

# THE WACKNESS

By Jonathan Levine

"Can it be that it was all so simple then?"

--Wu Tang Clan

INT DR. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

A wood-paneled Park Avenue doctor's office. Fancy framed stuff on the walls.

LUKE SHAPIRO, 17, clad in Girbaud jeans, visor and pocket t, sits across from DR. JEFFREY SQUIRES, 40, who wears a v-neck sweater and khaki pants.

Silence passes between them as they sit awkwardly. Then:

LUKE  
I don't get to lie on the couch or  
nothin'?

DR. SQUIRES  
Would you like to lie on the couch?

LUKE  
Is that a trick question?

DR. SQUIRES  
Why would you think that?

LUKE  
No reason.  
(beat)  
I'll stay right here.

DR. SQUIRES  
So, what's on your mind, Luke?

LUKE  
Nothing.

DR. SQUIRES  
Well--

LUKE  
I mean, I guess I can make  
something up.

DR. SQUIRES  
Fine. Make something up, then.

LUKE  
OK. Let's see. I'm having trouble  
-- getting laid.

DR. SQUIRES  
Common problem. How old are you  
again, Luke?

LUKE  
Old enough to be getting laid. And  
getting older every day.

DR. SQUIRES  
Have you ever gotten laid?

LUKE  
Two years ago I fucked Katie  
Randall in Battery Park, but she  
had drunk two 40's and the cops  
came and broke us up before we,  
before I, busted--

DR. SQUIRES  
So she was drunk?

LUKE  
She weighs, like, sixty pounds and  
she drank 2 40 ounce bottles of  
Crazy Horse. You do the math.

DR. SQUIRES  
Crazy Horse?

LUKE  
Look, Dr. Squires--

DR. SQUIRES  
Call me Jeff.

LUKE  
Look, Jeff -- Dr. Squires -- how  
much do you need?

DR. SQUIRES  
You're the one who needs this.

LUKE  
How much?

DR. SQUIRES  
A quarter.

Luke digs into his backpack, pulls out some bags of weed:

LUKE  
I can give you two eighths. It's  
the same--

DR. SQUIRES  
I can do the math, Luke.

Luke holds on to two baggies, puts the rest back.

LUKE  
Here you go.

DR. SQUIRES  
That entitles you to another--  
(checks his watch)

LUKE  
Forty-eight minutes.

DR. SQUIRES  
Forty-eight minutes. If you leave  
now, you're getting ripped off.

A beat. A skeptical glance from Luke. Then,

LUKE  
I'm not really feeling all this  
feeling shit today, Dr. Squires.  
Maybe some other time.

He puts his backpack on, turns to leave.

DR. SQUIRES  
If you want to talk, Luke, you know  
where to find me.

LUKE  
And if you wanna smoke...

Dr. Squires looks at him, nods.

LUKE  
Tell Stephanie I say whassup. And  
tell her she owes me.

DR. SQUIRES  
(pulls out a bong)  
Uh-huh.

LUKE  
You ever feel kind of like a fuck-  
up, you know, buying weed from the  
same guy who deals to your  
daughter?

Dr. Squires takes a big bong hit, exhales into a paper towel  
roll.

DR. SQUIRES  
Stepdaughter.

LUKE  
Stepdaughter. Exactly. Later, Mr.  
Squires.

Luke lets the door close behind him, but before it does:

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm a doctor, Luke!

LUKE  
(to himself)  
Dr. Squires.

Luke examines the people in the waiting room, waiting. He shakes his head. Suckers.

And *Tribe Called Quest's* "Check the Rhyme" drops on the soundtrack.

EXT CENTRAL PARK SOUTH DAY

Luke rolls up one pantleg, and hops on a bike, puffing away at a cigarette. As he moves through the flaring sun, voiceover:

LUKE (V.O.)  
Once upon a time -- 1994 to be exact -- on an island called Manhattan, lived a kid named me...

Now, illustrations our hero, riding his bike through Manhattan. The pictures feel classic, like *Eloise* at the Plaza.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Luke Shapiro. Aside from the fact that I sell weed, there's nothing much remarkable about me. And even the drug thing's just a cry for help, really.  
(beat)  
My name is Luke Shapiro. I am a drug dealer. Hear my cry.

INT SUBWAY DAY

Luke sits on the subway, holding his bike, bobbing his head in his headphones.

LUKE (V.O.)  
But there's so much more to me than just dealing weed. I am a true life person, with likes and dislikes. For instance, I like summer. I like the summer stench that I smell in the subway. I like alliteration (I learned that shit in Latin class).  
(MORE)

LUKE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I like seeing the sweaty girls on  
 the train in short skirts and  
 sometimes I like seeing their  
 panties, when I can see 'em.

Luke stares at a BORIQUA sitting across from him. She  
 crosses her legs, he leans forward to get a glimpse. She  
 crosses them back.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I like fly ladies. I like tank  
 tops. I like short skirts. I like  
 my impure thoughts.

A thought bubble floats out of Luke's head.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Do you know what I would do to  
 them? Well, first I'd roll them a  
 big blunt, and they would be very  
 impressed with my blunt-rolling  
 skills which are, in a word, mad  
 impressive. And then I'd put on  
 some music--

Luke pulls his headphones out of his Walkman. Music fills  
 the subway car.

ANGLE ON the subway car in its entirety. It is filled with  
 FLY LADIES, all dressed in the same white tank top and short  
 skirt. In the center, tables covered with fancy tablecloths,  
 meticulously interspersed with glasses of red wine. Luke  
 gets up and begins walking through the subway, avoiding the  
 tables, addressing the audience:

LUKE (CONT'D)  
 And they'd start to move their  
 heads. And then their long fucking  
 legs. And now, they leap up from  
 their seats cuz they're filled with  
 a sensation--a seriously sinful  
 sexual sensation that makes them  
 drip inside and all they're  
 thinking is Shapiro, Shapiro,  
 Shapiro.

The female-filled subway car leaps to its feet in jubilation.  
 Girls dancing with each other, to rap music, mouthing  
 "Shapiro," holding their hands between their legs, riding  
 subway poles, etc.

Then, a DING:

SUBWAY CONDUCTOR  
 Watch the closing doors.

BACK TO REALITY.

The subway car, moments later. Typical subway crowd. Doors slide open. Teeming masses in suits pile in. 42nd Street. Luke just stares ahead, looks at a couple men in suits.

INT LUKE'S HOUSE DUSK

Luke walks his bike through the front door, leans it against the wall. The apartment is small, well-decorated, messy.

MOM and DAD yell at each other, animatedly, in the living room. Luke walks right between them, headphones still on.

LUKE (V.O.)  
Mr. And Mrs. Shapiro are my  
parents. I guess they were in love  
once, but I can't quite figure out  
how. Thing is, one-on-one, I like  
them just fine. It's cool to say  
you don't like your folks, but I  
really don't mind 'em. What I do  
mind is them yelling at each other  
24/7. That I fucking mind a lot.

Luke enters his room, closes the door, gives it the finger. He takes off his shirt, splashes some Nautica cologne on his neck, and puts a new shirt on.

LUKE (V.O.)  
My pops works. He doesn't make  
much money these days, but he's a  
workaholic just the same. I hardly  
see the guy, which is all right by  
me.  
(beat)  
My moms once told me this story  
about their wedding that might help  
illustrate my father's unwavering  
devotion to his job--

INT WEDDING CHAPEL DAY

A BLUSHING BRIDE stands in front of a RABBI:

RABBI  
--And do you, Andrew Shapiro III  
take Danielle Friedman to be your  
lawfully wedded wife?

Next to the bride, on a flower-covered podium, sits a  
TELEPHONE SPEAKERBOX.



TELEPHONE SPEAKERBOX  
Yeah, hold one sec.  
(beat)  
I do.

A sentimental sigh from the crowd, and the chapel rises to their feet. The Bride wipes tears away.

INT LUKE'S BATHROOM DAY

Luke opens a mini-fridge, pulls out a big brick of weed. He weighs some out, puts it in a little baggie.

LUKE  
Dad's a true businessman, an entrepreneur and shit. which sucks cuz he has to wear a suit, but which is cool for him, I guess, because he feels successful. He mostly stays out of my business, my dad does. I think he might even know I'm dealing, but he never tried to bother me about it much.  
(beat)  
I mean, it's the 90's. Dealing weed isn't exactly a capital offense.

INT KITCHEN - DAY

Luke opens the fridge. It's bare. He begins snacking on the few items that are there: celery, pie, etc.

MOM (O.S.)  
I can make you a sandwich.

Luke turns, sees his mother:

LUKE  
Cool.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My moms is cool too. I talk to her sometimes about, you know, the issues facing the American teenager and whatnot.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke sits in his room, meticulously weighing out portions of marijuana on a digital scale. He places them into baggies.

Next to the weed, the yearbook, open to a picture of Luke and JUSTIN, taken several years ago. Both of them wear sports uniforms, backwards, like KRISS KROSS.

LUKE (V.O.)  
I have exactly no friends, unless  
you count Justin, who is my best  
friend by default.

Luke's pager vibrates. He checks it:

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You'll see how sad that is in just  
a second.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Luke, wearing headphones, is on the lookout while JUSTIN, 17, skinny, shaved head, in Triple Fat Goose and hooded sweatshirt, catches a tag on a wall:

LUKE  
I still don't understand why you're  
tagging your own block.

JUSTIN  
Cuz I want everybody to know it's  
mine.

LUKE  
Yo, I think you just drew over that  
kid Kato's tag. He's in the  
Decepticons.

JUSTIN  
Fuck Kato. That herb's like 12  
years old.  
(beat)  
I gotta bounce, Shapiro.

LUKE  
Where you going?

JUSTIN  
Party.

LUKE  
Cool. Can I go with you?

Justin thinks for a moment. Then:

JUSTIN  
No.

LUKE  
I understand.

JUSTIN  
See you tomorrow, Shapiro. I'm  
Swayze.

LUKE  
Peace.

And Justin's gone.

And Luke steps up to the wall, brandishes a marker. He is  
writing next to Justin's tag, when:

KATO (O.S.)  
Shapiro!

Luke turns around, sees KATO, 15, a small Asian kid wrapped  
in a sea of North Face. Behind him, his BOYS, all similarly  
young and small.

LUKE  
Kato. Hey.

KATO  
Sup? You got beef?

LUKE  
No, Kato. No beef. No beef  
whatsoever. I'm practically a  
vegetarian.

Kato steps forward. Quickly, Luke turns, starts to RUN.

But before he can, they're on top of him--pummeling him with  
a flurry of Timberland boots and prepubescent fists.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If you're ever in a position to  
take a beating like this, the best  
thing to do is curl up in a ball  
and cover your head. You'd be  
surprised how little this kind of  
shit hurts. Just collapse into the  
fetal position. Make them really  
want to hurt you.  
(beat)  
That's pretty much my philosophy on  
life in general.

Luke takes a swift boot in the stomach, sucks wind.

LUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But tomorrow, my life changes.  
Tomorrow is the first day of my  
first summer as a high school  
graduate.  
(beat)  
Tomorrow I become a man. And then  
I go to my safety school. And then  
I get older. And then I die.

INT LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke watches *The Robin Byrd Show*. On TV, a girl dances in front of a neon heart. He holds a beer to his swollen eye. A trickle of blood drips from his lip.

He puts his hand down his pants

On TV, the stripper slides off her panties and reveals,

A COCK.

Luke spits out his beer, flips the TV off.

BLACK.

LUKE (V.O.)  
Only thing is, being a man--  
Now that's some complicated shit.

TITLE CARD: **THE WACKNESS**

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Graduation day. Luke, clad in CAP and GOWN, deals to UNION, a 16-year-old with white-girl dreads:

LUKE  
You're lucky it's so much weight.  
I never would have shown otherwise.  
(beat)  
Two hundred.

UNION  
Cool.

She pulls some money, hands it over. Luke slides the bills into his pocket. He eyes Union up and down, steels himself:

LUKE  
Listen, Union, now that I'm  
graduating--

UNION  
Oh my God! You're graduating!  
That's so amazing. I'm totally  
jealous.

Luke looks down at his outfit:

LUKE  
Uh, right.  
(beat)  
So, like, now that I'm graduating--  
you think maybe we could, you know,  
chill? Maybe go see a movie or  
smoke out and play video games or  
listen to Phish or, like, whatever  
you do?

Union looks at him sadly:

UNION  
(lying)  
Yeah. Sure. I have your number...

LUKE  
That's cool. I mean, I was just  
asking.

UNION  
Yeah. Totally.

They look at each other for an awkward beat. Then:

LUKE  
OK. I should run, I guess. Peace,  
Union.

UNION  
Peace, Luke.

Luke hops on his bike. As, once again, the beat drops.

And Union calls after him:

UNION (CONT'D)  
Congratulations again!

*Pomp and Circumstance* mixes with *Tribe*...

EXT. GRADUATION - CONTINUOUS

The graduation ceremony is in full swing. A HEADMASTER reads  
names at a lectern.

In the crowd, MR. AND MRS. SHAPIRO, Luke's parents, late 40's, nervous. Their son is nowhere to be seen. As Luke's classmates approach the stage to receive their diplomas we

INTERCUT with:

Luke delivering weed, in his graduation gown, to people across Manhattan. All of them, the graduates and the potheads, framed in portraiture, their faces mixed and matched.

As the Headmaster intones name upon name. Until we arrive at--

EXT. LAGUSTUS POMONA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Luke, sweaty. He rides his bike up to an ornate brick building. He pulls out a chain, ties the bike to a lamppost, and hauls ass up the stairs.

EXT. GRADUATION - CONTINUOUS

The Headmaster continues to read names: Preston, Rothchild, Samuels...

Luke's Mom looks up, anxious.

HEADMASTER  
Shapiro.

Luke's nowhere to be seen. His parents sweat.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)  
Shapiro?

Suddenly, Luke BURSTS onto the stage. His parents breathe a sigh of relief.

Luke trips, falls into the Headmaster, who hands him a diploma.

Luke walks downstage, opens it proudly.

But there's nothing inside.

EXT. LAGUSTUS POMONA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Shapiro family stands frozen. A perfect picture. Through a gritted smile, Luke speaks:

LUKE  
Noticed there was no diploma...

DAD  
 I just owe the school a little  
 money, Lucas. Let's not let it ruin  
 a magical day.

