

TUFF TURF

REVISED SCREENPLAY BY:

JETTE RINCK

MAY 1, 1984

For Don Baker, Don Hamilton and the
Costa Brothers with much love.

Jette

TUFF TURF

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA: JANUARY - PRESENT TIME

VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: NIGHT

Neon lights flash across the wet, semi-deserted street revealing the dark, terrifying decay of the lower class neighborhood which is dominated by bail bond shops, rundown buildings and a few newly constructed city offices

CREDITS BEGIN:

EXT. BUS STOP:

A nervous, middle-aged business MAN waits at the lonely stop which is located between an alley and a pawn shop. The clock above the shop door reads 9:10 and there is a bi-lingual sign posted across the heavily barred windows reading: "Checks Cashed Here!"

ANGLE: MAN

Clearly aware of his surroundings he checks his watch, spots for the bus then shifts his briefcase into the opposite hand and reaches into his coat pocket for a cigarette as a sexy, sixteen year old GIRL (FRANKIE COSTA) runs up beside him balancing a stack of books on her hip. FRANKIE is dressed in a short, sexy skirt, sneakers and a revealing off the shoulder black sweater. Her thick dark hair is streaked blonde and her beautiful face is dramatically made up giving her appearance a hard, sensual edge.

CS: MAN

Sneaking an appreciative glance at FRANKIE as he lights his cigarette.

FRANKIE: MAN'S POV

Oblivious to his leechery as she plows through her purse looking for change.

BUS STOP:

FRANKIE gives her purse one last frantic glance, pulls out a five dollar bill and turns to the MAN with an innocent smile.

FRANKIE

(seductive little girl charm)

Excuse me, Sir.. I was wondering if you
have change for a five?

He steps up to FRANKIE and pulls out his wallet, eager to help.

MAN

Sure..

He flashes an incestuous smile and takes out a substantial role of bills as FRANKIE tosses back her hair and glances towards the alley with a girlish expression of relief.

FRANKIE

Great..

ALLEY: FRANKIE'S POV

As a trashy looking fifteen year old GIRL (RONNIE HARDIN) steps out of the shadows dressed like a Shirelle's lookalike. She glances in FRANKIE'S direction, takes a bottle of beer out of her purse and nods to the right.

EDDIE BAKER: RONNIE'S POV

Leaning against the wall of a graffiti covered building a few feet away, lithe, greasy haired EDDIE BAKER flashes a deadly, semi-toothless grin at RONNIE, looks across the street and presses the button on his huge tape deck sending loud rock MUSIC into the cool night air. EDDIE is a vacuous looking sixteen year old dressed in black jeans, heavy boots, punkish jewelry and a black silk jacket emblazoned with the word TUFF in bright red letters.

MAGAZINE STAND:

Surrounded by four murderous looking PUNKS who are all dressed like EDDIE and currently absorbed in the vast supply of girlie magazines that litter the stand. As the MUSIC blares out from across the street, RED HAUSER turns and flashes an evil smile of acknowledgement in EDDIE'S direction. RED is a dangerous looking eighteen year old with a darkly sensuous face, powerful physic and masses of auburn hair which is piled atop his head in a slick fifties style. Hold as RED turns back to the stand, elbows the PUNKS, starts to exit and turns back to slap a fifth PUNK (MICKEY) to attention. MICKEY jolts up and runs after his beloved leader with a spray can leaving the slogan "TUFF TURF" behind him in thick black paint.

WIDE ANGLE: PUNKS

Starting to cross the street, they move towards FRANKIE and the MAN like a well trained pack of Nazi Storm Troopers.

FRANKIE & MAN: PUNK'S POV

Oblivious to the impending danger as they finish their financial transaction

BACK TO PUNKS:

Continuing towards the unsuspecting pair as a female DERILICT stumbles up to RED. He pushes her back, she tries again and is assaulted by MICKEY who sprays a massive dose of paint in her face much to the murderous delight of the others.

ANGLE: EDDIE

Bopping to the beat of the MUSIC as the PUNKS step up on the curb and move past him shaking out polished straight back razors and deadly stiletto knives. EDDIE watches them go then turns back to his tape deck and turns up the volume with a deadly smile of authority.

RONNIE:

Taking a sip of beer, she nods the final cue to RED and his PUNKS as they slink past her and edge towards their prey with practised authority.

MAN:

Oblivious, he continues to flirt with FRANKIE as he puts his wallet away.

MAN
(paternal leechery)
I still think it's too late for you to
be out alone.

FRANKIE
(appreciative smile)
I'm not alone. You're here..

MAN
(puffed up)
Yeah but I wouldn't be if my car wasn't
in the shop.

RED'S shadow falls across the MAN turning FRANKIE'S little girl charm to womanly lust in anticipation of the robbery. She leaps back, giving her boyfriend room as RED reaches out and grabs the MAN by the throat.

CS: MAN

His eyes grow wide with terror as RED leans into him, edging a razor up to his cheek.

MAN
(strangled whisper)
It's in my left hand pocket..

RED
(leering)
Frankie..

FRANKIE steps up to the MAN with a deadly smile, starts to reach for the wallet then freezes with an expression of knowing horror as the MUSIC stops.

RED
(tightening his grasp)
Shit..

He turns to spot for EDDIE as the silence warns him of impending danger.

EDDIE:

Uncertain how to deal with the approaching bicycle RIDER(MORGAN HUNTER) who peddles towards him at a leisurely pace singing at the top of his lungs.

RIDER
Be bop a lu la she's my baby.. Be bop a
lu la I don't mean maybe..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN swerves to miss EDDIE, picks up speed and continues towards the bus stop with his long black and red prep school muffler flying out behind him in the breeze. MORGAN is seventeen and is dressed in jeans, boots, sunglasses and an expensive flyer's jacket.

RED:

Nodding at MICKEY as he edges the MAN into the shadows near the pawn shop.

MORGAN:

Racing towards RONNIE, he grabs her beer, shakes it up and shoots it into MICKEY'S eyes as he advances with a knife.

MORGAN
(enthusiastic yell)
Rain from heaven!

MICKEY:

Half blinded by the beer, he stumbles and collapses against the wall accidentally shooting spray paint into RED'S face.

BUS STOP:

Chaos as RED screams, letting go of his victim. MORGAN continues through the center of the GANG, weaves to the left as a PUNK slashes into his jacket with a razor then races towards FRANKIE as though he were on a carefree Sunday ride.

FRANKIE:

Transfixed, she connects to MORGAN with a look of stunned disbelief as he races up to her with a charismatic smile, hands her the beer and finishes his song.

MORGAN
Be bop a lu la she's my baby now.

He laughs and blurs out of view.

BUS STOP:

The chaos continues as the MAN leaps onto the arriving bus. FRANKIE hurries to hand RED some kleenex. RED grabs it, wipes his eyes then turns to slap MICKEY as MORGAN disappears into the night.

CREDITS END:

FADE TO:

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM: DAWN

BACH plays from the tape deck as the CAMERA PANS around the tiny bedroom picking up on Morgan's discarded jeans, flyers jacket, muffler and ten speed bike which has been propped against a stack of unopened moving boxes that are all labeled "Connecticut - California." Continue to show stacks of neatly folded Izod shirts, piles of records, books, a boomerang and a once expensive Ethan Allen dresser littered with three pairs of sunglasses, a broken track trophy, gum wrappers and a well worn copy of EAST OF EDEN.

FINAL SHOT: COCKROACHES

As they edge along the faded blue wallpaper like two nauseating black machines.

MORGAN:

As he lies in bed camouflaged by sheets, his large electrifying blue eyes peer through an opening in the covers and watch the roaches with an intense expression.

ROACHES: MORGAN'S POV

Hurrying towards a crack in the wall as the early morning sunlight filters into the room.

MORGAN:

Watching. Hold and then he leaps to his knees, pulls two high powered dart guns from under the sheets and fires at the roaches with lightning quick speed.

ROACHES:

Hurrying across a poster of Albert Einstein as the darts hit their target with terrifying force. The poster reads: "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds."

MORGAN:

Giving us a closer look at the extraordinarily handsome youth as he pulls his long, lean body to gunfighter position, blows on the ends of his weapons, flashes a sexy, charismatic smile then flips off the bed and blurs out of view with a wry laugh of consummate delight.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN: A MOMENT LATER

Littered with packing boxes, newspapers and faded cookware as MORGAN'S mother PAGE sits at the antique table struggling to unpack a crate of china while she talks on the phone. PAGE is a slim, fading, forty-five year old blonde with a pretty, nervous face and a tense, asexual body that is clothed in once expensive slacks and blouse. She speaks with a slightly affected upper class accent, a habit she's been unable to break inspite of her new surroundings.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PAGE

Well of course I'm worried. You know what he did with his last term and my God, from what I hear about this new school it will positively reinforce his old attitudes..

(reaching for a cigarette)

On the contrary, Brian.. I think the neighborhood just gives Morgan an excuse to fail..

MORGAN wheels his bike into the kitchen and cruises around the mess to the refrigerator. He's dressed in the same outfit he had on the night before with the addition of a baby blue Izod shirt.

PAGE

(lighting up, changes the subject)

Daddy's alright. It's hard of course but he's really being quite brave about it all.

(watching MORGAN)

What?

(delighted smile)

Oh Baby, that's wonderful.

(to MORGAN, excited)

Brian's coming home this weekend.

MORGAN takes an apple out of the refrigerator without response.

PAGE

No, don't bring anything but yourself.

(one eye on MORGAN)

Hmm? Just a second, sweetheart... No, can you hold. Morgan's just leaving.

PAGE puts down the phone, picks a stack of new notebooks off the counter and comes up behind MORGAN as he puts the apple in his pocket and fishes for an orange.

PAGE

(lifting up his sunglasses)

Anybody home?

MORGAN puts the orange in his pocket as his mother fusses with his clothes then notices the slash in his jacket.

PAGE

(smiles, trying to mask her concern)

What happened here?

MORGAN closes the refrigerator and turns to his mother with a wry smile.

MORGAN

I ran into someone who was trying to make a point.

PAGE looks at him, giggles a beat too late then hands him a stack of new notebooks.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PAGE

All new.. Just like today.

MORGAN looks at the notebooks, puts them under his arm then kisses his mother on the cheek and turns away. PAGE stands there helplessly then starts back to the phone clearly uncertain how to handle her prodigal son.

PAGE

(over cheerful)

I'll give Brian your love.

MORGAN waves and exits the kitchen as PAGE picks up the phone.

PAGE

Now tell me all about this hellish
criminal law professor.

She takes a nervous drag on her cigarette then cackles with delight.

EXT. HOUSE: SAME TIME

MORGAN wheels his bike out on the porch of the rundown two bedroom bungalow and shoves the notebooks onto the back as his father's cab pulls into the driveway. MORGAN leaps on his bike and starts to peddle away as DAVID gets out and calls to him. DAVID is a weary looking forty-eight year old man who's once handsome face is marked with the pain of recent failure. He's dressed in slacks, loafers and a stretched out sweater.

DAVID

(loving enthusiasm)

Hey Hot Shot!

MORGAN peddles back and circles around the cab as his father talks to him.

DAVID

Everything okay?

MORGAN

(smiles)

Dandy.

DAVID smiles, fluffs his son's long brown hair and lets him go.

DAVID

Alright..

MORGAN turns around and races out onto the street. DAVID watches him go, looks down at the ground then starts into the house with a tormented expression.

EXT. LAWSON HIGH: A SHORT TIME LATER

Colorful chaos as KIDS pour onto the crowded campus for classes. The heavy brick buildings were constructed in the early 1950's and show the wear and tear of time as well as a little too much graffiti.

VARIOUS SHOTS: KIDS

Dressed in outfits as varied as their personalities, most carry some form of musical equipment as they talk, eat, break dance, fight or use the safety of the crowd to exchange quick, sloppy kisses.

FINAL SHOT: CHEERLEADERS

Rehearsing a sexy version of BABY LOVE as they practise for an upcoming game on the lawn near the parking lot. All the GIRLS are pretty and their short purple skirts and tight gold sweaters accentuate their perfect little bodies. The word PANTHERS is stamped across their chests in big purple letters and stretches and twists in unison with their movements.

CHEERLEADERS

(yell singing)

Lawson High.. Oh Lawson High.. We're
greeting you.. Ooh, ooh, needing you!
'cause we're going to win this game.
Watch the Panthers fight for fame.
You're the team that we adore.. So please
go out and give us more..

They continue to sing and dance inspite of the loud CATCALLS that are suddenly heard coming from the parking lot.

PARKING LOT:

As RED'S PUNKS sit on or around his hot 1970 Camero cheering on the CHEERLEADERS with a variety of gestures and inaudible lewd comments. RONNIE and EDDIE make out in the background on the hood of the car and FRANKIE and RED stand off to the side talking. They are all dressed the same as the night before but FRANKIE has on a short blue skirt and RED is wearing a Whitman Detention Center t-shirt under his jacket.

CHEERLEADERS:

Doing the can can as they scream to a close.

CHEERLEADERS

We love you Lawson!

They leap and clap as the PUNKS hoot in the background. Hold as the GIRLS start to walk away pretending to pay no attention, then bend over in unison and flip up their skirts at the PUNKS exposing bright gold panties.

PARKING LOT:

The PUNKS collapse across the car roaring with laughter as the BELL rings in the background.

FRANKIE AND RED:

FRANKIE is smearing red lipstick across her mouth as RED leans into her with an intense expression.

RED
I swear, if I ever get my hands on
that red and black muffler
(mimicking strangulation)
I'm going to fuckin'..

FRANKIE
(closing her compact)
Watch your mouth.

RED shoots an embarrassed glance at his girlfriend as she turns to call RONNIE.

FRANKIE
(casually)
Hey Cum Machine..

RED
(miffed)
Look who's talking.

FRANKIE
(matter of fact)
There's nothing rude about that.. It's
just a statement of fact.
(as RONNIE pops into view)
Right, Ron?

RONNIE
(disheveled)
Hopefully.

The girls glance at each other and burst into knowing giggles. Hold as they start to walk away then RED takes FRANKIE'S arm and pulls her back pointing at something.

FRANKIE
(turning to look, stunned)
I don't believe it..

MORGAN: FRANKIE'S POV

Peddling across the parking lot with his usual air of affected nonchalance as the infamous muffler flies out behind him in the breeze.

PARKING LOT:

RED whistles the gang to attention as MORGAN approaches. They leap up, start towards their victim then freeze as the middle-aged armed security GUARD steps in front of MORGAN blocking his path.

GUARD
(militant authority)
No bikes allowed on campus.

MORGAN
(getting off, dry humor)
Damn and here I was hoping to take a quick ride through history..

RONNIE giggles and FRANKIE elbows her to silence as the GUARD wrenches the bike from MORGAN'S grasp.

GUARD
(controlled irritation)
You can pick it up after school.

MORGAN nods, starts to walk away then whirls around, pointing to the GUARD'S gun.

MORGAN
Ever shoot anybody with that thing?

The GUARD glares at him and wheels the bike out of view as MORGAN flashes his famous smile and disappears into the crowd. MICKEY and EDDIE start after him but RED calls them back.

RED
(controlled anger)
Later..

They start to complain.

RED
(exploding)
I said later mutants.. You got wax in your ears or what?

Silence as they glance at each other then follow RED as he takes FRANKIE'S arm and leads her into school.

FRANKIE:

Turning from RED'S angry face to the crowd, she looks after MORGAN with an expression that reveals a definite curiosity in the strange newcomer.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE: A MOMENT LATER

Packed with noisy KIDS who are scrambling to get late passes from the overworked SECRETARY. MORGAN sits off to the side reading EAST OF EDEN, seemingly oblivious to a small group of GIRLS who giggle and point, clearly impressed by his strong good looks.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

(frazzled, shouts)

If you don't have an excuse you can't get
a pass and if you don't have a pass you
can't get into class..

The chaos continues as the PRINCIPAL steps out of his office and calls out
to MORGAN. MR. RUSSELL is a determined, middle-aged man who seems prepared
to handle anything that might come his way at Lawson.

RUSSELL

(rushed)

Hunter..

MORGAN gets up and follows RUSSELL into his office as the GIRLS swoon in
the background.

INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE:

RUSSELL glances at MORGAN'S sunglasses as they walk into his office.

RUSSELL

You want to take those off. I like to
see who I'm talking to.

MORGAN takes off his glasses and sits down in front of RUSSELL without
expression.

RUSSELL

(glancing at the book)
Steinbeck, huh?

MORGAN nods.

RUSSELL

(picking up a folder)
Actually, I don't know why I'm surprised
your records show a strong aptitude for
reading and writing.
(glancing at the folder)
Going to do anything with it this year?

MORGAN shrugs.

RUSSELL

(hand to ear)
Excuse me?

MORGAN

I don't know.

RUSSELL looks up with a no nonsense expression, dropping the folder on
his desk.

RUSSELL

Look, Morgan.. I'm not going to waste our
time with alot of useless rhetoric I'm sure
you've heard before. You've had a good
education at one of the best prep schools
in the country and why you threw it away
is luckily none of my concern at this point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL (continued)

What is my concern is your present attitude which is my way of saying that I won't tolerate any of your past antics no matter how much they seem to amuse your classmates. I've got enough trouble dealing with the real losers at Lawson without having to cope with a good imitation. Understood.

MORGAN

(nods)

Yes Sir.

RUSSELL

Good.

(standing up)

By the way, how's the family situation?
Everyone settling in okay?

MORGAN

I guess..

RUSSELL

(knowing)

But it's tough, right?

MORGAN doesn't respond.

RUSSELL

(grabbing a book off his desk)

Listen, Morgan.. I know it's hard to make
this kind of transition in your senior
year

(handing him the book)

but I also know life is what we make it.

MORGAN looks at the book with a bewildered expression as he stands up.

RUSSELL

It's the S.A.T. handbook. The test is
coming up in three weeks. I think you
should take it.

(wry smile)

Even though I know you have no intention
of going to college.

MORGAN nods.

RUSSELL

Alright, you better hustle before you miss
your first class.

MORGAN looks at the book, starts to say something then turns on his heel
and exits as the SECRETARY comes in with a stack of papers.

RUSSELL

(frustrated)

If I had that boy's potential I'd be running
the country by now..

He takes the papers and turns back to his desk with a weary expression.

INT. HISTORY CLASS: LATER SAME DAY

As a large group of semi-interested STUDENTS struggle to keep their attention on a well worn history film about the old west.

