

RIVER'S EDGE

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

1 EXT-- RIVER-- BARELY DAWN

TIM, twelve, stands on a footbridge overlooking the river, braving the cold, dark morning. He holds a doll in his hand and stares at the water rushing by below him.

The dim, lonely light of dawn casts a languid, dreamlike spell over the scene, further enhanced by Tim's icy stance.

He drops the doll off the bridge, and we see it slowly fall, fall through the air. We hear a distant, human sound over the ambience of the rushing water, and Tim casts his eyes to a faraway cliff at the river's edge.

Two human forms can be made out on the cliff, one lying, one sitting. The prone figure appears to be nude. Again we experience the languid spell, only this time it's caused by more than just the light: time itself has been slowed, obvious from the graceful flutter of the leaves on the trees and the hypnotic stirring of the dust. The seated figure lets out a distant WHOOP which echoes and dissipates just as

THE DOLL hits the water with a very pronounced SPLASH, which carries into

2 INT-- KIM'S ROOM-- EARLY DAWN

KIM, six, opens her eyes, as if awakened by the splashing sound. She is frozen with terror, only half-awake, and we see her room from within her lingering nightmare: dark spaces stretch infinitely, curtains hang ominously, shadows move with menace.

A DARK FIGURE appears at the door. Kim SCREAMS. The figure slowly approaches, but Kim cannot move, she's paralyzed. She screams louder and louder and the figure keeps coming and finally grabs her and we are snapped out of the nightmare because it's

MATT, Kim's 17-year old "stoner" brother, come to comfort her. Were it not for the immediate calming effect he has on the hysterical Kim, we might be worried about his presence in her room. After a moment Madeleine, Kim's 35-year old mother, appears at the door, dressed in a tattered robe as faded as the light in her eyes.

MATT
Settle down, Kim, every-
thing's okay.

KIM
She's dead, she's dead...

3 EXT-- RIVER-- EARLY DAWN

THE DOLL floats downstream at normal speed and in the back-ground we see TIM climb on his bike and ride off.

The camera follows the doll in a closer shot for a ways before we

PAN UP to the cliff seen earlier. SAMSON TOULETTE, a large, muscular teenager, sits at cliff's edge, smoking a joint. He lets out another WHOOP.

Behind him we see the NUDE FIGURE. She is dead and covered with handfuls of leaves and twigs and dirt. Her eyes open wide, she seems to stare at Samson as he finishes his joint.

4 EXT-- SACRAMENTO STREET-- DAWN

SAMSON cruises the barren streets in a dinosaur of a car. Occasionally a nine-to-fiver flashes past him.

5 INT-- 7-ELEVEN-- DAWN

TIM plays a video game in the corner of the store. SAMSON enters, pulls a single beer from the rack and sets it on the counter. The two acknowledge each other with a glance.

The CHECKER looks skeptically at Samson, then points to a sign that says: IDENTIFICATION REQUIRED FOR PURCHASE OF ALCOHOL.

SAMSON
I left it at home.

CHECKER
Sorry.

The checker goes to grab the beer, but Samson has a hand on it first. Tim, from the corner of the store, watches the mild conflict. He moves to the drink section.

CHECKER
I'll take that, thank you.

SAMSON
Don't be tight.

CHECKER
Let go of the beer.

Tim pulls a second beer from the rack. At that moment he notices the STORE CAMERA set just above him. He looks into the lens and we see him staring straight out of the MONITOR right over the checker's shoulder.

Tim looks to make sure he isn't being watched-- his back is now to us on the monitor-- then puts the beer in his coat pocket and walks out of the store.

Samson and the checker are still in a stand-off. Finally Samson gives in and turns to leave.

6 EXT-- 7-ELEVEN-- DAWN

TIM waits by Samson's car. Samson comes out of the store and climbs into his car, noticing immediately the beer sitting on the passenger seat. He looks to Tim.

TIM
Don't mention it.

Samson doesn't mention it. He opens the beer.

TIM
I saw you this morning.

SAMSON
Yeah?

He takes a swallow of the beer. There is a pause.

TIM
Got any dope?

SAMSON
No.

Another pause. Tim is beginning to get uncomfortable. He is not impressing Samson, as he had hoped. Samson reaches over and opens the passenger door.

SAMSON
Get in. I know where to get some.

Tim hesitates, then starts loading his bike into the back seat.

7 INT-- SAMSON'S CAR-- MORNING

SAMSON cruises the empty streets as TIM watches him drive, a reverence in his gaze.

TIM
Where we going?

SAMSON
Feck's.

More driving. Tim notices a pair of women's panties on the floorboard. He picks them up, then looks at Samson again, then looks ahead, smiling.

TIM
Radical.

8 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

The dinosaur car pulls up in front of FECK'S HOUSE, and SAMSON climbs out.

Feck's is a rundown place, windows boarded up, grass growing wild, weeds copulating with shrubbery. The low, sick moan of an aged saxophone emanates from deep inside the place.

Samson walks up to the front door and knocks. No answer. He waits and knocks again; still no answer. Only the sick sax. He knocks once more, then walks over to the front bedroom window and peeks through a part in the curtains.

The saxophone is louder now. Obviously there's somebody in the room, but Samson's view is obscured; all he can see in the dark room is an inflatable sex doll, sitting in a chair, staring right at him. She's dressed in a skirt and a flannel shirt, and the red coloring around her O-shaped mouth is slowly fading.

Samson knocks on the window. The sick sax grows louder still. He gives up and returns to his car.

He drives off without a word.

9 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- MORNING

MATT and MADELEINE help a teary-eyed KIM search the living room.

KIM
He did something bad to her,
I know it.

MADELEINE
We'll find her.
(to Matt)
Where is that brother of yours?

Heads turn at the sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING. After a moment TIM enters the room.

KIM
Where's my Missy?

TIM
I killed her.

Kim screams. A sound to wake the dead.

MATT
You little punk.

TIM
(leaning in to Kim)
Drowned her.

Kim screams even louder. A deep, groggy voice comes from the master bedroom: JIM, Madeleine's live-in lover.

JIM'S VOICE
A man's trying to sleep in here!

MADELEINE
Please, Kim. We'll make him buy
you a new one.

KIM
It wouldn't be the same. I
want my Missy back!

She wails some more.

MADELEINE
(to Tim)
Why are you so mean?

Tim turns to leave. Kim's cries fill the house.

Where do you think you're going?

JIM'S VOICE
A MAN'S TRYING TO SLEEP!

MADELEINE
(now very angry, in the
direction of the voice)
Stick your head up your ass if
you want quiet!
(She whips back around)
Tim, get back here!

Tim keeps moving. Matt's close behind. Tim moves into Matt's bedroom and

10 INT-- MATT'S BEDROOM-- MORNING

Matt follows him in, throwing him against the wall.

TIM
Lighten up!

Tim sees his mother heading for the bedroom; he runs and shuts the door and slides the lock in place. He turns boldly toward his brother, who seems ready to advance again.

Remember my age.

A POUNDING AT THE DOOR.

MADELEINE'S VOICE
Open up!

MATT
Stupid enough you pull a stunt like that, but then to go and brag about it.

A HONK from outside. Matt goes to the window, and from his POV we see LAYNE waiting in a rattling VW bug. Layne is Matt's age, though he looks a bit tougher.

MATT
Be right there.

LAYNE
Hurry your ass!

MADELEINE'S VOICE
Open this door!

TIM
(to Matt)
He's here early. Drug run, right?

MATT
None of your business.

MORE POUNDING. Matt grabs a lighter and exits, Tim right behind him.

11 INT-- LIVING ROOM- MORNING

TIM and MATT sweep right past angry MADELEINE. She looks on helplessly.

MADELEINE

Come back here.

Matt kneels down to wailing KIM.

MATT

We'll make the turdface buy
you a new one.

KIM

I don't want the turdface to
buy me a new one. I want you
to beat him up.

Another loud HONK. Matt looks up and starts out; TIM is already out the door.

MADELEINE

Tim!

12 EXT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- MORNING

TIM runs to LAYNE'S VW and leans in the window.

TIM

Going to Feck's, huh?

LAYNE

What do you know about Feck?

Matt approaches.

MATT

Beat it, fart.

TIM

Let me go with you guys. I
could show you a dead body.

LAYNE

What, you got a girlfriend now?

Matt climbs in the passenger's side.

TIM

I'm not kidding. Look, I'm dying for a joint.

Layne takes off, leaving Tim at the curb. Madeleine is in the yard now, yelling at him; he ignores her, climbs on his bike and rides off, following the car.

13 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- MORNING

LAYNE drives with one hand; his other hand is spread, palm out, toward Matt.

MATT
What's this? Feck doesn't charge.

LAYNE
I charge. You think this car runs on God's own methane?

Matt, cursing under his breath, reluctantly hands a buck to Layne.

Where were you last night anyway?
John was getting all out of control.

MATT
I'll bet. Who else was there?

LAYNE
Darcy.

MATT
(unimpressed)
Darcy. I didn't miss anything.
Clarissa, maybe...

LAYNE
Keep your hands off Clarissa,
dude.
(takes a critical
look at Matt, turns
back to the road)
Shit, what am I worried about?

14 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

LAYNE pulls up. Neither he nor Matt gets out of the car. They look at each other. A stand-off.

LAYNE
What are you waiting for?

MATT
Bullshit! I knew you'd try to pull this. I did it last time, I remember clearly-- it was a Saturday, cloudy, you were wearing your Journey shirt with the hole in it--

LAYNE
Okay, okay, mellow out. I was just testing you.

Layne steps out of the car, flashing Matt his charmer smile.

He steps up to the door, and we again hear the sick saxophone wail coming from inside. This worries him a bit. He looks to Matt, then knocks. No answer, of course. The saxophone rises in volume.

LAYNE

What are you, dying in there?

Layne smashes the door with his fist. The saxophone stops abruptly and we see

15 INT-- FECK'S ROOM-- MORNING

FECK pull the mouthpiece abruptly from his lips, as if shocked out of a trance. He is forty-five, but could be seventy, his face scarred and pitted, his beard speckled grey.

He has no left leg, unless you count the cheap plastic one now propped up by his bed.

Centerfolds and posters of motorcycles decorate his room, along with chains and leathers. Biker motif.

On the only chair in the room sits the inflatable sex doll we saw earlier. Feck turns to her.

FECK

What do you want?

Another loud knock. Feck moves his head toward the front door, scared. He sets his saxophone on the bed, picks up the plastic leg to use as a crutch, stands up and heads out of his room.

On the way he picks a gun up off the dresser.

16 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

LAYNE waits for another frustrating moment, then prepares to knock the door down with his fist just as it starts to open. A gun barrel slowly peeks through the crack in greeting.

A shot of Layne's face reveals his impatience with the weapon; in the background we see TIM ride up on his bike. No one notices him.

The gun is now fully extended and aimed at Layne's face.

FECK

(from behind the door)

Check's in the mail.

LAYNE

It's me, Feck, Layne. Don't shoot, okay?

FECK opens the door enough to poke his head out.

FECK

I could blow your brains out, you know. I shot a girl in the head once.

LAYNE

I know, Feck. You keep telling me that. You wanna lower that barrel some? I'm your friend.

Feck thinks this over. He lowers the gun.

FECK

Yeah, you say you're my friend. Maybe so. But don't try anything.

(He looks to the car.

His demeanor shifts suddenly)

You and Matt maybe wanna come in and see Ellie?

LAYNE

I'd love to, Feck, but we're kind of late for school.

FECK

(disappointed)

Oh. I see. How much you want then?

LAYNE

Come on, dude. I came by to see how you're doing. Good ol' Feck, you know?

FECK

How much you want?

LAYNE

Couple joints.

Feck disappears into the house, and Layne glances over to Matt in the car, giving him the thumbs up.

Feck returns and hands three joints to Layne.

FECK

You're really my friend?

LAYNE
Of course.

Feck leans into Layne conspiratorially.

FECK
She had it coming, you know.

LAYNE
Right, Feck. Women are evil.
You had to kill her.

FECK
They're still after me for it.

LAYNE
Yeah, yeah. I'll see you, okay?
Thanks for the weed.

Layne starts for the car, and Feck, after a moment, closes the door.

17 INT-- FECK'S BEDROOM-- MORNING

FECK enters and looks to Ellie, his sex doll.

FECK
Friends. You're my friend.

18 INT-- LAYNE'S CAR-- MORNING

MATT
(laughing)
Ellie, huh? The gun? Did
he have the gun?

19 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

FECK looks at the gun.

FECK
And you're my friend.

He puts the gun firmly against his temple.

Squeezes the trigger.

CLICK.

20 INT-- LAYNE'S CAR-- MORNING

LAYNE
If he ever gets bullets for that
thing it's time to fuckin' worry.

21 EXT-- PECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

TIM stares at the house for a moment before climbing on his bike and riding off in the direction of Layne's car.

A schoolbell RINGS.

22 EXT-- HIGH SCHOOL SMOKING AREA-- MORNING

Students are gathered in groups; most are dressed in denims and flannels and puff on cigarettes.

The camera finds MATT, LAYNE, TONY, CLARISSA AND MAGGIE.

Layne has his arm around Clarissa, a shapely, overly made-up girl of seventeen. She treats the appendage with a slight disinterest, which Layne, in his coolness, fails to notice. Tony, an intense, short teen, leans against the wall next to Maggie. Matt stands near Layne.

TONY
(to Layne)
Gimme a cigarette.

LAYNE
You fuckin' gave up cigarettes.

TONY
I gave up yesterday. I didn't
give up today.

LAYNE
I gave up lending. Learn some
self-control. You're interrupting
here.

Layne turns to Matt.

Go on.

MATT
I don't know, I just figured we
could ditch this place, go up
there, and if we like it, we stay,
don't come back.

CLARISSA
Where'd you get Portland?

MATT
Nobody knows us up there.

CLARISSA
People know us here?

LAYNE

I know you, babe.

He squeezes Clarissa's ass. She pulls his hand away.

CLARISSA

That's really annoying, Layne.

TONY

We could be lumberjacks, right?

MATT

There's other things to do.

MAGGIE

Like get stoned.

LAYNE

It almost sounds like a plan, except we're all broke and I'm the only one with a car.

TONY

Mikey's got a truck. We could take advantage of him again. Then we steal all our parent's money and take off. Discover America. Easy Rider plus five.

Tony starts singing "Born To Be Wild."

MAGGIE

Then some redneck comes along and blows your head off.

TONY

Long as I'm riding my chopper.

MATT

I was thinking something more practical.

Clarissa looks at her watch just as SAMSON approaches the group.

CLARISSA

Oh, hell, I gotta go. Burkewaite's gonna have a spasm attack if I'm late again.

