speaks a bit too loudly. The class turns.

The BELL SOUNDS. They're off and running.

113 EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

113

Joel stops his station wagon midway up the driveway.
Miles is hanging out in the front yard. Joel goes to
him.

MILES
Hi Joel.

JOEL
What's going on?

MILES
I'm waiting for Glenn.

JOEL
Where is he?

MILES
Inside.

JOEL
In the house?

MILES
He wanted to meet her.

JOEL
(not pleased)
What is this?

Joel goes toward the house. Glenn exits. He sports a wide grin.

JOEL
What're you doing?

GLENN
I was inside.

JOEL
I can see that.

GLENN
(vamping awkwardly)
So...you're home now...

Something is definitely up.

JOEL
Yeah, I live here, remember?

Joel turns to look at Miles. Conveniently, Miles is facing the street, his back turned to them.

JOEL
Is Lana still here?

GLENN
She's inside.

JOEL
Tell me you didn't do anything with her --

GLENN
Who? Lana?

JOEL
Yeah.

GLENN
No. Nothing. I just met her.
She's nice.

JOEL
You're sure. You didn't do anything with her.

GLENN
Yeah. I swear.

Joel looks back at Miles. He's holding back a chuckle.

JOEL
You fucked her, didn't you?

GLENN
No. I told you.

JOEL
Yes. You did.

GLENN
(indignantly)
I did not fuck her, Joel.

JOEL
(after a beat)
Okay.

GLENN
Ask me about Vicki.

JOEL
Who's ~~Vicki~~?

A VOICE from the front door. It comes from a tall blonde on a rather large frame. VICKI'S about eight hard years older than Lana.

~~VICKI~~
Are you Joel?

Glenn punches Joel's arm gratefully.

GLENN
Owe you one.

Glenn joins the mirth-ridden Miles. Joel moves into the house.

VICKI
Nice place you got here.

JOEL
(flatly)
Where's Lana?

VICKI
Den.

He moves past her.

VICKI
I like your friends.

Joel enters with a smoldering look of determination.
Lana is on the phone.

JOEL
Get out. I'm not kidding.

LANA
What's your problem?

JOEL
Just leave -- please.

Vicki enters.

VICKI
We're not exactly ripping you
off or anything. Here --

She holds out a fifty dollar bill.

JOEL
What's that for?

LANA
Fifty goes to the house. You're
the house.

JOEL
I'm not the house. Just leave.
I mean it!

LANA
He's mad, Vicki.

VICKI
Already? I just got here.

LANA
I think he wants us to go. Do
you want us to go?

JOEL
Thank you.

115, 115A, 115B, 115C OMIT

115A EXT. GARAGE - JOEL'S POV - THE GIRLS

* 115

They amble down the driveway carrying the plastic covered clothing.

The garage door closes.

116 INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

116

Joel at his desk, studying. He hears SHOUTING from the street. He moves to the window.

116A, 116B, 117, 118, 118A, 119 OMIT

119A JOEL'S POV - THE STREET AND YARD

* 119A

~~White~~ Cadillac in the driveway. Guido and the girls are at curbside, engaged in a vitriolic argument.

120 EXT. STREET - DAY

* 120

Guido starts to slap Lana. Vicki attempts to pull him away. He goes after her. Lana attacks from the open flank.

121 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

* 121

As Joel appears, the girls make a break for freedom, sprinting up the lawn and driveway, passing Joel, and disappearing around the side of the house.

Guido follows them in a slower, measured pursuit. He comes face to face with Joel. Joel's arms are folded across his chest, bravery style.

CONTINUED:

121 CONTINUED:

121

JOEL
What can I do for you?

Guido looks him over.

GUIDO
Who're you?

JOEL
Joel.

GUIDO
You the kid I chased the other
night?

JOEL
What can I do for you?

CONTINUED:

121

CONTINUED:

131

GUIDO

You should never drive like that.
People get hurt, all the time.
It's stupid. You a smart kid?
I mean, you look like a smart kid.

JOEL

I'm okay.

GUIDO

Where're the girls? Inside?

Guido moves to the front door.

JOEL

I'm afraid I'm going to have to
ask you to leave.

Guido tries the door. It's locked.

GUIDO

Joel, the door's locked. You're
starting to give me a stomach ache.

Lana opens a second story window.

LANA

Good! I hope it hurts!:

GUIDO

Joel, you gonna unlock this door
or what?

LANA

Go home, Guido! We don't need
you!

GUIDO

You shut your mouth!

LANA

Yeah? Well maybe we don't work
for you now!

GUIDO

Yeah? Then who you work for, you
don't work for me?

LANA

Maybe we work for Joel now.

She shuts the window. Guido scrutinizes Joel.

121 CONTINUED:

121

JOEL

She's just kidding.

GUIDO

I hope so.

121A THEIR POV - STREET * 121A

Three small neighborhood kids watching the action.

121B BACK TO SHOT * 121B

GUIDO

I think you're a smart kid,
so I'm going to tell you
something which I'm sure
you'll understand. You're
having fun now, right?

(no response)

Right, Joel? Time of your
life?

(still no response)

In a sluggish economy, Joel --
never, ever, fuck with another
man's livelihood.

(let's it sink in)

Now, if you're smart like I
hope you are, you won't make
me come back again.

Guido starts walking toward his car.

GUIDO

Beautiful lawn.

122 INT. DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

122

Vicki looks down into ~~hungry man's feet~~ ~~parmesan~~. Lana
regards her ~~hungry man's feet~~ ~~parmesan~~. Joel's at the head
of the table with ~~hungry man's feet~~ ~~parmesan~~.

LANA

Thank you, Joel.

VICKI

Very decent of you.

JOEL

Just so we understand each
other. One night, right?
And then you'll find a place
to stay.

LANA

Soon as we get in touch with
~~Ma~~ we'll have a place.

(to Vicki)

Did you try her again?

VICKI

She's still out.

JOEL

And my mother's egg?

LANA

See, if I can get my stuff
 back, I can get the egg.

JOEL

And then you'll leave --

LANA

And then we'll leave.

VICKI

I don't know, Lan, he's got
 such nice friends -- polite
 and clean and quick. I think
 there's a real future here.

Joel suddenly stops chewing.

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joel at his desk, working on his memo-minder project.
 Lana peeks in.

LANA

Want to go out? Have some
 fun?

JOEL

I can't.

She steps behind Joel, peering over his shoulder.

LANA

What are you studying?

JOEL

It's a workshop on free
 enterprise.

Lana leans over the desk to read something. *

LANA

'My daddy used to spank my bare bottom...'

Joel grabs ~~the book~~ *

JOEL

That's something else. *

123

CONTINUED:

LANA

Oh.

She's close to him. He can feel her breath.

JOEL

We make these memo-minders and try and market them.

LANA

You make a lot of money?

