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RISKY BUSINESS

By

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THIRD DRAFT

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FADE IN:

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 GOODSEN. 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

The dream is always the same --

EXT. HOUSE - SUBURB OF CHICAGO - 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.

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.

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.

INT. HALLWAY - JOEL

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.

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.

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 --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

-- enters a room packed with students taking tests.

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 know it's all over.
I've made a terrible mistake. I'll
never get to college. My life is
ruined.

Trembling, he sinks back against the wall.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Joel and his friends snacking after school. BARRY,
GLENN, CHUCK and NANCY KESSLER.

GLENN

Dalby got 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.

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!

INT. CLASSROOM - JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT - DAY

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

LECTURER

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

PANNING STUDENTS

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.

LECTURER (Cont'd)

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 they 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.

INT. GOODSSEN LIVING ROOM - DAY

A room, not just of good taste, but of things lovingly purchased and proudly shown. We notice, in particular, a STEUBEN GLASS EGG, highlighted on the mantle by two small spotlights. Other artifacts of similar value accent the room. *

Joel's FATHER crouches down in front of some highly sophisticated stereo equipment. He's annoyed. Muzak-like music plays.

FATHER

Joel --

JOEL

Yes --

Joel crouches next to his father.

FATHER

Do you hear something odd?
Something unpleasant?

JOEL

No.

FATHER

A preponderance of bass perhaps?

JOEL

No.

FATHER
Is this the way I left the
equalizer?

JOEL
No.

FATHER
Haven't we been through this
before?

JOEL
Sorry.

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. *

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Joel's MOTHER is preparing dinner. Joel enters and
tears off a piece of bread.

MOTHER
Marsha said Mark got his SAT
scores today. Did you get yours?

JOEL
Yeah.

MOTHER
Well, how'd you do?

JOEL
597 math, 560 verbal.

Short, strained silence.

MOTHER
Well, that's not too bad.

JOEL
It's not great.

MOTHER
Can you take them again?

JOEL
I guess.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Goodsens eat dinner.

FATHER

Joel, I spoke to Bill Rutherford
and it turns out he interviews
for Princeton.

JOEL

I'll never get into Princeton.

FATHER

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

JOEL

Aww, Jesus --

FATHER

Joel, I can't tell you how
helpful a school like Princeton
would be for your career later
on --

MOTHER

Tell them about your involvement
in Junior Achievement.

FATHER

They look for that kind of thing.

JOEL

I'll never get in.

INT. BARRY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

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, red ladies,
one-eyed jacks wild, guts to open.
Ante up, Dalby.

WIDER ANGLE - POKER GAME

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.

MILES
(to Joel)
So what happened?

JOEL
Last night?

MILES
Yeah. With Kessler.

JOEL
She was babysitting down the street --

MILES
We know that.

JOEL
So I went over there --

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

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

Nancy Kessler reads THE LITTLE TRAIN 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 Tinkertoy forms, waiting for Nancy to put the kids to bed.

INT. POKER GAME

GLENN
You guys playing or talking?
Fifty to Joel.

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

MILES
I'm in.

The game continues.

MILES
So?

JOEL

So 'I think I can, I think I can, I thought I could, I thought I could' -- two hours of that shit and I'm going out of my mind. Finally -- she takes the kids up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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.

INT. POKER GAME - NIGHT

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 --

MILES

In the kitchen?

JOEL

We're under the Mr. Coffee and she says --

INT. KITCHEN

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.

BARRY

She said that?

JOEL

I'm telling you --

BARRY

What did you say?

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.

BARRY

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.

JOEL

Went home --

OTHERS

Yeah.

JOEL

With Kessler lying there like that?

OTHERS

Yeah.

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

JOEL

My life is really depressing.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The game is breaking up. The guys are leaving in cars and on bikes.

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

MILES

No guts, Goodsen.

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 going to Harvard.
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. Tomorrow.

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.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET - JOEL ON BICYCLE

pedalling into the darkness, becoming a small figure.

JOEL

(sotte voce)

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joel is back with Nancy the babysitter. She's lying on
the floor.

NANCY

I think I'm in the mood.

He helps her to her feet. He guides her to the breakfast table.

Hands trembling, he lifts her nightgown over her head. She stands naked before him. She helps remove his clothing. They kiss.

They clear the table of Tinkertoys. He lifts her onto the table. Gently, he runs a finger down the length of her body. She pulls him toward her. He climbs onto the table, slowly settling down into her. Her eyes close; her lips part.

They join together, enveloped in pleasure.

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.

HIS POV - THE FRONT YARD

Local police, state troopers, the SWAT team, marksmen crouched behind dozens of police vehicles. A helicopter with searchlight blazing. A half-track bringing national guard reinforcements. Some wear gas masks.

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 babysitter, put on your pants, come out with your hands up.

INT. KITCHEN

Joel and Nancy, frozen in terror.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Joel's mother speaks into the 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.

WILD MAN

Listen, you goddamn punk, you'll never have a future, not if I can help it! Got that! No future!

INT. KITCHEN

JOEL

Who was that?

NANCY

My father.

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - SAME MORNING

Joel's father is packing suitcases into a station wagon. He's dressed for travel. He yells up to a bedroom window.

FATHER

Let's go, everybody! We're going to hit rush hour traffic!

Joel's head pops out of a second floor window.

JOEL

Mom wants to know where you
put her mace.

FATHER

It's in the cosmetic bag.
Come on! Let's get a move
on!

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Heading up the Kennedy Expressway toward O'Hare Airport.
Joel sits in the back. His parents up front.

MOTHER

Joel, here's some money for
the week.

FATHER

(upset)

Look at this traffic. I don't
know if we're going to make it.

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 so you
and a friend can go out for a
decent meal. You treat, okay?

Joel examines the money. He's not used to that much
cash. He puts it in his shirt pocket.

JOEL

Fine.

FATHER

Joel --

JOEL

Yeah --

FATHER

Don't forget to water the plants
around the patio. At least
twice.

JOEL

I won't.

FATHER

Plus the ficus in the dining room.

MOTHER

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

JOEL

Dad, you want me to start your car?

FATHER

The car'll be fine.

JOEL

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

Okay.

*

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The tailgate is open. The Skycap gathers the luggage. In a rush, they say their goodbyes.

FATHER

Be good..

He hugs Joel roughly and moves toward the terminal. Joel and his mother hug.

MOTHER

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

JOEL
Have a great time.

MOTHER
We will. You too.

She moves off. He waves.

EXT. KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY - THE STATION WAGON

Joel cruising back home.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - THE GARAGE

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.

He proceeds to the house. The electric garage door closes.

SHOT - A REFRIGERATOR DOOR

A handwritten list of chores is taped on. The freezer door is opened. A frozen dinner is pulled out. Hungry Man Turkey.

QUICK SHOTS - THE FROZEN DINNER

Joel's hand meticulously tears the foil across the dessert line. The foil is accidentally ripped in two. One piece falls off entirely. It's reapplied, but another tear develops and the third piece falls off. Finally, in frustration, all the foil is removed, torn to size, and placed over the turkey, potatoes and veggies.

SHOT - DINNER SHOVED INTO OVEN

SHOT - LIQUOR CABINET BEING OPENED

A bottle of Chivas is removed.

THE DINNER TABLE

Joel sits down to a candlelit supper. Frozen dinner and a tumbler full of scotch.

