

PLAYER DAZE
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PLAYER DAZE

FADE IN:

INT. PACIFIC PALISADES HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

We hear HEAVY BREATHING, DRY COUGHING, and:

JOHNNY YANG (O.S.)
One of those fucking days...

JOHNNY'S POV: The water swirls down the toilet bowl's gullet as Johnny stands up. He turns and shoves the stall door open, taking a few uneasy steps forward toward a sink basin.

The mirror above the sink is cracked, allowing us only an extremely obscured view of our protagonist.

Johnny's hands fidget with the faucet, initially scalding one of his hands before regulating the cold water.

He splashes water up from the sink into his face, turns the sink off, and walks slowly towards the doors. He pushes forward.

INT. PACIFIC PALISADES HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cue. "Hate Every Beautiful Day," by Sugarcult

JOHNNY'S POV: The hallway is bustling with STUDENTS. All eyes of passersby are on Johnny. A geeky school newspaper JOURNALIST leans in front of him, grinning with a mouth full of metal.

PAPER GEEK
For the paper.

JOHNNY'S POV: A camera flashes a picture of the two

PAPER GEEK (cont'd)
Boy, you really screwed the pooch on
this one. See ya around, buddy!

Johnny shoves him out of his way and passes a flock of CHEERLEADERS.

Once he's out of earshot, one turns to the other:

CHEERLEADER #1
Can't believe he's gone today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEERLEADER #2

Yeah. God, I feel so bad. He wasn't such a bad guy.

CHEERLEADER #1

Think Becka'll regret not getting the chance to castrate him?

A little further down, the FOOTBALL TEAM watch sullenly as Johnny shuffles down the hall.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1

Shit, we needed him this season. What are we gonna do?

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2

We're fucked, man... Totally fucked.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #3

I'm sketch about where he's going next. You don't think he'll hook them up, do you?

Johnny, his back turned to us, pushes past a few more students, obliviously, and steps out into:

EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The open outside light envelopes him as if he's entered that long sought after light at the end of the tunnel.

A far cry from the maddening drone of the hallway stands JOHNNY YANG, 17, dressed preppy with black hair hanging in his eyes. He stands for a moment of silence.

He looks out over the green lawns, the breezy trees, and the birds flying overhead. He begins walking toward the street.

INT. PACIFIC PALISADES HIGH SCHOOL - FACULTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of the TEACHERS watches Johnny walk down the sidewalk.

She turns toward her peers, sitting around the lounge sucking on cigarette butts with mini bottles of liquor next to their coffee mugs.

TEACHER #1

I prayed every single night for two whole years, four goddamn semesters. I finally got my answer though. Yes, there is a Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Teachers all toast one another with "Amen" uttered under their breaths.

TEACHER #1 (cont'd)
I'll be celebrating with a chardonnay
tonight. Good riddance to--

INT. MONIKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE: Dark red lips.

MONIKA
Johnny Yang.

MONIKA, 17, a stark beauty straight out of a Fritz Lang film noir, exhales a puff of smoke into the receiving mouthpiece of her '40s style phone.

Smoke oozes from the mouthpiece holes.

Monika is dressed darkly as she lays on a couch in her room. The room is of a decor that easily matches her period of style.

MONIKA (cont'd)
People were reeling in shock by the
time word got around this afternoon.
You will be missed... at least by me.

INTERCUT:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny sits in a Lazy Boy on the phone.

JOHNNY
I'm not dead, Monika, just expelled.
Save the eulogy.

MONIKA
If this really was your funeral, I'd
be the only one who'd show up. From
school anyway... That's sad.

Johnny lays back in the chair, defeated.

JOHNNY
Can always count on you to lift my
spirits when I'm down. Thanks a lot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

Save for maybe me and a slew of dumb jocks and anorexic debutantes, nobody really gives a shit that you're gone, hon. Maybe getting the boot is the best thing for ya. New school, new start. No one knows you over at Uni.

A BEEP is heard on the other end.

JOHNNY

Could you hold on a sec? Call waiting.

MONIKA

Fuck that noise. I'm coming over.

CLICK.

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. BECKA'S ROOM - NIGHT

BECKA, a high-strung, slender blond in a cheerleaders outfit paces nervously back and forth through the Pepto Bismol pink innards of her bedroom.

BECKA

I gained five pounds just looking for your number, asshole! I told you you'd get fucked over if you branched out to the football team. Now, I'm fucked!

JOHNNY

Your problems are the least of my worries now.

Becka stands holding a prescription pill bottle.

BECKA

I ought to hunt you down and tear your balls off for what you did, but that won't do either of us any good, huh?

JOHNNY

(laughs)
What do you want from my life?

BECKA

I'm down to my last few tablets and season's starting soon. Last thing I need is to balloon up beforehand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA (cont'd)

If we can still do business, I'll totally make it worth your while. I already offered to hook you up with Karine.

Johnny takes a photo out of his wallet and looks at it.

JOHNNY

The Chinese girl with the pale face, braces, and flat chest? She's been talking about coming to LA for months.

BECKA

She's coming for her birthday!

JOHNNY

That's months from now. Listen, I'd like to help out, but I'm out of the pharmaceutical business... for now. I don't need any more hecticness in my life. It's been real.

With that, Johnny CLICKS on Becka as she protests.

Gritting her teeth, Becka lets out a frustrated SQUEAL and throws the pill bottle in her hand across the room.

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny walks over to his window and pulls a blind down to gaze out at the city lights. Monika's on his bed.

MONIKA

Becka's gonna turn into a real porker without you around. She can kiss Squad good-bye too.

JOHNNY

(nods)

Ya know, Pali does suck. I was a slice of wheat stuffed into a bag of Wonder bread over there. The only relationships I had were based on co-dependent personalities, burnouts, and athletes sick of hearing about their lack of "intensity." I never connected with those people.

MONIKA

That's half bullshit. It's not like you ever gave any of them a chance to get to know you. Be yourself this time around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA (cont'd)

You always hung around the wrong people anyway... You associated with Becka for Christ's sake.

JOHNNY

Alright, alright. I give.

MONIKA

It's gonna take more than just an attitude adjustment.

Johnny shoots her a quizzical glance.

INT. JOHNNY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Monika is painting bleach onto Johnny's hair. The first step in dying it.

JOHNNY

Now I know why bleached blondes are so dumb... It's the fumes.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - EMPTY CAFETERIA - DAY

Johnny, with short, spiked midnight blue hair and more casual clothes, walks through the graffitied halls of his new habitat.

He walks over to a SODA vending machine, inserts a dollar, and pushes down the button for a can.

Out the bottom of the machine, a beat up APPLE JUICE BOX drops down. Johnny withdraws and stares at it puzzled. He glances back at the image of a SODA CAN on the machine.

Making due, Johnny turns the box over and tries to grasp the straw on the back only to find it missing.

JOHNNY

Where's the fucking straw?
(shakes head)
Ghetto.

Johnny tosses the juice box in the trash and keeps walking.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - QUAD - LUNCH

In typical high school fashion, the students are grouped by race. Johnny sits with the white kids, the minority.

At the other end of the table is CLARA, a casually hip Euro girl with purple streaked hair and an earthly beauty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
Smurf, what you doing here?

JOHNNY
Expelled.

CLARA
Oh yeah, from where?

JOHNNY
Pali.

Everyone boos. A few pieces of trash sail his way.

Clara makes the "settle down" gesture.

CLARA
Kicked out of Pali? Did you take a trig test with a number five pencil or something?

JOHNNY
Nah. See, unlike you, Pali kids can afford drugs. I dealt PCP and crank to the football team. That's why we always kicked your asses. Maybe now that I'm here, Uni will have a better season.

More boos follow. Clara rolls her eyes. Attention is averted from her intended prey. Johnny goes back to eating.

He glances up a moment and notices CAMI, a blond milk-fed beauty with more than meets the eye, sitting next to MICKEY, a chubby Japanese junior with spiked hair and a goatee.

Cami smiles kindly at him. Johnny lowers his head awkwardly.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
I'll see you guys around.

Cami watches Johnny get up and leave.

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - JOURNALISM ROOM - DAY

DELPHI, a Greek woman, late 30s-early 40s, clamors for the attention of the 15 kids in the class. Johnny's beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELPHI

People, before we continue our assignments, I'd like you to welcome Johnny, the newest addition to our newspaper staff.

The class chimes in their hellos. Johnny waves hello and walks down the aisle of the room to sit down.

He opens a notepad and pauses. Sensing something, he turns to his left. Cami has a struck-by-Cupid smile on her face.

She leans in closer until she's an inch from the side of his head. Closes her eyes. Inhales the scent of his hair.

CAMI

Kool-Aid?

JOHNNY

Yeah...

CAMI

...Punk Rock.

Cami eases back into her chair and opens her notebook. Johnny turns his head and stares over at her, enamored.

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - JOURNALISM ROOM - DAY

Johnny speaks to one of his classmates when he looks out the window and sees Cami outside. Johnny hurriedly cuts his conversation short and exits.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Johnny darts out the front of the building. Runs up the sidewalk. He sees Cami in the distance. Slows his pace. Begins walking toward her.

Cami languidly strolls, swinging her backpack carelessly back and forth like a kid. She strikes something. Twists around to see she's hit Johnny.

CAMI

Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry... Are you OK?

The two laugh. From a distance we see them have a brief conversation before they continue walking on their path.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY

Johnny and Cami talk while waiting at a stoplight. Nothing discernible is heard due to the noise of the cars.

EXT. WESTWOOD PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

The two sit at a table littered with schoolbooks and papers. Silent save for the breeze stirring through the trees above.

The two stare into each other's eyes.

Cami opens her mouth to speak only to falter, reverting back to her silence. Johnny sighs apprehensively.

CAMI

What?

Johnny closes the book between them. He leans toward Cami halfway. Cami smiles and meets him the rest of the way.

They engage in a kiss with a timidity that dies a little with each second that it lasts.

EXT. CAMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny's car pulls up. Cami exits the car beaming and waves goodnight as Johnny pulls off.

She stands idly on the curb before turning down the walkway to her house.

INT. GAMER'S CONVENTION - DAY

Johnny peruses the merchant tables alongside Mickey, who seems engrossed in the bootleg movies, miniature figures, dirty magazines, and collectible card games.

Mickey picks up an anime porn magazine and starts leafing through it.

Johnny reads from over his shoulder, contorting his face into a completely perplexed expression.

JOHNNY

Mickey, you don't actually get into this, right? I mean, what's this here? This demon is having sex with this poor... What is that, a titty fairy? I don't see the appeal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
(overlapping - defensively)
Hey man, gotta keep it real.

Mickey puts the magazine down and they move on.

MICKEY (cont'd)
John, why are you even here? You're not a geek. Or at least not the kind that hangs out at role-playing or comic conventions on weekends.

JOHNNY
Well, you're Cami's best friend.

MICKEY
Ooh, perceptive. I like that.

JOHNNY
We've been going out the last few days and I really like her.

MICKEY
You want something that'll last with Cami?

JOHNNY
Maybe.

MICKEY
You wanna fuck her?

Johnny pauses. Arches an eyebrow. He looks nearly offended.

MICKEY (cont'd)
A lot of people do.

Johnny and Mickey join a CHUTES & LADDERS table.

The RUNNERS are two pre-teens in leather jackets with greased back hair.

MICKEY (cont'd)
You're not the first, won't be the last. I know what kind of guy goes for Cami. She's a sweet girl, but has an asshole magnet between her legs. Her last big relationship ended really badly. She trusted the guy with everything. After he dropped her though, he went out and told everyone with a fucking locker about her sordid history.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

What I know of Cami is real. I'm not interested in a bunch of gossip. I was the King of Urban Legend back at Pali.

MICKEY

Every rumor has some fiber of truth to it, John.

Johnny and Mickey look at each other for a moment, with stoic expressions. Mickey turns, breaking the tension up.

MICKEY (cont'd)

Making anything last with Cami is a Herculean task even I wouldn't take on. The emotional baggage isn't worth it. So let's cut to the good stuff. You want to have sex with her or what?

Johnny watches the game proceed, a little perturbed.

EXT. PACIFIC PARK - FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Johnny seems content with his arm around Cami as they turn. The wheel comes to a halt and the pair finds themselves overlooking the park. Johnny naïvely enjoys the view.

CAMI

Mickey says you're a pussy hound.

Johnny recoils in shock and looks over at Cami.

JOHNNY

Excuse me?

CAMI

And it's like you're only dating me 'cause you want to get in my pants.

The Ferris wheel begins to turn, bringing the couple slowly back toward the ground.

CAMI (cont'd)

Listen, I thought we had a pretty good run. It's been what, about a week? Ask any of my friends though, I'm not a commitment-phile.

Cami exits the cart.

EXT. PACIFIC PARK - DAY

Johnny trails Cami.

JOHNNY

Why?

CAMI

You don't wanna know.

JOHNNY

So is this the end?

CAMI

Yup. This is the end of us.

She goes into a bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Johnny finds Cami in the PSYCHOLOGY section reading.

JOHNNY

Am I missing something here?

