

WHERE THE DAY TAKES YOU

BY

MICHAEL HITCHCOCK

REWRITE BY

KURT VOSS

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VIDEO IMAGE)

1

The VIDEO CAMERA is trained on a table and chair before a white wall. Off frame, the sound of MUFFLED TALKING; then a YOUNG MAN in a worn leather coat and a "Gorky's Cafe" t-shirt shuffles into view and takes a seat. His lion-mane of hair is covered by a faded blue bandanna, his trademark. He stares hard into the camera, utterly unintimidated by it. He is questioned by a VOICE from off-screen.

VOICE

(off)

What's your name?

KING

King.

VOICE

(off)

"King?" How'd you get that name?

KING

(smiles)

None of your fuckin' business.

VOICE

(off)

Okay. Well...How old are you?

KING

Twenty. No--twenty-one? Not exactly sure.

He produces a quarter and begins to idly roll it back and forth across his knuckles.

KING

Good question, though....

VOICE

(off)

I've got lots of them. We'll start with some general ones. Like-- how do you get by on the street?

KING

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

VOICE

(off)

How do you support yourself?

KING

(smirks)

Oh, you know: rape. Murder. The usual stuff.

VOICE

(off)

Seriously now.

KING

Hey, I wouldn't shit you guys. I wouldn't want to fuck up the statistics of your little study here.

VOICE

(off)

I'd hope not. But you DO have to be straight with us.

KING

Oh, sure.

VOICE

(off; slightly agitated)

You Do realize that your participation is one of the terms of your parole.

KING

Yeah. And I also realize you guys are paying me ten bucks a pop for these sessions.

VOICE

(off)

That's correct.

KING

Hey, you're not gonna give me a check, are you? 'Cause I can't cash no check.

2 INT. OASIS MEETING HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a CHRISTIAN HEAVY METAL SINGER. He takes the microphone in his hand and barks out:

LEAD SINGER
To Hell with the Devil!

--to TEPID APPLAUSE.

WIDER

The singer belongs to a HEAVY METAL BAND, a four-piece in standard-issue spandex. Obvious hair extensions crown their heads.

LEAD SINGER
I thank the Lord that you're all
here tonight.

As the singer begins to proselytize, the camera combs the audience of STREET KIDS and comes to focus on GREG, a skinny, 16-year-old speed freak in a "Metallica" t-shirt who fits right in with this crowd. Beside him is LITTLE J, a girlish-looking 14-year-old who compensates with a pint-sized tough-guy routine. Sucking petulantly on a cigarette, Little J acts like he's been dragged to the opera.

LEAD SINGER
I pray that you find what the Lord
wants for you--because He has a
purpose for each and every one of
us. Remember: God does not create
trash!

With that, the band launches into a Christian anthem. Some of the crowd--especially those near the front--are really into it. And as the guitarist steps forward and launches into a solo, several in the audience--Greg included--join in on air guitar.

ANGLE ON STAGE

Just as the guitarist is reaching the apogee of his solo, WHUMP!--a large paper bag drops onto stage and bursts open, showering the band in flour. The music grinds to a halt amid MUCH LAUGHTER. The singer, looking like Caspar the Friendly Ghost, barks indignantly into his microphone.

LEAD SINGER
WHO THREW THAT?!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

AT THE BACK OF THE HALL

The LIGHTING MAN swings the spotlight around, scanning the hall and coming to rest on a small balcony above the stage, where stands a young man in a faded blue bandanna-- King. As the beam of light pins him down, the crowd slowly falls silent.

CLOSE ON GREG AND LITTLE J

as they react to the appearance of King. They seem surprised.

ANGLE

The Christian singer steps to the edge of the stage, and, barely controlling his rage, speaks up at King through the microphone.

LEAD SINGER

Why did you do that, brother?

King stares back down at him, a wild look in his eye. The hall is so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

KING

(theatrically)

I don't know--what--POSSESSED ME!

Much LAUGHTER from the crowd.

LEAD SINGER

THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

King looks down from his loft to see THREE BEEFY SECURITY DUDES pushing through the crowd.

KING

Uh-oh.

The security dudes start up the stairs, closing in on him. King looks around for an escape route. There isn't one. Here come the security apes. King climbs onto the ledge and grits his teeth. The crowd below cheers him on.

KING

(to himself)

Jesus, don't fail me now.

With that, he executes a spectacular swan dive into the crowd, and lands in a sea of upheld hands.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

CLOSE ON LITTLE J

He's mightily impressed.

ANGLE ON KING

He tries to escape through the throng, but he's so dazed by his free fall that he's easy prey for the security goons, who collar him and drag him off amid much confusion.

3 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND OASIS - NIGHT

3

The back door swings open and King appears in a huddle of security goons. They start to punch him out--that is, until a little voice comes piping up.

LITTLE J

Let him go, you oversized
meat-grinders.

The guards turn to see Little J pointing a zip gun at them. King sighs.

KING

Little J--

LITTLE J

YOU HEARD ME.

KING

Man, put that away--

LITTLE J

(still brandishing gun)
NOW.

The men release King and back toward the door. One of them juts a finger at Little J.

GOON

If I ever catch you around here
again--

LITTLE J

Eh, fuck you....

KING

Let's go.

But Little J continues to hold his zip gun on the goon.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

KING
I SAID let's go, man.

Little J slowly lowers the homemade pistol, then runs off after his comrades.

4 INT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

4

Little J hustles to catch up with King and Greg.

LITTLE J
Yo, wait up.

King turns back to him.

KING
What the hell do you think you were doing back there?

LITTLE J
Saving your skin.

KING
Listen: you don't EVER pull a gun on someone. It's stupid.

LITTLE J
It wasn't loaded.

KING
That's even stupider.
(holds out hand)
Let's have it.

Little J grudgingly hands over the gun. King examines it.

KING
Where'd you get this piece of shit?

LITTLE J
Found it in the trash.

KING
Figures.

King looks up at the darkened building before him. Then he winds his arm back and pitches the zip gun up onto the roof.

LITTLE J
MAN, WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

KING

Your own good. C'mon.

LITTLE J

No, fuck you. That wasn't cool.
Shit, I'm outta here.

Little J turns and shuffles off down the alley.

GREG

I think you pissed him off.

King smiles sagely at Greg, then calls out.

KING

Hey, Little J.

LITTLE J

(turns)

WHAT.

KING

You still want me to give you that
tat?

LITTLE J

(sulking)

What do you think? I've been
waiting two months for the fuckin'
thing.

KING

Well, then: c'mon.

Little J deliberates, then rejoins his pals as they move
down the alley.

GREG

When did you get out?

KING

This morning.

5 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

5

Tight on the spinning wheels of a wheelchair. A wider angle
reveals that a Mexican dude named MANNY is rolling full-bore
down the Boulevard in his wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MANNY

They're coming into the stretch,
and now Manny goes for the whip and
makes his bid on the outside--

6 INT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

6

Little J skulks around by the back counter. The cashier eyes him suspiciously. But when a CUSTOMER captures the cashier's attention, Little J picks up a spool of thread and slips it in his pocket.

7 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

7

A kid named CRASHER is running as fast as he can down the sidewalk; his long (but thinning) hair flutters over his shoulders. He looks over to see Manny's wheelchair come rolling up to him.

CRASHER

SHIT!

MANNY

They're in deep stretch, and Manny
is rolling like an express train!

Crasher tries to kick into overdrive, but with a laugh Manny blasts on by.

8 INT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

8

Little J pockets a bottle of India ink.

9 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

9

At the "finish line," Manny raises his hands in victory, then clamps them on his wheels and brakes to a stop. Crasher, panting heavily, comes stumbling up after him.

MANNY

I romped, sucker.

Crasher, short of breath, bends over and holds his knees.

CRASHER

How am I supposed to beat a guy who
thinks he's a horse.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

Manny WHINNIES, then reaches in his pocket--

MANNY
(to himself)
There's gonna be a little something
extra in your feed bag tonight--

--takes out a joint and strikes it up. He inhales, holds it; he exhales and says, easily:

MANNY
I out-panhandled you today, too.

CRASHER
Well--it's the wheelchair.

MANNY
Damn straight. There's a lot of
advantages to being crippled.

CRASHER
No shit, you lucky bastard.

CLOSE ON CRASHER,
still doubled over, still trying to catch his breath.

MANNY
(off)
I don't believe it.

Crasher lifts his head a bit to see a figure looming before him. He stands to find it's King. His eyes light up.

CRASHER
No shit!

KING
How's it going, Crasher?

King laughs as Crasher gives him a big bear hug.

KING
Yo, Manny.

MANNY
My man's back in the saddle.

King and Manny shake. Manny offers King the joint.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

KING
 (takes it)
 Don't mind if I do.

King hits the joint.

MANNY
 So--how was County? Suck a lot of
 good cocks?

KING
 (laughs)
 Oh, sure.

10 INT. TOMY'S BURGERS - NIGHT

10

CLOSE on a needle wrapped with thread as it is dipped in a bottle of India ink. The string quickly soaks up the black pigment. The needle moves to bare flesh, hesitates, then punctures the skin.

WIDER

Little J winces as King again pokes the needle into his arm and removes it, leaving a dot of ink and blood.

They sit in a booth, surrounded by Greg, Crasher and Manny; King frowns and pushes the hamburger wrappers to one side of the table, giving himself more space to work. He again pushes the needle under Little J's skin.

KING
 You okay?

Little J nods; he looks a little green. Rather than watching his own arm, he looks at King's, which is covered with several homemade and professional tattoos, including one on his bicep of an evil-looking cobra with "KING" written above it.

GREG
 You gonna crash with us at the hole
 tonight, King?

King keeps his gaze trained on Little J's arm.

KING
 I was hoping to see Devon. You
 seen her?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

GREG
No, man, I haven't.

KING
(pointedly)
What do you mean?

GREG
(uneasily)
I mean I ain't seen her.

King keeps his eyes on his "canvas."

KING
I asked you guys to watch out for
my girlfriend. So--what? Was that
asking too much or something?

A long, uneasy silence. Greg looks to Crasher for help;
Crasher looks to Manny. Manny stares awkwardly at the
floor, then at King. King finally looks up.

MANNY
(softly)
Listen, King....The last we saw
your filly was about two weeks ago.
Looks like she's in Tommy Ray's
stable now.

KING
You saw Devon with Tommy Ray?

MANNY
Yeah.

Crasher lowers his eyes.

KING
With that fuckin' pimp?!

LITTLE J
(nods)
It's true, King.

King stares long and hard at Greg.

KING
Just out of curiosity--were you
gonna tell me?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

GREG

Yeah....

KING

Yeah? When?

GREG

(softly)

Later.

A long beat as everyone looks a little sheepish. Then King takes Crasher's arm and gently pulls him from the booth.

11 INT. TOMY'S REST ROOM - NIGHT

11

Crasher leans against the sink with his arms folded. King stands looking at him for several beats.

KING

I get locked up for sixty days and everything goes to shit. You know I took a zip gun off of Little J tonight? You know the SHIT he could get in with that? And Greg there looks like he ain't done nothing but snort speed for the last week. And fuck knows where my girlfriend is. Turning tricks, I guess.

CRASHER

Manny's doin' all right....

KING

Manny's the only one of you playing with a full deck. And he's nuts!

Long beat. Crasher's only response is to sniff his armpits and wrinkle his nose in distaste. Then he strips off his shirt and begins to wash his pits in the sink.

KING

I ASKED you to look out for everyone.

CRASHER

I know, but--

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

KING

(hard)
But what?

CRASHER

You were wrong to ask me to do it.
I'm the wrong guy. Nobody listens
to me, 'cause nobody respects me.
They only respect YOU. But YOU
fucked up and got locked up, and
THAT screwed everyone up. And that
ain't my fault.

The simple truth of Crasher's words register a direct hit on King, who says nothing else. Crasher proceeds to dry his armpits under the automatic hand drier.

12 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

12

Tommy Ray, a muscular sleazeball of a pimp, steps out of a shadowy doorway.

KING

(off)
Tommy.

Tommy Ray looks up to see King, flanked by Greg, Crasher and Little J, standing before him.

TOMMY RAY

Well, if it ain't "King," and his
merry band of faggots.

LITTLE J

Fuck you.

Tommy Ray steps over to Little J and looks him up and down.

TOMMY RAY

Yeah....I could make some cash with
you. You got a tight little ass.