CLOSE SHOTS - AMPLIFIER AND TAPE DECK - AFTER DINNER

A switch is flicked on. A power light glows. Meters come to life. Tape rewinds to start. Volume and bass turned up -- high.

FULL SHOT - THE LIVING ROOM

As rock and roll blasts 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.

The doorbell RINGS. Joel panics, runs for his pants. Yanks them on. Runs to the door, shirtless. It's Barry. He's carrying a package.

JOEL

Jesus, Barry, why don't you call first?

BARRY

(holding up package)
One prototype memo-minder.

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE ON MEMO-MINDER - NIGHT

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

BARRY (O.S.)

Okay, 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.

PULLING BACK - TO INCLUDE JOEL AND BARRY

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 speaks in an electronic voice.

MEMO-MINDER

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

BARRY

What do you think?

The doorbell RINGS. Joel gets up.

JOEL

Can I be honest?

MEMO-MINDER

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

BARRY

You don't like it.

JOEL

I think we're in trouble.

Joel exits.

BARRY

(to himself)

I thought it was pretty sharp.

INT. ENTRY - NIGHT

Joel opens the door for Glenn.

GLENN

Hi.

JOEL

Hi. What's up?

GLENN

I heard your parents were away --

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.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

SOUNDS of lovemaking filter into the room, making Joel and Barry a little nuts. They're still working on the memo-minder project.

JOEL
Okay, we've got \$1.24 for wood, 25¢ for stain --

Barry jots it down.

BARRY
Right.

They pause, looking toward the ceiling and the source of the sounds.

JOEL
85¢ for the pad and -- I can't concentrate with this.

BARRY
It's really annoying.

JOEL
Okay, 85¢ for paper, 43¢ for the battery.

The SOUNDS intensify.

JOEL
Shit, I'm getting out of here.

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.

EXT. JOEL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

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

An engine starts. It's the Porsche. Backup lights flick on. It cautiously backs down the driveway.

MUSIC: Jeff Beck's "The Pump." Dark, pulsing, a little bad.

THE PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

Joel and Barry cruising the town. High adventure. They pop in a cassette. Cruising music. Joel props his left arm on the door and relaxes a bit.

BARRY
I can't believe Glenn, bringing
Stodwiler over like that --

JOEL
Why?

BARRY
'Cause he boffed Hendriks 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?

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.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Through the town's main street. Impressing girls in
front of a movie theater.

Into the high school. Turning a few donuts in the
parking lot.

At a red light next to some guys in a ratty Datsun sedan.
The Datsun guns its engine, challenging, joking. Joel
and Barry laugh.

EXT. HUBBARD WOODS - THE SNAKE - NIGHT

The road ahead disappears into a windy ravine that twists and turns sharply for a quarter mile or so. Joel stops the car. Turns down the music. Checks his rear view mirror.

INT. CAR

JOEL

Say when.

BARRY

(punching a stopwatch)

Hit it.

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE PORSCHE

Roaring off, thundering through the abrupt turns, tires squealing, fighting for traction, engine whining through the downshifts.

INT. CAR - CLOSE ON JOEL

Shifting, clutching, wrenching the steering wheel, concentrating intensely, and all the while, a small smile surfacing.

END OF SNAKE

Joel blasts up from the ravine and pulls to a swift stop at the side of the road. He and Barry glance about. No police. They exit the car, reeling about, delirious with excitement. Joel spins around the front of the car and drops dramatically on someone's front lawn.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

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.

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?

INT. JOEL'S KITCHEN

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 Jackie.
663-4875.' 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 Ravine, Glencoe--

JOEL

ASSHOLE!

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

MILES

(still on 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.

JOEL

(advancing)

Give it, goddammit!

MILES
I'm telling you --

Miles shoves the scrap of paper into his mouth.
Swallows it.

MILES
-- there's no number.

JOEL
Shithead. Get outta here!

MILES
Gotta go. Check you later.

Miles exits. He's still amused.

JOEL
Shithead!

EXT. PATIO - AFTERNOON

Joel watering the potted plants.

EXT. YARD - AFTERNOON

Joel raking leaves.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Joel lugging plastic lawn bags to street.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joel at his desk, studying the apex lines of racing
turns. Using a protractor, he draws angles represent-
ing the various positions a car can assume through
a given turn.

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

JOEL
Oh God.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. JOEL'S ROOM

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

He looks for his loafers under the desk. Steps into them.

PERSISTANT KNOCKING at front door.

FOLLOWING JOEL

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

INT. ENTRY

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

JACKIE

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

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.

FOLLOWING JOEL

as he races to his parents' bedroom and furiously dials
the phone.

JOEL

(pounding on phone)

Ca'mon, ca'mon!

BARRY'S VOICE

Yeah --

JOEL

Barry, Joel. Dalby there?

BARRY'S VOICE

Yeah. How'd it go?

JOEL
Just get him.

BARRY
How'd she look?

JOEL
Will you put him on please?

BARRY
Sure.

INT. BARRY'S DEN - NIGHT

The guys are playing poker in the background.

BARRY
Dalby -- Goodsen.

MILES
Alright. Watch my chips.

He starts to leave the table. On a second thought,
he takes his chips with him. Goes to the phone.

EXT. GOODSSEN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Jackie is getting impatient. She starts ringing the
doorbell.

JACKIE
Hello?

THE PHONE CALL - JOEL AND MILES

JOEL
Will you get over here!

MILES
I'm playing cards, Joel.

JOEL
Just get over here!

MILES
Is she there?

JOEL
I said get over here.

MILES
She's 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.

CLOSE ON JOEL

returning the phone to the receiver and resting his forehead between thumb and forefinger. His anger is white hot.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOEL

moving to the front door. He unlatches a small square peephole. Jackie's face fills the view.

JOEL
Hi. Sorry about the misunderstanding.

JACKIE
Joel --

JOEL
What?

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.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jackie hangs up phone.

JACKIE

They'll be a few minutes --

JOEL

Again, I'm really sorry.

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 RCA.

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.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Another taxi waits at the street. Joel sees Jackie
out the door.

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

She hands him a piece of paper.

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.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joel taking a shower.

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

His hand slips down to the middle of his body. There's a little movement beneath the sheets. He slips his shorts off. Touches himself.

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

JOEL AT HIS DESK

pouring over the sex ads from Miles' newspaper.

CLOSE ON ADS

offering up endless combinations of eccentric sexual activity.

CLOSE ON JOEL

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 a small scrap of paper. The one that Jackie gave him.

THE SCRAP OF PAPER

There's a phone number and a name, "Lana."

ON JOEL

making a decision. He reaches for the phone. Dials quickly. Heart thumping.

JOEL
Hello, Lana? Oh, okay.
244-3365.

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.

LANA'S VOICE

Just a minute.

(checking something)

Okay. Tonight's fine. Three o'clock okay for you?

*

Joel chokes again.

LANA'S VOICE

Hello?

JOEL

Yes. Perfect.

*

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. 341 Ravine.

LANA'S VOICE

Joel?

JOEL

Yes?

LANA

I'll see you tonight.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joel pours himself a stiff scotch.

INT. BATHROOM

Joel prepares. Combs hair; applies aftershave.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joel settles on the couch, picks up a magazine, sips drink. He can't concentrate enough to read. He puts his hands behind his head. Waits.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The wind off the lake is picking up. Trees rustle. Moonshadows shift across the lawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - VERY LATE

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.

