

THE SITTER

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It's 10:00 PM. Do you know where your children are?

-- Public Service Announcement

Never raise your hands to your kids. It leaves your groin unprotected.

-- Red Buttons

INT. MARISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sound of SEX, as we PAN past numerous PHOTOGRAPHS of MARISA LEWIS and RICKY FONTAINE from HIGH SCHOOL. Marisa is GORGEOUS, and Ricky looks like a YOUNG TOM BRADY. The PHOTOGRAPHS are of RICKY AND MARISA AT HOMECOMING...

GUY'S VOICE (O.C.)
Oh, baby, you like that? You like
when I do that to you...?

MORE PHOTOGRAPHS: RICKY IN A FOOTBALL UNIFORM CARRYING MARISA IN HER CHEERLEADING OUTFIT... RICKY AND MARISA AT PROM...

GUY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You like when I do that to you, you
bad girl... You bad, bad girl...

MORE PHOTOGRAPHS: RICKY AND MARISA AT GRADUATION...

GUY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Yeah... That's good, right there...

WE PAN PAST ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS... And land on the Guy who the voice belongs to: It is definitely NOT Ricky Fontaine. It's NOAH KLEINFELD (21), a curly haired Jewish kid.

NOAH
Oh, that's so good... I'm a Jew so
I don't even believe in Christ, but
Christ that feels so good...

Noah stops and looks down. Marisa (21) is underneath him, her eyes SHUT tight. Noah SIGHS. Marisa OPENS her eyes.

MARISA
What's wrong?

NOAH
Why do you always keep your eyes
shut when we have sex?

MARISA
Why do you always keep talking when
we have sex? It's like fucking a
soliloquy.

Marisa ROLLS OUT from underneath him and gets dressed.

NOAH
Marisa...? What are you doing?

MARISA
I told you, I'm not feeling well.

Noah reluctantly dresses. He looks over at the PICTURES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

You ever gonna take down these pictures of your ex-boyfriend?

MARISA

They're not pictures of my ex-boyfriend, Noah, they're pictures of my high school experience. Besides, there's pictures of you too. Look at my prom picture.

Noah picks up the framed PICTURE of Marisa and Ricky at Prom. Sure enough, IN THE BACKGROUND IS NOAH, in a powder blue tux, staring forlornly at Marisa.

NOAH

Call me crazy, but uh, I can't help thinking you still got feelings for this guy.

MARISA

For Ricky? He's a total asshole. He dumped me and fucked my best friend. I hate him. How can you even say that?

NOAH

Look, I don't want to fight. It's my fault, I've been in a shit mood lately. It's not easy getting kicked out of college, y'know?

MARISA

You didn't get kicked out. You got *suspended*. You look at everything so negatively.

NOAH

Well, it sucks, Marisa. After Christmas break, everyone will be back at school, you'll be back to school, but me, I'll be living with my mom for the next six months.

MARISA

(softening)

I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?

NOAH

There is actually.

MARISA

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
You can change your *Facebook* status
to *In A Relationship*.

MARISA
That would make you feel better?

NOAH
Yeah.

MARISA
Jesus, Noah, you gotta grow up.

EXT. MARISA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Marisa walks Noah out the door.

NOAH
Sure you don't wanna come over
tonight? My mom's going out. We
could get Chinese. Watch a Netflix.

MARISA
No, I'm really not feeling well.

NOAH
Alright. I'll call you later.

Noah kisses her, mounts his BMX BIKE and rides away.

EXT. BOSTON AREA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

TITLES AND MUSIC: Over Noah riding his bike in the slushy
streets of this BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS SUBURB, past numerous
CHRISTMAS and HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

EXT. NOAH'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Noah dumps his BMX bike in front of his mom's nice, suburban
house. END TITLES AND MUSIC.

INT. NOAH'S MOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Noah ENTERS as his mom, SANDY (45), hurriedly PREPS herself
for a SEMI-FORMAL OCCASION. She glances at Noah as he enters.

SANDY
You're supposed to be grounded.

NOAH
I'm twenty one years old, you can't
ground me.

SANDY
Oh, you bet I can. You should've
thought about that before you got
kicked out of college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

I didn't get kicked out, I got
suspended.

SANDY

Were you with that girl again?

NOAH

She's not *that girl*. We're in a
relationship.

Noah sinks into the couch, grabs the remote and flips on the
tv in one motion. He is very skilled at this.

SANDY

Things have to change around here,
Noah. You are not going to spend
the next 6 months sitting on that
couch. Have you started looking for
a job yet?

NOAH

Yeah, mom, there's nothing out
there. Don't you watch CNBC?
There's a fucking recession on--

SANDY

Hey, hey, hey, watch the mouth!

NOAH

Sorry.

SANDY

(softens a bit)

So, how come I haven't met this gal
you're *in a relationship* with yet?

NOAH

She was supposed to come over
tonight, she's just not feeling
well. Whatever.

SANDY

How do I look? And be honest.

NOAH

(looks her over)

Lose the scarf. It's too busy.

SANDY

Really? Thanks. The Polk's are
introducing me to a surgeon at this
party tonight. Mrs. Polk thinks
we're really going to hit it off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

Let's just hope he doesn't turn out
to be a loser like the others.

SANDY

From your lips to God's ears,
kiddo.

Sandy kisses him and EXITS. Noah turns up the volume on the
tv-- ESPN, Sports Center. We see RICKY FONTAINE'S FACE come
up on SCREEN. He's being interviewed by KIRK HERBSTREIT.

KIRK HERBSTREIT

So, Ricky, growing up in Boston you
led your high school to a state
football championship. Now, you
have a chance to lead Boston
College to a national championship
in the Fiesta Bowl. How does it
feel to be a hometown hero?

RICKY FONTAINE

Kirk, as a Christian, I've got my
faith to guide me on the field...

Noah, disgusted, changes the channel. The HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

SANDY (O.C.)

Noah, can you please get the phone!

Noah looks at the phone, it's right next to him.

NOAH

I'm busy!

SANDY (O.C.)

No you're not!

NOAH

Yes I am! I'm looking for a job!

Noah goes back to the tv. The phone continues to ring. Just
then Sandy HURRIES in the room, changed and ready to go.

SANDY

Really, Noah, can't you do your
mother one little favor...

(answers phone)

Hello...? Yes, Linda, how are you?

I'm so excited for tonight...!

Oh...? Is that so...? No, it's fine

... A rain check, sure... Bye now.

Sandy hangs up the PHONE, she looks SUPREMELY DISAPPOINTED.
She SLUMPS on the COUCH next to Noah, defeated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANDY (CONT'D)
I'm not going out tonight...

NOAH
Great. Can we order Chinese?

SANDY
...The Polk's babysitter cancelled
on them at the last minute.

NOAH
Well, lucky for that babysitter. If
my memory serves me correctly,
those two Polk kids are freaks.

Sandy looks up at him, staring. Her mind WORKING.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What?
(suddenly realizing)
Oh, hell no... No way!

SANDY
You need to start earning some
money around here.

NOAH
I'm twenty one years old. I'm not
babysitting!

SANDY
(DIALING the phone)
You take what you can get. Don't
you watch CNBC, kiddo? There's a
fucking recession on.

NOAH
No, Mom, come on!

SANDY (ON PHONE)
Hi, Linda? It's Sandy. Guess what?
I know a great babysitter... You
bet he's available. And he'd love
to step in.

HOLD ON Noah in complete AGONY.

EXT. POLK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Noah drops his bike on the lawn and walks up the front steps.
RINGS the BELL. The door opens, revealing MRS. POLK (40s),
your average soccer mom.

MRS. POLK
Hi, Noah! So nice to see you again.
And thank you so much for filling
in like this... Come in, come in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah follows her into...

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Polk home is upper-middle class. Noah sizes the place up.

MRS. POLK

... You're really doing us a big favor. And, I promise, this gentlemen I'm introducing your mom to tonight is wonderful. I think they're really going to hit it off!

NOAH

Yeah, let's hope so. A lot of sacrifice went into making this happen. Looooootta sacrifice.

They reach the LIVING ROOM, where SLATER (13) is watching TENNIS on television. He's an incredibly good looking kid, but underneath there's a taut anxiety about him.

MRS. POLK

This is Slater. Slater, remember Noah? He'll be babysitting you.

SLATER

What happened to Nancy?

MRS. POLK

I told you, Nancy couldn't make it. Relax, Slater. Noah's is going to take good care of you. Right, Noah?

NOAH

Yeah, okay. You bet.

MRS. POLK

Is Clayton coming over tonight?

SLATER

No, he's grounded.

MRS. POLK

You're in luck, Noah, when Slater and Clayton get together it's nothing but trouble.

SLATER

That's not true! Why do you say that?! You're always attacking us!

MRS. POLK

No one's attacking you, Slater. Calm down.

Just then Mrs. Polk's PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a moment.

Mrs. Polk leaves. Slater and Noah are left together.

NOAH
So, uh, how old are you now?

SLATER
Thirteen.

NOAH
You're *thirteen*? What the fuck am I
doing here? Why can't you babysit?

SLATER
Because, Dr. Bella doesn't think
I'm ready to handle the extra
responsibility, ok?!

Mrs. Polk comes back into the room.

MRS. POLK
Ok, Noah, time to finish the tour.

Noah follows Mrs. Polk to a STAIRCASE. She says sotto:

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Ever since he started 9th grade
he's been having panic attacks,
just general anxiety. He takes
Lexapro in the morning, a *Klonopin*
when he needs them, and at night--

NOAH
I'm not a nurse.

MRS. POLK
Oh, don't worry. Slater's very good
with his medication, he'll be on
top of it. It's not your concern.

NOAH
Good, because, I'm not a nurse.

Mrs. Polk heads upstairs, Noah follows.

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - BLITHE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PARIS HILTON, BRITNEY SPEARS and LINDSAY LOHAN PICTURES
everywhere. At a desk is BLITHE (8), painting on MAKE UP. She
looks like a THAI PROSTITUTE. Mrs. Polk and Noah enter.

MRS. POLK
Blithe! What did I tell you about
using my make up? Put that down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Polk RACES over to Blithe and begins CLEANING her face.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Remember Blithe? As you can see
she's going through her whole Paris
Hilton, Britney Spears phase...

When Mrs. Polk isn't looking, Blithe looks straight at Noah
and LICKS HER LIPS SEDUCTIVELY.

NOAH
What the fu--?

MRS. POLK
What's that, Noah?

NOAH
No, nothing, uh... Um, hi, Blithe.

BLITHE
Noah? That's your name? That's *hot*.

MRS. POLK
It's not *hot*, honey, it's just his
name.

BLITHE
It's a *hot* name.

Mrs. Polk finishes wiping off Blithe's face. Mrs. Polk stands
up, approaches Noah, smiles and says sotto:

MRS. POLK
Someone's got a crush on you.

NOAH
Yeah, wow...

Noah follows her out, he takes one last look at Blithe who
keeps staring at him seductively. Noah is FREAKED out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah follows Mrs. Polk in the hallway.

MRS. POLK
Okay, next stop, Rodri--

NOAH
Whoa, whoa, whoa, there's *another*
one? What am I Nanny McFee?

MRS. POLK
(chuckling)
I see you have your mom's sense of
humor... Right this way, Noah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Polk smiles and continues, Noah rolls his eyes.

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - RODRIGO'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Mrs. Polk and Noah enter to find RODRIGO (10) a fat Latin kid standing in the middle of the room WAVING a LIT SPARKLER.

MRS. POLK
Rodrigo! What did I say about those
things in the house? You know
better than that...

Rodrigo doesn't respond. Mrs. Polk TAKES the sparkler, BLOWS IT OUT and gives Rodrigo a look of disappointment.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Noah, this is the newest addition
to our family. Rodrigo. Say hello
to Noah, Rodrigo.

Rodrigo just stares back at Noah.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
We adopted him from Ecuador six
months ago, he's still going
through some transitions.

Rodrigo continues to just stare at Noah.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
I'll see you later tonight,
Rodrigo. Mommy and daddy are going
out for a while. Okay?

Rodrigo doesn't answer. Mrs. Polk and Noah EXIT. Mrs. Polk SHUTS the DOOR and hands Noah a HAND HELD GPS UNIT.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Here, hold on to this. Rodrigo has
a habit of running away. We sewed a
GPS chip in his jacket, so that we
can track him. Sort of like a *Lo
Jack* for kids. If you can't find
him, just turn this on.

NOAH
Great... That's... Totally normal.

They continue down the HALLWAY and reach Dr. Polk's OFFICE. DR. POLK (49), distinguished, is on the PHONE.

DR. POLK (ON PHONE)
... You send those x-rays over now
or it's your fucking ass, got it?

MRS. POLK
Peter, please, hurry, we're late...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Polk FROWNS and SHUTS the DOOR in her face. Noah and Mrs. Polk share an awkward moment.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Dr. Polk is head of radiology at
Cambridge Memorial... This way.

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Polk jots NOTES on a BOARD. Noah inspects the FRIDGE.

MRS. POLK
Okay, Noah, all of our contact info
is on the board and we'll be at the
Boston Harbor Hotel if you need us.

NOAH
Uh-huh...

Dr. Polk ENTERS.

MRS. POLK
Oh, there you are, Peter. You
remember Noah.

NOAH
Hey...

Dr. Polk sizes up Noah with disdain.

DR. POLK
Yeah... Linda, you ready to go?

MRS. POLK
Absolutely. Noah, we should be home
no later than one.

NOAH
Yeah, or even earlier would be cool
too.

MRS. POLK
Bye now, Noah.

Dr. and Mrs. Polk leave. Noah's FAKE SMILE turns to a FROWN.
Noah turns around and is SURPRISED to find RODRIGO STANDING
THERE in the kitchen, just staring at him.

NOAH
Oh, uh, Rodrigo, right? What's
going on, little man?

Rodrigo REACHES for a BOTTLE OF RED WINE that's sitting on
the counter. Without taking his eyes off Noah, he KNOCKS the
bottle over. It CRASHES to the ground and SHATTERS. GLASS and
RED WINE EXPLODE everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)
The hell did you do that for?

RODRIGO
(slight Spanish accent)
You should clean that up.

NOAH
No. Fuck no. You clean it up.

Rodrigo turns around and walks out of the kitchen. Noah just stares at him, then looks down at the mess he made.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Fucking weirdo...

Noah steps over the debris and walks out of there.

INT. TV ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Slater watches TENNIS. Noah enters, HOPS on the couch, GRABS the REMOTE CONTROL and SWITCHES the CHANNEL.

SLATER
Hey, I was watching that!

NOAH
Well, now you're watching *Top Chef*.
Speaking of which, are you hungry?

SLATER
Yeah.

NOAH
Me too. Why don't you go make us
something to eat.

Slater is completely confused.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Hey, go make us some sandwiches.
I'm starving over here. I'm a guest
in your home, what kind of a host
are you? Hurry up. Shoo!

Slater frowns, gets up and exits.

NOAH (CONT'D)
And clean up that mess your brother
made in the kitchen!

BLITHE (O.C.)
I kissed a girl and I liked it.

Noah looks over to find Blithe, her face, once again, COVERED in MAKE UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Huh?

BLITHE

I said, *I kissed a girl and I liked it!* Wanna hear some gossip?

DING DONG! The front door bell rings. Noah sighs.

NOAH

Saved by the bell...

He gets up and exits.

EXT. POLK'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Noah opens the door REVEALING THREE PEPPY TEEN GIRLS.

TEEN GIRL # 1

Hi, is Slater home?

NOAH

Slater! You got company, you dog!

Slater walks up. He eyes the girls nervously.

TEEN GIRL # 1

Hi, Slater... Um, Wendy Sapperstein is having her Bat Mitzvah tonight and she said it was okay if some boys wanted to crash it.

TEEN GIRL # 2

But, we only want the cute boys.

TEEN GIRL # 3

You want to come?

SLATER

I can't. My parents are out so I wouldn't have a ride.