KING

(evenly)
I'm looking for Devon.

TOMMY RAY

Is that so? Well, I ain't seen the
little whore.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

KING

That's not what I hear.

Tommy Ray looks him hard in the eye. But, unlike Little J, King doesn't avert his eyes.

TOMMY RAY

Yeah, she was working for me. But I ain't seen her in a week. She got her face cut up real bad by some freak. Ambulance came and took her little ass away. That's the last I seen of her.

CRASHER

You're a piece of shit, Tommy.

Out of nowhere, Tommy Ray produces a stiletto, snaps it open and brandishes it at Crasher.

TOMMY RAY

Watch your tone with me, faggot.

King steps in to defend Crasher, and Tommy Ray turns the knife on him.

TOMMY RAY

You want some too, tough guy? You wanna get sliced like your little girlie?

He waves the blade in King's face, but King doesn't even flinch. He just stares back hatefully. Tommy Ray smiles.

GREG

C'mon, King. Let's go.

CRASHER

Yeah. C'mon.

Giving Tommy one last look, King turns and leads the guys off. Tommy, pocketing the blade, chuckles.

TOMMY RAY

(calls out)

Hey, now, you remember to bring Little J back to me as soon as his pubic hair comes in.

Little J, receding from sight, gives Tommy Ray the finger. Tommy laughs derisively.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

TOMMY RAY

Shit....

13 EXT. "THE BRIDGE" - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

13

King, Crasher, Greg and Little J shuffle along the intersection where Hollywood Boulevard crosses the 101 freeway.

LITTLE J

I bet you're sorry you threw my motherfuckin' gun away, huh?

KING

No, I'm even more glad. 'Cause I coulda easily shot that fucker.

They climb over a cement divider, then head down a hill that takes them beneath the overpass.

14 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

14

About 10 STREET KIDS hang out underneath the overpass. Various discarded mattresses are lined up against the graffiti-covered overpass support. Another supporting wall several feet away hides most of the area from the freeway below. Broken glass litters the ground; discarded blankets and pieces of clothing are scattered here and there.

CLOSER

"Mellow" Zeppelin plays on a ghetto blaster; King, Crasher and Little J are stretched out on mattresses, sharing a joint.

KING

(passes joint, sighs,
rubs his eyes)

Man, what a drag. My first night out and I'm sleeping alone.

BRENDA, a chunky, semi-sexy 16-year-old in a tight t-shirt and spandex pants, pipes up from her sleeping bag.

BRENDA

I'll sleep with ya', King.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

KING

(laughs easily)

Well, I appreciate it, Brenda. But
you're not my type.

BRENDA

Why not?

Little J, passing the joint to Crasher, giggles.

LITTLE J

Too fat.

BRENDA

Shut up, fool.

LITTLE J

I ain't no fool, bitch.

BRENDA

Yeah you are.

KING

Little J, don't wind her up or
she'll run all night.

LITTLE J

I know.

BRENDA

You know SHIT, dick-for-brains.

LITTLE J

It's "you know DICK, shit-for-
brains," you dumb bitch.

CRASHER

(hitting joint)

Either way it's true.

Little J can't help but chuckle along with everyone else.
Then King looks off thoughtfully into the darkness.

15 EXT. HILL - NIGHT

15

Greg sits overlooking the freeway, a needle in his hand and
a belt around his bicep. He stares at the blur of
headlights for a bit; then, with great precision, he breaks
down his rig, wraps it up and stashes it behind a rock.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

KING

(off)

You're SHOOTING that shit now, huh?

Greg looks up to see King standing above him.

GREG

(shrugs)

More buzz for the dollar.

KING

It's stupid, man.

GREG

I got it under control.

KING

Man, what are you talking about?
That shit fucks you up. It'll kill
you.

GREG

I SAID it's COOL.

No, it's not-- but King doesn't press the issue. A long,
uneasy silence; then Greg breaks it.

GREG

So listen, I didn't get to ask you:
what was it like in jail?King just regards his fucked-up buddy. Then he laughs
sadly.

KING

Man, it was way fucked!

Greg laughs too. Gradually they both fall silent, then
stare down at the freeway, watching the cars thunder by like
the bulls of Pamplona.

16 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

16

Little J, sleeve rolled up to proudly display his
half-finished tattoo, comes hustling out of a novelty shop
and steps up to where King, Crasher and Greg wait.

KING

Get 'em?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Little J grins, then pulls out a pair of handcuffs and dangles them before King's eyes.

KING

Great.

17 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

17

Establishing. A bus pulls into the busy depot.

18 INT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - DAY

18

The place is pretty crowded. We come to focus on Tommy Ray, who is all togged out and sucking coolly on a cigarette as he eyes the crowd.

TOMMY RAY'S P.O.V.

Among the PASSENGERS disembarking from the bus is a cute GIRL of about fourteen. She carries a backpack, and looks quite disoriented by the surroundings.

TOMMY RAY

drops his smoke to the floor and grinds it under his heel. He begins to cross the room, insinuating his way toward the little girl. But just as he gets close to her--

TOMMY RAY'S P.O.V.

The girl's GRANDPARENTS step up and shower her with hugs and kisses.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

He's disappointed. But, smooth as ever, he breezes past them and finds a new vantage point from which to watch the crowd.

WIDE

Tommy continues to scope out the disembarking passengers. And his eyes come to fall on HEATHER, 17, a slim and delicately pretty girl in jeans and a large wool sweater. She clutches a small duffel bag, and looks nervously around the depot.

CLOSE ON HEATHER

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

She is just standing there, plotting her next move, when Tommy Ray steps up with an unlit cigarette between his lips.

TOMMY RAY
Got a light?

HEATHER
(on guard)
If you've got a cigarette.

Tommy Ray smiles.

ACROSS THE DEPOT

CLOSE on a pair of hands as they lay a t-shirt out on the floor. Then another pair of hands place three cans of soda in the middle of the t-shirt.

ANGLE: TOMMY RAY AND HEATHER

Tommy Ray fishes two cigarettes from his pack.

HEATHER
(striking a match)
They don't let you smoke on the bus. I thought I'd go crazy.

TOMMY RAY
(as she lights him)
Long ride?

HEATHER
Yeah.

ACROSS THE DEPOT

The pair of hands now wrap the t-shirt around the cans and knot the end of the shirt.

WIDE ANGLE

Tommy Ray is escorting Heather out of the bus station when, from out of nowhere, a barechested King steps up, and, using his weighted t-shirt like a sap, bongs Tommy Ray over the head. Heather gasps. Tommy Ray topples over like a cartoon character.

KING
DO IT!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

Now the others step up. Little J quickly snaps one handcuff on Tommy Ray, then clamps the other to a bolted-down chair.

TOMMY RAY
(dizzily)
You little fucks....

King uncaps a black sharpie, leans over and scrawls the word "PIMP" across Tommy Ray's forehead. Greg and Little J roar with laughter. Then King looks over to see a SECURITY GUARD moving toward them.

KING
Let's go!

Heather looks on as Little J kicks Tommy Ray in the ass--

LITTLE J
(to Heather)
RUN!

--and then joins his pals in bolting from the depot, all of them whooping like Banshees.

19 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

19

The guys come out the doors and proceed to fall all over each other in hysterics. King pulls his shirt on and the gang start down the sidewalk, but turn back at the sound of a voice.

HEATHER
(off)
Wait!

She stands there angrily clutching her duffel bag. They all just stare at her.

HEATHER
What'd you do THAT for? He was gonna buy me something to eat.

LITTLE J
Yeah, he had something for you to eat, all right. Like five hundred dicks!

This is news to Heather. But, flustered as she becomes, she tries to play it like she's hip to these things.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

HEATHER

Well--I KNEW that! So what? I still could've hustled him for a meal!

King chuckles, impressed with Heather's pluck.

KING

C'mon, I'll buy you something to eat.

She stands there deliberating.

KING

BUT LET'S GO!

She wavers a moment, then joins them.

20 INT. TOMY'S BURGERS - DAY

20

King and Heather sit in a booth. King watches Heather dust a burger and fries; he's amazed at how fast she's wolfing it down.

KING

How long since you ate?

HEATHER

Yesterday.

KING

What's your name?

HEATHER

Heather.

KING

I'm King.

HEATHER

Well--glad to meet you, Your Highness.

She holds out a hand to shake formally. King takes it. They laugh a bit awkwardly. Beat. Heather resumes eating.

KING

So where you from?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

HEATHER

Chicago.

KING

Trip out. So am I.

BRENDA

(off)

What a fuckin' liar. You're from
Phoenix.

King looks up as Brenda and Little J slide into the booth.

KING

(sheepishly)

Well, I been there.

Uneasy silence. Brenda proceeds to give Heather the once-over, instinctively pegging her as competition. King produces a quarter and rolls it back and forth across his knuckles. Little J studies this trick with interest. Then King speaks to Heather.

KING

So....You're not out here to be a
star, are you?

HEATHER

(laughs)

No.

KING

That's good.

BRENDA

What's wrong with that? I'M gonna
be one.

KING

Right.

BRENDA

I AM.

LITTLE J

Yeah--me toc.

Goofing, Little J strikes a grotesque macho pose.

LITTLE J

"The Eliminator."

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

KING

There's a movie I'd pay to see.
 (to Heather)
 Want another burger there?

HEATHER

Sure.

King stands.

LITTLE J

I'll take one too, buddy.

KING

(laughs)
 Oh, sure.

He crosses to the counter. Heather is made a bit uncomfortable by Brenda's steady gaze.

BRENDA

He likes you.

HEATHER

(smirks)
 Oh yeah?

BRENDA

Definitely.

HEATHER

What makes you so sure?

BRENDA

I can tell by the way he's acting.
 He's trying to be all cool.

Heather looks over her shoulder.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

King orders at the counter, then drops a couple of coins in the tip jar.

AT THE TABLE

Little J takes Heather's last french fry.

LITTLE J

The bitch is right. Besides,
 you're a dead ringer for Devon.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

HEATHER
Who's that?

BRENDA
His ex-old lady.

HEATHER
Yeah? What happened to her?

Little J shares a conspiratorial look with Brenda.

LITTLE J
(off-handedly)
He killed her.

Heather realizes that Little J's trying to bullshit her; she decides to humor him and play along. She widens her eyes and plays it very innocent.

HEATHER
Really?

LITTLE J
Straight up. But don't tell him I told you.

HEATHER
Oh, I won't.

BRENDA
He's very touchy about it.

LITTLE J
Yeah. You never know what might make him kill again.

Now King returns and serves Heather another burger.

KING
Here you go.

HEATHER
Thanks.

She winks soberly at Little J. He nods back, then winks at Brenda, tickled by the the thought that he's succeeded in freaking Heather out.

21 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

21

King, Heather, Greg, Crasher, Little J and Brenda stand in the darkness on the edge of an overpass. Off, the SOUND of an APPROACHING TRAIN.

HEATHER
You're crazy!

LITTLE J
If we weren't, we'd be crazy!

Heather stares down to the railroad tracks far below. The train is almost upon them.

HEATHER
But what if you miss?!

GREG
(wired)
Then you die, baby!

KING
You ain't gonna miss.

CRASHER
Here it comes!

The train thunders beneath them. Little J pinches his nostrils as if he were leaping into a pool.

LITTLE J
Jump, you crazy fuckers!

Laughing and shouting, Little J, Brenda, Greg and Crasher jump onto the roof of a passing boxcar. Crasher stumbles and nearly drops his ghetto blaster, but quickly rights himself.

ON THE OVERPASS

Heather hesitates.

KING
Go on. I'll wait for you.

She shakes her head.

KING
You can do it!

HEATHER
I can't.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

KING

Then don't worry about it. But if we're gonna go, we gotta go now!

Heather's eyes grow very wide as she looks at him. She takes a deep breath, holds it; she offers him her hand and he takes it. They jump together--landing safely on a boxcar roof, two down from the others. Everyone CHEERS. King stands and strikes a funny, cocky pose, one which reads "total victory!" The CLACKETY-CLACK of the rails is deafening.

CLOSER

Heather, getting her bearings, slowly sits up. Her hair snakes around in the wind. King leans in to her.

KING

What do you think?

HEATHER

It's great!

King laughs, then points up ahead.

KING'S P.O.V.

Little J and Brenda are dancing in the moonlight to the music from the ghetto blaster.

