

# Toy's House

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EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Hammer strikes nail. It hits off-center, driving the nail in crooked.

Reveal the carpenter: JOE TOY (14), Our Hero. A scrawny, skater-type kid with greasy brown hair parted in the center.

EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD - DAY

On a magazine photo of an extreme biker taking off from a wooden ramp. The biker, and the ramp, look awesome. Joe lowers the magazine to reveal:

His ramp. Not awesome. Low quality, warped wood. Odd angles. Nailheads protrude dangerously from different points across the surface. A valiant effort, but no.

Joe grabs his TOOLBOX and walks inside.

INT. TOTTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Joe sits in a middle row, doodling. The science teacher, DR. FERRARA (40s) fires questions at the class.

FERRARA

In any ecosystem we have indigenous flora and...? Robert?

KID (ROBERT)

Shale?

FERRARA

No, not shale...I like where you're head's at though...

Ferrara hears Joe doodling in the otherwise silent class. Joe doesn't notice Ferrara approaching. We see the drawing:

Joe, on horseback, riding into the FOREST. A girl rides with him, clutching him around the waist. He colors her dress in with a YELLOW HIGHLIGHTER.

Ferrara STOMPS HIS FOOT once loudly next to Joe, snapping him out of his artistic trance.

FERRARA (CONT'D)

Joe Toy. Flora and?

JOE  
(turning page)  
Fauna.

FERRARA  
Very good. An allamanda cathartica  
would be an example of which?  
(off Joe's silence)  
And an allamanda cathartica would  
be an example of which?

JOE  
I've never heard those words before  
in my life.

FERRARA  
That was my hope. No drawing in  
class, please. Allamanda  
cathartica. Allamanda cathartica.  
(noticing a raised hand)  
Kelly.

We land on KELLY (15), a pretty girl...in a YELLOW DRESS.

KELLY  
Flora.

When Ferrara turns his back, Joe and Kelly make eye contact.  
Joe rolls his eyes at her ass-kissing. She sticks her tongue  
out. They're clearly buddies.

EXT. TOTTEENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - 2 P.M.

School's out. Students crowd the sidewalk. Joe walks his  
bicycle alongside him, keeping pace with Kelly.

KELLY  
What were you drawing in there? It  
was obviously top secret.

JOE  
Oh. Just some...blueprints.  
Patrick and me are working on this  
bike ramp thing.

KELLY  
Blueprints? Huh. That's funny.

JOE  
Funny?

KELLY

You just don't strike me as like a  
"man's man," y'know? Construction  
and all. That's not an insult.

Beat on Joe. Smiling, but insulted.

KELLY (CONT'D)

How's Patrick doing, by the way?

JOE

He's fine. I think he's supposed  
to come back next week.

KELLY

I was gonna say, if you guys want,  
you should come to Thirsty  
Thursdays tomorrow night.

JOE

"Thirsty Thursdays." I have no  
idea what that is.

KELLY

It's a keg. At Wolf's Pond.  
Paul's friends throw it every week  
once it starts getting warm out and  
ohmygod--

The boyfriend approaches, PAUL: 17, could be 36. Goatee,  
earring. He's bleeding noticeably from the shoulder.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What happened??

PAUL

Hm? Some dog bit me. I'm fine.

He kisses her 'hello' on the mouth.

KELLY

What? For no reason??

PAUL

Well I was hitting him and shit.  
(to Joe)  
What's up man.

KELLY

Oh -- Paul, you know Joe. We have  
Bio together.

PAUL  
(handshake)  
Yow.

KELLY  
(inspecting the wound)  
Should we go to the hospital?

PAUL  
No. You want a bagel? C'mon. I  
want an egg bagel.

KELLY  
Ugh!  
(to Joe)  
He always gets hurt, and he never  
goes to the doctor.

Joe raises his eyebrows in false fascination.

PAUL  
Starving, babe.

KELLY  
Okay, okay. See you tomorrow, Joe!

Joe waves, watching as Paul leads her away, shoving his hand  
into Kelly's back pocket as they walk.

Off his misery:

EXT. TOWN OF HUGENOT - DAY

Joe rides his bike home from school. We get an impression of  
the town: a bank, a church, a barbershop. Quaint.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe steers through a narrow "trail" in the woods. It's dense  
with trees and brush.

Craning up above the trees, we see that the woods are  
bordered on all sides by tracts of suburban houses. In the  
deep distance, factory pipes.

Off the sound of a DOORBELL:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe waits on the stoop. The door opens to reveal MRS. MCGUIRE, 42. Patrick's mom.

JOE  
Patrick home?

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Come in, Joseph.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A modest country-theme home. Thomas Kinkade and Precious Moments abound.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
(calling upstairs)  
Patrick! Joseph's here.

PATRICK'S VOICE  
I'm coming down.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Stay where you are! He will come  
to you!

PATRICK'S VOICE  
I'm fine, ma!

At the top of the stairs, PATRICK MCGUIRE comes into view. Though also 14, he's a brick shithouse, a man by any physical standard. There's an AIR CAST on his left foot. He hops down one step at a time.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Mother Cabrini, protect my son.

PATRICK  
Stop praying, ma.

Another few steps. Painstaking.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Look at you! You're sweating.  
You're sweating from the pain!

PATRICK  
I'm sweating from you, ma.

Two more stairs. He's winded now.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
I'm getting you a cold washcloth.

PATRICK  
I don't want one.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Well it's happening. How about  
you, Joseph? Would you like a cold  
washcloth?

JOE  
I would take one, yeah.

PATRICK  
No one is getting a cold washcloth.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

On TV: "STREET FIGHTER 2" for Super Nintendo. The boys sit  
in spitting distance of the screen, concentrating.

PATRICK  
My mom reminds me of Blanka.

JOE  
Because she wears cutoff jeans?

PATRICK  
No, because everything she says, in  
my head, sounds like Blanka's crazy  
victory roar. Listen.

On TV: After a knockout, BLANKA stands on his hind legs and  
roars three times.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
That's the sound I hear whenever  
she speaks. Just the jibberish of  
an undisciplined animal.

JOE  
You hear that all day?

PATRICK  
All day.

He pauses the game.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I have to get out of this house,  
man.

JOE  
What do you mean?

PATRICK  
I mean I can't stand another minute  
of it. Of them. They're down my  
throat all day. They don't stop.

JOE  
Well, you'll be back at school  
Monday, right? You can tough it  
out.

PATRICK  
No, you don't get it. They're  
killing me. Like, I'm getting  
hives.

JOE  
No you're not.

Patrick lifts his shirt: a few small hives are scattered on  
his torso.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

PATRICK  
Yeah, shit is right.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Family dinner. Joe sits with his father, FRANK (51), and his  
sister LISA (19), who wears a college-team hoodie.

LISA  
Daddy, can Colin come tomorrow? He  
really wants to meet you guys.

FRANK  
Can I get some sweet potato  
casserole?  
(then)  
Who's Colin?

LISA  
He's my boyfriend of seven months.

FRANK  
Hm. What are his prospects? How  
does he plan to support you?



LISA  
He's Sri Lankan.

FRANK  
Right, right. Aren't we all.  
(passing food)  
Put that back over by you. Move  
the water.

JOE  
Speaking of tomorrow -- can you  
drive me to Wolf's Pond at like 8?

Joe notices Frank staring at him in mild shock.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What?

FRANK  
Tomorrow. Thursday night, Joe.  
What do you think we're sitting  
here talking about?

JOE  
What are we talking about?

FRANK  
Is this a joke? Carol is coming  
over Thursday. We're having Game  
Night. I told you about this weeks  
ago.

JOE  
You never told me about that!

FRANK  
That's horseshit, Joe. I told you  
at least twice, and I watched you  
write it on your forearm in  
permanent marker.

Joe glances at his forearm. There is some faded text.

JOE  
Well what if I don't want to meet  
"Carol"? I don't make you meet all  
the girls I bang out.

Lisa snickers.

FRANK  
This is not a debate, Joe! The  
plans are made.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Just be there, and be pleasant.  
She's making lamb stew for us.  
She's going out of her way.

JOE  
Lamb stew? What is this, Beowulf?  
I'm not touching it.

FRANK  
Believe me, you're touching it.

LISA  
It'll be fun, Joe. You'll get to  
meet Colin.

FRANK  
(to Lisa)  
I think I'm done hearing that name  
tonight, okay?

Joe simmers at Frank, livid.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What, Joe.

Joe rises silently and moves to the wall phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Joe picks up the receiver and shoots Frank a threatening  
look.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
We're supposed to be past this,  
Joseph! For Christ's sake!  
Remember what we talked about.  
Think of people who really need to  
call 911!

A moment of tension. Then, Joe opens the dishwasher, shoves  
the phone in, and leaves.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(after him) I don't know who that's  
supposed to be hurting!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Joe watches as his friend ANGELO, 14, sticks a large  
FIRECRACKER into a mailbox. Angelo turns to flee.

ANGELO

Come on come on come on!

They run across the street and hide behind some shrubs. A nebbishy kid, AARON (also 14), waits for them there.

They stare at the mailbox. Nothing happens.

JOE

Did it light?

The mailbox EXPLODES.

ANGELO / AARON

Ha! Got you. / Remarkable.

An INDIAN GUY, 30s, comes out and immediately spots the boys.

INDIAN GUY

We tired of this game yet?

ANGELO

Not till you learn English, dot-head!

INDIAN GUY

Huh?? I have a double masters from Georgetown. Your father cleans pools.

ANGELO

Go home!

In the background, a storm door opens on one of the houses. A little old Italian lady pokes her head out. Angelo'S MOM.

ANGELO'S MOM

Angelo! Venire all'interno e spostare vestiti!

ANGELO

Essere di destra là!

She retreats inside.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Shit. I gotta go shift the wash.  
(to Indian guy)  
Fuck you, Mola Ram!!

INDIAN GUY

What?!

AARON  
I'm out too. Thirsty Thursdays.

JOE  
Oh God. You're going to that?

AARON  
Of course. Everyone's going.

JOE  
Not me. My goddam shit-eating  
father won't let me.  
(then)  
And Kelly invited me too.

AARON  
So what, Kelly invited you. She's  
got a boyfriend. Who's twice your  
size.

JOE  
Right. The cave troll. What's his  
name again? Ju'tuun?

AARON  
Paul. I can't believe that guy is  
seventeen years old. He looks like  
he works for Con Ed.

JOE  
Yeah.  
(frustrated)  
Shit.

AARON  
Well no big deal, man. There will  
be other...best times of your life.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Game night. Lisa, Frank and Joe sit around a monopoly board,  
joined by COLIN, 19, bookish; and CAROL, 40, far too good for  
this situation.

Joe sits slumped, miserable.

COLIN  
Carol, the lamb was delicious. Very  
tender. It felt like I was chewing  
avocado meat.

CAROL  
Thanks Colin. I boil it first.

COLIN  
I thought you might have. I didn't  
want to presume.

FRANK  
Colin, no one knows what you're  
talking about.

Carol ROLLS. Marvin Gardens.

CAROL  
Meh. Pass.

FRANK  
Passing on Marvin Gardens? Ballsy.

CAROL  
Well look at this. I'm broke.

FRANK  
You pissed it all away on purples.  
(going through her cards)  
What the hell is this, Virginia?  
If you're gonna rely on colors, go  
red, orange, yellow. Strong  
colors. They attract the eye.  
People want to land there. They  
will themselves to.

COLIN  
Royal blue. Also a fierce color.

FRANK  
Colin, again, we're unclear as to  
what you're saying.

Joe sits up.

JOE  
Don't listen to this clown. His  
whole game is railroads. He's got  
blinders on to the world.

FRANK  
Who's "he"? I'm right here.

JOE  
Blinders.

FRANK  
People need transportation, Joe.  
They need to get from A to B.

Joe points his hands out from his temples: Blinders.

CAROL  
Just roll, Frank.

He does.

JOE  
Lisa, do you remember when you  
bought B&O and wouldn't trade him,  
and he quit?

FRANK  
I didn't "quit." I just wasn't  
having fun anymore. Why would I  
play if I'm not having fun? What's  
the point of a game? People play  
games to heighten life, to forget  
themselves.

COLIN  
That's beautiful.

FRANK  
Shut the fuck up, Colin.

CAROL  
(laughing)  
Is that true, Frank? You actually  
quit Monopoly? How old are you?

Frank tenses up, uncomfortable.

JOE  
Oh yeah, he always quits. He once  
quit because Lisa hit free parking  
six times.

FRANK  
Any sane person would have walked  
away from that game. Something  
wasn't right and you goddam know  
it.

Carol laughs, and Joe joins her. Frank shoots Joe a look.  
Joe shoots one back, relishing the moment of comeuppance.

Frank moves his gamepiece.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I will absolutely buy that...  
(counting out money)  
Hello Colin.

COLIN  
Hello.

FRANK  
Do you want to be my friend?

COLIN  
Very badly, sir.

Joe watches this exchange, not trusting it.

FRANK  
Okay then. Right now -- Tennessee  
and St. James. I'll give you Park  
Place and Indiana.

JOE  
Whoa whoa whoa whoa--

FRANK  
Let the men talk, Joseph.

On Joe: fuming.

COLIN  
Yes. Clearly, yes I would do that.

CAROL  
Frank, that makes no sense. He'll  
kill us all.

FRANK  
There will be collateral damage,  
yes. But war is hell.

Joe looks at the board -- he sees what's happening. His  
piece is in jail. Frank's building on orange. It's a setup.

JOE  
(to himself)  
He's pricing me out...

CAROL  
What's that?

FRANK  
(big smile)  
Your roll, Joey Joe-Joe.

JOE  
This is bullshit, Dad! You're  
pricing me out of the goddam game!

LISA  
(eyeing board) Oh man...he is.

CAROL  
Oh come on Frank. He's your son.

JOE  
You can't do that Dad! It's  
collusion.

FRANK  
I can do whatever I want, Joe. My  
house, my rules.

Frank lights a cigar and leans back. A suburban Bugsy. He  
smiles at Joe, rubbing it in. Joe's lip quivers, but he  
tries not to break, tries not to give Frank the satisfaction.

CAROL  
Let's just have a fun game. No?

