

THE SWIMSUIT ISSUE

by
Randall Green

George Heller
Apostle Management

INT. WESTBURY HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

A cheerless RECEPTIONIST paints her nails at her desk.

She is startled by the CLICK of a camera, and looks up to find ZACH ROSEN (15).

RECEPTIONIST
Do you need something?

Zach enters. His skin tone and the vintage Leica slung from his shoulder suggest time spent in a darkroom. He's not yet handsome, but the armature is there. Consider that we all have a Pixar spirit-character. Zach's would be WALL-E.

ZACH
(hello)
Esther.

Zach squints, reads the label on her nail polish bottle.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Mimosa Orange. Fun.

ESTHER
Did you take a picture of me?

ZACH
Yes.

ESTHER
(pause, irritated)
Why.

ZACH
You looked beautiful. Not easy
under florescents.

ESTHER
You can't speak to me like that.

ZACH
(apologetic)
Sure.
(beat)
I hear your son got in early to
Tufts, congratulations.

ESTHER
.. He was wait-listed.

ZACH
Ah. Did he consider Vanderbilt for
regular admission?
(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
I hear they have some kind of
Jewish affirmative action thing.
Hope they haven't filled their Jew
quota when it's my turn.

Esther does not know what to do with Zach.

ESTHER
I'll suggest it. You are?

ZACH
Zach Rosen. We've met but it's
okay.

Esther presses on the INTERCOM.

ESTHER
Principal Pearl, Zach Rosen?

PRINCIPAL PEARL (INTERCOM)
Mm hm.

Esther looks up at Zach: "go".

ZACH
My congratulations stand. Send Mark
my best, I know he'll do great.

Zach nods politely and walks into:

INT. PRINCIPAL PEARL'S OFFICE

Principal SANDRA PEARL (mid 40's) sits behind an old,
imperious desk. She's pretty, but a film of exhaustion clings
to her like dust. The result of a lifetime devoted to public
education, and not one thank you.

ZACH
Sandra.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
We don't use first names here.

ZACH
Right, old habits.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
Seems you have a lot of those.

ZACH
How's that?

She motions for Zach to take a seat. Zach sits in a chair opposite her desk. He keeps his backpack on.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

I don't want to keep having the same conversation but apparently you do.

Principal Pearl holds up a stack of BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS: artistically composed portraits of an OVERWEIGHT, NUDE MEXICAN WOMAN in her mid-20's.

ZACH

I'm proud of that work. Is there a problem?

PRINCIPAL PEARL

She's naked.

ZACH

A woman's not truly naked unless she's wearing heels. Think that's the saying.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

What? Listen, Zach.. I'm all for your right to express yourself, you know that -

ZACH

- I do not know that -

PRINCIPAL PEARL

- But the rules are in place for a reason -

ZACH

- They are in place for no reason -

PRINCIPAL PEARL

NO NUDITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY CLASS. End of discussion.

ZACH

Or is it the beginning of it?

PRINCIPAL PEARL

It is the end of it. It has ended.

But not quite.

ZACH

Those are not smut, Principal Pearl.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
 They're tasteful nudes in the
 tradition of Herb Ritts.
 (then)
 Do you think she's beautiful?

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 Who?

Zach nods to the photos.

ZACH
 Esmerelda.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 Who is this, by the way?

ZACH
 Esmerelda. My housekeeper and
 friend. And model. Do you think
 she's beautiful?

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 That's of no consequence, Zach.

Zach sighs, genuinely disappointed in her.

ZACH
 It is of every consequence.

Sandra skirts that battle. She hands the photos over to Zach.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 Keep these out of school. And I
 want you in detention this
 afternoon.

ZACH
 For capturing beauty? I'm not sure
 that's punishable.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 For defying me four times for one
 reason.

Zach capitulates, but not without a subtle shake of his head.
 He pulls up the CALENDAR on his iPhone.

ZACH
 How's tomorrow? I have a Skype date
 with my camp girlfriend in twenty.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
 Fine. I.. have to be on record as
 disciplining you, Zach.

ZACH

I'll submit. But as a favor to you,
not cause of any transgression on
my part.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

(pause, restoring
patience)

How are you adjusting? This aside.

ZACH

Oh. Good. Not much in the way of
friendships, but.. no news is good
news, right?

PRINCIPAL PEARL

...Right... And how's your brother?

ZACH

Tweaking, I'm sure. He comes home
Friday so maybe the worst is over.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

Mm. Well if you need anything, you
know where to find me.

ZACH

I do. See ya tomorrow.

(beat)

And maybe tell Esther she's doing a
great job out there. She could use
a boost, I can tell.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - DAY

We get a sense of the campus. It's a public school, but a
nice one. The kids test well so the state provides a
landscaping budget.

We follow Zach as he rushes to the BIKE RACKS.

Zach approaches the rows of beat up bikes until he gets to
his: a gleaming ELECTRIC MOPED.

PINK TASSELS are taped to the handlebars. Someone's idea of a
joke. Zach rips them off, throws them in the trash. Hurt.

Zach puts on WORKOUT GLOVES, cut off at the knuckles.

Zach regards his moped with reverence for a moment, then
unlocks it. He hops on, and peddles hard until the motor
engages.

He cruises away.. at twelve miles per hour.

If there are OPENING CREDITS, here may they live. A *Bond*-like lady silhouette emerges from the clouds, perhaps. She strikes a pose. The cumulus-clad beauty sheds her fluffy white top.

The world in Zach-vision.

EXT. WESTBURY COUNTY - LATER

Spring fights its winter captor in this tony New York suburb. Warm sun, cool air. People drive their BWM convertibles with the top down and seat warmers on.

Zach winds his way along the shoulder of picturesque wooded streets. One old MANSION after another. We can barely make them out beyond their old-growth hedge barricades.

Zach sticks his left arm out, biker's turn signal, and turns into a residential development populated by decidedly LESS IMPRESSIVE HOMES.

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE

Modest, but well kept. There's a working garden.

Zach parks his moped.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE

Zach rushes up the stairs to the second floor.

He passes ESMERELDA vacuuming in the hallway. She wears no bra. She needs one.

ZACH

Hey Ez.

Esmerelda smiles coyly at Zach.

INT. ZACH'S ROOM

It's a shrine to photography... and the female form. Cameras are strewn about, both assembled and in various states of repair.

The walls are covered in framed POSTERS of black and white nude women by the aforementioned Herb Ritts. Cindy Crawford cups her boobs and stares at us, her mouth agape just so.

Against one wall is a LIBRARY DISPLAY RACK featuring EVERY ISSUE OF THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SWIMSUIT ISSUE dating back to its 1964 inception.

Zach quickly addresses the collection,

ZACH
Girls.

Zach checks his watch.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Shit.
(then, angry)
Fuck.

Zach sits down at his roll-top desk and opens his Macbook Pro. He clicks on FaceTime and dials JENNA.

It Rings. Rings.. Rings...

No answer.

ZACH (CONT'D)
SHIT.
(then, dejected)
Fuck.

Disappointment stirs in Zach like nausea. He needed this.

Zach slumps in his chair. Idle moments pass as he glances around the room, taking in the distant goddesses on his walls.

Zach stares at his laptop as if willing Jenna to call.

A GLORIOUS SOUND! The MacBook RINGS. It's her. Zach eagerly clicks ACCEPT.

Jenna appears on Zach's screen. She is 15 and cute, but a little too made up.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Hey!

JENNA
Hey Zach! What's goin on?

ZACH
Not much, fixing my Leica. Mirror came loose.

JENNA
Your what?

ZACH
Leica. Camera.

JENNA
Oh.
(then)
Did you get the letter I sent you?

ZACH
... No. When did you send it?

JENNA
Like two weeks ago. Must've gotten
your address wrong. I never double
check stuff.

ZACH
(devastated)
Yea. Wow. I hope it gets here.
(then)
What'd it say?

JENNA
You know. Sexy stuff.

We can't see it but we know it: Zach has a boner. That really
is all it takes.

ZACH
What kind of.. sexy stuff?

JENNA
Use your imagination.

ZACH
I often do.

Jenna turns her attention to her phone, texting.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Hey, uh. Did I see on Facebook
that Dan Walton.. visited you or
something?

A pause... of unfortunate length.

JENNA
Was that on Facebook?

ZACH
Yea he posted something about it.

JENNA

He was in town for a golf tournament and needed somewhere to crash. My parents said it was cool.

ZACH

Isn't he like 18? Isn't he a counselor?

JENNA

Yea but we talk. And he's 17, I think. He's an awesome guy, you two should hang out this summer.

ZACH

(pause)

Sure.

They have nothing at all to say to one another, so...

JENNA

I gotta head out to horse lessons. Great to see you babe. Muah!

ZACH

You too..

Jenna shuts her laptop. Zach's screen goes blank. His mind, anything but.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Zach comes down the stairs.

Zach's MOTHER, LORI (45) sits on the couch in the living room, wearing TENNIS WHITES. Lori is beautiful but a little too tough. She's more Judo than yoga.

Zach's FATHER, ERIC (50) stands at a bar cart refilling two scotch glasses. His exercise of choice is worrying. He wears a grey polo shirt with a "LegalZoom" logo.

Eric sees Zach enter, and pours a small third glass of scotch.

Lori MUTES the TV.

LORI

Hey hon, have a seat.

Zach registers the concern on Lori's face.

Zach sits in an Eames chair opposite his parents.

Eric goes to hand him the drink, but Zach politely waves it off.

Eric sets the drink on the bar cart.

ZACH
So you're getting a divorce. I know
it's not my fault. It's both of
your faults.

ERIC
What? We're not getting a divorce!
(to Lori, incredulous)
Did you tell him we're getting a
divorce?

LORI
No! Wait. Did you tell him that?

ERIC
No!

ZACH
Neither of you told me anything,
because neither of you tell me
anything. I'm left to context
clues. Sorry if I hit on something
raw.

Eric and Lori sit idly. It's on Zach to pave this one over.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Spoke to Jenna, she says hello.

Lori gives Eric a look that reads guilt.

LORI
You two sure talk a lot.

ZACH
She's my girlfriend.

ERIC
Is she?

ZACH
What'd I just say?

ERIC
It's just that you only see her a
few weeks a year -

ZACH

- Two months a year. And we're in love, which skews time, as we know.

ERIC

Listen...

LORI

(interrupting)

Zach, we can't send you to camp this summer.

Zach is blindsided.

ZACH

What. Does that mean.

LORI

Your father...

ERIC

I had to take a salary cut for the new gig. You know this. Between that and your brother's treatment we just don't have fifteen grand laying around to send you waterskiing for the summer.

ZACH

You don't understand... I have to go. This year more than ever.

LORI

This isn't a discussion. We feel terrible, but it's not a discussion.

ZACH

Look, I've been promised to receive something this summer that's very important to me. Or get rid of something, more accurately. How do we get me to camp?

ERIC

I'm sorry bud. Between the salary cut and your brother's treatment..

ZACH

My brother's treatment?! That fucker took my first lay and PUT IT UP HIS NOSE.

LORI
Watch your tone Zach.

ERIC
Watch your tone.

LORI
Watch it.

The three of them sit in silence until Esmerelda enters,
VACUUMING. They have to YELL over the vacuum motor.

ZACH
Guys... I have friends at camp. I'm
considered a reasonably cool person
there. It's unbelievable.

LORI
That's great, hon, but it's also a
fantasy. What I mean is, your life
is here.

ZACH
Isn't that the truth.

The vacuuming gets closer, LOUDER.

ERIC
Esmerelda, please *shut that off*.

Esmerelda is wearing iPod headphones. She continues to vacuum
with blissful abandon.

ZACH
How do you expect me to come up
with fifteen thousand dollars
before the summer?

ERIC
(pause, then, as if it's
obvious)
We don't.

The vacuum noise recedes.

LORI
And you should be meeting new
people here, Zach. We've been in
this house six months and I haven't
seen one new friend.

ZACH
Not for want of trying.

LORI

It'll be good for you to spend some time with your brother, too. He needs us.

ZACH

He needs a sack 'a powder and a Steely Dan LP, that's what.

ERIC

(enough)

DAMN IT Zach.

Zach shrinks back some. Eric has bite.

Zach stands. He steels himself, stares at his father.

ZACH

I'm sorry to hear about your fiscal woes.

(then)

Our fiscal woes.

Zach picks up the glass of scotch from the bar cart.

ZACH (CONT'D)

I'm taking this to my room.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - THE NEXT DAY

Zach sits opposite a BANK TELLER.

ZACH

Checking. Ends in 0304. Should be labeled Bar Mitzvah Proceeds.

