

HEARTBREAKER

FADE IN:

"Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover" by Sophie B. Hawkins plays.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - COLD FOGGY AFTERNOON

A LONG SHOT - A YOUNG MAN rides his bike into frame, at the top of a hill. Suburbia in the background. He's in silhouette, we can only make out the outline of his shadow.

SERIES OF SHOTS: The bike stops, he fixes the pedal. Points the bike downhill and rides off into the landscape. The Young Man and bike taking us through the city scape of Long Island. The looming presence of NYC hanging over us.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

First time I saw Can't Buy Me Love—not the Beatles, the Patrick Dempsey flick—I missed the beginning. Caught it in the middle on HBO, then stayed up just to start it over. You do that enough times, and a movie stops being just a movie. It's a map, a prophecy, a goddamn guidebook for how life is supposed to go.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - SUNSET

He coasts his bike up his drive way, swinging his leg around, and lands at the key pad garage door opener.

The garage door opens.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

That was the day everything clicked. BAM—girls. Crushes that felt like death. The way high school had to be: slow dances, grand gestures, the whole John Hughes package.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - GARAGE

MICHAEL KING (18) an eccentric kid with a spark of life burning in his eyes.

MICHAEL

Same day my mom brought home a home a CD. *Damn, I Wish I was Your Lover*. Sophie B.

(MORE)

## MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hawkins, full volume. If you wanna know the exact moment I became a lost cause.

Michael slides headphones down around his neck, with toothy smile and a glimmer of potential in his eyes. The song shifts from the soundtrack into the scene.

He opens a refrigerator and grabs Gatorade. Chugs half of it one go and wipes his stained mouth with the back of his hand.

## MICHAEL (V.O.)

It was then. Eleven years old, standing in my kitchen, hearing that song... and realizing I was fucked. I'm a hopeless romantic.

## INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael drops his Sub Pop tote bag, and moves to the centerpiece of the room.

## ONE TOUCH MOTORIZED CD RACK

From Sharper Image. Small thick CDs. Hundreds of them.

He presses the button, and one album cover after another comes up like a conveyor belt.

Michael stop at the MOBY PLAY album.

## MERIDIAN REFERENCE 800 STEREO

Cutting edge. Superior Sound quality.

He hits the tray eject button. Inserts the disc. "Southside" by Moby plays.

## BATHROOM

Michael rips off his Music Store Work Polo. Starts his shower.

## MICHAEL (TO HIMSELF)

Forgive me. But if I don't ask you now, I may never have the pleasure of us fulfilling our destiny together.

## CLOSET

He scans a collection of 90's band MERCH TOUR t-shirts with the venues and dates.

MICHAEL (TO HIMSELF (CONT'D))  
 Um... Jennifer, can I be bold  
 enough to ask you to prom? My limo  
 can pick you up. Wow. Really?  
 Listen, I have a photographic  
 memory. And let me tell you if your  
 address isn't the most important  
 location in the whole world... you  
 use Map-quest? Un-real. Right?

Michael's in front of a mirror, a Dell computer microphone in  
 his hand, lip syncing in a daydream reverie.

MICHAEL (SINGING) (CONT'D)  
 Here we are now, going to the east  
 side. I pick up my friends and we  
 start to ride. Ride all night and -

KNOCK KNOCK. The door to his bedroom opens.

WHITNEY His mom. (40s) Former rock n' roll girl, humbled by  
 life.

WHITNEY  
 Financial aid essays? Clock's  
 ticking, boss man. You gonna be  
 slinging CD's when you're thirty?

He looks over at the stack of scholarship materials she's  
 left for him with a sticky note: DEADLINE: JUNE 1.

MICHAEL  
 Maybe. I like it there.

WHITNEY  
 Yeah, well, I liked rollerblading  
 when I was twelve. You evolve.

Michael hits the ground. Starts doing pushups... we see a  
 poster behind him, that has an employee photo of a gorgeous  
 JENNIFER JONES, cut out and attached over Kate Moss's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAGE ELEVATOR - UNKNOWN

We DISSOLVE TO JENNIFER JONES, a 21-year old model wearing a  
 vintage Japanese bomber jacket. Always wild, with a sly  
 renegade smile and a perfectly disheveled style.

She rides in a cramped elevator with PINKY(29) a tall lanky  
 mouse of a man, who looks and plays the part but is a putz.

The elevator stops and Pinky pulls it's the accordion door open. His shirt sleeve gets caught on the door as they move to a steel door, with an eye slat that slide open.

Brain(31) is a stout bull dog of man, who is always chewing gum with a clicking sound. He gives Jennifer a once over and with a throwing of BOLTS let them in.

INT. UNDERGROUND CASINO - BEFORE IT OPENS

A bare underground card room. Fluorescent tubes, green felt card tables, and one lonely staff boy sorting poker chips while a television shows the Knicks.

The club is empty this time of day. Pinky and the Brain lead Jennifer to the bar as another meeting is finishing up.

BRAIN

I heard you thinking skipping town,  
just in the nick of time. Huh?

JENNIFER

You see, Brain, that's the  
difference between you and I - you  
count time. I'm making time count.

JENNIFER'S POV: Rachel Tensions (45) a giant, striking woman is talking the proprietor of this establishment.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What's Rachel Tensions doing here?

BRAIN

I'm telling you right now. You on  
probation. All that lip boxing'll  
find you in a bad situation.

OVER AT THE CARD TABLE

RACHEL TENSIONS

It's okay to operate here... but  
don't mistake my good wig for a  
halo, sugar. Cross me, and you'll  
see the devil with better lipstick.

Talking to her OFF SCREEN is a DRUG DEALER with tied up braids, CLINKING a stack of quarters, who will be properly introduced later.

DRUG DEALER

Those are your rules. I'm not  
affiliated. I'm ain't paying you  
nothing.

RACHEL TENSIONS

But you're acting like you're affiliated. Do you know who I -

DRUG DEALER

So let the police jam me up.

(beat)

We cool?

There it is. And Rachel Tensions doesn't like it one bit.

Rachel looks at him for a long moment.

RACHEL TENSIONS

No we ain't cool we icy, but for now we straight. Keep the distance.

Rachel motions to her Bodyguard for them to bounce. They turn and walk slowly out of the night club.

Rachel Tensions and her Bodyguard catch sight of Jennifer.

They crack nods at each other, but keep it on the down low.

DRUG DEALER

Jennifer Jones... get your ass over here. The principal is calling.

Jennifer walks over to the proprietor, the still yet UNSEEN DRUG DEALER. She sits down.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you something, Jennifer. Say you go an employee - good worker right? But one day, they start acting *off*. Next think you know, my money's gone. Vanished.

(beat)

Word on the street was this individual was planning to skip town.

We hear the faint sounds of a SAW... digging into something that is not wood. It's GRUESOME...

Jennifer sits up. Stone faced, but uncomfortable.

DRUG DEALER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You tell me- how should I handle tht?

JENNIFER

Darnell...

DARNELL

What would you do?

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Darnell I can explain it.

DARNELL  
Good. I would like you to. I'm sure  
a boss woman in your position  
wouldn't deliberately antagonize  
her creditors.

JENNIFER  
I know I should have it, but I  
don't.

He opens a drawer, slowly. He reaches in and her eyes go wide, as he pulls an envelope of full of money on the table. He starts ritualizing a cigar as he speaks:

DARNELL(O.S.)  
Here's what we're going to do...  
suppose we make it fifteen  
thousand? I'll re-write the balance  
as a new loan, give you a brand new  
start. You'll pay me back what you  
owe with interest.

In the background Pinky and the Brain carry large plastic bags out of a back room. BLOOD DRIPS from them, ominously.

The Drug Dealer goes back to CLINKING the quarters, helping him think. Cigar smoke billowing around his head.

JENNIFER  
All I can tell you is I'm good for  
it. You know I wouldn't pull  
anything on you.

DARNELL(O.S.)  
I'm glad you said that, Jennifer...  
Everything in life comes with  
conditions. Always. No matter what  
anyone tells you. You got to pay to  
play.

JENNIFER  
I can't say I disagree. It's a deal  
then. I'll go back to work, pay you  
fifteen thousand plus interest. And  
I'll walk away free and clear.

Darnell smiles at the naivety of her last statement.

DARNELL  
Sure, Free and clear.

PRELAP: DIAL TONE. DIGITS ENTERED. HIGH PITCH RINGING. FUZZ.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

We PAN across pictures of Whitney at a Prince Concert, and other music events over the years with Michael's Dad.

COMPUTER SPEAKERS  
You've Got Mail.

COMPUTER MONITOR

May 28, 1999. Welcome. Today on AOL.

The cursor moves over to the BUDDIES ONLINE window to the right. Highlights a HANDLE.

The cursor moves down to IM box and clicks.

An INSTANT MESSAGE box opens for the handle:

DIRTY.PRETTY.THING15: how sad  
DIRTY.PRETTY.THING15: so what you doing tonight

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (mid 40s) sits in front of the monitor, CLICKING away.

MICHAEL  
Mom, we need some more gatorade and snacks and stuff.

MICHAEL  
Mom good news, I uh -

WHITNEY  
Hi. Mom. How are you. Did you have a nice day?

Whitney still hasn't turned around, continues to TYPE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Mom. Stop. I found -

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
A date to prom?

She spins around in her chair to look at him. Her office is filled with books, magazine's, all sorts of CD's and tapes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
How did you know?

WHITNEY  
I was once a person. Michael. I put my life on hold to raise you. It's called responsibility...  
(lets it rip)  
(MORE)



WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Besides, you're blasting Moby,  
dancing in your room like a gay man  
on Christmas morning.

MICHAEL

She's older. Twenty-one.

WHITNEY

Great. Be careful. Do you love her?

MICHAEL

What? No... I mean... No.

WHITNEY

Good. When you love them, they  
drive you crazy because they know  
they can.

We hear a HONK, and then a couple of quick HONKS, and then a  
HONK... .

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - THAT SAME MOMENT

SHAWN (18) a skinny black kid wearing Yaga Rags, and a  
backwards hat is behind the wheel of a 1994 Toyota Corolla.  
Leaning on the horn.

BACK TO OFFICE

WHITNEY

Jesus christ. Tell Shawn to get a  
fucking life! It's seven in the am.  
Our neighbors will riot like '92

MICHAEL

Trust me. I know what I'm doing.

EXT./INT. MALL PARKING LOT - MORNING

A 1994 Toyota Corolla drives into the parking lot of the  
local mall.

SHAWN

Tonight's the night I make my mark.  
We fixing to put that prom wood on  
'em. Hacksaw Jim Duggan.

MICHAEL

Bro, this isn't some John Hughes  
production with a happy ending at  
the after party. No one remembers  
their prom.

INT. MALL - That NEXT MOMENT

Shawn and Michael walk through the mall sliding doors.

SHAWN

Nah people fuck dawg. You're just butt hurt because you got turned down by every girl you asked.

MICHAEL

Not every girl. I'm in love with Jennifer, man. How am I supposed to ask her to come to East Meadow High prom? I can't find the courage.

A SERIES OF IMAGES of STORE FRONTS: FOOD COURT. BROOKSTONE. CRATE and BARRELL. FOOT LOCKER. HOT TOPIC. And then...

INT. VIDEO GAME STORE - MALL - MORNING

Michael and Shawn play Mortal Combat cartridge on a display Nintendo 64. Shawn's winning.

SHAWN

Pssh. Jennifer Jones is never going to say yes. And fo' sho not the Day of. Honestly, can't believe yo moms' bought that shit. White people, dawg. My moms be like - Don't do that! I'll tear that ass up. You wouldn't wanna come visit me, cause when I got thru with your ass you wouldn't come over here.

EXT./INT. SAM'S RECORDS - MORNING - LATER

Saturday. SAM (40) a shaggy haired older model, GEN-X, is opening the sliding gate to the store.

He enters, flips a switch causing the fluorescence to sputter.

SAM

You have zero chance. Less than zero chance. A negative integer.

MICHAEL

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

SAM

Hey, Criss Cross! You're late. That's the second time this week.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

You take the piss one more time as they say in England and your ass is grass I shit you not. That's out of your paychecks. How's that for nothing gained?

As he walks, he flicks his keys around his finger, gliding the other hand out over the sea of plastic jewel cases, almost in a gesture of religious reverence.

The PHONE is RINGING.

SAM (CONT'D)

And speaking of dates... while you jackoff's putz about this Saturday Samuel Sidwell has procured himself a hottie for this evening which means I'm trusting you dickheads with the responsibility of closing up tonight.

MICHAEL

Sex, drugs, and rock n' roll.

SAM

Shawn! Phone!

SHAWN

Sam's Independent Records if they don't got it. We might!

(beat)

It's for you. It's your date.

Sam grabs the phone. A FAX comes through as well.

SAM

Hey. It's Sam.  
(telemarketer)  
We'd like to offer you...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Sike!

Sam slams the phone down, throws a Sharpie at Shawn.

SAM (CONT'D)

Little shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A fully loaded Jetta with tinted windows, pulls up, parks.

BASE RATTLES, the windows lower a smidge as SMOKE pours out.

INT. SAMS'S RECORDS - DAY - LATER

Sam's in the aisles doing inventory with a clipboard, Shawn's behind the counter futzing around.

Michael is on his knees, opening boxes with a box cutter near the big NEW RELEASE display case.

SAM

The problem with you Michael, is that you're going to fall in love with the first girl you sleep with and it's going to ruin your life.

MICHAEL

Sam. She's Wonderful.

SAM

Let me tell you something, no way a girl that hot works here, in my small ass record store unless she got herself in a world of trouble.

(beat)

And if that's what this is, you have a choice to make...

SHAWN

How far you willing to go?

Jennifer storms into the store, in a bad mood, and takes her place behind the register.

JENNIFER

I swipe you rack.

(beat)

Go!

Michael shrinks back from her, grabs a a huge stack of used and returned CD's, and starts sorting them in different bins.

SAM

Clever minx.

MICHAEL

Minx? Sam It's 1999. No one talks like that any more.

JENNIFER

Relax. You ever hear of a photographer named Viktor Raines.

MICHAEL

No.

JENNIFER

Yeah, me neither. But I let him shoot me in Milan. Guess what he said?

MICHAEL

I'm afraid to ask.

JENNIFER

Told me to put my hand down my pants and "find the shot".

Jennifer's having trouble with the register.

MICHAEL

Here, let me give you a hand.

Michael rushes over and finesse's the machine to open it.

JENNIFER

I'm good. Give yourself a hand.

TWO CUSTOMERS walk in at that moment, A MOM and her MIDDLE SCHOOL SON.

The Mom approaches Sam, while her Middle School Son puts some headphones on at the LISTENING STATION WALL.

MOM

Excuse me, Do you think the Shrimp Biscuit album is appropriate for my son? He said it's a soul band from New Orleans, but that can't be right can it?

MICHAEL

It's Limp not shrimp.

MOM

And what do they play?

SHAWN

They break stuff.

The Mom looks notices the PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT ADVISORY CONTENT.

The Son looks over, one ear listening to see if he can get away with his con on his mom.

Jennifer looks at the Mom and then the son.

JENNIFER

You don't want that crap little  
dude, I got you...

Jennifer, puts a disc in the player at the counter.  
"Guerrilla Radio" by Rage Against The Machine plays.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Something that doesn't have the  
dreaded Parental Advisory sticker,  
and that you can rock out to for  
the next twenty years.

The Son smiles. Sam applauds. Everyone's in love with her.

BATHROOM - CLOSE ON Michael

MICHAEL (TO HIMSELF)

Time comes you take some  
responsibility for your life. Lay  
the tracks down.

(pretending to be  
Jennifer)

What about love?

CAMERA DOLLIES and we see Michael's practicing his pick up  
routine from before in the mirror.