Luke shoots his dad a look, as a flashbulb POPS.

And Luke walks off, grabs an hors d'oeuvre. In the  
 background, "It's So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday".

Dr. Squires approaches, just as a couple TEENAGE GIRLS walk  
 by. He follows them with his eyes:

DR. SQUIRES  
 It's enough to make you want to be  
 a fetus again, isn't it?

LUKE  
 Gross.

DR. SQUIRES  
 (deadpan)  
 Oh, great. Here's my wife.

Here's MRS. SQUIRES, in her early 40s. She looks like it  
 takes every ounce of her energy to maintain her frigid  
 beauty. She puts her arm through Dr. Squires'. He kisses her  
 cheek.

LUKE  
 And here's your daughter.

DR. SQUIRES  
 Stepdaughter.

STEPHANIE, 17. She's beautiful, in a party dress, smoking a  
 cigarette and, somehow, walking in SLOW MOTION. Luke stares  
 at her, worshipful.

Then:

LUKE'S DAD (O.S.)  
 Lucas? Aren't you going to  
 introduce us?

Luke looks at his Mom and Dad:

LUKE  
 Right. Mom, Dad. This is  
 Stephanie and Stephanie's mom and  
 Mister Doctor Squires.

DR. SQUIRES  
 Jeff.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
Congratulations, Shapiros. You  
must be so proud.

LUKE  
You must be so prouder, sir. Your  
little flower graduated Come  
Loudly, no?

Stephanie looks down, shakes her head.

MRS. SHAPIRO  
How lovely! You just missed Cum  
Laude, didn't you, dear?

LUKE  
I was busy with my after-school  
activities, ma.

STEPHANIE  
Yes, Mrs. Shapiro, your son has  
many extra-curricular activities.

MR. SHAPIRO  
What are those, Luke?  
(sarcastic)  
The yearbook staff seems to have  
neglected to note your  
achievements.

LUKE  
Ask Steph's pops.

STEPHANIE  
Steppops.

Mr. Shapiro laughs nervously. No clue.

INT LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke, in suit and tie, sits around a table with his parents  
and two OLDER PEOPLE. The OLD MAN holds up a glass:

OLD MAN  
Congratulations, Luke. To your  
future.

They toast.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
So--what's next for you, Luke?

LUKE  
I start college in the fall.

OLD MAN  
And then?



LUKE  
(not understanding)  
And...then?

OLD WOMAN  
Your career, Luke. What are you  
going to do?

LUKE  
From what I can see, it doesn't  
really make much difference. They  
all seem kind of the same.

DAD  
Nothing could be further from the  
truth, Luke.

LUKE  
You're right, dad.  
(to Old Man)  
I'm thinking about getting into  
music.

MOM  
This is the first I've heard of  
that.  
(to Older Couple)  
Luke's very good at math.

DAD  
Exceptional.

LUKE  
Yes. Yes I am.  
(beat, to Older Couple)  
I'm thinking about becoming a  
mathematician.

The Older Couple nod. Luke's dad looks at him, confused.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I mean, a banker...

The older man furrows his brow.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
A fireman.

They're now completely confused.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
A beekeeper.

INT LUKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luke does the dishes. His mom enters:

MOM  
Good form tonight, Lucas. A true  
wise-ass till the end.

LUKE  
Whatever.

MOM  
Those people are fabulously  
wealthy. You know that, don't you?

LUKE  
I don't care.

MOM  
Well, you should.

INT SOHO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The entryway of a Soho apartment building. Luke stands up straight, smooths out his hoodie, rings the doorbell. Before its chime has even finished, the door swings open.

On the other side, Justin, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Behind him, the commotion of a party.

LUKE  
You paged me?

Justin looks from side to side:

JUSTIN  
Get in here.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Justin waits anxiously as Luke sifts through his backpack, pulling out a couple different-sized bags of weed:

LUKE  
I didn't know there was a party  
tonight.

JUSTIN  
It's a graduation party.

LUKE  
I just graduated.

JUSTIN  
Yeah. I know.

LUKE  
So, can I grab a beer or something?

Justin looks at him for a beat:

JUSTIN  
Naw, man. They can't see you here.

LUKE  
Why not?

JUSTIN  
Cuz you weren't invited.

LUKE  
But I'm your friend. You invited me.

Justin looks through his wallet:

JUSTIN  
I don't have inviting privileges.  
I'm lucky to be here myself.  
(beat)  
Hey, can you spot me \$30?

Luke shakes his head:

LUKE  
Just take it.

JUSTIN  
Good lookin' out. This should last us 'til the first Amsterdam weekend.

LUKE  
You're going to Amsterdam?

JUSTIN  
Yeah, man. I told you, Rollo and I are going to Europe to try to bang American art history students.

LUKE  
You never told me that.

JUSTIN  
Yes I did.

LUKE  
And you're gonna take it on the plane?

JUSTIN  
I'll put it in my shoe. They never  
check that shit.

Luke's pager vibrates. He checks it:

LUKE  
Can I at least use the phone?

JUSTIN  
Come on, man. No offense, but if  
anyone sees me here with you, I'm  
never gonna get laid--

LUKE  
Uh-huh.

JUSTIN  
I really appreciate it.

LUKE  
No problem.  
(beat)  
Well, have a nice summer, I guess.

Luke starts to exit:

JUSTIN  
Wait. I'll check if its clear.

Justin opens the door, exits.

Leaving Luke, just standing there. He stares at himself in  
the mirror.

The door opens. Stephanie on the other side:

STEPHANIE  
Oh. Shapiro. Sorry.

LUKE  
No. It's cool.  
(beat)  
Hey.

STEPHANIE  
Hey.  
(beat)  
What are you doing here?

LUKE  
Just...waiting...I guess. Hiding,  
maybe?

STEPHANIE  
From what?

LUKE  
I'm not sure.

Stephanie pulls out a pill and an ATM card, starts to cut up a line:

STEPHANIE  
Ritalin?

LUKE  
I'm cool.

Stephanie snorts.

STEPHANIE  
You got a cigarette?

Luke hands her a pack of cigarettes. She pulls one out, lights it, offers the pack back to him.

Luke shakes his head.

LUKE  
Quit.

STEPHANIE  
You quit?

LUKE  
Think so. I just quit.

Steph shrugs.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You feel different?

STEPHANIE  
Nope.

LUKE  
Me neither.

STEPHANIE  
We have our whole lives to feel different, Shapiro.

Steph checks herself in the mirror, pulling her shirt tight, pushing her tits out, smoking away:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
What'cha doin' after tonight?

LUKE  
You know what I'm doing. I'm going to hippie school.

STEPHANIE  
I mean for the summer.

LUKE  
Chillin. Making money.  
(beat)  
Why? You wanna go steady?

STEPHANIE  
Yeah. Sure.

Silence. Then:

LUKE  
What are you doing? For the  
summer?

STEPHANIE  
I'm interning for one of daddy's  
patients.

LUKE  
Who is he?

STEPHANIE  
That's confidential. But he runs  
Miramax.

LUKE  
That's awesome. Congratulations.  
(beat)  
So I guess we'll both be here all  
summer, huh? All alone.

STEPHANIE  
Yeah, but we'll never hang out.

LUKE  
Oh.

They look at each other. Awkward silence:

STEPHANIE  
You know, now that you're at the  
party, you may as well stay--

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Don't go putting thoughts in his  
head.

Justin appears in the doorway.

STEPHANIE  
Come on, Justin. It's fine.

Luke looks at Justin with pleading eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK ROOF - NIGHT

A big banner reads, CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1994. Music blares, and everyone dances close. Everyone, that is, except Luke. He's perched on the water tower, high above.

He lights a roman candle, fires it off the roof.

And, through the smoke, the crowd MORPHS:

Into a Bacchanalian spectacle: the Garden of Earthly Delights. Young, nude, and fucking. All of them.

Luke looks at them, rubs his eyes.

BACK TO REALITY.

Luke's POV:

His classmates dancing, talking, drinking, smoking. He scans the crowd. As we pass each individual, we see Luke's impression of their conversation, in SUBTITLES at the bottom of our screen.

Rollo, laughing, to a girl: *"Shapiro's never gonna get laid."*

Justin: *"I can't believe he actually stayed."*

It continues like this, as we pass over various teenagers, until we reach Stephanie. She looks up.

And Luke, locking eyes with her. All his lust focused into one bittersweet gaze.

Luke: *"I love you."*

And Steph stands there for a moment, looks at him. A subtitle begins to form beneath her, until

Rollo approaches, obliterating the half-formed words, replacing them with his own:

*"Yo--let's fuck."*

EXT. ROOF - DAWN

Luke sits on the roof, smoking a joint. Next to him, a couple kids grope at each other. And over there, a kid throws up.

Beneath, the City that Never Sleeps does just that.

Luke tosses the joint over the side, pushes himself up.

INT APARTMENT - DAWN

Luke walks out into the hallway, rings for the elevator.

The door opens,

And there's Justin, getting his dick sucked by a TEENAGE GIRL.

LUKE  
I'll take the stairs.

Right before the doors close:

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Have a good summer, Shapiro!

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Luke catches a tag on a building, walks on.

INT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Luke rides in an elevator. He looks at himself in the display panel.

INT LUKE'S HOUSE NIGHT

Luke quietly enters. He walks past his pops, who lies, illuminated by the light of the TV, asleep in his suit. Luke turns the TV off.

INT PARENTS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moms is asleep on the bed, also in her clothes, watching the same TV program. Luke turns the light, and the TV, off.

INT LUKE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The next morning--well, the next afternoon.

NY1 on the TV: all New York news, all the time. In the bottom of the screen, a display. The time, 1:59, the temperature, 92 degrees.

Luke lies in bed, eyes open. His alarm goes off. He looks at the clock: 2:00 PM.



INT LUKE'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Luke wipes his eyes, enters the living room, where

His DAD, in a suit, is on the phone, speaking with some urgency:

DAD

I don't have it. No, I didn't say I won't have it, I said I don't have it right now. I'll have it soon, though. How soon? I can't answer that.

(whispers)

You want me to beg, I'll beg. Please bear with me. I have a family. Please. Yes. That seems reasonable. Very reasonable. Thank you...

Luke walks past him into the

KITCHEN

He pours himself a glass of orange juice. In the background, the phone call continues.

His mom enters. She looks like she hasn't slept:

MOM

You're not going to eat breakfast?

LUKE

I'm not hungry.

MOM

You have to eat something, honey. You'll waste away.

Luke downs the OJ quickly, looks at his mom:

LUKE

I gotta run.

He walks to the front door. From the other room:

MOM

Where are you going?

LUKE

Someone's gotta work around here.

INT BASEMENT - DAY

Luke lifts several barrels of flavored ice into a vendor's cart emblazoned with the words: DELICIOSO COCO HELADO.

Finally, one last CONTAINER. He opens it:

It's filled with bags of WEED.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke rolls the Italian Ice cart past the Merry-Go-Round.

There's a boombox attached to it. Music blares.

MONTAGE:

At the bottom of our screen, the temperature and time, a la NY1.

Luke DEALS to various customers in Central Park, scooping bags of weed from his cart.

He sells to hippies in the meadow, kids uptown, older folks by the zoo. At each location, the temperature and time change on our display, until we reach...

INT. DR. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

Luke sits across from Dr. Squires. Silence. Then:

LUKE  
Dr. Squires, can you, like,  
prescribe medicine and shit?

DR. SQUIRES  
Of course, Luke.

LUKE  
Cuz some people--psychiatrists--

DR. SQUIRES  
Psychologists.

LUKE  
I've been researching it. They  
can't.

DR. SQUIRES  
Well, I can, Luke. Why do you ask?

LUKE  
It's for me.

DR. SQUIRES  
No shit.

LUKE  
Well, I think, recently, that I'm depressed.

DR. SQUIRES  
Recently?

LUKE  
For the last 3 years or so.  
(beat)  
I don't sleep good. And, I think--  
I think too much.

DR. SQUIRES  
You ever hear the saying the  
unexamined life is not worth  
living?

LUKE  
Yeah. Maybe the examined one isn't  
either.

DR. SQUIRES  
Don't talk like that.  
(beat)  
Does this have anything to do with  
Kurt Cobain?

LUKE  
The point is, who says it all has  
to be so sad like that, you know?

DR. SQUIRES  
Is something going on, Luke...at  
home?

LUKE  
Of course something's going on at  
home. This is what you get paid  
for?

DR. SQUIRES  
Perhaps you'd be better off seeing  
a psychic, Luke.

LUKE  
I don't really want to talk about  
it.

DR. SQUIRES

Men do the things they need to do  
to become the men they want to be.  
Do you understand?

LUKE

Sure.

DR. SQUIRES

That includes asking for help.

(beat)

Lucas, do you know what I would  
give to be you again? Not you,  
specifically, but me at your age?  
It doesn't get any better.

LUKE

Please tell me that's not true.

DR. SQUIRES

You're fucking living, Luke. It's  
a great thing, living. Get your  
heart broken. Find yourself face  
down in the gutter. Get your pulse  
up. Make a true mess of yourself,  
son!

LUKE

That what you tell all your  
patients?

DR. SQUIRES

You're not depressed, Luke. You're  
sad. There's a difference.

Luke looks at him:

LUKE

And what about you?

DR. SQUIRES

What about me?

LUKE

Are you depressed or sad?

Dr. Squires holds the lighter to his bong:

DR. SQUIRES

I'm both.

He inhales...

INT DR. SQUIRES' HOUSE - EVENING

...Exhales. Smoke fills Dr. Squires' meticulous Fifth Avenue home as he pulls pulls at a joint, watching TV. On the screen, Rudy Giuliani holds a press conference:

DR. SQUIRES  
This guy's going to ruin the city.

His wife enters, getting undressed. She's gotten her shirt off, revealing a black lace bra beneath.

MRS. SQUIRES  
He's cleaning up the city.

DR. SQUIRES  
Yeah, well--I like it dirty.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Stop smoking grass, please.

DR. SQUIRES  
The kids call it weed.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Well, you're not a kid. So stop smoking it or I'll call Mayor Giuliani and he'll drag you downtown.

Dr. Squires looks around:

DR. SQUIRES  
Couldn't be much worse than this place.

INT LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke puts a Nintendo game in the system, presses Power.

It doesn't work.

He removes the game, blows on it, inserts it again.

*"The Legend of Zelda"* appears on the screen.