CLOSER ON JOEL

He's dead to the world. SOUNDS of the back door opening and FOOTSTEPS in the house. They approach. Then, a WOMAN'S VOICE is close at hand.

LANA'S VOICE
(a whisper)

Joel?

Joel stirs, opens his eyes.

JOEL

Yes?

ANOTHER ANGLE

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 radiator. 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.

MUSIC: Jeff Beck's "The Pump."

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 on her back. He touches her shoulders and arms and places his mouth on her back. She reaches behind him, passing her hand over his thighs, buttocks, between his legs.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - A WALL - SAME NIGHT

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 Pumpkin Man at Kiddieland; graduating from eighth grade, grandparents at his side; a class picture, kindergarten.

MOVING DOWN THE WALL to the floor where Joel and Lana are erotically engaged on the hallway carpet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEN - STILL THAT NIGHT

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:

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

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

EXT. BACK YARD - THE PATIO - MORNING

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

He moves toward her. He's nervous. He didn't expect someone 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.
You're younger than I
thought.

LANA

Seventeen.

JOEL

I'm seventeen.

LANA

Great.

(beat)

Your folks out of town?

JOEL

Yes.

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?

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON PINK ENVELOPE

Joel fumbles through the remains of his mother's food
money.

EXT. BACK YARD

Joel returning, running.

JOEL
(brightly)
Fifty dollars!

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

LANA
(getting sharp)
What do you want to do about
this, Joel?

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

LANA
I don't usually wait for people.

JOEL
I'll be quick.

LANA
Be sure.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

Joel waits anxiously with a group of early depositors.
A guard finally opens the door. Joel rushes in.

INT. VAULT AREA

A bank employee removes Joel's safe deposit box.

PRIVATE ENCLOSURE

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

CLOSE ON BOND

It's dated May 5, 1964, 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 Grandpa Goodsen."

CLOSE ON JOEL

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

EXT. JOEL'S BACK YARD - DAY

Joel moves from driveway to yard. He has the money.

JOEL

I'm back --

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JOEL

I'm here --

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

JOEL

Hello?

(beat)

Okay for you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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 --

HIS POV - THE MANTLE

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

ON JOEL

rising, going to the mantle.

JOEL

Oh no. No. No.
(fiercely)

No!

EXT. RECORD STORE - JOEL AND MILES - AFTERNOON

MILES

Just tell your mother it broke. An accident.

JOEL

This pisses me off.

MILES
What can she do?

JOEL
You know what it's worth?

MILES
The egg?

JOEL
Yeah.

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.

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?

EXT. THE RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

A luxury hotel in Chicago's Water Tower Plaza.

INT. RITZ CARLTON LOUNGE - NIGHT

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.

JOEL AND MILES

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

MILES

This was a great idea, Joel. Where else can you get a hot chocolate for four dollars?

JOEL

She's here.

MILES

Where?

JOEL

Elevator.

THEIR POV - BANK OF ELEVATORS

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

ON JOEL AND MILES

MILES

Jesus, she's fantastic.

JOEL

Yeah.

ON LANA

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.

ON JOEL AND MILES

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."

LANA

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.

JOEL AND MILES

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 --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Joel and Miles exit and move toward their car.

MILES

We came all the way here for that?

JOEL

(defensively)

Well, she 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?

JOEL

Okay.

LANA

In the car. I'm freezing.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

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.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEARBY

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

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

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.

MILES

Uh, Joel, better get moving.

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

GUIDO

(to Lana)

Get outta the car!

LANA

Please. Start driving!

MILES

Joel!

Joel starts the engine. Guido starts pounding on the roof of the car.

GUIDO

Get out! I'm telling you!

Guido pulls a small caliber pistol from his pocket. He waves it around.

MILES

Fuck Joel!

Joel shifts into gear and starts to pull out of the cramped parking space.

GUIDO

Don't pull this on me! Don't do this!

Joel starts to pull away. Guido charges after the car. Then, he veers off toward the hotel garage.

JOEL
Where should I go?

LANA
Anywhere. The moon.

Joel makes a right on Michigan Avenue and heads north.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - NIGHT

The Porsche joins traffic moving toward the Outer Drive.

EXT. HOTEL GARAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT - MOVING

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.

LANA
Good for you.

JOEL
Who was that guy?

LANA
My manager. He gets a little crazy sometimes.

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.

EXT. OUTER DRIVE - NIGHT

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

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Lana sees it coming.

LANA

Shit, he's coming at us --

JOEL

(scared)

Who? That guy? Your manager?

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.

EXT. OFF-RAMP

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

INT. PORSCHE

JOEL
I'm pulling on.

EXT. OUTER DRIVE

Joel takes the on-ramp. The Cadillac follows.

INT. PORSCHE

Lana rolling down her window and screaming out the car.

LANA
BIG MAN, HUH, GUIDO! BIG MAN
WITH A GUN! YOU THINK YOU'RE
SO BIG, HUH! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA
DO, SHOOT US ALL? HUH, BIG MAN?

She rolls up her window.

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.

VARIOUS SHOTS - THE PORSCHE AND CADILLAC - NIGHT

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

Into Evanston. A residential neighborhood.

Past Northwestern University. Neither car exceeds the
speed limit.

INT. PORSCHE

JOEL
What's he doing?

Miles is sitting sideways playing lookout.

MILES
Still coming. Behind the VW.

LANA
What a moron.

VARIOUS SHOTS - PORSCHE AND CADILLAC - NIGHT

Moving into a wealthier, tree-shaded neighborhood.

INT. PORSCHE

JOEL
Miles --

MILES
Yeah --

JOEL
We're getting close to Hubbard
Woods.

MILES
The Snake?

JOEL
Yeah.
(beat)
I think I can take him.

THEIR POV - SNAKE

A hundred yards ahead. The same winding road that Joel practiced on earlier. A familiar sign warns of dangerous curves ahead.

ANGLE ON PORSCHE

as it slips into the first turn, slowly, nonchalantly.

CLOSE ON JOEL

tensing with concentration.

JOEL
Here we go --

Joel downshifts hard into second and stands on the accelerator.

THE PORSCHE

lurches forward in a cloud of thick blue smoke. It disappears into the first turn.

THE CADILLAC

follows suit, squealing tires in a surge of power.

THE PORSCHE

hits the next series of turns. cornering neatly, squarely, with a minimum of fuss.

THE CADILLAC

is fast, but bulky and it sways precariously, its tires hopping and skipping and groping for traction. The rear end bounces viciously to one side.

INT. PORSCHE - FAVORING JOEL

He's working hard, but he knows the road 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.

THE ROAD - WIDER ANGLE

The Cadillac, braking awkwardly into the turns. Falling behind.

The Porsche slipping through a quick series of S's and accelerating into a short straight.

The Cadillac, now three turns behind.

EXT. END OF SNAKE

It feeds into a triple junction. Joel takes an extreme left, zipping into a dark, narrow residential street. He kills his lights and disappears at a high rate of speed.

MOMENTS LATER - THE CADILLAC

shoots out of the Snake, pauses, then accelerates hard, northward, up Sheridan Road. Wrong direction.