CAMI

Johnny, trust me. You don't want me to hurt your ego.

JOHNNY

I want an answer to why.

CAMI

Fine. I'm cheating on my current boyfriend with you.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Monika's reading Kosinski's "The Painted Bird."

MONIKA

You didn't cut your losses then?

JOHNNY (O.S.)

I couldn't leave her.

MONIKA

So you--

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Convinced her to take me back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

How?

Johnny stares at himself in the mirror shaking his head. He's dressed from head to toe in Renaissance period garb.

Monika looks up from her book.

MONIKA (cont'd)

You're shitting me.

JOHNNY

I shit you not.

MONIKA

What about the other guy?

JOHNNY

Hope she eventually leaves him for me.

EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIR - DAY

Merchants dressed in garb sell "tankards of ale," "goblets of mead," woodcuts, daggers, jewelry, and other Renaissance paraphernalia at their stands and booths.

Cami's in a corset with ample cleavage on display. Her breasts heave as she breathes. She pulls Johnny to an archery game.

CAMI

Win me something.

Johnny acts slightly apprehensive.

CARNEY

Thou aren't chicken art thou?

Johnny takes the bow and arrow. Aims at the bull's-eye. Shoots. His arrow doesn't even stick into the target.

Cami and the Carney laugh at Johnny. She puts the Carney's arm around her.

CARNEY (cont'd)

Sir, ye lady's chosen me. Perhaps because thou hast been romping through a field of blueberries and gotten them in ye hair.

Johnny raises his eyebrows, a little miffed about the smirk on the Carney's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cami and Johnny continue walking.

They pass a young girl selling kisses for a \$1.

CAMI
Wanna kiss her?

JOHNNY
Pass.

Johnny takes Cami in his arms and kisses her instead.

CAMI
Lecher.

Johnny raises an eyebrow and dips Cami in for another kiss. She struggles against it, pushing him away, playfully feigning disgust.

CAMI (cont'd)
You've sullied me!

JOHNNY
Sometimes I think you're more trouble
than you're worth.

CAMI
Oh, and how would you know what I'm
worth?

Johnny pauses and strokes his chin.

JOHNNY
I don't know, let's find out.

Johnny takes Cami by the arm and starts calling out:

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Wench for sale! Wench for sale!

A RENAISSANCE JOHN strolls up to Johnny.

RENAISSANCE JOHN
Good sir, for what would thou give me
the company of this buxom vixen?

EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Arm in arm, exhausted yet happy, Johnny and Cami walk towards the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMI

I can't believe you pimped me today.

JOHNNY

I can't believe someone gave me three arrows, six nails, and a rooster for you.

CAMI

God, I might fall for you yet.

INT. BANK - DAY

Cami, in formal clothing, is helping a customer at a desk. She finishes and looks at her clock, 4:20.

Johnny enters. Before he can even wave to Cami, she's up from her desk and over to a CO-WORKER.

CAMI

I'm taking my lunch now.

CO-WORKER

No problem.

Cami walks right past Johnny, he's trailing her again.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The WAITER takes down Cami's order.

MONTAGE: A number of quick still shots of Johnny and Cami eating at various restaurants with Johnny always paying the bill in a choppy flipbook style.

INT. CAMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny and Cami watch TV on her couch. Cami starts kissing his neck. Then she starts tonguing it.

The smile on Johnny's face is ear to ear.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spacious with black couches on black carpeting.

Mickey stands behind his wet bar replete with liquor collection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
Name your poison, John.

JOHNNY
Sex on the Beach: Malibu rum with
pineapple and cranberry juice.

Mickey takes out the ingredients to make the drink.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Mick, I have a question for you.

MICKEY
What's that?

Mickey hands Johnny his drink.

JOHNNY
Are you a queer or something?

MICKEY
(laughs)
What?

JOHNNY
It's cool if you are. Like the man
said, "Gotta keep it real." But
normal high school guys don't sit
around making mixed drinks for their
male friends. On top of that, you told
Cami I was a pussy hound. You gave her
the impression I was only out to ball
her. You sabotaged me, man. What the
fuck is the deal with that?

MICKEY
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny... If I wanted to
screw you I'd just slip something in
your drink. None of these back door
shenanigans.

Johnny puts his drink down and backs away.

This sends Mickey into a fit of laughter.

MICKEY (cont'd)
Dude, I'm just messing with ya. And I
didn't sabotage ya with Cami. That one
was destined for the morgue. DOA.
Can't hold it against me. Cami's never
held a decent relationship for long.
Even when she did, she somehow fucked
it up on her own.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (cont'd)

You seem like a nice enough guy, John. Hell, you're in my home drinking my alcohol. Not just anybody finds themselves in that sort of position.

(beat)

I like you enough to tell you that even if I am responsible for ruining it, then I'm not sorry, because you, my friend, could do a lot better. Not that Cami isn't a great girl. She's great as a friend. But that's it.

JOHNNY

You think she just isn't up for the long-term thing?

MICKEY

I think she'd reject you even on a subconscious level.

JOHNNY

Our one-month is coming up. Falls on her birthday. She still hasn't left the other guy.

MICKEY

I'll wait a little while more before I say I told you so.

JOHNNY

So who do you like, Mickey?

Mickey winks and smiles at Johnny. The two start laughing. Knock back their drinks. Mickey pours himself another shot of vodka. Knocks it back. He hoarsely chokes out a name:

MICKEY

Stella.

JOHNNY

Who?

MICKEY

She's in our grade. The girl with the magnificent tits.

Johnny doesn't recognize the name, frustrating Mickey.

MICKEY (cont'd)

You'd remember her. She's got huge breasts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Nice... That the only reason you like her Mick?

MICKEY

No. I'm not shallow. I don't just like her for them. I love her for them.

JOHNNY

She aware?

MICKEY

She will be Johnny... She will be. I'm always the guy Stella talks to whenever anything's wrong and vice versa. We're best friends.

JOHNNY

You sure do have a lot of best friends.

MICKEY

I know what I'm doing. Women are like industry and investment. Good to keep your hand in everything. Especially if you want to keep your hand in everything.

Mickey disappears into the kitchen.

JOHNNY

Good luck in that then, man. I think I'm gonna try one last grand gesture to win Cami over from the dark side.

Mickey reemerges with a bottle of beer. Toasting Johnny:

MICKEY

Godspeed, John. Godspeed.

INT. CAMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cami's in Johnny's arms on the couch. The clock strikes 12. Johnny takes a deep breath and:

JOHNNY

(whispering)

I love you.

Johnny's free arm slides down in front of Cami with a small platter on his palm bearing a pair of Hostess cupcakes adorned with candles. He begins to sing "Happy Birthday."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cami smiles warmly, nuzzling against Johnny as if shaken from a comfortable spot by his words. She shifts back into place.

Johnny finishes singing and Cami blows out the candles.

BLACKOUT:

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - JOURNALISM ROOM - DAY

The class pigs out on Cami's birthday cake, Delphi's MIA.

In a corner of the room:

MICKEY

So how did your grand gesture go over last night?

JOHNNY

Crickets chirped. She seemed moved, but didn't say anything.

MICKEY

You know who's coming today, right?

On cue, TIM, a trench coat clad, mangy, unshaven twenty-something, waltzes into the room brandishing daffodils, a box of candy, and maybe a foul odor.

MICKEY (cont'd)

As I was saying... That's Cami's boyfriend.

JOHNNY

He looks like a pedophile.

MICKEY

That's 'cause he is one.

Tim hands Cami the gifts and pulls her close for a kiss.

Johnny's face hits the floor with his heart. He lowers his head, grabs his things, and starts to leave. Concerned, Mickey tags along.

Cami calls out as he passes by.

CAMI

Johnny...

Too late, the duo is out the door.

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Johnny sulks down the hall with Mickey by his side, carrying fast food and drinks.

MICKEY
Feeling any better man?

JOHNNY
I'm "adjusting."

Mickey pats his back as Johnny sips his drink. Johnny's eyes spy something. He freezes. Mickey nearly bumps into him.

Down at the other end of the hall, Cami sneaks into the Girls bathroom hand in hand with Tim. He eagerly kisses at the back of her neck and she giggles.

Johnny chucks his large soda a good 20 ft. away at the just closing bathroom door.

Mickey stands calmly by Johnny, munching on fries.

MICKEY
I told you... "DOA."

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cami looks self-aware standing outside the gated property of Johnny's suburban home, waiting patiently.

Johnny strolls down. She places her hands on the bars. He stays behind them, guarded.

CAMI
You gonna open the gates?

JOHNNY
What for?

Cami stares down at the walkway for a moment as Johnny waits for her answer.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Good night, Cami.

Johnny turns back toward the house. As he turns his back, Cami speaks up, stalling him in his tracks.

CAMI
Because I love you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny stands frozen, his back to Cami.

CAMI (cont'd)

For what it's worth, if anything at all, I love you too. I love that you love me, that you've been so tolerant of me. I love the way you sang me Happy Birthday. Fuck, I even love your blue hair.

Johnny starts walking away anyway.

CAMI (cont'd)

I'll get on the pill for you!
(beat - quietly)
I'll leave him.

Johnny stops. He turns and walks back toward the gates. He stares at Cami through the bars. She reaches through and lays her hands on his. Johnny looks into her eyes.

A brief moment passes and he pops the gate open.

Cami rushes in and pounces Johnny.

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Cami removes the books from her locker. She closes it to discover Mickey standing to confront her.

MICKEY

Johnny doesn't know, does he?

CAMI

No, and it's staying that way.

MICKEY

So Tim broke it off with you after you told him who threw that soda, huh?

CAMI

Yep. And if you tell Johnny that, I'll castrate ya.

MICKEY

You wouldn't want your best friend to be a eunuch, would you? What do you see in him anyway?

CAMI

Johnny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mickey nods.

CAMI (cont'd)
A prospective good lay.

Mickey rolls his eyes as Cami leers to herself.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

At the stoplight, Cami shows Johnny a brochure.

CAMI
This could be cool for us.

JOHNNY
A week-long feminist awareness camp?
You're kidding, right?

CAMI
It's like a regular sleep away camp
with a pool and all that. But my
friend said it's a Shangri-la where
girls supposedly go wild...

JOHNNY
(not buying it)
I'll pass.

CAMI
Babe, please.
(stroking Johnny's hair)
I already told my boss I'm taking a
week off work.
(beat)
You're not too much of a chauvinist,
are you?

JOHNNY
(sighs)
You're evil.

Cami smiles giddily and hugs Johnny.

CAMI
You won't regret this.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

A caravan of buses winds up a sweltering barren mountain road,
struggling up the hillside in unison.

INT. BUS - DAY

Everyone has melted into reclining positions, sweating profusely.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
If the Jesuits had buses, they
would've used this tactic against the
Jews during the Inquisition.

Cami's sleeping in Johnny's lap. She asks with her eyes still closed, sleepily:

CAMI
We there yet?

Johnny shakes his head.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

We see an arts and crafts room, a volleyball court, a tetherball post, ping-pong tables, and a swimming pool.

ASHLEY, 17, a sandy blond, tomboyish girl, welcomes Cami and Johnny. She's blunt and to the point.

ASHLEY
I did this last year. Lots of people
were dragged here. Groaned, "ugh,
sleep-away." Have those memories of
sewing moccasins in some sweatshop and
creepy camp counselors. Trust me
though. This is a cool place to meet
cool folks.

CAMI
Folks like you?

ASHLEY
Exactly.

JOHNNY
So what's your story?

ASHLEY
You're looking at a bisexual Catholic
schoolgirl.

JOHNNY
You're looking at a Chinese Jew with
his girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny puts his arms around Cami from behind, kissing her neck.

CAMI

Just your typical L.A. white girl,
thank you very much.

ASHLEY

Nice meeting the happy couple. You two
might want to tone it down though. The
counselors are strict about the no
sexual stuff policy.

JOHNNY

What?

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Johnny and Cami quietly make out as the other counselors and
campers talk about their day at camp around the fire.

FEMALE COUNSELOR taps Cami on the shoulder and takes her away.
Johnny watches as they leave.

EXT. CAMP - EARLY MORNING

Johnny waits around in the middle of a square. Cami comes out
bundled in a baggy sweater.

Johnny gets up to hug her, but she pushes him away.

CAMI

We can't.

Cami walks away before Johnny can respond.

EXT. CAMP - POOL - DAY

Everyone's playing water polo. On Johnny's side:

JOHNNY

Ever since that counselor took Cami
the other night, she seems to avoid me
all on her own now.

ASHLEY

Johnny, you need to understand that
some of the people here get
uncomfortable when they see couples
doing anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other team scores a point over Johnny's when Ashley just misses the ball.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Fuck!

JOHNNY

Ultra smooth.

ASHLEY

That wouldn't have happened if I wasn't caught up in your little teen soap opera.

JOHNNY

Excuses, excuses.

Johnny spikes the ball onto the other side. Score.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

An all-guys cabin. DEREK, a whipped counselor, addresses them. There's a chart behind him of forbidden misogynist words such as "bitch" and "cunt."

