

KIDS IN AMERICA

By
Jackie Filgo & Jeff Filgo

Current Revisions By
Michael Dowse

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The opening chords of "Get Outta My Dreams, Into My Car" by Billy Ocean begin over black.

Vintage Universal then Imagine logos, circa 1988, fade in.

RONALD REAGAN (O.S.)
We must remember, as we celebrate,
that alcohol can turn a holiday
into a tragedy...

INT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERIA - DAY

On a television, RONALD REAGAN is in the midst of a speech to America on CNN.

RONALD REAGAN
... I, Ronald Reagan, President of
the United States of America, do
hereby proclaim this Labor Day
weekend beginning September 3,
1988, as National Drive for Life
Weekend...

Our camera pulls out to reveal Reagan on a bank of televisions stacked in a Radio Shack window at the Sherman Oaks Galleria, a typical three level mall with columns of teal and purple.

Shoppers sweep past frame laden with bags of fashion purchased on mounds of credit. "Back To School" mania is on.

A FEMALE REPORTER cuts in on the stack of televisions...

FEMALE REPORTER
In related news, Vice-President
Bush's presidential campaign is
gaining momentum...

Across from Radio Shack lies Suncoast Video, a garish red neon and black wallpapered video rental house. Posters for "The Secret Of My Succe\$s", "Rambo III", and "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" hang from the walls.

The sound of the newscast continues.

GEORGE BUSH (O.S.)
...a thousand points of light.

In an aisle of Suncoast Video stands a bored looking twenty-two-year-old, MATT FRANKLIN. There's a pale normality to him, dressed in his blue oxford shirt and khaki pants.

INT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERY - DAY

A young woman, TORI FREDERKING, struts through the cathedral-like mall. All we see is the back of her thoroughly hair-sprayed blonde coif, bobbing up and down as she moves.

A group of four attractive similarly dressed POPULAR GIRLS come into view.

POPULAR GIRLS
Hey Tori!

Tori waves at them, almost a salute.

INT. SUNCOAST VIDEO - DAY

Matt looks up over the racks of videos into the mall concourse, something catches his eye.

INT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERY - DAY

Tori's blonde coif moves towards the entrance of Suncoast Video. She passes a pack of SKATEBOARDERS who leer at her.

INT. SUNCOAST VIDEO - DAY

Matt's face drops as he stares at Tori gliding towards him.

Through Matt's POV, we see her in slow motion, the image of beauty and confidence, easily the hottest in the mall, perhaps the San Fernando Valley.

Panic flashes behind Matt's eyes, he turns and rushes in the opposite direction towards the back of the store, through a storage room and out a back service door.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

Matt hustles down a back service hallway adjusting his hair as he goes.

INT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERY - DAY

Matt bursts through an "Employees Only" door and into the main concourse of the mall.

He passes a clothing store. Without stopping, he picks out a sportscoat from a rack and puts it on, rolling up the sleeves.

Matt arrives back at the entrance of Suncoast Video, he composes himself for a second and enters. A TEENAGE CUSTOMER stares at him.

INT. SUNCOAST VIDEO - DAY

Tori stands looking at a row of exercise videos. Matt approaches and grabs a copy of Richard Simmons's "Sweatin' To The Oldies." Tori looks at him for a second, goes back to her video, then looks back.

TORI
Hey... I know you...

MATT
I don't really...

TORI
You went to Livingston didn't you?

MATT
Yeah.

TORI
Were you on the track team?

MATT
In a way.

TORI
Steeplechase?

MATT
Stats.

TORI
That's right, you were that really really smart kid... It's me Tori, Tori Frederking.

MATT
Matt Franklin.

TORI
I knew I knew you from somewhere.

Matt peers at her for a second then snaps his fingers.

MATT
Wait, high jump, right?

TORI
That's me!

MATT
It's really good to see you again,
Terri.

TORI
Tori.

MATT
Sorry...

TORI
So what are you up to?

MATT
What am I up to? What are you up
to?

Tori loves being asked this question.

TORI
Well, I've been working at Drexel
Burnham, and I guess they think I'm
pretty good, because they just
offered me a management position.
(a little condescending)
It's an investment bank.

MATT
Yeah, I know what it is.

TORI
Oh, I didn't mean...

MATT
No, it's fine. I'm in the same
business.

TORI
Really? Where do you work?

MATT
Goldman Sachs.

Tori's impressed.

TORI
Really. I didn't know they had an
office on the west coast.

MATT
Most people don't, we focus on
Japanese takeovers, it's very
discreet.

Matt looks over Tori's shoulder and notices the Teenage Customer shoving handfuls of candy into his backpack. Matt's brow furrows as they move towards the counter together.

TORI

Hey, you remember Kyle Masterson? He's having his annual End Of Summer bash tonight. Everyone from high school will be there. It's the last one, you should totally go. I heard Rob Lowe is coming.

MATT

Yeah, I got this thing but I was going to try and stop by. My sister goes out with him... Kyle, not Rob Lowe.

TORI

Word is somebody's going to ride The Ball.

MATT

Oh, no shit.

Tori starts ringing a customer service bell. Matt looks around concerned with the lack of service.

TORI

Where are they?

MATT

You know what? Just take it, I'll put the rental on my card, I'm still deciding.

Matt holds up his Richard Simmons video.

TORI

Hey thanks that's awesome.

MATT

Just make sure it's back in forty-eight hours... or whatever.

TORI

Cool beans! So maybe I'll see you tonight Matt.

MATT

Yeah for sure, awesome seeing you...

(unsure)

Tori?

TORI
You got it, thanks again. Bye.

MATT
Take it easy.

She exits. Matt watches her go. Once she's around the corner, Matt mentally counts to five then dives behind the counter. He grabs the phone and begins dialing.

MATT
(into phone)
Dude, you are not going to believe
who was just here -- TORI
FREDERKING!

INT. WERNER MERCEDES - DAY

BARRY NATHAN, twenty-two, dressed like a poor man's Gordon Gecko, has a phone to his ear. He sits behind his desk on the floor of a showroom filled with gleaming Mercedes. A CUSTOMER sits across the desk from him.

Barry listens to the call intently, making eye contact with his customer pretending he is on the phone with his boss.

BARRY
(all business)
I see.

Behind the Customer, through the glass windows, a protest is going on around the dealership parking lot. People hold placards reading, "Mercedes Out Of South Africa" and "End Apartheid Now".

MATT
Do you remember how hot she was in
high school?

Barry nods his head, the scene is cross cut between Barry, Matt and their fantasy.

INSERT: Slow Motion Historical Fantasy, A younger Tori in Livingston High T-shirt and shorts arches herself gracefully over a high jump bar. She clears it, lands and throws her arms up in celebration.

BARRY
Yes I do.

MATT
Well she's hotter now, it's like
Tori Frederking has become the hot
teacher, the hot chick that works
at an office.

INSERT: Tori drives in her convertible white VW Cabriolet. She sips a Tab through a straw as the wind flows through her hair, Vidal Sassonville.

BARRY
Is that the bottom line?

MATT
No, check this out, she's working at an investment bank, picture that woman in a power suit dude, can you? Think of her sitting behind a desk, hair up, glasses on.

INSERT: Tori sits behind a desk with a power suit and glasses on, She explains a pie chart to three of her PEERS sitting in her office. The piece of the pie just got a whole lot bigger for Drexel Burnham. Her Peers nod at Tori in appreciation.

Back at the dealership, Barry is still pretending to be on the phone with his boss.

BARRY
Can you do any better than that?

Barry raises an eyebrow to the Customer.

MATT
Fuck no!
(thinks)
She must hump in her office.

INSERT: Tori begins making out madly with an OLDER COLLEAGUE in a sharp suit. Matt's in the corner of Tori's office watching his own fantasy unfold, he shakes his head snapping out of it.

MATT
Hey, what do you know about investment banking?

Barry's brow furrows.

BARRY
(into the phone)
THAT'S UNACCEPTABLE, YOU GOT TO BEND A BIT MORE BOSS! THIS GUY JUST HAD ANOTHER BABY!

MATT
All right, we'll pick you up at 4:30.

BARRY
FINE! I WILL, I WILL TAKE IT OUT
OF MY OWN SALARY!

Barry slams down the phone acting poorly at being ticked off.

BARRY
I'm sorry about that Stephen,
listen he's not going to budge.
But here's what I can do. You want
a Benz, I want to see you in a
Benz. I'll knock another three
grand off, now that's well below
cost.

Barry points to the phone.

BARRY
And that jerk-off is going to take
it out of my salary. Wait till I
explain this one to the wife?

The Customer leans forward, completely in control.

CUSTOMER
Your *boss* is standing out there in
the parking lot, you aren't wearing
a wedding ring and I'm not buying
your bullshit *Barry* or a sedan.

The Customer stands and walks out, Barry just keeps smiling
at him, trying to ignore the stares from everyone in the
store.

Outside we see Barry's Boss, MIKE, notice the Customer storm
out.

INT. SUNCOAST VIDEO - DAY

A KID approaches Matt behind the counter.

KID
Is Kareem Abdul-Jabaar in this one?

He holds up Bruce Lee's "Enter The Dragon."

MATT
Kareem acted?

The phone rings, Matt answers.

MATT
Suncoast.

INT. THREE DAY BLINDS - DAY

A twenty-two-year-old woman, WENDY FRANKLIN, stands in front of a counter in the middle of a blind store, phone to her ear. She's cute, with a sweet face and more sparkle than glamour.

In her hand, she stares at an unopened letter from The London School of Economics.

WENDY
(into the phone)
Uh, do you have this movie, it's a tragedy about this twin runt brother who's brains get taken from him in the womb. I think it's called *My Brother's A Fucking Retard* or something like that.

MATT
Uh, let me check, no, that's out, but we do have this new documentary *Complexes In The Uglier Fraternal*.

Wendy smiles.

WENDY
How are you?

MATT
Amazing, guess who...

WENDY
(interrupting)
When are you off?

MATT
At four.

WENDY
I'll meet you at the Northeast entrance.

MATT
Is IQ 2000 joining us?

Wendy looks up at a dark handsome twenty-two-year-old, KYLE MASTERSON. He wears a Three-Day Blinds golf shirt and holds up a set of blinds for her with great anticipation on his face. She gives him the thumbs up back, Kyle clenches his fist in celebration.

WENDY
No, he's busy setting up *le grande soiree*.

MATT
Guess who I talked to today?

WENDY
Me?

MATT
Tori-fucking-Frederking.

WENDY
Okay Matt, we'll talk about this in the car.

MATT
She remembered *me*!

WENDY
In the car.

Wendy hangs up and turns back to Kyle. She stares at the blinds again at Kyle's feet as she puts the envelope in her back pocket.

WENDY
Which room is that one for again?

Kyle thinks.

KYLE
Bathroom.

WENDY
That color isn't going to work with the wallpaper, can we do it in cream?

KYLE
Baby we can do it in cream... Cool Whip, fucking nougat, anything you want thunder crotch.

Kyle grabs her and attacks, she shrieks in delight.

WENDY
I can't believe we're doing this!

KYLE
I can't wait to wake up beside you every morning...

They kiss.

KYLE
Baby, tonight's gonna be a blast, I guarantee you'll never forget this party.

Kyle stares at her like a cat with a budgie stuffed in his mouth.

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERIA - DAY

Kyle and Wendy walk out of the Northeast entrance of the mall. A 4x4 truck, with a "Three Day Blinds" logo on the side, is parked in the fire lane.

Inside the truck sits BRYCE and BENJI, two good looking tanned buff guys. Bryce has a pink LaCoste T-shirt, Benji's mint.

In the back of a truck, sits a large round object covered in a tarpaulin, the wind picks up the tarpaulin enough to get a glint of metal underneath.

BRYCE
(yelling to Wendy)
Hey, how's it hanging outpoints!

WENDY
(yelling back)
Hey, did you guys manage to fuck
each other yet?

BENJI
What?

KYLE
What?

Wendy shifts her focus to the back of the 4x4.

WENDY
So that's it, I never thought I'd
ever see it.

KYLE
All I want to see is some
motherfucker inside that
motherfucker.

Kyle looks at his watch.

KYLE
Shit darling, I've got to bolt.

Kyle kisses her deeply. The horn from the 4x4 blasts again.

BRYCE
GET A ROOM DOUCHEBAG!

Kyle pulls away from her, Benji throws him a yellow polo shirt from the truck.

Kyle takes off his 3-Day Blinds shirt and puts on the LaCoste shirt. Wendy admires Kyle's well toned body. Kyle smiles at her and blows her a kiss good-bye.

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERIA - DAY

A car trunk is slammed down, crushing a stuffed kitty and revealing the legendary K-CAR logo.

Wendy throws her orange K-Car into reverse, backs out, drives about fifty feet and parks the car in the Mall's fire lane. She looks at the dashboard digital clock, it turns over to 4:01. She holds the horn down.

INT. SHERMAN OAKS GALLERIA - DAY

Matt walks down the mall concourse, he puts on a pair of Oakley Frogskin sunglasses. As he gets closer to the exit he hears the sound of the horn.

MATT

Shit.

Matt looks at his watch and breaks into a run.

INT. K-CAR - DAY

Matt runs out signalling her to cut the horn, she refuses signalling him to get in. Matt throws himself into the car and slams the door behind him.

Wendy winks at him then neutral-drops out of the firelane.

CUT TO:

The digital display of the car stereo rolls up and locks onto 107.3FM

MUSIC CUE: "Don't Worry Be Happy" - Bobby McFerrin.

Matt and Wendy cruise down the street.

MATT

She was eyein' me.

WENDY

(laughs)

Eyeing you?

MATT

She literally devoured me with her eyes. I'm lucky my clothes didn't burn right off my body.

WENDY

You know what I loved most about college? It was four years when I didn't hear about Tori Frederking every day.

MATT

She opened the door this time! She invited me to Kyle's "End of Summer" party tonight.

WENDY

I invited you to Kyle's party, you're not going... You're going?

MATT

Why not? I love Kyle.

WENDY

Yeah, and people who love people don't ask them to spell stuff when they come over for dinner.

MATT

What, I thought we were bonding.
(laughs)
V-A-C-U-O-U-S, that's not too difficult.

WENDY

You haven't gone to Kyle's party in like three years. Since the Tiger shirt incident.