FRANK  
Hey, I'm not the one who started  
telling fun little, funny little  
stories. He's just mad because he  
doesn't want to be here, so he's  
being a shit.  
(then)  
Roll the die, Joe. Let's see what  
happens. If you need a loan, maybe  
we can work something out at a fair  
interest rate.

A tense, miserable beat of silence. Then Joe rises, heads  
for the kitchen.

CAROL  
That was a cruel thing to do,  
Frank.

LISA  
Is he quitting?

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe, red-faced, picks up the wall phone.

INSERT - A switchboard operator picks up.



OPERATOR  
911, what is your emergency?

BACK IN JOE'S HOUSE:

Frank knows what's happening.

FRANK  
Ah shit -- he's doing it!

Frank darts at Joe, but Joe runs into the bathroom and locks the door.

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits on the toilet, covering his ear.

JOE  
(into phone)  
I want to report a theft...yes  
...up to one thousand dollars in  
cash and assets...

FRANK'S VOICE  
Hang it up Joe!

JOE  
(into phone)  
28 Rye Avenue. No, he's actually  
in the house right now...

Loud BANGING as Frank attempts to break the door down. Joe moves toward the corner of the room.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
His name is Frank Toy, brown  
hair...height unknown...He's  
obsessed with railroads...

The door SPLINTERS.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Through Joe's window, we see Frank talking to two police officers. He holds the Monopoly board and makes desperate, animated gestures. The officers nod.

Move back to reveal Joe, watching, holding a flashlight. The room is dark.

He shines the flashlight in short spurts out the window. Dot-dot-dot, dash-dash-dash, dot-dot-dot...

After a few beats, we hear THUMPING from outside. Feet climbing stairs.

Frank opens the door.

FRANK  
Stop signaling.

Joe shines the flashlight beam into Franks's eyes. Frank squints and shuts the door.

Joe lies on the bed, miserable. He spins something around between his thumb and forefinger. Flashlight on: a small green MONOPOLY HOUSE. He looks at it, then past it, and freezes...something caught his eye.

The wall across from him: Though we notice an "Excalibur" poster and other assorted nerd items, Joe's focus is on the huge SHADOW being cast by the monopoly house. Joe regards this "house" shape...

Then shines the flashlight across the room, illuminating the TOOLBOX sitting atop his dresser.

Beat on Joe, thinking...

INT. SPANISH CLASS - DAY

Patrick enters on his boot, carrying a team duffel bag. The teacher conducts the class to recite the words on the board:

ENTIRE CLASS  
Recepción detrás, Patrick!

They applaud. Patrick smiles through the awkwardness.

INT. SPANISH CLASS - LATER

Patrick recites translations, sitting by the window.

TEACHER'S VOICE  
¿Qué color es perros?

PATRICK  
(with the class)  
Algunos perros son marrón, algunos  
perros son negro, algunos --

The sound of KNOCKING breaks his concentration -- Joe's outside, at the window. Behind him, a scrawny, olive-skinned kid sits on a bicycle: BIAGGIO, 14, quiet but dedicated.

Joe makes a "come here" motion. Patrick turns his palms upward in a gesture of powerlessness.

EXT. SPANISH CLASS WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

JOE  
(mouthing the words) Come outside  
for a second.

A stern Patrick points to his desk, then points to the front of the classroom.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(mouthing) Come on. One second.

Patrick writes something on loose leaf and presses it against the window. It says "I am in school right now"

INT. SPANISH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Biaggio sit on the window ledge. Patrick sees from the corner of his eye, then shakes his head. Joe takes a sandwich out of his bag, prepared to wait it out.

TEACHER'S VOICE  
Patrick, ¿Cómo viejo es tu perro?

PATRICK  
(caught off guard) Um, no tengo un  
perro, profesor.

TEACHER'S VOICE  
Who are those boys outside? Does  
anyone know those boys? Are they  
your friends, Dudley?

A black kid behind Patrick picks his head up.

DUDLEY  
Patrick's been talking to them for  
five minutes, man! Why do I get  
blamed?

TEACHER'S VOICE  
Because of what you are!

EXT. TOTTEENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Patrick walks across the street with Joe.

PATRICK  
Don't do that shit anymore. You're  
gonna get me in trouble.

JOE  
I would get detention, not you.  
You did nothing wrong.

A car full of students drives by. A kid hanging out the window hollers "McGuire!" Patrick absently waves.

PATRICK  
How do you never get caught? What  
about the truant officer?

JOE  
Yeah, the truant officer. He's  
fucking 19. I'll shit in his  
mouth.

Cutaway to a baby faced Cop-in-a-Box idling on the curb.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(hopping on his bike) Get on.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Biaggio hacks through brush with a MACHETE. Joe and Patrick walk the dirt path behind him.

PATRICK  
Come on man. I can't walk all day  
like this.

JOE  
We're almost there. Fifty more  
yards, about.

PATRICK  
Almost where? What's happening  
right now??

EXT. WOODS, CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The come to a large, treeless area. No civilization in sight. Joe walks to the epicenter, the about-faces and stretched his arms, like "welcome."

JOE

Do you want your room facing  
sunrise, or the sunset?

PATRICK

What are you talking about?

JOE

Our new house. No, "home." We're  
building a home on this very spot.

PATRICK

What, like a tree-house?

JOE

No, like a living-house -- I'm  
moving out. And I want you to come  
with me.

Biaggio thrusts a shovel toward Patrick.

PATRICK

Who is this kid?  
(to Biaggio)  
Who the fuck are you?

JOE

It's Biaggio.

PATRICK

Biaggio? What are you, an exchange  
student?

JOE

He's been in our class since the  
4th grade. (beat) We'll get to  
him later man - are you in?

Patrick rubs his eyes. Joe isn't kidding.

PATRICK

You're serious about this.

JOE

Of course I'm serious. Look, you can't live with your parents, I certainly can't live with Shit-Ass Frank any more. If we do this we can make our own rules, make our own choices! Live and die by our wits, like men! What do we need? A few 2x10s and a foundation?

PATRICK

It's not that simple, Joe.

JOE

It is, man. With my mind, and your hands, we can pull this off. We're preternaturally skilled craftsmen.

PATRICK

Joe, we *almost* built a ramp, and I got a 92 in Shop. That doesn't mean we can build a house!

JOE

Come on man. Break ground with me. You're my best friend.

Biaggio looks at Joe, crestfallen.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Biaggio)

Don't take that to heart Biaggio. Who knows what the future holds.

(to Patrick)

Well?

Patrick takes a deep breath.

PATRICK

Look, I won't tell anyone what you're doing, I promise. But this is insane. You know that, right?

Joe's last resort:

JOE

It's this or the hives, man.

Silence.

PATRICK

I'll see you later.

Patrick boots off into the forest.

INT. PATRICK'S KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Patrick jams his palm into a Heinz bottle, drizzling ketchup on a burger. Mom and Dad sit on either side.

MRS. MCGUIRE

I got the chop chuck from DeMonte's instead of King Kullen. So the hamburgers might taste a little different. But they might taste the same. It's fun to try new things, though.

MR. MCGUIRE

(to Patrick)

What did Coach Locke say when he saw you?

PATRICK

Nothing. He just said he was glad to have me back.

MR. MCGUIRE

I saw your sub play last Thursday. "Moscato," they called him.

PATRICK

Yes. That's his last name.

MR. MCGUIRE

I didn't like him. He had a weak chin.

(looking at Patrick's plate)

You do that often? You eat the hamburger, then the fries? You don't mix it up?

PATRICK

I don't know. Sometimes.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Patrick, have you heard about this Die Hard movie? Die Hard 5? It's set in outer space.

PATRICK

Huh?

MR. MCGUIRE

Mmm...It's not a Die Hard movie. I think it's called Festival something.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Yes, that's the one -- Festival. Bruce Die Hard is in it, though. Are you gonna go see Festival with your friends?

MR. MCGUIRE

"Festival."

PATRICK

Are you talking about "The Fifth Element"??

MRS. MCGUIRE

Right! The Elements. It looks very impressive. Tell us how it is.

PATRICK

Did I say I was seeing it? I have no interest in it.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Yes, it's with Bruce Element, and the other one, who's the bad guy? He's been in a lot, he's very good. "Samuel Clemens."

PATRICK

His name is not Samuel Clemens.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Well the actor, not the character.

PATRICK

(rubs his eyes)

I know what you mean. Samuel Clemens is Mark Twain's pen name. The actor is Gary Oldman.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Mm...no, that doesn't sound right.

PATRICK

Well maybe you guys should go see it! Treat yourselves. Get out of the house for a night.



MRS. MCGUIRE  
Maybe we will.

MR. MCGUIRE  
(re: Patrick's food)  
The flavors compliment each other,  
if you wanted to do some of one,  
then some of the other.

PATRICK  
(agitated)  
I know, Dad.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Your Aunt Janette is coming Friday  
afternoon, Patrick. I told her  
you'll be around. I'm going to put  
some cashews out.

PATRICK  
I don't have to call her 'aunt'  
anymore, right? I'm fourteen.  
She's of no blood relation. You  
went to camp with her.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
She loves you like an aunt, she  
showers you with gifts.

MR. MCGUIRE  
She loves you, Patrick.

PATRICK  
She gets me weird things that I  
don't want. She got me a wood-  
burning kit.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
I know she did. And now it just  
sits there. Too much goes to waste  
in this world.

Patrick just shakes his head. He bites into his burger. Mr.  
McGuire can't stop staring at Patrick's plate.

MR. MCGUIRE  
Is that a usual thing for you,  
though?  
(to wife)  
He eats all of one food, and then  
moves onto all of another food.

PATRICK  
So what?!

MR. MCGUIRE  
Come on. That's how the blind eat.  
We didn't raise you to do that. To  
be blind.

PATRICK  
(losing it)  
But how does it affect you?? Why  
comment on it??

Out of nowhere, Mom starts WHISTLING.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Can you whistle? Can you whistle,  
Patrick? I have to breath in to do  
it.

MR. MCGUIRE  
No no no. You're supposed to breath  
out. Let the diaphragm support it.

They both whistle out of key with one another. Patrick loses  
some color in his face and starts breathing erratically.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM/PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Joe answers right away.

JOE  
Hello?

Cut to Patrick's (intercut between rooms as needed). He's  
standing in front of a full length mirror, covered in HIVES.

PATRICK  
I'm in.

JOE'S VOICE  
What? Huh?

PATRICK  
I'm in, I said. The house. I'll  
do it.

JOE  
(grinning) Fuckin...yes! Awesome  
man...okay, we break ground  
tomorrow at 5AM. Good shit!

PATRICK  
How about eleven?

JOE'S VOICE  
Eleven's fine.

INT. KELLY'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Kelly sits on her bed listening to a CD. A KNOCK on her door, then a Mom-type opens it.

KELLY'S MOM  
Kel -- Vicki's coming up.

KELLY  
Okay.

The best friend, VICKI (15) enters. Dark hair, dark soul.

VICKI  
You're not gonna believe this.

She hands Kelly a magazine.

KELLY  
'Architectural Digest.' So?

VICKI  
Turn to page 23.

Kelly turns. We see a feature on JOE, standing before his pristine new House in the Woods.

KELLY  
Oh my God! Joe Toy??

VICKI  
He built that house with his bare hands.

KELLY  
Wait -- he built this??

VICKI  
Well, Patrick and Biaggio helped with parts and labor, but the whole thing was Joe's baby. God, a guy who can work with his hands... that's the ultimate.

KELLY  
(reading) It's got a game room...  
and a botanical garden...and a lazy  
river!

VICKI  
Ugh. He must be rich.

KELLY  
Rich, or just brilliant. And  
crafty as hell.

Tight on Kelly, lost in the article.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
I can't believe a man like this has  
been under my nose for a whole  
year.

We hear more KNOCKING. It seems to come from far away...

SOUNDBRIDGE TO:

INT. JOE'S SHOWER - REAL LIFE, 10AM

The knocking snaps Joe out of his DAYDREAM. He's showering.  
His hair is sculpted into a shampoo mohawk.

FRANK'S VOICE  
Joe! You've been in there for  
fifty-five minutes!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank waits outside the door, messy and unshaven. The water  
turns off. He knocks again.

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe brushes his teeth. He shoots a contemptuous glance at  
the door.

FRANK'S VOICE  
Let's go. I have a tee time.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank knocks again.

FRANK

You have to talk to me eventually,  
Joe.

Silence. After a beat, Joe runs out, naked and still soaked.  
His hands are cupped over his genitals.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(averting his eyes) Jesus.

As Joe scampers into his room:

FRANK (CONT'D)

You've gotta bring underwear in  
with you, Joe! You're 14 years  
old! It's not cute anymore!

EXT. JOE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bird's eye of Joe bursting out of his side gate on his bike.

We move up and over the rooftops, heading past subdivisions,  
strip malls, until the woods appear in the distance. We move  
in until treetops fill the frame. We linger on the dense  
green tableau. It could be anywhere in the world.

EXT. WOODS, SITE OF HOUSE - MUCH LATER

Patrick, Joe and Biaggio stand in a large rectangular hole in  
the earth, DIGGING. Judging by the stains and general  
demeanor, the fun part is over. We hear grunts, wheezing.

JOE

(to Biaggio) Did you talk to your  
father about concrete?

BIAGGIO

He says it's impossible, and he  
says if I ask again he's going to  
throw my binder in the garbage.

PATRICK

(stops shoveling) Well shit man,  
where does that leave us?

JOE

Relax, we'll think of a substitute.  
We could use sod, we could use  
clay, we--

PATRICK

This isn't the fucking French Open,  
Joe! We need a concrete  
foundation. That's like rule one.

BIAGGIO

We could use dirt. Pack it hard.

PATRICK

You want to fill this hole with  
dirt?

Biaggio shrugs. Patrick throws his shovel and climbs out of  
the hole.

JOE

Where are you going? Relax man!  
This is a flawed process.

PATRICK

(climbing) No shit. Call me when  
you have some idea what's going on.

JOE

C'mon, keep your eye on the prize  
here! We need you, Tum Tum!

PATRICK

And we're not using nicknames from  
"Three Ninjas," either.

Patrick is gone. Biaggio starts after him, but Joe stops  
him.

