

WAITING TO DIE

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WAITING TO DIE

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

SUPER: 1993

A mirror comes into focus. ANDREW "DREW" DREDSON, 17, steps in front of it and places an object on the counter. He fondles his hair and stares at himself for a while with his head tilted a bit. He shifts from waking up to preparation.

Andrew lifts up the object he placed on the counter and it is a six-shot handgun. He puts it in his mouth and stares at himself in the mirror again. His torso starts to shake. He cannot do it, not today. He then proceeds to brush his teeth, another daily ritual. He spits out and walks away, disgusted.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - DAY

BECKA CLUNEY, 16, is brushing her hair in front of her vanity. This is her start of the day. Becka steps into the family room of the tiny two bedroom apartment.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

She loses herself in the days of yesteryear. Countless portraits and pictures of Becka, her single mom, and her older collegiate sister are set on the bookshelf. Graduations, birthdays, all the sporadic events that fill up most American families picture areas.

She looks at the clock again and in HASTE heads towards her MOM's bedroom. She quickly opens the door.

BECKA

Mom come on, I'm gonna be la--

Becka's gorgeous green eye's turn toward the other actively moving heap of MASS on the other side of RACHEL CLUNEY'S, 43, queen size bed. Becka lets out a sigh and storms out the room.

MOM

Becka!

Becka grabs her bag and heads toward the front door. Her mother comes from her room to try and catch her.

MOM (CONT'D)

(continuing; putting on
her robe)

Becka, wait!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - DAY

MOM
Where are you going?

BECKA
(still walking)
To school.

MOM
Wait let me get my key I'll take
you.

BECKA
That's okay, I can see you are
"entertaining" a guest.

MOM
Rebecca Ann Cluney.

Becka yields.

MOM (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Now just wait here, I'm taking you
to school dammit.

INT. MOM'S CAR - DAY

Inside the 1989 Japanese hatchback Becka's sight is straight
outside the window. As Mom drives she sporadically glances
at Becka.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. MICHAELS Literature class.

MICHAELS
Romeo and Juliet, one of
Shakespeare's finest works.
(sighs)
If not his finest.
(passing out papers)
In the coming weeks we will analyze
this work of art that has molded
literature as we know it. You will
be assigned a partner to complete
an extensive thorough report on
Romeo and Juliet.

The students all mumble and grumble. One raises their hand.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Yes?

STUDENT
Can we choose our own partners?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAELS

On this assignment....no.

The students let out a unified "awww!"

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

(continuing)

The point of this assignment is to have two separate points of views on the story and how each sees it. If you picked your partner than it would most likely be your friend, eliminating other creative input. I unlike your other teachers allow you to think instead of just giving out a piece of paper with a big letter on it.

Some students look dazed others just bored.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

(continuing)

The partners are as follow:
Anderson with Anthony, Alan's with Becker, Blight and Cardigan, Cashion with Cassey, Cluney and Dredson....

As Mrs. Michaels continues with the pairing of the partners, Amanda looks back at Andrew and half smiles at him. Andrew replies with an apathetic facial expression. Becka turns around.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Now take out your notebooks for notes on the assignment.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

In the lunchroom, we hear roars of adolescent gossip and mindless chatter. Becka with her best friend JANICE REGAL, 16, discuss today's events, yet Becka seems to be distracted with the loneliness of Andrew at a table across the room, reading.

JANICE

...so really I just have to fake my moms signature, my brothers really good at that, I should get him to sign it. What do you think?

BECKA

Uhh huh.

JANICE

Becka are you even listening to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
Oh I'm sorry.

JANICE
Where was your mind at?

BECKA
Oh, nowhere.

JANICE
Yes you were.

Janice looks over to Andrew's isolated area.

JANICE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
You were looking at that loser
junior over there. Do I detect a
bit of affection, hmmmmmm?

BECKA
No, like you said he's a loser. I
just got paired up with him to work
on this stupid assignment for third
period. Mrs. Michaels said it
would take somewhere around two
weeks of work to get anywhere close
to an "A".

JANICE
Well what are you worrying about
you always get "A's". For you it
probably won't even take two weeks,
but I'm not so sure about Mr.
Personality over there.

BECKA
I should go over there and ask him
when we should meet, I can't get
anything less than an "A", if I
want to follow in Cynthia's steps.
(getting out of her seat.)
I'll be right back.

JANICE
Ask him if those rumors about him
worshipping Mayan ghost are true.

Becka casually strolls over to Andrew. Andrew engaged in
reading a book subtly looks at her coming his way.

BECKA
Hi, Andrew.

He doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECKA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 You and I got paired up for the
 Romeo and Juliet project in third.
 (beat)
 Oh, well, I just came over here to
 ask you when and what time you want
 to get together and work on it.

Again he doesn't reply.

BECKA (CONT'D)
 (continuing, nervous)
 Maybe after school in the library
 or your place maybe.

Drew looks at her and continues reading.

BECKA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Well....

Becka goes back to her seat, unsuccessful. Andrew eyes her
 as she leaves.

BACK AT BECKA AND JANICE'S TABLE.

JANICE
 Just do it yourself. He's good for
 nothing.

BECKA
 (nods head)
 Yeah.

BECKA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I think I need to change my
 partner.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Michaels is grading papers while Becka asks her.

MICHAELS
 (still grading)
 Well who is your partner sweetie

BECKA
 Ummm... Andrew Dred... Dred....
 Dredsomething.

MICHAELS
 (looks up at Becka)
 Dredson. Yes, I can see why you
 would want to change, he is an odd
 one.

BECKA
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAELS

Gee I wish you would consider,
Andrew really is quite a talented
writer and I don't really know what
his home situation is
but.....well can you just try and
be partners with him and if it
doesn't quite work out I will let
you do the assignment by yourself.
Does that sound good?

Becka doesn't look so sure.

BECKA

I'll try. Thanks.
(she walks toward the door
and stops halfway)
Ohh yeah, Mrs. Michael?

MICHAEL

Ummm hmmm.

BECKA

Can you tell me what my grade in
the class is?

Mrs. Michael gives her a subtle evil eye.

MICHAELS

Sure dear.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

We see the inside of a book. Andrew is going over *Valis*. He
feels a tap on his back and turns his attention to the
pestering Becka.

BECKA

Listen. Just listen.

Andrew gives her his full attention.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing, nervous)

Now....I am going to get an "A" on
this project with or without you, I
haven't gotten anything less than
that in high school and you and
your rebellious slacker attitude
are not going to get in the way of
what I have worked so hard for. So
you will either work with me like
we're supposed to or I am going to
do this by myself and you can do
whatever you want but....

DREW

(interrupting)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
(confused)
Okay?

DREW
Okay I will work with you.

BECKA
When and where?

DREW
We can start tonight...your place.

BECKA
No....not my place.

DREW
Alright fine my place.

DREW (CONT'D)
I get off of work around five
thirty. So six?

BECKA
(gets out some paper)
Write down your address.

EXT. RAY'S MUSIC STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

INSIDE DREW'S CAR

Drew's 1983 hatchback pulls up to a parking spot. The car stops but the engine does not cease. Andrew with the foot on the brake sits back in his seat and looks straight ahead at the music store. He massages his temples slowly and whispers to himself...

DREW
One more day. One more fucking
day.

Andrew reaches in the backseat for his backpack. He pulls out an orange tube and slides out an albino Cimex pill. He twirls it in his hand and plays with it a bit and then finally places it in his mouth and swallows then exits the car.

INT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Becka enters the apartment and spots her mother laid out on the couch. She acts like its not a big deal and makes her way to her room.

MOM
Hi Beck.

BECKA
Why are you home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM
(playfully)
I ditched.

She giggles.

BECKA
Funny.

MOM
Come here a minute.

Becka obliges.

MOM (CONT'D)
(continuing; smiling)
You and I.... we never talk anymore
Becka. We always used to. Seems
like since Cynthia left for school,
you and I haven't been....you know.

Becka's eye's wander to the floor and discovers a tipped over
bottle of liquor.

BECKA
Mom are you drunk?

MOM
Uh oh, busted.

Not detecting any seriousness to the conversation Becka heads
for her room.

MOM (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Come back here, young lady.

Becka stops, then turns around.

BECKA
Speaking of people changing what is
with you all of a sudden, I mean
ever since dad left, you've been--

MOM
Don't ever mention that asshole
anymore in this house. He does not
exist.

BECKA
Okay well then for a long time, you
haven't been yourself. Are you
trying to get fired Mom?

Mom tries to get up from the couch.

MOM
No, honey.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOM (CONT'D)

I just need a break. You see-
(trying to keep her
balance)

There comes a time when adults need
a little time to themselves, and
now is that time for me, I'm just
tired, you see.

Becka giving up, simply nods her head.

MOM (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Now how was your day.

BECKA

Fine.

MOM

Anything interesting happen.

BECKA

Not really, but tonight I have to
go over this guy's house to work on
a project.

MOM

That's nice.

Mom lays her head back down.

Becka desperately flees for her room again.

MOM (CONT'D)

Wait. Who is this boy?

Becka stops.

BECKA

(turns around)

Oh you wouldn't no him, in fact no
one really does.

MOM

That's nice.

Closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

Becka proceeds to her room.

INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Drew is at the check out counter with his head buried in his
arms. There are two customers in the dimly lit record store
who seem to not need any assistance.

MAN (O.S.)

Dredson!

Drew is shocked awake from his dazed state.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Yeah.

The man comes into the shot, he is JOE MENDELSON, Drew's boss. A slightly overweight man who can intimidate those who don't have to deal with constant yelling day in and day out, unlike Mr. Dredson.

MENDELSON

How many times do I have to tell you Dredson, it's Mr. Mendelson.

Drew quietly sighs.

MENDELSON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I told you to stack those records in the back.

(beat)

Did you do it, Dredson?

Drew with his head sunken responds at a low volume.

DREW

No.

MENDELSON

What was that Dredson?

DREW

(screaming)

I said I---!

Drew CHECKS himself and lowers his voice. Mendelson's eye brows rise in anticipation of Drew's next comment.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing; lowers his voice)

didn't stack the records, Mr. Mendelson.

MENDELSON

Well get at it,

(mumbles)

if I wasn't so desperate for employee's, you would be out of here so fast.

(yells)

I'm not going to stand for any more of your fuck ups.

As Mendelson leaves one of the two CUSTOMERS steps up to the counter to check out. A young college kid.

CUSTOMER

(placing his CD's on the table)

Dude, what an asshole boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DREW

Yeah.