MATT

(still a little mad)
Le Tigre is just as French as *La Coste*, it's a valid choice. Hey, what do you know about hostile Japanese take-overs?

WENDY

Why?

MATT

I told her I worked at Goldman Sachs.

Wendy stares at Matt for a beat.

WENDY

Smooth, that'll never blow up in your face... Matt, don't go all loopy again.

MATT
I'm fine.

WENDY
I'm serious.

MATT
I won't.

Her face lightens up.

WENDY
So word on the street is we're
going to a party.

MATT
The Wonder Twins ride tonight.

Wendy offers her fist in Wonder Twins fashion.

WENDY
Power of...Tori shutting you down.

MATT
Form of...Kyle not being able to
spell "form of".

Wendy laughs, gives Matt a shove.

INT. WERNER MERCEDES MANAGER OFFICE - DAY

Mike, Barry's boss, sits behind an impressive wooden desk.
Barry sits across from him.

MIKE
I'm letting you go Barry.

BARRY
Don't do this.

MIKE
My hands are tied.

BARRY
What do you mean, "My hands are
tied?" By what? What's tieing
your hands?

MIKE
Your sales record.

BARRY
It's a slump.

Mike holds up a spreadsheet and scans it.

MIKE

It's technically the worst sales record we have. A record in itself.

BARRY

I've been this close to closing, even with the tire-kicking scraps you guys keep throwing me.

MIKE

Close only sells razors and lap dances Barry... Everyone loves you here, you're a wonderful guy. I remember the day you started out in the wash bay, you're almost like our little mascot... weren't you our mascot one year?

BARRY

Two.

MIKE

Here's the bottom line. You don't have what it takes to sell cars, let alone Mercedes. I'm just sorry it took so long for us all to figure it out.

BARRY

Nobody knows more about those cars, nobody! How many airbags in a SL 300? Answer me that?

MIKE

It ain't about airbags, it ain't about ABS braking...

Mike holds up a piece of paper.

MIKE

...and it certainly ain't about mailing out customer safety factor surveys. It's about pussy Barry, its about getting high quality pussy in your passenger seat. That's it, that's why 95% of our customers buy Mercedes.

BARRY

But Mercedes have been rated one of the safest cars in over nine independent...

MIKE
NO!!! PUSSY BARRY, PUSSY!!!!.... You
shouldn't be selling squat, your
whole career needs a rethink.

Mike reaches into his desk and hands him brochures to
technical colleges.

MIKE
I'm not giving you a reference
either, I couldn't do that to my
peers, I have a reputation to
protect.

BARRY
I was born to sell Mercedes Mike.

MIKE
Barry, you're not Mercedes
material.

Barry has gone pale. In slow motion, Mike repeats the words.
The sound of a car horn bleeds in.

EXT. WERNER MERCEDES - DAY

Wendy has the horn blaring, she's parked with Matt in the
lot. Barry emerges through the protestors. He looks upset
as he carries a gym bag bursting with belongings and picture
frames.

Wendy stops blaring the horn. Even the Protestors look
concerned. Barry stops and turns around.

BARRY
NAZI SCUM!!!!

Silence grips the lot.

PROTESTORS
YEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Buoyed by the support he throws his gym bag against the glass
window of the dealership.

The bag bounces innocently off the glass window, revealing a
frowning Mike inside. He points at Barry and starts coming
out after him.

Barry turns and runs toward the K-car signaling them to start
driving. Barry hops in and they pull out.

INT. FRANKLIN HOUSE - EVENING

Matt, Barry and Wendy dig into a great home cooked meal. BILL FRANKLIN, wearing a police uniform with the shirt untucked, sits at the head of the table. He's a meat and potatoes guy.

WENDY

Dad, somebody's going to ride The Ball tonight.

Bill scoffs.

BILL

Darling, nobody rode that thing when I was a kid and nobody's riding it tonight.

Barry just stares at his plate. LIBBY FRANKLIN, Matt and Wendy's mother, sits concerned about Barry.

LIBBY

I just don't understand how they could let you go.

BARRY

Seven years I gave them. They stole my youth.

BILL

Fired on Labour Day weekend, Christ that smarts. Look at it this way Barry, at least you tried, right? At least you gave it your all. You tightened up your belt, found something you wanted to do and applied yourself to it.

Barry nods his head in agreement still just staring at his plate.

MATT

I see that the traditional evening torture's in full swing.

BILL

(playing innocent)
What Matt?

Libby puts her hand on Matt's arm.

LIBBY

(to Matt)

We just think you have such a talent, you could be anything. You could be an astronaut.

MATT

Awesome, problem solved. I'm an astronaut.

BILL

Did you get fired today Matt?

MATT

No promoted, I'm now running the store. I might even become regional manager in a few months.

LIBBY

That's wonderful Matthew!

BARRY

(jealous)

Really?

MATT

No.

LIBBY

Oh.

BILL

Well that's too bad, you would have been able to make the first payment on your student loan.

MATT

Loan?

Barry and Wendy begin watching the argument like a match at Wimbledon.

BILL

Yes Matthew, loan now, not gift from Daddy Warbucks. I didn't give a quarter of my goddamn savings to MIT to have you work in the mall.

MATT

So now you're blackmailing me?

BILL

Yes, just like in those movies you watch all day

WENDY
 (trying to change the
 subject)
 Dad wait until you see our condo
 next week.

BILL
 Plush?

WENDY
 We went with jacuzzi tub option,
 splurged a bit, Kyle just opened
 another outlet in Encino.

BILL
 Three Day Blinds, great idea.

MATT
 (under his breath)
 That his dad had.

BILL
 Christ, at least he's getting out
 there and doing something. We had
 a deal bub, you said, "give me the
 summer" Well guess what? Summer's
 over, I want to hear your plan.

BARRY
 The summer of my life is over.

MATT
 Here's my plan Dad: I don't know.
 All I do know is that I don't want
 to be an Engineer

BILL
 Well that makes sense doesn't it
 Barry?

Barry nods.

BILL
 Since you spent four years studying
 it.

Barry shakes his head.

MATT
 You know what I learned at college
 Dad? That I hate doing what I'm
 brilliant at, ironic isn't it?

BILL
 So then why didn't you just drop
 out?

MATT
(imitating Bill)
Because son, in life you got to
finish what you started.

Bill points his fork at Matt.

BILL
That talent or yours spoiled you,
that's your problem! You think
you're above everything when really
you're just scared of some old
fashioned hard work. You're just
scared... and lazy.

Matt is hurt.

MATT
Dad I just figured out what I want
to do with my life.

BILL
What?

MATT
(very sarcastic)
I want to be a policeman.

Bill stares at him for a beat. Wendy puts her head in her hands.

BILL
(Very calm)
I'll see you all in the morning.

Bill gets up from the table.

LIBBY
Matt!

MATT
Sorry Dad, I didn't mean it.

BILL
I have work to do.

Bill leaves the room. Matt stares at him as he goes, knowing he crossed the line. The rest of the table glares at him.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's a high-class immaculate vaulted living room overlooking the valley, most of the furniture has been removed. The decorations are being put up for the party.

In close-up, Bryce cuffs Benji on the head playfully.

BENJI
You're fucking dead!

Benji attacks and they begin Greco-Roman wrestling. Kyle enters oblivious to the wrestling. A few ECUADORIANS are moving a sofa.

KYLE
Andale, andale... Would somebody
put those fuckin' streamers up!

Kyle walks up to the DJ behind his set up. The DJ wears a black tuxedo T-shirt. Kyle delivers an elaborate handshake.

KYLE
Okay I got it figured out. Here's
my cue, when it happens I'll point
at you like this.

Kyle simply points at him.

DJ
Just like that.

Kyle points at him.

KYLE
Like this. Then play Eileen.

The DJ points at him.

DJ
Like this, I just want to make
sure.

KYLE
Yep.

DJ
Got it.

KYLE
Right on! Hey are we having a
party here or what? Play that
fucking music white boy!

The DJ stares at him in disbelief. Kyle turns and walks amongst the Ecuadorians like Robert Duvall in Apocalypse Now.

The DJ flips a vinyl record onto the deck and puts the needle down. In close up, the B-Side to "Van Halen's 1984" spins. The opening sounds of "Hot For Teacher" by Van Halen are heard.

"GETTING READY TO GO OUT" SEQUENCE

As the thunderous Van Halen opus plays we skip around various characters getting prepped.

Matt adjusts a skinny black leather tie up then down.

Barry watches a massive glob of hair mousse expand in his hands. He starts smoothing it into his hair like a pro.

A GIRL finishes a bottle of hairspray on her massive wall of bangs. She tosses the old can in the garbage, her FRIEND passes her a fresh can and she resumes spraying.

A GUY, pours a whiskey from his parents liquor cabinet into a two liter coke bottle. He turns over the bottle of booze and remarks his parents level mark.

Another GIRL, pierces her ear near the top, she is running out of room.

In A yearbook, there's a picture of Tori's graduation shot, gorgeous. "Most Likely To Be Famous" is printed under her name along with more statistics.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Matt sits on the edge of the bed with a yearbook on his lap. Barry's is beside him chin in hands. His bedroom is still very much a kid's room filled with posters and models of cars.

MATT (O.S.)
(reading)
Nelson Mandela... Purple Rain...
Windsurfing... windsurfing huh.

The pages of the yearbook are flipped to the sports section. In a track team group shot, Tori stands in the middle surrounded by tall good looking boys, medals around her neck.

In the picture, Matt is on the periphery of the team with a clipboard in his hands. Barry is beside him with his eyes closed.

Matt flips to another page, it's prom night, there is a picture of Tori and a handsome guy, SAM. A large heart is around it.

BARRY
Who am I even? If I don't get up
Tuesday morning and go to the
dealership.

Matt looks at him.

MATT
You will get through this.

WENDY (O.S.)
Oh shit! Oh shit!

Matt look towards the bathroom and gets up.

He walks through a Jack and Jill bathroom and into...

INT. WENDY'S ROOM - EVENING

Wendy's room feels empty, filled with boxes packed up ready to move. Wendy has hot rollers in her hair, wearing a puffy white shirt. She sits on her bed staring at the opened letter in her hands.

MATT
You okay?

Wendy looks up at him.

WENDY
Oh look, its the fuzz.

She hands him the letter, Matt reads it.

MATT
You got in?

Wendy nods her head.

MATT
Heyyyy!

He gives her a big hug.

MATT
You're going to London sister!

WENDY
I don't know, I don't know.

MATT
Why not?

WENDY
We take possession on our condo in four days. I'm not sure if Kyle would come or not.

Matt rolls his eyes.

WENDY
(guilty)
I applied when we were on a break.

MATT
He'll visit, he needs to experience
another language.

WENDY
Let me just think about it okay?

MATT
Okay think about it, really think
about staying behind with Kyle in
your new condo. Just Kyle, you and
his friends, both intellectually
and geographically minutes from
high school.

Wendy's laughs despite herself.

MATT
Maybe this is just a sign. I mean,
you guys are moving so fast.

WENDY
Matt, we've been going out for four
and a half years.
(looking at the envelope
again)
It would be pretty cool though huh?

MATT
Fuck yeah! Let's celebrate, let's
have a drink.

WENDY
You can't tell anyone I got in.

MATT
You can trust me, I'm a Goldman
Sachs man!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Matt walks back into the bedroom to find Barry chugging a
bottle of champagne.

MATT
Dude, I got that for graduation. I
was saving it for something
special.

BARRY
It's kind of special that I've
never drunk this much this fast.

Matt crosses to Barry, looks him in the eye. Matt sighs.

MATT
You want to skip the party?

BARRY
No. No. No. I worked my ass off
for seven years. I didn't go to
let's-get-drunk-and-have-sex
college like you guys. So tonight,
I catch up.

MATT
Good.

BARRY
I'm hittin' this party so fuckin'
hard.

MATT
Sure, a little extreme, but yes.

WENDY (O.S.)
(screaming)
I'm leaving in ten minutes nerds,
where's my drink!

Matt's face drops as Barry has another chug.

MATT
Shit... we can't roll up in Wendy's
car. If she sees me I'm dead,
right out of the gate.

Barry finishes drinking and just stares at Matt, fire in his eyes.

EXT. WERNER MERCEDES - NIGHT

Rows of gleaming new Mercedes. A darkened showroom. Across the street, Wendy's K-Car slows and parks against the curb.

INT. WENDY'S K-CAR/EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Matt, Wendy, and Barry look across the street at the closed dealership.

WENDY
I want no part of this.

Barry takes a sip of champagne, fire in his eyes.

MATT

Barry, I'm a little fuzzy on how we're going to get away with it.

BARRY

I have a set of keys, I know all the alarm codes, it's almost perfectly legitimate.

WENDY

We could still all just go in my car.

MATT

The Frederking does not roll in a Kumquat, not that she's not deep. What if she wants to leave with me?

WENDY

You've been worried about the "What if Tori Frederking wants to leave with me" scenario since the ninth grade and it has yet to rear its head.

BARRY

Just start honking if anyone pulls up.

WENDY

Word.

Matt takes a swig, Barry swigs and tosses again. He and Barry get out of the car and walk confidently toward the dealership, putting feminine gloves on their hands.

EXT. WERNER MERCEDES - NIGHT

Matt peers into the showroom as Barry searches in the dark for the right key on a large key ring.

BARRY

I've got this all figured out, it's going to be a piece of cake.

MATT

Okay. Where are the keys to the cars?

BARRY

In the lockbox.

MATT
So you have a key to the lockbox?

BARRY
No.

MATT
Is there another way into the lockbox?

BARRY
No Matt, it's locked.

Matt grabs him by the shoulders.

MATT (CONT'D)
(calm but forceful)
Barry, you do understand that it's a very long way from saying something's all figured out to having something all figured out? Let me put it in geographic terms: the having, let's call that New Zealand. The saying, that's the L.A. County Jail where I'm giving some white supremacist a crying blow job.

BARRY
That's not going to happen. There's no way you'll cry.

Matt just looks at him.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Mike, the prick bastard sales manager who fired me, keeps the keys...
(points to a car)
...to the SL 560 in his prick bastard desk.

Barry puts the key into the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S K-CAR - NIGHT

Wendy fidgets nervously, watching them open the door.

WENDY
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. WERNER MERCEDES SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Barry and Matt enter the showroom.

SFX: INSISTENT, REPETITIVE BEEP

MATT
What the hell is that?