BANK TELLER

(staring at a screen)

Uh huhh. Balance there would be nine hundred and forty six dollars.

Zach is not pleased.

ZACH

That golf camp in Key Largo really set me back.

(then)

I'll take what's left.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

QUICK CUTS:

- Zach slides furniture off a sprawling ORIENTAL RUG.
- Esmerelda helps him roll up the rug.
- Zach places a single yellow POST-IT in the center of the hardwood floor. It reads: "Borrowed the rug. Xo, Zach"
- Zach catches his breath. He turns to Esmerelda.

ZACH
Ez. Would you sit for me?

INT. ZACH'S ROOM

A corner of his room is set up for a PHOTO SHOOT: An island-themed backdrop, Klieg lights, a Canon 5D on a tripod.

ZACH
Okay, Ez. We're gonna do our own little Swimsuit Issue shoot. You're a star, like Nina Agdal. Or my personal favorite rookie, Hannah Davis.

Zach glances to the 2013 *Swimsuit Issue*. KATE UPTON on the cover.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Kate Upton... I couldn't handle that.
(re: boobs)
Or those.
(then)
Nobody could.

Esmerelda enters frame in a criminally undersized THONG and a BIKINI TOP that barely covers her nipples. She wears SWIM-FLOATIES. To reiterate, she weighs in at about 220 lbs.

Esmerelda smiles, loving this.

Zach puts his eye to the camera.

ZACH (CONT'D)
You're in paradise, Esmerelda. The cerulean shores of your native Cabo San Lucas.
(then)
Can you feel the ocean breeze?

CLICK.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

School has just let out. Hordes of STUDENTS disgorge from the building.

We find Zach in an open swath of the parking lot. He has set up a GALLERY OF HIS WORK.

The oriental rug from his house is laid down on the concrete. A series of EASELS prop up LARGE-FORMAT PRINTS from his photo shoot with Esmerelda. Some of them are nudes.

A small table holds a tray of plastic champagne flutes filled with sparkling apple juice.

Zach wears a smart black suit.

A small CROWD starts to congregate around this spectacle.

ZACH
Art, people. The only investment
that fuels both bank and soul.

A STOCKY SENIOR GUY walks up in full lacrosse gear. He tosses a lacrosse ball up and catches it in his stick repeatedly as he talks.

This is DENNIS MEAD. He has a hairy neck, and it's gross. Otherwise he looks like a nice guy.

DENNIS
(re: photos)
That your mom?

Zach SNATCHES THE LACROSSE BALL MID-AIR.

ZACH
No. It's yours. Or your sister,
whichever you prefer.

Zach gently places the lacrosse ball in the basket of Dennis' stick. Zach looks terrified, but resolved.

Students "ooh", provoking the two.

DENNIS
My sister's dead.

ZACH
That must have been tough.

Dennis steps forward in threat.

DENNIS

Lucky for your smart mouth, my
sister's alive and well.

ZACH

I know. She's standing next to you.

FLORENCE MEAD (16) stands by Dennis' side. Caramel hair and a
mile of legs. Hot, but seemingly bored by absolutely
everything.

FLORENCE

You two done talking about me?

ZACH

Yes ma'am.

DENNIS

Your photos supposed to be funny?

ZACH

They're whatever you need them to
be. Interested?

DENNIS

How much?

ZACH

Three hundred. Four fifty framed.
They're limited editions.

DENNIS

Fuck off.

ZACH

You're right. It's always wise to
pass on an artist's early work.

Dennis sticks his finger in Zach's chest.

DENNIS

I'm gonna fuck you up someday.
Physically. Emotionally. All of it.
(then)
But I am sorry I brought your mom
into this.

ZACH

She wouldn't mind.

Dennis pats Zach on the shoulder, HARD, and walks off.

Florence grabs a flute of apple juice and follows Dennis.

Zach peers into the distance and sees Principal Pearl marching towards him from the school.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Fire sale, people. Half off. One
fifty per print. Framing's still
one-fifty extra, I don't set those
prices.

Some of the students laugh at Zach and walk away.

SOME KID
How much for the rug?

ZACH
The rug belongs to my parents.
Actually, two thousand.

The kid walks away.

Principal Pearl arrives.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
Alright everyone. Go home or..
whatever you do when you leave.
(angry)
Zach. A word?

She and Zach step aside as the students disperse.

Principal Pearl just widens her eyes and tightly shakes her head, pleading for an explanation.

ZACH
You don't approve..

PRINCIPAL PEARL
I don't approve.

ZACH
I need to make a buck, Principal
Pearl. Fifteen thousand of them.

PRINCIPAL PEARL
For what?! Actually, I don't care.
You can't sell nude photographs of
your housekeeper in the school
parking lot.
(curiosity wins)
And what do you need fifteen
thousand dollars for?

ZACH

(sigh)

My parents have hit some..
financial quicksand, and they can't
foot the bill for summer camp. So
the burden goes to me.

(beat)

I'm boring you. The central theme
is that I'm in love, and I gotta do
something about it.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

Pack up the photos.

ZACH

Fine. Would you like one, gratis?
You strike me as a collector.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

I am not a collector.

Zach picks up one of the champagne flutes, holds it out.

ZACH

Cider.

Sandra regards Zach. She's half infuriated by him, a quarter
amused, and a quarter impressed.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

No, thank you.

She walks back toward the school.

Zach sips the apple juice.

He starts to pack the photos into a large black portfolio.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

How much for the one where you can
see her buttthole?

Zach turns to find DANA WEBER (17). A young Greta Gerwig, so,
she's cute if that's your thing. It is definitely Zach's
thing.

Dana has a CIGARETTE tucked behind her ear, and she carries a
beat up Jansport backpack with her name stitched on. Its wear
would suggest she's had it since fifth grade. A stark
contrast to the ocean of Marc Jacobs bags that surround.

Zach is, for a rare moment, speechless. He manages to break
his gaze. He looks at the photos, scanning for said buttthole.

ZACH
I'm not sure I know which one that
is..

DANA
Just getting your attention.

ZACH
Well, it's yours.

Dana points to one of the photos: Esmerelda in a come-hither
pose, nibbling at the point of a starfish.

DANA
How bout that one?

ZACH
They're all three hundred. Four
fifty framed.

Dana LAUGHS, then,

DANA
You're serious. Oh. I'm sorry.

ZACH
It's fine.

DANA
Guess I'll have to save up.

A beat. Charged?

ZACH
I'm locker 24601, if you need to
find me.

DANA
You're kidding..

ZACH
I traded for it.

DANA
Theatrical.

ZACH
Yeah. Zach Rosen, by the way.

DANA Dana. ZACH And you're Dana Weber.

She nods, starts to walk away. As she does,

DANA
Take it easy, Valjean.

ZACH
(too loud)
Wait!
(dials it back)
First one's on me.

Zach hands Dana the photo... and a flute of apple juice.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(re: juice)
For the road.

Dana takes a sip. Violet lipstick stains the rim of the flute, and Zach stares at the mark. She catches this. He needs to say something..

ZACH (CONT'D)
People probably give you shit for smoking, but I think it's cool for now.

DANA
(sincere)
Thank you.

Dana gives something like a smile, then walks away.

Zach stares at her tush. It's a good one.

ZACH
(to himself)
Bust for revenue. But we'll call this a win.

Zach takes out his cell phone, makes a call.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Hey mom, pick me up?

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - LATER

Zach sits on the rolled up rug outside the school's entrance. His portfolio and easels are neatly stacked by his side.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What's all this?

Zach turns to find a young TEACHER, MR. PICK (30). He wears a bland, shabby suit, but the TATTOOS OF SONGBIRDS that circle his wrists suggest some former glory.

ZACH

Oh. Hey. Thanks for selling me out to Sandra.

MR. PICK

What does that mean?

ZACH

Means I thought I was looking at an artist, but all I see is a damned turncoat.

MR. PICK

(careful)

Zach...

ZACH

You gave her my photos. I thought your darkroom was an asylum.

MR. PICK

I gave her nothing!

(thinking)

Might've been Tessa. Mormon girl?

ZACH

Are you allowed to talk that way about students?

MR. PICK

Mormon is not an epithet.

ZACH

Yea, you're right.

MR. PICK

Look, I don't care what you take pictures of, man. Just keep it under the radar. For your own sake.

ZACH

Sure.

MR. PICK

See ya tomorrow.

ZACH

Sure.

Mr. Pick heads toward the teachers' parking lot.

Zach checks his watch. He pops a bottle of cider, swigs.

A white late-model Jeep Grand Cherokee pulls up.

Zach opens the front passenger door of the Jeep, surprised to find CHARLIE ROSEN (19). Big bro. He emits that sad / righteous post-rehab serenity. He wears a KIPPAH.

CHARLIE
Nice suit.

ZACH
Nice hat.

INT. JEEP - MOVING

The rug, easels, and photos are loaded in the trunk.

ZACH
Where's mom?

CHARLIE
Giving a lesson.

ZACH
(pause)
Do you think she likes it?

CHARLIE
Likes what?

ZACH
Working.

CHARLIE
Oh. No, but I wish she did.

ZACH
I'm glad she doesn't. She's
teaching spoiled bitch-moms.

CHARLIE
She used to be one of those.

ZACH
Mm. She still is one too, I guess.
Just with less money.

Charlie nods, agreeing.

ZACH (CONT'D)
She's got the cumulative attitude
of both Williams sisters compressed
into one small white lady.

CHARLIE

And Djokovic's quads. And Arthur
Ashe's hair, oddly.

Zach lets out a short laugh. Despite the tension, these two
still grew up together.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be hard on her. Or
dad. They fill that role for each
other.

ZACH

Yea. I think it's nice when people
love each other and hate each other
at the same time. Exciting.

CHARLIE

That's a nonsense statement, I
think.

Charlie turns onto their street.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mom's pissed about the rug.

ZACH

Mom can screw herself.
(quickly)
I don't mean that.

CHARLIE

Where did this anger come from?

ZACH

What anger?

CHARLIE

Zach. The anger.

A beat. An angry one.

ZACH

I feel like a.. diabetic in
Candyland. Everything is just off
limits. I speak of girls. One in
particular.

CHARLIE

Honestly Zach? You can do better.
Jenna, she's.. just okay. You know,
as a person.

ZACH
I'll stuff that new hat in your
mouth if you say that again.

CHARLIE
Look man, I know you're not aware
of it yet... But you're, like, the
coolest person I know. You're just
advanced, which can suck. It's an
issue of context.

Zach taps his fingers on the armrest, anxious.

ZACH
That's nice of you to say.

A moment of amity. Until,

ZACH (CONT'D)
So what's it like being a coke
head?

Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
Ask dad.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - LATER

Nice place. We find Eric, Lori, Charlie and Zach. They fiddle
with their napkins and place settings. It's tense.

ERIC
First family dinner in months.
Isn't this nice?

ZACH
Is it?

Eric stares daggers at Zach.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Just wondering aloud. It is. I've
decided. It's nice.

Charlie gazes into his menu. He looks concerned.

ERIC
Something wrong Charlie?

CHARLIE
Oh. No. It's just, not much Kosher.

ZACH
Jesus Christ.

ERIC
Should we go somewhere else? This
is your night.

CHARLIE
I'll make do.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER
Can I get you started with some
drinks?

ERIC
I'll have a Belvedere martini,
olives, dirty.

LORI
(re: Charlie)
Eric...

ZACH
He went to rehab for blow, not
liquor. Let Dad have a drink. The
man drinks, let him have a drink.

CHARLIE
(wounded)
Come on, Zach.

WAITER
I can come back...

ERIC
No. It's fine. Iced tea, please.

The waiter looks to Zach.

ZACH
I'll have a rye Manhattan, rocks.

Charlie gets up and walks out of the restaurant.

LORI
That was uncalled for, Zachary.

ERIC
(genuinely wondering)
What the fuck, Zach?

ZACH
Tough love. I learned it from you.
(then)
I'll go apologize.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Charlie puffs on an ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE. Zach comes outside.

ZACH
You look like you're smoking
Optimus Prime's penis.

Charlie neglects to laugh.

ZACH (CONT'D)
I'm taking this out on you, but
it's not your fault.

CHARLIE
It's okay.

They stare at the curb.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You need money for camp. That's
what this is all about?

ZACH
Yeah.

CHARLIE
You'll figure something out. You're
crazier than you are smart. That's
usually the winning balance.

Zach takes the e-cigarette from Charlie's hand, drags.

ZACH
So when did you become Jewish?

CHARLIE
.. When our Jewish parents
conceived me.

ZACH
And the self-imposed dietary
restrictions? And the hat?