LAYNE

(to Matt, supposedly)

She's in love with his middle-aged ass.

CLARISSA

He's not middle-aged, jerko.

She notices SAMSON.

Oh, hi, John.

LAYNE

Didn't think you'd make it today. Where's Darcy?

SAMSON

I killed her.

CLARISSA

(paying no attention)

She's gonna be in big trouble if she keeps cutting like this. Come on, Maggie.

MAGGIE

You what?

SAMSON

Killed her.

MAGGIE

You're strange, John.

TONY

What'd you do, sit on her?

CLARISSA

(impatiently)

Come on!

Maggie, Clarissa and Tony walk off, leaving Samson alone with Matt and Layne.

Samson turns to his friends.

SAMSON

They don't believe me.

23 EXT-- RIVER-- MORNING

CU of Darcy's face, eyes open, a leaf stuck to her parted lips. Is she, was she pretty?

LAYNE

(o.s.)

Crazy fucking story like that, why should anyone believe you?

The wind moves another leaf across her face and we

PAN UP to SAMSON, MATT and LAYNE, a few hundred feet in the distance, coming down the hill toward the body. They walk a ways and Samson points. Layne strains to see.

LAYNE

I don't see anything.

(to Matt)

You see anything?

Matt does. He says nothing.

LAYNE

If you brought us way out here
in the freezing cold...

SAMSON

It ain't cold. Come on.

Samson leads Layne closer to the body. Matt remains where he is.

LAYNE

(to Matt)

You coming?

Matt shakes his head no, and Layne moves with Samson to within a few feet of the body. He bends in for a closer look, then turns to Samson, skeptical.

LAYNE

It's a dummy. What b.s.

A pause. Layne picks up a stick from the ground and after some hesitation gives the body a jab in the thigh. A few leaves flutter off, revealing more flesh, and he takes a closer look. The reality sinks in.

Layne drops the stick and looks at Samson.

LAYNE

You crazy motherfucker.

(He turns to Matt)

You see this?

MATT

I see it.

LAYNE

You crazy motherfucker, John.
Why'd you kill her?

SAMSON

She was talking shit.

LAYNE

You could fry for this, you know.

SAMSON

Yeah.

He looks at the body again. Matt starts off.

LAYNE

This is unreal. Completely unreal.

He turns around.

Matt!

He runs up the trail to catch up with Matt.

What's with you?

MATT

We'd better go.

Samson stands there for a second, staring at the body. The camera finds her face in close-up again as we hear

LAYNE

(o.s.)

John!

24 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- MORNING

LAYNE is driving and talking, very excited, while MATT and SAMSON listen.

LAYNE

It's like some fucking movie, you know? Friends since second grade, fuckin' like this--

(He proudly raises crossed fingers to demonstrate the unity of their friendship)
--and one of us gets himself in potentially big trouble, and now we've got to deal with it. We've got to test our loyalty, against all odds. It's kind of exciting. I feel like Chuck Norris, you know? --

25 INT-- BURKEWAITE'S CLASS-- MORNING

MAGGIE and CLARISSA sit toward the front, listening to their teacher rail.

17
Rail he does. Though no youngster, BURKEWAITE still has a jittery, crazy way about him, softened only slightly by the years. Not a man to turn your back on.

BURKEWAITE

Not that we were always thinking good thoughts back then-- cops cracking skulls around you, you've got a picket sign in your hand, you're not thinking specifically about stopping the war just now, you're rethinking about knocking a few pigs on their asses. Crazy as it all seemed though, there was some meaning to the madness, a clear and real purpose.

KEVIN, a well-groomed teen, raises his hand. He does not wait to be called on.

KEVIN

But don't you think violence is wrong?

TOM, a stoner, jumps in, excited by Burkewaite's words.

TOM

Fuck off, Kevin. Wasting pigs is radical!

The bell RINGS and the class immediately pours out of the room. Burkewaite watches them leave, shaking his head in futility.

BURKEWAITE

You miss my point.

The camera finds Maggie and Clarissa. Maggie is on her feet.

MAGGIE

Come on, Clarissa. Let's grab a smoke.

CLARISSA

You go on. I'll be there in a minute.

Maggie follows Clarissa's gaze to Burkewaite, then shakes her head.

MAGGIE

You are hooked.

Maggie leaves and Clarissa walks up to her teacher. She smiles a come-on smile, and he looks up at her, puzzled.

26 EXT-- SMOKING AREA-- LATE MORNING

Maggie approaches TONY, MATT, SAMSON and LAYNE, who are involved in a debate.

TONY
Bullshit.

LAYNE
Would I lie?

Tony turns to Samson.

TONY
You...really...?

Samson nods solemnly.

MAGGIE
Really what?

TONY
Naaahh.

LAYNE
Look, dude, I saw it, right there in front of me. I poked at it with a stick.

TONY
Naaahhh.

MAGGIE
Poked at what?

TONY
By the river, huh?

LAYNE
We'll take you there and show you. Right, Matt?

MATT
Count me out.

MAGGIE
Count you out of what? What's by the river? What are you guys talking about?

TONY
Layne's saying Samson killed Darcy.

Maggie digests this for a moment, looking at Samson. She turns to the others.

MAGGIE

No way.

27 EXT-- ANOTHER PART OF CAMPUS-- LATE MORNING

Maggie walks with Clarissa.

CLARISSA

And you believe them?

MAGGIE

A bunch of us are going up to check it out. It's probably some joke.

CLARISSA

Some joke all right. Who's everybody?

MAGGIE

Me, Layne, John, Tony, Tom, a few others.

CLARISSA

Matt?

MAGGIE

He doesn't seem to think the joke's that funny.

CLARISSA

Yeah, yeah-- they're just trying to lure you up there so they can rape you, Mag.

MAGGIE

(pleased)

You think so?

28 EXT-- SCHOOL PARKING LOT-- LATE MORNING

SAMSON, CLARISSA, MAGGIE, LAYNE, TOM, TONY and two others in the same mold stand by Layne's VW. They don't look hopeful.

LAYNE

This ain't gonna work.

A moment as they search for a solution. Layne and Tony look at each other.

LAYNE AND TONY

Mikey:

29 INT-- McDONALD'S-- NEAR NOON

LAYNE approaches the counter and motions to MIKE, who cooks in the back. Mike is a little older, in his twenties; he looks gullible and easily persuaded.

After some amount of mimed arguing-- gestures of insistence on Layne's part, gestures of refusal on Mike's-- Mike steps up to the counter.

MIKE

No free food.

LAYNE

Come on, Mike. I just came by to say hi.

MIKE

Hi.

LAYNE

Hi.

Mike looks outside and notices a large group of people by his truck. They see him looking, and one or two wave; at that moment TIM rides up to the group on his bike. Mike turns back to Layne.

MIKE

You can't use my truck, Layne.

LAYNE

Come on, Mike. It's important.

30 EXT-- McDONALD'S-- NEAR NOON

TIM lays down a skid in front of TONY. MOKO, Tim's tough-looking though very tiny Oriental friend, is close behind.

TIM

What's all this?

TONY

We're the newly-appointed Truant Patrol, looking to capture and kill runaway ten-year old homeboys like you.

TIM

I'm twelve, idiot.

(He turns to Samson)

Hey, John.

Samson acknowledges him. Just barely.

TIM

Bet you're all going to see
a dead girl.

Most in the group are surprised.

TONY

What do you know about a dead
girl?

TIM

Me and John are close. Eh, John?

TONY

You shouldn't be so quick to
believe. Now beat it.

TIM

I was thinking of coming with
you guys.

TONY

No room. Both of you guys,
out of here.

TIM

John wants us to stay. Don't
you, John?

Samson says nothing. There is a long pause, and Tim starts
to feel very small in the silence. He tries to hold his
ground, but his twelve-year old spunk only goes so far.

MAGGIE points inside.

MAGGIE

Layne's getting close.

31 INT-- McDONALD'S-- NEAR NOON

Poor MIKE is nearing hysteria, as LAYNE calmly keeps on him.

LAYNE

Come on, Mike.

MIKE

(very excited)
I'm not going to let you do
this to me again, Layne.

LAYNE

Be a pal.

MIKE

Nobody is supposed to drive
it, I told you.

LAYNE

You drive then.

MIKE

What, just leave work, right
like that? If my supervisor
even sees me at the counter
he'll kill me, and you want
me to take off, maybe lose
my job?

The camera holds on LAYNE holding back an answer.

32 EXT-- STREET-- NOON

Mike's at the wheel of the truck, transporting the group:
Layne and Clarissa up front, the rest in the back.

Mike is not particularly happy.

33 EXT-- RIVER-- NOON

The group comes down the hill, Samson leading.

MIKE

Least you could do is tell me
what this is all about.

LAYNE

You'll see, Mike.

MIKE

I haven't got all day, you know.

LAYNE

I know, Mike.

MIKE

Some of us have to work.

Layne, by this time thoroughly annoyed with Mike's complaining, ignores him. The group walks a little further.

MAGGIE

Is that it over there?

CLARISSA

That's a log, Mag.

Samson stops, and everyone halts behind him. He points.

MAGGIE

(straining to see)

What, that?

TONY

It's a dummy. I knew this was some stupid joke. We came all the way out here for some dumb joke.

LAYNE

It's no joke.

Mike boldly approaches the body.

MIKE

What, did we come here for this pile of leaves?

He kicks the body, then pulls back, repulsed.

MIKE

Oh my God.

MAGGIE

(still skeptical)

What?

She, Tony and Clarissa walk closer to the body, the rest of the group right behind. A silence. The reality sinks in.

The crowd's reaction is a mixture of fascination, revulsion, and a stunned, nervous amusement.

The only one who seems truly shocked by the incident is Clarissa, who steps back from the group in stunned silence, her hand over her mouth. She stops and stares for a while before we

DISSOLVE TO

34 INT-- CLASSROOM-- DAY

as MATT sits in the back of the room, staring in much the same way.

We hear, offscreen, an instructor droning on, but we understand none of his words as they mix with ambient sounds: the heater, the wind, backrow whispers, Matt's own breathing.

The camera moves in on Matt's eyes and we

DISSOLVE TO

35 EXT-- RIVER-- DAY

A LONG SHOT of the group standing motionless over the body. Time seems to have momentarily stopped.

Finally

TONY

You're in big trouble, John.

SAMSON

Yeah.

LAYNE

No, man, nobody has to find out. We've got a lot of people here; we could bury her so she's never found.

Layne's suggestion hits deaf ears. He can't believe it.

Is anybody going to help me?

Another moment passes, and Mike starts away from the group.

Where you going, Mike? Get back here.

MIKE

I've got to get back to work.

Mike keeps walking, and Layne starts after him.

LAYNE

I said come back here, god-dammit.

Mike quickens his pace, until he is almost jogging.

Layne, frustrated, breaks into a run, and they both scramble up the hill.

The group starts up the hill to watch the action.

Mike makes it to the truck first and Layne catches up to him, twisting him around by the shirt and pinning him against the door.

MIKE

Let go of me.

LAYNE

We're dealing with a friend's future here, Mike.

MIKE

He killed a person.

LAYNE

You're gonna bring her back? It's done.

MIKE

He brings us out here like it's a show.

LAYNE

We're here to deal with it. Now give me your keys.

Mike refuses by not moving. Layne begins to steam.

LAYNE

Goddammit, I said give me your keys.

Layne tries to dig in Mike's pockets, but Mike will have nothing to do with it. Their scuffle becomes increasingly furious as the others begin to appear over the hill, and with one quick motion that he probably never knew he was capable of, Mike tosses Layne to the ground.

Layne quickly gets to his feet, surprised and fired up.

LAYNE

You son of a bitch.

He dashes toward Mike, who, still recovering from his burst of strength, is not ready to defend himself again. Things do not look good for Mike, but then

a LARGE HAND intervenes, grabbing Layne and pulling him back.

SHOT: Layne, with an arm wrapped around his neck, nearly choking him. It is Samson's arm.

SAMSON

Leave him alone, Layne.

LAYNE

What the fuck are you doing?

SAMSON

He doesn't have to stay if he
doesn't want to.

It takes a few seconds for things to cool off. Eventually Samson lets go, and Layne pulls away, rubbing his neck. Another short pause, and Mike gets into the cab of his truck. Others in the group, who have climbed the hill in the commotion, also start to get in.

LAYNE

So me and John are going to have
to do this by ourselves, huh?

Samson looks at Layne, then climbs in the back of the truck himself.

LAYNE

What are you doing?

SAMSON

She's heavy. Come on.

Layne shakes his head in disbelief, and Mike starts up the truck, poking his head out the window.

MIKE

You coming?

Layne hesitates, then grudgingly climbs in the back of the truck.

LAYNE

You people are a fucking test,
I tell you.

The truck pulls off in a roar of dust and smoke, which the camera lingers on before we

36 DISSOLVE TO

A SLOW PAN of Darcy's body, ending on a tight shot of her by now very familiar face.

FADE OUT

FADE UP TO

37 EXT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- DAY

CU of a crawdad in a bucket. DULL THUDS coincide with the creature's twitches.

A LONGER SHOT reveals TIM and MOKO plugging away at the crawdad with a BB gun. LAYNE'S VW pulls up in the background.

TIM
(to Moko)
You nailed it!

SHOT: MATT and LAYNE.

LAYNE
Sure you don't want to come?

MATT
Yeah. I'm tired.

Layne looks over to Tim and Moko as Matt climbs out of the car.

LAYNE
Hey you, Stubbick! Come here!

TIM
Suck me.

LAYNE
(to Matt)
Control your brother.

MATT
What makes you think I have
special power?

Layne looks to Tim again.

LAYNE
I'm serious, Tim!

Tim hesitates coolly, keeping his eyes and mind on his business, then walks over to Layne's VW. Matt lights a joint as they talk, wandering off.

LAYNE
(to Tim)
You keep your fucking little
mouth shut, you hear?

TIM
About what?

LAYNE
You know. Tony told me you
know.

TIM(sarcastically)
Oh. The death. Don't worry,
I'm with you.

Layne takes a moment for a decision.

LAYNE
I'll trust you.

Tim is secretly pleased. Layne drives off, and at that moment. Matt looks into the bucket. What he sees makes him angry and disgusted. He looks at Tim, who returns the glare.

MATT
Why are you two such delinquents?

TIM
Because of our fucked-up childhoods.

Matt snatches the gun away from Moko. Moko jumps into a "ready" karate stance.

MOKO
Hoo-wah!

TIM
(to Matt)
What are you doing?

MATT
Taking my gun.

TIM
You gave it to me two months ago.

Matt walks into the house with the gun.

TIM
Pothead fuckbrain!

38 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- DAY

MATT hides the gun in the hall closet; in the background we hear MADELEINE talking to KIM.