BARRY
It's just the alarm, I know the combination.

Barry tries again, but the beeping just continues to accelerate. As he continues to try combinations...

BARRY
They changed the combination.
Those fuckers didn't trust me.

MATT
I wonder why?

Beeping apexes. Matt locks eye contact with Barry, then runs out the door.

INT. WENDY'S K-CAR - NIGHT

SFX: BURGLAR ALARM SIREN

THE SIREN SUDDENLY WAILS and THE DEALERSHIP IS BATHED IN SECURITY LIGHTS.

WENDY
Oh my God. Holy fuck, this is great!

Matt is silhouetted by the security lights as he runs back to the car.

CUT TO:

INT. WERNER MERCEDES SHOWROOM - NIGHT

THE SIREN IS DEAFENINGLY LOUD.

Barry is wide-eyed he can't think, he bolts into the Sales Manager office. He grabs the keys and runs out of the showroom.

INT. WENDY'S K-CAR - NIGHT

Wendy sees Matt running back to the car and locks the door. Matt tries to open the door and fails. He looks in the window.

WENDY
(Mouthing the words)
You Pussy.

INT. STOLEN BENZ - NIGHT

Barry throws himself into a new 560SL, a two-seat convertible with the top up, setting off the car alarm as well. He fumbles with the keys.

BARRY
Fuck.

He starts the car, killing it's alarm.

MUSIC CUE: "STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON" BY N.W.A.

Barry floors it out of parking lot. He stop beside the K-Car.

BARRY
Test drive?

Matt hops in.

INT. WENDY'S K-CAR - NIGHT

Wendy watches them race into the night, the alarm blaring, the dealership ablaze with light behind them.

WENDY
Oh. My. God.

She giggles despite herself as she starts the car and pulls into the street to follow them.

INT. STOLEN BENZ - NIGHT

As they drive, Matt and Barry lower the convertible top on the Mercedes. They look at each other in shock. Suddenly, Barry laughs maniacally. Matt joins in, turns to the car in the next lane.

MATT
Hey, you buy that car? That's too
bad 'cause we stole this one!

BARRY
(to the car)
I stole this car!

MATT
I'm aiding and abetting now.

A POLICE CAR drives by going the opposite direction, A COP inside gives them an appraising look.

Oh shit. MATT Oh no. BARRY

They drive for a beat, freaked out.

BARRY
Turn around and see if they're
behind us.

MATT
No way man. My dad told me, cops
aren't looking for crime, they're
looking for guilt.

BARRY
Fine, okay.

Matt can't stand not knowing, and as he quickly turns and looks behind...

MATT
(sings as he looks)
Fuuuuck.
(then)
We're good.

Barry drives for a moment.

Matt? BARRY

Yeah? MATT

Barry's wide eyed, completely sober now.

BARRY
I've never driven the 560SL before.
They never let me.

Barry puts the pedal to the metal as we turn "Straight Outta Compton" up loud.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The Mercedes and the Kumquat creep up Mulholland. We pull back to reveal Kyle's house on the hill: a large relatively new mansion overlooking the valley. Tail lights weave their way toward it like fireflies.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wendy hops the curb and parks on the lawn. Barry follows suite and parks beside her. The bass is thumping from inside the house. A large crowd is milling in the driveway.

Wendy runs up to the passenger side. Matt is checking himself out in the rearview mirror; his hair is extremely windblown.

WENDY

Holy shit you're a crazy gangsta
motherfucker Barry that was
fantastic! Did you see that cop?

BARRY

(trying to be cool)
Yeah, it was no problem.

WENDY

I thought you guys were busted for
sure.

MATT

This hair is not fit for the likes
of Tori Frederking. You think that
asshole keeps a comb in here
somewhere?

Matt opens the glove box.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh Christ.

GLOVE BOX POV

Wendy and Barry lean in, framing Matt. The three of them stare into the glovebox, mouths agape.

MATT

Is that cocaine?

BARRY

It looks like cocaine.

Barry pulls out the bag and looks at it.

WENDY
That's cocaine.

Barry gets a small amount on his finger and touches it to his tongue.

BARRY
(dead certain)
Pharmaceutical grade.

Matt and Wendy look at each other, trying not to laugh.

MATT
Okay, Scarface...

Matt stares at the bag.

MATT
What is that finger thing?

Matt grabs the large bag and touches a sample to his tongue.

BARRY
My tongue is numb.

MATT
Tastes like aspirin.

Matt and Barry look at Wendy nervously.

WENDY
I tried that garbage once in second year. Made out with the floor supervisor for two hours in a bathroom stall. The guy was a pig.

Matt looks at her strangely.

WENDY
Kyle and I were on a break... I'll pass, but feel free to find out for yourself.

BARRY
Let's find out for ourselves.

MATT
No Barry, sometimes drunk is enough.

Barry rolls his eyes at him.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The three of them walk up the driveway toward the front door. Wendy's expression brightens, she throws a hand in the air.

WENDY
Sweetcheeks.

KYLE
(calls to Wendy)
There's the prettiest girl in town!
(sees Matt)
Oh shit! Matt-attack, we never see
you at these things.

Kyle stands elevated over a group of people crowding around a truck. Beside him stand Bryce and Benji. As Wendy, Matt and Barry move closer, the crowd parts to reveal The Ball resting in the back of his pick up truck.

The Ball is A LARGE SPHERE OF WELDED TOGETHER SCRAP METAL. It is scored, dented, and rusty with sharp, dangerous edges where one mismatched steel plate meets another. It looks like some kind of evil borg meteorite. They are thunderstruck.

BARRY
Holy crap.

MATT
So that's the ball?

KYLE
In person! Live, via satellite!

MATT
(aside, to Wendy)
It's not via satellite, it's right
here.

WENDY
You get the point.

MATT
You're moving in with a man who I'm
pretty sure doesn't know what via
means... or satellite.

Kyle lifts Wendy into the pickup bed and gives her a kiss; Matt and Barry touch the ball.

BARRY
It really exists.

KYLE
Hell yeah, it exists. My boys come
running in from the warehouse last
week yelling about a UFO.

Kyle gestures to a group of four Ecuadorians milling around
the truck's cab.

KYLE
(whispering)
They're from Ecuador right, so they
don't know what a UFO really looks
like.

The Ecuadorians make eye contact with Matt and Barry.

DISSOLVE TO:

FANTASY BALL SEQUENCE.

Kyle and the Ecuadorians approach a corner of a warehouse
filled with blinds. Boxes and packages have been moved apart
to reveal The Ball resting in a massive wooden crate, like
the Ark of the Covenant.

KYLE (O.S.)
I go in the back where they've been
cleaning out old inventory for the
first time in like twenty years,
and this is what they found.

In silent slow motion, KYLE'S FATHER, in a suit, yammers on
to Kyle.

KYLE (O.S.)
My Dad and his buddies built it in
metal shop when he went to
Livingston.

DISSOLVE TO:

Through historical footage, a younger Kyle's Father, in a
letterman jacket, revs the engine on an old pick up with The
Ball in its bed. A large crowd is surrounding a road leading
down Mulholland Drive.

KYLE (O.S.)
They used to get these crazy hippie
motherfuckers to ride this
motherfucker.

Kyle's Father release the brake and the pick up truck begins
reversing rapidly down the street.

A trap door on the top of The Ball flies open and arms shoot out.

KYLE
They'd take bets on whether they'd
chicken out or not.

Kyle's Father continues to drive like a maniac backwards, he begins screaming.

A figure gets out of The Ball and jumps just as Kyle's Father hits the breaks, shooting The Ball out of the back of the truck and down the street.

CUT BACK TO:

KYLE
So my dad tells me to take it to
the dump because it's dangerous and
shit. I'm like, yeah, right, I'm
sure I'm taking it to the dump.

BRYCE
Like he's taking it to the dump.

BENJI
Fuck the dump, man.

BARRY
Yeah, fuck the dump!

Benji looks a little annoyed at Barry.

MATT
I don't get it.

KYLE
What do you mean you don't get it?
The ball kicks ass!

MATT
No, I mean it looks suicidal.

KYLE
You just don't like it because the
ball represents balls, which you
don't have.

WENDY
Kyle...

MATT
Is this one of those met-o-phors?

WENDY
Matt...

KYLE
 No, honey, I got this.
 (to Matt)
 Yeah, it's a metaphor.

MATT
 So the ball...is like balls.

KYLE
 Yeah.

MATT
 Good one.

KYLE
 I know it is.

Wendy shakes her head at them. Matt and Barry turn away and head towards the party.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"Licenced To Ill" is slapped down on a deck, the needle dropped.

MUSIC CUE: "BRASS MONKEY" BY THE BEASTIE BOYS

DJ
 (into his mic)
 Merry Labour Fucking Day People!

In slow motion, the front door swings open and Matt and Barry saunter in confident and cool, carrying six packs of wine coolers. Nobody looks up or notices them as they walk through the dominantly preppie crowd. There's a complete lack of gaze hitting them.

In the cavernous living room, the make-shift dance floor is near empty but the party is filling up around it. The name of the game here is labels: Esprit, Express, Guess, Forenza, Polo, Bennetton, Camp Beverly Hills. We can practically smell the Giorgio perfume. A few Bangers, New Wavers and Skaters litter the crowd.

They pass a group of GUYS playing quarters on a table.

Shelly McElroy, she's a short cross between Madonna and Mary-Lou Retton, stops Matt in his path.

SHELLY
 O.M.G. Exclamation Point! Matt
 Franklin - don't go anywhere!

She runs off, they keep walking.

Matt and Barry set up their wallflower stand near a large window over looking the twinkling lights of the San Fernando Valley.

MATT
No sign of her yet.

BARRY
I'll put these on ice.

Barry takes off into the crowd with the wine coolers. Matt scans the crowd...nothing.

CARLOS
Hey Franklin.

Matt scans the crowd again.

CARLOS
Down here Le Tigre.

Matt still can't see anyone here, something strikes his shins.

MATT
Arhhh.

He looks down and sees CARLOS a paraplegic of Italian descent.

CARLOS
Franklin, what's 67 times 365?

MATT
Carlos?... Jesus, what happened to you?

CARLOS
Answer!

MATT
Twenty-four-thousand, four-hundred and fifty-five. What's with the wheelchair?

CARLOS
Got hit by a drunk driver in third year, a mother of three. But don't cry for me Argentina, it doesn't hold me back at all. What you been doing, building jet packs?

MATT
I work at Goldman Sachs.

Carlos peers at him.

CARLOS
No you don't, no way you work
there.

MATT
No I do. I work on Asian
takeovers.

CARLOS
No you don't, I work there. I
don't know who you are.

MATT
You work at Goldman Sachs?

CARLOS
Fucking rights, in Manhattan baby!

Carlos hands Matt his card.

CARLOS
I'm not letting this shit hold me
back. Who needs legs to speculate
currencies? Fuck it, I'm doing
what I always wanted to.

MATT
I thought you wanted to play
baseball?

CARLOS
Fuck you Franklin.

Matt's stumped.

MATT
Do you know Tori Frederking?

CARLOS
Know her? I fucked her.

MATT
(pause)
Right, if you see her tonight,
could you tell her I work at
Goldman Sachs. Show her this.

Matt holds up Carlo's Goldman Sachs card.

CARLOS
Wow, that's pathetic... I don't
know if she'll go for it. We don't
even have an office on the west
coast.

MATT
Just do what you can, at least
don't rat me out.

CARLOS
I'll think about it... What do you
really do? I thought you went to
MIT.

MATT
I work at Suncoast Video.

Carlos starts laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barry puts the wine coolers in the fridge and closes the door, revealing a striking eighteen-year-old girl, ASHLEY. She's a laid back skate betty with her head half shaven.

ASHLEY
Hey.

BARRY
Hey, I'm Barry.

ASHLEY
Ashley.

BARRY
You want a Bartel and James?

ASHLEY
No, I only drink beer.

BARRY
Me too.

ASHLEY
So why do you have wine coolers in
your hand?

Barry tries to think.

BARRY
Because I'm getting them for my
girlfriend.

He panics and hustles past her.

He walks out the kitchen and passes Kyle and Wendy, playing host and hostess to a GROUP OF PEOPLE. They're in the midst of a story.

KYLE

Anyway, she's worried about this
one camper, Arthur --

WENDY

Little Arthur is three feet away,
and he's facing us, and something
about him, I think he's awake. And
Kyle says --

KYLE

He's not awake, he did the mile
swim today, he's snoring for
chrissake, c'mon, it's gonna be
great --

WENDY

So we start to kind of make out as
quietly as we can --

KYLE

And things progress --

WENDY

Not that far.

KYLE

Whatever, you know, far enough, and
Wendy looks over at Arthur and he's
in the same position as he was
before, with his eyes closed,
everything's the same...

WENDY

Only now... he's wearing his
glasses!

The group laughs.

KYLE

Counsellors aren't even allowed to
date, let alone fuck. We'd get
fired for sure.

EXT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Barry finds Matt and hands him a wine cooler.

BARRY

I can't handle this right now.
Let's do some of the coke.

MATT

What do you mean you can't handle
this? What can't you handle?

BARRY
Not doing the coke!

MATT
Okay. A, my Dad's a cop. B, I'm
defining my gray area, which I'm
pretty sure doesn't include hard
narcotics.

Barry glares at him.

BARRY
Gray area? Nice one Pontiac.

Barry heads back into the party. Something catches Matt's
breath. The wind picks up on the patio.

MUSIC CUE: "BETTE DAVIS EYES" BY KIM CARNES

MATT'S POV: In slow motion, Tori Frederking emerges from the
crowd inside the party. She wears yellow standing out from
her friends. The breeze hits her as she smiles at someone
saying hello, she is perfect.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barry sits down inside the Benz. He pauses for a second with
a key in hand. In a blur, he unlocks the glovebox, grabs the
bag of cocaine and marches back towards the party.

EXT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Matt watches Tori emerge onto the patio with ALLY HUNTER and
BETH SCHILLING, Tori's best friends; gorgeous, perfectly put
together. Jackets are passed, drink requests taken and Tori
is left alone.

Matt stares at her in awe, completely frozen. There is
nobody between him and Tori, if he took four steps forward
she would notice him and they could start talking casually.

He doesn't move, she doesn't notice him.

RICK (O.S.)
Tori Frederking?

A handsome guy, RICK, comes up and taps Tori on the shoulder.