FILM NARRATOR(V.O.)
..after the original pioneers settled
the land a new breed was born.

MORGAN:

Leafing through the S.A.T. handbook as he sits at the front of the class watching the film.

SCREEN:

As two men prepare to shoot it out in a reenactment of the famous gun battle at the O.K. Corral.

FILM NARRATOR(V.O.)
These men were known as the gunfighters
and they brought a new code of honor to
the old west.

MORGAN:

Looking up as the men prepare to draw. Hold as the guns go off in a blaze of glory accompanied by the brilliant flash of a switchblade knife as it snaps out against MORGAN'S cheek and barely misses inflicting serious injury. MORGAN tenses in anticipation of trouble as the gentle voice of JIMMY PARKER pops out in the background.

JIMMY(O.S.)
(surprised)
Whoa, state of the arts, Man. I can't
even touch this thing and it takes off..

MORGAN relaxes as the TEACHER snaps at JIMMY.

TEACHER(O.S.)
Problems, Jimmy?

JIMMY'S silhouette bobs across the screen as he discreetly struggles to close the knife.

JIMMY
No, Ma'am..
(whispers)
I just can't get the stupid thing closed.

Muffled GIGGLES break out as JIMMY tries to snap the weapon shut and drops it. MORGAN picks it up, snaps it shut then turns around to hand it to JIMMY.

JIMMY: MORGAN'S POV

Grinning with impish embarrassment over his near fatal mistake as he meets MORGAN'S gaze. JIMMY is an attractive seventeen year old with razor cut blonde hair and an easy smile which is highlighted by two evenly chipped front teeth. He is dressed in a WHO touring t-shirt, jeans, old white sports coat, high topped sneakers and an earring.

MORGAN AND JIMMY:

As JIMMY leans into MORGAN whispering his apology.

JIMMY

Sorry, I've never had it out of my pocket before.

MORGAN

(amused, whispers)

Then you better learn how to handle it before you cut your balls off.

JIMMY smiles as MORGAN hands him the knife.

JIMMY

(pushing it back)

No, I want you to have it. I mean, that's the point.

MORGAN

(bemused)

Why?

JIMMY

Because it's all over school about you and Red Hauser.

MORGAN

Who?

JIMMY

(suddenly excited, loud)

Red Hauser.. You know.. The guy you took out on your bike last..

JIMMY is cut off by the TEACHER as she strolls up behind him.. MORGAN uses the interruption to discreetly slip the knife into his jacket.

TEACHER

Something important, Mr. Parker?

JIMMY

(flustered)

No.

TEACHER

(sardonic)

Really? And for a moment I thought you'd actually managed to get something worthwhile out of that empty brain of yours..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

GIGGLES as the TEACHER exits. JIMMY glares at her then turns back to MORGAN.

JIMMY

(mouthing the word)

Later..

MORGAN nods and turns back to the film as the NARRATOR brings the scene to a close.

FILM NARRATOR(V.O.)

(over photographs)

..Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp.. Men made mythic by their brutal pursuit of justice in a land that had none.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS: THAT AFTERNOON

Excited chaos as KIDS pour out of school at the end of the day.

MORGAN AND JIMMY:

Talking as they move through the crowd together. MORGAN is carrying his books and JIMMY'S hands are empty except for two drum sticks which he uses on every available brick and garbage can.

JIMMY

The Hausers are legendary bad, Man. I know.. My brother used to be in a gang with Red's older brother and it was total terror from the word go.

MORGAN

(knowing)

Cheap thrills, huh?

JIMMY

That and the tradition of a little extra cash.

MORGAN

Did they ever kill anybody?

JIMMY

No but they sure made a few people suffer. And I mean major pain, you know?

MORGAN freezes and stares across the parking lot with a grim expression.

MORGAN

Yeah..

JIMMY looks up with an expression of disbelief as the loud ROAR of a car engine muffles his stunned reaction.

JIMMY

Fuck me..

RED'S CAMERO: MORGAN AND JIMMY'S POV

Packed with GANG members, the engine ROARS with dangerous fury as the car jerks forward then races back over MORGAN'S bike which is parked near the outside of the bike rack.

MORGAN AND JIMMY:

Temporarily paralyzed by the surreal horror of the moment.

CS: BIKE

Crunching under the wheels of the car as it backs up.

MORGAN:

Starting towards the parking lot with an expression of silent rage.

PARKING LOT:

As RED leaps out of the passenger side of the car with an expression of mock disbelief.

RED
Whoa.. What have we done?
(screaming at the DRIVER)
Forward.. Move forward!

The DRIVER hits the accelerator and the car screeches forward, dragging the bike across the pavement.

RED
(indicating)
No, wrong.. Back up!

The car backs up, rolling over the bike for a second time as MORGAN storms up to RED.

RED
(mock tragedy, pulling
the bike free)
Wow.. I guess training's over, Man.
(handing MORGAN a wheel)
Sorry..

Muffled LAUGHTER from the GANG as RED leaps into the car. MORGAN starts to advance as the car screeches back and FRANKIE leans out the driver's side with a seductive smile of mock innocence.

FRANKIE
He said he was sorry..

More LAUGHTER as they tear out of the parking lot, honking and waving. MORGAN looks after them then bends down to pick up what's left of his precious bike as JIMMY comes up behind him with a grim expression.

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: A SHORT TIME LATER

As MORGAN and JIMMY stroll down the crowded street together. MORGAN is carrying his bike, the wheels looped across his shoulder and JIMMY is holding onto MORGAN'S books.

MORGAN AND JIMMY:

JIMMY tries to comfort his new found friend as they turn the corner and start down a side street to MORGAN'S house.

JIMMY

If it's any consolation you can have my wheels. It's not a ten speed but it works.

MORGAN

(tense smile)

Thanks.

JIMMY nods, pauses then looks at MORGAN.

JIMMY

(uncertain)

Look, Morgan.. I know I gave you the knife and everything but Red won't mess with you now if you just hang loose.

MORGAN

Is that what you do?

JIMMY

(shrugs)

More or less. I mean, I want to see twenty, you know?

MORGAN

(enigmatic smile)

More or less.

MORGAN turns away. JIMMY glances at him then restarts the conversation on a more positive note.

JIMMY

So, listen.. You like music?

MORGAN

(glancing at him, interested)

Yeah..

JIMMY

Great. I'm in this band called Nuclear Fear and we have this gig tonight at The Warehouse. It's no biggie but it'll give you a chance to meet the guys.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Sounds good. What time?

JIMMY

Eight. We call it The Warehouse but it's really just this wasted supermarket on Sylmar. Just follow the porno shops east and you can't miss it.

MORGAN laughs then turns to JIMMY as they stop in front of his house.

JIMMY

(handing MORGAN his books)

I read a book once..CALL OF THE WILD.
I didn't understand it but I liked the dog.

Their eyes meet in a warm smile as MORGAN shoves the books under his arm.

MORGAN

I'll see you later, Jimmy..
(starting up the walk)
And thanks.

JIMMY

No problem, Man..
(pointing to the lawn)
Cool lawn.. It grows.

MORGAN laughs again and walks into the house as JIMMY runs off down the street.

INT. HOUSE:

PAGE is hard at work straightening the living room as MORGAN moves past her and starts for his room.

PAGE

(turning around)
Morgan?

INT. HALLWAY:

PAGE comes up behind MORGAN as he starts into his room.

PAGE

Hi, Honey.. How as the first day?

MORGAN

(dropping his bike)
Okay..

PAGE

(suddenly concerned)
Okay? What happened to your bike?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Nothing?

PAGE

Nothing? Your bike is in pieces and you say nothing? Morgan, if it's starting again..

MORGAN

(calmly cutting her off)

It's not starting again. It was an accident, okay?

PAGE

(upset)

No it's not okay. I mean, who's paying for it? Did you find out if they have insurance?

MORGAN

(patiently)

Mom, this isn't The Hamptons.. No one has insurance around here.

PAGE

(indignant)

Well somebody has to pay.

MORGAN

(determined control)

They will.

He kisses his mother and disappears into his room as his father stumbles out of his bedroom half asleep.

DAVID

What is it?

PAGE

Morgan had an accident.

DAVID

(concerned)

Is he okay?

PAGE

(disgusted, exits)

He's fine.. My nerves are shattered but he's fine.

DAVID glances at MORGAN'S door then follows PAGE into the living room with a frustrated expression.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE: THAT NIGHT

DAVID is wiping off the windows of his cab as MORGAN saunters out of the house dressed for the dance in leather pants, a sexy sweater and his beloved flyers jacket.

PAGE(O.S.)

(yelling at MORGAN)

Well don't be late. You have school tomorrow.

MORGAN waves to his mother and starts across the lawn.

DAVID

Need any money?

MORGAN

(smiles)

No, I'm okay.

DAVID

Sure? I heard you got in an accident today.

MORGAN

(pausing, nods)

Somebody ran over my bike.

DAVID

Repairable?

MORGAN

(joking)

Yeah, as soon as I learn how to walk on water I'll get right to it.

DAVID laughs, wipes off his hands and turns serious.

DAVID

(slightly awkward)

Listen, Morgan.. I know how hard all this is for you but please try and understand your mother.

MORGAN

(quietly)

I've been working on that one all my life.

Brief pause then MORGAN turns on his heel and starts across the lawn.

MORGAN

Take it easy, Dad.

(turning around, smiles)

And no free rides tonight. It's bad for business.

DAVID

You got it, Hot Shot.

MORGAN exits as DAVID turns back to his cab with a laugh and shakes his head.

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: A MOMENT LATER

As MORGAN walks past a long string of porno shops and magazine stands on his way to The Warehouse.

MORGAN:

He walks a few feet, pauses and then begins to hitchhike. Hold as a few cars pass him then he turns around and continues walking, coming up on a beautiful black Porsche convertible which is parked in front of a LE SEX SHOPPE. MORGAN stops short and begins to give it an appreciative seventeen year old's once over.

CS: MORGAN

Innocently running his hand along the shiney frame, he pauses to check out the tires then leans over and begins giving the leather interior the once over. Hold as he checks out the seats, plays with the gears, puts his hands on the steering wheel and freezes.

PORSCHE KEYS: MORGAN'S POV

Absently left dangling in the ignition.

BACK TO MORGAN:

He pauses, then a slow devilish smile of inspiration spreads across his face.

EXT. WAREHOUSE: A SHORT TIME LATER

Loud heavy rock MUSIC blares out of the abandoned supermarket, located at the back of the huge parking lot which is teeming with cars and KIDS of every description.

INT. WAREHOUSE:

There is a definite gypsy feel to this electrifying center of the teenage community which is jammed with KIDS moving to the beat of JIMMY'S band.

VARIOUS SHOTS: KIDS

Dancing, eating, drinking, throwing each other and making out on the imaginative makeshift furniture which is pushed up against the walls.

FINAL SHOT: BAND

Playing on a quickly erected platform of boards and boxes, the BAND rocks The Warehouse with great MUSIC. JIMMY is dressed in jeans, white shirt, suspenders and tuxedo bow tie and pounds out the beat for his lead GUITARIST(RAY) bass PLAYER(Gordon) and crazed, Jerry Lee Lewis type PIANIST(Robbie). Hold as they finish their song and then RAY leans into the microphone and yells over excited screams and shouts of their enthusiastic fans.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RAY

We're gonna take a short break so
rest up and get ready to rock on!

More SCREAMS as JIMMY wipes the sweat from his face, leaps from his drums and follows the band offstage.

JIMMY:

Pushing his way through a crowd of eager GROUPIES. Hold then he shapes his fingers in the sign of the cross and hisses like Count Dracula.

JIMMY

Back, Whoredogs.. Back.

He turns away as SOMEONE leans up behind him and whispers in a high pitched female VOICE dripping with sexual frustration.

VOICE

But Jimmy, all I want to do is..

JIMMY'S eyes grow wide with shock as the VOICE describes some kind of outrageous sex act.

JIMMY

Whoa.. Stop, listen and lookout.

He whirls around with a stunned expression and spots for the VOICE.

MORGAN: JIMMY'S POV

Laughing as he faces his friend with an expression of impish delight.

MORGAN

(handing JIMMY a beer)
Had you worried, didn't I?

JIMMY

No, shit.. Damn, I haven't heard that
much filth since

MORGAN

(knowing smile)
school today, right?

JIMMY

(embarrassed smile)
Right.

Laughter and then MORGAN puts his arm around JIMMY'S shoulder, taking a sip of his own beer.

MORGAN

That's okay, Man. Sexual athletics are
out anyway. Romance is in now.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

(innocently)

It's a good thing. I don't think I could get my wang to do that even if it was ten feet long.

MORGAN laughs and they disappear into the crowd as the GROUPIES whisper and point at MORGAN with expressions of new found lust.

DOORWAY: SAME TIME

As FRANKIE and RONNIE squeeze inside. FRANKIE is dressed in a short, black sweater dress, black nylons and heels and RED'S gang jacket. RONNIE is wearing a red and white stripped mini-dress, tons of makeup and is definately on the make as she looks around the crowded room.

RONNIE

(girlish desperation)

Please, God.. If you're up there, just let him see me.

FRANKIE

(amused)

Come on, Ronnie. Jimmy isn't your type.

RONNIE

How wrong you are, Sweet Meat. I've been crying nights over him for weeks.

FRANKIE

(laughs)

What about Eddie?

RONNIE

(matter of fact)

Cheap thrills but definately not the marrying kind. You know what I mean?

(suddenly)

Oh my God, there he is. Come on.

FRANKIE

I want to wait for Red.

RONNIE

(dragging FRANKIE into the crowd)

He'll find you.

JIMMY AND MORGAN:

Talking to the band as they wrap up their break.

RAY

(changing his guitar strings)

Connecticut, huh? You in a gang back there?

MORGAN

(dry)

Yeah, we met for tea on Wednesdays and Fridays.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RAY
(turning to JIMMY)
He serious?

JIMMY
(smiles)
Never as far as I can tell.

Laughter as RAY turns to MORGAN with an admiring smile.

FRANKIE AND RONNIE:

Edging up near the band as RONNIE bulldozes her way through the crowd.

RONNIE
(desperate)
Would you move it, Costa? Their break's
almost over.

FRANKIE spots MORGAN and freezes.

FRANKIE
Wait.

RONNIE
(oblivious)
Wait? I've waited long enough and it
takes more than five minutes to ignite
the fire of true love.

FRANKIE continues to stare at MORGAN inspite of RONNIE'S desperate pleas.

RONNIE
(whining)
Frankie..

MORGAN: FRANKIE'S POV

Shaking hands with RAY, GORDON and ROBBIE as they start back to the stage.
He says something to JIMMY, laughs then turns and spots FRANKIE, losing
his smile.

FRANKIE: MORGAN'S POV

Catching MORGAN'S look she turns on her heel and exits.

MORGAN:

Starting for FRANKIE as JIMMY spots her.

JIMMY
(horrified)
Shit, Mergan wait..

He starts after MORGAN as RAY grabs his arm.

RAY
Come on, Man.. It's time to wail.

JIMMY looks after MORGAN with a terrified expression as RAY drags him
to the stand.

FRANKIE:

Hurrying through the crowd as MORGAN darts up behind her and grabs her arm.

MORGAN
Come on, Baby Driver. Let's dance.

FRANKIE
(grimacing, angry)
Let go of me.

MORGAN
(determined)
Not until you tell me what your problem is.

He drags her onto the dance floor.

JIMMY:

Watching MORGAN, he begins to play with terrifying fury as the BAND starts into a driving hard rock number.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

MORGAN puts his arm around FRANKIE and snaps her up against his body as they move onto the dance floor. She tries to pull away and then reaches out to scatch his face.

MORGAN
(catching her hand)
That's it, Tough Girl, get ugly. I want
to see how bad you really are.

FRANKIE spits in his face.

MORGAN
(smiles)
Better but still not enough to tell me
whether you enjoy inflicting pain or are
just too stupid to know any better.

FRANKIE
(hissing)
You're dead, Scumbag.. Dead.
(trying to pull away)
Now let me go.

MORGAN
(holding her fast)
Not until you answer my question, darlin'

He flashes a charming smile and dances her across the floor as she continues to struggle. They are both good dancers but the fight brings a dangerous, electrical energy to their movements making them appear tense and sexual.

DOORWAY:

As RED, MICKEY and EDDIE waltz in. RED is combing his hair and looks like the cock of the walk as he searches the crowd for FRANKIE.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(spotting MORGAN, impressed)
Whoa, talk about balls.

MICKEY and RED turn to look. MICKEY'S eyes grow wide with appreciation but RED'S face flushes crimson with anger as he watches MORGAN dance with his girl.

RED
God damn son of a bitch! Hasn't he
had enough?

He nods to MICKEY and EDDIE, sending them to get MORGAN as he starts after FRANKIE.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

She continues to struggle as he dances her around the floor, waiting for her answer.

MORGAN
(playfully)
You know, as a rule I find one way
conversations boring but this one's
kind of a challenge.

He spins her around then pulls her close. They connect in a moment of electrifying sexual tension and then FRANKIE spots EDDIE and yells.

FRANKIE
(frightened)
Okay, alright.. I'm stupid. Now let
me go.

MORGAN smiles, lets her go then whirls around and grabs EDDIE as he comes up behind him.

MORGAN
(flirting)
Actually, it was you I wanted all along.

He bats his eyelashes at EDDIE and dances him into the crowd as MICKEY comes up.

JIMMY:

Drumming faster and faster as the tension builds.

MORGAN AND EDDIE:

Dancing as MICKEY reaches out to slug MORGAN.

MORGAN
(fey)
Now don't get greedy, boys. There's
plenty of love to go around.

He spins EDDIE around and slugs MICKEY to the floor.

DOORWAY:

RED is screaming at RONNIE as he pushes FRANKIE into her arms.

RED
I said take her home, Ronnie. Now get
out of here.

They exit as MORGAN waltzes EDDIE into view.

MORGAN
(letting EDDIE go)
I could have danced all night.

MORGAN leaps out of view. EDDIE glances at RED then nods to MICKEY as they bolt out the door.

FINAL SHOT: JIMMY

Throwing the BAND completely off as he beats his drums at a furious pace.

EXT. PARKING LOT:

As MORGAN walks up to the black Porsche which has been deliberately parked next to RED'S Camero. He is just about to get inside when MICKEY and EDDIE run up behind him and grab his arms. Hold as RED comes around in front of MORGAN and puts his straight backed razor up to his throat.

