EXT. STREET - DAY

A small kid, TJ FORNEY (13), with a grubby worn cast on his arm, rides his BMX really fast down a street. He chases a tow truck towing a badly wrecked red Volvo.

He struggles to keep up. The truck makes a turn. TJ follows, turning dangerously in front of oncoming traffic.

The truck makes another turn. TJ turns with it, running straight into the side of a car pulling out of a driveway. He comes off his bike and is thrown across the hood. He picks himself up, stunned. The driver of the car gets out to see if he's hurt.

TJ looks down the street to see the tow truck disappearing in the distance. He hurries back to his bike. He jumps on and continues after the truck.

TJ gives chase. He gains on the truck. He can see it pull into a used car lot ahead - FAIR OAKS CAR CITY.

EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - DAY

TJ arrives at the car lot as the TOW TRUCK DRIVER is lowering the car onto the drive. TJ dumps his bike, out of breath.

TJ

This car has to go back.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Huh?
TJ
This car has to go back to where it came from. Put it back on the truck.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
What are you talking about, kid?

The driver continues working, unhooking the car from the truck.

TJ
Stop unhooking it. There's been a mistake.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
I was told to bring it here. That's what it says on my work order. Talk to that guy if you've got a problem.

The driver nods in the direction of LARRY TOWERS, who is approaching with 17 year-old DUSTIN HOWARD and another man, TONY, in dirty overalls.

(CONTINUED)

2.

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(to tow truck driver)
Hey, Bill.

Larry shakes the tow truck driver's hand.

TJ
This car has to go back where it came from.

LARRY
I beg your pardon?

TJ
It was brought here by mistake.

Larry smiles at the little out-of-breath kid.

LARRY
And where was it supposed to go?

TJ
It wasn't supposed to go anywhere. It
needs to go back where it came from.
The guy who sold it to you made a mistake.

LARRY
(TO TONY)
What's the deal with this car again, Tony?

Tony flips through a stack of papers he's holding.

TONY
Ah let's see, we bought this car yesterday afternoon from a Paul Forney-

TJ
That's my dad. It wasn't his to sell.

LARRY
Well, it's his name on the pink slip, son. And that means it's his to sell if he wants.

TJ
Yeah, but I'm just telling you it was a mistake, OK, so it needs to go back where it came from.

(CONTINUED)

3.

CONTINUED: (2)

The car has now been lowered off the back of the tow truck. Larry moves away from TJ and approaches the driver.

LARRY
Thanks, Bill.  
(TO TONY)
You got that work order there?

Tony looks through his papers for the work order. TJ doesn't like being ignored. He moves around to the driver's side of the wrecked car and wrenches open the bashed-in door. He climbs behind the wheel, slams the door shut and locks the door.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Get out of the car, son.
TJ ignores him. Larry doesn't have time for this.

**LARRY (CONT'D)**
Dustin, get him outta there, will ya?

Dustin moves around to the open driver's side window.

**DUSTIN**
Come on dude, get out of the car.

TJ turns the key and begins winding the window up. Dustin reaches in trying to unlock the door.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**
C'mon. Open it.

The window is rising. Dustin grabs at TJ. TJ keeps winding the window. It gets to the top, trapping Dustin's arm.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**
Ow, fuck. What the fuck you doing? Open it.

Dustin is stuck. Larry, Bill and Tony laugh. Dustin yells at TJ.

TJ ignores him, staring straight ahead.

The men laugh some more. Dustin's humiliation sets in.

**DUSTIN (CONT'D)**
Put down the fuckin' window. I'm serious.

Larry goes around to the passenger's side broken window and opens the door. He leans in and easily drags TJ out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

4.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**LARRY**
I'd get out of here kid, before he works himself loose.
TJ's not getting the car back. The men continue laughing at the trapped Dustin. TJ picks up his bike and rides away defeated.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

TJ sits at the kitchen table with his tiny 85 year-old GRANDMA and his depressed and dishevelled DAD, Paul Forney (45). Dad has a full shaggy beard and a recently healed wound on his forehead.

They eat in silence. There's tension in the air.

GRANDMA
There's still plenty of applesauce boys.

TJ
(TO DAD)
I don't get why what I think doesn't matter.

DAD
It couldn't stay in the front of the house anymore, TJ. I'm not having this conversation again.

TJ
Yeah, why not?

DAD
It's there everyday and I have to look at it.

TJ
When do you look at it? When was the last time you got off the couch?

DAD
It's not healthy.

TJ
Neither are all the pills you're taking, but I don't tell you not to take them.

DAD
I don't wanna talk about it anymore.
(CONTINUED)

5.

CONTINUED:

TJ
I do.

DAD
I don't. And that's it.

TJ fumes. They eat in silence a bit more. TJ drops his fork and leaves the table, angry.

GRANDMA
It's OK dear. He just needs time. It's his first day back tomorrow. Let's try and be patient.

Dad is a mess.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
One thing at a time dear. One thing at a time.

DAD
Yeah, I know, mom.

Grandma nods quietly.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MORNING

TJ gives his mouth a once over with a toothbrush. He spits, then sets his toothbrush down on the edge of the sink.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - MORNING

TJ stands holding a banana and wearing a backpack in front of the couch where his dad is sleeping. Dad is lying face down, half-covered with a sheet, his leg hanging off the side. There's dirty plates and pill bottles on the coffee table in what is otherwise an old lady's living room. Dad stirs, it's a pathetic sight.
TJ taps Dad's leg with his foot. Dad slowly comes to life and notices TJ.

**TJ**

Can I have some money so I can buy lunch today?

**DAD**

Yeah.

Dad sits up on the couch, he looks a total mess. Dad pick up his wallet from the mess of a coffee table and hands TJ a few dollars.

*(CONTINUED)*

6.

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD (CONT'D)**

Hope you have a nice day Teej.

TJ exits, leaving Dad sitting there. Dad sets his wallet back down and stares blankly into the room. We hear the door slam in the background.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - MORNING**

TJ on his BMX pedals down the drive and out onto the street.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ pedals in the middle of a suburban street. He steers his bike with his broken arm as he tries to peel and eat the banana the other. He glides down a hill. It's a long hill. He fast.

Despite the glide and the wind in his hair he's slouching and looks depressed.

**EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - MOMENTS LATER**
TJ rides his bike through an eerily barren unfinished housing development - half-built houses and perfectly sealed wide streets.

Up ahead, he can see a small section of unfinished road - a big patch of dirt and rocks. He veers up a driveway to avoid it. He passes the dirt patch and then comes down off the curb back onto the road, trying to keep control of his bike. He hits the road, and loses his balance. The handlebars twist and he crashes onto the road.

He jumps up and yelps in pain, clutching his elbow. He looks at it. It's badly grazed. He yelps again, angry. He picks up a rock lying in the street and charges towards an unfinished house. He hurls the rock through its front window. Glass crashes down.

A silent beat passes, and then the front door of the house opens. A late-20s, long-greasy-haired, wiry shirtless guy in filthy black jeans emerges. He has a baby moustache and a cracked tooth. This is HESHER. He makes a determined line toward TJ.

**HESHER**

The fuck you think you're doing!?

Before TJ can back away Hesher grabs him by the back of his shirt and drags him kicking and squealing towards the house.

7.

**INT. HALF-BUILT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher drags TJ into the unfinished front room. He slams TJ against an uncoated drywall. Hesher pulls a pair of garden shears from his back pocket and squeezes TJ's nose between the blades.

TJ is terrified. He squirms.
HESHER
The fuck you think you're doing!?

TJ
Nothing.

HESHER
You got five seconds or I'm gonna cut your fuckin' nose off.

TJ
I was just, I was just going to school. I, I didn't know anyone was here.

Hesher stares intimidatingly at TJ. TJ looks seriously scared.

HESHER
Bullshit. You're gonna fuckin' -

Hesher is suddenly startled. His ears prick up like a rabbit. He hits the deck dragging TJ down with him. Their faces are close together. Hesher makes a very serious finger-to-mouth gesture to 'shhhh'.

The SOUND of a car idling outside. Hesher listens.

TJ is on his stomach, freaked. TJ looks around the room - a duffel bag, some beer cans, a few porn magazines, a weathered bass guitar and a sleeping bag.

A car door closes loudly. Hesher peers through the window and sees a SECURITY GUARD inspecting TJ's bike in the front yard and then making his way toward the house.

Hesher looks at TJ with serious and considered venom.

HESHER (CONT'D)
You just fucked me.

Hesher snaps into action. With speed and precision he gathers his stuff together. He shoves it all his duffel bag.
SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Who's in there?

Hesher lights the fuse on a stick of homemade dynamite wrapped in duct tape and throws it through the broken window. He then slips out the back door, leaving TJ face down on the floor freaked out and confused.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell-

BOOM! Dirt sprays against the house and pours in through the window. TJ cowers, then hears the guttural roar of a van starting up. He hears the van screech away.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Get back here!

TJ jumps to his feet and looks out the window. A dirty black van screams out onto the road and tears away, spraying dirt and rocks in its wake. The security guard stumbles around, covered in dirt and disoriented. He rushes back to his car and gives chase. TJ lets them get away up the street, then bolts to the front door.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

TJ darts for his bike. He picks it up and rides off quickly.

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Outside a public high school, kids mill around before class. Lots of noise.

TJ rides down a path and clocks Dustin Howard, the kid from the car lot, who stands talking with friends by his car - a shiny 2007 YELLOW CONVERTIBLE MUSTANG. They spot each other. TJ quickly looks away (oh shit) and b-lines for the bike rack.
INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - DAY

TJ opens his locker. He pulls out a clear zip-lock bag with a rotten apple inside. He looks at it a moment then puts it back in the locker.

A kid puts his hand on TJ's shoulder.

KID 1
Hey, TJ. You're back. Welcome back.

Another kid comes over, eating a bagel.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

KID 2
Hey, Teej. Welcome back, man.

TJ nods, despondent, putting books into his backpack.

KID 2 (CONT'D)
How you feeling, man?

TJ
(UNENTHUSIASTIC)
Fine.

KID 2
I came by your house a while ago, see if you wanted to come skateboarding or something, but it looked like the place was empty. Have you moved or something?

KID 1
Yeah, I tried calling you a bunch of times, but it kept saying there was a new number or something.

TJ
Yeah, we moved in with my Grandma for a little while.

KID 1
Oh OK, cool... I didn't want to call cause I didn't know. (changing the subject) You want some of my bagel?

**TJ**

No. Thanks.

Awkward beat. TJ doesn't want to make chit-chat. People are already making him feel weird.

**KID 1**

Hey, can I be the first one to sign your cast?

**TJ**

Ah, if you want I guess, but I'm getting it off tomorrow, so there's no point really.

**KID 1**

OK, cool. Well, welcome back, man.

(Continued)

10.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**KID 2**

Yeah, welcome back, dude.

The kids steps away, feeling awkward.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY**

TJ sits in class, at the back near the window. The teacher, **MRS ELSBERRY**, a big African-American lady, is taking roll. Kids answer as their names are called.

**MRS ELSBERRY**


TJ gives a half hearted nod. The class turns to look at him. A couple whisper. TJ looks away. The teacher continues taking
roll.

**MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)**


**EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

**COACH**


TJ is in gym class, another roll call. TJ looks up.

He notices a guy high up in the bleachers smoking a cigarette and staring at him through long hair.

TJ looks concerned. Is this Hesher, the guy with the garden shears?

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - DAY**

TJ is walking down the hall. He looks over and sees Hesher wearing a Misfits "Skull" T-shirt, watching him through the crowd.

Suddenly TJ is grabbed and slammed against a locker. It's Dustin Howard and his posse. Dustin towers over him.

**DUSTIN**

S'up now, punk? You don't look so tough now, do you?

(CONTINUED)

11.

**CONTINUED:**

TJ attempts to walk away. Dustin pushes him against the locker.

TJ tries to walk away again.

**TJ**

Leave me alone.

**DUSTIN**

How about you suck my cock?
Dustin slams him again. TJ stays put.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Huh? Suck my cock.

TJ tries to walk. Dustin slams him.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Suck my cock.

TJ tries to leave again, Dustin pushes him again.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Suck my cock.

TJ
Yeah, yeah, I heard you. Suck your cock. Then why don't you pull it out?

DUSTIN
What'd you say, bitch?

TJ tries to walk away. Dustin grabs him and throws him down.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Don't fuckin' talk back to me.


KIDS
Fight, fight, fight...

INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The school COUNSELLOR flips through papers in a file.

COUNSELLOR
Look, TJ. I know you've been through a lot and it's gonna take time to readjust, but as you know, the school can't tolerate this kind of behavior.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12.

CONTINUED:
COUNSELLOR (CONT'D)
I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt this time, but you can't be
starting fights.

TJ
I didn't start anything. He pushed me.

COUNSELLOR
What he did or didn't do isn't important. What's important is what you do, and how you react. Do you understand?

TJ
Not really.

COUNSELLOR
Which part don't you understand?

TJ
I don't understand the part about how it's not important that he pushed me and he punched me and he kicked me and he told me to suck his cock and now I'm the bad guy sitting in the office.

The counsellor cuts him off.

COUNSELLOR
Hey, hey, hey. I do not wanna hear that kind of language in my office.

TJ
Yeah, but I didn't -

COUNSELLOR
Listen, I'm gonna cut you some slack, but you're gonna have to meet me halfway here.

TJ shakes his head. He gives up on this conversation. He looks out the window. Hesher is out there - smoking and watching. TJ is suddenly unnerved.

COUNSELLOR (CONT'D)
I should really be suspending you, but I won't if you can promise me you'll put in a real effort... (noticing TJ looking ELSEWHERE)
Are you listening?
(CONTINUED)

13.

CONTINUED: (2)

TJ

Yeah, OK.

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

It's after school. TJ walks out to his bike. It's the last one left on the rack. Only a couple of other kids are still on campus. TJ looks around. He jumps on his bike and quickly rides off.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

TJ enters the house, which is quiet except for the sounds of a TV. There are no lights on so it feels dark.

He walks past the TV room, the TV is on. Dad is on his back, fast asleep, mouth wide open. He barely seems alive, until he makes a small whimper. His mouth closes, he swallows, then mouth drops open again.

TJ picks up the remote control from a mess of empty pill bottles on the coffee table and switches off the TV.

TJ walks past the kitchen and drops his backpack.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TJ walks past his grandma's bedroom. The door is open. He gently knocks. She's sitting up in bed, reading.

GRANDMA

Hi, pumpkin.

TJ

Hey.

TJ stands in the doorway. Grandma takes off her glasses.
GRANDMA
How was your day?

TJ
Pretty much sucked.

GRANDMA
Why sweetheart?

TJ thinks for a moment.

TJ
I don't know. It just sucked.

(CONTINUED)

14.
CONTINUED:

Grandma looks at TJ with an empathetic nod.

TJ (CONT'D)
Do you want me to turn on the light for you?

GRANDMA
Do I look like I'm sitting in darkness here?

TJ
I don't know, maybe, a little.

GRANDMA
Maybe I need new glasses?

She holds her glasses up for closer inspection.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Actually, I don't even know if these are mine.

TJ
Whose are they?

GRANDMA
Geez, I don't know.

TJ
Well, can you see better with them?
GRANDMA

Jesus, I don't know.