MADELEINE
(o.s.)
I have to work tonight, honey.

KIM
(o.s.)
Miss work.

MADELEINE
(o.s.)
You know I can't do that. Why don't we do this tomorrow morning? Okay? I've got to go.

Kim starts to whine, and Madeleine enters the frame after a second, dressed in hospital whites. She is in a hurry, harried.

She notices the joint in Matt's mouth.

MADELEINE

Didn't I tell you not to smoke in the house? Jim is sensitive to smoke.

MATT

Jim Jim Jim.

MADELEINE

He pays rent, Matt. He has a right to his comfort. Where's Tim?

MATT

Outside, being worthless. Why do you let him hang around with that hoodlum jap?

MADELEINE

Why do I let him? What am I going to do? Why do I let you smoke dope in the house?

(a pause)

Where did you get that, anyway?

MATT

Don't worry, it's not yours.

39 INT-- LIVING ROOM-- DAY

MATT enters. KIM sits on the couch, teary-eyed, watching TV. She looks up to Matt.

KIM

Will you come to Missy's funeral?

MATT

I'll come.

Kim smiles, and Matt settles back to afternoon cartoons. Kim notices the joint in his hand.

KIM

Marijuana's bad for you, Matt.

He puts the joint out, a little embarrassed.

40 INT-- VIDEO ARCADE-- AFTER SCHOOL

LAYNE'S at the controls, destroying universes. TONY and CLARISSA watch.

LAYNE

You hole!

He slaps the side of the machine.

TONY

You're losing your touch, Layne.

LAYNE

It's the circuits inside. The people who own this place have them all re-connected because they know if I ever learn these machines I'll take control of the fuckin' universe!

Tony looks skeptical.

CLARISSA

So what's going to happen?

LAYNE

I'm going to stick another quarter in this machine and murder it.

CLARISSA

No, no. With John and all that.

LAYNE

What do you mean? Nothing's gonna happen. I'm gonna tie up a few loose ends tonight, and nothing's gonna happen.

CLARISSA

Why'd he even do it?

LAYNE

Because she was shooting her mouth off about his mother.

CLARISSA

His mother's dead.

LAYNE

Yeah. See?

TONY

He has a few loose springs when it comes to his dead mother.

LAYNE

If you found your mother in the shower like that, you'd have a few loose springs too.

TONY
I wasn't accusing him or anything.

CLARISSA
It's like he wanted to get caught, you know? Coming to school and bragging about it.

LAYNE
He's not going to get caught, because no one's gonna tell. Isn't that right, Tony?

TONY
I wouldn't narc.

CLARISSA
But don't you think--

LAYNE
I think we should just quit talking about it, because some potential fink could be listening, that's what I think. Tony?

TONY
Sounds good.

LAYNE
Okay, Clarissa? Wouldn't want John hearing you shoot your mouth off, right?

Clarissa starts to say something, but holds it in. Layne puts another quarter in the machine, and the camera holds on Clarissa, her mouth shut, as we hear

CLARISSA'S VOICE
Bullshit.

41 EXT-- SACRAMENTO STREET-- AFTERNOON

CLARISSA
(continuing her utterance)
Layne's just full of bullshit.

MAGGIE
(pointing)
There's a phone right there.

CLARISSA
He thinks he controls all of us. Thinks because he says something we have to do it.

MAGGIE

We usually do.

CLARISSA

Not today, though. Nobody would stay there with him. And you know why? Because it just isn't right. I don't care if it was John or who it was.

MAGGIE

There's a phone, Clarissa.

CLARISSA

What makes John more important than Darcy? Wasn't Darcy our friend too? I've known her since kindergarten.

MAGGIE

Here, here's a dime. There's a phone.

Clarissa, finally, starts for the phone.

CLARISSA

He's dangerous. It could have been you, or me dead now. He probably raped her too.

She picks up the phone, checking her pocket with her other hand. Shit.

Maggie hands her a dime. Clarissa takes it, but doesn't yet put it in the slot.

CLARISSA

Who do I call, anyway?

MAGGIE

The police, I guess.

CLARISSA

What, I'm supposed to know the number? Where's the phone book?

She looks in the plastic bookcover under the shelf, but no book.

MAGGIE

Call the operator.

CLARISSA

You do it.

MAGGIE
I don't know what to say.
Here. I'll dial. You talk.

Maggie takes the dime from Clarissa and drops it in the coin slot. She dials 0, then turns to Clarissa. Clarissa waits a few seconds, phone in hand. Finally she hangs up.

CLARISSA
Damn him anyway.

42 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- EARLY EVENING

MATT sits alone in the living room, watching TV. Every once in a while he glances up from the set into his mother's bedroom, where a phone beckons from the nightstand. He ignores it as best he can.

Through the sliding glass door, in the back yard, we can see KIM attempting to plant a cross into the ground. It keeps falling over, and we can tell she's frustrated.

Finally she stands up and walks across the yard to the door, sliding it open and poking her head in.

KIM
Matt!

After some hesitation, Matt rises from his chair and follows Kim outside.

43 EXT-- MATT'S BACK YARD-- EARLY EVENING

Matt follows Kim to the grave site.

KIM
I can't get the damn thing
to stand up straight.

MATT
Don't cuss.

Matt kneels down and picks up the cross, crudely made from cardboard and construction paper. On it Kim has written in glitter:

MISSY = DEAD

RIP

Matt plants the cross into the ground, firmly packing dirt around the base. With just a little effort he has it standing.

Kim steps back and looks at the cross, pleased.

In the background we hear the sound of an approaching Volkswagen, rattling. Even from a distance it makes Matt bristle

MATT

Shit. That's Layne. Tell him
I'm not here.

KIM

(pleased)

Okay.

The camera follows her inside

44 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- EARLY EVENING

and across the living room, to the front door.

She waits a few seconds, then opens the door, catching Layne just as he's about to knock. He's taken off guard.

KIM

He's not here.

LAYNE

Yeah? Where'd he go?

KIM

To buy an egg. Bye.

She starts to close the door, but Layne stops it with his hand.

LAYNE

Hold on there, little lady.

KIM

I said he's not here!

LAYNE

I believe you, kid. Can I
use your phone?

KIM

No.

Layne walks in anyway, pushing past an obstinate Kim.

LAYNE

Your Mommy and Daddy gone?

KIM
Mommy's at work. Jim's at
a bar. I don't have a daddy.

Layne walks in the bedroom, shutting the door behind him. Kim stands there for a second, slightly angry. She heads outside.

45 EXT-- MATT'S BACK YARD-- EARLY EVENING

Through the back bedroom window, Matt sees Layne enter. He ducks out of Layne's view, and puts his finger to his lips as Kim approaches.

KIM
I told him to leave.

MATT
Just pick flowers. He'll go.

46 INT-- BEDROOM-- EARLY EVENING

Layne dials the phone. It begins to ring at the other end. Through the window he can see the homemade cross.

47 INT-- SAMSON'S AUNT'S BEDROOM-- EARLY EVENING

The phone continues to ring as SAMSON places a tray of food onto his AUNTO'S lap. Aunto is old, but not invalid-- this is simply a comfortable habit for her.

AUNTO
Thank you, Samson. Will you read
to me later?

SAMSON
What tonight?

AUNTO
Cat in the Hat. No, no--
Green Eggs and Ham.

SAMSON
Sure thing, Aunto.

Samson exits the room.

48 INT-- LIVING ROOM-- EARLY EVENING

Very obviously an old woman's living room. Samson moves to the phone and picks it up.

SAMSON

Yeah?...Fixing dinner for Aunto...
Yeah...No...I gotta read to her
later...Jesus, Layne, don't worry
about it. It ain't that important.

49 INT-- BEDROOM-- EVENING

LAYNE

Ain't important? They're gonna
nail you dude. I've known you for
too fucking long to let that
happen to you...Fuck you, then,
I'll do it myself. And I'll be
expecting a sixer for this.

Layne hangs up the phone.

What I do for my fucking
friends.

He takes another look at the cross outside, then exits the
bedroom.

50 INT-- MATT'S LIVING ROOM-- EARLY EVENING

Layne moves to the sliding glass door and pokes his head out.
Kim continues to pick flowers, nervously glancing to Matt,
who's hidden behind the corner.

LAYNE

Whose grave?

KIM

Not yours.

LAYNE

Don't get huffy, kid. You tell
Matt it's important he gets
hold of me. Got it?

Kim nods her head, and Layne turns and exits.

51 EXT-- BACK YARD-- EARLY EVENING

Kim looks over at Matt, and they both listen carefully as:

The front door slams, and

A Volkswagen starts up and takes off.

Matt gives his sister a thumbs up. Job well done.

At that moment, the PHONE RINGS.

MATT

Shit.

Kim runs inside, and Matt follows her.

52 INT-- BEDROOM-- EARLY EVENING

Kim runs to the phone as Matt hangs by the door.

KIM

(picking up phone)

Hello?...Just a sec...

She puts her hand over the receiver and looks to Matt.

It's Clarissa.

Matt looks slightly stunned.

Want me to tell her you're
buying an egg?

Matt hesitates a moment, then shakes his head. He takes
the phone from his sister.

She your girlfriend?

MATT

(motioning his
sister out of
the room)

Hello? Clarissa?

53 INT-- CLARISSA'S BEDROOM-- EARLY EVENING

Her room is a strange mixture of soft (stuffed animals, nature posters) and hard (heavy metal concert posters, drug icons). She fingers an unseen photo on the table by the phone.

CLARISSA

That's me. Just called to
see what's up.

(a pause)

So. What's up?

54 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- EARLY EVENING

MATT

Nothing much. Just helping
my sister with a...

He stops himself.

CLARISSA'S VOICE
With a what?

MATT
Nothing.

55 INT-- CLARISSA'S BEDROOM-- EARLY EVENING

After a pause.

CLARISSA
Whatever. I didn't see you
at the arcade today-- figured
you had something going on.

MATT'S VOICE
Yeah.

Another long pause. The camera begins to move in on the
picture at Clarissa's fingertips.

CLARISSA
You probably want to get back
to whatever it is you're doing.

MATT'S VOICE
I can talk.

CLARISSA
No, you're busy.

We see the picture now: a crude instamatic snapshot of three
girls on a couch. Two of the girls-- Clarissa and Maggie at
earlier ages, with different hairstyles-- make faces and rude
gestures to the camera. The third-- presumably Darcy-- has
been caught by surprise and is turning toward the camera, her
eyes half closed, motion obscuring her features.

Clarissa continues to talk as the camera moves in on
Darcy's image.

CLARISSA
I was just sitting around, fig-
ured I'd call you. You know
how it is. Nothing important.
Not like I'm moving away or
anything.
(a pause)
I'll see you tomorrow, Matt.

MATT'S VOICE
See you, Clarissa.

We hear the sound of Clarissa hanging up the phone.

55A DARCY'S image now fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO

56 EXT-- MATT'S BACK YARD-- EVENING

The magic hour; the sun has just slipped away.

MATT and KIM stand in long shot by the makeshift grave, Kim dressed in a baggy black mourning dress, tears in her eyes.

She solemnly puts a handful of yellow dandelions on the grave, bows her head, then takes Matt's hand, pulling him inside. Matt doesn't budge.

MATT

I'll be there in a second. You
go in now.

After some hesitation Kim lets go of her brother's hand and walks away, leaving him at the grave. We hear the sound of the sliding glass door as she enters the house; shortly thereafter we hear a gate open.

Matt, lost in thought, seems to hear none of this.

After a moment TIM appears at the side of the house, standing at a distance from the grave, not making a sound, watching his brother watch the grave. He wears a hard look, in direct contrast to Matt, who seems to be softening as he stares at the cross.

The camera moves in very slowly on Matt's face, his eyes.
A tear?

DISSOLVE TO

57 EXT-- RIVER-- EVENING

DARCY'S EYES, still wide open, sparkle in the twilight.

The camera PANS down her body, slowly, to her hand, palm up. Another hand comes from offscreen and takes it, with seeming tenderness.

CUT TO

58 EXTREME LOW ANGLE of the cliff. Background greenery at the top of the screen, bordered by a dark blue sky, sways gracefully in the slight breeze. A beautiful sight.

A few seconds pass before DARCY'S BODY comes tumbling over the edge of the cliff, landing with a splash in the icy water.

LAYNE comes to the edge of the cliff and peers down. We do not see his features, his expression-- he is backlit, almost a silhouette-- but we know it's Layne.

FADE OUT

AMBIENT STREET SOUNDS rise up over the darkness, the silence.

FADE UP TO

59 EXT-- LIQUOR STORE-- EVENING

SAMSON waits outside the store in the background; in the foreground we see LAYNE sitting in his parked VW.

A man comes out of the store, pulls a six-pack of beer out of his bag and hands it to Samson. The man tries to give Samson change, but Samson refuses it. He turns and walks toward the car as Layne fires up the engine.

60 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- EVENING

SAMSON climbs in and LAYNE puts the car into gear and drives off. He looks at the beer in Samson's lap.

LAYNE
Budweiser? You'd think I'd
rate at least Michelob.

SAMSON
Don't be an ingrate.

LAYNE
You're calling me an ingrate?

SAMSON
I never asked you to do it, Layne.

LAYNE
A friend doesn't have to ask a
friend for something like that.

Samson opens a beer and hands it to Layne. Layne takes a swig.

It's warm even.

He turns to Samson and stares at him for a long time.

You don't even care, do you?

SAMSON
I ain't drinking it.

LAYNE
About yourself, dumbfuck. How
do you expect other people to
care about you?

Samson shrugs.

It's people like you that
are sending this country down
the tubes, you know? No sense
of pride, no sense of loyalty,
no sense of nothing. Why do
you think there are so many fucking
welfare cases in this country?
Why do you think Russia's gearing
up to kick our ass?

SAMSON
Drink your beer, Layne.

LAYNE
I won't drink my fucking beer.
I'm talking here.

Samson turns to look out the window.

These things are important to
me, and believe it or not, you're
important to me.

Layne is just now turning a corner, and Samson points.

SAMSON

Look at that.

Layne looks forward, and from his POV we see three cop cars parked in front of Samson's house, lights flashing.

LAYNE

Son of a bitch. Duck down.

Samson stares in wonderment as Layne's car approaches the cops.

SAMSON

Hope they don't upset Aunto.

LAYNE

Duck down, goddammit! You wanna get caught?

Layne pushes Samson down in the seat and drives, very slowly, past the cars. Sweat begins to fall in buckets. As he passes a few cops casually glance his way. He doesn't know what to do. Not wanting to seem suspicious, he looks at them, but he doesn't know how to look. He nods coolly. He waves. He continues on. Having almost blown it.

Well past the danger area he speeds up to just the limit, letting out a long breath. He turns down a side street.