INT. PORSCHE - OUT OF DANGER

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:

INT. DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

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

JOEL
Wait, let me write this down --
Saturday. United. Flight 162.
Three-thirty. Right? *

EXT. RESORT HOTEL - OUTDOOR PATIO

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?

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 Cubs PJ's.

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?

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

Doctor said nerves.

(examining spoon)

Nice service. What is this --
Reed & Barton?

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.

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.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Miles and Glenn are in a 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?

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

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.

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.

Joel gathers his books and papers.

JOEL
Okay, but will you do me a
favor?

LANA
Anything, cookie.

JOEL
Don't steal anything.

LANA
Yes, cookie.

JOEL
I mean it. 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.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

MUSIC: The Eagles' "Teenage Jail."

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joel races past a hall marshall.

MARSHALL
(without conviction)
May I see your pass?

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

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A teacher passing out tests.

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 --

MOVING CLOSE ON JOEL

clearly not prepared for this.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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.

INT. GYM - WRESTLING ROOM - DAY

Two wrestlers enter frame groping violently at the other's
body, making savage guttural sounds, sharing each other's
sweat and stink.

PULL BACK to reveal Joel and Miles, next in line.

JOEL

You didn't tell anyone, did
you?

MILES

No. Glenn knows.

JOEL

I know. What about Barry?

MILES

He knows too.

JOEL

Just don't tell anyone.

MILES

I won't.

The whistle blows.

COACH (O.S.)

Alright! Next!

Joel and Miles move to their position on the mat.

MILES
You feel like this?

JOEL
No.

MILES
Me neither.

The whistle blows. Resting their arms on each other's shoulders, they begin to make vicious animal sounds, snorting and grunting. But they barely move.

COACH (O.S.)
Alright, quit the clownin'!

They grunt louder.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Lana examines Joel's mother's wardrobe. She discovers a Polaroid camera in a bureau drawer.

Lana looks over an antique halltree in the entry.

Lana checks out the china and silverware in the kitchen. Above the counter hangs a bulletin board with eyehooks and an assortment of keys.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

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.

INT. CLASS - DAY

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 tomorrow afternoon. I won't accept any that aren't typed.

Joel looks at the clock. Still 3:29.

TEACH

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.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

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.

INT. DEN - DAY

Joel enters with a smoldering look of determination. Lana is on the phone in a heated conversation. She holds up a finger, "don't interrupt."

LANA

(on phone)

You're warning me what?!

Oh. I'm scared. Now

you're scaring me.

(to Joel)

Guido.

(on phone)

What dresses from Saks?!

What dresses?! We never

even went to Saks! Wear

'em yourself, you big faggot!

In a gentle, but extremely firm manner, Joel takes the phone from her hand.

JOEL

(on phone)

Guido? Hi. Everything's

under control. The girls

are on their way back now.

Give everyone my best.

He hangs up the phone.

LANA

That was helpful.

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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Joel parts the drapes and looks through the window.

HIS POV - LANA AND VICKI - DAY

ambling down the driveway.

CLOSE ON JOEL - WATCHING THEM

HIS POV - THE GIRLS

They stand briefly at the foot of the driveway, talking. Then they move slowly up the street. A local child passes on a bike and looks curiously at the two strangers.

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Joel at his desk, studying. He stands and stretches. Takes a break. He moves to the window.

HIS POV - THE STREET

The girls are still there, seated on the curb, directly in front of the house. A small bunch of young kids are bicycling and rollerskating around them.

ANGLE ON JOEL

pulling back from the window. He drops on his bed and plays dead.

EXT. CURB - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

More kids now. A mother in a station wagon full of kids passes. She regards the girls somewhat suspiciously. Lana offers a friendly little wave. The mother waves back.

EXT. HOUSE - THROUGH WINDOW

Joel watching this scene.

ANGLE ON LANA

She glances toward the house.

THE WINDOW

Suddenly, Joel's face disappears.

INT. BASEMENT

Joel lifting weights.

ANGLE - JOEL AT THE WINDOW AGAIN - LATER

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A white Cadillac in the driveway. Guido and the girls are at curbside, engaged in a vitriolic argument. Guido slaps Lana across the face. She stumbles backward and trips over a small bush. Guido moves toward her, but Vicki attempts to pull him back. She gets tossed to the ground.

Lana stands and sprints up the side of Joel's yard. Vicki follows her. Guido starts to cross the yard in a slower, measured pursuit.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - DUSK

Joel appears, cutting off Guido's path. Joel's arms are folded across his chest, bravery style. His fists are folded and pressed against the inside of his arms to give the illusion of biceps.

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?

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.

JOEL
She's just kidding.

GUIDO
I hope so.

The mother in the station wagon passes again, eyeing Joel's house suspiciously.

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.

INT. DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vicki looks down into Hungry Man Veal Parmesan. Lana regards her Hungry Man Swiss Steak. Joel's at the head of the table with Hungry Man Meat Loaf.

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
Tandy 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

Uh-huh.

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

JOEL

We make a product and try
to market it.

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?

JOEL

Right now?

Lana nods.

Joel thinks a moment; looks at his work.

JOEL

Sure. I could use some ice cream.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barry exits the front door and moves toward the driveway where Joel is waiting for him. In the background, on the street, Lana and Vicki are lounging around the Porsche, listening to the car radio.

Joel is finishing an ice cream cone. He's somewhat stoned. Barry carries a jacket over his shoulder.

BARRY

What's the plan?

JOEL

We're going to the beach.

BARRY

Carey Avenue?

JOEL

Yeah.

BARRY

Are you stoned?

JOEL

No, I do not believe so.

BARRY

I think you are.

JOEL

I told her a little about you.

BARRY

What?

JOEL

That you wanted to be an accountant.

BARRY

You didn't.

JOEL

Yeah. Know what she said?

BARRY

What?

JOEL

"Accountants are my specialty."

BARRY
No.

JOEL
Yeah.
(calling)
Hey Vicki!

VICKI
What?

BARRY
Shhh, my parents are home!

JOEL
Remember what you said before?

VICKI
No.

JOEL
About accountants?

BARRY
Shh! Come on.

VICKI
No.

JOEL
(to Barry)
She doesn't remember.

BARRY
I think you're really wasted.

JOEL
This is not wasted, Barry. This
is definitely not wasted.

BARRY
Let's just get going.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Joel and Barry move toward the street, away from camera.

JOEL
Bar --

BARRY
Yeah --

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.

EXT. THE PORSCHE - NIGHT

Turning down a dark and narrow road that dips down a ravine leading to the lake.

EXT. PARKING AREA - THE LAKE - NIGHT

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.

BARRY
(to Joel)
We're going for a walk.

JOEL
Okay.

BARRY
They seem nice.

Barry moves off with Vicki and a six-pack. Lana and Joel move toward the water.

LANA
The lake's great.

JOEL
Yeah.

LANA
I live near the lake too.

JOEL
Yeah?

LANA

Yeah, forty-five minutes, two bus transfers, you're right there.
Want a hit?

She offers Joel a joint. They watch the breakers.

LANA

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

JOEL

Yeah.

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.

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.

JOEL

He told you that?

LANA

Yeah, you people have a lot of
bonds. Anyway, 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.

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 Little
Achiever.

JOEL

Junior Achiever.

LANA

Be that.

(beat)

What if I said I'd be your girl-
friend 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 --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lana walks back to the car. Joel follows a few steps
behind. She opens the driver's door and reaches across
the passenger seat for her sweater.