CHARLIE
Don't be a dick, baby bro.

ZACH
Fine.
(short, but sincere)
I love you.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - LATER

Zach sits at his desk. He opens FaceTime on his laptop and dials Jenna. She appears on the screen.

ZACH
Hey J!

JENNA
Hey babe, how's it goin?

ZACH
Rough few days, as it happens.

JENNA
Oh no what's wrong?

ZACH
Well..
(can barely get this out)
Turns out I might not be able to
come to camp this summer. Unless I
come up with the cash myself.

JENNA
That's awful, Zach!

ZACH
Yes. It is.
(wistfully)
I'm just a Kia in a Range Rover
world.

JENNA
Kia's are nice.

ZACH
Are they though? And both of your
parents drive Range Rovers.

JENNA
My mom got a Cayenne.
(then)
I see your point. Well, you'll
think of something, I'm sure.
You're very resourceful.

ZACH

I can be.

Zach peers into his screen. He spots something atop Jenna's dresser: A GIANT GOLD GOLF TROPHY.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Is that a.. golf trophy?

JENNA

Oh. Yea. Dan won his tournament, he gave it to me.

(then)

So he didn't have to fly with it.

ZACH

(crushed)

Right. I gotta run, homework and such.

JENNA

K. Keep your head up, babe. You'll be at camp this summer, I know it.

(then, sultry)

I'll make it worth your while.

Zach's heart pounds.

ZACH

What does that mean, exactly? By which I mean, you can be exact.

Jenna blows Zach a kiss and shuts her laptop. Zach's screen goes blank. He beams, back on top.

Zach spins around in his chair. He addresses the rack of Swimsuit Issues:

ZACH (CONT'D)

She's the real thing, huh? You girls would know.

(then)

I think we can agree that camp is a must.

Zach picks up a WESTBURY HIGH YEARBOOK from his desk.

He flips to the W's -- DANA WEBER. He stares at her for a moment, then continues to browse.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Good looking bunch. Photogenic. Kind, mostly.

Zach's eye is caught by the library rack of SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED SWIMSUIT ISSUES.

He looks down to the YEARBOOK... then up to the MAGAZINES.

Zach shoots up from his chair, thrilled, almost *amazed*.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Oh. Yes.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - THE NEXT DAY

Zach idles outside of a classroom. The BELL RINGS and
students swarm into the hall.

Zach spots Dana.

ZACH

DANA.

Too loud. A bunch of students turn. Dana's a bit embarrassed.

DANA

(searching for his name)

Hey...

ZACH

Zach.

DANA

Zach.

ZACH

Can I walk you to class?

DANA

It's right here.

ZACH

How'd I do then?

DANA

You were a little awkward.

ZACH

(actually pissed at
himself)

Shit.

(then)

Listen, I have a proposal.
Lucrative one.

DANA
Money lucrative?

ZACH
You know another kind?

She's listening.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Meet me by the bike racks after
school.

Zach walks off before she can respond.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - LATER

Zach approaches the bike racks. He sees A STUDENT putting
PINK TASSELS ON HIS BIKE. Zach breaks into a sprint.

ZACH
What the fuck, man?!

The student turns, busted. But it's no man at all. It's a
GIRL. Goth. Cute, but dressed like a monster.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(softer)
I mean... what the fuck?

GOTH GIRL
Your bike's gay. Thought I'd let it
know.

ZACH
It's not gay, it's efficient.

GOTH GIRL
Alright.

ZACH
It's efficient.
(then)
Please don't do this again.

GOTH GIRL
Fine. Sorry.

Zach carefully removes the tassels, hands them to the girl.

ZACH
These are yours.
(then)
We've never met. Zach Rosen.

GOTH GIRL
Ilana. You're new.

ZACH
To this school.

ILANA
Why'd you move here?

ZACH
I had problems.

ILANA
What kind?

ZACH
If I mention them, they'll know
where to find me.

Ilana nods, understanding.

ILANA
See ya.

She walks off. Zach uses his shirt to buff the glue residue
off his handle bars.

We see Dana approach.

DANA
What was that about?

ZACH
We're all just bumping into each
other on this planet. I'll tell ya.

DANA
Okay.
(then)
Your proposal?

Zach opens his backpack and hands her a copy of the 2013
Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue.

DANA (CONT'D)
(re: Kate Upton)
Nice rack.

ZACH
Sure, but it's unmanageable.
(then)
The rack is her situation.
(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

Our situation is this: We're going to make a Swimsuit Issue of the girls, and guys, of Westbury High. Then we're gonna sell it to the students.

DANA

(considers this)

I'm not sure that we are.

ZACH

(flurry of words, excited)

We are and I'll tell you why. First, I need the scratch. And you want it. Second, it's never been done and it'll be a work of art. Third, I need you. You're a junior and you know people. I only know of people.

Dana regards this odd young man before her.

DANA

You freak me out. But it doesn't bother me.

Zach removes two metal PEGS from his backpack and screws them into the back wheel of his bike. He climbs on the bike.

ZACH

I have some visual aids and data at my house. Hop on.

Dana runs through the many reasons why not before landing at,

DANA

Why not. But I'll walk.

ZACH

I'll walk you.

A beat.

DANA

I'll ride.

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE

Zach and Dana approach on Zach's moped, Dana on the pegs.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zach and Dana enter. They find Charlie in the living room WRAPPING TEFILLIN and DAVENING. In the zone!

ZACH
Jesus Christ.
(to Dana, as an
explanation)
He's a recovering addict.

INT. ZACH'S ROOM

Dana takes it in. The many and varied boobs that surround.

DANA
We know you're not gay. Or you are.
(then)
So what do you need all this money
for?

ZACH
To see my girlfriend. At camp.

DANA
Ah. The camp girlfriend.

ZACH
There's a distinction?

DANA
Sure.

ZACH
She's the most real thing I've got.
And she's my friend.
(then)
And I'll be honest. I'm in love
with her.

DANA
(surprised)
Oh, that's... really sweet.

ZACH
Is it?

DANA
Of course.

ZACH
Do you think other people will
think so?

DANA

Some.

ZACH

Good. We can use that.

(then)

I crunched the numbers, check it out.

Zach sits at his desk, Dana sits adjacent, on Zach's bed. Zach gets kind of nervous -- this is perhaps the first female butt to have ever graced his linens.

ZACH (CONT'D)

There are 2500 students at Westbury High. Figure 1500 buy a copy, that's a low estimate. We price it high because it's worth it and because the production value will be stellar. 30 bucks, say. That's \$45K. I budgeted out 5K for the shoot, so that leaves us with 20 grand each. I go to camp, and you...

DANA

(daydreaming)

Move to Kyoto...

ZACH

Okay... Really?

DANA

Really.

ZACH

Well.. Sayonara.

Dana breaks her trance.

DANA

There's a problem.

ZACH

Shoot.

DANA

People might buy it, but.. nobody will want to be in it.

ZACH

Well, yea, sure. We'll have to get around that.

DANA

How?

ZACH

How anything of value gets done:
Divide and conquer, and take only
yes for an answer. I'll recruit the
guys, you recruit the girls.

DANA

Mm, no. Girls don't like me so
much.

ZACH

Why not?

DANA

They don't like me so much.

ZACH

Should I press the point?

DANA

Nope.

ZACH

Shady, but fine. I'll do girls.

DANA

(thinks)

I'd say this is worth a shot, but
I'm not sure that it is.

ZACH

But you'll do it anyway?

DANA

... Yea.

ZACH

I have a good feeling about this.

DANA

(genuine)

I can't imagine why.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - THE NEXT DAY

CHEERLEADERS practice at the fifty-yard-line.

We find Zach sitting alone on the bleachers. He flips through
a *Vanity Fair*, occasionally glancing up at the field.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is this like your pervert's Widow's
Walk or something?

Zach looks around for the source of the voice, sees no one.

Then he looks DOWN. Ilana (goth girl) is under the bleachers.

ZACH
How long have you been down there?

ILANA
Long enough to know how long you've
been up there.

ZACH
Can I help you?

ILANA
What are you doing?

ZACH
Waiting.

ILANA
Me too.

ZACH
For what?

ILANA
To find out what you're doing.

She's relentless. So Zach relents.

ZACH
I'm making a Swimsuit Issue, for
our school. Scouting talent. I'll
let you know when it's available
for purchase.

ILANA
That's kinda gross.

ZACH
It'll be tasteful. And gender
inclusive.

ILANA
Okay. Can I be in it?

Zach is taken aback.

ZACH

Oh. Uh..

ILANA

You don't think I'm pretty enough.

ZACH

It's not that, I'm just surprised.

ILANA

I'm pretty.

ZACH

I know.

ILANA

No you don't. But you will.

(then)

Are you going to be in it?

ZACH

I'm behind the camera.

ILANA

Good.

ZACH

Why good?

ILANA

You need to put on some weight.

ZACH

(pause)

I agree. But that's kinda hurtful.

ILANA

No, it's helpful.

(then)

Do you throw up?

ZACH

No! Do you want to come up here?

I'm speaking to my Birkenstocks.

There's no response. Zach looks down, scans around. She's gone. Zach seems fazed by the interaction.

On the field, the cheerleaders wrap up their practice.

Zach descends the bleachers and stands by the sidelines.

He has his eye on one girl in particular: Florence Mead. She nears the sidelines and senses that Zach is waiting for her.

FLORENCE
Need something?

ZACH
You guys looked great out there.
Athletically.

FLORENCE
Thanks.

ZACH
And otherwise, but...

FLORENCE
It's fine. Thanks.

ZACH
Thanks. Listen, you saw my work the
other day in the parking lot,
right?

FLORENCE
Yea. It was funny.

ZACH
(encouraged)
Really?

Florence shrugs.

ZACH (CONT'D)
The reason I ask is because I'm
working on a new project, and I'd
like you to be involved.

FLORENCE
Oh. No.

ZACH
You don't even know what it is.

FLORENCE
It's a project. You just said that.

ZACH
I thought you like my work.

FLORENCE
I said it was funny.

ZACH
That means you like it, trust me.

Florence is losing her patience.

ZACH (CONT'D)

I'm making a Swimsuit Issue of the finest models, male and female, that our school has to offer. You're obviously amongst that group, so I kinda need your participation if it's going to work.

Florence might think he's joking. Then realizes he's not.

FLORENCE

Are you doing this to make friends? 'Cause I might suggest a different approach.

ZACH

I'm doing this to make art. And money. I have plenty of friends.

FLORENCE

I've literally never seen you in the company of anyone.

ZACH

They don't live around here. They're from camp, mostly. I got a girl there, too.

FLORENCE

Oh. That's sad.

ZACH

You're telling me. Look, I'm raising funds so I can go to camp and be with the love of my life.

(beat)

If that does anything for you.

She thinks.

FLORENCE

The answer's still no. If I did do it, it would be out of pity.

ZACH

That's cool, I'm an ends man.

Her frustration is now real.

FLORENCE

I need to hit the showers.

ZACH

Sounds fun, have fun. I mean thank you. It was nice to talk to you.

FLORENCE

Yea.

Florence heads off towards the school.

A MALE CHEERLEADER (SAMMY MAGGEE) approaches behind Zach.

Sammy YELLS OUT to Florence,

SAMMY

He's watching you walk away.

FLORENCE

Please don't watch me walk away.

ZACH

Of course. I wasn't, I'm sorry. Of course.

Zach turns to Sammy.

ZACH (CONT'D)

You *damned* turncoat.

(then, quickly)

I didn't mean that.

(extends his hand)

Zach Rosen.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - THEATER - DAY

Dana sits in the last row, shrouded in darkness.

Two MALE STUDENTS (FRED and GREGORY) rehearse on stage.

Fred is a dashing, cocky theater dude. Thinks he's Adrian Brody. With good cause. Gregory is super sweet, and not entirely there. Fetal-alcohol kind of thing.

Fred and Gregory run lines for an all-male adaptation of Tom Robbins' *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. They wear ten-gallon hats, chaps, and padded bras.

FRED

"Here's a little self-celebration I bet you ladies never thought of. What you do is reach down with your fingers and get them wet with your juice. Then you rub it in behind your ears."

GREGORY
"Behind your ears?!"

A DRAMA TEACHER (MR. DANTANA) explodes onto the stage.

MR. DANTANA
 CUT! Gentlemen, you know full well
 we did away with that exchange.
 This is a *school*. This is a, a
 place of *education*. A *school*.

FRED
 Did you not learn something, Mr.
 Dantana?

MR. DANTANA
 Don't be crass, Fred. Not with me.
 Not with anyone. Especially not
 with me.