JOEL

Not really.

LANA

No?

JOEL

We learn how free enterprise works. We compete with other student companies.

LANA

(a slight trace of sarcasm)

Uh-huh.

She lights a joint. Blows a little smoke Joel's way.

JOEL

It's very competitive.

LANA

Uh-huh.

(beat)

You ever get high, Joel?

JOEL

Oh sure, all the time. Can't you tell?

LANA

I was asking because me and Vicki were thinking of getting high, maybe going out for ice cream, something like that. Want to come?

CONTINUED:

123

CONTINUED:

123

Right now? JOEL

Lana nods.

Joel thinks a moment; looks at his work.

Sure. JOEL
I could use some ice cream.

124

OMIT

* 124

124A OMIT * 124

125 EXT. THE PORSCHE - NIGHT 125

Turning down a dark and narrow road that leads to the lake.

126 EXT. PARKING AREA - THE LAKE - NIGHT 126

Joel parks on a downhill slope overlooking Lake Michigan. A short, rickety pier juts out over the water.

The girls exit the car on one side, the guys on the other.

Everyone has ice cream cones.

BARRY

(to Joel)

Are you stoned?

JOEL

No, I do not believe so.

BARRY

I think you're really wasted.

JOEL

This is not wasted, Barry.

(beat)

This is definitely not wasted.

Barry pulls a ~~six pack~~ from the car.

JOEL

Bar --

BARRY

Yeah --

CONTINUED:

126

CONTINUED:

126

JOEL

I'm a little wasted.

BARRY

I know.

JOEL

Don't let me do anything stupid.

BARRY

Don't worry.

Barry puts a comforting arm around Joel. They move to the girls.

126A

ON THE PIER

* 126A

Lana offers Joel a joint.

LANA

The lake's great. I go all the time in the winter. When nobody's around, you know. You get that real private feeling.

They watch the breakers.

JOEL

Yeah.

In the distance, we HEAR ~~Barry~~ Vicki.

CONTINUED:

126A CONTINUED:

126-

LANA

And the front part gets frozen and you walk out until the ice starts cracking under you --

JOEL

Uh-huh.

LANA

And you take a few more baby steps -- boop, boop, boop -- see what'll happen. You ever do that?

JOEL

Couple times.

LANA

Didn't like it, huh? Too scary?

JOEL

It was okay.

LANA

Yeah, I'm a real fan of the lake. So, how do you like living at home?

JOEL

It's okay. I'll be out next year.

LANA

I'll bet your folks are nice.

JOEL

We get along.

LANA

That's nice. And they're gone til Sunday --

JOEL

Yeah.

CONTINUED:

126A CONTINUED:

126B

LANA

'Cause I was thinking -- after
your friend came over yesterday --

JOEL

Glenn?

LANA

Yeah, Glenn. I couldn't believe
it. Kid our age walks in with a
hundred dollars, you know. Just
like that.

JOEL

It's incredible.

LANA

Yeah, where do kids our age get
that kind of change?

JOEL

I don't know.

LANA

He said he cashed a bond.
You people have a lot of bonds.

126B EXT. PORSCHE

* 126C

They sit on the hood.

LANA

I was thinking --
if we ever got our friends
together, we'd make a
fortune, you know.

Joel laughs, taking the notion as a joke.

CONTINUED:

126B CONTINUED:

* 126B

JOEL

Yeah -- you're right.

LANA

(smiling with him)

Wanna do that?

JOEL

What?

LANA

Get our friends together. Next couple days?

JOEL

(not taking her seriously)

No, I don't think so.

LANA

Make some money, take a lesson in free enterprise, be a

~~businessman.~~

JOEL

~~Just what I need.~~

LANA

Be whatever you want.

(beat)

What if I said I'd be your girlfriend next few days -- no charge.

Joel smiles uncomfortably. Kicks some sand around. This girl's a little off-center.

LANA

I'm not pushing you on the idea or anything. It's just that my mind keeps working all the time. Nothing I can do about it. Just keeps working and working --

Lana moves to the side of the Porsche.

126C INT. PORSCHE - ON LANA

126C

She reaches across the front seat for a sweater and accidentally knocks the gear shift into neutral.

126D EXT. PORSCHE

126D

As Lana slams the car door and rejoins Joel on the hood

JOEL

How come you left home?

LANA

Why?

JOEL

Just wondering.

LANA

I left home because my stepfather kept coming on to me.

JOEL

Oh.

LANA

See, he kept coming on to me and there was this big competitive thing with my mom. So it got kind of unpleasant, so one of us had to go. Can you understand that?

Joel nods a serious yes. Lana's tone is changing. She no longer has a need for him.

JOEL

You have any brothers or sisters?

LANA

I've got a brother. I really love him.

JOEL

You ever see him?

LANA

Of course I see him. I told you -- I love him.

JOEL

What's he do?

LANA

He's studying to be a vet.

CONTINUED

JOEL

You ever think of going to school?

LANA

I'm not my brother.

Long, tense silence. Lana lights a cigarette.

LANA

Look, cookie, nobody gave me the pretty family or house, or pretty schools and clothes. So okay, this is life, you play out the cards you're dealt. But don't go laying these little judgements on me while you're leaning on your Daddy's forty-thousand-dollar car.

(beat)

I'll see you around, huh?

She turns and walks away. Joel watches her for a few beats.

JOEL

Hello?

She's gone.

CLOSER ON JOEL

He gets off the bumper and moves to the side of the car.

JOEL

Did I say something?

Behind him, the Porsche starts to roll, very slowly, toward the lake.

JOEL

Shit!

Joel races after it. He grabs hold of the driver's door. It's locked.

JOEL

(screaming)

YOU LOCKED THE DOOR! THE KEY'S INSIDE!

127 ON THE BLUFF - LANA 127
stops to view the excitement.

128 ON JOEL 128
He braces all his weight against the door handle, pushing the car back, but the Porsche creeps stubbornly onward. It's close to the parking lot's edge.

JOEL
Stop. Please stop.

The car's getting away from him. He rushes to the back, seizes onto the rear bumper, digs in his heels. He's dragged hopelessly forward.

Joel takes a last desperate action. He positions himself in front of the car, backpedalling wildly, pushing against the beast..

The Porsche teeters off the parking lot. Joel lunges upon the hood to avoid being run over.

The car careens down a short, sandy beach and, miraculously, hits the aging pier with both sets of tires riding the edges. The weathered wood creaks and groans and splinters under the intense weight.

The car is slowing down now, but it's only a few short feet from running out of pier and hitting the drink.

Joel is spread-eagled on the hood.

JOEL
(big panic)
STOP!

A128A THE FRONT OF THE PORSCHE A128A
inches from disaster. Then, magically, due to the angle of the pier -- it stops!