JOE

Let him go, Colt.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Joe walks in, utterly filthy. The door chimes. Guy behind  
the counter:

ATTENDANT

Not cool, guys. I just had the  
floors buffed yesterday.

By the refrigerators, Patrick, also very filthy, browses soft  
drinks. Joe approaches.

JOE

How can I make you happy here?

PATRICK

(hands Joe a Snapple) First, you're gonna buy me a Guava Mania. Second, I want you to make a fucking plan! Read a book!

JOE

Hey man, I never said it would be easy, I just said it would be worth it. Good things come to those who wait. Friends are the best therapy.

PATRICK

I've been to your house, asshole! Those are your refrigerator magnets.

Patrick moves up an aisle. Joe follows.

JOE

Fine. I'll do some research, okay? We both will.

Patrick hands Joe a box of frozen waffles.

PATRICK

These are coming too. (back on subject) I've done the research, Joe! Did you know that pine cones are a legitimate source of fiber? That the red baneberry is edible, but the white one is deadly? That skunk spray can blind you? No, you didn't.

JOE

(sigh) Yes, fine, you know things. But no one learns as much from books as they do from actual real life, okay? You can bring a fucking meat thermometer and your Cub Scout manual if you want, but at some point we're gonna have to dick up and trust our instincts..

ATTENDANT'S VOICE

Yo! Out of the store! Not gonna say it again!

PATRICK

(ignoring attendant) Joe, all I'm saying is, let's do this right.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I'm not in the mood for another Joe  
Toy disaster.

JOE  
Fine, yes, agreed. That's all I'm  
saying too. (beat) So you're still  
on board?

PATRICK  
Look at me. I'm on board.

Joe exhales, relieved. Patrick throws a bag of pork rinds on  
Joe's pile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
These too.

JOE  
Wow. You're a class act.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE. MUSIC CUE: "WHITE WINTER HYMNAL" by FLEET FOXES

Joe plucks books from LIBRARY SHELVES. He stacks them on the  
checkout counter: "WALDEN." "105 OUTDOOR RECIPES." "SO, YOU  
WANT TO BUILD A CABIN."

Blueprints unroll. Reveal Joe, Patrick and Biaggio reviewing  
them in an empty classroom. It feels like a war room.

In the woods, Joe and Biaggio dump piles of timber next to  
Patrick, who ties them together with small vines. They are a  
symphony of sweat and grime.

Joe and Biaggio watch as Patrick confidently bites into an  
herb. There's an open reference book in Patrick's hand.

Joe stacks more books at the library counter: "SELF RELIANCE  
AND OTHER ESSAYS." Then, the following comic books: "SPAWN,"  
"BATMAN VS. PREDATOR," "SUPERMAN: CAMELOT FALLS." Then  
another reference book, "I'D RATHER BE HUNTING."

Patrick messes around with some dry twigs and flint, trying  
to get a spark. Once he does, he blows on it - FIRE.

On a suburban street, Biaggio halts his bike, seeing  
something. Swoosh pan to a sofa left on the curb as trash.

Biaggio and Joe set the sofa on a lumpy wood floor -- the  
house in the woods. One wall has been erected.

On his stoop, Patrick picks leaves, twigs off his jeans and  
scatters them in the garden. He keeps an eye on the door.



Joe sits on the toilet, reading his Superman comic.

Biaggio rides his bike through an affluent neighborhood. He stops and looks off camera, in awe of something...

Joe and Biaggio, guided by Patrick, carry an enormous POOL SLIDE, ladder included. As the inch closer to the "house," we see that three walls have been erected, and there is more garbage furniture than before. It's getting there.

Joe emerges from a thick bit of trees and finds himself atop a decent sized cliff, maybe seventy feet high. Out in front of him, treetops stretch for miles. He inhales.

END MONTAGE.

INT. TOTTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY

Joe and Patrick sit at an empty lunch table, drinking plastic quarter drinks.

PATRICK

What are we gonna do about parents?

JOE

Well I'm not leaving a note or anything. I'm gonna let him stew in it for a while.

Patrick makes a face, reacting to Joe's harshness.

PATRICK

What happened in your house the other night anyway, man?

JOE

Nothing. He's just...it's like the chicken or the egg with my Dad. I don't know if he's alone because he's a dick, or if he's a dick because he's alone. But either way he's a dick. And he's alone.

He sighs.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's scary.

PATRICK

Yeah it is...what if I wound up like my Dad. Jesus -- what if I wound up like my Mom??

JOE  
She's a strange bird.

PATRICK  
I had a dream like maybe two days ago that she took a Polaroid of me on the toilet, and then ate it before it could develop.

JOE  
Oof. I feel like that's dense with meaning.

PATRICK  
Yeah.

Patrick chugs a purple quarter drink.

JOE  
I had a dream that I could talk to reef sharks.

PATRICK  
What did the sharks say?

JOE  
They didn't speak so much as rap.

Joe drinks. Patrick gazes across the lunchroom.

PATRICK  
(sentimental)  
I'll miss this stuff a little.

JOE  
Yeah, a little.

Joe's POV:

A table across the room. A bunch of girls in matching T-shirts, part of the Spring Musical Committee. He's focused on one glittered face, laughing with her friends: Kelly.

EXT. PATRICK'S STREET - NIGHT

To establish.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits awake on his bed. On edge.

Then, his BEEPER goes off. He picks up a cordless phone.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe's beeper goes off. He silences it, then moves to his closet. He takes out two overstuffed DUFFEL BAGS.

INT. PATRICK'S PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick watches his folks sleep. The house feels like a warm, safe place right now -- now that he's leaving.

He kisses his hand, and touches the door, but remains composed. His parents don't stir.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sleeps on the sofa, lit by blue light from the TV.

Joe observes with narrow eyes.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Joe rides, weighed down by duffels and equipment. Patrick rides on the peds, holding his own luggage.

WIDE. They take in the 'burbs for a final time. The streets are dimly lit, desolate.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

Joe walks his bike into the woods, but Patrick stares back in the direction they came, hesitant.

JOE  
You coming?

PATRICK  
Yeah...This is happening, huh?

JOE  
Yeah. It is.

Patrick tries to articulate things.

PATRICK  
I've never done anything like this  
in my entire life, man.

JOE  
 (walks to his side)  
 Sometimes when I'm about to make a big decision, I say "I will go through with this unless God gives me a very definite omen within the next 30 seconds." We could do that.

PATRICK  
 Okay. Let's do that.

They stand silent for the agreed interval, each in his own thoughts. Then, a clap of THUNDER. Patrick furrows a brow.

JOE  
 Okay, time. Let's go.

PATRICK  
 That's thunder, Joe.

JOE  
 Yes, that's thunder.  
 (points at shit)  
 That's a tree, that's a rock. It's nature. It's not an omen.

He walks into the woods.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 C'mon.

Patrick steels himself.

PATRICK  
 Jesus. This is happening.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

TORRENTIAL RAIN. The boys are soaked. The trees overhead can only do so much.

They negotiate the path in silence. Patrick is not smiling.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

They walk in. Snippets of the house are revealed in FLASHLIGHT BEAMS. A piece of junky furniture...a portion of makeshift wall...the water-slide in the room's center...

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, "UPSTAIRS" - NIGHT

Darkness. Joe throws Patrick his used towel, then unrolls a sleeping bag.

PATRICK  
(drying off)  
Where's Biaggio?

JOE  
I haven't heard from him in 3 days.  
But every instinct in my body tells  
me he's already up here.

PATRICK  
Get the fuck out of here. Gimme  
the flashlight.

JOE  
You're not gonna like the outcome  
of this.

Patrick shines the flashlight around the room.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I feel like he'd be right next to  
you.

Patrick turns the beam to his immediate left and, sure  
enough, Biaggio stares back at him, a ghastly figure.

Patrick SCREAMS. Soundbridge to:

EXT. TOTTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The MORNING BELL, over an establishing shot.

INT. TOTTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Series of shots in various classrooms:

A) Spanish class. The teacher reads from an attendance book.

SPANISH TEACHER  
Lacertosa? (check) Laffin? (check)  
McGuire?

Nothing. We see an empty seat.

SPANISH TEACHER (CONT'D)  
McGuire?

B) History class.

HISTORY TEACHER  
Toy? Joe Toy?

C) English.

ENGLISH TEACHER  
Anyone hear from Joseph Toy?

D) Concert Band.

BAND TEACHER  
Patrick McGuire here? McGuire?

The teacher looks to an empty seat in the trombone section.

BAND TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Think you can handle first trombone  
today?

A young trombonist slides into Patrick's chair.

TROMBONIST  
I think so, John.

BAND TEACHER  
Once again people, we do not call  
teachers by their first names.

E) Health class.

HEALTH TEACHER  
Toy?

H) Gym.

GYM TEACHER  
McGuire? (silence) Okay...Miller?  
(check) Moscato?

Cut to Moscato raising his hand. He does have a weak chin.

A phone RINGS...

INT. MCGUIRE HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

A hand shoots into frame; Mrs. McGuire's.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Hello?

AUTOMATED VOICE

Hello, parent of (human voice) --  
 "Patrick McGuire" -- this is  
 Tottenville High School calling to  
 inform that your child was absent  
 from one or more scheduled classes,  
 and will require a written note --

She hangs up. Reveal her laying in bed. It seems as though  
 she's been there a bit.

The door opens. Mr. McGuire peeks in.

MRS. MCGUIRE

It was just the school.

MR. MCGUIRE

Okay. If you want to come  
 down...the police seem optimistic.

She nods and rolls over, despondent.

INT. MCGUIRE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mr. McGuire at the table, sifting through photos of Patrick  
 with a PLAIN CLOTHES detective. Behind them, CAPTAIN ARTY  
 DAVIS (50s) looks around.

PLAIN CLOTHES

Wrestler, huh?

MR. MCGUIRE

Yes. A good one.

CAPT. DAVIS

(delicate)

Did you notice if Patrick had been  
 running with any new friends? A  
 different group than usual? Anyone  
 give you a bad feeling?

MR. MCGUIRE

No. He had good friends. He was  
 popular, people liked him...

He stares into space.

MR. MCGUIRE (CONT'D)  
My wife would know more about that.  
I don't know if she...it's just the  
shock of it.

CAPT. DAVIS  
Honestly, I see a lot of these, and  
you guys are doing great. You're a  
tough bunch.

Mr. McGuire tries to smile.

MR. MCGUIRE  
Thank you...it's...  
(pause)  
He's our only son, is the thing.  
He's our only child, so...you'll  
get him back?

CAPT. DAVIS  
We'll get him back.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank, alone at the table. He rubs his finger around the  
edge of his glass of scotch, making a whistling sound.

LISA'S VOICE  
Daddy?

Frank moves to the doorway; Lisa and Colin walk through the  
storm door with some bags packed. She hugs him.

FRANK  
Shhh. It's okay. I'm sure he's  
fine.

Colin awkwardly rubs her back.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - LATER

Frank & Lisa search Joe's room, go through doors, check the  
closets.

FRANK  
We don't know much. The thing  
is...(pause) Some things are  
missing. Things Joe might have  
planned to take. All his clothes.  
The Monopoly. The spare from the  
Avalon.



LISA  
So...he ran away?

FRANK  
It's still mostly guesswork, Li...  
But yes, it looks that way.

Colin comes to the doorway.

COLIN  
The Chinese food is here, Mr. Toy.  
It's fifty-one dollars.

FRANK  
(digging into pocket) Fifty-one  
dollars? What did you order Lisa!?

LISA  
Nothing. I got dumplings. I'm not  
hungry.

COLIN  
I got us a big order of shrimp with  
lobster sauce. I figured it's  
neutral.

FRANK  
Neutral? Shrimp with lobster  
sauce? I can't think of a more  
marginal dish in any culture.

COLIN  
I don't know. I thought it was  
neutral. I thought we could all  
enjoy it.

FRANK  
Come on Colin, no one's gonna eat  
that! Now there's gonna be a pint  
of hot cum in my refrigerator for a  
week. Use your head next time.

Colin takes the money and walks off.

LISA  
Be nice to him, Dad. Please. He  
wants to help.

FRANK  
Colin's feelings are not a priority  
right now. Sorry.

LISA  
I know...but you don't have to be  
mean, Daddy You just...

Lisa assigns blame as gently as possible.

LISA (CONT'D)  
You don't have to always be so  
mean. You know?

FRANK  
Am I mean to you?

LISA  
No. But I'm like the only one,  
Dad.

Frank contemplates this.

EXT. TOTTEENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, COURTYARD - DAY

A few students pause to acknowledge...

A MISSING CHILD poster. It's a collage of three pictures:  
Patrick in his wrestling gear; Patrick posing with his  
parents in front of the globe at EPCOT; Patrick's tasteful  
class photo.

Off an image of Patrick's INNOCENT FACE:

EXT. WOODS, WATERING HOLE - DAY

Patrick pulls his new, BEARDED face out of the fresh water.  
Reveal him sitting at the edge of a pond.

JOE'S VOICE  
Patrick!

He looks -- Joe and Biaggio stand on a high rock, holding a  
tire attached to a rope. Joe has also grown wispy facial  
hair. Biaggio wears a swimming cap and underwear.

Joe swings. He lets go at the top of his arc and cannonballs  
into the water. As he emerges:

PATRICK  
Ehhh...six.

JOE  
(genuine disappointment)  
Six...Goddammit.

Joe swings the tire back up to Biaggio.

PATRICK

Why does he have a swimming cap,  
but no bathing suit?

Biaggio clutches the tire and surveys the stream, nervous.

JOE

(cups hands to mouth)  
Biaggio, just let go when you get  
to the top! It's not even deep!

PATRICK

Look at this. He's terrified.

JOE

I know. He once told me he's only  
afraid of two things -- drowning,  
werewolves, very old music, and  
homeless women who can run or jump.

PATRICK

That's four things.

JOE

I'm telling you exactly what he  
told me.

Biaggio swings, all four limbs wrapped around the tire. At  
the top of his swing, he does nothing, paralyzed with fear.  
He swings back and forth, losing momentum.

PATRICK

What are you, a cat? Let go!

JOE

We're here Biaggio! We won't let  
the river claim you!

Biaggio drops his legs. They enter the water at the knee.  
His hands are still fused to the tire. He hangs there.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay...we're sort of in no man's  
land here, Biaggio! Just make a  
decision! We want to use the tire!