CUSTOMER

How do you put up with it?

DREW

I make myself believe that I will
quit tomorrow.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drew is watching TV in the dark in his sloppy unkept room. Married With Children is on. Anarchy paraphernalia and rock idol posters fill up Drew's walls and desk.

The TV's blue light glares on his upper body freakishly reflecting Drew's mood. The door bell rings.

AT THE DOOR

DREW

Yeah?

BECKA (O.S.)

Hi it's Becka Cluney I'm here to
see--

The door opens.

BECKA (CONT'D)

Oh, hi.

Drew nonchalantly welcomes her into his home with a half assed hand gesture. Drew closes the door and treads back into his room, Becka following him checks out where he lives.

BACK IN DREW'S ROOM

As Drew enters the room he plops down on the bed and resumes watching TV in the dark. Becka helps her self to Drew's beaten up desk chair. Drew's attention is directly on the *Married With Children*, as Becka glances at him in anticipation to start the report.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Andrew...

DREW

It's Drew.

BECKA

Sorry, Drew, are we going to start?

DREW

Yeah sure, let's start. Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Well aren't you going to turn off
the TV and turn on a light?

Drew gets up giving Becka the evil eye while he turns on a
light and turns off the TV.

DREW

Happy?

Becka gets out her books from her backpack.

BECKA

Umm can you clean off this desk so
I have a place to write?

Drew again gives her the evil eye as he clears off his desk.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - LATER

Drew is seated quite comfortably on the floor to the side of
his bed, as Becka writes fiercely on the desk.

BECKA

(reading from her
notebook)

So what are your views on the
ending?

DREW

I thought it was a nice twist, but
Juliet was a dumbass.

BECKA

Can I quote you on that?

DREW

It's true.

BECKA

How so?

Drew rises from the floor and begins to pace around his
crowded room as he explains his theory.

DREW

Think about it. First of all she
was stupid to fall so in love with
Romeo that it totally consumed her
life. Romeo dies. So everything
she put her heart into is gone.
That's idiotic.

BECKA

That's true but don't you think
it's the least bit romantic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

No, I think it was stupid. Why kill yourself over one man when you have no idea what you are capable of accomplishing in the future?

Becka thinks on what he just said.

BECKA

Hmmm, I never thought about it like that.

(beat)

I'm surprised you came up with that.

Drew plops down on his bed.

DREW

Well you have no idea of what I'm capable of, proving my point again princess.

BECKA

And you know nothing about me, if you did, you would know I'm so not a princess.

DREW

Oh please, you mean daddy's little girl has a dark side.

BECKA

My dad disappeared when I was 12.

An awkward pause.

DREW

Oh.

(beat)

Sorry.

BECKA

Forget it

(beat)

I have. Let's just finish this part for tonight.

Becka quietly writes not concentrating on Drew. Drew grabs a nearby tennis ball and tosses it up and down, he slyly glances at Becka while doing so.

DREW

So are you going to let me?

BECKA

Let you what?

DREW

Get to know you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Becka stops writing.

BECKA
Well what do you want to know?

DREW
What will you let me know?

BECKA
We'll see.

LATER

Drew is back on the floor against a wall with a Coke in hand and Becka, getting used to the raggedy chair, bends her knees engaged in the conversation.

It is around 8 p.m. and the two have pretty much put work on hold for today. They are having a conversation. It is new and fun for them, they are learning about one another, each a stranger, but not for long.

BECKA
(continuing)
So we broke up, he was pretty much
an asshole and all he wanted to do
was get in my pants
(beat)
or skirt,
(beat)
or whatever I was wearing that day.

DREW
So have you?

BECKA
What?

DREW
You know, done it before?

BECKA
No.

DREW
How come?

BECKA
Well because of how you just
described it.
(beat)
Done "it". I don't believe sex
should be an "it".

Drew agreeing with her, nods his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Sex, to me, should be an
experience, you intimately share
with your partner, not a random
act.

A door is heard opening in the front of the house. Both of
their heads turn that direction.

DREW
Shit. My mom's home.

BECKA
Oh yeah, I forgot you had parents.

DREW
Yeah well, that's my mom she works
long hours a lot.

BECKA
What about your dad?

DREW
I don't see my dad a lot. He
travels for work a lot.
(takes a sip)
or so he says.

BECKA
Oh, I'm sorry.

DREW
It's alright, he's an asshole
anyway.

BECKA
Do you have any brothers or
sisters?

Drew's head lays low a little.

DREW
Well.
(beat)
I did.
(beat)
My big brother killed himself two
years ago.

BECKA
Oh, Matt Dredson was your brother?
I'm sorry.

DREW
Hmmm.

BECKA
I would have never known that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DREW
Why not?

BECKA
Well he was just so popular.

DREW
Star of the football team. Yep.
That was my brother.

BECKA
Why did he kill himself?

DREW
He couldn't stand it anymore. He
needed a way out, so he took the
knife express.

BECKA
Oh.

There's a knock on the door, and PATRICIA DREDSON, a middle aged attractive woman enters Drew's room. Drew and Becka's attention obliges.

PATRICIA
Oh Drew, I didn't know you had
company.

Drew suddenly changes demeanors from a social person to a depressed one.

DREW
Yeah.
(beat)
Mom this is Becka. We're working
on a project.

PATRICIA
Hello Becka,
(to Drew, angered)
Drew you didn't pick up the clothes
from the cleaners, pick them up
tomorrow or else I will take your
keys for a week.
(to Becka, pleasant)
It's nice to meet you dear.

Patricia exits the room.

BECKA
So your mom seems nice.

DREW
(sarcastically agreeing)
Really.
(beat)
what's yours like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BECKA

My mom.....she's a mess. She can barely take care of me. I think the only reason she believes she can is because my sister got into such a good school. So now, of course, I have to follow in big sis's foot steps.

(beat)

Oh and the strange men she brings home every other night. I just call them the rotating father figure.

DREW

Maybe she's trying to escape reality.

BECKA

Why would she want to do that? What's so wrong with her reality?

DREW

She might not be happy.

BECKA

(raising her voice)

But that doesn't mean you should start bringing home strange guys night after night while your daughter is in the other room.

DREW

Well maybe she's too lonely and afraid to realize what she's got and these guys bring some kind of comfort for her. Maybe they keep her grounded and alive for one more day. Or night for that matter.

BECKA

But who does that? Screwed up people that can't handle the truth.

DREW

(rising to his feet and raising his voice)

Or maybe it's people that can barely handle their life and are tired of the day to day bullshit to the point that they just want to end it.

As Drew is finishing his sentence he steps to his desk and unveils sleeping pills hidden under dirty blue jeans. Becka reads the labels and is at a loss for words. Drew, with the jeans to his side, feels the awkwardness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BECKA
 Maybe we should just continue
 tomorrow.

DREW
 Yeah.

Becka packs up her materials and tries to flee the room as fast as possible, Drew stands next to her as if ready to help her pack up.

BECKA
 (exiting)
 I'll see you in class.

DREW
 Yeah.

Drew closes the door and trots back to his seat on the floor. He buries himself in his legs and sighs.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - DAY

It is 6:13 a.m., according to the alarm clock beside Drew's bed. There is barely any sunlight beaming through the windows. It is peaceful, quiet. Drew is resting peacefully, quiet.

Suddenly a gust of force makes it's way through the door. Drew is awaken. The force through the door is Drew's father SAM DREDSON, 47, and he looks pissed.

SAM
 (yelling)
 Andrew, what the hell is wrong with you? Didn't I tell you before I left to wax my car and cut the grass? What the fuck is wrong with you? You're seventeen, you're almost --- No, you are a man now. It's time to take some goddamn responsibility or I will throw you out of this house.

Drew remains sitting up in his bed, with a STERN look on his face with quasi BLOOD-SHOT eyes, but not facing his father's direction.

Sam feels Drew's silent disrespect. He walks up to him and GRABS his shirt with both hands.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Am I making myself clear?

Drew nods his head as if surrendering. Sam unhands his son and storms out of the room leaving the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the hallway, outside of Andrew's door, we see his unshocked mother.

PATRICIA
 (in a low voice)
 Breakfast will be ready in a minute
 Drew.

A heavy breathing Drew is left shaken but not stunned.

INT. DREW'S BATHROOM

Drew is seen in the mirror with the gun in his MOUTH. His face is drowned in an emotional red. His body quivers.

Ladies and gentleman I think he's going to do it this morning. His whole body quivers, at it's peak in tenseness. His eyes are clinched so tightly that a tear could not escape.

A couple of seconds go by and again he cannot do it. Drew takes the gun from his mouth angrily.

He punches the mirror and leaves the room.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Michaels is explaining an assignment. The students aren't very interested.

Lost with Mrs. Michael's words, Becka stops paying attention and turns her head to see what Andrew is up to. Drew is in a zombie state, where he is barely blinking.

He notices Becka gazing at him and turns his head toward her direction, Becka nonchalantly faces forward responding to Drew's silent reply. Drew continues with his zombie state of facing forward.

Drew stares at the back of Becka's head and forges a smile.

THE HALLWAY - AFTER CLASS

The bell is still ringing as the students flutter out of class. We see the open door and the students exiting the room.

Becka walks up to her teacher to ask her about an assignment. Drew steps out the door by his lonesome with a book in hand.

Drew steps aside to the locker filled wall anticipating Becka's departure. Becka finishes her question and exits the class. Drew pops out as she does.

DREW
 Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 BECKA
 (startled)
 Oh!!
 (he playfully hits her)
 Don't do that.

 DREW
 So what time tonight?

Becka smiles.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM

Becka is seated on the edge of the bed and Drew is on the very end of the worn out chair and they are engaging in a SOFT kiss, as the sun settles through the window.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM

Drew and Becka are laying down side by side working on their project. Drew quickly glances at Becka.

Drew devilishly blows on her. Becka lightly hits him to stop. Drew pops her with his pillow and a playful pillow fight erupts.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The mirrored medicine cabinet closes to reveal Drew brushing his teeth. He looks down and stares at the gun. He spits out the toothpaste, stops and wields the gun.

He starts to pet it while his face sheds some sign of serious thought.

INT. CLASSROOM

As Mrs. Michaels drones on, Becka with a consistent smile on her face, turns her head to see Drew. Becka's sight arrives to a eye's only on her Drew. The smile resumes.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM

Drew and Becka are standing up and are in a heated argument.