Grandma holds the glasses in different positions.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

You know my mother always told me that I'd damage my eyes if I read by poor light and I always think about that when I'm reading, but I've gotten this far, so why am I still worrying about it? Why am I even reading? There's something more I need to learn?

She give this a moment of thought.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

I guess there's always something more to learn.

(CONTINUED)

15.

CONTINUED: (2)

She seems almost tickled by this. She slips her bookmark in her book and puts it on her bedside table.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Is is your dad up yet?

TJ

No. Why, has he been sleeping all day?

GRANDMA

Well, you know, sometimes people get knocked off course a little when bad things happen. But they come good in the end.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - EVENING

TJ sits at the kitchen table alone staring at a cute and happy bunny salt and pepper shakers. He can see in through to the TV room where Grandma is shaking Dad awake on the couch for dinner.
and holding a glass of milk for him. Dad lifts himself off the couch. Grandma hands him the glass of milk.

**GRANDMA**
Here's some milk to wet your whistle.

**DAD**
Thanks mom.

Dad shuffles into the kitchen and takes his seat at the table. Dad empties a couple of pills into his palm and downs them with milk. TJ forks his food around his plate.

**DAD (CONT'D)**
Hey Teej.

**TJ**
Hey.

**GRANDMA**
Take some applesauce, sweetheart.

**DAD**
What's the time?

**TJ**
It's six o'clock. Have you been sleeping all day?

(CONTINUED)

16.

**CONTINUED:**

**DAD**
I just had to lay down for a bit.

Dad looks up but doesn't seem to notice TJ's bruised face.

**DAD (CONT'D)**
How was school?

**TJ**
Fine. When are you going back to work?
DAD
That's a good question.

Dad scrapes a mouthful onto his fork, avoiding the good question. A moment passes. TJ stares at him.

TJ
Are you gonna answer it?

DAD
I don't know. I'm not ready yet.

Dad's eyes are lowered. He stares at his plate. TJ watches him, feeling powerless.

TJ
I'm not ready yet either.

They eat in silence.

GRANDMA
TJ, would you please pass me the salt?

TJ passes the bunny salt shaker.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Did you know that when Albert Einstein interviewed people for a job, he would take them out for lunch and if they put salt on their food before tasting it, he would not give them the job.

Grandma looks up at TJ with a small grin. She sets the salt shaker down.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
I've always liked that.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TJ sits on the bed in a doctor's office. The DOCTOR is cutting off his cast with a little buzz saw.

The doctor pulls the cast free and inspects TJ's arm. It is pale and skinny compared to the other.
DOCTOR
(referring to the smell)
Whoa, that's like an eight week old dirty sock. OK, so how does that feel? You wanna turn your wrist like this for me?

The doctor demonstrates. TJ imitates.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And like this.

The doctor twists his wrist in a different direction. TJ does the same. The doctor looks for a pen.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Any pain or discomfort?

TJ
I don't know. It feels kinda weird, I can't tell.

DOCTOR
It will feel strange for a few days, but should start to feel normal again soon. Alright, lookin' good. I s'pose I should write you a note for school.

The doctor writes the note. While he does so he makes chit chat.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
How's your Dad doing?

TJ
Not great. I don't know. You should probably just ask him yourself.

INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Elsberry drones on from the front of the class.

(CONTINUED)

18.

CONTINUED:
MRS ELSBERRY

If we consider that dreams serve a metaphoric function in narrative fiction, as they do in life, what metaphoric function would you suggest the dreams here are serving?

TJ sits in the back of the class, by the window.

A little pebble hits TJ's desk. It bounces onto the floor. TJ looks around to find where it came from - and then another one hits him in the head.

He looks out the window. Hesher is right outside the window. He takes the cap off of a large BLACK MAGIC MARKER. He holds it up to his nose and takes a long slow inhale. He exhales slow long, staring hard at TJ.

TJ looks around confused. Hesher recaps the marker, throws it hard at TJ and wanders off. The marker hits TJ, then falls to floor near his feet. He reaches for it. Mrs. Elsberry sees this.

MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)

TJ! What are you doing? Please pass that forward.

TJ passes the marker forward. Mrs. Elsberry sets the marker on her desk.

MRS ELSBERRY (CONT'D)

You can collect this after class.

She continues back to the chalkboard.

MRS ELSBERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OK, so for our protagonist, are these dreams premonitions or desires or even nightmares perhaps?

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

It's after school. Kids are leaving campus. TJ wheels his bike
across the school yard.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

TJ rides his bike down the street. Dustin's YELLOW MUSTANG appears beside him. Dustin is boiling.

DUSTIN
You're fuckin' dead.

(CONTINUED)

19.

CONTINUED:

We see that someone has drawn - in BIG BLACK MARKER - a crude picture of a body, sitting on a toilet with a big erect penis. The picture is drawn on the side of Dustin's Mustang door, so his real head lines up with the drawing. It's drawn in perspective so it looks like Dustin's head is attached to the naked defecating body to outsiders. The words 'SUCK MY COCK' have been scrawled beside the picture. Dustin swerves the car toward TJ, narrowly missing him. TJ cuts into a large supermarket parking lot, attempting to get away.

Dustin accelerates ahead of TJ and screeches to a halt in front of him, cutting him off, almost hitting him. TJ stumbles and falls off his bike. His bike lands on top of him.

Dustin jumps out of his car and starts beating TJ in the middle of parking lot traffic. TJ struggles just to protect himself, cowering on the ground and covering his head. Dustin tries to wrestle TJ free of the bike so as to get a clearer shot at him. He drags TJ by his T-shirt, ripping it off in the process.

And then a WOMAN'S VOICE -

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!
Dustin ignores the voice. He continues beating TJ.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Hey! Leave him alone!

Dustin ignores again.

**VOICE (CONT'D)**

Hey! I said stop it!

Dustin ignores one last time - a beat passes, then the woman, NICOLE (mid-20s), appears behind Dustin and jumps onto his back, bear hugging his face.

**NICOLE**

Leave him alone!

Dustin shakes erratically, Nicole has a tight grip on him, but eventually Dustin manages to throw her onto the ground.

**DUSTIN**

What the fuck are you doing lady?

Nicole picks herself up off the ground and holds up her fists like she's ready to fight. She doesn't look very tough.

**(CONTINUED)**

20.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**NICOLE**

What are you doing?!

Nicole stands defiantly between Dustin and TJ. Dustin looks around at the scene he's created in the street. A man steps out of his car. Dustin realizes it's time to go.

**DUSTIN**

*(TO TJ)*

I'm not finished, you fuck.

He gets back into his car, slams the door and speeds off.
Nicole watches him go, then helps TJ up. TJ is shirtless, scrawny, dirty and traumatized.

NICOLE
Are you alright?

TJ
I don't know.

(BEAT)
Am I bleeding?

NICOLE
I don't think so. Am I?

TJ
I don't know.

TJ grabs his T-shirt and pulls it back on. He picks his bike up off the ground and hops on. He goes to peddle, but the chain is busted. His peddling goes nowhere.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - DAY

Nicole drives. TJ is in the passenger seat. TJ's bike is cramped in the back.

NICOLE
I can't believe he called me lady. Do I look like a lady to you?

TJ
I don't know, I guess?

NICOLE
Thanks. I mean do I look old? Well anyway, at least I can say I've been in a fight.

She thinks about this for a beat. TJ is silent.

(CONTINUED)

21.

CONTINUED:

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I can't believe he called me lady.
TJ notices an ice-cream cone sitting in a cup-holder between the seats.

TJ
I think your ice cream's melting.

NICOLE
Oh shit.

She tries to pick it up, suddenly flustered. It drips everywhere. She doesn't know what to do with it. It's too melted to eat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck it.

She throws it out the window.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Hey, so I'm kinda like a hero now, aren't I?

TJ looks over confused.

TJ
What?

NICOLE
Well actually, I basically just didn't want to have to go home and then spend the rest of the day feeling bad about the fact that I didn't help you and then hear about you on the news being beat to death in the parking lot. So you know, really I'm just - I did it for me. I'm just selfish.

(BEAT)
And I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm like that.

TJ is silent, he has no idea how to respond to this girl.

She spots a gas station.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Oh, gas station.

She quickly makes an illegal turn into oncoming traffic. Cars honk at her.
CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Whoaaa... sorry, sorry.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR / GAS STATION - DAY
They pull up next to a gas pump.

NICOLE
Perfect landing.
She gets out of the car.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
You like black or red?

TJ
Ah, I don't know, black?

NICOLE
Black? Really? Are you sure?

TJ
OK, red?

NICOLE
OK.

Nicole walks off. TJ watches her for a beat then his eye
wanders over the contents of her messy car. He picks up a white name
tag from the coin tray between the seats. It reads:
RALPH'S - Hi my name is NICOLE, how can I help you?

TJ looks up and sees Nicole heading back to the car. He puts
name tag down as the car door opens and Nicole gets in. She
hands him a stick of red licorice covered in green sugar.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Red it is.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER
Nicole and TJ are driving. They eat sour licorice. TJ's not enjoying it, but not wanting her to know this.

NICOLE
It's super sour isn't it? You don't have to eat it if you don't like it.

TJ
It's really sour.

(CONTINUED)

23.

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
I know, that's the point. I used to hate this crazy sour stuff, I don't know what happened. I just recently acquired a taste for it. I don't even really know what's in it, but I pretty much eat it all the time. And I'm sure it's making me fat. I just don't want to end up like those fat old ladies you sometimes see, you know, the really fat ones?

TJ doesn't know what to make of her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I don't know why I'm telling you this. Anyway, I was secretly hoping that you loved these -

Holding up the licorice, then taking a bite.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
So you could eat 'em for me. But now I can see you don't like 'em' and I'm kinda glad cuz it means more for me. I guess I'm sort of a hypocrite in a way.

She smiles at that. TJ attempts to smile back, but he's so confused he ends up making a strange face. He awkwardly looks away.

EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY
Nicole's car pulls up. TJ gets out and notices a dirty black van creeping slowly around the corner toward them. This makes him very nervous.

TJ
OK, thanks for the ride. I really appreciate it.

He hurries to the door.

NICOLE
Hey!

TJ turns.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
You want your bike?

(CONTINUED)
24.
CONTINUED:

TJ notices his bike still in Nicole's back seat.

TJ
Shit.

TJ rushes back. He drags it out of her car.

TJ (CONT'D)
Thanks.

He wheels it back towards the house. TJ goes around the side of the house to the back door. He knocks on the back door.

GRANDMA
Hi, TJ. What you doing around the back?

Grandma lets TJ in. TJ is nervous.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
TJ
I just, I dunno. I was just dumping my bike.

TJ heads for the living room.

TJ (CONT'D)
(CALLING)
Hey, Dad!

GRANDMA
Your Dad's gone to the supermarket, honey. Everything OK?

TJ
Ah, yeah, OK.

But TJ isn't listening. He can't stop thinking about that black van. He exits the kitchen.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - DAY

TJ walks the hall carefully to the front door. He squints through the peephole.

The black van is parked directly in front of the house. TJ can't see properly through the hole.

He turns, to get a better look through the TV room window. 25.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TJ turns to the living room. There is Hesher standing in the middle of the room with a dirty duffel bag over his shoulder.

TJ is petrified. They stand looking at each other for a long moment.

HESHER
Where's the laundry room?

TJ
My dad'll be home soon.

HESHER
Where's the laundry room?
TJ

Why?

HESHER
You've got two seconds to tell me where the laundry room is before I tear your fuckin' head off and skull fuck you.

TJ points to a door off the lounge.

TJ
It's through there. But why? You can't - my dad's gonna be home soon.

Hesher stares at him for a second, then heads for the door.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

Hesher empties his sack into the washing machine. TJ steps into the room, wary. Hesher ignores him.

Hesher strips off his T-shirt and jeans and add them to the load. He's now standing in the laundry room wearing underwear only. TJ sees bad burn scars running down Hesher's thighs.

Hesher pours laundry detergent liberally into the machine.

TJ
What are you doing? You can't -

Hesher turns on a dime and grabs TJ by his throat and pins him against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

26.

CONTINUED:

HESHER
I swear to god. I'll cut your face off.

He closes the lid. He wrenches the dial around and clicks 'start'. The machine begins a loud cycle. Hesher exits. TJ
follows awkwardly.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hesher sits in the middle of the couch and lights a cigarette.

    TJ
    You can't smoke in here.

Hesher drags deep and blows the smoke out in a long whistle straight into the air above him.

    TJ (CONT'D)
    You can't smoke.

Hesher flicks his cigarette, ashing on the floor.

    TJ (CONT'D)
    What are you doing? You can't smoke in here.

Hesher looks at him and ashes on the couch.

    TJ (CONT'D)
    Will you please put it out?

    HESHER
    Can I put it out in your mouth?

    TJ
    What?! Wait.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma is crumbing chicken fillets at the counter. She's listening to loud talk radio. TJ goes straight for the cupboards and looks through them.

Grandma turns, eyebrows raised. She turns the radio down.

    GRANDMA
    I'm gonna make a cake. Do you remember my cherry cake story?

TJ gets down on his knees and digs his way through the cupboard while Grandma rambles, continuing her chicken crumbing.

(CONTINUED)
GRANDMA (CONT'D)
I used to make a cherry cake all the time and it always came out just wonderful. One time I invited my doctor and his wife and I wanted to make an impression. I asked him to come see your dad in a play and he came and I said, 'would you like to come back to the house?'

TJ emerges from the cupboard with a bowl. He turns toward the sink and begins to fill it with water.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
And he said, or his wife said, 'yes they'd like to come back.' So earlier that day I made a cherry cake and I used a - I didn't know it till afterwards, I used a new product - instead of Crisco, I used Fluffo. They never made it again that Fluffo.

TJ
Grandma, can I hear the rest of your story later? I'm kinda busy.

GRANDMA
Oh, of course honey.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TJ enters, carrying the bowl.

Hesher is on the couch, smoking. The TV is now on. He flips channels.

TJ stands next to Hesher. Hesher looks at him.

The front door opens and Dad enters, wearing old sweatpants, a dirty T-shirt, and carrying a plastic grocery bag.

He stops when he sees the practically naked, greasy-haired guy smoking on the couch (his 'bed'). It's a strange moment.

DAD
TJ, who's this?

After a long uncomfortable silence, Hesher stands and extends his hand.

**HESHER**

My name's Hesher. Call me Hesher.

(CONTINUED)

**28.**

**CONTINUED:**

Paul has to rearrange the bags to shake his hand. Hesher sits back down.

**DAD**

*(TO TJ)*

What's he doing?

**TJ**

He's doing laundry.

They stand looking at each other. TJ is just plain stressed out.

**DAD**

Why is he smoking in the house?

**TJ**

I don't know.

Hesher continues flipping channels. He's not finding anything he wants.

**DAD**

Did you tell him he can't?

**TJ**

Yes.

**HESHER**

How come you only have four channels?

Hesher gets up off the couch and exits the room.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**
Hesher enters the kitchen. Grandma is still crumbing chicken.

He starts going through drawers right next to her. He doesn't acknowledge her.

Grandma notices him, but not seemingly his cigarette, his state of undress or his complete stranger-ness.

**GRANDMA**

Hello there.

**HESHER**

Hello, old lady.

His cigarette is done. He flicks it into the sink. It sizzles out. He opens another drawer.