PATRICK

Just untie it.

JOE  
Did you hear that, Biaggio? I'm  
giving you one more chance to do  
this on your terms!

Biaggio lets go and falls awkwardly into the stream.

PATRICK  
Six.

JOE  
Bullshit!

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, UPSTAIRS - LATER

Patrick stands in front of a beat-up mirror, shirtless...

His hives are gone.

He breathes deep, flexes, grins. He feels like himself.  
Then, ending his moment of serenity:

JOE  
Yo. We have a food situation.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Joe gets downstairs via the WATER SLIDE from earlier. As he  
walks through the house, we reveal it in its entirety:

The water slide leads up to a "loft" area (just a huge ledge)  
where the guys sleep. Downstairs, we recognize some garbage  
furniture from earlier scenes -- a sofa, a lamp. There's now  
a dining room: an AIR HOCKEY TABLE.

As Patrick and Joe approach this corner, Biaggio leans over  
the table counting grains of rice.

JOE  
(to Patrick) No more rice. And no  
more pasta. It's time.

Joe starts rummaging through a pile of supplies, emerging  
with a souvenir SWORD.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What kind of game are we dealing  
with?

PATRICK

Deer, pheasant, rabbit. You might run into a lynx.

JOE

Any bison? Cougar? Anything real?

PATRICK

You're gonna kill a buffalo with a sword you got from a gift shop in Colonial Williamsburg?

JOE

It's not the size of the blade, but the will of the swordsman.

PATRICK

(rolls eyes)

You gotta stop with that elf shit, man.

Joe re-sheathes his weapon.

JOE

Okay. Biaggio and I will hunt. You gather.

PATRICK

Then...here, take these.

Patrick hands Joe and Biaggio small cardboard MASKS with crude FACES drawn on them in magic marker.

Patrick wears his, but on the BACK OF HIS HEAD.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(pointing to it)

It's so animals don't pounce on you from behind.

JOE

(regarding masks)

This one's supposed to be me?

PATRICK

Whatever man. I wasn't going for accuracy.

Joe puts his on.

JOE

So an animal will see this and think I'm looking at him, and walking backwards, and that all my joints are backwards.

PATRICK

It works, Joe. Nigerian bushmen have been doing it for centuries.

JOE

Right, Nigerian bushmen. And we all know how great they turned out.

PATRICK

What does that mean?

Joe turns around with his mask on. Then he sticks his hand out behind him, toward Patrick, as if offering a handshake.

JOE

Hey, nice to meet you. I'm Joe.

PATRICK

Fuck yourself.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Wide shot, to establish.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Patrick holds open a field guide, checking the bunch of red berries before him against an illustration.

He plucks them, bites into one for confirmation...then tosses the bunch into a bucket with other berries, roots, herbs.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Joe carries his sword, Biaggio his machete. They look like little murderers.

JOE

I want to thank you for helping us, Biaggio. A lot of people would have just stayed in the comfort of their homes.

BIAGGIO

This is life experience. Both my grandfathers went to war. My father lived among the bees. This is what I'll have done.

JOE

Exactly! It's our rite of passage, goddamit.

(deep, satisfied breath)

I mean have you ever felt this at one with the natural world, with your instincts? This masculine?

BIAGGIO

I don't know. I don't really see myself as "having a gender."

(then)

Is that bad?

JOE

I mean, it's not great.

The boys duck through a thick, gnarly patch of brush...

To find CIVILIZATION. The woods have ended. They stare at a strip mall across the street. A BOSTON MARKET looms, the crown jewel of the shopping center.

BIAGGIO

(staring)

Is it real?

JOE

Yes, it is...

(then)

Let's go. We're moving on.

Biaggio is still entranced.

BIAGGIO

The 1/4 dark is very good, though.

JOE

Sure it is. You don't think I know that? It falls off the goddam bone. But Boston Market, that's not roughing it, that's not living by our wits. That's not the man's code, the code of the forest.

BIAGGIO

One day, maybe.

JOE  
Yes, sure, one day. C'mon man,  
this was a test, and we passed.

JOE'S POV: a B.M. employee throws garbage in a side dumpster.

Close on Joe as he gets an idea.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Hmm...hold my weapon, Biaggio...

Joe darts across the street. A moving car WIPES THE FRAME:

EXT. WOODS - LATER

A nearly-clean chicken skeleton falls to the ground.

JOE'S VOICE  
Cut it right here.

Reveal Joe and Biaggio rigging a TRAP:

The chicken is tied to a stick, which props up an overturned  
WHEELBARROW. In theory, it should work.

JOE  
Look at this bait, man.

Biaggio looks at the chicken carcass. Flies buzz around it.

BIAGGIO  
Are there bears in these woods?

JOE  
I hope to God there are. A bear  
would feed us for a month...

Joe looks at the wheelbarrow.

JOE (CONT'D)  
He'd be too big for the trap...but  
I think we could at least  
disillusion him. A bear who  
doesn't believe in anything is  
easier to bring down.

BIAGGIO  
Have you ever eaten a bear steak?

JOE  
(fiddling with the trap)  
No. You?



BIAGGIO  
Once. At my sister's communion.

Joe flicks the line.

JOE  
Well it's just a waiting game now,  
my friend.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Patrick shakes the shit out of an APPLE TREE. Granny smiths  
rain down. He bends to pick one up, and something catches  
his eye...

He grabs a twig and pokes at the ground, finally lifting a  
very long, very appalling

SNAKESKIN

He regards it with fear and revulsion. Then chucks it into  
the trees.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Biaggio play RUMMY, cards fanned out before them.

BIAGGIO  
Sometimes I wonder, we bury fruit  
seeds, and new fruit grows. We  
bury what is left, and it's reborn.

JOE  
Right.

BIAGGIO  
Could that not work with people?  
Bury the remains, the vital organs,  
and a new one might grow?

JOE  
I don't think it's a bad theory,  
but we've been burying the dead for  
thousands of years, and that has  
never happened.

BIAGGIO  
Hm; valid point.  
(then)  
Rummy.

JOE  
(inspecting)  
You only have five cards here.

Sudden SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE from the woods behind them. The trap is sprung.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shit! Yes! Come on!

EXT. WOODS, TRAP - CONTINUOUS

We hear awful SCRATCHING and SQUEALING from inside. They approach, sick with fear.

JOE  
(sword at the ready)  
Okay, turn the thing.

BIAGGIO  
Turn the thing...

JOE  
Yeah just turn the wheelbarrow.  
Just, you know..flip it, and I, uh,  
will take its life.

BIAGGIO  
Okay.  
(moves to wheelbarrow)  
Strike at the neck. Don't  
compromise the meat.

JOE  
I know...I know...

Biaggio puts his hands on the wheelbarrow.

BIAGGIO  
You want this on your hands?

JOE  
What choice do we have?! We need  
to eat goddammit...

BIAGGIO  
It may plead. Don't listen. Be  
cold, clinical with the blade.

JOE  
Okay, okay.

BIAGGIO  
It may try to bargain. This is  
natural. You must--

JOE  
Turn the fucking thing over!

He does: A huge pink and white POSSUM, likely rabid, hisses  
at Joe. The boys SCREAM.

INSERT: Wide above the forest. Their screams echo.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - EVENING

Three whole roasted chickens sizzle on a SPIT, pulled over a  
crackling fire.

PATRICK  
I guess I'm surprised you found  
live chicken in these woods.

JOE  
Why should that be surprising?  
Chicken outnumber people in this  
world. You're an educated guy, I  
don't need to tell you that.

PATRICK  
Yeah, I just had never seen one in  
Staten Island, New York before.

JOE  
Well that's crazy. There was a  
time when you hadn't seen me yet,  
right? Did that mean I didn't  
exist?

PATRICK  
I don't even know what the fuck  
we're talking about any more.

JOE  
It doesn't matter. Biaggio, your  
creamed spinach is to die for.

Biaggio nods.

PATRICK  
You guys should know I found a  
copperhead skin by the creek. It  
definitely belonged to a mature  
adult. In the event--

JOE  
C'mon man. We're having a nice meal.

PATRICK  
This is important Joe!

JOE  
There's always something with you. Some doom and gloom.

PATRICK  
It's not doom and gloom, Joe, it's the reality of living in the goddam forest, which was your idea to begin with.

BIAGGIO  
The thing...it has venom?

PATRICK  
Yes. Listen --  
(to both)  
If you see it, stay calm. They respond to fear.

BIAGGIO  
I read once that animals see fear as a color.

JOE  
I thought you couldn't read?

BIAGGIO  
I can read. I can't cry.

EXT. WOODS, SCENIC OVERLOOK - SUNDOWN

Joe and Patrick sit on rocks, looking out.

JOE  
Doesn't suck, does it.

PATRICK  
No. No it doesn't.

Reverse to their POV: Trees. Stars. Peaceful. (We might remember this view from the earlier montage)

Joe flips his BACKPACK around and unzips it.

JOE  
I was saving these...

He removes a SIX PACK.

JOE (CONT'D)  
For the right moment.

PATRICK  
(happily accepting)  
No shit.

JOE  
Yes shit.

They clank bottles and drink. Their first beer together.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Ah...Do you feel it?

PATRICK  
Feel what.

JOE  
We're doing it, man. We have  
shelter, water, the means to put  
food on the table. We're totally  
self-reliant. We just grew up.  
(then)  
We're men now. Men.

PATRICK  
Just now? It just happened?

JOE  
It happened man. Cheers.

Joe takes another pull. Patrick shakes his head, bemused.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Now all we need is the Ham.

PATRICK  
What's the 'ham?'

JOE  
The Ham. You know, the Ham -- the  
pussy.

PATRICK  
No, I don't know "the ham, the  
pussy." Where the fuck did you get  
that from?

JOE  
It's in the culture.

PATRICK  
We're in the same culture. I've  
never heard that.

JOE  
The Ham! We takin' a ride in the  
HAMBulance, to HAMsterdam! Uh!

PATRICK  
Are you done?

JOE  
I am.  
(swig)  
I'm just saying, if something were  
missing from this, that would be  
it.  
(then)  
A woman's touch.

He drinks, suddenly distant. We know who he's thinking  
about...

He hears a squeak, and notices a SQUIRREL peering at him. He  
reaches into his coat and tosses it a NUT, or some tasty  
morsel. It grabs the nut and takes off.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The squirrel runs with its prize, over rocks and roots. It  
pauses at the base of a tree and begins to nibble.

Suddenly, we hear HISSING, and the rustling of leaves. It  
freezes...and turns to look.

EXT. AFFLUENT LONG ISLAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A half-million dollar home. Chrysler New Yorker in the  
driveway. Basketball hoop out front.

Frank stares at it, chewing gum nervously. He's shaven,  
pressed, more put together than we've ever seen.

He takes a deep breath, and goes halfway up the walk...then  
doubles back toward his car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He starts the engine. Then kills it.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Fuck you! Pussy.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

He rings the bell. Waits.

An attractive, middle-aged brunette answers. She's taken aback to see Frank there.

FRANK  
Clarissa.

INT. CLARISSA'S KITCHEN - DAY

They sit over coffee. Opposite sides of the table.

CLARISSA  
Had you guys been fighting?

FRANK  
He called 911 over a Monopoly game.

CLARISSA  
See, I don't like that. That's a regression.

Twin 19 year-olds, JOSH and JAKE, enter and raid the fridge.

JOSH  
Ma, Denise is coming over later.

CLARISSA  
Fine. Just clean the basement.

Without provocation, Jake backhands his brother in the crotch. Josh doubles over, mostly in shock.

JAKE  
Dick'd ya!

JOSH  
Oh! Dick'd ya!

Josh chases Jake into the living room. Clarissa sighs.

FRANK

I guess they don't know.

CLARISSA

No, they know.

(then)

So, what? The police came?

FRANK

Yeah, but it doesn't...I mean, all we do is fight, Clarissa.

CLARISSA

Boys and their fathers clash, Frank. It's normal.

(then)

You didn't get along with your father for decades, right? And now you love and respect him dearly.

FRANK

Yeah, because he's dead.

(takes a sip)

Joe wasn't always like this. This angry, this moody.

Frank stirs his drink. Uncomfortable silence.

CLARISSA

If you try to put this on me, the conversation is over.

FRANK

I'm not putting anything on you. I'm just saying. He's difficult.

CLARISSA

Every teenager is moody.

FRANK

Yeah. One time we had a fight over his grades. He told me my mother "sucked cocks in hell."

CLARISSA

He did not say that.

FRANK

Verbatim.

CLARISSA

Hm...it's from The Exorcist though. It's not his original thought.



FRANK

I think we can agree it's not the number one thing to say about your grandmother.

Silence. She can't argue that.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna say something, because it has to be said. And you have to hear it.

(then)

I think if you came back, Joe would too. There it is.

Clarissa nods.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Frank stands facing the door, as it slams. He stands there for a beat.

EXT. TOTTEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School's out. AARON waves goodbye to some friends, and breaks away. He walks alone down the a street behind the school bleachers.

The other side of the street is woods.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe's POV: Aaron, through trees.

JOE

Psst!

No response.

JOE (CONT'D)

Psssst!

Aaron keeps walking, content in whatever he's thinking about.

Joe picks up a rock and chucks it without aiming. It hits Aaron just above the eye and ricochets out of frame.

Aaron moans and drops to one knee. He looks around, confused and in pain, putting up a desperate hand to ward off further attacks.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He checks the street -- empty. Then runs toward Aaron.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Aaron, staring at it, awed. Joe smiles, pleased.

AARON

No fucking way.

Patrick emerges from the house, big grin.

AARON (CONT'D)

Ha!

Aaron and Patrick exchange a huggy, slappy, greeting.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Aaron pokes and prods at the housewares, fascinated. Biaggio sits at a barrel, sorting berries by color. Patrick watches over his shoulder.

JOE

Make yourself at home, man. You  
thirsty? Hungry?

Joe reaches for the apple bowl, tosses one to Aaron.

AARON

Joe...how did you do this? How  
long did it take?

JOE

About ten days. It's a pretty  
simple structure. The roof is  
plywood, it just rests there...you  
could flap it open if you wanted  
to...I handled schematics...Patrick  
bound most of the walls together...

Joe looks around. A moment of pride for the accomplishment.