GREGORY
 What Fred means, I think, is that,
 moist as they may be, we should
 obey the author's intentions?

MR. DANTANA
 (pause)
 That's somehow more gross, Gregory.
 We'll call this a day.
 (walking off stage)
Honor the edits, goddammit!

Fred and Gregory begin to pack up their costumes.

Dana approaches from the wings.

DANA
 I've tried that. Behind the ears.
 Not a myth.

Fred looks surprised to see her.

FRED
 The prodigal daughter returns.

GREGORY
 Yea.

FRED
 (impatient)
 Yea *what*, Gregory?

GREGORY
 She does. She returns.

FRED
(super impatient)
That's fucking right, Gregory.

Dana motions for Fred to take it easy on him.

FRED (CONT'D)
So what's up? You quit theater. And here you are. In a theater.

DANA
I've got a little art project I'm working on, thought I might recruit your help.

FRED
Go on.

GREGORY
I'll do it. If you please.

DANA
It's a Swimsuit Issue. Of Westbury High. Be a crime if those shoulders weren't in there.

Fred considers. His ego likes a stroking as much as his wiener does.

GREGORY
I'll do it. Please.

DANA
Sure Gregory, you're in too.

GREGORY
You should get Mr. Fulton to be in it. Oh wait, he can't.

Dana's eyes go wide.

FRED
Shut the fuck up, Gregory. You shut the fuck up now.

GREGORY
Because he's in jail.

Fred punches Gregory on the arm, hard, which only seems to embolden Gregory.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
 (thinks this is hilarious)
 Because you sucked on his penis in
 the Teacher's Lounge!

Fred pushes Gregory to the ground. Gregory laughs.

DANA
 (tearing up)
 Leave him alone.
 (then, to Gregory)
 Leave me alone.

Gregory sees that she's upset. He tears up as well.

FRED
 (sotto)
 How drama doth unfold upon the
 stage.
 (then)
 Don't listen to him, Dana. He's
 practically made out of cheap white
 zinfandel.

Dana really loses it now. Waterworks.

DANA
 You are both awful.

Dana runs out of the theater.

Fred helps Gregory up.

FRED
 (apologizing)
 We say hurtful things.
 (then)
 And it was a handjob. She wouldn't
 suck on a Strawberry-Vanilla Chupa
 Chup, trust me.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - DAY

Zach stands outside of a classroom. He peers in through the window in the door at a group of older looking students.

Zach takes out his cellphone. He dials. He waits. Voicemail.

ZACH
 Hey Dana. Hi. Zach. Rosen. Noticed
 you haven't been to school in three
 days.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
Not sure if we've known each other
long enough for me to be concerned
about you, but.. I'm concerned
about you. Call me back. We have
work to do. And I'm concerned. Bye.

INT. / EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - MAIN LOBBY

Zach surreptitiously walks out of the school. THE SECURITY
GUARD sees him leave.

GUARD
Hey man, you have a pass?

Zach just says,

ZACH
Que?

And keeps on going. Zach breaks into a run. The guard doesn't
bother to pursue.

EXT. WESTBURY - VARIOUS ROADS - DAY

We track with Zach as he rides his moped down the narrow
shoulder. Cars hurtle by.

CUT TO:

LATER.

Zach's moped has run out of battery. He pedals hard, winded.

The landscape has changed. Eroded, specifically. A run down
Target, empty take-out restaurants, and more than one place
that will tint your car windows.

Zach sees a Kia dealership and chuckles to himself, sadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Zach reaches his destination. He is drenched in sweat.

Zach looks at his phone and double checks the address. Can
this be the place? On the otherwise flat land, the tall brick
structure sticks out like a discolored mole.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Zach knocks on a door. He waits. Hears shuffling.

ZACH
Dana, it's Zach. Rosen.

A long pause before Dana opens the door, baffled to see him.

ZACH (CONT'D)
You look fine. Great, even. But you
haven't been at school in three
days.

DANA
I do that sometimes.

ZACH
I feel like doing that all the
time. But I don't.

DANA
(a beat)
Come in.

INT. DANA'S APARMENT - CONTINUOUS

A small light-filled space. It's a stark relief to the grunge of the building. Decor is hippie-dream-girl-chic: cheap tapestries and expensive soaps.

ZACH
Wait, do you live here? Alone?

DANA
How did you get here? *Find* here?

ZACH
Sleuth work and a mobile device.
And I biked. You live here alone?

DANA
You biked? And yes.

Zach looks kind of faint.

DANA (CONT'D)
Do you need water?

ZACH
I might actually pass away if I
don't drink water very soon.

Dana heads to the kitchen, returns with a large bottle of coconut water.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(re: coconut water)
Is it good? I hear it's good.

DANA
Drink it, weirdo.

Zach chugs between deep breaths, recovers.

ZACH
You haven't been to school in three days. And why do you live alone?

DANA
My grandma left it to me, so I use it.

ZACH
It's far from school.

DANA
It's far from my mom.

Zach gets that.

DANA (CONT'D)
Thanks for checking in on me.

ZACH
We're business partners. I've invested in you.

DANA
About that.

ZACH
(mishearing her)
Yea, how about that.

DANA
No, this swimsuit thing. I'm out.
It's a bad idea, for me at least.

ZACH
Let me stop you.

DANA
I already stopped.

ZACH

Right. Look. You avoid people. Even though you're really quite cool. I don't get it.

Dana chews at her inner cheek. She decides to get it out:

DANA

I.. had a thing.. with a teacher, Zach. And I freaked and I told someone. And he's in jail. So now I'm a slut to some, a rat to others, and both of those things to most.

This hits Zach hard. Real life grown up stuff. He is silent.

DANA (CONT'D)

You don't have to say anything.

A long shitty pause.

ZACH

Most people I care deeply about have done something immensely stupid in their lives. And I hate them for it. But I keep loving them, because all odds indicate that someday I'll do something immensely stupid myself. And I'll need them to keep loving me. So, it's fine.

DANA

I didn't ask for your forgiveness.

ZACH

Well you can have it anyway.

DANA

You were on the right track, and now you're off of it.

ZACH

(nods, agreeing)

You can't let people judge you, Dana. And if you want to get to Japan or whatever, you need to stay committed. We're gonna cash in on this idea, and we'll both get what we want. Which is out of here.

He makes a point.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Next Thursday is the Teacher's Convention, so no school. My parents will be at work and I'm going to have a party at my house. We'll get the pretty people day-drunk, sell 'em on the idea, get this thing going.

Dana considers this.

DANA

I can't believe you biked all the way here.

ZACH

I wouldn't walk 500 miles. But I would bike it.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

We find Zach sitting in the front passenger seat of a late-90's maroon Dodge minivan.

Esmerelda exits the liquor store holding a box full of assorted fifths of booze.

Zach gets out and opens the sliding side door for her. She sets the bottles down.

ESMERELDA

More!

ZACH

Excellent.

She heads back into the store. Emerges with another box.

ESMERELDA

More!

ZACH

You are the best, Ez.

Esmerelda smiles. She sets the box down and heads back in.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Zach sits at his desk. We see the BOXES OF LIQUOR stacked on the floor in the background.

One of the bottles - bourbon - sits open on Zach's desk.

Zach is nervous. He checks his watch compulsively, picks at the label on the bourbon bottle.

He pours a shot into a small floral-print paper bathroom cup.

Zach wrestles down the shot, shivers like a wet dog. He opens his laptop and pulls up FaceTime.

His finger hovers above the trackpad as if he's about to initiate a launch sequence. He clicks, dials.

An excruciating number of RINGS before... Jenna finally answers, appears on the screen. She is *mega dolled up*. Looks four years her senior.

JENNA
(busy, checking her
mascara in a compact)
Hey Zach.

ZACH
Hey! I know you said you'd call me
but.. you didn't.
(thinking quick)
And I have plans soon, so..

JENNA
Yea, of course, sorry.

ZACH
You look beautiful. Why do you look
beautiful?

JENNA
Excuse me?

ZACH
I mean, you headed somewhere?

JENNA
Yea I'm going out tonight.
(then)
With the girls.

ZACH
Nice, nice. Say hello for me.

What else..

ZACH (CONT'D)
So I'm hot on the money trail,
should be good to go for camp. Few
things to shore up but I'm
optimistic.

JENNA
(profoundly unconvincing)
That's great, Zach.

ZACH
... Are you acting weird?

The answer is yes.

JENNA
No.

There's a sudden LOUD BANGING outside Zach's door.

ZACH
Hang on a second?

JENNA
I actually have to..

Zach jolts over to his door and opens it to find Charlie nailing a MEZUZAH into Zach's door frame.

ZACH
Are you kidding me?

CHARLIE
Didn't know you were home, sorry.
(re: the mezuzah)
You don't have one.

ZACH
I know. I'm talking to Jenna, can we do this later?

Charlie looks in and sees Jenna on Zach's laptop.

CHARLIE
Hey Jenna!

Charlie walks past Zach, *looking Zach straight in the eyes as he does so.*

Charlie speaks into the laptop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Going to the Tony Awards?

JENNA
Oh hey, Charlie! No, just out.

CHARLIE

Uh huh. My brother's making all manner of ill-advised efforts in order to see you this summer. You're a lucky girl.

JENNA

(pause)

Sure am.

Zach pokes a finger into Charlie's spine.

CHARLIE

Have fun tonight and be safe! Let's speak soon. Be safe, huh?

JENNA

Of course!

Charlie turns to leave. Sotto, to Zach:

CHARLIE

She is unfaithful. I'll be downstairs if you want to talk.

(then)

I expect you'll want to talk.

Charlie leaves. Zach sits back down at his desk, likely trembling.

ZACH

Sorry about that. He found God. Or God found him. Not sure how that works.

(then)

Are you acting weird?

A black hole of a pause.

JENNA

Zach we should talk.

ZACH

(defensive)

That's exactly what we're doing right now.

JENNA

(pleading)

Zach.

ZACH

(rapid-fire)

I know that you know my name.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

And I, for sure, know my name. So let's save us both some time and stop reminding each other of what my name is.

Skidding breaks. He has certainly never wielded that tone with her.

JENNA

(now upset)

Zach. It's just..

(and finally)

Dan and I.

ZACH

He is a *counselor*. He is *eighteen*. How are you the second raped girl I've talked to today?!

JENNA

He's seventeen. And we're involved, Zach. You can still come to camp, I want you to, but I also want you to be prepared.

ZACH

Oh. I'm about to get real prepared.

Zach takes a long, tortured pull of bourbon.

JENNA

Are you drinking?

ZACH

No.

He takes another pull, this one longer still.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Now I'm drinking.

(then)

Give this to Dan for me.

Zach *gives her the middle finger* and slams his laptop shut.

Zach looks around his room, fiendish, as if to find something to break. But he respects all his shit too much. So he decides to break himself. Zach starts pounding his fists against the top of his thighs. Hard. His eyes condense with tears. This is a shame.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - MORNING

Zach walks alongside his moped. A slight limp, compliments of self-flagellation.

He wears smudged sunglasses and this fucked up hybrid of a grimace and a frown.

If some hangovers are a sprain, Zach's is a compound fracture.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - CLASSROOM - LATER

Algebra equations litter the chalkboard. Zach sits silently in the back of the class, sunglasses still on.

Students file in and take their seats.

A cute, exotic looking BRAZILIAN GIRL (SHARI) sits next to Zach. This briefly piques his interest.

ZACH
Shari, right?

Zach's voice is gravelly from drink. That, paired with his sunglasses and deflated energy make him seem... rather cool.

SHARI
That's right.

ZACH
Zach Rosen.

SHARI
We sit next to each other. I know you.

ZACH
I've learned I can't assume.

SHARI
(re: sunglasses inside)
New look?

ZACH
(kind of a mumble)
Necessity's the mother of invention.

SHARI
Okay.

ZACH

I'm having a party at my house
Thursday. Daytime thing. You should
come. Catered, booze, everything.

SHARI

Can I bring people?

ZACH

You can have a plus-one, yes.
(off her look)
I mean, sure, bring whoever.

Zach hands Shari a BUSINESS CARD with his address on it --
his new attitude renders the gesture more of a demand than a
request.

Shari takes the business card, nods her thanks, perhaps
intrigued by this new Zach.

MRS. DORIAN (60's, kind but stern) enters the classroom. The
students settle down without being asked.

Mrs. Dorian erases the algebra equations on the board and
transcribes a new one.

She looks out at the class and notices Zach.

MRS. DORIAN

Mr. Rosen, is something wrong?

Zach processes her question literally, says without sarcasm:

ZACH

All sorts of things, at current.

The students chuckle, not Zach's intent.

MRS. DORIAN

Care to discuss? Eye to eye?