Dad enters with his grocery bag.

(CONTINUED)

**29. CONTINUED:**

**DAD**

(TO HESHER)

Can I help you with something?

Hesher shuts the drawer. He's holding a fork.

**HESHER**

Nope, I'm good.

He exits the kitchen.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher strides across the back lawn in his underwear.

TJ and Dad step out the door and watch him.

Hesher reaches a telephone pole and climbs it nimbly like a monkey. At the top, he fiddles around with the fork, banging and wrenching at the cable box.
He drops the fork to the ground and begins his descent. Only a couple of feet from the ground, he loses his grip and falls, crashing down into a thick bush at the base of the pole.

**HESHER**

Motherfucker.

TJ and Dad stand staring frozen.

Hesher lifts himself up out of the bushes, brushes himself off and heads back to the house.

He walks right past them and back inside.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher sits back down on the couch and begins to flip through the newly acquired channels. He finds porn and drops the remote down beside him. He sits back and watches girl-on-girl action.

TJ and Dad stand just inside the TV room, stunned, watching the newly acquired porn.

Then a LOUD BUZZ marking the end of the wash's cycle sounds from the laundry room.

Hesher gets up off the couch and heads for it.

A stunned and silent (bar the porn noise) moment later, TJ follows.

**(CONTINUED)**

**30. CONTINUED:**

Dad picks up the remote and switches the TV off.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher loads his wet laundry into the dryer. TJ's nervous.

**TJ**
So, ah, what are you doing now?

Hesher slams the dryer door shut and wrenches the dial around.

The dryer starts up loud. Hesher pretends he can't hear TJ.

**HESHER**

Huh?

He turns and looks into the garage which is right off the laundry room. He points inside.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

(LOUD)

This your room?

**TJ**

(huh?)

That's the garage.

Hesher walks into the garage with his bag and slams the door leaving TJ standing in the laundry room with the noisy dryer.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

TJ sits at the dinner table with Dad and Grandma. From the garage we hear a muffled bass guitar playing loud and heavy.

**GRANDMA**

Does your friend want to eat some dinner dear?

**TJ**

He's not hungry.

**GRANDMA**

Are you sure?

**TJ**

Yeah, I'm sure.

**DAD**

What's he doing in the garage?

(CONTINUED)

31.

CONTINUED:
TJ
I don't know. I said he could practice his guitar in there.

GRANDMA
That's great honey, it's nice having a bit of music in the house again. Is he a new friend?

TJ
Yeah, sort of.

GRANDMA
You know your grandfather played the harmonica for many years.

TJ doesn't respond. He eats. Dad looks on perplexed, yet disconnected.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MORNING

TJ is dressed for school, wet hair. He brushes his teeth. We can hear the sound of cartoons in the background. TJ stops brushing and listens a second. He hasn't heard cartoons at this hour in a long time.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TV ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TJ enters the TV room. Dad is lying on the couch. Hesher sits on an armchair eating a bowl of cereal and watching cartoons. TJ stands for a beat and watches them. This is strange.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma pulls a bottle of orange juice out of the fridge.

GRANDMA (LOUDLY)
Hesher, would you like a glass of orange juice.

HESHER (O.S.)
Ah, yeah. Sure.

GRANDMA
Morning, TJ.

    TJ

Hi, Grandma.

(CONTINUED)

32.

CONTINUED:

TJ goes to the counter. He pours cereal into a bowl. He grabs the milk carton. He pours it into the bowl, but the carton's empty.

    GRANDMA

Oh, I'm sorry, honey. We're out of milk. I can cook you up some eggs if you like, dear.

    TJ

No, thanks. I don't have time.

TJ leans back and looks into the TV room at Hesher enjoying his milky cereal.

    GRANDMA

Would you like to come for a walk with me today?

    TJ

I can't, Grandma. I gotta go to school.

    GRANDMA

No, I mean later. This afternoon.

TJ grabs his backpack.

    TJ

I don't know. Can you ask me when I get home?

    GRANDMA

OK, honey.

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / LUNCH YARD - DAY
The lunch yard is busy. The crowd clears a moment and we find TJ sitting on a bench in the shade, alone and depressed, hidden away from the other kids.

He drinks from a can of soda.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - DAY**

TJ rides his bike into the car lot.

TJ stands staring at the crashed red Volvo (from the opening scene) that is parked on the lot. He takes a few deep breaths.

**INT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY / OFFICE - DAY**

TJ walks up to an open office door and knocks. Inside is LARRY TOWERS. He looks up.

**LARRY**

Yes?

**TJ**

I need to talk to you.

**LARRY**

Oh, yeah? What about?

TJ enters and sits opposite.

**TJ**

I want to get the car back.

**LARRY**

Yeah, I figured that. You made it pretty clear the last time you were here, and I thought I made it pretty clear that I couldn't give it to you.

**TJ**

What do I need to do to get it back?

**LARRY**

The car's not for sale.

**TJ**

I want to get it back, though. How
much do you want for it?

Larry takes a breath. He doesn't want to be having this conversation. He counts the obstacles out on his fingers.

LARRY
I don't know. We're talking at least eighteen hundred dollars, not including taxes, registration, ADM, or dealer's fees. On top of that, you'd need a driver's license. I'm guessing you don't have one of those. You'd need valid car insurance. I'm guessing you don't have that either. But even if you did have these things, I still couldn't sell it to you because the car's not street legal. There's a million reasons why I can't sell it to you.

(CONTINUED)

34.

CONTINUED:

For a second it seems Larry feels sympathetic toward TJ.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Look kid, I appreciate your enthusiasm, I really do, but I don't know what to tell you. You can't have the car. End of story.

TJ churns all this over in his head. Larry thinks he's made himself clear. He motions to the papers on his desk.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I get back to it here?

EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY / OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TJ walks out of Larry's office, forlorn. He walks across the showroom, head down, mumbling angrily to himself.

He is stopped by a hand on his chest. It's Dustin.

DUSTIN
You're lucky I'm at work right now.

EXT. STREET - DAY
TJ sits on his bike staring at a Ralph's supermarket.

INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Nicole is at the checkout, checking grocery items. She finishes with a customer and TJ appears next in line, with an ice cream cone.

NICOLE
Hi Sir, how are you today? Oh, hey.

TJ
Hey.

NICOLE
How's it goin'?

TJ
I got you a replacement ice cream.

Nicol is a little taken aback.

NICOLE
Oh my god. That's so sweet, thanks.

TJ smiles awkwardly. He hands her the cone.

(CONTINUED)

35.

CONTINUED:

TJ
I paid for it over there.

He points to the ice cream counter on the other side of the store.

NICOLE
Oh, OK.

She holds the cone, not quite sure what to do with it, not sure how to take this kid.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

TJ
(NERVOUS)
Sure, OK. See ya.

TJ walks away.

NICOLE
See ya.

Nicole watches him leave while a line of customers wait to be served. She smiles at the next customer, sharing the moment.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(to next customer)
Hi.

She starts checking the customer's items, still holding her melting cone. She looks up out the door. She can see TJ outside, shaking his head and mumbling to himself. He feels like an idiot.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING

TJ enters the house. Dad isn't on the couch. He heads for the kitchen. He stops abruptly in the doorway.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hesher and Grandma are at the counter. Grandma is baking an apple pie. Hesher is joyfully eating the apple slices she is preparing for the pie. They don't notice TJ.

(CONTINUED)
36.

CONTINUED:

GRANDMA
- and his wife said, yes they'd like to come back to the house.' So earlier that day I made a cherry cake and I used a new product - I didn't know it till afterwards- I used Fluffo. They never made it again that Fluffo. It was an imitation brand. I served the cake and there was silence. And then -
Grandma makes a clicking sound with her tongue on the roof of her mouth.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

(LAUGHING)

You put the cake in your mouth and it stuck to the roof of your mouth. They could hardly swallow it.

Hesher finds Grandma's story amusing, he laughs, never losing a beat while eating the delicious apple slices.

Grandma notices that TJ is standing in the doorway.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

(STILL LAUGHING)

Hi sweetheart.

Hesher glances over, he clearly doesn't give a shit about TJ. TJ is not impressed with Hesher either.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TJ, Grandma, Dad and Hesher all sit at the dinner table.

They eat in an awkward silence. Grandma breaks the ice.

**GRANDMA**

So who's coming for a walk with me tomorrow morning?

Again silence. Clearly no one is jumping at this opportunity.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

TJ?

**TJ**

I can't Grandma. I have school tomorrow.

**GRANDMA**

Ok, well you're always invited.

**(CONTINUED)**

37.

**CONTINUED:**
Silence again. The sounds of chewing add to the awkwardness of this dinner.

**HESHER**

So what?

Everyone turns toward Hesher. This is the first thing to come out of his mouth all night. He's looking at TJ.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

So what school? Go on a walk with your Grandma.

Grandma lights up.

**GRANDMA**

He's right TJ, it'd be very good for you to get some fresh air.

**HESHER**

Your Grandma goes walking in the morning by herself? You can't get your ass outta bed like an hour earlier? She could get raped.

Dad stops chewing. TJ looks at Hesher like he's crazy.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I read about this shit all the time. Grandmas get raped. You ever hear about that guy who killed like 13 old ladies.

**TJ**

What?

**HESHER**

Fuckin' Google it, dude. The Granny Killer, he killed like hella old ladies by strangling them with their dirty panties.

(taking a mouthful)

Not all of them necessarily got fucked, but they all got penetrated by like the dude's fingers and I don't know, other shit too.

**DAD**

That's enough.
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HESHER  
(TO TJ)
I just think your Grandma asks you to go on a walk, you should go with her so she doesn't get raped.

GRANDMA
Why would anyone rape me?

HESHER
I don't know, they do it, Grandma. There's some sick fucks out there.

DAD
That's enough.

Everyone continues to eat in silence. TJ stares at Hesher who is shovelling food into his mouth.

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / LUNCH YARD - DAY

TJ sits alone in the busy yard, nibbling halfheartedly on crackers from his lunch bag.

Kid 1 from the locker scene earlier appears beside him.

KID 1
Hey, Teej. What are you doing? Come sit with us, we're in our spot.

TJ
What? Uh, Ok.

TJ gets up reluctantly, then notices Hesher walking across the yard towards the bathroom followed by an EMO KID with a skateboard.

TJ (CONT'D)
I'll meet you there in a second.
TJ walks off, following Hesher. Kid 1 watches TJ walk off toward the bathroom.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / BATHROOM - DAY**

TJ enters the bathroom. He hears voices coming from a back stall. He walks towards them.

In the end stall TJ finds Hesher finishing a drug deal with the Emo kid. Hesher hands him a bag of pot. The kid hands him money. TJ stands and watches. The kid leaves.

**(CONTINUED)**

39.

**CONTINUED:**

Hesher shoves the money in his pocket, ignoring TJ. He unzips his fly and turns to urinate in the bowl.

**TJ**

What are you doing here?

**HESHER**

Pissing.

**TJ**

What are you doing at my school?

**HESHER**

I'm putting out a fire.

TJ notices that he isn't actually urinating in the bowl. He's spraying his pee all over the seat and the lid and the wall and the floor. He finishes and zips up. He turns and shoves past TJ. Hesher looks at his hair in the mirror, then exits. TJ watches him leave, frustrated. He follows him out.

**INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / HALL - CONTINUOUS**

TJ sees Hesher disappear through the crowd. From behind, TJ is...
grabbed and dragged back into the bathroom.

INT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TJ is swung by his backpack across the bathroom. His backpack gets ripped off him and he goes down, sliding across the floor. He looks up. It's Dustin, seriously angry. TJ leaps and shoves Dustin back. Dustin stumbles backwards and trips TJ's bag in the middle of the bathroom floor.

Dustin falls and lands on his ass. He flounders embarrassingly.

TJ knows he's a dead man.

Dustin jumps up and grabs TJ by the back of his head. He shoves TJ's face down onto the filthy urinal tray. TJ struggles.

DUSTIN

You fucked my car, you little prick.

Dustin holds TJ's head down in the tray. He shoves his face into the little yellow urinal deodorizer cake.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Eat the cake.

TJ goes to lift himself up. Dustin punches him and then putting his foot on TJ's neck, jamming TJ's head into the tray. He pushes the flusher. The urinal flushes all over TJ's face.

(CONTINUED)

40.

CONTINUED:

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' eat it.

Hesher comes back into the bathroom. Dustin turns and looks at him, sensing danger. TJ looks up from the bathroom floor,
pleading for help. Hesher walks calmly towards TJ and
Dustin. But instead of saving TJ, he walks straight past them and
into the stall where he just completed his drug deal.
He grabs his cigarette lighter from the top of toilet tank.
He lights a cigarette, takes a long drag, blows the smoke in
the air and walks back out again. Dustin watches him go. He puts
another boot into TJ.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
It's your birthday. Eat your fuckin' cake.

EXT. FAIR OAKS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

TJ waits with his bike in the street outside the school.
He's beat up, wet and dirty. School's out. Most kids have already
left. Dad pulls up in Grandma's maroon Buick. He gets out
and opens the back door for TJ's bike.

DAD
You ready?

TJ
I don't wanna go.

DAD
It'll be good for us, Teej. C'mon. We'll be late.

Dad takes TJ's bike and starts trying to fit it in the
backseat.

TJ
I really don't want to go.

DAD
I don't think anyone ever 'wants to
go' to these things. It's supposed to
be good for us. That's the whole
point.

TJ stands watching his Dad struggle with the bike.

DAD (CONT'D)
C'mon. Give me a hand here.
INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

TJ and Dad sit on beanbags set out in a circle of about 12. Eight of these beanbags have people sitting on them - adults and a few kids. Some drink tea and coffee from little styrofoam cups. The tone is sombre. Dad and TJ look unsure of themselves. The chairperson of the meeting is MERYL, a 42 year-old grief counsellor.

MERYL
OK, so welcome everyone to the Transformational Grief Group. My name is Meryl. We should start off by going around the circle and introducing ourselves and briefly explaining why we are here. Hi Miss, would you please start us off?

A heavy set woman, COLEEN, and her husband, JACK, sit on beanbags looking pale and sad.

COLEEN
We are the Bolder family. I am Coleen and this is my husband Jack. Our daughter Cynthia was murdered last year. (she choked a bit) She was the victim of a violent attack that was unfair and sick.

She can't go on. Her husband Jack sets his hand on her shoulder. She is able to hold back the tears.

COLEEN (CONT'D)
We are here because we need help. We lost our baby and we are broken.

JACK
Hi, my name is Jack. As my wife said, we're here hoping for some answers and just some help with the pain.

MERYL
Thank you, Coleen and Jack. Welcome.
Weird silence.

**MERYL (CONT'D)**
(to Dad and TJ)
Sir.

Dad shuffles in his seat, looks around the group.

(CONTINUED)

42.

CONTINUED:

**DAD**
Ah, OK. Sure. My name is Paul Forney. This is my son, TJ. We're here today because we lost my wife, TJ's mother, a bit more than two months ago now. And ah, I don't know, we're still trying to come to terms with things and, you know, just find some guidance of some kind, I guess, and, ah, yeah, so...

Dad finishes mid-sentence, then brief silence.