JOE (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's a start. Eventually  
we'll add to it. We're just still  
getting used to the family dynamic.  
But we have ideas for the place.  
We've talked about a garden.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I know Biaggio desperately wants a dog.

BIAGGIO

It's all I dream about.

JOE

Yes, but why do you want a dog?

Biaggio looks down.

JOE (CONT'D)

See, he can't answer that. That's what troubles us.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Aaron follows Joe down a path.

JOE

I need a ride to Thirsty Thursdays tonight. Can you take me?

AARON

My brother's driving. But yeah.

JOE

Your brother? I thought he was like nineteen.

AARON

He was when you met him, yes.

JOE

He won't make me out, will he?

AARON

Please. My brother's a fucking idiot. He couldn't find his asshole with his finger.

(then)

Not that he'd want to. Not that anyone would.

JOE

Whatever. I'll be there. I have to talk to Kelly.

AARON

Shit man -- she came up to me last week asking if I had heard anything about you guys. It honestly looked like she was crying.

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

Like she had just finished. She was flush about the cheeks. And her very tasteful mascara was a little runny.

Joe processes the information. This shit is on.

JOE

I'll be outside the Greenville Boston Market. Do not forget.

INT. AARON'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Aaron sits at dinner with his brother ERIC, 23, a young man with no sideburns.

Aaron's MOM is at the stove.

AARON

Eric, can you give one of my friends a ride to Wolf's?

ERIC

If he got gas money.  
(to their mother)  
Where's meat?

AARON'S MOM

This is beef stew. It's a specific type of meat. What have I said about speaking in generalities?

ERIC

Fine.  
(looking around)  
When's man coming home?

AARON'S MOM

Your father is in Atlantic City. He is also a very specific type of man, he is your Fa-Ther.

Aaron's mom brings over a cauldron of beef stew.

AARON'S MOM (CONT'D)

Now this is piping, piping hot, alright? Don't touch it for a good ten minutes.

Eric immediately ladles a heaping portion into his plate.

AARON'S MOM (CONT'D)  
I'm not kidding, Eric. I know  
you're hungry, but look at it.  
It's still boiling.

Eric takes a bite and instantly spits it back into his plate with a wet THUD. He exhales, and then lifts the food to his mouth again.

AARON'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Fine. Burn your mouth for Easter.

EXT. BOSTON MARKET - NIGHT

Joe wears a hooded sweatshirt, a hat, shades. He paces, fidgets. Like a wanted man.

Then, the sound of speakers rattling with too much bass. Joe turns to see an ancient two-door CAMARO pull into the parking lot. This is Eric's princess.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Joe and Aaron in back, Eric and some guido friend up front. Obnoxious TECHNO music plays. Deafening.

EXT. WOLFE'S POND PARK - NIGHT

They walk down a path, walled in by tall grass. Distant sounds of a party, and faint orange firelight. Joe and Aaron lag behind the older guys.

AARON  
What if someone recognizes you?

JOE  
If anyone makes eye contact with  
me, I'm gone. If they ask you, deny  
everything.

EXT. WOLFE'S POND PARK, BEACH - NIGHT

They're at "Thirsty Thursdays," a raging, lively keg. Music, a bonfire, a huge keg line, teenagers grinding up on each other. Fun.

Joe walks along the outer edge of the general party area, keeping his head low, but taking it in. Shit, if his life had been anything like this...

ANGLE - KEG

Kelly's goth pal VICKI comes down from a keg-stand. The guys holding her legs turn out to be Eric and his friend.

Vicki looks at Eric, who smiles like a creep.

VICKI

Jesus.

ANGLE - JOE

Joe hides behind someone's pickup, scanning the scene...still no sign of Kelly.

Suddenly he hears a SCREAM from behind him:

And there she is, by the water. She's surrounded by dudes with backwards hats. One of the guys has her around the waist. They toss her, screaming, into the bay. Laughter. She emerges, yelling and splashing at them.

Tight on Joe.

Suddenly, two hands land on Joe's shoulders and whip him around. A BLONDE KID is staring him in the face.

BLONDE KID

Dude! Where you been??

He pulls the hood down, revealing Joe's face. Joe's eyes dart around, but he's trying to keep it cool.

BLONDE KID (CONT'D)

Oh, you're not Doug. Sorry bro.

JOE

Uh, it's okay. All good.

The kid stumbles away, wasted.

BLONDE KID

Yeah man. My fault. Nice face though...

Joe turns to look at himself in the car window, and winces. Unkempt, wispy beard. General filthiness.

JOE

Shit.

A hand reaches for the car door he's standing in front of. He turns to see a dripping-wet Kelly.

KELLY

Excuse me.

(eyes widen, realizing)

OhmyGod!!

Joe covers her mouth.

EXT. WOLFE'S POND PARK, PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Joe and Kelly alone, on a SEESAW. We hear party sounds in the distance, and lapping waves.

KELLY

But why not like, run away to California?

JOE

This was the only way to start fresh on our own terms. We answer to no one. We don't need a larger social structure to be happy.

KELLY

(laughing)

Oh my God! You went insane!

JOE

Or we're the only sane ones.

KELLY

Well either way. I wouldn't have the guts to do it.

Joe beams at the compliment. Kelly takes a drink from her big red solo cup.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So, um...can I see it?

JOE

I mean, that's funny. The reason I'm out here, risking the entire enterprise, was to invite you over for dinner. If you want.

KELLY

Obviously "I want." How do I get there? Do I have to be blindfolded?

JOE

I'm not sure yet. And it is of absolute vital importance that you not tell anyone, not bring anyone, not breathe a word of this conversation or any ensuing events, to anyone, no best friends, no family. No one.

KELLY

Okay. Can I bring Vicki?

JOE

(beat)

Fine. Just Vicki.

KELLY

Oh my God. So much fun. Does Patrick have a big crazy beard too?

JOE

Yeah, a little more serious than this one. I have thin hair. A gift and a curse.

KELLY

Facial hair is very sexy. You just gotta, you know, groom it.

JOE

Right, like Paul.

She makes a face.

JOE (CONT'D)

What?

KELLY

I guess you wouldn't have heard... Paul and I broke up.

JOE

No, I didn't get wind of it. It's not big news among the badgers.

(then)

I'm sorry, though. Are you okay?

KELLY

(bemused)

Yes, I'm very okay. Thank you.

A silhouetted figure calls to them, backlit by headlights.



KID'S VOICE  
Yo Kel! We're leaving!

KELLY  
Shit. Okay. When am I coming?

JOE  
Saturday.

KID'S VOICE  
(walking toward them)  
Who is that?!

JOE  
(panic) I'm out of here.

KELLY  
Go! I'll see you Saturday.

JOE  
Bring your appetite. And some  
insect repellent.  
(running off)  
Oh, hey -- yellow is your favorite  
color, right?

KELLY  
Yes...why?

But he's gone.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Patrick walks outside, groggy.

PATRICK  
Joe?

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick brushes his teeth with boiled water from the pot,  
over the fire. He looks up, and notices Biaggio, about  
twenty yards away, clinging to a tree, perfectly still.

He stares at Patrick. He is covered with mud, leaves and  
branches, trying to be camouflaged.

PATRICK  
Biaggio.

No response. Patrick moves toward him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Yo. I see you man.

He's now a foot from Biaggio's face. Biaggio won't break.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hello! I fucking see you! I'm  
looking in your eyes!

Biaggio stares back unfazed, at one with the tree.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Dickhead!

Fed up, he pushes Biaggio off the tree..

BIAGGIO  
Oh, hey. What's up?

PATRICK  
(rolls eyes)  
Yeah, "hey." Where's Joe?

PREPARATION MONTAGE:

Joe picks yellow flowers in a vast meadow.

Joe, half submerged in a stream, trims his facial hair.

Joe lays out clothing options. There are three shorts-and-a-T-shirt combinations. All are stained and grimy.

"Upstairs," Joe unrolls a blanket, revealing small safe deposit box. He unlocks it and removes a wad of PETTY CASH.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Joe, and his new MOUSTACHE, sets the table with hot Boston Market Chicken.

PATRICK'S VOICE  
(from doorway)  
Such hypocrisy.

JOE  
What? This is a special occasion.

PATRICK

Bullshit man. How much chicken have you bought since we got here??

JOE

Huh? I mean, maybe one or two along the way. Biaggio and I have been pretty goddam dangerous out there.

PATRICK

(sigh)

I can live with the chicken being store-bought, but I'm disappointed in the loaded potato. I thought that was really Biaggio's recipe.

JOE

That actually really is. I have no idea where he's getting chives.

Patrick looks at Joe's moustache.

PATRICK

And I'd lose that thing as well.

JOE

What? (realizing) Nope. This is who I am now.

PATRICK

You look fucking weird, man. You look like one of those kids who works in the student Shop Rite.

JOE

You don't know what you're talking about. The moustache is the real man's choice. It's a companion.

PATRICK

It's not a real moustache. It's all stringy and pervy.

JOE

Give it some time.

PATRICK

(staring at it)

You look like that kid Mike Mancuso.

JOE  
Mancuso? He's a good guy.

PATRICK  
He brought a flare gun to school in  
January. Remember that?

JOE  
What do you want me to tell you?  
January's tough on some people.

PATRICK  
Seriously, shave the moustache.

JOE  
No.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - EVENING

Joe staring into the fire. The wavy heat lines gliss to:

EXT. WOODS, OVERLOOK - FANTASY

Crane down from an immaculate sunset. Joe and Kelly watch,  
wearing huge, flowing, Arthurian robes. Flower pedals fall  
from the sky. A land of kings and wizards.

JOE  
How do you like it here?

KELLY  
This is the happiest I've ever  
been, Joe. But...  
(looks at him)  
Are we too young to know what love  
is?

JOE  
I know. I'm afraid of that too.  
But we can be afraid together.

He leans in to kiss her, when:

PAUL'S VOICE  
Kelly.

They turn - Paul waits by edge of the trees. He looks  
haggard, crazed.

PAUL  
Time to come home.

KELLY

I am home.

PAUL

Cut the shit, babe! You're fifteen,  
I'm seventeen. Time to settle down.

KELLY

Not with you, Ju'tuun. Never with  
you.

She clutches Joe's arm.

PAUL

Don't tell me. This? This...boy??

KELLY

He's more man than you'll ever be.  
End this, Joe.

JOE

"End this"...are you sure you know  
what you're asking?

She nods.

Then, Paul unsheathes two large, wrought-iron hookswords and CHARGES. In one fluid motion, Joe jumpkicks Kelly out of the way, and slices a ROPE running along the floor. Joe then rolls, as we see a huge LOG, hanging by a thick rope, swing out from the trees behind them.

Paul turns -- it hits him in the chest, obliterating him over the cliff. He bounces a few times along the rocky face, and then slides to a halt, dead.

Joe and Kelly peer down at him. She begins to cry gently.

JOE (CONT'D)

You would weep for him?

KELLY

Only for youth...only for youth.

Some weasels approach the corpse and begin to pick at it.

JOE

The animals will take his  
eyes...denying his entry into  
Paradise...

He kisses her forehead, then stares across the treetops, reflecting on the fragile nature of life.

PATRICK'S VOICE

Joe!

As Joe turns around:

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - REALITY

Joe snaps out of it, turning to face Patrick.

PATRICK

We have company.

Aaron, Vicki and Kelly emerge from the trail behind him.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - LATER

Kelly in the doorway, seeing everything for the first time.

KELLY

Are you kidding me right now?

From Kelly's POV: The slide, the hockey table, the loft. Joe waits nervously for her judgment. Then:

KELLY (CONT'D)

This is great, Joe!

On Joe's face. Life is good.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, DINNER TABLE - EVENING

A Boston Market feast. The sunflowers Joe picked sit in the center of the table.

VICKI

I like your beard, Patrick! You look like a werewolf.

BIAGGIO

(quick, to Vicki)

Watch your mouth.

AARON

What did you guys do with this chicken? Garlic? Oil? Rosemary?

JOE

Biaggio?

BIAGGIO  
Thyme. Garlic and oil. Lotta  
pepper.

Patrick rolls his eyes.

AARON  
It melts. You don't need a knife.

KELLY  
What do you guys eat most of the  
time? This?

PATRICK  
Yeah. There are a lot of chicken  
in these woods, apparently.

JOE  
Patrick takes care of berries,  
grains, herbs.

AARON  
Ha. You're like an Australopithecus  
woman.

PATRICK  
Sure.

JOE  
I handle meats, proteins. I usually  
do the hunting.

PATRICK  
(quiet)  
And the shopping.

Joe glares at him. Patrick smiles, mouth full, loving it.

VICKI  
What do you do, Biaggio?

JOE  
Biaggio's a renaissance man. He  
belongs out here. And such quick  
hands. He can snatch trout right  
out of the creek.

AARON  
Bullshit.

PATRICK  
It's true man. I've seen it.

Biaggio slides something across the table to Aaron: a wallet. Aaron checks the inside; it's his.

AARON

Did you take anything out?

PATRICK

He doesn't want your money. He does it for sport.

Joe notices Kelly eyeing the flowers. Good. She points at them.

KELLY

Aaron, can you pass me the corn?

Aaron complies, handing them to her over the flowers. Joe registers the slightest disappointment.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Joe and Kelly. She points at a wall: half a rotten fish skeleton nailed above a calendar. Beneath that, an old wire-legged stool.

KELLY

What's this supposed to be?

JOE

This is the den.

KELLY

Ha. How stupid of me. Did you catch this fish yourself?

JOE

We found it whole, floating in the swamp. I bet Biaggio he couldn't eat the whole thing, and it turns out I was right.

KELLY

Sexy.

(points upstairs)

And that's the master bedroom?

JOE

Yeah. We need the slide because of shit-leg over there.

At the table, Patrick inspects the chicken skeleton for more meat.



Joe uses this lull to gather the necessary courage.

JOE (CONT'D)

There's also a pretty cool sort of lookout you might like. I dunno. It's sort of splendid. Did I just say "splendid"?

KELLY

(laughs)

Yes, you did. A lookout?

JOE

Yeah...we could go check it out of your want. It's like a fifteen minute hike, maybe.

KELLY

Oh, yeah I want to see everything. But look at this -- I can't leave Vicki alone with these jackals.