Luke moves around, stabbing monsters.

EXT. DR. SQUIRES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob Seger blares. Dr. Squires sips a cocktail, looks from his terrace onto Central Park.

Now, the music cuts off.

Dr. Squires turns, sees his wife, in her nightgown:

DR. SQUIRES  
I was listening to that.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Do you have any of those pills  
left?

DR. SQUIRES  
I just finished them.  
(beat)  
You OK? What do you need?

MRS. SQUIRES  
I'd like some of those pills.

DR. SQUIRES  
Yeah, they're good.  
(beat)  
Shouldn't take too many, though.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Right. Brush your teeth before you  
come to bed, please.

DR. SQUIRES  
Sure.

Dr. Squires walks back over to the stereo, turns the music  
up.

INT LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke lies on his bed, his pants around his ankles, Stretch  
Armstrong on the radio, *Zelda* on pause on the TV--and  
Stephanie's yearbook page open next to him.

It's got pictures of Stephanie as a kid, and then a big one  
of her as the fully blossomed teenage girl she has become.  
With tits and stuff.

The camera pans across the page, past yearbook quotes:

*"It's only life after all."* Indigo Girls

As we pass each quote, a couple bars from the quoted song  
play. Then,

*"But now all we have is memories..."* Mary J. Blige

And now, pan over to the B&W shot of Stephanie herself. She's at the beach, wearing a tank top. Luke looks at it, intently:

Suddenly, it fills with color. The ocean begins moving behind her. And then, so does Stephanie. She slides one strap off her shoulder.

STEPHANIE  
(smiling)  
What do you want from me, Luke?

Luke's hand moves down...

LUKE'S POV: his own feet, his hand, stroking. And, at the foot of the bed, the beach, the sea -- and Stephanie.

LUKE  
I, uh, I don't know...

STEPHANIE  
You can tell me. After all, I'm  
just in your head. Be honest...  
(beat)  
Do you want to do dirty things to  
me?

LUKE  
I mean, no...not really...not  
especially dirty. Just  
kinda...normal dirty.

Stephanie lies down, her back on the sand...

STEPHANIE  
Do you want to fuck me?  
(beat)  
On the beach? In the sun?

Luke starts stroking faster.

LUKE  
(smiling)  
May-be.

STEPHANIE  
Touch my shoulder. It's warm.  
Slide your hand between my thighs.  
Come to the sun, Luke. Come.  
Come.

The flaring, vibrant sun. Luke's on the beach. He stares right into it. Stephanie on top of him, riding. Luke, about to climax--

Just then, a knock:

DAD (O.S.)

Lucas.

Luke sits up quickly, zips up, walks over the door, unlocks several locks.

He opens the door:

LUKE

Yeah.

DAD

Please turn off the air conditioner. The electric bill is through the roof.

LUKE

But it's 90 degrees out.

DAD

Just do it, Luke.

INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Squires looks in the mirror, rubs his eyes.

He brushes his teeth, opens the bathroom cabinet:

A cornucopia of pharmaceuticals. He grabs a pill bottle, examines it:

LITHIUM. He pops one.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM - DAY

Luke, eyes open in the morning light, his face coated with sweat. His feet are in his mini-fridge, which has been moved to the bottom of his bed. He stirs.

INT LUKE'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Luke wipes his eyes, enters the living room, where

His parents are yelling at each other:

MOM

How am I supposed to live? How am I supposed to function?

DAD

You're not.



When Mom notices Luke she storms towards him:

MOM  
Your father lost all our money. We  
have to move to--I don't know,  
somewhere poor.

DAD  
Your mother and I are getting a  
divorce.

MOM  
Don't you dare tell him that.  
That's not even true. That's not  
true, honey.

DAD  
Yes it is. Your mother is a raving  
lunatic. She's only with me for my  
money. And I don't have any money  
now.

Luke notices his Dad's face is all scratched up.

LUKE  
What's wrong with your face?  
(to Mom)  
What's wrong with his face?

Mom looks down.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Did you fucking scratch him?

MOM  
He hit me.

DAD  
I did not, you lying bitch, but I  
will now.

Luke turns to Dad:

LUKE  
You guys are acting like you're  
fucking twelve years old.

MOM  
Stop cursing.

LUKE  
Fuck off!

Luke goes into his room.

INT LUKE'S ROOM DAY

Luke, on his phone, stressed:

LUKE  
Well, can he see me today? It's  
kind of important...  
(beat)  
OK. Thanks.

He hangs up, reaches under his bed, pulls out--

A BOX. Luke opens it. It is filled with stacks of twenties.  
Luke starts counting some out.

INT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom watches TV, sullen, by herself. Luke approaches her,  
holds out a couple bills:

LUKE  
For dinner.

She looks up at him, touched:

MOM  
I can't take that from you.

Luke drops it on the floor, walks out.

MOM (CONT'D)  
I love you, honey.

And the door slams.

INT DR. SQUIRES OFFICE - DAY

Luke lies on the couch now.

DR. SQUIRES  
How are things at home, Luke?

LUKE  
Home is a terrible place.

DR. SQUIRES  
And why is that?

LUKE  
Whatever, it's boring.

DR. SQUIRES  
What's boring?

LUKE  
To bitch about your parents. It's  
played out.

DR. SQUIRES  
Fair enough--

LUKE  
They just--they act like kids, you  
know?

DR. SQUIRES  
My wife and I are the same way. We  
act like kids all the time.

LUKE  
Why do you think that is?

DR. SQUIRES  
Life.  
(beat)  
It has a funny way of turning you  
into the one thing you don't want  
to be.

LUKE  
Very wise.  
(beat)  
Dr. Squires, *my* life sucks. I have  
no friends in New York--or  
anywhere, for that matter. I have  
no girlfriend. I have no girl who  
will even look at me, other than my  
mom. And my parents fight all the  
time. Basically, I'm just trying to  
get to college before I put a  
bullet through my brain.  
(beat)  
So can't you just give me some  
happy pills and we'll call it a  
day?

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm sorry, Luke. I can't do that.

LUKE  
Well then, how do you suggest I  
deal?

DR. SQUIRES  
I suggest you talk about it. With  
a friend.

LUKE  
Like I said, I don't have any  
friends.

DR. SQUIRES  
You have me.  
(beat)  
Now let's see that sack.

Luke looks at him, horrified:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
The weed sack. Jesus.

EXT. DR. SQUIRES OFFICE - DUSK

Luke exits Dr. Squires office, walks over to his ice cart,  
begins to unlock it. Just then, from O.S.:

STEPHANIE  
Shapiro!

Luke looks, sees Stephanie coming home. She's walking a WEST  
HIGHLAND TERRIER.

LUKE  
Steph. Hi. Who's the little guy?

STEPHANIE  
This is Jesus Christ. From my  
stepdad's first marriage.  
(beat)  
What are you doing here?

Luke covers:

LUKE  
Uh, your stepdad paged me.

STEPHANIE  
That guy smokes more weed than I  
do.

LUKE  
You like him?

STEPHANIE  
Dr. Squires? Not really. He gives  
me a ton of money, though. But you  
should hear about some of the  
fucked up people who come into that  
guy's office.

LUKE  
He tells you that shit?

STEPHANIE

Sure.

LUKE

He's not supposed to tell you that.  
There's confidentiality.

STEPHANIE

Well, he does. Like this one guy  
he sees is a chronic masturbator.

LUKE

Uh-huh.

STEPHANIE

The guy masturbates seven times a  
day. And even when he's drained his  
nuts, he just lies in bed with his  
hands in his pants. He got fired  
from work because of it. And one  
time, he started jerking off in Dr.  
Squires' office.

LUKE

No way.

STEPHANIE

I don't think my mom likes him much  
either.

LUKE

The masturbator?

STEPHANIE

Dr. Squires.

Now, Jesus Christ lifts his leg, goes on Luke's cart:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! No!

LUKE

It's ok.

STEPHANIE

(re: cart)

What is this thing?

LUKE

Summer job.

She looks at him, curious.

LUKE (CONT'D)

My cover. For my parents.

He opens the top, Steph looks inside.

STEPHANIE  
(genuine)  
Cool.  
(beat)  
Hey, take my number, Shapiro. Call  
me some time.

LUKE  
Call you?

STEPHANIE  
Yeah.

LUKE  
You mean, like, for weed?

STEPHANIE  
To hang out. There's no one else  
around. And it gets lonely in the  
city with no one to talk to.

She gives Luke her phone number, and she walks away.

LUKE  
OK. So, I'll call you...

But he's talking to himself.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Luke enters his house. It's filled with cardboard boxes. His  
dad is sifting through one:

LUKE  
What is this?

DAD  
Walkmen. From Singapore. I got a  
guy who wants six thousand of  
these.

LUKE  
That's good.

DAD  
Good? It's great. Do you know how  
much money I stand to make?

Luke picks up a Walkman, starts playing with it.

LUKE  
They don't rewind.

DAD  
No?

LUKE  
I mean, there's no rewind button.  
Just fast forward.

DAD  
So you fast forward and flip the  
tape. It's the same as rewinding.

Luke tries that. The Walkman jams.

LUKE  
This one seems broken.

DAD  
Shit.

Luke's Dad examines the Walkman.

LUKE  
Most people use CDs now anyway.

Luke enters his room, as his dad fumbles with the Walkman.

INT ELEVATOR - DAY

Elevator doors swing open, reveal two large BLACK MEN. With  
UZIs. They stand in front of what looks like an empty  
gallery space, brightly lit with wood floors.

They look at Luke with piercing red eyes.

LUKE  
Jesus, guys. A little dramatic,  
don't you think?

The men are unfazed. Then, from OS:

PERCY (O.S.)  
Is that you, Luke?

LUKE  
It's me.

From behind the two large men, PERCY, a skinny black man in  
sunglasses, an oversized Phillies Blunt t-shirt, and baggy  
jeans, emerges:

PERCY  
Mr. Luke. How you livin', boy?

LUKE  
Barely.

They give each other a pound.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What's with the heavy artillery?

PERCY  
Dis fucking Giuliani, man. You  
can't be too careful.

LUKE  
You're gonna shoot Giuliani?

Percy puts his finger to his lips, smiles:

PERCY  
Don't tell nobody.

INT 27TH STREET DRUG HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Percy stands behind a large bar in an empty room. Luke sits at the bar, drinking Coke from a straw. Percy grabs a remote, points it toward the stereo, turns it up, til it's so loud they both have to yell:

LUKE  
What is this?

PERCY  
Dis be the new shit, man. Biggy  
Smalls.

LUKE  
It's dope.

PERCY  
Dis cat is gonna change the world,  
man.

Percy begins pulling giant bricks of weed from behind the bar, laying them on the counter:

PERCY (CONT'D)  
So, today we got for your smoking  
pleasure: the bubble gum, the  
northern lights, and, of course,  
the purple haze.

Luke stares off into the distance.

PERCY (CONT'D)  
Everyting OK, man?

LUKE  
Parental trouble.



PERCY  
What about dem?

LUKE  
They're dicks.

PERCY  
I tell you, man. You're a kid, and you look at your parents, at the older generation, and how dem act, and you think, I'm never...I am NEVER...going to do the shit they do. Then you grow up and do the exact shit they do.

LUKE  
Not me.

PERCY  
Yes you. You'll see. Some day you gwana come in here wearing a suit and you gwana be the exact same ting your dad be right now.  
(beat)  
You gwana be married to some girl like your moms and you gwana fight with her all de time. And den dats when Ima give you dis here ganja to make it all better.

Percy laughs.

LUKE  
Thanks, Percy.

PERCY  
Now, how much you need?

Luke hesitates:

LUKE  
I need a little more this month, Perc. Can you spot me? I'll pay you back once I unload it.

PERCY  
How much more?

LUKE  
Another 5 zs.

PERCY  
Hooo-boy. You got big aspirations, Luke.

LUKE  
Not really. Just a lot of debt.

PERCY  
You got da weight of da world on ya  
shoulders, boy.

LUKE  
Just this once, Percy. Please. I'm  
good for it.

PERCY  
Just this once, den. But you know  
what happens if you fuck me, Luke?

LUKE  
What?

PERCY  
You get fucked, Luke.

Luke looks at him, nervous.

LUKE  
Thanks, Percy.

Luke takes the weed from him, puts it in his backpack.

PERCY  
OK, soldier. You be careful out  
there. Dat Giuliani got dem police  
looking at everyting and everybody.  
Even white boys like you.

Luke walks away.

LUKE  
I'm always careful, Percy.

PERCY  
I know. Dat why I like you.  
(beat)  
Luke!

Luke turns around, Percy hands him a tape.

PERCY (CONT'D)  
It's called "Ready to Die".

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luke exits Percy's den, looks across the street -- a sign:  
"SHO-WORLD. TIMES SQUARE'S LAST ALL NUDE PEEP SHOW."

INT BOOTH - NIGHT

Luke inserts a quarter into a slot, and a window slides up, revealing:

3 OBESE HISPANIC WOMEN. They sit on little stools, eating McDonalds. Naked except for thongs.

One of them walks over to Luke.

OBESE HISPANIC WOMAN  
You wanna pay me?

LUKE  
For what?

She sticks her tits through the window.

OBESE HISPANIC WOMAN  
Five dollars to touch.

Luke fumbles through his pocket for a five, hands it over. He begins to fondle her sweaty breasts. He wipes the sweat off on his pants. She moves closer, until her breasts take up the entirety of the window. He plays with her faceless nipples...

DR. SQUIRES (O.S.)  
What about women, Luke?

INT. DR. SQUIRES OFFICE - DAY

Luke lies on the couch now:

LUKE  
They don't like me.

DR. SQUIRES  
Lucas, back when I went to school, drug dealers had no problem getting girls. In fact, that's why I always wanted to be one.

Luke sits up, looks at the doctor:

LUKE  
Dr. Squires, were you popular in high school?

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Well, I wouldn't say popular, no. I wasn't one of the cool kids if that's what you're asking. I played baseball; I was a debater...

LUKE  
Did you ever want to kill yourself?

DR. SQUIRES  
Not until much later.

LUKE  
Then you must have been popular.  
I'm not.

DR. SQUIRES  
Surely there's someone in your  
school, Luke...something?

Luke looks at him:

LUKE  
Well, there is this one girl.

DR. SQUIRES  
That's fantastic, Luke. Who is  
she? Does Stephanie know her?