He brushes back his hair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, love's not something you plan  
for. It's only when you're not  
looking for it -

(pretending to be  
Jennifer)

The person you least suspect -  
(himself)

Forgive me. But if I don't ask you  
now -

STOCK ROOM

The mechanical HUM of refrigeration.

QUARTERS INSERTED one into a PEPSI MACHINE. CLICK POP of a  
soda can opening.

MICHAEL

Jennifer. Are you decent?

Jennifer spins her hair around when she turns, takes a sip.

JENNIFER

Me?

Michael looks at her with pure desire, and she knows it.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Sure. I'm decent.

MICHAEL

Okay. Cosmic fate. Sliding doors.  
Whatever you believe in. If I don't  
ask you right now... it'll haunt me  
forever.

JENNIFER

Uh-huh.

MICHAEL

(bet)

How did you get into modeling?

JENNIFER

By fucking a nobody agent who  
grabbed my crotch.

MICHAEL

Older men. Right?

JENNIFER

It's the past. It was the time of  
my life, and part of me misses it.  
I refuse to be victimized.

MICHAEL

I just don't get why you would  
think that was ok?

JENNIFER

Money, rich people kissing my ass.

She tosses the half drunk can and exits.

MICHAEL

Ok here's what is on my mind...  
You are beautiful, you are  
gracious... and when the time comes  
it would bring me great  
satisfaction if you know...  
(trails off)  
Would you be my date to prom?

Shawn eats Cheeto's in the back. He puts his palm in the air:

SHAWN  
 JABRONI! CANDY ASS, WHEN YOU GET IN THE RING -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Shut the fuck up. Not another word.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
 This chess not checkers now.

OVERLAP: The sound of PLASTIC JEWEL CASES.

INT. SAM'S RECORDS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

It's about 6:30 PM. Shawn falls out the bathroom with the mop and rolling bucket. Untucked and always disheveled, he drops the handle - WACK - and shuts the back light.

Michael keeps an eye on two SKETCHY CUSTOMERS in Nautica jackets talking to each other over the ALTERNATIVE aisle... we know them from before... it's Pinky and the Brain.

BRAIN  
 Nothing in this world moves faster than death, believe me.

He flips a LIMP BIZKIT case over, scanning the track-list.

PINKY  
 You stuff yourself with every miracle pill out there, figure you're untouchable and then - boom -

BRAIN  
 Less than a blink.

PINKY  
 Exactly. It's like sleeping without dreaming.

Brain tosses the CD to Pinky.

BRAIN  
 But see, when you sleep, you eventually wake up. That's the point: rest leading to re-entry. If you never re-enter-

PINKY  
 That's checking out for good.

BRAIN  
 Bingo. And that's what waits for folks who owe money to the wrong people.



They move toward the checkout counter with a quiet swagger. Michael's eyes track Jennifer as they pass him.

Jennifer stands behind it, unimpressed, while Michael hovers nearby, eyes darting nervously.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

It's not about being asleep - it's about being gone. No second chances.

PINKY

It's non-existence.

Jennifer unlocks the anti-theft case, scanning the CD with precise disinterest. Plastic CRACKLES, and the register BEEPS.

JENNIFER

Twenty-seven forty-nine.

Brain peels two crips twenties off a fat money clip, handing them to Jennifer while giver her a slow once-over.

BRAIN

So, what do you think, sweetheart?

Jennifer glances at the cash, then at Brain. She's stone-faced but eventually slides his change across. Pinky edges closer, as if he's going to add some philosophizing of his own.

PINKY

See, it's not just about being unconscious - it's about not being conscious of anything anymore.

BRAIN

And there's a difference, you know.

Michael, feeling the tension, steps up, unsure if he should say anything.

MICHAEL

I, uh... heard death is like playing a Nirvana track backwards - haunting but you can't quite make out the message.

Brain and Pink both turn slowly toward him, eyebrows raised.

BRAIN

The fuck are you talking about?

Michael's face reddens; he half-shrugs, half stammers.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
 Never mind. I'm just...  
 (quietly)  
 ...closing time?

An uncomfortable beat. Jennifer huffs an exasperated sigh and hits a button the register. She pulls the INTERCOM CLOSE:

JENNIFER (INTERCOM)  
 Attention shoppers, that's all for  
 today.

Shawn appears, guiding Brain and Pinky out with a forced grin. They throw one last glance at Jennifer.

They exit. Michael watches them leave, exhaling relief. Jennifer locks the gate with a flick of the latch.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Nirvana in reverse? You been  
 sniffing the new-release bin?

MICHAEL  
 Just felt like the right time to  
 say something weird.

Jennifer rolls her eyes, then fixes him with a curious gaze.

JENNIFER  
 So, tell me - why've you never made  
 a pass at me? You the only guy here  
 who hasn't.

Michael fidgets, lost for words.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Not attracted? Or are you just shy?

MICHAEL  
 Of course I find you attractive -  
 I'm breathing, aren't I. But me  
 making a move? I'd spontaneously  
 combust.

She takes that in, smirking

JENNIFER  
 I get it. You're gay. You're gay  
 and you're in love with Shawn.

MICHAEL  
 No! I'm not gay.

JENNIFER

So you've, what, done it a million times?

MICHAEL

Totally. I'm, uh... very experienced.

JENNIFER

How long have you been a lonely guy?

MICHAEL

Guess you caught me practicing lines in the mirror.

JENNIFER

Nothing's free. You pay to play in this life. I need a bag man, a driver. And you - unlike the rest - aren't a creep.

She unbuttons the top of her shirt.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Soon you'll be in college - girls popping Plan B like skittles, testing if you can deliver the goods. Do you even want college?

MICHAEL

I can't disappoint my mom.

JENNIFER

So don't tell her. Just tell me - do you want me?

He stares, stunned.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Desire runs the world, Michael. I'm horny. I can teach you. One night only. Get you ready for the big leagues... no judgements.

MICHAEL

Are you - trying to seduce me?

JENNIFER

Of course I'm trying to seduce you for fuck's sake.

Jennifer hops onto the counter, exposing her bra.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 (off look)  
 I want you to touch me down there.

MICHAEL  
 I don't really know what I'm doing.

JENNIFER  
 Clearly. You're clueless - that's  
 kind of sweet.

MICHAEL  
 I- I'm basically Alicia Silverstone  
 here - clueless.

She places a finger on his lips.

JENNIFER  
 Shut up. Unbutton your pants.

He does, trembling. She slides her hand down.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 (whispers in his ear)  
 Play your cards right... I'll fuck  
 your brains out.

*This has the desired effect.*

Michael stands there, equal parts terror and thrill.

TITLE CARD: INTO THE NIGHT

FADE UP:

EXT. COVERED PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT - LATER

A fluorescent light BUZZES overhead. CLOSE ON A KIPLING  
 MONKEY KEYCHAIN loaded with keys. Jennifer aims the remote at  
 her Jetta. BEEP.

She and Michael walk toward the car. Jennifer lights a joint,  
 and takes a deep drag.

MICHAEL  
 If my mom finds out I'm not at  
 prom, she'll kill me... not to  
 mention the whole college thing.

JENNIFER  
 What, you got an 11 p.m. curfew?

MICHAEL

Not exactly. She just... hammered it into me that I'm gonna graduate, go to college - get a "real" career. Meanwhile, I'm stuck slinging CDs and daydreaming about New York.

Jennifer eyes him, amused. She rips another puff from the joint, then smirks.

JENNIFER

Cute. You're like a puppy wanting off a leash. Lucky for you, I could use a puppy right now.

She tries handing him the joint. He balks, eventually taking a small hit. He COUGHS violently.

MICHAEL

(through coughs)  
I'm not really into blazing -  
(wheezing)  
Also, you do know I don't have a driver's license, right? If we get pulled over, I'm done for.

Jennifer stops, glancing at him with a deadpan look.

JENNIFER

Don't be a fag. Unless your mom's the local sheriff, who cares?

MICHAEL

Could you not say that word? And yes, she's not a cop, she's worse. She's gonna blow a gasket if I get arrested. She's busting her butt to make me to to some fancy college.

Jennifer leans down, peering into the back seat of the Jetta before turning to Michael.

JENNIFER

Faggot, cunt, I'll say want I want.  
I didn't enroll at "PC U"

He sets his jaw, torn between excitement and fear.

MICHAEL

But - why me? I'm not muscle, I'm not connected. You can find bigger guys is any hallway. Wouldn't you rather recruit someone less...

JENNIFER

Pussy?

(smiles)

Exactly my point, bubs. I don't need big, dumb muscle - I need invisible. And that's you.

MICHAEL

So, I'm basically your decoy?

JENNIFER

Decoy. Driver. Bag man. Pick a title - it's all the same. I've got an errand that requires a babyface, and you've got the baby-est face I've ever seen.

She tosses him the keys. He fumbles, staring at them like they're a hand grenade.

MICHAEL

But I literally cannot drive legally. My mom -

(stops himself)

Look, I know how to operate a car, but if a cop pulls us over.

Jennifer grins wickedly, stepping closer.

JENNIFER

Then smile wide, act clueless, and hope they buy it. This is your big chance to do something not on your mom's life script.

She suddenly grabs him by the crotch, making him jump.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

Quit panicking. If you're in my ride, you're in my life - for one night only. Pro tip with women: just don't bore me, and don't cross me. You got that?

Michael exhales shakily, nods. Jennifer opens the driver side door and gestures for him to get in.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm trusting that "I can't let my mom down" energy to keep you from crashing my ride. Now get behind the wheel.

Michael slides into the driver's seat, heart hammering. Jennifer rounds the hood and slips into the passenger side. She cranks the stereo. "BUCK EM" by Snoop Dog plays.

MICHAEL

This is insane. I'm supposed to be slow-dancing somewhere.

JENNIFER

Nah. You're right where you need to be. Think of it as extra credit for the real world.

The engine roars to life. Michael grips the wheel, swallowing hard, then cautiously pulls out of the parking spot. Jennifer props her feet on the dash, exhaling smoke in a lazy stream.

MICHAEL

(under his breath)

Guess I'm skipping the prom pictures.

Jennifer laughs softly, and the Jetta disappears into the night.

EXT./ INT. ROAD - JENNIFER'S JETTA - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. Michael drives, eyes flicking nervously between the stalled cars outside. Jennifer, chain-smoking, holds her Nokia to one ear.

JENNIFER (PHONE)

Look, I saw him disrespect you yesterday - real close-minded asshole.

INT. BROOKLYN - OFFICE - DAY

Meet Rachel Tensions. The tall Drag Queen we met at the underground casino. She's on speakerphone putting on make-up.

RACHEL TENSIONS

I'm willing to think ill of anyone, so I suppose I have an open mind. Darnell's so good he's good for nothing.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

You tell me - deliver him on a platter, and he's not my problem anymore, right?

Rachel arches a brow, a slow, catlike smile curling her lips.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Sweetie, I'd tell you to watch your back, but from where I'm standing, it's already riddled with targets.

A beat.

RACHEL TENSIONS (CONT'D)

Tell you what - dangle the cheese if you like; if he's a rat, he'll bite. Just don't expect a second chance if you slip up.

Rachel disconnects speakerphone and looks up at Priscilla Desilva, the associate who was also at the casino.

RACHEL TENSIONS (CONT'D)

He got hell on his hands.

BACK TO JETTA - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer hangs up the phone, punches the HORN a couple times.

JENNIFER (RAPPING SNOOP

MICHAEL

LYRICS)  
I'm shakin 'em off, breaking 'em off. Shot him in his face and now they takin' him off.

Where you got to be? I mean in life. Where you trying to go? You shit on New York. You don't like Milan. Paris. I mean I'm not even sure I buy your story.

Ignoring him, she checks her Nokia 5110. EXTREME CLOSE UP - as she types a terse message: **Need2link. F2F. COMING!**

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

JENNIFER

Michael, want to know the gods honest truth? EVERYONE has an agenda - don't take it personal. The only power you have is being yourself. And tonight, I guarantee you'll have the time of your life.

MICHAEL

Maybe this is a mistake.

JENNIFER

(in-sync with the song)  
Why? Choose life. Michael. Remember these words: "Fuck 'em"



He shifts uncomfortably.

MICHAEL

That's your big answer? Fuck em?  
Screw everyone? They'll think I'm a  
jerk.

JENNIFER

You take yourself way too seriously  
- it's making me ill.

She turns, rummaging in the back seat. Michael checks the rearview mirror, sees her stuffing a duffel bag with Vogue magazines.

MICHAEL

Are you crazy?

JENNIFER

*It's in the eyes, Chico!*

Spotting a 7-Eleven ahead, she suddenly grabs the steering wheel from Michael's side, yanking it hard. HONKS erupt all around as the car veers off the main road toward the exit.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We need gas and cigs. Turn off!

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES in slowly on Sam from owner of the record store as he dances around his bedroom getting dressed for the night. Blasting music...

He PUMPS himself up for the night. (Improv)

EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

The Jetta pulls in and parks. They get out and walk past a bit of greasy-looking skaters and walk into the 7-11.

JENNIFER

Excuse me, are you enjoying living?

SKATER

I'm loving it.

Jennifer walks straight to refrigerated area of the store.

JENNIFER

See. He's got it!

MICHAEL

What's your point?

JENNIFER

A person with self respect will go into a situation and they don't need to try and take advantage because they're already satisfied with who they are.

MICHAEL

You think I'm taking advantage?

Jennifer opens the door, and takes a Diet Peach Snapple.

JENNIFER

Simp-li-fy. It's so easy to over complicate things.

MICHAEL

Do ever feel like you're nothing? Sometimes I feel I just need a sign that I'm on the right track.

Jennifer walks to the KOREAN CLERK. Michael follows.

Along the way she steals a bunch of pine Air Fresheners.

JENNIFER

I get it...I do. When we're teenagers. We feel like someone's going to find out it's all an act.

She reaches the counter. The Clerk reads the papers, smoking.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Can I get a pack of Marlboro reds and a peach schnapps then?

The Korean Clerk stares at her then Michael. He grabs her cigarettes and the schnapps from behind the counter.

KOREAN CLERK

But you no buy alcohol for minors.

MICHAEL

C'mon let's go. We don't need -

She hands him her ID and puts the Snapple on the counter.

Jennifer pulls Michael close and sticks her tongue down his throat, then pushes him away and SLAPS him across the face.

The Clerk raises an eyebrow at her behavior.

JENNIFER

Who would you be without all your concerns?

Jennifer takes a couple twenties out, leans over the counter and tucks it in the front pocket of the Clerk. He lights up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Don't spend it all in one place.

She takes her stuff and exits. Michael is stunned.

EXT. 7-11 STORE/STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer and Michael come out the front doors, as he wipes the lipstick from his mouth. Arguing.

JENNIFER

What's wrong with them?

MICHAEL

You're so full of yourself.

Jennifer stops walking and looks at Michael.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Who else am I supposed to be full of?

Jennifer opens the back door, puts the pine air fresheners all around the Vogue Magazines.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

JENNIFER

(off look)

Michael I'm not going to lie. I owe someone money that I don't have. I'm going to pretend this is a bag full of weed. We'll drop it off and be on our way to prom before anyone can blink. If you don't want to do it. I get it. I just wanted someone else to be there as a witness, just in case.

MICHAEL

Yeah. It's cool... in case what?

Jennifer turns, leans in, and pecks him on the lips. Michael looks stunned. What he's always dreamed of - is unfolding...

JENNIFER

Thanks for doing this with me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON PINKY, sweating nervously. REVERSE on BRAIN, calmly aiming a revolver at a soda can perched on Pinky's head - William Tell style.

BRAIN

Once you draw... parlay rule number one...

BANG! The can flies off Pinky's head. Both of them break into hysterical laughter.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

You gotta let it go.

Pinky scrambles to retrieve the can, and reaches for the gun.

PINKY

Now my turn!

A nearby pay-phone RINGS. Brain brushes Pinky aside and answers.