Joel sits on the front bumper. Lana slams the car door
and joins him.

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.

JOEL

How come you're not studying to be a vet?

LANA

(fast and hard)

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!

ON THE BLUFF - LANA

stops to view the excitement.

ON JOEL

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!

THE FRONT OF THE PORSCHE

inches from disaster. Then, magically, due to the angle of the pier -- it stops!

ANGLE ON JOEL

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

JOEL

Thank you, thank you --

THE PIER

collapses completely. The Porsche is dumped into the lake.

JOEL

AAAAHHHH!

THE MOORING

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

ON LANA

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

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

SHOT - A PUDDLE - NEXT DAY

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.

WIDER ANGLE - THE PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - DAY

We're at the entrance to the service department where a group of highly amused mechanics 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.

FOLLOWING MILES - INTO WAITING ROOM

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

Joel sits silently on a plastic chair amid periodicals. 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.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Joel, Miles and Barry walk to Barry's car. Joel's like a sleep-walker, holding the estimate out in front of him.

MILES

How hideous is it?

Joel passes it to him.

MILES

\$2,746. Mighty hideous.

BARRY

I'll see if they added right.

He takes out his trusty calculator and goes to work.

MILES

You can always go underground.
Start a new identity.

BARRY

New instrumentation alone --
\$1,170. Wow!

MILES

What about insurance?

JOEL

I wasn't insured to drive it.
My God, they'll be back
Saturday.

BARRY

\$475 for the injection system.
Whew!

JOEL

Barry, please --
(to Miles)
What time is it?

MILES

Eleven-thirty.

JOEL

Shit! I had two mid-terms this morning! I missed them! This is getting terrible! Shit!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON severe, intimidating face of NURSE BOLIK. She's been there forever. She owns the place. She's reading a note.

NURSE BOLIK

(dripping sarcasm)

"Dear Nurse Bolik, Please excuse Joel for his absence this morning. He had the sniffles and I thought it best that he stay home a half day. Sincerely, Mrs. Fran Goodsen."

WIDER ANGLE

Nurse Bolik stares Joel down across a counter. Barry waits behind Joel. Behind them, two girls lying on cots with thermometers.

Nurse Bolik starts to write on an official-looking red slip.

JOEL

You're writing "unexcused."
Please don't write that. If
you write "unexcused" I'll
fail two mid-terms. It'll wreck
my whole grade point average.

She continues to write.

JOEL

Alright, you're right, I did
not have the sniffles. I admit
it. If you stop for a moment,
I'll tell you the truth. I
promise. Please --

She stops. Looks up. Waits.

JOEL

Thank you. Here's what really
happened --

(leaning forward,
confidentially)

I met this fabulous hooker who
fucked me silly for a day and
a half til I didn't know what
time it was. So I missed a
little school.

She continues writing. Her face is granite. It doesn't move.

JOEL

You're still writing "unexcused."
Why's that unexcused? Come on,
Nurse Bolik, for a guy like me,
if that's not excused, I don't
know what is?! Come on!

She hands him the nasty-looking red slip and turns her
attention to Barry.

BARRY

Hi. I just had the sniffles.

Suddenly, Joel pounces back in. He's getting crazy.

JOEL

OKAY! IT WASN'T THE HOOKER!
IT WAS MY DAD'S CAR! I PUT IT
IN LAKE MICHIGAN! I HAD TO GET
IT FIXED! HOW'S THAT? GOOD
ENOUGH FOR YOU?!

He grabs Nurse Bolik by the lapels on her white uniform.

JOEL

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, BOLIK!
A LIFETIME OF TAKING TESTS! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS!

Her stony face says -- yes she can. And more.

JOEL

PLEASE! BE A FRIEND! I'M BEGGING
YOU!

A TERRIBLE RIPPING SOUND. The strain of Joel's grip is
too much for Bolik's uniform. It splits down the middle,
exposing a wide expanse of Bolik's rather florid brassiere.

JOEL

(quietly)

Oh God.

Nurse Bolik looks at the damage, then offers Joel the
faintest of vicious smiles.

EXT. STREET NEAR HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

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

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.

VARIOUS STREETS - JOEL ON BIKE - NIGHT

Peddalling like a madman.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The big double-decker commuter train approaches. It's just Joel and a group of white-uniformed domestics waiting for the city-bound train.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

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.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT

The train winds its way into the city.

INT. LASALLE STREET STATION - NIGHT

Joel moves across the cavernous station, against the last flow of business-suited commuters.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Joel on the phone. He beats lightly against the glass.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

Joel running after a Yellow cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT - MOVING

Joel's head thrown back against the seat.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - FOLLOWING JOEL

into the entry. Buzzing. Gaining entrance. Hitting a flight of stairs. Another. And a third. On the landing, an open door. Vicki's waiting for him. He looks awful.

He moves past her. Into the 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:

THE STEUBEN GLASS EGG

being replaced on Joel's mantle.

JOEL'S VOICE

It was great the way her mind worked.

CLOSE SHOT - TWO CALL GIRLS

putting on make-up at a mirror.

JOEL'S VOICE

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BAND ROOM - AFTERNOON

The band practices 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.

INT. APARTMENT - SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY - AFTERNOON

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.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

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.

EXT. CITY STREET

A call girl, dressed for an evening out, hails a taxi.

JOEL'S VOICE

She told me she'd be my girlfriend.

EXT. SUBURBAN BANK - AFTERNOON

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 --

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - ENTRY - LATE AFTERNOON

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?

SHOT - A SECOND GIRL at the door.

SECOND GIRL
(looking around)
Very nice --

SHOT - A THIRD GIRL.

THIRD GIRL
You got an aspirin for me, hon?

JOEL'S VOICE
I introduced her to mine --

SHOT - CHUCK AT THE DOOR

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 Webber.

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.

SHOT - TWO IDENTICAL TWINS, FRED AND FRANK.

They share thin faces and black-framed glasses, like two Elvis Costellos. Fred smiles; Frank doesn't.

GIRL
Want a drink, fellas?

FRED AND FRANK
No thanks.

SHOT - GERRY CRUSKY

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

GIRL
Care for a towel?

INT. DEN - CLOSE ON ACCOUNTING ITEMS

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 --

INT. KITCHEN

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)
Roxy's available? Who else?
Elisia? Just a minute --
(MORE)

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.

INT. McDONALDS - AFTERNOON

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

JOEL'S VOICE
I concentrated on sales --

WIDER ANGLE - REVEALING JOEL

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?

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 Jacobsen.

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

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

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.

JOEL
Big school.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

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.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

More cars in the driveway. Some guys throwing around a softball in the front yard. More guys arriving.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON ALAN BURNBAUM

A slick-looking kid in a tie and jacket. He taps a chrome microphone.

ALAN
Good evening. We're the
Alan Burnbaum Trio and we
believe in jazz. One, two,
three, four...

WIDER ANGLE

as he and his bassist and drummer swing into a jazzy rendition of Satin Doll.

FOLLOWING JOEL THROUGH LIVING ROOM

which is becoming more congested. Some of the guys are talking and drinking with the girls. Others are dancing.

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

HEFTY KID
Excellent idea, Joel. Really
excellent.

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

Lake 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.

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 Xerox.

She puts an arm around him.

LANA

How many shares, Mike?

MICHAEL

Ten.