ANGLE: HEATHER & KING

Heather laughs, watches a moment. Then she looks to King.

HEATHER

What do we do now?

KING

Enjoy the ride.

Heather shuts her eyes. King watches her.

KING

What are you doing?

HEATHER

Feeling the wind. It feels good.

She opens her eyes, pulls at her tangled hair and laughs.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

HEATHER

But I'll never be able to brush my
hair again.

King kneels down beside her and then takes off his bandanna.

KING

Here.

He ties it around her forehead; and although it began as a spontaneous gesture, certain latent implications strike both Heather and King as he finishes knotting it. They look into each other's eyes. They say nothing. They don't have to.

ANGLE

The spell is broken as Crasher, on a far boxcar, motions to them and cups his hands to his mouth.

CRASHER

Time to jump!

KING

(takes Heather's hand)

C'mon.

One by one, the kids leap from the train and roll down the embankment.

22 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

22

The group kick back in the moonlight. Crasher strikes up a joint and passes it around. Everyone seems completely at peace; everything, at this moment, is perfect in the world. Heather is enchanted.

HEATHER

You guys got a cool way of doing
things.

LITTLE J

We got STYLE, baby.

KING

(sucking on joint)
You shouldn't get the idea we just
fuck around. 'Cause we got a
bigger agenda than that.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

HEATHER
What's an agenda?

GREG
(wired)
PLANS, woman. BIG plans.

HEATHER
Like what?

KING
Well, we're sort of like an army
right? And we just keep getting
bigger. When we get big enough,
we're gonna-- take over the city.

LITTLE J
Fuck that-- we're gonna take over
the whole country!

GREG
(with feeling)
Yeah.

BRENDA
And then the whole world!

LITTLE J
The motherfuckin' universe!

HEATHER
And then what're you gonna do?

Little J grabs Brenda.

LITTLE J
What else? Fuck all the chicks!

All the guys laugh. Brenda pushes Little J off of her.

BRENDA
Get your hand off my tit, you runt.

LITTLE J
Is that what that mushy thing was?

BRENDA
You wish!

Heather watches as King settles back and looks up at all the
stars. He looks over and catches her staring at him. They
share a smile.

23 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 23
The Boulevard is hoppin' tonight.

24 EXT. "THE BRIDGE" - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT 24
King jumps off the cement divider and lands on the hill that leads down to "the hole." He turns and offers a hand up to Heather, who is still standing on the 101 overpass.

KING
C'mon, I'll show you the crib.

25 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 25
Manny, popping wheelies in his chair, hangs out on the corner. He looks up at a PASSERBY.

MANNY
That four-horse is a powerful looking animal. Spare some change so I can get a bet down?

Apparently not. Now Crasher, who is also spare-changing, steps up to a passing WOMAN.

CRASHER
Spare some change for my crippled old father here, lady?

The woman digs in her purse and hands Crasher a buck.

CRASHER
God bless you.

WOMAN
You too.

As she walks away, Crasher breaks into laughter.

MANNY
Your "father." Fuck you.

Crasher laughs even harder.

26 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 26

Quiet. Still. A figure in the distance, leaning against a Buick. It's Greg, and he's holding a sack. He whispers into the car.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GREG
You got it?

27 INT. BUICK - NIGHT

27

Little J is on the front seat of the car, trying to unfasten the stereo with a pair of pliers.

LITTLE J
(softly)
It's a real bitch.

Little J loses his balance; he places a hand on the floor to steady himself. Then his eyes grow very wide.

CLOSE ON LITTLE J'S HAND

It's brushing against something which is tucked under the driver's seat. He pulls at it.

CLOSE ON LITTLE J

as he hefts the object and examines it. It's a .38 revolver, and it's a beaut.

GREG
(off)
Hurry the fuck up.

LITTLE J
Okay, okay--

He quickly tucks the gun in his belt and covers it with his jacket. Then, with a new burst of inspiration, he quickly frees the stereo from the dash and rips out the wires.

GREG
(off; a nervous whisper)
Got it yet?

LITTLE J
Yeah, chickenshit. I got it.

28 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

28

CLOSE on the graffiti-covered walls of "the hole," which are illuminated by the light of a candle. For the first time, we notice among the paintings the name "King" with a big cobra wrapped around it.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

HEATHER

(off)

You do this?

KING

(off)

A couple years ago, yeah.

REVERSE

King stands holding a candle as Heather regards the walls.

HEATHER

Jesus, how long you lived here?

KING

Awhile....

Heather begins to shuffle around, taking in all the "wonders" of "the hole." King sits down on his mattress and watches her.

KING

How old are you?

HEATHER

I'll be eighteen next month. Why?

KING

No reason.

He notes that Heather is pacing more out of nervousness than out of interest in the surroundings.

KING

Hey, why don't you come sit over here.

HEATHER

(smiles)

Why?

KING

(smiles back)

"No reason."

Heather crosses and sits down next to King on the mattress.

KING

You seem a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

HEATHER

Maybe I got a reason to be.

(smirks)

I mean, Little J tells me you
killed your girlfriend.

Long beat as King's mood darkens considerably.

HEATHER

(haltingly)

I mean-- he WAS joking, right?

KING

(curtly)

Yeah.

He gets up and walks to the edge of "the hole." He stares silently at the cars crawling the freeway below. Heather watches him, sees that she's somehow hurt him. She slowly moves up behind him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

HEATHER

Touchy subject?

KING

Sort of.

HEATHER

I'm sorry.

KING

It's cool.

29 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

29

Greg and Little J move along the street, going from car to car. Greg checks the doors on the driver's side, while Little J cases the passenger's side. All the doors are coming up locked. Then Little J glances up a driveway.

LITTLE J

(whispers)

Look.

Parked in the driveway is a BMW.

LITTLE J

A fuckin' Beemer.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

GREG

Forget it. They all got alarms.

Little J creeps up to check the doors. All locked. He peers into the car to see a stack of compact discs on the seat. He licks his chops greedily.

LITTLE J

BMW. "Break More Windows."

As Greg continues down the street, Little J hefts the sack of car stereos and slams it against one of the BMW's windows. A CAR ALARM SCREAMS as the GLASS BREAKS. A light in the house comes on.

GREG

(looking back)

Fuck!

Little J drops the sack, runs through the side yard and disappears into the back. Greg sprints down the street as a MIDDLE-AGED MAN appears on the porch.

30 EXT. A BACK YARD - NIGHT

30

Little J runs through the yard and vaults over a fence.

31 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

31

Greg curses under his breath as he sprints out of frame.

32 EXT. "THE BRIDGE" - NIGHT

32

Greg walks angrily down the hill.

33 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

33

Greg turns the corner and marches into "the hole." Then he stops in his tracks at the sight of King and Heather, who sit sharing a cigarette. As they look up at him, Greg begins to kick the shit out of the wall.

KING

(laughs)

Problem?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

GREG

Yeah. One named Little J.

At just that moment, Little J turns the corner. Greg jumps out and grabs him.

LITTLE J

WHOA!

Greg starts to beat the shit out of him. King jumps to his feet.

KING

What'd he do?

GREG

He almost got us busted--

He keeps wailing on Little J. He also notes that Little J is empty-handed.

GREG

--and he fucking dropped the
stereos we already got!

Greg shoves Little J down and starts to kick him.

KING

C'mon, man. Stop it!

King tries to break it up, but Greg is relentless. So King grabs him and throws him to the ground.

GREG

(panting)

FUCK YOU, MAN.

KING

You're twice his size, man.

Still on the ground, Little J pushes his new .38 back down into his belt. No one notices. Greg angrily gets up, walks over to his mattress, lifts it up and pulls out a small plastic bag of clothing.

KING

Come on, man. Be cool.

Greg turns and marches off.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

KING

Where you going?

GREG

What do you care?

KING

I'm your FRIEND.

GREG

Any friend of that little faggot is
no friend of mine.

Greg gives Little J a parting kick in the ass, then storms off.

KING

Greg....

Little J staggers to his feet; he wipes the tears and blood and snot from his face. And he watches Greg go.

LITTLE J

Fuckin' speed freak.

KING

YOU shut up.

34 EXT. HILL - NIGHT

34

Greg ties off his arm, punches the spike into his arm and shoots up. Then he breaks down his rig, puts it in his bag of clothing and heads up the hill.

35 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

35

Little J is stretched out on his mattress. He looks petulantly at Heather, then to King.

LITTLE J

What, is SHE gonna stay here now?

KING

Man, I TOLD YOU to SHUT UP.

Little J turns away and stares at the wall, brooding.

ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

King sits on his mattress, staring off pensively. He shakes his head: shit happens. He gradually becomes aware that Heather is looking at him. He silently tosses her a blanket. She looks at him quizzically.

KING

Get some sleep. Tomorrow I'll train you.

Heather wraps herself up in the blanket. King lies back and rubs his hand over his eyes, deeply frustrated.

36 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VIDEO IMAGE)

36

King is once again being interviewed; he seems a bit agitated as he launches into a monologue.

KING

I've never had to whore myself, okay? You just try to--keep everything simple. You can earn what you need just spare-changing. You don't need to rip nobody off. And you DON'T have to sell your ass.

37 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

37

Even at this early hour, the PARADE of FREAKS just keeps on coming on the Boulevard. King works the crowd as Heather, standing nearby, watches.

KING

(to a BUSINESSMAN)

Sir, can you spare some change?

Guess not. King tries a TOURIST.

KING

Can you spare some change so my friend and I can eat?

TOURIST

Get a job.

KING

Hey, what do you call THIS?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Heather giggles. As King continues panhandling, all source sounds drop out and King's monologue continues.

KING

(voice-over)

I've never gone hungry. And never been hurt. Got busted and ripped off a couple of times, but it was no big deal. Been sick a couple of times, but that's gonna happen no matter where you're at. Just keep everything simple.

As a young BLACK WOMAN exits McDonald's and King approaches her, the source sound resumes.

KING

Spare some change so my sister and I can eat?

The woman roots some coins from her purse.

KING

Thanks a lot.

38 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

38

King and Heather sit on a bench, sharing a danish and a large coke.

HEATHER

My mother would DIE if she knew I was begging in the streets. My mother says you gotta contribute to society.

He takes the coke from her.

KING

Your mother talks a lot of shit.

He takes a big gulp of the soda, then lowers the cup to see two police officers, LANDERS and BLACK, standing before him.

LANDERS

Hello, King.

King smirks sarcastically at them.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KING

Good afternoon, officers.

BLACK

Cut the shit, asshole. Were you at the bus station yesterday?

King makes a great display of scratching his chin as he ponders the question.

KING

No, as a matter of fact, I wasn't.

Heather shrinks under the hard gaze of officer Black, who would like to knock that smirk off King's face. But instead he says:

BLACK

You're on parole, aren't you?

KING

Yes sir, I am. And obeying all the TERMS of my parole, I might add.

BLACK

Let's hope so.

Black and Landers move off. King shakes his head; he drains the coke.

KING

C'mon, let's punch back in.

39 EXT. TED'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

39

A small ranch house with a steel security door and steel bars on the windows. VIKKI, a coked-out, once-pretty girl of 17, opens the door to find Greg outside.

GREG

Hey.

VIKKI

(turns; whines)

Ted....

40 INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

40

A leather couch, a couple of cheap chairs, an expensive entertainment unit. A bong and an overflowing ash tray on a mirrored coffee table. A weight bench covered with beer cans and old pizza boxes. As Greg enters:

TED

(off)
Who is it?

VIKKI

(whines)
It's Greg.

Vikki retrieves her crack pipe and vanishes up the hall as TED enters. About 27, he wears only jeans, showing off a tan, muscular chest. He proffers a hand to Greg.

TED

Greg, how's it going, man?

GREG

All right.

TED

Cool. Step into the office.

Greg follows Ted down the hallway.

41 INT. TED'S BATHROOM - DAY

41

Greg sits on the edge of the tub. Ted leans under the sink and removes a loose tile. He reaches into the wall and pulls out his cache of dope, as well as its attendant paraphernalia.

TED

What do you need, more Meth?

Greg nods.

TED

You know, man, that shit will drive you crazy after a while.

Ted unwraps a pre-loaded spike.

TED

You sure you don't want to try a speedball?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

GREG

Naw. Not now.

TED

Suit yourself.

With that, Ted injects himself in the foot. As he jacks the plunger, an orgasmic smile spreads across his face. When he's past the rush, he digs up a bag of speed and holds it out to Greg.