RED
(deadly control)
I should just slit your throat right
now, Scumbag.

MORGAN
And here I thought we were finally
making friends..

MICKEY elbows him in the kidneys. MORGAN bends over in pain as RED looks from the Porsche to his stricken enemy.

RED
(suddenly inspired)
Give me the keys..

MORGAN
(strangled whisper)
Whatever you say, dear.

He hands them to RED.

RED
Payment for services rendered, Slimhead
(holding the knife against his throat)
and if you ever go near her again I'll take
you out so fast you won't have time to spit.

He knees MORGAN in the groin, whistles and gets into the Porsche. MICKEY and EDDIE laugh, drop MORGAN to the ground and join their beloved leader for a deadly joy ride.

MORGAN:

Doubled over in pain as RED starts the Porsche engine with a tremendous ROAR.

PARKING LOT:

JIMMY rushes up to MORGAN as RED burns rubber and backs out of the lot.

JIMMY
(shocked)
He took your car..

MORGAN looks up at JIMMY with a triumphant smile.

MORGAN
It isn't mine.

JIMMY watches RED exit then turns to MORGAN with a look of stunned disbelief

JIMMY
(screams)
What?!

MORGAN wobbles to his feet, glances at his friend then joins him in an explosive display of hysterical laughter.

PORSCHE:

Passing a police car as it disappears from view.

FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR: THE NEXT DAY

As MORGAN and JIMMY walk through the crowded hallway together, seemingly oblivious to the curious stares of other STUDENTS who look at MORGAN with a mixture of respect and fear. MORGAN waves JIMMY to a class and strolls up to his locker.

LOCKER:

MORGAN is just about to open it when FRANKIE comes up behind him.

FRANKIE
You may be smart, Hunter but you're dead
meat as soon as Red gets out of jail.

MORGAN
(charming)
And here I thought you were going with
such a respectable guy.

FRANKIE glares at him and exits as MORGAN opens his locker and freezes.

INT. LOCKER: MORGAN'S POV

A dead RAT drips blood all over MORGAN'S books as it hangs from the top of the locker.

MORGAN:

He stands there for a beat then slowly lifts out his beloved copy of EAST OF EDEN with an expression of sorrowful disgust.

MORGAN
(leafing through the blood
soaked pages)
Now why did they have to do that?

He takes off his prep school scarf, wraps the book inside then takes out his switchblade and prepares to cut the poor animal loose.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM: NIGHT

Dark except for the bright winter moonlight. BILLIE HOLIDAY plays on the tape deck as MORGAN sits in his window sipping a beer and leafing through the S.A.T. handbook. His bike sits in the center of the room and shows the recent affects of a frustrated work effort and saveable pages of EAST OF EDEN are taped to the wall above his bed.

MORGAN:

Glancing through the book with a frustrated expression when PAGE knocks on his door.

PAGE (O.S.)
(excited)
Morgan, Brian's here.

MORGAN doesn't respond.

PAGE
(knocking)
Morgan?

MORGAN
(no emotion)
Okay.

He sits there for a moment, looks up at the sky then tosses the book aside and rolls from the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM:

PAGE is cackling with laughter as she sits on the couch next to her oldest son BRIAN an attractive, twenty-four year old law student who clearly dotes on his mother. The coffee table is littered with flowers, a "welcome home" cake and a silver tea service which looks out of place in the tiny living room.

BRIAN
Of course I was brilliant! Aren't
I always?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PAGE laughs and takes his hand.

PAGE

Yes..

(enthusiastic squeeze)

Yes, yes, yes. Thank God there's at least one Hunter on the ball around here.

Affectionate laughter as MORGAN strolls into the room. He looks tense, slightly disheveled and has his jacket looped over his shoulder.

PAGE

(oblivious to MORGAN'S mood)

Morgan, Brian finished fourth in his class this semester.

(to BRIAN, proud)

It won't be long before he's the best lawyer in the country now.

BRIAN

I wouldn't go that far.

PAGE

I would. It's surprising what a little hard work will do, isn't it?

BRIAN

Mom..

PAGE

Well it's true. You got the scholarship, you do the work. No one's handed it to you on a silver platter.

MORGAN

(sincere)

It's great, Man.

Tense smiles as BRIAN turns to MORGAN.

BRIAN

So how are things with you?

MORGAN

Okay.

BRIAN

Good.

He picks up his tea as MORGAN turns to him.

MORGAN

Listen, Brian.. I was wondering if I could borrow your car for awhile.

BRIAN

Gee, I don't know. I was thinking of taking Mom to the movies. You know, kill time 'til Dad gets home..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

(nods)

Yeah but I won't be gone long. I just want to talk to somebody.

BRIAN

(patronizing)

I understand and under other circumstances I'd let you have it in a shot but Mom and I are probably leaving any second so..

MORGAN

(snaps, cutting him off)

Nevermind.

He stomps from the room as PAGE calls out to him.

PAGE

Morgan? Morgan..

BRIAN

(getting up, angry)

I'll handle it.

He exits as PAGE looks after him with a frustrated expression.

EXT. PORCH:

MORGAN slams out the door as BRIAN comes up behind him and grabs his arm.

BRIAN

Why don't you cool out and give her a break.

MORGAN

(quiet fury)

Just as soon as she gives me one, Man.

BRIAN

She did and look what you did with it.

MORGAN

(ready to explode)

What's that supposed to mean?

BRIAN

That maybe if you hadn't wasted so much money on your education she might have a little more right now.

MORGAN

(hurting)

Anything else?

BRIAN

Yeah, stay out of trouble. She's under enough pressure without having to cope with your bullshit.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
(controlled)
Blind men shouldn't throw stones.

He tears away from his brother and exits as BRIAN looks after him with an angry lack of compassion.

EXT. ALLEY: A SHORT TIME LATER

As MORGAN walks through the dark alley with his hands in his pockets, momentarily oblivious to the dangers of the night.

MORGAN
(frustrated yell)
I never wanted to go to the god damn
school anyway.. Shit!

He kicks some bottles and they smash into the wall with a terrible crash.

STREET: SAME TIME

As RED'S Camero cruises past the alley, screeches to a stop and turns around.

ALLEY:

MORGAN continues to mutter as he walks along. A beat and then RED'S car ROARS into the alley.

MORGAN:

Turning around to look.

CAMERO: MORGAN'S POV

As it races towards him at high speed.

ALLEY:

As MORGAN turns around and breaks into a run for his life. He makes it to the end of the alley, tries to leap a wall and falls.

MORGAN:

Whirling around to face the car.

CAMERO: MORGAN'S POV

Almost on top of him.

ALLEY:

As MORGAN picks up a garbage can and heaves it at the car. It rolls off and crashes to the ground as the Camero screams up and screeches to a stop inches away from MORGAN.

MORGAN:

Breathing heavily as he waits to see what will happen next.

CAMERO: MORGAN'S POV

As the door edges open.

ALLEY:

A beat and then JIMMY falls out of the driver's side roaring with laughter.

JIMMY

Had you worried, didn't I?

JIMMY continues to laugh as MORGAN crumples with relief.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Man but when I saw you cruising the alley I just couldn't resist. After all, I have to keep you on your toes.

MORGAN

What are you doing with Red's car?

JIMMY

His brother Andy called and asked my bro to pick it up. Donnie wasn't home so here I am!

(offering MORGAN a hand)

Come on, I'll give you a ride. It's the least I can do.

He helps MORGAN over the bumper, giving his jeans a quick glance.

JIMMY

(teasing)

Pretty tough.. They're still dry.

MORGAN pretends to hit him and they break into a mock scuffle as they move to the car.

EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT: SAME TIME

Crowded with KIDS who use the ancient MacDonalds as a nightly hangout.

TABLE:

As RONNIE, FRANKIE and another trashy looking GIRL (FEATHER) share dinner and conversation at an outside table. RONNIE and FEATHER are alert and talkative but FRANKIE looks bored and spins the ice around in her glass without expression.

RONNIE

(stuffing her face)

I don't know.. If you ask me, he's either the toughest guy who ever came to Lawson or the stupidest.

FEATHER

(talking with her mouth full)

No way.. He went to one of those awesome brain factories back East (indicating) and I mean the guy's head is totally crammed, you know?

FRANKIE

Yeah, crammed with bullshit.

FEATHER

What's the matter with her?

RONNIE

Pining because Red's still in the cooler. (teasing)
You know how she gets when she isn't getting any.

FEATHER

(half teasing)

Yeah, well if you ask me she's hot for you know who. I saw the way she was dancing with him the other night. Body heat on contact and I mean sizzling.

FRANKIE

(getting up)

Let's go, Ron. The air's getting a little thick around here.

RONNIE

But I'm not finished, Frank..

FRANKIE

(smashing the burger into her face)

You are now.

RONNIE sits there dumbfounded. FEATHER looks at her then bursts into laughter as FRANKIE exits.

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD:

As the Camero turns the corner and cruises towards the drive-in.

INT. CAMERO:

Rock MUSIC blares from the radio as JIMMY drives MORGAN towards the drive-in.

MORGAN

It must be nice to have a brother who looks after you.

JIMMY

He doesn't really. It's just an unspoken law, you know? I stay cool and no one fucks with me. Tradition.

MORGAN

What happens if you break it?

JIMMY

I don't know and I don't want to find out.

Laughter then MORGAN turns around and spots FRANKIE as she walks out on the sidewalk in front of the drive-in.

MORGAN

(spotting her)

Pull over.

JIMMY

What?

MORGAN

(grabbing the wheel)

I said pull over.

JIMMY

(spotting FRANKIE, grabs it back)

No way, Man. She's trouble.

MORGAN

(grabbing the wheel)

All I want to do is talk to her.

JIMMY

(grabbing it back)

And all I want to do is live.

JIMMY glares at MORGAN and turns around as MORGAN begins honking the horn like a crazy person.

JIMMY

(freaked)

What are you doing? Have you lost your mind?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
(playfully)
Years ago..

He continues honking as they pull up behind FRANKIE.

EXT. CAR:

FRANKIE turns around to spot for the HONKING as RONNIE runs up beside her muttering and wiping her dress.

FRANKIE
(jubilant smile)
I don't believe it. Red's out!
(exiting)
Come on.

FRANKIE runs out of view as RONNIE wipes her face, looks around then pulls open the top of her dress and wipes hamburger juice off her breasts.

INT. CAR:

MORGAN and JIMMY are fighting for control of the wheel as FRANKIE runs up to them.

MORGAN
(laughing)
Get in the back.

JIMMY
Forget it.

MORGAN
I said get in the back.

He gives JIMMY a playful push into the back seat as FRANKIE opens the door, leaps into MORGAN'S arms and freezes.

FRANKIE
(stunned)
You?!

MORGAN laughs and floors it.

JIMMY:

Recovering from MORGAN'S push when the sudden burst of speed throws RONNIE into his lap. She pauses then looks up with a smile of total gratitude.

RONNIE
Thank you God..

EXT. CAR:

As it screams off down the street and disappears from view.

FREEWAY ONRAMP: A SHORT TIME LATER

As the Camero pulls onto the freeway and shoots out into traffic.

INT. CAMERO:

JIMMY is struggling to keep RONNIE at bay in the backseat as FRANKIE fights it out with MORGAN in the front.

MORGAN
(laughing)
All I want to do is talk.

FRANKIE
(livid)
And I've just spent the past thirty minutes telling you I have nothing to say. Now let me out!

JIMMY
(leaning forward)
Let her out, Man.

MORGAN
Not until we work this out.

RONNIE
(grabbing Jimmy)
Go for it, Frankie..

FRANKIE
We have nothing to go for. He blew it, now he has to pay.

MORGAN
Come on, you don't mean that.

JIMMY
(desperate)
Yes she does.

RONNIE
(desperate)
No she doesn't.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN
(to Ronnie and Jimmy)
Will you two stay out of this!

They glance at each other and burst into laughter.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

FRANKIE turns away with an embarrassed expression as MORGAN gives her smile an appreciative glance.

MORGAN
Nice smile.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
It still doesn't change anything
between us.

MORGAN
(charming)
Oh I don't know.. I got a smile, maybe
if I wait long enough I'll get lucky.

FRANKIE
(rude)
Don't hold your breath.

She turns away as MORGAN laughs and speeds off down the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY:

As the Camero shoots past a sign announcing the miles to Palm Springs and disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS NEIGHBORHOOD: LATER SAME NIGHT

As the Camero moves past a sign welcoming people to Palm Springs, turns a corner and continues down a street packed with fabulous, block long houses.

INT. CAR:

Shouts of childlike wonder fill the car as everyone points and talks at once.

JIMMY
(pointing to a huge house)
Whoa, look at that one.

RONNIE
(excited)
I know, you could fit my entire apartment
on their front porch.

FRANKIE
(getting into it)
I wonder how many people live there?

MORGAN
(dry)
Four and a half.

RONNIE
(laughing)
Who's the half?

MORGAN
No one knows. They're too embarrassed
to let him out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Laughter as they turn the corner and come up on a chic country club and golf course.

JIMMY
(pointing, impressed)
Wow, check out that lawn. It's a block long of perfect green.

MORGAN
(smiling)
That's because it's a golf course.

RONNIE
You sure?

MORGAN
Yeah unless it's become fashionable to plant flagpoles instead of roses.

Giggles as MORGAN pulls up in the parking lot.

JIMMY
T-off time, huh?

MORGAN
No, we're going to eat.

FRANKIE
(suddenly nervous)
Here?

RONNIE
(excited)
No lie?

MORGAN
That's right. They always have the best food on Juniors night.
(getting out)
They want to impress their children with the importance of money.

MORGAN exits as RONNIE and JIMMY chatter excitedly. FRANKIE glances at the beautiful building and follows with a worried expression.

EXT. PARKING LOT:

MORGAN organizes the motley crew as they pile out of the Camero which is parked next to a Rolls Royce and a sign announcing the weekly Juniors dance and tennis tournament.

MORGAN
(pulling a tie out of his jacket pocket)
Here, Jim put this on, button up your coat and smile 'til your gums hurt..

JIMMY laughs and takes the tie as MORGAN slides out of his jacket and turns to FRANKIE.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Laughter as they turn the corner and come up on a chic country club and golf course.

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(getting out)

They want to impress their children with the importance of money.

MORGAN exits as RONNIE and JIMMY chatter excitedly. FRANKIE glances at the beautiful building and follows with a worried expression.

EXT. PARKING LOT:

MORGAN organizes the motley crew as they pile out of the Camero which is parked next to a Rolls Royce and a sign announcing the weekly Juniors' dance and tennis tournament.

MORGAN

(pulling a tie out of his jacket pocket)

Here, Jim put this on, button up your coat and smile 'til your gums hurt..

JIMMY laughs and takes the tie as MORGAN slides out of his jacket and turns to FRANKIE.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

(handing her his jacket)
Put this on, lift the collar, shake out
the hair,
(giving her his sunglasses)
keep the eyes covered and look bored.

RONNIE

That won't be hard for Frankie. She's
always bored.

FRANKIE elbows RONNIE as MORGAN turns to her.

MORGAN

Ronnie..
(suddenly aware of her)
God, Ronnie..

RONNIE

Pretty hopeless, huh?

MORGAN

(suddenly inspired)
No, here..
(fussing)
Pump up that hair, thicken the liner and
don't say anything but fabulous even if
they put a gun to your head.

RONNIE

(pumping up her hair)
Because your Frank Sinatra's niece from
Italy and you can't say anything else.

RONNIE

Not even those boots are made for walkin'?

FRANKIE elbows her again as MORGAN tucks in his shirt, slicks back his
hair, grabs a tennis racket off the top of the Rolls and starts towards
the club.

MORGAN

Okay, now don't do anything but wave
until we're inside.

MORGAN exits and they follow keeping close behind him.

INT. CLUB FOYER: A MOMENT LATER

Packed with well dressed, preppy looking eighteen year old KIDS who all
look like they've been cut out of the same blonde haired, blue eyed mold.
A beat then MORGAN bursts through the door with a charming smile and
waves his tennis racket at everyone and no one.

MORGAN

(affected)
Patty, Alan.. How are you? Ready for
tonight's tournee?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Three COUPLES turn and wave their rackets or nod as RONNIE bursts through the door yelling in a terrible Italian accent.

RONNIE
Fabulous.. Fabulous.

She waves at the COUPLES and follows MORGAN as FRANKIE and JIMMY come in looking accordingly bored or ecstatic.

MORGAN:

Grabbing FRANKIE'S hand as he edges into a group of KIDS who are moving from the foyer to the main club building. RONNIE and JIMMY elbow in behind them as a middle-aged MAN (REYNOLDS) comes up to MORGAN dressed in expensive white sweats and a bright blue name tag.

REYNOLDS
(worried)
Young man.. Young man, excuse me
(as MORGAN turns around)
but I must see your membership card.

MORGAN flashes a charming smile, quickly reading REYNOLDS name tag.

MORGAN
(mock embarrassment)
I'm sorry, Reynolds.. I'm afraid I've
been a terrible fool and left it in my
locker with my tennis rags.

REYNOLDS
(looking at the others)
Then you'll just have to wait while I
send someone along for it.

MORGAN turns to the three COUPLES as they walk up behind him.

MORGAN
I'm sure Patty and Alan will vouch for us.

The COUPLES nod and vouch. MORGAN uses the distraction to pull FRANKIE through the door as RONNIE grabs JIMMY and exits with a smile.

RONNIE
Fabulous.

EXT. MAIN CLUB ENTRANCE: A MOMENT LATER

Two sets of attractive PARENTS guard the entrance to the beautiful club which is packed with KIDS who are eating, talking or dancing to the beat of a terrible rock band. Hold and then MORGAN rushes past them with FRANKIE, RONNIE and JIMMY.

MORGAN
We're with the band.

They exit as the PARENTS look after them with blank expressions.

INT. CLUB:

MORGAN gives final directions to RONNIE and JIMMY as FRANKIE looks around the well dressed room with a worried expression.

MORGAN
Okay, eat fast. This is only good
for about twenty minutes.

They nod and exit as MORGAN grabs FRANKIE'S hand.

MORGAN
Come on, I'm starved.

FRANKIE
(holding back)
I can't.

MORGAN
Why not?

FRANKIE
(embarrassed whisper)
Because everyone's staring at me.

FRANKIE looks at the floor as MORGAN glances over at two COUPLES who are staring at FRANKIE.