128A ANGLE ON JOEL

128A

freezing for a moment, then sliding off the hood. He holds a wooden mooring for support.

JOEL

Thank you, thank you --

128B THE PIER

128B

collapses completely. The Porsche is dumped into the lake.

JOEL

AAAAHHHH!

128C THE MOORING

128C

also gives way, catapulting a screaming Joel into the water.

129 ON LANA

129

watching from the bluff. We hear Barry and Vicki running to Joel's rescue.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

130

~~THE BOAT~~ - A PUDDLE - NEXT DAY

* 130

130A

MOVING TOWARD another, a larger puddle, this one with a fish floating in it. Upstream, a mini-pond, above which the Porsche sits in a wrecker's sling, like a beached whale, covered with seaweed and kelp and other samples of Neptune's garbage. Water drips from every orifice.

130A

130B

WIDER ANGLE - THE PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - DAY

130B

We're at the entrance to the service department where a small group of highly amused mechanics, salesmen and customers surround the car.

MECHANIC

Alright, watch your shoes now --
careful --

Having picked the lock, he opens a door and a rush of Lake Michigan spills forth carrying a small family of mackerel.

The delighted crowd offers applause, whistles and cheers.

130C FOLLOWING MILES - INTO WAITING ROOM

130C

past the crowd, past the service area, into a small waiting room.

Joel sits silently on a plastic chair amid ~~the~~. He wears a death mask. Barry sits next to him. Miles enters.

MILES

You okay?

Joel nods weakly.

MILES

Want an aspirin?

Joel nods "no."

MILES

Your dad own a gun?

The SERVICE MANAGER, a chunky guy with jolly cheeks, enters with his clipboard and estimate.

SERVICE MANAGER

Who's the U-boat commander?

Joel looks up, prepared to receive sentence.

131 OMIT

131

131A INT DINING ROOM - DAY

Joel sitting at the dining table. He fills a water glass with ~~water~~. Stares at it. Looks at his list of chores. Waters the ficus with the Scotch.

132 INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON JOEL

* 132

JOEL

You're absolutely right to respond this way. You're right, I did not have a doctor's appointment and if you'll just give me one minute, I'll tell you exactly what happened -- you're still writing "unexcused."

132A WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

* 132A

She's writing on an official-looking red slip. Behind her, two girls in gym suits on cots. Both sport thermometers.

JOEL

See, if you write "unexcused," I'll fail two midterms and it'll wreck my whole grade point average. If you'll just stop for a minute, I'll tell you the truth, I promise. Please --

JOEL

Thank you. The truth of the matter is -- my parents are away and I met this girl, a call girl actually, and she came to my house -- you're writing again. Unexcused. This is not unexcused, ~~XXXXXX~~ believe me. If you'll just listen to me -- why won't you listen to me?

She hands him the slip and waves, "bye-bye."

132A CONTINUED:

* 132:

JOEL

Just tell me why you won't
listen to me?

Bolik moves to the next student.

STUDENT

(handing her a note)
I had a doctor's appointment.

Joel pushes back INTO FRAME.

JOEL

See, it wasn't just the call
girl, it was my father's
car. I put it in Lake Michigan.
I had to get it fixed. Now
is that excused or not? I
mean, give me a break.

She starts waving "bye-bye" again, infuriating Joel.
He strains for control.

JOEL

Let me put it this way --

He grabs her lapels.

JOEL

I spent the last four years
busting my balls in this shithole
and I'll be damned if I'm going
to let you fuck me up now.
Now I'm sorry, but I just don't
think I can leave until
I get a little compassion
here --

Her granite face says he's going to be there a
little while.

133

EXT. STREET NEAR HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

* 133

Miles and Glenn (on his bike) hanging out at curbside.
Barry joins them. It's raining.

GLENN

What'd he get?

BARRY

Suspension. Five days.
Kicked him out of Junior
Achievement, too.

MILES

Shit, they trashed his whole
record.

GLENN

What's he gonna do about the
car?

Joel approaches from the school. They fall silent. He
looks terrible -- shaky, unfocused, nauseous. He turns
up the sidewalk. The guys follow.

MILES

You okay, Joel?

Joel waves them away. Then, abruptly, he reverses his
direction, as though severely disoriented. He appears
either close to tears or throwing up. The guys change
their direction.

Joel stops suddenly.

JOEL

(extremely upset)

I need a bike!

MILES

He needs a bike.

JOEL

Can I use a bike!

MILES

Jesus, Glenn!

BARRY

C'mon Glenn!

GLENN

Sure. Here. Take mine.

Joel takes Glenn's bike. He pedals into the street.
The guys watch helplessly.

- 134 VARIOUS STREETS - JOEL ON BIKE - NIGHT * 134
Pedalling like a madman through the rain.
- 135 EXT. NORTHWESTERN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT * 135
The big double-decker commuter train approaches. It's just Joel and a group of white-uniformed domestics waiting for the city-bound train as rain drips off the roof.
- 136 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT * 136
Joel tries to get his body under control. He can't. Perspiration forms on his forehead. His breathing is short and rapid. Through the window, the next town rushes past in a blur.
- 137 EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT * 137
The train winds its way into the city.

- 138 INT. LASALLE STREET STATION - NIGHT * 138
Joel moves across the cavernous station, against the last flow of business-suited commuters.
- 139 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT * 139
Joel on the phone. He beats lightly against the glass.
- 140 EXT. STATION - NIGHT * 140
Joel running after a Yellow cab.
- 141 INT. CAB - NIGHT - MOVING * 141
Joel's head thrown back against the seat.
- 142 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT * 142
Following Joel into the entry. Buzzing. Gaining entrance.
- 142A FLIGHT OF STAIRS - JOEL * 142A
A winding, exhausting trek. Three flights.
- 142B THE LANDING * 142B
Vicki's waiting for him. He looks awful. He moves past her into --
- 142C INT. VICKI'S LIVING ROOM *
Lana emerges from a bedroom. She wears jeans and a sweater.

LANA

Joel.

He moves to her. Embraces her. Holds her tight.
Doesn't let her go. MUSIC PEAKS.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

143

~~THE STEUBEN GLASS EGG~~

143

being replaced on Joel's mantle.

JOEL'S VOICE

It was great - the way her mind worked.

144

INT. CALL GIRL'S APARTMENT

* 144

two call girls putting on make-up at a mirror.

JOEL'S VOICE

No guilt, no doubts, no fear -- none of my specialties.

145

~~INT. HIGH SCHOOL~~ - BAND ROOM - AFTERNOON

145

The band ~~plays~~ on the risers. The tuba player looks across a couple of seats where the trombonist quietly sets down his instrument and exits the room. The band continues playing.

JOEL'S VOICE

Just this shameless pursuit of immediate material gratification. What a capitalist!

The tuba player ~~plays a few more measures~~. He gathers his courage and music, and makes a move for the door.