TORI
Rick Herrington, oh my God! You
look awesome.

Matt glares at them.

INT. KYLE'S GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

Barry stares at the chunky line of cocaine in front of him.

BARRY
I'm fuckin' doing it, I'm fuckin'
doing the shit out of it, here we
go, let's get homeless now, here's
the first step, right now, high
step the first step, now.
(breathing out)
Okay!

Barry bends down out of frame. We hear a snort. He straightens up and waits for something to happen... Nothing does.

He loses patience and dumps out more cocaine on the counter. A wave of high hits him as he tries to focus on cutting the next lines.

BARRY
(under his breath)
Blammo.

EXT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Matt stands staring, jaw agape, at the car crash happening to The Frederking in front of him. She's having a whale of a time with Rick, really having a hearty chuckle.

Kyle and Wendy appear and say hello to Tori and Rick interrupting them.

After a few hellos, Wendy looks up directly at Matt and delivers a wink. She gestures subtly for him to come join them.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In close up, "Faith" spins in the DJ's Hand. The needle drops.

MUSIC CUE: "I WANT YOUR SEX" - GEORGE MICHAEL

The door to the bathroom opens. Barry walks out a little wide eyed. He struts past the line up for the bathroom.

As he approaches the dance floor, the music gets louder. His body gets into the bass line, he begins to relax.

He walks out to the center of the dance floor, passing TYLER, who looks like he stepped out of the cast of Fame. The song has brought some people out to dance.

Barry breaths it all in; the lights, the people, the night.

BARRY
(at the ceiling)
What's up you bunch of cocksuckers!

Few people hear him over the music.

EXT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Wendy and Kyle stand talking with Tori and Rick. Tori's friends Beth and Alley have also returned with drinks. Wendy and Kyle are finishing their anecdote.

KYLE
Whatever, you know, far enough, and Wendy looks over at Arthur and he's in the same position as he was before, with his eyes closed, everything's the same...

WENDY
Only now... he's wearing his glasses!

The group laughs.

KYLE
Counsellors aren't even allowed to date, let alone fuck. We'd get fired for sure.

Matt wanders up, looking relaxed.

WENDY
Oh hey, Matt, you remember Tori.

MATT
Yeah, hey!

TORI
Hey! How's it going, Mark?

MATT
Very funny... It's Matt.

An awkward beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
So...high school again, right?
Freaky deaky.

Matt hates himself for saying "freaky deaky".

TORI
How's that?

Silence... Matt chuckles as if something funny happened.

MATT
Ooh, feel that breeze? That's
windsurfing weather. Love to be
out on my board tonight.

TORI
What?

MATT
Uh...not a windsurfer?

TORI
No, not really, no.

MATT
Oh. Good. 'Cause wind? Fuck
that.

Silence... Wendy stares at Matt in amazement.

KYLE
I windsurf, I fucking love it.

Wendy steps in to wingman it.

WENDY
Tori, are you still terribly good
at everything you do?

TORI
No I'm horrible at pretty much
everything these days.

RICK
You've only been horrible at being
horrible.

Matt has been subtly elbowed to the periphery of the circle.

WENDY
So were's Sam tonight, I thought
he'd have a ring on your finger by
now.

TORI
Oh we broke up last year. It just
sort of happened. How about you
guys, getting hitched?

KYLE
We're moving in together next week.

TORI
(sincere)
That's so sweet, wow, you've been together since high school, you should be really proud. You must have something pretty special. I think Sam and I just outgrew each other. I tell you, it's the best decision I ever made.

Kyle rubs Wendy's back, Wendy glares at Tori, Matt sulks away from the group.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler is doing some serious dance moves on the floor. Barry casually dances with himself, a GIRL is dancing next to him.

BARRY
(to the Girl)
The Autobahn only works, in theory, because of the trust in German engineering. Domestic cars would fall apart on American highways if there was no speed limit.

Barry looks over at Tyler.

BARRY
That guy dances too weird, he looks like a retard.

GIRL
He's my boyfriend.

BARRY
Shit woman, how do you put up with that?

She laughs at Barry.

BARRY
He's going to do the splits soon isn't he? I can tell. It's in his eyes. Here it comes, here it comes, and here he goes.

Barry waits for the song to crescendo and points at Tyler, who does indeed perform the splits.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt hangs out on the patio with BRODER, a tough looking skater.

BRODER
Nothing changes but everything changes.

MATT
I hear you.

BRODER
How's your old man?

MATT
He's good, he's good.

BRODER
He's better than good, fucker cut me some big time slack.

Matt looks over at Tori and Kyle's group. Beth and Ally are leaving the group heading into the party. Tori and Rick are alone again. Matt sighs and turns back to find Shelly in front of him.

SHELLY
Ta Da!! So you know I've always been into fashion...
(gestures to self)
Well my aunt got me an interview at Glamour and I like got the job and I'm moving to New York and it's not just because her husband is on the Conde Nast board, it's not, I mean it's totally not. So what are you doing?

MATT
Just partying, you know, celebrating Labor Day.

SHELLY
No, silly, what are you doing, doing? What's your passion? Hey passion rhymes with fashion, which is my passion.

BRODER
You know what you got to do sometime Shelly? You've got to roll up your sleeves and just finger fuck all that passion of yours.

(MORE)

BRODER (cont'd)
 (turning to Matt)
 Hey fuck rhymes with suck.

Shelly stares at him then looks back at Matt.

SHELLY
 (rolling eyes)
 Anywaaaays. So, what is it?

MATT
 (leaning in close to her)
 Okay, I'm going to tell you what
 I'm doing. But first I have to
 tell you something else. Something
 big.

SHELLY
 It's big? What is it? Oh my God I
 always liked you too but I'm moving
 to New York --

MATT
 Shelly. I heard Rob Lowe is coming
 by the party later.

Shelly lets loose a piercing scream.

SHELLY
 Oh my God oh my god oh my God --
 (suddenly monstrously
 enraged)
You better not be fucking with me!
 (turns)
 Betsy!

Shelly runs off to find Betsy.

BRODER
 So...what are you up to?

A beat as they look at each other.

MATT
 You really care, Broder?

BRODER
 Nah.

Matt looks over at Tori and Rick still talking.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry is rubbing up against the Girl.

TYLER
 Get your own date, dude!

Tyler's date still dances, enjoying the attention.

BARRY
I got a date, I think you used to
know her!
(to Tyler's date)
Watch me work honey pants.

Barry does some kind of unappealing funky chicken move toward her. As he does, Tyler, with a running start, broadsides Barry, pushing him into the DJ stage and knocking the needle off of the record. THE MUSIC ENDS.

Barry and Tyler face off. The crowd gives them a little room and watches. It's quiet so everybody hears.

TYLER
You want to dance? Fine, let's see
what you got.

BARRY
You don't want to do this, Tyler,
because my moves are so sweet
they'll put holes in your teeth.

The crowd starts buzzing with anticipation.

EXT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Tori and Rick continue talking, a tight smile on her face betrays her fatigue with the conversation.

RICK
So anyway, I've been getting into
wine lately.

TORI
You're a wine guy?

RICK
Yeah, you know, tasting it, talking
about it. Maybe some time we could
go out on my dad's boat and do a
little sampling.

TORI
You're a wine guy and a boat guy?

RICK
How much do you get me?

Tori's eyes scan the patio, looking for a way out; she sees Matt.

TORI
 (to Matt)
 Oh, hey, there you are!

Matt looks over surprised to find The Frederking waving directly at him from across the patio. He looks behind himself then back to Tori.

TORI
 Matt, weren't you going to do that...thing?

MATT
 What?

TORI
 You wanted to show me something.

MATT
 Oh. Oh, yeah...
 (making it up)
 You can see that huge waterfall I was telling you about from the other side of the patio. I'll show you, it's super cool.

TORI
 Awesome, I love waterfalls, see you later Rick.

Tori takes Matt's arm and leads him across the Patio away from Rick. They pass SCOTT, a long haired guitar player surrounded by a few GROUPIES. He begins picking away at "Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight" by James Taylor.

SCOTT
 (singing)
Do me wrong, do me right. Tell me lies, but hold me tight...

TORI
 Thanks.

MATT
 Yeah, no problem.

TORI
 He was, you know, into wine.

MATT
 (nods)
 Been there.

Silence. Desperate, Matt looks over at Scott, who acknowledges him with a cheesy nod.

MATT

This guy...

More silence... Matt realizes he has to make something happen.

MATT

(re: Scott)

... See, this is why I feel bad
for James Taylor.

TORI

Why?

MATT

He seems like a perfectly nice guy,
he wrote some nice songs about his
girlfriend or some shit, then next
thing you know every jackass in the
country's mutilating his music to
get in some girl's pants. He's the
guy everybody thinks they can do
and that's gotta be insulting.

TORI

Maybe J.T. makes it work for him.
I mean, with all these crappy guys,
if he shows up and starts singing
the girls are going to be like, you
sound fuckin' awesome, let's do it.

MATT

Wow, I have never in my entire life
heard any girl end any sentence
with 'let's do it.' Unless it was
'if your aim is to never have sex
with me, then let's do it.'

Tori laughs. It's music to Matt's ears.

TORI

Well, you're no James Taylor.

MATT

Good point... So you've been good.

TORI

Well, I'm at Drexel as you know,
it's pretty awesome. I'm doing what
I always wanted to do.

Benji runs out of the house.

BENJI
(excited)
BARRY NATHAN AND TYLER CUMMINGS ARE
HAVING A DANCE-OFF!!!!

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Tori join the edge of the eager crowd and watch Barry and Tyler circle each other like prize fighters.

BARRY
(very fast)
There's this thing I read about the Japanese, Tyler, it's called face. If they get humiliated they lose it, sometimes it's a little face and sometimes it's a lot of face. And if it's a lot of face, if for example they get totally bitch-slapped in a dance off, they go stab themselves in the belly.

TYLER
We're not in Japan, dumbass.

BARRY
Oh, but I am, my ridiculously dressed friend, I am in downtown Tokyo. I am the samurai dance master and I am gonna dance your ass into the ground.

In the crowd Tori is exited, Matt fears the worst.

TORI
Does Barry often find himself in dance-offs?

MATT
He's having a lot of new experiences tonight.

TYLER
Hit it!

MUSIC CUE: "YOU DROPPED A BOMB ON ME" BY THE GAP BAND

Tyler starts dancing, he's amazing. He starts with a move by move duplication of Michael Jackson's best stuff, broken up in the middle by some expert break dance boogaloo complete with excellent robot moves, even a back-flip.

Barry rolls his eyes and looks bored. The crowd is way into it, hooting and clapping. Tyler ends his routine by doing that balancing on his tiptoes thing...

TYLER
 (just like Michael)
 Hoo!

The crowd roars their approval.

MATT
 Boo!

BARRY
 What?! C'mon, that was copycat
 bullshit!

TYLER
 Top that, Dance Master.

BARRY
 Shut up, Dance Master... bater.

The crowd laughs, point to Barry.

BARRY
 (calls to D.J.)
 Whistle me up a crossing guard
 brother cause I'm taking this
 little boy to school.

Barry downs an entire wine cooler and begins prancing around like a prize fighter.

MUSIC CUE: "WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING" BY MICHAEL JACKSON

Matt watches through his fingers. Barry is a frenetic disaster; it's joyful, violent chaos, but definitely not dancing. It mostly looks like he's having a fight with himself.

Ashley watches from off to the side.

ASHLEY
 Fuckin' a, Barry.

Barry quickly runs out of steam and breath. Way to early in the song, he attempts the tippy toe thing.

BARRY
 (just like Michael)
 Hoo!

The crowd howls at him then boos. Matt applauds.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Are you kidding me?! I smoked that
 guy! Come on, I want to hear some
 noise!

The booing gets louder.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 You know what, fine, be ignorant!
 God forbid somebody does something
 original or, or takes a different
 path! When he did that robot stuff
 that was...ironic, because...

Barry starts searching his pockets.

BARRY
 (struggling now)
 It was a reflection of, like...
 (fuck it)
 You're all fucking robots, man,
 robots!

Barry, defiant, walks away. Broder is the only one roused by Barry's speech.

BRODER
 Att-i-ca, Att-i-ca, Att-i-ca!

A MULTI-ZIPPERED MALE PARTYGOER turns to look at him. Broder cuffs him hard on the head.

MUSIC CUE - "EVERYBODY WANG CHUNG TONIGHT!" - WANG CHUNG

TORI
 I love this song!

She starts to dance right where they stand, Matt has no choice but to dance along. He's rigid compared to Tori's fluidity.

Matt starts to loosen up, Tori smiles at him. Ally and Beth rush to Tori's side, forming a human shield around her.

BETH
 (loudly over the music)
 You're going to die, Broder still
 works at the small!

Matt spits out a bit of the beer he is sipping.

BETH
 I can't believe he has the nerve to
 show up here.

Ally turns to Matt.

ALLY
 So secret hottie! Huge congrats,
 by the way.

BETH

Yeah, Matt, we heard you were doing unbelievably-super well. You have to tell us everything.

MATT

Uh, well, you know...I'm sure you guys know what...

ALLY

Are you rich?

TORI

Ally.

ALLY

He's a banker, he loves to talk about money. You can tell me. Are you? Rich? A little rich?

TORI

So did you guys go long on Canary Wharf or what? What rate did you end up giving them?

MATT

That's classified information, I'm really not at liberty to say.

TORI

No it isn't, the rate was in the FT last week, I read it, I just can't remember it.

MATT

Which rate?

TORI

The interest rate on the loan.

MATT

Oh that rate.

Matt tries to just ignore the question. A loud tapping on a microphone saves him.

Matt looks up to see Kyle holding the microphone standing on the D.J. stage with an arm around a confused Wendy.

KYLE

Dudes! If I could get your attention please.

The crowd quiets down.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hey, so I just want to say, you know, thanks for chillin' with me at my end of summer party!

(applause)

I haven't seen some of your faces for a while, and a lot's changed -- Trevor, I'm talking about you, what is with that fucking earring dude?! Ha ha, so but some of us have been seeing each other, and as I mentioned a lot has changed and some of it has been real good. In particular, you all know Wendy Franklin here.

Wendy waves, semi-embarrassed, at the crowd and whispers to Kyle...

WENDY

What are you doing?

Matt senses something is up.

MATT

What is he doing?