MORGAN
(waving)
Yep. The girls are trying to figure out
where they've seen you before and the guys
are trying to figure out why they haven't.
(turning to FRANKIE)
Either way they're pea green with envy and
will probably be fighting like cats before
the night's over.

FRANKIE looks up with a surprised laugh as MORGAN smiles at her, extends his arm and escorts her out of view. The COUPLES look after her then turn and begin a quiet discussion that will clearly end in bickering.

BANQUET TABLE: A MOMENT LATER

Surrounded by well mannered KIDS who indulge in sandwiches, canapes, fruit, caviar, lobster and quiet conversation about tennis and the stock market.

JIMMY, FRANKIE, RONNIE & MORGAN:

Chowing down on food with enthusiastic vigor as they stand at the edge of the crowd with their backs to the table.

JIMMY
(stuffing his face)
Unbelievable, Man. They do this every
week?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Like clockwork.

(handing FRANKIE some lobster)

Here, try this.

FRANKIE

(wiping her hands on the tablecloth)

What is it?

RONNIE

(spitting caviar)

Who cares. You'll never see it again.

FRANKIE laughs and takes the lobster as MORGAN turns around and freezes.

MORGAN

(spotting REYNOLDS)

Uh oh, Reynolds. Time to move into plan B.

(to RONNIE and JIMMY)

Okay, you guys.. Fill your pockets with as much as you can then start dancing towards the exit.

(grabbing FRANKIE'S arm)

Can you sing?

FRANKIE

No.

MORGAN

(charismatic smile)

Then just sit on the piano and look sexy.

FRANKIE gives MORGAN a bewildered glance as he leads her out of view. RONNIE and JIMMY stand there for a moment, glance around the room then turn around in unison and start stuffing their pockets with food.

BANDSTAND:

A slow ROCK number fades to a close and polite APPLAUSE fills the room as the nerdy looking band LEADER takes the microphone with an appreciative smile.

LEADER

We're going to take a short break..

MORGAN

(leaping up next to him)

and we're going to entertain you while they do.

(grabbing the mic)

So snuggle up a little closer and get ready for love.

He edges the bewildered band LEADER off the stage, hoists FRANKIE on top of the piano and sits down.

MORGAN AND FRANKIE:

FRANKIE gives her skirt and awkward tug, glances around the room then nervously turns back to MORGAN as he runs his fingers down the keys and begins to work into a haunting version of SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME. MORGAN is a gifted jazz pianist and sings in a soulful, whiskey voice.

MORGAN

(talking/singing)

There's a saying goes, says that love is blind. Still we're often told, seek and ye shall find.

(playful)

I'm going to seek a certain lamb I've had in mind. Looking everywhere, haven't found her yet.

(turning away)

She's the big affair I won't forget. Only girl I'll ever think of with regret. I'd like to add her initials to my monogram. Tell me where to find the lady for this lost lamb.

MORGAN plays for a moment then looks up at FRANKIE with a dazzling smile.

MORGAN

There's somebody I'm longing to see,
I hope she, turns out to be, Someone
who'll watch over me.

FRANKIE turns away with a mixture of embarrassment and sorrow as MORGAN leads into the next verse.

JIMMY AND RONNIE:

Dancing towards the exit with their pockets full of food. RONNIE wipes away a tear and snuggles up to JIMMY as MORGAN'S singing brings a hushed romance to the dimly lit room.

MORGAN AND FRANKIE:

As MORGAN continues.

MORGAN

I'm a little lamb lost in the woods
and I know I could always be good to
the one who'll watch over me.

(tenderly)

Although she may not be the girl some guys
think of as special, to my heart she carries
the key.

FRANKIE turns back to MORGAN with new interest as he finishes the song with a sad smile.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

So won't you please tell her to put on
some speed, follow my lead, oh how I
need. Someone to watch over me.

(playful sincerity)

Someone to watch over me.

He runs his hands along the keys and finishes with a flourish.

RONNIE AND JIMMY:

Joining the other KIDS in enthusiastic APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

BACK TO MORGAN:

Smiling at FRANKIE as REYNOLDS storms up to him.

REYNOLDS

(controlled anger)

You are not now, nor have you ever
been a member of this club!

MORGAN whirls around and points to him.

MORGAN

Bingo!

He lifts FRANKIE off the piano and exits as REYNOLDS looks after them
with an expression of self righteous indignation.

EXT. PARKING LOT:

As FRANKIE and MORGAN run up to the car.

MORGAN

Did you see Ronnie and Jim?

FRANKIE

They were still dancing the last
time I looked.

MORGAN

(laughs)

Great..

FRANKIE

(shy smile)

Yeah, they did okay.

MORGAN

So did you.

FRANKIE

(shrugs)

I don't know.. I felt kind of weird.

(suddenly nervous)

Come on, let's walk.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN turns and glances at the club.

FRANKIE

(exiting)

They can't go anywhere without the keys.

MORGAN

(laughs)

True.

He turns and follows FRANKIE as she walks out of view.

DOWNTOWN PALM SPRINGS: A SHORT TIME LATER

As FRANKIE and MORGAN walk through the fashionable crowds past expensive shops. MORGAN has his hands in his pockets and looks thoughtfully relaxed but FRANKIE is clearly at odds with herself over the evening's events.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

They walk for a moment then FRANKIE glances at MORGAN with an uncertain expression.

FRANKIE

What did you mean when you sang that song?

MORGAN

(gentle smile)

Just what I said.

FRANKIE

(turning away, puzzled)

It's funny, I never heard a guy say anything like that.

(embarrassed shrug)

I mean, Red never needs anyone really.

MORGAN

(knowing)

I used to be like that until I realized I didn't know everything.

FRANKIE

You do okay.

MORGAN

I wish my family felt that way. They think I'm the greatest tragedy since the Titanic.

FRANKIE

(surprised)

Really?

MORGAN

(nods)

They wish I could be like my brother. You know, college graduate on top of the world..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Is that why your family moved to California? So you could be near your brother?

MORGAN

Partly.. I mean, for my mother. My Dad just wanted to get a fresh start after he lost his business.

FRANKIE

It must be hard..

MORGAN

(nods, tormented)

For my Dad. He broke his ass trying to hold onto his business. It nearly killed him when he lost it.

(smiles, quickly changing the subject)

What about you? Going for the scholastic gold?

FRANKIE

(sarcastic laugh)

No. I mean, I'll probably just get married after graduation. You don't need college for that.

MORGAN

(smiles)

Your parent's happy about it?

FRANKIE

(forced enthusiasm)

My Dad is. My Mom died of cancer last year.

MORGAN

(pausing)

I'm sorry.

FRANKIE shrugs, quickly turning her attention towards a nightclub that is two doors in front of them.

FRANKIE

(fighting back tears)

You feel like dancing?

MORGAN

(gently)

Sure..

FRANKIE takes his hand and leads him to the club as MORGAN looks at her with new found compassion.

INT. NIGHTCLUB:

Loud rock MUSIC blares out at FRANKIE and MORGAN as they walk into the fashionable nightspot which is packed with COUPLES in their late twenties.

DANCE FLOOR:

As FRANKIE drags MORGAN onto the crowded floor and begins to dance with him.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

He looks into her eyes as she presses into his body, shakes out her hair and begins to move her hips in time to the MUSIC.

MORGAN:

Studying her face with a mixture of gentle desire and curiosity.

FRANKIE:

Turning away, clearly uncertain how to deal with the complexity of his desire.

DANCE FLOOR:

As FRANKIE and MORGAN continue to dance. Hold as he leans into her, slides her across the floor then releases her in a dramatic spin. She whirls around, takes off his jacket then begins to move erotically, using the MUSIC as a means of release and communication.

MORGAN:

Stepping into the shadows to give her room.

FRANKIE:

Flashing a sexy smile, she tosses the jacket at MORGAN then breaks loose, dancing with provocative power and sensuality.

DANCE FLOOR:

Whistles and shouts as DANCERS move out of the way to give FRANKIE room. Hold as she whirls, leaps and dips like an erotic flashdancer.

MORGAN:

Smiling, clearly aware of the needs behind the display.

FRANKIE:

On fire, she uses her body like a well trained weapon as she continues to dance.

DANCE FLOOR:

The excitement builds as FRANKIE continues, building to a powerful finale. Hold and then she edges towards MORGAN like a cat.

MORGAN:

Smiling as FRANKIE slides up to him and backs him into a secluded corner.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

She kisses him, simultaneously unbuttoning his shirt in a shameless display of powerful female lust. MORGAN kisses her back then pulls away as FRANKIE runs her tongue down his chest, looks up with a confident smile and moves in for the kill. Hold as she pulls down her blouse, puts his hand on her breast and presses into him. MORGAN kisses her for a moment longer then pulls away as she goes for his pants.

MORGAN

(gently)

No.. I'm sorry. I don't know you well enough.

FRANKIE

(bewildered indignation)

What's there to know? I'm a girl and you're a boy.

MORGAN

(tender smile)

More. Much, much more.

He gives her a tender kiss, pulls up her blouse and turns away. FRANKIE glances around then room then follows with an expression of angry embarrassment.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE: DAWN

As the Camero pulls up in front.

INT. CAR:

FRANKIE is behind the wheel and stares straight ahead as MORGAN opens the door and exits to the appreciative shouts of RONNIE and JIMMY who are snuggled in the back.

RONNIE

Thanks for everything, Morgan.

JIMMY

Yeah and call me later if you want to get together and work out some tunes.

MORGAN

(smiles)

Okay..

(extending his hand to FRANKIE)

Frankie..

FRANKIE

(refusing to look at him)

Yeah, see you.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

MORGAN laughs and gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR:

MORGAN watches as the Camero burns rubber and speeds off down the street.

FADE TO:

EXT. COSTA LIQUORS: A SHORT TIME LATER

Red's car is parked in front of Mr. Costa's store, a rundown but thriving establishment thanks to the ongoing poverty of the neighborhood. A beat then the CAMERA TRAVELS up to the rooms above the store and moves in through the second story window.

INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM:

As RED charges at FRANKIE who is standing near the windows at the back of the room. FRANKIE'S bedroom is crammed with old, repainted furniture, posters and a worn recliner chair which faces a portable black and white t.v.

RED

(screaming, outraged)

What do you mean you had to go with him?

FRANKIE

(terrified, lies)

I had to. He made me.

RED

(explodes, slapping her)

Don't lie to me, Frankie..

FRANKIE

(screams)

I'm not lying! And if you ever hit me again I'll cut you so deep you'll wish you were dead.

She turns away from him. RED stands there look helpless and stunned then walks over to her.

FRANKIE:

Crying silently as RED comes up behind her and wraps his arms around her waist with a contrite expression.

RED

(helpless little boy)

I'm sorry, Baby. It just made me a little crazy, that's all. You know how much I love you. How do you think it makes me feel knowing you were with him?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
(humiliated, angry)
It wasn't my fault.

RED
I know..I know. Don't cry.
(kissing her)
Daddy's here now and he'll make sure
that scumbag never comes near you again.

He continues to kiss her. Pause, then FRANKIE whirls around and responds with kisses that are clearly meant for MORGAN. Hold as their passion builds to animal lust then RED lets out a demonic little laugh and pulls FRANKIE onto the bed.

INT. SCHOOL GYM: TWO DAYS LATER

As MORGAN and JIMMY participate in a gym class basketball game. All the BOYS are suited up in gold shirts and purple shorts and the COACH stands off to the side yelling at the boys who range in size and ability.

COACH
(frustrated)
Come on, ladies, move it. This isn't
a ballet class.

MORGAN races into view dribbling the ball. He continues down court with electrifying speed, tosses the ball to JIMMY and leaps out of view. JIMMY dribbles, passes to MORGAN and steps back as his friend jumps up and drops the ball through the hoop.

JIMMY AND MORGAN:

WHISTLES and SHOUTS from their teammates as JIMMY laughs, slaps MORGAN on the back, turns around and freezes.

JIMMY
Just when you thought it was safe to
go back in the water.

MORGAN turns around.

RED: MORGAN'S POV

Suited up in a hilarious outfit of mismatched socks, old sneakers, a detention center t-shirt and dirty shorts. EDDIE and MICKEY stand on either side of him looking equally disheveled. It is clear none of them have suited up for weeks.

GYM:

MORGAN stands off to the side with JIMMY as the COACH turns to RED with a wry smile.

COACH
Well if it isn't little Red Riding Hood
and his two wolves.. To what do we owe
this dubious honor, Hauser?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED
(mock sincerity)
We want to play.

COACH
(sarcastic)
How wonderful.. Team spirit in your
old age.
(as the BOYS giggle)
Alright, go on.. But if there's any
bullshit I'll take you on myself.
(as RED passes him)
Got that?

RED
Sure.

He flashes an innocent smile and strolls out of view with MICKEY and EDDIE.

JIMMY:

Staring at RED without expression as he strolls past him to MORGAN.

RED
(whispers)
You're played out, Parker.
(elbowing him)
Played out. Understood?

JIMMY nods, doubling over with pain.

MORGAN:

Looking appropriately nonchalant as RED saunters up to him and prepares to face off for the ball.

RED
(deadly smile)
Game's over, Hunter.

MORGAN
Well, you know what the Chinese say, Red.
Spring doesn't last forever.

He flashes his famous smile as MICKEY and EDDIE come up behind RED.

GYM:

As the COACH comes up with the ball. Hold as he lifts it above RED and MORGAN, blows his whistle and throws it in the air.

MORGAN:

Grabbing the ball. RED lunges at him but MORGAN whirls around and trips MICKEY who falls in front of RED causing him to tumble onto the floor.

GYM:

RED and MICKEY scramble to their feet as MORGAN races down court with EDDIE in hot pursuit. Hold as MORGAN prepares to shoot and is elbowed by EDDIE.

COACH
(blowing his whistle)
Foul, hacking.

EDDIE steps back, swearing under his breath as the COACH picks up the rolling ball, tosses it to MORGAN and blows his whistle. MORGAN takes off again, racing down court with lightning quick speed. RED chases after him and is just about to move in for the kill when the COACH blows his whistle again.

COACH
Foul, Hauser, moving screen..
You know better than that, Red.
(to MORGAN)
Take it out, Hunter.

MORGAN
(dribbling past RED)
Honestly, Red.. We're not even on
the same team.

He shakes his head and moves out of view as RED lunges at him.

COACH
(blowing his whistle)
Foul, charging.

RED turns white with rage, glances at the COACH and stomps after MORGAN.

VARIOUS SHOTS: GAME

As the comedic chaos continues. RED continues to try and beat up on MORGAN using the game as a cover for his brutality and MORGAN continues to use the rules of the game to outwit RED. The tension builds as the COACH calls foul after foul on MICKEY, EDDIE and RED for hacking, tripping and charging MORGAN.

FINAL SHOT: GYM

As MORGAN moves down court, passing the ball to JIMMY. JIMMY looks at it and passes it to EDDIE. EDDIE double dribbles and passes it to MICKEY who is charging at MORGAN with an expression of deadly determination.

COACH
(blowing his whistle)
Foul, Baker, double dribbling.
(yelling at MICKEY)
Foul, Cochran, charging.

MICKEY and EDDIE freeze as RED explodes with frustration.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

RED
Not like that, Shitheads!

COACH
Foul, Hauser, mouth.

RED
What?

COACH
You heard me.

RED
(kicking the ball)
Fuck you, bastard!

COACH
(charging towards RED)
That's it, Hauser.. Cold shower time.
(grabbing MICKEY and EDDIE)
You two, girls..

He drags them towards the door as JIMMY comes up behind a sweaty, exhausted MORGAN.

JIMMY
Sorry, Man.

MORGAN
For what?

He wipes his face and walks off court surrounded by the other BOYS. JIMMY looks after him then follows with a guilty, tormented expression.

EXT. BOY'S GYM: A SHORT TIME LATER

The corridors are crowded with KIDS changing classes as MORGAN comes out of the gym zipping up his jacket. Pause, then RED, MICKEY and EDDIE charge out behind him and push him into the girl's gym which is located across the hall. Hold as a number of half naked GIRLS come screaming through the doors and then two more GANG members appear and rush inside.

JIMMY:

As he comes out of the gym, pauses then walks up to a GIRL with a knowing smile.

JIMMY
(joking)
Fire drill? Or is some freshman getting the treatment.

GIRL
(shaking)
Hunter's getting his brains bashed in.

JIMMY
What?

He rushes for the door.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM:

Thick with steam as JIMMY dashes inside, looks around then follows the sound of loud rock MUSIC to the shower area.

SHOWER AREA:

A large tape deck sits on a bench blaring loud rock MUSIC throughout the deserted room which is littered with quickly abandoned towels and clothes.

SHOWERS:

Two GANG members hold MORGAN by the arms as RED, MICKEY and EDDIE beat him with merciless precision, protected by the sound of the music. Hold, then they drop him underneath the running shower water and turn around as JIMMY runs up behind them.

RED

(screams, crazed)

You want him? You can have him.

MICKEY

(wild-eyed)

And tell the little shit he's dead
if he ever goes near Frankie again.

JIMMY looks after them as they exit then dashes inside the shower to help MORGAN.

MORGAN:

Badly beaten, he struggles for consciousness as he lays on the floor of the shower. JIMMY leaps in then freezes as he gets a look at his friend.

JIMMY

(sick horror)

Whoa, they really did it to you.

MORGAN

(trying to talk)

Yeah, well you know what they say, Parker.

(grimacing)

An ounce of pleasure is worth a pound of pain.

He leans back holding his side as JIMMY rushes to help him.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD: THAT AFTERNOON

MORGAN'S clothes hang out to dry on a makeshift line that stretches across JIMMY'S dusty, littered backyard. Broken lawn furniture is piled off to the side next to a dozen wire cages that are packed with vicious DOBERMAN attack DOGS barking at the top of their lungs.

MORGAN:

Sitting in a chair on the backporch which doubles as JIMMY'S bedroom. He has a towel wrapped around his bruised body, is holding some ice on his ribs and stares out at the dogs through one eye. The other eye is swollen shut, his lips are puffy and his nose looks like it's hanging on by a thread. Brief pause then JIMMY comes up behind him with some iodine and bandages.

MORGAN

Don't they ever stop?

JIMMY

(starting to work on
MORGAN'S face)

Nope. Trained. They sell faster that way.

MORGAN

I don't see how you stand it, Man.

JIMMY

(impish grin)

That's why I took up the drums. Besides, I'd rather have Donnie selling vicious attack dogs to the terrified middle classes than robbing liquor stores with Andy Hauser.