JOE

Oh, yeah, no. Of course not.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, 'LIVING ROOM' - NIGHT

Everyone sits on couch cushions that have been tossed on the floor. Beers are out. A joint makes the rounds. Some of them wear Patrick's ridiculous Nigerian bushmen MASKS.

They're watching Biaggio, who break dances in the middle of the room to "Breathe," by Prodigy. Biaggio is killing it -- he's actually a brilliant dancer. He too wears a mask.

Applause. Kelly passes the joint to Patrick.

PATRICK

I'm good.

KELLY

Gotcha.

(all smiles)

No weed, but you'll run away from home. Very contradictory.

PATRICK

Well, I go back twice a week to do laundry.

She smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 (holding arm up)  
 I have a beer, see? I'm dangerous.

KELLY  
 A full beer.

She clanks bottles with him and starts chugging. He does the same, catching Joe's glance across the floor. Patrick rolls his eyes, like "women." Joe fakes a smile.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

One side of the fire, Aaron and Vicki. On another, Patrick and Kelly. Joe and Biaggio are off to the side, speaking in private.

JOE  
 Vicki is making eyes at you. You should go talk to her.

BIAGGIO  
 No. I think she likes Aaron.

JOE  
 I doubt it. Aaron's bizarre. I feel like he has no asshole or something. Like a Conehead.

BIAGGIO  
 Well, there's no point in me talking to her anyway.

Biaggio looks down.

JOE  
 What's wrong?

BIAGGIO  
 (a struggle for him)  
 Joe...I'm gay.

Joe is taken aback.

JOE  
 Jesus...are you sure, man?

BIAGGIO  
 Yes. My lungs fill up with fluid every time the seasons change.

Joe thinks about how to put this.

JOE  
That's not being gay...I think that  
means you have cystic fibrosis.

BIAGGIO  
Really?  
(relief)  
Thank you.

JOE  
Yeah.  
(then)  
Cystic fibrosis is no walk in the  
park, Biaggio.

Biaggio waves him off, unworried.

BIAGGIO  
What about her?

Joe's POV: Kelly and Patrick, firelit, talking and laughing.

JOE  
She's doing what girls do. Acting  
like she doesn't care. It's fine.  
I can wait.

Biaggio leaves to talk to Vicki. Joe watches Kelly, who  
never looks in his direction.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Downstairs, a tangle of limbs on the floor. And the couch.  
In the dark, we can't really tell who's sleeping where.

UPSTAIRS:

Joe lies on his side, covers pulled high. The light is dim,  
but we see he's awake.

Creaking from downstairs. The top of the ladder shakes. He  
stares at it...hands, then arms come into view. Then the  
face. It's Kelly.

She walks toward Joe. His eyes widen as...

She carefully steps over him, and shakes Patrick awake. We  
don't leave Joe's face during this next exchange.

KELLY  
(whisper) Hey...can you sleep?

PATRICK

Um, yes.

We hear her hushed laughter.

KELLY

Do you want to take a walk or something? I can't sleep.

PATRICK

(pause)

Sure.

We hear rustling; Patrick rises. Tight on Joe. Unblinking.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Wide, expansive. Establish a new day.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, UPSTAIRS - MORNING

Beams of light slice through the loft. Joe lies in the same position, wearing the same expression.

We hear voices from downstairs.

VICKI'S VOICE

Is he still sleeping?

PATRICK'S VOICE

Joe!

Joe doesn't respond. The ladder rattles; Kelly peeks over the landing. Joe quickly shuts his eyes.

KELLY

(whisper) Joe. We're leaving.  
Are you awake?

Joe keeps his eyes closed.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FRONT - MORNING

Kelly stands at the edge of the clearing, where the trail begins. Patrick hands her a girlish duffel bag.

PATRICK

So did Biaggio tell you about  
"Omerta"?

KELLY

Omerta, yes. The Sicilian code of silence. Don't worry, we all swore. He made Aaron cut his palm.

PATRICK

Good. Well, you know the way so ...you can come back anytime.

KELLY

Thanks. So can you.

They both smile.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls into the driveway...illuminating FRANK on the stoop. Mr. McGuire gets out of the car.

MR. MCGUIRE

(emotionless)

Frank.

FRANK

Daniel. Listen, I --

Mr. McGuire punches Frank in the face. Frank goes down.

MR. MCGUIRE

Nice parenting, you cooze!

They roll around on the lawn, fighting. Mrs. McGuire comes to the door.

MRS. MCGUIRE

No no no! Nooooo--

Off her howls of protest:

INT. MCGUIRE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The McGuires sit on their couch, opposite Frank. Frank holds an ice pack to his eye. Mr. McGuire has a scratch mark on his cheek, and a fat lip.

FRANK

I'm not here to apologize for my son.

MRS. MCGUIRE

And you shouldn't. We don't even know - for sure - that they ran away. We do not know. All anyone can do is suspect things. Suspect suspect suspect.

MR. MCGUIRE

The police have presented a lot of evidence, honey. They're certain. We have to trust them.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Well what do the police know! With their pig Irish agenda. The Irish are the blacks of Europe! The blacks of Europe!

MR. MCGUIRE

(rubbing her back)

Shhhhh...come on. I'm Irish, sweetheart.

(then)

This has been hard on her, Frank.

FRANK

And I don't want to take up more of your time. Trust me. I know this is awkward. I just...

(pause)

I noticed you put some fliers of Patrick around school, around the neighborhood. I asked the police if I should do that with Joe, if that would be helpful, and they said it couldn't hurt. So I was just going to ask you if you had some pictures of Joseph. If there were shots of him and Patrick together, whatever. Some recent stuff. You'd be doing me a favor.

Silence for a moment.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Oh. I'll look. We have...hold on.

INT. MCGUIRE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

She hands Frank about five pictures. Frank thumbs through them.

Joe and Patrick on a back porch, drying off, a pool in the background. At Medieval Times, wearing hats. Covered in shaving cream on Halloween.

Frank is transfixed by them.

FRANK

Thank you.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The SUN. We're looking straight up at it.

Joe lies, squinting, in the same meadow where he picked the flowers for dinner.

Utter silence. He twirls a dandelion in his hand...

Then grinds the flowerhead between the meaty parts of his thumb and forefinger.

Joe sits up. We see that the meadow is expansive, beautiful. Tall yellow flowers stretch far into the distance. He shades his brow with his hand, looking around.

JOE

(shouts loudly)

Biaggio!?

Nothing. He shades his brow, looking for any sign of Biaggio.

Then, less than five feet from him, Biaggio emerges, making Joe jump.

JOE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Biaggio, when you're here, keep your head above the surface where I can see you.

(rises)

I'm going for a walk. Don't wait up.

BIAGGIO

You should try not to think about them so much.

Joe hangs his head.

JOE

I'm sorry I'm not more fun to be around right now.

BIAGGIO

Let's do something fun. You need it. Let's make fresh jam.

JOE

I don't want to make fresh jam, Biaggio. I just want to be alone. Sorry.

BIAGGIO

Or we could even do that other thing. The thing we talked about.

JOE

I'm not letting you give me a haircut.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Joe hikes uphill, holding a brown bottle. A ring of sweat around his collar. He pushes through brush, accessing...

EXT. WOODS, OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

But finds Patrick and Kelly there. Awkward. Joe fakes a friendly smile.

KELLY

Oh, hey Joe, I--

JOE

Whoops. No no no no no. Stay here. Do your thing. I'm gonna head back by the house.

PATRICK

What is that? Are you drunk?

JOE

(waving his hands)  
Do your thing. Do your thing.  
I'll see you kids later.

Joe leaves. Kelly gets up, but Patrick stops her.

PATRICK

I got it...



EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks off, no longer smiling, his face red and flush.  
From behind him:

PATRICK

Joe. Joe, wait up.

JOE

(smiling again)

What's up? Why'd you leave her?  
Go back.

PATRICK

Joe...look man. Nothing's going  
on, okay?

JOE

It's fine. You win. The best man  
won.

PATRICK

What does that mean? She just  
likes me. We get along.

JOE

Cool. I guess she likes everyone  
though. So I mean, if she likes  
everyone, she likes no one. You  
know?

Patrick snatches the bottle from Joe.

PATRICK

What the fuck is this shit...  
Arizona Iced Tea? You're sober,  
Joe. Why are you acting like a  
weird lawyer or something?

JOE

You're so young.

(then)

Listen, if you and your girlfriend  
want, come over later for dinner  
and a board game. Okay?

PATRICK

"Come over"?

JOE

If you want. Biaggio will be there  
too. Good times, good times.

Joe stumbles off. Patrick stares after him, bewildered.

EXT. WOODS, SCENIC OVERLOOK - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick and Kelly sit, facing each other.

KELLY  
We're not doing anything wrong.

PATRICK  
I know.

Patrick looks down, futzing around with a twig, thinking.

KELLY  
Do you want to...do something wrong?

PATRICK  
Very much so.

He chucks the twig over the cliff. She approaches and sits in his lap. He puts his arms around her. He's easily twice her size. They look in the same direction, over the trees.

KELLY  
So did it work?

PATRICK  
Did what work?

KELLY  
This. The house. Are you happier out here?

PATRICK  
I mean...I'm just happy to be where my parents are not.

KELLY  
They can't be that bad. I mean what did they do, anyway? Everyone at school thinks they were like molesting the shit out of you.

PATRICK  
(laughs)  
"Molesting the shit out of me"? No no. I would have stayed for that.  
(she laughs)  
No...it was nothing that sinister.

He thinks about it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

They weren't bad people, they were just always...there. Down my throat, all day, every day. Constant and unyielding. I was getting hives. The top of my head would tingle. I thought I was gonna have a heart attack.

KELLY

So, they were down your throat... like everybody else's parents.

PATRICK

No, "not like everybody else's." I do not accept that.

KELLY

(laughing)

Everybody else's.

PATRICK

I'm fourteen. My mom offered to cut my nails six months ago.

She sits up, facing him.

KELLY

Every single morning, my parents set out three dollars and twenty-five cents. The three dollars is for lunch. The twenty five cents is so I can call and tell them I got to school okay.

(beat)

And I'm fifteen.

PATRICK

They watch me eat. Sometimes they don't say anything. They get pleasure out of it.

KELLY

They watch me sleep. Like serial killers. I wake up, and they'll be standing at the doorway.

Patrick laughs.

KELLY (CONT'D)

That's just parents, Patrick. All of them. You have to, like, humor them and get on with your day.

PATRICK

Maybe.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Colin packs luggage into his trunk while Frank and Lisa say goodbye. The car idles.

LISA

Call me with anything, Dad. Even if it's bad.

FRANK

I will. Go to school, get drunk with your friends, do whatever. And you can call me too, you know.

They hug. Colin turns and approaches for a goodbye. Frank waves coolly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take it easy, Colin.

Colin goes in for a handshake, but Frank has already waved. Colin quickly retracts, waving, but by then Frank has leaned in for a handshake. After a few missed signals, Frank sighs, grabs Colin's hand and shakes it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jesus. It never ends with you.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank waves as the car pulls away. The car hits the corner, and a group of teens, around Joe's age, ride bikes down the street. Whipping past Frank's house. Frank watches them go.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

He clicks on the TV, the stereo. Noise fills the atmosphere.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Moonlit. An OWL leaves its perch, gliding over the trees.  
Bringing us to a wide shot of the HOUSE.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

A small thimble lands on CHANCE. Kelly reads a card. She  
and Patrick face Joe and Biaggio. They all sit on the floor.

KELLY

Ooh -- advance to Indiana. I'll  
buy that.

Biaggio smashes the floor in anger. He and Joe smoke CIGARS.

JOE

Easy does it. (to them) He likes  
the red.

BIAGGIO

The color of blood. The color of  
passion.

PATRICK

(to Kelly)

I'll give you B&O for both your  
utilities.

KELLY

Really? Okay.

PATRICK

And your Get Out of Jail Free card.

KELLY

Yeah...but if I need it, can I have  
it back?

PATRICK

Yes, you can have it back.

JOE

That's a smart trade.

PATRICK

Huh?

JOE

All four railroads for the  
utilities. Saavy.

KELLY

And a Get Out of Jail Free card.

Joe rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

Just play your game. Don't worry  
about us.

Tense beat between Joe and Patrick. Kelly's eyes shift  
between the friends.

KELLY

...Are you two alright?

JOE

(polite smile)  
We're golden.  
(rolls die)  
Monkey.

Joe moves his piece to FREE PARKING. Biaggio claps.

KELLY

Good job, Joe.

PATRICK

He didn't do anything. It's dice.

JOE

I'm gonna put one more house on...

Joe stops and looks at the board.

JOE (CONT'D)

Actually...Biaggio, I will give you  
Park Place and Baltic, and both my  
railroads, for both your oranges.

Biaggio thinks about it.

BIAGGIO

I want a thousand dollars.

JOE

I will give you...a hundred fifty.

BIAGGIO

Yahtzee.

They trade. Patrick shakes his head. This is catastrophic.

JOE  
(to Patrick) Property manager, can  
I get hotels on orange?

PATRICK  
You just gave him the corner,  
dickhead. What's the matter with  
you?

Patrick puts the hotel on orange...then pauses. He looks at  
his own piece. He's in jail. A roll away from the oranges.

Patrick looks at Joe.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What's up, Joe?

JOE  
Nothing's up.  
(big smile)  
It's your roll, Tum Tum.

PATRICK  
Joe, if I roll a six, eight or nine  
it's gonna get very bad in here.

KELLY  
(looking at board)  
Oh...yeah.

JOE  
Well, I don't know what to tell  
you. Think of all the other  
numbers in the world.

Joe leans back and exhales cigar smoke. A woodland Buggy.

KELLY  
Well let's just take a minute and  
relax. It's a game, right?

JOE  
I'm relaxed. Biaggio?

Biaggio nods, gagging on cigar smoke.

PATRICK  
What's your fucking problem, man??

KELLY  
Just roll, Patrick. Don't let it  
get to you. You'll be fine.

A tense moment of silence. Patrick rolls.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Wide. A beat of nothing...then, the monopoly board flies out the window.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe retreats to the corner. Patrick is trying to move toward him, as Kelly tugs his arm.