DEREK

Tomorrow, we'll go through the most debilitating aspect of this camp. I call it, "The Walk of Shame." Retribution for every catcall and every whistle we ever made, every feel we ever copped. Tomorrow, women will take our masculinity, our huevos.

A couple of CAMPERS run for the door, only to find it locked.

DEREK (cont'd)

No use, fellas. Tomorrow's the reason girls coaxed you here.

(he smirks)

If you survive though, you will reap the benefits.

EXT. CAMP - SMOKE PIT - MORNING

Derek smokes a cigarette and is about to put in earplugs. No one, save for an unnoticed Johnny, is around.

JOHNNY

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEREK

You'll understand in an hour.

JOHNNY

Derek, what did you mean by those who survive today will reap the benefits?

DEREK

You can answer that question yourself with Ashley.

JOHNNY

What do you mean? I'm with Cami.

EXT. CAMP - WALK OF SHAME - DAY

A massive swarm of FEMALES standing on chairs SHRIEK vulgarities, the type they usually receive, such as "nice ass," "sweet cheeks," etc. at a shuffling line of GUYS solemnly passing through this hellish makeshift cavern of berating women.

Johnny hears a couple of these comments directed towards him. He turns around, checks out his own butt, and smiles. He gives an "Aw, shucks" to the Ladies, further invoking their wrath.

EXT. CAMP - VOLLEYBALL COURT - LATE AFTERNOON

Cami's playing as Johnny passes by.

He notices she's wearing a loose T-shirt and:

JOHNNY

How come you're not wearing a bra?

Cami calls for a time out and goes over to Johnny.

CAMI

Since when do you care?

JOHNNY

Since I'm your fucking boyfriend.

CAMI

Don't worry about what I am or am not wearing today. Tomorrow's our last day. Don't stress.

Cami signs, "I love you" with her fingers. Johnny ignores it.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

All the campers are leaving back to the cabins. Johnny's about to approach Cami, but sees her hug another guy.

INT. CAMP CABIN - NIGHT

Derek addresses them.

DEREK

Tomorrow's the last day of camp guys. There's a hike up the mountain, a symbol of your week-long stay here, at five in the morning to catch the sunrise.

JOHNNY

Is everyone going?

DEREK

Just whoever's willing to get up at the ungodly hour.

INT. CAMP CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Johnny's alarm clock BEEPS. He hits it and gets out of bed.

INT. CAMP CAFETERIA - EARLY MORNING

Around 40 campers are sitting at the tables.

Johnny looks around for Cami. She's not there. He pulls up a chair and sits down next to Ashley instead.

JOHNNY

Morning, Ashley.

ASHLEY

Johnny.

JOHNNY

Do you know if Cami heard about this mountain hike?

ASHLEY

I'm not in her cabin, but everyone was told about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

We always talked about wanting to see the sun rise together, but that it wasn't possible, on account of we're both not really morning people.

ASHLEY

I'm sure she'll show up then.

JOHNNY

I hope so.

EXT. CAMP HIKING TRAIL - EARLY MORNING

Bottom of the trail.

Johnny looks at his watch, 5:15.

JOHNNY

She's not coming I guess.

ASHLEY

Cheer up. You weren't just doing this for her right? And I'm not too bad to hang out with, am I?

Johnny smiles at her.

EXT. CAMP HIKING TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley drags a winded Johnny up the trail.

ASHLEY

As if waking up this early wasn't enough. I actually have to carry your ass up this mountain. Do you have asthma or something?

Johnny shakes his head.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Oh, you're naturally this out of shape. Charming.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - EARLY MORNING

Cue. "Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001)," by Strauss

Johnny and Ashley stand awestruck and slack jawed as the monolithic sun rises before them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY
Worth the trip?

JOHNNY
(almost hyperventilating)
Definitely. Just wish Cami could've
been here to see this with us.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Johnny and Ashley play ping-pong.

ASHLEY
Can I tell you a secret?

JOHNNY
Sure.

ASHLEY
I hooked up with a guy here. His
name's J.C.

JOHNNY
Jesus Christ?

ASHLEY
No. I don't know what the initials
stand for actually. Just want you to
note how subtle me and J.C. are versus
your and Cami's PDAs.

JOHNNY
What do you call someone who's bi?

ASHLEY
Selfish. I know. Wanna know another
secret?

Johnny scores a point over Ashley.

JOHNNY
Shoot.

ASHLEY
I think your girlfriend's cute.

Johnny freezes. Ashley scores.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
Slick.

Ashley picks up the ball and serves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY (cont'd)
Tell me something, Johnny. Are you a
virgin?

JOHNNY
(shakes head)
You?

ASHLEY
After going to an all-girls school? I
jumped the first guy I could get my
hands on.

Cami arrives.

CAMI
Morning, people.

JOHNNY
Why weren't you up this morning?

CAMI
For what?

JOHNNY
The hike.

CAMI
You got up for that?

JOHNNY
(nods)
So did Ashley.

CAMI
I didn't think you'd be up for that.

Johnny sighs in disapproval and walks off.

Cami shoots a discerning glance toward Ashley.

INT. BUS - DAY

Johnny stares out the window.

CAMI
What are you doing when we get back
home?

JOHNNY
Sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMI

With me?

Johnny turns and looks at her incredulously.

JOHNNY

You said your parents wouldn't let you
at my house.

CAMI

They won't. But I wanna be with you
tonight. And get your mind out of the
gutter. I don't mean fucking. I mean
literally sleeping with me...

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cami and Johnny lay under the bed sheets staring up at the
ceiling, quietly happy in the afterglow. Incense burns. The mood
is mellow.

JOHNNY

I love you.

CAMI

Why? Because I was your first?

Beat. It sinks in.

JOHNNY

No. I love you because... I love you.

CAMI

Profound. I'm going to the bathroom.

Cami wraps a sheet around herself, slips out of bed and
disappears into the bathroom.

MOMENTS LATER

Cami reappears, smirking and climbs back into bed with Johnny.
The two begin to cuddle and spoon.

CAMI

I forgot to tell you something that
happened before we left. Guess who
came into my job the other day?

JOHNNY

I hate guessing games.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMI
Come on. Guess.

JOHNNY
Someone famous?

CAMI
More like infamous

JOHNNY
Old or young?

CAMI
Old.

JOHNNY
I'm never going to get this, who?

INT. CAMI'S BANK - DAY

Cami stands at a cashier window, helping out a customer.

CAMI (V.O.)
So I'm helping out a customer right,
and in walks Gary Coleman.

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY
No. Honestly who?

CAMI
I'm serious.

JOHNNY
Why was Gary going to a bank of all
places? Didn't his parents leave him
broke?

INT. CAMI'S BANK - CONTINUOUS

Cami's co-workers whisper and point.

CAMI (V.O.)
He was making a deposit. Anyway, Gary
gets in line and everyone at the bank
turns and stares at him.

There appears to be a gap in the line. The line begins to move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMI (V.O.) (cont'd)
I finished with my customer. Then,
Gary was the next person in line and
walks over to my window.

Gary's shoes walk slowly over to Cami's window.

CAMI (V.O.) (cont'd)
So he's not really famous. He doesn't
appear to be that charming. But my
heart began to race a little as he
walked towards me.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
You had butterflies for Gary Coleman?

CAMI (V.O.)
Not butterflies, just a little
nervous. So he walks up to me and
gives me a deposit. As I'm doing the
transaction, he asks my name. I tell
him.

Cami mouths her name.

CAMI (V.O.) (cont'd)
He tells me it's a beautiful name and
asks for my number. I tell him, "But
I'm only sixteen." Get this, he says...
"I won't tell if you won't tell," then
kissed my hand.

We see Gary's back as he picks up and kisses Cami's hand.

BACK TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Cami are still in their position on the bed.

Johnny's howling with laughter.

CAMI
It's not funny. Quit! He seemed sweet.

JOHNNY
Was he wearing his security guard
uniform?

Cami starts laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)
So'd you give him your number?

CAMI
What?

JOHNNY
Come on, valid question. He put the moves on you. I want to know if you fell for it.

CAMI
Why are you acting all possessive all of a sudden?

JOHNNY
I'm just asking a simple question.

CAMI
No you're not. You're acting like an asshole again.

JOHNNY
What? Meaning?

CAMI
It means what it means. You're selfish. You don't care about who you're in a relationship with. You spit all that romantic crap about loving me. But you really only care if I love you back.

JOHNNY
I'm sorry, but shouldn't you love the person you're with?
(beat)
You're saying I'm selfish and should love you no matter what you do. That if I really loved you, I'd let you go fuck Gary Coleman?

Johnny and Cami appear to be emotional powder kegs. It's too much for Johnny to handle. He starts... chuckling again.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Look at us. Don't tell me we're fighting over Gary Coleman.

Cami cracks a smile. They hug in reconciliation.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mixed couples walk up toward the suburban house, pouring past the cars on the lawn. A loud hip hop mix bellows from within.

GRAPHIC: One week later...

Johnny and Cami walk in through the door, instantly hailed with greetings. The couple move into the heart of the soirée.

Mickey approaches Johnny in the distance and gives him a pound. Cami hugs Mickey and the trio speak into each other's ears over the blaring music. Cami's eyes search out over the crowd.

MICKEY

I was going to penalize them for this played out Dance Party '99 mix they're blasting, but they got a sacrificial lamb. Twelve fridge packs and a nice mixed bar more than appeases my wrath. A lot of college women here too.

Mickey points out a tall, luscious REDHEAD in her mid-twenties surrounded by a flock of teenage boys, all motor-mouthing in vain to impress her.

JOHNNY

Jesus, that's sad.

Cami's eye seems to have been caught and she jumps up in her place, excitedly.

CAMI

I'll be back. Wanna say hi to a friend of mine I haven't seen in a while.

Cami kisses Johnny on the cheek and dashes off, pushing her way across the dance floor.

MICKEY

I'm gonna go get loaded. When you get drunk with people, everyone's your best friend. Everyone yells in your face and wants you to yell in their's. How can I pass that up?

Mickey takes his leave. Through the collective head of the crowd, Johnny spots Cami talking to someone, looking downward.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Johnny stands with a beer bong funneled into his mouth as the PARTY HOST pours two beers down the tubing consecutively.

The crowd CHEERS as Johnny finishes the entire two beers in a matter of seconds.

A CHALLENGER steps into the picture, confidently taking the helm of the beer bong. The Party Host pours another two beers down the funnel.

The Challenger can't handle it and spews carbon all over himself, wheezing and gasping for breath. The crowd JEERS.

INT. PARTY - EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny drinks from a wine bottle. A moment of silence passes and he hears a sniffing sob.

He shoots his attention toward the corner and sees Clara, the girl he encountered in the cafeteria his first day at Uni.

JOHNNY

Hey... I remember you...

CLARA

Yeah, you're the smurf.

JOHNNY

What are you doing here crying alone?

CLARA

My boyfriend killed our relationship.

JOHNNY

A wise man once said, "No one is worth crying over, and anyone who is, wouldn't let you cry over them."

CLARA

Let me guess. The wise man is you, and you're the one exception?

Johnny finds some kleenex on the dresser and hands it to her.

JOHNNY

Exactly. Now blow your nose and get back outside. This is a party.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Johnny stalks through, searching for Cami. A few of the Partygoers look over at Johnny and whisper as he passes by.

Johnny stops by a flock of females as they pass.

JOHNNY
Seen Cami around?

One of them points past him toward the stairwell. Johnny turns and starts up the stairs.

The girls in the group admonish their friend, as if she wasn't meant to alert Johnny as to Cami's whereabouts.

INT. PARTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Johnny calls out Cami's name timidly as he pads down the hallway. He peeks in a few rooms. He comes to a particular door, and hears a moan. Johnny twists the knob.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A naked Cami is on top of a naked...

GARY COLEMAN
Wait, this is my first time.

Johnny charges towards Coleman.

INT. PARTY - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The party seems to have fallen into a chill mode. Above the minimal ruckus, the Party Host hears GLASS BREAKING upstairs. He races up the staircase, followed by curious bystanders.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny slams Coleman onto the bed and dives after him. Gary rolls out of the way, sending Johnny sailing to the floor. In a corner of the room, Cami SCREAMS.

Gary gets to his feet on the bed and leaps off with his fists over his head in an axe handle smashing motion.

The Party Host and his slew of followers burst upon this surreal scene and proceed to pull the Coleman and Johnny apart.

PARTY HOST
Get Gary Coleman out of my house, now!

INT. PARTY - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Coleman and Johnny are dragged downstairs: Johnny more subdued than the kicking and screaming Coleman.

GARY COLEMAN

Put me down! I'm a fucking legend! And what about my clothes? Punk ass Chinaman Shaft kicks in the door on what would've been my first sexual experience ever, and y'all kick the brotha out?

EXT. PARTY - PORCH - NIGHT

Gary's tossed out the front door, his clothing right after. The door SLAMS shut. LAUGHS and high fives heard from inside. Gary runs back up to the door and begins pounding on it.