**MERYL**
OK, great. Welcome, Paul. TJ? Would you like to introduce yourself, say a few words to the group?

**TJ**
Not really.

Meryl waits to see if TJ has anything more to add. He doesn't.

**MERYL**
OK. That's OK.
(to the person next to TJ)
Nicholas, would you like to introduce yourself to the group?

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Dad and TJ pull into the driveway of the Forney house. Hesher's venom van is parked haphazardly on the lawn. TJ looks at it with a reminder of the afternoon.
INT. FORNEY HOUSE - NIGHT

TJ bursts through the front door.

He walks through the TV room to the laundry room. He rips the door to the garage and flicks on the light. It's empty except for a little pile of Hesher's stuff.

He walks back through the living room as Dad walks in the front door, closing it behind him.

TJ heads to the kitchen.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TJ enters the kitchen. Grandma is baking.

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

GRANDMA

Hi, honey. How was your special group?

TJ

Fine.

TJ exits the kitchen. He walks the hall to the bathroom. He turns the handle and enters.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hesher is having a bubble bath, smoking a cigarette, totally calm. TJ immediately lets rip.

TJ

Fuck you!

HESHER

Fuck you.

TJ

Fuck you. You let that fuck stick my head in a toilet and you don't do anything about it? You stand there and fucking watch him do it?
Hesher ignores TJ. He watches him closely. He calmly takes a drag of his cigarette and ashes into the bath.

**TJ (CONT'D)**
You stay in my grandma's house? You're taking a bath in my fucking grandma's bath?

Hesher flicks his butt in the bath and pulls the plug. He stays reclined as the water starts gurgling down the drain.

Hesher stands. He's totally naked. He doesn't care. TJ waits for him to say something. Anything.

Hesher steps out of the bath, dripping wet, naked.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

Say something!

TJ shoves him. Hesher, in a flash, grabs TJ by throat and slams him against the wall. He holds him there for a second, staring at him intensely.

**HESHER (CALM)**

Listen to me.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

44.

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
I'm gonna put some clothes on, then you're gonna meet me in my van.

Hesher lets go of TJ and walks out of the bathroom naked.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - NIGHT**

TJ and Hesher drive through the dark streets of Fair Oaks. Hesher finishes a cigarette. Wind blows in his hair. The van rattles. The Sex Pistol's 'Anarchy in the UK' is blasting.

TJ is still angry.

**TJ**

Where are we going?
Hesher ignores him.

TJ (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

After a beat, TJ turns the music down.

HESHER

Touch my stereo again, I'll seriously fucking hurt you.

Hesher turns the music back up. TJ is confused.

Hesher drives into a gas station and pulls on the handbrake. He lights another cigarette.

EXT. GAS STATION / VAN - CONTINUOUS

TJ

What are we doing?

Hesher gets out of the van and slams the door shut. He goes around the back of the van and opens the back doors. He pulls something out and shuts the doors again.

Through the side-view mirror, TJ can see Hesher filling up a beat-up plastic gas container. He continues to smoke.

INT. HESHER'S VAN - LATER

Hesher brings the van to a quiet halt across the street from a suburban house. He kills the engine and surveys the area.

TJ has no idea where they are.

TJ

What are we -

(CONTINUED)

45.

CONTINUED:

TJ catches himself asking questions, but stops himself mid-sentence. He looks out the window and across the street and
Dustin Howard's YELLOW MUSTANG parked in the drive.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

**(OH SHIT)**

What are you doing?

Hesher smiles to himself - he's looking forward to this. He opens the van door and climbs out. TJ is in a quiet panic.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher opens the van's back doors and grabs the container of gasoline. TJ appears beside him, still panicked.

**TJ**

Hey, seriously. What are you doing?

Hesher makes his way across the street toward the house and the yellow Mustang.

He pours gasoline all over the car. He does this with confidence - he's clearly had some practice.

**TJ (CONT'D)**

(loud whisper - too loud)

Come on. This is insane. Let's get out of here.

Hesher ignores him and continues dousing the car with gas.

The porch light comes on. Someone peels open the front window curtains and looks out. TJ and Hesher drop to the ground behind the Mustang. TJ is terrified. He looks over to Hesher who is smiling, in his element, this is the happiest we have seen him.

The curtains close but the porch light stays on. Unfazed, Hesher hops back up and empties the gas can onto the Mustang.

Hesher stands a moment, admiring the car, saying a silent goodbye to it perhaps, as he pulls a single bent cigarette from his pocket.

He straightens it, then lights it with a match.

**TJ (CONT'D)**
(QUIETLY FRANTIC)

C'mon, man. Let's just go.

Hesher takes one long drag on the cigarette, then calmly flicks the still lit match onto the Mustang.

(CONTINUED)

46.

CONTINUED:

Instantly, it erupts in flames.

Hesher picks up the gas can and walks calmly back to the van. TJ follows still frantically looking back at the car and the house.

Hesher gets in the van and throws the gas can into the back.

TJ goes to the passenger door.

It's locked. He wrestles the handle, panicking.

TJ (CONT'D)

Open the door! It's locked!

Hesher starts the van and pulls away, leaving TJ stranded in the street.

The front door of the house opens and a woman appears on the porch. Discovering the car in flames, she screams.

TJ takes off, running across the street and through a neighbor's yard, down the side of the neighbor's house, with the woman on the porch screaming at him.

WOMAN

Hey, get back here!

EXT. STREETS & BACKYARDS - NIGHT

TJ runs. He jumps fences and slips down the sides of houses. He's running fast and breathing hard.

He finds his way out onto another dark and quiet street.
He stops. He has no idea where he is or where to go.

Then - HEADLIGHTS appear at the end of the street. They bear down on him slowly. TJ stands immobile. He can now see it is Hesher's van, approaching slow and menacing.

The van stops about 10 feet from TJ. A moment's stand off.

Then Hesher sticks his head out the window.

HESHER
Get in.

TJ
You fucking ditched me.

HESHER
Get in the van, dude.

(CONTINUED)

47.

CONTINUED:

TJ doesn't move. He stares. Hesher REVS the engine.

Hesher revs the engine some more. TJ still doesn't move.

Hesher FLOORS THE VAN.

ON TJ - the headlights of the van bear down on him.

Hesher slams on the brakes and the van screeches to a halt inches from TJ's nose. TJ doesn't flinch.

He and Hesher stare at each other through the windshield. Hesher smiles. He's impressed.

TJ walks around to the passenger door.

INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

TJ climbs in the passenger seat of the van. He's surly.

TJ
What the fuck's wrong with you?!

HESHER
What?
**TJ**
What's wrong with you?

**HESHER**
What's the problem? That's the guy who put you in the toilet.

**TJ**
Yeah, but -

Hesher suddenly freezes, looks round, motions for TJ to 'shhh'.

**HESHER**
(whispers)
Something's coming.

TJ looks around everywhere. What's coming?

Then Hesher lets out a FART. He laughs. He puts the van in gear and drives. He cranks up the music.

TJ stares at Hesher for a moment, then looks straight ahead shaking his head.

48.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - DAY**

TJ wakes in bed, still shell-shocked from the previous night. He sits up and rubs his eyes.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ stands at the sink and begins to brush his teeth. He hears the DOORBELL RING. He hears muffled voices outside.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL - CONTINUOUS**

TJ exits the bathroom, still brushing and walks the hall toward the voices. Hesher is standing shirtless in the front doorway eating a banana, blocking the view to outside.

As TJ nears the front door, Hesher turns and moves away to
reveal Grandma talking to two uniformed police officers.

    HESHER
    It's for you.

Hesher disappears back into the house, smiling at TJ as he passes.

    COP
    Are you Thomas Forney?
    TJ
    (toothbrush in mouth)
    Yeah.

    COP
    We'd like to ask you some questions.
    TJ
    What about?

    COP
    We'd like you to come down to the station with us.
    TJ
    What for?

    DAD (O.S.)
    What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

49.

    CONTINUED:

TJ turns. His Dad is now sitting up on the couch, blinking in the light. He's in his boxers. His hair's a mess. He's dopey.

He's just woken up.

Hesher emerges from the kitchen, heading back to the garage, carrying a glass of orange juice.

    HESHER
    (TO DAD)
    Cops.
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

TJ's MUG-SHOT is taken.

TJ's FINGERPRINTS are taken.

TJ and his Dad sit in an interview room. Dad looks confused, dopey and dishevelled. A uniformed police officer enters with a file. He shuts the door and sits.

COP
OK, so we're gonna have to let you go now. We may very well be calling on you again very soon, but in the meantime, let this be a warning to you. Regardless of what evidence we do or don't find, you've come to our attention today. Our attention isn't good.

TJ
But I didn't do anything.

COP
You hearing me here? These are very serious crimes we've been presented with. Let's just say someone had been in that car, and they'd burned - to death. We'd be talking about manslaughter, possibly murder. Have you thought about that? You'd be sitting here with detectives from Homicide right now. These are felony offences we're talking about, son. Serious jail-time offences.

TJ nods, his dad looks on.

INT. GRANDMA'S CAR - DAY

TJ's in the passenger seat. His dad drives. They sit in silence for a little while. Then dad speaks-

DAD
Did you do it?

TJ pauses before answering.
TJ
Not really.

DAD
Not really?

TJ
I didn't do it.

DAD
What does `not really' mean?

TJ ignores him, stares out the car window.

DAD (CONT'D)
Tell me what `not really' means.

TJ
It means I didn't do it.

DAD
No, it doesn't. Why would you say 'not really'?

TJ
I didn't.

DAD
You did. I heard you.

TJ
I said I didn't do it.

DAD
Yeah, before that. I asked if you did it. You said `not really'.

TJ
I can't remember what I said.

DAD
Why would you do something like that?

(CONTINUED)

51.

CONTINUED:

Dad pulls the car into the driveway and comes to an abrupt stop.
Hesher is sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the driveway, sunbathing with his shirt off, drinking beer. He has a farmer's tan.

TJ jumps out. Dad stares at Hesher from inside the car.

**HESHER**

Howdy.

TJ walks past Hesher without looking at him.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

TJ enters and slams his door shut. TJ sits on his bed. Hesher enters without warning.

**HESHER**

So what'd the pigs want?

**TJ**

What the fuck do you think!?

**HESHER**

Did they give you a cavity search?

**TJ**

What?

**HESHER**

Did any of the cops put their fingers in your butthole?

**TJ**

Just fuck off, OK.

**HESHER**

What'd they do?

**TJ**

They took my fucking finger prints!

**HESHER**

So what?

**TJ**

So what!? I can get into serious trouble.

**HESHER**
Oh, is that right?

(CONTINUED)

52.

CONTINUED:

TJ
Yeah, that's right! They don't take this shit lightly.

HESHER
Oh, they don't?

TJ
People could have been hurt! If someone was killed it would have been considered murder.

Hesher feigns concern.

HESHER
Really? Murder?

(BEAT)
That's badass shit.

TJ
Please just leave me alone.

HESHER
OK, but first show me your best impression of a dumpling.

TJ
What?

HESHER
You know, a dumpling, the Chinese little thingies you eat -

Hesher holds up his thumb and index finger to show the size of a dumpling. TJ shakes his head, he's not finding this funny.

HESHER (CONT'D)
Come on, like this -

Hesher constricts all the muscles on his face imitating a dumpling, he looks ridiculous. TJ tries to hold back a smile,
but Hesher looks so absurd he can't.

HESHER (CONT'D)

OK, your turn.

TJ shakes his head, fighting a smile.

TJ

No.

(CONTINUED)

53.

CONTINUED: (2)

HESHER

OK.

And Hesher is gone in a flash.

INT. SUPERMARKET / CANNED GOODS AISLE - DAY

TJ is hiding, peering down an aisle, watching Nicole working at the check out scanning groceries. A can falls from one of the shelves just in front of him. It startles him. And then another one falls. He steps along the shelf to where the cans fell. He looks through to the next aisle. Nothing. Then a voice from behind him.

HESHER

Do you think she is totally bald or do you think she's more of a landing strip kind of chick or more of a 70's jungle bitch.

TJ is startled. Hesher stands behind him, also watching Nicole.

TJ

What are doing here?

HESHER

You're stalking that chick, dude.

TJ
No, I'm not.

**HESHER**
Yeah, you are. I've been stalking you for half an hour. You gonna try to fuck her?

**TJ**
What? No.

**HESHER**
Can't fuck her from here, dude. Gotta be way closer.

**TJ**
Shut up about it.

**HESHER**
You wanna poke her clam?

**TJ**
Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

54.

CONTINUED:

TJ is freaked and embarrassed. He walks away down the aisle. Hesher follows.

**HESHER**
You wanna poke her clam or what?

**TJ**
Please stop saying that.

TJ walks ahead fast. He wants out of this conversation. Nicole finishes up, turns her light off and hangs a 'Check Stand Closed' sign. She walks off toward the back of the store. TJ stops to be sure to avoid her.

**HESHER**
You want to poke her clam, dude. Nothing wrong with that. Don't be ashamed about it. Humans have been poking vagina for hundreds of years. Longer even.
Hesher says this a little too loud. Nearby shoppers look over. TJ shakes his head, then exits the store. Hesher follows.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
Bro, there's nothing wrong with wanting a little pussy.

**EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET / PARKING LOT - DAY**

TJ unlocks his bike from a pole.

**HESHER**
Where you going?

**TJ**
Home.

**HESHER**
I'll give you a ride.

**TJ**
No thanks.

**HESHER**
OK, but if you come with me it'll take 5 minutes and if you ride it will take you about 15.

TJ gets onto his bike.

**(CONTINUED)**

**55.**

**(CONTINUED):**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
Come on dude, don't be silly, let's just car pool.

TJ clearly doesn't want to ride his bike home, but his is reluctant to go with Hesher.

**TJ**
Fine, just don't talk to me.

**HESHER**
I won't say shit.
EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

TJ and Hesher load TJ's bike into the back of Hesher's van. Hesher closes the back doors and they get in.

INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

HESHER
Look dude, I'm really sorry about the fire the other night -

He waits a beat for TJ to respond. TJ is still mad, he says nothing.

HESHER (CONT'D)
That was totally out of control. Foolish and irresponsible actually.

TJ looks at Hesher, doubting his sincerity.

HESHER (CONT'D)
I want you to have this -

Hesher reaches into the back of the van and picks up a dirty magazine. He flips through some pages and shows TJ a photo.

TJ pushes the magazine away, disgusted.

TJ
Get that away from me.

HESHER
Dude are you gay? I can't work you out.

Hesher spots Nicole getting into her car. He drops the magazine on TJ's lap and fires up the engine.

TJ spots Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

56.

CONTINUED:

TJ
Hey, what are you doing?

Hesher puts the car in gear and begins to follow Nicole's car.
out of the parking lot.

TJ (CONT'D)
Stop the car, I want to get out.

HESHER
Shush.

TJ opens the door. Hesher grabs his arm.

HESHER (CONT'D)
You get out of this van, I'll rip your
dick off and fuck her for you.

Hesher means business. TJ is silent and back on edge.

Nicole drives through the parking lot. Hesher follows her
out of
the lot and into the street.

INT. HESHER'S VAN / STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Hesher bobs his head in time with a heavy metal track that
blasts from the stereo.

TJ is ignoring Hesher, looking straight ahead at Nicole's
car.

Nicole stops at a red light behind another car. Hesher pulls
up
behind her and starts playing air drums to the track.