LUKE  
Naw. She, uh, goes to school  
downtown.

FLASH: Luke, masturbating to Stephanie's yearbook photo,  
covers Dr. Squires' face with his hand.

DR. SQUIRES  
So what's the problem?

LUKE  
I'm not sure she's so into me.

DR. SQUIRES  
I can't imagine why, Luke.

LUKE  
Thank you.

DR. SQUIRES  
Make her like you, Luke. That's  
what I did with my wife.

LUKE  
How's you do that?

DR. SQUIRES  
Feign disinterest. Not lack of  
interest, but disinterest. Be a  
neutral party.  
(MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
Then, when you are least  
threatening to her, grab her and  
stick your tongue so far down her  
throat that she starts to gag from  
pleasure.

LUKE  
Can I grab her tits too?

DR. SQUIRES  
Baby steps, Luke.

LUKE  
Right.

DR. SQUIRES  
Pursue her, Luke. You're the  
perfect age for it. You haven't  
yet been systematically numbed to  
the allure of romance. You still  
have your youthful--.

LUKE  
OK. I got it.

DR. SQUIRES  
Young men need sex, Luke. All men,  
actually.  
(beat)  
I can get you a hooker, if you'd  
like.

LUKE  
I was this close to respecting you.

The doctor takes a bong hit, exhales.

DR. SQUIRES  
Big mistake, Luke.  
(beat)  
Call your girl.

Luke nods, opens the door. Dr. Squires calls after him:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
You don't need medication. You  
just need to get laid!

Luke shrugs, turns around, and walks out, as the RECEPTIONIST  
smirks.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke sits on his bed, restless. He pulls out the piece of  
paper--

With Steph's number on it. He looks at it.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Dr. Squires sips a cocktail, looks down over Central Park.

Beneath, a couple, walking through the park on a beautiful summer's night.

Dr Squires calmly throws a water balloon at them.

It splatters. They run.

Now, he picks up a phone book. He's about to drop it when,  
The phone rings. Dr. Squires runs to it.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM

Luke sits, alone on the phone:

DR. SQUIRES (O.S.)  
Hello?

Luke deepens his voice:

LUKE  
Oh. Hello? I'm looking for, um--

DR. SQUIRES  
Luke?

A long pause.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Luke, is that you?

LUKE  
Dr. Squires?

DR. SQUIRES  
It's OK, Luke. I know why you're  
calling.

LUKE  
You do?

DR. SQUIRES  
The beaver hunt.

Silence.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
The pussy quest.  
(beat)  
I can help, Luke. Let's grab a  
drink. I've got just the place.

A pause. A long one. Luke thinks. Then:

LUKE  
OK.

INT DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

A dive bar, dotted with a few drunks. Luke and Dr. Squires sit at the bar. Luke drinks a beer, Dr. Squires a whiskey.

LUKE  
It's dead in here.

DR. SQUIRES  
Strange. This place used to be  
packed.  
(beat)  
The city's not the same anymore,  
Luke. It really used to be  
something down here. The girls, the  
drugs, the music--the fucking  
music. Speaking of which...

Dr. Squires gets up, goes to the jukebox. *"In the Flesh"* by  
Blondie plays.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
What kind of music do you listen  
to, Luke?

LUKE  
Tribe Called Quest. Pharcyde. De La  
Soul.

DR. SQUIRES  
That's rap music, right? I don't  
know that stuff.

LUKE  
I'll make you a mixtape.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'd like that.  
(beat)  
Maybe I'll make you one too.

LUKE  
What kind of music do you like?

DR. SQUIRES  
I like old stuff. Bob Seger.  
Bruce Springsteen. Some classical:  
Brahms, Hayden.

LUKE  
Word. Hayden's dope.

DR. SQUIRES  
You're serious?

LUKE  
No, Dr. Squires.

DR. SQUIRES  
Hey, Luke. Why couldn't Mozart  
find his teacher?

LUKE  
Why?

DR. SQUIRES  
Because he was Hayden.

LUKE  
That's not funny. Buy me another  
drink, please.

DR. SQUIRES  
(to bartender)  
Another Bud, right here.

Luke and Dr. Squires sit there, in silence, for a moment.  
Then:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Lucas, I hate my wife.

LUKE  
I hate my parents.

DR. SQUIRES  
I need to get laid.

LUKE  
We both need to get laid.

DR. SQUIRES  
Luke, I've never cheated on my wife  
before. Ever. But I want to now.  
It is my mission. You have no idea  
how much I want to. And not just  
because I want my face buried in  
the stinking soaked panties of some  
delectable young nubile.

(beat)

(MORE)



DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
Sometimes it's right to do the  
wrong thing, and right now is one  
of those times.

(beat)  
But we gotta fix ourselves first.

LUKE  
You need fixin?

DR. SQUIRES  
Lucas, I need a whole lotta fixin.

Luke looks at him.

Suddenly, a group of LOUD TEENAGERS enters, all really drunk.  
Luke looks over:

LUKE  
Union?

UNION  
Oh my God--Luke!

Union approaches. She hugs Luke.

UNION (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you're here. It's  
been totally forever.  
(beat)  
We dropped in to look at all the  
weird old people. Oh my God! Wait  
one second!

Union runs off. Dr. Squires looks after her with wide eyes:

LUKE  
(to Dr. Squires)  
Don't even think about it.

DR. SQUIRES  
This is the mystery girl?

LUKE  
Naw. But that don't mean she's  
fair game.

Union returns with a tall, dorky looking blonde kid. He  
stumbles to the bar.

UNION  
Luke--this is Gruden. My date to  
the Midsummer Night Cancer Ball.  
It's for charity.

Luke gives Gruden a pound. Union whispers to Luke:

UNION (CONT'D)  
He's from Rotterdam. He's a joke.

Luke nods.

LUKE  
Sup.

DR. SQUIRES  
Gruden, I'm Hayden.

UNION  
Like the classical guy?

DR. SQUIRES  
Yes--I was named after him. Mother  
said my soul represented the  
metaphysical embodiment of his most  
sublime chord.

UNION  
That's so awesome. Do you like the  
Grateful Dead?

DR. SQUIRES  
Followed them for four years after  
college.

Union is smitten. Gruden throws up.

The bartender arrives:

BARTENDER  
Hey! You kids are too young to be  
in here.

DR. SQUIRES  
Come on. They're all 18.

The bartender looks at him.

BARTENDER  
The drinking age is 21.

Dr. Squires is skeptical. Luke confirms this with a nod.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Luke and Dr. Squires lead a parade of formally attired  
teenagers down the street:

DR. SQUIRES  
Since when is the drinking age 21?

LUKE  
Since forever.

DR. SQUIRES  
Fucking Giuliani.  
(turns around, addresses  
the crew)  
Where are we going?

RANDOM TEENAGER  
Up there, on the left. Ring Number  
6.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOF - NIGHT

On the roof of a beautiful loft, kids drink, smoke,  
freestyle, etc. Gangstarr on the radio.

In the corner, Dr. Squires talks to a couple KIDS, who roll a  
blunt:

DR. SQUIRES  
So this is called a what?

KID 1  
A blunt.

DR. SQUIRES  
A blunt. I like that.

INT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Luke, alone, stands in the corner. He sips a beer, awkward.  
Squires approaches:

DR. SQUIRES  
What are you doing?

LUKE  
Hanging out.

DR. SQUIRES  
Well get out there and make  
something happen.

LUKE  
These girls--they don't really get  
me.

DR. SQUIRES  
What's to get?  
(beat)  
Talk to one of them, Lucas. That's  
a good first step.  
(MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
Then you can get acquainted with  
them, you know, vaginally.

INT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Luke, stoned, wanders around a party. People are hooking up everywhere. Luke ambles on, muttering to himself:

LUKE  
Dr. Squires?

Luke peeks into a bedroom, sees two young SILHOUETTES against the wall, having sex.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Dr. Squires?

SILHOUETTE  
Wrong room, gaywad!

Luke continues to wander.

He walks through the hallway, looks from side to side. Then, he hears something:

Moaning. From within the closet.

Luke turns, swings the door open to find,

Dr. Squires and Union, going at it. Union is in her bra. Dr Squires has half of his shirt off.

LUKE  
We're going.

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAWN

Dr. Squires and Luke walk:

DR. SQUIRES  
Luke, remember when I said I'd  
never cheated on my wife before?

LUKE  
Yeah.

DR. SQUIRES  
Total lie.

LUKE  
So, you gonna tell her?

DR. SQUIRES  
Wasn't planning on it.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
Besides, she's taken so many Xanax,  
I'd be surprised if she sees  
daylight today.

LUKE  
You fuck this girl?

DR. SQUIRES  
Second base.

LUKE  
And what happened to getting fixed  
first?

DR. SQUIRES  
Sometimes getting laid is getting  
fixed, you know? Except for dogs.  
(beat)  
Break out that blunt.

Luke pulls out a joint:

LUKE  
This is a joint.

DR. SQUIRES  
I know that.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

Dr Squires pisses against a wall.

DR. SQUIRES  
This city is a disaster, Luke.  
It's not like it used to be. It's  
plastic. It's one big fucking  
Happy Meal.

LUKE  
Some people like Happy Meals.

DR. SQUIRES  
Some people like the Yankees too,  
Luke. It doesn't mean they're  
right.

He zips up.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Look around you, Luke...  
(beat)  
Is this what you want for your  
mind? For your life? You want it  
to become like this city? Sweep  
all those nasty things under the  
rug? Make everything OK?

They walk on, past a homeless person. Dr. Squires offers him a hit of weed. He declines.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
He puts the homeless people in prison, you know that? These people are sick, mentally. And they're being put in jail. What do you think about that?

LUKE  
Doesn't seem right--

DR. SQUIRES  
No. No it doesn't. And that's why I don't want you on medication, Luke.

(beat)  
You may as well go open up a Starbucks in your brain. Do you follow me?

LUKE  
Uh...

DR. SQUIRES  
Don't jump at the quick fix. This whole fucking city wants a quick fix...

LUKE  
Uh-huh.

DR. SQUIRES  
Embrace your pain. Make it a part of you. You don't want to be like them. I don't want you to be like them.

LUKE  
So you've never taken that stuff?

DR. SQUIRES  
Jesus, Luke. I'm on all of it. But I don't want you to be like me either.

Luke looks at him. They continue to walk.

DR. SQUIRES  
You know, sex is a drug too, Luke. More powerful than any synthetic pharmaceutical.

LUKE  
Is that why you go around trying to  
fuck little girls?

Dr. Squires stops, looks at him:

DR. SQUIRES  
No. I did *that* because you were  
too much of a pussy to do it  
yourself.

Luke ignores him, starts tagging a wall. Dr. Squires looks  
on, curious:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
What are you doing, Luke?

LUKE  
Taggin' this wall.

DR. SQUIRES  
Tagging? What is that? Some sort of  
teenage ritual?

LUKE  
I'm just kinda putting my stamp on  
the wall. So people know I was  
here.

DR. SQUIRES  
That's illegal, isn't it?

LUKE  
Yeah.

Dr. Squires reaches out his hand:

DR. SQUIRES  
May I?

LUKE  
I guess. Just be careful.

And Dr. Squires grabs Luke's sharpie. He walks over to the  
wall, neatly writes:

DR. JEFFREY SQUIRES, M.D.

Luke looks at it, smiles:

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Excellent penmanship.

Then:

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
Hey! You two! Stop right there!

Luke looks at Dr. Squires. Dr. Squires looks at Luke, and...

DR. SQUIRES  
It's a good thing I'm wearing  
these.

Dr. Squires drops to one knee, pumps up his Reebok pumps:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Forrest Gump, Luke. Forrest Gump.

LUKE  
What are you talking about?

DR. SQUIRES  
Running.

Dr. Squires takes off.

POLICE OFFICER  
Stop!

The cops haul ass after Squires. Luke just watches him.

He doesn't get far.

INT. COP VAN - DAWN

Luke, Dr. Squires, and an assorted menagerie of New York's  
Illest ride in the back of a patrol van. Dr. Squires hollers  
to the front:

DR. SQUIRES  
Who put you up to this, boys?  
Giuliani? You guys got some kind  
of quota to fill? Used to be, you  
could lick a sheet of acid, hold up  
a bank, and fuck a whore in Times  
Square without you fellas batting  
an eyelash. Now, one blunt and  
we're thrown in the paddy wagon?  
This whole city is fucked. We give  
you CHARACTER!

HOMELESS GUY  
Man, shut the hell up.

DR. SQUIRES  
Come on, now, brother. Join the  
revolution!  
(beat)  
What are you in here for?



HOMELESS GUY  
I stabbed my wife in the pussy.

DR. SQUIRES  
Oh. Well--

LUKE  
Hey, maybe we should just keep this  
on the DL?

DR. SQUIRES  
The DL?

LUKE  
Quiet.

INT THE TOMBS - NIGHT

Dr. Squires stands in the corner, taking it all in. Luke  
looks at him, furious:

LUKE  
What you got to smile about?

DR. SQUIRES  
This is fun.

LUKE  
Yeah. Real fun.

DR. SQUIRES  
At least I'm not stuck in that  
iceblock of a bed with my so-called  
wife--I'm fucking living. I should  
be so lucky to get the gas chamber.

LUKE  
I wouldn't get your hopes up. I  
don't think misdemeanor possession's  
gonna merit the death penalty.

DR. SQUIRES  
Fucking Giuliani.

Suddenly, at the bars:

COP  
Squires, Shapiro. You made bail!

INT TOMBS - MORNING

Luke and Dr. Squires exit the cell to find,  
STEPHANIE, waiting for them, holding up a set of car keys.

STEPHANIE  
Hi, stepdaddy.

DR. SQUIRES  
Hi, precious.

LUKE  
Hey, Steph.

STEPHANIE  
Hey Shapiro. Thanks for getting my  
stepfather thrown in prison. You're  
quite an influence.

LUKE  
But--

DR. SQUIRES  
It was my fault.

STEPHANIE  
I know.  
(beat)  
What'cha doing now, Shapiro?

Dr. Squires looks at her:

DR. SQUIRES  
Shapiro's busy.

LUKE  
No I'm not.

DR. SQUIRES  
Yes you are.

Steph looks at both of them, funny.

STEPHANIE  
Dr. Squires -- how about you take  
the car back to the garage and I  
won't tell my mom about this whole  
little arrest thing?