EXT. PARTY - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Appropriately bikini-clad girls lounge around. A cool reggae beat holds in the atmosphere.

The Party Host walks out with Johnny, who's pacing like a caged animal as the Party Host tries to calm him down.

From the upstairs bedroom, a window is thrown open and a lamp comes sailing down toward Johnny. It nearly hits him, smashing down at his feet.

Cami cranes her neck out the window, wrapped in a sheet.

CAMI

You fucking drama queen!

JOHNNY

Excuse me?

CAMI

You possessive, spotlight-stealing asshole. I am not your fucking property and that kills you, huh? Inquiring minds want to know, Johnny! Why the fuck couldn't you just love me for who I am? Let me be myself instead of pinning on all these "girlfriend" labels.

JOHNNY

Don't even try to put this off on me. I never forced you into any thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)

When you're with someone, like we were, you're supposed to be faithful. If I really loved you, I'd let you fuck Gary Coleman? Give me a break!

PARTY HOST

No, dude, that's Nell Carter...

JOHNNY

Shut the fuck up!

CAMI

Don't start playing this hurt puppy shit. I told you I wasn't down for relationships in the very beginning! You wanted this!

JOHNNY

And you didn't? Then why'd you come back and tell me you loved me when I ended it?

CAMI

You knew entirely what you were getting into. You know how I am and how I was. People don't just change. I was happy. It was you, and only you, who wanted more.

JOHNNY

Bullshit. I told you I didn't want any part of the way things were with Tim. You just kept stringing me along, placating me with lies to keep me around. You're the one who's selfish. You're the one who wanted everything. You wanted it all. I told you that you couldn't have it. Welcome to the real world. I went through so much shit, not to win you, but because I loved you. Tim doesn't love you. Gary Coleman doesn't love you. I loved you!

CAMI

(smug)

I don't need anyone to love me. You need that.

JOHNNY

Fuck this. You painted yourself into a corner with lies and manipulation. I tried to go away, remember?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Just like I'm going away now. I only wish I'd done it when I first had the chance.

Silence falls.

The Partygoers are enthralled in the verbal combat, many having poured out to the poolside to watch the events unfold.

Cami responds softly, like an admonished child.

CAMI

Do you really want that?

With a strange look of content on his face Johnny, stretches out his arms in a martyr-like pose and falls back into the pool.

UNDERWATER

Johnny sinks peacefully into what seems to be a never-ending blue abysmal paradise.

FADE TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

PAN DOWN: From Johnny's ceiling to Johnny's bed.

A sea of dirty clothes and food wrappers litter the room, illuminated only by the glow of the flickering TV in the corner.

On the TV is "Sleepless in Seattle."

Johnny lies in bed in just his boxers, crying like a bitch.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Cue the dark days of Johnny Yang.

INT. JOHNNY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Johnny opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of prescription pills labeled WELLBUTRIN. He takes a pill and begins to cap the bottle. Pause. He shakes out three more pills.

Johnny grabs a bottle of Wild Turkey and takes a long drink to wash the pills down, emptying the bottle.

He staggers out the door, carelessly discarding the bottle.
SMASH.

EXT. JOHNNY'S ROOF - NIGHT

Johnny looks out over the twinkling lights of the city, his eyes watering and bloodshot.

He takes a swig from the brandy decanter next to him.

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny watches his TV zombified. We hear SPANISH CHATTER.

A KNOCK is heard at the door, timid at first, then insistent.

The door CREAKS open, barely budging against the debris on the floor. Monika steps into the room. She furrows her brow, moving through the wreckage. She shuts the TV off and sniffs the air.

She steps toward and lurches back amid the clothing, pizza boxes, and liquor bottles. The garbage CRUSHES beneath her feet.

MONIKA

Jesus, Johnny. Get up.

Johnny doesn't move an inch. Monika pulls him out of bed, forcing him to sit up. He shakes his head and looks at her, snapped out of a spell.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Come on, we're getting you out of this hole for a few hours.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Monika shows the DOORMAN, a burly black male, her ID. He lets her pass.

Johnny, still unshaven and with dark circles under his eyes, flashes his ID at him.

The Doorman eyes it suspiciously. He looks back up at Johnny.

DOORMAN

Says here, you're twenty-two?

The Doorman looks over Johnny who merely nods. In his catatonic daze, he looks like someone who just got out of an electroshock session at the local sanitarium.

Monika touches the Doorman's shoulder and takes him aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

Listen, cut the kid some slack. He's having a bad week. He just lost his girlfriend to another guy.

DOORMAN

Word?

MONIKA

That's not all.

Monika leans in and whispers into his ear. His eyes bulge. The Doorman hands Johnny his ID back.

DOORMAN

Daaamn. I'm sorry, man.

(to Monika)

Get this motherfucka a drink or somethin'.

Johnny and Monika walk into the bar.

DOORMAN (cont'd)

(shakes head)

"A dwarf..." Boy, that's some David Lynch shit.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place is bustling as Johnny and Monika take their seats.

Next to Monika, a gorgeous young PUNK GIRL is all over BOB, a man in his 50's dressed like a yacht captain, greying and swarthy. They carry on discretely.

The BARTENDER approaches Johnny and Monika.

MONIKA

Jack and Coke for me... Sex on the Beach for him. Thanks.

Johnny smiles faintly at Monika's remembering his favorite drink. He looks down at her hand: red with abrasions.

JOHNNY

What happened to your hand?

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY (QUICKCUT FLASHBACK)

Cami sits outside on a planter jabbering with her friends carelessly. In the distance, Monika walks briskly up to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA
Is your name Cami?

Cami twists her neck and looks up, and gives her a snotty tone.

CAMI
Yeah, and you are?

MONIKA
Friend of Johnny's.

Monika raises her fist and it comes sailing towards Cami's face.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Monika hides her hand.

MONIKA
Nothing. Slammed it in somethin'...

Johnny pays no mind and the two turn to their drinks.

Monika notices Bob next to her and turns away.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Johnny's faintly smiling and looks a bit more relaxed. A few empty glasses are next to him.

MONIKA
Johnny, you can't go locking yourself away in your own man-made Calcutta just 'cause some girl dicks you over. You gotta realize that what she did speaks volumes about who she is. Don't let this eat you up.

JOHNNY
I shouldn't, but you're talking about the light at the end of the tunnel. At this distance though, that light is just a pinpoint in the dark.

MONIKA
Bullshit.

JOHNNY
To you. I know all of this was foreshadowed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)

There just is something about her that I liked... That I still like even though she turned everything into a Nick at Nite rerun. You of all people though, Monika, you know you just can't take a fuckin' feeling and break it in half like that.

He snaps his fingers crisply.

The two stare at each other for a moment, their eyes lingering. Johnny's eyes look watery.

Johnny draws his fingers from the air, returning to his drink.

MONIKA

I just don't want to see you slip through the cracks. You're one of the good ones. Always will be, no matter what. But you're gonna have to toughen up. The first thing that someone who fucks you says is, "I'll never hurt you." The first thing that someone who never fucks you says is "I'll never hurt you." You put yourself in a vulnerable position and hope for the best. It's the proverbial needle in the haystack. You just have to sort through an awful lot of pricks before you find the right one. You know the prick I'm with now.

Johnny laughs as Monika knocks back her glass. Her cell RINGS.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Shit. Hold on one sec.

Monika answers her cell.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Yeah?

(beat - depressed)

Yeah.

(beat)

I'll be home in a bit then... Ciao.

Monika closes her cell.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Un-fucking-believable. I have to split, babe. Trouble back at "the ranch."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monika gets up to leave as Johnny lays his head down on his arms. Monika pauses and touches Johnny's shoulder.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Kid, ya gotta learn not to take things so seriously, especially not at our age. We've got our priorities all fucked up. But like I said, the proverbial needle in the haystack. Sounds kind of bleak, but all that rolling in the hay it takes to sort things out... Not all bad, right?

Monika wink winks, nudge nudges, and plants a goodbye kiss on Johnny's cheek before skipping off.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Catch ya later, doll.

Johnny lays his head back down on the bar and sighs. A gruff voice breaks the silence.

BOB (O.S.)

I remember the first one that did that to me.

Johnny looks over two stools down and notices Bob, the middle aged captain who'd had the young lady all over him before.

JOHNNY

'scuse me?

BOB

I said, "I remember the first one that did that to me."

JOHNNY

Did what?

BOB

Showed me a side of herself so hideous that I puked up my heart and kept on heavin' 'til my balls were where they should've been. Yeah, I been there, son. That's a side I've seen far too often. Gets worse every time I see it. Guess I'm just blind to it now to where it's all I see. You...

Bob stuffs some tobacco in a pipe and the Bartender reverently lights it, pouring him a glass of cognac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)
...really have to live blind when it comes to women. The first is the same as the last.

Bob takes the cognac into his hand, eloquently as he puffs. The mood of the bar goes cold. ANGLE ON Bob.

BOB (cont'd)
Didn't see a girl 'til I was about sixteen. Redhead. About a C cup. You know, you know that before you get into it with them? You can see the size of a woman's tits just as easily with her clothes on as you can with 'em off. Well, I didn't know. It doesn't take long after those first few teenage years, Johnny, before them girls come cruisin'. I remember, that time I first caught sight of em, and I caught that smell. Me and the boys, we formed ourselves into tight groups. The idea was, the girl would go for nearest boy and then he'd start poundin' and hollerin' and screamin' and sometimes the girl would go away. Sometimes she wouldn't go away. Sometimes that girl, she looks right into you. Right into your eyes. You know the thing about a woman, she's got... lifeless eyes, black eyes, like a doll's eye. When she comes at ya, doesn't seem to be lovin'. Until she bites ya and those black eyes roll over white. And then, ah, then you hear that terrible high pitch screamin' and spite of all the poundin' and the hollerin' they all come in and rip you to pieces.

Johnny's eyes swim. He gets to his feet and begins to walk away. He starts drunkenly singing "Show Me the Way to Go Home", overlapping Bob's last few words.

Johnny pauses suddenly and sways.

BOB (cont'd)
Something the matter, son?

JOHNNY
I... I don't have a car here. Monika, she brought me here. She's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob gets off of his stool and begins to exit.

BOB

Not a problem, let me give ya a lift.

Johnny pauses, his head swimming from this odd encounter. The Bartender gives a knowing look to Johnny.

BARTENDER

Go on. Everything'll be alright.

The Bartender smiles warmly and Johnny follows after Bob as he disappears out the door.

INT. BOB'S CAR - NIGHT

Bob looks straight ahead, never glancing at Johnny who stares out the window.

BOB

Back in Utah, I used to be a pastor. The holiest of the holy. To look at me now, you'd never realize I was once a righteous man. I preached sermons lambasting adultery, and spoke out against the evils of frivolous fornication. I wanted to help my fellow man. Guide him down the straight and narrow. Keep him from all the evils of the wayside. I was a good man, Johnny. Never drank, never smoked, never so much as eyed another woman. And I thought my wife, my beloved, was living by my side. How wrong I was. Our home. Our family. The three lovely daughters we'd had together, all of whom the spitting image of their mother's own beauty from profile to figure. Our relationship with God... These were things that she was not merely content with. She strayed from my side I found, to fill the void in her...

Johnny opens his window.

BOB (cont'd)

Apparently, she filled it with three other cocks from my congregation. Walked right in on the bitch. There she was, stark naked and drunk one night after choir practice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)

All three men heaving away at her. One in her mouth, another behind her grunting away like he was moving a dresser full of wine coolers. She looked like a rotisserie chicken. That was the night I went blind, Johnny. The next morning, I relinquished my position as the right hand of God.

JOHNNY

You turned your back on God?

BOB

Not that I had turned my back on him. For it was God himself that told me I must go. He placed his hand on my back and sent me into the sea of the lepers to drift. For the sins of my wife, for my failure to lead her down the path of righteousness, I would be punished. My punishment was that I too would know the mark of sin. I too would know shame. And here I have been ever since, in this valley of the damned... My mark, Johnny.

He takes out a business card and hands it to Johnny.

INSERT: BOB'S CARD

The card is in color with a cartoon picture of Bob leeringly grinning on it as well as his name, number, and titles:

JOHNNY

(reading card)

Adult film producer, actor, and director?

(beat)

Look, why are you telling me all of this? What's any of this got to do with me?

BOB

It's got everything to do with you. This "punishment" the Lord has bestowed upon me has really set me free. I've seen that look in your eyes, boy. I used to see it every day when I looked in the mirror before I learned to carry the weight of my burden. Now I'm blind. I don't have to look at myself in the mirror.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)

All these bitches and hoes might as well not even have heads.

JOHNNY

You're nuts.

BOB

No, just blind.

JOHNNY

I still got one eye left.

BOB

(laughs)

Don't say that so loud, you're in the valley of the blind, son. Besides, you'll pluck that out once you get tired of everyone asking you to lead them around.

(beat - somber)

I had an eye too... That's how I led my beloved astray.

Johnny's expression goes stone cold.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob's car, a candy apple red vintage Cadillac, pulls up outside of Johnny's suburban home.

Johnny steps out of the car and turns toward the Captain who leans forward.