ZACH

The sunglasses, oh. I'll keep them
on if that's okay.

MRS. DORIAN

That's not okay.

Zach can't stomach a fight. Or any more attention. He takes
off his shades. The florescent lights scream at him.

MRS. DORIAN (CONT'D)

(concerned)

That's better. Thank you.

(MORE)

MRS. DORIAN (CONT'D)
(to the class)
Let's review polynomials.

And with "polynomials", Zach vomits a small amount onto his desk. It's a mini-vomit, a trickle really, but puke nonetheless.

Shari screams.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE

Zach is stretched out on a cot, a cold compress on his forehead, sunglasses back on.

The NURSE enters (MR. WOODROW, 40. Clings to youth by wearing American Apparel).

MR. WOODROW
How we feelin', Zach?

ZACH
I'm fine.

MR. WOODROW
Sure ya are. Just a little case of
the Hemingway's.

Mr. Woodrow hands Zach a blue Gatorade.

MR. WOODROW (CONT'D)
I drank in high school, I get it.
But you can't be a clown and get
sick.

Zach is taken aback by Mr. Woodrow seeing his cards. He decides to trust him.

ZACH
I at once want to drink a lot of
alcohol right this second, and also
never drink any of it ever again.
It's very confusing.
(manages a shrug)
I should have known better.

MR. WOODROW
You're fifteen. I didn't know
better until ten years ago.

ZACH
(tenuous)
Do you drink?

Mr. Woodrow considers how to answer this.

MR. WOODROW
A man is only allotted so many
drinks in his lifetime. I drank all
of mine before I turned thirty.

Zach absorbs the horror of that statement.

Zach sips his Gatorade.

MATCH TO:

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Zach sips bourbon from a plastic cup.

He looks out at his yard, set up for the party: A keg, and several plastic tubs filled with ice and bottles of liquor.

Zach regards his prep work, nervous but satisfied.

He tops off his drink.

The DOORBELL rings.

Zach rushes through the house to the front door. He looks through the peephole.

ZACH
Oh, fuck.
(then)
What the fuck?

Zach opens the door to reveal HIS FATHER.

What follows has the rhythm of a toddler playing a xylophone:

ZACH (CONT'D)
Hey, dad. What, uh, why are you
home?

ERIC
Why are you home?

ZACH
Teacher's Convention, no school
today.
(then)
Why are you home?

ERIC
I eat lunch at home sometimes.

ZACH
Your office is like forty minutes
away.

ERIC
I said sometimes.

Tense beat. Suspicion on both sides of the door.

ZACH
Do you want to come in?

ERIC
I own this house. Do you want to
stay in?

ZACH
Yes. Come in.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eric looks around, notices:

ERIC
Where's the sofa?

The living room sofa is indeed absent.

ZACH
It's outside.

ERIC
But.. it's meant to be inside,
Zach.

ZACH
This is temporary.

ERIC
You've become impossible to speak
to.

ZACH
How so?

ERIC
You include all but the relevant
information in what you say.

ZACH
I set up a photo booth of sorts
outside, some people are coming by.
(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
I'm having a.. fundraiser. For
camp.

ERIC
Still with camp?

ZACH
(pointed)
Still with camp.

Eric shrugs.

ERIC
Power to you, bud. That girl must
be something special.

Though she's not,

ZACH
...She is.

ERIC
(sniffs)
Have you been drinking?

ZACH
No.

ERIC
Mm hm.
(then)
Can I have some?

ZACH
(a beat)
You may have one beer. I can't have
you drunk.

Zach walks out to the yard. He returns with two Heineken
Lights, hands one to Eric.

Zach and Eric stand in place. Conversation does not come
naturally between these two.

Eric takes a sip. A gulp-sized sip. He gathers this gem:

ERIC
Good beer.

ZACH
Yup.

ERIC
Yea.

Still more stale time.

ZACH
I feel like we're in King of the Hill, but it's real life so it's depressing.

Eric nods.

ERIC
We should talk. Actually talk.

ZACH
Yea.

And yet they don't.

Mercifully, we hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs. Charlie walks into the living room.

CHARLIE
Gentlemen! Why are you home, dad?

ZACH
(to Charlie)
Why are you home? I thought you were volunteering at the Temple.

CHARLIE
Took a day off. Hashem forgive me.

ZACH
You've just been upstairs all day?

CHARLIE
I thought you were jerking off in the kitchen.

ERIC
(not cool)
Zach. Man.

ZACH
I was not! Why would you say that?

CHARLIE
There was a washcloth down on one of the bar stools and a pump-bottle of unscented Jergens on the island.

Eric glares at Zach.

ZACH
I didn't go through with it. I
considered it, and I thought better
of it. You have my word.

A long pause, before,

ERIC
I've done it.

ZACH CHARLIE
Jesus, dad! Hashem forgive you.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's my kitchen.

ZACH CHARLIE
It's our kitchen. It is your kitchen.

ZACH
(to Charlie)
Which are you, addict or enabler?

CHARLIE
Two sides of a coin.

Wanting to move on,

ZACH
Look, there are a few people coming
over. If you can be cool, you can
both stay. But I need you to be
cool.

ERIC
(to Charlie)
He keeps giving me permission to do
things I'm allowed to do.

ZACH
Be. Cool. Starting now.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

By anyone's standard, this is a party. Shots are being
ripped. Bongs are being ripped. Somewhere, certainly, zippers
are being ripped.

Zach sits on the island counter. His camera hangs from a
strap around his neck. He takes candid photos. People don't
seem to notice.

Zach is drunk enough to be not-miserable. He talks with Fred and Gregory (the theater kids).

ZACH

Can I count on your support?

FRED

You're asking to take pictures of me with my shirt off.

ZACH

Not exactly.

FRED

No. Exactly. It's that exactly.

GREGORY

(points at Zach)

YOU. Are gay.

(then, sotto)

Lucky.

FRED

He's not gay. Gay I can trust. I don't trust whatever he is.

ZACH

I'm a man in love. What's not to trust about that?

FRED

Fuckin'... everything.

ZACH

There's back-end if this thing does well. The profits will trickle down.

GREGORY

Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel.

FRED

What, Gregory?

GREGORY

Prophets.

FRED

(compassionate)

That's right, Greg.

(to Zach)

I'd want it in writing.

ZACH
My dad works for LegalZoom.
Whatever you want, ironclad.

Fred sizes Zach up.

FRED
It's Dana.

ZACH
What's Dana?

FRED
Who you're in love with.

For the first time since we met Zach, the words do not immediately pour forth. Fred, it seems, is correct.

FRED (CONT'D)
I thought so. Careful with that
axe.

ZACH
I am not in love with Dana.

FRED
My dad is a behavioral
psychologist, which means two
things: One, I'm a mess. And two, I
know a mess when I see one.

SOME GUY bumps into Zach, spills his beer all over him.

Zach peers down at his soaked shirt.

ZACH
Look at this mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Eric lies in a HAMMOCK, one leg hanging off the side.

A GROUP OF SEVERAL STUDENTS sit Indian-style on the grass around Eric, including Sammy Maggee, Florence Meade and some other girls who must be cheerleaders.

Eric is holding court. The teenagers listen intently.

ERIC

So the irony is that it was cocaine
that got me through the bar exam,
and cocaine that got me disbarred.

SAMMY

How much were you busted with?

ERIC

Half key.

SAMMY

Damn.

ERIC

My Costco buying habits extend to
other arenas, I guess.

SAMMY

Only sensible.

FLORENCE

So then Charlie became addicted? Is
it like hereditary?

ERIC

No. But it is highly contagious.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits on the top stair to the second floor. He does
not look pleased with the afternoon's proceedings.

Two STUDENTS (guy and girl) start to walk upstairs, hand in
hand.

They make it to the first step before Charlie says,

CHARLIE

Nope.

The would-be shaggers about-face.

Charlie turns his gaze to his iPhone. An app to learn Hebrew,
probably. Or perhaps some classy porn.

His attention is broken when the front door opens: DANA.

She looks around tentatively. This is not her scene, these
are not her people.

Dana looks up the stairs and sees Charlie.

DANA

Hey.

CHARLIE

Hello.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

With Eric. More students have gathered. Sammy serves as a kind of moderator. The students are entranced by Eric.

SAMMY

What does nothing mean?

ERIC

Means just that. I'm going to take a year off from life, and do nothing but catch up on the New Yorker and learn how to knit. Or sew. If there's a difference. First I'll learn if there's a difference.

SAMMY

You're a hero, Eric.

ERIC

I'm not, but I can see how you'd think so.

SAMMY

And how will your family support itself?

ERIC

Let me explain something. Six days ago, I had a gun to my head. A real one with bullets. The thought of taking one year off from giving a shit about anything whatsoever is the only thing that's allowed me to be here speaking to you kids.

SAMMY

Not sure that answers my question. Maybe a question, but not mine.

ERIC

Sammy, is it? Look, nothing at all in this world is as important to me as my family. They may not know that but it's true.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

And I'm worth more to them alive
than I am dead. I did the math.

The students are drunk and high so they just nod their heads,
do what they can to process Eric's words.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It was the New Yorkers. That stack
of unread New Yorkers. Represented
all my failings, and just made me
want to kill myself. Then I was
like, wait, why don't I just read
them? Just.. make the time to *read*
them? And here I am.

Zach approaches, now in a dry shirt.

ZACH

Dad.. what are you doing out here..

SAMMY

Your dad's the man, Zach. Really
quite the man.

A chorus of "yea's" from the other students.

This is news to Zach.

ZACH

Can be.

SAMMY

No. I mean, the man. A man.

ZACH

I really don't know what you mean
and neither do you.

ERIC

I'll head upstairs, leave you
alone.

ALL THE GIRLS

Noooo!

Zach now sees that this can go his way.

ZACH

Dad. Stay.

Eric settles deeper into the hammock.

ERIC
 You kids have fun. I'll be right
 here if you need me.
 (then, satisfied)
 Right here. Pretty much forever.

Zach buckles his eyebrows. What did that mean? He lets it go.

ZACH
 Everyone: The photo booth is now
 open. Come get the first non-iPhone
 picture you've had in years.

CUT TO:

A FLASH.

Zach is behind the camera. In front of him is the living room
 sofa, flanked by bounce boards and Kleig lights. Pro setup.

A DORKY FRESHMAN COUPLE sits on the sofa, impossibly happy
 with one another. Zach snaps another shot.

ZACH
 (sincere)
 You two are a treasure. NEXT.

The dorky couple smile their thanks and leave.

We pull back to realize that a LINE has formed. The group of
 CHEERLEADERS are at the front.

They try to assemble themselves on the sofa. Their
 inebriation makes it difficult for them to coordinate, and
 easy for us to watch.

They manage to fit six girls on the couch.

ZACH (CONT'D)
 That everyone? Literally the more
 the merrier.

Zach snaps a bunch of photos.

Suddenly, Gregory arrives behind the cheerleaders and dumps a
 HUGE BUCKET OF WATER ON THEM. At first they SCREAM, but then
 they realize it's Gregory, and laugh it off. They like him.

Zach snaps a bunch of photos.

The girls shake water all over each other, splashing around.

Zach snaps a bunch of photos. Gold!

ZACH (CONT'D)
(excited, in its various
forms)
Alright, got the shot.

The girls run off, laughing. Even Florence.

Florence doubles back toward Zach.

FLORENCE
You should submit those for the
yearbook.

Something occurs to Zach. Something he likes.

ZACH
These won't be in the yearbook.
These will *be* the yearbook.

FLORENCE
I don't know what that means.

ZACH
The yearbook is Puritan nonsense.
Who needs it? And who wants it?

Florence is done with this discussion.

FLORENCE
(a command)
Email me the pics?

She walks away.

ZACH
(sotto)
These will be the yearbook. And the
yearbook will not be.

Zach glances back at the LONG LINE OF STUDENTS.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Next up.

Zach adjusts some settings on his camera. A RUCKUS starts
behind him.

STUDENT (O.S.)
Hey there's a line.

ILANA
Shut your mouth.

ILANA marches into frame and sits on the couch. She is very pissed off about something, but Zach doesn't notice this.

ZACH

Hey, you made it!

ILANA

Made it? That would imply an invitation. But I didn't get one of those. I'm crashing this party. And things are about to start crashing.

ZACH

(ahh shit)

I was sure I invited you. I invited everyone.

ILANA

(venomous)

Everyone but me.

ZACH

How was I to find you? You're some elusive wood-nymph! You only exist when you're vandalizing my bike or asking me series of elliptical questions!