KYLE

And so, you know, this is a big, awesome night for all of us, but it is especially a big night for me -- I hope, ha ha -- because this girl has turned a chunk of coal into a diamond -- from all the pressure she put on me, ha ha -- well, anyway, I just think she's awesome and so...um, here we go, I guess...

Kyle gets down on one knee. Wendy knows what's coming...

WENDY

Oh my God.

And so does Matt...

MATT

Oh my God.

Kyle looks up at Wendy and produces an engagement ring.

KYLE

Wendy, will you marry me?

Matt watches from the edge of the crowd as Wendy stares at the ring, looks down at Kyle.

MATT
(unconsciously)
No.

WENDY
(into microphone)
Heck yeah!

The party hoots and holler. Wendy wipes her eyes, staving off happy tears.

WENDY (CONT'D)
(quietly, to Kyle)
Yes, I will.

Kyle dramatically points the microphone at the DJ, who takes his cue with a sarcastic wink and drops the needle.

MUSIC CUE: "COME ON EILEEN" BY DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

As the opening fiddle is heard, Matt is stunned, his face blank, his mouth slack, his arms hanging at his side as he stands motionless. The crowd around him are silently laughing and chatting the way people do when someone gets publicly engaged.

We crane up revealing Wendy and Kyle hugging and dancing on the makeshift stage.

"COME ON EILEEN" SEQUENCE

Barry racks out another line of cocaine in the bathroom. In slow motion, he snorts it, eyes going wide.

Out on the circular drive, Bryce laughs uncontrollably as he draws "Congratulations" in white shoe polish on the front window of Kyle's 4X4. Benji draws a few crude penises with the shoe polish.

Bill Franklin's police car cruises by the party, Bill shines a powerful light from the window. The light reflects off The Ball. Bill's eyes narrow as Benji and Bryce scatter from the driveway.

The table playing quarters drink in unison, then throw their arms in the air screaming.

Broder kicks Scott's guitar into his chest, pulverizing it.

On the dance floor, Tori, Beth, Ally with a few other pretty girls, dance and lip sync along, partying their asses off.

Shelly and her heavy set identically dressed friend BETSY, dance awkwardly, Ashley looks on in disgust.

Matt is beside Tori, a static figure in a swirl of bodies.

Matt watches Wendy lip sync "Come on, Eileen" to Kyle, caught up in the excitement of being newly engaged.

Matt's expression softens and, a decision of some sort made, moves off.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt approaches Wendy and Kyle, Matt touches Wendy on the shoulder and she turns around.

MATT

Hey.

WENDY

(testing the waters)

Hey..?

MATT

Congratulations. I'm happy for you.

Wendy throws her arms around him and hugs him tightly.

WENDY

Oh, Matt. Thank you. Thank you for not, you know, being a dick about it or being honest.

MATT

No really, I am being honest. I'm happy for you, this is obviously what you want, I can see it in your face, you're thrilled.

WENDY

I love you Matt.

She hugs him again, Kyle turns back into the conversation.

KYLE

Yo brother-to-be.

He holds up his hand to high five, Matt high fives him.

MATT

Yo.

KYLE

(testing him)

Nine hundred divided by thirty one plus five trillion?

WENDY

Kyle!

A girl, CLAIRE runs up to the group.

CLAIRE
Bring that massive rock over here
girl, that puppy needs an
appraisal.

KYLE
Here's a hint, it's worth a little
more than your Honda Claire.

WENDY
Play nice.

Claire grabs Wendy's wrist and pulls her away, leaving Matt
and Kyle together.

MATT
Kyle look...

KYLE
What's the number dude?

Matt looks at him.

MATT
Five-trillion and twenty-nine,
point zero three... Kyle, I know
we haven't gotten along that well
in the past because I'm...you know,
and you're... not so much. But I
told Wendy, I mean, I'm really,
really happy for you guys. We're
going to be family now.
Thanksgivings, Christmases, all
that stuff. And I'm glad. So...

Matt opens his arms for a hug. Kyle, good natured but
confused, hugs him back a little.

KYLE
All right Le Tigre, I've all ready
saved one puppy from the pound
tonight.

Matt stares at him shocked.

MATT
What?

KYLE
I'm just joshing. God don't go all
evil twin brother and shit. I get
it, I'm not stupid, I get your
little jokes. You're just going to
have to get over it Matt.

MATT
Over what?

KYLE
I'm closer to her now. Okay?

Matt stares at him, Kyle slaps him on the shoulder.

KYLE
No hard feelings all right? Hey,
why don't you ditch Suncoast and
come down to the head office next
week. Maybe you can design us
some 'future blinds' or something.
(looks behind Matt)
Bryce, get back on the punch,
brother, I need somebody drunk
enough to ride that ball!

Kyle moves off leaving Matt speechless.

INT. KYLE'S PATIO - NIGHT

Barry sits in a corner of the patio alone, he is bug eyed and
shifty. Ashley approaches.

ASHLEY
Hey.

Barry looks up at her startled.

BARRY
Hey!

ASHLEY
I know everyone is making fun of
you but I wanted to tell you how
much I loved your dance tonight.

BARRY
Who's making fun of me?

Barry starts scanning the crowd.

ASHLEY
Don't worry about it, fuck 'em,
your dance was cool, it was like
anti-dancing.

She pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers him one.

BARRY
Really?

Barry takes four cigarettes, she lights one for him.

ASHLEY

It was like a giant fuck you to all these conformist assholes. I fucking worship what you did out there.

BARRY

Glad, you liked it.
(exhales smoke)
Let's get naked.

ASHLEY

(chuckles)
Wow, that was fast, even for me and I don't give a shit about anything.
(looks him up and down)
What are you, Barry? I mean, what is this I'm looking at?

BARRY

My jaw hurts.

ASHLEY

I think you're an outlaw.

BARRY

Yeah?

ASHLEY

Yeah. You're a punk in pinstripes.

Barry smiles.

ASHLEY

Come find me later, if your girlfriend isn't around.

Ashley walks off.

INT. KYLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matt crosses into the kitchen and watches Wendy for a moment. She sits with Claire and a gaggle of GIRLS as they inspect her ring under a bright light.

Wendy sees him, smiles. Matt approaches.

MATT

Could we talk in private.

Wendy's smile drops.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They stand under a lone security lamp by the back door.

MATT

Okay. There's something I have to say and it's not like I like it, 'cause I don't, but I really do believe it'd be worse if I didn't so I'm just gonna go ahead.

Wendy looks at him suspiciously.

WENDY

Matt. Don't. Okay? Just don't. Can we just leave it the way we left it before?

MATT

Don't marry him.

WENDY

Oh Christ.

MATT

He's a lightweight. The two of you, you don't fit. He can't make you happy.

WENDY

Well, I already am happy so you're wrong so leave me alone.

MATT

What did he say about studying in London?

She thinks.

MATT (CONT'D)

He told you not to go, right?

WENDY

(haughty)

He said I could do whatever I wanted. He was completely and totally supportive of any choice I made as long as I was happy.

He stares at her, she stares back defiantly.

MATT

You didn't tell him yet, did you?

WENDY

No.

MATT

Why don't you tell him? I mean, he's gonna be your husband, right? You're supposed to be able to be honest with him about anything right?

WENDY

You're lecturing me about honesty, Mr. Goldman Sachs? The only reason you're even saying this stuff is you're jealous. Yeah, you're jealous because I have a life and you don't.

MATT

Please. You only picked Kyle so you'd be done, so it'd all be wrapped up with a little bow. Marriage is a big life decision, you can't just...

WENDY

You want to talk about big life decisions?! Hey, at least I'm making some asshole. You're so scared you won't pick anything. Not a girl or a job or anything. You're just going to sit in your little smarty pants fantasy bubble dreaming of Tori Frederking because you know she's unattainable, it's the biggest cop-out in the world.

MATT

That's not true.

WENDY

You won't get her, you know that, so there really isn't any risk, like working at a video store. It's bullshit Matt and I'm not going to be dragged down into your pathetic little reindeer games!

A beat.

MATT

You know what? You're perfect for each other because you're turning into a real bitch.

Matt walks away.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ally and Beth descend on Tori.

ALLY
We want to go to the Drexel party.

BETH
I am definitely not sleeping with
Pete again tonight. He's a
partner, it's wrong. Right?

TORI
Right.

BETH
(giggles)
But I don't think I can help it.
He's just so cute, with his
suspenders and his big office.
Did I tell you we did it in his
office?

TORI
Beth, you're going to get fired.

BETH
They already offered you a
management position Tori, the rest
of us have to network.

ALLY
All the junior partners are there
and we're hanging out with a bunch
of slobs.

TORI
I'm having fun.

Ally steers Tori toward the front door.

ALLY
This isn't about fun, it's about
work.

BETH
Right. This is about work.
Do either of you guys have any
condoms?

Across the room, Matt is in the midst of a conversation with
Shelly.

SHELLY

...my half sister Leah, who's
bulemic but not gross bulemic,
she's like cool New York bulemic...
Oh my God, this is so totally not
me, but okay, I think we could
totally work something out, just
for tonight.

Shelly puts her hand to her mouth.

SHELLY

(intense whisper)

I can't believe I just said that!

Matt spots Tori heading towards the door.

MATT

I gotta go.

Matt walks past her.

SHELLY

(for Matt's benefit, as
she runs away)

Oh my God, I'm so drunk.
I totally don't know what I'm
talking about, ha-ha!

Matt approaches Tori and friends, jackets in hand ready to
leave.

MATT

Hey, what, are you taking off?

TORI

There's this other party we have to
go to.

MATT

Oh.

TORI

You wanna come?

Matt's eyes narrow.

MATT

Yeah. I really want to get out of
here.

EXT. KYLE'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Matt drags Barry out towards the street. Tori, Beth and Ally
are a little ahead of them.

MATT
(under his breath)
Give me the keys!

BARRY
We are coming back, I've got an
appointment with Ashley, promise me
Matt, you will take me back here.
I have to come back.

Matt stops beside the red Mercedes.

MATT
So where is this place?

The girls stop ahead of them and turn around.

ALLY
Is that your car?

MATT
Yeah.

BETH
That is so cherry.

MATT
(to Tori)
You like it?

TORI
You already make enough for a car
like this?

MATT
Just enough after tax.

Tori turns to her friends.

TORI
I think I'm going to ride with
Matt.

ALLY
What?

TORI
You know, so he knows where to go
and stuff.

BETH
Ohmigod, you slut!

Beth and Ally collapse in a gale of giggles. Tori,
embarrassed, herds them toward Ally's car. Matt turns to
Barry who is standing still but continues to jiggle in place.

MATT
Give me the keys.

BARRY
What? No. Noooo. I'm fine.

MATT
No you're not and I can't not drive
my own car. She thinks it's my
car.

Barry thinks.

BARRY
Promise me you'll take me back
here.

MATT
Deal.

Barry slips him the keys.

MATT
So what's it like? Being high?

BARRY
Fantastic, the problem seems to be
staying high.

Barry pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

MATT
Smoking now?

BARRY
When it rains it pours.

Matt opens the door and pushes the driver's seat forward.
Barry walks towards the girls.

BARRY
I'm riding with you guys okay?

BETH
I don't know.

BARRY
I have cocaine on me.

ALLY
Can I sit in the back with you
Barry?

Tori gets in the passenger seat, Matt takes the driver's
seat.

TORI
Thanks for coming to the party

MATT
Thanks for asking.

It's a nice moment. He pulls out into the street.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wendy approaches Kyle, who's hanging with Benji and Bryce. Benji is making faces behind a GIRL's back as Bryce pretends to talk with her.

WENDY
Hi baby.

KYLE
Hey.

He takes her into his arms and kisses her.

WENDY
I wanted to say something to you
Kyle.

KYLE
What is it?

WENDY
This is a big step but I think we
are doing the right thing. I just
wanted you to know how much I love
you and that I can't wait to grow
old together, make babies, all that
stuff.

KYLE
I totally agree.

WENDY
It feels right huh?

Kyle stares at her head tilted then scoffs.

KYLE
Sure, it doesn't exactly take a
rocket surgeon to figure that out.

Wendy's smile remains, her eyes darken.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "TAKE ME HOME TONIGHT" - EDDIE MONEY.

Matt cruises in the SL560 with Tori beside him. They drive out of the valley and into Hollywood.

TORI

It's my boss Pete Bering's party, he's a bit of a leerer. I swear to God, the only reason I got offered this management position is because he wants to see my boobs.

MATT

What about your friend's boobs?

TORI

He's all ready seen them, that's the problem. Tit power recedes once they are revealed. He hasn't and won't see mine, so I retain the tit power.

MATT

Eye contact Matt.

Tori laughs.

TORI

Yeah, a girl knows when you look, it's a sixth sense.

MATT

Not every time.

TORI

Go ahead, give it a shot, I'll even look away.

Tori looks away. Matt waits a beat then looks at her chest.

TORI

Now.

MATT

Wow.

She looks away again.

TORI

Now.

MATT

You're good. But you could just be lucky.

TORI

Try it again big shot.

Tori looks away. Matt looks at her chest right away.

TORI

Now.

MATT

Incredible. Best of seven?

Tori laughs.

TORI

This will be fun, it'll be all bankers at this party, you'll probably know a ton of people.

MATT

(sick inside)

Great.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "LET'S DANCE" BY DAVID BOWIE

Tori, Beth and Ally walk into the party ahead of Matt and Barry. This party is quieter, classier, catered. The house is huge and modern -- scary modern. It's all blacks and grays and uncomfortable furniture.

The crowd is well-heeled and very conscious of being in a place to be seen. It's a mix of business people, artsy black turtleneck types and some hot model/actresses.

As they walk in people notice Tori and gaze at her, their gaze shifts to Matt and Barry and drops immediately.

MATT

Jesus.

BARRY

Nice place, they got Schnabels up the ass.

They continue to follow the girls hearing snippets of conversation.

NAVY BLAZER

Very nice. I didn't know they still made them in stainless.

CAMEL HAIR SPORTCOAT

It's white gold.

Another small group checks out a piece of modern art that consists of old soup cans and milk cartons glued to a framed canvas. BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS talks to LEATHER PANTS MAN.

BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS
 (re: piece of art)
 I don't get it.

LEATHER PANTS MAN
 He bought it for a quarter two
 years ago, just appraised at one
 point two, what's not to get?