The light turns green. Nicole hits the gas, running straight
moving
into the back of the car in front which hadn't started
yet.

HESHER
Whoops.

TJ's first impulse is to duck. Hesher watches the road. We
hear
the sounds of an angry DRIVER yelling at Nicole.

Through the windscreen we see the guy get out of his car,
yelling at Nicole.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nicole is flustered and begins to cry. The driver is
inspecting
the smashed rear end of his car.
NICOLE
I'm sorry. I didn't -

(CONTINUED)

57.

CONTINUED:

DRIVER
You just messed up the back of my car you stupid idiot. You need to pay attention when you're driving a fucking car -

HESHER (O.S.)
I think I can help here.

Hesher is out of the van approaching on foot, smoking.

HESHER (CONT'D)
I saw the whole thing. The chick here was stopped and you reversed right into her.

DRIVER
What?

HESHER
I don't know what your fucking problem is, dude. Why would you just reverse into her? That's fuckin' retarded.

DRIVER
What are you talking about?

INT. HESHER'S VAN - SAME

TJ lifts himself up again to see what's going on. He sits low, concealing himself, and watches the altercation in the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hesher and the driver face off. The driver is simultaneously bewildered and angry.

DRIVER
Are you out of your mind?

HESHER
You better start making like you're gonna pay her for the damage.

**DRIVER**

I didn't back into her. I don't know what you're talking about.

Hesher rips his shirt off, aggressively.

**HESHER**

You calling me a fucking liar, dude!?  

(Continued)

58.

Continued:

The guy immediately begins backing down.

**DRIVER**

No, I, I, I'm just saying I don't know what's going on here.

**HESHER**

You're calling me a fucking liar is what's going on here.

Hesher pushes the guy hard.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Let's go.

**DRIVER**

Look, I don't want any trouble, sir.

**HESHER**

Fight me cocksucker!

Hesher is seriously amping up the street agro. The guy doesn't know what to do. He starts heading back to his car.

**DRIVER**

This is ridiculous -

**HESHER**

Come back here and find out how ridiculous it is!

The guy gets in his car and speeds away, leaving Hesher (shirtless) and Nicole in the street. Hesher stubs his
cigarette, now totally relaxed again.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

OK. See you later.

Hesher heads back to the van. Nicole watches him not exactly sure what to say. Hesher climbs back into his van.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher slams the van door. TJ is slouched way down in his chair out of sight.

Hesher gets in and looks ahead. Nicole's car sputters and steam pours from under the hood.

**TJ**

Come on man, let's just go.

**(CONTINUED)**

**59.**

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

Your sexy girlfriend's in trouble. We're not going anywhere.

Hesher gets out. TJ ducks. He can't see what's going on.

Long seconds pass. And then his door opens.

Hesher is standing there next to Nicole.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You know, TJ?

This is now beyond embarrassing for TJ. He can't even think straight.

**TJ**

Hey.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ and Hesher push Nicole's car off to the side of the road.

**INT. HESHER'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER**
Hesher drives. Nicole's in the passenger seat shaken by the turn her day has taken. TJ is in the back.

**NICOLE**

Sometimes, you know, a day is bad and then when you think it couldn't get any worse you suddenly discover whole new ways it can get worse.

Hesher reaches over her and pulls a joint from the glove compartment. He lights the joint and takes a big toke. He offers it to Nicole.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

No, thanks.

Hesher shrugs and takes another big toke then offers it to TJ who also declines.

**(CONTINUED)**

60.

**CONTINUED:**

**HESHER**

This one time I had like four hella drunk chicks in the back of the van, and we were going for it and I had one hand on this one girl's tit and my other hand on this other chick's twat, but there was like still two other girls wanting to get off so like I had my foot rubbing on one girl's asshole while I'm trying to eat the other girl out, and I was going crazy man. It was too much. I couldn't work out which chick was which and I'm making one girl cum but then I'm forgetting about the others and my tongue's hurting and my fingers are getting tired and like eventually I was just like 'Fuck this. This is too much' and I just stepped back. I just stepped back. And before you know it these girls are all working on each other, you know.
They're all fingering each other and eating each other out, you know, and I jerk myself off and everyone's a winner, you know?

Nicole looks at Hesher like he's crazy. TJ is in the back - he can't believe what's coming out of Hesher's mouth. A moment passes.

NICOLE
Was that some kind of perverted metaphor for me? About how I should just step back and let things work themselves out?

HESHER
A what?

He reaches for the stereo and cranks the knob - Metallica's, 'Motorbreath' BLASTS through the speakers.

As if he were possessed by the music, Hesher veers dangerously off the road onto a dirt patch. He has a crazed look in his eyes. TJ and Nicole grab onto anything they can hold onto.

Hesher turns the wheel hard and floors the gas. The van spins in circles spraying dirt in every direction. TJ gets thrown from the back seat onto the ground. Dirt pours into the windows and covers them from head to toe. Hesher corrects the wheel and veers back onto the road again.

(CONTINUED)

61.

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns the knob on the radio to an easy listening station. UB40's 'Red Red Wine' plays. A car honks as an angry driver passes.

NICOLE
What the hell was that?

Hesher looks over at Nicole.

HESHER
I saw a mouse.

NICOLE
What?

TJ picks himself up off the van's floor, dusting himself off.

NICOLE (CONT'D) (TO TJ)
Are you OK?

TJ
I have dirt in my mouth.

TJ scrapes his tongue with his fingers. Nicole breaks a little smile.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The black van pulls up curb-side outside a neat suburban home. Hesher gets out and walks, covered in dirt, to the front door of the house. He looks in through the window, knocks, waits. An old man opens the door. They exchange a few words. Hesher heads back to the van and they drive off. Nicole and TJ seem confused.

NICOLE
Who's that guy?

Hesher says nothing. They drive three houses down the street and stop again. Hesher gets out. Again he peers in the window, knocks on the door. This time no answer. He heads back to the van. Nicole and TJ watch him approach from inside. He sticks his head in.

HESHER
We're here. Come on, let's go.

NICOLE
We're where?

HESHER
My uncle's house.
62.

CONTINUED:

Hesher walks off toward the side gate of the house. Nicole and TJ climb out of the van and follow Hesher. Nicole seems cautious. TJ knows he's on an adventure.

Hesher jumps the SIDE GATE, then opens it for the others.

NICOLE
What was that back there?

HESHER
What was what?

NICOLE
That other house?

HESHER
Wrong house.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME / BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

In the backyard is a swimming pool.

Nicole and TJ stand looking in the pool. It's a nice pool with a diving board.

Hesher walks up behind them and pushes them in.

Nicole comes up for air.

NICOLE
What the fuck!?

HESHER
What? You're dirty.

NICOLE
Yeah, and now I'm wet.

Hesher smiles wide.

HESHER
You're dirty and wet. I'm coming in...
He throws his T-shirt off and does a huge bomb into the pool.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Now I'm dirty and wet too.

He splashes water at her. He dives under the water. Suddenly TJ is pulled under. Nicole can't see them under all the motion. Then TJ and Hesher come bursting up for air.

**(CONTINUED)**

63.

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**

Cut it out.

**HESHER**

R2! Shut down all the fucken' trash compactors on the detention level!

Hesher dives under the water again. Nicole squirms. Hesher has her leg. He doesn't drag her under. He just tugs her leg. She slaps at the water. He tugs her leg again. Pretty soon she's laughing. Hesher's head appears above water momentarily.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

...All the fucking trash compactors...

(underwater, then up again)

...on the detention level!...

He dives again. He pulls her leg. She laughs hard. TJ watches feeling a little left out. Hesher jumps up and climbs out of the pool. He goes to a garden table nearby.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Oh, shit. More trash coming in!

He heaves the table over and into the pool. He grabs a banana lounge.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Oh shit!
He throws it in the pool. Nicole and TJ have to dive out of the way. They go to the sides of the pool and climb out laughing, while Hesher continues heaving garden furniture, a barbecue and anything else in reach into the water.

TJ and Nicole sit on the edge of the pool with their legs dangling in the water. They're fully clothed and soaking wet.

He walks off, around the side of the house, looking for more things to break.

There is an awkward silent moment between TJ and Nicole. TJ looks down and notices a small army of ants marching along the side of the pool. He manages to get one to crawl onto the his finger.

NICOLE
So, how do you know this guy?

TJ
I don't know, he's sort of moved into my grandma's house with us.

(CONTINUED)

64.

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE
What, like he's renting a room or something?

TJ
No, not really, I don't know, it's kinda a long story.

TJ flicks the ant off of his finger, then another one that's climbing up his arm.

NICOLE
Do you realize that the equivalent to you flicking that ant would be like one of us getting hit in the face by a giant wrecking ball at 100 miles an
hour and getting thrown into the next yard?

TJ stops mid ant flicking.

TJ

Sorry, I...

NICOLE

Do you think the other ants are gonna wonder where that ant's gone? Do you think their gonna miss her?

TJ doesn't know how to answer.

Hesher reappears with a container of lighter fluid and goes to the diving board. He climbs on and squirts the lighter fluid through his lighter, sending streams of flames into the pool.

Hesher douses the diving board with lighter fluid and ignites it with his lighter. The diving board erupts into flames.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

HESHER (SINGING)

Jump in the fi-re.

Hesher takes a few steps back then runs toward the board. He springs through the flames into the air. He does a messy sideways flip.

HESHER (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU BITCHES!!!

(CONTINUED)

65.

CONTINUED: (3)

He lands in the pool splashing TJ and Nicole. He pulls himself out and shakes his hair around like a wet dog. He looks over the flaming diving board.

HESHER (CONT'D)
Shit, look at that.

Hesher grabs his shirt on his way toward the fence. He doesn't look back.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I got a doctor's appointment.

**TJ**

What?

Hesher hops over the fence.

**HESHER (O.S.)**

(YELLS)

It burns when I urinate...

Hesher disappears over the fence. We hear his van start and peel away.

The flaming diving board pours black toxic smoke into the sky as it crumbles into the pool.

**NICOLE**

Did he just leave us? I think we should get out of here.

Nicoile stands and heads for the gate, TJ tags behind. They jump the side fence and head out into the street, dripping wet.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

TJ & Nicole walk over the crest of a small hill on a tree-lined street eating ice-cream cones. They walk in the middle of the road, still damp. The sun is setting. The light is magical.

**TJ**

My shoes are so squishy.

TJ steps hard, squirting water out the sides of his wet shoes.

Nicole smiles.

**NICOLE**

So, what's his name?
TJ

Hesher.

(CONTINUED)

66.

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Hesher?... Is that a name?

TJ

I don't know. I guess?

NICOLE

Does he have a last name?

TJ

I don't know.

NICOLE

How old is he?

TJ

I don't know.

NICOLE

Do you know anything about him?

TJ

Not really.

Beat.

NICOLE

That was so lucky you guys were behind me when that guy got all mad about his car. I was freaking out. I don't really have any insurance right now. I just can't afford it. There's no way I could afford to fix that guy's car. How do people do this stuff? I mean, I have a job. It's kind of a joke though. I've been there for like a year and I'm still only doing like five hours a week. Why aren't they giving me any more hours? Do you think it's because they think I suck? Did you think I sucked when I served you at the checkout?
TJ
(UNSURE)
No?

NICOLE
I don't even get paid enough to really cover my rent. I'm gonna have to start selling shit pretty soon.

(CONTINUED)

67.

CONTINUED: (2)

TJ licks his ice cream, then reaches into his pocket.

TJ
Here, I got two bucks.

NICOLE
The sad thing is I could actually use it.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

A parking ticket sits under the wiper on Nicole's windshield. TJ and Nicole approach the car, smiling - and then Nicole sees the ticket. Her face sinks immediately.

NICOLE
Oh, no. Please tell me that's not a ticket...

She runs the last few steps to the car and rips the ticket from under the wiper. She reads it quick.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck it.

She paces a couple of angry circles and then kicks the car's tire. It hurts her foot. She yelps.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Ah, shit. Fuck it.
In a small frenzy, she pulls her keys from her pocket and opens the car door. She gets in and slams the door behind her. She sits behind the wheel and yells, frustrated.

TJ stands in the street, uncomfortable, not knowing what to do. He goes to the car and gets in beside her. He sits, still not knowing what to say. She tries to settle herself, but she's still very emotional.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**
What have I done to deserve this chain reaction of shit all the time? Sometimes I wonder if I were to die right now, if anyone would care, or even notice.

**TJ**
I would.

She lets out a small disbelieving laugh.

**CONTINUED:**

**68.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE**
That's nice of you to say, but I doubt it.

**TJ**
I would. If you died right now. *(BEAT)*

I'd notice.

TJ thinks a moment. It's a sweet and sour moment. He wants to cheer Nicole up, but he's remembering his Mom at the same time.

**TJ (CONT'D)**
Mainly because I'd be sitting in a car with a dead lady.

Nicole sniffs, smiling through her tears.

**NICOLE**
Please don't call me lady.

She smiles warmly at TJ.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

She puts the key in the ignition and turns it. Nothing.

Nicole takes a breath - not wanting to get upset again. She turns and smiles sadly.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
You wanna steer or push?

INT. FORNEY HOUSE - NIGHT

TJ enters the house, he leaves his wet shoes and socks at the door.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He enters the kitchen. Hesher sits at the table, waiting for his dinner. Grandma is serving food onto plates.

TJ sits. Hesher is smiling.

GRANDMA
Hi TJ.

TJ
Hey Grandma.

(CONTINUED)

69.

CONTINUED:

HESHER
So did you fuck her?

TJ
What?! No?!

Dad enters tying the drawstring on his track pants. He looks messy as ever.
DAD

(TO TJ)
Where were you today?

TJ
What?

DAD
Counselling - 3:30, I'm there by myself.

TJ
Oh, sorry. I forgot.

DAD
Yeah, that's real nice. This thing is for you just as much as it is for me. I waited outside school for 45 minutes.

TJ
Yeah, well, I told you I don't want to go.

DAD
Maybe you should let me know before you don't show up next time.

TJ
I did. I told you I didn't want to go. I told you a hundred times.

DAD
No you didn't.

TJ
Yes I did. You're just not listening.

DAD
No you didn't. What you told me was that you didn't want to go. You didn't tell me that you were just not going to show up.

(CONTINUED)

70. 

CONTINUED: (2)

TJ
What difference does it make?

**DAD**

For me a big difference. It means, I'm sitting on a fucking beanbag in a room full of losers by myself.

Grandma sets more food on the table.

**GRANDMA**

Boys please, I'm not feeling well.

Grandma heads back to the kitchen to grab more food. There is silence at the table.

**DAD**

*(TO HESHER)*

Can you pass me my pills?

Hesher slides dad's pill bottle over.

Hesher puts his finger into the mashed potatoes and wiggles it around.

**HESHER**

*(discreetly, to TJ)*

Did you finger her twat?

**TJ**

Shut the fuck up.

**DAD**

*(SWALLOWING PILLS)*

**TJ.**

What?

Hesher licks the potatoes off his finger.

**DAD**

Language. I don't wanna hear it.

**TJ**

Did you hear what he just said?

**DAD**

I don't care. If I hear it again, you're going to your room.
(CONTINUED)

71.

CONTINUED: (3)

TJ
My room!? You gonna start punishing me now?