LAYNE

Somebody fuckin' narced.

SAMSON

Yeah.

LAYNE

(very nervous)

Now we can't panic. I'll bet it was Mike. I'll bet you anything it was Mike. We'll just drive around a little while and see if we can't figure this thing out. We gotta get you out of town. You have money? We'll need money. We'll have to put you up somewhere until we can get money. We can't panic, though. We're dead if we panic.

(panicking)

Okay?

SAMSON

Whatever you say.

61 EXT-- RIVER-- NIGHT

A TRIO of COP CARS pull up at the top of the hill, and six cops get out. MATT also climbs out of the third car.

Nobody speaks as Matt leads them to where the body was.

In the background we hear the garbled static of police radios.

Matt stops. No body. He's puzzled.

COP ONE

You're sure this is the place.

MATT

I can't understand it.

COP ONE

You said she was buried.

MATT

Just covered, with leaves,
twigs, right here.

He points down. The cops fan out and start looking around.

COP TWO
(to Matt)
If this is some joke you're
playing with your friends...

COP THREE
(o.s.)
What's that down there?

The camera finds the cop as the others approach. He shines his flashlight on the ledge below, moving the beam of light across the shape in the water.

Softly illuminated, DARCY looks more alive and beautiful than she ever has, her hair floating on the water in long, graceful strands.

62 EXT-- RIVER-- LATER THAT NIGHT

Darcy's body is being pulled out of the river by men who do this sort of thing for a living.

Close-ups of their faces, unmarked by any significant emotion outside of weariness, are intercut with the retrieval process, and over this we hear the following exchange.

BENNETT'S VOICE
Did the sight of this dead girl
move you in any particular way?

MATT'S VOICE
I...don't know.

BENNETT'S VOICE
Were you shocked? Saddened? Angered?
Did the sight please you?

MATT'S VOICE
I don't know how I felt.

BENNETT'S VOICE
How do you feel now?

MATT'S VOICE
(after a pause)
Tired.

63 INT-- AMBULANCE-- NIGHT

The ambulance transports Darcy's sheet-covered BODY to the morgue. An attendant sits in the back with her, very bored, reading a book, as the dialogue continues, uninterrupted.

BENNETT'S VOICE
Does death bore you?

MATT'S VOICE
It's been a long day.

64 INT-- MORGUE-- NIGHT

BLACK. The long drawer containing Darcy's BODY is opened; we see this happen from inside, from Darcy's POV.

A WOMAN of about forty-- Darcy's mother, apparently-- looks down on the body, expressionless.

Again the body is covered with a sheet; the woman waits patiently for an ATTENDANT to lift the sheet from Darcy's face.

He does. The woman's expression does not change. She stares. We see what she sees: her daughter, dead, sponged clean, eyes closed. The camera concentrates on the woman's face.

Again, uninterrupted, the dialogue:

BENNETT'S VOICE
It'll get longer. You knew this girl.

MATT'S VOICE
Yeah.

BENNETT'S VOICE
How did you feel about her?

MATT'S VOICE
I don't know.

BENNETT'S VOICE
I'm getting sick of I don't know.
Did you love her? Did you hate her?
Did you fuck her when you got bored?

MATT'S VOICE
She was a friend, I guess.

BENNETT'S VOICE
You guess? Either she was or she wasn't.

MATT'S VOICE
She was.

BENNETT'S VOICE

(now angry, insistent)

So you stand there, staring at your dead friend, like it's all some big joke, some adventure, and what, Matt, is going through your head? Exactly what?

(a pause)

What were you thinking?

(a pause)

Were you even thinking at the time?

DARCY'S MOTHER nods her head and turns away.

65 INT-- POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM-- NIGHT

MATT, very much on edge, sits across from CAPTAIN BENNETT, a tall, imposing man.

BENNETT

Answer me, goddammit!

MATT

I don't know, okay? You want me to make something up?

Bennett stares in contempt at Matt for a long moment, then continues, shifting his angry tone.

BENNETT

No. I want you to tell me the truth. The body, Matt-- how do you figure it got in the river?

MATT

I don't know.

BENNETT

Take a stab, huh? You think it rolled maybe? Or maybe a gust of wind just peeled off the river and scooped it up.

MATT

Maybe.

BENNETT

Maybe someone pushed it.

MATT

Maybe.

BENNETT

Maybe you pushed it.

MATT

I didn't push it.

BENNETT

You're the only person we're sure was at the scene.

MATT

I told you about John.

BENNETT

John?

MATT

Samson. We call him John. Because of his last name, Toulette. You know-- Toulette, toilet, john.

BENNETT

Very clever. So you helped Samson... "John"...push the body off.

MATT

Right. After I helped him kill her.

BENNETT

Yeah?

MATT

(standing up)

Yeah, and fuck you, too. I reported the thing, man, you act like I'm guilty of some crime.

A pause. Bennett stares coolly at Matt.

BENNETT

You planning on going somewhere?

MATT

I've got my rights. You can't keep me here forever. I didn't do anything.

BENNETT

That was exactly your mistake. You saw this body and you didn't act immediately. You're an accessory after the fact, Mr. Johnson. I could arrest you right now if I wanted.

This puts out Matt's fire.

BENNETT

So why don't you sit down and
we'll talk some more. I find
you very interesting.

Matt hesitates, then returns to his seat.

66

EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

LAYNE'S VW pulls up in front and LAYNE gets out. The house
is dark and gloomy; if not for the pale light shining from
the bedroom window, it would seem uninhabited.

SAMSON peers into the light as LAYNE walks up to the door,
and from his point of view we see movement in the bedroom:
two figures, apparently dancing, in the soft light. There
is a tender grace in the dance.

Layne's KNOCKS upset the mood, and one of the figures--
FECK, we assume-- leads the other to a chair, gently set-
ting her down.

Samson stares at the figure in the chair. From his POV we
see that it's ELLIE; we see her timeworn lips, her big round
eyes. She seems to be staring directly at Samson in the
car. He is fascinated.

SHOT: LAYNE at the door.

FECK

(through the door)
Check's in the mail.

LAYNE

No time for bullshit, Feck.
Open up.

Feck opens the door, gun in hand.

And put that away. Last thing
we want is cops.

SHOT: Samson still staring. Layne, in the background, mo-
tions for him to come to the door. Samson steps out of
the car and walks toward the house very nonchalantly.

LAYNE

Hurry your ass!

Samson steps it up just a touch.

67 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

LAYNE pulls SAMSON inside.

LAYNE
You've met John.

FECK aims his gun at Samson.

FECK
I've killed men much bigger
than you.

LAYNE
He knows, Feck, he knows. Look,
Feck, John's in trouble and
he needs your help.

FECK
Trouble? What'd you do?

LAYNE
Nothing, Feck.

SAMSON
I killed Darcy.

LAYNE
Dammit, John.

Layne turns to Feck.

LAYNE
He didn't exactly kill her.
It was an accident.

FECK
I killed a girl once. No ac-
cident. Put a gun to the back
of her head and blew her brains
out the front. I was in love.

SAMSON
I strangled mine. With a sock.

FECK
You love her?

SAMSON
She was okay.

LAYNE
We need your car, Feck. We've
got to get John out of state.

FECK
You have a car.

LAYNE
Mine won't make it that far.

FECK
I might need mine.

LAYNE
Shit, Feck, you haven't been
out of this house in five years.

FECK
What if someone sees it, then? They're
still after me, you know.
(turns to Samson)
They've been after me for twenty
years. You kill a person and
they stick after you like ghosts.
They won't let you forget. They
won't believe you when you say
you're sorry. They want you to
pay somehow.

Feck seems to be steering toward the edge here. Layne
puts his hand on Feck's shoulder to calm him down.

LAYNE
Okay, Feck, forget the car. How
about if John just stays here while
I go figure this thing out?

FECK
(to Layne)
Sure.

Layne turns to leave.

LAYNE
I'll be back. John, I don't
want you showing your face out-
side this house.

Layne exits, fired up. Samson and Feck look at each other
in silence as we hear the sound of Layne's car starting up
outside. Feck suddenly claps his hands, smiling.

FECK
Company! I love company!

68 INT-- CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL-- NIGHT

The camera glides quickly down a dark hall, empty but for one old WOMAN sitting in a wheelchair. A gurney shoots from around a corner, on which lies a sheet-covered form. Two aides push the gurney toward the camera, and the old woman looks up.

OLD WOMAN

Lewis?

The camera moves to the front desk, where MADELEINE is on the phone.

MADELEINE

I'm on duty, Jim. I can't just up and leave.

(pause)

You can be a real asshole sometimes, you know that?

She hangs up the phone, then turns to a nearby nurse.

He knows it.

69 INT-- POLICE STATION-- NIGHT

MADELEINE enters, harried, and finds MATT waiting in a chair. He rises, they trade glances, Matt drops his.

It's not going to be a pleasant ride home.

70 INT-- MADELEINE'S CAR-- NIGHT

Matt stares ahead as Madeleine drives. She glances to her son every so often, as if expecting some response. Finally:

MATT

What are you staring at?

Madeleine slams on the brakes and puts the car in park.

MADELEINE

Out.

MATT

What?

MADELEINE

Out of the car. I don't have to listen to that tone of yours. You pull me away from work, you're involved in this murder...

MATT

I didn't kill anybody, dammit!
John did it. John wasted Darcy.

MADELEINE

You don't seem too concerned about
it.

MATT

What the hell do you know? You
don't know anything.

This hits hard. Madeleine stares straight ahead.

MADELEINE

Get out.

MATT

Come on, Mom.

MADELEINE

Tim hasn't come home tonight.
He's only twelve years old, Matt.
It's past midnight. Where do my
children go at night?

MATT

Put the car into gear, Mom.
He's okay.

A few moments of silence pass. Madeleine reluctantly puts
the car into gear and drives off.

71 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

JIM, in his late thirties, watches television as the front
door swings open. He shifts his attention. MADELEINE and
MATT enter the living room, Matt doing his best to ignore Jim.

JIM

Your friend made the news. I was
expecting to maybe see you, too.

MATT

Fuck off.

MADELEINE

Don't you two start.

JIM

His best friend killed a girl,
Maddy. It's big news. Dumped
the body and bragged about it
at school.

JIM
(to Matt)
I'll bet you know where he's
hiding out, too.

MATT
They haven't caught him?

JIM
I don't buy the phony surprise,
Matt. Something's up. That other
punk friend of yours has been
calling all night. He help you
kill the poor girl?

MADELEINE
Jim!

MATT
Maybe he did. Maybe I am a killer.
Why should you care? You just stay
around here to fuck my mother and
eat her food.

JIM jumps from his seat and Matt scrambles to keep a safe
distance.

MATT
He moves!

JIM
You little asshole.

MATT
Try something. Go ahead.

MADELEINE
Jim...Matt...

Jim lunges toward Matt, and Matt dodges him, grabbing a
chair for protection. Madeleine stands helpless.

72 INT-- KIM'S ROOM-- NIGHT

The scuffling outside awakens KIM.

MATT'S VOICE
(from outside)
Mother-fucker! Food-eater!

Though Kim's eyes are open, she still seems to be half
asleep, oblivious to the conflict raging in the next room.

She climbs slowly out of her bed and pulls a chair over to the window, climbing on top. She parts the drapes and looks outside.

From her POV we see the makeshift grave in the backyard. It has been vandalized, the cross now broken.

CU of KIM, now quite awake and very upset.

73 INT-- LIVING ROOM-- NIGHT

CU of glass dropping, SHATTERING, on top of which we hear a PIERCING SCREAM from Kim's room.

The scuffle comes to a sudden halt as Kim bursts from the room, hysterical. She runs into the back yard, and MATT follows her.

74 EXT-- MATT'S BACK YARD-- NIGHT

KIM runs to the vandalized grave and stands over it. MATT joins her, equally shocked.

KIM

He's still killing her.

We hear the sound of a GARAGE DOOR OPENING; Matt knows what this means. He runs through the gate to the front yard where he sees

TIM, about to wheel his bike in for the night. Tim sees his brother and immediately snaps his bike around, speeding off down the street.

The chase itself is short and its outcome is never in doubt: Matt is so fired up that even Tim's quick little bike can't frustrate his brother's mission.

MATT grabs the back of Tim's bike firmly, slows it to a stop and throws Tim onto the nearest lawn, where he proceeds to beat the living shit out of him.

MATT

Why do you do shit like that?
Why?

TIM

Leave me alone.

MATT

Answer me.

TIM

I didn't do anything.

Matt hits his brother in the face, hard.

MATT
Answer me why.

TIM
Fuck you.

Matt strikes Tim again.

MATT
Why!

Tim is crying now, bleeding, all the struggle beat out of him. He answers Matt now with a defiant silence, and Matt prepares to strike him again. Before he can

A PAIR OF HANDS enters from offscreen and tears Matt away.

It's JIM, and he stands now between Matt and Tim with an expression that dares Matt to try something. Matt plays it safe. He goes over to Tim's bike, picks it up and flings it into the street.

Tim looks up with hatred in his teary eyes.

TIM
You dirty traitor.

MATT
What do you mean by that?

TIM
You know what I mean. I saw you on the phone. You're going to pay for what you did.

Tim starts toward his bike.

MATT
You keep your little mouth shut.

Tim gets on his bike.

TIM
You're going to die for what you did.

Tim jerks his bike around and starts riding away.

MATT
You little shit.

JIM
Tim!

Matt starts after Tim. This time Tim has a definite head start.

JIM

Matt! You two come back here!

Jim hesitates, then joins the race. Tim has the advantage, and pulls immediately ahead, but Matt is determined and runs with everything he's got. We see shots of

TIM, pedalling like a madman,

MATT, running, huffing, puffing, screaming obscenities, and

JIM, quickly tiring. Jim falls out of the chase and stands in the middle of the street, watching the two boys disappear in the distance.

After another hundred yards or so, out of sight of Jim, Matt also slows to a stop. He is winded. Worrie covers his face.

TIM'S VOICE

(distant)

You're a dead man, Matt!

75 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

MADELEINE .

You let them both get away?

JIM

I've got my own troubles, Madeleine. I'm not going to fight your delinquent sons.

MADELEINE

You don't even care, do you?

JIM

You're the mother here. You're the one who gave birth to those monsters.

76 EXT-- MOKO'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

A small figure stands in front of a darkened bedroom window. A light goes on and MOKO appears after a moment. He stares at the figure, whom we now recognize as TIM.

Moko gently touches his own face, as if looking in a mirror and caressing Tim's wounds as his own.

TIM

My fucking brother. Get your numbhucks and your dad's car. I know where we can get a gun.

77 EXT-- SUBURBAN STREETS-- NIGHT

MATT walks along, coming down from his anger.