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Tori and a few young bankers stand in a cluster, talking business. JAKE and ARNOLD are sharp as tacks in their business-casual attire -- they're a couple years older than Tori. MARTINA is the most senior with fantastic bone structure and a British public school accent.

JAKE	ARNOLD
I'm worried about them	The rumors about this Russian
sustaining these margins --	oil field --

MARTINA
 (waves them off)
 It's going to happen because it's
 got momentum.

TORI
 But you can't put 'momentum' on a
 balance sheet, I mean, their
 numbers are embarrassing.

MARTINA
 That's irrelevant. We'll float
 some junk and they can buy a
 company with a balance sheet that's
not absolute shit.

ARNOLD
 And we'll commission that, too.

Matt just breaks into the group as PETE BERING approaches and guides Tori by the elbow a few steps away. He's mid-thirties, smooth, a well-groomed rich guy in a blazer.

PETE
 Hey, Tori.

TORI
 Hey, Mr. Bering.

PETE
 Pete, please. I was really hoping
 you'd be here.

Pete stands a little too close to Tori.

TORI
I think Beth's here!

PETE
Didn't notice. Listen Tori, I wanted to get your opinion on the actualities of that Baltic sterling nonsense. Would you mind coming downstairs and taking a look at the report, decode it for me. I hate mixing business with pleasure but...

Pete glances down at Tori's chest. Matt maneuvers himself between them.

MATT
Pete, Pete Bering? Matt Franklin, good to see you again.

They shake hands.

PETE
Have we met?

MATT
Have we met. A couple months ago I was in the foursome behind you at Riviera. Somebody was having a little trouble with their putter -- hope that doesn't extend to the bedroom!

Matt laughs a hearty rich guy laugh, shoots a mischievous look at Tori. Pete gives Matt a tentative half-smile, unsure if he really knows this guy.

TORI
Matt's in the business too. He works at Goldman Sachs.

MATT
Guilty as charged. Now I don't want to talk out of school, but are you guys getting in on that Russian oil thing or not?

Pete wracks his brain, comes up with nothing, tries to cover...

PETE
Well, I'm not at liberty to say.

MATT
That's a no and that's okay because there's plenty for everybody.
(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)
Table scraps are still tasty, my
friend.

Tori watches Matt with wonder -- nobody gets one up on Pete Bering. Pete eyes Matt critically for a beat.

PETE
So, Matt, who do you work under
over there?

MATT
I'm not at liberty to say!

PETE
Why not?

MATT
Because we pride ourselves on being
a discreet firm, it's our policy
not to discuss business.

PETE
You don't sound like a Goldman
Sachs man to me. Most of those
jerk-offs can't shut up about work.

Pete scoffs, Tori scoffs.

PETE
No seriously, tell me what
department then I can do the math.
I know a lot of people over there.

MATT
What department?

PETE
Yes, what do you do?

Matt stares at him for a long time.

MATT
What do I do?

PETE
Yes?

Matt glances at Tori.

MATT
Okay... A yen gets wired from Mr
Nariata's bank on Monday, it lands
in Rome. What's .467 times 32?
149.5 Lira, wham! Mr Roma takes
it, flips it over to Mr Queen
Elizabeth. So that's 149.5 divided
by 22.3 making it, what?
(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)
6 pounds british sterling and 78
pence. Wham!

Over Pete's shoulder, Carlos appears being wheeled by a BUXOM
BRUNETTE.

MATT
He wires it to Mr. Uncle Sam for
opening bell. So 6.78 pounds
divided by 1.68? 3.99 big bad
greenbacks. And guess who Mr
Yankee Doodle wires it to over the
international dateline, Mr Nariata.

Carlos pulls up and observes the end of the conversation,
smirking.

MATT
How much is his Yen worth now?
1.04, 4 percent more, in one day.
4 percent times 365 days, well
that's a whole lot of blowfish.
That Pete Bering is what I do.
That's what I do.

Pete and Tori stare at Matt amazed.

CARLOS
Hey Matt.

Matt notices Carlos for the first time.

PETE
Carlos, we've just been talking
with your colleague here. Seem's
like a bit of a young turk.

CARLOS
This guy?

Carlos is fucking with him.

CARLOS
Yeah Matt's a fucking star, it's
like having Rainman on the floor
but you can touch him and shit.

Matt closes his eyes in relief.

CARLOS
See you bright and early Tuesday
morning Le Tigre. I believe you
owe me breakfast.

Carlos winks at him. Tori looks at Matt in awe.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Over by the bar, Barry thirstily drinks a beer, tapping and twitching to the music. He looks very high.

About ten feet away sits a smoking hot brunette wearing a white blouse that's open one button too far, TRISH. She shares a sofa with a fat sixty-year-old man, FRANCES.

Trish takes a sip of her white wine spritzer and smiles at Barry, Barry smiles back. He coolly looks away, then cuts his eyes back to her. She's still looking, she leans over to Frances and whispers. She stands and saunters over to Barry.

TRISH

Trish Anderson.

They shake.

BARRY

Barry Nathan.

She holds his hand and leans into his ear.

TRISH

(whispers in his ear)

Is it snowing?

BARRY

(whispers back, no idea

what she's talking about)

I think it's like sixty degrees out.

TRISH

No, I mean, are you holding?

BARRY

(smitten)

I have a tremendous amount of cocaine on me, yes.

TRISH

You want to have some fun?

BARRY

Yes I do.

TRISH

Come with me.

Trish takes him by the arm and leads him away. Ally walks back into the room with a couple of BANKERS in tow. She scans the crowd for Barry and frowns.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POOL - NIGHT

Trish leads Barry down a garden path to a pool house by a pool with underwater lights on, far from the main house. She opens the pool house and they step inside.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Trish racks out lines of cocaine on the glass kitchenette table. Barry stands beside her waiting. Barry looks outside and sees Frances across the pool sitting on a deck chair.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Who's that?

TRISH
Actually, he's my friend, Frances.
It's okay, isn't it?

Barry looks uncertain. Frances looks back at Barry with an expectant, open-mouthed half grin. Trish smooths Barry's shirt, rubs his arm.

TRISH (CONT'D)
It's okay, isn't it?

Barry's attention turns to Trish, who, on the other hand, looks like some kind of science fiction sex robot.

BARRY
Sure. Yeah. It's okay.

Frances remains seated on the far side of the pool. Trish dips her head out of frame and snorts.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "SHOUT" BY OTIS DAY AND THE KNIGHTS

Wendy and Kyle refill their beers at the keg. Benji and Bryce are in the crowd dancing in unison to the song. Wendy takes a beat, then:

WENDY
So, in all the excitement I forgot
to tell you...I got into grad
school!

KYLE
Grad School?

WENDY
I applied when we had our time out.

KYLE

Where?

WENDY

The London School of Economics.

Kyle stares at her.

WENDY

England.

Kyle looks disappointed.

KYLE

England, so do you want to go?

WENDY

I don't know I wanted to talk to you about it.

KYLE

What about the condo?

WENDY

We could rent it out if we had to.

KYLE

We've got six stores opening in New Mexico alone next year. Dad would be so pissed.

Kyle starts to pout.

KYLE

Dammit, I thought this was going to be a special night.

WENDY

It is, it is still. I just wanted to get everything out on the table.

The pout is turned up another notch.

KYLE

It's ruined now, your questioning it aren't you? Fine, we'll call it all off.

WENDY

No no baby I still do, slow down, it will all be fine, we'll figure it out, I promise. We love each other, we'll figure everything out.

KYLE

I don't want you to leave me.

WENDY

I'm not leaving you I just got accepted into grad school, that's it. Jesus!

KYLE

Why do you want to go to school, you'll never have to work. I can take care of you.

WENDY

Actually I was hoping to learn something.

Kyle hugs her around the waist.

KYLE

Just don't leave me will you.

WENDY

Of course not baby.

She strokes his head.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

In close-up, there's a family portrait of Pete with his OVERWEIGHT WIFE and PRIVILEGED KIDS. Pete's smile looks forced, his wife looks medicated.

MATT

Christ, that looks painful.

Matt and Tori are upstairs snooping around the house, they pass a bottle of red wine between them. Tori points out another photo.

TORI

Look his son has a pony!

They snicker and continue to snoop down the hallway. They emerge onto loft balcony over looking the party below. They lean on the railing looking down at the party. Pete Bering practices his golf swing with an imaginary club.

TORI

Sometimes I can't believe I work with these people. I always feel like I'm censoring myself, you have to talk in opposites for them to understand, double negatives, hints. Nobody is direct.

Matt looks directly at her.

MATT

I'm bladder shy. I can't pee if someone else is in the room.

She laughs.

TORI

Sometimes I don't shower. I run a wet brush over my hair so it looks like I did, which is ironic because if I do shower I always dry it, so it never looks wet. So not only do I not shower, but I lie about it.

MATT

I wrote Suzanne Somers so much fan mail I got a certified letter asking me to stop.

TORI

Sometimes I order a large pizza just for me, and when the guy delivers it I pretend there are people in the other room. I'm like, "Okay gang, pizza's here!"

MATT

I saved all my toenail clippings until I was eleven.

TORI

I might turn down the promotion they offered me at Drexel.

MATT

Woah, wait, that's not a... You know what, I made up the toenail thing to make you feel better about your binge-eating pizza shit.

TORI

Yeah, they said, "Tori, we want to offer you a management position." And you know what I said? "Can I have some time to think about it?" I don't even know where that came from, I mean, the pen was in my hand and all of the sudden I didn't feel like being there.

(then)

It's normal, right, it's normal to want to be sure

MATT

Yes, thank you, of course you want to be sure.

TORI

I'm not sure, definitely not sure.
I was thinking about just
travelling, going to Thailand.
Taking some time off.

MATT

I know exactly how you feel. I
don't know what the hell I want to
do with my life.

TORI

Seriously?

MATT

I'm not passionate about what I'm
gifted at. Specifically because
it's too easy to me. Fucked up
huh?

TORI

Not really, it's like anything, if
it's too easy you just don't want
it. Like boys, if they'll spread
their legs at the drop of a dime,
I'm not interested at all.

Matt nods his head.

MATT

When I was a kid, there was this
first baseman for the Dodgers that
everybody loved, Steve Garvey. I
never liked him though because he
always played better for televised
games. Like on the road, mid-week
in Milwaukee, you'd look at the
stats in the paper and he'd phone
it in, but at home Saturday night,
in front of the cameras, he was all
over the field. I always figured
he didn't love baseball, he loved
how he looked playing baseball.

(he looks directly at
Tori)

I want to love baseball.

Tori looks at Matt like he expressed every half-developed
thought she had.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trish pops up in frame, wiping her nose.

TRISH
(an exclamation)
Nnnnnancy Reagan.

Another snort is heard and Barry pops up in frame.

TRISH
(turns to Barry)
Barry Nathan come a little closer.

Trish pulls Barry to her and lays a tentative kiss on him, moving on to nibble his lower lip, and then trace his mouth with her tongue.

BARRY
(to himself)
Beverly Hills.

Barry grabs her ass as they start to really make out, when...

FRANCES
Heh heh.

Barry looks at the glass french door and finds Frances right outside staring in. Trish continues to lightly kiss Barry's neck, ears, etc.

BARRY
Christ!
(yelling)
Hey, Frances, buddy, why don't
you...
(gestures to cocaine)
...feel free to take yours to go.
The whole bag if you want, it's
yours. Half, half the bag is
yours.

Trish talks to Barry in a seductive whisper.

TRISH
He doesn't want any of that.

BARRY
He doesn't? Uh...what...what does
he want?

TRISH
He wants to watch.

Frances nods slowly accenting Trish's point. Trish begins unbuttoning her shirt.

BARRY
But I'm not...

TRISH
He won't bother us. Just let him
watch.

BARRY
But who is...

TRISH
It's non-negotiable.

Trish removes her blouse, revealing a pair of stunning
breasts.

BARRY
I'm going to try this.

Frances opens the door and lets himself in.

INT. PETE'S SON'S ROOM - NIGHT

They stand in what looks like a spoilt twelve-year-old boy's
room. There is a bunk bed/desk molded in plastic to look
like a space shuttle launching.

A massive bean bag, aquarium and posters of a young Michael
Jordon, Dominique Wilkins, Spud Webb and Clyde Drexler fill
the room.

MATT
Check this out.

Matt goes behind a black box on top of a book shelf. He
turns it on.

TORI
What is it?

MATT
I think that's a laser.

TORI
Freaky deaky.

Tori smirks at him, then moves to the aquarium grabs the fish
food and feeds them.

TORI
I'm really glad I ran into you this
weekend.

MATT
Yeah me too.

The light warms up and begins projecting a laser show in the
dark room.

TORI

It's fascinating finding out what people do after high school, where they all ended up. I would have never guessed we'd work in the same business.

He moves a bit closer to her.

MATT

You know Tori, I have something I should tell you...

TORI

What's that Matt?

Tori stares up at Matt, she looks perfect, softly lit from the aquarium light, with lasers dancing on the wall behind her.

Silently, Matt makes a decision.

MATT

There might be a job at Goldman Sachs for you, if you want it. Until you figure out what you want to do. We might be able to work together.

TORI

I don't know it could become a big conflict of interest.

MATT

How's that a conflict?

She grabs the back of Matt's head and kisses him.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Barry and Trish are now pretty hot and heavy. He is taking full advantage of her available chest. Trish is getting very hot.

BARRY

You're like a Mercedes in a world full on Chrylsers.

TRISH

Yeah fuck you too.

BARRY

Sorry I didn't...

TRISH
Don't apologize to me, what are you
my child.

BARRY
Fuck you then.

TRISH
That's better... You want me to
swallow you whole, son?

BARRY
Only if you don't mind...

Barry peters out as Trish stares him down, shaking her head.

BARRY
(serious)
Suck my dick...
(questioning)
...bitch?

Trish nods her head, smiles and begins to snake her head down his chest. Her head drops out of frame revealing Frances sitting across the table from him. Staring at them.

Barry looks at Frances then down to Trish.

INT. PETE'S SON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Tori are making out on the bean bag, Tori is on top. She sits up and removes her top, Matt stares at her gorgeous body. She looks down at him.

TORI
Now.

MATT
You got me.

Matt starts laughing and they resume making out.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Barry looks down below the frame then over the table at Frances, who's expression remains unwavering. They lock eyes for a second.