BRAIN (INTO THE PHONE)

This is the Brain.

CUT TO: INT./EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The TRUNK of a sedan opens, revealing KNICKS ATHLETIC BAG stuffed with bound stacks of cash - at least a hundred grand. A ZIP echoes.

DARNELL (O.S.)

Evidence to the contrary. Tell me - did someone erase your memory on the way out this mother fucker?

(beat)

I'm calling you, back.

CLOSE ON the same KNICKS-BLUE NIKE BAG. DARNELL - still mostly unseen - passes it to a TALL BRUNETTE in cherry-red fuck me pumps. He speaks into his cell, a Gucci man-purse on his shoulder.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Change of plans. She's making an impromptu stop at mine. You got eyes?

INTERCUT WITH BRAIN ON THE PAY PHONE

BRAIN

Not since the store. Why?

DARNELL (O.S.)

Then git your sorry ass over here then. You don't know what the fuck your supposed to do.

Darnell hangs up, turning to the Brunette as they slip through the security gate.

BRUNETTE

What's the problem?

DARNELL

Less a problem. More a situation. Your stepchild's a thorn in my ass. Last time I do you any favors.

BRUNETTE

You gonna go easy on her?

DARNELL

Why? She ain't blood relations.

He motions for her to follow, the money bag in tow. Tension hangs like a storm cloud as they vanish into the apartment complex.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Whitney pulls up to a Valet gets out, and hands him the keys.

WHITNEY

Keep it out front. Not sure how long I'll be.

She checks her phone, dials MICHAEL, then frowns at no answer as she heads inside.

SMASH CUT TO:

A finger - Jennifer's - presses the nameplate:

DARNELL LIVNGSTON

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP - Darnell's lips talking into the intercom.

DARNELL (INTO INTERCOM)

Speak!

EXT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - DOORSTEP - NIGHT

Jennifer stands with Michael by a metal security gate, a Nike duffel slung over her shoulder.

JENNIFER  
Darnell, it's me.

Michael's phone RINGS - "MOM" on the screen. He quickly hits REJECT.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Mommy tracking you? Cute.

A BUZZ and CLICK. The gate unlatches. Jennifer pushes it open, ushering Michael inside.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Whitney enter the bar area, glancing at her phone one last time. Sam stands up from a small table.

SAM  
Whitney? Yes - Sam? WHITNEY

SAM (CONT'D)  
That's me. Great to finally meet you.  
(beat, smiling)  
And for the record, your picture doesn't do you justice.

WHITNEY  
Thanks you. I've never been very photogenic.

SAM  
You know you didn't have to drive. I'd have been happy to pick you up.

WHITNEY  
It's okay. My son had prom tonight - I was in "mom mode" before. Anyway, I prefer to drive myself.

SAM  
In case you need a quick getaway?

They both laugh.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I know. Blind dates can be a bit grim sometimes.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - STAIR WELL - CONTINUOUS

A STEADICAM shot tracks in front of Jennifer and Michael heading upstairs. Over head lights flicker.

DMX's album *It's Dark and Hell is Hot* seeps through the walls, ominous and bass-heavy.

JENNIFER

(quiet urgency)

Now. In or out? I need to know if I can rely on you for this.

MICHAEL

"Fuck 'em," right? That's your solution to everything?

JENNIFER

Just be cool. Act like you've done this a million times - confident, calm.

Michael glances uneasily at the battered walls and flickering bulbs.

MICHAEL

I really just want to go home.

JENNIFER

Then keep you eyes open, mouth shut, and we'll both walk away in one piece. That's all I need.

They round a landing, the music growing louder. Jennifer hefts the Nike duffel stuffed with magazines and pine air fresheners - a peculiar combo hinting at a larger hustle.

She spares Michael a last warning look as they push through a door onto the third floor, tension thick in the air.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael starts to slow, and walks a little bit behind.

A few feet ahead of Jennifer, a door stands partly ajar, and the sound of the POUNDING BASS increases with every step.

Darnell opens his apartment door, smoking his blunt.

DARNELL

(clocking Michael)

Woah. Woah. Woah. Who the fuck is dis?





MONICA

Don't you have any shame?

Jennifer drops Nike duffel bag on the ground. She clocks Darnell's Knicks bag on the ground next to Monica.

DARNELL

I accept US regulation bills. Ones, fives, tens, twenties... Benji Franklins. Thomas Jefferson two-dollars. Hell, any denomination work for me.

JENNIFER

I moved what I could of the weight.  
(points at the Nike bag)  
I'm short five thousand. I ran out of time. The rest is in there.

Michael's eyes go wide. She is fucking crazy!

DARNELL

Hold on. You think this Toys r Us? That I restock product? I just put the weed back on the shelf. I wish I might. Oh no.

MONICA

Ahh ok this how you really move.

FAT JOE

Where I come from - people be fitting to put hands on you.

JENNIFER

Is it rectifiable?

MONICA

Everything is rectifiable.

Long pause. Darnell looks deep into Michael's eyes.

DARNELL

Nah I can't say that. Personally, I ain't got that in me.

Fat Joe starts cracking up in the background at this.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You start looking like a bad joint when the lights come on. That's a tough look. When the lights come on at the end of the night I want to be situated.

(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)

I don't want to be over there  
looking at who at the bar. Nah. We  
already out the door.

Michael shakes his head "uh-oh".

DARNELL (CONT'D)

What you turn your head for?

FAT JOE

I don't like the way he looking.  
You see that D? I don't like your  
body language.

JENNIFER

(to Fat Joe)

Don't be a hating ass vet.

Fat Joe is now out of his chair and making his way over.

FAT JOE

Oh that's ultra. We gunna need  
smoke. Straight up. I don't play  
that.

DARNELL

One my early mentors in this  
business told me it's okay to be  
surprised. Just don't be surprised  
that you're surprised.

Darnell gives Michael an elevator, eyeing him up and down.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

And who the fuck is your  
confederate? This guy is like a  
cop. I can feel cop energy from  
this mother fucker.

(beat)

This is me being polite. Five  
seconds from bow, I'll be downright  
rude. Pants off.

MICHAEL

Michael. My name is -

FAT JOE

DROP YOUR DRAWERS NIGGA!

DARNELL

Look at this little nigga shocked.  
Never heard the word nigga in the  
wild before.

Fat Joe pulls a pistol out of his all magenta WU-WEAR track suit.

FAT JOE

I want you to take a long, hard look at this forty-five. Now, I love my pistol. It's probably the one thing I truly do cherish... on this godforsaken mud ball called earth. What I'm trying to say is that most niggas out there use an automatic.

Fat Joe cocks the gun, revealing the bullet in the chamber.

FAT JOE (CONT'D)

I don't believe in 'em. What I do believe in is my Colt point 45 slide action, loaded with armor piercing rounds like they had in Lethal Weapon 3. Understand?

Michael nods his head.

FAT JOE (CONT'D)

Speak up whitey.

JENNIFER

He's just a kid. Nothing to pay attention to.

FAT JOE

Start stripping.

Jennifer turns and looks at Michael for the first time who is silently pleading with his eyes, as Fat Joe moves behind him.

Michael removes his shirt. Fat Joe starts frisking his leg.

Before Michael can get his own pants off, Fat Joe unbuttons them and pulls them down around his ankles.

MICHAEL

(under his breath)  
Shit you do for pussy.

Everyone laughs.

DARNELL

This guy's actually - I'm going to take your number, we're going to be friends. This guy's cool.

RiRi's finally looks away from the T.V. and at them.

RIRI  
Still letting all these criminals  
in your house?

DARNELL  
Fat Joe has paid his debt to  
society.

RIRI  
No! Society forgave him his debts.  
He did not pay his debt to society.

DARNELL  
What is this Jerry fucking  
Springer? Don't be rude RiRi.  
(beat)  
Ask the nice white if he wants  
anything.

RIRI  
We got Dr. Pepper?

Darnell takes a hit off the blunt and hands it to Michael.

DARNELL  
Smoke this, sit down by Monica and  
not a peep out of ya!

MICHAEL  
Yes. Sir.

DARNELL  
Don't yes suh, no suh me. This  
ain't the Jim Crow south, nigga.  
Sit the fuck down.

Michael sits down next to Monica and they exchange glances.

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
Jennifer. Words. Now.

Darnell grabs Jessica and pulls her into a a back room.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Sam and Whitney are nursing drinks, eating olives.

SAM  
Are you divorced?

WHITNEY  
Something like that.

SAM

I'm sorry.

WHITNEY

No, that's all right. What kind of work do you do?

SAM

I own a record store. It's not a big deal.

(beat)

I hope you don't mind my asking, believe me I'm thrilled that you did... but why did you accept a blind date?

WHITNEY

I don't know. With my son leaving soon I figure it's time to dip my toe in the water. The worst thing that could happen is I'd have a good meal. What do I have to lose?

INT. DARNELL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darnell drags her in, slamming the door behind them. He spins around, lunges, and grabs her by the throat.

DARNELL

You ain't my blood. I only fucks with you because of your step moms. You think bringing a little white boy here keeps you safe?

Jennifer struggles slight, then forces a smirk:

JENNIFER

Keeps everyone honest, don't it? He's got nothing to do with this world, and that's why no one's messing with him - or me.

Darnell narrows his eyes but slowly releases her neck.

DARNELL

Cute story. Let me tell you a better one. The other five grand just became ten with the vig.

(beat)

You have until 8 am to figure it out.

JENNIFER

I know a large shipment is coming  
in from Amsterdam at Rachel  
Tensions' club. Tonight. Pills.

DARNELL

Fuck you just say? How the fuck do  
you know who that was in the dojo  
yesterday?

JENNIFER

Where do you think all the top  
models learn to walk the runway?

DARNELL

You're telling me the Too Wong Fu  
butch ass Queens of the Desert  
taught you how to catwalk?

Jennifer steps forward, demonstrating her strut with a sharp  
run, pop, lock, and pivot.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Well if I ain't see an elephant  
fly...

Darnell's laugh dies abruptly, his tone dropping.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You know how Rachel is? Rachel old  
school. You don't look er in the  
eyes and go back on your word.

JENNIFER

Real talk.

DARNELL

Like Goodfellas. You show her you  
ain't got her... man you don't want  
that. For real.

JENNIFER

An even swap ain't no swindle.

(beat)

Plus what's more important to you  
than getting respect you deserve?

Darnell glares, suspicion mounting.

DARNELL

How'd you come by this information?

JENNIFER

Every once in a while an alley cat  
find a whole chicken in the trash.

DARNELL

Don't play me, Jen. I'll sauté you  
and your bowl of white rice out  
there. All you did by bringing him  
here is put his ass in a vice with  
you if shit goes sideways.

JENNIFER

I stand on business. Let's split  
the shipment. I pay off the rest of  
my debt. Then I'm out of your hair  
for good. I'm gone. Mañana.

Darnell sucks on his teeth, glaring.

DARNELL

You're not as smart as you think  
and I'm not as dumb as you hoped.

Jennifer holds his gaze, unwavering.

JENNIFER

You have my word.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Monica has her silk robe open, revealing her see-through-bra  
smoking a cigarette watching Michael.

MONICA

Boring isn't it?

He doesn't answer as he eats Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I mean fuck, I like pills, I like  
drugs. I like gettin' money. I like  
to fuck. What can I say?

Jennifer enters. Riri pours some Ocean Spray juice.

JENNIFER

MONICA! As a step mother, you're  
the absolute fucking worst.

Michael spews the cereal and chokes. Darnell enters.

DARNELL

Where the fuck did Fat Joe go!

MONICA  
Went to get ground beef.

DARNELL  
That hamburger helper eatin' mother  
fucka!

RIRI	MONICA
He's nervous about the narq Jennifer brought. What do you want?	Take a Xanax like a civilized person.

Jennifer takes Michael by the hand and rips him from the table, pulling him out of the room.

BATHROOM

Jennifer closes the door behind them.

MICHAEL  
This is the single worse night of  
my entire life.

JENNIFER  
You put yourself down. Why do you  
do that?

MICHAEL  
Are you serious?

JENNIFER  
Look me in the eyes. Do I look  
serious? It's called a sense of  
humor. You should get one.  
(off look)  
If we're going to have any fun  
together, you're going to have to  
learn to loosen up.

MICHAEL  
Jennifer. You are everything I ever  
wanted in a girl. But this is -

JENNIFER  
Honey, you want me so bad you can't  
stand it.

Michael's eyes bulge.

His mouth hits the floor, tongue-tied.

Jennifer reaches behind her back and removes her clothes, allowing him to see her back all the way down to her buttocks.



She lets the suspenders fall, naked, except for her Dr. Martin work boots.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Come on. I want you to eat me.

Michael approaches her, awkwardly.

He reaches for her hair to caress her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Take off your pants.

She pushes him back and he sits on the toilet, grabs a condom from the medicine cabinet and opens it with her teeth.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Sit down. Let me do it.

Michael cums and convulses as she puts the condom on him.

MICHAEL  
SEGA!

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A Hostess walks Whitney and Sam to their table.

SAM  
I know when I like someone two seconds after I lay eyes on them.

WHITNEY  
I think relationships are two messy and perfect people... just giving it a go.

Whitney smiles at Sam, misses the step, trips, catches herself by ripping the pocket of Sam's blazer.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Oh, my God.

SAM  
It's all right. It's all right.

WHITNEY  
You sure? Sorry.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

Michael pulls up his underwear. Jennifer fixes her hair in the mirror before she leaves.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - THAT NEXT MOMENT

LIVING ROOM

We follow HANDHELD behind Jennifer walking through the hall into the tv room, she sees Brain and Pinky coming into the

BRAIN

Wassup? Pinky and I Got here as fast as I could. Monica wassup girl? Boss man here?

MONICA

A'int nothing. What's happening?

BRAIN

Now throw something on the floor for me baby. I'mma pick it up now.

MONICA

Shit. We got you. We been waiting on you.

Brain and Jennifer stare each other down.

BRAIN

You know, you're a very attractive woman. Anybody ever tell you that before. HUH?

JENNIFER

Nobody's mentioned it before.  
(beat)  
I gotta go.

DARNELL

You're late.

Monica lights a coal for the hookah and sits down.

PINKY

We were late because of all the traffic on the -

BRAIN

(gives a look)  
Shut. Up.

Brain pulls out a wad of money with rubber bands that would choke a horse to death. He looks at Jennifer and winks.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

How bout I pay you for a modeling  
sesh with little miss record store?

Pinky pulls out a Kodak disposable camera snaps a photo, and giggles to himself.

DARNELL

No pictures. Fuck's wrong with him?

Brain slaps pink upside the head.

BRAIN

My bad. He's a fucking idiot.

Jennifer eyes the a nickel plated .45 Automatic Pistol that Fat Joe left on the coffee table and the Knicks bag of cash.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

How much for thirty minutes with  
jail bait. She's fixing to be a  
problem right. I put a fire on her  
ass she wouldn't believe.

Jennifer, more confident than ever, takes the .45 and PRESSES the barrel HARD in Brain's cheek.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

Oh my my. You got me scared to  
death. What am I going to do now?  
You point it. Use it. That's right.  
You don't have the cojones. Just a  
real tight juicy snatch that I want  
to put on my face and - (tonguing  
motion)

Riri's at the door frame.

DARNELL

RIRI! DON'T COME IN HERE. JEN'S  
LOST HER MOTHERFUCKIN' MIND.

Jennifer backs away, knowing to keep her distance so he can't overpower her.

Michael walks into the tv room to see a confrontation he had not expected. He puts his hands up as well.

BRAIN

Oh shit! Look, the tool's here too.

PINKY

Woah. Look at the hog on homeboy.

Before Pinky finishes his sentence, he hands Brain a STUN GUN behind his back.

Everyone looks over at Michael who looks pale and lethargic, like he might throw up.