The SLOW RUMBLE of a car motor rises in the background and a pair of car headlights flash on in the distance and move toward MATT, so bright they obscure the car.

The car begins to increase its speed and Matt stops in his tracks.

Now the car is really moving, and Matt begins to move one way, then the other, to avoid getting killed. Twenty yards away the driver slams on the brakes and the car WHIPS to a halt, sideways now, and we see it's a familiar VW.

LAYNE pops his head out the window.

LAYNE

Where the hell you been? I've been looking for you all night.

78 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- NIGHT

LAYNE

What a wimp. We should have never let Mike in on it.

MATT

It could have been anybody, Layne.

LAYNE

Bullshit. I happen to know my friends, fuckin' know them. I know who's cool and who's not.

MATT

Maybe John finked on himself.

LAYNE

(sarcastically)

And maybe you finked on him. Be realistic. This is us we're talking about; we're a fuckin' team. We're like Starsky and Hutch. None of us is going to fuck it up on purpose.

They drive a ways. Matt looks skeptical. He turns to Layne.

MATT

Where is John now?

.LAYNE
Safely hidden away, where he
can't get in any trouble.

79 INT-- FECK'S BEDROOM-- NIGHT

As he talks, FECK pulls a black cannister from under his bed and opens it up. It overflows with buds of marijuana.

FECK
(loud enough to be
heard in the living
room)
A finer weed you have never tasted.
My sister drives it down from Hum-
boldt, along with the regular Feck-
weed.

Feck selects three large buds, closes and replaces the container, starts for the living room, talking all the while.

80 INT-- FECK'S LIVING ROOM-- NIGHT

The camera holds on FECK as he enters.

FECK
She visits about once a year.
She's real fat. You should see
her. Like a goddamn hippopotamus.
(He stops and scans the
room)
John?

The camera pans across the empty room, as if Feck's POV.

FECK
(o.s.)
John? Where are you?

The camera stops on ELLIE'S face. If she knows where he is, she's not telling.

81 INT-- CLARISSA'S ROOM-- NIGHT

A TAP at the window. CLARISSA starts out of bed.

CLARISSA
Who's that?

The room is dark like the night and all she can see out the window are shadows of trees swaying in the wind. She remains frozen sitting up in bed as the terror builds inside her.

ANOTHER TAP.

CLARISSA

Who's there?

LOW VOICE FROM OUTSIDE

The mad rapist.

CLARISSA

Layne?

No answer but the sound of the window being jiggled. Clarissa pulls the covers up around her and looks around the room for a weapon of some sort. The jiggle becomes more insistent.

CLARISSA

John? Look, this isn't funny.
I'm getting scared here. I'm
about to scream.

The jiggling goes on for a few more seconds, then STOPS suddenly. A few more seconds pass. Clarissa stares at the still darkness outside as she begins to calm down.

She gets out of bed and slowly, slowly approaches the window. She stands on her tiptoes to look outside. Still the darkness, until suddenly

LAYNE'S FACE pops into view.

Clarissa SCREAMS and stumbles back toward her bed.

LAYNE

Have a heart attack.

CLARISSA

What the hell are you doing?

LAYNE

Came by to say Hi.

CLARISSA

Some way of saying it.

LAYNE

Hope I didn't wake you up. Get
dressed and come out here. Bring
all your money.

CLARISSA

What?

LAYNE

Just do it.

Clarissa hesitates, then pulls a pair of pants on. She's about to remove her nightshirt when she notices Layne still watching. She goes and sharply pulls the curtains closed.

82 EXT-- CLARISSA'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

Turning away from the closed curtains, LAYNE looks to MATT.

LAYNE

No big show anyway.

83 INT-- HALLWAY-- NIGHT

CLARISSA walks down the hallway quietly. A voice comes from one of the bedrooms.

FEMININE VOICE

Clarissa, is that you?

CLARISSA

Yes.

She walks out the front door.

84 EXT-- CLARISSA'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

CLARISSA joins MATT and LAYNE in the front yard. Layne puts out his hand.

LAYNE

Let's have it.

Clarissa reaches into her pocket and pulls out a handful of change. She hands it to Layne.

LAYNE

Quarters?

CLARISSA

What do you expect, waking me up in the middle of the night, not even telling me what's going on. What's going on?

LAYNE

(to himself)

Two dollars and money for gas. One of us should get a job or something.

He walks to the car, leaving Clarissa without an answer. Matt follows. Clarissa stands there as the two climb in the car.

LAYNE

You coming, or what?

Clarissa starts toward the car, mumbling to herself.

CLARISSA
Letting yourself get jerked
around again, girl.

85 EXT-- TONY'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

LAYNE taps on the bedroom window.

LAYNE
(whispering)
Tony.

He waits for a second, then taps again, and suddenly a grotesque face appears at the window, fat and whiskered and harshly Italian, virtually exploding from the darkness. The BARREL of a gun follows immediately.

LAYNE ducks before the BLAST shatters the window, and both he and MATT are gone before the smoke can clear.

SHOT: CLARISSA, in the front seat of the car, ducking down. We hear the ENGINE START UP.

SHOT: Matt and Layne running away, terrified.

LAYNE
Wrong fucking window.

SHOT: TONY'S FATHER, in his underwear, coming out the front door. He spies the VW curiously.

SHOT: Clarissa, cowering in the front seat of the car.

CLARISSA
(to herself)
Should have stayed in bed.

She cautiously looks up and sees Tony's father staring right at her, an angry bull. He starts toward the car, and she, in the passenger seat, awkwardly puts the car in gear and presses the gas with her hand. It begins to move erratically forward. The bull charges toward the moving vehicle, and Clarissa situates herself in the driver's seat and nervously pulls away, now in control of the vehicle.

In the rearview mirror we see the half-naked man, burning with anger, as he falls away in the distance.

Clarissa breathes a sigh of relief.

SHOT: Matt and Layne, slowing to a stop by some bushes, very winded. In the background we hear the sound of the VW carried over from the previous shot.

LAYNE

Tony's always broke anyway.

The sound of the VW gives way to TIRE SQUEALS and the ROAR of a MUCH LARGER ENGINE, which rises in volume as Matt and Layne look to see where it's coming from. HEADLIGHTS at the end of the street tip them off, and they watch as a mighty OLDS 98 comes barrelling down the suburban street at a dangerous velocity.

MATT

Who the hell is that?

86 INT--MIGHTY OLDS 98-- NIGHT

It's TIM and MOKO, both very calm and quiet, especially considering the speed at which they're travelling. Moko's driving.

They don't notice Layne and Matt as they pass.

TIM

Turn here.

Moko WHIPS the car left and continues forward, foot to floor.

TIM

Left here.

Left turn. TIRE SQUEALS like suffering sinners. Foot to floor. Through the front window we see them approaching FECK'S HOUSE, where somebody is standing at the front door.

TIM

Slow down some. I think that's Feck.

They pass in front of Feck's house very slowly, Tim staring at Feck in the doorway.

TIM

Park down the street.

87 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

A CLOSE SHOT of FECK as he watches the car continue on down the street. He can't make out the driver or passenger.

FECK

John?

A SOUND comes from the back of the house. Feck turns to the source.

INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

It's SAMSON, entering through the sliding glass door that leads in from the back. He's carrying a CAT.

FECK

There you are! I was getting worried.

SAMSON

Look what I found. We can get it stoned. You have that special dope you promised?

FECK

Yeah, yeah. Sit down.

Samson sits in the middle of the couch, tightly gripping the struggling cat, and Feck starts cleaning the buds and loading them into a pipe.

FECK

You know Layne says you shouldn't go out until he comes back.

SAMSON

Layne can be a little annoying sometimes. He means well.

Feck lights the pipe, takes a small hit, then hands it to Samson. Holding the pipe in one hand, Samson takes a long, sensuous hit as the cat struggles even harder. Finally it escapes and leaps for ELLIE. Feck jumps to her rescue, batting the cat away.

Samson laughs, spilling smoke into the air.

SAMSON

She's allergic to cats, eh?

FECK

Cats have claws. I think we better put it outside.

SAMSON

No, let it explore.

Samson takes another hit and passes the pipe to Feck.

You're really attached to that thing. I saw you two dancing. Are you, you know, psycho or something?

FECK

(defensive)

No. I'm normal. She's a doll. I know that.

(to Ellie)

Right, Ellie?

(to Samson)

I mean, you killed a girl, right? Are you a psycho?

Samson takes a moment to think this over. He begins to slowly nod his head.

SAMSON

Yeah, probably. What other excuse do I have?

Samson laughs, and after an uncertain moment, Feck joins in. They pass the pipe once more. Samson rises from his seat and picks up a chain that's lying by the couch. He swings it over his head once and stops it slap in his hand.

SAMSON

You were a biker?

FECK

Years ago. Ate so much pussy back then my beard looked like a glazed donut.

SAMSON

That when you lost your leg?

FECK

Yeah. Motorcycle accident.

SAMSON

Cool.

FECK

The rest of the gang ditched me, kept on riding. My leg was in the middle of the street. I remember lying there in the gutter, all bleeding in shaking, staring at my leg, next to a beer can, and I remember thinking: that's my leg. I wonder if there's any beer in that can.

SAMSON

Wow.

FECK

I also thought: Maybe they can sew it back on, but then the ambulance came, ran right over it.

SAMSON
Wasted that leg.

FECK
But who needed it. I got another
one, right?

SAMSON
You waste many dudes?

FECK
Only in self-defense.

SAMSON
I figure once you get fighting,
you're always defending yourself.
I'll bet you were one bad motherfucker.

FECK smiles, proud.

Me, I get in a fight, I go crazy.
Everything goes black, and I fuckin'
explode, you know? Like it's the end
of the world, and who cares if the guy
fucking wastes me, I'm gonna waste him.
The world's gonna blow up anyway, so
I better at least keep my pride.

This sinks in for a moment. They pass the pipe.

I got me a philosophy: you do
things, they're done, you die.
Got any more beers?

Samson gets up and checks the refrigerator. Nothing.

Shit, what time is it? Is it
two yet?

FECK
(looking at a clock)
Creeping up.

SAMSON
Beer run. That car of yours work?

FECK
You really shouldn't go out of
the house, John. Layne said--

SAMSON
Layne, Layne. Okay, you go then.
I'll stay here. I'll be a good boy.

Samson takes a five dollar bill out of his pocket and hands it to Feck. Feck won't accept it.

FECK

I should stay here too. Let's just have another pipeload.

SAMSON

(amused)

What are you, scared? You really scared to go outside, Feck?

FECK

There are people out there who want me dead. Like I told you.

SAMSON

So who buys your groceries for you? Ellie?

A SOUND FROM OUTSIDE catches Feck's attention.

FECK

That! You hear that?

SAMSON

Get paranoid why don't you.

FECK

No, no, something out front.

Another NOISE. This time Samson hears it.

89 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

TIM and MOKO are skulking about the front yard, casing the joint.

TIM

Keep it down, Moke.

The front door cracks open and the barrel of a gun pokes out. The boys see this and run and paste themselves behind a bush. From their POV we see a figure, obscured by the dark of the night and the leaves of the bush, moving into the front yard.

90 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- NIGHT

LAYNE drives. CLARISSA'S in the passenger seat. MATT'S in the back.

CLARISSA

You didn't have to call me a stupid bitch.

LAYNE

You would have driven right past us. We had to yell something.

MATT

You yelled it, Layne.

CLARISSA

I've got a name, you know. You're lucky I didn't just drive right home.

LAYNE

Okay, okay. I'm sorry, Clarissa. But you've got to understand that in a time like this, where every fucking second counts, a man can't waste his time choosing words.

CLARISSA

What is this, Mission: Impossible?

Matt starts singing the Mission: Impossible theme in the back seat.

You could have done all this by yourself. I don't even see why you need us here.

LAYNE

It's not that I need you, like physically need you here. I can drive. I can collect money. But we're a gang. And I need you here. You know?

(to Matt)

Would you shut up back there?

CLARISSA

I wish I didn't know about any of this.

MATT

(with sudden urgency)

Who's that?

They are approaching Feck's house, and Layne and Clarissa look ahead. From their POV we see SAMSON, prowling the front yard, a gun in his hand. The headlights illuminate his features.

LAYNE

That dumbfuck.

MATT
Turn off your lights.

Layne flicks off the lights.

SHOT: SAMSON, watching the approach of the car.

LAYNE
We better have a word with him.

CLARISSA
Don't you stop.

LAYNE
He's crazy.

CLARISSA
You stop and I'll scream, I swear
to God.

MATT
Oh Jesus.

POV SHOT, MATT'S: Samson pointing the gun, straight at the
approaching car.

Clarissa ducks down.

MATT
Move it, goddammit.

LAYNE
(speeding up)
It's Feck's gun. He's just
playing around.

MATT
Go!

Layne speeds past the house and Samson follows the car
with his gun.

MEDIUM ANGLE ON SAMSON. He squints and squeezes the trigger.
CLICK.

91 INT-- FECK'S LIVING ROOM-- NIGHT

SAMSON ENTERS, gesturing to FECK with the gun.

SAMSON
Come on. We're gonna go get
some bullets for this thing.

92 INT-- LAYNE'S CAR-- NIGHT

CLARISSA

(very shaken)

Take me home, Layne. He's a maniac. He shouldn't be out on the streets.

LAYNE

He was playing around.

CLARISSA

When he killed Darcy he was playing around? He might seem safe to you, Layne, but I'm a girl.

LAYNE

Jesus. He's no sex maniac. Matt, set her straight.

CLARISSA

Yeah, Matt, set me straight. I feel real twisted right now, twisted like I should go to the cops and tell them where John is.

LAYNE

I wouldn't even joke about that, Clarissa.

CLARISSA

What would you do, kill me? You'd love that, I bet. You and John could run off and be outlaws together, but first you could show off to your friends, strap my dead body to the top of this car and drive all over town.

Layne slams on the brakes, upset.

LAYNE

Get out.

CLARISSA

(dumbfounded)

What?

LAYNE

You don't understand a goddamn thing. Darcy's dead, dammit, there's nothing we can do to save her. I happened to like Darcy. But John's still alive. Don't you see that?

CLARISSA

And who's next on his list?

Clarissa stays in her seat, waiting for an answer, and after a moment Layne reaches over and opens the passenger door for her. Clarissa slowly climbs out.

CLARISSA

You're just going to leave me here? What if John's around?

LAYNE

Ask him to forgive you. Here, here's your money. We don't need this shit.

Layne throws the quarters out of the car. He slams the door and prepares to put the car in gear.

MATT

We can't just leave her alone like this.

LAYNE

Okay, fuck, you stay here and protect her. I should've known I'd be the only one to handle a crisis. You want your money back too?

MATT

Keep my money, Layne.