MORGAN laughs then jumps in pain as JIMMY puts a bandage across his nose.

MORGAN

Whoa.. Damn.

JIMMY

Sorry..

(finishing)

I still think we should make a hospital run, Man. Your nose is hanging on by a thread.

MORGAN

(standing up)

It isn't the first time.

He turns around and walks over to the dresser as JIMMY watches him with an uncertain expression.

JIMMY

Jeans, top left hand drawer. Shirts, floor. You can tell the dirty ones from the clean by the spaghetti stains.

MORGAN nods and starts to get dressed.

JIMMY

Look, Morgan.. you're welcome to stay here tonight. My mom's so used to cuts and bruises she wouldn't even notice.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Thanks but I have to go home sometime.

He walks out of view and slips into a pair of JIMMY'S jeans as RONNIE dashes into the backyard like a house on fire.

RONNIE

(breathless urgency)

Jimmy, thank god.. I've been looking all over for you. Red found out about Frankie and he's ready to take Morgan apart.

MORGAN walks into view, answering in unison with JIMMY.

MORGAN AND JIMMY

(dry)

We heard.

RONNIE'S eyes grow wide with shock as JIMMY and MORGAN burst into laughter then MORGAN grabs his ribs with a pained expression as JIMMY puts his arm around his battered friend.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN: THAT NIGHT

DAVID is sitting at the table studying for the California real estate exam as PAGE comes in carrying an armload of silverware and plates.

PAGE

How's it coming?

DAVID

(optimistic)

Okay. California real estate's really no different than New York's. I should be ready to take the test in no time.

PAGE

(setting the table)

Speaking of time, I wonder what happened to Morgan. He should have been home an hour ago.

DAVID

Probably just got caught up with his friends.

PAGE

That's what I'm afraid of.

The front door SLAMS, followed by silence as MORGAN starts to his room without acknowledging his parents.

PAGE

Morgan?

No response. PAGE starts after him but DAVID stops her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

I'll go.

He exits as PAGE turns back to the table.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM:

Dark as MORGAN hangs his clothes on furniture and packing boxes to finish drying. A beat then DAVID knocks on the door and enters.

DAVID

Everything okay?

MORGAN

Yeah, basketball just got a little rough today.

DAVID

(knowing)

How rough?

MORGAN flips on the light and turns to face his father.

DAVID

(stunned horror)

Judas priest..

MORGAN looks down at the floor then up at the door with an expectant expression as his mother starts to enter. DAVID turns off the light and steps in front of his son as PAGE leans in.

PAGE

Come on, you two. Dinner's ready.

DAVID

We'll be right there, sweetheart.

PAGE

Well, don't linger.. The vegetables will wilt.

(flipping on the lights)

And turn on the lights. We're not that poor.

She exits as MORGAN looks up at his father with a grateful expression.

MORGAN

Thanks, Dad.

DAVID

(walking up to him)

Don't thank me. Just tell me what happened.

MORGAN

(flinching as DAVID examines his face)

What always happens. I screwed up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(concerned)

Morgan, I know things have been difficult but if you're having problems you have to come to me.

MORGAN

(pulling away, upset)

And say what? The prodigal son's in trouble again? That he can't cut it rich or poor so let's kill the fatted calf and party down?

(sardonic smile)

Not that you could afford the calf, as Mom would say because he already squandered all your hard earned money on his education. But so what? He was lost and now he's lost again so let's celebrate and just forget the whole damn thing.

DAVID

(snaps, upset)

That's not true and you know it.

MORGAN

(tormented)

Do I? How do you think I feel about the past three years, Dad. How do you think I feel about wasting every chance I got when I sit in this room at night and stare at the fading wallpaper or watch you breaking your butt driving a cab just to pay the rent? Do you think I feel good? Do you think I just shrug it off and say,

(forced nonchalance)

"Oh well, life is full of little surprises and I guess I'm theirs."

(knowing disgust)

No, Dad. I sit here and say what Mom's known all along. I'm a loser and nothing's ever going to change that. So why don't you wake up, admit you have one decent son and let it go at that.

MORGAN turns away as DAVID explodes with passionate anger.

DAVID

Let it go at what? Do you think I want you to be like Brian, so afraid of failure you can't make a move without your mother's approval? Do you think I want you to end up like that?

(loving)

No, Morgan.. I want you to make mistakes. I want you to fall down a hundred times if it means you'll learn how to get up again. I want you to find out what makes you happy now, when you're young because no amount of money will ever give it to you later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (continued)
I know.. I spent a lifetime trying it
the other way, Brian's way and it just
doesn't work.

Tense pause as PAGE yells from the hallway.

PAGE (O.S.)
David, Morgan, please..

DAVID
(frustrated yell)
Two minutes, Page..

He waits for his wife's response then turns back to MORGAN with a knowing expression.

DAVID
(quiet desperation)
Morgan, you can't remake the past. All
you can do is reach out for the future..
Wrestle with it, stumble, try every door
until you find out what's important.
(emotional)
Sure, some people will try and stop you..
Tell you it doesn't matter but that's only
because they never had the heart to risk
everything for something they believed in.
(pause, then)
So take a look around with that good eye.
(sad smile)
Who know? Maybe you'll discover which one
of your dreams is worth dying for.

He glances at MORGAN then starts through the door as PAGE comes up.

PAGE (O.S.)
Where's Morgan?

DAVID
(exiting)
Lying down.

PAGE
(trying to come in)
Is something wrong?

DAVID
(closing her out)
Nothing he can't handle.

Their voices trail off as the door closes.

MORGAN
(dry)
That's right, Dad. Nothing I can't handle.

He picks up a dart gun and puts it to his head. Pause, then he whirls around and shoots a cockroach as it surfaces for it's nightly prowl around the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM: LATER SAME NIGHT

A popular comedy blares from the television as FRANKIE sits in front of her dresser mirror in a sexy black slip and one of her father's ancient suit jackets. A chair is propped against the door and piles of clothing are scattered across her bed.

FRANKIE:

Struggling to learn how to remake her face. She works with concentrated effort, pauses to look in the mirror then picks up a magazine clipping with a frustrated expression.

MAGAZINE CLIPPING: FRANKIE'S POV

Showing a number of fashionable, preppy looking teenage models. They all resemble the girls from the country club and look appropriately fresh and virginal.

FRANKIE:

She gives the clipping a puzzled glance, shakes her head then turns back to the mirror. Hold as she wipes off her thick black eyeliner, tries to brush her hair into a more feminine style then hurriedly begins smearing her face with pale, pancake makeup in a naive attempt to create the natural look. As she works she practises talking in her version of an upper class accent which sounds like Eliza Doolittle's (Wendy Hiller) combination of British Bronx.

FRANKIE

Yes, thank you, I am fabulous. You?
Fabulous. No, I wouldn't care for
any lobster tonight. I'm afraid we've
been havin' it at home 'til it's running
out my ears. I know, it is terribly
boring but what's a girl to do?

She pauses to give her face an expressionless stare then tosses the makeup across the dresser with a shrug.

FRANKIE

(normal voice)

Looks like I died..

She shakes her head, props up the clipping then hurries to her bed and begins rummaging through her clothes as her father (MR. COSTA) calls to her from the hallway.

MR. COSTA (O.S.)

Frankie, Red's on the phone.

FRANKIE

Tell him I'll call him back, Dad.

She glances at the clipping, loops a purple scarf around her neck then fishes a garish purple skirt out of a pile of clothing. She glances at the clipping again, drops the skirt low over her hips to cover her knees, buttons up the jacket, flips up the collar then whirls around to the mirror.

VARIOUS SHOTS: FRANKIE

Attempting to imitate the models as she prances in front of her mirror. Hold as she pouts, flirts, waves, looks bored and puts her hands on her hips with a mechanical flair.

FINAL SHOT: FRANKIE

As she flashes her version of a virginal smile. Brief pause then she screams in frustration and tears off the scarf as LAUGHTER blares from the t.v. in the background.

FRANKIE
(glaring at the t.v.)
Can it.

The LAUGHTER continues as FRANKIE picks up a book and flings it at the old portable.

FRANKIE
I said can it!

The book hits it's target and sends the t.v. crashing to silence as FRANKIE grabs the clipping with a disgruntled expression.

FRANKIE
(glancing at it)
Who cares.. They probably never get
laid anyway.

She rips it up, steps out of the skirt and is just about to take off the jacket when BACH (Brandenburg Concerto #1) comes blaring through the back window. She stands up, pauses then whirls around and dashes to the window with an expression of knowing horror.

FRANKIE
No!

EXT. WINDOW:

As FRANKIE opens it. leans out over the fire escape and yells.

FRANKIE
Yes!

MORGAN: FRANKIE'S POV

Flashing his famous smile as he swings from a branch on the huge elm tree that leads to the fire escape. His tape deck sits below him on an abandoned couch and the rest of the backlot is littered with liquor crates and trash.

MORGAN
Does that mean you like it?

NEW ANGLE: FRANKIE & MORGAN

As they yell back and forth across the lot.

FRANKIE

(flustered)

No. I don't know.. Just turn it off
before the neighbors start screaming.

MORGAN

They don't care. They're too busy
fighting to notice.

FRANKIE

(threatening)

My father isn't. Now turn it off.

MORGAN

(playfully)

I thought you wanted more.

FRANKIE

(dry)

This isn't exactly what I had in mind.

MORGAN laughs, pushes the stop button with his toe and swings up into
the tree.

FRANKIE

(horrified)

What are you doing?

MORGAN

What does it look like?

FRANKIE

(concerned)

No. I mean, you can't.

MORGAN

(edging along a branch)

Why not?

FRANKIE

(sarcastic)

Why not? Looked in a mirror lately?

MORGAN

(playfully)

Wounds of love.

FRANKIE

Give me a break.

MORGAN

I am.

He leaps for the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE:

FRANKIE tries to avoid MORGAN as he falls into her arms.

FRANKIE
Morgan, please.. I'm serious.

MORGAN
(tenderly)
So am I.

He kisses her. FRANKIE responds then pulls away with an expression of confused irritation. She is clearly falling in love with him and doesn't know how to deal with it.

FRANKIE
Good, fine.. you kissed me. Now go away before Red finds out you're here.

MORGAN
(playfully)
I thought you liked taking risks?

FRANKIE
(trying to act tough)
Yeah, when they're reasonable.

MORGAN
(kissing her)
What's so unreasonable about knowing me?

FRANKIE
(responding)
Nothing..
(pulling away, flustered)
Everything. Now go away.

MORGAN
(smiling)
Not until you explain.

FRANKIE
(frustrated)
What's there to explain? I'm here.
Your there. We don't fit.

MORGAN
(kissing her)
We could.

FRANKIE
(pulling away)
No we couldn't. You belong to a world where everything's fair, polite..nice. I belong to a world where people have to fight for everything. Even love.
(sarcastic)
Now run along and play with one of your society queens. I've got things to do.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
All I'm asking for is a shot.

FRANKIE
(frustrated)
What for? It's not going to change anything.

MORGAN
(enigmatic smile)
It might and that chance is worth the whole ball of wax.

Their eyes meet and then FRANKIE whirls around as RED begins to pound on her bedroom door.

RED (O.S.)
Frankie, open up.. It's me.

FRANKIE
(to RED)
Just a second..
(to MORGAN, terrified)
You better go.

MORGAN
(playful challenge)
Not until you promise to come to dinner Friday night.

FRANKIE
(with finality)
Forget it.

RED pounds harder.

FRANKIE
(frightened)
Okay, alright.. Now go.

MORGAN kisses FRANKIE. She responds then hurriedly pushes him away as RED yells.

RED (O.S.)
Frankie?

FRANKIE
(to RED)
Coming.

MORGAN
(exiting)
Six o'clock..

FRANKIE
(distracted)
Right..

She watches as MORGAN leaps out of the tree then hurries into her room as RED prepares to break down her door.

INT. BEDROOM:

RED barrels into the room as FRANKIE pulls the chair out from under the door.

RED
(stuffing a Twinkie
into his mouth)
What's going on?

FRANKIE
(eyes on floor)
Nothing. Can't a girl have any privacy
around here?

RED
(pulling her close)
Sure but not when me and your father
want to celebrate.

FRANKIE
(puzzled)
Celebrate?

FRANKIE looks towards the door as MR. COSTA comes in with a bottle of champagne and three glasses. FRANKIE'S father is a slight, attractive sixty year old with a gentle, care worn face.

MR. COSTA
(smiling)
That's right. It's not every night
I get asked for my baby's hand.

FRANKIE
(turning to RED,
shocked)
What?

RED
(pulling away)
Yep. And he said yes too.

RED takes the champagne from MR. COSTA and goes to work on the cork as FRANKIE'S father takes her in his arms.

MR. COSTA
(hugging her)
I'm so happy, Frankie. I only wish Mama
was here to see her youngest get married.

FRANKIE leans into her father and looks over his shoulder at RED.

RED: FRANKIE'S POV

Staring at FRANKIE with a malicious smile as he prepares to pop the cork.

FRANKIE:

Stunned and heartsick. She closes her eyes then buries her head in her father's shoulder as the cork POPS loud in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY: A FEW DAYS LATER

Study hall is in progress as RED, FRANKIE, EDDIE, MICKEY and RONNIE sit around a table near the front of the room so the middle-aged TEACHER (MRS. BANKS) can keep her eye on the unruly group.

TABLE:

MICKEY and EDDIE crowd around RED to check out the porno magazine that's hidden in his folder as RONNIE leans across the table and whispers to FRANKIE.

RONNIE

Are you going to get a ring?

FRANKIE shrugs and buries her head in a book as RED flips the page in his magazine, allowing his two goons a good look at a voluptuous girl.

RONNIE

(oblivious)

Well if you do, go to Woolworths.
Patty Kennedy got hers there and it
almost looks like the real thing.

MICKEY and EDDIE giggle as RED reveals another picture.

MRS. BANKS:

Giving the group the evil eye as she speaks to RONNIE.

MRS. BANKS

A little silence please, Veronica.
This is study hall, not a coffee
klatch.

BACK TO TABLE:

As RONNIE shoots FRANKIE a puzzled glance.

RONNIE

A what?

Giggles then MICKEY elbows RED. FRANKIE looks up and follows RED'S gaze as he spots MORGAN coming through the door.

RED

Well if it isn't the lone ranger...

MORGAN: RED'S POV

As he strolls up to MRS. BANKS with an uncertain expression.

MORGAN

(whispers)

Hi. Mr. Russell said to see you about taking the S.A.T.'S next week.

MRS. BANKS

Yes. Do you have your pre-s.a.t. number?

MORGAN

No. I mean, I didn't take the test.

MRS. BANKS

(polite surprise)

I see. Well, I'm sure it doesn't matter..

She reaches for a stack of registration forms.

BACK TO RED:

As he coughs up a huge mouthful of spit and shoots it at MORGAN.

MORGAN:

Going over the forms with MRS. BANKS as the spit hits him in the back of the neck. He turns to look.

MRS. BANKS

Now make sure you fill out all the forms..

RED: MORGAN'S POV

Pretending to study as he leans over FRANKIE and stares at her book with no expression.

BACK TO MORGAN:

As MRS. BANKS looks up at him with an irritated expression.

MRS. BANKS

Please pay attention, Mr. Hunter. I don't want to go over this again.

MORGAN wipes the spit from his neck and turns back to MRS. BANKS as another mouthful of saliva hits his jacket.

TABLE:

Giggles as MICKEY prepares to shoot a rubber band at MORGAN.

FRANKIE

(uncomfortable)

Come on, you guys.. This is childish.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED
(playfully)
Shut up. We're just having a little
fun with the asshole.

He nods to MICKEY who lets the rubber band fly.

LIBRARY:

As the rubber band flies past MORGAN and hits MRS. BANKS on the forehead. She leaps from her seat and yells at RED.

MRS. BANKS
That will be just about enough, Mr. Hauser.

RED
(leering)
Come on, Mrs. B. You know you love it.

MRS. BANKS
(pointing to the door)
Out. I've had just about all I can take
from you this morning.

RED
(strolling towards her)
Sure? 'cause I'm always ready to give
a little more.

He grabs MRS. BANKS and kisses her full on the mouth. MORGAN starts to go for RED as he pulls away and flings MRS. BANKS into his arms.

RED
Not bad. You outta try it sometime, Hunter.
She's just about your speed.

MORGAN helps MRS. BANKS to her feet as RED exits and the KIDS burst into excited chatter.

MRS. BANKS
(terrified humiliation)
Thank you, Mr. Hunter but I'm alright.

She pulls away and yells at the KIDS as MORGAN glances at FRANKIE.

MRS. BANKS
Quiet! Unless you all want to follow Mr.
Hauser to detention center.

The room begins to settle down as FRANKIE turns away from MORGAN with a humiliated expression.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS: THAT AFTERNOON

As MORGAN strolls towards the parking lot with an angry expression. A beat then JIMMY races to catch up with his friend, pushing his ancient, renovated bicycle through the crowd of KIDS.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
(excited yell)
Hey, wait up. I've been looking for you
all morning.

MORGAN turns to JIMMY with a tense expression as he wheels the bike up to his friend.

JIMMY
(pleased)
So what do you think? I even washed it.

MORGAN
(strained smile)
It's great, Man.

JIMMY
(let down)
Yeah, I can tell. I haven't seen anybody
that excited since my mother told me my
father was finally leaving.

MORGAN
(sincere)
I'm sorry, Jim. I'm just a little pissed
off at Hauser, that's all.

JIMMY
(knowing)
Oh, you heard.

MORGAN
No, saw.

JIMMY
(puzzled)
You saw Red ask Frankie to marry him?

MORGAN
(stunned)
What?

JIMMY
Yeah, three days ago. I thought that's
what you were talking about.

MORGAN grabs the bike, leaps on and peddles towards the school corridors.

JIMMY
Where are you going?

MORGAN
(exiting)
To find out her answer.

JIMMY
(horrified)
Oh God, no..

He dashes after his friend as he rides into the crowd.

EXT. CORRIDORS:

Crowded with KIDS changing classes as MORGAN approaches and rides past the security GUARD.

GUARD

You can't take that bike on campus.
(yelling as MORGAN exits)
You can't ride it on either!

He dashes after MORGAN as KIDS laugh and point.

HALLWAY:

RONNIE and FEATHER are crowded around FRANKIE'S locker as she takes a load of books out and piles them in her arms.