Dr. Squires looks at her, furrows his brow.

DR. SQUIRES  
Don't touch my daughter, Luke.

LUKE  
Stepdaughter.

STEPHANIE  
Stepdaughter.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Steph catches a tag on a park bench, as Luke passes her a spliff:

STEPHANIE  
So what's the deal with you and my  
stepdad? Are you guys, like, gay  
together?

LUKE  
We're friends, I guess.

STEPHANIE  
Weird.

LUKE  
Not really. He's very immature.

STEPHANIE  
Yeah, he and my mom fight about  
that all the time.

LUKE  
I know.  
(beat)  
We got more in common than you  
think, Steph.

STEPHANIE  
Your parents too?

LUKE  
Yeah.

EXT. UPTOWN POND - DUSK

Luke and Stephanie sit over the water. Luke stares at it, intently.

STEPHANIE  
What you trying to do?

LUKE  
Find my reflection.

STEPHANIE  
It's not in there.

LUKE  
No shit. This water's mad dirty.

STEPHANIE  
So, why did we never hang out in  
high school?

LUKE  
Cuz I was a loser, I guess. Not a  
loser, really. I was the most  
popular of the unpopular--

STEPHANIE  
Or the most unpopular of the  
popular.

LUKE  
Right. Either way. You're out of  
my league.

STEPHANIE  
So I'm slumming now?

LUKE  
You could say that.  
(beat)  
Want a beer?

STEPHANIE  
Sure.

Luke gets up, grabs a beer from his cart, opens it with the  
bottle opener on the side. Now, Biggie plays: "*Everyday  
Struggle*."

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Very handy.  
(beat)  
Hey, who is this?

LUKE  
Notorious B.I.G. Just came out.  
Real dope.

STEPHANIE  
You should make me a mix some time.

LUKE  
Definitely.

Wanna smoke?

STEPHANIE  
OK.

The sun goes down, and they smoke, catching each other's  
eyes, glancing away. Biggie fades out on Luke's stereo...

LUKE  
It's kind of nice. With no one  
else around.

Stephanie stares at him, smiling:

STEPHANIE  
It is, isn't it?

And Luke kisses her. And music swells,  
Until she pushes him away. And the music stops.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

LUKE  
Nothing.  
(beat)  
Did it feel good?

STEPHANIE  
Let's try again.

They do. And music swells. Longer now. They part. It stops.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Weird.

LUKE  
Did it feel good?

Steph smiles, kisses him, full on. Music swells. For real,  
this time.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - LATER

Luke leaves Steph's building, pushes his cart down the  
street. Now, he steps away from it.

And, as music continues on the soundtrack, he DANCES down the  
street.

The panels beneath him glow with his every step. Like in  
Michael Jackson's "*Billie Jean*" video.

INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie enters her house. She hears yelling.

In the background:

MRS. SQUIRES  
This is the kind of example you  
want to set for Stephanie? Smoking  
pot all the time like a goddamn  
child? That's not what I want for  
her. Or me.

DR. SQUIRES  
You're drunk.

MRS. SQUIRES  
So are you.

DR. SQUIRES  
You're more drunk.

MRS. SQUIRES  
I can't talk to you about this  
anymore. It's all a big fucking  
joke and I can't talk to you about  
anything anymore...

Stephanie enters her room, closes the door quietly.

INT LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke enters the house, stoned out of his mind. His mom is  
up, in the kitchen.

MOM  
Can I make you something to eat,  
honey?

LUKE  
Absolutely.  
(beat)  
I mean, yeah. What do we have?

MOM  
Some fruit. Some leftover  
stuffing. Some bagels.

LUKE  
That's fine.

MOM  
What?

LUKE  
Just put some stuffing on a bagel,  
please.  
(beat)  
With some fruit on top.

His mom looks at him, furrows her brow:

MOM

Sure.

Mom enters the kitchen, starts to cook. From the other room:

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, how was your night?

Luke walks over to the TV, turns it on. "*Taxi*". The theme song plays:

LUKE

I think I'm in love.

She rushes back in.

MOM

That's wonderful! Who's the lucky girl?

LUKE

Stephanie Squires.

MOM

Her family's very wealthy, Luke.

LUKE

I know.

MOM

Well, that's good.

LUKE

It's not like we're getting married, mom.

MOM

You never know. This is around the time when I met your father--

His mom reenters the kitchen. Luke winces.

LUKE

Right.

INT DR. SQUIRES HOUSE - NIGHT

Stephanie eats ice cream on the couch, smokes a cigarette, watches "*Three's Company*."

DR. SQUIRES

You're up late.

STEPHANIE

Couldn't sleep.

DR. SQUIRES  
You have a nice day with Luke?

STEPHANIE  
What do you mean?

DR. SQUIRES  
Nothing.  
(beat)  
Do you like him?

STEPHANIE  
I don't know. What do you care?

DR. SQUIRES  
Do you *like* like him?

STEPHANIE  
Maybe. Yeah.

Dr. Squires face drops.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm not really in the mood  
for a father-daughter moment, Dr.  
Squires.

DR. SQUIRES  
Well, can I watch TV with you?

STEPHANIE  
What about your wife?

DR. SQUIRES  
She took a valium and passed out.

STEPHANIE  
Sounds about right.  
(beat)  
Grab a seat.

Dr. Squires sits next to her. His DOG jumps onto his lap.

DR. SQUIRES  
So, fill me in.

STEPHANIE  
Well, there's been a big  
misunderstanding, and Mr. Ferley  
thinks Jack's gay.

Dr. Squires lights a bowl:

DR. SQUIRES  
I think I've seen this one.



INT LUKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Luke exits his bedroom. His dad's in a suit, in the kitchen.

DAD  
Morning, Luke.  
(beat)  
You're up early.

LUKE  
Couldn't sleep.  
(beat)  
It's mad hot.

Luke notices his dad looking at a piece of paper.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What's that?

DAD  
Nothing.

Luke snatches it. An eviction notice.

LUKE  
We're getting evicted?

Luke's Dad stops pouring his juice.

DAD  
Keep your voice down. I'll take  
care of it. I've got a big deal  
coming through. It's no problem.

He snatches the notice from Luke's hand.

LUKE  
Where would we go?

DAD  
I don't know. Downtown, maybe?  
Jersey? Not everyone has to live  
on the Upper East Side.

LUKE  
Well, I can't live in Jersey.

DAD  
Look, I messed up. But I'm trying  
to fix it.

LUKE  
Well, fix it.

DAD  
All I can do is try.

LUKE  
Be a man, dad. Fix it.

DAD  
What should I do, Luke? Deal pot?

LUKE  
I don't think you'd be very good at that.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke moves through the park, dealing with newfound intensity.

MONTAGE:

Portraits of Luke's various clients, across New York City.  
Luke deals to them, in rapid-fire, making that paper.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

A dishevelled Dr. Squires, lost, pretends to listen to a patient.

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

Luke and Stephanie smoke a joint on the Promenade. The city glows in the distance.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke moves through the park, selling ices, dealing weed. The portraits fly by now,

Mixed and matched with Dr. Squires' patients. All of them intermingled, pulsing to the beat...

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luke presses stop on his boombox, scribbles his tag on a label, slaps it on a tape.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

Luke sits across from Dr. Squires, who seems vaguely uninterested:

LUKE

So, I've been dealing a lot more--

Dr. Squires pulls out a bong, takes a hit.

DR. SQUIRES

Uh-huh.

LUKE

I'm trying to help my folks a little, you know. I just feel a lot of pressure--

DR. SQUIRES

You're totally wrong for each other.

LUKE

Huh?

DR. SQUIRES

I want you to stop seeing Stephanie. She is not for you.

LUKE

What's so bad about me?

DR. SQUIRES

She'll break your heart, Luke. She's just bored.

This hurts.

LUKE

That's not true.

DR. SQUIRES

Fine. Ignore my advice. I'm trying to help you, Shapiro. What? You think she's hot? You want to fuck her? The next thing you know, you've wasted your entire life on a girl you have nothing in common with, Luke.

LUKE

I was just following your advice, Dr. Squires. Living? You know?

(beat)

Wait--who said anything about my entire life?

DR. SQUIRES

This is it, Luke. This is your life. The choices you make.

(MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
 And I guess you've chosen to be a  
 hoodlum drug dealer who latches  
 onto the only girl who will pay  
 attention to him, simply because  
 he's scared of being alone.

LUKE  
 What about you?

DR. SQUIRES  
 What about me?

LUKE  
 Telling me not to take medication.  
 Your "you don't want me to be like  
 Times Square" fucking metaphor.  
 You said so, you're on half that  
 shit yourself. You're a hypocrite.  
 (beat)  
 Why are you even hanging out with  
 me anyway? Don't you have friends  
 your own age? Don't you feel like  
 a fucking weird old idiot, just,  
 like, trying to relive your high  
 school years cuz you fucked them up  
 the first time?  
 (beat)  
 Maybe that's it. Maybe you're  
 jealous...

DR. SQUIRES  
 Don't, Luke--

LUKE  
 You want to be me, right? With  
 your daughter...

Dr. Squires looks at him, eyes steel:

DR. SQUIRES  
 Stepdaughter.  
 (beat)  
 I believe our time is up.

Luke looks at him, focused.

LUKE  
 I guess so.

DR. SQUIRES  
 This was a short one, so I'll just  
 charge you a dime bag.

Luke pulls some weed out of his pocket--and a mixtape:

LUKE  
 I made this for you.

Dr. Squires looks at it.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
It's a mixtape.

Luke walks out as Dr. Squires studies the tape.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Luke enters his house. There's his dad, watching TV, surrounded still by boxes of Walkmen:

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
...The New York Mets Dwight Gooden  
was admitted to the Betty Ford  
clinic today for cocaine  
addiction...

DAD  
(re: TV)  
What a mess.

LUKE  
You fix it?

DAD  
Please, Luke. Don't talk to me  
about this right now.

LUKE  
(re: boxes)  
What happened with the walkmen? I  
thought you had someone who wanted--

DAD  
What do you want from me, Luke? I  
have no idea what the hell I'm  
doing. Is that what you want to  
hear?

LUKE  
I want you to make me feel better.

DAD  
I want someone to make me feel  
better too, Luke. I really do.

LUKE  
Listen, dad. I have some money.

DAD  
That's very sweet, Luke--

LUKE  
Real money.

Now, his mom enters:

MOM  
What are you guys talking about?

Nothing. DAD Nothing. LUKE

EXT. DR. SQUIRES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke's mixtape blares from Dr. Squires' stereo.

Dr. Squires sits on the ledge of his balcony, looks down. He wobbles, as he takes a swig.

Now, he holds up a water balloon, tosses it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke and Stephanie push Luke's cart down a path in the park.

STEPHANIE  
Hey, I'm not going to get arrested,  
am I?

LUKE  
Just act calm, and follow my lead,  
everything will be fine.  
(beat)  
Relax. Here, let's listen to some  
music.

Luke switches on a little boombox affixed to the cart handle. Out pumps "*Juicy*" by Biggie.

Stephanie smiles. Luke looks down the path:

LUKE (CONT'D)  
That's her.

They approach a woman, dressed in cutoff sweatshirt and black jeans, sort of almost pretty, 42. This is ELEANOR.

Thank God. ELEANOR

LUKE  
Hey.

ELEANOR  
Who's this?

LUKE  
This is my friend, Stephanie.  
Stephanie, this is Eleanor.

STEPHANIE  
Nice to meet you.

ELEANOR  
She's hot.

Luke nods, embarrassed.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Sorry to move the location, I've  
just been hearing all these  
nightmare stories about fucking  
Giuliani. And I had to do it  
today, cuz I have a guy coming into  
town tomorrow and we have nothing  
to talk about unless we're stoned  
but he fucks like...well...he's a  
nice guy. Actually, he's a fucking  
asshole, but here we are.

Stephanie smiles.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Let me ask you something about  
guys, Luke. Why are they all so  
fucked up? Am I intimidating? Am  
I intimidating because I play an  
instrument?

LUKE  
No.  
(beat)  
You play an instrument?

ELEANOR  
Yes, Luke. I'm a musician. God,  
you don't know anything about me.

LUKE  
I mean, I don't really need  
to...know anything about you.

ELEANOR  
I was in a band, Luke: Emergency  
Breakthrough. We were big in the  
80's. Well, we were big in 1982. I  
play keyboard and I fucked Ronnie  
Wood.

LUKE  
The football player?

ELEANOR

No, Luke. He's in the Rolling Stones. Jesus, you know nothing about music.

LUKE

Sure I do.

ELEANOR

Hip hop is not music, Luke. It is noise.

(beat)

Please tell me I don't look as old as I sound...

(to Steph)

What about you, darling? You got any insight into guys? Why am I asking? Of course you don't. You picked a real handful with this one.

LUKE

We're not exactly...

STEPHANIE

Yes we are.

(beat)

He's the love of my life.

She takes hold Luke's hand.

ELEANOR

Yeah. You guys have real good chemistry. How's the sex?

LUKE

You know, Eleanor, you can really just tell me how much you want and leave it at that.

ELEANOR

Fifty of the bubble gum, please.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke pushes his cart through the park--with Steph:

STEPHANIE

He OD'd when I was 6. At least, that's the story they tell me. He was this very handsome, like, famous photographer, and my mom was a model.

(beat)

I have very good genes.



LUKE  
You miss him?

STEPHANIE  
I didn't know him well enough to miss him. But I'm definitely missing something.

They walk on, in silence:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I think when I get to college, I'm gonna change my name to Mary J. Squires.

LUKE  
That's cool. I like that.

INT STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Luke looks from side to side.

LUKE  
He's not here is he?

STEPHANIE  
I told you already. There's no way. He's got patients til 6.  
(she looks around)  
Ready? Run.

They run into Stephanie's room.

INT STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke and Steph make out, under the covers, when:

DR. SQUIRES (O.S.)  
Steph?

They both recoil, look at each other in horror. Luke nods with his head: talk to him.

Luke crawls under the covers, hides:

STEPHANIE  
Yeah?

The door opens.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
You're home early.

DR. SQUIRES  
My last patient cancelled.  
Actually, he killed himself  
yesterday. Is someone here?

STEPHANIE  
Just me.

Meanwhile, Stephanie grabs Luke's hand, puts it between her legs.

DR. SQUIRES  
Why are you in bed?