Matt steps out of the car, and Layne, without looking back, speeds off, leaving the two standing in the middle of the street.

93 EXT-- STREET-- NIGHT

MATT watches Layne's VW disappear in the darkness. CLARISSA watches Matt watching Layne. The sound of the car dies down after a while, and Matt turns to Clarissa.

Clarissa looks suspicious.

CLARISSA

What's with you?

MATT

I don't know. I figured I'd walk you home.

CLARISSA

I can make it on my own.

She turns and starts off. Matt stands dumbly in the middle of the road. A few more steps and Clarissa turns around.

CLARISSA

Come if you're gonna come.

Matt starts toward Clarissa, who keeps walking; he has to jog to catch up with her.

They walk a ways in silence. Finally Matt turns to Clarissa.

MATT

You want my coat or something?
You look cold.

CLARISSA

No. I'm okay.
(a pause)
You agree with him, don't you?

MATT

Layne? Not really.

CLARISSA

You probably do. Everyone goes along with him, like he has some special power or something.
(a pause)
I think he's totally wrong.

MATT

He probably means well, though.

CLARISSA

That's an excuse? A little lame, don't you think?
(a pause)
You're gonna tell him what I'm saying, aren't you?

MATT

No.

CLARISSA

Go ahead. I don't care. Let him kill me. That's the only way he'll ever control me.

More wordless walking, all eyes ahead. Again:

MATT

Sure you don't want my coat?

CLARISSA

I'm sure, Matt.

94 EXT-- SACRAMENTO STREETS-- A BIT LATER, CLOSER TO HOME

The couple continues their walk. CLARISSA is now wearing MATT'S coat.

CLARISSA

Layne brags about me, doesn't he?

MATT

What do you mean?

CLARISSA

About getting me. I know he does, so don't even say he doesn't. Doesn't he?

MATT

Not to me.

CLARISSA

You look kinda cute when you lie, you know that?

MATT

What?

CLARISSA

You should see him when there are no other guys around, though. Like when he's alone with me, and he thinks he might get lucky. Shakes like a leaf. Always has to be drunk, too. He's like "Layne: Portrait of a Teenage Alcoholic." They could make a movie out of him.

She looks into Matt's eyes suggestively.

You have to be drunk before you can kiss a girl?

They are now in front of Clarissa's house. They stop walking.

Wait here.

Clarissa turns and jogs toward the door, leaving Matt a little dumbstruck.

95 INT-- CLARISSA'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

CLARISSA enters and tiptoes down the hall, past her parents' bedroom.

FEMININE VOICE

Clarissa, is that you?

CLARISSA

Yes.

She reaches into the hall closet.

96 EXT-- CLARISSA'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

MATT waits patiently on the sidewalk in front of the house.

A second or two pass and CLARISSA comes out of the house, a sleeping bag under her arm. She walks up to Matt.

CLARISSA

I'm too hyped up to sleep. We'll go to the park and stare at the stars or something.

The "or something" hits Matt with a special force. Clarissa looks into his eyes, awaiting an answer, and she can sense his nervousness. Finally he has the courage to maintain the stare, and Clarissa locks it in.

Slowly she leans over and kisses him. His knees quiver, and Clarissa smiles devilishly.

CLARISSA

We'll pick up a sixer on the way.

97 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

TIM and MOKO are fiddling around at the front door, attempting to break in; in the background we hear the by now unmistakable RUMBLE of Layne's VW engine.

The two youngsters look at each other, then hide in separate places. Layne pulls up in front and gets out of his car. He is beginning to look desperate; helped along, probably, by the pills we see him now popping-- beans to stay awake by.

He goes up to the door and knocks, shaking with impatience. He knocks again. And again.

LAYNE

(loudly)

Come on, goddammit, I know you're in there!

He knocks once more, very hard, more for his own therapy than anything else, and the door flies open from the force of the blow.

He walks inside.

98 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

Layne walks into the living room and looks around: nobody in sight. The mess is still there, and this gives him pause.

LAYNE

Those assholes.

99 INT-- 7-ELEVEN-- NIGHT

MATT has a six-pack of beer at the counter; we see by the clock that it is well past 2:00 AM. The checker-- same one we met at the film's opening-- takes the six-pack.

CHECKER

Sorry. Bars are all closed.

A car SCREECHES to a halt outside, and both Matt and the checker turn to look.

SAMSON and FECK get out of the car and walk inside. Feck has Ellie with him.

SAMSON

Hey, Matt. This guy giving you any trouble?

(to the checker)

You giving my friend any trouble?

CHECKER

It's too late to buy beer, that's all.

Samson pulls out Feck's gun and aims it at the checker.

SAMSON

I'm here to turn back the time.
Take your beer and leave, Matt.

MATT

Look, John, I don't want to--

SAMSON

Do it!

Matt digs into his pocket nervously, his eyes trained on Samson, pulls a few bills out of his pocket and throws them on the counter. He walks briskly out of the store.

FECK

(by the refrigerator
section)

You have Bud in bottles?

100 EXT-- 7-ELEVEN-- NIGHT

MATT and CLARISSA walk briskly away from the store.

CLARISSA

I told you he was crazy.

MATT

Just keep moving.

In the distance we see FECK and SAMSON coming out of the store and climbing into the car. Matt and Clarissa hide as best they can, and the car screeches off.

101 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

LAYNE storms out of the house, toward his car.

LAYNE

Fuck you, then. You wanna get caught, you wanna' fuckin' fry, go ahead. Treat your friends this way...

He climbs into his car, starts it up and takes off.

TIM and MOKO appear from their hiding places. They look at each other.

TIM

Talk about speeding out.

They enter the house.

102 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

TIM

Find the gun.

The two proceed to tear the place apart, pulling open drawers, pulling up cushions, rummaging through cupboards and cabinets.

Moko opens a closet door and as the camera begins to concentrate on Tim's search we hear the following.

MOKO

(o.s.)

Fucking shit.

SHOT: Moko staring at fat, stuffed grocery bags.

Tim joins him shortly and bends down to see what the fuss is about. He opens one of the grocery bags, and we see with him that it is full of marijuana, loose and leafy.

He glances, amazed, at the rest of the bags, taking a moment to comprehend.

TIM
Fucking shit is right.

103 INT-- HARDWARE STORE-- NIGHT

The camera pans over a display of guns, pulling up and stopping at a shelf full of bullets.

A LOUD CRASH upsets the silence and after a moment a hand enters the tight shot and swipes a few boxes of bullets.

104 EXT-- HARDWARE STORE-- NIGHT

SAMSON runs out of the store, smiling, then climbs into the waiting, running car parked a few feet away. With a SQUEAL of tires he is on his way.

105 INT-- CAR-- NIGHT

SAMSON
Now we'll see if your gun still works.

FECK
You're a crazy motherfucker,
you know that?

SAMSON punches the accelerator, laughing; the sound of the revving motor grows louder and louder before we

CUT TO

106 EXT-- PARK-- NIGHT

and it fades into the background.

It is now just barely recognizeably a car, and CLARISSA and MATT, who are now setting up camp on the green lawn, don't notice it, though it does begin to creep up slowly in volume as they work.

The park, as such, is merely rolling hills; in the distance in the dark we see the outline of a little league field and unused floodlights overlooking fenced tennis courts.

MATT
You want a beer?

CLARISSA

You trying to get me drunk, Matt?

Matt opens the beer and hands it to her. She takes it and smiles, taking a swig.

I wish it was me who narced.

MATT

What?

CLARISSA

Who narced on John. And I don't even care right now if you tell anybody what I just said.

(pause)

But don't tell anybody what I just said. I mean, I respect the person who narced. Even if it was Mike.

(a pause)

Especially if it was Mike.

MATT

It wasn't Mike.

CLARISSA

How do you know?

(a pause)

Was it you?

She looks closely at Matt's subtly proud expression.

It was you!

MATT

I didn't think I'd be the only one. Don't tell Layne.

CLARISSA

Of course I won't. Weren't you scared of people finding out?

MATT

Yeah. But I kept seeing her face, Clarissa. Didn't you keep seeing her face?

CLARISSA

Yeah.

MATT

It affected me. Didn't it affect you?

CLARISSA

It did.

MATT

I mean, we knew Darcy, right?
And there she is, dead, right
there in front of us, and even
that close we don't even feel
like we've lost anything.

(a pause)

At least I didn't. And that
got me the most.

CLARISSA

I couldn't even cry for her,
Matt. I cried when that guy
died in Brian's Song, you'd figure
I'd at least be able to cry for
someone I hung around with.

MATT

It'll hit us. I know it will.
Probably at her funeral.

A few seconds of morbid silence pass.

CLARISSA

Maybe she's lucky. Sometimes I
think it'd be a lot easier being
dead..

MATT

That's bullshit. You couldn't
get stoned anymore.

Clarissa laughs, breaking the sombre mood.

CLARISSA

I hear it's the same sensation.

She laughs again, and Matt joins in. The laughter trails
off, and they look at each other, and now their smiles fade
into quiet satisfaction. Clarissa puts her head on Matt's
shoulder.

CLARISSA

I like you.

This freezes him. He takes another long swig of beer, fin-
ishing the bottle. He quickly grabs another one and opens
it and Clarissa looks up to him, smiling at his nervousness.
She begins to lightly caress the inside of his thigh.

He remains frozen, sucking on his beer, then finally sets it down, having worked up the courage to turn and kiss her. The kiss, at first tentative, slowly turns passionate, at Clarissa's practiced insistence.

107 INT-- PECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

TIM and MOKO sit in the living room, thoroughly stoned, almost asleep. Moko catches Tim's eye and pantomimes slumber, placing two hands at the side of his head.

TIM

I'm awake. Just a little stoned, that's all.

MOKO

Go.

TIM

Stay. He took the gun with him. We have to wait til he comes back, then we mess him up. We mess 'em all up.

108 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- NIGHT

LAYNE, very high-strung, drives the suburban streets. He pops a few beans.

LAYNE

Okay, okay, okay, okay. Someone's gotta take care of you, goddammit. I'm gonna find you, Toulette, I'm gonna find you.

He drives a little ways, then hits his steering wheel.

Dammit, John, where the fuck are you!

109 EXT-- RIVER-- NIGHT

SHOT of a familiar place in the water, twinkling in the moonlight: the place where Layne dumped Darcy's body.

The camera moves up the slight cliff to another familiar spot, the first place we ever saw Darcy.

SAMSON sits with FECK and ELLIE, drinking a beer. He leans over and puts the beer to Ellie's lips, offering a sip.

FECK

Ellie doesn't drink.

SAMSON

Looks like she does something with that mouth of hers.

Samson fingers Ellie's mouth, which is shaped into a permanent, very round O. She is a functional sex doll.

FECK
Ellie's a nice girl.

SAMSON
I'm sure she is, like real nice.
Let's just see what kind of
tricks she knows here.

Samson grabs the doll and slowly pushes her head into his lap.

Come on, baby, yeah, that's nice
there, real nice.

FECK
Would you please not do that, John?

Samson begins to unzip his fly.

SAMSON
Ow, baby, not so quick, you're
making me hot...

FECK
Please, John, stop that.

SAMSON
(eyes closed)
Oh baby baby baby.

FECK
PLEASE!!

Feck's scream echoes across the river and returns with less volume but just as much force. Samson stops his little joke and sets Ellie in her original position. He stands up.

SAMSON
Cool. You hear that?

He goes to the edge of the cliff and screams.

HEY!

The echo carries his voice back, a reply. He smiles, tries again.

Hey you, EAT ME!!

Hey you, EAT ME!!

Don't give me no shit, you
eat ME!

You eat ME!

SAMSON
No, you eat ME!

No, you eat ME!

You eat ME!!!

VOICE FROM ACROSS
THE RIVER
You eat me, asshole!

SAMSON
No, you eat me, asshole!

VOICE
Shut up before I call the cops!

SAMSON
You shut up before I--

Samson just now realizes it's not the echo.

Yeah?

He grabs the gun and takes aim across the river. He fires.
A LOUD BLAST reverberates.

Call 'em!

FECK
You'd better settle down, John.

SAMSON
You try it.

FECK
I'd better not. Come here.
Sit down. We don't want to
attract attention.

Samson sits down again.

SAMSON
Come on, Feck. Shoot your gun.
I'll bet you haven't fired it
in ages.

FECK
It's not a gun I can just shoot
for no reason.

SAMSON
Why not?

FECK

It's got a sentimental value.

Samson puts this through his head, looking at Feck curiously.

SAMSON

This the gun you wasted that chick with? Huh?

Feck doesn't answer.

It is! I'll bet you look back with pride.

FECK

It was something I did.

SAMSON

You showed her who's boss.

FECK

I don't know if you could understand. I loved her.

SAMSON

Then why'd you kill her? She tell you to eat shit?

FECK

No. No.

SAMSON

I understand, Feck. I'm right with you. I killed a girl too.

He goes to the edge of the cliff, aims the gun.

You wanted to show the world who's boss!

He fires and

110 EXT-- PARK-- NIGHT

we hear the reverberation as Matt clutches Clarissa, apparently in the midst of making love.

Matt looks up.

MATT

What's that?

CLARISSA

Nothing. Close your ears.

She rolls over on top of him, cupping his ears and taking control.

FECK'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You better give me the gun,
John.

111 EXT-- RIVER-- NIGHT

Samson tosses the gun in the dirt in front of Feck.

SAMSON

I didn't need a gun. I did mine
with my hands. I was right there,
right on top of her, face to face.

111A FLASHBACK CU of Samson's face, bordered by a dreamlike darkness, staring down at a girl offscreen whose neck he clutches, choking her.

SAMSON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I wasn't even mad, really. She
didn't look too surprised. Just
stoned. After a few minutes her
face puffed up and turned dark
purple and she just stared at me.
She couldn't scream, couldn't make
a move. I had total control of
her.

111B SHOCK CUT to Matt's face as he nears orgasm with Clarissa.

I had total control of her.

Clarissa moves on top of him with a practiced finesse.

Matt comes.

111C FLASHBACK CU of Samson, watching his victim with a chilling detachment.

It all felt so real, so...
real.

SHOT: DARCY, freshly murdered, as Samson releases her neck.

She was dead there in front
of me, and I felt so fucking
alive.

112 EXT-- RIVER-- NIGHT

SAMSON

That how you felt, Feck?

FECK

Not quite.

SAMSON

Funny thing is I'm dead now.
They're gonna fry me for sure.

FECK

Don't say that. Layne'll help
you out.

SAMSON

What's he gonna do? Send me
off to Portland? Hide me out
in some dark room for twenty
years so I end up like you, Feck?
You think I want that?

FECK

No. You don't.

They both stare off to the river, and Feck pulls Ellie
close to him.

SAMSON

Layne was never a friend anyway.
He doesn't know me.