Drew fires back at Becka's comment. Becka fires back with the same heat. Drew then transforms that heat into a passionate kiss as he grabs hold of her and lays it on her falling onto the bed.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

The dark night sky fills the interior of the car. As we see two smitten young people making out in the front seat.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Drew's car pulls up to the sandy shore. Drew trots out of the car carrying his gun and a box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He places the gun inside the box. With his newly freed hand he reaches inside his pockets and pulls out two orange tubes. He places those inside the box also.

Drew looks at the box for a moment and then suddenly tosses the box into the body of water as far as he can throw.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drew is talking to Becka in his beaten up office chair, Becka is highly alert and listening sitting up on the bed.

The camera pans from Drew's head to bright eye Becka.

LATER

The two are quietly working on the project. Drew is relaxing on his bed with notebook and pencil in hand. While Becka is quietly working at the desk. Suddenly her pencil breaks.

BECKA
(continuing)
Damn. Do you have a sharpener?

DREW
Yeah. I think it's next to those jeans.

Becka removes the jeans from the desk to the floor which AGAIN reveals the sleeping pills. Becka picks up the bottle and examines it.

BECKA
Do you take these everyday.

DREW
No, just when I don't want to wake up to my dad yelling at me or my mom neglecting me.

Becka nods her head. Drew continue's to work. Becka continues to question.

BECKA
(accuses him)
You think about suicide a lot, don't you.

DREW
You can say it crosses my mind from time to time.

BECKA
But why--
(beat)
I just don't get why you would want to do it? Why did your brother do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
I told you before
(beat)
He felt he wasn't contributing to
the world.

BECKA
What do you mean by contributing?

Becka hops in bed with Drew.

DREW
You know contribute, he felt like
he couldn't contribute to the
world. From his letter, I guess he
felt that he wasn't bettering the
world by throwing a fucking ball
around. He felt useless.
(beat)
He was just tired of waiting to
die.

Becka is very confused by his last comment and sits up in
bed.

BECKA
What, wha-- Waiting to what??

DREW
Waiting to die, I guess it was a
theory he thought up. He stated in
his private note to me. Personally
I really didn't think the big fuck
was capable of thinking up some
deep shit like that, but he did,
and it made me think. Made me
think about life and what we are
really doing here and what we are
spending our time doing while we
are here.

Becka is lost in Andrew's words. Her eyes are only on him.

BECKA
So by suicide, you would speed the
process along.

DREW
Well I wouldn't be here taking up
space.

BECKA
Well have you thought up any
alternatives to suicide?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DREW

The only way I would stop thinking about suicide or stop attempting it would be to do something with my life, you know just live and stop imprisoning myself.

BECKA

Well what would you do?

Drew hesitates, then leaps out of bed to his desk. He pulls open a drawer and takes out a well hidden red notebook. He plops it down on the front of the bed.

Becka climbs up to the bed and reads the cover of the notebook.

The notebook cover contains the phrase "Waiting To Die" with a circle and slash through it like a "NO RIGHT ON RED" traffic sign.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

What is this?

DREW

This is what I rather be doing with my life.

Becka opens the book to find a map of the United States and some abroad regions with sporadic circles placed on different locations.

BECKA

Travel?

DREW

I want to see what the world has in store for me, what the world is capable of showing me.

BECKA

So you're going to see all of this, after college?

DREW

No, not going to college. Overpriced education that requires too many years.

(beat)

What if I die on my way to a Bachelors Degree, damn, x amount of years and money down the drain. Academically speaking, fuck college.

BECKA

I see. Never thought of it like that. So then after high school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DREW

Well that's what I have been thinking about ever since I met you, and got to know you.

Becka looks confused.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I want to go with you.

(beat)

Now.

Becka pauses. Her head moves to the left then the right. Her face fills with emotion and she burst with laughter. An annoyed Drew looks to the left, then right.

BECKA

(catching her breath)

Whoa whoa are you serious.

DREW

Yes.

BECKA

Seriously serious?

DREW

Yes.

BECKA

You want to just put everything on hold and run away?

DREW

Yeah.

BECKA

For how long?!?

DREW

Till we get tired or whenever.

Becka hesitates to respond and thinks for a second. Her eyes begin to wander. She spots her textbook on the desk and displays it to Drew's face.

BECKA

School....what about school, we have to finish schoo--

DREW

Well I'm okay with being a dropout, those commercials had no effect on me. But you could go back to school and take some classes to get your diploma or degree or whatever.

Becka let's that last statement settle in her brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BECKA

But still I would have to leave my
friends, my home,
(her eyes open wide)
My mom.

DREW

What friends? The only friends
I've seen you with are Janice and
she doesn't even understand us.
(he points to both of
them)
Plus if she really is your friend,
distance shouldn't come between
your friendship.
(beat)
We can find somewhere, somewhere
better and more exciting to stay.
Oh and if you want to stay with
your self absorbed alcoholic mom
who brings strange men home pretty
much every night, well then that's
fine with me Beck.

Becka is overwhelmed. She sits down to think about it, then
looks up to Drew.

BECKA

And you're serious about this?

DREW

Dead serious.

BECKA

I don't know Drew, do you know how
fucking crazy it sounds? You just
want to pick up and go.
(her voice tempo picks up)
I mean we've only known each other
for so little time, and you just
want to leave home and travel all
over the--

Drew interrupts her frantic speech by grappling her body in
his arms. A tear drop bleeds from Becka's right eye.

DREW

Shhhhhh!!! Ever since we started
spending time together, I haven't
tried to kill myself.

BECKA

(crying voice)
I just don't kno--

DREW

Or thought of it.

A loud thunder rumble is heard. Drew looks up.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Only the engine speaks as the '83 hatchback pulls into Becka's buildings driveway. It is pouring rain. The PITTER PATTTER of the rain drops serenade Drew and Becka, as they are silent as mice.

Drew shifts to park.

Becka's glassy green eyes are set straight ahead but her mind is on her recent conversation with Drew.

DREW
So I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

BECKA
(mumbles)
Ummm hmmm.

Becka quietly exits the car, as Drew remains speechless in the drivers seat. Drew lies his head back on the seat rest in defeat. He sighs and out of frustration jabs the steering wheel.

INT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Becka enters the house and quickly closes the door. The rain pours harder. Becka is so confused her body just slides down the wooden door and into an upright fetal position. Becka closes her eyes.

Suddenly sounds of intense screaming are heard coming from the backroom. Screams of someone in pain.....or pleasure. The screams intensify and are too much for Becka to bear.

White flash.

Flashback:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A little girl in her pajama's, who resembles Becka opens the refrigerator door. She reaches for some milk, she can't reach.

MAN (O.S.)
Let me help ya out there.

A half dressed man enters and helps Becka out with the milk.

MAN (CONT'D)
There ya go.

He bends down to Becka's level.

MAN (CONT'D)
What's your name sweet heart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freeze. Split screen. Another man in the same bent down position who just helped Becka out with the milk now asks her.

MAN (CONT'D)
What's your name sweetie?

Freeze. A third Screen. Now another man, same everything.

MAN (CONT'D)
What's your mommy's name princess?

Soon the screen fills with more squares with different men asking little Becka different questions. White flash.

THE DREDSON'S FRONT DOOR

Drew opens the door to find a soaking wet Becka on the front porch.

BECKA
I'll go with you.

Drew beams with a smile. The two then hug tightly and kiss in the open doorway.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - LATER

A small map of the U.S., is resting upon a huge atlas of the world on Drew's bed.

DREW
So this is the plan.
(points to map)
We just go wherever we want,
whenever we want.

BECKA
So we're going to be nomads.

DREW
Exactly.

Drew kisses her on the forehead.

BECKA
What are we going to about money?

DREW
Well how much do you have saved?

BECKA
I don't know.

DREW
(beat)
Oh yeah you don't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
Well how much do you have?

DREW
In the bank.....

Drew takes out a receipt from his pocket.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
539 dollars and 40 cents.

BECKA
And that's what we are going to
live off?

DREW
Well for now, I'm going to sell my
car down the road.

Drew places his hands on his desk.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I just want to get the fuck out of
Indiana.
(beat)
Let's leave tomorrow.

INT. JANICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Becka is sitting on Janice's bed. Janice is standing when she hears the news.

JANICE
You're going to do what?!?

Janice is flabbergasted.

JANICE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I can't believe this. You even
fucking know this guy. Becka are
you serious? Are you okay?
Seriously is there something da
matter with you. I mean--
(short gasp)
You're only
(short gasp)
He's only
(short gasp)

BECKA
Janice just try and think about it.
This would be good for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANICE

How is this good for you? Give me one good reason why you should just leave with this psycho shithead.

BECKA

He's not a shithead. He's brilliant. He makes me think about life in a way I never have.

JANICE

You're sixteen!! We're not supposed to think.

BECKA

That's exactly how I used to think before I met him. He believes and so do I that we are only on this planet for a while and then we pretty much die. Why not do something worthwhile while we are here.

JANICE

(short gasp)

You--

Janice pauses with no reply. She surrenders to the comfort of her bed and lies her head down not facing Becka.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

What about us. What about us being friends.

BECKA

If we're really friends, best friends, then distance shouldn't really keep us apart.

Janice rolls her eyes.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I'll call you.

(beat)

All the time.

(facing the back of her head)

Okay?

Janice sits up.

JANICE

I still don't like this but if you have to do this--

BECKA

Don't worry. You'll be alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANICE
It's not me I'm worried about.

Janice springs from the bed.

INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun shine filled living room is quiet with the gentle mumbles of the 30-inch television in the background and Sam Dredson's low snoring. Drew is passing through the room with a determined look on his face.

On the couch a half sleep Sam interjects Drew's quest.

SAM
Drew?

DREW
Yeah?

SAM
What are you doing?

Drew pauses.

DREW
Nothing Dad.

SAM
Well then why don't you mow the lawn like you should have yesterday.

DREW
Alright.

Drew remains still.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Dad?

SAM
What?

DREW
I love you.

SAM
What?

Sam awakens and turns back towards Drew.

DREW
I said I love you.

SAM
That's not going to get you out of cutting the grass.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

(beat)
Now go!

Drew chuckles.

DREW

I love you Dad.

Drew exits the room and continues looking for his original necessities.

Sam slouches back down on the couch with his eyes closed. When he hears Drew's exiting noises he opens both eyes.

DREW'S ROOM

Drew is at his desk finishing up a thought on paper.

He lifts up from the chair, folds the paper and scribbles a quick phrase on the top of the newly folded note and is off to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Drew steadily walks to the refrigerator and stamps the note onto the avocado door. He walks out of the shot and the camera tightens in on the note which reads, "Exodus".