ILANA

Well here's a series of statements. You are a fraud. You are surface. You don't want friends, you want people who look like your idea of friends. You don't want a girlfriend, you want someone who looks like what you imagine a girlfriend to look like. I watch you, so I know. Because you are *surface*. And know this, Zach: Life on the surface sucks. It's where most people live, and that's why most people suck. So one day if you manage to burrow down to some depth, you can look me up. But don't expect to find me on the surface again. That's your turf, asshole.

Ilana stares into the back of Zach's eyes. It's terrifying. Zach is humiliated to the point of paralysis.

Dennis Meade, standing in line, chimes in,

DENNIS
Damn, Rosen. She got your number.
(then, empathetic)
Hurts when they get your number.

ILANA
(seething)
Take my picture.

ZACH
.. Okay.

Zach tries to focus the lens, but his hand trembles.
Just before he snaps the shot, Ilana jolts from frame.

ILANA
You can earn it.

She pushes Zach in the chest and storms off, grabbing a beer from an ice bucket on her way out.

People OOH, AHH, OH SHIT and otherwise jeer Zach.

ZACH
I'm out of film, everyone. Photo booth's closed.

STUDENT
That's a digital camera.

ZACH
(abrupt)
Whatever it runs on, I'm out of it.

The students BOO.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(walking away)
HAVE A HEART.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Zach enters. He sees Charlie sitting on the kitchen counter. Charlie drinks from a red Solo cup, supervising the scene.

Zach approaches Charlie and grabs the cup from his hand.

He downs the cup's contents in one swig, then SPITS IT into the sink, disgusted.

ZACH
What is that?!

CHARLIE
Cranberry juice.

ZACH
Why?

CHARLIE
I'm in recovery.

ZACH
From your period?

Charlie can tell that Zach is losing it.

CHARLIE
What the hell is wrong with you?

ZACH
(pause)
I'm a fraud.

Charlie is taken aback by this. For all of Zach's vulnerability, he rarely wears it on his sleeve.

CHARLIE
No, you're not.

ZACH
How do you know?

CHARLIE
Because you're playing the Crosby
Stills Nash and Young Pandora
station at a modern-day high school
party.

ZACH
So?

CHARLIE
The fact that you see nothing wrong
with that means you're the genuine
article. Trust me.

Zach considers this. He does trust him. Zach regains a modicum of composure.

ZACH
Nobody knows what they're talking
about.

CHARLIE

That's right. Now what do you say
we get these fucking people out of
our home.

The threat of a smile emerges on Zach's face. He's glad to
see Charlie bare some claws again.

ZACH

Hey, have you seen that girl Dana
around?

A beat.

CHARLIE

I have not.

CUT TO:

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

All is quiet. It's as though the party didn't happen. Almost.

The sofa is back in place. Zach is passed out on it, face
down.

Eric is passed out on the nearby Eames chair, a beer cradled
in his arm.

A few errant bottles and plastic cups lay about, but in all
Zach did a good job cleaning up.

The front door opens: LORI. She's in her tennis clothes and
carries a large racquet bag.

She takes one step and notices that the floor is sticky. She
sniffs the air. Frustration creeps up on her.

Then she sees Zach and Eric. She does the math. Frustration
turns to fury.

Lori sets down her racquet bag, and takes out a racquet. And
a few balls.

She tosses a ball into the air and SPIKES IT AT ERIC. It hits
him SQUARE IN THE FOREHEAD. Eric spasms to life, SCREAMING.

This wakes Zach from his boozy slumber. Then SLAM. Zach gets
a speeder to the sternum.

ZACH

(through gasps)
What. Is. Happening.

Lori sends another serve toward Eric but Eric dives behind the couch. Her shot goes clear through a vase.

ERIC

Jesus! Jesus, woman! I mean Lori!
Damn it!

Zach sees Lori teeing up another serve and he too dives behind the couch.

FOOTSTEPS speed down the stairs. Charlie.

CHARLIE

What's going on down here?!

Lori spikes a ball at Charlie! Charlie spins around, gets beamed in the spine.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mom! Why?!

LORI

(volcanic)

WHY?!

(then, icy calm)

Because you all have every reason
to behave. And yet you don't.

We should sense that her words were a valve stabbed into a lifetime's worth of highly-pressurized vexation.

Lori gathers her tennis gear and walks out the front door. She goes to slam the door behind her, but stops herself and shuts it as softly as possible. This is deeply unsettling.

The guys just idle there, stunned, ashamed, dizzy, rubbing their bruises.

CHARLIE

She's right.

A long beat.

ERIC

She's leaving.

A longer beat.

ZACH

I should have sprayed Febreze.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

A flyer is slapped onto a patch of brick wall. It shows the SILHOUETTE OF A NAKED WOMAN, with a headline:

COME ONE, BARE ALL.

FRIDAY, 8PM, MILLER'S RAVINE.

FEATURING: FREE STUFF THAT YOU WANT.

And below that:

#SwimsuitIssue

CUT TO:

That very same FLYER is SLAMMED down onto a desk. Pull back to reveal that we're:

INT. PRINCIPAL PEARL'S OFFICE

Zach is in his usual spot, seated across from Principal Pearl, his backpack still on.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

This you?

ZACH

Given your tone, I wish I could say no. But yes.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

I usually at least know your angle. What's your angle here?

ZACH

That makes it sound insincere.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

Fine. Your goal. Why are you doing this to me?

ZACH

You always seem to think that we're at odds, but we both just want what's best for the students.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

We differ on tactics, though, wouldn't you say?

ZACH

I would.

Principal Pearl hesitates. It's tough to argue with someone who's agreeing with you.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

You're doing this for that camp girl, huh?

ZACH

Oh, no. She's awful and insincere and spoiled and...

(with bile)

Surface.

(then, composed)

A girl though, yes.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

What you.. organize outside of school is your prerogative. But you have a tendency of letting things encroach on my land. So stop it.

ZACH

I will.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

You can go now.

Zach stands.

ZACH

I enjoy our talks, Principal Pearl.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

I can tell. Stop that, too.

Zach taps deep into the charm reserves.

ZACH

Impossible.

And the charm works. Principal Pearl, though stone-faced, blushes. Like a sunset on an alpine peak.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - BIKE RACKS - LATER

Zach is on his phone. He's nervous, distressed.

ZACH

Dana. Zach. You sound happy in your voicemail greeting, it's nice.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
Anyway, I would say that it's
unlike you to disappear for days on
end. But it's exactly like you.
That party, it was, ya know, for
you as much as anything. You could
have showed up.
(a long, frustrated beat)
I'm coming over. And, shit, I'm
biking.

EXT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Zach walks his bike up to the building. Exhausted. Looks like
Wile E. Coyote, late in an episode.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Zach knocks at the door. He hears... people talking.
Someone looks through the eyehole, and quickly retreats.
We hear panicked shuffling.
A few long beats and Dana opens the door.

DANA
Zach. What's up?

ZACH
(suspicious)
Yea. What's up?

DANA
It was a real, actual question,
Zach. What is up? Why are you here?

ZACH
Why are *you* here?

DANA
(irritated)
I live here.

ZACH
And not at school. You're not an
adult, you don't just get to do
whatever you want.

DANA
Yes I am and yes I do.

ZACH

I thought we were a team. I thought we were friends.

DANA

We are friends, Zach. That doesn't make us a team.

ZACH

That's an *insane* thing to say.

DANA

(sharp)

Enough with your arts and crafts project, Zach. It's pissing people off and it's pissing me off.

ZACH

People are having fun! If you were at the party you'd have seen for yourself.

Zach looks faint.

ZACH (CONT'D)

I need to sit down, I need water. I just biked fucking *five hundred* miles.

Zach starts to walk into her apartment.

DANA

You can't come in.

ZACH

What, you have a teacher in there or something?

That's deserving of a face-slap. Dana obliges. SLAP.

ZACH (CONT'D)

(agony)

Why do women keep hitting me?!

Zach looks past Dana and he notices something on her coffee table: CHARLIE'S KIPPAH.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Oh no.

DANA

Zach.

ZACH

Oh no.

Zach walks past Dana into her apartment.

Zach picks up the Kippah. He turns it over. The inside is inscribed in gold lettering:

The Bar Mitzvah of Zachary Daniel Rosen

June the Twenty-First, Two Thousand and Eleven

DANA

Zach..

ZACH

(weary)

This is mine. But it's not mine.

Zach looks around. He doesn't want to find what he's about to find, but he presses on.

Dana knows better than to try and stop him.

Zach hears something. He opens a closet door. Charlie.

CHARLIE

Zach..

ZACH

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Zach..

ZACH

You sick piece of shit.

CHARLIE

Zach..

ZACH

You weak young man.

CHARLIE

(now pleading)

Zach..

ZACH

You dirty fucking Jew.

CHARLIE

HEY. Show some respect.

ZACH

For you?!

CHARLIE

Well.. no, not for me, but for your heritage.

ZACH

That's right. My heritage. You're kicked out. You just sinned your way right out of Judaism.

CHARLIE

But I love her.

ZACH

Judaism's not a her.

CHARLIE

I mean Dana. I love her.

ZACH

I love her.

DANA

Neither of you love me.

ZACH

Are you not listening? Both of us love you. Only for one of us it's illegal!

DANA

It is legal.

CHARLIE

I'm 19, she's 17. Kosher in New York State. We checked.

DANA

You checked.

CHARLIE

I checked.

ZACH

You did research?!
(in disbelief)
This has been going on long enough for you to have done research.

Zach is two clicks from an aneurism.

He walks into the kitchen and comes out with a large carton of coconut water. He chugs hard.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(panting)
Charlie. You are a degenerate. She is a prize and you are a degenerate. You'll ruin her, just like you've probably ruined me. And our family.

This lands on Charlie. He looks like he could cry.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(to Dana)
Been a pleasure working with you.
You're fired from the project.

Zach starts to walk out. Then he turns back and grabs the Kippah from the coffee table.

ZACH (CONT'D)
I'm keeping this. It's mine. Says my fucking name right on the inside of it.

Zach starts to slam the door, then he stops himself. Instead, he shuts it as gently as possible. Just like his mom did.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Between periods. Students course through the halls.

Zach enters the school. He wears his hangover sunglasses and carries a bulky PAPER SHREDDER.

He weaves between students, invisible to them. They are all too visible to him.

Zach plugs the paper shredder into a hallway outlet.

One by one, Zach TEARS DOWN the Swimsuit Issue flyers he had posted earlier, and feeds them into the shredder.

The other students are too focused on their destinations to even notice.

Except for ONE STUDENT. He stands against a wall, staring at his REPORT CARD, forlorn.

The student walks over to Zach and feeds the report card through the shredder.

STUDENT
Thanks.

ZACH
Sure.

STUDENT
What are you doing?

ZACH
(beat)
Behaving.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Zach is at his desk, staring at a blank FaceTime window on his laptop. The now-everpresent bottle of liquor sits beside. Svedka Vanilla or some such trash.

The FaceTime window looms. It's clear that Zach is deliberating over a drunk dial.

He is drunk. So he dials.

Several rings, and Jenna appears on the screen.

JENNA
(tentative)
Hey.. Zach. This is a surprise.

ZACH
Yea. Surprise.

JENNA
How are you?

ZACH
I'm great.

JENNA
Really? You, I don't know.. You don't really look great.

ZACH
Well you do.

JENNA
...Thanks... Are you drunk?

ZACH
Jealous?

JENNA

No. You're acting weird.

ZACH

Now you know how it feels to be on the wrong end of weird.

JENNA

Tell me, Zach. Are you okay?

A beat, before this eruption:

ZACH

For sure I am not. I am not okay. The fabric of every relationship in my life has been tested and has *failed*. It started with you, and it rippled out. You released a nuclear fission of heartache in my life! The... fuckin heat-shield is not whole for reentry!

Jenna seems kind of devastated by this, even if she doesn't quite understand the words he's using.

JENNA

I didn't mean to do that, Zach.

ZACH

I believe you, but I don't care.

(then)

I'm sorry to put this on you. I think I just needed someone to blame it on, and since it's your fault you seemed like the best candidate.

JENNA

It's nobody's fault.

(beat, then, tender)

Not even yours.

Zach considers her words.

ZACH

Alright.

Zach notices something.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Where's the golf trophy?

JENNA

Oh. Turns out Dan's a bit of a... I don't know... a guy.

Zach likes where this is going.

ZACH

They're the worst.
(a joke)
Why my feminine sensibilities
aren't irresistible to women
remains a mystery.

Jenna laughs. This helps.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Did you give Dan my message?

JENNA

The middle finger? Yea.

ZACH

Hope you stuck it up his ass.

JENNA

No, he'd like that.