Brain PRESSES the STUN GUN and the ELECTRIC CURRENT is loud.

Jennifer a few feet away from him points the .45 back at him.

JENNIFER

No. No. No. No.

Brain presses the ZAPPER a couple more times.

Jennifer and Brain look like two chickens in a cock fight.

ZAPP! ZAPPP! Brain motions forward like a fencer.

Brain lunges at Jennifer.

ZAPPP! The stun gun LIGHTS her up.

A FLASH and a loud CLAP comes from Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer and Brain fall to the floor, as crimson blood SPRAYS over Michael's face.

Monica SCREAMS. A look of confusion crosses everyones face.

DOLLY INTO Michael's face, shaken, from the carnage and he projectile VOMITS all over Pinky.

PINKY

Ahhh, what the fuck!?

BRAIN

You shot me!

Jennifer gets up quickly. Darnell goes to take the gun from her, but she aims it at him. Everyone is frozen in place.

JENNIFER

BACK THE FUCK UP!

Pinky nervously LAUGHS and PEES his pants, it starts to puddle next to Brain.

BRAIN

I'M BLEEDING OUT CALL AN AMBULANCE!

Brain looks up and notices him staining himself.

<p>DARNELL We ain't calling no ambulance.</p>	<p>BRAIN (CONT'D) Fucking bitch shot me! I need to go to the hospital.</p>
---	--

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
No hospitals. No ambulances. No  
cops. I got someone to fix you.

<p>DARNELL (CONT'D) I ain't going to jail for your punk ass.</p>	<p>BRAIN I'm dying!</p>
--	-----------------------------

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
She shot you in the leg. Near your  
dick. You ain't dying.

MICHAEL  
That could be near an artery.

DARNELL  
This mother fucker smart, man.

JENNIFER  
Call an ambulance.

DARNELL  
I knows you dumb but are you *deaf*?  
We ain't involving no authorities.

Brain looks down at the pooling blood and passes out.

Darnell snaps his fingers at Pinky.

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
Watch her. I'll be back.

JENNIFER  
No one FUCKING MOVE or I'll start  
blasting.

DARNELL  
Chill out bitch. First of all...  
I believe you, but don't do that.

Jennifer starts backing up towards the door.

MONICA  
You're leaving?

JENNIFER  
No. We're walking backwards.  
Michael let's go.

DARNELL

Just because you have a pussy don't mean I won't put a bounty on your head.

JENNIFER

Michael!

Jennifer leans over and picks up the Knicks bag.

Michael looks to get his clothes, pauses, but follows her out the front door.

HANDHELD we track down the hallway with Jennifer and Michael, as they arrive at the door of the Old Woman Tennant from before. She BANGS on the door.

OLD WOMAN TENNANT (O.S.)

I GOT IT!

The Old Woman Tennant slides the chain lock into the door, and opens it.

INT. TENNANT'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Tennant's SKINNY NEPHEW (17) sits playing video games. His GIRLFRIEND (16) sits beside him staring at the screen, but grabs the remote out his hand.

The game keeps playing...

GIRLFRIEND

You promised dinner and movies.  
Notting Hill.

SKINNY ASS NEPHEW

Mein. You just lost me the game,  
woman. I ain't going to see no  
chick flick. How bout The Matrix?

The Old Woman Tennant enters with Michael and Jenn arguing.

MICHAEL

That pisses me off. You're using  
me. I'm just your insurance policy,  
aren't I.

JENNIFER

Grow up. You're here because your  
useful. And guess what? You wanted  
it. Don't act like you didn't.

MICHAEL

You know something? You are not at all what I expected.

JENNIFER

You're not what I expected, either.

Jennifer points the gun in everyone's direction.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

No one's going to get hurt. I just want some clothes here for the gentleman.

A long pause follows.

GIRLFRIEND

We should've gone to Notting Hill.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

Pinky is bent over Brain, slapping his face softly, when Darnell reenters the room.

Darnell bends down by the case he brought in. He hands Monica the first aid kit, while he opens smelling salts.

DARNELL

Monica. Get the gauze and tape.

MONICA

If you guys aren't the biggest pair of fuck ups I've ever seen.

Darnell just stares at her.

DARNELL

That bitch your account. Now don't make me slap the shit out of you.

Monica tears the plastic wrap off the kit, turns it over, unhooks the latch, and dumps the contents (scissors, tape, gauze) onto the floor.

The smelling salts are ready. Darnell take a quick whiff.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

WHAA! Hello!

PINKY

That going to work?

Darnell holds it up to Pinky's nose. He takes a hit. His face convulses, barely keeping his eyes open.

PINKY (CONT'D)  
OH MY GOD. I think I just saw who  
killed biggie...  
(beat)  
I think one of my eyes just shut  
down.

Darnell shoves the smelling salts under Brain's nose.

Brain's eyes POP OPEN and he starts CHOKING.

BRAIN  
The fuck is that!

Monica looks over around the room and notices Jennifer's Nike duffel bag still in the room.

MONICA  
Yo. D.  
(beat)  
Where's the Knicks bag?

Darnell, pissed, scoots across the room and rips open the Nike duffel bag open to find Vogue magazine and pine air fresheners.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Told you we shoulda gone straight  
to the safety deposit.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - THAT SAME MOMENT.

In a secluded table in this dark steak place. Sam and Whitney are looking over the menu's.

SAM  
Anything but the seafood tower.

WHITNEY  
First time lonely guy?

SAM  
What's a lonely guy?

INT. TENANT'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer goes straight for the window at the other end.



JENNIFER'S POV: Through the window, she sees Darnell holding an KEL-TEC WITH SILENCER looking between cars, followed by Monica and Pinky on the pavement looking underneath.

DARNELL

Savage. I'm a GOD DAMN savage now.  
That's what you turned me into.

JENNIFER

Clothes. Anything you've got.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry about this. This is  
not the sort of thing I do, she  
specializes in unsolicited attacks.

Jennifer closes the blinds. Michael laughs at the absurdity of it all.

JENNIFER

Look if something works for me I stick with it.

NEPHEW

Excuse me.

MICHAEL

You think this is funny?

JENNIFER

You're the one laughing.

NEPHEW

EXCUSE ME!

MICHAEL/JENNIFER

WHAT!

NEPHEW

Just the clothes?

INT. STEAKHOUSE - THAT SAME MOMENT

A waiter pours the wine. They smile pleasantries at him.

SAM

Are you into music?

WHITNEY

You know Kate Bush? I wanted to be  
like her. A pop star.

SAM

For real... ya, I could see that.

WHITNEY

That's nice of you, but I had to  
put childish things behind.

(MORE)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question? Why do all men have peter pan syndrome?

SAM

Culture. Escaping into a world of records, movies and t.v. These things matter.

WHITNEY

You sound like my son. Unrealistic.

SAM

I think sometimes the best possible replacement, when our immediate community has let us down, are imaginary art friends. That's why it matters. Especially as a teenager. It feels just as good to feel bad as it does to feel good.

WHITNEY

Does this work on the co-ed's at your store? There's an old saying my mother told me. Want to hear it?

Sam nods.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Don't shit where you eat.

SAM

I'll remember that. Question? ... Are you jealous of younger women?

WHITNEY

I'm not jealous.

(beat)

I'm scared to death of them. Cause some women will sell their soul for attention.

He laughs a bit uncomfortably... repeats her line;

SAM

Sell their soul. Huh. And then so... what do you do?

The food arrives, another pause as they food is placed.

WHITNEY

I'm a widowed mom.

She raises her glass as a toast.

INT. TENANT'S APARTMENT - THAT SAME MOMENT

Michael is wearing head to toe Wu-Wear, jeans and a Red-White leather varsity jacket, tearing through a yellow pages.

Jennifer sees a bus schedule map on the cork board, runs her finger along a route.

She sticks the .45 in the back of her pants and we find the Skinny Ass Teen and his Girlfriend gagged and bound on the couch.

JENNIFER

Forget the yellow book. He knows  
all the dispatchers to this area.

Jennifer approaches the Skinny Ass Nephew, and reaches for his yellow tinted sunglasses he's been wearing.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'd appreciate it if you wait until  
midnight to untie them.

OLD WOMAN TENNANT

Midnight? I'll wait til sunrise.

Jennifer motions for Michael to meet her by the window and peers out to see the coast is clear.

She opens it to the outside balcony walkway and exits followed by Michael.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Whitney and Sam are halfway through their dinner.

WHITNEY

Does he really think she's going to  
date a younger guy? I mean c'mon...

SAM

There's an old saying: the hair on  
a snatch could tow a battleship...  
But I employee teens. I get it...  
The more you tell them not to do  
something. What they going to to?

WHITNEY

Oh, They're going to do it. You  
have no idea.

They laugh. Whitney smiles to herself.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Giving birth changed the geometry of love within me. It was a different feeling... it was a true... this feeling of service...

(smiles)

They never know how much we love them.

SAM

How could they? Sounds like he's into music cause you are.

WHITNEY

Well, thats a mistake. He's got to go to college. If he's a musician he'll never earn what I earn. I'll forever be his slave, washing clothes, buying gatorade.

SAM

Could you be jealous cause he's following in your footsteps and you don't want him to be disappointed like you?

WHITNEY

Who are you, Maury Povich?

SAM

I'm serious my advice? Let your hair down and let it rip. Be a pop star.

WHITNEY

My advice. Assume you're always in the dark about women.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Michael's reflection drifts across a grimy window. We PULL BACK to reveal him and Jennifer riding a half-empty city bus. Jennifer is wolfing down a hot dog, ignoring a few gloomy passengers.

A FATHER boards with a SMALL DAUGHER, finding seats near them. Michael notices their bond, tension in his gaze.

JENNIFER

(mouth half full)

Hey, bright side: at least I'm not forcing you to play getaway driver this time. Progress... right?

Michael manages a half-laugh, though worry etches his face.

MICHAEL

If Mom knew about the first time,  
she'd bury me alive. Let's not give  
her a sequel.

Jennifer polishes off her hot dog in one massive bite.

JENNIFER

Look, we can't waltz back to your  
cul-de-sac. We pretty much  
unleashed a savage on Suburbia -  
kinda owe them a conclusion, right?

Michael peels his gaze from the window, frustration boiling.

MICHAEL

"Unleashed savage." Sure. Totally  
on my bucket list.

Jennifer unzips the Knicks Nike duffel on her lap, revealing  
thick wads of cash.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If Darnell catches us with that -  
corrupt game save - devastating.

He absently fingers a small pendant hanging from his neck,  
eyes distant. Almost like he's silently praying for guidance.  
He notices a faint bruise on her forearm, when she shifts the  
duffel. She quickly adjusts her sleeve, ignoring his concern.

JENNIFER

Ever wonder how far you could go  
before your weren't you anymore?

MICHAEL

Jennifer... I don't even know who I  
am *now*.

Jennifer places her hand on his thigh, sliding upward.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Will you quit?! You can't fix  
everything by groping me. You've  
already signed our death warrant -  
why drag me deeper?

Jennifer's face clouds, tears threatening. Michael sees he's  
gone too far. Suddenly, Jennifer stands and yanks the  
emergency brake. Passengers lurch forward, cursing.

The Driver jolts around, flinging open the door.

Jennifer strides off. A GRUMPY PASSENGER wags his cane.

GRUMPY PASSENGER

Don't go assaulting random folds  
out there, huh?

JENNIFER

(flipping him off)  
Assault this.

Everyone stares, and CHEERS as Michael gets off.

EXT. BUS/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer charges down the sidewalk: Michael chases her. The bus lurches away behind them with a final HONK.

MICHAEL

Hey! You can't bail on me like  
this. I've got enough trouble - my  
mom, potentially felony...

Jennifer whips around, half on the verge of tears, half  
furious.

JENNIFER

You call this your life? With  
Mommy's rules engraved on your  
forehead?

MICHAEL

Look, I didn't sign up for your  
psycho double-cross. I can't just  
vanish. Tell me - what does it get  
you being so free?

She pulls out the gun, and tucks it into her waistband,  
covering it with her shirt as she regains her composure.

JENNIFER

I fucked up. But I've got a plan.

MICHAEL

Right. A hundred percent effort,  
zero percent safety net. Lucky me.

He spots a nearby sign, relief flickering.

MICHAEL

Wait - this is my neighborhood.  
We're like, ten minutes from my  
house. Finally, something normal.

JENNIFER

Normal's a luxury. Ask Monica and Darnel. I only slang so I can buy my way out. You think I enjoy this.  
(off his look)  
Don't answer that.

They walk, tension still simmering.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm not hiding anything...  
But there's something I've never told anyone. Promise it stays  
(speaking like her)  
I killed a guy. Obvi. We've all seen bodies, right?

JENNIFER

(snorts)  
Screw you. Are you mocking me?

MICHAEL

You've never seen a body up close?

JENNIFER

No. Why are you telling me this?

MICHAEL

Because I want you to like me for who I am.

She softens, a tiny spark of warmth behind the bravado.

JENNIFER

I hate that you make me feel like I can still be... good. And I hate you for it.

MICHAEL

Then kiss me before we say anything else we don't mean.

Michael leans in - and then she grabs him tightly it's one of those full blown make outs that make life worth living.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Whitney exit with valet stubs in their hands.

They smile awkward end of date smiles.

WHITNEY

Embarrassing, but I had too much wine. Can you drive me home?

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - NIGHT

Darnell drives. Monica shotgun, Pinky and Brain in the back.

PINKY

This like a heavy weight fight? Who ya got? Mike Tyson or Roy Jones Jr.

DARNELL

I'm fixing to put hands on him if you don't shut him the fuck up.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer casually rifles through unopened college acceptance envelopes. Michael stands by the printer, fiddling with MapQuest directions

JENNIFER

Look at you-big-shot acceptance letters, none opened. Afraid of the future, huh kid?

Michael snatches them from her.

MICHAEL

Quit snooping. The cab's coming soon. We can still make prom.

Jennifer flicks off the desk lamp, strips down, and slides into bed.

JENNIFER

Who needs prom? We've got a bed, four walls, no immediate gunfire  
(smirks)  
Plenty of ways to entertain ourselves til morning. Truth be told Rachel's won't pop off til later, and it's honestly the last place they'll find us.

Michael sits on the edge, uneasy yet drawn in.

MICHAEL

I, uh... my mom's gonna be home, Jennifer. This is -

(MORE)



MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(quiet)

What was you last boyfriend like?

JENNIFER

(rolls eyes)

Really? Fine, he was good in bed and gave me a reason to leave this dead-end life behind. Or so I thought.

(beat)

We pick up from where the last relationship left off, right? Sometimes you smash straight into a wall.

Car headlights beam through the window.

MICHAEL

Crap, she's here. Get dressed!

He leaps up, wrestling with his tuxedo pants - falls, curses, recovers. Points to the borrowed dress.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's for you. I borrowed one of my mom's dresses for you.

He gets up grabs the printed Mapquest directions from his printer and exits the room in a hurry.

Jennifer picks up a framed photo: a younger Michael with his mom and dad. She stares, momentarily sobered. Rubbing her own chain necklace, she sets the photo down with a conflicted loo, then slips into the dress.

INT. MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Whitney is rummaging through the fridge, and finds a leftover bottle of white wine. Finds a glass and pours the rest.

MICHAEL

I have to ask you a favor, and you can say no. But I will never, ever ask you for another favor as long as I live.

WHITNEY

You know that's not true. Are you high?

MICHAEL

Are you drunk?

WHITNEY

No but the night's young.

MICHAEL

Why are you home so early?

WHITNEY

My date is the type of person that can drown in a cup of water. That was mean. He's sweet. Just -

JENNIFER (O.S.)

A lonely guy.

Jennifer enters, with the Knicks bag looking stunning in Whitney's dress.