INT. BECKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becka is at her desk with pen in hand and stationary paper on the desk. Becka radiates a completely puzzled look on her face.

Her hand is placed on her face displaying her uncertainty.

Suddenly the thought comes to her. Becka's pen embraces the flowery bordered tree by-product. Wait a minute. She pauses. Thinks about the next thought. Then resumes.

EXT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew's car pulls up to the driveway.

INT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Becka hears Drew's car pull up from the window. She finishes up the letter, picks up her bags and struts out the room. On her way out the door she folds the letter in a card form.

LIVING ROOM

Becka walks over to the living room table. She hesitates by looking at the letter.

Drew beeps his HORN, Becka turns her head to the sound, and then right back to the table. Becka hastily places the folded letter on the table and dashes out the door.

EXT. BECKA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Becka glides down the front stoops and creeps up to the hatchback's passenger door. She stares at Drew.

DREW
You ready?

Becka looks back at the building.

She doesn't answer him. Again she hesitates.

Becka looks into Drew's comforting eye's and makes her decision with a smile. She enters the car.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Alright.

Drew rewards her with a kiss on the cheek.

He starts up the engine and we see them pull out the glum small town street.

INT. BECKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becka's mom and SOME GUY enter the room with smile's on their face and a night not yet over on their mind.

SOME GUY
(laughing)
Oh Diane, that was so much fun.

MOM
(laughing)
Yes it was, but the fun's not over yet big-boy.

SOME GUY
(smiling)
Oh yeah?

She gleefully leads him into the backroom, passing the living room table. We stay in the room with the table.

LATER

Becka's mom exits the recently orgasamed room with a limp in her walk, a short white robe, and a smile. Her semi-naked companion joins her.

MOM
I need a drink after that one.

SOME GUY
You mean those two.

MOM
Three if you count the ahhhhh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOME GUY
Ahhhhhhh.

Mom makes her way over to the kitchen.

SOME GUY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Oh sweet-heart I'll get it.

MOM
Thank you.

Mom limps over to the chair seated at the table.

MOM (CONT'D)
(continuing; sits down)
Whewwwwww!!!

SOME GUY
What do you want Chale-Ale or
Winston '73.

MOM
Give me a Winston.

SOME GUY
You got it babe.

Mom rest and reflects on her recent experience but a piece of folded note paper catches the corner of her eye.

MOM
Oh what's this, Beck must be over
that guy's house again this late.
(trailing off)
Well as long as she's happy.

Mom starts to read the letter.

Getting further down the letter she lets out a panicked scream. Her mate drops a readied champagne glass.

SOME GUY
What, what!!!

Mom looks at him and then points and screams at the letter.

SOME GUY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
What is it.

MOM
(crying hysterically)
My bay-be, she's, she's....

Mom forces the letter to his chest. He hugs her and reads the tear filled letter with one hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOME GUY
(quietly)
"Dear Mom....."

EXT. THE HIGHWAY

Drew and Becka are flying down the road, laughter and smiles all the way, yet we do not hear them.

BECKA (V.O.)
"I love you Mom. And over the last couple of weeks I have grown to love and know Drew."

MOM'S DATE

Becka's mom is blubbering at his side.

SOME GUY
"We are leaving to go to..."

DREW'S CAR

Drew and Becka are just enjoying themselves.

BECKA (V.O.)
"Well we don't know where we are going, but we are going."

The car speeds through the pavement.

BECKA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(continuing)
"We are freeing ourselves Mom."

BECKA'S MOM

Mom's date is mouthing the next paragraph.

BECKA (V.O.)
(continuing)
"I love you and the reason I am writing this letter is because I know you would not understand."

DREW

Drew is smiling, and every now and then glances at Becka.

BECKA (V.O.)
(continuing)
"I will visit and stay in touch from time to time. I want you to know that you have not lost me. I just need some space from you and your habits."

MOM'S DATE

He is still reading it out loud while Mom cries on his chest.

BECKA (V.O.)
 (continuing)
 "I need you to get better, and so
 do you."

SOME GUY
 "I love you,
 (beat)
 Becka."

Mom's date can only hug this vulnerable stranger.

INT. DREW'S CAR - DAY

It is dawn on the lonely semi-dark highway. Drew is zombified in the drivers seat as his new travel mate lay peacefully on his lap. The wacky morning DJ boasts in the background on the radio speaker.

The song on the radio changes to "Under the Bridge".

BECKA
 Oh I love this song.

Becka cuddles close to Drew as the gentle guitar riffs intervene. The rising sun gleams through the windshield of the car.

DREW
 (singing along)
 Sometimes I feel like I don't have
 a partner,

Becka looks up at him.

DREW (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Sometimes I feel like my only
 friend.

BECKA
 (stealing the verse)
 is the city I live in, the city of
 angels. Lonely as I am--

Drew jumps back in.

BOTH
 Together we cry.

Both of them glance at each other.

INT. DREDSON KITCHEN - DAY

Patricia straggles in the door to the refrigerator in her robe. She opens the door with fatigue and pulls out a gallon of orange juice. As she slaps the door closed she notices a new piece of paper on the door.

Patricia gives it a strange look. She opens it and reads to herself.

PATRICIA

"Like Matt I also can not stand 'surviving' in this household. I have to go. I love you Mom and somewhat Dad but I still must go, for me. Forgive me. Love me, Andrew."

Patricia looks over to the kitchen table where Sam is injecting milk flooded cereal into his mouth. Patricia's eyes are enlarged a bit.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Did you read this?

SAM

Yep.

PATRICIA

What do you think of it?

SAM

He'll be back.

Patricia looks at the note again and shrinks her eyes back to normal size.

PATRICIA

I hope you're right.

(beat)

Or else we must be godawful parents.

She calmly walks out the room. Sam slurps a scoop of cereal with a stern look on his face.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The hatchback pulls up to a dirt paved gas station. Drew rolls up to the number five pump.

INT. GAS STATION

At the checkout corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
 (to Becka)
 Hey, get some of those breakfast burritos, for nutritional value.

BECKA
 How many?

DREW
 Four.

Drew continues to the checkout corner. The ATTENDANT is an older gentleman who sports a conspicuous frown on his face.

ATTENDANT
 Mornin'.

DREW
 Morning.

ATTENDANT
 Shouldn't chu be in school?

DREW
 Day off.

ATTENDANT
 Oh.
 (beat)
 Well when I was in school, we didn't get any days off. Schools nowadays I tell ya what.

Drew is annoyed.

DREW
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Lemme have 20 on #3.

Drew hands the Attendant a \$20 bill.

ATTENDANT
 Ok.
 (beat)
 Well let's see what we got her.
 State map, five dollars.

Drew rolls his eyes. Becka finally brings up the Twinkies and burritos.

BECKA
 Here.

ATTENDANT
 Oh hello there.

BECKA
 Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The attendants glances at Drew.

ATTENDANT
Let's see here, snack cakes,
burritos.

EXT. GAS STATION

Becka walks ahead of Drew, while Drew is left with the paper bag.

DREW
(imitating Attendant)
When I was a little boy we went to
school and got the fucking life
sucked out of us.

Becka laughs.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing; mumbling)
The hell was his problem?

Drew is counting his change as they trot to the hatchback.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Wait a minute.

Drew halts.

DREW (CONT'D)
I went through two twenties that
fast?? How much does it cost to
feed you a day?

BECKA
What?

DREW
You know what I mean, how much are
three meals a day?

BECKA
Uhhh, probably, fifteen to thirty.

DREW
Dollars?!

BECKA
(a little defensively)
Yeah!

They look at one another.

INT. DREDSON BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patricia begins to lie down for bed in her negligee beside an already asleep Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close up on her horizontal face a tear begins to leak from Patricia's eye, and she begins to weep.

SAM'S FACE

Sam's eyes are wide open, his ears are taking in his wife's depressing weeps. Sleep is not going to be easy for these two tonight.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Becka is resting on the passenger glass window, as a fatigued Drew is driving with the radio on low. He looks up ahead.

EXT. FREEWAY

The hatchback flies past a sign that reads, "Philadelphia 10" on a somewhat rainy night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Drew is driving slowly with his head constantly darting in each direction. He is surprisingly alert.

A Denny's comes into view. Drew smirks and pulls into the parking lot.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

The hustle and bustle of the late night Philadelphian diner is apparent tonight. The WAITRESS approaches our tired couple. Drew and Becka are at a small table.

WAITRESS
Hey, howya doin'?

DREW
Good.

WAITRESS
What can I get ya?

BECKA
I'll just have a bowl of scrambled eggs.

DREW
A bowl?!

BECKA
Yeah, I like them in a bowl.
(sarcastically)
Is that okay asshole?

The waitress' eyes shift to Drew. Drew lifts his arms as if surrendering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
Fine by me.

WAITRESS
And for you sir?

DREW
Short stack please.

WAITRESS
Okay, I'll be right.

BECKA
Thanks.

The waitress smiles at both as she leaves, Drew smirks at Becka.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I'm sorry, I'm just tired.

DREW
you're tired, I'm exhausted. A day
straight of driving.

Becka is playing with her fingers on the table, her eyes are on those active digits.

BECKA
So I guess we'll have to find a
place to stay the night.

Becka looks up at Drew. Drew is caught off guard.

DREW
Yep, our first night alone.
(beat, mumbling)
All alone.

They stare at each other, with eager smiles. Both race out of their cushy squeaky seats, causing an eruption of noise.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The door bursts open, Drew and Becka are conjoined by the lips. They explore each others' upper bodies as they try to locate the bed in their current heat.

Becka tosses down her bag. Drew sends a paper Denny's bag to the wall. They find the bed.

BECKA
Wait a minute, wait a minute.
(gasp)
Condom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew pulls out a conveniently placed red condom from his pocket. They lie down. We stay close on their faces, while action is indicated below frame.

We hear plastic wrapping being torn.

BECKA (CONT'D)

Let me.

Her attention and body movements indicate that she's trying to maneuver the condom.

DREW

Not like that...

BECKA

I can do it!

He sort of patiently waits, but she's still not getting it.

DREW

Becka. Let me do it.

He accomplishes the deed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Later. We see their body parts moving between the sheets. Becka squeals and pulls back from him.

BECKA

OW!!

DREW

It's okay, trust me...

BECKA

Is it... Ouch! Supposed to hurt like that...?

He kisses her gently.

DREW

It'll be okay, I promise.

They go in close again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Becka lies asleep. Drew is writing in his journal, looking over at Becka every now and then.

Becka's eyes gently come alive. She yawns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
Hey.

DREW
Hey.