STEPHANIE  
(smiling wide)  
I feel like shit.

DR. SQUIRES  
I heard laughing.

STEPHANIE  
Answering machine.

He sits down.

DR. SQUIRES  
Do you want some soup?

STEPHANIE  
Not right now, thanks. I think I'm  
going to stay in bed. For a while.

Dr. Squires sits in the chair, quietly, for a beat.  
Stephanie looks at him, smiles, nods.

DR. SQUIRES  
Well, feel better.

STEPHANIE  
Thanks.

And he gets up, exits.

The door closes, and Steph pulls the covers back over her,  
looks at Luke.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Close one.

LUKE  
I gotta get out of here, Steph. If  
he catches me--

INT DR. SQUIRES HOUSE - LATER

Dr. Squires, naked, in the lotus position.

As Luke sneaks by.

Just as Luke gets to the front door,

His PAGER starts going off.

Squires looks around, curious.

Luke grabs it, quick, turns it off,

DR. SQUIRES (O.S.)  
Shapiro?

Luke turns to the doctor who stands, naked.

LUKE  
(sheepish)  
Look, Dr. Squires, I think maybe  
you should get used to this...

DR. SQUIRES  
Get used to it?

LUKE  
I mean, it doesn't really affect  
you...

DR. SQUIRES  
I want you out of my house.

LUKE  
You know, maybe you should take  
care of your own shit before you  
start worrying about my...shit.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm getting my gun.

LUKE  
You don't have a gun.

DR. SQUIRES  
My wife does.

Dr. Squires walks away, quickly, but not before shooting a  
look at Stephanie, who stands in her doorway:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Sick, huh?

And Luke bails.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Squires looks in his bathroom cabinet. In the bedroom, his wife's asleep in all her clothes, on the bed.

He looks at the lithium,  
Grabs the bottle, opens it,  
Dumps the pills down the toilet.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Squires enters his bedroom. His wife watches television. On it, an idyllic beach: Goodness Gracious, Barbados.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm a mess.

MRS. SQUIRES  
I know.

DR. SQUIRES  
You used to help me when I got like  
this.

MRS. SQUIRES  
We used to do a lot of things.

They watch TV, quiet. Couples splash around on the sand.

DR. SQUIRES  
Looks like fun.

His wife turns to him:

MRS. SQUIRES  
We went there on our honeymoon.

DR. SQUIRES  
Right.

Silence:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Wanna go back?

MRS. SQUIRES  
Sure.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

Luke sits across from a couple WHITE HOODLUMS. They snort ritalin. Looks like they've been here for days. Hip hop blasts:

LUKE

Y'all sure you don't want some more? I can make you a deal this time...I'm trying to unload a little extra...

HOODLUM 1

What is this, Crazy Eddie's? I told you, just an eighth.  
(to Hoodlum 2)  
Such a cute kid.

HOODLUM 2

Shapiro, when you going to college?

LUKE

I don't know, like a month or so...

HOODLUM 1

Fuck college. I'd stay here if I was you. You got a good business going...

LUKE

Yeah.

HOODLUM 2

Take it from me, Shapiro. College is wiggity wiggity wack.

Luke gets a page.

HOODLUM 1

Except the pussy.

HOODLUM 2

Yeah, the pussy's good.

LUKE

Yo, can I use your phone?

HOODLUM 1

Yeah. Please. Use my phone to coordinate a drug deal.  
(beat)  
Pay phone. On the corner.

EXT. NY STREET - DAY

Luke spots a pay phone.

INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie watches *The Box* in her bra and panties, smokes a cigarette.

STEPHANIE

Yo.

LUKE

What the fuck is it?

STEPHANIE

What do you mean? Nothing.

LUKE

You paged me 911.

STEPHANIE

Oh. Just wanted to see what you were doing this weekend...

LUKE

Shit. Steph, don't page me 911 unless it's an emergency. I thought someone died.

STEPHANIE

Come on.

LUKE

Serious.

STEPHANIE

OK. My bad. Anyway, what are you doing this weekend?

LUKE

Nothing.

STEPHANIE

Good. My folks are going to Barbados, which means my house in Fire Island is open. I was wondering if you wanted to join me out there for some beachcombing.

LUKE

Like, a date?

STEPHANIE  
Like a honeymoon.

LUKE  
I do.

STEPHANIE  
You know what people do on a  
honeymoon. Don't you, Luke?

LUKE  
(smiling)  
I think so.

STEPHANIE  
I'll meet you at Penn Station  
tomorrow at 3. Bring weed.

Luke hangs up, ecstatic.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Squires, in sunglasses and Hawaiian shirt, stands in front of the mirror. De La Soul blares as he raps to himself.

INT. LUKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

De La Soul continues as Luke sprays some Nautica cologne on his armpits. He sings along in the mirror.

INT. DELI - DAY

Luke walks up to the counter, hands a pair of MAGNUM CONDOMS to the CLERK. Behind him a BIG BLACK MAN:

CLERK  
These are magnums...

LUKE  
Uh-huh.

CLERK  
You know what that means?

LUKE  
Word.

The Big Black Man smirks.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Actually, what does it mean?

INT PENN STATION - DAY

Luke stands under the big arrivals/departures board. Stephanie approaches, wearing a sundress. She looks beautiful.

LUKE  
Wow. You look beautiful.

STEPHANIE  
I know!

EXT. OCEAN BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

Luke and Steph walk past a crew of Long Island drunks, duffel bags in tow.

EXT. FIRE ISLAND FERRY - DUSK

The sun sets over the Atlantic. Luke and Steph, on the top of the ferry. She's chilly. He gives her his sweatshirt.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Luke and Steph drop their bags, drop their clothes, and run into the ocean.

LUKE  
It's mad warm.

STEPHANIE  
Global warming.

Steph swims closer to him, touches him. He shudders:

LUKE  
Fuck, dude. Don't do that shit...

STEPHANIE  
What?

LUKE  
I'm scared of Jawses.

STEPHANIE  
There are no Jawses here.

LUKE  
You sure?



STEPHANIE

Positive.

And they swim in the warm black sea.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter Stephanie's beach house. It's sparse, wooden, filled with shells, an old TV, an old stereo.

STEPHANIE

Want some wine?

LUKE

Got anything stronger?

Stephanie looks through the cabinets.

STEPHANIE

Let's see--whiskey?

LUKE

Hmm. I'll try it, I guess.  
Anything to mix it with?

STEPHANIE

There's some juice boxes...

LUKE

Good.

(beat)

Hey, I made this for you.

Luke pulls a mixtape from his bag, drops the tape into an old silver boombox.

Stephanie beams:

"Roni" by Bobby Brown plays.

INT STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Stephanie squeezes the remainder of a Hawaiian Punch juice box into a glass of whiskey. She grabs her glass of wine and walks outside to the

HOT TUB

Where Luke sits, drunk, stoned, dazed. He looks up, smiling:

LUKE

This whiskey is a lot of drunk.

STEPHANIE

No shit.

LUKE

So, listen, let me ask you something...

STEPHANIE

Uh-oh.

LUKE

Um, what's going on here?

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

(beat)

Is this, like, a girlie conversation?

LUKE

Maybe. Sorry. I mean, I've just never really been in this situation before.

STEPHANIE

What situation?

LUKE

Hanging out with a girl who likes me...

(beat)

Who I like...

Stephanie watches him, gets in the water.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I guess I'm just wondering...what happens...when everyone comes back.

STEPHANIE

Like, do I turn into a pumpkin?

LUKE

Basically, yeah.

STEPHANIE

I don't know. But it doesn't matter.

LUKE

Why not?

STEPHANIE

Cuz how could anything possibly matter right now?

(beat)

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (cont'd)  
Shapiro--you just -- you think  
about things in this shitty way,  
you know? I'm lucky--I'm not like  
you. I look at the dopeness, and  
you--you look at the wackness.

LUKE  
I do?

STEPHANIE  
You do. When all you have to do is  
look at me.

LUKE  
Word.

STEPHANIE  
And kiss me.

And he does.

INT STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke and Steph make out in their bathing suits.

STEPHANIE  
Take these off.

Stephanie slides Luke's bathing suit around his ankles. He's  
so scared now.

She flips him on his back, gets on top.

LUKE  
Condom--?

STEPHANIE  
That's what the pill's for,  
Shapiro.

LUKE  
O...K...

He's inside her now. Stephanie moves up and down, quickly:

STEPHANIE  
Um, you're not hard.

LUKE  
Fuck. No? Man.  
(beat)  
I'm really drunk, I think.

Now, the tape stops.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I gotta flip the tape.

STEPHANIE  
Nuh-uh. We're having sex.

LUKE  
But...my drunk. I mean, my dick.

STEPHANIE  
I'll make coffee.

INT STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The mix continues now: Outkast, "*Crumblin' Erb*". Luke sits at the counter. Luke sips his coffee.

LUKE  
I never drank coffee before.

STEPHANIE  
I drink it all the time. It's like ritalin.

LUKE  
Hey, Steph...Not to be, like, a bitch or nothin', but, um...

STEPHANIE  
What is it?

LUKE  
I've kinda never had sex before.

STEPHANIE  
You're a virgin?

LUKE  
Nah. I've just never officially had sex.

STEPHANIE  
Right.  
(beat)  
I thought you fucked Katie.

LUKE  
I was, like, real faded and I never really--it was more like third base...

STEPHANIE  
She thinks you fucked her.

LUKE  
Well, OK, but, listen, that's why  
I'm nervous and, like, maybe that's  
why--the thing with my dick...

STEPHANIE  
Don't worry, Shapiro. I've done it  
like 100 times. I'll teach you.  
You will be my student of sex.

LUKE  
OK. I'm down.

STEPHANIE  
You sober yet?

Luke looks down at his crotch:

LUKE  
Probably.

STEPHANIE  
Then it's time for our first  
lesson.

INT STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke lies on top of Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
OK. Now put it in.

Luke moves.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Ow. Ow. Slowly. Slower.  
(beat)  
OK. That's good. Now move in and--

Suddenly, Luke shudders, convulses.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
No fucking way.

LUKE  
Um...

STEPHANIE  
You came?

LUKE  
Uhhhh...

STEPHANIE  
You fucking came.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Luke sits on the beach, sullen, as the sun rises. Stephanie plays around in the water, on her back, looking up at the horizon and the faint sliver of orange that streaks above it.

Luke looks at her, mouths to himself:

LUKE  
 I love you.  
 (beat)  
 Stephanie, I love you.  
 (beat)  
 I love you, Steph.  
 (beat)  
 I got mad love for you, shorty.

Luke shakes his head, closes his eyes. Stephanie dives into a wave.

INT BARBADOS HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Dr. Squires sits on the bed, across from his wife. The TV is on. The sun is rising. A bottle of champagne passes between them.

DR. SQUIRES  
 I haven't stayed up all night in 10 years.

MRS. SQUIRES  
 Yes we did.

DR. SQUIRES  
 We did?

MRS. SQUIRES  
 We did. New Year's Eve, 4 years ago. Remember we found that coke that you hid from the 80's? And we did it and then we made love on the balcony covered in these giant blankets and we woke up Steph and you told her we were out there trying to save a sick pigeon?

DR. SQUIRES  
 I do remember that.

Dr. Squires laughs, sighs:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
 What happened to us, Kristen?

MRS. SQUIRES  
You're kidding, right?

DR. SQUIRES  
Yeah. I'm kidding.

He takes another sip of champagne.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOWER - DAY

Luke showers in the sun. Next to him, a deer eats some grass.

Now, Stephanie enters, a towel wrapped around her. Luke looks at her, smiles, nervous. He puts some shampoo in his hair.

Stephanie drops her towel, steps behind Luke, starts to rub the shampoo in. Luke turns around. Stephanie kisses him.

She reaches down, slides him inside her. He shudders, moves closer, pushes her back against the wooden shower door.

An animated deer joins the first, real-life one, eating grass. Now another. An animated songbird lands on the showerhead, chirps.

And Luke and Stephanie fuck. And it's good. Really good.

INT BARBADOS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Porn on Spectravision. And Dr. Squires fucks his wife. She sits on his lap; they both face the TV screen. Behind it, a mirror. Alternate focus between the mirror and the TV.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOWER - DAY

Stephanie slumps into Luke, her head on his shoulder. She smiles wide. They stand like that, for a while. The shower continues to hit them, sprinkled with sunlight. Then:

LUKE  
I love you.

Stephanie backs up, looks at him:

STEPHANIE  
Whoa, dude.

INT JFK - NIGHT

Dr. Squires and his wife wait for their bags.

INT LONG ISLAND RAILROAD - NIGHT

Stephanie and Luke sit on the train, not talking. He listens to his headphones; she reads *The Source*. Awkward.

INT TAXI - NIGHT

Dr. Squires and his wife ride back to New York in a cab. The city glows in the distance.

He reaches for her hand; she takes his.

INT PENN STATION - NIGHT

This is goodbye. Stephanie and Luke look at each other.

LUKE  
So...um...

STEPHANIE  
I'll call you this week.

LUKE  
This week? When?

STEPHANIE  
Some time during the week.  
(beat)  
I'm going to be really busy. At work.

LUKE  
The world needs copies, huh?

STEPHANIE  
Something like that.

LUKE  
Well--cool.

STEPHANIE  
Bye.

LUKE  
Peace.

They hug.



LUKE (CONT'D)  
Ow. Sunburn.

STEPHANIE  
Right. Bye.

And she's gone.

INT DR. SQUIRES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Squires, in boxers and oversized t-shirt, pisses.

He flushes, enters the --

BEDROOM

His wife is lying in bed, smiling tenderly. Dr. Squires hands her a pill. She takes it, nods thank you. He sits at the foot of the bed.

DR. SQUIRES  
I want a divorce.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Me too.

Beat.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Hey.

They look over. Stephanie stands in the doorway. She hasn't heard any of this.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Hey, darling. How was your weekend?

STEPHANIE  
Uneventful.

DR. SQUIRES  
You got a nice tan there, Steph.

STEPHANIE  
Uh-huh.  
(beat)  
I just wanted to say hi. I'm going to sleep.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Goodnight, sweetheart.

DR. SQUIRES  
We love you.

Mrs. Squires shoots a glance at her soon-to-be ex-husband.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke opens the front door to his house, enters. He drops his duffel bag in the hall. It's quiet.

LUKE  
Dad? Mom?