Trish stands up over Barry, leans herself over the table, flips her skirt up and smiles over her shoulder at Barry.

TRISH
Hammer me Barry Nathan.

Barry stands just as Frances stands, very exited.

BARRY
(to Frances)
Where you going?

Frances freezes.

BARRY
What's he doing?

TRISH
He's finding a better angle.

Frances nods.

BARRY
He can't come near me, okay?

Trish looks at Frances.

TRISH
How close?

BARRY
I don't want him touching me at
all.

TRISH
Can he touch me?

BARRY
Christ... only your head.

INT. PETE'S SON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matt is on top of Tori making love to his dream girl. Tori has her eyes closed and is moaning in enjoyment. Matt is wide-eyed trying to remember every detail, we have yet to see him this alive.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Barry is screwing Trish over the table. Frances is talking to her in German as he pets her face.

BARRY
What's he saying?

Trish says something to Frances in German.

TRISH
None of your business?

BARRY
It's kind of distracting okay,
either tell him to shut up or
translate.

TRISH
I don't think you want to know.

Frances's rambling gets louder.

BARRY
Great, fantastic.

TRISH
Why don't you talk to him then, he
understands English.

Barry looks at her as they continue to screw.

BARRY
Okay.
(to Frances)
You're a sick weirdo asshole,
Frances, out of anyone I've every
met in my whole life, you are
probably going to hell. You look
evil, you little interrupting,
third wheel pathetic bastard.

Frances stands and shoves his hand down his pants.

TRISH
Yeah that's it Barry Nathan, keep
going.

Trish gets into it more. Barry withdraws and pulls his pants
up.

BARRY
Okay, I didn't go to college,
forget it, forget it, that's it,
you crossed the line. This is
entrapment. I get it, a little more
blow and Frances is going to sit on
my face, don't need it.

Trish is even more into it, she starts making out with
Frances.

BARRY
You people are pigs.

Barry grabs the cocaine and leaves.

INT. PETE'S SON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matt lies in the space shuttle bed with Tori snuggling in his arms.

TORI
Wow I needed that, it's been a long time.

MATT
Really?

TORI
Yeah I'm pretty much a serial monogamist.

She kisses Matt and snuggles up closer to him.

TORI
I really like you Matt, I knew when I saw you at that video store. You're a late bloomer.

MATT
I've been pretty crazy about you ever since High School. You do not know...

Matt is looking pretty content. He turns to her and stares deep into her eyes.

MATT
I have something I should tell you.

TORI
You have a girlfriend right?

MATT
No kind of the opposite.

TORI
What do you mean?

MATT
I work at Suncoast Video.

TORI
Oh shut up.

MATT
No I'm serious, I work at the video store where you saw me.

The smile fades from Tori's face.

TORI
What?

MATT
Yeah, I didn't think you'd give me
the time of day.

Tori's face turns dark.

TORI
What?

Tori gets out of the bed and begins getting dressed, she is
upset.

TORI
You...this was a lie? This whole
night?

MATT
I was, I didn't want you to think I
was nothing.

TORI
I don't think you're nothing. I
think you're worse than nothing.
You're bullshit.

MATT
Tori...

TORI
(composing herself)
No, you know what, it's cool,
whatever, no big deal. I've got to
get back to the party.

She slams the door.

INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle has his arm around Wendy. They're telling their story
to A COUPLE.

KYLE
Whatever, you know, far enough, and
Wendy looks over at Arthur and he's
in the same position as he was
before, with his eyes closed,
everything's the same...

WENDY
And he saw us fucking.

The other couple doesn't laugh, looks a little lost.

KYLE
Cause his glasses where on... they
were off before...he was asleep.
(to Wendy mad)
What was that?

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt trudges to the door, Barry rushes up to him.

BARRY
Dude, you're not going to believe --

MATT
I have to get out of here.

BARRY
Ditto, big ditto.

Matt looks over at Tori. He catches her eye as she talks to Ally and Beth. Ally turns to Matt with a disgusted look.

As they walk out the front door. A crowd is milling around the front as a lone firework explodes in the sky.

INT. STOLEN BENZ - NIGHT

Barry puts the roof up on the Benz.

BARRY
This shit is nuts, you've got to
try it.

Matt looks at him.

MATT
Barry, I had sex with Tori
Frederking.

BARRY
No shit?

Matt shakes his head. Barry smiles, he sticks his head out of the window.

BARRY
(screaming)
LOS ANGELES, MATTHEW FRANKLIN HAD
SEX WITH TORI FREDERKING
TONIGHT!!!!

Birds fly from trees, kid's heads turn in parking lots, Fireworks explode in the night's sky. Illuminating Barry screaming.

Barry pulls himself back in the car. He looks at Matt.

BARRY
What a night!

Without even thinking, Barry pulls out the bag of cocaine and begins preparing another line on the complimentary Mercedes CD case entitled "Welcome To The Compact Disc".

MATT
Then I told her I worked at
Suncoast.

Barry's smile drops.

BARRY
Why are you like this?

MATT
It wasn't fair, I had to tell her.

BARRY
How could you fuck this up? Give
yourself a night of enjoyment,
Jesus. Put a little relish on your
hot dog.

Barry snorts a line.

BARRY
Here.

Matt looks over his shoulder. Barry holds out the rolled up dollar bill.

MATT
No.

BARRY
Why not?

MATT
I don't... do drugs.

BARRY
YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING!

MATT
I just fucked Tori Frederking!

BARRY
But I guess it's never going to
happen now between you two, huh...
pretty safe to say?

Matt has no response, he glares at Barry.

MATT
Take the wheel.

Matt grabs the CD case and bill. Barry takes the wheel, keeping focused on the road in front of him. Matt focuses on trying to get the bill close to the line.

Barry is too high to steer and pulls the car gradually into the gravel shoulder, just as Matt is about to snort his first line.

MATT
Barry!

BARRY
Matt!

They both notice the problem at the same time. Barry lets go of the wheel diving for the cocaine. Matt lets go of the cocaine, going for the wheel.

The back wheels spin out. Matt screams as the world spins around him. Barry is flattened against the floor of the car, carefully closing the bag of cocaine.

The car spins out and crashes into a field. An airbag goes off hammering Matt against his seat.

The car stops in a cloud of dust. Barry peels himself off the passenger floor and sits up in the seat, he holds up the bag of cocaine.

BARRY
(relieved)
We only lost a little bit!

His airbag goes off, exploding the bag of cocaine all over him.

EXT. KYLE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wendy leads Kyle away from the party into a dark, quiet corner of the backyard.

KYLE
I don't get it, why do you want to be alone? Oh! Are we gonna have outside sex?

WENDY
No, I want to talk.

Wendy pulls Kyle down to sit on the grass next to her. She takes a deep breath.

WENDY
This is such a huge night for us, I
just want to, you know, share it.
Feel what we're feeling, together.

She smiles at him. He smiles back. Silence.

WENDY (CONT'D)
So how do you feel?

KYLE
(sincere)
I love you sooooo much. You're
like one of my guy friends, but
even after four and a half years I
still want to do it with you all
the time.

Kyle sees she's still confused, reaches out, brushes the hair off her face.

KYLE
Hey.

Wendy looks up at him, smiles, ready to be comforted. He kisses her tenderly, then...

KYLE
(gently)
Let's have outside sex, but keep
your shirt on honey, there's ants
out here.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Tori walks to the street, realizes she's got no ride. She looks back at the house, can't bring herself to go back in. She kicks off her shoes, picks them up and heads down the street.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle and Wendy are having "outside sex". Kyle is really into it, grunting and grinding. Wendy, on the bottom, looks up at the stars over Kyle's shoulder, she's thinking, her mind elsewhere.

Kyle hits a rhythm and she closes her eyes getting into it.

EXT. SIDE OF FIELD - NIGHT

Matt and Barry sit in the car in silence, foreheads resting against their airbags. They listen to the traffic for a while.

BARRY
It could be worse.

MATT
No it couldn't Barry, it couldn't be any worse.

Cop lights flash and a siren is heard approaching.

MATT
I was wrong, now it couldn't be any worse.

Bill Franklin approaches the car, gun drawn, flashlight in the air.

BILL
Put your hands in the air!

MATT
Wow, wrong again.

Matt closes his eyes, his father recognizes him and lowers his gun. FRANK, Bill's partner, starts laughing.

FRANK
(speaking in radio)
Cancel back up request, over.

EXT. SIDE OF FIELD - NIGHT

Bill and Frank have Barry and Matt leaning against the cop car. Barry is crying, tears cutting rivers on his cocaine covered face.

BARRY
I don't want to go to jail Mr. Franklin. Whatever you do, please don't send me there. I'll pay what ever debt I owe to society.

FRANK
What is grand theft auto again
Bill, five year minimum? Cocaine
possession another six months?

BILL
(to Matt)
Why did you steal it?

BARRY
Matt didn't do anything. He was in there but he chickened-out and ran back to the car.

BILL
You did nothing?

MATT
Nothing, I've driven a stolen car that's it.

Bill looks disappointed.

BILL
And no cocaine.

MATT
Test me if you want.

BARRY
Nothing, all me.

BILL
So it sounds like you've been doing all the bad stuff Barry.

BARRY
Yes.

Bill takes out his nightstick from his belt.

BILL
(to Matt)
Want to go a round with the car son? They'll write it off anyways. Treat yourself, we'll say we found it like this.

MATT
What?

BILL
Trash the car.

MATT
Now Dad that would be illegal.

BILL
I think you need it

MATT
This is some type of test, isn't
it? I say yes, then you won't let
me do it, but I'm still in trouble.

BILL
(under his breath)
Jesus Christ.

Bill turns his attention to Barry.

BILL
They fired you today right?

BARRY
Yes sir.

Bill hands the nightstick to Barry.

BILL
Go on, sober up.

Barry takes the nightclub, and Frank moves him over to the
Benz.

FRANK
Start on the windshield.

Barry smashes the windshield with the nightstick. Frank
starts laughing.

BILL
Fun watching isn't it?

Bill and Matt lean on the hood of the police car together
watching. They stand silently for a beat.

MATT
(staring ahead)
I'm such a fuck up Dad.

BILL
(sighs)
No, you just over think everything
Matt, you're too smart for your own
good. I always say that to your
mother.

MATT
In high school, I had a really
clear picture of college Matt.
First two years of college, I had a
really clear picture of future
Matt. But now...
(starts crying)
I just can't see anything.

BILL
Just take a shot at something,
don't think about it too much, just
take the shot even if it doesn't
quite make sense.

MATT
Dad I don't even know what to take
a shot at.

BILL
Anything, take wild shots, hell,
it's something just to hear the gun
go off.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle chugs from a bottle of Jaegermeister.

KYLE
BALL! BALL! BALL!

The crowd starts chanting with Kyle.

KYLE
Drink it up bud.

Kyle passes the bottle to Broder, who begins chugging Jaeger.

KYLE
Who ever thinks Broder will
actually ride the ball, place your
bets with Bryce... Anybody who
thinks we won't actually go through
with it place your bets with Benji
over here.

Bryce and Benji start taking bets. Wendy is at the edge of
the crowd, clothes slightly disheveled, staring at Kyle.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Barry, now cleaned up a bit, and Matt sit in the back of the
cruiser.

C.B. RADIO
T. Frederking, Cabriolet, White,
1984, plate number; Tango, Nine,
Three, Foxtrot, Four, Beta.

Frank takes notes and hands a piece of paper to Matt.

FRANK
Here you go Colombo, good luck.

MATT

Thanks.

BARRY

Everything is fine? There's no way
it can get traced back to us?

BILL

It's like it never happened, just
don't make it a habit Barry.

BARRY

I promise.

MATT

Thanks Dad.

Matt and Barry get out the car.

BILL

Hey Matt... keep Wendy away from
that goddamn ball will you. That
meathead is going to get someone
killed tonight.

MATT

Oh Christ, she got engaged to the
meathead tonight. I forgot to tell
you.

Bill doesn't look happy.

BILL

I guess it's blinds for Christmas
again.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "HAZY SHADE OF WINTER" BY THE BANGLES

As Matt and Barry walk toward the house they take in the
party...

Music still throbs from inside and there are just as many
cars shoehorned into the yard as before, but it's late and
people have been drinking all night, so the protocol of
either dancing in the living room or socializing on the patio
has started to break down into general disorder that has
spilled into the front yard.

SOME GUY

(distant, laughing)
I just pissed on Harry!

Betsy is puking into a bush, ass in the air, a friend holding her massive hair out of the way.

A mild, drunken fight/wrestling match is on between two DRUNKEN PREPPIES.

It's the backside of a good time, a crowd has developed around The Ball, still in the truck.

CROWD
Ball! Ball! Ball!

Matt and Barry look over and see Kyle, Benji, and Bryce in the bed of the pickup helping Broder into The Ball.

MATT
They're going to run the world.

Back in the pickup...

KYLE
(to Broder)
Strap it on, bud, it's gonna be great.

Broder is inside The Ball strapping on belts.

BRODER
(freaking out)
Okay, holy fuck, do I get a helmet?

KYLE
No helmet dude.

Outside, Kyle closes the hatch.

KYLE
(to the crowd)
All right, let's get this puppy rolling!

The crowd roars, we find Wendy watching within the crowd.

WENDY
(to herself)
Why do some people get off talking to crowds?

Kyle raises his finger in the air, licking up the cheers from the roar of the crowd. He jumps off the bed and gets into the cab of the truck.

As Kyle starts up the truck, the hatch on the ball flips open. Broder climbs out and jumps to the ground, the crowd moaning and booing.

BRODER

I just wanted to fucking sit in it!

He fakes a punch at a random person in the crowd and the entire crowd stops moaning and booing.

KYLE

(to the crowd)

Okay, the new rule is no more just sitting in it. From now on if you sit in it, you roll.

Matt notices Tori's white Rabbit. He checks the licence plate with the note in his hand. An exact match.

Tyler walks by, Matt grabs him.

MATT

Have you seen Tori Frederking?

TYLER

She's in line for the bathroom.

(to Barry)

You back dance master?

Barry remembers what he did, Tyler walks off.

BARRY

(staring to come down)

Kiss my black ass!

(unhappy with his mouth)

I need a mint.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt searches down the line outside the bathroom, she isn't there. He gets to the head of the line.

MATT

Is Tori Frederking in there?