JOE  
I have a cigar! Be careful! This whole place is dry wood!

PATRICK  
Give a fuck, man! What was that play!?

KELLY  
Jesus! It. Is. A. Game!

JOE  
What I did was completely legal!

Patrick takes a step at Joe, but Kelly steps between them.

KELLY  
You guys, stop! Biaggio's having some sort of episode!

Biaggio sits rocking in the corner.

JOE  
Leave him. He's rationalizing.

PATRICK  
(to Joe)  
That was the lowest, shittiest, dickhead move I've ever seen.

JOE  
Eh -- second lowest.

Patrick pauses, marveling at Joe's pettiness.

PATRICK  
Fuck. You. No one was trying to hurt you, man. It had nothing to do with you. Get over it!



JOE  
I'm fucking over it! I don't care!  
If the bitch wants you, she's not  
good enough for me anyway.

PATRICK  
What? Huh?? Who the fuck are you,  
Mary J. Blige??

KELLY  
Joe, I didn't--

JOE  
No, Kelly! Everything was fine  
until you got here. Jesus! You're  
like a fucking cancer.

Kelly is completely stunned. Hurt. Her eyes well up.

KELLY  
Okay. Um, I guess I'll see you  
guys later...

And just like that...she leaves. Patrick watches.

PATRICK  
(hurt, confused)  
What are you doing, Joe?

JOE  
Go ahead. Go be with her.

PATRICK  
I don't want to go, Joe.

Joe pushes him. Patrick doesn't budge.

JOE  
Get out of here! Go hang out with  
Kelly and your goddam mother!

Joe keeps pushing him. Patrick stands his ground.

PATRICK  
(heartbroken)  
What...Why are you doing this, man?

Then, rage and frustration at their peak, Joe KICKS Patrick's  
bad foot. This gets a reaction.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Ah! Fuck!

Patrick's face darkens. Joe comes to his senses - he just poked the bear.

JOE

Shit.

Patrick raises his hand to punch Joe, but resists the urge -- he'd kill him. He turns, channeling his rage toward the AIR HOCKEY TABLE. He chucks it, roaring, in Joe's general direction. It hits the WEST WALL and topples it. Leaves and dirt kick up, blowing into the house.

Joe watches, his chest heaving with anger, panic. Then he turns to Patrick. They look at each other.

Silence. There has never been such darkness between them.

Finally, inevitably...Patrick moves to the door. Joe watches him leave. It's over.

Biaggio approaches Joe, meek.

JOE (CONT'D)

Just leave me alone, please.

BIAGGIO

What do you mean?

JOE

I'm saying leave. Get out of the house.

BIAGGIO

Be straight with me, Joe. Tell me what's on your mind Joe.

JOE

I want to be alone, Biaggio. Get the fuck out.

BIAGGIO

Don't mince words with me, Joe. We've been through too much.

Joe looks him in the eye.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Biaggio walks out in a wide shot. His head hangs.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits on the sofa, back to the downed wall, taking in the ruin of his house.

EXT. WOODS, PATH - NIGHT

Various shots of Patrick, struggling on his bad foot, through brush and over huge, gangly roots. He uses a large branch as a WALKING STICK.

He sits on a rock, massaging his lower leg. Angry. Sad. It's all hitting him.

PATRICK  
Fucking Joe. Asshole.

Suddenly, we hear a RUSTLE. Patrick looks up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Nothing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Is someone there? Kelly?

A shadowy figure wipes across the foreground. We can't make it out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Biaggio, you're smarter than this.

We hear a GRUNT. It's not Biaggio. Patrick rises, moving down the path as quickly as his bum foot will allow.

Then, a TUFT OF ORANGE HAIR catches his eye. What is happening?

Patrick limps faster now, panicking, out of breath. A snarling ROAR.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Oh fuck. God. Jesus.

FOOTSTEPS. Whatever it is, it's getting closer.

Patrick STUMBLES on a root, and falls against a tree. He turns, hiding behind it.

Patrick takes his sneaker off, jamming the walking stick inside it to simulate a leg. He sticks it out into the path as bait. Nothing bites.

Silence.

He turns to look at the path. It's empty. As he doubles back behind the tree:

We reveal a huge, green 2-D computer-animated monster -- it's BLANKA from "Street Fighter."

Standing on hind legs, it ROARS 3 TIMES in Patrick's face.

Patrick SCREAMS and, instinctively, SMASHES BLANKA IN THE FACE with his walking stick.

Upon impact, Blanka transforms into what he actually is -- a small tree with a shock of red-orange leaves at the top. Patrick has cracked it in half.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Huh.

He stares at it, his head cocked. He blinks. Just a tree. Nothing scary about it.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

Kelly, walking on a dark street. Alone. Unhappy. We hear the clacking of her shoes.

Then from behind her:

PATRICK'S VOICE

Kelly!

She stops. He limps/runs toward her, catching up. They stand face to face for a beat.

KELLY

(blurting)

I didn't want any of this to happen  
I don't want to come between  
friends I've just liked you for  
months and I figured if I came out  
here and we got to--

He kisses her. She returns it.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Joe tries to lift the fallen wall. He's not strong enough. He gives up, looks at it, rubs his shoulder.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, TABLE - NIGHT

Joe picks bits of meat from a clean chicken skeleton.

INT. TOY KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Frank opens the refrigerator door. The only option: leftover shrimp with lobster sauce. Christ knows how old it is.

Quick cuts:

He picks the shrimp out and places them over some white rice.

Pops the bowl in the microwave.

Eats in front of the television.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank, alone in a king-size bed, staring at the ceiling.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Joe pulls the sheets up to his chin. He rolls over, trying to get comfortable. Sounds of the forest occasionally startle him.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Extreme wide. The house, a small and vulnerable structure in the huge, dark forest.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - MORNING

Patrick wakes up. In his own bed. He rolls over:

His parents are watching from the doorway. Disbelieving. Overcome.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
We didn't want to wake you.

PATRICK  
You were watching me sleep.

He smiles to himself.

EXT. TOTTEENVILLE, MAIN STREET - DAY

Tilt down from the sky to a festive SMALL TOWN PARADE. Families, teenagers, the elderly, all line the curb. Marching down the street: attractive women in red, white & blue leotards. Members of the local Chamber of Commerce inch behind the twirlers in a vintage Cadillac.

Banners read "HAPPY MEMORIAL DAY."

ANGLE:

A group of college-age kids, set back from the crowd, sit around an SUV, drinking, grilling.

An adorable, long-legged girl in sparkle-y FACE PAINT (21) makes eyes at...

A dangerous looking guy in a VISOR (26), standing way in the corner, with his back to the WOODS. He takes a sip of beer.

She looks away. Then looks back.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

They make out against a tree. The parade isn't too far away, we can still hear faint music, applause.

VISOR  
(takes her hand)  
Come on.

FACE PAINT  
Where are we going?

He leads her deeper into the woods. They pause every few trees to kiss some more.

EXT. WOODS, WATERING HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Shoes, flip-flops come off. Unzipping; they are both stepping on their shorts, prying them off their ankles.

Breaking the kiss, he takes her shirt off, chucks it.

VISOR

Let's go.

FACE PAINT

Wait wait wait. Hold on.

She dips her toe in, testing. He grabs her, pulls her close, more kissing, kinda sloppy. As they pull apart, a shape emerges drifts on the water behind them trees behind them:

JOE. Asleep in the tire. Looking like shit, sun-blasted, filthy and too thin.

They see him.

FACE PAINT (CONT'D)

Ohmigod!

Joe wakes up.

JOE

(groggy)

Wha...? Pat--oh, Jesus--

Joe averts his eyes. The girl grabs her shirt, looking to cover up quickly.

VISOR

Kid! What the fuck man!

He and her dart off into the woods.

JOE

(to himself)

Sorry...

They're gone. Joe looks at the empty spot where they disappeared into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Joe wanders, tossing twigs around, aimless. Stumbling about, like a man who's been in the desert for days.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - DAY

Joe jams flint against a twig, into a pile of dry sticks and leaves. He's awkward, sometimes missing the twig entirely. It's not working.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

He opens the cooler. Scraps of odd, unidentifiable meat. Four berries in the bottom of a basket. A rotten apple.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Overcome by hunger, he closes his eyes and eats a bunch of PURPLE BERRIES.

EXT. WOODS, STREAM - LATER

Wide. Joe VOMITS some purple stuff into the stream.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Joe looks in the petty cash box. Just some change. Not even quarters.

JOE  
Shit.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Frenetic camera. Joe searches the pockets of his shorts, pants, everything he brought with him. He pulls the pockets inside out. Two nickels in one. The rest are empty.

His expression grows dire.

In one of the pockets, we hear the crisp rustle of money -- he pulls something from a pocket, but it's not cash: it's an old Boston Market order, scribbled onto a torn sheet of paper. Shit. He chucks it aside.

He dumps out the contents of his DUFFEL BAG. Rummages through the pile. Beneath some junky housewares, he unexpectedly finds...

The library books. Still unopened. "WALDEN"... "105 OUTDOOR RECIPES"... "SO YOU WANT TO BUILD A CABIN"...

And most appropriately: "I'D RATHER BE HUNTING."

Joe regards it with curiosity...



CAPT. DAVIS'S VOICE  
From a statement given by Patrick  
McGuire...

INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits across from CAPTAIN ARTY DAVIS (45). Frank leans against the wall behind them, watching. The Captain reads from a file.

CAPT. DAVIS  
"May 12th. We had a fight. Over something stupid, but...you know. It got out of hand. I came home; there was no point in going on if we were fighting.  
(then)  
The destination was Tallahassee. It was Joe's choice, he told me he liked the word, liked that it had three double-letters."

FRANK  
Hm. Seems arbitrary.

CAPT. DAVIS  
(nodding)  
Patrick continues: "I don't pretend to understand the guy. I just want him to be okay. Let me know what you find out."

Davis closes the file. Frank frowns.

CAPT. DAVIS (CONT'D)  
I know. But I looked in his eyes, Mr. Toy. He was telling the truth.

FRANK  
And the other kid?

INT. POLICE STATION, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Frank and the Captain look through a two-way mirror: Biaggio stands next to a chair, across from two seated COPS.

CAPT. DAVIS  
Biaggio Verga. McGuire says he was with them the whole time.  
(MORE)

CAPT. DAVIS (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid he's given us nothing so  
far...he has a contempt for the law  
I've never seen in a minor.

The captain presses a speaker button on a console. We hear  
the conversation in the interrogation room.

COP 1  
Why don't you sit down so we can  
have a nice discussion. We're all  
pals, right? No reason not to be.

CAPT. DAVIS  
(to Frank)  
He won't sit. Won't deflate the  
room. It's actually very  
sophisticated.

Biaggio walks to the two-way mirror and stares through it.  
He knows he's being watched.

CAPT. DAVIS (CONT'D)  
This kid is in my head.

Biaggio returns to the chair, picks it up and walks calmly  
toward the glass. The two cops quickly move toward him.

COP 1  
Whoa whoa whoa. None of that.

They wrestle the chair from him.

CAPT. DAVIS  
He knows something. Maybe a lot.

Frank stares at Biaggio.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Wide. To establish.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A EUROPEAN STARLING steps gingerly toward a pile of  
appetizing berries.

Reaching down to PECK, the ground suddenly collapses beneath  
it. It disappears into a hole. We hear sounds of distress.

Joe jumps out from behind a tree, holding his SWORD. He  
charges the hole, upon it in less than a second.

JOE  
Bah! Murder! Murder! Murder!

He stabs downward until we hear no more sounds of distress.  
Joe pants, falls to his knees, rattled.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You were just hungry...we're all  
hungry....  
(then)  
I'm sorry I yelled at you.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - DAY

Joe, referring to an open book, rhythmically moves the flint  
downward against the dry wood until he gets a spark. He  
stares at it, shocked...then remembers to BLOW.

FIRE. On Joe: amazed at the fire, and at himself.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - DAY

Joe stands over a pot of steaming water, holding the starling  
out in front of him. He's full of grime and bird blood.

JOE  
Goddam it...

He drops the bird in, averting his eyes. The water bubbles,  
sizzles, hisses.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, FIRE PIT - DAY

Joe yanks feathers from the bird. Wings, then neck. We can  
tell he's not happy about it, but it has to be done.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

The carcass is laid out on a rock, next to a reference book.  
Joe holds a machete.

JOE  
(reading)  
"Gut bird, slicing vertically from  
rectum to collar. Save the heart,  
liver and gizzard if you wish."  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
 (to book)  
 Go fuck yourself.

He scrunches up his face and makes an incision.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, TABLE - NIGHT

Joe wipes his hands with a rag looking down at something:

A nicely cooked STARLING, still whole, on a platter. Soot marks and stab wounds aside, it's an appetizing sight.

Joe scatters some berries into the plate beside the bird, for the sake of aesthetics...

Then places a single green HERB on top.

He sits down, stares at his preparation. He does not smile; instead, he looks at the empty chairs around the table.

He sighs...

Then looks past the chairs, squinting.

Joe's POV: Patrick's BUSHMAN MASK hangs by the door. Staring at him.

Off Joe's face...

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Joe pulls his chair up again, nodding across the table.  
 Reverse to:

The MASK, a lousy rendition of Patrick, hangs from the top of the chair. It stares back at Joe.

Joe starts eating. He opens his mouth to speak...then closes it...then opens it.

JOE  
 Wha...I...Um...  
 (comes to his senses)  
 Yeah.

Joe stares at the mask for a sad beat, then returns to his meal.

Suddenly - oddly - the mask chair SHIFTS. Joe stops chewing, and smiles. A fleeting moment of delusion.

JOE (CONT'D)

...Hello?

The chair shifts again. Not much, an inch or two. But the movement is obvious. Joe's smile disappears -- something isn't right.

He pushes his chair back, slowly ducking under the table... and finds

THE COPPERHEAD

Moving quickly toward his legs.

Joe collapses out of his chair, terrified. The snake BITES - but is still too far away to connect with Joe.

Joe regains his footing and runs to the center of the room. It moves toward him, sizing him up, HISSING...

Joe takes two steps back, and the snake quickly covers the ground.

A beat on Joe, looking around, gaging his distance to the door, versus where the snake is. He will lose that race.