Luke walks into the living room. Nothing.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Mom?

He enters his parents' room. Nothing. Now, from the bathroom, he hears muffled cries:

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Mom.

MOM  
I'm fine, honey. It's OK.

Luke opens the door a crack. His mom is sitting at the sink, crying.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Leave, Luke.

LUKE  
Mom. Mom. It's gonna be fine.

MOM  
I can't be poor, Luke. I don't know how to do it.

She breaks down now. Luke sits next to his mother. She points to a pill bottle on the counter:

MOM (CONT'D)  
Hand me that.

Luke grabs the bottle. Valium. He fills a cup with water. Gives it to her. She pops it.

LUKE  
Mom. What happened? What did he do?

MOM  
He risked everything. Over and  
over again.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry. This isn't fair to you.

LUKE  
It's cool. I can take it.

MOM  
You can. I know that.  
(beat)  
I just wanted it to be easy for  
you. And it's always  
so...fucking...hard.

LUKE  
What?

MOM  
Everything.

LUKE  
It's gonna be fine, mom. I talked  
to dad. He said so.

MOM  
OK, sweetie. OK.

INT LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke opens his refrigerator. It's filled with weed. More  
weed than he could possibly unload himself.

He puts his face in the pillow, and starts to cry.

On his dresser, his pager vibrates. Over and over again.

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Luke dials. On the other end, Stephanie's machine:

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Hey. It's Steph. Leave a message.

LUKE  
Yo. Steph. Hey. It's me, Luke. I  
know you said you'd call me this  
week, and it's a week from when you  
said that...so, well, I guess  
there's still time in the week,  
really.

(beat)

(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)  
 Technically, there's still a few hours left. I hope you're aware of that... (beat) Listen, are you not calling me back cuz I said I love you? Cuz that's stupid. I mean, I didn't mean it really. And even if I did, I'm going to college in three weeks so it's not like it matters. You know what? Fuck it. I meant it. I do love you. I'm not scared to say it. I fucking love you and if that scares you, well...then fuck you. You know what? Fuck off. You're a bitch. Goodbye.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Squires sits in his office, stoned. He stares at his degrees, tries to crush them with his forefinger and thumb. Then, a knock:

DR. SQUIRES  
 Come in...

Luke opens the door:

LUKE  
 Hey.

DR. SQUIRES  
 Shapiro?

Luke stands there, sullen:

LUKE  
 She got bored.

DR. SQUIRES  
 With all due respect to my stepdaughter, Luke--fuck her. Fuck 'em all.  
 (beat)  
 It's like Biggie says, "bitches I like 'em brainless..."

LUKE  
 "Guns I like 'em stainless steel."  
 (beat)  
 Couldn't save your marriage, huh?

DR. SQUIRES  
 Turns out it's not worth saving.

Silence. They stare at each other.

LUKE

Dr. Squires, remember when you told me that shit about men doing the things they needed to do to become the men they need to become...or something?

DR. SQUIRES

No.

LUKE

Well, I need your help.

DR. SQUIRES

What is it, Luke?

LUKE

Do you know anyone who could maybe use some weed? I have a little extra weight to unload this month.

Dr. Squires thinks:

DR. SQUIRES

We could probably work something out.

He smiles, and Biggie drops on the soundtrack.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Luke and Dr. Squires roll down the street. They look different now. Almost...badass.

LUKE

If we're gonna do this, Dr. Squires, we're gonna do it right. You gotta be a little more careful.

DR. SQUIRES

Don't worry, Luke. I'm not going back to prison.

LUKE

Good. Let's establish a few ground rules. Number 1: We use pagers. Someone pages us, and we call them back from a payphone. We never use home phones for this type of stuff. Never.

FLASH: Luke talks on a payphone, catches a tag on it.

DR. SQUIRES  
That's great, Luke. I already have  
a pager for my medical practice.

LUKE  
Number 2: We sell weed by the gram,  
by the eighth, and by the ounce.  
Gram's the highest profit margin  
but it's also the most potent.  
That's why we try to encourage  
people to buy the grams...

INT. APARTMENT ON W 83RD STREET - DAY

Luke and Dr. Squires sit across from an OLDER MAN:

LUKE  
Look, Principal Edwards, I can give  
you 2 grams for \$125. Anything  
less than that, I don't make a  
profit.

PRINCIPAL EDWARDS  
You always were very good at math,  
Luke.

*Intercut LUKE AND SQUIRES' DRUG DEALS with a SUBWAY MAP,  
illustrating their location across Manhattan.*

LUKE  
Number 3: you make half of all  
sales on any clients you refer...

DR. SQUIRES  
Oh, don't worry about that, Luke.

LUKE  
What do you mean?

DR. SQUIRES  
I don't need the money.

LUKE  
Wait...so why are you doing this?

DR. SQUIRES  
You know, for fun.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

Luke and Dr. Squires push Luke's ice cart across the city,  
licking ices as they go. Biggie blasts from the boombox.

DR. SQUIRES  
It's been a long time since a form  
of musical expression was so raw,  
so real. It's like therapy, really.  
But doper.

(beat)  
There he is.

And they approach a BEARDED MAN.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Oliver! How's the golf game?

BEARDED MAN  
Not bad, doc. Not bad.

DR. SQUIRES  
And your mother?

BEARDED MAN  
Still projecting.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm sorry to hear that. Call my  
office to make an appointment.  
(beat)  
Now, how much marijuana can I get  
you?

BEARDED MAN  
An eighth.

EXT. LUKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luke and Dr. Squires play video games, smoke weed, rap along  
to Biggie. Friends.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luke counts his money, pleased.

DR. SQUIRES (V.O.)  
Exactly how much money are we  
trying to make here?

LUKE (V.O.)  
As much as possible...

DR. SQUIRES (V.O.)  
And what's all this for, Luke? If  
you don't mind my asking.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LUKE (V.O.)  
College.

Luke looks at his DAD and MOM, who are in bed, sleeping head-to-toe.

INT ELEANOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Luke and Dr. Squires finish carrying the cart up the stairs. They're exhausted.

DR. SQUIRES  
I didn't know it was a fifth-floor walkup. Who the fuck lives in a fifth floor walkup?

LUKE  
Please, Dr. Squires. Behave. This is my connect.  
(beat)  
And she's single.

Eleanor opens the door.

ELEANOR  
Hi, Luke!

Dr. Squires looks at her, smitten.

DR. SQUIRES  
Hello.

Eleanor smiles:

ELEANOR  
Hi.

A beat, as they take each other in:

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Come on in.

INT ELEANOR'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Dr. Squires enter.

ELEANOR  
I'm Eleanor.



DR. SQUIRES  
I'm, uh, Hayden.

LUKE  
You don't have to use an alias with  
her, Squires.

DR. SQUIRES  
Oh. Well then, I'm Jeff.

ELEANOR  
And I'm still Eleanor.

They stare at each other, smile.

LUKE  
So...how much you want?

ELEANOR  
A quarter. I'm going to New  
Hampshire to meet that guy. The  
fucker. So, I'm...you know...just,  
packing and stuff and then I was  
thinking...I need some grass! I  
almost forgot! So, that's how this  
happened.

LUKE  
So, a quarter, then?

DR. SQUIRES  
He doesn't appreciate you.

ELEANOR  
How'd you guess?

DR. SQUIRES  
He couldn't possibly.

ELEANOR  
That's a compliment, right?

Dr. Squires nods.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Let me find my purse.

She searches the house frantically.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Here it is!  
(beat)  
And here's...this.

She hands Luke a CD.

LUKE

Thanks.  
(beat)  
Greatest Hits?

ELEANOR

It's really only 3 songs and a lot  
of remixes. It's actually kind of  
more like one song.

Dr. Squires looks at the CD.

DR. SQUIRES

You were in Emergency Breakthrough?

ELEANOR

I was.

DR. SQUIRES

No shit! I loved your music.

ELEANOR

No shit!  
(beat)  
See, Luke? I'm not just making  
this stuff up.  
(to Dr. Squires)  
I'm trying to educate him. Show  
him there's a whole world beyond  
rap music.

DR. SQUIRES

You should listen to this woman,  
Luke. She's as smart and talented  
as she is beautiful.

ELEANOR

Awww.  
(to Luke)  
He's crazy, right?

LUKE

A total lunatic.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Luke and Dr. Squires, in the elevator:

DR. SQUIRES

Nice girl. That Eleanor.

LUKE

Yeah.

DR. SQUIRES  
Thanks for letting me come with  
you, Luke. I feel this is a big  
step in our relationship.

LUKE  
No problem. Just don't be yourself.

INT. PERCY'S HOUSE - DAY

Two large BLACK MEN. Carrying UZIs. They stand, stoic.

Elevator door swing open, as Luke walks out confidently.  
Behind him, Dr. Squires freaked out. Luke turns to him:

LUKE  
It's OK.

Dr. Squires nods, takes a step forward, looks at the UZIs,  
the men who carry them.

DR. SQUIRES  
Uh-huh.

PERCY (O.S.)  
Who the fuck are you?

Dr. Squires looks up, sees Percy.

DR. SQUIRES  
Who the fuck are you?

Luke interjects, quickly:

LUKE  
He's with me, Percy. He's cool.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm cool, Percy.

PERCY  
Ima be the judge of that.

Dr. Squires stands right in front of one of the UZI GUYS,  
staring at him intently.

UZI GUY  
Stop that.

DR. SQUIRES  
Sorry.

Percy eyes him skeptically.

INT. PERCY'S ROOM - DAY

Dr. Squires and Percy, smoking a SPLIFF, stoned out of their minds. Percy's holding a GLOCK. Nas blaes. Luke sits, bored.

DR. SQUIRES

The drowning represents your inability to get a handle on your life, what you're doing, perhaps your business. And the girl--well, I don't know. When in doubt, I usually go with your mother.

PERCY

Me mum. Dat make a lot more sense now.

LUKE

Listen, guys...I hate to interrupt, but--Percy, I need more.

PERCY

Luke needs more. How much more Luke need?

LUKE

Another 10 zs.

PERCY

How you gwana unload an extra 10 ounces dis week, boy?

LUKE

I've expanded my client roster.

PERCY

You sure riskin' a lot, boy.

Percy cocks his gun, dramatically, points it to Luke, who shudders a bit:

DR. SQUIRES

Hey, easy. He's just a kid.

Percy drops the gun, looks at Squires, stoic:

PERCY

He ain't no kid...

(to Luke)

Ain't dat right, Luke? You a man, boy.

INT DR. SQUIRES CAR - LATER

Dr. Squires and Luke, in the car. Luke counts his money:

LUKE  
11 grand, plus another 10 zs to  
unload, at a grand a z... It's a  
start.

DR. SQUIRES  
You know, it's funny, Luke--you and  
me, we have the same job-- but  
you're giving people the real shit.  
I just give them chemicals. I  
prescribe lies.  
(beat)  
I want to do this, Luke.

LUKE  
Do what?

DR. SQUIRES  
What you do? I can do it, Luke.  
You'll need someone to follow in  
your footsteps. When you're gone.

Luke sees his house.

LUKE  
What is wrong with you, Dr.  
Squires? You've been acting really  
weird--

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm fine, Luke. Totally fine. I'm  
just--unfulfilled.

LUKE  
Well, this isn't for you.

DR. SQUIRES  
But it's for you?

Dr. Squires stops the car. Luke just looks at him.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

The camera moves through the city, past people, faces,  
streets and signs. All the while, in the middle of our frame

THE MIDDLE FINGER, held up high.

It moves past everyone, everything. Cool kids downtown,  
hoodlums uptown, old people, young people, babies and dogs.

Until the finger stops, at a pay phone, picks up the receiver...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke, on the phone again:

LUKE  
Hey, Steph...so, I guess you're ignoring me, huh? That's a shame, cuz it'd be nice to hang out or whatever before I go to school. The school year is rapidly approaching, as you know and, well, I miss you. Call me back.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Squires looks at his wife, who stands at the front door, bags packed:

DR. SQUIRES  
I love you.

MRS. SQUIRES  
No you don't.

DR. SQUIRES  
Don't leave me here. Don't leave me all alone. Please.

MRS. SQUIRES  
It's for the best, Jeffrey.

From the other room, Stephanie watches, as her mother approaches her, caresses her face tenderly:

MRS. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
I will be back in just a few weeks, sweetheart. Then we'll deal with the separation.

STEPHANIE  
OK.

MRS. SQUIRES  
Goodbye, Jeff.

And Dr. Squires watches her walk away.

INT STEPHANIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie, teary-eyed, replays Luke's message on the machine.

LUKE (V.O.)  
...I miss you. Call me back.

Then, her phone rings again. She picks up, quickly:

STEPHANIE  
Shapiro?

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Huh?

STEPHANIE  
Justin?

EXT. BROOKLYN PROMENADE - DAY

Justin, in triple fat goose and hoodie, on the phone. Behind him, Rollo catches a tag on a park bench:

JUSTIN  
Why you callin' me Shapiro?

STEPHANIE  
No reason.  
(beat)  
Hey, how was Florence?

JUSTIN  
Seville.

STEPHANIE  
Right. How was it?

JUSTIN  
Crazy, yo. Mad crazy. I'll tell  
you all about it. We're gonna hit  
this club downtown tonight. Wanna  
come?

She doesn't skip a beat:

STEPHANIE  
Totally.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Luke rolls his Ice Cart through Central Park, sullen.

EXT. LUKE'S BUILDING - DAY

Luke approaches his apartment building. Something's wrong.  
There's a truck there, a moving truck.

His mother's on the curb, smoking a cigarette. His father is talking to the movers:

DAD  
Easy with that! That was my  
father's.

Luke goes up to his mom, frantic:

LUKE  
What happened?

MOM  
What do you think?

He runs up to his dad:

LUKE  
Dad. Wait! I have money. I have  
money.  
(to the movers)  
Put that down! I have the money.

DAD  
Luke. Stop.

LUKE  
Would you please listen to me, dad?  
I have twenty six thousand dollars.  
That should be more than enough.

DAD  
(sadly)  
Oh, Luke.

LUKE  
What?

DAD  
It's not enough, Luke. Not even  
close.

Luke looks at him, angry.

LUKE  
You fucking promised...

Luke's dad looks at him, with disdain:

DAD  
Grow up, Luke.

Luke turns red with anger. He lifts his fist. His father looks at him.