JOHNNY

Thanks for the ride.

BOB

Here, take my card.

Johnny hesitates a moment, takes the card, and closes the door.

BOB (cont'd)

Call me, in case you need anything...

Bob pulls away. As the car drives off, Johnny notices the vanity plate: HUNGLIKEJC.

Johnny looks at the car and shakes his head before walking back toward his house.

EXT. HABIBI'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

The WAITER thanks Johnny and Ashley and steps away.

Johnny examines his surroundings. He looks over the Persian décor. He squints to see the disco lights hanging above them through the veil of smoke channeling throughout.

A low droning flute instrumental switches to a trip hop dance beat. Someone starts playing a conga drum along to the music and everyone starts clapping along.

ASHLEY
We're going Dutch right?

JOHNNY
(surprised)
Yeah...

ASHLEY
Ever done this before?

JOHNNY
Gone Dutch?

ASHLEY
(giggles)
No... Hit up a hookah.

JOHNNY
Nope, this'll be a first.

ASHLEY
Can I tell you a secret?

JOHNNY
Won't be a secret anymore.

The Waiter brings the Hookah to their table.

Ashley takes a long hit, exhaling in Johnny's direction. She then directs him through the process.

Johnny blows smoke back in her direction, spiteful. Ashley titters.

ASHLEY
It's a shame you and Cami aren't
together anymore.

JOHNNY
That the secret?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

No, but I would've been down for a
threesome between us.

Johnny's eyes bug out momentarily as he exhales a cloud of smoke through his hand as he brings it to his mouth.

Ashley grins deviously.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Have you ever gotten a shotgun?

Johnny shakes his head.

Ashley inhales another hit and leans across the table. She motions for Johnny to move in toward her. He complies.

Ashley opens her mouth, and a lick of smoke flicks past her lips. Johnny mimics her. She exhales, blowing the smoke directly into Johnny's mouth as he inhales.

Her doe-like tongue flicks at Johnny's lips. She kisses him.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain falls. The music from the Hookah Lounge continues...

Johnny and Ashley kiss and grope one another feverishly in the front seat of his car. We hear the fumbling of a belt buckle, the unzipping of pants.

Ashley's head disappears from sight, below the dashboard.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

From a distance, we watch the couple. Johnny and Ashley sit across from each other at a table.

Johnny stirs his coffee as Ashley toys with a piece of pie in front of her. She flicks some of the filling across the table accidentally at Johnny.

ASHLEY

Sorry.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

And then, a couple hours later...

ASHLEY

I can't date guys anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny gives her a "you're kidding me" look. It turns sullen realizing she's serious.

Cue. "Pink Triangle," by Weezer (...*I'm dumb, she's a lesbian.*)

EXT. STELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mickey stands outside Stella's door, drenched in the rain. He RINGS the doorbell. The door opens.

MICKEY

Stella.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Johnny goes up to the booth to pay.

JOHNNY

Number two.

Johnny opens his wallet, notices Bob's card, furrows his brow, pulls out a few bills, and hands them to the CASHIER.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

On his cell again:

JOHNNY

With no rhyme or reason, she
officially switched to the other team.

BOB (FILTER)

Come down to my place then, Johnny.
I'm throwing a little shindig.

JOHNNY

Where's your abode?

INT. BOB'S MANSION - NIGHT

An extravagant palace with lush, white carpeting and white sofas. On the walls are signed posters for adult films.

The crowd's beautiful, decadent, and in various stages of undress. Johnny looks a little more than shocked. Bob approaches him shirtless with a bottle of Cristal in one hand.

BOB

Welcome to the swinger party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Nice... Can we go somewhere with a little less nudity to talk?

INT. BOB'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

On one wall is a library of leather bound books. On another is a 64" flat screen TV. A massive DVD collection is adjacent.

Bob sits at a desk by the window. Atop the desk is a framed photo of Bob with his three daughters at Disneyland.

BOB

A fundamental fact of life, Johnny. There is no woman whose pants you can't get into with the right persistence and approach.

Bob pulls out a photo album, opens it to a random page, and hands it to Johnny.

JOHNNY

No way. Is that--

BOB

The guy getting the most play doesn't necessarily look the part. He who reeks of cockiness might as well reek of pheromones. All you've heard about being confident is true. Girls love that. Have at least half decent presentation though or you'll come off as delusionally obnoxious.

Bob shows Johnny another page in his album.

BOB (cont'd)

If a girl shits on you, fuck her. Literally if possible, figuratively if not. No girl wants a guy who's clingy. Get out of the relationship as soon as you can get in, if you catch my drift. With women, Johnny, no emotional attachment is the way to go.

Bob takes back the photo album which Johnny is leafing through with his mouth agape.

BOB (cont'd)

My only regret if a girl leaves me prematurely is that I didn't get the chance to take photos of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob puts it back in his library.

BOB (cont'd)
Where'd you meet this Ashley anyway?

JOHNNY
Feminist awareness camp.

Bob nods and motions for Johnny to come closer. Johnny does and gets bitch slapped for the effort.

BOB
What the hell is the matter with you?
You don't go anywhere a woman tells
you to! It might be a trap!

Johnny rubs his smarting cheek.

BOB (cont'd)
Spend the night here if you want, but
ya can't hook up with any of the
females since you didn't bring one
yourself.

JOHNNY
Thanks, I guess...

INT. BOB'S MANSION - MORNING

Johnny's sleeping on one of Bob's white sofas. Bob struts in brimming with joviality.

BOB
I love the smell of pussy in the
morning. One time we had a slew of
gorgeous young things here for twelve
hours. I woke up when it was all over.
We didn't find one of 'em... Not one
stinking girl. They slipped out in the
night, but the smell, that
intoxicating smell... The whole house,
it smelled like...
(beat)
Victory...

Johnny SNORES in response. Bob hangs his head.

BOB (cont'd)
Casting pearls to swine.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

The window blinds are drawn. Haggard looking, Mickey stands behind the bar and unscrews the cap of a vodka bottle.

Johnny sits in a chair across the room watching.

MICKEY

I've finally figured women out,
Johnny. You should listen to this, I
swear.

He grabs a juice container and carelessly pours the contents into the vodka bottle, spilling cranberry juice all over his shirt, hands, and bar top.

MICKEY (cont'd)

I'm gonna give you a little low down
on natural history here. I know why
the nice guy can't win.

Mickey caps the bottle and shakes it violently. He unscrews the cap again, plants a long twisty straw down its throat, toddles over to the couch, collapses, and takes a long sip.

MICKEY (cont'd)

It's that same instinct in women that
turns 'em into mothers. Women think
they want the low maintenance
affectionate guy who doesn't go
fucking up every five minutes or
screws around with their friends.
Subconsciously, once they get that
guy, they're bored to tears. They get
antsy. They wander. Women have this
thing where they're just too damn
constructive. Maternal instinct. They
have to nurture, correct, school,
groom... They need assholes.

Mickey bangs his fist on his coffee table.

MICKEY (cont'd)

Need 'em!

JOHNNY

I take it things didn't work out with
the titty fairy last night? What's her
name?

MICKEY

Stella! I finally broke the news, told
her I liked her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (cont'd)

The situation seemed right and all... Then she gave me one of those bullshit "let's just be friends" speeches. Talked about how she didn't want to fuck up the friendship. They're always going on about that.

JOHNNY

"Winners have simply formed the habit of doing things losers don't like to do." Albert Gray. I can relate. Look at me, my situation with Cami.

MICKEY

Stella is nothing like her! Stella has big...

Mickey stumbles and belches. Johnny looks disgusted.

JOHNNY

Tits? Say what you want about Cami, but if she didn't mean something to me, I wouldn't be so bitter about her now. I loved her, Mickey, because when she needed to be, she was sweet.

MICKEY

So are most poisons in nature so fuck off. I've come home to cry, drink, cry some more, and play the pity whore.

JOHNNY

You've got my pity.

MICKEY

(livid - slurring)
Fuck you! I don't need your pity!

JOHNNY

You need some valerian root to calm your ass down, son. When you drink angry, you always wake up with a bad hangover. Now, I know I may not understand girls any better than the next guy. But I'm not dumb enough to tell a girl I love her without having some idea of her feelings for me. Believe it or not, you are never gonna woo a girl with some expression of emotion. That's pure, unadulterated Hallmark bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY
What's valerian root?

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - CLASS - DAY

STELLA, a junior with well-tanned cute button features and sun-bleached hair, shows off Chinese characters written in whiteout on her backpack to her classmates.

STELLA
I took a class in Mandarin back in middle school.
(pointing them out)
This one means peace. Anger. Love.

Johnny--with dark red hair and dressed in darker colors--writes something in Chinese on paper and gives it to Stella.

JOHNNY
Hey Stella, what's this say?

Stella smirks as she reads the note. The class bell RINGS.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Stella hands the note to Johnny as he comes out.

STELLA
You wanted to see me?

JOHNNY
(nods)
Wanna take a course in Chinese at college this summer?

STELLA
You're taking one?

JOHNNY
Yeah, and I don't want to be the only Chinese person in the class with a bunch of white people butchering the language.

STELLA
You figured I'd be up for it.

JOHNNY
Aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stella smiles, nodding.

STELLA
Sounds cool.

Johnny gets a pen and paper out.

JOHNNY
Number?

STELLA
Whoa, slick. I don't give out my
number that fast.

Johnny starts writing, and then hands her the paper.

JOHNNY
Fine, here's mine. Call me whenever.

Mickey wanders over to Johnny, watching his ex-infatuation walk off as he munches on a candy bar.

MICKEY
You should go for it.

JOHNNY
Go for what?

MICKEY
Stella.

JOHNNY
I just asked if she'd take Chinese
with me.

MICKEY
You two would make a good couple.

JOHNNY
Wait a second, weren't you just in
love with her?

MICKEY
(exasperated)
I can't live in the past forever,
Johnny. It's time for me to move on.

Mickey walks off, with a worldly glazed expression leaving Johnny with a cocked eyebrow.

INT. UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Johnny stands by as Stella opens her locker.

JOHNNY

Wait a minute, favorite play?

STELLA

"Death of a Salesman."

JOHNNY

Me too. None of these A.D.D. kids at school like it though. What kind of music you into?

STELLA

The classics, jazz... stuff like Billie Holiday.

Stella puts the rest of her books in her backpack.

JOHNNY

What you wanna major in?

STELLA

Film. I wanna go to NYU.

Johnny pauses for a minute.

JOHNNY

Well that's it.

Stella closes her locker and gives Johnny a curious look.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

We have to go out now.

Johnny puts his arms out to hug Stella as she stands. She lets him. They start walking out the school.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Friday night?

STELLA

Sure, where?

JOHNNY

Habibi's?

STELLA

Alright, I'll meet you there at ten.

EXT. HABIBI'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Johnny looks at his watch, almost 11. He pulls out his cell phone and checks his messages. No messages.

EXT. STELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A disgruntled Stella slams a car door shut and kicks it as it speeds off. Beat. From nearly a block away we hear:

DRIVER

Cunt!

Stella takes out her cell phone and the paper with Johnny's number on it.

INTERCUT:

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The digital on Johnny's desk reads 12:15 am as his phone RINGS.

STELLA

Johnny?

JOHNNY

Hey... Where were you tonight? I waited more than--

STELLA

Let's not talk about that... Let me make it up to you.

JOHNNY

Well, can you come over now? Maybe hang out a little while? I'd still like to see you.

STELLA

Give me your address.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny waits on his stoop in front of the gate.

A cab parks in front. Johnny gets up and opens the door for Stella. He pays the cabbie.

Johnny walks her up his door and opens it.

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny puts on a record.

Cue. "Any Old Time," by Billie Holiday and Artie Shaw.

Stella sits on the edge of the bed.

STELLA

Just so you know, I have to be home by four.

Johnny plops down beside her.

JOHNNY

So what do you wanna do for two hours?

STELLA

Whatever you want.

Johnny starts kissing her neck, then tonguing it. Stella engages his advances and kisses him on the lips.

Johnny gets her top off to reveal a sports bra.

STELLA (cont'd)

I want you to know that I don't know what I'm doing.

Johnny kisses her to shut her up, but she breaks the kiss.

STELLA (cont'd)

You may just be a rebound.

Ignoring what he hears, after a small bit of resistance, Johnny pulls Stella's sweatpants off and goes down low.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Stella sits passively, looking disheveled, as she watches the lights whiz by her window.

STELLA

That was too smooth.

JOHNNY

What do you mean?

STELLA

You know I wasn't expecting to do anything tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

You regret doing it?

STELLA

No, it's just that in retrospect, it was really obvious that you knew what you were doing.

JOHNNY

That a bad thing?

STELLA

Maybe for one of us. You acted like a player and I kinda feel like I got played.

Johnny pulls up in front of Stella's house.

JOHNNY

Hey, I'm by no means that kind of guy. I'm for real, when I say I like you, that tonight wasn't just sex.

Stella smiles, takes out a pen, gives Johnny her number, and kisses him again before leaving jubilantly.

STELLA

Call me.