146

INT. ANOTHER CALL GIRL'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO

* 146

A call girl slips a dress over her head.

JOEL'S VOICE

She told me I could make more money in one night than I'd make all year.

147 ~~EXT. HIGH SCHOOL~~ BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON 147

Two uniformed players cut practice. They streak across the field, away from their teammates.

JOEL'S VOICE
Enough to pay for my father's car.

They hop into a waiting car and speed away.

148 EXT. CITY STREET 148

A call girl, dressed for an evening out, hails a ~~car~~

JOEL'S VOICE
She told me she'd be my girlfriend.

149 ~~INT. SUBURBAN BANK~~ - AFTERNOON 149

A teenager enters the bank. Five teenagers exit, cash in hand.

JOEL'S VOICE
She told me a lot of things.
I believed them all --

150 INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT * 150

SHOT - AN ATTRACTIVE CALL GIRL

standing at the door, FACING CAMERA.

JOEL'S VOICE
So she introduced me to her friends --

CALL GIRL
Beautiful place.
(somewhat incredulous)
Are you Joel?

150A INT. ENTRY - A SECOND GIRL at the door - NIGHT

* 150A

SECOND GIRL
(looking around)
Very nice --

150B INT. ENTRY - A THIRD GIRL at the door - NIGHT

* 150B

THIRD GIRL
You got an aspirin for me, hon?

JOEL'S VOICE
I ~~introduced her to me~~ --

150C INT. ENTRY - CHUCK at the door - NIGHT

150C

dressed rather collegiately -- sport coat, nice shirt.
He's very self-conscious and overly formal. He holds
out his hand for a handshake.

CHUCK
Hi. ~~Chuck~~

A call girl takes his hand.

GIRL
Want to go upstairs, Chuck?

CHUCK
That would be great.

They start to move. He's nervous.

GIRL
Want a beer first?

CHUCK
Better yet.

150D INT. ENTRY - TWO IDENTICAL TWINS, FRED AND FRANK - NIGHT * 150D

They share thin faces and black-framed glasses, ~~like the~~
~~Flora Cascallos.~~ Fred smiles; Frank doesn't.

GIRL

Want a drink, fellas?

~~Fred and Frank~~
 No thanks.

150E INT. ENTRY - ~~same as above~~ NIGHT * 150E

Drenched in nervous sweat. His shirt and face are soaked.

GIRL

Care for a towel?

151 INT. DEN - CLOSE ON ACCOUNTING ITEMS - NIGHT 151

A bookkeeper's pad, a calculator, a pencil, neatly being
 arranged next to a cash box. PANNING UP as Barry doffs
 a green visor and smiles contentedly.

JOEL'S VOICE

We made Barry our treasurer --

152 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 152

Lana's on the phone, talking like a harried executive.
 Behind her, in the hall, people are moving between entry,
 living room, and bedrooms.

JOEL'S VOICE

Lana did production.

LANA

(on phone, jotting
 notes)

~~Barry~~ available? Who else?
~~Frank~~ Just a minute --

LANA

(cont'g; calling o.s.)

Vicki! What's the linen situation?

Check it out, will you?

(back on phone)

Yeah. It's getting busy.

153

~~LIVE McDONALDS~~ NIGHT

153

~~STAN BECATA~~ and a friend listen to Joel over a pile of hamburgers and fries.

JOEL'S VOICE

I concentrated on sales --

153A WIDER ANGLE - REVEALING JOEL

153A

He wears big black sunglasses. A cigarette dangles from his lip. His tone is assured.

JOEL

Alright, you took her to dinner twice. What'd that cost?

STAN

About thirty.

JOEL

With tip?

STAN

Maybe thirty-five.

JOEL

What about the movies. Any movies?

STAN

Three movies.

JOEL

Twenty dollars?

STAN

Roughly.

JOEL

Parking?

CONTINUED

153A CONTINUED:

153A

STAN
I park on the street.

JOEL
Gas.

STAN
Maybe six dollars.

JOEL
Okay, you're in for sixty-odd
dollars. And what happened?

STAN
She slept with ~~Jacobson~~.

JOEL
(leaning back)
That's all I'm saying --

154 ~~EXP. G. S. S. 110~~ - NIGHT

154

Joel and a KID as they fill their cars.

JOEL
You hear about Glenn?

KID
Yeah.

JOEL
Know what he said -- afterwards?

KID
No.

JOEL
He said the lady had knowledge.
And he said he was glad to get
it because college girls can
smell ignorance. Like dogshit.

KID
I'll think about it.

JOEL
Where're you going to school
next year?

KID
Wisconsin.

CONTINUED

- 154 CONTINUED: 154
- JOEL
Big school.
- 155 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 155
- Joel sits across a table from an extremely wimpy kid with a runny nose.
- JOEL
(whispering, but
frustrated)
All I'm saying is -- walk
like a man.
- 156 EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 156
- More cars in the driveway. Some guys throwing around a softball in the front yard. More guys arriving.
- 157 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON ~~ALAN BURNBAUM~~ 157
- A slick-looking kid in a tie and jacket. He taps a chrome microphone.
- ALAN
Good evening. We're the
~~Alvin Karpis Trio~~ and we
believe in jazz. One, two,
three, four...
- 157A WIDER ANGLE 157
- as he and his bassist and drummer swing into a jazzy rendition of ~~Swing~~
- 157B FOLLOWING JOEL THROUGH LIVING ROOM 157
- which is becoming more congested. Some of the guys are talking and drinking with the girls. Others are dancing.

157C A HEFTY KID with a baby face approaches Joel; shakes his hand. 157

HEFTY KID
Excellent idea, Joel. Really excellent.

157D FOLLOWING JOEL INTO DINING ROOM 157D

Joel turns into the dining room where Lana is selling ~~drinks~~ from the buffet. A handsome kid, ~~MICHAEL~~, in a sportcoat is courting Lana's attention over a scotch on the rocks. Joel leans into Lana.

JOEL
Some of the guys have been waiting for over an hour. I think we're going to need more girls.

LANA
I'll make some calls. Joel, this is ~~Michael~~. He's from -- where?

~~MICHAEL~~
~~Lane Forest.~~

Joel and Michael shake hands. The wimpy kid from the library hits the bar, a rather buxom call girl in tow.

WIMPY KID
Two bourbon and cokes, please.

Lana pours the ~~drinks~~

LANA
Six dollars.

WIMPY KID
(paying)
Thank you.

CONTINUED

157D CONTINUED:

157E

The kid pats Joel appreciatively on the shoulder. Lana moves toward Michael.

LANA
Michael knows all about the stock market. He just sold some shares in ~~Ken~~.

She puts an arm around him.

LANA
How many shares, Mike?

MICHAEL
Ten.