WHITNEY

Exactly! Fucking ex-actly!  
(double takes)

Oh shit. Are you angry at me for what I just said? My son said you were the most beautiful girl he ever met. I didn't expect the most beautiful girl I've ever met.

JENNIFER

Flattery will get you everywhere.

WHITNEY

Know in my heart I didn't mean anything by it. I'm just - the first time he talked about you I knew he had more than a crush.

MICHAEL

MOM! I'm your son. Side with me.

WHITNEY

I don't side with anybody. To be honest, I thought you were lying. Almost didn't even get you the corsage that's in the garage fridge just in case. Go get it.

Michael smiles, and heads towards the garage.

EXT. GMC YUKON - NIGHT - THAT SAME MOMENT

Sam saunters back to his car, flicking his keys around his finger. He opens the door climbs in and sees...

SAM

What the...? Who's the insane clown  
posse?

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Darnell pulls up and parks the Cadillac Coupe Deville.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael opens the fridge door. Takes the corsages.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

You got this.

BACK TO KITCHEN

WHITNEY

Since his father died he's - he's  
his mothers only son. So go slow.

JENNIFER

Mom... we're all just walking each  
other home.

WHITNEY

We're all just walking each other  
home... I like you.

Michael returns with corsages. A TAXI pulls up outside.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I'd say lets take pictures but no  
one ever looks at them when you get  
to my age. By the way. I love your  
dress... I have one just like it.

JENNIFER

I bet you do.

Jennifer winks and flashes her famous renegade smile.

TITLE CARD: "PROM"

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - Michael's I.D Card with home address.

Monica holds it up for Darnell. Pinky and Brain in the back of the whip. They're listening to the Knicks vs Heat broadcast.

BRAIN

Bruh nows not the time to be soft.  
They trying to run you smooth over.

DARNELL

Bruh please you softer than cotton.  
All you's quit bumping your gums  
and let me think.

PINKY

I was thinking.

DARNELL

You killing us, smalls. I don't  
want you thinking.

MONICA

You probably hurt yourself too.

They don't even notice as outside the window, a cab passes...

INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Michael and Jennifer ride with the windows half-down. The CABBIE grips the MapQuest directions, a Knicks game droning on the radio. Michael stares at the moonlit suburban sprawl.

JENNIFER

You know, if you want to be a  
producer, or a journalist, or  
anything else interesting, you  
won't find it in some cul-de-sac.

He scoffs.

MICHAEL

Nice psychoanalysis for someone  
who's known me a grand total of  
five hours.

The Knicks games is on Broadcast and the Cabbie is rapt in attention. Turns it up to not drown out the arguing.

JENNIFER

Your pristine little life just  
screams "I do what I'm told."  
Suburbia kills the soul, Michael.

MICHAEL

Right, 'cause your "life on the run with a bag of stolen cash" approach is so healthy.

She can't help a small laugh.

JENNIFER

Better than drowning in a glass of water. At least I'm alive.

MICHAEL

I have my mom to think about, okay? She's given up a lot for me.

Jennifer side-eyes him, dropping a small bomb.

JENNIFER

So that's why the acceptance letters are all sealed shut? Because it's your dream?

Michael's lips tighten. She rummages in her bag for a moment, pulling out a small Polaroid-edges frayed - her younger self with her father. She reveals a thin chain around her neck with a tarnished ring attached.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Before he died my dad gave me this.  
(dry)

I ended up with cartoon characters Natasha and Boris - trust me they're just as evil in real life - Hustling's my only ticket out.

Jennifer tucks the Polaroid away. Micheal registers the quiet grief in her eyes. She takes out the pistol again and puts it in the Knicks bag. The CABBIE slams the brakes, throwing them into the partition.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Darnell removes his weapons and fancies himself up.

BRAIN

You ain't going strapped?

DARNELL

Can't blast white folk on the front porch nigga's you crazy? Leave fresh prints on the gun like I'm Uncle Phil? Bam. Bam. Come find me!

EXT./INT. BRIDGE/TAXI - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the .45 Automatic Pistol as its thrown over the bridge into the river below.

KERPLUNK! She runs back to the idling taxi cab.

TAXI DRIVER  
No. I take you no more.

GUS JOHNSON calling the KNICKS broadcast live on the radio:

GUS JOHNSON (BROADCAST)  
Carlie Ward inbounding on the right  
sideline. Houston pops out up top.  
Down the lane. Running JUMPER...  
OFF THE FRONT RIM! AND IN!

The Taxi Driver goes NUTS.

Jennifer takes a thousand stack from the Knicks bag.

The Taxi Driver turns the off the fare sign and salutes her.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

"Wuthering Heights" by KATE BUSH plays.

Whitney slides across the floor in her socks, SINGING along.  
The wine bottle as prop microphone. Like mother, like son.

The DOORBEL.

She stops mid-spin, grabbing the remote to lower the volume.  
At the door:

DARNELL, clean-cut and unnervingly calm. He flashes a polite  
smile, but there's something off-too measured, too sharp.

DARNEL  
Is Michael here?

WHITNEY  
Sorry. He's not.

DARNEL  
You're not worried where they might  
be on a Saturday night?

WHITNEY  
And you are?

Darnell hands Whitney Michael's wallet.

DARNEL

Let's just say when your son calls the crib... I'm the one who'll pick up the phone. I'm Jennifer's benefactor. You know he's got a joker on his hands with that one.

Sam quietly sneaks across the road to the front door, holding a tire iron, behind his back.

WHITNEY

You don't say.

He smiles and winks, flashing his trademark gold tooth cap.

DARNEL

She's a hell raiser.

SAM

Is there a problem here?

Darnell spins and his eyes go immediately to the tire iron in Sam's hands. Sam grips the TIRE IRON tighter.

Darnell studies Sam. Sam looks hard at Darnell. Monica appears out of nowhere. Takes Darnell by the arm.

MONICA

I'm sorry. We're just looking for my step daughter Jennifer. Mother to mother, you help us out.

WHITNEY

Leave or I'll call the police.

MONICA

You ain't wrong when you right. C'mon baby. We did our good deed for the night.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT - THAT NEXT MOMENT

Darnell and Monica get back in the car. He's steaming mad.

MONICA

When it matters most, everyone's ass get tight. But stay cool.

DARNELL

I am hot! Throw the god damn kitchen sink at them motherfuckers.

BRAIN

Knicks won.

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
We beat Miami? I MISSED IT!

Darnell starts the car and turns the broadcast on to hear the post game wrap up. Pinky hold up Michael's school ID he nicked.

PINKY  
I was thinking. Didn't he say - he had prom tonight.

CLOSE UP DARNELL.

*Bingo.*

EXT./INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT/FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

A BRUNETTE and BLONDE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS get into an old blue Ford Mustang from the 1980s.

BRUNETTE GIRL  
I didn't want to split because of him. I don't give a fuck who he sees or what he does. I just wasn't having any fun that's all.

BLONDE GIRL  
Ok. So now what do we do?

BRUNETTE GIRL  
Your parents are still away aren't they?

BLONDE GIRL  
Yeah, so?

BRUNETTE GIRL  
So we hit up on your dad's bar again.

BLONDE GIRL  
I don't like booze that much.

BRUNETTE GIRL  
Look it's all we've got so let's just do it.

The Blonde Girl puts her key in the ignition and STARTS the engine. The Brunette Girl points across the parking lot.

BRUNETTE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Hey. Wait a minute. There's Jennifer.



BRUNETTE GIRL (CONT'D)  
You don't like booze. There is the  
alternative.

BLONDE GIRL  
What's she doing with Michael King?

The Blonde Girl HONKS at Jennifer and Michael paying for the  
taxi. Jennifer approaches.

JENNIFER  
Hey Babes! What's happening?

BRUNETTE GIRL  
Whatever's happening ain't  
happening in there.

BLONDE GIRL  
You got any stuff on you?

JENNIFER  
Sorry babe. I'm turning over a new  
leaf so to say.

Michael cracks up at this.

Jennifer smacks him gently with her arm produces a joint from  
her bra and lights it up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
This shit's called Buffy the  
fucking Vampire Slayer.

A GOTH KID wearing a fishnet shirt and a choker comes up to  
them, money in hand.

GOTH KID  
Hey. I need some stuff too.

She passes it to the Brunette Girl.

JENNIFER  
Sharing is caring. C'mon Mr. King.  
Let's go make a scene.

Jennifer takes Michael's arm

PRELAP: The opening RUMBLES of the PROM DJ MUSIC.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON EAST MEADOW HIGH banner.

The gym has been transformed into a lamely decorated fantasy world. Shawn talks with a tall BASKET BALL PLAYER, in front of a table with a punch bowl and assorted cookies.

JENNIFER AND MICHAEL

Scan the room for Shawn, when MRS. GONZALEZ (late 40s) the guidance counselor beelines over, checking out Jennifer.

MRS. GONZALEZ

You're not allowed to bring students from other schools.

(to Jennifer)

What's the idea coming to prom dressed like that? Whatever you're selling we don't want any.

JENNIFER

I don't sell or buy. I just give and take. So don't be retarded. And I'm twenty-one. I do as I want.

MRS. GONZALEZ

Is that so? And I'm offended. You can't use that language anymore.

JENNIFER

Oh god. The fucking 90s man. I'm so tired of this pseudo-intellectual crap. It's for tight ass people who are retarded. Like you.

Mrs. Gonzalez is speechless.

Jennifer takes Michael by the hand and drags him away, and takes the Knicks bag.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Where's your locker? We gotta stash this.

INT. GMC YUKON - NIGHT

We pan off the Sam, driving next to Whitney, to their point of view through the front windshield. They are following the Cadillac.

Whitney is talking to herself.

WHITNEY

What the fuck did he get himself into? What the fuck is he thinking?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM

Shawn spots Michael and Jennifer, fist bumps the Basketball player and hurries over.

The DJ, who looks like Usher, puts on Fat Boy Slim "Right Here, Right Now" and the turns up the MUSIC.

Everyone goes nuts on the dance floor.

Jennifer's dancing better than anyone as Michael looks on near the dance floor. Shawn approaches.

SHAWN

Does she give dome piece?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

SHAWN

What! You didn't close? Is that what you're telling me? You didn't close? You leave a Georgia Peach like that just hanging.

MICHAEL

Bro I'm in so much trouble.

Jennifer dances up to them.

SHAWN

Daaaamnnnnn, Gina. Tits and ass! Michael telling me you been getting in some shit.

JENNIFER

Yea we tried but he nut too fast. Let the baby gravy go.

Shawn laughs. Everyone laughs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Yea it was so boring I had to shoot that sketchy customer who's always coming by the store to stalk me.

MICHAEL

You're not worried at all?

JENNIFER

No. I love seeing you grow. I love seeing you live your life, Michael.

Michael looks at her sideways. *Really.*

Shawn pulls out a bandanna, ties it around his head like 2 Pac and drops into a BREAK DANCE.

Jennifer smiles and takes over with her own moves.

Everyone's in rapture with her.

Michael backs away.

CROWD  
GO SHAWNY! GO SHAWNY! GO SHAWNY!

PUNCH BAR

Michael dips a red SOLO cup into the punch bowl.

Mrs. Gonzalez approaches.

MRS. GONZALEZ  
Mr. King. I'd be very concerned  
about my future with company like  
your friend.

Mrs. Gonzalez looks over at Jennifer, backing her ass up on the dance floor, killing it.

Shawn hits a Degeneration X.

SHAWN  
(mouths to Mrs. Gonzalez)  
Suck it.

MICHAEL  
I don't have much anxiety about the  
future.

Mrs. Gonzalez scoffs. Michael scoffs back at her.

MRS. GONZALEZ  
You want to be a dead beat is that  
it?

MICHAEL  
Even if it's fucked, I've got a  
feeling if I let my dreams go by,  
there'll never be another chance  
for me.

Michael storms off.

MRS. GONZALEZ  
Why do teenagers every day, say I  
have lots of potential ... what can  
I do to screw it all up?

Jennifer approaches trying to make good.

JENNIFER

Hasn't he a right to live his life  
the way he wants?

MRS. GONZALEZ

Your cotton candy idea of life  
makes me sick. Young people these  
days.

JENNIFER

Are doing what they've always done.  
Only the clothes are different.

MRS. GONZALEZ

I consider his whole attitude un-  
American.

Jennifer laughs. *This woman is ridiculous.*

JENNIFER

We're all grand at 18. It's after  
that, that the sickness sets in.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Darnell pulls up and parks front of the prom.

The trunk of the Cadillac is opened.

Darnell bends down, takes a UZI WITH SILENCER, and inserts it  
in a special made shoulder holster,

He puts on his oversized KNICKS jacket.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM, INDOOR POOL COMPLEX - NIGHT

Jennifer and a pissed off Michael enter a big gym door which  
opens up into an expansive indoor pool complex.

A BUNCH OF DRUNK PROM SENIORS are taking off their tuxedos  
and dresses and getting into the pool.

One Prom Senior bounces up on the diving board and SPLASHES  
into the water.

Jennifer tries to keep up with Michael, ignoring her.

JENNIFER

COME ON. I'm not a mind reader...  
Why are you sulking?

A few Drunk Seniors call out to them:

PROM SENIOR 1  
That's her. Straight up! A like  
fucking girls gone wild chick.

PROM SENIOR 2  
Epic. Show us your tits.

Michael turns around and points his finger at him.

MICHAEL  
Fuck off.

The Drunk Seniors get up in his face.

PROM SENIOR 2  
College chicks are down for ish,  
bro. Right?

JENNIFER  
I'd pop this pussy on you, if you  
wasn't on my dick.

MICHAEL  
Enough.

PROM SENIOR 2  
You been up there? She any good is  
she? I'll have a go at that cunt.

Michael grabs a hat off the Drunk Seniors head, and throws it  
in the pool.

The Drunk senior grabs Michael by the collar.

PROM SENIOR 2 (CONT'D)  
Go and get it.

Michael grapples him back, they start to wrestle poorly.

MICHAEL  
Go get it you fucking self.

The other Drunk Seniors come to their friends help, and lock  
up with Michael as well.

They all hit the ledge of the deck, and the four of them fall  
into the pool, GRUNTING.

PROM SENIOR 2  
That's it. Hold him down.

The Drunk Seniors swim after him, not done yet.

Michael tries to fight them off.

SLOW MOTION: Michael breaks the surface, and bubbles go everywhere as he tries to swim away from them.

Michael up at the surface near the ladder, tries to climb it.

The Seniors SCREAM to get him, yank him back into the water.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - JANITOR'S STATION - NIGHT

Jennifer peers through the glass of a janitor's door, mischievous smile spreading as she catches a glimpse of Michael's naked backside as he awkwardly tugs on his underwear.

A JANITOR next to hot steam pipes, heating the building, takes Michael's warming clothes off and throws them to him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Darnell, Monica, Brain and Pinky, stroll into the crowded gym, with a few stray dateless jocks.

Shawn leaves the dance floor, hating the corny music and bumps into Darnell, who pushes him aside, scanning the crowd.

Shawn notices the tourniquet around Brain's leg and realizes it's the Sketchy Customers from work, and Darnell is clearly too old for the class of 1999.

Mrs. Gonzalez approaches. Darnell flashes a fake badge.

MRS. GONZALEZ

Excuse me. This is a private event.

DARNELL

Undercover Vice. We're looking for this student. Michael King and a Julia Roberts Pretty Woman type.

CLOSE ON Michael's School ID.

Mrs. Gonzales giddily smiles.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael and Jennifer come out of the Janitor's Station, walk down the hallway, alone together. Jennifer habitually touches her dad's necklace.

JENNIFER

I tried that 'normal' thing once,  
back when my dad was alive. Didn't  
stick.

MICHAEL

So you dream about perfection, but  
can't handle anyone seeing the real  
you?

She shrugs, a brittle laugh escaping.

JENNIFER

You're only mad because your rose-  
tinted world collapsed in the last  
12 hours.