Johnny starts driving away, glancing at Stella waving goodbye in his rear view mirror.

He smirks at this and looks down at the paper in his hand with Stella's number on it. He spits out the gum he was chewing into the paper and tosses it out the window.

INT. GOTH CLUB - NIGHT

A mass of black and vinyl, accented by pale faces, stomp and sway in place across the dance floor. Johnny and Monika slip through the crowd.

Johnny looks concerned, getting strange looks from the patrons. Monika's greeted several times as she moves rhythmically to a free space on a bench under an A/C. Johnny sits with her.

MONIKA

I coulda sworn I'd taken you here before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

No... I'd definitely remember a place like this.

Johnny eyes a slinky Gothic beauty writhing to the music.

MONIKA

Next time, we'll hit some place more your style then.

JOHNNY

No worries, I'm all about broadening my horizons. Though I've really exhausted a lot lately with respect to faces and places. Apparently, I've now reached the level of being a player or something.

Johnny grins, still staring at the girl writhing sensually to the primitive beat by a pillar. Monika eyes Johnny suspiciously.

MONIKA

A player" huh? I'd never describe you as smooth.

She follows his glare. The girl rejects a rivethead (Gothic boy in cargo pants, adorned with piercings) trying to bop with her. Monika shakes her head and lights a cigarette.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Then again, you were gullible enough to get tricked by someone else. I wouldn't be surprised if you were gullible enough to trick yourself into swallowing this new bullshit attitude of yours. I'm glad to hear you're back in the game since I was worried about you after the Cami catastrophe. Though it sounds like you're turning into what you hated most.

JOHNNY

I'm not doing anything anyone else isn't doing. They're just as guilty.

MONIKA

Correction. Sounds like you're turning into Cami. See ya later, kid.

Monika tears off into the crowd. Johnny balks at this and slowly gets to his feet. He prowls through the pulsing lights and smoky atmosphere, watching people dance, kiss, chatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny leans against a pillar near the dancing crowds and watches on.

A girl starts dancing in front of him, as if he is her audience, with subtle hints directed toward him, no eye contact made on her part. Johnny watches.

INT. JOHNNY'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny's taking a shower when he hears his doorbell RING.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny goes down the stairs in just his boxers. Opens the door. Jaw drops. Eyes widen.

Before Johnny stands KARINE, an Asian knockout dressed stylishly, revealing just enough skin, wearing lip-gloss.

KARINE

Johnny?

JOHNNY

...In the flesh.

KARINE

You look different from your picture.

JOHNNY

Karine?

(she nods)

So do you.

KARINE

Told you I wasn't photogenic. So you taking me on a date for my birthday or what? I just got my license today.

INT. KARINE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny has a contagious smirk on his face.

KARINE

You were expecting a complete fob, weren't you?

JOHNNY

You mean, a stereo Asian girl? Based on the photo, honestly... Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARINE

You look a lot different too. You look whiter in person.

The pair shares a strange laughter.

JOHNNY

That good? Bad?

KARINE

Definitely good. I didn't really think you'd be up for tonight though.

JOHNNY

Why?

KARINE

You stopped calling after you started dating what's her name.

JOHNNY

Cami? That was fucked on my part, I'm sorry. That's officially over now. I always wanted to go out with you though. Back when Becka first tried to set us up last year. Just seemed like things never really aligned for either of us, you know? So where we going?

KARINE

Surprise.

INT. PUNK CONCERT - NIGHT

Johnny and Karine walk through the crowd of young teens with their parents until they reach near the stage.

KARINE

Isn't this cool?

The crowd begins to scream louder. Karine screams too.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Teenybopper punk concert. Mike Ness said that things aren't like they used to be.

Two young teens with mini mohawks wearing Blink 182 shirts start to mosh, but whimper upon body contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 You couldn't just drop into any mall
 and get your hair dyed or your
 genitals pierced back in the old days.

JULIAN MOROCCO, the lead singer, looks directly at Karine.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 This guy and his horny friends
 probably started a band just to get
 some Hot Topic Lolita groupies. Not
 that this is wrong. I know a lot of
 guys who dream of starting a band to
 get chicks, but never actually learn
 to play. I have to give it up to the
 guy so dedicated to being a perv, he
 learns chords.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The area's packed with young girls in slit or torn clothing—all
 store bought—revealing nubile flesh.

They wander around like blind cattle following a scent. Vapid
 looks in their eyes. Wet lips. Pawing occasionally at the band.
 Trying to be heard.

JOHNNY
 I can't believe we're back here.

KARINE
 Hey, it's my sweet sixteen. I want to
 be able to tell my people I did
 something cool when they ask what you
 did for your birthday. I coulda done a
 lot of other things tonight... I wanted
 to spend it with you though after all
 those months of scintillating convo.

Johnny smiles, takes Karine's hand, and maneuvers toward the
 band, easily manipulating the mass of teenage flesh.

Julian Morocco has his arms wrapped around two girls who can't
 be more than sixteen.

Karine shyly gives him a CD to sign.

KARINE (cont'd)
 I can't believe I'm actually meeting
 you, Julian Morocco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Dreams do come true. What's your name?

KARINE

Karine.

The Lead Singer hands her back the signed CD.

KARINE (cont'd)

Thanks, this has really made my birthday.

JULIAN

Oh, Happy Birthday. Thanks for coming to the show. I spotted ya out there. You seemed to really be enjoying yourself. We're all heading out in a bit. Wanna hang out? Get some cake?

KARINE

Nah, I have to get going. Thanks for the offer though.

JULIAN

It's all kosher. Hope to see you at the next show.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

The location is deserted. Karine and Johnny play on the merry-go-round.

KARINE

Thanks for tonight. I had a lot of fun.

JOHNNY

Memorable sweet sixteen?

KARINE

Mm hmm...

Karine plants a soft kiss on Johnny's lips. He returns it, his hands beginning to wander as their kiss becomes more intense. Johnny pulls back gently.

JOHNNY

Wanna make it more memorable?

We see clothes discarded on the merry-go-round, and then, it starts to spin.

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM - DAY

Johnny reads David Rabe's "Hurlyburly" on his bed. His phone RINGS. He gets up and checks his called ID. It's Karine.

He shrugs and goes back to his book.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny bounds down the stairs. His doorbell RINGS incessantly. It's accompanied by POUNDING fists against the front door.

JOHNNY

One fucking second!

Johnny flings the door open. His agitated expression melts. There's Monika, cradling herself while crying, on his stoop.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Monika, what... What's the matter?

Monika shuffles inside, begging for a hug. Johnny embraces and tries to calm her.

EXT. JOHNNY'S ROOF - NIGHT

Johnny and Monika lay on their backs, a blanket under them, gazing up at the starry expansiveness above them.

They hold margarita glasses, taking the occasional sip as they talk. Monika looks calm, though her makeup's a mess. Both of them seem a bit tipsy.

A plane passes by overhead with its colored lights flashing.

JOHNNY

You know what they say, "It is better to have loved and to have lost than to have never loved at all."

MONIKA

Ha. I say, "Try it" to those who say that.

JOHNNY

Fair enough.

MONIKA

I would've rather never even met the guy than been lied to like that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA (cont'd)

I don't understand people. Why they have to lie. Why they're just so inhuman these days. They don't get that the whole world past their noses hurts and feels too. They don't care. I was nothing but a cheap lay to him. Well, not that cheap. He went to a lot of time and trouble to get to me.

JOHNNY

Don't say that.

MONIKA

Why not?

JOHNNY

Weirds me out.

(beat)

Because when I think about you in my head, I never see the person you've become. I still remember you like when we were kids.

MONIKA

Yeah?

JOHNNY

I remember that first day I met you. Kindergarten. I'd just cried after my mom left. No clue what was going on. Could've been an orphanage for all I knew. No one told me I was even going. And the teacher, Miss Rose, you remember her...

MONIKA

Vaguely...

JOHNNY

She wasn't at all sympathetic. Just told me to knock it off and sat me at a friggin' time out table. But that's where I first saw you. You were so beautiful, in a lavender dress. I thought it was unusual 'cause none of the other girls were wearing dresses. You were coloring. I even remember what you were coloring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

A werewolf that'd been hit by a car.

JOHNNY

Yup.

MONIKA

I was a weird kid.

JOHNNY

When the teacher brought me to the table, she said to you, "Well, Monika, are you ready to come back with the rest of the group and finish Sesame Street."

MONIKA

And then I looked over at you, shook my head, Miss Rose shook hers and--

JOHNNY

She walked off. I still had tears in my eyes and you looked up at me and went, "Relax. It'll all be over in a couple hours."

Monika smiles as Johnny sips his cocktail.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

That little girl is the one I see when I see you in my head. Not much has changed since then.

MONIKA

I still like to color.

JOHNNY

And you're still the prettiest and smartest girl there is. And every time I'm a wreck, you're still there going, "Relax... It'll all be over in a couple hours."

Johnny is apparently drunk. Monika furrows her brow.

MONIKA

You think that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

When I'm walking around in public with you or down the street, I get a kick out of people maybe thinking we're together. They look at me and must think, "He must have somethin' that makes him special."

Monika laughs, embarrassed, and turns her head.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I would've asked you out a long time ago if we weren't friends.

MONIKA

What do you mean?

JOHNNY

You're my best friend, my ideal girl. If I thought I had a chance in hell with you, I would've asked you out by now. You're the total package to me. People dating though, that just doesn't seem to last. If our friendship died with the relationship, I couldn't stand not being able to call you up or have you show up at my door. I need you too much.

MONIKA

I'm glad you never asked then.

Monika looks over at Johnny who just stares at his drink. Monika sighs and lights up a cigarette.

JOHNNY

Ya know, I'll bet you fifty bucks you'd never quit smoking.

MONIKA

(taking a long drag)
You're on.

Johnny sits up and polishes off his drink.

JOHNNY

My well is dry. You okay there?
Want another refill?

Monika rolls over on her side and places her hand where Johnny had been laying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

No... I'm fine, thanks.

JOHNNY

Suit yourself.

Johnny gets up and begins to walk down the roof, toward his window. He begins to stagger. He drops his glass. He starts rolling down the roof.

Monika jumps up and scampers to the edge of the roof. Johnny screams like a woman as he falls. We hear him crash into the bushes below.

Monika starts laughing hysterically as Johnny moans.

MONIKA

Johnny! You alright?

Johnny moans in response.

MONIKA (cont'd)

Thanks Johnny, you always manage to make me laugh even when I'm at my lowest.

Monika climbs back inside through Johnny's bedroom window.

JOHNNY

(weakly)

Help me...

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A typical suburban home with music blaring from behind the walls at an indecent decibel level.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Matt was an old running buddy of mine from Pali.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a corner, a DJ spins hip hop, surrounded by three white guys trying to freestyle. Johnny stalks through the house, saying hello to random partygoers.

WHITE RAPPER #1

(rapping)

Yo, yo.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE RAPPER #1 (cont'd)

I keep it gangsta wherever I go. Get a fine bitch to get down and blow.

WHITE RAPPER #3

Ah, man, that was dope!

JOHNNY (V.O.)

When I heard he was throwin' a soiree, I had to scope out the scene and get reacquainted with a few old acquaintances.

Mickey comes up to Johnny.

MICKEY

The keg's in the kitchen and there's also Steel Reserve.

Johnny looks around the living room.

JOHNNY

Where's Matt at?

MICKEY

Let's find out.

The duo starts searching, doling out random greetings to familiar faces.

Clara breaks away from a rabble of dancers and playfully pulls Johnny by the hair to her.

CLARA

I like this much better than that smurf shit...

JOHNNY

Thanks. Have you seen Matt around?

CLARA

Checked his room?

Johnny begins making his way toward the stairs. As Mickey bobs past Clara, he shouts over the music:

MICKEY

How goes it?

CLARA

I know you?

MICKEY

Yeah... I sit behind you in calc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She goes back to dancing, ignoring him.

Mickey tries to catch up with Johnny who's already halfway up the stairs.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Call it a hunch, but I think Mickey's that guy. You know, the one who knows everybody's name and claims they're his friends, but abso-fucking-lutely nobody knows who the hell he is.

INT. MATT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere is heavy with pot smoke. The room is filled with mellowed out tokers, all having low-key discussions.

MATT, an Afro-American wearing sunglasses, decked out in black, pages through the Bible while sucking on a joint.

Sitting on his bed like some sort of trophy is AMBER, a natural beauty playing acoustic guitar. She has a curly red mane and a seashell necklace around her neck.

The vibe of the room is communal and peaceful. Mickey and Johnny melt into the atmosphere. Matt greets them warmly.

JOHNNY

What is going on up in this piece?

MATT

Johnny Yang, Johnny Yang, my brotha with the Asian persuasion.

The two embrace, like friends.

JOHNNY

This is a chill vibe you got going on in here, man.

MATT

I gotsta bring it all for the people, you know what I'm saying? We all into different games. When you get here? You get somethin' to drink? You wanna burn some shit? This is the house of comfort! *Cualquier cosa que es el mío es el tuyooo.*

Matt laughs as Johnny snaps a handshake with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (cont'd)

Pali's been lonely without ya, man.
We, on the team miss your ass.