TEEN GIRL # 1

We can totally find you a ride.
Please.

SLATER

I don't know.

TEEN GIRL # 1

Well, if you want to come, just text me, okay?

SLATER

Yeah, later.

Slater heads in as the girls leave. Noah turns to Slater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Man, I underestimated you. You got game.

SLATER

What do you mean?

NOAH

I mean, the way you handled those chicks. You got game, Clooney. Acting all cool. Just make sure you get home before one.

SLATER

I'm not going to Wendy Sapperstein's Bat Mitzvah.

NOAH

Why not? I don't give a shit, Slater, you can go. I'll cover for you. Those girls want to get in your pants

SLATER

I don't want those girls to get in my pants! I don't like how they look at me! They make me feel uncomfortable!

Slater STOMPS off and heads back for TV ROOM. Noah yells:

NOAH

You got yourself some real champagne problems, kid!

Just then Noah's IPHONE RINGS. He checks the ID, it's a PICTURE of Marisa. She's holding her hands up to the camera as if to say: *I don't want you to take my picture!*

NOAH (CONT'D)

(answering phone)

What's cooking good looking?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Hi...

Noah can HEAR COMMOTION coming from her end.

NOAH

Where are you?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

I'm at a party.

NOAH

You're at a party? I thought you were sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARISA (ON PHONE)

I was, I mean, I am, but then Tiffany called and told me about this party at the Mods, a bunch of seniors decided to stay an extra night and are throwing a bash. Do you want to come? I really want to see you.

NOAH

You do?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Yeah. I really want to see you. Will you come?

NOAH

Yeah, I want to come. I'm kinda stuck doing something right now.

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Can't you just get away for like an hour or something?

NOAH

Um, I don't know...

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Noah, I really want to see you. Just come for like an hour or something.

NOAH

Marisa, I really shouldn't. I'm stuck doing something right now.

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Please, Noah. I want to see you so badly... Please...

NOAH

(a long, pensive beat)

Uh, yeah, okay, maybe I can get away for a bit.

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Awesome. Listen, can you do me a favor and pick up some coke on your way over?

NOAH

Sure. Coke. Anything else? Rum? Beer? Smokes?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

No, I mean, like, coke...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NOAH

Coke...? Marisa, I thought you were done with that shit? It's bad news--

MARISA (ON PHONE)

I *am* done with it. It's not for me, it's for Tiffany. It's her birthday and she really wants some. It's a one time thing, Noah, I promise.

NOAH

I don't know... I don't know... I mean, where am I even going to get some of that shit?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

Just call Karl.

NOAH

Karl? Who the fuck is Karl? Your drug dealer?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

No. He's just a cool guy that sells me coke... *used* to sell me coke.

NOAH

Karl? Seriously? Karl?

MARISA (ON PHONE)

He lives on Platt Street, how bad can he... Look, if you don't feel like seeing me, just say so.

NOAH

I didn't say I didn't feel like seeing you, but...

MARISA (ON PHONE)

But, what?

NOAH

You know, Marisa, I'm starting to feel a little used by you.

MARISA (ON PHONE)

I can't believe you would say that. I can't--! Go to a computer, Noah.

INT. BLITHE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blithe is at her computer, when Noah BARGES in. He SNAPS his fingers at her and SWOOSHES her away. He takes her spot at the computer, and is disgusted to find that Blithe has been watching the KIM KARDASHIAN SEX TAPE.

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CONTINUED:

NOAH
What the hell are you watching?

BLITHE
It's hot! She's a *celebutante*!

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Who are you talking to, Noah?

NOAH
No one. I'm in front of a computer.

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Go to my *Facebook* page.

Noah brings up Marisa's *Facebook* page and then he stops.

MARISA (CONT'D)
Do you see it?

Sure enough, under Relationship Status is: IN A RELATIONSHIP.
Noah is obviously *MOVED*.

NOAH
Yeah... I... I see it...

MARISA
I think I'm falling in love with
you, Noah Kleinfeld.

HOLD ON NOAH'S SMILING, GLOWING FACE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Noah grabs his coat as he's trailed by the kids. Rodrigo has
A LIT SPARKLER IN HIS HAND, Noah doesn't seem to notice.

SLATER
I really don't feel comfortable
with this.

NOAH
Slater, you're gonna be fine.
You're thirteen years old. Christ,
when I was thirteen all I wanted
was to be left alone.

RODRIGO
Yeah, you should leave us alone.

BLITHE
Where are you going?

NOAH
To the city, I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLITHE

Are you going to a club?

Noah ignores her as they all step out into the...

GARAGE

REVEALING A BENTLEY. Noah stops in his tracks. Smiles.

NOAH

Nice...

BLITHE

Are you taking dad's car?

RODRIGO

Yeah, you should take the car.

SLATER

I really don't feel comfortable with this.

NOAH

Look, Slater, relax. I'll only be gone for like an hour or something.

RODRIGO

Yeah, like an hour or something.

Noah opens the door and starts searching for the KEYS.

NOAH

Where are the keys?

BLITHE

Dad would be really mad if he found out you took his car.

RODRIGO

They keep the keys right there.

Rodrigo POINTS to a BOX. Noah goes to it, finds the KEYS.

SLATER

I really don't feel comfortable with this!

NOAH

Great. Okay. I'm gonna be back in like an hour or something. Just watch some TV, this our secret. You guys let me into your life, I'm letting you into mine and if you say anything to anybody, I will kick the living shit out you, so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Noah STOPS when he NOTICES that Slater is HYPERVENTILATING and starting to have a FULL BLOWN PANIC ATTACK. SLATER DIGS in his POCKET, PULLS his HAND out and PILLS SPILL ALL OVER.

SLATER
My Klonopin! My Klonopin!

Slater gets DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. Noah, in awe, watches him SCRAMBLE. Noah looks at Blithe.

NOAH
What the hell's his problem?!

BLITHE
He's having a panic attack.

Rodrigo starts to STOMP on any PILLS he can find.

SLATER
No, Rodrigo! Stop! Not my Klonopin!

RODRIGO
Yeah, your Klonopin!

NOAH
What am I supposed to do?!

BLITHE
I dunno. Usually my mom or Nancy or Dr. Bella takes care of him.

Slater is now trying to PRY OPEN a METAL DRAIN on the FLOOR.

SLATER
Some fell in! Help! My Klonopin!

NOAH
Slater, dude, relax.

BLITHE
He's about 30 seconds away from calling Dr. Bella.

NOAH
Fucking take a breathe, man!

BLITHE
Face it, Noah, you're either going to have to take us with you, or stay home.

HOLD ON Noah WATCHING Slater GRAB a PAPER BAG and start BREATHING INTO IT.

NOAH
I don't believe this... Alright, everybody get in the car.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Noah is driving. Blithe sits shotgun. Slater and Rodrigo are in the back. Noah EYES Slater. Noah is REALLY PISSED at him. He NOTICES that Slater is fiddling with a FANNYPACK.

NOAH

Are you wearing a fannypack?

RODRIGO

Yeah, he's wearing a fannypack.

NOAH

Are you purposely trying to make yourself look like a fucking dork?

SLATER

I need it to carry my pills.

NOAH

What the hell do you need those pills for anyway?

SLATER

Because, I've got issues, okay?

NOAH

What issues could you possibly have? You look like a *Gap* model. When I was your age I had a mouth full of braces and a face like a *Papa John's Pizza*. Those are some real fucking issues.

BLITHE

Why did you get kicked out of college?

NOAH

Huh? I didn't get kicked out. I got suspended.

SLATER

What's the difference?

NOAH

The difference is you get kicked out for like, making a racial slur, or trying to date rape a freshman. All I did was cheat on a paper. How did you know about that anyway?

BLITHE

We heard our parents talking about it. My dad says you're a loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Hey, I got an idea. What do you guys say we play a game?

BLITHE

Like *Truth or Dare*?

NOAH

Nooooo, not like *Truth or Dare*. Like a little game I like to call, *The Shut The Fuck Up Game*. First one not to shut the fuck up, loses.

BLITHE

Oops, I did it again!

NOAH

Nice going, Blithe, you just lost.

BLITHE

Oops, I did it again!

NOAH

What did you do again, Blithe?

BLITHE

I'm not wearing any underwear.

NOAH

(confused beat)

Um, Blithe, why aren't you wearing underwear?

BLITHE

In case we stop at a club, I wanna flash the paparazzi. *Dur!*

Noah is totally DISGUSTED. He SPINS the wheel to the left.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Noah and Blithe are waiting at the counter in line. Noah HOLDS a PACKAGE of girls UNDERWEAR. Blithe is near tears.

BLITHE

I have to flash the paparazzi! I hate this!

NOAH

Yeah, well, I hate being described as a young Ernest Borgnine.

BLITHE

They're ugly! They're green! It looks like someone vomitted on them! I wanna get a thong instead!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah hands over the package of underwear to the COUNTER LADY and hands her a CREDIT CARD. Counter Lady rings him up.

BLITHE (CONT'D)
I hate you, Noah! I hate you so much!

NOAH
Yeah, okay, I really don't care.

COUNTER LADY
I'm sorry, Mr. Kleinfeld, your credit card's been cancelled.

NOAH
What?

COUNTER LADY
Computer says the primary cardholder cancelled this account. You still want to buy this? It's twenty six, ninety nine.

NOAH
Twenty six, ninety nine?!

Noah digs in his POCKET and PULLS out CASH. His mind races, he looks around, SPOTS a SALE on DIAPERS-- \$4.99.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I'll take the *Huggies*.

EXT. WAL-MART - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Noah and Blithe are exiting the store. Noah's on the phone.

BLITHE
These diapers are so not hot!

NOAH
(into phone)
How can you cancel my credit card?

INT. BOSTON HARBOR HOTEL - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Sandy is on the Phone, behind her a GALA is taking place.

SANDY
That credit card was for emergencies only, Noah. Your online spending has gotten completely out of control. What in the world is *BackdoorMilf.com* anyway?

NOAH
It's an online tutoring program!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Why are you charging anything?
You're supposed to be babysitting.

NOAH

I am... I just... I--

SANDY

I don't want to know. Just make
sure those children are okay. I'm
having a great time, in case you
care, and I'm turning off my phone.

NOAH

Mom--

CLICK. She HANGS UP. They reach the CAR. Noah opens the door
and notices Rodrigo is MISSING. He turns to Slater.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Where's your brother?

SLATER

What brother?

NOAH

Your brother. Rodrigo! Where the
fuck is he?

SLATER

I don't know. I guess he left.

NOAH

Where?

SLATER

I don't know. I was texting my
friend Clayton.

NOAH

Well, which way did he head?!

SLATER

I don't know! I was texting my
friend Clayton!

Noah suddenly remembers the GPS HANDSET. He takes it out,
turns it on... IT BEGINS TO BEEP....

NOAH

You two, do not move.

Noah starts to follow the GPS HANDSET and heads for a nearby
restaurant-- CHEZ BRIGITTE, right across from the Wal-Mart.

INT. CHEZ BRIGITTE - NIGHT

Noah enters this POSH restaurant. He's holding the GPS HANDSET, which continues to BEEP. The MAITRE' D approaches.

MAITRE D
May I help you, sir?

NOAH
I'm just looking for someone.

Noah brushes past him, FOLLOWING the GPS, down the back CORRIDOR, until the BEEPING gets more rapid as he reaches...

THE MEN'S ROOM

Noah enters the Men's Room. It's empty. Then a TOILET FLUSHES and a door to a STALL OPENS. Rodrigo steps out.

NOAH (CONT'D)
There you are!

RODRIGO
I dropped a bomb.

NOAH
Dropped a bomb, huh? That's cute.
That's real cute. Wash your hands.

Rodrigo goes to wash his hands, but while he rinses them he doesn't take his eyes off of Noah.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What? What is it--?

KABLOOM!!!!!! The TOILET Rodrigo was using EXPLODES! WATER SHOOTS UP like a GEYSER! A FIRE ALARM BELL RINGS LOUDLY.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Holy fuck!

INT. CHEZ BRIGITTE - MAIN RESTAURANT - SECONDS LATER

Noah DRAGS Rodrigo out of there as the EMERGENCY SPRINKLER RAINS DOWN on confused restaurant CUSTOMERS.

NOAH
What the fuck did you do?!

RODRIGO
I dropped a bomb!

NOAH
What the hell did you do that for?!

They get intercepted by the Maitre' D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAITRE D
What is going on back there?

NOAH
I, uh... I dunno...

Noah RUNS past him, PULLING Rodrigo with him.

MAITRE D
Hey! You! Come back here!

But Noah and Rodrigo are already OUT the door.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Noah DRIVES FAST, still FREAKED out, while Rodrigo sulks shotgun. Slater and Blithe sit in the back.

RODRIGO
How did you find me?!

NOAH
How did I find you? Your fucking
parents put a chip in your jacket.

RODRIGO
Then next time I leave the jacket
in the car!

NOAH
No! Fuck no! There's no fucking
next time, you hear me? You try to
run away again, I'll break both
your fucking legs! What did you use
to blow up that toilet?

RODRIGO
I used a Cherry Bomb.

BLITHE
Rodrigo's really into firecrackers.

NOAH
Yeah, no shit! You got any left?

RODRIGO
No, that was my last one. Can we
buy some more, please?

NOAH
Can we--? No we can't buy some
more! What are you? FUCKING
RETARDED?!

RODRIGO
Yeah, kinda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Huh? What do you mean?

BLITHE

Rodrigo has a really low IQ. Me and Slater have above average IQ's but Rodrigo has a low one, because his mommy smoked crack when he was in her tummy.

RODRIGO

Yeah, my mommy smoked crack when I was in her tummy.

SLATER

He's developmentally challenged.

NOAH

Oh... So, I guess... You kinda are retarded.

RODRIGO

Yeah, kinda.

NOAH

Well, um, you know, don't sweat it, uh... I was developmentally challenged too. I didn't grow hair on my balls til I was like fifteen.

BLITHE

That's hot!

Noah ignores her and TURNS UP THE RADIO.

EXT. THE ZAKIM BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Bentley races across this famous BRIDGE and heads towards the bright, twinkling, lights of the CITY of BOSTON.

EXT./INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

The Bentley pulls up to the curb in a quiet neighborhood street. Noah cuts the engine. He turns to the kids.

NOAH

Okay, I gotta go, uh, pick up some candy for my girlfriend. You guys wait here and watch Rodrigo. You understand me?

SLATER

How long are you gonna be?

NOAH

I'm gonna be right back.

EXT./INT. KARL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Noah, holding a sheet of paper, double checks an address and stops at a rather NORMAL HOME. He skips up the FRONT PORCH. RINGS A BELL. Takes a last look at the Bentley.

The FRONT DOOR opens REVEALING KARL (28), strikingly handsome, covered in tattoos, with a wild gleam in his eye. He is James Dean and Charles Manson's love child.

KARL
You must be Noah Kleinfeld.

NOAH
Yup.

KARL
Come on in, Noah Kleinfeld.

Noah follows Karl into the LIVING ROOM, he has Noah sit down in a chair and Karl makes himself comfortable on the couch. A LARGE FLAT SCREEN TV has a VIDEO GAME on PAUSE.

KARL (CONT'D)
So, you got my number from Marisa.

NOAH
Yeah.

KARL
Yo, that girl's crazy, man, she cracks me up.

NOAH
Yeah, she's, uh, cool.

KARL
Yeah, she cracks me up, man, she's crazy. Wanna do a couple rails?

NOAH
No, thanks, I'm just picking it up.

Noah BLANCHES when he spots a SHOTGUN leaning up against the wall. Karl notices and SMILES. He GRABS it.

KARL
Beautiful, isn't she?

He COCKS IT and POINTS IT at Noah.

NOAH
Yeah, she's uh-- I really wish you wouldn't point that at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARL
Why? You think it might go off
accidentally--?