TED

Here you go.

But as Greg reaches out to take it, Ted pulls it away.

TED

You got the money you owe me?

GREG

Not yet.

Ted puts the bag of speed back in the wall.

TED

Come back when you do.

GREG

Listen: you think you could front me some? Just a little.

TED

(smiles)

No can do.

42 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

42

Little J struts along the sidewalk. He stops and looks over at KIMMY, a washed-out 15-year-old, who stands at a pay phone, dialing. Little J steps up to her.

LITTLE J

Hey, Kimmy.

KIMMY

Hi.

LITTLE J

Where you staying?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

KIMMY
Highland Motel. With Rob.

LITTLE J
Can I use your shower?

Kimmy holds up a finger for Little J to be quiet.

KIMMY
(into phone)
Hi, is Dave there?

LITTLE J
C'mon, lemme use it. I'm starting
to smell like Greg.

She puts her palm over the receiver.

KIMMY
OKAY. But SHUT UP.
(into phone)
Hi, Dave? It's Kimmy. You wanna
have a date tonight?

43 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

43

King and Heather step off the escalator.

HEATHER
(giggles)
What are we doing?

KING
You'll see.

King leads Heather into the furniture department, where he
selects a comfortable chair. He picks it up.

KING
Get yourself one.

Heather chooses a chair, then drags it behind her as King
leads her into the appliance department. He places the
chair down and sits on it. He looks at Heather.

HEATHER
I don't get it.

King motions to the bank of televisions before them, all
fifty of which are showing the same sitcom.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

KING
We're watching some tv.

HEATHER
They let you?!

KING
(shrugs)
I do it all the time.

Heather pulls her chair up next to King; they stare at the sets. After a moment, Heather gets up, crosses over and flips the station on one of the sets. She returns to her seat.

KING
What are you doing?

HEATHER
I don't like that show.

KING
Oh, why didn't you say so?

He stands and begins flipping tv's to her channel. She joins in, but keeps selecting new programs. King struggles to keep up with her. Heather regards a program.

HEATHER
Boring--

She again flips the channel, then smiles at King, turning the whole thing into a flirtatious game. King runs around, attempting to adjust all the sets to satisfy Heather's whim.

ANGLE

King notes a video camera which is set up for demonstration. As he peers into the lens, his image appears on a nearby tv monitor. King spins the camera around on Heather, then flips a switch on the monitor; Heather's image appears on the screen of every tv in sight.

KING
How's this grab you?

HEATHER
Much better.
(mock-impressed)
Who IS that girl?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 2

43

WIDE ANGLE OF APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT

Everywhere you look it's Heather. A furious SALESMAN comes storming toward King.

SALESMAN

What in the HELL are you doing?!

KING

Oops! Time to go!

He grabs Heather's hand and they sprint off.

ANGLE

Heather and King topple onto the escalator. Laughing together, they descend from sight.

44 INT. THE BURTIS' HOUSE - DAY

44

A Spanish-style house, pleasant and solidly middle class. MRS. BURTIS, 41, attractive but cold, is talking on the kitchen phone.

MRS. BURTIS

(into phone)

It's two thousand square feet.
Yes, hardwood floors, and the yard
is just beautiful.

Mrs. Burtis gradually becomes aware of the sound of SPEED METAL MUSIC; it seems to be filtering down from upstairs.

MRS. BURTIS

(frowns; into phone)

Catalaine, can I call you back?
Thanks.

She hangs up, looks at the ceiling, frowns again.

MOVING SHOT

Mrs. Burtis exits the kitchen, moves through the hall and mounts the stairs. As she climbs to the landing, the MUSIC gets LOUDER. She moves to the first door on the right, takes a deep breath and opens it.

45 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

45

The walls are covered with rock posters; music blares from the stereo. And standing at the dresser, rifling through a drawer, is Greg. He barely acknowledges his stepmother as she crosses and turns the stereo down.

MRS. BURTIS

You've been gone, what, six weeks this time?

Greg continues to dig through the drawer.

MRS. BURTIS

May I ask how long you're planning to stay?

Greg says nothing. A long, uneasy moment. Mrs. Burtis turns on her heel.

MRS. BURTIS

I'm calling your father.

46 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

46

Little J steps out of the shower and dries himself with his t-shirt. Off, a TELEVISION plays.

OTHER ROOM OF MOTEL

Kimmy is on the bed next to ROB, her 22-year-old boyfriend. Except for his crooked teeth and a tattoo of a cross on his arm, he is the almost-perfect fantasy boy: short hair, high-top Nikes and a tank top stretched over his muscular chest. He and Kimmy share a beer as they watch tv.

ANGLE

Little J, fully dressed but hair still soaking, steps out of the bathroom. Rob looks up at him.

LITTLE J

Thanks.

ROB

You look like a drowned fuckin' rat.

Kimmy giggles. Little J shuffles about, then looks at Rob.

LITTLE J

Hey, Rob, how old are you?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

ROB
What's it to you?

LITTLE J
Just askin'.

ROB
Twenty-two. But I can pass for
seventeen. WHY.

LITTLE J
I need to buy some bullets. But
they won't sell 'em to me.

ROB
(lazily)
What do you need 'em for?

Little J reaches under his jacket and produces the .38.

ROB
(sits up)
Let me see that.

Little J holds the gun up, proudly displaying it. Rob
crawls across the bed and reaches to take the gun, but
Little J pulls it away.

LITTLE J
See with your eyes, not with your
hands.

ROB
Asshole.

LITTLE J
Will you buy them for me? I got
the money.

ROB
Maybe. If you do something for ME.

LITTLE J
Like what?

ROB
I got this trick later, but I don't
want to see him. He freaks me out.
Maybe you can go in my place.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 2

46

LITTLE J

No way.

ROB

He's a cool old guy. Not a freak or nothing. He won't even touch you. And you don't need to touch him.

LITTLE J

Oh, man....

ROB

I'll even give you half the money.

LITTLE J

Forget it.

ROB

Okay. But it'd sure be a shame if you didn't get ammo for that gun. It's pretty fresh.

47 INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - DAY

47

Greg kneels before the closet, amassing a small pile of wristwatches, coins--anything of any possible value. He reacts to a KNOCK at the door.

MR. BURTIS

(off)

Greg, open the door.

Greg stashes the valuables, then crosses and unlocks the door to find his father, MR. BURTIS, standing before him.

MR. BURTIS

We need to talk to you downstairs.

GREG

Why?

MR. BURTIS

Just come downstairs.

48 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

48

Greg reluctantly allows himself to be led toward the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MR. BURTIS

We know about the jewelry.

GREG

What jewelry?

MR. BURTIS

Nancy's jewelry. I know you took it.

GREG

I didn't take no jewelry.

Greg starts down the stairs, then suddenly stops when he spies TWO COPS at the bottom. Greg spins around to escape, but Mr. Burtis grabs ahold of him.

OLDER COP

Greg, you're under arrest for grand theft.

Greg tries to break free, but is easily overpowered. Mrs. Burtis watches stone-faced from the foot of the stairs as the younger cop kicks Greg's feet apart and searches him.

GREG

(to his father)

Please-- don't do this to me!

The cops start to cuff him. Greg struggles.

OLDER COP

This'll be a lot easier if you just give us your hands.

Greg tries to jerk his hands free.

GREG

(to his father)

You fucker! FUCKER!

The cop forces Greg's hands behind his back, quickly cuffing him.

49 INT. CONDO - DAY

49

The decor is bland, functional. CHARLES, a man of fifty in jeans, Reeboks and a sweater, sits rigidly on a chair.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CHARLES

You're quite young, aren't you?

REVERSE

Seated opposite, on the couch, is Little J, who shrugs, then looks around the room, his gaze falling on a personal computer. Charles motions to it.

CHARLES

I sell those. If you ever need one, let me know.

LITTLE J

Yeah, right.

CHARLES

Well...Can I get you something? A coke? Some juice?

LITTLE J

(staring at coffee table)
Maybe an ash tray.

CHARLES

Oh, no, I don't let ANYONE smoke in here. Sorry.

LITTLE J

It's okay.

A long, squirmy beat, during which Charles stares intently at Little J. Little J produces a coin and tries to reproduce King's trick of rolling it across his knuckles, but fails miserably. Finally he looks up and meets Charles' gaze.

LITTLE J

I gotta get back soon. Why don't we take care of business?

CHARLES

(smiles)
"Business?"

LITTLE J

Yeah. You know, jerk off or whatever.

A rather creepy smile spreads across Charles' face. And when he finally speaks, it's almost in a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

May I ask you a question?

LITTLE J

(tentative)

I guess.

CHARLES

When was the first time you had sex?

LITTLE J

When I was twelve.

CHARLES

Who was it with?

LITTLE J

This chick at school.

Silence.

CHARLES

(quietly; nervously)

When was the first time you had sex with a man?

LITTLE J

(uncomfortable)

I dunno. When I was ten or eleven, I guess.

CHARLES

So you had sex with a guy before you had it with a girl.

LITTLE J

I guess, yeah.

CHARLES

Who was it with?

LITTLE J

My uncle.

This response seems to throw Charles out of his fantasy.

CHARLES

Oh. Well....Did you like it?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 3

49

LITTLE J

Look, man, do you want to talk or what?

A long beat as Charles stares at Little J. Then he says, softly:

CHARLES

What would you say if I just wanted to touch your face? Could I do that?

Little J frowns, a little frightened.

CHARLES

Do you mind?

LITTLE J

(a little croak)

I don't care, man. Whatever.

Little J laughs nervously as Charles crosses over and sits down beside him, but stops as Charles slowly reaches out. After a moment of hesitation, Charles begins to tenderly caress Little J's face. Little J shuts his eyes.

50 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

50

King and Heather sit on their bus stop bench, taking a much-needed respite from panhandling. King motions to a YOUNG TOURIST COUPLE across the street, both of them wearing "Universal Studios Tour" t-shirts.

KING

Look at them fools. Where do you think they're from?

HEATHER

Iowa.

KING

(laughs)

Yeah. And they're on their honeymoon. Can't wait to see all the movie stars. They should be on this side of the street: they're missing out on "the Brady Bunch."

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

King points to A FAMILY OF SIX moving up the sidewalk. As they start to pass, King produces a quarter and holds it out.

KING

Sir, did you drop this?

Not waiting for the man to answer, he makes it disappear.

"MR. BRADY"

Very nice.

(to his brood)

Come on.

KING

Can you spare some change?

"MR. BRADY"

No.

KING

You can afford it, dude. Shit, you got a maid.

HEATHER

Really. Where IS Alice, anyway?

KING

Probably gettin' the meat from Sam The Butcher.

The family, not getting it, quickly pass. Heather giggles.

51 INT. TEEN RUNAWAY SHELTER - DINING ROOM - DAY

51

About 30 KIDS are eating an early dinner as King leads Heather inside.

KING

This is a good place to know about. You can always get a meal here-- and sometimes even a bed, when they're not too crowded.

King picks up a tray and hands it to Heather.

KING

Here, get yourself some chow. I'll be back in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

HEATHER

Where you going?

KING

I got an appointment.

She looks nervously around the room, then back at King. He laughs.

KING

I'll be back--I promise!

Heather nods and King moves off. Heather gets in the soup line.

52 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VIDEO IMAGE)

52

King is once again before the camera.

KING

Anyway....Sorry I'm late.

VOICE

(off)

It's okay.

KING

So--what's the topic today?

VOICE

(off)

What would YOU like to talk about?

KING

(laughs)

What, you run out of questions already? Well, shit, I don't know. Have I shown you this one?

King rolls a quarter across his knuckles.

VOICE

(off; laughs)

We got that already.

KING

Sorry. Uh--I know, I'll show you my tattoos.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

VOICE

(off)

That's a nice one there.

King pulls up his sleeve, showing off his cobra.

KING

You like that? My dad did that one.

VOICE

(off)

Really!

KING

Yeah. When I was fourteen.

VOICE

(off)

It's beautiful.

KING

(thoughtfully)

Yeah....He did a nice job.

VOICE

(off)

You stay in touch with him?

King shakes his head.

VOICE

(off)

What happened?

KING

I don't know. He-- I don't know, he's probably dead or something. His thing wasn't just tattoos-- he had a taste for ALL KINDS of needles.

(smiles sadly)

Know what I mean?