LANA
You hear that, Joel? Ten shares. ~~Xxxxx~~

JOEL
(deadly)
I'm impressed.

MICHAEL
Can we go up now?

LANA
Why not?

They start to move away.

JOEL
(from the bar)
Uh, excuse me!

He moves to them.

JOEL
I'm sorry. She's not available.

CONTINUED

LANA

I am so available.

MICHAEL

She said she is.

JOEL

Well she's not. How about
someone else.

MICHAEL

I don't want anyone else.

LANA

I'm available.

MICHAEL

Sorry. She says she is.

Michael tries to lead Lana out. Joel stops them.

JOEL

Sorry. I say she's not.
My house, my rules.

A tense beat as fists begin to clench. *

LANA

(to Michael)

Will you excuse us --

Lana and Joel move to the side of the room.

LANA

What's wrong with you?

JOEL

I thought we had a deal.

LANA

What?

JOEL

You were my girlfriend.

LANA

Are you kidding?

CONTINUED

JOEL

No, I'm not.

LANA

Well, I am your girlfriend.
That's why we're working
together.

JOEL

Not that kind of girlfriend.

LANA

Oh, you mean romantic girlfriend.

JOEL

Yeah. That.

She smiles, amused by the simplicity and sincerity of
the demand.

LANA

Come on. You're kidding.

JOEL

No.

LANA

That was the deal? Really?

Joel nods.

LANA

(regarding him a
beat)

Okay. I'll be that. Sure.

JOEL

Thank you.

LANA

Nooo problem.

Lana crosses back to Michael.

CONTINUED

LANA

Michael, you still here? Good.
I apologize, but as it turns
out, I am unavailable due to
the fact that I'm currently
Joel's romantic girlfriend.
But let's get you someone you'll
really like.

She starts to usher him away.

MICHAEL

But I really like you.

LANA

Then you'll really like ~~her~~.
She's fantastic.

On the way out, Lana slips Joel a "girlfriend's" smile.
He's extremely pleased.

~~EXT. RIVER STATION~~ - NIGHT

Joel and Barry are waiting at the platform. A train
approaches from the city.

JOEL

Here's what I'm figuring --

BARRY

You mean from a marketing
standpoint --

JOEL

Yeah. I'm figuring, a school
like ours, any given moment, a
third of the guys are desperate
virgins looking to hit the big
time. I don't care what ~~Barry~~
says.

158

CONTINUED:

158

BARRY

~~Newsweek~~ likes to sell magazines --

JOEL

Yeah.

(serious reportorial
voice)A recent survey shows that
97% of our youth lose their
virginity at thirteen.

(own voice)

They put that ~~on the cover.~~

BARRY

Gives a lot of seventeen-year-
olds a bad scare.The train stops. People disembark. Joel and Barry look
around.

JOEL

~~Newsweek's~~ full of shit.

BARRY

~~Newsweek~~ doesn't go to school.

JOEL

Not our school anyway. ;

BARRY

~~Fuck Newsweek.~~

158A THEIR POV - THREE HOOKERS

158

stepping off the train. (As distinguished from the call
girls, the hookers are more sexually flamboyant, tougher,
and generally less attractive.)

158B ON JOEL AND BARRY REACTING

158

BARRY

Uh-oh.

JOEL

Get down.

159 INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

159

The hookers are in the back. Barry is turned partway around, trying to make some form of conversation.

BARRY

So -- who likes the ~~girls~~ and
who likes the ~~white boys~~

The girls are unresponsive.

BARRY

Don't follow baseball, huh?

HOOKER

(finally)

I like ~~Bill Buckner~~.

BARRY

~~Bill Buckner!~~ I love Bill
Buckner! He's my all-time
favorite!

(turning back around)

That's just great. ~~Bill~~

~~Buckner~~

(beat)

Fantastic.

The car falls back into silence.

Rev. 6/8/82

159A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

* 159A

A call girl admires the ~~Crissie~~ Joel moves to Lana who is rinsing out glasses.

JOEL

Some of the girls are wearing my mother's clothing and jewelry. Will you talk to them?

LANA

What's wrong with that?

JOEL

I just don't want to spend the rest of my life in analysis. Just talk to them, okay?

159B INT. RUTHERFORD'S ~~HOUSE~~ MOVING POV - PARKED CARS

Stretching half way up the block. PAN to driver, RUTHERFORD, looking for the house.

160 EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 160

It's getting crazy. Basketball in the driveway and softball on the lawn. Cars spilling out of the driveway, clogging the street. Bicycles and mopeds litter the ground.

A "~~Ren-Xit~~" van parks near the curb. ~~The "Back-All"~~
~~Delivery men~~ start unloading rollaway beds and packages of linen from the back.

160A ANGLE ON ~~BILL RUTHERFORD~~ 160

moving from ~~the house~~ toward the driveway. Rutherford's in his late thirties. He wears grey slacks, a blazer and a sweater. He carries a briefcase.

Before stepping onto the front path, he glances at the basketball game.

160B HIS POV - THE GAME 160

One of the hookers stands at the top of the key, swaying from side to side in high, stiletto heels.

HOOKER

Gimme that sucker.

They pass the ball to her.

She underhands one. It bounces off the backboard, flips from rim to rim, rolls around once, and drops in.

HOOKER

Two points.

The guys go crazy.

160C ANGLE ON RUTHERFORD 160

Not knowing what to make of this, he continues toward the front door.

161 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

161

Joel and Miles are engaged in a serious discussion.

JOEL

It's a personal decision.

MILES

I know.

JOEL

Whatever you want to do.

MILES

Yeah.

Miles looks toward the house. Listens to the party sounds.
Lana opens the back door.

LANA

Joel! Someone at the front
door for you!

JOEL

Be right there!

Miles lights a cigarette.

MILES

Thing is -- I don't have to
pay for it.

I get it anyway.

JOEL

Look, I gotta go in. Whatever
you want to do. Okay?

MILES

Good.

Joel starts for the house. He turns.

JOEL

It's no big thing --
Either way. Really.

Joel continues toward the house.

161A CLOSE ON MILES

161

Alone in the yard.

162 INT, ENTRY - NIGHT

162

Rutherford stands amid the comings and goings.
Joel enters.

JOEL

Hello?

RUTHERFORD

Are you Joel?

JOEL

Yes.

RUTHERFORD

~~I'm Bill Rutherford, vice president~~
~~admissions.~~ I believe we had an
interview scheduled.

JOEL

Yes, of course. Please --

He's interrupted by two ~~men~~ and a bed.

RENT-ALL MAN

Careful. Coming through.

The bed separates Joel from Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD

(over the bed)

If this is in any way inconvenient
for you --

JOEL

No. This is fine. Really.

163 INT DEN - NIGHT

163

Barry's counting and binding large sums of cash at the
desk. Joel and Rutherford enter.

JOEL

Barry, could I have the room?