RONNIE

It was so funny, Feather. Old Banks
nearly creamed her pants.

FRANKIE

(disgusted)
Shut up, Ron..

FRANKIE slams her locker closed and starts to exit as RONNIE and FEATHER exchange glances. A beat then MORGAN races up and grabs FRANKIE around the waist.

MORGAN

I want to talk to you.

He hoists FRANKIE up beside him and weaves off through the crowd as FEATHER looks after them with a wonderous expression.

FEATHER

Wow, just like Debra Winger.

EXT. CLASSROOM:

As MORGAN races FRANKIE around a corner and breaks to a stop in front of the empty classroom which is located a few doors down from the Lawson detention center.

MORGAN

(pinning her to the wall)
I thought you were coming to dinner
Friday night.

FRANKIE

(upset)
I am!

MORGAN

(controlled anger)
When? After the wedding?

FRANKIE

I had nothing to do with that.

EXT. DETENTION CENTER:

As RED joins MICKEY and EDDIE who are waiting outside the room for him. They start down the corridor laughing and reliving RED'S adventure with MRS. BANKS when RED spots MORGAN and freezes.

RED
(stunned disbelief)
Fucking bastard. Isn't he afraid of anything?

MICKEY and EDDIE turn to look as RED starts after MORGAN.

EXT. CLASSROOM:

As FRANKIE and MORGAN conclude their discussion.

FRANKIE
Okay, alright... I promise.
(spotting RED)
Now let me go.

RED comes up behind MORGAN and flicks his switchblade up under his throat.

RED
You heard the lady, Hunter.

MORGAN lets FRANKIE go.

FRANKIE
(terrified, trying to
manipulate RED)
Red, please... Not here.

RED
Shut up and beat it.
(screaming at FRANKIE)
Now unless you want me to do it to him
right here.

FRANKIE backs off as RED begins to edge MORGAN towards the empty classroom.

RED
(evil smile)
Okay, Hunter... Now just move real slow.

MORGAN starts to back into the classroom when the security GUARD comes up behind RED and puts his gun to his neck.

GUARD
Drop the knife, Hauser.

RED freezes.

GUARD
(yells)
I said drop it!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED pretends to drop the knife then whirls around with lightning quick speed and slashes into the GUARD'S cheek. The GUARD drops his gun and reels back as MORGAN goes for RED. RED picks up the gun and turns to MORGAN with an evil smile as KIDS scream and fall back against the lockers.

RED
(mimicking Clint Eastwood)
Come on, Hunter. Make my day!

MORGAN freezes as JIMMY edges through the crowd with MR. RUSSELL.

RUSSELL
Put it down, Red.

RED
(yelling at him)
Fuck you, Scumbag.
(nodding to MICKEY and EDDIE)
Mickey, Eddie.. Move out.

MICKEY and EDDIE back RED through the crowd as he yells at MORGAN.

RED
I'll deal with you later, Hunter so
don't fall asleep without making sure
you've locked all the doors.

He exits. MR. RUSSELL starts after him as JIMMY throws his arms around MORGAN and the KIDS break into excited shouts and screams.

FADE TO:

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE: FRIDAY NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

The porch light welcomes FRANKIE to the small two bedroom bungalow and David's cab has been parked in the street to make it easier for her to gain access to the front door.

INT. HOUSE: DINING ROOM

MORGAN is dressed in slacks and a tie as he fusses over the elaborately set table trying to make it look less imposing. He pushes the flowers back, pauses, puts them on the sideboard then hurriedly begins to take off extra forks as PAGE yells from the kitchen.

PAGE (O.S.)
I still don't see how you can be sure
she's coming without an r.s.v.p..

MORGAN
(tense)
Because she said she was.

PAGE comes in carrying a stack of salad plates. She is dressed in an expensive beige silk dress, pearls, high heels and is the picture of upper middle class feminine gentility.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PAGE

(maternal smile)

Alright, I only asked.

(grabbing the forks)

Now why don't you run and put a bandage across that nose of yours. I don't think I can get through another meal looking at that nasty cut.

MORGAN looks at the forks as DAVID enters dressed in slacks, tie and sweater.

DAVID

(gently)

Go on.. I'll help your mother.

MORGAN exits as PAGE begins resetting the table.

PAGE

(righteous indignation)

I still think I should call that principal and ask him why physical education is conducted like war instead of exercise at that horrible school.

She shakes her head and starts to put the flowers back in the center of the table as DAVID takes her hand.

DAVID

Go easy tonight, Page. This means a lot to him.

PAGE

(wry smile)

So did that girl he brought home for Easter last year, remember? She was so stoned all she could do was stare at her peas and say, (mimicking)
"wow, they're so green!"

She turns away and puts the flowers down.

DAVID

That was different. He's trying now.

PAGE

So am I.

She starts into the kitchen then turns back to adjust his tie.

PAGE

There, perfect. I almost forgot how handsome you can look.

She flashes a sweet/sad smile and starts into the kitchen as the doorbell RINGS.

MORGAN (O.S.)

(yells)

I'll get it.

He dashes through the dining room, leaps a chair and rushes to the door as PAGE and DAVID exchange glances.

FRONT DOOR:

As MORGAN rushes to answer it. He pauses to slick back his hair then opens the door on FRANKIE.

FRANKIE: MORGAN'S POV

Standing on the porch with an uncertain expression inspite of the fact that she's gone to tremendous lengths to upgrade her appearance by dying her hair back to it's normal color, softening her makeup and putting on a bright blue mini-dress and high heels.

MORGAN:

Breaking into an appreciative smile as he stares at the stunning new FRANKIE.

MORGAN
(loving whisper)
You look terrific.

FRANKIE looks down at the ground as PAGE and DAVID come up behind him.

MORGAN
(proud)
Mom and Dad, this is my friend Frankie Costa.
(to FRANKIE)
Frankie, my parent's Page and David Hunter.

FRANKIE
(shy)
Hi..

DAVID
(gently)
Hi, Frankie..

PAGE
(eyeing her dress)
And what a pretty dress. It's so..

DAVID cuts her off as he escorts FRANKIE inside.

DAVID
Colorful.

PAGE
Short.

FRANKIE glances at MORGAN then pulls down her dress as she moves past PAGE into the living room.

LIVING ROOM:

FRANKIE looks around at the tastefully decorated living room as DAVID follows PAGE into the kitchen.

DAVID
You kids want a beer?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
(transfixed by FRANKIE)
Sure, Dad.

FRANKIE
(transfixed by her surroundings)
No.
(quickly)
I mean, no thank you, Mr. Hunter.

DAVID
(exiting)
Soda then?

FRANKIE
(flustered)
Sure, please..

FRANKIE stands there like a fish out of water as PAGE yells from the dining room.

PAGE (O.S.)
Have them bring their drinks to the
table, David. I'm ready to serve.

FRANKIE looks at MORGAN as he comes up and puts his arm around her.

MORGAN
(loving)
I'm right beside you, okay?

FRANKIE nods as MORGAN kisses her on the forehead and escorts her into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM:

PAGE is serving salad and DAVID is opening the drinks as FRANKIE and MORGAN come up to the elaborate table.

PAGE
(indicating)
Frankie on the right.. Morgan on the
left.
(smiling at FRANKIE)
Go ahead, Sweetheart. It's casual.

FRANKIE pulls out her chair and sits down across from MORGAN.

FRANKIE:

Staring at her elaborate place setting with a puzzled expression.

TABLE:

As MORGAN picks up his salad fork and discreetly indicates to FRANKIE. FRANKIE grabs her fork and is just about to dig into her salad when PAGE sits down and folds her hands in prayer.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

PAGE

David?

FRANKIE drops her fork on her plate, winces then hurriedly folds her hands as DAVID begins to pray.

DAVID

For what we are about to receive may
the Lord make us truly grateful.

DISSOLVE TO:

TABLE: A SHORT TIME LATER

FRANKIE is struggling to get through a plateful of spaghetti while simultaneously attempting to keep one eye on MORGAN and the other on PAGE as she chatters away.

PAGE

You would have loved spending time with
us in Connecticut, Frankie.

(remembering)

Skiing in the winter, boating in the
summer. It was absolutely wonderful.

(enthusiastic)

Morgan was really quite a good yachtsman
too. Much better than Brian in his own
way

(glancing at MORGAN)

if he would have put some heart into it.

DAVID indicates to PAGE as MORGAN nods to FRANKIE and quickly shows her how to twirl spaghetti onto her fork.

PAGE

Of course, none of that matters now.

(forced nonchalance)

I mean, since we moved here.

PAGE takes a bite of food as DAVID turns to FRANKIE.

DAVID

Have you lived in Los Angeles all your
life, Frankie?

FRANKIE

(twirling, distracted)

Yeah..

(glancing at DAVID,
flustered)

all my life.

She flashes an uncertain smile as PAGE turns to her with an enthusiastic smile.

PAGE

Then you simply must tell us all about
the Huntington gardens. I hear the roses
are absolutely fantastic.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
(shooting MORGAN a
desperate glance)

Umm..

MORGAN
(quickly)
I'm afraid Frankie hasn't had much
time to see things like that, Mom.

PAGE
(polite surprise)
Oh..
(recovering, smiles
at FRANKIE).
Then we must go together sometime.
You can bring your mother and we'll
make a day of it.

Tense pause as PAGE looks from FRANKIE to MORGAN.

PAGE
I mean, if she likes roses.

FRANKIE reaches for her drink and knocks it over. PAGE and MORGAN jump up simultaneously as cherry soda runs from the tablecloth to FRANKIE'S dress.

PAGE
(taking over)
It's alright.. These things happen.
(to FRANKIE)
Quick, Frankie.. Run and put cold
water on your dress before it stains.

FRANKIE glances at PAGE then rushes from the table as MORGAN snaps at his mother.

MORGAN
(quiet fury)
God damn it, Mom. Her mother's dead.

PAGE
Well how was I supposed to know that.

MORGAN starts to go for his mother when DAVID intercedes.

DAVID
Morgan, go help Frankie find the
bathroom.

MORGAN glances at his mother and exits as DAVID turns to PAGE.

PAGE
(snaps, embarrassed)
I didn't know. It was an honest mistake
for god's sakes.

She turns away and busies herself with the mess as DAVID looks after MORGAN.

INT. BATHROOM:

FRANKIE mutters to herself as she naively soaks the entire skirt of her dress in running water.

FRANKIE
(helpless anger)
Ruined. The whole thing is ruined.

She bites back tears as MORGAN comes up behind her.

MORGAN
(gently)
Here, let me help.

FRANKIE
(turning away, snaps)
I can manage, thank you.
(struggling for control)
Why don't you just go out there and
talk about roses or something.

MORGAN
(pained)
She didn't mean anything by that.

FRANKIE
(starting to cry)
Good, fine.. Are you going?

MORGAN
No.

FRANKIE
(exiting)
Then I am.

She storms out of the bathroom with MORGAN in hot pursuit.

INT. LIVING ROOM:

PAGE calls out to FRANKIE as she rushes out the front door.

PAGE
(concerned)
Frankie?
(as MORGAN enters)
Is she leaving?

MORGAN
(angry)
What do you think?

He slams out after her as PAGE looks after them with a tormented expression.

EXT. HOUSE:

FRANKIE storms across the lawn in tears as MORGAN runs up behind her and grabs her arm.

MORGAN
We have to talk.

FRANKIE
(heartbroken)
Sorry, I don't think I know enough
please and thank you's to communicate
with you.
(pulling away, sarcastic)
Now if you'll excuse me, I promised
Ronnie I'd meet her at Woolworth's
to look at wedding rings.

MORGAN
(quiet desperation)
Frankie, you don't belong with Red.

FRANKIE
(angry, humiliated)
Maybe not but I sure as hell don't
belong with you!

She exits. MORGAN starts after her when DAVID comes up behind his son and holds him back.

DAVID
Let her go, Morgan. She's humiliated.

MORGAN
(turning to DAVID, snaps)
No shit..

He pulls away from his father and stomps across the street. Hold and then the CAMERA TRAVELS with MORGAN to RED'S Camero which is parked in the shadows of an alley across from MORGAN'S house.

NEW ANGLE: CAMERO

As MORGAN passes a few feet in front of it, walking in the opposite direction of FRANKIE.

INT. CAMERO:

MICKEY and EDDIE watch MORGAN as he starts down the alley. Brief pause then EDDIE takes a slug of whiskey as MICKEY reaches for the guard's GUN which is balanced on the dashboard.

MICKEY
(to RED)
You want to take him out now?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED
(writing something down)
Later..
(grabbing the gun)
Right now I want to deal with Frankie.

He shoves the gun down his pants and starts the car.

EXT. STREET:

DAVID starts into the house as RED'S Camero burns rubber and roars off after FRANKIE.

INT. HOUSE:

PAGE comes up to DAVID as he walks through the front door with a tormented expression.

PAGE
(concerned)
Where's Morgan?

DAVID
Gone.

PAGE
With Frankie?

DAVID
No, alone.

PAGE
(guilty sincerity)
I'm sorry.

DAVID
(controlled anger)
Are you?

PAGE
(defensive)
Yes I am. I didn't mean to embarrass the poor girl. I was just trying to make simple conversation. How as I supposed to know that our only point of reference was unemployment and food stamps!

DAVID
(explodes)
By looking around! We're not in Connecticut anymore, Page. We're here! And it's time you woke up to that fact and started supporting your son!

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

PAGE

(bitter anger)

I have supported my son and I can't control what he does with that love anymore than you can control Brian's success or our failure!

DAVID

(quietly)

You mean my failure.

PAGE

(snaps)

I didn't say that.

DAVID

(sadly)

No but you meant it and you've been wanting to call me on it for years. Well, it's true, Page..I failed. I took a chance and I failed because our dreams were out of my league. There's nothing I can do about that now..

(quiet anger)

I only wish to God you'd punish me for your disappointments instead of taking them out on Morgan.

He turns on his heel and exits as PAGE calls out to him.

PAGE

(upset)

David.. David?

The bedroom door SLAMS. PAGE stands there for a moment then turns away and lights a cigarette with a guilty expression.

EXT. STREET: A SHORT TIME LATER

As FRANKIE rushes along in the dark trying to control the steady stream of tears that falls from her eyes.

FRANKIE:

Crossing the street that leads to her father's liquor store when RED screams around the corner and pulls up next to her in the Camero.

RED

(deadly smile)

Hey, Baby.. What's shakin'?

RED opens the door as FRANKIE turns to him and bursts into fresh tears.

FRANKIE

Oh, Red..

She climbs into the car as RED tears off down the street.

INT. CAMERO:

As FRANKIE falls into RED'S arms. He comforts her with false sincerity, pretending to know nothing about her evening with MORGAN as MICKEY and EDDIE look on from the back seat with puzzled expressions.

RED
Missing your Mama again, huh?
(as FRANKIE nods)
Shh, I know. Daddy's here.
(to EDDIE)
Eddie, hand me that bottle.

EDDIE hands him the whiskey as RED turns to FRANKIE with an innocent smile.

RED
Here, Baby. Have a drink.

FRANKIE takes a slug of whiskey as RED puts his arm around her.

RED
Better?

FRANKIE nods.

RED
Good.
(glancing at her)
Feel like kickin' up a little dust
now?

FRANKIE nods again.

RED
(deadly smile)
That's my girl.

He pulls her close as MICKEY and EDDIE exchange puzzled glances.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: LATER SAME NIGHT

As the Camero rounds a corner and begins cruising down the semi-deserted street.

INT. CAMERO:

FRANKIE is leaning on RED'S shoulder as he drives along with an intense expression. Brief pause and then MICKEY calls out to RED from the back seat.

MICKEY
(taking a slug of whiskey)
How much longer, Man? We've been
driving around for hours.

RED
(warning glance)
And we'll keep driving until I find
what I'm looking for.

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
(drunken desperation)
Well I sure hope we find it soon. I'm
about to piss my pants.

EDDIE
(matter of fact)
So shoot it out the window, stupid.
Use your head.

He grabs the bottle from MICKEY as he rolls down the window and prepares to urinate.

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: SAME TIME

David's CAB is parked near an alley a few feet away from a neighborhood bar as he waits for fares.

ANGLE: CAB

Classical MUSIC plays on the radio as DAVID sits behind the wheel sipping coffee and reading BRIDESHEAD REVISITED (Waugh).

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD:

As the Camero cruises up to a stop light a block away from DAVID'S cab.

INT. CAMERO:

As RED pulls to a stop, spots the cab then quickly reaches inside his pocket for a piece of paper.

RED:

Hurriedly checking the license plate number on the paper against the one on the cab as he waits for the light to change.

CAB: RED'S POV

As the numbers match with terrifying accuracy.

INT. CAMERO:

RED stuffs the paper back in his pocket with a murderous smile, downshifts then looks at the gas gauge with an expression of mock disbelief.

RED
Shit, I don't believe it.
We're running out of gas.

FRANKIE sits up and rubs her eyes.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
(sleepy)
What?

RED
(mock irritation)
I said we're running out of gas.
(pulling off his watch)
Here, take my watch and ask that Cabbie
if he'll trade it for some change.

FRANKIE
(innocently)
But I gave you that watch, Red. Don't
you have any cash?

RED
Do you think I'd trade it if I did?
Now move.

He pulls up behind the cab and let's FRANKIE out.

EXT. CAMERO:

As FRANKIE gets out, starts towards the cab and freezes, staring at
DAVID as he gets out for a quick stretch.

FRANKIE:

Staring at DAVID with a horrified expression as she realizes what's about
to happen. She glances at the watch then turns around and goes back
to the Camero.

INT. CAMERO:

As FRANKIE gets back inside with an expression of mock sentimentality.

FRANKIE
(lying)
I can't do it, Red. I'd rather walk
than trade the watch.

RED
(knowing smile)
Why because it's Hunter's father?

FRANKIE doesn't say anything. Tense pause and then RED explodes, slapping
FRANKIE across the face.

RED
I asked you a question, bitch.

FRANKIE
(reeling, screams)
Yes, god damn it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED
(crazed)
You should have thought of that before.
Now move!

FRANKIE
(defiant scream)
No!

RED
(slapping her)
I said move it!

He continues slapping her towards the door with brutal conviction as EDDIE and MICKEY look on from the back.

EXT. CAB:

DAVID finishes his stretch and is just about to get back inside his cab when FRANKIE runs up to him. She is bruised, bleeding and her dress is torn down the front.