Just then Karl PULLS the TRIGGER. We HEAR a very LOUD CLICK!
Noah JUMPS out of his seat. Karl starts LAUGHING.

KARL (CONT'D)
Hahahaha! It's not loaded, man! You
think I'm crazy? You're never
supposed to keep a loaded gun in
the house. That's the first thing
they teach you when you get NRA
certified. You should've seen your
face, though...

Just then JULIO (29) a BUFF BLACK GUY walks in the room.

KARL (CONT'D)
You should've seen this guy's face,
man. He thought I was gonna shoot
him accidentally.

JULIO
That gun ain't even loaded.
Hahaha... You ain't supposed to
keep a loaded gun in the house.

KARL
That's what I said!

JULIO
Wassup, man, I'm Julio.

Noah and Julio SLAP hands. Julio sits down next to him and
picks up the CONTROL to the PLAYSTATION, RESUMES the GAME.

KARL
So, Noah Kleinfeld, what do you
need?

NOAH
I was told to get, uh, *one ticket*.

Karl nods and heads out of the room. Noah turns to Julio.

NOAH (CONT'D)
So, uh, Julio, I think I remember
seeing you down by the schoolyard.

JULIO
What?

NOAH
I said, *Julio*, I think I remember
seeing you down by the *schoolyard*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIO

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

NOAH

Um, you know, it's like--

JULIO

No, I don't fucking know. I don't fucking know what it's like. 'Cause I don't sell drugs to no kids.

NOAH

Oh, no, that's not what I meant--

JULIO

I know what you meant, Noah Kleinfeld. You one of those motherfuckers that judge people.

NOAH

No, it was just a misunderstanding--

JULIO

You a Simon Cowell, judging motherfucker!

Julio is now STANDING OVER Noah, about to BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. Just then Karl RE-ENTERS the room.

NOAH

It was just a misunderstanding!

KARL

Chill, Julio! This guy's cool. He's friends with Marisa.

JULIO

Oh, for real? You know Marisa?

NOAH

Yeah...

JULIO

Oh, okay...

(settles down)

That girl's crazy, man, she cracks me up.

NOAH

So I've heard...

JULIO

How do you know, Marisa?

NOAH

Um... She's my girlfriend. We're in a relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Julio and Karl look SURPRISED and share an AWKWARD GLANCE.

KARL
(clears throat)
Oh... Um, cool, anyway, that's a
hundred and fifty for the ticket.

NOAH
A hundred and fifty? But... Marisa
said it would only be a hundred.

KARL
That's cause she didn't factor in
inflation.

JULIO
Yeah, man, there's a fucking
recession on.

Noah takes out all of his MONEY and COUNTS it, he's SHORT. He
looks at Karl and Julio, staring back at him expectantly.

NOAH
Can you guys excuse me for just one
second?

INT. BENTLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Noah opens the door in a RUSH.

SLATER
What's going on? We've been waiting
out here for like an hour!

NOAH
Oh, quit exaggerating. You guys got
any money? Huh? You, *Lexapro*, got
any money in that fannypack? Come
on, come on, I'm good for it.
Let's go, Rodrigo, cough up some
pesos. Come on, guys, team effort
here. Team effort!

Slater and Rodrigo HAND Noah some MONEY. Blithe removes a
LARGE WAD OF SINGLES from her TANK TOP. Noah stares at it.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Why do you have a wad of singles--?
Know what? Let's just skip it.

Noah POCKETS the MONEY and heads back INSIDE.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Noah steps back inside the house. He throws down the MONEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARL
Sweet. Mind if I count it?

NOAH
No, go right ahead.

Karl starts counting the money. Julio plays the VIDEO GAME.
DING DONG! The DOOR BELL RINGS.

KARL
Julio, go see who that is.

Julio goes to the FRONT DOOR. We HEAR the door OPEN.

JULIO (O.S.)
Yo, man, there's some kid here!

Noah SNAPS UP and HURRIES towards them at the door ONLY TO
FIND RODRIGO STANDING THERE.

NOAH
Oh, um, that's cool. He's with me.
(to Rodrigo)
Rodrigo, what are you--? Get back
in the car.

Karl is now at the door, looking oddly at Noah.

KARL
He's with *you*?

NOAH
Yeah, I'm, uh... babysitting.

JULIO
Babysitting?!

RODRIGO
I need to go to the bathroom.

KARL
Lemme get this straight, *he's with you*?

JULIO
Babysitting?!

RODRIGO
I need to use the bathroom.

KARL
You're telling me, you brought a
kid to a pickup?

NOAH
Well, it's not like he's *my* kid--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIO
Babysitting?!

KARL
At least we know he ain't 5-0...
Let the kid in, Julio, he can use
the can.

NOAH
No! He doesn't need to use the can.
Rodrigo, you just went to the
bathroom. *Remember?* You made that
mess? You do not need to go to the
bathroom.

RODRIGO
Yeah, I need to go to the bathroom.

NOAH
You just went--!

RODRIGO
Yeah, I need to go to the bathroom!

JULIO
What's wrong with you? Let him go
to the bathroom. Come in, player,
bathroom's right down the hall...

Rodrigo ENTERS and heads down the hall. Julio heads back to
the Video Game. Noah watches as Rodrigo enters the BATHROOM
and gives Noah one last, LONG, CRYPTIC LOOK. Then he SHUTS
the DOOR behind him. Noah GULPS.

JULIO (CONT'D)
You bring a little kid to a drug
deal and you sitting there judging
me? *Bitch please...*

NOAH
It was just a misunderstanding--

KARL
Relax. Have some Skittles, man.

Noah helps himself to SKITTLES sitting in a BOWL. His EYES
keep DARTING to the BATHROOM.

KARL (CONT'D)
You okay, you seem nervous?

NOAH
I'm great--

KABLOOM!!!! Noah JUMPS! But then REALIZES the EXPLOSION came
from the VIDEO GAME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIO
Goddamn! I'm good at this game!

KARL
You sure you okay, man?

NOAH
Yeah, I'm totally--

KABLOOM! Again, from the video game, Noah still JUMPS!

NOAH (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go check on, Rodrigo.

KARL
He's cool, man, don't worry. What
you think he fell in? I'm almost
done counting here.

KABLOOM! Again, Noah JUMPS!

JULIO
Bitch, I'm about to set a record!

KABLOOM! KABLOOM! KABLOOM! Noah, keeps JUMPING on edge... One
last final KABLOOM! Julio has just lost.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Shit! I died!

Julio THROWS the CONTROLLER across the room. The TOILET
FLUSHES. The bathroom door opens and Rodrigo steps out calmly
and walks into the living room. Karl FINISHES counting money.

KARL
... And one fifty. Perfect. Nice
doing business, Noah Kleinfeld.

Nothing blows up. NOAH TAKES A HUGE BREATHE.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Noah, a BIG SMILE plastered on his face, drives.

NOAH
Okay, guys, I know we had some
setbacks, but, we're almost done.
I'm gonna drop this candy off for
my girlfriend, say a quick hello to
her, then turn around and get us
home. I know I can be a bit of a
prick sometimes, so I just want to
thank you three for being patient.

BLITHE
Can we stop at a club?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

No, but I'll meet you half way.
When we get home I'll whip up some
of Noah's famous sundaes and we'll
get a movie On Demand. Hell, I'll
even let you guys pick the movie.
Even if it's PG-13...

Noah looks in the REARVIEW MIRROR and SPOTS: Rodrigo PLAYING
with A SOFTBALL SIZED OBJECT. Rodrigo is TOSSING IT LAZILY IN
THE AIR...

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy, uh, what do you got
there?

RODRIGO

I dunno. I found it.

NOAH

What is that?

RODRIGO

I dunno. I found it in the
bathroom.

Noah takes a closer look and REALIZES: RODRIGO IS PLAYING
WITH A BIG PLASTIC BAG OF COCAINE. Noah's EYES go WIDE.

NOAH

Rodrigo, gimme that!

RODRIGO

No, finder's keepers.

NOAH

I'm not kidding, gimme that!

RODRIGO

No, finders keepers!

Noah, one hand on the wheel, TRIES with his other hand to
GRAB the BAG from Rodrigo, but Rodrigo holds it OUT OF REACH.

NOAH

Gimme that! Gimme that right now!

RODRIGO

It's mine! Finders keepers!

NOAH

Give it! Give it to me!

RODRIGO

Finders keepers! Finders keepers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Noah manages to GRAB the BAG, but Rodrigo WON'T LET GO. It's a fierce battle of TUG-OF-WAR...

NOAH
Let go! Let go! Let go!

RODRIGO
No!

NOAH
Let go!

RODRIGO
Okay.

With that Rodrigo LET'S GO. Noah's hand SNAPS back, bringing the bag straight to his FACE. The BAG EXPLODES! A WHITE CLOUD surrounds Noah. He SLAMS on the BREAKS. The car SPINS out of control, until it finally comes SCREECHING to a HALT.

Noah sits there for a beat, breathing heavy. His whole face is PANCAKED WITH COCAINE. The kids are speechless. Noah's CELLPHONE rings. As if in a trance, he ANSWERS.

NOAH
Hello?

KARL (ON PHONE)
Noah Kleinfeld?

NOAH
Oh, uh... *Karl*? Uh, what's up, bro?

KARL (ON PHONE)
What's up? I think you took something of mine, *bro*. That's what's up.

NOAH
How did you, uh, get this number?

KARL (ON PHONE)
I got it cause you put it right on your *Facebook* page. Don't you know you're not supposed to post that?

NOAH
Huh... Well, you learn something new everyday. Good bye n--

KARL (ON PHONE)
I *know* you took something of mine.

NOAH
Took something of yours? Uh... Let me think, um, oh yeah! I helped myself to some Skittles--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KARL (ON PHONE)
I'm not talking about fucking
Skittles. I'm talking about you
stealing a half a key from me and
Julio. Julio's really fucking
pissed.

NOAH
Um... I don't know what you're
talking about.

KARL (ON PHONE)
I either get my drugs back, or ten
grand, or I am gonna fucking kill
you. You hear me, Noah Kleinfeld?
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

NOAH
Uh, bro? I got a really bad
reception here... I can't hear--

KARL (ON PHONE)
Don't you fucking hang up on me!

NOAH
I, uh... Hello? I can't hear what
you're saying at this moment--

KARL (ON PHONE)
You're a fucking deadman!

NOAH
Okay, thank you, bye now.

Noah HANGS up the phone. Still STUNNED. A beat, then:

RODRIGO
I told you. Finder's keepers.

Noah just stares back at Rodrigo. The PHONE starts RINGING
again. This time Noah IGNORES it and SILENCES HIS RINGER.

INT. BOSTON MARKET - NIGHT

Noah ENTERS with the three kids trailing him. Noah's FACE AND
UPPER TORSO ARE STILL THINLY COATED WITH COCAINE. He goes up
to the COUNTER across from BOSTON MARKET GUY.

BOSTON MARKET GUY
Hey, you coming from the circus?

NOAH
Uh, yeah. Okay. Can I use your
bathroom?

BOSTON MARKET GUY
Are you a clown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

No, um, can I use your bathroom?

BOSTON MARKET GUY

Sorry, guy, bathroom's for customer's only. You have to order something.

NOAH

I got, like, ten bucks on me. Can I just use your bathroom, please?

BOSTON MARKET GUY

Sorry, guy, it's a rule. If you want to use the bathroom, you gotta order something. See?

Boston Market Guy POINTS to a SIGN that reads: BATHROOM FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY. NO EXCEPTIONS.

BOSTON MARKET GUY (CONT'D)

No exceptions, dude.

NOAH

Okay, um, let me order a biscuit.

BOSTON MARKET GUY

That's a side. Side's don't count. You gotta order a meal.

NOAH

Look, man, I'm having a real hard fucking night. I'm not in the fucking mood for this. I have ten fucking dollars to my name and I'm not about to spend it on a fucking meal no one wants to fucking eat. So, just do me a fucking solid and gimme the fucking key to the bathroom.

Boston Market Guy shakes his head. Noah loses it. He starts DIGGING into his POCKETS.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fine. Fuck you. Fine. Here's my money, gimme the chicken pot pie.

BOSTON MARKET GUY

Uh, we're out of that.

NOAH

Just give me whatever the fuck you need to give me so that I can use the fucking bathroom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOSTON MARKET GUY
Okay, I'll order you the half
chicken, that's \$7.99.

Boston Market Guy takes Noah's money and rings him up.

NOAH
Can I have the key to the bathroom
now?

BOSTON MARKET GUY
Hey, Carlos, customer needs the key
to the bathroom!

CARLOS looks up from the back kitchen.

CARLOS
Uh, bathroom is out of order!

BOSTON MARKET GUY
Sorry, dude, bathroom's out of
order.

HOLD ON Noah, STEWING.

EXT. BOSTON MARKET - NIGHT

Noah, Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo exit. The kids all EATING
CHICKEN. Noah cleans the coke off his face with HANDY-WIPES.
He pulls out his iPhone which has the RINGER SILENCED, but
his phone is RINGING, KARL IS STILL CALLING.

NOAH
Jesus, why don't they stop? Don't
they get it by now that I'm
screening my calls?

BLITHE
Let's stop at a club.

NOAH
No.

SLATER
I want to go home.

NOAH
No.

RODRIGO
Can we buy more firecrackers,
please?!

NOAH
Will you three just shut up! What
the hell is wrong with you?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)

Do you understand that this is the worst fucking night of my life? And I've had a lot of bad fucking nights!

SLATER

What are you getting mad at us for?

NOAH

Because, I lost my girlfriend's candy. And that candy was worth a lot of money and now I'm in deep shit. And on top of that I'm stuck with you three fuck-ups!

SLATER

Don't call us that!

NOAH

It's true! You're fuck-ups! Look at you, Slater, you can't talk to a girl without having a fucking meltdown. And you, Blithe, clean up your face, Picasso. What are you, a mob wife? And Rodrigo, you're the worst of the three! You're the reason Lou Dobbs wants to build a fucking fence!

BLITHE

You're just a *hater*!

NOAH

That's right, Blithe, I'm a *hater*!

BLITHE

Well, I let my *haters* be my *motivators*!

NOAH

Good for you, get in the car. I'm dropping you off at your parent's party.

SLATER

Dad's gonna find out you took the Bentley.

NOAH

I don't give a shit.

SLATER

He's gonna be pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
Your fucking dad is the least of my
problems, Slater, now get in the
car!

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Noah, Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo all get in.

SLATER
Well, at least we didn't get
suspended from college for
cheating.

BLITHE
Yeah, cheaters never win.

NOAH
Well, the *Patriots* cheated. And we
won three Superbowls, didn't we?

SLATER
Yeah, but--

NOAH
So, I guess sometimes cheaters do
win.

RODRIGO
Yeah, sometimes cheaters do win.

Noah REVS the engine and DRIVES OFF.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR HOTEL - NIGHT

The Bentley pulls up to the front. Everyone gets out. Noah
tosses the keys to the VALET.

INT. BOSTON HARBOR HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

They walk past the CONCIERGE.

NOAH
Excuse me, is there some kind of
cocktail party taking place here?

CONCIERGE
There's a party on the third floor,
take the elevators to your right.

Noah and the kids head for the elevators.

INT. BOSTON HARBOR HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They get into the elevator in ANGRY SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Look, uh, I'm sorry I called you guys fuck-ups, okay? I was a little angry. Things got heated.

The three kids ignore him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Okay, fine, whatever. I'm gonna drop you off with your parents and then we'll never have to see each other again.

The doors open. They exit into a...

HALLWAY

At the end is the BALLROOM where the PARTY is taking place.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Okay, you three wait here. I'm gonna go get your mom.

Noah heads inside the...

BALLROOM

The party is in full swing. Noah hangs out at the edge looking for Dr. and Mrs. Polk, when he SPOTS his mom talking to her HANDSOME DATE.

Sandy looks over, SPOTS Noah and SMILES. She excuses herself and heads for Noah.