JOHNNY

Really can't say I feel the same way,
Matt. Uni may be ghetto, but at Pali,
superficiality is the root of all evil
and the key to success.

MATT

True.
(smiling)
That's why we need you to bring back
the realness.

Johnny smiles back and approaches the foot of the bed, watching
Amber play.

JOHNNY

How long you been playing...?

AMBER

About three years now.

JOHNNY

Just three? You're pretty good.

Johnny takes a hit from the pipe that Matt passes him and blows
out a smoke ring.

Amber outdoes him by French inhaling: exhaling the smoke from
her mouth and inhaling back in through her nose.

Johnny gestures toward Mickey, still hanging back near the door.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

This is my boy, Mickey. He's my main
man. Be cool to him now. He's a
pistol. Go off in your face.

Mickey laughs and moves closer into the room.

MATT

What are you doing standing around?

MICKEY

I'm not a big advocate of Mary Jane.

Everyone shoots him dirty looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (cont'd)

It's not a moral thing, it's a sanitary one. The amounts of saliva being passed. The fact that weed heads are usually lazy and use words like "hella" scares me off.

(beat)

I'm scared I'll turn into a flannel wearing, Ralph Nader supporting, bug driving, unemployment getting, Good Humor Strawberry Short Cake eating hippie. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

MATT

Take a hit, or I'll kill you and bury you in my mama's garden.

Mickey hurriedly takes a hit and starts coughing.

Amber and everyone else in the room start laughing.

Matt slaps Mickey on the back.

MATT (cont'd)

You alright, boy.

INT. MATT'S ROOM - LATER

Everyone is staring off into space.

Johnny is conversing with LINDSEY and MELANIE, two luscious girls, oblivious to the concept of language, totally engrossed in his talk.

JOHNNY

What I love about getting faded is every time you blink, it's like a cut in the movie of your life.

The girls nod like bobble-head dolls.

LINDSEY

(mumbling)

I totally know what you're talking about.

JOHNNY

What I don't like is when you get too faded, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Like that one time I watched three
Judith Light Lifetime movies in a row
and was still waiting for Mona from
"Who's the Boss" to bust on the scene
and make shit right with Tony. Know
what I mean, Mickey?

Mickey lies on the floor passed out on his back, drooling.

AMBER

How you doing over there, Johnny?

JOHNNY

I feel alright.

AMBER

I'm not really a party girl.
(points to self)
Has cottonmouth. Wanna go downstairs
and get something to drink?

JOHNNY

Sure.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny and Amber walk downstairs to the kitchen.

The white rappers are still going at it.

WHITE RAPPER #2

(rapping)

I blast motherfuckers with a sawed off
shotty. I bust a nut on a bitch that
be acting too snobby.

WHITE RAPPER #1

You got major flows, man.

Johnny opens a cooler. Pulls out some water bottles.

He opens one and hands it to Amber. He opens another to drink
himself.

JOHNNY

So you have a boyfriend?

AMBER

No. We broke up last month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE RAPPER #3

(rapping)

I shit on emcees and make 'em swallow
my jizz. I got cans of whip ass, don't
make me open the lids.

WHITE RAPPER #2

That's a Source Hip Hop Quotable, man.

Johnny and Amber exchange amused glances before retreating back
up stairs.

INT. MATT'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Amber lie on the queen size bed, fully clothed.

AMBER

I think man-hating feminist is an
oxymoron. Real girls should love men.

JOHNNY

Reminds me of this feminist camp I
went to last summer. It really didn't
help me understand femininity so much
as the misogynistic treatment women
endure, which women are apparently
just as capable of participating in.

AMBER

Deep. Another thing I don't buy are
girls who don't like to give head. Me,
personally, I like to be touched more.
But if a guy isn't at least willing to
go down there, he can forget me. This
guy I know at a club was telling me,
"I think I'm gonna break up with my
girlfriend 'cause she won't give me
head." And I was like, "Right on, man.
If my guy wouldn't do that for me, I'd
drop him too."

INT. MATT'S SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK. Breathy exchanges are whispered followed by
giggles.

LINDSEY

Is is true what they say about black
guys?

We hear a zipper unzip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY (cont'd)
Oh, it's true! It's true! It's true!

GARY COLEMAN
Stop it. You're sucking my arm.

From a distance, we hear a voice:

MATT
Lindsey! Yo, Lindsey!

The door opens and LIGHT from the hallway floods the bedroom.

Lindsey sits on her knees in the middle of the bed, clutching Gary Coleman in front of her to conceal her nudity.

INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Matt and one of his friends angrily drag Gary Coleman down the hall. They throw him down the stairs.

MATT
Get your ass out my house. Y'all people can't control yourself or respect my guests up in here? Where'd your other little friend go? I'll bust his ass too!

Matt bursts into another bedroom.

Inside, Amber's nude, straddling a second party, undulating.

Matt slides the door shut, his jaw hanging open despite a grin.

MATT (cont'd)
Oh damn, my bad.

Matt strolls back to his room, suddenly in a better mood.

MATT (cont'd)
Now that's what I'm speaking on. I am all about the love. Get to it, baby. Lets get this show on down! Ladies! Let's get our Old Testament on!

Matt lets out a howling laughter and disappears into his room, closing the door behind him.

INT. MATT'S HALLWAY - LATER

Johnny walks out in just his boxers to find Monika.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA

Hey hotshot, been looking for you everywhere tonight.

JOHNNY

Congrats on finding me...

MONIKA

Told you I'd have us meet up somewhere more your style. So how goes it? Any new adventures with girl--

Monika takes a peek into the room Johnny just exited.

INSIDE: Amber and Lindsey are under the sheets.

Monika turns back with an "I didn't know you were busy" look.

JOHNNY

Hey... No red blooded American guy was going to turn down a threesome with girls like Lindsey and Amber.

MONIKA

You're Chinese and Jewish. And no offense, but you look and sound like a real slut right now.

Monika turns and leaves.

EXT. BOB'S YACHT - DAY

Out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Bob and Johnny walk the deck where a few girls sunbathe topless on lawn chairs.

JOHNNY

I think I'm turning into kind of a shit over here, Bob.

BOB

Don't tell me you don't have the stomach for this.

JOHNNY

I'm not some Neil LaBute misogynist.

BOB

Hey, I don't hate women. I'm just a little wiser towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

(beat)

I feel bad for Mickey, Bob. He just laid on Matt's carpet drooling 'til morning. I don't think he's even kissed a girl yet.

BOB

I oughtta take you two to a rave. They're the last solace for guys like Mickey who can't get any. You have a better chance of getting play at a rave than a party with beer, a dance club with freaking, or even your own bedroom with the home-field advantage.

JOHNNY

Aren't you a little old to rave, Bob?

BOB

You kidding? Where do you think I find most of my stars?

INT. BOB'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked outside the rave with Mickey in the backseat, Bob hands Johnny a white box.

BOB

Now, a smooth player doesn't ask girls for his number when he goes out.

Johnny opens the box.

BOB (cont'd)

He gives her his card.

Inside the box are 50 business cards. Johnny reads one:

JOHNNY

Johnny Yang. Has my number on it and everything.

Bob hands Johnny a stack of his cards.

BOB

Not as flashy as mine, but you're still just a squirt. Hand mine out if the girls are over eighteen. Call my cell when you guys are ready to go.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

Johnny and Mickey scope the two-floor area and part their separate ways for the time being.

Johnny goes up to a number of different girls.

Gives them light shows with glowsticks.

Dances with them.

Hugs the ones with "Hug Slut" stickers on their shirts.

He goes to a beautiful blond obviously on Ecstasy, sitting alone on some stairs.

JOHNNY
(loudly)
Hey, what's your name?

The girl points to a bracelet around her wrist with her name on it: SHAREE.

SHAREE
What's yours?

Johnny hands her one of his cards.

JOHNNY
I'm Johnny. Are you rolling?

SHAREE
Yeah.

JOHNNY
Want a massage?

SHAREE
(nodding)
Sure.

Johnny gets behind Sharee and starts kneading her back.

She winces.

SHAREE (cont'd)
Why don't you use this instead?

She hands him a vibrating massager.

Instead of using it, Johnny cuts the pretense, tilts Sharee's head back, and starts making out with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

About 30 seconds later, Sharee breaks the kiss.

SHAREE (cont'd)
You're just here to take advantage of
E-tards, aren't you?

JOHNNY
Yeah.

Johnny starts tonguing Sharee's neck.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
But are you really complaining?

Sharee smiles, eyes closed, and shakes her head.

They go back to making out.

GRAPHIC: One hour later...

Mickey shows up sweating and pissy.

MICKEY
Johnny, can we get out of here?

Johnny breaks his kiss with Sharee.

JOHNNY
Why?

MICKEY
Every fucking girl here is with their
boyfriends. What's up with that? You
don't bring food to a buffet!

Johnny turns his attention back to Sharee.

JOHNNY
Before I go, can I get your number?

SHAREE
Dude, I'm married.

She points to a CANDY BOY making out with another girl.

SHAREE (cont'd)
That's my husband over there.

JOHNNY
How old are you?

SHAREE
22.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny goes into his pocket and hands her one of Bob's cards.

JOHNNY

Can I get one last goodbye kiss?

Sharee nods. They kiss again.

Johnny and Mickey immediately spot Bob in a corner of the rave and make their way over.

Upon closer look, Bob's making out with four stunning girls.

BOB

You guys want to leave? Already?

Mickey nods affirmative.

BOB (cont'd)

Ladies, you have my card.

The girls wave goodbye as Bob gets up and joins Johnny and Mickey. They exit the rave with the pulsating, trance beat of the rave fading out.

INT. BOB'S CAR - NIGHT

On the freeway going home.

BOB

A married woman, huh?

MICKY

You're going straight to fucking hell for that one.

JOHNNY

At least I'll be in good company. I gave her your card, Bob.

BOB

Then I have taught you well, grasshopper.

The group LAUGHS.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Stuck on the freeway, Johnny talks on his cell phone.

MONIKA (FILTER)

You're a fuckin' hypocrite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

How so?

MONIKA (FILTER)

You were spazzing out about these guys like Cami's ex and Gary Coleman going after teenage girls. You called them pedophiles, which I think is bullshit, but hey, that's the word. And what'd you do? Isn't Sharee a pedophile?

JOHNNY

This was different. It's a case of the guy maturing up to the older girl. Not a guy who can't get any his own age going after easily impressed high school sluts who love to say, "girls mature faster than guys."

MONIKA (FILTER)

You're full of more shit than a whale with no ass.

Johnny takes the exit.

EXT. JOHNNY ROCKETS - NIGHT

Johnny sits alone at a table still talking on his cell.

JOHNNY

Do I hear you smoking over the phone?

INT. MONIKA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Monika is indeed smoking a cigarette.

MONIKA

Good ear, Johnny. Good ear.

BACK TO:

EXT. JOHNNY ROCKETS - CONTINUOUS

A table across from him is JUDY, 19, her hair cut into a tight black Lulu Brooks style bob. She's smoking a cigarette, eavesdropping in on his conversation.

JOHNNY

When's your birthday?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (cont'd)

'Cause I'm getting you some Nicorette
with the fifty bucks you now owe me.

Judy sends a few ringlets of smoke into the air. Johnny watches them float off. She smiles at him.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Listen, I gotta go. I'll talk to ya
later.

Johnny ends his call and goes over to sit at Judy's table.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

That shit's gonna age you prematurely...

Judy flicks the butt at Johnny.

JUDY

Only trying to speed things along. I
always felt bad for the kid in the no
smoking commercials. He walks up to
his friends and goes, "Hey, anybody
want a cigarette?" And all the other
kids go, "Eww, gross!" I bet he feels
horrible. Probably has to go out and
get loaded after that sort of
rejection.

JOHNNY

Enjoy the conversation?

JUDY

Had its moments. I've been chain-
smoking for five weeks.

JOHNNY

What's your excuse?

JUDY

Trying to wean from crystal meth.

JOHNNY

Fun, fun.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Judy's on a razor scooter and Johnny's by his car.

JOHNNY

Ever gone raving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

Sadly, no. Every time someone offers to take me, they end up flaking at the last minute.

JOHNNY

If you give me your number, I could change that.

Judy goes through her purse and pulls out a pen and paper.

JUDY

Could you now?

She jots her number down and hands it to Johnny.

JOHNNY

If you forego having a Valentine on Valentine's Day, I'll take you to the post V-Day massive.

JUDY

You're on.

JOHNNY

Sure I can't give you a ride home?

Judy points to her scooter and shakes her head.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

See you Valentine's weekend then.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - NIGHT

Midgets in Cupid costumes serve Jello Shots.

The mob takes full advantage of the Hug me, Kiss Me, Spank Me, Candy, and Camel (cigarette) Girls.

Johnny guides Judy to an outside area. She's a head taller than him. Her black lingerie shows through her red mesh top. Soaked in perspiration, she looks as if she's danced the night away.