DAD
Maybe I need to. If it's not the language, then it's your lack of responsibility... or I'm having to escort you down to the police station.

TJ
Shit, dad. I'm really sorry you had your ass dragged off the couch. I'm sorry you had to put some fucking underpants on for the first time in months.

DAD
TJ.

TJ
What?!

TJ sits and fumes, nostrils flaring.

DAD
That's enough.

TJ
Oh, what, soon as I'm right, that's enough?!

DAD
TJ! I don't want to hear one more word from you!

TJ
Fine. Fuck this.

TJ sweeps his plate off the table. It goes crashing onto the kitchen floor, food everywhere. Grandma walks back into the room, looking worried. Hesher seems riveted, like he's watching the tennis.
And then Dad sweeps his plate off the table. Crash, food, mess.

He glares back at TJ.

**DAD**

That make you feel better?

TJ wrenches his chair back and storms off.

---

**CONTINUED**

72.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

Dad sits a moment. With TJ gone, his reproach turns to shame.

Grandma and Hesher make eye contact with each other.

Dad gets up and leaves the kitchen.

Hesher shovels some more food into his mouth. Grandma looks concerned.

**GRANDMA**

Did I miss something?

**HESHER**

**(MOUTH FULL)**

Not really. Paul came in and said some dumb shit which TJ got angry about and so TJ smashed his plate and then Paul smashed his plate too but I got a feeling he smashed his one cuz he couldn't actually think of anything to say cuz he kinda knew TJ had a point and so now he feels bad about it and so he's gone somewhere.

(takes another mouthful)

I don't know where.

Grandma contemplates this.

**GRANDMA**

Those boys have been through a lot.

This makes Grandma very sad.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

Sometimes I wonder if they're ever
gonna smile again

Tears well in Grandma's eyes. Grandma is quietly crying.

**GRANDMA (CONT'D)**

I just wish there was something more I could do.

A long beat passes.

Hesher doesn't know what to say. He pours applesauce on his food. Grandma looks around the kitchen at the mess. She shakes her head, takes a deep breath and starts cleaning up. She picks up bits of broken plate and takes them to the sink. Hesher watches her.

**HESHER**

This is delicious.

**(CONTINUED)**

73.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

**GRANDMA**

Thank you, dear.

Hesher holds up a piece of bacon covered in applesauce and licks off the sauce.

**HESHER**

What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**

I don't know, dear.

**HESHER**

What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**

A worm? I don't know. I'm going to lie down. I'm not feeling well. I'm very nauseated.

**HESHER**

Oh, OK.
Grandma exits. Hesher finishes the last few bites of his dinner. He notices Dad's pill bottle. He reaches for them. He unscrews the lid and empties a few into his hand. He swallows the pills.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM DOORWAY - NIGHT**

Grandma lies in bed on top of her covers. Hesher enters the doorway and knocks lightly.

**HESHER**
Did you figure it out yet?

**GRANDMA**
Figure what out, dear?

**HESHER**
What's green and slimy and smells like bacon?

**GRANDMA**
No, not yet dear. Can you do me a favor?

**HESHER**
Sure, what?

(CONTINUED)

74.

**CONTINUED:**

**GRANDMA**
Will you please hand me that red tin on the cabinet dear?

Hesher enters the room, grabs the tin from on top of the cabinet and hands it to Grandma on the bed.

**HESHER**
Kermit the frog's finger.

**GRANDMA**
What?
HESHER
Think about it... Miss Piggy.

Grandma opens her red tin and takes out what looks like a rolled cigarette.

HESHER (CONT'D)
Woah, what's that?

GRANDMA
Oh, I'm feeling very nauseated. They're medical cigarettes that help me with the nausea. Will you light a match for me, dear?

HESHER (IMPRESSED)
Hang on a second. Can I see that?

Hesher sniffs the "cigarette".

HESHER (CONT'D)
No shit.

Hesher sets the "cigarette" down.

HESHER (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Hesher dashes out of Grandma's room.

After a few moments, he comes back and sits on the edge of the bed. He is holding a glass BONG. The bong has so much resin caked onto the sides, it looks as though a thousand pounds of marijuana have been smoked through it.

HESHER (CONT'D)
May I?

(CONTINUED)
75.

CONTINUED: (2)

Hesher takes one of Grandma's medical joints and breaks it in half and loads the bowl of the pipe.
GRANDMA
What is that?

HESHER
It's a bong. The water filters the smoke. It's probably the most healthy way to smoke weed.

Hesher lights up and takes a HUGE hit from the bong. He explains his technique to Grandma while holding the smoke in.

HESHER (CONT'D)
OK, so basically cover the hole here with your thumb then suck on the top and once the chamber fills with smoke, take your finger off the hole and suck in.

Hesher takes a quick sip of air sucking the smoke deeper into his lungs.

HESHER (CONT'D)
Then try and hold the smoke in for as long as possible, OK bro?

GRANDMA
Umm, OK.

Grandma takes the bong and has a hit. It's a bit clunky, but she manages to make it work.

HESHER
Ok, lift your finger.

Hesher helps her. The smoke shoots into her lungs. Grandma begins to cough.

GRANDMA
Oh, wow... That was a big one.

HESHER
Yeah, that was good. Hit it again.

Grandma has another hit. It goes well. She blows out the smoke.

Hesher takes the bong off her and has another HUGE one for himself. He passes the bong back.
CONTINUED: (3)

GRANDMA
I think I'm OK, dear.

Hesher takes the last hit. He dusts off the bowl and sets the water pipe down.

They sit for a moment and let the drug sink in.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Honey, how old are you?

HESHER
Who wants to know?

GRANDMA
I don't know. You seem a little older than TJ.

HESHER
Who?

GRANDMA
Oh, stop it. Aren't you a little old to be hanging around TJ all the time?

HESHER
Aren't you?

GRANDMA
No, I'm his grandmother.

HESHER
Yeah, I guess you have a point... OK, well I used to have a mouse. No, wait... hang on a minute. I used to have a snake. And do you know what snakes eat?

GRANDMA
Actually, there's no limit to the food items that you can even think of that a snake might eat. Whatever is
available in abundance would become
the prey for the snakes. Depending on
their growth, their diet -

Hesher cuts her off.

HESHER
Yeah, OK, OK well, actually they eat
mice.

(CONTINUED)

77.

CONTINUED: (4)

GRANDMA
They do eat mice. A lot of times
snakes eat other snakes because
they're the right shape -

HESHER
Yeah, OK, well anyway... I used to
have a snake and I fed it mice. But
one time I fed this little fuckin'
mouse to my snake and that mouse was
tough. I dropped that mouse in the
snake's tank and the snake wouldn't go
near him, and any time he tried that
mouse would just smack him with his
little, you know...

Hesher looks at his hand, not knowing what mouse hands are
called.

HESHER (CONT'D)
With his little mouse hand. So instead
of eating the mouse the snake just
curled up crying in the corner and the
mouse ruled that fuckin' cage. And
this went on for weeks, the snake
wouldn't go near him. That tiny mouse
used to sit in a little miniature lawn
chair scratching his balls and
shelling peanuts and this snake was
just too scared to go near it. And cuz
the snake was scared of that mouse I
had to feed him other mice, but every
time I dropped another mouse in the
tank, it'd hide behind the brave
mouse. And so eventually the snake
starved to death. I had a cage full of mice.

Grandma is stoned and sleepy and fading out.

**GRANDMA**

So is TJ the mouse?

**HESHER**

Maybe he is.

**GRANDMA**

Well then, what am I?

**HESHER**

You're an old lady.

**(CONTINUED)**

78.

**CONTINUED:** (5)

**GRANDMA**

No, I'm a grandmother.

**HESHER**

Yes you are. And you know what grandmother? I'm gonna go on a walk with you in the morning.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, that's nice. Where are you going?

**HESHER**

I'm not going anywhere. I'm going with you. Around the block, I guess.

**GRANDMA**

Oh, OK, well have a nice time. I'll see you when you get back.

**HESHER**

No, I'm going with you.

**GRANDMA**

Ohh, OK, caauuse iii... Grandma has fallen asleep, but mumbles like she is continuing
the conversation. Hesher smiles to himself, turns off her lamp and exits the room.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Hesher enters. He stands over what's left of the mess on the kitchen floor. He lights up a cigarette off the stove's flame and takes a long, slow drag, as he crouches down and starts picking up pieces of broken plate from the pile.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Dad is asleep on the couch. A single shaft of bright sunlight lands on his face, causing him to stir.

TJ nimbly reaches down to the table, covered with dirty dishes and pill bottles, and quietly picks up his dad's wallet. He removes an ATM card and places the wallet back where it was. He exits.

**EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET / ATM - MORNING**

Close on an ATM card, sliding into the slot. Fingers type numbers. A small stack of twenty dollar bills pours out.

_(CONTINUED)_

79.

**CONTINUED:**

TJ puts the money in a dirty envelope, pockets it and rides off on his bike.

**INT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - MORNING**

TJ walks through the showroom to Larry's office. Larry is on the phone. TJ stands and waits. Larry watches him. The kid isn't going anywhere.

**LARRY**

Yeah, why don't you just have him send them over... Sure... Scott, can you
hold on a minute?

(TO TJ)
What do you want?

TJ
Can I talk to you?

LARRY
I'm on the phone here. Can you see that?

TJ
I need to talk to you.

LARRY
I'm on the phone. Wait outside. I'll be with you in a minute.

TJ takes a seat outside the office. Larry closes the door. Dustin Howard appears.

DUSTIN
The fuck are you doing here?

TJ
I came to talk to him.

DUSTIN
What about?

TJ
It's none of your business.

DUSTIN
What do you wanna talk to him about?

TJ ignores him. Dustin taps TJ's leg with his foot.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
What do you want to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

80.

CONTINUED:

TJ
Just leave me alone.

Larry's door opens. Larry emerges from his office. TJ stands.
LARRY

What?

TJ

I got the money.

LARRY

What money?

TJ

The money for the car.

LARRY

What money for the car?

TJ

You said if I got eighteen hundred dollars I could have the car back.

LARRY

Are you kidding me?

(Beat)

I said, 'even if you had eighteen hundred dollars, I still couldn't sell it to you.' Even if you had five million dollars, I couldn't sell it to you. It's not even here any more anyway, so that's it.

TJ flinches. He wasn't expecting this.

TJ

What? What do you mean-

LARRY

Kid. Leave me alone. I feel like I've had this conversation with you too many times already, but I can tell you we won't be having it again because the car's gone.

TJ

What are you talking about?

LARRY

It's all over. It's gone. It's not here.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

TJ
Where's it gone?!

LARRY
Kid. It's over. Good bye.

Larry steps back into his office and shuts the door.

TJ
(TO DUSTIN)
Where's it gone?

Dustin smiles.

DUSTIN
And what makes you think I'm gonna tell you?

TJ stares, angry. An awkward moment passes. He storms away, dragging a water cooler down as he leaves. It crashes onto the ground. Water spills everywhere.

EXT. FAIR OAKS CAR CITY - CONTINUOUS

TJ angrily winds his way toward the back of the lot. He stops at the spot where his mom's car once was - now just an empty space.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - SAME

Hesher is pouring himself a bowl of Captain Crunch Berries. He pours milk onto the cereal. He does a half-hearted side-to-side stretch, getting ready for his walk. He looks out the window - gray clouds suggest rain. He takes the bowl with him out of the kitchen.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hesher walks the hall, eating his bowl of Crunch Berries. He stops at Grandma's door and looks in. He stops eating and stands strangely still for a moment.
INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, we see Grandma's feet sticking out from behind the bed where she lies face down on the ground.

Hesher enters the room, cautiously. He stands at the end of the bed. He sets his cereal bowl down, bends and shakes her. No response.

HESHER

Grandma?

(CONTINUED)

82.

CONTINUED:

He shakes her again, this time a little harder. Nothing. He stands up, looking at her still body. As he realizes she is not waking up, his breath becomes fast, fighting hard not to get emotional.

EXT. FAIR OAKS STREET - MORNING

Gray clouds fill the sky. We hear distant thunder. On his bike, TJ coasts down the hill of a tree-lined street. He's upset and trying hard to hold it back.

EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

TJ drops his bike and enters the house.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dad sits on the couch, his head in his hands. He looks up.

DAD

Teej.

Hesher enters the room...

HESHER

FUCK!

He punches a hold in the wall. He paces angrily back & forth.
Dad, holding back tears, gets up off the coach and hugs TJ.

**TJ**
What's going on?

**DAD**
Teej. Grandma, she's not.. she's not waking up.

**TJ**
What!?

**DAD**
She won't wake up.

Short fast heavy breathing sets in.

**TJ**
What do you mean?

TJ runs over to Grandma's room and stops at the door.

**TJ (CONT'D)**
Oh, Jesus.

(CONtinued)

83.

CONTINUED:

He disappears into the room for a second then emerges again in tears, his hands on his face. He heads back to the living room.

**TJ (CONT'D)**
What happened?

**DAD**
I don't know, she just, she just didn't wake up.

TJ is in shock. He sits on the couch next to dad. They are both lost for words. Hesher stands in the corner with his head between the walls.

Hesher joins TJ and Dad on the couch. They are all raging inside, confused, lost and upset. They sit together in silence.
for a long beat, in the same boat for the first time.

Hesher breaks the silence. He kicks the table over as he stands.

**HESHER**

I gotta get the fuck out of here before I hurt someone.

He leaves through the front door, leaving it open behind him.

TJ gets up in a daze and stands at the doorway looking out. It has started to drizzle.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

TJ stands in the doorway working up the nerve to enter. He enters and leans down to Grandma and tries to lift her onto the bed. She is heavy for him, he struggles.

He gets her on top of the bed and looks at her for a moment. TJ breaks into tears. He leans down onto the bed holding Grandma, crying into her chest.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - DAY**

TJ sits on his bed and looks inside the envelope of cash. He closes it and seals it shut. On the front he writes:

'**NICOLE'S PARKING TICKET FUND. LOVE TJ.**'

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Close on a small piece of paper with a hand written number. The numbers are dialed on a phone. TJ waits while the phone rings. Answering machine.

**84.**

**CONTINUED:**

**NICOLE (ANSWERING MACHINE)**

Hi, it's Nicole. I'm not in right now,
but leave a message and I'll call you back.

Beep.

**TJ**

Ah, hi. It's TJ here. I, ah, I'm sorry to bug you, but um, I don't know, I guess I wanted to talk to you right now. I don't know. I have a present for you too, so maybe I'll just come drop it off or something, or ah, yeah... Um, OK. Bye.

He hangs up the phone and exits.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

TJ walks out the front door. Dad is quietly sitting on the front steps wearing a T-shirt in the light rain. TJ goes to his bike.

**TJ**

What are you doing?

**DAD**

(SNAPPING TO)

I don't know. Getting some fresh air, I guess.

**TJ**

It's starting to rain.

Dad reaches out his hand and catches a few drops.

**DAD**

Yeah.

TJ picks up his bike and rides. We stay with Dad as TJ disappears down the wet street.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

TJ rides his bike. He rounds a corner onto Nicole's street.