SANDY

Noah, what are you doing here?

NOAH

Hey, mom, uh--

SANDY

What do you think? Isn't he good looking?

NOAH

Yeah, uh--

SANDY

He's a true gentleman. He's never been married. Apparently, he's a brilliant surgeon, and when I was coming back from the bathroom, I overheard him tell Dr. Polk that he thought I was pretty. He thinks I'm pretty, Noah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

That's great, mom....

SANDY

Wait... What are you doing here?

NOAH

Huh? Oh, uh, well, I gotta talk to you--

SANDY

Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no, no. What did you do? Noah, what did you do?

NOAH

Um...

SANDY

Just tell me! What did you do? What did you do?

NOAH

Uh...

SANDY

I should've expected this. Every time anything is going well in my life you always manage to step in and screw everything up.

NOAH

That's not true.

SANDY

Yes it is. I got a promotion at work, you burnt down the garage. I bought a new car, you snuck it out and crashed it. I won a free vacation to Antigua and you got yourself thrown into jail for impersonating a Federal Marshal--

NOAH

Okay! You're just taking these things out of context. You're cherry picking--

SANDY

Just tell me what you did, Noah. Tell me what you did this time...

Noah looks at his mom. Sandy is CLOSE TO TEARS.

NOAH

Mom, I did a stupid thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANDY

What?

NOAH

I... Uh, I... brought the kids into the city because they wanted to see a movie, but, um, I don't have enough money to buy the tickets. I was hoping maybe you could lend me the money. Until the Polk's pay me and then I'll pay you back, I swear.

SANDY

(beat)

Is that it?

NOAH

Yeah.

SANDY

The kids are fine?

NOAH

The kids are *great*.

Sandy is RELIEVED. She digs into her purse and removes FIFTY DOLLARS and hands it to Noah.

SANDY

Here. Get some popcorn too, my treat. I'm sorry, Noah, I'm sorry for the things I said...

NOAH

Don't worry about it. Thanks... And this date of yours?

SANDY

Yeah?

NOAH

He's a real lucky guy, mom.

Sandy smiles. Kisses him on the forehead.

SANDY

Thanks, kiddo.

Sandy turns back around and heads for her Handsome Date. Noah smiles, watching his mom have a good time. Then he looks over and SPOTS Dr. Polk. As if sensing his presence, Dr. Polk turns his head and LOOKS STRAIGHT AT NOAH...

But, we REVEAL, that Noah is already GONE.

INT. BOSTON HARBOR HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Noah and the kids make their way across the lobby.

SLATER
I thought you were dropping us off
with our parents.

NOAH
Yeah, well, change of plans.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

The four of them climb into the car. Slater starts TEXTING right away. Noah is just sitting there THINKING. He pulls out his iPhone, KARL IS STILL CALLING. He looks at the phone for a LONG BEAT. He SIGHS. Then finally ANSWERS.

NOAH
Hello?

KARL (ON PHONE)
Noah Klienfeld?

NOAH
Oh, hey, Karl, uh, what's up, bro?

KARL (ON PHONE)
I'm not your fucking bro.

NOAH
Okay... Sorry...

KARL (ON PHONE)
Where are my drugs?

NOAH
I don't have them. The kid I'm
babysitting? Rodrigo? He took a bag
and uh, I was trying to get it back
from him, and uh, well, it exploded
and now there's none left.

JULIO (ON PHONE)
You see that, Karl? He just threw
the kid under the bus.

NOAH
Is that, Julio?

KARL (ON PHONE)
Yeah, we're on speakerphone.

NOAH
Oh, uh, hey, Julio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO (ON PHONE)
Fuck you, man.

NOAH
Okay, but, um, so, Karl, listen,
like I said, it wasn't me it was
Rodrigo, it was just an accident--

KARL (ON PHONE)
You're babysitting this kid, right?

NOAH
Uh, yeah.

KARL (ON PHONE)
So, as the babysitter, he's your
responsibility, right?

NOAH
Uh, yeah.

KARL (ON PHONE)
So, if the kid steals from me,
that's on you, right?

NOAH
Okay, I see where you're going with
this.

KARL (ON PHONE)
Here's where I'm going with this,
Noah Kleinfeld. You're gonna meet
me in an hour. And you're either
gonna bring my drugs, my money or
your life, because I ain't leaving
empty handed, you feel me? You know
Faneuil Hall?

NOAH
Yeah.

KARL (ON PHONE)
Meet us at the Fisherman's Net.

JULIO (ON PHONE)
No, Karl, you know how I feel about
shellfish. Let's meet at Pizzeria
Regina.

KARL (ON PHONE)
Okay, meet us at Pizzeria Regina.
One hour and don't keep us waiting.

Karl HANGS up the phone. Noah RUBS his TEMPLES. Slater's
PHONE KEEPS BEEPING AS HE TEXTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

Hey, Slater, will you give it a rest with those texts? I need to think. I need some quiet. You can text your buddy Clayton later.

SLATER

It's not Clayton. It's those girls. They want me to meet them at the Ritz Carlton for Wendy Sapperstein's Bat Mitzvah.

NOAH

(beat)

Ritz Carlton, huh?

(beat)

That's pretty swank.

SLATER

Yeah, the Sapperstein's are loaded. They own Sapperstein Tires.

NOAH

Oh, yeah? Is it gonna be a big Bat Mitzvah?

SLATER

Yeah, she's really spoiled. It'll probably be huge.

NOAH

Lot's of gifts, huh? Lots of cash?

SLATER

I guess.

NOAH

You know what? We should go.

SLATER

I don't want to go. Those girls freak me out.

NOAH

Slater, if I was your age and the runner ups to the Miley Cyrus look alike contest wanted to *Hannah Montana* me, I wouldn't be freaked out, I'd be getting my freak on!

Noah puts the car in drive.

EXT. RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

The Bentley pulls up. Noah and the kids exit the car. Noah throws the VALET a set of keys. A FEW OLDER GIRLS stand outside, talk and smoke cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Noah notices them, his EYES DRIFT down to one of THE GIRL'S ASSES. She has an incredible ass. HOT ASS GIRL turns around and spots him staring.

HOT ASS GIRL

Hey, douche bag, why don't you take a picture. That way you can stare at my ass in private and I won't feel objectified.

NOAH

Oh... Um... Sorry...

Noah, embarrassed, continues on inside.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - BAT MITZVAH - NIGHT

Noah and the kids step inside. It is without a doubt the GRANDEST Bat Mitzvah ever seen.

SLATER

Look, there's Wendy Sapperstein.

Slater POINTS to a MOUSEY GIRL, CRYING, throwing a TANTRUM.

NOAH

Okay, let's just do our best to blend in.

BLITHE

Does this place have bottle service? I want a redbull and vodka.

TEEN GIRL # 1 (O.S.)

Slater?

They look over and SPOT the Three Teen Girls walking up.

TEEN GIRL # 2

OMG! You made it!

TEEN GIRL # 3

I knew you would. Come sit with us, we've got a table over there.

SLATER

Um, no that's okay--

NOAH

He'd love to. Go on, Slater, take a couple for the team. And keep an eye on your brother and sister.

(to Rodrigo)

You, Rodrigo, stay the fuck away from the bathrooms, you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGO

Yeah, I'll stay away from the
bathrooms.

The girls PULL SLATER AWAY, Rodrigo and Blithe follow them to a table. Noah SCANS the ROOM until he finds what he's looking for... THE GIFT TABLE.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - BAT MITZVAH - GIFT TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Noah walks past the BAR where a group of ADULTS are watching the BOSTON BRUINS HOCKEY GAME on TV. Next to the bar is the GIFT TABLE. Noah surreptitiously walks up to the table that's PILED a mile high with GIFTS.

Noah pokes around, looking for ENVELOPES. He starts to STEAL the ENVELOPES, STUFFING them in his jacket POCKET.

VOICE (ON TV)

... Tonight on News 4 after the
Bruins game, Police are looking for
a vandal who dropped a bomb at Chez
Brigitte, a four star french
restaurant in Cambridge...

Noah looks up at the NEWS ANCHOR on TV...

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

...Police are describing the
suspect as 5'9, dark hair,
resembling a young Ernest
Borgnine...

ON TV: A POLICE SKETCH OF NOAH.

NOAH

Oh, fuck me...

VOICE (O.C.)

No, thanks.

Noah spins around and spots HOT ASS GIRL. She getting a drink at the bar. Noah takes a good look at her, she's very attractive, slightly bored. This is RACHEL (21).

RACHEL

What are you doing?

NOAH

Just... Nothing...

RACHEL

God, I fucking hate Bat Mitzvahs.
Mine totally sucked. I gave Seth
Coen his first handjob, then he got
food poisoning, threw up all over
my dress and went home early.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Then Mr. Coen sued my dad for getting his son sick, and he actually won. So, all the money I made from my Bat Mitzvah went to paying for the settlement. God, I fucking hate Bat Mitzvahs.

NOAH

Oh, okay, well, that's a lot of information.

RACHEL

You don't recognize me, do you? I'm Rachel. I go to BC with you. I lived down the hall from you freshman year. You're Noah.

NOAH

Oh, yeah... Right... Hey...

RACHEL

You have no idea who I am.

NOAH

No, not really. But, freshman year I got really into doing *whippits* and I think it fucked up my memory.

RACHEL

No, it's because you have your head so far up that girl Marisa's ass, you don't see anything else.

NOAH

Well, she is my girlfriend.

RACHEL

Really?

NOAH

Yeah. We're in a relationship.

RACHEL

If you say so... How do you know Wendy, anyhow?

NOAH

Who?

RACHEL

Wendy. My cousin. It's her Bat Mitzvah.

NOAH

Oh, yeah, well, um, it's a long story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

Didn't you come here with a pudgy
little Latin kid?

NOAH

Yeah, why?

RACHEL

Because, right now, he's pissing in
the middle of the dance floor.

Noah looks over. Sure enough Rodrigo is in the MIDDLE OF THE
DANCE FLOOR, pants down, PISSING. The other dancer's have yet
to notice, but they're about to. Noah RACES towards him.

DANCE FLOOR

Rodrigo is STILL PISSING, Noah comes up behind him.

NOAH

What the hell are you doing?

Rodrigo turns around SPRAYING Noah.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey, watch it!

RODRIGO

You told me to stay away from the
bathrooms!

Rodrigo continues to PEE. PEOPLE nearby start to NOTICE and
are getting disgusted.

NOAH

Jesus, pull up your pants! Pull up
your pants!

RODRIGO

I'm not finished.

NOAH

Fucking pinch it and pull up your
pants! They're gonna call the cops,
man!

Noah GRABS him by the back of his SHIRT and DRAGS him away.
Rodrigo is STILL PISSING. More and more people notice. Some
HIT with Rodrigo's COLLATERAL DAMAGE PEE.

TABLE

Noah RUNS UP to Slater and Blithe who are sitting with the
Three Teen Girls.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLATER
Finally!

BLITHE
This party is total amateur hour!

EXT. RITZ CARLTON - MOMENTS LATER

Noah hands the Valet his TICKET. Noah NERVOUSLY GLANCES AROUND. They wait for the car. Just then THREE TEEN BOYS skip up the stairs to the hotel. Slater looks surprised.

SLATER
Clayton?

CLAYTON turns around and spots Slater.

SLATER (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? I thought you were grounded.

CLAYTON
I was, but then Benji and Brendan convinced me to sneak out.

SLATER
Since when do you hang out with Benji Carey and Brendan Gruder?

CLAYTON
I don't know. We got gym together. They're cool guys. Look, Slater, we're in high school now. We don't have to hang out all the time. We should make new friends.

SLATER
But, you're my best friend.

CLAYTON
Yeah, I know, but I'm getting a little sick of coming to your house and watching tennis. I wanna, like, do other stuff.

SLATER
What other stuff?

CLAYTON
I don't know.

BENJI
Yo, Clayton, you coming?

CLAYTON
(to Slater)
I gotta go. I'll see ya around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clayton goes back up the stairs, joins Brendan and Benji and heads inside. Slater is CRESTFALLEN.

NOAH
Hey, Slater, you wanna go back in
with your friends?

SLATER
No.

NOAH
I'll come pick you up later.

SLATER
I said, no! Okay?! Just leave me
alone!

Just then the Valet comes up to Noah.

VALET
Hey, um, I can't find your car.

NOAH
What do you mean you can't find my
car?

VALET
I think someone stole it.

NOAH
How could someone steal it?

VALET
Well, they steal the key from the
Valet Box and then they drive away
with the car. It happens all the
time.

NOAH
It happens all the time?

VALET
Yeah, it happens all the time. What
kind of insurance do you have?

NOAH
How the fuck should I know?!

VALET
Isn't it your car?

HOLD ON Noah, BLINKING.

INT. THE T - METRO CAR - NIGHT

Noah sits next to Blithe on the METRO. Rodrigo and Slater sit at other seats. Noah is furiously OPENING THE ENVELOPES sorting through CASH and CHECKS. He gets to the last one.

NOAH
Three thousand dollars.

BLITHE
Is that good?

NOAH
Not good enough.

BLITHE
Don't worry, Noah, as soon as I start my clothing line, I'm gonna make lots of money and I can give you some. Because, I'm going to be living a life of *Fabulosity*.

NOAH
Fabulosity? What the hell are you talking about?

BLITHE
I'm gonna start my own clothing line, it's gonna be called *Blithealicious*!

NOAH
So, you want to be a clothing designer when you grow up?

BLITHE
No, I'm gonna be a famous celebrity who happens to design, because when it comes to fashion, I'm *fierce*.

NOAH
Being a celebrity is not a real job, Blithe.

BLITHE
Yeah, it is. Being a famous celebrity is the greatest thing in the world. It means everybody knows who you are, and people take your picture, and you get to have birthday parties at the coolest clubs and dance on tables. And you do everything for you fans. And you get to save the environment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

I thought you said you had a high IQ. You sound like an idiot.

BLITHE

Now I'm not gonna tell you my gossip.

NOAH

I'm sure I'll read all about it on Perezhilton.

BLITHE

Perezhilton is so five minutes ago. I'm a *Gawker Girl*. *Dur!*

Noah looks over at Slater who is on the verge of tears.

NOAH

Dude, you're like *the Wailing Wall*. What's your problem now?

SLATER

What's my problem? Clayton doesn't want to be my friend anymore! That's my problem!

NOAH

Slater, it's no big deal. You'll make other friends.

SLATER

Not like him!

NOAH

Hey! I just lost your dad's one hundred and twenty five thousand dollar car. So, let's have a little perspective. Okay?

SLATER

I'd rather lose a car than a best friend! Why doesn't he want to be my friend anymore?

NOAH

How the hell should I know?

Slater begins to SOB uncontrollably.

SLATER

I don't know what I'm going to do without him in my life! He's my best friend! We do everything together! Why doesn't he want to be my friend?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
Ok, seriously, I've had enough.
Take a Klonopin. You're acting like
a total drama queen--

Noah STOPS himself, suddenly REALIZING SOMETHING about
Slater. He SIZES Slater UP, who is still in tears.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Uh, Slater...?

SLATER
What?!

NOAH
Uh... nothing. Nothing.

SLATER
Why? Why? Why? Why doesn't he like
me anymore? Why?! Why?!

Slater continues to SOB. Noah turns and spots the GUY sitting
across from them is reading the PAPER. The SPORTS PAGE is
facing Noah, and he spots a PICTURE OF RICKY FONTAINE, with
the HEADLINE: FIESTA FOR FONTAINE!

Noah stares grimly at the photo. Slater continues to cry.

INT. FANEUIL HALL - PIZZERIA REGINA - NIGHT

Noah leads the kids into the Pizzeria where Karl and Julio
are waiting for him at a table. Noah turns to the kids.

NOAH
Wait here, I'll be watching.

The kids sit, Noah heads to Karl and Julio across the way.

KARL
Look who it is! Mr. Belvedere!

Noah takes a seat across from Karl and Julio, ANGLED so he
can watch the kids.