They pause at Michael's locker. He fumbles the combination.

MICHAEL

Maybe I don't mind living with a  
little hope. That's not a sin.  
(exhales deeply)  
I would never treat people like you  
do.

JENNIFER

"Hope"? You mean burying your head  
in the sand.

He swings it open.

MICHAEL

No. I mean believing we can do  
better than... all this.

JENNIFER

Get fucked. Get fucked for saying  
to me. You don't see how -

He slams the locker shut.

MICHAEL

Promise me one thing: leave me out  
of your next fiasco.

JENNIFER

I'd say, "Get a spine," but you  
just grew one.  
(beat)  
Why didn't you tell me your dad  
died?



Michael tenses - but Shawn barrels around the corner, panting.

SHAWN  
THEY'RE HERE!  
(beat)  
Nigga's with triggas'!

They spin to see Darnell and crew storm in, guns drawn.

Darnell sees them, and the Knicks bag.

Jennifer smashes glass and pulls the "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY" lever - alarms SCREAM.

She yanks Michael's hand.

JENNIFER  
C'mon!

They sprint off.

Darnell, Monica, Brain and Pinky are coming after them.

SHAWN  
Bruh. I got you.

Shawn barrels Pinky into a locker, slamming his head into it.

They both get up stunned.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
X-pac back up to his feet. Now X-pac is cooking here.

Shawn grabs Pinky by his head and tries to do a WWE finishing move before:

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
And the X-factor -

Brain pulls out a gun, and aims it point blank at Shawn.

Mrs. Gonzalez rushes down the hall with a fire extinguisher.

She sees the gun and SCREAMS, drops the extinguisher.

It SPRAYS foam everywhere - over Shawn, Brain, and Pinky.

MRS. GONZALEZ  
Oh, stop it. Help me stop it.

She trips over the extinguisher, slips on the floor covered in white spray, catches herself.

Slips again, catches herself.

She SCREAMS, and she skates forward, toppling into Pinky just getting his bearings from his collision with Shawn.

CLOSE ON Pinky's head slamming into a locker, denting it with a resound CLANG.

SHAWN

(staying in character)

You want some, get some-

(choking on foam)

Aw, fuck, I can't see shit...

Shawn slides across the floor, and contains the extinguisher.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

The Emergency Exit Door BLASTS open. Michael and Jennifer race down the side of the school towards the parking lot. She stops him.

JENNIFER

You were right. Everything you said would happen happened.

MICHAEL

Apologies later, run now?

JENNIFER

Tough shit. I'm not moving until you forgive me.

Michael's eyes flash with exasperation.

MICHAEL

Forgiven. Now move.

They dash off.

Darnell and Monica spill out the door, stumbling after them.

Brain and Pinky come hobbling out like a couple of rag dolls, bringing up the caboose.

Jennifer sees Darnell's 1970 Cadillac sticking out like a sore thumb in the sea of 90's SUV's.

JENNIFER

Don't hate me for what I'm about to do.

She yanks Michael toward the vehicle.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT

Sam's GMC YUKON pulls into the high school parking lot.

INT. GMC YUKON - THAT SAME MOMENT

Sam and Whitney notice the Cadillac Coupe Deville.

WHITNEY

Over there - something's happening!

EXT/INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - NIGHT

Jennifer jumps into the front seat, and fumbles through her bag, looking for something. Michael approaches the passenger side, and leans in.

JENNIFER

Get in.

He gets in and slams the door. She opens the glove box.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

D's car. He leaves a spare.

She fumbles to get the key in the ignition. She tries to start the engine but it won't turn over. Michael shoots her a "fuck-me don't-kill-us" look.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Don't worry it's his baby. He won't fuck it up.

PFT! PFT! PFT! A burst of SILENCED bullets come in through SHATTTERS the rear view mirror.

Jennifer frantically tries to start the car.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

INT. GMC YUKON - THAT SAME MOMENT

WHITNEY

Michael!!!!

Whitney lets her hair down. Shakes it out. She and Sam look at each other.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Let it rip.

Sam hits the gas. He aims the Yukon at the Cadillac.

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac's engine ROARS to life.

Jennifer puts the car in reverse, hits the gas.

Jennifer's POV as the car hits Darnell hard.

He flies up over the trunks and CRUNCHES into the back windshield.

CLOSE ON Michael, stunned.

SUDDENLY; A very loud and violent CRASH!

EXT. GMC YUKON - CONTINUOUS

Sam's Yukon smashes into the driver side tail of the Cadillac. Airbags deploy, glass SHATTRERS!

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer throws the gear into drive, peels the car out of the parking lot.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Carnage.

A pack of GOTH KIDS slumped against a dumpster, take drags on their cigarettes. One of them lights up another cigarette.

The EXHAUST blows smoke and the tires kick up gravel.

Darnell curses and mumbles to himself on the pavement.

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer looks in the rear view mirror.

JENNIFER  
What the fuck was that?

MICHAEL

That was a GMC Yukon barreling into us at 35 miles per hour. No wait, wait, wait, is that fucking -

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Guns drawn. Darnel and Brain pull Sam and Whitney from the Yukon. Monica and Pinky get in behind them.

PINKY

Sam's Records????

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: QUEEN OF NEW YORK

OVER BLACK:

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry I was so grotesque before.

EXT. DOCK - BEACH - NIGHT

Jennifer and Michael are parked at the far end of a dock near an old warehouse in Astoria, Queens. They sit on the hood of the car, passing a Colt 45 malt liquor back and forth.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I'm just lonely. I don't want to end up just a retired pretty girl with nothing to show for it.

Jennifer hops off the hood and peels off her shirt, moving into a slow, fluid dance. The headlights silhouette her body against the Manhattan skyline.

She closes her eyes, flowing in a Tinker Bell-like spin. The night wind, the horns from the city - it's almost hypnotic. Michael watches with intense focus, barely breathing, afraid to break the moment.

JENNIFER

You're pretty much home free - unless you blow it.

MICHAEL

How would I do that?

A cell phone RINGS. It's MOM.

JENNIFER

Let it ring. Don't break the spell.

Michael silence the phone, eyes still on Jennifer.

MICHAEL

You would star in every movie if I was casting it.

JENNIFER

You practice that line in front of your mirror.

MICHAEL

I'm a loser... but I don't want lose you.

She gives him that signature renegade smirk.

JENNIFER

Enough with the cheese-dick lines. We've only got minutes to live like out laws - just put your hands on me.

He steps close, pressing himself against her. She yanks him toward the hood of the car with impulsive hunger. The city lights twinkle in the background.

INT. GMC YUKON - NIGHT

Darnell mutters to himself, ignoring rest of the crew.

DARNELL

Lord have mercy I'm trying to put hands on folks.

BRAIN

She went into the phone booth, changed into that cape and became fucking wonder woman again.

DARNELL

All my life I grew up with the steppers and the killers. She better invite a plus one, cause if she out here by herself she going to be mad as hell.

MONICA

Babes. I'm hungry. Let's stop at White Castle.

DARNELL

Oh I'm gunna eat. I'm going to be  
on her ass. You forgot who I am?  
I'll be back. I'll be right back.

PINKY

And I gotta do a number three. One  
and two.

They all give Pinky a look.

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - NIGHT

A HAND SLAMS against a fogged out window. Breathless laughter  
follows as we pull back to see it belongs to Michael, his  
chest heaving.

MICHAEL

The is definitely one of the high  
points of my life.  
(beat)  
How did you learn to kiss so well?

JENNIFER

I was coached at an early age by a  
little lesbian. No boy could teach  
me that.

Michael laughs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MICHAEL

For what?

JENNIFER

For giving me a break from the way  
I think.

Jennifer's voice softens, drifting into free association.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm in this place where I look at  
my life and I don't recognize  
myself from three years ago...  
I tried. I failed. But now I know  
what I want. You learn more from  
you losses than your wins.

MICHAEL

Doesn't it scare you, knowing how  
much you've lost?

Jennifer raises her eyes to meet his, a flicker of something raw in her expression.

JENNIFER  
 Damaged people are dangerous...  
 we know we can survive.

Michael leans back, her words settling over him.

MICHAEL  
 I guess that makes you unstoppable.

JENNIFER  
 Your attitude is your only limit.

He smiles slightly, acknowledging the truth of this.

MICHAEL  
 Do you ever think you'll want more  
 than this?

Jennifer pauses, her gaze distant

JENNIFER  
 Maybe. But I've got too many debts  
 to settle first.

The Cadillac comes to life with a soft rumble.

Jennifer shifts gears, her gaze fixed ahead, as they pull out of the parking lot into the night.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A DOCUMENTARY FILM CREW is outside of a warehouse hosting a Vogue Ball. It's densely packed with Party-Goers and Voguer's around the block, drinking and smoking.

CAMERA stays with the Documentary Film Crew, does a 360 around them.

FRESHMAN BOY  
 I'm 15.

DOCUMENTARY CREW  
 And how old are you?

FRESHMAN BOY 2  
 Me, I'm 15 too.

DOCUMENTARY CREW  
 15 and you're out here at 2:11?



The Cadillac Coupe Deville pulls up across the street.

INT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - THAT MOMENT

Jennifer looks nervous for the first time. She's taking deep breaths. Trying to find the courage in her depths.

Searching through her purse she finds mace spray and makes sure it's working.

JENNIFER

I really could use that gat right now. This is your fault, you got me soft, making mistakes.

MICHAEL

Me?

This awful pause. She wields the silence like a club.

JENNIFER

(laughing at herself)

Sometimes I get horny right before I put myself in a dangerous situation, and I'll purposely not jack off so that I can have that heat going into it. But I lost my only trump card by fucking you.

Jennifer gets out and takes the Knicks bag. Michael looks at the cross hanging from the visor.

MICHAEL

I'm jewish but if you can get me out of this. We'll talk.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Jennifer walks fast in front of Michael past teenagers.

MICHAEL

Where you going?

Jennifer doesn't respond. Her mood has changed, again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My legs are shorter than yours. Slow down. You want my advice?

JENNIFER

Michael, if I had a gun I'd shoot you, okay?

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

It's time for you to get away from me now. Wait in the car, or run as fast as you can. But you're not coming in with me.

Jennifer shoves Michael away from her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

This is where I leave you.

MICHAEL

After all that? I know tonight was a joke, a set up, but I didn't care because you're the girl of my dreams. I finally thought I had... can you even imagine that kind of love? No! You love that you own little territory in my head.

JENNIFER

I don't. You think I love it until I actually get you killed.

MICHAEL

So you're doing the right thing now? God save us from people who do the right thing. It's the rest of us who get heartbroken. You're beautiful, totally infatuating and... you're a bitch.

JENNIFER

Do you hear yourself? What's hanging in your room, the essence of my being or the cut out of my face? You're not in love with me, you're in love with your idea of me.

(no more games)

I've got to stop lying. I tell so many lies. One day I just won't even know who to be anymore.

MICHAEL

Join the club. People love to lie.

JENNIFER

They love to lie about who they are not. People like you 'til they don't, bro.

He's stunned. She said it. She called him "Bro."

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I'm really fucking  
sorry. Okay? Remember in the 7-11  
when I said I feel like nothing...?  
I lied! It feels like... it just  
feels like...

(barely audible)

Death.

Jennifer steels herself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I don't blame you for being you. If  
you don't love me say so.

JENNIFER

What did you expect? Huh?  
Everyone's making it up as they go.  
It's just a matter of time until  
we're all found out.

Lesley Gore "You Don't Own Me" plays.

She adjust the Knicks bag over her shoulder, and slips  
through the maze patrons, gawking as she cuts the line.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

VIVI GORGEOUS, a pillar of a drag queen in full regalia,  
stands by the door, checking names off a clipboard.

A TEENAGER PARTYGOER waiting in line calls out.

TEENAGER PARTYGOER

There's a line here lady!

VIVI

Where do you think you're going  
Sheneneh?

JENNIFER

Listen cocksucker. I'm a business  
woman, this is my thing. I'm doing  
business here.

VIVI

Listen skinny bitch if you not on  
the list, don't even half step.

JENNIFER

Oh I see what's going on.  
Who do you think I am?

VIVI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry?

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Don't you think if I didn't have a standing room invitation to the ball of all balls from a miss Rachel Tensions herself, I wouldn't be bringing my beautiful breastis up to the front of the line for everyone to drool over.

PRISCILLA DeSILVA comes out the club door and sees the commotion.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Now I know it's uncomfortable sitting in wet diapers, but can you quit crying for a minute and talk to my girl Priscilla DeSilva making her lovely way over here right now as I speak.

Priscilla DeSilva arrives.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

The model done arrived. The titties from Paris are here. They let you walk with those girls?

JENNIFER

(gesturing at crowd)  
What's with all the kids?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

You was once one too hunny. Don't worry, tonight will be a show.

JENNIFER

You have no idea. Priscilla, where's the boss lady?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

You got some balls I tell you that. You got the cover charge?

Jennifer unzips the Knicks bag.

Priscilla's eyes light up. She opens the velvet rope.

Priscilla opens the velvet rope.

Jennifer follows Priscilla and disappears inside.

Michael walks with a high degree of self-consciousness to the front of the line and, nervously tries to talk his way past the velvet rope.

Vivi Gorgeous has none of it.

MICHAEL

Jennifer wait! I'm with her. No?  
How bout King Darnell of the burbs?

VIVI

Tell you what. He shows up with  
you. We'll tete-a-tete.

EXT./INT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Michael is in glass phone booth.

COLLECT VOICE (V.O)

Please hold while we place your  
call.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Whitney's cell phone RINGS. She puts her hand to her mouth to  
keep from crying.

WHITNEY

Oh thank god. Michael is that you?  
Please tell me you're alive.

INTERCUT:

EXT./ INT. - PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Michaels cracks the door open for air, he's sweating  
profusely.

MICHAEL

I'm calling you, so...

WHITNEY

What's going on? This isn't the  
Michael I know. I barely recognize  
you tonight.

MICHAEL

I barely recognize me either  
(beat)  
And I fucking love it.

WHITNEY

Michael listen to me and listen  
good. This is the world.

(MORE)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

It grants you a fixed number of paths. You're not a child anymore.

MICHAEL  
Mom, if you say the word college...

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
Yes, I picked a path for you.

Sam looks over at her, eyes narrowing her to change her tact.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

And it was wrong of me. I'm sorry. But I should have not let you go with an older woman. You will have more fun than you will ever have in your life and then she will break your heart into a thousand pieces and on to someone else.

MOM!

MICHAEL

MICHAEL'S MOM  
Am I speaking clearing to you?

Michael notices a HOMELESS MAN coming towards the telephone booth. He takes a step back, letting the door close

MICHAEL

You said if I ever needed to be picked up, you would come no questions asked and I wouldn't be in trouble.

(beat)

Mom?

WHITNEY

I lied.

The Homeless man bangs on the glass!

HOMELESS MAN

C'mon. I need to use the john!

WHITNEY

What's that noise?

The Homeless man outside the booth starts to walk away.

MICHAEL

I'm outside a nightclub in Bensonhurst.

WHITNEY

Bensonhurst. What are you doing in Bensonhurst?

MICHAEL

I think it's some sort of gay bar.

Suddenly, the Homeless man, turns around, drops his pants, and begins furiously masturbating against the glass.

WHITNEY

You're at a gay bay in Bensonhurst!

MICHAEL

You've gotta be - of all the - HEY!  
DICKHEAD! I'm on the phone with my  
mom.

EXT./INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Darnell drives, is jaw clenched, staring grimly at the road. Monica, beside him, sips a soda; and Brain and Pinky are in the back seat, munching on White Castle.

Darnell hits a blunt.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Michael's in the phone booth.

The Homeless man wanks and breaks into full orgasm onto the glass of the phone booth.

BRAIN

What the fuck?

Darnell double takes. "Am I really seeing what I'm seeing?"