FRANKIE
(terrified, yells)
Go, Mr. Hunter.. Go!

DAVID turns to her with a horrified expression.

DAVID
Frankie..

He reaches out to help her but FRANKIE pulls away, desperately trying to get DAVID into the cab before RED arrives.

FRANKIE
(crying)
No, please.. Just get inside the
cab and..

FRANKIE is cut off by MICKEY and EDDIE as they rush DAVID from behind. FRANKIE tries to pull EDDIE off but is slapped to the ground by RED as he jumps in to join the brutal assault.

DAVID:

Fighting for all he's worth. He slugs MICKEY to the ground, punches EDDIE out of view then turns to take on RED as he comes at DAVID like a rabid animal.

FRANKIE:

Wiping the blood from her head as she gets up off the pavement and stumbles forward to help DAVID.

DAVID:

Struggling to defend himself against RED'S brutal blows as FRANKIE stumbles into view.

DAVID
(spotting her)
Run, Frankie..
(slugging RED)
Run!

FRANKIE starts to turn away then whirls around in horror as RED pulls the gun from his pants and prepares to fire.

FRANKIE
(desperate yell)
No!

Her scream echoes into the night as the gun goes off with a loud explosion. RED hurriedly pushes DAVID inside the cab, leaps into the driver's seat then tears away from the curb as MICKEY and EDDIE race to the Camero and roar off after him. FRANKIE stands there for a moment then falls to her knees with a look of strangulating sorrow.

FRANKIE
No..

She covers her face with her hands and bursts into tears. Hold, then the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show her kneeling alone and friendless on the dirty, deserted street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE: DAWN

Quiet as MORGAN and JIMMY cross the street and stroll towards MORGAN'S house.

MORGAN AND JIMMY:

Sharing a beer as they talk. JIMMY looks tired but MORGAN looks utterly spent as a result of their all night session.

JIMMY
I don't know. She used to be okay before her mother died. Then she just went kind of crazy. I thought maybe things would turn around when she met you but I guess old habits die hard.

MORGAN
(glancing at his house)
Yeah.

JIMMY glances at his friend then looks up at the sky as the sun begins to edge over the horizon.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Well, I guess I better get back before
Maw gets home from work. She gets crazy
when I'm not around and totally forgets
about me when I am.

He flashes an impish grin as MORGAN laughs. Brief pause as they hug then
JIMMY starts across the street.

MORGAN

(losing his smile)

Jimmy?

JIMMY turns around.

MORGAN

What will happen if she marries him?

JIMMY

(half joking)

Five kids and a clothesline unless Red
gets busted first.

MORGAN

Any chance of that?

JIMMY

Thousands but it still won't change the
way she looks at you. No offense..

MORGAN

(sad smile)

None taken.

They exchange glances then JIMMY backs across the street.

JIMMY

Look, Romeo.. I'll see you tonight.
Dancing never cured a heartache but
it never hurt one either.

(teasing)

And who knows? Maybe I can tear Ronnie
away long enough to work a little magic
on you.

MORGAN

Thanks but I don't think I could take
that much action.

(smiles)

No offense.

JIMMY

None taken.

They laugh and then JIMMY exits as MORGAN starts into the house.

INT. HOUSE:

The phone is RINGING as MORGAN walks inside. He starts to the kitchen to answer it then pauses when he hears his mother's voice.

PAGE(O.S.)

Hello? Yes, this is Mrs. Hunter..

Long pause then PAGE lets out a blood curdling scream in reaction to the news about DAVID.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL: LATER SAME MORNING

In full swing as cars and ambulances move through the crowded parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM: SAME TIME

As MORGAN bends over his father who is wired to intensive care equipment. DAVID'S face is bruised, the right side of his chest is heavily bandaged and his arms are full of tubes.

MORGAN AND DAVID:

DAVID is unconscious and MORGAN is crying as he leans over his father with a helpless expression.

MORGAN

(strangled whisper)

I'm sorry, Dad.

(heartbroken sob)

God, I'm so sorry.

He falls beside his father and buries his head in the pillow as the NURSE comes up behind him.

NURSE

(cool efficiency)

You'll have to leave now.

MORGAN doesn't move.

NURSE

(taking his arm)

Please, he needs his rest.

MORGAN stands up, starts to exit then pulls away from the NURSE with a violent tug as DAVID moans.

DAVID:

Struggling for consciousness as MORGAN puts his ear over his father's mouth.

MORGAN

I'm here..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID
(strained whisper)
Frankie..

MORGAN
(crying)
What about Frankie, Dad?

DAVID struggles to explain when the NURSE interrupts.

NURSE
(exasperated)
Please, you're wearing him out.

MORGAN
(snaps, frustrated)
No, you're wearing him out! Now get
the fuck out of here. He's having
enough trouble communicating without
having to talk over your bullshit!

The NURSE exits with a terrified expression as MORGAN turns back to DAVID.

MORGAN
(protective)
Go ahead, Dad. She's gone..

DAVID manages a weak, triumphant smile and begins to explain about FRANKIE
as MORGAN leans over his mouth.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR: A SHORT TIME LATER

PAGE is sitting by herself with a helpless expression of confused terror
as MORGAN comes out of his father's room.

PAGE:

Looking up at MORGAN with an uncertain expression.

MORGAN:

Wiping his eyes as he connects to PAGE for the first time in his life.

CORRIDOR:

PAGE stands up and is just about to walk into MORGAN'S waiting arms
when she spots BRIAN coming up the corridor behind him.

PAGE
(quiet relief)
Brian..

She moves past MORGAN then runs into BRIAN'S open arms as MORGAN
turns around.

BRIAN AND PAGE: MORGAN'S POV

As they comfort one another, oblivious to MORGAN.

BACK TO MORGAN:

He stands there for a moment, starts to walk away then freezes as FRANKIE appears.

FRANKIE:

Disheveled, bloody, terrified as she stands at the end of the corridor expecting the worst.

MORGAN:

Unable to move as he stares at FRANKIE with a dazed expression.

CORRIDOR:

Tense pause and then they move into each other's arms.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

FRANKIE bursts into tears as MORGAN tenderly wraps his arms around her bruised body and pulls her close.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MORGAN
I know.. Shh, it's alright. The
doctor said he'll be alright.

FRANKIE looks up at MORGAN with an expression of relieved disbelief as he smiles. Hold as he kisses her then FRANKIE buries her head in his neck as MORGAN lifts her into his arms.

CORRIDOR:

As MORGAN carries FRANKIE out of view.

FADE TO:

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM: A SHORT TIME LATER

ABBEY ROAD(Beatles) plays on the tape deck as FRANKIE sits on the bed dressed in one of MORGAN'S long sleeved shirts. Her face is cut and bruised but she seems more upset about the loss of her blue dress which sits in her lap. Brief pause then MORGAN bursts through the door with a washcloth and ice.

MORGAN
(mimicking W.C. Fields)
Never fear, Nurse Cohen here.

FRANKIE
(smiles)
Who's Nurse Cohen?

MORGAN
(lecherous smile)
Any good Jewish mother, my little blossom. Any good Jewish mother.

FRANKIE laughs as MORGAN sits down on the bed.

FRANKIE:

Playing with the hem on her dress as MORGAN goes to work on her face.

FRANKIE
(sad smile)
I guess it wasn't meant to be.

MORGAN
(tenderly)
Nevermind. We'll go to Woolworth's and pick out another one.

FRANKIE
Are you making fun?

MORGAN
Me? Perish the thought, Scarlett.

FRANKIE smiles then flinches as MORGAN starts to clean out the wound on top of her head.

FRANKIE
Ouch.

MORGAN
Sorry, it's a bad one.

FRANKIE
I know. I can feel it clear into next week.

MORGAN
You want me to turn the music off?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

(shaking her head)

No. My mother used to listen to this album. She said it made her feel clean.

MORGAN

(wiping her face)

You really miss her, don't you?

FRANKIE

(nods, biting back tears)

Sometimes it gets so bad I just want to take a razor and slice right through my skin because the pain is so big, you know?

MORGAN

Yep. I've felt like that all my life.

FRANKIE

(wiping her eyes)

All your life? God, how did you ever cope?

MORGAN slaps the ice on FRANKIE'S head and leaps from the bed beginning a silly, sexy striptease in an effort to make FRANKIE laugh and take away his pain.

MORGAN

I didn't.

(peeling off his jacket)

I just kept exploding. Wreaking havoc on everyone's lives until I'd become a thoroughly despised member of the upper classes.

He leaps on top of the packing boxes and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

FRANKIE

(laughing, delighted)

I thought things were supposed to be easy when you had money.

MORGAN

(dancing)

Only when you don't take it seriously.

FRANKIE

How do you do that?

MORGAN

(throwing off his shirt)

By letting it go.

(pulling off his belt)

The only way to hold onto anything of value is to let it go!

He whips off the belt and lets it fly as FRANKIE laughs hysterically.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
(playful challenge)
What about love?

MORGAN
(unzipping his pants)
Especially love because it can't peak
without total and absolute release!

He leaps out of his jeans and dirt slides across the floor to FRANKIE.

MORGAN AND FRANKIE:

FRANKIE laughs as she looks down at MORGAN with an expression of loving wonder.

FRANKIE
You are the most remarkable person
I've ever met.

MORGAN
(mimicking W.C. Fields)
Anything for a patient, my dear.
Anything for a patient.

FRANKIE
(sexy smile)
Anything?

MORGAN
(kissing her breasts)
Anything.

Their eyes meet and then FRANKIE pulls MORGAN on top of her and they begin to make slow, sensual love.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEDROOM: LATER SAME DAY

FRANKIE lays beside MORGAN on the bed, stroking his stomach with an expression of womanly satisfaction as he holds her close, keeping a protective hand on her perfect ass.

FRANKIE
What will you do when you graduate?

MORGAN
I don't know.. Move out.. Do a little
writing maybe.

FRANKIE
Will you go to college?

MORGAN
(dry)
If they'll have me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
They will.

They exchange loving smiles then FRANKIE snuggles into MORGAN as he strokes her hair.

MORGAN
What about you?

FRANKIE
Who knows? Things change so fast. One minute your sure of everything. The next minute your only sure of the moment.

MORGAN
Yeah..

FRANKIE
I guess that's all we have though. Moments. Pieces.. All strung together like a giant jigsaw puzzle that doesn't really come together until we die.

MORGAN
Does that scare you?

FRANKIE
No. Nothing scares me right now. For the first time in my life I feel totally safe.

She flashes a sweet/sad smile and snuggles into MORGAN as he wraps his arms around her and holds her close.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COSTA LIQUORS: THAT AFTERNOON

Two little GIRLS play hopscotch in front of the store as RED cruises up in his Camero.

INT. STORE:

As MR. COSTA stocks his shelves, half listening to a news report that's playing on the radio in the background.

NEWS REPORTER(V.O.)
The victim, David Hunter, is listed in critical but stable condition following the robbery..

The bell above the door RINGS announcing the arrival of RED, MICKEY and EDDIE. MR. COSTA turns around and smiles at RED, momentarily oblivious to his future son's dark, dangerous mood.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

MR. COSTA
(warm)
Red..
(to MICKEY and EDDIE)
Boys.

MICKEY and EDDIE nod as RED turns to MR. COSTA with an agitated smile.

RED
Hey, Mr. C. Frankie here?

MR. COSTA
No, I haven't seen her since last night.
I thought she was with you.

RED tenses as MR. COSTA spots the blood stains on his detention center t-shirt.

MR. COSTA
(suddenly concerned)
Red, is something wrong. Has something happened to Frankie?

MICKEY
(sarcastic aside)
Yeah, she ran off with another guy..

RED explodes and slams MICKEY into a shelf, knocking liquor bottles all over the floor.

RED
Shut up!

MR. COSTA starts to dial the phone with a terrified expression as RED turns on him like a rabid animal.

RED
What are you doing?

MR. COSTA
I'm calling the police.

RED
No your not.
(pulling out the gun)
Your not calling anybody.

He slams the butt of the gun into MR. COSTA'S face.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE: DUSK

The DOGS bark with furious enthusiasm as the sun begins to creep down over the horizon.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM:

As JIMMY attempts to sleep in his dumpy backporch bedroom. A beat then DONNIE PARKER comes in and kicks the bed. DONNIE is a strong, attractive twenty-two year old.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DONNIE

Hop to it, Sleeping Beauty. You've got company.

JIMMY struggles to wake up as DONNIE yells into the house.

DONNIE

Okay, he's up.

RONNIE dashes past DONNIE with a worried expression as he flashes a knowing smile.

DONNIE

Don't wear him out, Hardin. He's got to play tonight.

He exits laughing as RONNIE leaps on the bed and shakes JIMMY awake.

RONNIE

(terrified)

Jimmy, Red's gone crazy. He trashed the liquor store and tried to kill Mr. Hunter.

JIMMY

(jolting awake)

What?

RONNIE

(nodding)

Now he's looking for Morgan with the same gun he used to shoot his father.

JIMMY

(leaping out of bed)

Holy shit! Did you tell Morgan?

RONNIE

(hysterical)

I couldn't find him.

JIMMY dashes around his bedroom with a crazed expression as he searches for his jeans.

JIMMY

Okay, alright.. Don't get excited. Everything's under control.

(looking around)

Or at least it will be as soon as I find my jeans.

He searches through his clothes with a hysterical expression as the DOGS bark in the background.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - BACKLOT: NIGHT

Dark and oppressively quiet as MORGAN peddles FRANKIE towards the fire escape on JIMMY'S ancient bicycle.

FRANKIE AND MORGAN:

FRANKIE is dressed in an assortment of MORGAN'S clothing and giggles as he peddles her along, trying to steer clear of potholes and bumps.

MORGAN

(dry)

You want me to sing?

FRANKIE

No, just look where your going.

MORGAN laughs, swerves to miss a bump then skids to a stop underneath the fire escape.

MORGAN

Whoa, horsie..

Hold as he helps FRANKIE off and pulls her close.

FRANKIE

(tender uncertainty)

You want to come in and meet my father?

MORGAN

(smiles)

No, I better get back. I'll see you later.

FRANKIE

(loving)

Promise?

MORGAN

(loving)

Promise.

They kiss then FRANKIE pulls away as he hops back on the bike.

FRANKIE

(worried)

Be careful.

MORGAN

(exiting)

Always..

FRANKIE

(yelling after him)

And don't do anything stupid!

MORGAN

Never.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
It's that never I'm afraid of..

MORGAN laughs and peddles off into the dark as FRANKIE starts up the fire escape, oblivious to the fate of her father.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE: A SHORT TIME LATER

As BRIAN drives PAGE up to the house in his B.M.W. Hold as they get out of the car and start into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM:

The phone is RINGING off the hook as BRIAN helps an exhausted PAGE into the house.

BRIAN
I'll get it, Mom. You sit down.

PAGE collapses on the couch as BRIAN walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN:

As BRIAN picks up the phone.

BRIAN
Hello? Just a second..
(yells)
Morgan?
(pause, then)
He's not here. Who? Ronnie.. Excuse me? Ronnie or Jimmy. Okay, I'll tell him. Right, as soon as he comes in.

He hangs up the phone then turns to put the tea kettle on as the phone RINGS again.

BRIAN
(answering)
Yes..
(tensing)
Who is this? Hello? Hello..

He stares at the phone with a mixture of fear and anger as PAGE comes into the kitchen.

PAGE
(grabbing the kettle)
Who was it?

BRIAN
Some creep asking if all our doors and windows were locked.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Their eyes meet as MORGAN slams in through the front door and walks into his room.

MORGAN (O.S.)

(singing)

Be bop a lu la she's my baby..

BRIAN

(handing PAGE the phone)

Here, call the police.

(exiting, angry)

I want to talk to Morgan.

He stomps out of view as PAGE hurriedly dials the phone.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM:

MORGAN leans his bike against the wall then walks over to the dresser and picks up his high powered dart guns.

MORGAN

(singing)

Be bop a lu la she's my baby now..

He shoves the guns in his jacket then grabs a handful of deadly pointed darts as BRIAN storms in.

MORGAN

(glancing at him, .
concerned)

How's Dad?

BRIAN

Resting comfortably.

(slamming the door)

Now why don't you tell me what kind of trouble you're in before the police get here.

MORGAN

I'm not in any trouble, big brother.

(smiles, picking up
a boomerang)

At least nothing I can't handle.

BRIAN

(exploding)

Don't get smart with me, Morgan.

MORGAN

(exploding)

Or you'll what? Give me a lecture on the rules of the game? Well, I'm sorry Brian but the rules have changed now (grabbing his bike) so if you'll excuse me, I have something to take care of.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

He starts to move towards the door.

BRIAN
(threatening)
Morgan, if you leave this house, I
swear to God I'll have you picked up
within twenty-four hours.

MORGAN
Great, I can use all the help I can
get.

He pauses and turns to BRIAN with a sad smile.

MORGAN
Not that you would understand that.
Not that you've ever understood anything
about me. But then I guess our strengths
have always rested in different areas.
(yells)
Now get the fuck out of my way before I
do something I'll be sorry for.

BRIAN moves aside with a stunned expression as MORGAN exits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE: LATER SAME NIGHT

Loud rock MUSIC blares across the parking lot which is packed with cars
and crowded with KIDS who have gathered for the weekly concert.

INT. WAREHOUSE:

Electrifying tension fills the air as KIDS dance to the beat of JIMMY'S
band.

JIMMY:

Drumming like a madman as he stares out across the crowded room with
a worried expression. Two of DONNIE'S Dobermans sit on either side
of him like well trained soldiers waiting for the command to kill.

MICKEY AND EDDIE:

Standing off to the side of the stage as they patiently wait for the
arrival of MORGAN. MICKEY'S face is bruised as a result of RED'S
earlier attack and EDDIE is drinking heavily in an attempt to bolster
his courage.

JIMMY:

He slams his way around the drums ala Keith Moone then turns to RONNIE as she races up to the stage with a frantic expression.

JIMMY

(yells)

Anything?

RONNIE shrugs, shaking her head.

JIMMY

Shit.

He plays harder as the MUSIC builds along with the tension in the room.

DOORWAY: SAME TIME

As MORGAN comes in and pauses to look around. KIDS glance at him with a mixture of respect and terror then back out of his way as he begins to edge his way towards the stage.

MICKEY AND EDDIE:

Scanning the crowd as they share a drink. Brief pause then MICKEY spots MORGAN and points. EDDIE nods then dashes out of view as MICKEY takes a quick slug of whiskey in an effort to suppress his growing terror.