NOAH
Hey, guys.

KARL
You got my drugs, Noah Kleinfeld?

NOAH
Hey, c'mon, Karl, keep it down, the
kids are in earshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARL

Earshot? *Earshot?* Maybe you shoulda thought twice before you decided to take the Mickey Mouse Club on a field trip, Tony Montana. Shit... *Earshot?*

NOAH

Listen, guys, what's done is done--

JULIO

You got that right, Noah Kleinfeld.

NOAH

You know what, Julio? I'm gettting pretty fucking sick of you.

JULIO

(leans in close)
Come again?

NOAH

Alright, I admit it, that was over the line. That was a foot fault. Mark it zero. Next frame.

KARL

So, you got my... *Product* or what?

NOAH

No.

KARL

You got my money?

NOAH

I got money, uh, yes... Right here.

Noah hands him all the CASH. Karl starts counting it out.

KARL

There's only three thousand dollars here? You're seven grand short.

NOAH

Well, I also have these, uh, checks...

He hands over a number of CHECKS. Julio looks at them.

JULIO

Who in the fuck is Wendy Sapperstein?

NOAH

She's loaded, she's not gonna notice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH (CONT'D)
You can sign them over to yourself
and, uh, we should be square--

Karl has stopped listening. He's DIALING on his CELL.

KARL
(into phone)
What up? It's me... Yeah, you
know... Hahahahaha!!! Girl, you
crazy, you crack me up! Hold on a
sec, I got someone who wants to
talk to you.

Karl hands the PHONE to Noah. Noah takes it. Into phone:

NOAH
Hello?

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Noah?

NOAH
Oh, uh, hey, Marisa.

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Where are you? You were supposed to
be here, like, an hour ago. Did you
get the coke from Karl yet?

NOAH
Uh... I'm doing just that.

Karl GRABS the PHONE from him, says into phone:

KARL
So, Marisa, where you at, girl?
Oh... A party? For real? Yeah, you
know Julio, he's always down to
party... Where's it at? Yeah, okay,
text me... Later, girl...

Karl HANGS up the phone.

KARL (CONT'D)
So, here's the situation. This here
three grand you got us? That just
bought you another two hours. We're
gonna meet you at this party and if
you don't have my seven grand we're
gonna ass rape your girlfriend.

JULIO
That's right, we're gonna stick it
where the sun don't shine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KARL

Best believe we're gonna put more
than just a pinky in that stinky--

NOAH

Yeah, okay, I get it. Keep it down--

KARL

And then we're gonna kill you. So,
bring us our fucking money. Seven
grand by midnight, punk.

Karl and Julio get up, leaving Noah alone. Slater, Blithe and
Rodrigo step up to Noah.

SLATER

Can we go home now?

NOAH

No, I gotta go see someone.

SLATER

I don't wanna go see anyone. I
wanna go home!

NOAH

Believe me, Slater, I don't feel
like seeing this person either.

EXT. BROOKLINE HOUSE - NIGHT

A TAXI pulls up to this very well to do home. Noah and the
kids step out of the taxi and head up to the FRONT DOOR
passing a WHITE MERCEDES.

NOAH

Guys, please, just try to be on
your best behavior here, okay?

Noah gets to the DOOR and RINGS the BELL. The door OPENS
revealing BETHANY (29), A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

BETHANY

Do you have any idea how late it
is?

NOAH

Hey, Bethany, can I come in?

Bethany ROLLS her EYES, Noah and the kids ENTER into the...

LIVING ROOM

The kids take seats on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETHANY

What do you want, Noah? And who are these kids?

NOAH

I'm babysitting. Looks like you and I finally have something in common.

BETHANY

I'm not your babysitter anymore, Noah.

(calling out)

Jim!

JIM, (50s), enters carrying ASHTON a five year old boy. His face drops when he spots Noah.

JIM

Noah?

NOAH

Hey, dad.

INT. JIM'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Noah sits across from Jim, who is pouring himself a drink.

JIM

Seven thousand dollars?

NOAH

I wouldn't be asking you if I didn't really need it.

JIM

What's it for?

NOAH

Just trust me, I'm in trouble and, uh, the less you know... Look, this is the last time I'll ever ask you for anything. I'll work it off, too. I'll work in the store. I'll do whatever it takes--

JIM

Stop. There's no way I'm giving you seven thousand dollars.

NOAH

Dad, you have it. You blow that money on one of your "golf trips" alone.

JIM

It's always something with you, isn't it? It's never going to stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Please, I'm in a real jam. I know I'm a screw up. Believe me, I get that. But, I'm in a real jam and I need your help. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything, I just... I just need you to be my dad right now. Please. I need you to be my dad.

JIM

Sorry, Noah, I can't do it.

NOAH

You know, when you left mom for Bethany, did I ever give you any shit about that? No. The fact that you only call me on my birthday or Hanukkah, do I ever bring that up? No. I could, but I don't. I mean, I realize I'm a total asshole as a son, but, Jesus, dad, you're not exactly winning any Father Of The Year Awards--

JIM

Enough! I am no longer taking responsibility for your life. You cannot keep blaming me for your shortcomings. You are an adult. You make your own decisions and it has nothing to do with me. I will not be responsible for the fact that you grew up to be a total fuck up.

NOAH

Wow, it's amazing how little respect you have for me.

JIM

How can I have respect for someone who has no respect for himself?

NOAH

(a hurtful beat)

You're right... I get it... I guess, this is what they call tough love, huh, dad?

JIM

Yes... You can call it that.

NOAH

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Noah goes to HUG him. Jim, awkwardly, hugs him. The two hug for a long beat. Jim obviously wants to break away, but Noah won't let him. Noah finally breaks away.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I'll see you around, dad.

EXT. BROOKLINE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Noah, followed by the kids, step out of the house.

SLATER
So, how'd it go with your dad?

Noah REMOVES a PAIR OF KEYS HE LIFTED FROM HIS DAD.

NOAH
Awesome. He said I could take the Mercedes.

Noah holds the key up to the BRAND NEW WHITE MERCEDES in the DRIVEWAY and PRESSES a button -- BEEP-BEEP!

NOAH (CONT'D)
Hop in, guys...
(looks back at house)
C'mon, let's go-go-go, hurry up,
hurry up...!

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Noah is speeding down the road, fiddling with his CELLPHONE.

BLITHE
That woman was your babysitter?

NOAH
Yeah. She was the first crush I ever had. Later I found out my dad was uh, tipping her a little extra when he drove her home at night.

BLITHE
Wow, that's some juicy gossip!

Noah DIALS. A DRUNK GIRL ANSWERS. A PARTY RAGES BEHIND HER.

DRUNK GIRL (ON PHONE)
Helloooooooooo, Marisa's phone!?

NOAH
Hey, who's this? I need to speak to Marisa.

DRUNK GIRL (ON PHONE)
This is Tiffany.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
Hey, Tiff, let me speak to Marisa.

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
She wants to know if the forecast
is snowy.

NOAH
What?

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
Is it gonna snow, Santa?

NOAH
Will you just put her on the
fucking phone?

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
You can't talk to me like that!
It's my birthday you dick!

NOAH
Happy Birthday, Tiffany, can you
please put Marisa on the phone?
This is really important.

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
She said she's not talking to you
until you make it snow for us. *Let
it snow, let it snow, let it snow!*

CLICK. She's HUNG UP on him.

NOAH
Hello? Shit!

BLITHE (O.C.)
Look, it's snowing.

Noah looks over at Blithe who is looking out the window.

NOAH
What did you just say?

BLITHE
I said, it's snowing, look.

Noah looks out the window, sure enough, it's starting to
LIGHTLY SNOW.

NOAH
Well, what do you know.

A moment of quiet as they all watch the snow.

BLITHE
It's beautiful.

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

The Mercedes PULLS into the Mini-Mall parking lot. All the stores are closed. The car parks out in front of a store with a sign that reads: KLEINFELD DIAMONDS.

Noah steps out of the car and approaches the store. After a beat Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo follow him out.

SLATER
What are you doing?

NOAH
I gotta pick something up from my dad's store.

SLATER
You're breaking in.

NOAH
I'm not breaking in. I got the keys.

SLATER
What about the alarm?

NOAH
The alarm is the same code it's always been. It's my birthday. Relax, I know what I'm doing.

Noah slides the KEYS into the FRONT DOOR and enters...

KLEINFELD DIAMONDS

He's met by a FLASHING AND RINGING ALARM. Noah PUNCHES in a SERIES OF NUMBERS... But the LIGHT KEEPS FLASHING. THE ALARM KEEPS RINGING.

NOAH
What the fuck?

SLATER
You didn't do it right.

Noah PUNCHES in the numbers again. But, still the LIGHT CONTINUES TO FLASH, THE ALARM CONTINUES TO RING.

NOAH
I did it. Shit! It's not working...

Noah KEEPS PUNCHING THE SAME NUMBERS INTO THE KEY PAD.

BLITHE
Maybe your dad changed the code?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
Why would he change it?

SLATER
Try your brother's birthday.

NOAH
What brother?

SLATER
That little kid back at the house.

NOAH
That's not my brother. Okay? He's
my half-brother.

SLATER
He's still your little brother.

NOAH
No, he's not, he's just another kid
my dad has. He's definitely not
family. It's not like I'm gonna
invite him over for fucking
thanksgiving when I get older--

SLATER
Just try his birthday!

Noah acquiesces and PUNCHES A NEW SERIES OF NUMBERS. The
ALARM STOPS FLASHING AND RINGING.

SLATER (CONT'D)
See? It worked! Can you hurry up
now so we can go home?

NOAH
Yeah. You guys stay put. I gotta go
into the back office.

BLITHE
Look at all this bling!

NOAH
And don't touch anything.

Noah NOTICES Rodrigo is STARING at him, ANGRY.

NOAH (CONT'D)
You okay, Rodrigo?

RODRIGO
Yeah, I'm okay.

Noah nods and heads for the back. Something is WRONG with
Rodrigo.

INT. KLEINFELD DIAMONDS - BACK OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Noah ENTERS and walks past a his FATHER'S DESK. On the desk he NOTICES a SERIES OF PICTURES OF JIM, BETHANY AND ASHTON. There are NO pictures of Noah.

Noah then CROUCHES DOWN and finds a SAFE with a NUMBERS LOCK.

NOAH
(to himself)
Let me guess...

Noah SPINS THE SAFE COMBINATION DIAL to his step brother's birthday when he SPOTS Blithe staring at him at the DOORWAY.

BLITHE
Can I tell you my gossip now?

NOAH
(spinning the combo lock)
Is it gonna freak me out? Because,
I'm really at the end of my rope
here, Blithe, and I don't think I
can deal right now--

BLITHE
I saw daddy kissing his assistant
Deborah. That's why he always stays
late at the hospital because he's
spends all night kissing Deborah.

Noah STOPS spinning the combo lock. A beat. Noah doesn't know what to say.

BLITHE (CONT'D)
My mom knows. She pretends like she
doesn't know. But, she knows.

NOAH
(beat)
Oh... uh, I'm sorry to hear that,
Blithe... Uh...

Blithe turns around and walks out of the office. Noah watches her leave. After a beat he finishes the combination lock.

It works. He opens the SAFE to reveal STACKS and STACKS of CASH. Noah counts out \$7,000. He puts the REST OF THE MONEY BACK IN THE SAFE. Then SHUTS the SAFE and exits.

KLEINFELD DIAMONDS

Noah enters, spots Blithe and Slater, but Rodrigo is MISSING.

NOAH
Where's Rodrigo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLATER
He's in the bathroom.

NOAH
Jesus, did someone slip that kid
some *Flomax* or what?

A TOILET FLUSHES. The bathroom door opens. Rodrigo steps out.
Noah NOTICES a SINISTER LOOK in Rodrigo's EYE.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh... No, Rodrigo, no... not
again... Tell me you didn't...

RODRIGO
Yeah, I did!

KABLOOM! SMASH CUT:

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Noah is SPEEDING like MAD. COP CARS WIZZ BY in the OTHER
DIRECTION. The kids hold on for dear life.

NOAH
What the hell did you do that for?!
Christ! You said you didn't have
any more cherry bombs. How many
more do you have?!

Rodrigo just stares back at him, not speaking.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What? You're a fucking mute all of
a sudden? Huh? Answer me, Rodrigo?!

Rodrigo still doesn't answer him, just STARES back at him
with contempt.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Why'd you have to go an do that? Is
that your schtick, *Chupacabra*? Huh?
Just do whatever fucked up thing
goes through that head of yours?
Why can't you be more like your
brother and sister? They're only
half-crazy, you're full on fucking
nuts!

RODRIGO
They are not my brother and sister!
They are nothing to me! They are
not my family!

(pointing to Blithe)
This one does nothing all day but
paint her face like a *puta*! She's a
puta!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
(pointing to Slater)
And this one is sick in the head.
He goes to a head doctor four times
a week! Four times a week!

SLATER
Leave me alone, Rodrigo!

NOAH
Alright, settle down!

RODRIGO
(to Slater)
You the crazy one! That why you
have all the medicine for your
head!

SLATER
Shut up!

RODRIGO
You shut up! You *loco!* *Muy loco!*
Muy, Muy loco... With your stupid
fannypack! I take your fannypack!

Rodrigo RIPS the FANNYPACK from Slater.

SLATER
Give that back! I need that!

Rodrigo ROLLS down the window. Slater tries to GRAB it back
from him, but Rodrigo squirms away from him.

RODRIGO
I show you crazy! You see how crazy
you become without your medicine!

Rodrigo THROWS THE FANNYPACK out the WINDOW.

SLATER
No! My Klonopin! My Klonopin!

NOAH
What the hell did you do that for,
Rodrigo? Christ!

SLATER
Pull over! Pull over!

NOAH
You're never gonna find your pills,
Slater. It's pitch black out there!

SLATER
I need them! Pull over! Pull over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Noah reluctantly PULLS OVER. Slater opens the door and JUMPS out. Noah turns back around to face Rodrigo.

NOAH
Dude, seriously, what the fuck is wrong with you?

RODRIGO
There is nothing wrong with me.

NOAH
You just gave your brother a nervous breakdown!

RODRIGO
He is not my brother. I will not be inviting him over for Thanksgiving when I get older.

NOAH
Christ, Rodrigo, I didn't really mean what I said about my brother, I just... I get mad sometimes and say stuff I don't actually mean...

Noah notices that Rodrigo is not listening, just staring out the window.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Fine. Forget it. Fine. Stay put.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Slater is FRANTICALLY LOOKING for his fannypack, while Noah realizes it's an exercise in futility.

NOAH
Come on, Slater, we're never gonna find it out here.

SLATER
I need those pills! I need them!

NOAH
No, you don't. Christ...

SLATER
Yes. I do! I've got issues.

NOAH
You don't have issues.

SLATER
Yeah, I do! Rodrigo's right. Why do you think I'm in therapy four times a week? Because, I got serious issues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

The only issue you have, Slater, is that you're gay and you don't know it.

SLATER

(beat)

What did you say?

NOAH

Nothing... Nothing... Never mind.

SLATER

Take that back! Take it back, Noah!

NOAH

Slater, you're gay, and if your therapist hasn't clued you into the fact that you are, you should ask for your money back.

SLATER

What are you talking about? I'm not gay! Why would you say that? I'm not gay!

NOAH

Yeah, Slater, you are. The reason you're so upset that Clayton doesn't want to be your friend anymore is because you're in love with him. And he broke your heart. Believe me, I know what that looks like. It happens to me all the fucking time.

SLATER

I don't want to be gay!

NOAH

Well, tough...

SLATER

I don't want to be a cockgobbler!

NOAH

Hey, hey, hey, watch the mouth!

SLATER

I don't want to be a cockgobbler!

NOAH

Don't call yourself that, Slater! You're gonna have a lot of people hating on you. There's no reason for you to join them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLATER

This is the worst night of my life!
This is awful!