DARNELL

Motherfuckin' slim shady.

Darnell hits the HIGH BEAMS. The homeless man runs off.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Michael's horrified holds his hand up, blinded by the lights.

He drops the phone... and she can hear a struggle.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Micheal's Mom desperately pleads with a PATROL OFFICER

PATROL OFFICER

Lady you're grating on my nerves.  
There's nothing I can do.

WHITNEY

No I-I-I'm not doing this  
with you.

PATROL OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'll arrest you. Keep it up.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Arrest me. Arrest me and Sam, put  
us in a squad car and drive us to  
Bensonhurst because that's where my  
son is.

PATROL OFFICER

Mam calm down. You want the best  
interest of your child. I get it.  
I'm a parent. But sometimes the  
only way your child is going to  
know his head hurt is to bump it  
his damn self.

Sam grimaces. A bunch of Officers and Students congregate.

WHITNEY

(snaps, improv)

Um - what exactly is the problem.  
New's Flash. I know you think you  
got a BIG DICK. But I'm mentally  
ill when it comes to my son... he  
just called me on this cell phone,  
with the fucking bad criminals who  
made the mess all these idiots are  
standing around taking photos and  
notes like it's law and order. Now,  
if your child was kidnapped by  
psychotic drug dealers and an  
officer of the peace said, 'There's  
nothing I can do.' How FUCKING  
FURIOUS do you think one mother  
would get?!

The Patrol Officer reaches for his cuffs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BRAND NEW YOU'RE RETRO by Tricky plays.

CAMERA PANS and picks up Priscilla walks up the back  
staircase under a Employees only sign.

Jennifer follows Priscilla across a catwalk above the main  
room set up as a Ballroom culture pageant.



Lights are half-low and the music is loud as they move they move through, dancers cheering on the pageantry below.

A banner reads: **PARIS IS BURNING 10th ANNIVERSARY**

ALL FROM JENNIFER'S POV on the catwalk:

CLOSE ON the MASTER OF CEREMONIES (25), at a podium running the show with the judges behind him at the scoring table.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

As far as all of y'all not walking,  
please realize that we all, at one  
time or another, have lusted to  
walk a ballroom floor.

The Judges hold up their score cards.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

So, give the patrons and the  
contestants, you know, a round of  
applause for nerve.

The Master of Ceremonies adjusts his microphone.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

'Cause with y'all vicious  
motherfuckers it do take nerve.

Everyone laughs.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

Believe me. We're not going to be  
shady, just fierce.

THE CAMERA PANS back to Priscilla and Jennifer as they approach sophisticated security.

They pat down Jennifer. Priscilla cautiously covers him.

JENNIFER

Where are we going?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

Nowhere.

JENNIFER

Oh, I see. It's abduction now.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

Cut the shit. Talk to me.

Jennifer hold up the Knicks bag.

JENNIFER

I took all Darnell's casino cash  
and told him to find me to find me  
here.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

You need to disappear. Quick fast  
and in a hurry. I mean really  
disappear.

JENNIFER

I was thinking Vegas. Lay low for a  
bit. You got any peeps there?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

Lay low? In Vegas? You lay low in  
fucking Cincinnati. Nobody in the  
history of Vegas has ever laid low.

JENNIFER'S POV: CLOSE ON Master of Ceremonies.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.C.)

You must not only have a body, but  
you must be sexy. A lot of people  
have bodies but are not sexy.

Contestants vogue against each other.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)

Titties out. Titties out.

The Master of Ceremony has a whistle he keeps blowing.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Dip. Spin. Pump. Dip. Spin.  
(whistle)

You fucking cooking her chicken  
right now, girl friend.

CAMERA PANS BACK to Jennifer and Priscilla pushing open a  
door at the end of the catwalk.

The noise rushes out, overwhelmingly silent, an airlock brick  
wall of nothing.

Jennifer opens her mouth to speak, but the gravity of the  
moment hits her. Priscilla smiles.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

You made a mistake. But you need to  
understand something important...  
The road to success is paved with  
mistakes well handled.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Michael sits in the back of the car between Pinky and the Brain.

BRAIN  
It's disrespectful -

PINKY  
Very disrespectful.

Michael takes a page out of Jennifer's playbook.

MICHAEL  
I'm glad to see you got your  
testosterone back. You got shot in  
the leg, not your prick.

Monica and Pinky exchange looks and snicker.

BRAIN  
Keep laughing. Keep laughing, you  
fucks.

Brain flips out a butterfly knife.

Grabs Michael's hand and puts it straight through his palm.

BRAIN (CONT'D)  
Payback's a bitch.

Michael's mouth open but no scream comes out. He's in shock.

DARNELL  
I can't tell if you're and extra, a  
bit player, or a fucking star? Stop  
fucking around. Who sent you?

INT. MAKESHIFT CHANGING ROOM - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla leads Jennifer through the back VIP changing room.

A couple of CONTESTANTS, wearing nylon wig caps, apply eye liner and make up.

CONTESTANT 1  
Obviously waist to hip ratio. Very  
important. But arm to boob ratio is  
one that really doesn't get enough  
air-time.

JENNIFER  
An amazing pair of tits. We all  
love a big huge pair of amazing  
tits. That's awesome.

They all give Jennifer looks. She flashes them quickly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, we all like that.

This brings the house down with laughter.

CONTESTANT 2  
Trend forecast. Watch out!

Jennifer smiles gratefully, then follow Priscilla towards an office at the end of the corridor.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A Patrolmen drives, his jaw clenched, staring grimly at the road. His Partner beside him, is on his radio, getting intel on all the nightclubs in Bensonhurst.

Whitney and Sam are in the backseat.

SAM  
I can't believe Michael's your son.

WHITNEY  
YOU can't believe it? After tonight. I do not feel I know my child at all.

SAM  
Maybe you need to ease up on him. You really know how to push his buttons.

WHITNEY  
I better. I installed them.

PATROL OFFICER  
Quit it you two. Or we'll take you straight to booking.

SAM  
With all your mothering he'll never become a man.

WHITNEY  
Hate me now. Love me later.

INT. VELVET MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Priscilla Desilva leads Jennifer into a cramped office with plush walls - an odd mix of old glamour and backstage grit.

Priscilla pats Jennifer down, then gestures for her to sit in front of a desk. She sets the Knicks bag - stuffed with cash - in front of:

RACHEL TENSIONS, seated in an antique chair, reading a newspaper. A half-finished bouquet of roses and a pair of pruning shears rest on the desk.

RACHEL TENSIONS  
(not looking up)  
What am I looking at her?

JENNIFER  
(nervous)  
Rachel, I believe in you. I lived too many lives to complain, I just -

RACHEL TENSIONS  
Child please. No ending to that sentence'll matter. Breathe, then hush.

PRISCILLA DESILVA  
She stole Darnell's stash.

Rachel folds her paper with a crisp snap. She takes up the pruning shears, snipping a rose stem in a single, decisive move.

RACHEL TENSIONS  
You had the world in your palms, baby - and you let it slip. No you're here playing games with me?

She eyes the Knicks bag, unimpressed.

JENNIFER  
I was supposed to lure him here, not bring headhunters looking for war. That's on me. But I promise -

RACHEL TENSIONS  
(icily)  
Sit up straight. Teacher's talking (off look)  
It doesn't matter if you're Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, Jennifer Jones, or the Pope's niece - emotions don't pay the rent.

JENNIFER  
People are overreacting. Seriously. I messed up, but we can fix it.

RACHEL TENSIONS

(slow grin)

Repeat that for me, sugar. Out loud.

JENNIFER

(swallowing)

I'm trippin', okay? I spent the money I owed him, tried to pull a fast one. Monica was bitching about Darnell leaving it around, so I took my shot. Figured he'd chase me here.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Oh, I believe that you don't give a Frenchman's fuck. But out there sweetie, it's a different game - folks shoot first and rarely ask questions later.

(smiles faintly)

Still... gotta admit, you've got nerve. That's...valuable.

Rachel flicks her gaze to Priscilla, who lunges with a pistol pressed against Jennifer's temple.

RACHEL TENSIONS (CONT'D)

But your little stunt spun us all into a whirlwind of consequences that suck. For everyone.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Whitney, Sam, and the two Officers get out of the squad car.

She looks to the roiling MOB of people occupying half the block, crowding in front of the entrance to the warehouse.

The Patrol Officer and his Partner cuff Whitney and Sam together. They start walking towards the club.

SAM

How do we know this is it?

WHITNEY

I don't see any other gay nightclubs on this street.

Vivi Gorgeous recognizes the Officer's Partner.

Waves to him. The Partner stops.

The Patrol officer looks at him.

PATROL OFFICER  
They know you here?

The Officers get into a back and forth.(Improv)

Whitney makes a decision, pulls Sam towards the club.

INT. VELVET MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jennifer stiffens, eyes darting to the gun barrel at her head, then back to Rachel, who clips another rose with unnerving calm.

RACHEL TENSIONS  
What I've noticed with greater age and wisdom is, when you're young, you're terrified people will leave you. But as you get older, you realize they stay in your life forever - and that's the real fear. They're like gum on your shoe - you can't scrape them off.

JENNIFER  
I can be more valuable to you than he can.

RACHEL TENSIONS  
Dastardly. You ready to burn every bridge, huh?

JENNIFER  
C'mon you love it. I'm the type of girl who burns her house down to see if she has fire insurance.

Rachel laughs, a brittle sound.

RACHEL TENSIONS  
God, I love that in a woman.

JENNIFER  
Passion?

RACHEL TENSIONS  
Violence.

She sets aside a rose, and snatches Jennifer's hand with frightening speed.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The GMC Yukon parks. Darnell, Monica, Michael, Pinky and Brain get out.

Darnell eyes the Police Officers arguing, motions to go around back...

Monica hands Michael a bunch of napkins for the blood.

MONICA

Hope that's not your jerk off hand.

CLOSE ON as Brain pulls the butterfly knife out of Michael's hand.

INT. VELVET MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Jennifer's pinky, caught between the shears. Priscilla hovers with the gun.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Question is, are you you willing to sing for your supper?

JENNIFER

You gotta smoke?

Rachel nods. Priscilla leans over, and hands Jennifer a cigarette.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Gotta light?

Priscilla flicks a lighter, igniting the tip.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

You frustrated? You smoke too much.

JENNIFER

How do you know?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

I've noticed. Only frustrated people smoke too much...

Jennifer takes a shaky drag.

JENNIFER

(eyeing Priscilla)

Aren't you cute. Look, I'm sorry for fucking up. I'm dealing with my own shit, you know.

(MORE)



## JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Moving forward with honesty...

(she starts to unravel)

Priscilla didn't I just ask for peeps in Vegas? I fucked up. Huge. But I learned. I know I can't set foot in this town for a long time.

(pleading)

I'll never ask for another favor as long as I live.

Tears well in Jennifer's eyes for the first time. Rachel watches calmly, then smiles and eases the shears away from Jennifer's pinky.

## RACHEL TENSIONS

I'm not your therapist, sweetheart - but I have to admit, the drama's delicious. You do look pitiful, darling. Still, my hatred for him far outweighs my anger at you.

(sly grin)

Truth be told, the fact you fucked him this bad is downright entertaining. So here we are... one-time offer: take it or leave it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Whitney and Sam approach the front of the line.

## TEENAGER PARTYGOER

GRANDMA! It's a line here!

## WHITNEY

EAT MY VAG! Pussy boy.

Vivi Gorgeous eyes them up and down. Whitney locks eyes with Vivi to get her attention.

## WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Love, here. We're together.

A BOUNCER is now running the rope. Vivi speaks to her.

## VIVI GORGEOUS

Only her. You can go in, but he'll have to wait.

Whitney holds up her and Sam's cuffed hands. Vivi grins.

## WHITNEY

My love, you think I'd come to a kink party and not be full disco.

INT. VELVET MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Rachel Tensions reading Jennifer's body language.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Baby I was born at night - not last  
night. All you gotta do is show me,  
and I'll let you go.

Jennifer nods her head. She realizes the gravity of her  
situation.

JENNIFER

The second I turn my back, you'll  
kill me. So just fucking do it...  
but know, on my father's grave, I'm  
sorry. I'm fucking sorry.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Then, take off with it.

Priscilla DeSilva glances over at a small CCTV monitor in the  
corner.

Onscreen: a party of 5 slipping around to the back of the  
warehouse, entering through an unsecured door.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

He's here.

They watch as the group splits up: Darnell and Monica head  
upstairs. Michael, Pinky, and Brain move into the club's main  
floor.

Tension coils in the air, the stakes rising with every  
heartbeat.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Pinky and Brain propel Michael past a bar jammed with people.  
They look awful.

MICHAEL

You got the stones to use it?

PINKY

I don't like this. Brain.

BRAIN

Shut up! I gotta make a pit stop.  
The gunshot makes me gotta pee.

(beat)

Stay here. Don't move.

INT. VELVET MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BANG. BANG. BANG. Priscilla yanks it open. Darnell and Monica stride in, eyes flicking around like they smell trouble.

DARNELL

Okay, you got daddy's attention now. Gat stays with me, though.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Darnell, sweetie. Always a delight to see you. How might I assist?

She nods to Priscilla, who gestures at the Knicks money bag near Rachel's desk. Darnell notices it immediately.

DARNELL

So this is why you do what you do, huh?

Rachel drums her manicured nails on the bag.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Let me see if I understand: you waltz into my domain - down a quarter million thanks to a twenty-one-year-old "useful idiot" - yet somehow, i'm the one who needs your focus?

(amused)

You never cease to be consistent, Darnell. I'll give you that.

Darnell's anger flares. He takes one step closer.

DARNELL

Listen here, you fucking cunt -

Rachel tilts her head, eyes glittering with a haughty smile.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Better a cunt for one night than a fool every waking hour of your life.

Monica places a calming hand on Darnell's shoulder, but he shrugs it off.

DARNELL

You think you're clever, but I don't know your angle, and it's gonna be a long one. We can work something out - or not. Up to you.

Rachel lets the tension ride a moment, examining her nails like she's bored.

RACHEL TENSIONS

( dramatic pause)

You know what they say: play stupid games, win stupid prizes. If you think "balance" come from spilled blood, you clearly never took a math class. Victory's spelled "survival," sugar. And right now, I'm surviving just fine.

DARNELL

Buy low, sell high - biggest bullshit line in history. Cause I've heard enough nonsense. You wanna buy me out? Fine. Otherwise, Jennifer's about to get her ass handed to her Matter fact-  
(he smirks darkly)  
We got your Michael.

Rachel's eyes click with curiosity.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Who's Micheal? Another "useful idiot?" I'm collecting hem like Pokemon cards tonight it seems.

She looks to Priscilla with an indulgent grin, then returns her gaze to Darnell, unabashedly dismissive.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Whitney and Sam move to the bar as she scans the crowd before she SEES distantly... Michael stands with Pinky.

Whitney snakes through crowd pulling Sam by the cuffs. She takes an oblique path, slides up along a wall behind Pinky.

MICHAEL

What exactly is the plan?

PINKY

There is no plan.

Pinky shrugs, he's tapped on the shoulder --

Whitney and Sam's cuffed hands KNOCK Pinky flat out.

Michael's in shock. A look of *THANK GOD*. Whitney grabs him by the arm and they head briskly back toward an exit door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Another Police car pulls up.

The Police are slowly arriving to the scene, not sure if this is where the action will be.

OFFICER 2

Where's the Mom?

PATROL OFFICER

They're gone. Sanchez, check the back. Billy, Ricky, out front.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brain returns to find Pinky slumped against the wall with a welt on his forehead.

BRAIN

You idiot what have you done?

PINKY

I hit something and something hit me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Priscilla and Rachel Tensions lead the way down a tight fire-escape stairwell, followed by Jennifer and Monica, with Darnell in the rear. Monica nudges Jennifer, smirking.