BECKA
(yawning)
What are you doing?

DREW
Just writing down some thoughts.

BECKA
About?

DREW
About an amazing experience I
shared with this beautiful girl
last night.

BECKA
Oh, and how was this girl?

DREW
Meh!

Drew waves his hand as if saying so-so.

BECKA
(shocked)
Meh?!

He draws her close and kisses her.

INT. DREW'S CAR - LATER

Drew is driving. Becka stares at the passing scenery.

BECKA
So where to?

DREW
I was thinking Liberty Bell, you
know see what the whole hoopla is
about.

Becka nods.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE NAT'L HISTORICAL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Drew and Becka stand together alone in front of the damaged
symbol of independence.

BECKA
So this is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
 Yep, pretty much. Wanna see New
 York now?

She nods.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Becka and Drew walk back to the car.

BECKA
 Well that was so educational.

As Becka and Drew trot down the sidewalk a THUG signals to his FRIEND to observe Becka. The two start to tail our couple closely.

BECKA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 I'm hungry, let's get one of those
 cheeseste--

As Becka attempts to finish her sentence the tailing thugs approach Becka by circling around her and Drew.

THUG 1
 Hey how ya doin'? Listen, why
 don't you leave this dip-shit here,
 (points to Drew)
 And come with me and my boy back to
 my place.

BECKA
 Uh, no thanks.

THUG 1
 Excuse me what did you say?

All four stop walking.

DREW
 She said no thanks, asshole.

THUG 1
 Excuse me I don't thinking I wuz
 talkin' to you and who are you
 callin' an asshole?
 (pushing Drew)
 Chump.

Drew comes back at him, but Thug 2 knocks him to the ground.

BECKA
 Stop you fucking assholes, shit, he
 didn't do anything!

With Drew grounded, the two thugs take advantage of the situation and start to stomp Drew down in his helpless state.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But before they can get their 5th stomp in, an automated HOWL belts in their ears, followed by a Philadelphia Police Department squad car approaching on the street.

The passenger OFFICER rolls down his window.

OFFICER
Excuse me gentleman, do we have a problem here?

THUG 2
Nah officer, everythings coo' here.

THUG 1
Yeah yeah, we wuz just askin' a question, and dingz got a little outta hand but everydingz coo' now offica. Nutin' ta worry about.

The cop keeps looking at him.

THUG 1 (CONT'D)
(looking down at Drew,
under his breath)
Next time punk.

The two thugs walk away. The cops watch them go and then cruise along.

Becka tends to Drew's battered side.

BECKA
Are you okay, do you need a doct--

DREW
I'll be fine.

BECKA
Did they hurt--

DREW
Just...

He tries to get up and stumbles a little bit.

DREW (CONT'D)
You know what... Let's go to New York...

BECKA
No, we have to stay here tonight, you need some rest...

DREW
All right. We'll find someplace to crash.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Drew's car is in the dark parking garage.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Drew and Becka are lying down in the backseat area. Becka is peacefully resting her eyes and body. Yet Drew is wide awake, he cannot sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DREW'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Becka is still asleep. Drew quietly exits the car, leaving Becka like she was.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Drew trots down the dimly lit car filled structure.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE SIDEWALK - EARLY MORNING

Walking out of the inclined garage ramp, Drew makes his way to the sidewalk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Drew paces down the sidewalk. He glances at the neighboring store marquees. Drew spots a 24-hour pawn shop.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

The bleak shop shines with filth, mold, and grime. The clerk behind the metal counter, FRANKY, an intimidating bald gruff gentleman. Franky is quietly seated with short stacks of money in front of him. Drew approaches his station. Franky continues with his money.

FRANKY

Yeah, what can I do ya for?

DREW

Yeah uh, I want to see your guns.

Franky looks up at Drew.

FRANKY

Yeah you'ds like to wouldn't ya.

(beat)

How old are ya kid?

DREW

Twenty-three.

FRANKY

Alright den, you'se should know dis....

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Who won da Series in '78, and what was the count.

DREW

Yanks. By four.

FRANKY

Hhhmm. Good enough for me kid.
(turning around)
What can I interest ya in.

Franky points his hand back at the dangling guns nail onto a slab of wood.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Today we'z got a baretta, six shooter, and shot. What's ya brand?

Franky folds his arms sternly.

DREW

I think I'll take that silencer right there.

FRANKY

Okay. There's a ten-day wait and I'llz seez some valid I.D. Mr. Baseball.

Beat. Drew makes a show of checking his pockets.

DREW

Must have left it in the car...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Becka is still asleep in the car. Drew arrives with some breakfast.

INT. DREW'S CAR - DAY

He wakes her up.

DREW

Hey, I brought you some breakfast.

BECKA

You feeling better?

He nods.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Drew is talking to several GUYS on the edge of the parking lot. PAN to:

EXT. PAYPHONE

Nearby. Becka has the greasy earpiece at her ear.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Thank you for calling Pay Zero
collect calling. Please dial the--

Becka frantically dials, stopping at the last number, hesitates, then finally hangs up as Drew walks over to her.

DREW
Who were you calling?

BECKA
Nobody.

DREW
Well, you were calling someone.

BECKA
What are we doing here, anyway? I
thought you had a high school
phobia.

DREW
(shrugs)
Needed to get some information.

EXT. UNDER A TRAIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A train roars above. A lonesome Drew steps ahead. The subway area sports your highest quality of illegal suppliers, addicts, and the homeless. All who try and tempt Drew on his way to his destination. As Drew passes by:

BUM
Spare some change, I'm crippled and
constipated. Aww come on man,
don't act like I'm not here.

PROSTITUTE
Hey baby, you wanna get wild, I'll
suck it for you all night daddy.

As Drew walks away.

PROSTITUTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh come on papi.

A jittery crack addict is walking back and forth talking to Drew or himself.

CRACK ADDICT
(talking fast)
I need a hit, just one, I'll pay
you back tomorrow, honest, I swear
man come on just one hit, shit.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRACK ADDICT (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that it's not
like we haven't tried to stop, wait
who said that?

Drew spots a quiet elderly man resting in a 32 inch TV box.

DREW

Do you know where I can find a guy
called Imprint?

The old man points straight ahead. Drew finds IMPRINT, a
skinny, intimidating Puerto Rican man in his mid 30's, with
heavy facial hair. He's a grimy looking son of a bitch. With
him stand two of his ASSOCIATES. Imprint and company are
engaged in a dice game.

IMPRINT'S AREA

IMPRINT

Seven bitch! Pay me my dinero with
caviar, punk.

Imprint rolls again. The dice hit the floor and roll to
Drew's approaching Adidas, Imprint and his crew look up, then
raise up from the ground.

IMPRINT (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Can I help you white-boy?

DREW

Yeah, are you imprint?

IMPRINT

Who wants to know?

DREW

A new customer.

IMPRINT

What chu need?

DREW

I.D.

IMPRINT

Jew a pig?

DREW

A what?

They all stare at him.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Oh, nah man.

IMPRINT FRIEND 1

I don't know 'Print, I smell bacon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IMPRINT FRIEND 2
Yeah like some Mod Squad shit
'Print.

IMPRINT
Nah, nah it's cool fellas. I
believe 'em. How old ju wanna be
junior?

DREW
Twenty-three.

Imprint reaches inside his pocket, fiddles around in there with his hand and in SECONDS, without looking, yanks out a card. He holds it face forward at Drew with his eyes shut.

IMPRINT
Anthony Simmons, June 1970,
Pennsylvania. If anyone gives you
any shit about the picture, say you
got into a cab accident. Got it?

DREW
Yeah.

IMPRINT
Any questions?

DREW
How much?

IMPRINT
Forty, American.

Drew takes out a small amount of folded dollar bills.

DREW
Fuck.

He hands Imprint two twenties.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Drew is walking back to the parking garage and he spots JOE'S, a restaurant to his right. At the window sits a "HELP WANTED" sign.

EXT. JOE'S

The last customers exit the door as Drew steps out of their way. Drew enters the empty eatery.

DREW
(continuing)
Hello.

AMY (O.S.)
We're closed pal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A woman enters from the backroom. She is dressed in a pink shirt, jeans, and a white waitress garment. Drew is caught off guard by her beauty as she steps into the room.

DREW

Oh no,
 (beat, shakes his head)
 I was just wondering about the
 help.
 (beat)
 The help wanted.
 (brief laugh)

AMY

Oh yeah let me get Andy, one sec.

Drew checks the door for Becka.

AMY (CONT'D)

Andy, someone's here for the
 opening.
 (to Drew)
 So what's your name?

DREW

Drew.

AMY

I'm Amy.

DREW

What's this place like?

She shrugs as ANDY enters. He is an older burly gentleman.

ANDY

(entering)
 It's a pile of shit. What do you
 want?

DREW

I was asking about the Help Wanted
 sign.

ANDY

Geez, you don't look very stable.

DREW

Neither do you.

Beat.

ANDY

Fair enough. Start tomorra', twelve
 ta eight, \$5.50 per.

DREW

O.....kay, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDY
(while exiting to the
back)
Yeah yeah.

Drew heads towards the door with a satisfied smile.

AMY
Hey.

Drew rotates.

AMY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I'll see you tomorrow?

DREW
You bet.

INT. YMCA MEN'S SHOWER - DAY

The YMCA wall seal is suffocated with an immense amount of steam. The soft narrow beam of sunlight seeps through the windows. Drew and Becka are openly showering.

BECKA
I thought we were going to New
York!

DREW
We need more cash... I'll just work
at this place for a couple of
weeks.

BECKA
(sigh)
Fine. But we better start having
more fun and living like you had
sold me on.

Drew proceeds to hug her.

DREW
Don't worry, we will.

With Becka not looking, Drew turns the COLD water on her as he steps aside.

BECKA
Owww!
(slapping him)
You dick!

INT. BECKA'S MOM'S PLACE - DAY

The bedside avocado phone ignites with ringing. On the second ring, Becka's mom's hand swats the phone. She brings it to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM
(moaning)
Hello!

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(through phone)
Hello, this is Pay-Zero collect
calling, would you like to accept
the charges from...

Intercut the following conversation.

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
Becka.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(through phone)
Please reply yes or no.

MOM
Yes!!

An UNKNOWN MAN buried in pillows and sheets reacts from within.

MAN
Uhhh.

MOM
(to man)
Shut up you. It's Beck.
(beat, on phone)
Hello.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Becka is at a payphone.