53 INT. RUNAWAY SHELTER DINING ROOM - DAY

53

Heather sits at a table, picking at her food and watching the PARADE OF STREET URCHINS who enter the shelter in search of a meal.

54 EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

54

CLOSE ON a .38 revolver, and the little-boy hands which load it with shiny new shells.

ANGLE

Little J hefts the gun and squints through the sight at a bottle thirty feet away. BANG! The bottle breaks into pieces, shards flying everywhere.

CLOSE ON LITTLE J

He is still squinting through the sight as he says, under his breath, to the bottle:

LITTLE J

Faggot.

55 INT. REHAB CENTER OFFICE - DAY

55

Greg sits before the desk of a burly counselor named ROCKY.

ROCKY

What are your drugs of choice?

GREG

Crystal. Pot sometimes. Coke, when I can get it.

ROCKY

When did you start using?

GREG

When I was ten or eleven.

Rocky stares silently at Greg, sizing him up.

ROCKY

You're a lucky kid, Greg. Do you know that?

Greg nods.

ROCKY

I don't think you do. You're lucky to have a shot at rehab instead of going to lockup. But to tell you the truth, I'm a little hesitant to take you because we're an open placement and you like to run.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ROCKY (cont'd)

How do I know you're not gonna run
from us?

Greg realizes that his response will be crucial. He looks
Rocky squarely in the eye.

GREG

Because I want to do something
about my problem.

Rocky studies Greg's face for a long time. Greg doesn't
even blink. Then Rocky sighs.

ROCKY

I hope you mean that.

56 EXT. ALLEY - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

56

Manny is sitting behind a dumpster, indulging in a bit of
juicing. He drains his bottle of wine and lobs it in the
dumpster, then smacks his lips and begins to wheel toward
the mouth of the alley. Suddenly, a figure appears before
him. Manny stops and looks up.

TOMMY RAY

Hello, cripple.

MANNY

(a bit drunk)
Hello, scumbag.

TOMMY RAY

I'm looking for "King."

MANNY

He's on the twelve-horse. The jock
in the pink silks....

Manny tries to wheel past, but Tommy Ray raises his palm and
back-hands Manny across the face.

MANNY

Shit!

Tommy Ray slaps Manny again and again; then he reaches down,
grabs hold of the chair and tips it over, spilling Manny out
onto the cement. Manny tries to drag himself off, but Tommy
Ray places his boot on Manny's hand.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

TOMMY RAY

I asked you a question. Didn't you hear me?

MANNY

(panting)

Yeah....

TOMMY RAY

Yes SIR.

MANNY

Fuck you and the horse you rode in on.

Tommy begins to grind his heel on Manny's hand. Manny screams out.

MANNY

YES SIR.

TOMMY RAY

That's better. Now: where do I find King?

But Manny, refusing to break, says nothing, and Tommy Ray gradually relents. Tommy turns to leave; then he spins around and delivers one last kick to Manny's stomach. As Manny curls up in pain, Tommy strides off.

57 EXT. "THE BRIDGE" - NIGHT

57

A hard rain falls. The wind howls. The Gods are angry tonight.

58 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

58

The unwanted are huddled together on their mattresses, relatively safe from the elements.

CLOSER

Heather and King are curled up together, each with their own blanket. All very platonic.

ANGLE

A FIGURE moves through the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CLOSE ON HEATHER

She stirs a bit; she opens her eyes. And she sees a MAN leaning over a mattress, pulling a KID up by the collar. The man releases the kid and moves to the next mattress. Heather rubs her eyes, squints at the man. Something familiar. The man shakes a TEEN awake.

"MAN"

(softly)
Where's King?

TEEN

(sleepily)
Down there, man.

Heather squints at the man again. Then, in one vertiginous flash, his face leaps into focus:

TOMMY RAY--and he's coming closer! Heather shakes King violently.

HEATHER

(panicking)
King! King!

Tommy Ray reacts to King's name. He begins to move stealthily forward.

HEATHER

King!

KING

What, what--

--But Tommy Ray is already upon them. He reaches out and lifts King to his feet, then begins to beat the holy shit out of him. Heather SCREAMS, waking the others. Crasher is the first to throw off his blankets and come to King's aid--

CRASHER

Hey--

But Tommy Ray dispatches Crasher with a single punch to the face, then resumes beating King unmercifully.

HEATHER

STOP IT!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 2

58

Little J watches from a distance in despair--he's way too small to be of any help; and besides, Tommy Ray's coming on like he's dusted or something.

HEATHER
STOP IT! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

But her pleas do no good. Tommy Ray holds King up with one hand; he continues to beat him with the other.

LITTLE J
Leave him alone!

Tommy Ray, his eyes on fire, turns to see Little J.

TOMMY RAY
YOU'RE NEXT!

Tommy reaches in his pocket and brings up his blade, preparing to finish King off.

ANGLE

Little J, seeing the knife, totally freaks. He reaches in his belt, pulls out the revolver and raises it up. Gritting his teeth and squinting his eyes, he takes dead aim on Tommy Ray.

CRASHER
(raising a hand)
LITTLE J--NO--

SLOW MOTION

Little J shuts his eyes and pulls the trigger; a tongue of flame leaps from the gun barrel. Heather SCREAMS. A bullet strikes Tommy Ray in the lower back and spins him around. King topples back. Little J fires again. And again. Tommy Ray does a pirouette and falls to the ground like a crumpled doll.

ANGLE

Several of the kids scamper off. Crasher and Heather stare in horror at Tommy Ray's lifeless body.

Little J, wide-eyed and in a state of shock, struggles to tuck the revolver back in his belt, but his hand seems unable to follow his mind's orders.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 3

58

CRASHER

Jesus.

Heather drops down on her knees beside King, who is barely conscious. She gingerly touches his face. Crasher turns his attention to Little J. They both just stare at each other.

CRASHER

Little J....MAN....

As if suddenly struck by his deed, Little J turns and sprints off.

CRASHER

LITTLE J!

But Heather is more interested in the barely-conscious King.

FADE TO BLACK.

HEATHER

(over black)

C'mon. We've got to move him.

59 INT. REHAB CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

59

The corridor is darkened.

60 INT. REHAB CENTER - GREG'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

Greg is in his bunk, eyes open; he listens intently as FOOTSTEPS echo down the corridor, then fade away. Greg throws back the bedsheets to reveal that he's fully clothed. He sits up and looks at the bunk opposite; then, satisfied that his ROOMMATE is asleep, he gets up.

61 INT. REHAB CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

61

Greg cautiously peers out the door. He sees a NIGHT STAFFER pass at the end of the hall. Greg slips from his room and heads the other way. He comes to a door; he turns the handle. Locked. Shit! A window brings one last chance. Greg tries it: no dice. Greg looks back in distress toward the door of his room. No fuckin' way he's going back in there! He picks up a trash can and smashes it through the window.

62 EXT. STREET - SAN FERNANDO - NIGHT

62

Greg stands in the rain with his thumb held out. A car slows and pulls up to the curb. After a quick exchange, Greg climbs in and the car moves off into the night.

63 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

63

The beams of two flashlights fall on the motionless body of Tommy Ray.

REVERSE ANGLE

Officers Landers and Black stand holding the flashlights. They exchange a look. Then Black swings his light toward the wall; its beam comes to rest on the painting of the cobra wrapped around the name "King."

64 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

64

It's about five a.m. and the rain has finally stopped. The camera moves around a dumpster to reveal King and Heather huddled in an empty doorway. King doesn't look too good. Heather adjusts the raggedy blanket on his shoulders.

HEATHER

How you doing?

KING

Okay.

Sore all over, he starts to struggle to his feet.

KING

Maybe I should check what's keeping Crasher.

She places a restraining hand on his shoulder.

HEATHER

I'LL do it.

(stands)

You just kick back.

65 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

65

Heather walks briskly along the slick pavement. Then she stops dead in her tracks.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Crasher stands outside McDonalds, where he's being roused by officers Landers and Black.

HEATHER

Looks on with mounting concern.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

Crasher's body language, the way he's gesticulating, suggests that he's taking no shit from the cops. He's so resistant to their questioning, in fact, that officer Black gets pissed off and knocks the cups of coffee from Crasher's hands. Crasher erupts and takes a swing at the cop, and the two peace officers are all over him, getting him in a choke hold, forcing him up against the wall, kicking his legs apart. They quickly frisk and cuff him.

HEATHER

slowly turns and begins to walk up the Boulevard. And then to run.

66 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

66

King looks up as Heather, winded, steps before him.

KING

What is it?

HEATHER

I think we better get out of here.

67 INT. RTD BUS - DAY

67

Dawn is breaking as Heather and King board. Heather drops some coins in the box, then helps King limp down the aisle toward the back. The doors close with a SWOOSH, and the bus pulls from the curb. Other PASSENGERS stare at Heather and King as they move to the rear.

68 INT. TOMY'S BURGERS - DAY

68

Kimmy and a GIRLFRIEND are having a breakfast of cigarettes and coffee as Little J, looking like he slept in a trench, steps up before them.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

LITTLE J
 (to Kimmy)
 You got room at the motel?

KIMMY
 You got money, honey?

LITTLE J
 (wipes his nose)
 I'll get some.

She deliberates, then tosses the motel key on the table.

KIMMY
 Put it under the mat if you go out.

Little J picks up the key.

69 INT. RTD BUS - DAY

69

Heather and King rattle along in back. Heather gently brushes the matted hair from King's face. King stares pensively into space; then he softly speaks.

KING
 Listen. You know the runaway shelter? Well, they've got this thing--this program--where they contact kid's parents and arrange it to get them back home.

HEATHER
 So?--

KING
 They can get you back to Chicago.
 (long beat)
 I think you should go.

HEATHER
 I don't want to.
 (a longer beat)
 Do YOU want me to?

KING
 It might be a good idea.

She stares long and hard at him.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

KING
 (with resolve)
 Yes: I want you to.

Heather silently rises and walks to the front of the bus. She takes a seat next to an OLD LADY, then folds her arms angrily. King watches her for several seconds; he sighs. Then he limps up front. He has to lean over the old lady to speak to Heather.

KING
 You don't seem to realize that
 we're in a LOT of trouble.

HEATHER
 (pissed)
 I DO realize it.

KING
 Then why are you acting like a
 jerk?

HEATHER
 Because you're an asshole, that's
 why.

The old lady's head snaps back and forth between them as if she were watching a tennis match.

KING
 I'm not TRYING to be an asshole!
 I--all I ever wanted was to--live
 how I wanted. You know? But I
 guess that's asking too much.
 'Cause this world is FUCKED UP.
 Everyone in it is miserable, and
 they ain't happy unless you're
 miserable, too.

He sees the old lady staring at him. He bugs his eyes out at her.

KING
 WOMAN, WILL YOU KINDLY GET OUT OF
 MY MOTHERFUCKING FACE!

The woman slinks from the seat and hobbles down the aisle.

HEATHER
 You didn't have to be so rude to
 her.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 2

69

KING

Rude! WHO'S rude?

HEATHER

She was only looking at you. And who can blame her? 'Cause you're standing there yelling like some drooling old nut.

The image cools King out. He chuckles weakly, then clutches his side, because it hurts him to laugh. He slides wearily into the seat beside Heather.

KING

I'm sorry.

HEATHER

It's okay. But I'm NOT leaving town. Not unless it's with you.

And that's that.

70 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

70

Establishing: the usual bustle.

71 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

71

Crasher sits at a table. He shifts uneasily.

REVERSE ANGLE

Officers Black and Landers and a DETECTIVE stand regarding him.

LANDERS

A pimp named Tommy Ray White got popped last night.

CRASHER

Gee, that's too bad.

LANDERS

No, not really. But we DO need some information.

CRASHER

I don't know nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

LANDERS

I'm not saying you do. But we hope that your friend King might. We'd just like to talk to him. Just talk, that's all. Will you tell him that when you see him?

Crasher's tone remains defiant.

CRASHER

Sure, I guess. IF I see him.

DETECTIVE

Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. OCEAN BOULEVARD - DAY

72

A whole different crowd of HUSTLERS and VAGRANTS hang out in the park on the bluff above the Santa Monica pier. In the distance, the late afternoon sun drops over the Pacific.

73 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

73

King kicks back, his toes in the sand, with a cup of coffee. He watches COUPLES roller-skate past on the sidewalk.

74 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

74

Heather works the crowd.

HEATHER

Spare some change so I can eat?