She shakes her head. He begins opening doors, it's a closet. He opens another door and finds Shelly McElroy sitting on a desk in a home office. Her legs wrapped around Scott, the guitar player. They freeze.

SHELLY

Oh my God, don't be mad.

MATT

This really hurts Shelly.

He closes the door and looks up the hallway to find Tori Frederking barrelling down on him, walking like a tank.

MATT

Tori.

TORI

I'm not interested in any more of your bullshit. Get out of my way.

MATT

You know that when people talk about you they always say 'Tori Frederking' all together?

A GIRL passes down the hallway, interrupting them, then leaving them alone.

MATT

Like you're this object, this perfect thing. And I was in obsessed with 'Tori Frederking' forever. But now I don't give a shit about any of that, because tonight I got to know you. And what's really you is so much more than...

Tori stares at him, Matt collects his words.

MATT

Look, I only lied about one detail of myself, my job. The rest is completely accurate. Ninety-eight percent of your knowledge of me is fact and we had an amazing time together. But none of it ever would've happened, you never would've talked to me for more than two minutes if you knew I worked at Suncoast.

TORI

(a beat)

You don't know that.

(frustrated)

I don't know what I would've done. But Jesus, neither do. You were scared so you rigged it, and that's bullshit. You could have at least tried.

MATT

That's what I'm doing! That's why I'm here talking to you. It was my last chance, before you'd be off in London with your perfect husband and three kids. All I've been doing is trying with you.

TORI
You told me you were somebody else
so I'd have sex with you.

Matt pauses.

MATT
I'm sorry.

WENDY (O.S.)
Matt! Matt!

Wendy runs down the hallway.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Barry's in the ball.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt, Tori and Wendy run outside to find Barry standing in the ball.

KYLE
(to Barry)
Dude, will you strap yourself in?

BARRY
What's the difference?

Ashley Broder in the crowd, she sucks on her cigarette and shakes her head in disbelief.

ASHLEY
Amazing.

Matt climbs up into the bed of the pickup. As soon as Barry sees him...

BARRY
(to Kyle)
Get it rolling.

Barry drops down into the ball. Matt crosses, looks down at him. We alternate between MATT'S POV, looking down into the ball and BARRY'S POV, looking up at Matt.

MATT
Hey, Barry.

BARRY
(sad but defiant)
Hey, Matt.

MATT
What's new?

BARRY
Nothin'.

MATT
In the ball, I see.

BARRY
Yep.

MATT
You want to tell me why you're in
the ball?

BARRY
Because Kyle asked me to and I said
no and then he said what do you
have to lose and I couldn't think
of anything.

MATT
Don't do this, man. You're messed
up, you're not thinking straight.

BARRY
I'm not messed up, I just want to
see what happens. You want to
talk me out of it, give me a good
reason why not.

MATT
Barry, goddammit, just --

BARRY
(top of his lungs)
Let's roll this cocksucker!

The crowd whoops it up outside.

KYLE (O.S.)
All right, let's move!

The truck bounces a little as people jump out, preparing to
get into the cab.

BARRY
(to Matt, forcefully)
Close the hatch, Matt. Close the
hatch, Matt. Close the hatch...

MATT
Shut up, will you shut up?!

Matt dives half into the ball and grabs Barry by the shirt...

MATT (CONT'D)

You can't do this because I won't
let you.

He roughly drags Barry out onto the bed of the truck. There are some scattered BOOS from the crowd as Barry scrambles to his feet.

BARRY

(upset)
You know what? Leave me alone, you
did it again, you killed it, you
suck Matt!

Barry jumps out of the truck and pushes his way past Wendy, Tori, and the rest of the crowd toward the house. Kyle climbs into the bed of the pickup and confronts Matt.

KYLE

That's great, nice job, asswipe!

The crowd is booing at Matt.

WENDY

Kyle!

KYLE

Who's gonna ride the ball now?!
(to Matt)
Not you.

Matt looks at his sister, at Kyle and then at Tori.

MATT

Fuck it.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE/INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

In the Ball. Matt is frantically strapping himself into the chair, trying to attach the male portion of the seatbelts to the female portion, which he's having trouble matching up. Wendy, frightened for him, sticks her head into the hatch.

WENDY

Matt, don't do this.

BENJI

Visiting hours are over, babe.

Benji closes the hatch. Wendy gets in Kyle's face.

WENDY

Kyle, please, I'm begging you,
don't let him do this.

KYLE

Settle down, honey, it's gonna be great.

WENDY

Look, I'm telling you that's my brother and I love him and I don't want you to do this.

KYLE

Oh my God, what else do you want from me? I said it's gonna be great, so just shut the fuck up!

Wendy steps back and Kyle shuts the hatch.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle and Bryce are in the cab of the pickup. The motor revs and the crowd cheers. Wendy and Tori look on nervously.

INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

ALL SOUND IS MUTED EXCEPT FOR MATT'S BREATHING. He is sweating, gripping the seat of the chair with all his might. It is pitch dark except for some moonlight coming in through the tiny circular window.

Matt looks up at it and sees Benji looking back at him, sticking his tongue out like Gene Simmons.

MATT

Oh, Jesus.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE/INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

Kyle throws the pickup into reverse. It burns rubber as it heads backwards down the street. He slams on the brakes in front of his house, sending THE BALL ONTO THE PAVEMENT IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS.

MATT

Oh my God!

Matt spins in his chair as it goes, his eyes wide with fear.

The BALL ROARS LIKE A HURRICANE AND CONTINUES TO THROW OFF SPARKS as it follows the slope of the street, picking up speed as it goes down the road toward the sharp curve at the bottom and the hillside cliff beyond...

...But as the road's slope decreases, so does the ball's speed as it heads for the curve with an easy roll.

The ball, slowed now to almost a crawl, rolls through the curve in the road onto the shoulder, finally coming to a precarious stop right at the cliff's edge.

MATT (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'm okay!

The crowd cheers. Matt breathes a sigh of relief, undoes the seatbelts, throws them aside. He half stands, his shifting weight causes the ball to teeter.

Matt freezes, the slope gives way and the ball disappears into the canyon.

EXT. HILLSIDE/INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

Matt, no longer strapped to the seat, is pinned to one side of the interior by centrifugal force as the ball speeds roughly down the hill. We spin with him. It's the worst roller coaster ride in history.

MATT
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

He throws up and it comes right back at him.

THE BALL BOUNCES OFF A TREE LIKE A PINBALL. Matt is thrown across the inside of the ball face first into the chair.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

THE BALL SMASHES THROUGH A WOODEN FENCE into someone's backyard, like the Kool-Aid Jug. It obliterates a jungle gym and splashes into a large swimming pool.

INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

Inside the ball fills up quickly with water. Matt looks at the hatch as water gushes into it. He swims out for the surface, just about reaching it and breaking it with a gasp of air.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wendy and Tori stare in disbelief. Kyle is still in his 4x4.

KYLE
Holy shit!

Wendy runs up to him.

WENDY
Kyle, let's go.

Wendy is furious, hysterical.

WENDY
Go look for him!

KYLE
Babe. Don't have a cow, he'll be fine. When he crashes...

Kyle laughs, looks around at the crowd who also laughs. Wendy's glare sobers him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
...when he stops, whatever, he'll find a phone and call us. Relax.

WENDY
He could be hurt or unconscious.

She looks around, the Kumquat is on the lawn, blocked on all sides by partygoers' cars.

WENDY
Get out, I'll drive.

KYLE
What, I only drive the Duelly, this thing is precious to me.

Wendy is losing her mind.

WENDY
Oh really, how would you feel if I stuck your Duelly in the ball and rolled it down a hill?

KYLE
What are you even talking about?

TORI
Come on, I'll give you a ride.

WENDY
Thank-you.

Wendy looks gratefully at Tori.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Matt stumbles out into the street, he is bleeding and bruised. Headlights hit him and he looks up to see Tori and Wendy stopped in the car. He smiles at them.

Wendy rushes to him and gives him a big hug, Tori gets out of the car but hangs back, arms crossed.

MATT
Are you dead too?

WENDY
Don't ever do that again, you hear me?

MATT
Not a problem.

Matt smiles at Tori.

MATT
Kyle was right, the ball kicks ass.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The mood is broken, the party is ending. A supremely pissed-off Kyle sits on the steps, drinking a beer. People come up and collect money from Bryce and Benji.

Tori's white Cabriolet pulls up, Matt is in the back. The crowd sees him and erupt into cheers.

SHELLY
There he is! He's back!
MMMMAAAAATTTTT!

SCOTT
All right, Matt!

BRODER
Yeah Franklin.

Matt realizes the applause is for him, looks around a long beat then throws his arms up in the air, victorious. The crowd's cheers harder.

Wendy sits in the front seat, extremely pissed off.

INT. KYLE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barry, still a little ticked off, walks down the hallway. He stops, smelling something in the air. Interested, he follows the scent to a doorway and...

INT. KYLE'S DEN - NIGHT

...Barry enters to find Ashley Broder passing a joint around with a group of friends.

It's a small, comfortable room with a low sectional sofa, lit only by a couple of candles and the light from a TV. A couple of STONED DUDES PLAY PITFALL ON AN ATARI as Ashley gives Barry a lazy grin.

ASHLEY

Hey.

She offers the joint. Barry's face lights up.

BARRY

Hey.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Matt get's out of the car Kyle approaches.

KYLE

(acting badly)

Yo man are you okay?

Kyle gives him hug.

MATT

Ow.

KYLE

Shit dude, we'll be talking about this for years. That took some sack, some serious sack... Where's Wendy?

We hear the crackle of the PA system from Kyle's massive 4x4. Wendy is in the bed with the PA microphone to her mouth.

WENDY

(into the mic)

Is Kyle Masterson here? Has anyone seen him, can someone point him out to me.

CROWD

Over here.

The crowd parts to isolate Kyle.

WENDY

Oh there you are honey. I don't know if you all remember but Kyle here got up in front of you all tonight and asked me a very important question. A very important life altering question in a very public place.

She focuses on Kyle.

WENDY

So honey. I was wondering, in front of all these people here, that if I was to go to London for school, for my education, would you come with me and support me?

All eyes are on Kyle. He looks around kind of embarrassed. The question hangs in the air.

KYLE

Sure.

Nobody cheers, it's not as exiting. Wendy looks disappointed.

INT. KYLE'S DEN - NIGHT

The rest of the crowd has left, leaving Barry lounging on the couch next to Ashley. He takes a deep drag on the joint. All of the tension from this long weird day and night seems to have left him -- Barry is actually relaxed. He's rambling at Ashley, who watches him with a kind grin.

BARRY

It's like...it's like these parties, man...it's so...fucking...tribal. It's Africa. We're all like, Africans...in like polo shirts.

ASHLEY

(totally on board)
Yeah.

BARRY

I got fired today.

ASHLEY

Shit.

BARRY

Yeah. And the thing is, you know, now what? I don't know what to do with myself.

He takes another drag, hands the joint back to Ashley.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hell, I don't even know what to do with myself while I'm trying to figure out what to do with myself.

Ashley takes a long thoughtful drag on the joint. She ponders for a beat.

ASHLEY
I think that's why they have
college.

Something clicks for Barry.

BARRY
College, huh?

ASHLEY
You might like it. It's a lot of
this.

She holds up the joint.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
And this.

She leans in and plants a very slow and sexy kiss on him.

BARRY
You're making a lot of sense.

Barry takes the joint out of her hand, puts it in an ashtray,
and starts getting it on with Ashley.

INT. KYLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wendy is trying to clean up the kitchen, busying herself.
Kyle walks in.

KYLE
Honey I just wanted to say that I'm
really, really, sorry about
tonight. And I am so sorry about
Matt.

WENDY
I don't know what to think anymore.

KYLE
What do you mean?

WENDY
I'm cancelling the movers next
week.

KYLE
What does that mean?

Kyle starts to get red in the face, Wendy is tired of this
routine with him.

KYLE
But I agreed to go to England with
you.

Wendy stares at him.

WENDY
Yeah I know...

Kyle breaks into tears, it's more girlish than you think.

KYLE
Oh shit, oh shit, don't do this to
me, please.

WENDY
Just take it easy, get some sleep,
give me a call when you wake up
tomorrow. I'm gonna drive Matt
home.

She's rubs his back.

INT. KYLE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Matt sits on the edge of the tub,
Tori stands in front of him. She tips some peroxide onto a
wad of toilet paper, leans close to him and inspects his
face.

She gently runs her fingers over his face, feeling how bad
the cuts are. Then she dabs with the toilet paper. Matt
loves having her so close.

MATT
You don't have to do this.

TORI
I want to. Does that hurt?

MATT
Probably.

He catches her eye.

MATT (CONT'D)
About before...

TORI
You were right. Yeah, I wouldn't
have talked to you if I knew you
worked at Suncoast. And if that's
true, it makes me wonder about a
lot of other stuff...

(MORE)

TORI (cont'd)
(pauses)
I want to love baseball.

They look at each other a beat.

MATT
So, can I call you sometime?

TORI
Yes, you moron.

Matt stands.

MATT
Okay, I'm going to go before I
screw this up.

TORI
(laughs)
Okay.

MATT
Because this is nice.

TORI
Yeah.

MATT
Yeah.

He goes. A beat, comes back and kisses her. A big, deep, serious kiss.

TORI
That was bold.

MATT
Scariest thing I did all night.

He smiles, nods, goes.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DAWN

MUSIC CUE - "SWEET CHILD OF MINE" - GUNS N' ROSES

Almost all of the cars are gone. The sun is just starting to come up. In the early light the house looks trashed -- cans, bottles and cups litter the porch, yard and driveway. The front door hangs crooked where somebody smashed into it, the lawn is all torn up and muddy. But it looks like it's going to be a beautiful day.

Wendy is by the door of the Kumquat as Matt approaches.

MATT
So Kyle in London?

WENDY
I'll tell you later.

Barry strolls out the front door, whistling a happy tune.
Matt and Wendy watch as he approaches.

BARRY
Great party. Great night.

Matt and Wendy exchange a look.

WENDY
(to Barry)
You okay?

BARRY
Yeah.

MATT
(to Wendy)
You okay?

WENDY
Yeah. You?

MATT
Oh, yeah.
(then)
Who wants breakfast?

The three friends climb into the Kumquat. As they pull out
onto Mulholland and drive into the sunrise...

THE END.