He jumps off his bike outside her building and wheels it inside the front fence.
EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

TJ climbs the stairs of Nicole's building. As he approaches her apartment door, he hears loud, but muffled music. He knocks on the door. No answer. The music is really loud. He knocks again. No answer. He tries the door handle. It gives. He pushes the door open tentatively.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TJ enters the apartment. The music is blasting. He looks around the living area. Clothes are strewn around. He sees Hesher's combat boots, T-shirt, jeans. TJ looks seriously troubled. We can faintly hear heavy breathing/moaning coming from the bedroom.

TJ walks over to a door. It's an inch ajar. He pushes it open gently.

We don't see what he sees, but TJ stands deathly still, eyes wide, white as a ghost. We hear Nicole giggle. Then -

NICOLE (O.S.)
Oh shit. TJ.

TJ storms away, heading for the front door. He pulls a lamp smashing to the ground on his way out.

EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TJ charges down the stairs. He grabs his bike and heads out into the street. Light rain falls. We see Hesher appear behind him, barefoot and topless, buttoning his jeans.

TJ notices Hesher's van parked out the front, he drops his bike and grabs a rusty pipe from a pile of garbage on the sidewalk and heads straight toward the van.

HESHER
Hey, hey... wait.

TJ takes a hard swing into the van, smashing the tail light. Nicole runs out into the street, concerned, wearing an oversized sweatshirt and underpants.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Hey! The fuck are you doing?

**CONTINUED:**

86.

**CONTINUED:**

TJ ignores him and takes another swing at the van. Hesher approaches TJ. TJ takes a swing at him with the pipe.

Hesher steps back. Nicole gasps, her hand to her mouth. She doesn't know what to say or do.

**TJ**

Fuck you. Fuck you fuck you fuck you.

**HESHER**

Stop hitting my van.

**TJ**

Fuck you.

**(TO NICOLE)**

And you're a fucking whore. I hope you die. And when you do, no one's gonna fuckin' notice.

**(BREATHES)**

Cuz you're a fat fucking prostitute.

Hesher steps toward TJ.

**HESHER**

Dude, chill out for a second.

TJ swings the pipe at Hesher again.

**TJ**

Get the fuck away from me! I'll smash you in the face, I swear to God. Back the fuck up.

TJ swings again. He's so angry, he's practically foaming at the
TJ (CONT'D)
I never want to see you or your ugly fucking face again. That goes for both of you fucking assholes.

TJ throws the pipe at Hesher. It hits the road with a loud clang. TJ grabs his bike and rides away furiously. Hesher and Nicole watch TJ ride away. It begins to rain hard.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON
TJ glides his bike down a long hill in the pouring rain, in tears.

EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING
TJ rides up the front porch. A funeral home truck is parked out the front - HAPPY EVER AFTER is written on the side. TJ drops his bike and enters the house.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Dad sits at the dining room table with a FUNERAL DIRECTOR - a tall, lanky man. He talks in a drawn, soft monotone. Dad doesn't appear to be at all in the mood for this conversation.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
After the service we have complimentary lemonade in our wake room, but should you wish to upgrade to soda and sandwiches we can arrange that. People typically like to have a light bite after the service.

The front door slams. TJ storms past the dining room table. The funeral director pauses and watches him pass. The sound of TJ's bedroom door slamming shakes the house.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - EVENING
TJ is angrily pacing back and forth. A gentle knock reveals Dad at his door.

DAD
Are you OK?

TJ refuses to look at his dad.

TJ
Will you just leave me alone.

Dad doesn't know what to say beyond this. He feels as lost as TJ does. He leaves the room.

TJ paces.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

He enters the garage violently. TJ sweeps Hesher's belongings off the work bench in the garage. He kicks Hesher's sleeping bag and pillow. A weathered bass guitar leans against a little amplifier. TJ kicks the guitar, snapping it in two.

Out of breath, he stands in the mess he has created. Something catches his eye. He contemplates this for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

88.

CONTINUED:

Close on: GARDEN SHEARS. TJ pockets them and exits the garage.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / HALL / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

TJ heads straight toward the front door of the house. He exits.

EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

It's raining hard. TJ storms out, just as Hesher is making his way up the path, his van parked on the street behind him.
reaches out his arm to slow TJ.

**HESHER**

I wanna talk to you.

TJ pushes Hesher's arm out of the way.

**TJ**

Get your fucking hands away from me! I told you, I never want to see you again.

Hesher, at a loss, watches TJ grab a brick from the muddy garden and throw it through the passenger side window of his van.

Hesher charges TJ. He throws him into the muddy garden and kneels over him holding him by the collar of his hooded sweatshirt.

**HESHER**

I fuckin' told you, leave my van out of this!

Hesher lifts TJ up and slams him back down on the ground, knocking the wind out of him. TJ struggles to get away.

**TJ**

Let go of me! Fuckin' let go of me.

Dad runs out the front door and pulls Hesher off TJ by the back of his shirt.

**DAD**

What in God's name -

Hesher shakes free from Dad's grip and punches him square in the nose. Dad goes down hard.

**HESHER**

Don't fuckin' touch m-

*(CONTINUED)*

89.

**CONTINUED:**
Without hesitation, TJ jumps on Hesher's back, bear hugging his face. They struggle for a beat, until Hesher manages to throw TJ off. He lands on the wet grass like a ragdoll.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Fuck you both! Motherfuckers!

Hesher stands breathing hard, dripping wet from the rain, fists clenched.

He turns back to his van, gets in, slams the door and peels away. TJ picks himself up out of the mud, grabs his bike and rides off in the opposite direction. Dad stands holding his bloody nose. He watches Hesher, he watches TJ. He is left confused and bleeding in the pouring rain.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's raining cats and dogs. TJ stands outside Dustin's house, soaking wet with his hoodie pulled over his head, the garden shears in his hand.

He walks around the side of the house and looks in the window.

**INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

From TJ's POV outside, we see Dustin in the kitchen preparing a sandwich, one eye on the TV. He takes the sandwich to the couch in front of the TV and lies down.

**EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

TJ walks around the back of the house. He tries the handle to the back door. It's locked. TJ sees the dog door. He climbs through the flap, trying to be as quiet as possible. The TV is loud inside.

**INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

TJ treads softly through the kitchen, soaking wet, shears poised.
He walks through to the living area. He steps behind the couch out of Dustin's line of sight. Dustin's bare feet hang off end of the couch.

TJ ducks down. He opens the shears and carefully brings them down over Dustin's big toe. He squeezes them shut...

Dustin squeals.

(CONTINUED)

90.

CONTINUED:

TJ
Where's my car?

DUSTIN
What are you doing!?

TJ
Where's my fucking car?

DUSTIN
Are you crazy?!

TJ
You make me ask one more time, your toe's coming off. I swear to God.

DUSTIN
It's gone to the wrecker's.

TJ
What?

DUSTIN
The wrecking yard.

TJ
Bullshit.

TJ squeezes a little harder. Dustin squeals a little louder.

DUSTIN
Why would I be lying?
TJ
Because you're a fucking asshole. Tell me where it is.

DUSTIN
It's gone to the wrecker's. I swear to God.

TJ squeezes harder. Dustin squeals.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
I'm not lying. It went to the wrecking yard on Sunrise near Red Bridge, yesterday afternoon. It's there now.

TJ thinks, holding Dustin's toe in his grip.

(CONTINUED)
91.

CONTINUED: (2)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
I swear to God, man. It's at the wrecking yard on Sunrise.

TJ
If you're lying, I'm gonna cut off every one of your fingers.

TJ doesn't quite know what to do now. He stares at Dustin who looks genuinely frightened. TJ releases the shears and backs away. And the second he does so, Dustin leaps off the couch, grabs TJ by the throat and slams him down on the living room floor. TJ drops the shears.

DUSTIN
You finished? Want to tell me something else while you're visiting?

Dustin wails into TJ. TJ cowers on the ground. Punches land

UNTIL -

A LAWN CHAIR comes CRASHING through the front window into the living room, raining glass everywhere. Dustin stops punching,
stunned, and looks up to see Hesher, dripping wet, step through the big nasty hole he has just made.

**HESHER**

Hello.

**DUSTIN**

What the fuck?

Dustin moves to stand. Hesher pounces on him, dragging him along the ground. He grabs the shears and brings them straight up to Dustin's nose. In the same movement, he snaps the shears and takes the end of Dustin's nose off.

Dustin squeals in pain and scurries backwards, clutching his face, blood leaking between his fingers. TJ stands, stunned.

**TJ**

What the fuck is wrong with you?

**HESHER**

What?

**DUSTIN**

Oh my god, my nose!

**TJ**

What the fuck is wrong with you?

(CONTINUED)

92.

CONTINUED: (3)

**HESHER**

I just saved you.

**TJ**

You cut his nose off.

**HESHER**

Only a bit, it's just a cut.

Dustin is crying now, clutching his face.

TJ goes to the kitchen.
TJ
You just cut his nose off!

HESHER
What are you talking about?

TJ runs a rag under the tap and takes it to Dustin. Hesher stands, clutching the shears, confused.

TJ
Hold this against your face.

Dustin moans. Hesher is still confused.

TJ (CONT'D)
You gotta stop the bleeding.

DUSTIN
Oh my god!

HESHER
What's your problem?

Dustin holds the rag. TJ stands to face Hesher.

TJ
I want you outta my life. I'm serious. I never want to see you again. How many times do I have say it?

They look at each other a moment. Hesher looks taken aback. He honestly believed he was doing a good thing.

TJ leaves, through the front door. Hesher stands over a whimpering Dustin wondering what went wrong.

EXT. RED BRIDGE - NIGHT

TJ rides his bike over a rickety red bridge. He pulls his bike up outside the tall wire fence of a big dirty wrecking yard D&S Auto-Wreckers. It's still raining very hard. TJ is soaking wet. He sits on his bike, looking at mountains of wrecked cars inside.
TJ hops off his bike and shoves it behind a dumpster. He gets up on the dumpster and climbs the wrecking yard's fence.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

TJ roams the stacks, looking for his mother's car. He looks distraught. All around sit stacks of wrecked cars. A vicious dog on a chain barks and snarls nearby.

TJ stops. He sees his mom's car atop a tall stack of wrecks. He looks at it a moment, contemplating what to do. He moves to the base of the stack and begins to climb.

He clambers slowly up the pile in the rain. It's awkward and difficult and more than a little dangerous.

Finally he reaches the top. He wrenches open the car door and squeezes behind the wheel.

**INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS**

TJ sits, catching his breath. The rain clatters on the roof of the car. TJ is up high enough to see the lights of the surrounding neighborhood. He sits and contemplates the last few days and months of his life.

He closes his eyes.

**INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - DAY**

**FLASHBACK**

A doorbell rings. TJ runs to the door wearing the bottom half of a suit. It's the pizza man.

**TJ**

Hi.
(yells into house)
Pizza's here, I need money.

Dad, clean shaven, dressed in a suit, comes to the door and pays.
TJ (CONT'D)
(yells into the house)
OK, pizza's here.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(YELLING BACK)
Alright, let's do it.

The woman comes down the stairs with her hair nicely done, wearing a fancy pink dress, it's TJ's MOM.

MOM
Teej, c'mon sweetheart. We have to go.
We're going to be late.

TJ
What about the pizza?

MOM
We'll eat it in the car.

She begins to do up TJ's tie.

MOM (CONT'D)
(TO DAD)
Honey, will you grab the present?

Dad picks up a large box off the side table, it's clearly heavy.

DAD
Holy crap, what is this thing?

The three emerge from the house. TJ is wearing a suit and carrying the pizza box, Dad's carrying the heavy present, and Mom's carrying a bouquet of flowers and her purse. Dad stands at the door of a little white car. Clearly the box is too big.

DAD (CONT'D)
Ah, slight problem.
Mom open the back of her red volvo which is parked right next to the white car.

MOM
We'll take my car.

Dad does a heel spins around the white car and heads towards Mom's red volvo, never losing a beat.

DAD
Sure thing.
95.

INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

FLASHBACK
Dad's driving, eating a slice of pizza. TJ is in the backseat, looking out the window, also eating pizza. Mom does her make-up in the visor mirror.

DAD
I think we should keep the new one and give them our old one.

MOM
That's a great idea. I'll be sure to let them know that our dirty old microwave is a gift from you.

DAD
Good. I'm not even sure they know who I am.

MOM
Honey, they're my friends. Please.

DAD
OK, I just don't understand why they get so many presents.

MOM
A microwave and a bottle of scotch is hardly a lot of presents.

DAD
And flowers.
Mom half-laugh and shakes her head.

**TJ**

(mouth full of pizza)

Mom can you turn on the radio?

**MOM**

Sure honey. How about some oldies?

**TJ**

Oldies but goodies.

Mom turns on the oldies station. Dion And The Belmont's, "A Teenager In Love" plays. Dad sings along.

The car hits a bump. Mom smudges her lipstick.

(Continued)

96.

CONTINUED:

**MOM**

(TO DAD)

Honey?

She turns to Dad and we can see her lipstick has gone up onto her cheek. She smiles at Dad. They all smile at this, then -

From out of nowhere, the car is T-BONED on the passenger's side. The impact is massive. The NOISE is deafening. Smashed glass. The car spins into the oncoming traffic and is hit by a delivery truck. The car flips. More deafening noise...

**INT. RED VOLVO / D&S WRECKING YARD - MORNING**

TJ wakes in the wrecked car at the wrecking yard. The loud sound of crunching metal continues. TJ is startled and disoriented. He realizes the car is moving.

**EXT. WRECKING YARD - CONTINUOUS**
A crane is lifting the car with a huge wrecking yard magnet. As it rises off the stack, it dangles at a precarious angle.

**INT. RED VOLVO - CONTINUOUS**

TJ is thrown through the car to be wedged up against the windshield. He panics. He yells. He squirms his way to the window and waves his arm wildly outside, yelling, trying to get the attention of the guys below. The car shifts violently and TJ slides out through the window.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - CONTINUOUS**

TJ is hanging dangerously out of the car, swinging his legs and screaming at the top of his lungs. His voice can barely be heard over the sound of machinery.

A guy on the ground, MARIO, looks up and spots TJ. He frantically looks to get the crane operator's attention.

**MARIO**

Ricky!

(YELLS LOUDER)

Ricky! Kill it, man.

Ricky sticks his head out of the crane cab, like he can't hear.

**RICKY**

What?

**MARIO**

Kill it! There's someone in the car!

**(CONTINUED)**

Mario points. Ricky looks up. Both men can see TJ dangling.

**EXT. D&S WRECKING YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

As the car is lowered TJ jumps the last few feet to the ground. Mario leads him away from the car and the crane.
MARIO
What the hell are you doing?

TJ
I don't know.

MARIO
What were you doing in there?

TJ
I don't know. I'm sorry.

MARIO
This car's about to get crushed. If I didn't see you, you would be dead.

TJ
I know.

MARIO
What were you thinking, man?

TJ doesn't respond, he backs away.

Mario watches him walk away, still disbelieving. He turns back to Ricky and gives him the all clear to start her up again.

TJ walks to the entrance gate while behind him his mom's car is hoisted high in the air.

TJ stops at a dirty vending machine by the gate. He pulls coins from his pocket and slots them in. It spits out a chocolate bar.

Moments later TJ stands with his half-eaten chocolate bar while watching his Mom's car get fed into a giant crushing machine and compacted into scrap. Tears well in his eyes. He feels helpless.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY

TJ walks in the front door. Dad jumps up from the couch. He has a bandage on his nose and a black eye. He looks distraught, like he's been up all night.
Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

98.