MORGAN:

Moving through the crowd with no expression as he struggles to make his way to the stage.

VARIOUS SHOTS: KIDS

As they spot MORGAN they stop dancing and move out of his way as though they are afraid of catching his disease.

MORGAN:

Tensing as he realizes how alone he really is.

WAREHOUSE:

Gradually grinding to a stop as KIDS spot MORGAN and back to either side of the room in anticipation of the coming attack.

MORGAN:

Edging through the last of the crowd as he moves towards the stage.

JIMMY:

Drumming as he spots MORGAN. He stands up with a relieved smile then freezes as he looks past his friend to the back of the room.

DOORWAY:

As RED races through like a rabid animal, surrounded by EDDIE and four other GANG members.

WAREHOUSE:

Terrified SHOUTS as RED dashes to the center of the room, pulls out the gun and screams.

RED
(crazed)
Hunter!

MORGAN:

Turning around to look as RED prepares to shoot him in the back.

JIMMY:

Shouting at the DOGS with a terrified expression.

JIMMY
Ouse!

The DOGS leap to their feet and dash from the stage, growling and snarling as they prepare to attack.

RED:

Just about to pull the trigger when the DOGS race towards him. He turns and fires.

DOG #1:

Falling down dead as the bullet hits it's target with terrifying accuracy.

MORGAN:

Starting after RED with a look of determined anger.

RED:

Trying to aim at MORGAN when DOG #2 leaps for his throat. He puts up his arm in an effort to protect himself and drops the gun as MORGAN dashes into view.

GANG MEMBERS:

Pulling out knives and chains as they prepare to go for MORGAN.

JIMMY:

Pushing over his drums in an effort to create a major distraction. Hold as the other BAND members glance at him, realize what he's doing then begin smashing their instruments with WHO like precision.

WAREHOUSE:

A riot begins to break out as KIDS respond to the BAND'S calculated destruction of their instruments.

RED:

Fighting for his life as a GANG member stabs DOG#2. Hold as RED tries to grab the gun but is thwarted by MORGAN who kicks it out of view and leaps on top of his enemy.

GANG MEMBERS:

Unable to get to MORGAN as they are overcome by the growing hysteria of the crowd.

JIMMY:

As he leaps from the stage and starts through the crowd to MORGAN.

MORGAN AND RED:

Fighting for their lives. MORGAN slugs RED, RED kicks MORGAN then reaches for the gun. MORGAN leaps forward, knocking the gun from RED'S hand then lurches back in pain as EDDIE comes up behind him and slashes into his jacket with a knife. Blood spurts from MORGAN'S shoulder as RED scrambles for the gun.

JIMMY:

Just about to reach MORGAN as he edges his way through a group of KIDS.

MORGAN:

Struggling to recover from EDDIE'S assault as RED flashes a murderous smile, picks up the gun and prepares to fire.

JIMMY:

Leaping for MORGAN in an attempt to jerk him out of the line of fire.

RED:

Squeezing the trigger when a KID accidentally bumps into him, throwing off his aim.

JIMMY:

Knocking MORGAN aside as the bullet hits him. He grimaces in pain and falls beside his friend.

WAREHOUSE:

Police SIRENS scream in the distance as KIDS riot and fight to get to the exits with growing hysteria.

RED:

About to shoot MORGAN in the head when EDDIE comes up to him and alerts him to the police. RED glances at EDDIE, turns back to MORGAN with a frustrated expression then leaps to his feet as EDDIE yells.

EDDIE
(terrified)
Later, Man.

RED kicks MORGAN then exits with EDDIE as the SIRENS get closer.

MORGAN:

Moving to help JIMMY who is breathing heavily. He takes off his jacket and covers his friend, oblivious to his own wound.

MORGAN
This is a hell of a way to break
tradition, Parker.

JIMMY manages a weak smile then falls unconscious as RONNIE races up to them.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RONNIE
(terrified)
Oh God.. Is he hurt bad?

MORGAN
(glancing at her)
I don't know but you better give me
your scarf so I can tie off his leg.

RONNIE hurriedly hands MORGAN her scarf then watches with a desperate expression as he goes to work on JIMMY.

MORGAN
(finishing)
Okay, Ron.. Keep him warm.
(standing up,
concerned)
And for god sakes don't leave him.

RONNIE
(starting to cry)
Where are you going?

MORGAN
(exiting)
To take care of Hauser.

He exits, blood streaming down the back of his shirt as RONNIE leans over JIMMY and cradles him in her arms.

RONNIE
(crying)
It's okay, Baby.. Ronnie's here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE:

Chaos as KIDS scramble for cover trying to avoid the half dozen police CARS that pull into the parking lot.

RED:

Standing in the shadows of the Warehouse with two GANG members as he shoots directions at EDDIE.

RED
(crazed)
Okay, find Mickey and the others and
tell them to meet us at the junkyard.

EDDIE nods then dashes out of view as RED and his goons disappear into the shadows. Hold and then the CAMERA TRAVELS up to the roof.

ROOF:

As MORGAN leans over the edge watching the activity below.

MORGAN:

Using his shirt to tie off his stab wound as he follows RED'S movements with a grim expression.

RED: MORGAN'S POV

As he disappears down a dark alley with his goons.

MORGAN:

He pulls the shirt tight with his teeth, reaches in his pants for a dart gun, loads, then leaps from the roof to the building behind him as he begins to track RED with all the agility and intelligence of a panther.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD: LATER SAME NIGHT

Dark, deserted, terrifying as it stretches through a particularly grim section of the city.

ALLEY:

As RED and his goons move through the shadows next to a rundown apartment building.

APARTMENT ROOF:

As MORGAN crawls along the edge keeping a close watch on RED'S actions.

RED: MORGAN'S POV

He looks around then darts across the street to another alley followed closely by his goons.

MORGAN:

Leaping to another roof as he tracks RED to the junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD: A SHORT TIME LATER

As it spans out to the Los Angeles river, bordered on three sides by terrible, tenement apartment buildings. The junkyard has been at the sight for ages and is piled high with old cars, furniture and mountains of trash. Brief pause then RED comes up to the fence with his goons.

RED:

Pausing to whistle before he scales the thorny barbed wire fence.

OTHER SIDE OF JUNKYARD: SAME TIME

As MICKEY, EDDIE and another GANG member prepare to enter from the opposite side. Hold as EDDIE hears the familiar signal and whistles back.

RED:

Smiling as he hears EDDIE'S response. He pauses to whistle twice, nods to the others then leaps the fence with ease. GOON #1 follows but GOON #2 hangs back, fighting to get his jacket loose from the wire.

TENEMENT ROOF: SAME TIME

As MORGAN watches GOON #2 with a grim expression.

GOON #2: MORGAN'S POV

Muttering obscenities under his breath as he fights with the wire.

MORGAN:

He puts the dart gun between his teeth, pulls the boomerang from the back of his pants and lets it fly.

GOON #2:

Just about to pull himself free when the boomerang whirls through the air, skims the top of his head with a deadly CRACK then speeds back to MORGAN. GOON #2 gangs, falls unconscious then collapses against the fence still pinned to the deadly wire by his jacket.

MORGAN:

Catching the boomerang as it comes back.

MORGAN

Bingo.

He puts it back in his pants and leaps out of view.

JUNKYARD:

As RED and GOON #1 begin to make their way through the maze of trash to the river. A beat then RED turns to GOON #1.

RED

You better go back. Dorkhead probably got his jacket caught again.

GOON #1 nods and exits as RED continues alone.

GOON #1: A MOMENT LATER

Oppressive silence fills the cold night air as he creeps back towards the fence. Hold as he passes a beat up Chevy then accidently steps on a discarded doll which SCREAMS out into the night.

TIGHT SHOT: GOON #1

Sucking in his breath with an expression of terror as he looks down at the doll. He starts to pick it up with a look of embarrassed relief when the car door opens with explosive force hitting him full in the face. Blood spurts out from his forehead as he collapses beside the car.

ANGLE: CAR

As MORGAN moves out from behind the door. He glances at his unconscious rival, starts to exit then turns back to tuck the doll in his arms.

MORGAN

(to GOON #1)

We wouldn't want you to get lonely,
would we?

He flashes a sardonic smile then leaps over the hood of the car and disappears into the dark.

OTHER SIDE OF JUNKYARD: SAME TIME

As MICKEY, EDDIE and the GANG member struggle along in the dark. Pause then EDDIE whistles in an attempt to locate RED.

RED:

Nearing the river when he hears the familiar signal. He pauses to whistle twice.

MORGAN:

Leaping from car to car when he hears RED'S whistle. He smiles then whistles twice.

MICKEY, EDDIE & GANG MEMBER:

Exchanging puzzled glances at the whistles come from opposite directions.

MICKEY

What the fuck is he doing?

EDDIE

He must want us to split up.

(pointing)

You guys go over there. I'll beat it to the river and find out what's going on.

They nod and exit as EDDIE continues alone.

JUNKYARD: A MOMENT LATER

As MICKEY and the GANG member edge along in the dark. Hold as they start past a super dumpster and then the CAMERA TRAVELS up to MORGAN.

MORGAN:

Watching MICKEY and the GANG member as he stands on top of the huge ten foot high dumpster.

MICKEY & GANG MEMBER:

Creeping through piles of trash when MORGAN leaps down off the dumpster, spring boards off an abandoned couch and kicks the GANG member full in the face. He goes down as MICKEY whirls around to face MORGAN.

MICKEY:

Snapping open his switchblade as he lunges at MORGAN.

MORGAN:

Firing his dart guns with lightning quick speed as he whips them from his belt.

MICKEY:

Screaming in pain as the darts fly into his hands, causing him to drop the knife.

JUNKYARD:

As MORGAN slugs MICKEY, knocking him onto the couch. Hold as the GANG member recovers and starts to come at MORGAN. MORGAN whirls around, grabbing a discarded pipe and smashes the GANG member in the ribs. MICKEY tries to get up as MORGAN whirls around again and knocks him back onto the couch, accidentally hitting the dumpster with a terrific BANG.

OTHER SIDE OF JUNKYARD: SAME TIME

As EDDIE hears the echo of the commotion and turns around.

EDDIE
What the fuck?

He doubles back to find out what happened to MICKEY and the GANG member.

BACK TO MORGAN:

Tying his struggling rivals to the couch as they mutter obscenities through their pain.

MORGAN
(feigning shock)
Honestly, girls.. Such filth!

He shakes his head then stuffs huge fistfuls of trash in their mouths.

MORGAN
There, that's better. Give you a
taste of your own medicine.

He smiles then starts to turn around when EDDIE appears and lunges at him with his knife. MORGAN kicks him and EDDIE falls back, dropping the knife into a pile of trash. Hold as MORGAN slugs him again then EDDIE gets up and the fight begins in earnest.

EDDIE AND MORGAN:

Fighting their way through mountains of garbage. EDDIE slugs MORGAN and knocks him to the ground, causing the dart guns to fall from his belt. MORGAN kicks him in the face, knocking EDDIE to the ground. Hold as EDDIE gets up, punches MORGAN and knocks him into a pile of trash. They roll through the garbage together then MORGAN gets the better of EDDIE, climbs on top of him and begins slugging him with merciless vengeance.

MORGAN
(punching him)
This is for my father.. This is for
Jimmy..
(smashing him)
And this is to remind you that pain
kills.

EDDIE falls unconscious. MORGAN lifts him into the pile of trash, stands up then stumbles out of view, wiping the blood from the cut on his mouth.

EXT. RIVER: A MOMENT LATER

Lonely, desolate, filthy as RED paces back and forth in the mud waiting for the others to appear.

RED:

Nervous, aggitated, on fire as he plays with the barrel of his gun. Hold then WE HEAR the nonchalant voice of MORGAN as he sings out into the night.

MORGAN(O.S.)

Be bop a lu la she's my baby..

RED turns around with a terrified expression and tries to spot for the voice which seems to come from everywhere and nowhere.

MORGAN(O.S.)

(getting closer)

Be bop a lu la I don't mean maybe.

RED points the gun, blindly fires three times then waits. Brief pause then MORGAN'S voice blares out again.

MORGAN(O.S.)

Be bop a lu la she's my baby

He swings from a rope attached to a nearby crain and kicks RED full in the face as he yells,

MORGAN

now!

RED falls back in the mud, dropping the gun as MORGAN falls from the rope and leaps on top of him.

NEW ANGLE: RED

Struggling to get up as MORGAN punches him again, then again, slugging him towards the river. Hold then RED lurches up and moves into MORGAN like a rabid animal, simultaneously pulling his switchblade from his jacket pocket.

MORGAN AND RED:

As MORGAN pulls JIMMY'S knife from his pants pocket and flicks it open. Hold as RED lunges at him and MORGAN leaps back.

MORGAN

(playfully)

Come on, Hauser.. You can do better than that.

RED growls and slices into him, barely missing his stomach.

MORGAN

Whoa, close.. Score one for the gipper.

RED lurches forward again but MORGAN is quicker and slices into his arm.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
(dry, acknowledging his
own stab wound)
Good, now we're even, Hauser.
(leaping back as RED
lunges at him)
Which I'm sure pleases the hell out
of you since you always love a fair
fight.

RED growls and slices at MORGAN again as the one armed fight continues.

VARIOUS SHOTS: KNIFE FIGHT

As RED goes crazy, slicing at MORGAN again and again. MORGAN continues to dance back, avoiding the knife as RED mutters strangulated obscenities.

FINAL SHOT: MORGAN

As RED lunges at him. MORGAN laughs and slices into his good arm, throwing RED off balance. RED grimaces in pain as MORGAN kicks the knife out of his hand then slugs him in the mouth, knocking him into the river.

RIVER:

RED struggles to get up as MORGAN throws his knife aside and leaps on top of him. Hold as they fight, moving through the filthy water like two crazed animals.

MORGAN AND RED:

MORGAN is just about to get the better of RED when he grabs a bottle and smashes MORGAN across the face. MORGAN reels back, screaming out in pain as blood gushes from his eye. Hold as RED hits him again, knocking him out of the water on to the muddy bank.

MORGAN:

Bleeding profusely as RED leans over him with a murderous smile and puts the broken bottle to his throat.

RED
I'm going to cut real slowly, Hunter
just to make sure it takes you a long
time to die.

He starts to edge the bottle into MORGAN'S throat when someone steps up behind him and puts the gun to his head. Hold as RED freezes and then WE HEAR FRANKIE'S voice.

FRANKIE
Do you feel lucky, Red?

EXT. RIVER:

As RED looks up at FRANKIE with a terrified smile.

RED

Frankie..

FRANKIE

(shaking with anger)

How many bullets are left, Red?
Enough for my father? Morgan?
How many?

RED

(sweet)

Come on, Baby. I didn't mean anything
by it. I just got a little crazy.

FRANKIE

(cocking the gun)

And I'm a little crazy now. So start
watching your life pass before your
eyes, Hauser.

She pulls the trigger and the gun CLICKS.

RED

(starting to cry)

Frankie..

She pulls it again and the loud CLICK echoes into the night.

RED

(terrified)

God damn it, Frankie.. Stop!
I love you!

FRANKIE

(crying)

You don't love anybody, Red. You
don't even know the meaning of the
word.

She pulls the trigger as RED screams.

RED

Frankie!

It CLICKS again then MORGAN groans loudly. FRANKIE glances at him and RED uses the distraction to lash out at her, slapping the gun from her hand. He hits her again and she falls to the ground as he grabs the gun and stands up.

RED:

Pointing the gun at FRANKIE as he screams in an insane voice.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RED
(hatefully, crying)
God damn slut! Fucking bitch! Don't
ever tell me who I love!

He prepares to shoot FRANKIE when the loud sound of police SIRENS fills the terrifying silence with their shrill cry.

EXT. RIVER:

As four police CARS roar onto the scene.

RED:

Preparing to fire at the police as he looks into the glare of the headlights.

EXT. RIVER:

As a POLICEMAN leaps from his car and fires, knocking RED into the river with the impact of the bullet.

RED:

Grimacing in pain as he holds his leg. He tries to reach out for his gun but the POLICEMAN is faster, kicking it out of view as he leans over RED with his huge pistol. RED stares into the barrel of the gun then falls back in the mud.

FRANKIE:

Crying as she leans over MORGAN. MORGAN tries to get up but FRANKIE stops him, gently cradling him in her arms.

FRANKIE
Shh, it's over. It's finally over..

She bursts into fresh tears and buries her head in his neck. Hold then the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show RED being lifted into a police car as the other GANG members are rounded up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL: THE NEXT MORNING

Crowded with cars and ambulances as the busy city hospital prepares for another day.

INT. DAVID'S HOSPITAL ROOM: SAME TIME

As a bruised and bandaged MORGAN sits beside his father on the bed. FRANKIE sits in a chair near MORGAN, holding his hand as he talks to DAVID.

DAVID
And how's Jimmy?

MORGAN
Okay. They said he's be out by Friday.

DAVID
Good.

DAVID smiles, glances at FRANKIE then extends his arm to her. FRANKIE gives MORGAN a shy glance then falls into DAVID'S arms as the three exchange a loving hug. Brief pause then MORGAN stands up.

MORGAN
(emotional)
Guess we better go..

FRANKIE
But we'll be back.

DAVID
(emotional)
I'm counting on it.

MORGAN glances at his father then exits with FRANKIE as PAGE and BRIAN come into the room. Tense pause as they exchange glances then MORGAN exits with FRANKIE as PAGE looks after him with a guilty, uncertain expression that reveals how little she has changed.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAWSON HIGH: ONE WEEK LATER

Deserted except for a handful of cars belonging to the few students who will take the S.A.T. test.

INT. CORRIDOR: SAME TIME

As MORGAN wheels JIMMY to the library. MORGAN'S eye is heavily bandaged and JIMMY'S leg is still in a cast.

JIMMY
You sure they'll let me be your eyes?

MORGAN
Yeah just don't muscle in and try and write with your feet.

JIMMY laughs as they come up to the library door which is labeled with a huge sign reading: S.A.T. TESTS. Hold as they start through the door and then FRANKIE runs up with a handful of pencils.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

(embarrassed)

I know I can't read but what the hell..
You've got to start somewhere.

MORGAN laughs and puts his arm around her. The three exit into the library as MRS. BLAKE closes the door and reverses the sign which now reads: "S.A.T. tests in progress."

DISSOLVE

THE END