NOAH

Look, Slater, I'm not gonna lie to you. High school is gonna be a bitch. And coming out to your parents ain't gonna be a picnic either, but I swear, once you go to college no one's gonna give a shit. And when you graduate you'll get a cool job in the entertainment industry and you'll dress real nice and smell good--

SLATER

Smell good? What are you talking about? I'm a freak! I don't want to be a freak, Noah.

NOAH

Slater, my dad hates me, I got suspended from college, I've only ever had one job as a lifeguard and got fired after four days because I kept falling asleep in the sun. I've been a constant disappointment to my mom, I've been arrested numerous times, I had a month long, intense addiction to *Robitussin*, I mean, there's only one freak out here, Slater. You're looking at him. And I never had a gay thought in my life, so what does that tell you?

SLATER

It tells me you're pretty messed up.

NOAH

Yeah, take a good look. This is what a guy with issues looks like. There's *nothing* wrong with you. You're *completely* normal. So, let's forget the pills, okay? Let's get back in the car.

Slater NODS, feeling better. They head back to the car.

SLATER

You know, deep down, I think I always knew... Just don't tell anybody yet, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NOAH
No, of course not. What do think I
am? An asshole?

SLATER
Yeah, sorta.

Noah looks at Slater. Slater CRACKS A SMILE. It's the FIRST
TIME THE KID'S SMILED SINCE WE MET HIM. Noah smiles back as
they reach the car.

NOAH
Alright, wiseass, get in the car.

The two start to get in the Mercedes, when a CAR DRIVES VERY
FAST PAST THEM.

SLATER
Holy shit... That's dad's Bentley.

NOAH
You sure?

Just then we HEAR A BEEPING SOUND. Noah digs in his pocket
and takes out THE HAND HELD GPS DEVICE. IT'S BEEPING LOUD.

MERCEDES

Noah and Slater get into the car.

NOAH
Rodrigo, where's your jacket?

RODRIGO
I left in the car.

NOAH
What car? You left it in the
Bentley?

RODRIGO
Yeah, I left in the Bentley. I told
you, *Then next time I leave the
jacket in the car.* And I did!

Noah CHECKS the TIME on his iPhone, then excitedly gets into
the driver's seat. He starts the engine.

BLITHE
What are we doing?

NOAH
We're getting your dad's hundred
and twenty-five thousand dollar car
back!

Noah PEELS out of there.

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

Noah has the GPS UNIT ON THE DASH, and he's following the BEEP-BEEP-BEEP... Noah is looking at his surroundings, REALIZING they are in a TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD.

NOAH
Is this South Boston?

SLATER
We should be coming right up on them... They should be right here around the corner... And, yes, this is South Boston.

NOAH
Oh, that's just great...

Noah SPEEDS around the bend, and slows down... His face falls. Sure enough he SPOTS THE BENTLEY, but it's PARKED in front of an IRISH PUB with a bunch of "SOUTHIES" -- tough Irish guys, hanging out.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh... Shit.

BLITHE
It looks scary in there.

SLATER
Maybe we should start thinking about calling the cops?

Noah looks at his WATCH: It's 11:30PM.

NOAH
We don't have time. I got a half hour to get to this party... Alright, here's the deal. Just stay in the car. Lock the doors. I'm gonna scope out the situation.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Noah enters the bar and looks around. It's filled with locals. Noah looks supremely out of place. The BARTENDER spots him, FROWNS and walks up.

BARTENDER
Hey, are they with you?

Bartender points behind Noah, to where Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo are standing.

NOAH
I told you guys to stay in the car!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLATER

Yeah, then we realized that if you
got killed you'd need witnesses.

BARTENDER

They can't be in here...

NOAH

I know, sir--

BARTENDER

...without ordering something.

BLITHE

I want a Redbull and vodka!

BARTENDER

One Redbull and vodka coming up--

NOAH

No! Just, um, three Shirley
Temples, please. And do you know
who belongs to the Bentley outside?

BARTENDER

That crew over there.

Bartender points to a BACK TABLE. Noah looks over and SPOTS
THREE SOUTHIES... But then he also SPOTS RACHEL and TWO of
her FRIENDS. They're all LAUGHING and doing SHOTS.

Noah, incredulous, STORMS over. Rachel looks up and SPOTS
him, she SMILES.

RACHEL

Hey, bet you're not gonna forget me
now.

NOAH

You stole my car!

RACHEL

I highly doubt that's *your* car.

NOAH

Are you out of your mind?

RACHEL

Relax, it was a joke.

NOAH

Do I look like I'm fucking
laughing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOUTHIE
(standing up)
Hey, college boy, the lady said
relax. Or am I gonna have to kick
your fucking teeth in?

RACHEL
Shamus, it's okay. He's got some
right to be pissed.

Rachel STANDS up and takes Noah ASIDE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry, it was a joke. I
moved the car to the back of the
hotel, but then you left in such a
hurry I didn't get a chance to tell
you the car was fine. I was gonna
return it to you tonight.

NOAH
Oh-- oh, really? You were gonna
return it to me tonight? How?

RACHEL
I was gonna call you. I got your
number from your *Facebook* page.
Don't you know you're not supposed
to post that?

NOAH
Um, yeah, it's been brought to my
attention. Look, can I just get the
car back? Please.

RACHEL
Sure. Just as soon as you give me
whatever you stole from Wendy.

NOAH
Who?

RACHEL
Wendy?! Jesus, you really do have a
bad memory. My cousin. The girl
who's Bat Mitzvah you crashed. Give
me back whatever you took from her
and we'll call it even.

NOAH
I... No... I didn't take
anything...

RACHEL
I don't like being lied to, Noah.
(calling out)
Shamus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAMUS, the Southie, stands up.

SHAMUS

What is it, Rachel? You want me to kick this college boy's fucking teeth in?!

NOAH

Who is that? Is he your boyfriend or something?

RACHEL

No, he's just some guy that I'm fucking.

NOAH

Oh...

RACHEL

Dude, I'm joking. My friend over there, Karen, her uncle owns this place. Karen's known Shamus since they were like, two.

(to Shamus)

It's okay, Shamus, thanks.

Shamus sits back down.

NOAH

Look, I did take some envelopes but, I, um... Shit, I'm in a real bad spot... Rachel, I really need that car back.

RACHEL

And how am I supposed to get home?

Noah DIGS into his pockets, takes out KEYS TO THE MERCEDES.

NOAH

Here. Here's my dad's Mercedes. I'll pick it up tomorrow. Just please, I need that Bentley back. Please.

Rachel considers him, then takes out the keys. They trade.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Thanks... Thanks a lot.

Rachel SMILES... Then from the JUKEBOX the first few NOTES of Bryan Adams' *Heaven* starts to PLAY. Rachel's face drops. She turns to her TWO FRIENDS, KAREN (21) and LISA (21).

RACHEL

Which one of you bitches put this song on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KAREN

I did!

LISA

You gotta get over him, Rach!

Rachel's peppy demeanor suddenly turns to sadness.

NOAH

You okay, Rachel?

RACHEL

Yeah, um, my boyfriend dumped me
right before winter break. This is
our song... This was our song.

NOAH

Oh, I'm sorry.

RACHEL

Will you, um, dance with me?

NOAH

(beat)
Huh?

RACHEL

Just dance with me for the next two
minutes, at least until the second
verse. Please.

NOAH

Uh... Yeah...

Noah takes her by the hand. The two BEGIN to SLOW DANCE.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'll pay your cousin back. It might
take a while but--

RACHEL

Don't worry about it. That girl is
a whiney little brat.

NOAH

I'm sure she's not that bad.

RACHEL

You never had to babysit her.
You're pretty good with kids,
though, huh?

NOAH

What do you mean?

Rachel MOTIONS to Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo who are now
playing DARTS with Shamus and the Southies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RACHEL
They seem like they're having a
great night.

NOAH
It's getting better.

Noah SMILES at her and the two share a moment, swaying to
Bryan Adams, looking into each other's eyes. For a moment it
looks like they might kiss... But then RING!!!!

Noah takes out his IPHONE...

NOAH (CONT'D)
I gotta take this. It's my
girlfriend.

RACHEL
Of course it is.

NOAH
Actually, I gotta go. Thanks for
being cool.

RACHEL
Sure. Thanks for the dance.

Noah smiles at her. She smiles back.

EXT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Noah exits the bar, followed by the kids. He's got the PHONE
up to his EAR.

NOAH
Where are you?

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Where am I? Where are you?

NOAH
Listen to me. You need to leave
that party.

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Fuck that! This party is off the
hook.

NOAH
Marisa, listen to me--

MARISA (ON PHONE)
No, you listen to me, you were
supposed to be here hours ago and
you're dicking around--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
Marisa, do you love me?

MARISA (ON PHONE)
What?

NOAH
I said, do you love me?

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Jesus, Noah, do we have to do this
right now?

NOAH
Just answer the question.

MARISA (ON PHONE)
(long sigh)
Yeah, Noah, I love you.

NOAH
Then trust me. You have to leave
that party. There's a Dunkin'
Donuts across the street from the
Mods. Leave now. I'll be there in
ten minutes. Okay?
(silence)
Okay?!

MARISA (ON PHONE)
Okay!

Noah hangs up the phone and turns to the kids.

NOAH
Everyone get in the car.

Slater and Blithe hop in, but Rodrigo hangs back.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Get in the car with your brother
and sister, Rodrigo.

RODRIGO
I told you. They are not my brother
and sister. These people are not a
family. They are strangers who live
the same big house. That is not a
family.

NOAH
Look, Rodrigo, sometimes the truth
hurts. But the truth is, they're
the only family--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGO

You know nothing about family! Your father throw you away like garbage and get himself a new son. A better son. A handsome son!

NOAH

Hey, fuck you, Rodrigo! Get in the car!

RODRIGO

Yeah, the truth hurts, *gringo*!

NOAH

Just get in the fucking car.

Rodrigo, stone faced, gets in the car.

EXT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

The Bentley RACES down the street, running a RED LIGHT.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - NIGHT

The Bentley comes SCREECHING into the PARKING LOT. Noah, Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo SPRINT from the car.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - NIGHT

TWO POLICE OFFICERS eat DONUTS at a counter. Noah NOTICES them as he and the kids ENTER. Then Noah SPOTS MARISA, who's back is to us, at a table. Noah is completely RELIEVED.

NOAH

Marisa! Thank God!

Noah RUNS UP to Marisa and GRABS her shoulder... ONLY IT'S NOT MARISA... It's ANOTHER GIRL, who turns around and THROWS her STEAMING HOT COFFEE in Noah's FACE.

ANOTHER GIRL

Get off me, you creep!

NOAH

AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!! My face!!!!

The Girl RUNS out of there. Noah is still SCREAMING IN PAIN. He's now attracted the attention of the Two Police Officers. They RISE from the table and APPROACH Noah. They have kind eyes and sympathetic faces.

POLICE OFFICER # 1

Can we have a word with you, son?

NOAH

(still in pain)

Uh, yeah, what's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER #1
I'm Officer O'Malley and this is
Officer Frank from Boston PD.

NOAH
Oh, uh, cool, Boston's finest--

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Were you at Chez Brigitte tonight?

OFFICER FRANK
French restaurant in Cambridge?

NOAH
Um, let me think, no...

OFFICER O'MALLEY
You got any fire crackers on you?

OFFICER FRANK
Cherry bombs and such?

NOAH
No, I have no cherry bombs on me.

OFFICER O'MALLEY
You mind emptying out your pockets?

Noah hesitates... starts to EMPTY HIS POCKETS on the COUNTER.

NOAH
Let's see, got a cell phone, some
lint... Uh, a pen, a little baggie
of coke, seven thousand dollars in
cash, a Jolly Rancher--

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Hold it right there... Coke?

Officer O'Malley TAKES the BAGGIE OF COKE and EXAMINES it.

OFFICER FRANK
Seven thousand dollars in cash?

Officer Frank TAKES the CASH and EXAMINES it.

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Looks like he drove over here in a
Bentley.

OFFICER FRANK
Is that your car, son?

NOAH
Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Officer Frank takes out a POLICE SKETCH-- that we saw earlier on TV -- it's of Noah.

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Is this you?

NOAH
Um...

OFFICER FRANK
Why don't you tell us what's going on, son?

Noah hesitates. He looks over at the kids.

SLATER
Just tell them the truth, Noah.

Noah looks back at the Police Officers. HOLD ON Noah.

EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - MOMENTS LATER

Noah stands opposite the Police Officers, who are still holding onto Noah's cash, lint, etc. Noah's explaining:

NOAH
...anyway, my girlfriend was supposed to meet us here. She hasn't shown up, so she's probably still at that party. And pretty soon these guys are gonna come and I need to get to her, so that they don't hurt her.

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Karl and Julio?

NOAH
That's right. Karl and Julio.

OFFICER FRANK
So, let me get this straight, you blew up a restaurant bathroom, involved three minors in an illicit drug deal that went afoul, burgled a Bat Mitzvah...

OFFICER O'MALLEY
That's gotta be a first.

OFFICER FRANK
And that's not the end of your little crime spree, is it?

OFFICER O'MALLEY
Nope, like a hopped up Energizer Bunny, you kept going and going....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER FRANK

You also pulled a grand theft on your father's auto, then a B&E on the family store.

OFFICER O'MALLEY

(shaking his head sadly)
Stealing from your own flesh and blood?

OFFICER FRANK

(shaking his head sadly)
You're in deep trouble here, son.

OFFICER O'MALLEY

This is not good.

NOAH

I know... I know... I take full responsibility. I just need your help right now.

OFFICER FRANK

Well, he did come clean.

OFFICER O'MALLEY

Yeah, he sure did. Ok, first things first. We're gonna go put out an APB on these Karl and Julio characters. Wait right here. Everything's gonna be okay, son.

NOAH

Thank you so much, Officers.

The Two Officers head for their car. Noah walks over to Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo who are by the Bentley.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey, guys, I'm probably gonna get arrested right now. Listen, I just wanted to apologize to you guys. You know, I screwed up pretty badly and I put your lives in danger and I didn't mean to. Everything just got out of hand so quickly...

WE NOTICE that BEHIND Noah the TWO OFFICERS are COUNTING NOAH'S MONEY. They finish and HIGH-FIVE each other.

NOAH (CONT'D)

...and, I just wanted to say that I was sorry. I'm sorry for everything...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Two Officers get into their PATROL CAR and START the ENGINE. They REVERSE at top speed and SCREECH OUT OF THERE. Noah SLOW... LY... REALIZES... WHAT... IS... HAPPENING...

NOAH (CONT'D)
Wait a second...? Are they...?
They're leaving?!

RODRIGO
Yeah, they're leaving!

Noah FLIPS and CHASES after them.

NOAH
Wait! Where you going? Wait! I need
that money! Where you going?! Wait!

Noah stops running, the COP CAR is long GONE.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh, no, no, no, no...!

Noah then hears the DISTANT SOUND OF PARTY MUSIC. He look up across the street and spots A PARTY TAKING PLACE IN THE MODS DORMITORY. We HOLD ON Noah looking at the party.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Noah, Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo enter. The PARTY IS IN FULL SWING. Noah SCANS the CROWD.

NOAH
Do me a favor and watch your
brother and sister, Slater.

SLATER
I'm on it, Noah.

NOAH
Thanks, Slater, I'm gonna go get my
girlfriend.

Noah starts walking through the PARTY. No sign of Marisa. He reaches a STAIRCASE and climbs to the SECOND FLOOR.

He goes in and out of ROOMS. PARTY PEOPLE are DRINKING, LAUGHING, DRUGGING. But, no Marisa.

He OPENS a BEDROOM DOOR and spots a BONG CIRCLE taking place. TIFFANY (21) wasted, is in the middle of a bong hit. The HUGE BONG she is smoking is FOUR FEET TALL AND FILLED WITH WATER.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Tiffany! Where's Marisa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIFFANY

There you are, Noah! Woo-hoo! Did you bring the snow, Saint Nick?