LANA

You hear that, Joel? Ten shares. Xerox.

*

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.

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?

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.

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 Stacy.
She's fantastic.

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

EXT. TRAIN 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 Newsweek
says.

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.

THEIR POV - THREE HOOKERS

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

ON JOEL AND BARRY REACTING

BARRY
Uh-oh.

JOEL
Get down.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

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

BARRY

So -- who likes the Cubs and
who likes the White Sox?

The girls are unresponsive.

BARRY

Don't follow baseball, huh?

HOOKEE

(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.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

A "Rent-All" van parks near the curb. Two "Rent-All"
delivery men start unloading rollaway beds and packages
of linen from the back.

ANGLE ON BILL RUTHERFORD

moving from his BMW toward the driveway. Rutherford's
in his late thirties. He wears grey slacks, a navy blazer
and a conservative tie. He carries a briefcase.

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

HIS POV - THE GAME

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.

ANGLE ON RUTHERFORD

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

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

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.

JOEL
Course not.

MILES
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 not such a big thing.
Really.

Joel continues toward the house.

CLOSE ON MILES

Alone in the yard.

INT. ENTRY - NIGHT

Rutherford stands amid the comings and goings with a tight,
irritated expression. Joel enters.

JOEL
Hello?

RUTHERFORD
Are you Joel?

JOEL
Yes.

RUTHERFORD
I'm Bill Rutherford. From Princeton
admissions. I believe we had an
interview scheduled.

His speech is a bit haughty and mannered, not unlike Bill
Buckley's.

JOEL
Yes, of course. Please --

He's interrupted by two Rent-All men and a bed.

RENT-ALL MEN
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.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

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.

JOEL
(to Barry)
Thanks. And catch the phone,
okay?

Joel closes the door. Joel and Rutherford seat themselves. The sounds of the house -- the music, 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. One of the girls with a tall, skinny kid.

GIRL

Is this room -- oh, sorry.

She closes the door. A pause, as Rutherford allows the interruption to pass. He pulls some papers from his briefcase.

RUTHERFORD

Let's see, you've taken your
SAT's already...597 math, 560
verbal...

The numbers are clearly disappointing to Joel.

RUTHERFORD

Correct me if my information is
inaccurate.

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?

JOEL

Yes.

Suddenly, at the window, two faces and some persistent
rapping.

KID AT WINDOW

Joel! Joel!

JOEL

(to Rutherford)

Excuse me.

He goes to the window.

KID

Hi. This is my cousin, Reuben,
from Skokie. Any chance he can
get in tonight?

JOEL

Later guys.

He closes the window.

KID
(muffled through
window)
He's gotta be home by midnight.

JOEL
(to Rutherford)
Sorry.

Again Rutherford pauses dramatically, venting displeasure.

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.

RUTHERFORD
Then, I really don't know what
to say unless, of course, there's
some special skill or talent that
Joel Goodsen has to offer the
Princeton community.

JOEL
There is one thing --

RUTHERFORD
What's that?

JOEL
Pimping.

RUTHERFORD
Beg your pardon?

The door opens. A bed's pushed into the room by the
Rent-All man. Lana follows behind.

RENT-ALL MAN
Where'd you want it?

LANA
Anywhere. Put it near the desk.

JOEL
Lana. I'm in here.

LANA
Oh. We need the room.

JOEL
I'm in a meeting.

LANA
How long you gonna be?

JOEL
Couple minutes.

LANA
Make it quick. Time is
money.

Lana and the Rent-All man exit, leaving the rollaway bed
standing between Joel and Rutherford.

The kid outside continues knocking on the window, again,
calling for Joel.

RUTHERFORD
This is unbelievable.

Joel walks around the bed, toward him.

RUTHERFORD
You weren't kidding, were you?

JOEL
Look, Mr. Rutherford, I want
to thank you --

CRASH! The window shatters, sending shards of glass into
the room.

JOEL
Oh Jesus!

KID
(from outside)
Sorry, Joel.

JOEL
What the hell's wrong with you!

KID
Reuben got a little overanxious.

REUBEN
Sorry.

JOEL
Come on, guys!

As Joel confronts the kids through the glassless window frame, Roxy enters the room and heads for Rutherford, spewing hooker patter.

ROXY
Hi honey. You're a little older than the others, aren't you? I like your outfit. What is it? Brooks Brothers? Anyone wash you yet?

She starts to unbuckle his pants. He retreats.

RUTHERFORD
This really isn't a party, is it?

ROXY
It's like a party.

RUTHERFORD
This is a fucking whorehouse!

ROXY
Isn't that redundant?

She reaches for him again. Leaping backwards, he falls over a low coffee table. His head catches the edge of the couch. He goes down heavily. *

Joel and Roxy rush to him. He's out cold.

JOEL
So much for the Ivy League --

INT. BACK PORCH - LATER

Lana enters.

JOEL
How's he doing?

LANA
Vicki's talking to him.

JOEL
He's okay?

She pats his shoulder patronizingly.

LANA
She's a very good talker.
Did you want me for something?

JOEL
This is for you.

He holds out a package for her.

LANA
You're kidding.

JOEL
Well, it seems kind of stupid
now, but, go ahead --

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

LANA
(touched)
A sweatshirt. Thank you.
You're sweet.

She takes his hands, kisses him on the cheek.

LANA
Can I try it on?

JOEL
Sure.

LANA
(putting it on)
This school means a lot to you,
doesn't it?

Joel shrugs.

LANA
How do I look?

Vicki calls from a back window.

VICKI
Joel! Telephone!

Joel stands. He doesn't take his eyes off Lana.

LANA
Well, how do I look?

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

JOEL
(finally)
Special.

He exits. HOLD on Lana.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joel picks up the phone.

JOEL
Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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.

One of the hookers passes close to Joel.

HOOKER

(to Joel)

I hope we get a break soon,
'cause my pussy's starting to
feel like Hamburger Helper.

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!

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, United,
Flight... (her voice fades)

CLOSE ON JOEL

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

CLOSE ON MONEY

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

JOEL'S VOICE
All in all, the evening worked
out well. We had good cash-flow.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

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

*

JOEL'S VOICE
Eventually things wound down --

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE ON CALL GIRL

Propped up against the wall, motionless, blank-faced, a Tab in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Completely wiped out.

JOEL'S VOICE

It was time to close shop.
The girls were exhausted.

WIDER ANGLE - THE OTHER GIRLS

grouped around the dining table in similar repose.

EXT. BACKYARD - MILES

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.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rutherford chatting with two girls.

JOEL'S VOICE

Rutherford stayed most of the night. Barry said he dropped a bundle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lana rushes up to Joel, pulling him to the side of the room.

LANA

Don't say anything. You're going to Princeton.

JOEL

What?!

LANA

Just don't say anything!

JOEL
What are you talking about?

LANA
Polaroids.
(flashing two
pictures)
Shhh. Just play dumb.

JOEL
What?!!

She exits. Rutherford passes through the living room on his way out.

RUTHERFORD
(tentative half-smile)
Joel, Joel, Joel...

JOEL
Mr. Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD
Joel.

JOEL
Mr. Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD
Tell me this, my friend. Have
we received your application
yet?

JOEL
No, not yet.

RUTHERFORD
Well, would you do me a favor
then. Would you see to it that
you send your application directly
to me.

JOEL
Yes, I will.