Johnny spots Bob, with half a dozen women pawing at him lustily on a scaffolding.

Julian Morocco, along with a few other familiar faces from Bob's party approach Johnny. They shake hands and embrace before making way toward Bob in the distance.

The entourage push through the crowd. Johnny and Bob shake hands and exchange a few words. Johnny points out Judy. Bob grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Nice going kid...

Johnny smiles and begins to walk back to her when Bob grabs his shoulder sternly.

BOB (cont'd)
Don't disappear tonight. I got a little somethin' for you later on. A gift. Been workin' on this one for a while. So stick around. And here, take this...

Bob hands Johnny a wad of bills.

BOB (cont'd)
Show her what its all about, kid.

Bob returns to his harem of cracked out teen girls.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - SMOKE ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Judy push through the smoke room, toward a private corner.

There's around 50 people buying and selling raver needs.

Several people mutter to Johnny and Judy as they walk past them: "X," "E," "K," "bud..."

JOHNNY (V.O.)
They sound like a cracked out kindergarten class reciting the alphabet.

JUDY
I wanna roll.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A clean-cut yuppie piece of trash palms a small Ziploc.

His foot's on a commode as Johnny thumbs through some bills.

His back's turned toward the meandering crowd in the restroom, keeping them out of the stall.

JOHNNY
Pure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEALER
(nods)
Twenty a hit.

The two exchange cash for goods.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - NIGHT

Judy's tongue rolls out past her darkly painted lips.

Johnny's fingers place the tab on her tongue.

Judy swallows.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - LATER

The couple dance suggestively in front of a projection screen. Judy looks dazed, moving unconsciously.

Johnny moves in closer and begins kissing her.

Judy responds wildly, peeling her shirt off. Trying to remove her bra.

Johnny restrains her motion and backs her into a corner, behind the projection screen.

The two are silhouetted against the screen from behind. Judy strips her clothing away. Both still move to the rhythm of the trance beat.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
The more I touched her though, the
more I started to feel guilty. I
couldn't quite shake it. And then I
realized why...

Johnny slowly moves away from Judy, leaving her lone figure to gyrate wildly.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)
I could have fucked her and that was
all I cared about.

He heads towards the neon EXIT sign.

A hand is planted firmly on Johnny's back. Johnny swings around to find Julian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Johnny, Bob's got something you've got to see, man.

JOHNNY

What?

JULIAN

Surprise in the VIP Room.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Julian enter the alcove, crowded with Bob's Entourage. Julian closes the door behind them. The men all raise their glasses, Bob conducting them.

BOB

Gentlemen, the man of the hour: Johnny Yang!

The Entourage erupts into a cheer. Julian hands Johnny a glass of champagne. Johnny laughs a little.

JOHNNY

What's going on in here?

Bob, beaming, places his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

BOB

You've come a long way, Johnny. A long way in short time, and I just wanted to take this opportunity tonight, to just congratulate you on your growth, as a man. This is our way of welcoming you to the fold, son.

JULIAN

From one wolf in sheep's clothing to another.

BOB

Exactly.

(beat)

I'm proud of all of you here in this room. I'm glad I could give you the opportunity to be the men that you are, to have the will to hold your eyes open in light of the truth. I'm glad I could give you all the strength to get over whatever initial pain it was that drew you to me, but oh...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)

that strength, it never rights the wrong that was done to you. Never... And often times, I wish I could give each of you a little more.

JOHNNY

What are you talking about? What "wrong?"

With a grandiose gesture, Bob parts the men like Moses did the sea, revealing a seated party. There sits Cami, obviously drugged out, stripped down to bra and panties.

Johnny's jaw drops in disgust and looks away.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

What the fuck is this?

Bob's dismayed by Johnny's reaction.

BOB

Well, you're welcome. I take it you recognize this lovely young dish. Isn't this the bitch that maliciously tore out your heart? Forced you into a Nazi feminist camp that debased your masculinity? Cheated on you numerous times, lead you on, had a public affair with... Gary Coleman?

JULIAN

Gary Coleman? What a bitch!

BOB

Isn't this the same girl who you gave your virginity to? Your trust? Only to have her grind it up and probably served up at one of her little parties to her friends, and laughed about later? She made a fool of you! She took something from you that you'll never get back. Time. Intimacy. Innocence. A piece of your heart.

(beat)

Many of us will never have the opportunity to get back what was taken from us.

(beat)

It took a while to pull this together. But revenge wears no wristwatch. I spared no effort. I spared nothing so that I could give to you what I cannot give to the others here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)

Tonight, you can take it all back from her.

(snarl)

Take it out in trade.

Johnny slowly approaches Cami and glares at the men surrounding her. They slowly back away.

BOB (cont'd)

So I figure, you have your cake. You eat it too. And after you're done, me and the rest of the boys, we'll have our fill too.

JULIAN

Gotta hand it to you Johnny, you do know how to pick 'em.

Johnny leans over and tries to shake Cami out of her stupor. Julian grabs Johnny by the shoulder to stop him. Johnny lashes out and socks Julian in the jaw, knocking him back a few feet and onto one knee.

JOHNNY

Party's over.

Johnny picks Cami up and over his shoulder. He begins to exit the room as the men slowly shuffle toward him. Johnny pauses and turns toward Bob.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

You're a vampire, Bob.

(beat - pointing to everyone)

They all know it too, but it feels so goddamn good that no one is going to tell you the fucking truth.

All the guys have their heads bowed. None try to stifle Johnny, not even Bob. He just glares at Johnny.

Johnny, with Cami on shoulder, opens the door.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

See ya around. And so much as one of you guys follows me out, I'll put a fucking stake in your heart. Happy Valentine's Day.

Johnny SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. RAVE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Johnny slips a semi-conscious Cami off his shoulder and into the back seat of his car. He shakes her a bit, limply patting her cheek to sober her up.

JOHNNY

Come on, Cami, wake up.

She moans lightly. A sudden spark of memory illuminates Johnny's eyes.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Shit. Judy...

Johnny stands upright and bangs his head on the roof of the car. He curses through gritted teeth, grasping the back of his skull.

INT. VALENTINE'S DAY RAVE - NIGHT

Johnny pushes through the windmilling masses to locate Judy. He finds her making out with another E-tard.

Johnny grabs her gently and subtracts her from the equation. Her companion barely seems to notice that she's gone, tonguing and pawing at the air.

Johnny takes Judy over his shoulder and exits again.

EXT. RAVE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Johnny sticks Judy into the backseat with Cami. Judy immediately begins sliding her hands over Cami's unconscious body. Johnny, removes her and stows her in the passenger seat.

Johnny walks back around the car to the driver's side. He opens his door when he's grabbed and SLAMMED full force against his car door.

Julian stands over Johnny, who slides to the concrete, and begins to kick at him as he doubles over on his side.

Julian spits on Johnny, drops to the ground, and looks Johnny dead in the eyes. He wraps his hands around Johnny's throat and starts throttling him.

Johnny struggles against his assailant. His feet kick against the ground

Julian's face twists into a disgusting grin as he continues to choke out Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The back door swings open, striking Julian's crown. His eyes roll into the back of his head and he falls over unconscious.

Cami steps out, still dazed, and surveys the damage.

CAMI

Johnny...? Who the fuck is that?

Cami collapses against the car as Johnny gets to his feet, gasping for air. He helps Cami back into the backseat.

JOHNNY

It's a really good story actually.

Johnny gets in the car and starts driving.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CLIFF - EARLY MORNING

Johnny and Cami watch the sun rise on the roof of his car.

JOHNNY

You know I really should have quit racking up points for the Player of the Year award after the threesome.

CAMI

You had a threesome? God, I feel like I was the Darth Vader to your Luke Skywalker. So how'd you switch to the Dark Side anyway?

JOHNNY

(laughs)
Life happens.

CAMI

You were a good guy, Johnny. I really wish I hadn't fucked you the way I did.

Johnny squints in the daylight and turns toward Cami.

JOHNNY

Why?

Cami slides off the roof and shrugs.

CAMI

I need a friend. Someone to talk to when I need to. Someone to ground me in reality when I start to stray.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMI (cont'd)

Someone who wants to take the time to learn who I am. Know me... I want an accomplice. I'll watch his back. He'll watch mine when I need a little downtime, so I don't always have to be on guard.

Johnny jumps down off his car and strolls up to Cami, and admires the sunrise for a moment.

Johnny laughs and walks toward the edge of the cliff, his back turned toward Cami.

CAMI (cont'd)

What?

JOHNNY

You just described Mickey.

Cami tilts her head down, smiles, and laughs. Her eyes go glassy with the realization.

Johnny looks at Cami, then out at the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Monika, in a black halter-top and baggy pants, stares out at the oceanic scene. Her back's to us as she shields the hazy afternoon light from her eyes.

A surfer speeds down a pipeline until the wave collapses, crushing its rider and sending his board popping up into the sky, tumbling back down into the surf.

A distant JEER and HOWL can be heard as Monika winces.

GRAPHIC: Two weeks later...

Behind Monika, Johnny sits on a rock hunched over in a downtrodden posture. He's dressed preppy once again, wearing Oakley sunglasses, looking mature for his 17 years.

Monika snaps around, a guilty expression smeared across her lips as she saunters back, apologetically.

MONIKA

Huh? Sorry... You lost me for a minute.

Monika motions back toward the surfers on the beach before perching herself on a rock across from Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA (cont'd)

Where were we?

JOHNNY

We're here.

MONIKA

Yeah... Ya had to know these player days were going nowhere.

JOHNNY

(shrugs)

Deep down? Probably.

MONIKA

Johnny, the Manson family couldn't have made that writing on the wall any clearer.

JOHNNY

At least it's over.

MONIKA

How do you know? Your instincts seem dead in the water.

JOHNNY

Like a bag of kittens. It's sad, but people have already adjusted to the wonderful world of their working parts and gotten pretty predictable at this age.

MONIKA

Really?

JOHNNY

You're wearing too much black to be naïve Monika. You've always been a cynic. I may be a late bloomer, but at least I've learned since we last saw each other.

MONIKA

You're not the same boy I remember.

JOHNNY

Yeah?

MONIKA

You used to be sweet. Fun. Now you're all up in this drama.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIKA (cont'd)

You really ought to stay away from girls for a while and get back on track. Figure out who you are without some ditzy broad complicating your style.

JOHNNY

You don't think I'm sweet anymore?

MONIKA

You used to be less concerned with yourself. That's for sure. Now look at you. You're slick, complicated. The problem isn't really with these girls. It's with you.

JOHNNY

Let's make a resolution then. You quit smoking, I'll quit girls.

Monika laughs. She spots a LITTLE GIRL playing alone on the beach, building a large sandcastle by the shore. Monika strolls over, arms crossed as the wind picks up, leaving Johnny behind.

Monika sits by the girl, chattering, and begins helping her build and shape the castle.

Johnny watches, smiles, and looks out at the setting sun.

He tosses his sunglasses in the sand and admires the beauty of the scenery. He hears Monika LAUGHING with the girl.

The pair SQUEALS as the waves wash up closer to the castle.

Johnny loosens his tie and tosses it onto the sand as well. His blazer and button-down shirt follow. Pared down to slacks and an undershirt, Johnny stands in the warm sunlight and smiles.

Johnny walks toward the Little Girl and Monika. He approaches in the distance, and then kneels next to their castle.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

What are you guys up to?

LITTLE GIRL

Makin' a sand castle.

JOHNNY

Wow, looks like you guys got your hands full here. That's a big castle. Can I help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE GIRL

Sure.

Monika tries to ignore Johnny as she helps shape something with the Little Girl, who giggles. Monika cannot resist a smile.

A wave comes rushing up the beach and hits the castle, sending Monika flailing back. The Little Girl SCREAMS.

The wave washes back. The castle is gone.

The Little Girl starts to cry. Johnny kneels down in front of her. He wipes the tears from her pouting cheeks.

JOHNNY

Come on now. That was a real nice castle, but you don't have to cry.

LITTLE GIRL

But it's gone.

JOHNNY

So? Isn't half the fun building one?

LITTLE GIRL

(frustrated)

But it'll just get washed away again anyways...

Monika watches Johnny talk to the Little Girl.

JOHNNY

Now that's not always true. We just made a mistake. That's all.

LITTLE GIRL

We built it too close to the water.

JOHNNY

(chuckles)

Yeah. Just a little close.

LITTLE GIRL

So?

JOHNNY

So... We build a new one...

Johnny nods toward Monika, and looks up at her from across the sand.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cue. *"Someday,"* by The Strokes (...*Oh my ex says I'm lacking in depth/Say I will try my best/You say you want to stay by my side/Darling your head's not right/You see alone we stand, together we fall apart... I'm working so I won't have to try so hard/Tables they turn sometimes, oh someday.*)

Johnny locks eyes with Monika meaningfully.

Taking the Little Girl by the hand with her pail and shovel in the other, they walk towards Monika.

She looks him up and down. Finally, Monika and Johnny embrace.

Along with the Little Girl, Johnny and Monika begin to build mounds in the sand.

FADE OUT.

THE END