(CONTINUED):

Sorry.

Where have you been?

I'm sorry. I lost track of time.

You lost track of time? It's ten in the morning!

I'm sorry.

I've been up all night. How is that fair to me?

I don't know.

Dad looks at him, breathing hard. Tears well in his eyes. Dad starts crying, he's falling to bits.

Just go to your room.

Dad knows he's being pathetic. TJ walks off down the hall.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S BEDROOM - LATER

TJ stands in front of a mirror trying to correctly tie his neck tie. He makes a sad attempt and leaves it - it looks wrong. There's a knock at TJ's bedroom door, but the door doesn't open.

DAD (O.S.)
There's someone at the front door for you.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE - DAY**

Nicole stands at the door. TJ is unimpressed with seeing her. He stands in the doorway looking silly with his tie.

**TJ**

Hesher's not here.

**NICOLE**

I came to see you.

(Continued)

**99. CONTINUED:**

**TJ**

Why? What do you want?

**NICOLE**

I wanted to tell you something.

TJ stares at her.

**NICOLE (CONT'D)**

I didn't know if I should come here or not, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I thought maybe if I came you'd still just be really angry at me and hate me, but then I thought if I didn't you'd think I didn't care and you'd hate me anyway, so I figured I might as well come, just in case, so here I am.

**TJ**

Yeah, well what do you want?

**NICOLE**

I want to apologize. I feel bad about what happened. I didn't take your feelings into consideration -

**TJ**

Yeah, well, whatever. It doesn't really matter. I have to go.
NICOLE
Yes it does. It does to me. I like you, TJ. We're friends.

TJ looks at her, he doesn't really want to be mad at her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I understand if you don't want to be my friend. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Sometimes I just... I don't know. I just wanted to come around and say all that, but maybe you still hate me and so it doesn't matter, but I just came round to say that, but I've said it now, so I should just go. So, OK, bye.

Nicole walks off. She gets half way across the lawn before -

TJ
I'm sorry I broke your lamp.

(CONTINUED)

100.
CONTINUED: (2)

Nicole turns.

NICOLE
It's OK.

TJ
And I'm sorry I called you a fat prostitute.

NICOLE
It's OK.

TJ
You're not fat.

Nicole smiles at this.

NICOLE
But I'm a prostitute?

TJ
I dunno. Maybe.
They smile at one another. She crosses the lawn back toward TJ.

She fixes his tie. She smiles again and then she leaves.

**INT. GRANDMA'S CAR / FAIR OAKS STREET - AFTERNOON**

Dad and TJ sit in the front seat. They are still angry and not speaking to each other. It is an unpleasant and uncomfortable ride. They both wear a suit and tie.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON**

Dad and TJ drive into the funeral home parking lot in Grandma's car. A few people are milling around.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

Dad and TJ enter the funeral home foyer. They look like they don't know where they're supposed to go. They are greeted by the funeral director from earlier. He talks in a soft monotone whisper.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

Excuse me, Mr. Forney, may I have a word?

He takes Dad aside.

(Continued)

101.

**CONTINUED:**

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

I hate to have to do this here, but there's a couple of things I need to discuss with you quickly, if that's OK.

**DAD**

Ah, sure.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

I know that we discussed your preferences for some aspects of
today's service, including your choice of the cedar casket which the insurance company had covered. Unfortunately we were out of those and instead we've chosen a mahogany casket. Now there is an extra charge for the mahogany which I need to clear with you before we proceed. Is that OK?

Dad looks confused. He doesn't know how he's supposed to respond.

DAD
Ah, I guess.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
OK, great, thank you. If you could just sign here.

The director hands Dad a fancy pen and holds out a dense order form for him to sign.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Just at the bottom there.

Dad's pen hovers. He doesn't know where he's signing.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Just here, Mr. Forney, just under that... yes, that's great.

Dad signs and hands the pen back.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Now, just one other thing - we have another service following yours today, we hate to do this, but we're going to have to try to get through yours as quickly as possible.

(CONTINUED)
102.

CONTINUED: (2)

The funeral director's cell phone vibrates loudly on his belt. He ignores it. Dad can't.
I don't want you to feel rushed, but we are really under the pump today and I just thought I should give you the heads up. Now, I notice, just looking at your order of service... (beat, thinking) Ah, look, let's play it by ear. We should be fine.

Dad looks at the funeral director, not quite sure he's hearing him right. The funeral director's phone continues to vibrate.

OK. Excuse me.

The funeral director walks away and answers his phone.

The funeral director stands at the front of the room. He hits play on the in-house stereo - generic classical musak. TJ and Dad take seats next to each other, but they might as well be a hundred miles apart. About ten other people sit.

The funeral director hits stop. He stands and approaches the microphone.

We are gathered here today to mourn the loss and commemorate the life of Madeleine Frances Forney.
(to arriving late comers) Ah, if you could please take your seats as quickly as possible that'd be great. Thank you.
(he waits a beat)
Madeleine was a beloved wife, mother, grandmother and friend. And now Mrs Agnes Rosowski, a dear friend and neighbor, will say a few quick words.

MRS AGNES ROSOWSKI hobbles her way to the microphone.

I did not know Madeleine long enough, but from the moment I moved into the neighborhood so many years ago, she
treated me as though I was part of the family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103.

(CONTINUED):

MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)
Madeleine always had open arms and welcomed friends as kindly as her own. She had such a kind wonderful heart.

While Agnes speaks, TJ and Dad notice the funeral director, off to the side, whispering business to two of his employees. He makes every attempt to be subtle and discreet about it, but he is clearly struggling with today's workload.

MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)
We shared so many wonderful walks and enjoyed each other's company very much. I will miss our walks. I will miss our talks and most of all, I will miss Madeleine. I will always remember what she told me, life is like walking in the rain, you can either hide and take shelter or you can just get wet. She was dear to me and she will always have a place in my heart.

Agnes places her hand on Grandma's coffin and stands for a long silent beat.

MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)
I love you, Madeleine.

Another drawn out moment of silence. The funeral director takes this opportunity to step to the microphone.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
OK, thank you, Agnes...

Agnes steps towards her seat. When she sees TJ she stops.

MRS ROSOWSKI
TJ, I think you should say something.

The funeral director pauses awkward. Everyone looks at TJ.
MRS ROSOWSKI (CONT'D)
Go on, TJ.

TJ gets up reluctantly. He doesn't know what to say. He
stands at the microphone and struggles for a long beat, but nothing comes out.

TJ

Sorry.

TJ makes his way off the stage.

(CONTINUED)

104.

CONTINUED: (2)

Sound of slow clapping from the back. It's Hesher. His hair looks extra greasy, he's wearing a dirty white Budweiser T-shirt and he's holding a tall can of beer under his arm which spills as he claps. He is VERY drunk.

The funeral director tries to wrap it up.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
OK, so at this point we should conclude today's service with a moment's silence, after which lemonade will be served in the...

HESHER
Actually, I'd like to add to TJ's speech. I think I know where he was going with that.

Hesher stands and makes his way to the front. The funeral director tries politely to protest.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
I'm sorry, sir...

Dad stands up in the aisle and tries to stop Hesher.

DAD
What are you doing here?
Up on the stage, funeral home employees begin wheeling Grandma's coffin away.

    HESHER
    Hey, hey, hey...

Hesher pushes past Dad and stops the coffin.

    HESHER (CONT'D)
    What are you doing? Get your fuckin' hands off that box.

The funeral director walks up to Hesher.

    FUNERAL DIRECTOR
    I'm sorry, sir we really need to-

Hesher turns and stands at the microphone.

    HESHER
    Um...

(CONTINUED)

105.

    CONTINUED: (3)

The funeral director looks over to Dad, not sure what to do. He lightly puts his hand on Hesher's arm to guide him off stage.

    FUNERAL DIRECTOR
    I'm sorry, sir-

Hesher pushes the funeral director's arm away hard.

    HESHER
    You touch me again, I'll rip your fucking head off and skull fuck you.

The funeral director backs off, scared and unsure of what to do.

    HESHER (CONT'D)
    Ah, OK. Listen. I know you guys don't want me here and I don't want to fucking be here, but I'm not here for
me, I'm fuckin' here for her-

Hesher gestures to Grandma's coffin.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
- and I'm not fuckin' here to say goodbye or have my farewell or whatever the fuck you assholes call it - this is not how I want to say goodbye to someone I like - in this shit-hole with these-

Hesher points to the funeral director.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
- fuckin' assholes.

TJ's dad stands and interrupts.

**DAD**
OK, this is enough-

**HESHER**
Yeah, well why don't you shut up for a second and listen cause I'm going to say what I want to say and then you'll never see me again. Alright?!

There is a beat of silence. No one knows what to say or do.

**(CONTINUED)**

106.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
I'm here cause she's been trying to tell you guys something, but you don't want to listen... so I'm gonna fuckin' break it down.

Hesher takes a long pull from his beer can.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**
I pulled the gas tank from an old Chevy and I wanted to fuckin' blow it up, so I did. I didn't think about the millions of bits of metal that were gonna fly in every direction. I almost
killed myself. I woke up in a hospital. I couldn't remember what happened and then this doctor at the end of my bed said 'son', and I said, 'don't call me son you fuckin' cunt', then he said, 'you blew off your nut'. Some shrapnel had penetrated my left scrotal sack and ripped the furry sucker right off. My left fucking nut was gone, just like that.

Hesher makes a magic disappearing arm gesture, spilling a bit of beer on the floor.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

I went crazy. I assaulted a nurse, a doctor or two, I can't remember. I got arrested. I got sent to juvie. But all I could think about day and night was my missing fuckin' nut. I couldn't eat or sleep, I just wanted my fucking nut back. I had to get out of there and find it, so I busted out of juvie and went lookin' for it. I looked for days, but didn't find shit.

The tiny crowd listens, half offended, half intrigued.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

And then one night I was taking a shit and I was just staring down at my balls, looking at my flabby piece of sack where my left nut used to be and then I noticed my right nut, for like the first time. My right nut was just sitting there, totally happy, just hanging out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

All this time I'd been driving myself crazy thinking about my missing nut and not thinking about the nut I still had all along. And I realized, I've still got a nut. I've still got one good nut. God or the Devil or whoever left me with one good nut. At least I
didn't lose both my nuts. I've still got one good nut and it works, and my dick works too.

Hesher looks up at TJ and Dad, sad and imploring, he's made his point. They look back at him stunned.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

You lost your mom. You lost your wife. I lost a nut.

Hesher takes the last swig of his Budweiser. He sways, drunk.

This soaks in with the crowd.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Fuck this.

Hesher throws the can down. He goes to stomp on it. He misses it and stumbles, crashing into the microphone podium, knocking it over and falling in a heap with it. He starts puking on the stage. A couple of old ladies are horrified.

The funeral director motions to his assistants that now is the time to move the coffin out. Hesitantly, they obey. Hesher looks over from the floor.

**HESHER (CONT'D)**

Leave her alone. We're not finished yet.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR (POLITELY)**

Unfortunately sir, we need to be.

They continue to push the coffin away. Hesher lifts himself up and wipes the vomit from his face and steps toward the coffin. The funeral workers back away.

**HESHER**

I told Grandma I was going on a walk with her and I'm gonna do it!

Determined, Hesher leans down and unlocks the wheels of the coffin stand.
Dad stands, not exactly sure what to do.

(Continued)

108.

CONTINUED: (6)

With purpose Hesher pushes the coffin down the stage ramp and down the center aisle of the room, toward the exit. He turns to TJ —

HESHER (CONT'D)

You promised Grandma you'd go on a walk with her. This is your last chance.

Hesher seems overcome with emotion, he continues pushing the coffin toward the exit and out through the doors.

TJ and Dad watch him, unsure. After a moment, They follow him to the door. They stand at the doors watching Hesher push the coffin out into the parking lot.

TJ is overcome with emotion, his eyes well with tears. He heads across the lot and catches up with Hesher, joining him on the walk. Dad watches for a beat, his eyes well up too, then he does the same.

All three are now walking together through the funeral home parking lot with Grandma's coffin. They don't speak. It's a release. Other mourners watch from the doorway.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Hesher wheels Grandma's coffin across the parking lot with TJ and Dad beside him. They seem solemn and strangely dignified in a dishevelled way.

Hesher leads them out of the parking lot and into the street. Traffic passes around them. Some cars come to a complete stop.
Hesher gets the coffin up onto the sidewalk on the other side of the street and the three continue their silent walk with Grandma.

In slow motion the three walk. Dad puts his arm around TJ's shoulders, TJ puts his arm around Dad's.

And then a cop car cruises beside them slow. The cops inside watch them. Dad looks over. One of the cops smiles.

**EXT. FORNEY HOUSE - EVENING**

The cop car pulls up outside the house. The back door opens and Hesher falls out onto the sidewalk, still very drunk. Dad climbs out and steps over Hesher helping him to his feet. A cop speaks to them from the open window.

(Continued)

**109. CONTINUED:**

**OFFICER**

**(SMILING)**

You'll get him to bed now, won't you?

**DAD**

That's the plan.

Hesher squirms and slurs.

**HESHER**

Get your hands off me, pig.

**DAD**

That's the plan.

The cop gives them a casual wave as their car pulls away. TJ and Dad help Hesher across the lawn to the front door. We hold the house for a beat.

**INT. FORNEY HOUSE / BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING**
Close on scissors to beard.

Dad stands over the sink cutting away at his beard. Golden sunlight pours in through the windows.

A moment later he lathers his face up with shaving cream.

INT. FORNEY HOUSE / TJ'S ROOM - MORNING

There's a gentle knock at the door. TJ wakes and makes a big stretch. His hair's a mess.

    TJ
    Come in.

Dad enters, he's clean-shaven now. He looks like a new man.

    DAD
    Morning, Teej.

    TJ
    Hey. Look at you.

    DAD
    I know. It feels weird. I can feel air on my face.

    TJ
    I hardly recognize you.

(CONTINUED)

110.

CONTINUED:

    DAD
    I think Hesher's gone.

    TJ
    Gone where?

    DAD
    I don't know. But I think you should come take a look at this.

EXT. FORNEY HOUSE / GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER
The garage door is open. The garage is flooded with daylight and no sign of Hesher.

TJ and Dad walks across the garage to the open door. At the garage's entrance they stop. Their eyes register something seriously unusual outside.

'Master of Puppets' by Metallica punches in. LOUD.

A giant red cube of Volvo scrap metal has been placed in the center of the driveway like a huge piece of abstract art. They stand and stare at it, almost in awe.

Then from the across the street, we see the object in the driveway and TJ and Dad on the porch looking at it.

We also see the words 'HESHER WAS HERE!' spray painted on the front of the house in big letters, as yet unseen by TJ and Dad.

Dad puts his arm around TJ's shoulders.

On the beat we CUT TO:

**HESHER MOMENTS:**

Hesher ripping on the guitar; Hesher blowing something up; Hesher cupping a fart and putting it in TJ's face; Hesher pantsing Dad; Hesher metal saluting Grandma and Grandma saluting him back.

Hesher behind the wheel of his van, smoking a cigarette and making a direct line for the setting sun.

A mouse sits an in a tiny armchair like a human, shelling a peanut. He throws the shell over his shoulder watching the setting sun.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**THE END**