FECK

I'll be your friend.

113 EXT-- PARK-- NIGHT

CLARISSA and MATT snuggle, Clarissa quickly dropping off to
sleep.

MATT

I like you.

CLARISSA

Mmmm.

MATT

I'm glad we decided to go
against Layne.

CLARISSA

Mmm-hmm.

MATT

Sometimes I feel like I don't
know him anymore.

A pause as Clarissa pulls Matt closer.

114 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- NIGHT

LAYNE stares ahead.

CLARISSA'S VOICE

He's lost. Let's go to sleep.

Layne's waiting for a red light. It stays red for a long time. He can barely stay awake. No other cars are in sight, and his eyes begin to close.

115 EXT-- STOPLIGHT-- NIGHT

The light turns green, and Layne's car does not move.

116 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

TIM is crashed on the couch and MOKO, sitting straight up, also sleeps.

117 EXT-- PARK-- NIGHT

Clarissa and Matt sleep peacefully.

117A SHOTS of streets and storefronts in the darkest hours of night. It is a lonely, eery time. The only sounds we hear are distant, as if memories.

118 EXT-- RIVER-- EARLY EARLY EARLY DAWN

The sky now shows the first streaks of dawn as stars disappear into dark blue.

SAMSON sleeps, his head resting on a log, as FECK sits with ELLIE, awake. He has been crying.

He reaches over and peels a long sliver of red paint off of Ellie's lips.

FECK

You weren't supposed to get old.

He reaches over and picks up the gun.

119 EXT-- PARK-- EARLY EARLY EARLY DAWN

A SHOT ECHOES in the distance.

MATT opens his eyes slightly and raises his head and seems to see

120 EXT-- RIVER-- EARLY EARLY EARLY DAWN

ELLIE, in a long shot, rising off the cliff and floating in the wind above the river. She lands, gently, on the water.

FADE OUT

121 EXT-- SUBURBAN STREETS-- DAWN

Feck's car cruises gracefully. He drives with a renewed daring.

122 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

FECK pulls up in front of his house, gets out of the car, and limps across the front lawn. Seeing a paper on the neighbor's lawn, he goes over and picks it up.

The headline reads: "Search Goes On For Teen Killer." Needless to say, the story is about Samson.

Feck reads it while fumbling with keys at his front door. A POLICE CAR pulls up in the background.

123 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

The noise outside, though not loud, awakens TIM. He quickly gains his bearings and jiggles MOKO awake. They run to the window and peek outside.

From his POV we see Feck talking to a cop. Moko steps up and attempts to silently persuade Tim to hightail it out the back way, but Tim gestures to wait.

124 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

COP

He was driving a green Volkswagen.
It was seen here last night.

FECK

I don't know anybody with a
green Volkswagen, officer. Like
I said, I've been gone most the night.

OFFICER

It was a long shot. If you happen
to see the guy, be sure to give
us a call.

FECK

Sure thing.

The cop walks off, and Feck turns toward the door.

FECK

(in a whisper)
Fucking pig.

Feck opens the door and walks inside as the cop drives off.

125 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

FECK enters the living room and immediately senses something askew. Re-arranged furniture. Roaches on the table. A presence in the room, nearby, perhaps behind him.

A SLIGHT SOUND turns him around and he sees TIM and just as he's about to say something he is attacked from out of nowhere by MOKO-- a bash in the head with Moko's numb-chucks. Feck turns around, dazed, holding his head.

FECK

What are you doing?

TIM

Hit him again.

Moko strikes again, this time hitting Feck square in the forehead, drawing blood. Feck falls to the ground, and Tim is immediately upon him, checking his pockets. He pulls out the gun and checks the chambers.

TIM

Fuck. No bullets.

He goes for the car keys.

126 EXT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- MORNING

TIM and MOKO pile bags of marijuana into Feck's car, then climb in and start it up. They pull away cautiously.

127 INT-- LAYNE'S VW-- MORNING

LAYNE is still asleep at the wheel. His car has moved somehow-- rolled, puttered, been pushed-- and now sits at the edge of the road just beyond the stoplight.

We hear the sound of a car pulling up and stopping behind him, and after a moment a LOUD KNOCK at his window rudely awakens him.

LAYNE

I'm awake, I'm awake.

He lifts his head and looks out the window. A COP's burly face and bulky chest fill his view.

LAYNE

Oh fuck.

128 EXT-- POLICE STATION-- MORNING

TV cameras and reporters abound as LAYNE and the officers approach.

LAYNE
(to the cop)
I didn't do anything, I tell you.

A reporter yells out.

REPORTER
Is this the killer?

Layne turns and looks at the reporter with a mixture of surprise and indignation.

LAYNE
What?

Another reporter turns to his cameraman.

REPORTER TWO
Rolling?

CAMERAMAN
I'm on.

SHCT: Layne, as seen through the viewfinder of the video camera. He stares into the lens.

LAYNE
I haven't killed anybody. These
ccps, you people-- you can all
fuck off.

Layne turns away and the image goes black.

CAMERAMAN
(over black)
He can't say that on TV.

NOTE: This scene should play a lot faster than it reads.

129 INT-- POLICE STATION-- MORNING

The officer escorts LAYNE into a small room.

LAYNE
Don't I even get a fucking phone
call?

The officer answers by shutting the door, leaving Layne alone and angry.

130 EXT-- PARK-- MORNING

MATT and CLARISSA lie nest to each other, awake, the sleeping bag open to allow the sun to warm them.

MATT

So now we get married, right?

CLARISSA

No. Let's get stoned instead.

MATT

That'd be great. /I could just lie here all day. Cut school and just soak up the rays.

CLARISSA

Shit. School.

She sits up.

I shouldn't miss Burke-waite's class.

MATT

You really do have the hots for that guy, don't you?

CLARISSA

No. I just, I don't know, respect him.

MATT

You respect an adult? I really do need to get stoned. We'll stop by my house on the way to school. I think I have some Feckweed left.

131 EXT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- MORNING

MATT and CLARISSA approach the house.

CLARISSA

I feel like someone dipped me in used cooking oil.

MATT

We could take a shower. I mean,
you could, you know, by yourself.

CLARISSA

Naw.

As they reach the front door the sound of ARGUING rises
from inside.

MADELEINE'S VOICE

You love me, then you love my chil-
dren.

JIM'S VOICE

You don't love your children. If
you did, you'd learn to control them.

Clarissa turns to Matt.

CLARISSA

Look, if it's gonna be any hassle.

MATT

No problem. I'll be right out.

Matt opens the door.

132 INT-- MATT'S HOUSE-- MORNING

The camera follows Matt through the hall. Still arguing,
JIM and MADELEINE don't hear his entrance.

MADELEINE

That easy, huh? Tell them what to
do, what not to do, show them all
the right examples. Perfect kids,
like magic.

JIM

It's not impossible, Maddy. My
father managed to raise me right.

MADELEINE

Your father beat the shit out of you.

JIM

Don't knock it. It'd make 'em
listen.

MATT

(entering the kitchen)
Big fucking talk.

Matt crosses the kitchen, heading for his room, and Madeleine and Jim stop arguing, watching him go by.

133 INT-- MATT'S ROOM-- MORNING

MATT enters and starts to search his drawers for dope. After a moment there is a KNOCK at the door.

MADELEINE'S VOICE

I'm upset, Matt.

MATT

Kick that idiot out of the house, then.

134 EXT-- OUTSIDE MATT'S DOOR-- MORNING

MADELEINE stands by the door, burning.

MADELEINE

Suppose I kick you out of the house?!

Madeleine waits for an answer that never comes. She recomposes herself.

MADELEINE

Tim never came home last night.

The door swings open, pushing her back. Matt brushes by and goes into the kitchen, where he begins to check the kitchen cupboards.

Madeleine steps up to him.

MADELEINE

Did you hear me?

MATT

Do you have any spare dope?

MADELEINE

Oh, shit, I can't believe this. Your little brother, he's only twelve years old, he hasn't come home, he hasn't called. God knows what he's doing.

MATT

What do you expect me to do? I'm not his mother.

This one hits hard. Madeleine waits a moment, fuming, then--

MADELEINE

Then I'm not his mother either!
I'm nobody's mother. I give up
this mother bullshit, it isn't
worth it, you were all mistakes
anyway.

KIM

Don't give up, Mommy.

MADELEINE

I'll leave you all, just like your
father did.

Now Kim is really crying.

MATT

Jesus, Ma, settle down. Okay?
Tim's all right. Everything's
just a little crazy now, a little
out of control.

Matt goes up to his mother and puts his hand on her shoulder,
attempting to console her.

MATT

Okay? I got somebody waiting for
me outside, I'm in a rush. We'll
talk later. I'm gonna take this
joint.

Matt starts out, then turns to his mother for one last
consolation.

MATT

And don't worry about Tim.
I'll get him home.

135 INT-- HARDWARE STORE-- MORNING

CLOSE-UP of a POINTED GUN.

A WIDER SHOT reveals Tim holding it, aiming at the store
manager. The manager hands him a box of bullets.

136 EXT-- HARDWARE STORE-- MORNING

A BROKEN WINDOW tells us this is the same place Samson
and Feck broke into the night before. TIM runs out,
laughing, and climbs into Feck's car; MOKO is at the wheel.
They drive off as the manager watches from his doorway.

137 EXT-- 7-ELEVEN-- MORNING

CLARISSA waits outside, near a phone; through the window we can see MATT picking a Coke from the rack. There is a different checker working now, of course-- Matt's no idiot.

Clarissa looks at Matt through the window, then pulls a dime out of her pocket, contemplating putting it in the slot. Before she can make up her mind

A SCREECH OF TIRES turns her head, and from her POV we see Feck's car speed past. Matt walks out of the store, noticing the speeding car.

MATT

Who the hell was that?

CLARISSA

It looked like your brother.

MATT

You should have asked him for a ride to school. It's a hefty walk.

Matt sips his Coke while Clarissa pockets her dime. He thinks for a moment.

MATT

Hold it. My brother can't drive.

138 EXT-- SCHOOL PARKING LOT-- MORNING

MOKO screeches to a halt and TIM steps out of the car, gun in hand. He motions for Moko to wait, then starts toward the school.

139 EXT-- SMOKING AREA-- MORNING

Reporters abound. MAGGIE AND TONY seem glad for the attention.

MAGGIE

(to a reporter)

Yeah, it shocked me. Killing is wrong.

REPORTER

And about all those people going to see the body afterwards?

MAGGIE

That? Oh, that. That shocked me too. You think they would have taken John to the cops.

REPORTER

John?

MAGGIE

He killed Darcy.

REPORTER

You knew the killer?

TONY

(butting in)

Yeah, we kind of both knew the killer as well as in addition to, uh, who he killed. So because of that fact it's kind of hard for us to be, uh...

REPORTER

Objective?

TONY

Yeah, that's it. Objective. Since we knew the two alleged people involved. And also for that reason, whereas we might be all upset this morning, instead that's very difficult, on account of our not being objective and all. I also play guitar.

The reporter starts to ask another question, but feels a presence behind him. He turns around and sees TIM, who stands silently, obviously about to say something. After a moment Tim turns to Tony.

TIM

Have you seen my brother?

TONY

(not wanting to talk
to the punk)

No.

TIM

Are you sure?

TONY
I'm sure. Look, we happen
to be talking to--

TIM
What's his first class?

TONY
History. Room 32A. Now
beat it.

Tim turns and leaves wordlessly. Tony turns to the reporter.

TONY
Delinquent youth.

Over a shot of Maggie and Tony we hear

BENNETT'S VOICE
You don't even know what a
true friend is.

140 INT-- POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM-- MORNING
LAYNE sits across from CAPTAIN BENNETT.

LAYNE
I'm tired.

BENNETT
You call Samson Toulette a
friend?

LAYNE
Don't I get a phone call?

BENNETT
Enough of a friend to cover
up for? Help him hide the
body? Maybe even help him
kill the poor girl?

LAYNE
I didn't kill nobody.

BENNETT
Did he tell you why he did it?
(a pause)
Were you even curious?
(a pause)
Did you even give a flying
fuck?

LAYNE
These are stupid questions. Look,
I know my rights. I know I get a
phone call.

BENNETT
You haven't got any rights just
yet, Layne. We haven't arrested
you.

Layne stands up and begins to leave.

LAYNE
Great. See ya.

Bennett stands up also, handing Layne a dime.

BENNETT
Okay, okay, okay. Go. Make
your phone call. Call up one
of your precious friends.

141 INT-- STATION LOBBY-- MORNING

LAYNE stands by the phone, dime in hand, thinking.

After a moment he puts the dime in the coin slot and we
hear a jingle, a jangle, the buzz of the dial tone.

Another moment. Layne can't think of anybody to call.

He hangs up.

142 INT-- BURKEWAITE'S CLASS-- MORNING

The class is silent.

BURKEWAITE stares at TOM, whom we recognize as one of the
people who went to see the body.

A few beats.

BURKEWAITE
I asked you a question.

TOM
I didn't know her, okay?

KEVIN, a much straighter sort, stands up in the back.

KEVIN

I just want to say that I think it was horrible what those horrible kids did, and that the whole incident points up a fundamental moral breakdown in our society.

BURKEWAITE

Thank you for your insightful self-righteous indignance, Kevin, but I'd still like to hear from Tom.

Burkewaite turns again to Tom, who is beginning to feel very uneasy.

TOM

Would you quit staring at me like that, man?

CLARISSA walks in the classroom, attempting to be discrete, but

BURKEWAITE

Clarissa.

CLARISSA

Sorry I'm late.

BURKEWAITE

You knew Darcy, right? You were one of her friends. Describe to us how you remember her.

CLARISSA

Remember her?

BURKEWAITE

What she looked like, what she meant to you.

Clarissa is caught off-guard and can think of nothing to say, aside from a few stuttered ums and wells. Tom pipes up from the back.

TOM

You're bullshit, man. What gives you the right to put Clarissa on the spot like that? She's upset, man, her friend's dead.

BURKEWAITE

You upset, Clarissa? Are you? Hmmm? Get it off your chest.

Clarissa is now more on edge.

TOM

Fuck off, man, leave her alone.

BURKEWAITE

You fuck off, man, because I don't buy it. You don't give a damn, I don't give a damn, nobody in this room gives a damn that she's dead.

The students begin to rumble.

It gives us an excuse to feel superior and to point up a fundamental moral breakdown in society, but it doesn't really affect us, does it? Because if it did none of us would be in this classroom today-- we'd all be on the street, half crazy from lack of sleep, hunting down Samson Toulette with a gun.

As intended, this really fires them up.

KEVIN

That's a reprehensible attitude.

BURKEWAITE

Shut up, Kevin.

STUDENT

(to another, jokingly)
We gonna be tested on this shit?