BECKA
(forced)
Hi.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
(quickly and frantically)
Hi Becka sweetheart, where the hell
are you? You've had me worried--

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

MOM (O.S.)
(through phone)
--sick, I can't begin to tell you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka rolls her eyes holding the ear piece away from her ear.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through phone)
 --how upset and concerned--

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
 --I've been, and you know what kind
 of--

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

MOM (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 --emotional state I'm--

BECKA
 Mom!

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

Mom stops talking.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

BECKA
 (continuing)
 I just called to see how you were.

MOM (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 You called--

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
 --to see how I am? Where are you,
 first of all young lady?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

BECKA
 Philadelphia.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
(surprised)
What?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

MOM (O.S.)
(through phone)
What are you doing there?! You know
what Beck, it doesn't even matter,
just get back here now.

BECKA
Why are you suddenly becoming all
parenty? Perhaps if you had done
this in the first place and stopped
worrying about me becoming just
like Cynthia, I wouldn't be here at
all.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
That's not the point Beck.

MAN
Uhhh.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

As before.

MAN (O.S.)
(through phone)
Uhhhhh.

Becka looks confused by the background moan.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE

As before.

MOM
(to man)
Will you shut up!

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
Well again I can see you are very
busy entertaining someone, tell him
I said hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka slams the receiver on the hook.

BECKA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Out of frustration she begins to weep. An nearby elderly man watches her reaction as the train rushes in behind.

INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

It is closing time. Drew is wiping down a greasy table in his waiters uniform. Andy is in the back banging pots and pans and indiscriminately yelling about nothing.

Amy steps up to Drew.

AMY

(sarcastically)

So aren't you glad you got a job here?

DREW

Oh yeah...

(lowers his voice)

Luckily it won't be for long.

AMY

What do you mean?

DREW

Me and my girlfriend have this thing where we don't stay in one place very long.

Amy glances back toward Andy and grins.

AMY

Andy'll be so pissed. So after here, then what?

Amy uncomfortably moves closer to Drew, Drew resumes wiping.

DREW

Then I don't know, hit the road I guess. Next city, next experience you know.

AMY

Oh that sounds cool.

(beat)

Wish, I had the guts to do that.

She is so close, personal space is but a myth. Drew laughs under his breath.

DREW

Uh, what cha doin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
Oh, were you not giving some sort
of--

Drew waves his head "no".

AMY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Well I'm an idiot.

DREW
No it's not your fault, trust me if
I wasn't extremely happy with my
girlfriend I would be...
(beat)
Well you know.

AMY
Yes, all too well.

INT. BECKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becka's mother rest on her daughters bed, she weeps. A
bottle of liquor occupies her hand.

Becka's cordless telephone rest next to Becka's bed. Mom can
not take it anymore. She grabs the phone from the base and
dials "9".

Mom rises to her feet and paces inside the tiny quarters.

She dials "1" and again the other "1". But before she puts
the phone up to her ear, something on Becka's desk catches
her eye. It is a strip of mini black and white photos taken
of Drew and Becka.

Three of the five photos show Becka and Drew making funny
faces for the camera, but the last two. The last two show
their affection for one another. One with a kiss and the
other the two road bound lovers gaze into each others eyes.

Mom's eye's are forced to shed gentle tears before the sight
of her daughter's happiness.

The click from the phone off button is heard.

She drops the phone.

Mom looks at her self in Becka's vanity mirror. She then
looks down at her accompanied drink of the night. Disgust
fills her face. She lashes the bottle at the mirror and
screams. Falls back to the bed and continues to weep.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked in the slightly lit parking structure. The
radio plays gently in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka is in the reclined drivers seat for a change and Drew is lying uncomfortably in the backseat. Becka is wide awake as Drew is pretty much half dead.

BECKA
Oh shit I totally forgot to call
Janice.

DREW
(muffled voice)
Do it tomorrow.

Becka sports a confused expression on her face. She starts to sniff around, the front seat.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing; muffled
voice)
What are you doing?

BECKA
Something reeks.
(beat)
The hell is that? It's horrible.

Becka starts to smell herself.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Oh fuck, Drew it's us.

DREW
You mean you.

Becka gets up and playfully smacks Drew.

BECKA
Get up.

EXT. YMCA - NIGHT

An exhausted Drew and an upbeat Becka make it to the dimly lit Y. Becka checks the sign on the door and it is closed. They both look at each other. Drew devilishly smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORNER HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

An elderly woman is exiting the store and is about to lock up just as Drew and Becka arrive. Drew pleads with her to open up. We see Drew gesture with his finger as to say "just one minute" the lady agrees. Becka impatiently waits outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORNER HARDWARE STORE

Drew exits the store with the lady and showcases a green hose to Becka. Becka is confused.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We see Becka shaking her head in refusal. She mouths the word "NO" repeatedly and throws her hands up to represent the exposure of the dim alley. Drew points at a lonesome non-threatening homeless man that is 50 feet away. He continues to convince her by testing the water that spouts out from a building's hose.

Drew takes off his shirt and douses himself. He lifts his arms up and mouths "see". Becka is still not convinced so Drew just sprays the hose at her. Becka screams and Drew begins laughing uncontrollably. Becka shrugs her shoulders.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Drew and Becka are sound asleep in the reclined front seats of Drew's hatchback. It is very dark. Suddenly a beam of light hits Drew's face, then Becka's. The slumbered pair disgruntling react. The light bearer moves to Drew's window. He taps the glass.

An angered Drew sharply awakes along with a startled Becka who lets out a brief scream. The tapper is dressed in a security guard uniform, he is accompanied with what seems to be an impatient tenant.

GUARD
Out of her spot.

Drew and Becka know they are busted.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Come on let's go freeloaders.

INT. DREW'S CAR

Becka is resting on the passenger side, Drew begins to join her by making himself comfortable in the drivers seat. The camera pulls out to reveal their new sleeping nest, a 24-hour corner market. The parking lot contains a sparse amount of vehicles.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Becka with payphone in hand and recently purchased Goodwill bags in another, happily chats with a forgotten acquaintance.

JANICE'S ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janice is extremely happy to hear from her best friend. Her mouth does not stop with untold gossip and "how/where are you's?" Janice POUNCES on and off of her bed with excitement.

BECKA'S PHONE

Becka amiably nods and smiles.

EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT

Drew exits carrying a doggy bag.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Drew and Becka eat their doggy bag dinner.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Franky the clerk quietly counts a stack of neatly placed dollar bills as a chime from the door echoes in the small shop.

DREW
(sarcastic chuckle)
Did I approve or not?

FRANKY
Let me see here.

Franky files through some cards on his junk filled counter.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Anthony Simmons... Twenty three
years old.
(beat)
Yeah you approve.

He slides a pen and yellow form over to Drew.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Just sign here for me.

Drew signs.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
That'll be \$125.00 all togetha.

Drew slaps three fifty dollar bills on the counter top. Franky splits up a twenty and a five from his stack. Franky slides the gun on the glass top over to Drew.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Here ya go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Thanks.

As Drew GRABS the pistol, the door chime beeps. In walks a tall POLICE OFFICER. Drew calmly conceals the gun under his shirt and into his pants.

FRANKY

'ey Grimes.

GRIMES

Frankee!

Officer Grimes begins to approach the counter just as Drew makes his way to the door. They stare at each other's eyes as both pass by. Drew is ready to take his next step through the door.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Hey kid.

Drew yields and doesn't turn around. His shoulders are tense.

DREW

Yeah.

GRIMES

My TV's busted, who won the Knicks game?

Drew hesitates then turns around to answer.

DREW

Knicks by three in O.T.

GRIMES

Thanks kid.

DREW

No prob.

Drew exits. Officer Grimes and Franky begin to chat.

INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

Andy hands Amy and Drew their paychecks.

ANDY

See ya Monday.

Drew just nods, but exchanges a look with Amy.

EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT

Drew and Amy slowly walk through the front door. The smiling two casually stop and talk for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka approaches from up the sidewalk a little. She stops when she spots her boyfriend and his intimidating co-worker.

DREW & AMY

AMY
(continuing)
Andy is going to be so pissed when you don't show up on Monday.

DREW
He'll survive.

Beat.

AMY
Well, you take care of yourself and your little lady.

Drew grins.

AMY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Wherever you go.

Amy then kisses Drew on the cheek.

DREW
See ya around.

Amy sends Drew a sultry good-bye wave. Becka scurries to a nearby alleyway to avoid Drew.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

They are driving on the highway.

BECKA
So how did your coworkers react to you leaving?

DREW
Coworkers? Oh Andy and Amy. I don't know, Okay I guess.

BECKA
No one was sad or anything?

DREW
No, not really. Why? What are you getting at?

BECKA
Nothing, I would just think that someone might be sad that you were leaving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oh. DREW

Drew? BECKA

Yeah? DREW

Why did we stay here two weeks? BECKA

You know the city is cool and I don't know, we could use the money. DREW

So no other reasons in particular. BECKA

Oh my God. You're jealous aren't you. You're jealous of that girl Amy huh? DREW

What? No! BECKA

Becka. Nothing happened. You know I wouldn't do that to you. DREW

I know, it's just I walked up as you were leaving, and saw her kiss you. BECKA

Just a nice good-bye kiss that's all. Listen, as long as you will know me, and you can trust me on this, I will never hurt you. DREW

Becka nods.

INT. DREW'S CAR - LATER

Becka is asleep in the backseat while Drew drives very much alert to their next destination. Outside it drizzles on the road. The windshield wipers appear sporadically.

Ahead Drew spots two overhead freeway signs. Drew pays close attention to one that has "Kentucky" and an arrow under it. He follows this trail with a look of familiarity on his face.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hatchback flies through the soaked overpass.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

It is almost sunrise, Drew's car is being filled with octane. With Becka in the car Drew with coffee in hand is consulting driving directions with a neighboring gas guzzler. Big hand gestures are seen describing the roadways.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

He gets in as Becka wakes up.

BECKA
Where the hell are we?

DREW
It's a surprise.

BECKA
I'm not eight, Drew. You can tell me where we're going.

DREW
You'll see when we get there.

BECKA
So, like, what? New York is history or something?

DREW
Just trust me.

BECKA
(closes her eyes again)
Whatever...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The road starts to get rather bumpy as Drew drives on to an undisclosed location.

A big bump rattles the hatchback awaking Becka.

DREW
Good morning sunshine!

BECKA
(wide eyed awake)
Ummm hey.

DREW
Sleep good?

BECKA
(yawning)
Yeah, where are we and how long have you been driving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Let's see we left around nine.
 (looks at car clock)
 And it's like almost nine already
 so twelve hours.