BARRY

Sure.

Barry hurriedly stuffs the cash into the money box, gathers
his ledger and exits.

CONTINUED

163

CONTINUED:

163

JOEL

(to Barry)

Thanks. And catch the phone,
okay?

Joel closes the door. Joel and Rutherford seat themselves. The sounds of the house -- ~~the phone~~ the phone, the partying, the thumping from upstairs -- penetrate the room.

RUTHERFORD

It is my understanding that you
would like to attend Princeton --

JOEL

Well, I really haven't made a
decision yet.

RUTHERFORD

That's fine, Joel, because,
frankly --
(a dry smile)
-- neither have we.

The door whips open. Lana rushes to the desk. In the doorway, one of the girls stands with a tall, skinny kid.

GIRL

Is this room -- oh, sorry.

The door is closed. Lana rummages around the desk.

JOEL

Lana. I'm in here.

LANA

Oh. We need the room.

JOEL

I'm in a meeting.

LANA

Be out in a sec.

Rutherford pulls some papers from his briefcase.

RUTHERFORD

Let's see, you've taken your
SAT's already... ~~verbal~~
verbal...

The numbers are clearly disappointing to Joel.

RUTHERFORD

Correct me if my information is
inaccurate.

CONTINUED

JOEL

I was planning on taking the tests again.

RUTHERFORD

Uh-huh. Your G.P.A. is 3.14, your class rank, 52, which places you in the 84th percentile. Is that correct?

Lana's ears take in the interview. Suddenly, two faces at the window.

KID AT WINDOW

(muffled)

Joel! This is my cousin ~~Reuben~~ from ~~Stanford~~. Any chance he can get in tonight?

JOEL

Later guys.

KID AT WINDOW

He's got to be home by midnight.

RUTHERFORD

And you wish to major in --

JOEL

Business.

RUTHERFORD

Yes, business.

(looking at Joel's record)

Your stats are quite respectable

Joel, you've done very solid work --

(looking up)

-- but it's really not Ivy League now is it?

Joel ponders the question.

JOEL

No. Maybe not.

Lana turns to face them.

LANA

Excuse me, mind if I ask one question?

RUTHERFORD

Yes?

LANA

I don't know, I might be a little slow in the head or something, but are you saying that you don't want Joel at your school? I mean even if he pays the money?

CONTINUED

JOEL

Lana -- please --

RUTHERFORD

I don't believe money is the issue here.

LANA

I mean, if it's money, I'm sure we can scrape it together for him. One good night. Bingo.

Rutherford glances at Joel, then back to Lana.

RUTHERFORD

I assure you. It's not money.

LANA

Then what is it? I don't understand.

JOEL

Lana --

RUTHERFORD

It's based on one's qualifications.

LANA

You mean, is he smart enough?

Joel buries his head in his hands.

LANA

Is that it? Because I happen to know for a fact that he's extremely smart. So what's your problem?

RUTHERFORD

(to Joel)

Do you want this to continue?

JOEL

(beat)

Sure. Why not?

RUTHERFORD

The reality is, young lady, that we have a very limited enrollment and must choose among the most qualified. Don't you agree?

LANA

(to Joel)

This is such bullshit I'm hearing, my ears are burning up.

153

CONTINUED:

153

LANA

(to Rutherford).

Hey, who the fuck are you to exclude people from a chance in life? I mean, that's all he's asking for. You know what I think? I think this isn't a school at all! I think this is a fucking club!

RUTHERFORD

And I think you don't know what the hell you're talking about!

LANA

Okay, I don't know what I'm talking about -- okay -- then let me ask you this -- Your father go to high school?

RUTHERFORD

I don't understand what --

LANA

(cutting him off)

Simple question, ~~fuck~~ He go to high school?

RUTHERFORD

(simply)

Yes. My father went to high school.

LANA

He go to college?

RUTHERFORD

Yes.

LANA

What college?

RUTHERFORD

What difference does it make?

LANA

Did it start with "P"?
Give us a hint.

RUTHERFORD

Alright, my ~~father~~
~~father~~ if that's what you're getting at.

LANA

What a surprise. Now my father --
(beat, emotionally)

Actually, I don't really know who my father is, but if I find out he went to Princeton, does that mean I get to go to?

She exits. HOLD on Joel and Rutherford.

164 OMIT

* 164

164A EXT. BACK PATIO - LATER

* 164

Lana, silent in the corner, still upset.
Joel enters.

JOEL
Lana? You okay?

LANA
I guess I wrecked things
up for you?

JOEL
Let me put it this way.
You didn't help.

LANA
Sorry.

JOEL
Here. This is for you.

He holds out a package for her.

LANA
You're kidding.

She opens the box. It's a ~~Princeton sweatshirt~~.

JOEL
I don't think I'll be
needing it.

LANA
(amused, touched)
Joel --

JOEL
Sort of a gag gift.

LANA
Should I try it on?

JOEL
Sure.

Lana pulls it over her evening wear. Vicki calls
from the back window.

164A CONTINUED:

164B

VICKI
Joel! Telephone!

LANA
How do I look?

She's the embodiment of Joel's dream sweetheart --
the sweatshirt, the body beneath it.

LANA
Well?

JOEL
(finally)
Special.

165 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

165

Joel picks up the phone.

JOEL
Hello?

INTERCUT:

166 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

166

Joel's father sits on the edge of the bed, phone in hand.

FATHER
Joel?

JOEL
Oh. Hi, Dad.

Joel cups the phone, shielding it from the noise in the
hall.

FATHER
Who answered the phone?

JOEL
Oh. A friend.

FATHER
Do I know her?

JOEL

No. I don't think so.

Joel's mother moves next to his father.

FATHER

(to mother)

He's got a girl.

His mother mouths the word, "so."

FATHER

Joel. Do I hear others there?

JOEL

There's a couple people here.

FATHER

It sounds like a party.

JOEL

It does?

FATHER

I don't remember giving
permission for a party.

Roxy passes close to Joel.

~~ROXY~~
(to Joel)

I hope we get a break soon,
'cause my pussy's starting to
feel like ~~Harbinger Harbor~~

166A A SERIES OF CLOSE REACTION SHOTS - JOEL AND FATHER

Neither says a word. Not one word. His father remains immobile, jaw tightly set, little drops of acid perforating his stomach lining.

FATHER

Joel --

JOEL

(raising his voice)

Dad, this is a terrible connection!
I think someone else is on the
line!

Joel starts making crackling, static sounds.

FATHER

Joel --

JOEL

Hello!

166A CONTINUED

166A

FATHER

I'd like to know exactly --

JOEL

What?! Hello!

FATHER

I'd like to --

JOEL

I'm sorry, Dad --

Joel's mother takes the phone from his father.

MOTHER

Honey, can you hear me?

JOEL

(a beat)

Yes.