NOAH

Where the fuck is Marisa?

TIFFANY

Where the fuck is my coke? You promised the forecast was snowy!

STONER# 1

Yeah, make it snow, Papa Noel.

STONER # 2

Yeah, what happened to the snow flurries, Santa?

NOAH

I don't know, you guys tell me, what do I fucking look like Al Roker?

STONER #1

No, actually you remind me of a young Ernest Borgnine.

STONER # 2

Oh yeah!

STONER # 3

Good call!

TIFFANY

We want snow! We want snow!

Every PARTYGOER in the room joins in:

PARTYGOERS

We want snow! We want snow!

NOAH

Okay, okay, okay! Everyone listen up!

Everyone settles down, waits on BATED BREATHE.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I was wrong, the forecast doesn't call for snow...

A collective GROAN from the Partygoers.

NOAH (CONT'D)

... it calls for a hundred percent chance of rain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And with that Noah PICKS UP the HUGE BONG and DUMPS IT ALL OVER TIFFANY AND THE STONERS-- SPRAYING them in BONG WATER.

PARTYGOERS

Party foul...! What the hell...?!
Ah... Fuck me!

NOAH

No thanks!

Noah BOLTS out of the room. Noah RACES out back into the HALLWAY, towards the STAIRCASE and STOPS short... At the foot of the STAIRS ARE JULIO AND KARL. They start CLIMBING the stairs towards him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Noah spins around and RUNS in the other direction. He BUSTS a left into a DARKENED BEDROOM, where a COUPLE ARE HAVING SEX ON THE BED. Noah JUMPS on the bed and HOPS over them.

GUY SEX PARTNER

What the hell, dude? I'm banging my girl here.

NOAH

Uh... Sorry...

Noah OPENS A WINDOW and begins CLIMBING OUT.

GIRL SEX PARTNER

Kleinfeld? I thought you got kicked out of school.

NOAH

No, I was suspended...

Noah JUMPS out the WINDOW and lands...

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...on the ROOF of the FRONT PORCH. He climbs over the LEDGE and hangs there for a moment, TANGLED IN CHRISTMAS LIGHTS, where he LOOKS THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOWS AND SPOTS:

BLITHE IS ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE, DANCING LIKE A STRIPPER. SHE IS SURROUNDED BY A LARGE GROUP OF DRUNK PARTYGOERS WHO ARE WATCHING HER AND EGGING HER ON.

I Wanna Rock by 2 Live Crew's Luke Skyywalker is blaring.

NOAH

Blithe? Shit!

Noah lets go of the LEDGE and FALLS to the GROUND. He jumps back up and runs back through the...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Front door, where he SPOTS Slater and Rodrigo.

NOAH
Slater! What the hell's your sister
doing?!

SLATER
I don't know! I couldn't stop her!

Noah RACES out into the DINING ROOM and PUSHES HIS WAY PAST THE CROWD. He gets to the Dining Room TABLE, Blithe continues to dance like a stripper, as the CROWD IS GOING NUTS.

CROWD
*Shake them titties, baby! / Shake
them titties, baby!*

NOAH
Blithe! Get down from there!

BLITHE
Leave me alone! I'm crunking!

NOAH
No, there's no crunking! Get down!
That's an order!

BLITHE
They love me! I'm like a
celebutante! I'm a celebute!

NOAH
They don't love you! They're
fucking drunk. They're making fun
of you!

BLITHE
You're just a hater who's never
gonna be famous! No one is ever
gonna know who you are, Noah! No
one is ever gonna care about you!

Noah CLIMBS up on the TABLE and GRABS HER. The CROWD BOOS!

NOAH
Get down from there!

BLITHE
Help! Help! Help! He's drinking
Hater-ade! He's drinking Hater-ade!

Noah makes his way back out of the party, DRAGGING Blithe, with Noah and Rodrigo behind him. Just then he SPOTS Marisa coming out of the BATHROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Marisa!

MARISA

Where the fuck have you been? This has been the worst night ever!

NOAH

You have no idea.

MARISA

No, you have no idea. I've been waiting for you for like four hours ... Wait. Who are these kids?

NOAH

I'll explain later. We have to go.

MARISA

Did you get the coke?

NOAH

No. Marisa, listen to me we, have to go. We have to go!

But, Marisa is looking towards the front door and none other than RICKY FONTAINE has just gotten to the party. He's with a GROUP OF FOOTBALL PLAYERS. On his arm, is MODEL GIRL, who looks like she just cat-walked out of a VICTORIA'S SECRET catalogue.

Marisa, as if in a trance, starts to walk towards him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Marisa, wait! We don't have time!

MARISA

I have to go say hello, Noah! He's my ex-boyfriend.

NOAH

No, we have to get out of here!

But, Marisa isn't listening. She heads straight for Ricky Fontaine. Noah follows her.

MARISA

Hey, Ricky.

RICKY FONTAINE

Oh, Marisa, what's up?

MARISA

If you really cared what's up, you'd return an e-mail every once in a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY FONTAINE

Look, how many times do I have to say it before you get it into your skull? It's over. Quit stalking.

Marisa looks like she MIGHT CRY. Noah steps in.

NOAH

Hey, don't worry, Ricky. She's over it.

RICKY FONTAINE

Noah? Get the fuck out of here, *fucktard*. This isn't your business.

NOAH

Yeah, it is my business...

MARISA

Noah, no--

NOAH

... because Marisa has moved on. She's dating me now.

MARISA

Noah, no--!

NOAH

Yeah, that's right. We're in a relationship.

RICKY FONTAINE

Are you kidding me? Oh my god, Marisa, you're fucking Noah Kleinfeld?

(starts laughing)

Seriously? You're seriously telling me that you're fucking Noah Kleinfeld? Hahahahaha!!!!

MARISA

Ricky---

RICKY FONTAINE

You're such a fucking loser, Marisa. You're letting Noah Kleinfeld stick his dick in you! Hahahahaha!!!!

NOAH

Hey, give it a rest, Fontaine!

RICKY FONTAINE

Or what, Noah? What are you gonna do? Huh? You gonna fight me? No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Because, you're a pussy. You've
been a pussy since high school.

NOAH
Just stop--

RICKY FONTAINE
Why? You want to fight me? Go on,
take a swing? I'll let you have the
first punch...

Ricky Fontaine starts to SHOVE HIM.

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Come on, Jew Boy. Come on...

He KEEPS SHOVING HIM HARD.

NOAH
Don't call me that...

RICKY FONTAINE
What? Jew Boy? Huh, come on, *Jew*
Boy... Come on, *Kikefeld*...

NOAH
Okay, that's a racial slur.

RICKY FONTAINE
So, do something. Hit me!

Then from OUT OF NOWHERE... RODRIGO JUMPS on Ricky Fontaine's
back! He BITES Ricky's EAR! Ricky SCREAMS IN PAIN!

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?! What the fuck?!

Ricky tries to throw Rodrigo off, but RODRIGO IS CLINGING to
his back, BITING HIS EAR. Ricky keeps SCREAMING!

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Get off me! Get him off me! Get him
off me!

Finally Ricky manages to THROW RODRIGO OFF. Rodrigo goes
FLYING and lands on the ground.

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna fucking kill that shit!

Ricky goes to STOMP on Rodrigo, but Noah gets in his way.

NOAH
Let him go! Stop! Come on, he's
just a kid, Ricky!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RICKY FONTAINE
Is this little shit with you?

NOAH
Yeah, he's with me.

RODRIGO
Yeah, he's my babysitter!

RICKY FONTAINE
You're his babysitter, Noah?
Hahahaha!

The ENTIRE PARTY ROARS WITH LAUGHTER at Noah.

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Oh, man, how much more pathetic can
you get? You're *babysitting*? How
fucking old are you? Do you realize
how big of a loser you are? Why
don't you just kill yourse--

Noah can't take it anymore. HE THROWS THE HARDEST PUNCH OF
HIS LIFE. He HITS Ricky square in the face. Ricky for a
moment is stunned. Noah is stunned too. Everyone is stunned.
Then a slow smile creeps over Ricky's lips.

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
And now you die.

Ricky BRINGS BACK HIS FIST... Noah's eyes go wide... Ricky
let's his PUNCH FLY... But, Noah does something unexpected...
HE DUCKS! Ricky ends up PUNCHING THE WALL. We HEAR A LOUD
CRACK!!!! Ricky SCREAMS IN PAIN!!!

RICKY FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Fuck! My hand! My throwing hand!
You broke my fucking throwing hand!

Marisa gets on her knees next to Ricky,

MARISA
Oh my god, Ricky, are you okay?!

RICKY FONTAINE
Get off me!

MARISA
Noah! You may have just ruined his
career!

NOAH
Who gives a flying fuck?!

Noah looks up and COMING DOWN the STAIRS ARE KARL and JULIO.
They SPOT Noah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh... Shit! Let's go. Let's go.

He GRABS Marisa and DRAGS her out of there.

MARISA
Let go of me! I gotta make sure
Ricky's gonna be okay.

NOAH
No, we have to get out of here.

KARL
Noah Kleinfeld, don't you fucking
move!

Noah THROWS Marisa over his SHOULDER. He NODS to Slater.

MARISA
Is that Karl?

By now Karl and Julio are RACING TOWARDS THEM. Noah, carrying Marisa over his shoulder, SPRINTS out of there, with the kids keeping pace behind them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Noah, Marisa still over his shoulder, BOOKS to the Bentley. The kids aren't far behind. Karl and Julio are CATCHING UP.

MARISA
Put me down! Put me down!

NOAH
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Suddenly, RODRIGO TRIPS and FACE PLANTS. He GROANS in PAIN. Noah DOES NOT NOTICE, neither does Slater or Blithe.

RODRIGO
Ahhh! My ankle! Yeah! My ankle!

Blithe SENSES SOMETHING and STOPS, LOOKS BACK.

BLITHE
Rodrigo!

Blithe runs back to help Rodrigo. She TRIES to pull him up.

BLITHE (CONT'D)
You're too big!

RODRIGO
Yeah, I'm too big!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLITHE
Noah! Rodrigo's down!

Noah STOPS and LOOKS BACK.

NOAH
Oh fuck me!

SLATER
Don't worry, Noah, I got this!

With that Slater RUNS back to HELP Rodrigo.

SLATER (CONT'D)
Come on, Rodrigo, let's go!

BLITHE
Rodrigo, hurry up!

Rodrigo just stares back them, both SLATER and BLITHE wrestling to HELP HIM UP...

Rodrigo's MIND IS WORKING, SOMETHING INSIDE HIM IS MOVED BY HIS SIBLINGS' EFFORT TO SAVE HIM...

Karl and Julio are FAST APPROACHING...

SLATER
They're catching up!

RODRIGO
Yeah! They're catching up!

With that, Slater and Blithe manage to get him to his FEET... Blithe and Slater HELP RODRIGO to the car... As Karl and Julio CLOSE IN ON THEM...

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

They all PILE into the car. Noah frantically starts the ENGINE, and hits REVERSE... Just as Karl and Julio near the car... Karl and Julio DIVE out of the way to avoid getting hit. Noah TAKES OFF...

Paul Simon's *Me and Julio Down By The Schoolyard* begins to play over the following CHASE SEQUENCE.

INT. BENTLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Noah has not let up on the gas. He's SPEEDING like CRAZY.

MARISA
Noah, what the hell is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

I inadvertently stole ten grand worth of coke and now Karl and Julio want to kill me and do things to you that haven't been seen since the last *Rocco Siffredi* movie.

MARISA

Who the hell is *Rocco Siffredi*?

SLATER

Uh, Noah, we got company!

Noah's eyes dart to the REARVIEW MIRROR, where he spots a 1969 DODGE CHARGER is FAST APPROACHING. Noah SLAMS his foot against the GAS... The Bentley picks up SPEED...

NOAH

Everyone buckle up!

Everyone complies and BUCKLES UP. Noah zips the Bentley through TRAFFIC, zig-zagging his way past other cars... The Dodge picks up speed...

SLATER

They're getting closer!

The Dodge is now right behind them, and pulls up close and BUMPS the Bentley from behind. Everyone in the car SCREAMS in PANIC. The Dodge BUMPS them again, this time HARDER.

NOAH

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Noah JERKS THE WHEEL HARD TO THE LEFT, the Bentley WHIPS on to an EMPTY SIDE STREET. The Dodge FOLLOWS.

The Dodge SWERVES into the LEFT LANE, GUNS THE ENGINE, and pulls up next to the Bentley. Julio is HANGING OUT THE WINDOW, WAVING A SHOTGUN.

JULIO

Noah Kleinfeld! Noah Kleinfeld!

Noah ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW.

NOAH

Oh, hey, Julio, what's up, bro?!

JULIO

Pulling the fucking car over!

NOAH

Okay, um, I gotta get these kids home, so, why don't we put a pin in this, and meet up next week, we can talk it out! Have brunch! My treat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIO

Pull the motherfucking car over!

BLAM! Julio FIRES the SHOTGUN into the AIR.

NOAH

There's no need for that...

JULIO

Pull the car over, Noah Kleinfeld!

Just then RODRIGO HAS REMOVED A CHERRY BOMB from his POCKET AND LIT IT.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Pull over! Pull fucking over!

Rodrigo THROWS THE CHERRY BOMB INTO THE DODGE CHARGER.

JULIO (CONT'D)

What the fu--?

KABLOOM! The Cherry Bomb EXPLODES! The Dodge SWERVES OFF THE ROAD, hits an EMBANKMENT MADE OF SNOW... The Dodge FLIES IN THE AIR... FLIPS OVER AND CRASHES...

NOAH

Holy shit, Rodrigo! I think you killed them!

RODRIGO

Yeah, I think I killed them.

SLATER

Do you really think they're dead?

Noah thinks about it, his mind RACING... He SLAMS on the BREAKS and PULLS THE CAR OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

MARISA

What are you doing?

NOAH

Wait here with the kids. I gotta go see if they're okay.

MARISA

What are you talking about?

NOAH

Marisa, if they're hurt, I gotta call an ambulance. I can't just let them die out here. What kind of example would I be setting for these kids?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SLATER

Now?! Now you decide to set an example?! We don't need you to set an example for us. Let them die!

RODRIGO

Yeah, let them die.

NOAH

Everyone, just sit tight.

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

Noah EXITS the car and starts heading for the DODGE CHARGER. He picks up SPEED...

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

The Dodge is FLIPPED OVER and is UPSIDE DOWN, the BACK TIRES ARE STILL SPINNING. Noah reaches the car out of breath... He warily approaches the DRIVER SIDE... He bends down to look inside, but DISCOVERS THE CAR IS EMPTY.

CHA-CHICK! Noah SPINS around, only to find Karl and Julio standing there. Julio has got his SHOTGUN AIMED at Noah.

KARL

You are in deep fucking shit, Noah Kleinfeld.

NOAH

Oh, hey, bro...

JULIO

For the last time, man, we ain't your fucking bros.

KARL

Why do you keep calling us that?

NOAH

Okay, you guys are upset. I get that, and, I'm gonna get you your money and pretty soon, we're just gonna be laughing about all this--

KARL

No, I don't think so. You stole from me, then you ruined our night and now you made me crash my car. I don't want your money, Noah Kleinfeld, I just want to kill you.

NOAH

But, I came back to make sure you guys were okay. I mean, don't I score some points for that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO
Yeah, you score points for being
stupid. Now say good night.

Julio RAISES the Shotgun and AIMS it at Noah.

KARL
Wait, not here. In the woods.

Julio motions Noah to head for the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Noah enters the woods with Karl and Julio close behind. Noah notices both Karl and Julio are LIMPING.

NOAH
Are you guys alright from that
crash?

KARL
We're better than you.

NOAH
'Cause I notice you're limping.

JULIO
Limping ain't gonna prevent me from
pulling this here trigger.

NOAH
Yeah, but it might get in the way
if you try to... RUN!