An OLD WOMAN contributes a quarter to Heather's coffers.

HEATHER

Thanks.

Heather looks with displeasure at the meager change in her hand; she looks with equal displeasure at the quickly setting sun. She crosses over and sits on a bench in front of the arcade. She glances around carefully, then slips off her shoe, reaches into it and pulls something out. She unfolds it, revealing it to be two \$20 bills.

75 INT. ARCADE - DAY

75

Heather holds out the twenties to the DUDE at the change counter.

HEATHER

Can you give me some \$1's?

76 EXT. BEACH - DAY

76

The light is fading as King looks up to see Heather winding her way across the sand to him.

KING

How'd you do?

As she steps up, she takes her hands from behind her back and holds them over King's head; she parts them. A stack of one dollar bills flutter down into King's lap. His jaw drops.

KING

Goddamn!

HEATHER

Pretty good, huh?

KING

Incredible's more like it. Shit, we shoulda been living down here all along. We could be rich.

HEATHER

I wouldn't count on it.

King lets this pass; he's more concerned with gathering up the currency.

KING

There must be--

HEATHER

Forty dollars. And two bucks in change.

KING

We can eat like kings.

HEATHER

(corrects him)

We can get a MOTEL.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

KING

Shit--that's a waste.

HEATHER

Listen, I earned it. And I say we
get a room. End of discussion.King looks up at her; he grins at the apostasy of his
pretty young pupil.

KING

Well, I guess you're the boss.

77 EXT. HIGHLAND MOTEL - DAY

77

Establishing shot. It's dusk. Heavy traffic and heavy life
on Highland Avenue.

78 INT. HIGHLAND MOTEL - DAY

78

Little J is kicked back on the bed, watching tv, styling.
He giggles and giggles in his man-boy voice at the cartoon
on the screen; then he jumps a bit when the door bangs open
and Kimmy and Rob enter. Rob's pretty fucked up and in one
hell of a foul mood. Kimmy looks like she's been crying.
Rob squints at Little J as he closes the door.

ROB

What the fuck are you doing here?

Little J looks to Kimmy.

KIMMY

He's staying with us. I TOLD you
that.

ROB

(growls)

You told me fuckin' shit.

KIMMY

I DID tell you. Three times. He's
staying here. He's gonna help with
the rent.

ROB

Huh.

He turns and glowers at Little J.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

ROB

It's seven bucks. You got it?

LITTLE J

Not yet.

Rob snaps off the tv.

ROB

Then go get it.

79 INT. OCEAN MOTEL - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

79

Heather leans out of the bathroom and holds up a small wrapped bar of soap. She beams like a little girl on Christmas morning.

HEATHER

This is great!

King sits on the edge of the bed. He settles back on his elbows. Heather crosses over and begins unpacking her duffel bag, pulling out her dirty laundry.

HEATHER

We can wash all our stuff. I can hang it to dry under the heater in the bathroom.

King chuckles at her.

HEATHER

What is it?

KING

Nothing. You're just so--happy.

HEATHER

Well?

KING

Nothing. It's nice.

HEATHER

The first thing I'm gonna do is take a shower.

KING

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

HEATHER

Oh, well, you go first.

KING

Naw--

HEATHER

Really.

(giggles)

You need it.

King laughs too.

80 INT. OCEAN MOTEL - A LITTLE LATER

80

Heather sorts through her clothing on the bed; she looks up at King's reflection in the mirror as he unbuttons his shirt in the bathroom. He sighs.

KING

Man-- I tell ya', when I get my hands on Little J....That dumbfuck....

HEATHER

Aw, he's all right.

KING

What do you mean?

HEATHER

I mean he's okay. He just needs someone to watch out for him. He reminds me of my little brother....

She becomes lost in thought; she shakes her head sadly.

HEATHER

My poor brother.

As King tries to remove his shirt, he winces and leans limply against the sink. Heather looks up at the mirror, and at King's reflection.

HEATHER

Are you all right?

KING

Yeah....

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

HEATHER

(rises)

Let me help you.

BATHROOM

She enters to see that King is covered with bruises.

HEATHER

Jesus.

KING

Yeah. He really did a number on me.

Long beat. King looks sadly at her.

KING

What do you think happened to him?
Think he's dead?

HEATHER

I don't know. Probably.

KING

(sighs despondently)
Man. It's pretty fucked up.

Softly, Heather starts to cry. King touches her cheek.

KING

Hey. Don't.

But the trauma of the previous night continues to come pouring out. King's eyes well up, too.

KING

(voice breaks slightly)
C'mon. It's gonna be all right.

He puts an arm around her; she fairly crumples into him. She wraps her arms tightly around him. He winces.

KING

Ow.

Heather laughs through her tears. King does too. They regard each other, just laughing and laughing. And then King kisses her--deeply. He kisses her for a long time. When he breaks off, she starts laughing all over again. Then she grins mischievously.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 2

80

HEATHER

I got an idea.

KING

What's that?

She leans over and turns on the shower, then begins to unbutton her jeans. She takes King's hand and places it on her breast. He kisses her. Then, smiling shyly, Heather leads King toward the shower.

81 EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

81

Little J leans against a wall on the corner; he watches the meager stream of traffic roll past. Then he looks over at the young HUSTLER, a skater dude, who balances on a skateboard ten feet away from him.

LITTLE J

This sucks.

HUSTLER

Yeah, monday night's always slow. Plus there's a big football game on tonight.

LITTLE J

Get out of here. Fags don't watch football.

HUSTLER

Whatever, dude.

Off, an approaching CAR ENGINE.

HUSTLER

HERE we go.

A van slows at the curb. Both Little J and the Hustler step forward to vie for the gig.

ANGLE

All of a sudden the panel door of the van slides open, and FIVE COLLEGE BOYS, all-American types, leap out.

COLLEGE BOYS

(simultaneously)

Fags! Fuckin' fags! Faggots!

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

The young hustler sprints off like a jackrabbit; Little J, however, is just a step slow to respond, and the college boys are all over him. They drag him into the shadows.

82 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

82

Little J is on the ground; the college guys stand in a circle around him, trading kicks.

COLLEGE BOYS
Faggot! (etc.)

CLOSE ON LITTLE J

as he bounces around on the pavement, taking his licks. We can see the .38 poking out from his belt. But he doesn't go for it. No way. He just tries to protect his face the best he can.

83 INT. OCEAN MOTEL - NIGHT

83

King and Heather are curled up in bed, post-coital. They both stare dreamily into space for a bit; then Heather rolls over and balances her chin on King's chest.

HEATHER
King?

KING
Yeah?

HEATHER
How come you haven't asked me about myself?

KING
Like what?

HEATHER
Anything. What grade I'm in. What my family's like. Why I left home.

KING
I KNOW why you left home.

HEATHER
Think you're pretty clever, huh?

(CONTINUED)

KING

No--

HEATHER

I guess you've known a hundred girls like me, right?

KING

No, I haven't.

HEATHER

C'mon, let's hear it.

KING

Man, just forget it.

HEATHER

Really. I want to know why I left home.

KING

(sighs; finally, at her urging)

One of two reasons. The first is 'cause your father molested you. The other is your stepfather did.

Heather's eyes darken; she rolls away from him.

HEATHER

You're a jerk.

KING

I'm Sorry. It's just, you know, why the fuck else would you be here.

Heather says nothing, just stares sadly at the ceiling.

HEATHER

This wallpaper is really spooky.

KING

Yeah.

(points)

That rip there looks like a face.

HEATHER

Like the devil. See?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 2

83

KING

Yeah.

She suddenly turns to him.

HEATHER

My father didn't molest me. He
molested my little brother.

She rolls away.

HEATHER

So a lot YOU know.

King is dumbstruck. Finally, he puts a hand on her shoulder
and speaks gently.

KING

Hey, I'm sorry. Really.

She nods mutely.

84 INT. CHARLES' KITCHEN - DAY

84

Charles pours a can of cola into a glass and carries it from
the room.

85 INT. CHARLES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

85

Charles sets the glass down on a coaster, then moves over
and sits in a chair opposite the couch. He stares intently
at--

ANGLE

--Little J, who is on the couch, sporting a shiner.

CHARLES

You want to talk about it?

Little J shakes his head.

CHARLES

Your father must be a very troubled
man to beat you like that.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Little J nods, going along with it. It's simpler that way. Charles continues to stare at him; Little J nervously fishes out a cigarette, then, looking for an ash tray, remembers Charles' "house rule" and stops himself.

LITTLE J

Sorry. I forgot.

Charles stares sadly at him--and rightly so: Little J looks downright pathetic.

CHARLES

You know, I've got a spare bedroom. If I thought I could trust you... Well, I suppose you could stay here a few days. Would you like that?

LITTLE J

That'd be cool.

CHARLES

Only two conditions. One, I don't want you bringing friends here. And two, you'll have to find something to do during the day. I'd rather you weren't here while I'm at work. Deal?

LITTLE J

Yeah.

86 EXT. "THE BRIDGE" - DAY

86

Greg hops over the divider and strides down the hill.

87 EXT. "THE HOLE" - DAY

87

Greg comes to a stop and looks about in surprise: it's obvious that everyone has cleared out. He walks around, kicking through the garbage. Then Greg sees it: the chalk outline on the ground, marking the spot where Tommy Ray went down.

88 EXT. TED'S HOUSE - DAY

88

Greg stands on the porch; Ted speaks to him through the barred security door.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

TED

I can't.

GREG

C'mon, Ted, PLEASE. Just a taste.

TED

Greg: I love you, man. You're like a brother to me. But it ain't cool of me to be fronting you dope. You're just getting strung out on something you can't afford. No: you come back when you got some cash.

GREG

Aw, c'mon, man--

TED

Sorry.

Ted gently but firmly closes the door on Greg.

89 INT. OCEAN MOTEL - DAY

89

King wakes to see Heather curled up next to him. He can't help but smile. He kisses her. He kisses her until she opens a sleepy eye and smiles at him.

KING

Hey.

HEATHER

Hey.

HEATHER

How you feeling?

KING

A little sore. But--better.

King rolls on his back and scratches his belly contentedly.

KING

Man, it's sure great waking up in a fuckin' bed.

(beat; thoughtfully)

Maybe we should just stay here.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

What do you mean?

KING

Well, shit...we got the room....got the beach across the street....It's a good set-up. And if we could pull in forty or fifty bucks a day spare-changing on the pier, shit! We'd really be in business.

Heather frowns, sits up.

HEATHER

Listen, King: that money yesterday? All them ones? I had that money in my shoe. I brought it with me from Chicago.

KING

Oh.

HEATHER

The two bucks in change--THAT'S what I made on the pier.

KING

Why'd you lie about it?

HEATHER

I thought you'd be mad. Mad that I didn't give it to you earlier.

KING

(brooding)

I'm not your pimp or something, you know? It's YOUR money.

She touches him gently.

HEATHER

That's not what I meant.

They silently regard each other. Then, out of nowhere, the PHONE RINGS. They both stare at it, perplexed. It RINGS AGAIN.

HEATHER

I guess you should get it.

King nods and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 2

89

KING

Hello?

(beat)

Okay. Thanks.

He returns the receiver to its cradle.

HEATHER

What was it?

KING

The office. Check-out time was a half hour ago.

HEATHER

Oh.

Beat. Then King reaches over the side of the bed and grabs his jeans.

KING

(matter-of-factly)

I guess we gotta flee this hole.

Reality comes flooding back in as Heather watches King dress. He looks at her. He feels it too.

90 INT. CHARLES' CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

90

Little J is stretched out on the couch, watching his favorite tv cartoon program with the sound turned WAY UP. He punches the remote and turns the sound up even louder, way beyond the pain threshold. But Charles, working at his computer, doesn't seem to mind. He smiles at the sight of Little J; he seems perfectly content to play the indulgent father.

91 INT. RTD BUS - DAY

91

Heather and King ride in back, their beach motel idyl receding into the distance as the bus chugs up Santa Monica Boulevard, moving toward the grim depot of Hollywood. They're both silent, pensive.

92 EXT. SIDE STREET IN HOLLYWOOD - DAY

92

Greg, deeply preoccupied, shuffles down the street. As he passes a liquor store, he stares in through the window, and his eyes meet those of the KOREAN MAN who works behind the counter. An intense vibe passes between the two-- as if they have shared a premonition. Greg walks on past.