RUTHERFORD
Good. Excellent. Then I think
we're in very good shape. Well,
good night and good luck.

JOEL
Good night.

Rutherford exits.

CLOSER ON JOEL

His face unfocused, almost dazed. The band's drummer carries out the last of his equipment.

DRUMMER

Good night. Great party.

FOLLOWING JOEL - INTO DINING ROOM

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.

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - ALMOST DAWN

Joel and Lana are at the counter. The place is empty. Lana still wears Joel's Princeton sweatshirt. They dig into hamburgers and fries and malts.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - BEFORE DAWN

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 Bonwit Tellers; exotic evening gowns.

LANA

I think I love clothes more
than anything in the world.

She exits frame.

JOEL

(mumbling)

I can't believe it... Princeton
...sex...money...

(looking up toward
God)

Thank you Paine Webber.

He follows her.

EXT. FASHIONABLE HIGH-RISE APT. BUILDING - BEFORE DAWN

Lana leads Joel to the building. They walk arm in arm.

JOEL

Who lives here?

LANA

Don't ask.

JOEL

No, really Lana, who lives
here?

LANA

Guido.

Joel swings them around in the other direction.

Lana swings them back toward the building.

LANA

Come on --

INT. ELEVATOR

LANA

I always keep keys.

The doors open. Lana leads Joel down a hallway.

INT. FITNESS ROOM

They pass a small weight room and enter an equally small locker room.

LANA
Here's a towel. Get undressed.

She starts to remove her clothing.

LANA
Go ahead --

Joel follows suit.

INT. SAUNA

A square room, dimly lit, steamy, with wooden benches and wooden exercise bars spanning the length and height of the far wall.

Joel and Lana enter wearing towels. A nude woman casually gathers her towel and exits. They have the place to themselves.

Lana moves across the room and climbs halfway up the exercise bars. She hangs facing forward, like a little erotic angel. Joel moves to her.

VARIOUS CLOSE ANGLES - JOEL AND LANA

Joel and Lana suspended side by side. They turn heads and kiss. She pivots and climbs to one side. Joel lowers himself, headfirst, kissing beads of perspiration from her temples. He proceeds down the length of her body. She removes his towel with her teeth. Swinging around, she covers his body with her own, pinning him against the bars. They lower themselves to the bench, their bodies hot and glistening. Their lovemaking intensifies and expands.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Curtains moving in a breeze. CITY SOUNDS. Joel's waking up in a strange bed. He looks to his side. He's alone.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Somewhere in the city. Joel exits, turns one way, gathers his bearings, reverses direction and exits frame.

EXT. PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - DAY

Barry meets Joel in the parking lot. He hands Joel four white envelopes.

INT. DEALERSHIP - CASHIER'S WINDOW - DAY

Joel's counting out a wad of cash. The female cashier exchanges a concerned look with her office manager.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - THE PORSCHE - DAY

Joel doing about four miles per hour. Not taking any chances.

EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Joel turns the Porsche into the driveway. On the street, a man with a cigar exits a Ford. Joel does not notice him.

INT. HOUSE - FOLLOWING JOEL

moving from the kitchen (still a mess -- glasses, bottles, ashtrays everywhere) down the hall, toward the entry.

As he walks, he counts the cash remaining in the envelopes. 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.

Casually, he turns toward the room.

CLOSE ON JOEL

His face oddly blank, almost uncomprehending. Like the person whose car is stolen. "Did I park it somewhere else?"

A MAN'S VOICE from the entry.

MAN

Joel?

Joel turns -- dazed. The man with the cigar is standing in the entry. He's holding out his wallet. There's something shiny in it.

MAN

Joel, I'm Sargeant Moran.
I'm with Chicago Vice. What
I'd like to do right now is
take a ride into the city so
we can get to know each other
a little better. And it would
be very helpful to me if you
would bring your receipts with
you. Okay?

Joel's throat is dry. He can barely speak.

JOEL

Am I under arrest?

MORAN

Not yet, Joel. But soon. Don't
worry.

INT. SGT. MORAN'S FORD - MOVING

MORAN

What happened was basically
this -- You alright?

Joel looks sick. Moran pulls some antacids from his
pocket.

MORAN

Try one of these. It tastes
like shit, but works like a
miracle.

Joel accepts the offer.

MORAN

What happened was -- last night
we get a call from a concerned
citizen.

JOEL

One of my neighbors?

MORAN
No. His name's Guido.
Guido Stivik.

Moran looks for a reaction.

MORAN
You know him?

Joel nods yes.

MORAN
So, it's a busy night and all,
but finally I get to check it
out, and when I do, I find a
U-Haul in the driveway and a
bunch of guys loading furniture.
Inside, your girls are stuffing
jewelry and other valuables
into plastic bags. Good thing
for you I got there when I did.

JOEL
Do you have everything?

MORAN
Oh, for your information, the
U-Haul was rented by a Miss Lana
Scharf. You know her?

Joel nods yes.

MORAN
Know what, Joel? I know her,
too. Small world, huh?

EXT. CITY STREET

The Ford in heavy traffic.

INT. FORD - MOVING

MORAN
Joel, I gotta make a decision
here, so help me out. I make a
left turn on Belmont, we go to
the station, we do things
official. I make a right, I
can show you your furniture.
It's up to you. You brought the
receipts, right?

JOEL

Yes.

MORAN

Okay, it's up to you, but I need a quick decision, 'cause traffic's starting to move. Right turn, left turn, whatever you want.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Moran's Ford parked out front, next to a U-haul truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Joel's furniture's spread out on the concrete floor, along with his mother's clothing, jewelry, stereo and other items. Joel's slouched in a chair. Some of his money is in hand, but most of it lies on a coffee table.

Guido twirls the knob of Joel's father's amplifier.

GUIDO

You like music, Joel? This is beautiful equipment. How about \$800? Amp, speakers, the works.

MORAN

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

Joel counts out \$800 and places it on the coffee table.

GUIDO

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

JOEL

I already bought the couch.

MORAN

That's right. He did.

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.

MORAN

Should fit her okay.

GUIDO

I think that's it. We got
everything?

MORAN

What about this?

He holds up the Steuben glass egg.

GUIDO

What's that?

MORAN

Some glass artsy fartsy thing.

GUIDO

How much you got left, Joel?

Joel looks at his dwindling roll.

JOEL

Forty dollars.

Guido shakes his head sadly.

GUIDO

I don't think I can go forty
on the artsy fartsy thing.
Maybe three-hundred-forty.
What d'you think, Dan?

*

MORAN

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.

MORAN

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

JOEL

No! Don't throw it!

Too late. It's already been lobbed across the room.

THE GLASS EGG - IN FLIGHT

slowly arcing, tumbling end over end --

INTERCUT WITH:

ANGLE ON JOEL

scrambling to his right, flipping off the end of the
couch, taking two desperate steps, lunging across a
chair, stretching his arm out --

-- a miraculous catch. He collapses on the chair,
exhausted.

WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE GUIDO

moving toward the door.

GUIDO

Okay, what say we grab a bite
while the truck gets loaded.
My treat. All this fun works
up an appetite.

(passing Joel)

Time of your life, huh kid?

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

A solid, storefront, neighborhood restaurant. Joel, Guido and Moran at a table near the window, having finished lunch. Guido pours out the last of the Chianti.