ZACH

Gross. Or maybe not, I don't know yet.

This earns a giggle from Jenna. Followed by a long awkward beat. But it's cute-awkward this time.

JENNA

So are you coming to camp?

ZACH

Maybe. But not to see you.

JENNA

I understand.

ZACH

No you don't. Obviously it would be to see you. But again, maybe.

Jenna offers a sad smile.

JENNA

I want you to stop drinking.

ZACH
(considers)
In time.

JENNA
K.

Suddenly, Zach's door FLIES OPEN, and ESMERELDA STORMS IN.

She marches over to Zach and SLAMS HIS LAPTOP SHUT. She points at the computer.

ESMERELDA
(furious)
NO. Ella es una *puta* (whore/bitch).

ZACH
But she's the only *puta* I have!

ESMERELDA
Pu. Ta.
(then)
NO.

Esmerelda grabs the Svedka bottle and drops it in the trash can beside Zach's desk. She POINTS at Zach.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
Coward.

Then she points at the Svedka bottle.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
Hobo.

Then back at Zach.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
Hobo coward.

She points at the computer.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
*Put**a.*

She waves her hands around in Zach's direction, as if to indicate his entire being. Her English offers this:

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
FIX it.

Esmerelda storms out of the room.

Zach is stunned. He impulsively goes to grab the bottle from the trash can. Then he stops. Then he goes for it again. And stops. This exhausting decision cycle repeats.

Finally, he just slumps into his chair. He looks at his laptop, and agrees:

ZACH

Put a.

He opens the laptop. The screen is black, and he sees his reflection in it.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Hobo coward.

EXT. "THE QUARRY WHISKEY PIT" - NIGHT

Red light radiates from the bar's windows. Looks like Satan's eyeballs.

CHARLIE stands outside the bar, alone. He stares at the low brick building as though it were the edge of a cliff.

Charlie makes an 'L' from his left thumb and forefinger. He removes a plastic DIME-BAG from his shirt pocket, and dumps a small mound of COCAINE into the indent atop his hand made by the 'L'. This is done with practiced precision.

Charlie vacuums the coke up one nostril, cleanly, without even blocking off the other nostril.

He steps forward.

INT. WESTBURY HIGH - CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY

Zach eats alone while doing homework. Behaving. A Diet Dr. Pepper and a too-ripe banana sit in front of him.

Zach has a sight-line on DANA across the cafeteria. She too sits alone, zoned out, wearing headphones.

Zach makes thinly veiled attempts to establish eye contact with her, but no luck.

A RASPY VOICE breaks Zach's gaze.

VOICE

Seat taken?

Zach looks up to find CHARLIE.

A few things to note about Charlie right now: The whites of his eyes are spiderwebbed with red. There are specks of dry blood under his nose. His left hand twitches. He is drunk. He is high.

Zach cannot believe what he sees.

ZACH
(hushed)
What are you doing here?
(re: Charlie's appearance)
And what have you done?

Charlie exists right now in a perpetual precipice between laughing and crying.

CHARLIE
Seat taken?

ZACH
You better sit down or get the hell
out of here.

Charlie sits. And snuffles.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Are you fucked up?

CHARLIE
How do you mean?

Charlie knows what Zach means.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Yes.

ZACH
Why would you do that?

CHARLIE
To repent.

ZACH
That's not how you repent.

CHARLIE
That is how I repent.

ZACH
Dude, you worked so hard. You found
God!

CHARLIE
Did I?

ZACH

Didn't you? Why else did I put up
with your grandstanding and your
silly hats!

CHARLIE

I'm not sure you did put up with
any of that.

ZACH

You look sick, man. Like, ill.

CHARLIE

I feel pretty good.

ZACH

That's not possible.

Other students start to notice Charlie. He is a sight.

ZACH (CONT'D)

You need to leave. You can't be
here. Legally.

CHARLIE

I came to apologize.

ZACH

Fine.

CHARLIE

Do you forgive me?

ZACH

(too loud)

Fuck you!

(reels it in)

You knew I liked her. And you knew
I loved her.

CHARLIE

But I needed her.

ZACH

Well that's what got us here. You
need things that are bad for you.
Drugs and child-women. Now please,
get out my school.

Charlie GRABS ZACH'S FOREARM, tight. Zach is frightened.
There are several miles of crazy in Charlie's eyes.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

ZACH
Let go of my arm.

CHARLIE
I came here to apologize, so I need
you to forgive me. That's how this
works.

ZACH
It's not gonna work that way.

Charlie YANKS Zach's arm towards him.

ZACH (CONT'D)
You need to go.

CHARLIE
What I need, is your forgiveness.

A tear escapes Charlie's eyes. Zach would be wise to forgive
him. Instead,

ZACH
That wouldn't be doing you any
favors.

Zach tries to stand up, but Charlie holds his arm down.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Get out of my way.

CHARLIE
I'm the only thing that's not in
your way. Your family is the only
thing that's not in your way.

ZACH
Maybe in general that's true, but
clearly not right now.

Charlie tightens his grasp. Zach winces, considers his
options, and POUNDS his fist down on Charlie's forearm.

Charlie's eyes go wide, furious. He yanks Zach's arm so hard
that he pulls Zach across the table. Zach lands on the floor.

This gets everyone's attention.

Zach stands and grabs a student's LUNCH TRAY. He dumps the
food, and TOMAHAWKS it square into Charlie's rib-cage.

Charlie lunges at Zach, tackles him onto a lunch table,
scattering both food and students.

Bedlam erupts as students gather, cheer them on.

Charlie has Zach pinned by the throat. Zach is losing oxygen. His animal brain takes the controls.

Zach grabs a TRAPPER-KEEPER and uses its edge like a blade, incising a shallow gash into Charlie's tricep.

Zach flips on top of Charlie and they tumble onto the ground.

They get on their feet, size up their next moves, undulating in place like wrestlers.

DANA now sees that it's Zach and Charlie.

DANA
(loud)
NO.
(quiet)
Please.

This gets Zach's attention, and Charlie takes the opportunity to tackle Zach to the ground.

They grapple. There is an unmatched ferocity with which brothers can fight, and it's here on display. Jungle shit.

Dana runs out of the cafeteria.

Suddenly, MR. PICK breaks through the circle of students that surrounds Charlie and Zach.

Mr. Pick grabs Zach by his shirt and the hair on the back of his head, and drags Zach to his feet.

Zach, purely on instinct, turns around and throws a mean PUNCH straight into Mr. Pick's gut.

Mr. Pick, perhaps on instinct, or perhaps out of a very conscious desire, PUNCHES ZACH RIGHT BACK IN THE GUT.

As Zach drops to the ground,

ZACH
(through an inhale)
You should maybe not teach.

Charlie, having seen Pick hit Zach, descends on Mr. Pick with all of his wrath.

In no uncertain terms, Charlie proceeds to beat the shit out of the teacher.

We hear a WHISTLE: TWO SECURITY GUARDS storm into the cafeteria.

They pry Charlie off of Mr. Pick. Even for two burly guys, they struggle against Charlie's psycho-cocaine-strength.

Charlie writhes in their grasp like a bucking bronco... a bucking bronco jazzed on blow.

Amidst Charlie's seizure of outrage, A SIZEABLE BAG OF COCAINE falls from his pocket. This does not go unnoticed.

A long pause as everyone stares at the sack of drugs.

CHARLIE
(defiant)
I brought enough for the class.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH

A trio of POLICE CARS idle with their lights on, sirens off.

Charlie is brought out in handcuffs.

BLACK.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Clay courts, if you're curious. Still clay if you're not.

Lori feeds lobs to a ten-year-old BOY. He returns, wide.

LORI
Is your eye on the ball, or that girl on Court Seven?

BOY
(guilty)
The girl.

LORI
Well let me tell you something.
That girl is going to end up with a boy who keeps his eye on the ball.
Do you understand?

BOY
(guiltier)
Yes.

Zach has been watching Lori teach, unknown to her.

ZACH
Jesus, mom. You just fucked that
kid up for life.

Lori turns, surprised too see Zach. Pleased, even. Though she barely shows it.

BOY
(terrified)
She did?

ZACH
Perhaps.

LORI
Zach, watch your language. And
watch your... message.
(to the boy)
How bout a five minute water break?

BOY
Can I have Powerade?

LORI
Powerade is garbage. You wouldn't
drink garbage, would you?

BOY
No but I would eat it.

ZACH
(quietly impressed)
This kid understands things.

The boy shuffles off court. Zach gives him a high five. Good contact.

Zach nods to the boy's racquet, and he hands it to Zach.

Lori hits a ball over to Zach. They start to rally.

With the child-sized racquet, Zach looks like a giant holding a regular-sized racquet.

LORI
I want you to visit your brother
this afternoon.

ZACH
That's eight or more unlikely steps
from happening.

LORI
It's zero unlikely steps and one
inevitable step. You'll do it.

ZACH
Ten unconscionable steps.

LORI
It would be helpful if you already
considered it done, because you're
doing it.

Lori slams a shot past Zach. Point.

LORI (CONT'D)
Fifteen love.

Lori sends a light serve to Zach. They continue to rally.

ZACH
He humiliated me.

LORI
You liked the attention and you
know that.

ZACH
.. Even so.

LORI
I know you think your family is in
your way, Zach. But it's probably
the only thing that's not.

ZACH
Charlie said that exact same thing
to me.

LORI
I had to teach it to him, too.

The lineage of things begins to dawn on Zach. It's a start.

ZACH
So how's hotel life?

LORI
Quiet. And great.

ZACH
Dad misses you.

LORI

He should. I'm his only friend. Not counting you boys, of course.

ZACH

Are you coming home?

LORI

Yes. I just want to starve your father out a bit. For his own good.

ZACH

That seems dangerous. Or smart. Hard to say.

They continue to rally. Zach pounds a gorgeous forehand down the line. Point.

LORI

Woo! Your mother teach you to hit like that? Beautiful shot, Zachary.

Zach blushes, far from immune to his mother's praise. He tenses his mouth to keep from smiling.

ZACH

Fifteen all.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - DAY

Several days on. We know this from what passes as stubble on Zach's face. It is pathetic and endearing.

Zach walks down the upstairs hallway toward his room.

Zach passes by Charlie's bedroom. He stops, turns around.

CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

It's messier than Zach's room. Unmade bed, slightly askew posters of early 90's ska bands. And random Judaica. A menorah and the rest.

Zach paces the room slowly, takes it in.

He stops when he sees a framed PHOTOGRAPH on Charlie's desk. It is of Zach and Charlie as young boys on Halloween. Charlie is dressed as a Native American chief, Zach as a cowboy. Charlie holds a COCKED BOW AND ARROW directly at Zach's face. Zach sports a relentless smile that might as well envelop the circumference of his head.

This brings a smile to the current Zach's face, though a muted one. Zach sets the photo down.

Zach continues his survey of the room. He picks up Charlie's TALLIS BAG, a beautifully woven silk satchel.

He pulls the ornate fringed shawl from its pouch, and a GRAM BAG OF COCAINE tumbles out. Zach's eyes go wide.

Zach picks up the coke. Regards it as a matador would a bull.

ZACH
(determined)
Time to sneeze.

And we enter:

!!! ZACH'S HAPPY/SAD DAYTIME FUNTIME COCAINE MONTAGE !!!

Set to just about anything BEASTIE BOYS.

- Zach licks his pinkie and dips it in the powder. Tastes it. His face says, "not bad". He pinches his tongue super hard. It is numb.

- IN ZACH'S ROOM. He grabs one of the *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issues* from the display rack. Let's say 1995, Daniela Pestova on the cover. Zach opens to a page featuring the Czech beauty, and deposits a line of blow onto her two-dimensional cleavage. He takes it down.

- IN ZACH'S BATHROOM. Zach cleans the grout in his shower with a toothbrush. He wears nothing but boxers and sunglasses. Zach gives the toothbrush a cursory rinse.. and brushes his teeth.

- IN ESMERELDA'S MINIVAN. She and Zach do a line off the dashboard. Then they MAKE OUT. Zach gropes her boobs. She's in heaven. He's... somewhere.

- A BOWLING ALLEY. Esmerelda finishes off a difficult spare. She starts EXCLAIMING WILDLY in Spanish.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Your native tongue is *crazy*.

- Zach tries to roll a ball down the lane, but it's stuck on his fingers. He pries the ball off, and SHOTPUTS IT toward the pins. It lands with a sharp thud, cracking a floorboard.

- OUTSIDE THE BOWLING ALLEY. Zach and Esmerelda are escorted out by a security guard. They laugh maniacally.