ANGLE

Greg reaches the corner of the street. He stops and deliberates; then he turns on his heel and marches back up the block.

GREG'S P.O.V.

He stares fixedly at the "LIQUOR" sign up ahead.

CLOSE ON GREG

He stops for a moment and faces the wall; he reaches in his jacket, removes a pocketknife and unfolds it. He takes a long look at it, then takes a deep breath and storms into the liquor store.

93 INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

93

The Korean owner looks up from the counter to see Greg, knife raised, moving toward him. The man makes a move for something beneath the counter, but Greg is already upon him.

GREG

Don't move. Open the register.

KOREAN

(indignantly)

FUCK YOU.

GREG

NOW.

KOREAN

I CALL POLICE.

He reaches for the phone. Greg swings the knife around and cuts the man's face. The man clutches his cheek in shock.

GREG

(shaking)

GET ON THE FLOOR.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Trembling, the Korean man gets down on his knees. And when Greg brandishes the knife at him again, he gets down on his belly.

KOREAN
YOU A FUCKER!

GREG
Shut up!

Greg leaps behind the counter and fumbles with the register. It takes him several nerve-wracking seconds to figure out how to open it. Then he begins stuffing cash into his pockets. The Korean, holding his bloody cheek, watches from the floor as Greg gets the last of the money.

GREG
Now just stay there!

He jumps back over the counter and makes for the door.

94 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -DAY

94

Greg steps out onto the sidewalk, momentarily disoriented. A cop car rolls by right in front of him. SHIT! He's still got the knife in his hand! He sprints off down the street as the black & white throws on its siren and pulls a U.

ANGLE

As Greg makes a run for it, the cop car comes up on his heels. But at the last possible moment Greg is able to vault a fence, and he eludes them.

95 INT. CHARLES' CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

95

Afternoon light floods through the windows as Charles stands at the sink, washing dishes. Off, the SOUND of a SITCOM LAUGH-TRACK blares. Charles dries the last dish, sets it in the drainer and exits.

HALLWAY

Charles pauses a moment to look into the living room, where Little J is camped before the television. Then he starts up the hall toward the bathroom. He pauses by a chair and sees Little J's jacket tossed across a chair. He shakes his head, then picks it up and carries it into the--

96 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

96

Charles moves to place Little J's jacket on the bed. Then he stops and frowns; the jacket feels awfully heavy. He reaches into the pocket.

97 INT. CHARLES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

97

Little J, feet kicked up on the coffee table, laughs at the sitcom on the tv before him. Then he looks over to see Charles standing above him, holding the .38 out between his thumb and forefinger, the way one would hold a dead rat's tail.

CHARLES

(soberly)

I want you out of here.

Little J stares wordlessly at him. UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER from the tv. Charles' voice breaks.

CHARLES

NOW!

Little J suddenly springs to his feet.

LITTLE J

OKAY! OKAY!

Lashing out in pain, he punches Charles, who crumples against the wall. Little J rips a lamp from its socket and swings it at Charles.

LITTLE J

I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!

He stands there panting, and brandishing the lamp at Charles.

CHARLES

(passively)

Please-- don't hurt me.

Little J slowly gets a grip on himself. He drops the lamp in disgust.

98 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

98

King and Heather stand before Manny and Crasher.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

(to King)

The MAN is looking for you.

KING

Shit.

CRASHER

(extremely agitated)

It's true, King! They fuckin' think you killed Tommy Ray!

KING

What?!

CRASHER

That's what they said, man!

HEATHER

But he didn't!

(to King)

You just have to tell them that!
Just tell them the truth!

KING

It doesn't MATTER what the truth is: if they want you, they got you. And they're NOT putting me back in a cage.

CRASHER

What the fuck you gonna do, man?

KING

I don't know.

He looks skittishly up and down the Boulevard. Manny nods.

MANNY

Exactly. You gotta get your ass off the street.

KING

Yeah....I guess I'll catch you guys later.

MANNY

Okay, brother.

King leads Heather off by the hand. Crasher yells out to them.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 2

98

CRASHER

Be cool!

King waves back at him. Then Crasher turns to Manny.

CRASHER

Man, this sucks!

MANNY

Yep....

Manny stares off thoughtfully. Then he shifts gears and speaks to a PASSERBY.

MANNY

(points to his
wheelchair)

Spare some change so I can buy my
horse here an apple?

99 EXT. TOMY'S BURGERS - DUSK

99

TWO COPS come out of the hamburger stand and climb into their patrol car.

ANGLE

King leans out from the side of the building, watching until the cops drive off. Then he takes Heather's hand.

KING

C'mon.

100 INT. TOMY'S BURGERS - NIGHT

100

Brenda is wolfing down a burger, shake and order of chili fries as King and Heather slip into the booth.

KING

Have you seen Greg?

Brenda gives Heather the once-over.

BRENDA

(snidely, to King)
Hello to you too.

KING

HAVE YOU?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

BRENDA

You just missed him-- and too bad for you. 'Cause he had a bunch of money. He bought me all this food.

KING

Where was he going?

BRENDA

To score some speed from Ted.

KING

(takes Heather's hand)
C'mon.

Brenda watches King lead Heather toward the door.

BRENDA

Young love: sheesh.

101 INT. TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

101

King nearly knocks Vikki on her butt as he pushes his way through the front door.

VIKKI

(whining)

Hey--what are you doing?! Ted!
Ted!!

HALLWAY

Ted steps out of the bathroom.

TED

What the hell?!--

Ted winces as King grabs him by the collar.

KING

Where's Greg?

TED

Be cool, man:
(pushes bathroom door
open)
He's right here.

Greg sits on the floor, leaning against the bathtub. King shoves Ted down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

KING

Get lost.

TED

Okay, okay....

102 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

102

King locks the door and kneels down beside Greg, who is obviously quite high.

GREG

What's goin' on, bro'?

King drags Greg to his feet and positions him in front of the mirror above the sink.

KING

Take a good look.

GREG

So what?

KING

You look like fuckin' skeleton head, that's what.

GREG

It's cool.

King shakes his head in disgust.

KING

Listen: I'm in big trouble with The Man. There's gonna be a major shit storm.

Greg blinks at him.

KING

Heather and I are splitting town. I want you to come.

GREG

Where we gonna go?

KING

We'll meet at the bus station tomorrow at noon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

KING (cont'd)

Whatever bus we get on-- that's where we're going. What do you say?

GREG

All right.

KING

Good. Now let's get out of here.

GREG

King--I wanna stay.

KING

LISTEN, MAN--

GREG

I won't do no more drugs. I swear. I'm just too high to handle the street.

King stares at him, and slowly decides Greg's on the level.

KING

You gonna be at the bus station?

GREG

I'll be there, man. Twelve noon.

KING

All right.

King slaps Greg's back; he loves this guy.

103 INT. TED'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

103

King comes out of the bathroom and heads down the hall. Ted stands before him brandishing a bottle, just in case he has to defend himself. But King couldn't care less about this clown. He brushes past him and walks out the door. Ted and Vikki exchange a look. Ted sets down the bottle.

104 EXT. TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

104

King walks down to the curb, where Heather awaits him.

HEATHER

well?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

KING
He'll meet us tomorrow.

HEATHER
Now what?

KING
There's something I wanna do one
last time.

105 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

105

A train storms past camera.

106 EXT. ATOP A BOXCAR - NIGHT

106

Heather drops into frame. King follows. Heather stumbles,
and King helps her steady herself.

KING
You okay?

HEATHER
Yeah.

They both rise to their feet and groove on the wind blasting
against them.

KING
I'm gonna miss this.

WIDE SHOT

The train rolls on under a full, luminous moon.

107 EXT. TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107

Greg moves down the walk and heads up the street. He sings
to himself; he's still really high.

ANGLE

A black & white rolls along, trailing Greg at a distance.
Greg gradually becomes aware of it. He tries not to freak
out, attempting to appear natural--and innocent--even as the
cops turn the spot on him. He doesn't turn back. The cop
car pulls up beside him, and officer Landers leans out.

LANDERS
Hold it right there, son.

108 EXT. ATOP A BOXCAR - NIGHT

108

Heather and King continue to ride the rails. Then Heather squints and points up ahead.

HEATHER

King--look. There's someone up there.

KING'S P.O.V.

She's right. A figure's huddled atop a boxcar three lengths ahead.

KING

Continues to regard the figure. Then a look of recognition comes into his eyes.

KING

No--

He motions for Heather to follow; they begin to jump from boxcar to boxcar.

109 EXT. TED'S STREET - NIGHT

109

Greg sits on the curb, his hands cuffed behind his back. Officer Black, standing watch over him, looks over toward the patrol car, where Landers is hanging up the radio microphone. Landers ambles over.

LANDERS

He's AWOL from Eagle's Flight Rehab. Let's take him in.

Black shakes his head, then kneels beside Greg.

BLACK

I'm going to ask you again: where can we find King?

Greg says nothing.

LANDERS

We just want to talk to him, that's all.

GREG

(very high)
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

Black silently stands; he steps around Greg, out of his line of sight.

CLOSE ON GREG

He looks back over his shoulder, trying to figure out what Black is doing. Suddenly Black drops into frame and takes Greg into a choke hold.

BLACK

You punks think you can talk to us that way....You CAN'T.

Greg struggles to free himself.

110 EXT. ATOP A BOXCAR - NIGHT

110

King and Heather work their way up to the huddled figure, who is now revealed to be Little J. The boy recognizes King with a mixture of amazement and trepidation. He has no idea what to expect, and for a moment he considers running. But King is already before him.

KING

Hey, man.

LITTLE J

Yo.

KING

What are you doing?

LITTLE J

Nothing.

The two just stare at each other. Gradually, Little J begins to weep. He looks so forlorn that Heather is moved to sit down beside him and put an arm around him. Little J crumples into her.

111 EXT. TED'S STREET - NIGHT

111

Black still has Greg in a choke hold.

BLACK

I'm gonna ask you AGAIN. Where do we find King?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

GREG
 (with difficulty)
 I don't know no King.

BLACK
 You're a goddamned liar.

Greg gasps for breath. Landers, looking on, starts to get a little nervous.

LANDERS
 C'mon, Carl. That's enough.

BLACK
 (squeezing harder)
 He's lying.

Greg, fearing for his life, limply flails his arms about, but with the handcuffs on there's little he can do.

LANDERS
 COME ON, CARL--LET UP!

Black eases up. Greg coughs and sputters and tries to catch his breath. Black looks him in the eye.

BLACK
 Now: last chance. Where do we find King?

GREG
 (panting)
 He'll be at the bus station....
 Noon tomorrow....

Black grins triumphantly at his partner.

112 EXT. ATOP BOXCAR - NIGHT

112

Little J continues to sob in Heather's arms.

HEATHER
 C'mon, it's okay.

LITTLE J
 (to King)
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

KING

What are you talking about, man?
You saved my life.

Little J, choking on his sobs, nods.

KING

But we ARE in deep shit.

Little J gradually gets his sobbing under control.

LITTLE J

What are we gonna do?

KING

Split town. You up for it?

LITTLE J

fuck yeah.

KING

Good.

113 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

113

King, Heather and Little J shuffle along the sidewalk. King glances over to where a ton of cars sits parked in the drive of an expensive home. More cars pull up.

LITTLE J

Man, I'm famished.

HEATHER

Me too.

King looks again toward the driveway, where GROUPS of REVELERS climb from the cars and enter the crowded house. King smiles mischievously.

KING

Ask and ye shall receive.

114 EXT. EXPENSIVE HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

114

A party in progress. INDUSTRY TYPES mill about by the pool, sipping cocktails while bad "alternative rock" blasts from the house.

DOLLY SHOT

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Camera moves through the crowd. We hear snatches of conversations; almost all of them concern business. Camera moves along a table filled with cold cuts, chips and booze, and comes to rest on Little J, who is loading a paper plate with chow. A BALD PRODUCER-TYPE leans into him, frowns.

BALD PRODUCER

Who are you here with?

LITTLE J

Uh--

BALD PRODUCER

Wait, don't tell me: you're Richard's son, right?

LITTLE J

(smiles)

That's right.

115 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

115

More INDUSTRY SCUM mill about inside. A staircase leads to the upstairs rooms.

116 INT. A GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

King and Heather creep in. They've made out like bandits, for Heather carries two plates piled with food, while King clutches two bottles of champagne. King kicks the door shut behind them, then heads for the bed, which is covered in a sea of coats. Heather crosses to the window and looks down to the pool.