The snake is only a few feet away, approaching tentatively. Joe is cornered. Last option:

Joe takes a deep breath, and STANDS HIS GROUND. The snake pauses.

Joe closes his eyes, and puts his hand on his chest. He exhales slowly. Tries to relax. When he opens his eyes...

The snake has re-coiled. It, too, is relaxed. Its tongue flicks out every two seconds. Rhythmic. In sync with Joe's breathing.

Totally calm, Joe sits Indian-style across from the snake. His eyes never leave it.

EXT. BIAGGIO'S STREET - DAY

To establish.

INT. BIAGGIO'S ROOM - DAY

Biaggio kneels by his bed, head bowed. He holds ROSARY BEADS.

INT. BIAGGIO'S KITCHEN - DAY

Biaggio enters. His FATHER sits at the table, shucking clams. The following dialogue is in Italian, subtitled.

BIAGGIO

Dad?

FATHER

Sit.

He pushes a bowl of closed clams toward Biaggio, and hands him a shucking knife. Biaggio goes to work.

BIAGGIO

Have you ever quit at anything?

FATHER

Of course.

BIAGGIO

...and did it hurt?

FATHER

Well, there's good quitting and bad quitting. I quit drinking soda: good quitting. I quit law school: bad quitting. Do you see?

BIAGGIO

Yes.

(then)

Did you ever quit on a friend?

FATHER

You should never quit on a friend, Biaggio.

BIAGGIO

But say you did. Say you abandoned him, left him alone even after you swore your allegiance...would you go to hell for that?

FATHER

Of course.

Biaggio nods. He already knew this.

EXT. BIAGGIO'S HOUSE - DAY

Long lens. Biaggio walks outside, and into his yard. Pull back to reveal a REARVIEW MIRROR in the foreground...

We're watching from Frank's car. Biaggio blasts out of his backyard on a bicycle. Frank shifts into gear.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE WOODS - DAY

Biaggio parks dismounts, and walks it into the woods. Once Biaggio has wiped frame, reveal Frank's car PULLING UP in the background...

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Biaggio emerges from the path, sighs with relief at the sight of the house. Biaggio's POV: The house looks better than ever. Refinished. Fire burning. The colors seem more vibrant, the angles of incident more square.

FRANK'S VOICE

Kid, what the fuck is this.

Biaggio turns around; his eyes could not be wider.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - SAME TIME

On Joe's face: Asleep, slumped against the wall. In the same clothes as the last time we saw him.

FRANK'S VOICE

How long? The whole time??

Joe startles AWAKE.

BIAGGIO'S VOICE

Omerta. The Sicilian code of silence.

FRANK'S VOICE

No! No Omerta!

Widen out: He's sitting on the floor, as he was when the snake was there...but there's no snake.

FRANK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Joe?!

JOE  
Dad! Don't come in! Seriously!

FRANK'S VOICE  
It's over Joe! It's the end of the world!

Frank barges through the door, holding Biaggio.

JOE	FRANK
Dad, I mean it! There's a	Bullshit, Joe! Start
snake in here--	explaining. From the
	beginning.

Then:

BIAGGIO  
*Infamata.*

The serpent is COILED AT BIAGGIO'S FEET. Staring at him.

FRANK  
Whoa...

JOE  
(hushed)  
Biaggio. Be still. Be calm.

BIAGGIO  
I'm going to run. I feel that I have to.

JOE  
Biaggio, do not run.

A beat of tension. WE hear hissing. Then...Biaggio runs.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shit--

The snake is upon him instantly. Biaggio trips over himself and falls into the corner.

Biaggio's POV: the copperhead, coming straight for him.

He SCREAMS. It bites him in the CHEEK.

On Joe: horror.

FRANK  
(nauseous)  
Oh. Oh my fucking Christ.

Biaggio faints.



The snake turns toward Frank, and Frank immediately breaks into a run.

JOE

Dad! No--

Frank throws furniture and debris, trying to deter it.

FRANK

The fuck is wrong with this thing?!

The snake is upon him. Frank braces himself...

Suddenly, JOE'S SHOE pins the snake to the floor, landing just beneath its head. It can't move, can't bite. A machete enters frame, decapitating it. Snake blood everywhere.

Joe drops the machete, panting. A shaken hero.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Joe...

They stare at each other, overwhelmed. Then:

BIAGGIO'S VOICE

Hello.

Of course, Biaggio. They rush to him; he's flush, breathing heavy. Bleeding from the puncture wounds in his cheek.

BIAGGIO

Did it get me?

JOE

A little bit.

(to Frank)

Dad, bury the head and body outside in two separate holes. The loose venom can attract other ones.

But Frank doesn't move. He still has so many questions.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, Dad.

Joe moves to the cooler.

JOE (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

BIAGGIO

Very different.

Joe hands him a plastic bag holding a bloody cut of raw meat.

JOE  
Here. You need protein.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Frank scoops dirt over the snake's body. He emits various sounds of disgust. Joe and Biaggio appear in the doorway.

JOE  
(to Frank)  
We've got fifteen minutes. Did you drive here?

FRANK  
Yeah..(seeing something) Whoa...hey hey hey--

He points to a dark stain growing on Biaggio's pants.

JOE  
Biaggio!

BIAGGIO  
Hm?

FRANK  
You're pissing yourself, kid!

Biaggio looks down - it's true.

BIAGGIO  
I can't feel it. I can't feel anything down there...

Biaggio's knees buckle. He VOMITS.

JOE  
Shit.

Systems are failing. Biaggio's nose begin to run.

BIAGGIO  
(out of it)  
I'm open. I'm open now, Joe. The snake opened me...

Sweat, pooling at Biaggio's collar bone. His eyes tear up. Everything's leaving him.

INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Biaggio crawls to the sofa. Joe helps him over, rubs his back.

JOE  
Okay, okay. Let it all out.  
(to Frank)  
Can you pull the car up to here??

FRANK  
Impossible...

JOE`  
(to Biaggio) Hey -- do you feel up  
to a little walk, buddy?

Biaggio closes his eyes and pisses himself again.

FRANK  
He's really...he can't hold it,  
huh.

JOE  
You've gotta carry him, Dad.

Frank grimaces at Biaggio, who is soaked in himself.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Dad, he will die.

FRANK  
Joe, come over here. Come here.

Joe walks over.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Yes, we could carry him. We could  
drive him to the hospital and hope  
for the best. We could put him  
through all that. Or we could just  
choose to remember him as he was.

JOE  
Dad!

JUMP CUT TO:

Frank lifts Biaggio off the sofa, across his shoulders. He  
flares his nostrils, nauseated.

FRANK  
Ah fuck. He smells like vinegar.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Frank carries Biaggio through the woods. Joe runs just ahead of them. Biaggio bumps around, moaning. It's not a happy time in his life.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Biaggio in the backseat. Frank speeds, slaloming through traffic. The windows are open.

FRANK  
Keep him awake, Joe! Keep him talking!

BIAGGIO  
(weak)  
Wash me...

JOE  
He keeps asking me to wash him!

FRANK  
Godammit Biaggio! We can't wash you! We don't have the tools!

BIAGGIO  
Clean my skin. Make my skin clean.

Frank's POV - he blows through a yellow that just turned red. The camera flashes. He will get a ticket.

FRANK  
Fuck.

In the backseat:

BIAGGIO  
I'm open, Joe.

JOE  
I know buddy. I know you're open.

BIAGGIO  
Joe...what if I start to do other things, Joe?

JOE  
What are "other things"?

BIAGGIO  
Other things. Ass things.

JOE  
Ass things...

FRANK  
What's he saying? He gonna shit  
the car??

BIAGGIO  
I don't want to shit the car.

JOE  
None of us want that. We're all on  
the same team here.

FRANK  
You gotta fight this thing, buddy.

JOE  
Just don't think about it. Keep  
talking to me. Just talk. We're  
almost there and then you'll get  
medicine and the pain will stop.

BIAGGIO  
(at death's door)  
Joe...I'm sorry...I'm sorry I led  
him here...

JOE  
It's okay man. You didn't know.

BIAGGIO  
I didn't know...I'm not...I would  
never betray you...I'm not like  
Patrick...

JOE  
Yeah...

Joe looks out the window. A beat of sadness.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Biaggio, do you--

But something's wrong. Biaggio's eyes are CLOSED, his mouth  
foaming.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 Oh God. Oh Jesus. His mouth, Dad!  
 He's foaming at the mouth!

FRANK  
 Uh...That's good! That means his  
 body's fighting it.

JOE  
 Biaggio! Fuck! Dad, he's dead!

FRANK  
 (truly worried)  
 Okay, we're here. We're here Joe.  
 It's out of our hands. Just, I  
 don't know. Pray for him.

They SWERVE into the hospital parking lot.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank rushes Biaggio in. Joe waves at a nurse for attention.

She takes Biaggio. Doctors arrive. A stretcher. Medical  
 chaos ensues.

Joe and Frank watch, concerned, helpless.

We FADE TO WHITE.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe washes his face. A knock on the door. Joe opens it;  
 Frank in the hallway.

FRANK  
 Try these.

Frank hands him a bag from the hospital gift shop. Quick  
 cuts:

Joe brushes his teeth

He puts on deodorant.

He looks at himself in the mirror, shirtless, slaps his  
 exposed rib cage once.

Joe puts on a fresh \$4 T-shirt. It says "NYC."

Joe regards a razor...looks at his moustache...puts the razor back in the bag. He owns the moustache now.

INT. HOSPITAL, BIAGGIO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Biaggio sits up in bed. He eats from a small plastic container of apple sauce.

JOE  
You honestly believe you saw  
heaven?

Biaggio nods.

BIAGGIO  
Yes. Joe...I saw your mother.

JOE  
My mother's still alive.

BIAGGIO  
Oh. Then maybe it was my mother.

Suddenly, VICKI enters.

VICKI  
Oh my God. Look at you!

Then, right behind her...KELLY.

And PATRICK.

Joe tenses up. This is the first time we've seen Patrick 'back.' He looks good, put some weight back on. Haircut. Pressed shirt.

Joe and Patrick see each other, then look away.

KELLY  
Are you okay, Biaggio?

BIAGGIO  
I am. My body is healing. Some  
have suggested it wasn't my time.

PATRICK  
Yeah -- you're fourteen man.

KELLY  
Joe, are you hurt?

Joe shakes his head "no." Awkwardness in the room.

VICKI  
 (at Biaggio's bandage)  
 Is that where it bit you?

BIAGGIO  
 It is.

KELLY  
 My God...what did it feel like?

BIAGGIO  
 It felt like, when you're expecting  
 great pain, and then it happens.

As the girls question Biaggio, Joe and Patrick make, then retract, eye contact. They have no idea how to be around each other.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Joe eats a slice of pizza. Two more pizza crusts litter his plate. There's also an empty bowl of nachos.

We see the cafeteria is virtually empty except for Joe and Frank watches his son eat. As Joe finishes, Frank pushes his own plate of spaghetti toward Joe.

FRANK  
 How long was Biaggio dead?

JOE  
 Six minutes.

FRANK  
 (unimpressed)  
 Six minutes? Oh.

JOE  
 That's a long time to be dead, Dad.

FRANK  
 Not in the scheme of things.  
 (then)  
 You...uh...you did a good job, Joe.  
 You did a good job back there.

JOE  
 A good job?



FRANK  
You saved my life. You saved  
Biaggio's life. I dunno. A lesser  
man would have panicked.

JOE  
Oh. Thanks.

A beat between father and son.

FRANK  
Are you still hungry? What do you  
want. Anything.

JOE  
Honestly? I would love seafood.

FRANK  
Hm.

Frank looks around at the shitty hospital food court.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I don't know if this is the best  
place for that.  
(then)  
They have churros.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Joe eats a churro.

FRANK  
Not bad, right?

Joe shakes his head. Not bad.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(carefully)  
We can do seafood tomorrow. If you  
plan on being around.

JOE  
Yeah. I should be.

Frank nods. Relief.

FRANK  
So who's that girl Patrick was  
with? He's got a girlfriend, huh?

JOE  
Looks that way.

FRANK  
Good for him. What are you guys,  
fourteen?  
(then)  
If you think parents and school and  
all this shit is stressful, wait  
until you start carving the Ham.

JOE  
The Ham. Like, the Ham?

FRANK  
Yeah, like HAMphibian. HAMBush.

JOE  
You know about the Ham?

FRANK  
Yeah, I mean...I thought it was  
common. Isn't it?

JOE  
No, I guess it must be. Huh.  
(then)  
I thought I was alone.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe and Frank wait by the elevator. The down arrow DINGS.  
The doors open.

Patrick, his parents, and Kelly are inside. Joe and Frank  
enter. A nurse wheels an elderly patient in with them.  
Doors close on the packed elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stands in silence. We hear only the wet, rattling  
breath of the elderly patient.

INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank and Joe drive. Joe looks out the window at his  
neighborhood.

Then the McGuire family car pulls up alongside them, passing  
them. Patrick and Kelly in the backseat.

They stop at a red light. Joe glances over; he's in line with Patrick, who isn't looking.

Then, Patrick looks. Joe immediately turns away. He turns back; now Patrick turns away.

Joe leans back. Staring ahead. He glances over, subtly, trying not to move his head, and sees Patrick smiling and shaking his head.

Joe looks over. Finally, he smiles too.

Joe shoots Patrick the finger. Patrick nods and returns it.

Joe gestures behind Patrick toward Kelly. He inserts his pointer finger into the end of his fist, then raises his eyebrows inquisitively.

Patrick laughs, shakes his head no.

Joe then places his hands on his chest. A new question.

Patrick shrugs and smiles coyly.

Joe's eyes widen. Really?

Patrick shrugs again, with a big shit-eating grin.

Joe laughs.

The light changes. Joe's car starts to inch up. They're losing sight of each other. Frank senses the activity.

FRANK

What's going on over there?

JOE

(facing forward again)

Nothing. Patrick's being an idiot.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Wide, looking down at the intersection. Patrick's car takes a right, while Joe's continues straight. As the cars disappear, we tilt up, over the rooftops, toward the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - DAWN

END CREDITS ROLL over a wide shot of the house. The forest teems around it. Animals wander in and out, confused. Light shifts as hours pass.

In time, the sun sets on the empty house, though the fire still burns.

THE END.