MOTHER

There's nothing wrong with having friends over. Just use your best judgement. We trust you. Now, remember, we're coming in tomorrow, ~~instead, please~~
(her voice fades)

166B CLOSE ON JOEL

166B

JOEL'S VOICE

Trust. It seems to me, if there were any logic to our language, trust would be a four-letter word.

167 INT. ENTRY - LATER

167

Joel opens the door for Rutherford.

JOEL'S VOICE

The evening took a strange turn. Rutherford returned. He felt bad about Lana and his visit in general.

168 INT. DEN

168

Rutherford and Lana talking. They shake hands and sit down.

JOEL'S VOICE

They resumed their talk in the den.

170 CONTINUED:

170

ROXY

The real problem is with the Fed.
I've been saying that for years.
Nobody listens to me anymore --

JOEL'S VOICE

All in all, the evening worked
out well --

171 EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT - LATER

171

The ballgames have long ended. Most of the cars are
gone. A few guys hang around, talking in low tones.

171A INT. DEN - AT THE DESK - CLOSE ON MONEY

* 171A

Stacks of it, being sorted and counted by Barry's sure
hands.

JOEL'S VOICE

We had good cash-flow.

172 EXT. BACKYARD - MILES

172

A brief shot, alone in the yard. He walks away.

JOEL'S VOICE

Miles hung around for a long
time, but never came in. Our
friendship would never be the
same.

173 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

173

Rutherford chatting with two girls.

JOEL'S VOICE

Rutherford said he would do his
best for me. I'm sure he will.

173A FOLLOWING JOEL - THROUGH LIVING ROOM

* 173A

The band's drummer carries out the last of his
equipment.

DRUMMER

Good night. Great party.

JOEL'S VOICE

Finally, it was time to close
shop. I was sorry to see it end.

174

INT. DINING ROOM

174

Thick with cigarette smoke. Stacks of cash on the table. Barry dividing the take. The girls lining the room's perimeter. Vicki distributing earnings in white envelopes.

Joel enters, putting his arm around Lana. She, in turn, drops her head on his shoulder. They gaze at the money.

VARIOUS CLOSE SHOTS - THE GIRLS

Tired faces, tired make-up. They stare at Joel with vacant expressions.

FAVORING LANA AND VICKI

Exchanging a long private look of some significance. Joel is unaware of it.

ON JOEL

Very content for the time being. In never-neverland.

175

~~INT. NIGHT CLUB~~ - NIGHT

175

Joel and Lana are at the counter. The place is empty. Lana still wears ~~Joel's~~ ~~raincoat~~. They start to kiss.

176

EXT MICHIGAN AVENUE - NIGHT OR DAWN

176

The streets in front of the ~~luxury shops~~ are deserted. Joel and Lana window-shop the high-priced merchandise.

A wind is kicking off the lake, blowing their hair. It's very romantic.

A window at ~~Some Tallers~~: exotic evening gowns.

LANA

Know what I love more than anything?

JOEL

Clothes.

LANA

How'd you know that?

177

~~INT. BUSWAY STATION~~ - NIGHT

177

They pass through a turnstyle.

178

INT. SINGLE ELEVATED CAR - SERIES OF SHOTS

178

Unrestrained passion against a window of exaggerated romantic imagery. (To be devised)

- 179 EXT. SINGLE ELEVATED CAR - NIGHT 179
 Moving through the city, passing station after station. Never stopping.
- 180 EXT. ELEVATED STATION - DAWN 180
 End of the line. Joel and Lana emerge from the car holding hands. They move down the platform.
- 191 INT. DEALERSHIP - CASHIER'S WINDOW - DAY 191
 Joel's counting out a wad of cash. The female cashier exchanges a concerned look with her office manager.
- 192 ~~EXT. PORSCHE DEALERSHIP~~ - DAY 192
 The Porsche leaves the service area.
- 183 EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - THE PORSCHE - DAY 183
 Joel doing about four miles per hour. Not taking any chances.
- 194 INT. HOUSE - FOLLOWING JOEL 194
 Moving from the kitchen (still a mess - glasses, bottles, ashtrays everywhere) down the hall, toward the entry.
 As he walks, he counts his remaining cash. He still has a hefty bankroll.
 ANGLE BEHIND JOEL - TO INCLUDE LIVING ROOM
 He pauses, back to the living room, shuffling twenty dollar bills. He doesn't see it, but we do. The living room is completely bare, stripped of all its contents -- rugs, furniture, stereo, the works.
 CLOSE ON JOEL
 His face oddly blank, almost uncomprehending. Like the person whose car is stolen. "Did I park it somewhere else?"
 SOUND of truck backing into driveway. HORN HONKS.

CONTINUED:

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joel steps out to find a huge ~~truck~~ truck in the driveway. The rear door rolls up, revealing Guido. He stands amid a pile of furniture, clothing, stereo, etc, much of it familiar to Joel.

GUIDO

Time of your life, huh, kid?
Now if you're a smart kid like
I thought you were but now I'm not sure,
you'll get last night's receipts
and I'll show you some bargains
like you won't believe.

~~EXT. AIRPORT~~ DAY

Joel's parents stand at arrivals, their luggage at their feet, waiting for Joel.

FATHER

What time is it?

MOTHER

4:15.

FATHER

I'm calling a cab.

MOTHER

Something must've happened.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Some of Joel's purchases are spread out on the lawn. Guido's operating from the lift gate. He twirls the knob of Joel's ~~father's amplifier~~.

GUIDO

You like music, Joel? This
is beautiful equipment. How
about \$300? Amp, speakers,
the works.

(A VOICE from inside the truck.)

VICKI

It's a bargain, Joel. You go
downtown, anywhere, it'll cost
double that.

Joel counts out \$300 and hands it up.

GUIDO

The kid likes music. Okay,
what else we got? The couch.

JOEL

I already bought the couch.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

187

VICKI

That's right. He did.

197

GUIDO

The lamp we sold, the rug, the jewelry...How about some women's outfits? Something for your Mom?

JOEL

Yes.

GUIDO

What?

JOEL

Yes. I'll buy it.

GUIDO

I didn't give a price yet.
One and a quarter.

JOEL

Thank you.

Joel lays out more cash.

VICKI

Should fit her okay.

GUIDO

I think that's it. We got everything?

VICKI

What about this?

He holds up the Steuben glass egg.

GUIDO

What's that?

VICKI

~~Some glass art, like that.~~

GUIDO

How much you got left, Joel?

Joel looks at his dwindling roll.

187

CONTINUED

JOEL

Forty dollars.

Guido shakes his head sadly.

GUIDO

I don't think I can go forty
on ~~the array factor thing.~~

Maybe three-hundred-forty.

What d'you think, Vick?

VICKI

He's only got forty.