HEATHER

What a horrible bunch of people.

KING

Yeah. Great crib, though.

Heather giggles when King crosses to the bed and does a swan dive right into the huge pile of coats.

HEATHER

Gee, make yourself at home.

KING

Don't mind if I do.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

King opens a bottle of champagne; he uses a fur wrap to twist off the cork. Then he looks up to see Heather smiling at him.

KING

Hey, you: get over here.

Heather smiles shyly; then she climbs on the bed and navigates her way through all the leather and fur. When they finally find each other, they begin to make out--heavily.

117 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

117

Little J sits in a lawn chair, wolfing down his plate of food. The HOST of the party now steps up and eyes him suspiciously.

HOST

Hi.

LITTLE J

Hi.

HOST

(laughs nervously)

Did I invite you?

LITTLE J

I'm Richard's kid.

HOST

Oh.

(beat)

Where IS your dad?

LITTLE J

He had to run mom home. She's drunk again.

HOST

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

Little J points his fork at his plate.

LITTLE J

What is this stuff, anyway?

HOST

Potato salad.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

LITTLE J
It's EXCELLENT.

The host can't seem to decide whether or not he's being hustled.

118 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

118

Heather and King are wrapped up in the pile of coats. They both pant softly.

HEATHER

King?

KING

Yeah?

HEATHER

Will you buy me a house like this?

KING

Sure. As soon as we get to Phoenix.

HEATHER

Cool.

She kisses him.

HEATHER

You know what? I love you.

King smiles boyishly.

HEATHER

Well?

KING

Well what?

HEATHER

Don't you want to say anything?

KING

(innocently)

Like what?

She slaps him playfully upside the head.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

HEATHER

Geek.

He laughs and takes her in his arms. They're both very happy.

119 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

119

Little J sits staring dreamily into the pool.

LITTLE J'S P.O.V.

The light from the house dances gently on the surface of the water.

120 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

120

Greg floats like a ghost down the Boulevard. He has not slept; he looks like he has been crying. Utterly despondent, he steps into a phone booth and dials.

OPERATOR

(off)

May I help you?

GREG

Yeah. Greg calling collect.

OPERATOR

(off)

Thank you.

Greg listens in as the line RINGS-- and as his stepmother answers.

MRS. BURTIS

(off)

Hello?

OPERATOR

(off)

Yes. I have a collect call from Greg. Will you accept the charges?

Beat.

MRS. BURTIS

(off)

No.

Greg hangs up the phone.

121 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY 121

Establishing. The usual RIFF-RAFF mill about. Little J struts up the sidewalk and enters the depot.

122 EXT. TED'S HOUSE - DAY 122

Ted, wearing sweats, hustles up the walk.

123 INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 123

Vikki, very high and very agitated, is there to meet Ted at the door.

VIKKI

He just pushed his way in. I'm sorry.

TED

Where is he?

VIKKI

The bathroom.

He brushes past her.

124 INT. TED'S HALLWAY - DAY 124

Ted moves quickly to the bathroom, where, Vikki stepping up behind him, he tries to open the door. Locked.

TED

Greg? Open the door, man.

(no response)

C'MON, MAN, IT'S TED.

(nothing)

OPEN THE FUCKIN' DOOR.

Still nothing.

TED

Shit.

(to Vikki)

Stand back.

She does. Ted steps back and throws his weight against the door. It buckles but does not break. Ted rubs his arm.

TED

Shit....

125 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

125

Little J watches as a small black CHILD loses at a video game. The child moves to feed the machine again, but Little J stops him.

LITTLE J

Hey, lend me that quarter and I'll show you a trick.

The child hands him the quarter, and Little J attempts to roll it across his knuckles, but fails miserably.

Embarrassed, he brusquely hands the coin back.

LITTLE J

Never mind....

126 EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

126

A cab rolls up, and Heather and King climb out. Heather holds their meager "luggage" as King pays the CABBIE. The cabbie tries to hand King the change, but King waves him off.

KING

Keep it.

127 INT. TED'S HALLWAY - DAY

127

Ted once again throws his weight against the bathroom door. It finally caves in. Ted looks inside. He grimaces.

TED

Jesus--

128 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

128

The tile under the sink has been removed; all of Ted's dope is spread out on the floor. And slumped against the tub, a needle hanging from his limp arm, is Greg. Ted rushes over and begins to slap him vigorously.

TED

You stupid fuck!

VIKKI

Ted--what's wrong with him?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

TED
He's fuckin' dead. That's what's
wrong with him.

VIKKI
(grimly)
Trip out.

Ted feels Greg's pulse; he tries giving him a couple of
thumps on the chest. Nothing.

VIKKI
What are we gonna do?

TED
We got to move him.

129 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

129

Heather and King step up to Little J.

LITTLE J
Yo.

KING
(edgy)
Where's Greg?

LITTLE J
Ain't here yet.

KING
Shit.

He squints at the schedule on the wall.

KING
We can't wait.

He hands Heather her duffel bag.

KING
Hang right here.

HEATHER
Okay.

He crosses toward the ticket counter. Little J, brooding,
speaks to Heather.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

LITTLE J
Hey, you got a quarter?

HEATHER
What?

LITTLE J
I SAID do you got a quarter?

She quickly fishes one from her pocket: anything to keep him pacified....Little J begins attempting to roll the quarter across his knuckles.

ANGLE: TICKET COUNTER

King steps up. He squints at the departures board above him.

KING
Uh....three tickets for the 12:15
to Phoenix, please.

As the AGENT punches out the tickets, King fidgets with a stack of luggage tags.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Little J continues trying to master the coin trick.

CLOSE ON HEATHER

She stares across the room.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

King gathers up the tickets and moves back across the room.

CLOSE ON HEATHER

She watches King move toward her. Then her eyes darken.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

Moving toward King are officers Landers and Black. They pick up their pace, ready to swoop down on their prey. And King doesn't even notice.

CLOSE ON LITTLE J

The quarter dances across his knuckles. His eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 2

129

LITTLE J

I did it!

HEATHER

calls out.

HEATHER

KING! LOOK OUT!

ANGLE

King looks at Heather, then turns to see the cops reaching for him. He busts a move and leaps over a row of chairs, tripping them up.

LANDERS

Hold it!

The cops draw their guns.

BLACK

Freeze, motherfucker!

King, totally freaked, slides to a stop on his heels. The cops edge in toward him.

LANDERS

(reasonably)

Just hold it right there, King.

King doesn't move a muscle. The cops continue to edge in, but relax their guard a touch, seeing as how they've got this one wired.

ANGLE

And that's when Little J. makes his move. He springs up near King and draws the .38.

LITTLE J

FUCK OFF.

He doesn't get the gun above waist level before the cops have him covered.

BLACK

FREEZE!

Little J does. But he doesn't release the gun, the barrel of which points at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 3

129

ANGLE

Officer Landers stares in horror at the child standing before him with a gun in his hand.

LANDERS
(desperately)
DROP IT.

But Little J doesn't. King and Heather both look on in shock.

LANDERS
DROP IT, SON.

KING
Listen to him!

Little J looks very confused. And when he jerks his hand, it's anyone's guess what his intentions are. But King is taking no chances.

KING
NO!--

He jumps out to keep Little J from raising the gun.

ANGLE

Officer Black's service revolver barks repeatedly.

ANGLE

Almost instinctively, Landers fires as well.

WIDE

BYSTANDERS watch in horror as five or six bullets pierce King's chest. Little J goes limp; the .38 drops from his hand and clatters to the floor. King stumbles about.

HEATHER

looks on in shock. Her eyes meet King's.

KING,

still clutching the bus tickets, stares back at her with a look of utter consternation on his face.

ANGLE: BLACK & LANDERS

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 4

129

The cops stand with their guns trained on King, but do not fire again.

ANGLE: THE CROWD

All over the depot, people stand staring and trying to comprehend what has just happened.

ANGLE: KING

He staggers around in a little circle. His eyes are as big as saucers. And then a single word erupts from his lips.

KING

HUH!

With that, he topples over to the floor, coming to rest beside the row of bolted-down chairs where a pimp named Tommy Ray once found himself handcuffed.

WIDE

Everyone in the depot remains stock-still, with the exception of Heather, who walks robot-like across the room and sinks down on her knees beside King.

ANGLE: LANDERS AND BLACK

They lower their guns.

ANGLE: HEATHER

She doesn't touch King; she doesn't once touch him. She just stares mutely at him, as if awaiting an explanation. And she continues to stare at him until the screen DISSOLVES into a wash of VIDEO SNOW.

130 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (VIDEO IMAGE)

130

King is once again being interviewed; he once again distractedly rolls a coin across his knuckles.

VOICE

(off)
How do you see your future on the street?

KING

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

(off)

Well--Do you think you'll always be there? Do you plan to get off of it at some point?

KING

(shrugs; smirks)

If you've got a plan, I'm willing to listen.

VOICE

(off; a beat; a nervous laugh)

Uh, I just meant--well, for instance, what about love?

KING

What about it?

VOICE

(off)

Do you ever think you might fall in love with someone? That might change things.

KING

Yeah, well....I got someone, you know.

VOICE

(off)

Who?

KING

(smirks)

He's name's Waldo. Big black guy. I met him on the cell-block.

VOICE

(off)

Really?

KING

(laughs)

Oh, sure. No, she's-- you know, a chick I've met.

VOICE

(off)

Tell us about her.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 2

130

King shakes his head.

VOICE

(off)
Why not?

KING

Because....Because what's mine is mine, you know? If I share it with you, it becomes less mine. You understand?

A long, awkward beat.

ANGLE

Now, the camera pulls back from the TV monitor to reveal that Heather is watching this interview on tape. She sits in a bland holding room much like the one King was taped in. Her features are tight and betray little emotion as she continues to watch the monitor.

CLOSE ON MONITOR

King continues to squirm on screen.

KING

Anyway, her name's Heather. So there's a little crumb for you guys.

VOICE

(off)
You're a real character, King.

KING

I know it.
(beat)
Look, do you think I could get my check and get out of here?

VOICE

(off)
Certainly. We've got enough for today.

KING

Good.

King gathers up his quarter, his coffee cup, from off of the table.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 3

130

ANGLE ON HEATHER

She continues to watch.

ANGLE ON MONITOR

King slowly rises. Then he walks off screen. The image holds on the empty frame for a moment; then the video camera is switched off, and the screen becomes a wash of snow.

ANGLE ON VCR

A woman's hand switches off the tape; the camera pans up to reveal MARION, a social worker. She looks with concern at Heather.

MARION

Are you all right?

HEATHER

(impassively)

May I have a cigarette?

MARION

Of course.

She hands her pack of Virginia Slims to Heather, who silently fishes one out and strikes it up.

ANGLE

A COP leans into the holding room. He speaks to Marion.

COP #1

Ready?

Marion looks to Heather, who nods silently.

131 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

131

Marion and Heather move down the hallway.

MARION

Listen, Heather. I know you've just turned eighteen. You seem mature for your age, but take it from me, you're still just a baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

MARION (cont'd)

I'm not suggesting you make any rash decisions; I just want you to think about this: it's not too late for you to give going home a try.

HEATHER

I don't have a home. Not any more.

Marion says nothing more. They now reach a barred checkpoint. Heather stares through the bars.

HEATHER'S P.O.V.

A prisoner is being led forward for release. He slowly comes into focus. It is Little J. His gaze meets Heather's.

ANGLE

A window slides open and a COP leans out to Heather and Marion.

COP #2

Whose custody is he being released into?

HEATHER

(softly)

Mine.

Cop #1 hands cop #2 Little J's paperwork for processing. Heather and Little J continue to regard each other.

132 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SHOT FROM INSERT CAR - DAY

132

Camera moves down the Boulevard, which, as always, teems with life. We catch a glimpse of Manny and Crasher, who share a joint on the corner.

MOVING ON

Camera rolls by the flood of PEDESTRIANS, then lingers outside McDonalds, where Heather and Little J are hard at work, hustling change.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

HEATHER

(to a woman)

Spare some change so my brother and
I can eat?

As the woman roots around in her purse, and Heather and Little J stand waiting in expectation, the camera begins to move again; it records block after block filled with KIDS just like Heather and Little J. There seem to be thousands of them; there seem to be so many that, as the camera picks up speed, it makes us dizzy.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS.

THE END.