DAD (CONT'D)  
 Not like that.  
 (beat, to mover)  
 Easy with the silver!

Luke drops his fist. He sits on the curb next to his mom,  
 looks at her. At her cigarette.

LUKE  
 You got another?

MOM  
 You smoke?

LUKE  
 Everything.

INT. DR. SQUIRES' HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Squires moves through his decimated apartment with a  
 SHARPIE. Several items already have his TAG on them.

He starts writing on the couch. When Stephanie enters:

STEPHANIE  
 What are you doing?

DR. SQUIRES  
 Marking my territory.

A beat:

STEPHANIE  
 Need any help?

INT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Luke walks through the darkness of Central Park, barely  
 holding it together. He walks by Tavern on the Green, sees  
 tourists dining in their suits.

Twinkling lights swirl around them. Luke looks at them, from  
 their steaks to their cufflinks...

Luke takes his pager off his belt, clips it to the handle of  
 his ice cart.

He rolls the cart up to a SLEEPING HOMELESS PERSON.

And walks away.

As the pager starts to vibrate.

EXT. 42ND STREET - NIGHT

Dr. Squires walks through Times Square. He approaches Sho-World, the peep show Luke attended before. He walks to the door, sees a sign:

*CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR*

DR. SQUIRES  
Fucking Giuliani.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

Morning comes to New York.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Luke sleeps on a HOTEL COT. His parents on the bed next to him. He turns over, opens his eyes.

LUKE'S POV

His parents, sleeping, next to each other, quiet. Peaceful.

Now, his dad, almost subconsciously, turns and spoons his mom. He nuzzles her. She makes a little noise, pulls him close.

Luke smiles quietly, closes his eyes.

As the theme to "Legend of Zelda" rises on the soundtrack.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Luke hops on his bike, rides with a newfound sense of control. He's on a quest.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

He rides his bike up to Steph's awning, hops off it.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Luke rings Steph's doorbell. She opens the door:

STEPHANIE  
Shapiro?

LUKE  
Look, Steph, I know the summer's  
almost over, but I think we can  
make this work.

STEPHANIE  
Luke...

LUKE  
Hear me out. People do the long-  
distance thing. And it's not like  
we're going to school so far from  
each other, you know? I mean, it's  
like a 4 hour train ride. We could  
alternate weekends--

From inside:

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Is that Shapiro?

LUKE  
Is that Justin?

Now, behind Stephanie, Justin, shirtless, just waking up:

JUSTIN  
Yo, do you have any weed?

LUKE  
No.

JUSTIN  
OK.

Justin turns around, reenters the house. Luke looks at Steph,  
angry.

STEPHANIE  
Luke...

LUKE  
Where's Squires?

STEPHANIE  
He just left for Fire Island.

LUKE  
With your mom?

STEPHANIE  
She's in rehab.

LUKE  
Peace.

He walks to the elevator.

STEPHANIE

Wait.

Luke turns around. She didn't expect him to. So she says:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

It's for the best, Luke.

LUKE

Right. Everything's always for the best.

The elevator comes. And Luke is gone.

INT. FIRE ISLAND HOUSE - DAY

"Lithium" by Nirvana plays. Jesus Christ (Dr. Squires' dog), wanders through the house, which is a complete mess.

Attached to his collar, a note: "MY OWNER HAS KILLED HIMSELF. PLEASE TAKE CARE OF ME."

A noose hangs from the rafters. Pills and other assorted drugs are strewn across the house.

Dr. Squires snorts a line off the kitchen counter.

Then, a KNOCK. Who could that be?

He walks to the front door, opens it.

There's Luke.

DR. SQUIRES

Luke. How are you?

LUKE

Shitty.

DR. SQUIRES

Yeah. Dark times.

LUKE

We got evicted.

DR. SQUIRES

You're homeless now?

LUKE

I guess so.

Dr. Squires looks from side to side:

DR. SQUIRES  
Don't let the mayor see you.

Dr. Squires grabs Luke, pulls him inside.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
I apologize for the mess. I wasn't expecting company...

LUKE  
You've been doing all these drugs?

DR. SQUIRES  
It's an experiment. An experience.  
Life. Salvation. Drugs.  
(beat)  
Go ahead.

LUKE  
I haven't done most of this before,  
Jeff.

DR. SQUIRES  
Come now, Lucas. Be a pal. Do it.

MONTAGE:

Luke and Dr. Squires ingest lines of coke. They take pills, eat sandwiches, drink wine, smoke pot, play Trivial Pursuit, grill a salmon, take more pills, and

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Sit on the beach.

SPLIT SCREEN: Dr. Squires and Luke, next to each other. We watch them from behind, the ocean in front of them. Yet the ocean looks different to each one. To Squires it is vivid, pulsing. To Luke, it is almost black and white.

DR. SQUIRES  
The ocean. This is all I need.  
Forget the city. The city is wrong. I just want to wrap myself in the ocean.

LUKE  
I cannot speak.

DR. SQUIRES  
That's the spirit, Luke.  
(beat, to the ocean)  
Hit me with it! Fucking hit me!  
You don't think I can take it?  
(MORE)

DR. SQUIRES (cont'd)  
I can take everything you throw at  
me, fucking sea.

Dr. Squires drops eyedrops in each eye, looks at Luke:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Liquid acid.

A HOT GIRL walks by, walking a dog:

LUKE  
I want to...vagina.

DR. SQUIRES  
You said it.  
(beat)  
I should have known as soon as she  
told me she didn't like dogs.  
There's certain people you just  
can't trust. You know, Luke?

Squires looks at Luke, whose face is shown in NEGATIVE. Luke  
turns to him, in slow motion:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Stop being so negative.

He starts cracking up, then regains composure:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Luke, listen to me. I may not  
always be here for you, so I have  
to get all this out, OK?  
(beat)  
Never trust anyone who doesn't  
smoke pot. Or listen to Bob Dylan.  
Do you hear me? Never trust anyone  
who doesn't like the beach, Luke.  
And never, ever, trust anyone who  
says they don't like dogs. If you  
meet someone who doesn't like dogs,  
alert the authorities immediately.  
And sure as shit don't marry them.

LUKE  
OK. OK.

Dr. Squires looks out at the ocean.

DR. SQUIRES  
Nothing's OK, Luke. None of it is  
going to be OK. Everything is  
going to be terrible.  
(beat)  
I tried to kill myself twice today,  
Luke.

Luke looks at him.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Once with pills -- turns out I have  
a very high tolerance for those.  
And once by hanging...  
(beat)  
Hanging is very hard, Luke. I  
should have lost some weight.  
(beat)  
Oh well.

LUKE  
Dr. Squires, what are you talking  
about?

DR. SQUIRES  
I don't know, Luke. I just--

He shakes his head.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
I'm done.

Dr. Squires looks at him, distraught:

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
I'm pathetic.

And Dr. Squires starts to cry.

LUKE  
I am too. We all are.

DR. SQUIRES  
My wife left me. I've lost my  
daughter. And my patients. And--  
I've just made a mess of  
everything.

LUKE  
No...

DR. SQUIRES  
Yes. This is last call, Luke. And  
I'm glad you're here to see me off.

Dr. Squires stands.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I'll go to heaven. I'm  
wearing my aquasox.

LUKE  
Where are you going?

DR. SQUIRES

In there.

(beat)

I'm ready to die, Luke.

He walks to the ocean. Luke gets up too.

LUKE

Stop fucking around, Jeff.

DR. SQUIRES

I'm a weird old guy. You said it yourself.

Dr. Squires enters the water. Luke stands at the shore.

LUKE.

I didn't mean it, Dr. Squires.  
You're my friend. Actually, you're  
my best friend. So come back. Do  
it for me.

DR. SQUIRES

You're not worth it, Shapiro.

He keeps walking:

LUKE

So that was all bullshit, huh? All  
that stuff about embracing your  
pain, making it a part of you?

But the doctor keeps walking. Luke walks in after him,  
yelling.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You can't do this! You can't just  
give up. Life is fucking hard and  
it's filled with pain and awful,  
awful things but we take it and we  
get through it! We don't give up!  
Because we have friends...we help  
each other!

Luke's in the water now, waves crashing over him. Dr. Squires  
is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. BEACH - SOON AFTER

Luke, spent, exhausted, wet and crying, stumbles onto the  
shore. He turns back to the ocean, looks at it. Tears stream  
down his face. Jesus Christ yips at the water.

DR. SQUIRES (O.S.)

Luke...



He turns around. There's Dr. Squires, sitting on a towel, stoic. Jesus Christ runs to him. Now, Luke approaches, sits down next to Squires, breathless.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
That was really fucking cheesy,  
what you just said.

LUKE  
(smiling)  
The world has a enough assholes,  
Dr. Squires. Don't be another one.

DR. SQUIRES  
Now you sound like me.

He smiles.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Let's go to the city. Fill my  
prescriptions.

LUKE  
Sounds good.

INT DR. SQUIRES HOUSE - LATER

Dr. Squires sits, freshly showered, in a robe.

Luke hands over a bag full of pill bottles:

DR. SQUIRES  
Thank you, Luke.

LUKE  
How you feeling?

He shakes his head.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Don't do that again, please. You  
scared me.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm sorry.

LUKE  
Look, Dr. Squires...I have to get  
back. To my folks.

DR. SQUIRES  
Where are you living these days,  
Luke?

LUKE  
We're moving in with my  
grandparents. In New Jersey.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm sorry to hear that.

LUKE  
Yeah, well. I'm sorry to live it.

Dr. Squires smiles.

DR. SQUIRES  
I'm sorry about Stephanie too.

Luke looks down. He can't talk about this.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
She would have been a lucky girl.

Luke looks at him, nods sadly.

DR. SQUIRES (CONT'D)  
Good luck in school. Try and fuck  
a black girl -- I never got the  
chance to do that in college.

Luke smiles.

LUKE  
Baby steps.  
(beat)  
You'll be ok.

DR. SQUIRES  
I can't answer that.

LUKE  
It wasn't a question.  
(beat)  
Peace, doc.

DR. SQUIRES  
Peace out, Luke.

INT DR. SQUIRES HOUSE - DAY

Luke walks out, rings for the elevator.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Luke.

He turns, sees Steph.

LUKE

Hi.

STEPHANIE

Look, Luke, I'm sorry. It's --

LUKE

Do me a favor, Steph -- don't say  
nothin', OK? Just stand there  
until I leave. Let me look at you.

(beat)

I want to remember this. I've never  
done it before.

STEPHANIE

Done what?

LUKE

Had my heart broken.

And they stare at each other, like that, for a moment, eyes  
locked. And the elevator door DINGS.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Steph. Take care of  
yourself.

He steps into the elevator.

STEPHANIE

You too, Shapiro.

She stands there, not knowing what to do -- or say -- next,  
As the elevator door closes.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Luke steps out onto the sun-soaked New York Street. He puts a  
tape in his walkman: DR. SQUIRES' MIX. He puts his  
headphones on.

Luke presses play: "*Stephanie Says*" by the Velvet  
Underground. And he steps on, into the sun, narrowly  
avoiding,

A WATER BALLOON that drops from above, splattering to pieces.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

A single-story home in New Jersey. Quiet, suburban.

INT BEDROOM - DAY

Music continues, as Luke sits in a room, packing. He looks at his diploma: blank. He folds it, puts in a suitcase.

His Mom appears in the doorway:

MOM  
Time for lunch, sweetie.

INT . DINING ROOM - DAY

Luke sits at lunch, across from his MOM and DAD. Two OLDER PEOPLE are with them as well, Luke's GRANDMA and GRANDPA:

DAD  
Mom, you know I don't like  
meatloaf.

GRANDMA  
In your house, you can set the  
menu.  
(beat)  
Oh, I'm sorry--you don't have a  
house, Mr. Bigshot! Meatloaf's  
what we're eating.

GRANDPA  
You love your mother's meatloaf.

Dad shakes his head. Mom smiles. And then,  
Grabs her husband's hand. He squeezes hers.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Can I have some more Dr. Pepper,  
Evelyn?

She comes over, pours some in his glass. He holds it up:

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
To your success, Luke.  
(beat)  
To the college man.

Mom and Dad raise a glass. They all toast.

GRANDMA  
Have you given any more thought to  
what you're going to be? As far as  
a profession goes?

DAD  
Mom, he's got time--

GRANDMA  
I'm just asking.

LUKE  
I was sort of thinking about  
becoming a shrink.

Mom and Dad look at each other, impressed.

GRANDPA  
It's a very interesting field,  
psychology...

LUKE  
I figure I'm an expert cuz everyone  
around me is so fucking crazy, you  
know?

Now they shudder.

GRANDPA  
You said it, mister.  
(beat)  
Andy, the Mets are on, aren't they?  
Turn the TV towards me.

DAD  
Sure, dad.

Now, music swells again:

MONTAGE

--Luke sits on an Amtrak train, looks out the window.

--A quaint home in Jersey. Luke's mother lies asleep. The TV  
on. We pan away, to the living room, where

--Luke's father lies asleep. Watching the same show.

--Percy is taken into the Tombs, escorted by New York City  
cops.

--Stephanie and Justin eat dinner at Tavern on the Green.

EXT. PROMENADE - DUSK

Dr. Squires sits on the Promenade, stares at the skyline.  
Alone. The World Trade Center glows golden by twilight. He  
looks down at his hand: a pill. He pops it in his mouth, sips  
a 40 to wash it down.

Now, his pager starts to vibrate. He looks at the number.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DUSK

Dr. Squires on a payphone. He calls:

DR. SQUIRES  
Someone paged me from this number?

INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ELEANOR  
Hi, Jeffrey. Um, this is Eleanor.  
Listen, I'm sorry to bother you,  
but Luke gave me your number. He  
said I should page you. I hope  
it's OK.

DR. SQUIRES  
It's OK. Yes.

ELEANOR  
So, listen, what are you doing  
tonight?

DR. SQUIRES  
(smiling)  
No plans.

EXT. NEW HAVEN TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Luke stands on the platform as the train switches from diesel to electric. It's cold. He can see his breath. He walks to the end of the platform, checks to see if the coast is clear, And lights up a joint. He pulls at it, looks into the fluorescent night, The cold industrial gray that is Connecticut. He draws another hit. Lou Reed wails on the headphones. A conductor makes an announcement.

Final boarding call.

Luke flicks his joint, right at the camera. As we go

**BLACK.**