And with that, Noah is off like a ROCKET. Noah begins RACING through the WOODS. Karl and Julio RUN AFTER HIM. BLAM! Julio FIRES THE GUN. SHOTGUN PELLETS WHIP PAST NOAH'S HEAD.

JULIO
Get back here, Noah Kleinfeld!

NOAH
No fucking way!

Noah SNAKES his way through the darkened woods, CRASHING through BRANCHES, JUMPING over LOGS... BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Each SHOT narrowly MISSES Noah, as he continues his MAD DASH. Karl and Julio keep up, with Julio FIRING all the way.

Noah races out of the WOODS, and finds himself suddenly SLIDING ACROSS A FROZEN POND... He SLIPS, FALLS on his BACK.

He desperately stands up, right as Karl and Julio break into the clearing. Julio's got the shotgun up and steadies it towards Noah. Noah puts his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)
No, please...

JULIO
Sorry, *bro*.

Julio SQUEEZES the TRIGGER... CLICK! OUT OF AMMO.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Dammit!

Julio TOSSES the SHOTGUN to the side.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Fuck the gun. I'm gonna kill you
with my bare hands.

Julio steps out onto the FROZEN POND... Julio SLIPS for a
moment, but catches himself and continues towards Noah...

NOAH
Careful, Julio, it's slippery...

JULIO
The fuck is that supposed to mean?

NOAH
I just meant it's dangerous, you
could slip and split your head--

JULIO
No, I get it, *Judge Judy*, because
I'm black I don't know nothing
about being on ice. 'Cause brothers
don't play hockey, right?

NOAH
No, that's not what I meant--

JULIO
There you go again, Noah Kleinfeld,
judging. Alllllways judging.

NOAH
No, I wasn't judging! It's a
misunderstanding!

Julio takes a few more steps towards Noah... There's a MUTED
CREAK...

NOAH (CONT'D)
Um...

JULIO
I happen to have played first line
center for the Greater Boston youth
All Stars...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CRREEEEAAAAAK....

NOAH
Uh, Julio--

JULIO
Had me a nasty one time slapper...

NOAH
Julio, just--

JULIO
I used to love to dump and chase,
then go grind it out in the
corners. But there ain't no feeling
in the world as good as *lighting*
the lamp...

CRREEEEAAAK...

NOAH
Seriously, Julio--! The ice--

JULIO
Yeah, the *ice*! The sound of the
snap when the puck hits the
twine... Mmmm. Five hole, top
shelf, don't matter to Julio, so
long as the biscuit finds the back
'a the net...

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK...

NOAH
We're going to die--!

JULIO
...goddamn! I was so good they used
to call me "Hat Trick" Julio--

CRASH! The ICE GIVES OUT and both Noah and Julio FALL into
the water. They both begin to FLAIL. Julio starts SINKING.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Karl! Karl! Help! I can't swim!

KARL
I'm coming, man!

Karl takes a few steps back and runs towards the POND about
to DIVE IN, but then STOPS short.

KARL (CONT'D)
How cold is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIO

What do you think? It's cold,
motherfucker! Help! I'm drowning!

KARL

How can you not know how to swim?

Noah is swimming away from them.

JULIO

Help! Help! I'm drowning, Karl!

KARL

I know but that water looks *really*
cold, man!

Julio starts to SINK... Noah, hesitates, turns around and swims back to Julio. He DIVES down, grabs Julio and DRAGS him to the side of the pond, where Karl is waiting. Julio has passed out. Noah is out of breath. Karl SMILES at him.

Karl LIFTS Noah to his feet and RUNS him straight into a NEARBY TREE. Noah falls to ground.

NOAH

Ow, my face, Karl, Christ!

Karl starts to PUNCH Noah repeatedly in the FACE.

KARL

That's for stealing my drugs!

(wham!)

That's for making me chase you all night!

(wham!)

And this is for making me crash my motherfucking '69 Dodge Charger!

Karl REELS BACK his FIST...

JULIO

Stop!

They look up. Julio has woken up. He stands.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Let him go, Karl.

Karl begrudgingly let's Noah go.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Noah Kleinfeld, don't you got kids
you should be getting home?

NOAH

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIO
Then you better go.

NOAH
So...? Are we cool?

JULIO
Yeah, we cool.
(turns to Karl)
But, we're not.

With that Julio BELTS Karl and proceeds to BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. Noah takes this opportunity to turn and get the hell out of the woods.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Noah, DRIPPING WET, SHIVERING, heads for the Bentley.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Noah enters the car. Marisa and the kids look at him expectantly.

MARISA
You're all wet. Jesus, Noah, you're freezing.

NOAH
(teeth chattering)
Yeah... cold....

Noah turns on the HEAT.

SLATER
Everything okay?

NOAH
Everything is A-okay.

From OUTSIDE WE HEAR THE DISTANT SOUND OF SIRENS.

SLATER
We heard gunshots, so we called the police.

NOAH
That was good thinking, Slater...
Guys, I know I did a lot of fucked up things tonight. But, I'm gonna do one more fucked up thing. And I promise this will be the last fucked up thing I do.

SLATER
What are you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
I'm gonna quickly race away from
the scene of a crime.

Noah starts the car, puts it in drive and RACES AWAY.

EXT. ZAKIM BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Bentley drives over the bridge, AWAY from Boston.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Noah pulls up in front of Marisa's HOUSE. The kids are ASLEEP
in the back. Noah NUDGES Marisa AWAKE.

NOAH
There you go. Door to door service.

MARISA
(a quiet beat)
You know, I think you're right,
Noah. I don't think I'm over Ricky.

NOAH
You think?

MARISA
God, you must think I'm such a
bitch.

NOAH
No, I was in love with you.

MARISA
You were never in love with me. You
just wanted to fuck the hot girl
from high school, that's all.
That's all anyone ever wants from
me.

NOAH
That's not true. I got suspended
because of you. I didn't have to
tell them that it was me who copied
your paper. I could've told them
the truth, that it was you that
copied mine.

MARISA
I know... That's 'cause you're a
nice guy. I wanted to see what it
was like to date a nice guy.

NOAH
Ricky Fontaine doesn't care about
you. He treats you like shit, why
do you still want to be with him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA

I could ask you the same thing. Why do you still want to be with me?

NOAH

I don't. Not anymore.

MARISA

You're breaking up with me?

NOAH

Yeah, I'm breaking up with you.

Marisa takes this in and then she smiles ruefully.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MARISA

You breaking up with me, actually makes me like you more. Isn't that fucked up?

NOAH

Yeah... Take care of yourself.

Marisa leans in and KISSES him on the CHEEK. She goes inside. Noah starts the car again.

BLITHE (O.C.)

Your girlfriend is a real *beeyotch*.

NOAH

Oh, hey, you awake, Blithe? Why don't you come sit up front and keep me company?

Blithe climbs into the FRONT SEAT.

BLITHE

I'm sorry I said you're never gonna be famous, Noah. I'm sure you can be famous someday, you know, if you worked out a little, and dressed hotter.

NOAH

I don't want to be famous, Blithe. Do you ever think about why you want to be famous?

BLITHE

Isn't it *obvi*? Because, when you're a famous celebrity, everyone loves you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

Blithe... When my dad left my mom and me, I felt like a total loser. I got all depressed, started painting my nails black. Hell, I even dabbled in eyeliner. Spent all day listening to *The Cure*. Then one day I looked at myself and realized, I'm still a loser, now I'm just a *Goth Loser*. And being a *Goth Loser* is like ten notches below regular loser. You follow?

BLITHE

Yeah, being Goth is *not* hot.

Noah LEANS OVER and PULLS DOWN HER SUN-VISOR, he FLIPS OPEN THE MIRROR.

NOAH

You know what else isn't hot?

Blithe STARES at her REFLECTION, and for the first time she sees what she really looks like with all that make-up, some type of GROTESQUE CLOWN.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Paris Hilton is a clown. Acting like her isn't going to get you more friends, or make you more interesting. And it's not going to stop your dad from kissing his assistant Deborah.

Blithe is silent. She then removes some NAPKINS and begins to WIPE HER FACE CLEAN.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You know what Blithe means?

BLITHE

What does it mean?

NOAH

It means *joyous*.

Blithe finishes cleaning her face. She looks back at the MIRROR, and we can tell she likes what she sees.

SLATER (O.S.)

Do you know what *late* means?

NOAH

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SLATER

*Late as in, tardy. Tardy like you
are when you're supposed to be home
in bed by one and it's already ten
after one.*

Noah checks the clock, sure enough it's 1:10AM.

NOAH

Son of a...

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

The Bentley SCREECHES towards the house...

SLATER

We're in luck, they're not home
yet!

... Onto the driveway...

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Noah parks the Bentley.

NOAH

Alright, guys, let's go, get inside
and get ready for bed!

The kids RACE out.

QUICK CUTS

Noah WIPES down the dash.

Noah CLEANS the hood with his spit and a shirt.

Noah TOSSES the garbage out.

Noah RACES inside the house.

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Noah HUSTLES in to find Slater and Blithe in their pajamas on
the couch, watching tv. Noah smiles... then stops.

NOAH

Where's Rodrigo?

SLATER

Uh, he was here a second ago.

NOAH

Oh, no... Split up! Split up! Find
Rodrigo! Go! Go! Go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah, Slater and Blithe RACE in DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS through the house, room to room.

NOAH/SLATER/BLITHE
Rodrigo...?! Where are you?!

Noah checks the BATHROOM.

NOAH
Rodrigo?!

SLATER (O.C.)
He's in here! The kitchen!

Noah RUNS.

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Noah SCRAMBLES into the KITCHEN.

NOAH
Rodrigo?! Didn't I tell you...

Noah STOPS when he SEES SOMETHING OFF CAMERA that gives him pause. Slater and Blithe are staring off screen as well, in complete awe.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Whoa...

BLITHE
I can't believe it.

SLATER
Seriously, that is the most messed up thing I've seen all night.

NOAH
Uh... Rodrigo?

We reveal that Rodrigo is ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES CLEANING UP THE BOTTLE OF WINE HE BROKE EARLIER IN THE NIGHT. Noah looks at Slater and Blithe who just SHRUG.

RODRIGO
Yeah, I'm cleaning up the mess I made.

Rodrigo DISPOSES of the rest of the trash. Just then THEY HEAR DR. AND MRS. POLK'S CAR PULLING INTO THE DRIVEWAY.

NOAH
Alright, you three, get to the couch! Go! Go! Go!

INT. POLK'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

All four JUMP onto the couch just as...

WE HEAR the JINGLE of KEYS at the FRONT DOOR.

NOAH
Slater, turn on the tv!

Slater turns on the tv...

Only to find that RICKEY FONTAINE'S FACE is on the NEWS.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
Bill, the only information we know
at this point is that Rickey
Fontaine broke his hand at a party
and he will *not* be playing in the
Fiesta Bowl...

NOAH
Oh, what the...

WE HEAR THE POLK'S ENTERING THE HOUSE.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
He also made a racial slur, which
should be enough to get him kicked
out of college.

ON TV: THREE JEWISH FRATERNITY BROTHERS ARE INTERVIEWED.

JEWISH FRATERNITY BROTHER (ON TV)
We at the Hillel House are very
disconcerted by Ricky Fontaine's
anti-Semitic racial slurs--

Noah can't help but smile. MRS. POLK ENTERS. Mrs. Polk SPOTS
Noah and the kids in the TV Room and FROWNS.

NOAH
Hey, welcome back.

MRS. POLK
Noah, what happened tonight?

NOAH
Huh?

MRS. POLK
It's past one in the morning, these
kids should be in bed already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
...and in other news, authorities
are still searching for an area man
who blew up a restaurant
bathroom... Police have released a
sketch...

ON TV: A SKETCH OF NOAH COMES UP. Noah and the kids STIFFEN.
Their EYES go WIDE.

MRS. POLK
This is a school night for them...

Mrs. Polk turns around to face the tv. Without noticing
Noah's portrait, she grabs the remote and turns OFF the tv.

NOAH
Oh, yeah, sorry...

BLITHE
It's not his fault.

SLATER
Yeah, we told him our bedtime was
one thirty.

NOAH
Yeah, they fooled me. Not cool,
guys.

MRS. POLK
Shame on you kids... Well, it's
time for bed. Say good night to
Noah and maybe he'll be nice enough
to come back and babysit again.

SLATER
I don't think so.

MRS. POLK
Why not, Slater? Is everything
okay?

SLATER
Yeah, it's just. I'm thirteen. I
think I can babysit myself.

MRS. POLK
But, Doctor Bella said--

SLATER
I'm done with Doctor Bella.

RODRIGO
Yeah, my brother's done with Dr.
Bella.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. POLK
Oh... really?

RODRIGO
Yeah, and my sister, she's not a
puta anymore.

MRS. POLK
Oh... A what?

Mrs. Polk looks oddly at Noah. He shrugs innocently.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Okay then, let's get to bed, kids.

The kids go to head upstairs.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
Noah, my husband has your money.

NOAH
(to the kids)
Bye, guys.

The three kids WAVE to Noah, he turns to leave when:

MRS. POLK
Wait a minute, Noah, stop right
there!

NOAH
Uh... Yeah?

Noah looks back nervously, he looks at the kids, they're nervous too.

MRS. POLK
I almost forgot. Your mother wanted
me to tell you not to wait up. She
and Dr. Stevens went off to have a
nightcap. You should've seen her,
Noah, she was having the night of
her life.

NOAH
(beat, he smiles)
Nice. Thanks for setting them up,
Mrs. Polk.

MRS. POLK
Thanks for babysitting, Noah.

Mrs. Polk smiles. Noah exits. The kids head upstairs.

FOYER

Dr. Polk is sorting through the mail. He SPOTS Noah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. POLK
(reaching for his wallet)
I hope the kids weren't any
trouble.

NOAH
Nope. You got three great ones in
there.

Dr. Polk hands him FIFTY BUCKS.

DR. POLK
You're mother tells me you got
kicked out of college.

NOAH
Suspended.

DR. POLK
You better straighten up, young
man, you're not a kid anymore.

NOAH
I know. I got a lot to work on.
But, frankly, Doctor, you're the
last person on earth I'm gonna take
advice from.

DR. POLK
Excuse me?

NOAH
I know that you're screwing your
assistant Deborah. And you're gonna
stop. You understand me?

DR. POLK
I would be very careful with how
you talk to me.

NOAH
It's you who should be careful,
because, I'm home for the next six
months with nothing to do. So, I'm
gonna be keeping an eye on your
kids and I'm gonna be keeping
another eye on you. It's time you
straightened up, Doctor. Have a
great fucking night.

Noah STARES HIM DOWN. Dr. Polk goes WHITE. Noah exits.

EXT. POLK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Noah picks up his BMX. He takes one last look at the house. On the SECOND FLOOR he spots Slater, Blithe and Rodrigo at the WINDOW looking down at him. Rodrigo's got a SPARKLER. Noah SMILES.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, douche bag, need a lift?

He turns and spots Rachel sitting in his dad's MERCEDES. Noah approaches the car.

NOAH
Rachel...? How'd you find me?

Rachel points to Rodrigo's GPS TRACKING UNIT.

RACHEL
This gizmo on the dash kept
beeping, so I followed it to this
house. Are you happy I did?

Just then Noah's PHONE RINGS. He takes it out, looks at it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Let me guess. Your girlfriend?

NOAH
No, I broke up with my girlfriend
tonight.

RACHEL
Oh...?

NOAH
Yeah. It's actually my dad. I'll
just let that one go to voicemail.

He puts the phone away.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Scoot over, it's probably a good
idea to let me drive.

Noah gets into the car. He looks at her.

NOAH (CONT'D)
So, uh, you wanna grab something to
eat?

RACHEL
It's kinda late, isn't it?

NOAH
Are you kidding me? The night is
young.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah SMILES, Rachel SMILES back at him. Noah puts the car into drive and they take off.

THE END