- OUTSIDE ZACH'S HOUSE. Zach idles on his bike. Esmerelda gets on the back pegs, and Zach tries to gain enough momentum to ride. He does, barely. They get fifteen feet before Zach falls off the bike and STRIKES HIS BARE HEAD AGAINST A TREE, super hard. He blacks out for a moment, then comes to. More wild laughter.

- ZACH'S BACKYARD. He does a key-bump from the now diminished coke bag. Zach picks herbs from the garden. In a hurry.

- ZACH'S KITCHEN. Zach cooks a beautiful garden-fresh omelette. He puts it on a plate, and stares at it with disgust. He has nothing resembling an appetite. Zach covers the omelette in saran wrap, puts a post-it on top that reads, "For Dad". He places it in the fridge. Zach makes a gin and tonic instead. More like a gin and gin, splash of tonic.

- ZACH'S BATHROOM. He unpacks a box full of DARKROOM SUPPLIES. A safe light, processing trays, etc. Zach duct tapes off the seams of the door to his bathroom, sealing himself in. He unravels spools of film and sets to work.

- ZACH'S BEDROOM. Photos dry from several clothes-lines strung across the room. Zach sits on his bed, hugging his knees, staring into the void. We can assume that the void stares right back. Zach sticks his tongue into the now-empty coke bag. He just sits there, the bag stuck on the end of his tongue.

The sun begins to set.

EXT. WESTBURY HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Students emerge en masse as the school day ends, and we see a familiar sight:

Zach has again set up his PARKING LOT PHOTO GALLERY. Complete with oriental rug. No sparkling cider this time. Fuck that.

But the photos on display are not of Esmerelda. They are from the party at Zach's house. And man, they're good. Beautifully composed black and whites of carefree teenagers being themselves. The kid a sense of space.

And the setup is much bigger this time. There are dozens of large format photos, and many more smaller ones laid out on folding card tables.

A SIGN propped up on an easel reads:

Charlie Rosen Bail Bond Fund

Students start to congregate around the exhibit, some pointing out photos that they're in, appreciative.

Many gaze at one gem in particular: The CHEERLEADERS splashing in water on Zach's couch.

But out of all the photos, one looms largest: It is of ILANA, at the moment she sprung from the couch on Zach's lawn after berating him. Zach has captured a jarring moment. The moment when someone who loves you is mad at you. Disappointment, in other words.

Zach scans the growing crowd of students, surely hoping that the subject of that photo would show up to lend it some recognition, vindication, whatever.

Zach stands at a distance from the crowd. Someone taps him on the shoulder. It's Principal Pearl.

ZACH

Oh.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

You're not allowed to do this.

(pause)

But what's new.

ZACH

I'm just trying to help a friend.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

I know. That's why I'm going home for the day.

ZACH

(grateful)

Have a nice afternoon.

PRINCIPAL PEARL

Clean up after yourself. It's fine work, by the way. I know you think you have an eye for bodies, but it's faces you're good at.

Principal Pearl walks off toward her car. Zach considers her compliment.

Zach approaches the crowd of students, announcing:

ZACH

Alright people, there are no price tags on these. Donations only. You pick the price. Pay what you think is fair.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

My brother is presently
incarcerated, like so many of our
nation's youth, for suffering a
disease: Addiction. Let's free that
troubled man of his shackles,
physical and otherwise.

Wallets emerge. Ones and Fives are placed in Zach's hands as
students snatch up the photographs.

Wisely, Zach made many prints of the cheerleaders. A
veritable Swimsuit Issue, you could say.

Zach is pleased. Until he looks to the photo of Ilana.

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - DAY

A low-lying brick fortress adjoined to a short-term prison.

INT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION

Zach enters the visiting area: A room full of steel picnic
tables. People conference with locked up loved ones.

Charlie sits at a table. He wears a maroon jumpsuit, and
stares at exactly nothing.

Charlie sees Zach and some life returns to his eyes.

CHARLIE

(standing up)

We're not allowed to hug.

ZACH

Would we have hugged anyway?

CHARLIE

Baby bro, I woulda hugged you like
Lennie hugged that mouse.

ZACH

Lennie killed the mouse.

CHARLIE

You sir are no mouse.

They sit at the picnic table, facing each other.

ZACH

Brought you this. They checked it,
said it's fine.

Zach produces Charlie's KIPPAH.

Charlie puts it on, thankful, relieved. He says a short prayer under his breath.

CHARLIE

I made a scene at school, huh?

ZACH

You made a scene.

CHARLIE

I hope an apology is implied, but I'd like to voice it too. I'm sorry. In a very real way.

ZACH

Well I'd like to be furious with you, but I think our display did me more good than harm.

CHARLIE

How's that?

ZACH

Somehow being associated with fancy drugs and low-tier violence is a social boon in high school.

CHARLIE

High school's a backwards place, man. It's supposed to prepare you for the real world, while at the same time it's the opposite of the real world.

Zach chews on that.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What became of the teacher I went at?

ZACH

Pick?

(Zach thinks)

He's destined for greatness or suicide. I'm sure he'll achieve one or the other within a few years' time.

CHARLIE

True of many. True of many. What else is new on the outside?

ZACH

I tried to raise bail money for you but I came up about eighty percent short. Used the money to buy mom a Whole Foods gift card.

CHARLIE

Mm. She'll like that.

Charlie leans in, motions for Zach to follow.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Do me a favor and give a look under my mattress at home. The code is your birthday. Now lean back and resume our normal conversation.

They lean back. Zach is perplexed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I miss you, baby bro. Really hope you think of something brilliant and come up with that bail money.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Zach lifts up the mattress to find a CELLO CASE HIDDEN IN THE BED FRAME. It is locked shut with a large digital PADLOCK.

Zach hoists the mattress onto the floor.

He enters his birthday digits onto the cello lock's keypad. The lock disengages.

Zach opens the cello case. His face goes slack.

And then we see what he sees: The case is jam packed with NEATLY BUNDLED STACKS OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Tens of thousands of dollars.

EXT. MAURICE'S BAIL BONDS - DAY

Zach enters the strip-mall establishment, backpack in tow.

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - DAY

Zach stands by a waiting taxi.

Charlie exits the prison, for now a free man. He gives Zach that big, suffocating hug he promised.

A beat, and Zach hugs back.

ZACH
I'd like an explanation.

CHARLIE
Dealt uppers at Princeton for
sixteen months, baby bro.
(gives Zach a firm kiss on
the cheek)
I'm liquid.

Zach thinks.

ZACH
I'll need to borrow thirty K of
that filthy money.

CHARLIE
For what?

ZACH
Camp. I'm gonna launder that cash
with moonlit singalongs and roller
hockey.

CHARLIE
I thought camp costs fifteen
thousand.

ZACH
(nods)
Per person.

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - DAY

A vivid early summer day in the Northeast. Big ol' sun.
Breeze that'll tickle your peach fuzz. Clouds you can hang
your hat on.

The Jeep is parked in the driveway. It overflows with CAMP
GEAR. Suitcases, plastic drawers, sleeping bag. A camera
case.

Zach comes out of the house carrying more stuff.

He climbs on the Jeep's running-board and fixes a duffel bag
to the roof-rack.

He calls back,

ZACH
That everything?

A VOICE from within the house,

VOICE

One more.

ILANA emerges. She is still gothed-out, but it's summer-goth. Short black shorts, a black tank top, a spiked necklace. But only one spiked necklace.

She hands Zach her worn leather suitcase.

From this angle, Zach gets a sense of what's happening under that black tank top. Gives him a good shiver.

Zach severs his stare, latches her suitcase to the roof.

ZACH

I'm glad you're joining me.

ILANA

We'll see.

ZACH

They have jewelry making workshops there. Isn't that your thing?

We can tell she's excited by that, though she holds back.

ILANA

I do like to make what I wear.

CHARLIE and DANA exit the house. They hold hands.

CHARLIE

Look at these happy campers! Are we excited?

ILANA

I know that it's drug money.

CHARLIE

Yea, but what isn't these days?

ILANA

Most money.

CHARLIE

You are a spitfire.

ZACH

She doesn't say thank you, but she often means to.

ILANA
I say thank you.
(lightening up)
Thank you.

CHARLIE
My pleasure, darling.

Zach walks around to the other side of the Jeep to finish securing the roof rack. Dana follows him.

DANA
Slick moves, Rosen.

ZACH
Huh?

DANA
This is the teenager's version of whisking a woman off to Europe. I'm impressed.

ZACH
The opportunity presented itself.

DANA
As will many more, I'm sure.

She hands Zach a small pack of condoms.

ZACH
Oh, I already have like a thousand.
I figure once I start I won't want to stop.

Dana smiles, ever-amused by Zach.

ZACH (CONT'D)
But I'll take those. For variety.
Thank you.

Zach pockets the condoms.

As Zach and Dana share this moment, we cut over to:

ILANA.

She goes through another of her bags, double checking things.

ESMERELDA appears directly behind her.

Ilana senses a presence. She turns, GASPS.

ESMERELDA

My Zach is my jewel. You hurt
him...

Esmerelda punctuates her threat with a terrifying stare. She
walks away, backwards, maintaining the stare.

Ilana turns back to her bag, laughs nervously.

BACK WITH ZACH.

From his P.O.V we see a Prius approach and park at the curb.

LORI gets out of the car. She looks great. Refreshed.

LORI

We all packed?

ZACH

Almost. Mom, this is Ilana.

Lori walks over, gives Ilana a hug.

LORI

I know your mother, hon. The
sweetest.

In the background, we see ERIC come out of the house.

ERIC

(staring at his phone)
We all packed?

Eric looks up and sees Lori. He stops cold.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hi.

LORI

Hello.

ERIC

What are you doing here?

LORI

What are you doing here? I was told
they needed a ride to camp.

ERIC

I too, was told that.. as well.

ZACH

And guess what, you're both right.
There are two front seats in a car
because... there are two halves to
a whole. Let the call of the
highway mend your hearts.

They realize that Zach has set them up. They're touched.

ERIC

I suppose we could both take them.

A long tortured beat as Eric waits to hear if his wife still
loves him.

LORI

Fine. But I'm driving.

ERIC

I'd really rather drive.

LORI

You're a terrible driver. You want
everybody to like you, even on the
road. It's a liability.

ERIC

I'm courteous.

LORI

You're soft.

And they're back. Zach smiles.

ERIC

Whatever, you drive. I pick the
music.

LORI

Fine. We like the same music.

ERIC

(somehow making this
sexual)
We love the same music.

LORI

(charmed, despite herself)
Alright.

ZACH

(to Ilana)
Grown ups. Is there even such a
thing?

Ilana grins. Charmed. Despite herself.

EXT. CAMP TAMARACK - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

An expansive, manicured waterhole teeming with CAMPERS.

We find Zach off on a grassy patch adjacent the pool. He looks great. Tan, at ease, in his element.

Ilana is by his side on a chaise lounge, her nose in a hardcover book. She wears a black bikini.

We pull back some to realize that Zach is setting up a PHOTO SHOOT. Bounce boards, backdrop, tripod.

He makes adjustments to the gear with an artisan's focus... a focus that is broken by a familiar VOICE.

JENNA

So you made it!

Zach's heartbeat goes staccato, but he's got this.

Jenna is nervous as well.

ZACH

Jenna. Hello. Yes, I made it.

JENNA

I'm so glad. You look wonderful.

ZACH

Thanks. This is Ilana. From my town. We're here together.

Ilana gives Jenna what we might call a feline glare.

Jenna is a bit shattered by this development.

JENNA

Oh. So good to meet you. I guess I'll...

She trails off. Squares her shoulders and walks away.

Zach gives a sturdy nod. He takes no pride in having hurt her. But he'll sleep fine.

ILANA

Bitch.

ZACH

No, she's just a fool.

ILANA
Oh. Now I feel bad.

ZACH
Don't. She's also a bitch.

A MAN (40's, chill) approaches in khakis and a camp logo polo shirt. This is MEL, the camp director.

MEL
Mr. Rosen! Busy on day one as usual. I like it.

ZACH
Hey Mel!

MEL
What are we workin on here?

ZACH
It's a kind of, photo booth I guess. I'm making a Swimsuit Issue of Camp Tamarack.

Mel thinks this over. Zach braces for resistance.

MEL
Neat! That's a new one.

Mel smiles a camp director smile and walks off.

Zach is relieved.

ZACH
(to Ilana)
I think we're set up here. Can I run a camera test on you?

Ilana says nothing, but she sets her book down.

She walks over and stands in front of the backdrop.

Without trying, she strikes a cool, natural pose.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Okay. Look into the camera.

Instead, she looks into his eyes.

THE END.