BECKA

Pull over you need to get some
 sleep.

DREW

Oh I can't sleep right now!!! No
 no. I think I spent like half of
 my paycheck on coffee. Besides
 we're almost there.

BECKA

Where's "There?"

DREW

Bluefield County, Kentucky.

BECKA

What, why?

DREW

You'll see.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The sunny Kentucky skies radiate dry heat onto the land.

LEELAND ROBERTS, 67, is feeding a group of pigs. As he dumps
 another bag of sloth into their pen Drew's hatchback appears
 down the long gravel driveway. Leeland approaches the car.
 Drew pulls up and parks the car. He steps out and walks
 towards his overalled GRANDPA while Becka remains in the car.

GRANDPA

Can I help ya stranger.

DREW

Leeland Roberts.

GRANDPA

Yep that's me. What can I do ya
 for?

DREW

Grandpa it's me.

GRANDPA

Andrew, Andrew is that you? Yeah
 it damn well is, well come here
 boy.

Grandpa abducts Drew into his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Estelle, Estelle! Come here Andrew
 is here!
 (beat)
 Ah well it sure is good to see you.

DREW
 You too.

Grandpa looks inside the car.

GRANDPA
 So where's my Patricia at?

DREW
 Mom didn't come this time.

Grandpa is bewildered. A running screaming elderly woman
 approaches the two.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
 Drew-Drew Drew-Drew is that you.

GRANDMA catapults into Drew's arms.

DREW
 Hi Grandma.

Drew signals Becka to come over.

GRANDMA
 My how you've grown, it's so good
 to see you.

DREW
 You too Grandma.

GRANDMA
 Oh, well who's your lady friend
 here.

Becka slowly approaches Drew's side.

DREW
 This is Rebecca, my girlfriend.

Confused, Grandma and Grandpa stare at the young couple.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Pink lemonade pours from a goose shaped pitcher into an
 awaiting flower painted glass.

LIVING ROOM

Grandma Roberts carries a tray over to an already seated
 Drew, Becka, and Grandpa Roberts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew and Becka sit by each other on the old tattered orange couch. Grandpa reclines with a stern curious expression written on his face.

BECKA

....yeah Drew got a job as a waiter.

DREW

Yeah we're uh getting by.

Grandma sets the lemonade on the separating coffee table.

GRANDMA

Here we go.

BECKA

Thank you.

Grandma takes a seat on Grandpa's arm rest.

GRANDPA

So what are your plans from here on Andrew?

DREW

Well we don't really know, we just wanna go all over the place, wherever we want, whenever we want.

GRANDPA

Well how are you gonna support yourself son? I mean have you really thought this out?

DREW

No. I just.. I just can't live with my folks anymore, especially Dad, and all I know is I wanna be with Becka.

(looks at her)

All the time.

Becka swoons.

GRANDMA

Oh Leeland can't you see they're in love. Remember when we were like that?

GRANDPA

Yep. Young and stupid.

GRANDMA

Don't say that, we got married a year later than they are right now and look how we turned out. Plus I could understand Drew-Drew's frustration with his father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRANDPA
You got that right.

GRANDMA
And look at what happened to his
brother, Matthew, bless his soul.

Beat. Grandpa nods.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
At least Drew wants to live. And
you can see he's happy, come on
now, don't rain on his parade
Leeland.

GRANDPA
(little growl)
Oh well, I still don't like it but
Estelle does have a point,
especially about your father. I
never did like him, I don't
understand how our sweet little
Patty got mixed up with him. Oh
well. I guess we give you kids our
blessing.

DREW
Thanks Grandpa.

GRANDMA
And of course you can stay here a
coupla days.

Grandma proceeds to hug Drew.

Becka lifts up from the cushy couch and plants a kiss on
Grandpa and Grandma's cheek.

BECKA
Thank you.

INT. MA AND PA SHOP - NIGHT

In a rinky dink farm town ma and pa shop, Drew and Becka
slowly wander through the aisles picking up items for their
gracious host. Drew steps aside right in front to a row of
packaged snack cakes.

DREW
(continuing)
Oh shit!! I fucking forgot about
these.

BECKA
What?

A wide eyed Drew snatches a pack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
Waffle Buns.

BECKA
What?

He holds it to Becka's face.

DREW
Waffle Buns.

BECKA
'the hell is that?

Drew tears open the pack.

DREW
When my family came to visit here
me and Matt would get sick eating
these. These are like the best
sugar filled snack cakes ever.

Drew takes a bite into it. You can almost see his mouth
water through his obvious facial expression.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing; mouth full)
What sucks is they only sell them
in this state.
(rips open a package)
Try one.

Becka peels off a little piece of the Waffle Bun. She begins
to savor the gooey treat.

BECKA
Ummm.

DREW
Damn right.
(savors)
Hey how much room do we have in the
car?

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

The rough country back roads pummel the hatchback with
turbulence.

DREW
You know what? I'm sick of doing
all the driving. How old are you
again?

Becka grins.

EXT. OPEN GRASS FIELD - NIGHT

Drew places a GROCERY BAG on the grass 9 yards away from an already seated grocery bag. The hatchback sits on the outer perimeter of the two bags. This time though, the hatchback sports a NEW driver in the appropriate seat....well slap me silly it's BECKA.

BECKA

I'm not ready for this. I haven't studied or anything.

Drew double checks the position of the bag.

DREW

Don't worry, driving much like life is 94% experience. No textbook required.

BECKA

Where'd you pick up that statistic.

DREW

From Andrew's 1993 Driver Handbook, Chapter 2 page 16. Now start the car.

Becka slowly ignites the engine.

DREW (CONT'D)

Ok, now this is a little parallel parking exercise.
(clapping hands)
Okay let's go.

INSIDE THE CAR

Becka preemptively rotates the wheel to the right. She then proceeds to EASE her foot onto the gas.

OUTSIDE

Unaware of the immense power of the hatchback, it moves diagonally to the right CRUSHING the boundary grocery bag with the REAR right tire.

DREW

Oh kayyyy.... remind me we have to stop at Ma & Pa General on the way back again.

Becka sinks her head into the steering wheel. She sighs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN GRASS FIELD - LATER

Drew stands next to his moving car, spreading encouragement to his automotively challenged girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
Alright you got it, almost there.
Now back up a little.

With the window down we clearly see Becka's head raised high in anticipation.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Watch it, watch it, watch it.

Becka SLAMS the brakes on the car. She looks up to Drew for approval. Drew examines both ends of the hatchback.

The front grocery bag REST forwards on the hatchback's bumper. Drew glances at Becka's eager expression. He then checks his watch.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Ya did it.

Becka's face lights up.

INT. DREW'S CAR - LATER

Drew inserts the key into the ignition. Becka prepares to fiddle with the radio dials. As Drew turns the key, a loud CLUNK CLUNK is heard.

DREW
What the hell?

BECKA
What's wrong?

Drew turns the key again, this time harder.

DREW
I think we're out of gas.

BECKA
Oh great.

DREW
Calm down I have an emergency tank
in the trunk.

Drew opens his door. Becka remains in the car reaching under her seat for a blanket to warm her up.

As Becka wraps the cotton comforter around her. Something catches the corner of her right eye. She turns swiftly to the right and SHRIEKS.

Beckas's POV - Several mountain lions start to close in on her side of the hatchback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Drew!!!

Drew busily searching for the gas tank in the trunk, pops his head out from the compartment.

DREW

What?!?

BECKA

Look!

Drew faces the front of the car and becomes startled.

DREW

Oh shit!!

Drew dashes to the drivers seat. He gets down on his knees and reaches for his hand gun. As Becka screams with immense horror, a mountain lion digs his head into the glass window. Becka backs up as far as her seat belt will allow her.

Drew boosts up onto the seat, places his arms onto the roof of the car and fires at the mountain lion. One shot, POW!!! The mountain lion belts out an atrocious howl. The other mountain lions turn completely around and leave their wounded leader.

Becka swirls her head to the sound of the gun-shot. Another shot rings out, the mountain lion HOWLS in agony once more. Becka instinctively clasps her hands to her ear. Drew fires twice more. The poor lion cannot make another sound, his eye's close, he gives up and plops to the ground.

Drew sets the gun on the roof and returns to the trunk. A flabbergasted Becka opens the door and quickly glances at the inactive animal. Currently disgusted Becka slams the door and hops over to the driver seat.

She stands on the seat and gazes at the handgun. She bounces outside and proceeds to walk over to Drew in a confused/angry state.

BECKA

What the-- What the hell are you doing with a gun?

Drew continues to fill up the gas tank.

DREW

For protection.

BECKA

For protection? Drew what if you, no, what if we get caught with it. Then we're fucked. Then what Drew, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DREW

Look I don't know if you've noticed
but I'm not exactly fucking,
fucking Schwarzeneger here. Shit, I
can't fucking bend steel with my
bare hands. So that--
(quotation fingers)
"tool" up there keeps anyone from
fucking with us okay, it's for our
safety.

BECKA

Oh really.

DREW

Yeah!

BECKA

Then how come I don't feel so
(quotation fingers)
"Safe" around it.

DREW

You'll get use to it.

Drew slams the gas tank and returns to the car.

INT. DREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Becka grazes a cold expression. She is not happy. Drew
attempts to turn the radio volume up. Becka silences the
alternative rock.

OUTSIDE

The hatchback is bullied onto a gravel paved low BRIDGE.

HATCHBACK INTERIOR

BECKA

Stop the car.

DREW

What?

BECKA

Stop the fucking car!

OUTSIDE

The hatchback comes to a screeching halt.

INSIDE

Becka looks DEAD AHEAD.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I want you to get rid of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
I can't do that--

BECKA
I want you to get rid of it.

She rolls her head in his direction.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Seriously, I want it out of here.
(beat)
We don't need it to feel safe.

DREW
You really think so?

Becka nods her head.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Alright then, if it means that
much. It's gone.

BECKA
Thank you.

Drew reaches under his seat, grabs the gun, and steps out the car. He trots to the small bridge railing, holds the gun upside down and under handedly drops the hand gun into the little flowing stream. The gun makes a tiny splash, PLOP.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. BRIDGE - LATER

The stream.

Drew's car pulls up in the opposite direction than previously. There is no one accompanying him. Drew pops the car door open and proceeds to the bridge rail. He jumps up onto the rail and leaps into the stream.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Drew lies on the ground with his hand grappled on a cow's breast. Grandpa hovers over him.

GRANDPA
Okay squeeze a little more, now
rotate your hand to the right, no
the other way.