The commotion continues as the camera holds on Clarissa. She is quite affected by it all.

143 EXT-- SCHOOL HALLS-- MORNING

TIM walks through the halls, and we can see the outline of the gun in his pocket. He looks up and sees Room 32A. He enters.

144 INT-- ROOM 32A-- MORNING

TIM stands by the door and scans the room while in the background we hear the teacher droning on about the Spanish American War or some damn thing.

Tim can only see the back of heads; one of them happens to look like Matt's. Tim walks toward this person.

TEACHER

Excuse me, young man...

A few heads turn, not among them "Matt's." Tim keeps walking.

TEACHER

Excuse me, but can I help you with something?

TIM

Matt.

More heads, including the boy Tim has his eye on. It's not Matt.

TEACHER

Do you go to this school?

Tim turns and leaves.

145 EXT-- HIGH SCHOOL FIELD-- MORNING

MATT sits against a tree, smoking a roach. He faces a cluster of buildings in the distance, out of which a figure appears. Matt squints his eyes to make out the figure, and, recognizing who it is, stands up.

MATT

(yelling)

Tim!

Tim doesn't hear his brother and continues in the opposite direction.

146 EXT-- PARKING LOT-- MORNING

TIM opens the car door and finds MOKO asleep in the back seat. He starts up the car and drives off.

147 EXT-- BURKEWAITE'S ROOM-- MORNING

The sound of the BELL can just barely be heard above the SCREAMING in the classroom. Burkewaite really has them fired up.

CLARISSA is one of the first out, and she moves down the hall quickly, attempting to ditch MAGGIE, who is close on her tail.

She makes it safely to the telephone at the end of the hall, picks it up and drops a dime in the coin slot. She dials 0.

MAGGIE

(o.s.)

Clarissa! Who you calling?

Clarissa starts to hang up the phone as Maggie enters frame. She hesitates, decides against it, putting her hand over the receiver.

CLARISSA

Nobody.

MAGGIE

Oooh, I know. That guy you met at the movies last week. I'm telling Layne on you.

CLARISSA

Right, Mag. I'm really embarrassed, so could you just leave me alone here?

MAGGIE

(slightly hurt)

Well, okay. Okay.

Maggie leaves reluctantly, and Clarissa puts the phone to her ear.

CLARISSA

Police? I'd like to report...
I mean, I know who killed Darcy.
I mean, I know where he is. My
name? Uh, Janice...no, Jennie...
no, uh--

148 EXT-- SCHOOL SMOKING AREA-- MORNING

MATT, TONY and MAGGIE hang out.

TONY

It's gonna be like this the whole day, every class. Teachers lecturing us on what monsters we are.

MAGGIE

I can't handle much more.

TONY

I say we cut. I got just the place to go.

CLARISSA approaches the group.

MATT
Come on, Clarissa, we're taking
the day off.

CLARISSA
Does this mean more walking?
My legs are killing me.

TONY
No worry.

149 INT-- McDONALD'S-- DAY

TONY is at the counter, talking with MIKE.

MIKE
No way, Tony. You're crazy.
Forget it. I won't do it.

150 INT-- MIKE'S TRUCK-- DAY

MIKE drives MATT, TONY, MAGGIE and CLARISSA to their desired
destination. He does not look happy. He turns to Tony.

MIKE
Why do I let you talk me
into these idiotic--

TONY
MIKE!

Mike turns quickly. From his POV we see the red light that
he is running. Cars cross his path from either direction;
he swerves one way, then the other to avoid them. He makes
it safely through the intersection, heart pounding. The
others are equally as frantic.

TONY
You drive, Mike, like old
people fuck.

151 EXT-- SERVICE STATION PHONE BOOTH-- DAY

LAYNE dials a number, waits a few rings.

152 INT-- FECK'S HOUSE-- DAY

The phone RINGS, and a very groggy, bloody FECK reaches from
his spot on the floor to answer it.

FECK
Hello. I'm dying.

LAYNE'S VOICE

Feck? Where the hell have you been? Where's John?

FECK

John's gone. He's gone to the river. I'm dying.

The sound of a heavy boot KICKING IN THE DOOR. Two cops come in, aiming guns.

COP ONE

Put up your hands.

FECK (turning toward the cops)

Company.

153 EXT-- SERVICE STATION PHONE BOOTH-- DAY

LAYNE listens, curious, to the sounds at the other end. Voices. Scraping of the phone. Finally

COP'S VOICE

Hello? Who is this?

Layne hangs up the phone quickly, sensing danger. He thinks for a moment about what Feck said, then gets in his car, which is parked by the phone booth.

He drives off.

The camera does not follow him, and our attention is forced to a car in the background-- Feck's. The car takes off in the same direction as Layne's.

154 EXT-- RIVER-- DAY

TONY, CLARISSA, MAGGIE, MATT and MIKE walk along a trail leading to the river.

TONY

Isn't this great? Back to the scene
of the crime, the spot that made
Sacramento famous.

CLARISSA

Not the exact spot.

TONY

Why not?

CLARISSA

Because it's stupid, Tony.

MIKE

Yeah. Even stupider than driving
you guys here.

TONY

Oh, Mike, face it-- you love
danger. It makes you come in
your pants.

MIKE

Does not.

MATT

We'll just go down right here.
You get a better view of the
water.

They follow a path to the water's edge.

155 EXT-- RIVERSIDE-- A LITTLE LATER

They smoke a joint by the water, all peaceful. Matt has his
arm around Clarissa.

TONY

This all just blows my mind.
We're celebrities.

MAGGIE

Just what you always wanted, huh
Tony?

TONY

It's a start.

CLARISSA

I hear they're having an open casket
funeral for Darcy.

MAGGIE

Ooh, gross.

CLARISSA

I think it's in bad taste

TONY

(imitating, apparently,
some teacher)

This entire episode is in bad taste. You young people are a disgrace to the human race, to all living things, to plants, even, you shouldn't even be seen in the same room with a cactus.

MATT

(looking out at the
river)

What's that?

SHOT: A figure of some sort, hooked on a log, just below water level.

The group stands to look at the body. Clarissa is horrified.

CLARISSA

Oh my God, not again.

MAGGIE

Is it dead?

TONY

It's a dummy.

MIKE

I'm getting out of here. I knew this was stupid.

MATT

No, no, hold it.

Matt picks up a rock and throws it at the body.

CLARISSA

What are you doing? Are you crazy?
It's a person, maybe it's still
alive, don't throw rocks.

Matt throws another rock, ignoring Clarissa.

MATT

It's Ellie.

MAGGIE

Ellie?

Matt connects, and Ellie bobs out of the water and floats downstream. Tony squints his eyes to look.

TONY

It's a sex doll.

CLARISSA

Who's Ellie?

MATT

(pointing)

That's Ellie. Feck's girlfriend.

(to himself)

What the hell is she doing here?

156 INT-- LAYNE'S VOLKSWAGEN-- DAY

LAYNE drives through the park, still confused and on edge. He sees Mike's truck and pulls up alongside it. He climbs out of his car.

157 EXT-- RIVER TRAILS-- DAY

LAYNE walks through the mild jungles that border the river, following the voices in the air.

In the background we hear the sound of ANOTHER CAR mixed with the VOICES that grow clearer as Layne walks.

TONY'S VOICE

It's like you gotta make the best of it while you're still alive, because any day now BOOM! and you're dead.

MIKE'S VOICE

You wanna know what I think?

TONY'S VOICE

No, Mike.

MAGGIE'S VOICE

Somebody could just murder you, you know, or Russia could send over a whole batch of nuclear bombs.

TONY'S VOICE

We oughta just get those Russians stoned. That'll mellow 'em out.

Layne walks off the trail and toward the group. They hear him, turn, see him and greet him, but he ignores the niceties, stopping ten feet away. He is frazzled and tired and obsessed.

LAYNE
Where's John?

TONY
What?

CLARISSA
Forget about John-- would you just forget about him?

LAYNE
(noticing Mike)
And you-- I should kick your ass right here.

MIKE
What did I do?

Layne stands there a moment, then makes a sudden jump toward Mike, catching everybody offguard. Matt jumps to his feet and grabs Layne before he can do any harm, throwing him back.

MATT
Cool it.

LAYNE
Leave me alone. You don't know what's going on. None of you know. I'll find him myself.

Layne walks off, leaving the group dumbfounded.

TONY
What the hell has he been shooting up?

Matt hesitates, then follows Layne into the brush. Clarissa follows also.

MIKE
(to Tony and Maggie)
Did I do anything?

158 EXT-- RIVER TRAILS-- DAY

The camera tracks as MATT and CLARISSA follow a very determined LAYNE.

MATT
Would you stop!

LAYNE
Fuck off.

MATT
You've been awake the whole night, searching for the asshole, haven't you?

LAYNE
He's not an asshole.

MATT
He doesn't give a shit about anything-- his friends, himself. He doesn't care if he dies. Can't you see that by the way he's acting?

Layne just keeps on walking. Matt stops for a second, then chases after him, grabbing him by the shoulder and turning him sharply around.

MATT
Would you listen to me? I know you don't care about him that much.

LAYNE
You know that?

MATT
I fucking know you, Layne. You get these ideas in your head, and you don't think, and this idea-- helping John out-- it's not a good idea.

LAYNE
You've got a better idea?

MATT
Yes. Turn him in.

Layne is dumbfounded.

LAYNE
You would do that, wouldn't you?

A pause.

MATT
I did.

Another pause as Layne digests this information.

MATT

We should finish the job, Layne.

LAYNE

I should kill you for even saying that.

MATT

You're talking shit, and you know it.

LAYNE

You turn on us so easily. I thought you were a fuckin' friend. I should have known me and Samson have been alone all along.

Layne turns and starts off. Matt hesitates, then follows him, but Clarissa grabs Matt by the arm.

CLARISSA

Let him go.

159 EXT-- RIVERSIDE-- DAY

CLARISSA and MATT return to the group.

MAGGIE

What's with him?

CLARISSA

He's upset.

Clarissa accepts a joint from Tony and takes a hit.

160 EXT-- RIVER TRAIL-- DAY

LAYNE moves along the trail impulsively, searching for Samson. His nerves are shot. Every once in a while he calls out "John" or pokes his head through some trees to look at the river's edge. His movements have no plan.

Finally he comes to a familiar clearing and decides to check it out, walking up the trail to the edge of the hill. He sees something: A FIGURE, leaning against a log, back to Layne. Layne starts toward the figure.

LAYNE

John?

The camera tracks subjectively toward the figure, and as we move closer we recognize that it's SAMSON, though we don't see his face.

Now the camera holds LAYNE as it tracks back to follow him around the log. He looks fearful and weary as he approaches.

He stops. He is now facing Samson. What he sees freezes him. He opens his mouth to scream

161 EXT-- RIVERSIDE-- DAY

and the SCREAM carries downstream, eerily outlined by a distant echo.

The GROUP reacts to the sound, a few standing up.

TONY
What the hell?

They all start up the trail, following the sound, MATT the last in line.

TIM emerges from the brush.

TIM
Matt.

Matt stops to face his brother. The rest of the group continues on. Tim is very determined, very tired.

TIM
You shouldn't have hit me.

He raises a gun and aims it at Matt.

Another SCREAM fades into violent sobbing.

ANGLE ON

161A CLARISSA, MAGGIE and TONY as they follow the sound. They arrive at the clearing to find LAYNE kneeling by SAMSON, sobbing. They stop and form a semi-circle about ten yards from the log; we still do not see Samson's face.

Sensing the others, Layne slowly looks up, tears burning down his face. He has released what has been held in for a long time. He can barely speak.

LAYNE
They fucking killed him.

CUT TO

161B TIM and MATT.

Tim still holds the gun on his brother.

MATT
Don't be stupid, Tim.

TIM
You finked on John.

MATT
I'm your brother. Give me
the gun.

Tim stares.

I'm sorry I hurt you. I
was upset. Now give me
the gun, okay?

The gun begins to shake in Tim's hand. Still, his expression
remains firm.

Goddammit, Tim, I'm your
brother.

CU of TIM. He is beginning to break. His cold determination
fades as he slowly transforms into the confused child he is.

Even so, Matt holds his ground. Nervously.

After a tense moment, Tim lowers the gun. SIRENS sound in
the background. Some understanding has just taken shape
between Tim and Matt; we see it in their eyes.

The camera pulls back on the pair, each standing still, as
the sirens grow louder.

162 DISSOLVE TO

The REST OF THE GROUP, moving around the log to get a look
at SAMSON'S BODY. There is a bullet hole in his forehead
and dried blood on his face. His eyes are still open and
show no pain, no shock, no surprise.

The camera moves in on these eyes as we hear

LAYNE'S VOICE
...killed him...

Fade into

FECK'S VOICE
...because there was no hope for
him, no hope at all. He didn't
love her. He never felt a
thing. At least I loved her.
At least I cared.

DISSOLVE TO

163 INT-- HOSPITAL ROOM-- DAY

CU of FECK, the room very bright and stark around him. He is wrapped in bandages and he talks to an offscreen presence as he rests in his hospital bed.

FECK

You understand, don't you? I'm sure you do. I don't like killing people, but sometimes it's necessary. That's enough now. I'd like you all to leave now. I'm very tired, and sort of depressed. I lost a good friend today, you know.

Feck closes his eyes.

164 EXT-- RIVER-- DAY

The police have arrived, yet there is no urgency in the air. CLARISSA, TONY, MAGGIE, MIKE and a HORDE OF POLICE-MEN stand around, some looking out to the rushing river, some staring at the ground, as a few do their best to clear the scene and record the events for the files.

We see LAYNE staring blankly across the river, his eyes red, and

SAMSON'S BODY being carried off on a stretcher, his dangling arms scraping the dirt, and

MATT with TIM, handing one of the cops the GUN as another cop questions his brother.

After a moment the cop escorts TIM to a patrol car and puts him into the back seat; Matt watches this with concern, then turns to the other cop and says something to him.

The cop, slightly puzzled, nods his head, then leads Matt into the backseat with his brother.

The car drives off, and the camera again finds SAMSON, holding him in what might be described as a loving close-up before we

DISSOLVE TO

165 INT-- CHURCH-- THE NEXT DAY

An equally loving CU of DARCY, full of color and life.

She is more beautiful than we have ever seen her, her innocence a credit to some gifted mortician.

She rests in an open casket, hands folded over her chest, lightly clutching a bouquet of flowers. In the background we hear SUBDUED FUNERAL MUSIC.

Friends, family and assorted strangers pause over her casket to see her for the last time, their expressions distant. Among them are MATT, CLARISSA, MAGGIE, TONY and MIKE. There are a few meaningful tears among the group.

We see her also, one last time, before we

FADE TO BLACK