GUIDO

I'd like to propose a toast --
Hey, girls --

He calls to three call girls at the next table. We recognize them from Joel's party.

GUIDO

Come over here. We're toasting
Joel.

They come over, carrying their glasses.

GUIDO

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

They drink.

JOEL'S POV - LANA

She's on the adjacent sidewalk, heading toward the corner.

ON JOEL

as he leaves the table.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Joel intercepts Lana at the crosswalk. Her hair and makeup and dress suggest she's dressed for a "date."

JOEL

Hi. It's me. Your romantic
boyfriend.

LANA

Joel, I can't talk right now.

Lana scans the passing traffic.

JOEL

Oh. You can't talk to me?
Your romantic boyfriend?

LANA

I'm waiting for someone.

JOEL

Oh. You're waiting for someone.
Okay.

He stands near her. They both view the traffic.

LANA

(annoyed)

What're you doing?

JOEL

Standing here.

LANA

I'm working, Joel. You mind?

She turns her back on him. He doesn't respond.

LANA

Grow up, will you?

She walks away, toward the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Guido, Moran and the girls are watching Joel and Lana from their table as if in a supper club.

GUIDO

What's he doing?

CALL GIRL

He's following her.

GUIDO

I like this kid. Waiter, more
coffee here. Anyone want coffee?
Everyone wants coffee.

EXT. SIDEWALK - IN FRONT OF RESTAURANT

Lana's moved her position to mid-block, but Joel's still dogging her.

JOEL
Is everything just business
with you?

She spots a car in traffic.

JOEL
Is that all there is -- business?

LANA
(turning)
Of course that's all there is.
Why do you think we're so fucked
up?

A blue Mercedes pulls to the curb, beeping twice. Lana waves to the driver.

JOEL
Was I just business to you?

LANA
Look, Joel, sweetheart, the only
difference between you and me is
I've got to go out and do this
free enterprise thing everyday.
Okay?
(moving to car)
See ya.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Lana gets in. Joel follows, jumping in the back seat.
Lana's "date" is a flashy, young executive, ROBERT.
He's not real pleased with the intrusion.

JOEL
What about friendship? What
about that?

LANA
Good-bye, Joel.

JOEL
What about little things like
loyalty and honesty?

LANA
Robert, this is Joel. He's
about to leave.

ROBERT

Hi Joel.

JOEL

Hi.

They shake hands across Lana.

JOEL

What about friendship? What about us?

LANA

Come on, Joel, this isn't funny.

ROBERT

Maybe I should wait outside.

JOEL

I thought we were friends.

LANA

We were friends, Joel. But we can't be friends forever. You couldn't afford me forever.

JOEL

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT MONEY, GODDAMMIT!

ROBERT

(exiting the car)

Don't be too long.

Robert walks to the back of the car, pulling out a smoke and a Wall Street Journal.

LANA

(getting upset)

Please leave.

JOEL

You want to talk business? Okay, let's talk business!

LANA

Joel --

JOEL

What's it worth? This guy?

LANA

A lot.

JOEL

I'll pay it. How much?

Lana's eyes begin to cloud.

JOEL

Come on. I'll buy you another
day. What's it going to cost me?

(checking wallet)

I've got five bucks left. How's
that? Come on, Lana, this is
business. You like business.
What d'you say? Another day,
Lan. It's a great deal.Lana's crying silently now. Her tears fall freely,
despite efforts to contain them. Joel doesn't see it
for a moment. When he does, he reaches out to stroke
the back of her head.

JOEL

I'm sorry.

LANA

(crying)

Shit --

She exits the car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Robert still leaning against the back of the car. He
can't believe what he's getting for his money.Lana's standing midway between curb and restaurant, her
makeup running sadly. She looks lost, confused. Joel
comes to her side.

JOEL

(softly)

Please don't go with him.

She shakes her head.

JOEL

Tell him to go to hell. Tell
them all to go to hell.

LANA

I can't.

JOEL

Want me to tell him?

She shakes her head, "no."

JOEL

Okay, then you tell him.

She shakes her head, "no."

JOEL

Okay, I'll tell him.

(to Robert)

Hey you! Get the fuck outta here!

Robert looks up from his paper.

JOEL

Yeah you! You know who I'm talking to! Take a hike! Now! And take that German piece of shit with you!

A small group of passersby begins to view the drama. It makes Robert uncomfortable.

JOEL

Hey, you! Robert! Don't stick your head in the paper! We can see you! Now get the fuck outta here!

Robert doesn't need the publicity. He gets in the car and pulls off.

JOEL

(to Lana)

He's gone.

She's still fighting for composure. But the tears start again. Joel holds her, stroking her hair.

JOEL

You okay?

HOLD on embrace. Behind Joel, Robert's Mercedes enters frame and stops on the opposite curb, motor idling. Lana sees it first. She takes a deep breath.

Joel now sees the car, too. He looks into Lana's face. She has a decision to make. Her eyes flick between Joel and the car.

LANA

(brave smile)

Hey, I've got this hunch about us. I think we're both gonna make it big. You wait and see.

Joel's expression does not concur. Furthermore, she's addressing the wrong issue. There's nothing more to be said. Defeat shadows his face.

LANA

What? You don't believe me?
Don't look so sad. Be positive.
I am.

She kisses him quickly and dashes toward the car.

ANGLE - JOEL ON THE SIDEWALK

watching Lana slip into the Mercedes. He turns around. Guido, Moran and the girls have seen the whole drama through the restaurant window. They wave at him. Good-bye, Joel.

He returns it.

INT. CAB - MOVING - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Joel's parents ride in silence. Through the cab's window, we see a Rent-All, a U-Haul, and a laundry truck pass by.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joel's father pays the cabbie. They move to the front door.

INT. ENTRY - FOLLOWING JOEL'S PARENTS

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.

THEIR POV - JOEL

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

INT. ENTRY

as Joel enters with a full load of baggage.

MOTHER

Joel?

JOEL

Yeah, Mom?

MOTHER

What happened to my egg?

She holds it up.

JOEL

What?

MOTHER

There's a crack in it.

JOEL

There is?

(setting luggage down)
Where?

MOTHER
Right through 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.

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.

INT. AUDITORIUM - A LARGE BANNER UNFURLING

Bright letters of golden glitter read, "Futures Unlimited."
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 Russel Bitterman.
I'm from Wheaton High. Our
product is a paper towel holder
that sells for \$8.95. We made
a profit of \$850 last semester.

APPLAUSE.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

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

2ND STUDENT'S VOICE

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

APPLAUSE.

MOVING CLOSER INTO JOEL

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

QUICKLY REPRISING EARLIER SCENES - JOEL AND LANA

Their special moments together -- happy, tough, erotic --
leading to their last beat outside the restaurant,
detailing the pain, uncertainty and fear of it all.
Revealing Joel's sadness.

JOEL'S VOICE

My name is Joel Goodsen. I
deal in human fulfillment. I
grossed over \$13,000 in one
night.

(beat, sardonically)
Isn't life grand?

MORE APPLAUSE.

MOVING STILL CLOSER ON JOEL

Until his face fills the frame, and then his sunglasses --

VOICE OF M.C.

Let's hear it for Chicagoland's
three finalists -- Junior Achieve-
ment. Thank you.
(fading)
Thank you. Thank you.

-- and into --

THE BLACKNESS

of one lens.

FADE OUT.