MONICA

From unemployed runner to trap star in, what, three moves moves? Who had that on their bingo card?

(beat)

How's it feel?

JENNIFER

Super fucking duper.

MONICA

You are an interesting human, you know that.

JENNIFER

(shrugs)

I was taught by the best.

Rachel glances over her shoulder, impatience humming under her voice.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Now might be the perfect time to fill me in on Michael - plus why you blabbed about the shipment to Darnell!

Jennifer grimaces, attempting a disarming smile.

MONICA

Oh, that cuck she keeps on a leash and never lets ride. Right?

PRISCILLA DESILVA

I doubt it. Knowing Jennifer, there's always more... spice.

JENNIFER

The fuck, Cilla? Real sweet.

Rachel and Priscilla exchange a laugh.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Anyway. Who doesn't want a partner in crime? Long short story: I'm cool, he's hot. I'm from the city - he's not.

Rachel makes an imaginary marquee with her hands, framing "lights" in the air.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Close my eyes- I see the billboard...

FLASH TO a neon-lit sign reading:

QUEEN OF NEW YORK

Starring Young People!

Rachel's voice echoes over it, dripping with amusement:

RACHEL TENSIONS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

God. I love this city.

BACK TO STAIRWELL

They all pause, half-entertained. Priscilla tilts her head.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

Only in New York.

At the back of the line, Darnell's had it - his anger radiates.

DARNELL

Enough. E-fucking-nough! Time to shut the fuck up and pay attention.

(beat)

If this goes down, it's on me. My risk, my rules.

PRISCILLA DESILVA

What, you think you're Wesley Snipes no? This ain't New Jack City, boss.

DARNELL

Funny. I'm running a high-stakes poker game out of my dojo, and none you see a damn dime. That's the new order. You don't like it? Tough.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Still not hearing an actual offer, dear.

Darnell keeps descending the steps, voice echoing.

DARNELL

We'll get to that. Don't you worry.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Whitney, Sam and Michael barrel out a back door.

MICHAEL

No! I can't leave Jennifer.

WHITNEY

Michael. She's a meshungina.

He rips his arm away. Sam looks shocked.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to quit her.

WHITNEY

This is a little bit overboard - matter of fact this is past overboard - this is fucking absurd. This makes no sense - you cross the line to where it's almost dumb.

MICHAEL

Mom. You can't tell me my purpose. You can't do everything for me.

SAM

Dude. You're not wrong but this is  
bat shit. Look where we are!

MICHAEL

(to himself)

C'mon No fear. Cut it loose.

(to Whitney)

This whole college dream is yours.  
Not Mine! When does my life belong  
to me? If there's one thing I  
learned tonight it's that sometimes  
you have to do things because you  
have to. It's called love.

Michael takes off running towards the back dock.

SAM

Hard-headed teenage day dreams.

WHITNEY

That's just fucking dumb.  
Hopelessly romantic and... kinda  
sweet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DOCKS - STACKS OF CONTAINERS

Brain and Pinky wander amongst the stacks - searching.

PINKY

I don't want to go in there.

Brain grabs Pinky by the nuts.

BRAIN

We're having a look. I've got a  
pistol and I'm getting reimbursed  
for the funhouse hell fuck I've  
been put through tonight. Capeesh?

They turn the corner and find...

INT. OFFICE - WAREHOUSE DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

A well-dressed DRUG DEALING COUPLE unload coolers in the  
cargo area.

CLOSE ON the open containers of sand hiding plastics of pills  
are being taken out and transferred to coolers with ice,  
lobsters, and other shellfish as cover.

Brain and Pinky come through the door weapons drawn.



BRAIN.  
DON'T NOBODY MOVE BUT THE MONEY!

PINKY  
THIS A STICK UP!

The Drug Dealer Man looks up over his reading glasses without expression. There is a silent tension.

DRUG DEALER MAN  
We both know I can't do that.

BRAIN  
Do as I say or I start blasting.

DRUG DEALER MAMN  
You play poker my man?

BRAIN  
What?

DRUG DEALER MAN  
Poker. See strategically you don't want to show your hand, over analyze, over think and put yourself in a pickle.

PINKY  
You heard the man! Capeesh?

DRUG DEALER WOMAN  
Excuse me, but who the fuck are you?

DRUG DEALER MAN  
Don't look at her look at me. You played your cards But I ain't ready to show my hand. This ain't your game my G.

SUDDENLY -

Darnell, Jennifer, Monica, Priscilla and Rachel burst into the room.

DARNELL  
Tuck in your chains boys.

Pinky and the Brain both jump a thousand feet in the air.

DARNELL (CONT'D)  
(sizing up the situation)  
The fucks you doing? Huh? Where the fucks Michael ? You two timing -

RACHEL TENSIONS

Oh, Darnell, sugar. I'm ready for that glorious "offer" of yours - assuming it isn't half as broke as your manners.

JENNIFER

Seems like you backed yourself into a major fucking corner.

MONICA

It doesn't have to be this way.

DARNELL

Why do you keep talking when the value of your ideas is zero.

Rachel chuckles - an indulgent, drawn-out laugh

RACHEL TENSIONS

I jacked those cheap prices up sky-high -Higher than a giraffe's hoo ha, baby. It's going to cost you for running your mouth.

DARNELL

This ain't the fucking Twilight Zone. This the real world. It's a lot of money she gave you. Keep it. But there are, uh, caveats and stipulations that go with it.

(beat)

I'm buying something with my money.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Honey, you can buy a one-way ticket to Snoozeville for all I care - so long as it's on my terms

(eyes flicker to Jennifer)

Right, Miss Hustle?

EXT. WAREHOUSE DOCKS - NIGHT

Michael runs through the stacks, looking for Jennifer.

He sees the office, and Jennifer through the a window next to two drag queens, but his view is blocked of the situation.

INT. OFFICE - WAREHOUSE DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Darnell trying to read the room. Cards on the table.

DARNELL

Give me this shipment. We all walk.  
Crisis averted.

(looks at Jennifer)

Even trade ain't no swindle.

JENNIFER

Chump change.

MONICA

Now we see your real motivation.

RACHEL TENSIONS

And what's your motivation Darnell?

(beat)

You got a lot of pent up bark, but  
you forgot the golden rule of life.

DARNELL

What's that?

RACHEL TENSIONS

The folks holding the gold make the  
rules, baby.

(eyes narrowing)

Push me, and I press a button  
that'll fill this place with more  
smoke than a Snoop Dogg concert.

DARNELL

You ain't about to jew me down...  
Don't play with me now.

JUST THEN -

Michael comes through the door.

MICHAEL

Jennifer I still love you you  
stupid fuck!

Michael's eyes go wide as he sees the table that's set.

Darnell grabs Michael and uses him as a human shield.

They all turn, and in the confusion everyone draws their  
weapons.

CAMERA does a 360 around everyone.

Rachel pointing down on Darnell. Not taking her eyes off him.

Priscilla aims at Brain and Pinky, but glances over at the  
Drug Dealers.

RACHEL TENSIONS

High noon in heels. My favorite hour.

DARNELL

Michael I bet when you woke up this morning, you didn't think tonight you'd have a hole in your head, did you?

MICHAEL

Y'know what, Darnell? Fuck you! Go ahead. Tonight, I want more.

Brain and Pinky slowly step away, wanting no part of this.

Jennifer feints forward. Everyone on edge.

JENNIFER

Michael, you're so dense. I oughta knock your lights out.

Jennifer pushes Michael backwards into Darnell.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to fight you.

DARNELL

Woah! Send a nigga home full clip.

JENNIFER

What do you mean you're not going to fight me, you fuck?

MICHAEL

Fuck? Why am I a fuck?

JENNIFER

Why are you a fuck? Because you got brains. I got talent, but you got brains. So duck.

Michael looks at confused.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

DUCK!

Michael finally catches on and hits the floor.

BANG! Everyone opens FIRE! BAM... BAM... BAM...

Michael and Jennifer make a dash and dive behind a desk.

Everyone either ducks or scrambles for cover - except the Drag Queens, who open a ridiculous amount of COVER FIRE, riddling the office with bullets.

Pinky throws his hands straight up in the air. Brain crawls on the floor, grabs Pinky, and drags him toward the exit.

Priscilla's gun clicks empty. She discards it with a snarl.

Darnell positions himself behind metal barrels, firing his Uzi wildly from cover.

Silence falls, broken only by the sound of RELOADING.

Monica spots the duffel bag full of money. She slings the strap over her shoulder and crawls out of the room.

Jennifer and Michael exchange a look.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you think you're doing? This isn't your fight.

MICHAEL

You're right... it's ours.

JENNIFER

(to Rachel)

How do you still have the energy for this?

RACHEL TENSIONS

(chuckles)

What else is there? The action is the juice. Now get of here.

Jennifer and Michael bolt through the back door.

Darnell and the Drug Deals duck behind metal scraps that serves as makeshift barricades, returning fire on the Drag Queens.

Brain and Pinky make a break for it, squealing all the way.

Darnell and the Dealers keep pushing forward, trying to regain ground. Priscilla spins out of cover, brandishing a massive, high-caliber gun.

WHOOM! WHOOM! WHOOM!

Rounds slam into metal barrels, sparks flying. Darnell waves for them to go back.

DARNELL

Go back! Go back! FUCK YOU!

Priscilla pulls the trigger again. CLICK.

RACHEL TENSIONS

Fuck you! Grab the gear.

Rachel stands motionless for a beat while Priscilla scoops up the coolers of drugs, the both of them sprint out the door.

Suddenly, Darnell pops up and empties his clip in every direction. But the room is already deserted. Silence.

Darnell glances behind him to discover the Drug Dealers lying dead.

POLICE SIRENS erupt from everywhere.

EXT. DOCKS - LOADING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Brain trips on a pipe and tumbles, knocking Pinky down right behind him. Both sprawl out on the ground. A cluster of UNIFORMED COPS swarm in, guns aimed at their faces.

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Police cars arrive in droves, lights flashing. A HELICOPTER swoops overhead, it's SPOTLIGHT raking across the area.

POLICE MEGAPHONE (O.S.)

You have 3 minutes. Come out unarmd with you hands in the air.

EXT. DOCKS - LOADING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Jennifer sprint toward the Cadillac. She suddenly stops, grabs him by the neck, and kisses him hard.

JENNIFER

Michael, what happened to you?

MICHAEL

Huh?

JENNIFER

(kissing him)

MMM!- you're so alive? So romantic.

MICHAEL

That one was for me.

INT. OFFICE - DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Darnells sees Michael and Jennifer running away through the window and takes off after them.

DARNELL  
Fuck this soft-ass romantic...  
BULLSHIT!

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

More police units flood the area from all sides.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE - panicked partygoers are pouring out of the club, cops barking orders.

Whitney and Sam push through the crowd.

WHITNEY  
Sam, where is he? Where is he? I  
don't see him.

Sam spots Michael getting into the Cadillac in the distance.

SAM  
There! He's right there! Michael!

INT/EXT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL tries to turn the engine, but it won't catch.

MICHAEL  
GET IN! C'mon.

At last the car sputters to life. He slams it into gear.

INT/EXT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

Darnell's in the Toyota gaining ground on the Cadillac.

INT/EXT. CADIALLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The Cadiallac barrels forward, engine screaming. Behind them, Darnell guns the Toyota, door flapping, piston in hand, gaining fast.

JENNIFER

So, you finally caved and took the  
"getaway driver" gig for real?

MICHAEL

I figure if I'm gonna commit, I  
might as well go full throttle.

Jennifer glances back; Darnell's almost on their bumper.

JENNIFER

Well, Jimmy Dean, we ain't gonna  
make it.

MICHAEL

(eyes blazing)

Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right,  
Left, Right, A, B, Select, Start.

JENNIFER

The fuck are you saying?

MICHAEL

When I tell you - do exactly as I  
say.

He CRANKS the volume on Hole's "Celebrity Skin" the ferocious  
guitar riff ripping through the night. We can't hear his next  
words, but Jennifer nods, bracing herself.

Michael FLOORS IT, the speedometer climbing toward 60 MPH.

INT/EXT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

Darnell leans forward, lips curled in a savage grin, certain  
he's got them dead to rights.

INT/EXT. CADILLAC COUPE DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Jennifer lock eyes - no hesitation.

MICHAEL

NOW!

He throws open his door and DIVES out, tumbling hard onto the  
pavement. Jennifer lunges for the wheel, YANKING the  
emergency brake. The Cadillac spins in a controlled chaos.

Darnell reacts too late - his Toyota screams past, straight  
off the dock.



EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Darnell's face twists in disbelief.

DARNELL  
Mother fucker -

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - she sees the dock abruptly end.  
The Toyota plunges into the cold, black water.

EXT. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

The Toyota stands nearly vertical before slowly sinking.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
We spend so much time trying to  
find a path that guarantees no  
heartbreak -  
(beat)  
But if you don't care you end up  
living a life that never makes  
sense. In all that chaos, I  
realized something: the world's a  
mystery, and so am I.

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS, POLICE CARS, a HELICOPTER overhead - lights strobe  
across the water. Whitney and Sam arrive, riding with the  
cops, pulling up near the crash site.

Michael, disoriented pulls himself up and scans frantically  
for Jennifer.

He spots her in the driver's seat of the Cadillac, hands on  
the wheel like she's just stuck the landing. She exhales,  
unmoving.

Cops rip the door open, dragging her out. Michael watches  
helplessly as they cuff her.

Jennifer locks eyes with him, smirking. He takes a step  
forward she gives a small shake of her head - no.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Maybe we should just risk the  
heartbreak for something - or  
someone - that matters.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because it's uncomfortable being a teenager, or just being alive, and it never stops. That question - Who am I? - never goes away.

Nearby, a soaking-wet Darnell climbs up onto the docks. The cops pounce on him, cuffing him to the ground. He shoots Michael a death-glare that says, "This isn't over."

WHITNEY

A gorgeous woman can hijack a guy's brain and make him do the dumbest shit possible.

Michael straightens up, turning to see his mother. He's so overwhelmed he can't respond.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I was wrong. I'm sorry.

(beat)

She's cool. Fucking too cool.

Jennifer is led toward a police van.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Go. Go get her.

Michael bolts after them.

EXT. POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael stumbles to a stop, out of breath, right as they're shoving Jennifer inside.

MICHAEL

Arrest me! I was her driver. I carried her bags - I'm part of this!

The Patrol Officer pushes him aside.

PATROL OFFICER

Sorry, kid. Your mother'd kill me.

Michael stands there, stunned. Jennifer smiles at him, a tired warmth in her eyes.

JENNIFER

It's not just you.

(beat)

I drive myself crazy to.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure how to say this, but being with you made me feel like somebody else. For the first time in my life, I've got this feeling in my stomach -

(beat)

Excitement. For whatever comes next.

She listens, eyes soft.

MICHAEL

And for the first time, I know what I want-

(beat)

- and I'm not afraid to go for it.

He leans in. They share a soft, tender kiss. It lasts only a beat before she pulls away - bittersweet.

Jennifer licks her lips, her gaze drifting to the horizon... a tiny, breathless smile crosses her face.

The cops shove her into the van. Inside, Darnell - already cuffed - spits blood at her feet. She just smiles at him, then turns her eyes back toward Michael as the doors slam.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Maybe heartbreak is all we need right now - life 101. On to the next chapter. My dad used to say if you're still who you were five minutes ago, you haven't grown. And it helps to find humor in all this, you know? Because if this wild night taught me anything, it's this: Enjoy your life. It's a fucking love story.

END CREDIT MUSIC: AEROSMITH - "CRAZY"

Michael watches, breath caught in his throat, as the van rumbles away.

A cop grabs his shoulder, talking, but he doesn't hear - Jennifer's voice still echoes in his mind.

She's gone, exactly how she wanted.

FADE TO BLACK.