GUIDO

Tell you what. We'll go
three-forty. I'll spot you
the three. You good for the
three, Joel?

JOEL

Certainly.

VICKI

I think he is, too. Here,
catch --

JOEL

No! Don't throw it!

Too late.

188

~~THE CLASS IS IN FLIGHT~~

188

slowly arcing, tumbling end over end --

189

ANGLE ON JOEL

INTERCUT WITH:
189Scrambling to his right, taking two desperate steps,
lunging across a bush, stretching his arms out ---- a miraculous catch. He collapses on the lawn,
exhausted.

190 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ~~TRUCK PULLING AWAY~~ 190

Vicki drives. Guido's still in the back. He
pops open ~~the door~~

GUIDO

~~Here's~~ Here's wishing you
good luck on your future as a
businessman because, God knows,
you're going to need it. Salude.

The truck rumbles away.

191 INT. CAB MOVING - DAY 191

Joel's parents ride in silence.

192 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD 192

Joel and Barry racing across the lawn with the
living room couch.

193 EXT. EDENS EXPRESSWAY - DAY 193

The cab takes the Glencoe turnoff.

194 INT. HOUSE - DAY 194

A rush of crazed activity.

Barry -- stripping linen.

Glenn -- kitchen cleanup.

Joel and Miles -- replacing furniture.

195 INT. CAB - MOVING 195

as it turns into Joel's street.

195A PARENTS POV - THE HOUSE * 195A

Everything appears normal.

Rev. 6/8/82

196 INT. ENTRY - FOLLOWING JOEL'S PARENTS

196

as they move into the house.

MOTHER

Joel? Honey?

A "surprised" voice from the living room.

JOEL (O.S.)

Mom? Dad? You're home?

They look into the living room.

197 THEIR POV - JOEL

197

sitting on the couch, casually thumbing through the current issue of ~~Architectural Digest~~. He carefully places his soft drink on a coaster and rises.

The room is picture perfect. Everything as it was -- to a detail.

198 ANOTHER ANGLE

198

as parents enter living room.

FATHER

Where were you?

JOEL

I was here.

FATHER

We called from the airport.

JOEL

I must've been out back watering. I thought you were coming home tomorrow.

(hugging mother
and father)

HI.

MOTHER

I said the fifth.

JOEL

No, you said the sixth. I wrote it down.

Father looks at mother.

MOTHER

I thought I said the fifth.

FATHER

Joel, how about a hand with the luggage.

JOEL

Sure.

Joel exits. His mother looks around the room.

199 INT. ENTRY AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

*

199

as Joel enters with a full load of baggage.

MOTHER

Joel?

JOEL

Yeah, Mom?

MOTHER

What happened to my ~~car~~?

She holds it up.

JOEL

What?

MOTHER

There's a crack in it.

JOEL

There is?

(setting luggage down)

Where?

CONTINUED:

Rev. 6/17/82

200 OMIT

* 200

MOTHER
There. In the center.

FATHER
(joining them)
What's wrong?

MOTHER
My egg is ruined.

FATHER
What happened?

JOEL
I don't know.

MOTHER
(tight and angry)
You don't know?

JOEL
Maybe it was there before.

A long, dark silence.

MOTHER
Joel, how could you let this
happen?

JOEL
I'm sorry.

MOTHER
This is so damned irresponsible
of you.

FATHER
We'll get another one. Joel'll
pay for it.

JOEL
Sure, I'll pay for it.

(CONTINUED)

* 199 CONTINUED:

199 *

MOTHER

Where will you get the money
to pay for something like that?
(beat)

I'm sorry. I'm very disappointed
in you.

Angrily, she hurries upstairs.

FATHER

She'll be alright. Why don't
you put in a little yard work.

His father follows his mother upstairs.

* 200 OMIT

200 OMIT *

201 EXT. BACKYARD.- DAY

201

Joel raking leaves, slowly, methodically forming
small piles. A breeze sweeps across the yard, sending
more leaves swirling down.

MOVING CLOSER INTO JOEL

He pauses, pulls sunglasses from pocket, slips them
on. He lights a cigarette. Joel the outlaw.

202

~~INT. RESTAURANT - THE 95TH FLOOR - MORNING~~

* 202

Joel and Lana at a table overlooking the city.
Lana admiring the dark-suited businessmen surrounding them.

LANA

Look at these guys. They probably eat here everyday. Isn't this a great place?

Joel nods.

LANA

You're so quiet today.

JOEL

I was just thinking -- we probably won't see each other again for a long time.

LANA

I know.

JOEL

I was wondering where we might be ten years from now.

LANA

Know what I think? I think we're both going to make it big. I'm very optimistic.

JOEL

Can I ask you something?

JOEL

Lana nods.

(beat)

Were you in with Guido and Vicki? Did you set me up to pay him back? Was our night together a set up?

Long pause. An exchange of looks.

LANA

No.

CONTINUED:

202 CONTINUED:

Another silence.

LANA

You don't believe me, do you?

203

~~INT. RESTAURANT - BACK ON JOEL AND LANA~~
 Bright letters of golden glitter read, ~~"Welcome to the World."~~
 APPLAUSE. In the darkened auditorium, a large audience,
 barely visible. A spotlight shifts from banner to podium.
 A teenage STUDENT, blue business suit, speaks.

STUDENT

My name is ~~Richard Williams~~
 I'm from ~~Worcester, Mass.~~ Our
 product is a paper towel holder
 that sells for \$8.95. We made
 a profit of \$850 last semester.

APPLAUSE.

204

INT RESTAURANT - BACK ON JOEL AND LANA

JOEL

I just don't want you to get hurt.

205

INT. AUDITORIUM - 2ND STUDENT

2ND STUDENT

Hi. My name is ~~Tom Williams~~.
~~I'm from Boston East.~~ We sell
 decorative planters for \$7.00.
 We made a profit of \$500 last
 semester.

APPLAUSE

206

INT, RESTAURANT - JOEL AND LANA

LANA

Hey, Joel. Why does it always
 have to be so hard? You get so
 tired sometimes...

~~She looks a little lost.~~

JOEL

Come here --

LANA

Why?

JOEL

Come here --

Lana moves to the next chair.

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED:

206

JOEL

Come here. Come closer.
She doesn't move.

JOEL

Closer --

She moves to Joel's lap. She places her head on his shoulder and rests. He gently strokes her hair.

PULLING BACK

JOEL'S VOICE

My name is Joel Goodsen. I
deal in human fulfillment. I
grossed over \$9,000 in one night.
(beat, sardonically)
Isn't life grand?

MORE APPLAUSE

VOICE OF M.C.

Let's hear it for ~~Chicago's~~
finalists -- ~~Janice Pennington~~
Thank you.

(fading)

Thank you. Thank you.

FADE OUT

215 OMIT

216 OMIT

217 OMIT

218 OMIT

THE END