The cow begins to spray milk right in Drew's eye. Drew adjusts the position of the milk jar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Yeah, there it is, white gold,
 Kentucky Tea.

Drew chuckles. Grandpa hands him a rag to clean off with.

DREW
 So Grandpa what was it that made
 you marry Grandma so young.

GRANDPA
 Well son it was a very different
 time back then, the country had a
 lot of problems. You know wars and
 alota poverty.
 (beat)
 I guess my gut was a tellin' me to
 stick with what made me happy. So
 before I went into the service, I
 bent down on one knee and asked
 that pretty lady in there to make
 me the happiest man on Earth.

Grandpa looks to the window of the farmhouse.

GRANDPA POV- Grandma Roberts is seen cooking by the window
 sill.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 That's all ya need Andrew.
 (beat)
 Happiness. All ya need.

Drew ponders.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Becka is seated on the bed, she picks up a bed side phone and
 begins to dial a number. The phone rings.

INT. JANICE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sweet lull of angry chick rock plays on the stereo.
 Janice is at her desk working quietly. Yet there seems to be
 a new aspect to Janice's desk since we last left it. There
 is a 8 by 10 framed photograph of a young man placed against
 the wall.

The phone rings. Janice answers with a smile.

JANICE
 Hey you.

BECKA (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Ummm hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janice is surprised by the unexpected Becka.

JANICE
Ohmygod Becka.

INT. GUEST ROOM

As before.

BECKA
Hey that was a weird hello.

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Oh I'm sorry, I thought you were my
boyfriend.

BECKA
Boyfriend?

INT. JANICE'S ROOM

As before.

JANICE
Yeah, why do you sound so
surprised?

INT. GUEST ROOM

Becka chuckles.

BECKA
Just caught me off guard that's
all.

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Oh.

INT. JANICE'S ROOM

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
So who is this boyfriend?

JANICE
Todd Maruberry.

INT. GUEST ROOM

Becka tries to remember.

BECKA
Todd? Todd? Umm oh yeah, I had
him second period.
(gasp)
He was cute.

INT. JANICE'S ROOM

JANICE
Yeah, still is.
(laugh)
So anyways, how are my little
runaways, where are you guys?

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
Bluefield County, Kentucky.

INT. GUEST ROOM

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
O....k what's there?

BECKA
Waffle Buns.

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
What?

BECKA
Nothing, we're staying at Drew's
grandparents house for a while.

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Oh, so how is Mr. Dredson by the
way--

INT. JANICE'S ROOM

JANICE
How is he treating you?

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
He's so sweet, he taught me how to
drive and we're just having so much
fun.

Janice's call waiting chimes in.

JANICE
Oh wait, hold on Becka.

INT. GUEST ROOM

Becka waits patiently.

JANICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Ok I'm back --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Ok.

JANICE (O.S.)

(through phone)

Becka I'm gonna have to call you back, Todd just called and he's about to leave. So....

Becka is a little stunned but tries to play it off.

BECKA

Oh no, that's OK, we're probably going to leave soon anyways.

JANICE (O.S.)

(through phone)

Ok well talk to you later.

CLICK. Astonished, Becka stares at the receiver. She hangs up.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Becka sleeps while Drew writes in his journal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grandpa, Drew, and Becka stand next to the open door hatchback to say their "goodbyes".

GRANDPA

Well Becka, I want you to take good care of my grandson, ya here?

BECKA

Oh I will.

Becka enters the passenger seat. Drew is stopped by his grandfather.

GRANDPA

And you damn well better take care of this little lady.

DREW

No problem sir.

GRANDPA

Ok then.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

I got them, I got them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grandma catches up as fast as she can carrying two sack lunches. Drew and Grandpa watch as Grandma hands Becka both lunches along with a tight hug.

GRANDPA

Our women.
(beat)
We're very lucky.

Grandpa unleashes a folded envelope from his overall's pocket. He turns Drew aside and slowly paces toward the house with him.

DREW

Oh I can't accept this.

GRANDPA

Son, I'm the grandfather here, I'm supposed to tell you what you can and cannot do. Now take this.

Grandpa forces the envelope into his grandson's hands. Drew examines the envelope, inside are five one hundred dollar bills.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(continuing)
Plus we can do without it, the farm has been doing well this year.

Grandpa lifts his hand out for a handshake, Drew obliges with the unspoken agreement.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(continuing)
We'll just call it an investment, as long as you do one thing for me.

DREW

What?

GRANDPA

Be careful.

Drew nods his head.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(continuing)
That's it just be careful.
(beat)
Or else I'll come lookin' for my money.

Grandpa and Drew both chuckle.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(continuing)
Now come here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Drew hugs this generous generous man.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The hatchback executes a three point turn towards the dirt as Grandma and Grandpa watch.

GRANDMA
(to Grandpa)
You think they'll be alright
Leeland?

GRANDPA
I don't know, but one things for
sure Estelle honey.

DREW
(from car)
Bye.

Grandma waves.

GRANDPA
(continuing)
Our grandson is happy.

The hatchback rides down the dusty trail. Awaiting adventures a new.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

10 months later.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

1994.

The aerial camera pans in on a sun filled MIAMI, Florida street. As the camera gets closer to the beach side street. Passing cars come into view. The camera closes in on one car in particular. The hatchback. Drew drives solo dressed in a gas station attendant uniform, sunglasses, and a smile.

EXT. SUAVE'S PARKING LOT - DAY

The hatchback pulls into the parking lot of an outdoor restaurant, Suave's as shown on the marquee. Drew does not park in the packed lot.

Drew then proceeds to blow the horn, twice.

INT. SUAVE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The busy crew of Suave's man their duties in the open kitchen. We rejoin Becka who sports an appropriate white and black WAITRESS uniform. Becka dashes to the pick-up counter to receive an order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
Number thirty six on seven.

COOK (O.S.)
Number thirty six on seven.

BEEP, BEEP! Becka knows it's Drew honking.

BECKA
(to Ashley)
Oh shit, that's Drew. I gotta go.
Can you cover for me?

ASHLEY, 19, casually rest next to the bustling pick-up counter. She nonchalantly smokes a cigarette. It is apparent that Ashley applies a wee bit too much make-up in the morning giving her a cynical charm.

ASHLEY
No way man, you work too hard for me, and plus I'm on my break.

She exhales a whiff of white nicotine.

BECKA
(playfully begging)
Oh please, please, please.

A cook hammers the bell.

COOK (O.S.)
Number nine, Number nine!!!

Becka turns towards him and then back to Ashley.

BECKA
Oh come on please, I'd do it for you.

Becka stands frozen, with a painful pleading look upon her face.

ASHLEY
(jokingly giving up)
Oh alright, go be with your cute rebellious boyfriend.

Becka hugs Ashley tightly.

BECKA
Thank you, thank you!

An uncomfortable Ashley pleads.

ASHLEY
Alright, alright.

Becka begins to step out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECKA

Oh yeah, come and hang out with us
at our spot, like eight thirty or
so.

ASHLEY

Fine. Nothing better to do.

BECKA

Alright, see ya.

Becka plucks Ashley's cigarette from her mouth and lodges it
into the trash can before she runs out of the shot.

ASHLEY

Hey!?! What the fuck.

BECKA (O.S.)

Oh and quit that nasty habit. See
ya tonight.

Ashley reaches for the cigarette in the trash. Cook YELLS
from the behind the wide window counter.

COOK

Number nine! Number nine!

ASHLEY

Fuck off!

The cook spouts fear in his face.

EXT. BEACHSPOT - NIGHT

On the sandy shores of South Beach, Miami, Becka and Drew
relax on a blanket. A camp fire spouts a low blaze beside
them. Drew owns Becka in his arms. She gazes back at him.

BECKA

Got a question.

DREW

Shoot?

BECKA

So what do you think we would be
doing if we were still back home?

DREW

What is it, March? Umm well if I'd
let myself continue to be
academically raped, I'd be
graduating in two months. Or maybe
I'd have just killed myself.

BECKA

Don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

It's true, you guardian angel you.
Or I might have stayed at Ray's
Records for the rest of my life.
And you, you'd probably be prepping
for the evil that is the SAT.

BECKA

Sounds about right.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Hey.

Ashley towers behind the lovers.

DREW & BECKA

Hey.

BECKA

Sit down.

Ashley squats in the sand.

ASHLEY

So what are we talking about?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHSPOT - LATER

Becka is still encased in Drew's arms. Ashley is alertly listening. A marijuana cigarette is being passed along. Drew takes a hit.

BECKA

So we've pretty much been driving
along, sleeping where we can find a
bed or sand-bed, whatever, and
eating where we can get food. It's
pretty fun.

DREW

Being a hobo is the only way to go.

Drew passes it to Becka.

ASHLEY

Wow that sounds so cool.

Ashley burst into an increasing laughter. Drew and Becka join in on the marijuana merriment.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I feel the
buzz coming.

(beat)

So do you have any regrets?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Nope.
(to Drew)
You?

DREW

Can't think of one.

ASHLEY

Ever get tired of the road?

DREW

Oh hell yeah.

BECKA

I know I do. But whenever we're sick of the road, we just stay in whatever town we're in a little longer.

DREW

(gazes into Becka's eyes)
And we never get tired of each other.

The two kiss.

ASHLEY

Oh my God! You two are so gay.

Drew and Becka laugh into each others faces.

INT. MUSIC TOWN - DAY

The corner music store, Music Town, is chock full of vinyl, tapes, CD's and florescent light. The store has a few customers randomly browsing the store.

Headphones conquer Drew's cranium as he browses through the new releases. He turns around and a bunch of multiple colored sheets of papers catch his attention. They're under the "Tour Dates" board.

Drew's head peers in closer to a mint green sheet which at the top in bold letters states, "ALTERNATIVE THINKING bring you: THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON ROCK U.S. COLLEGE TOUR '95."

Drew's eyes expand with excitement. He skims through the recently passed dates. "Tallahassee, FL Florida A&M University - 4/12, Georgia University - 4/13...

DREW

(continuing)
Damn.

Drew obviously upset of the passed up opportunity slides his finger down the list. University of Maine, MN - 4/15, Boston University, MA - 4/17, Drew's finger stops at the last date of the page.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Princeton University, NJ - 4/20

DREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Remember that band I was telling
you about. The one where the
drummer threw his stick in the air
during a show and it hit him right
in the eye.

EXT. SUAVE'S DINING AREA - DAY

Drew TAILS Becka as she tries to resume waiting tables and
also listen to a babbling boyfriend.

BECKA
Oh yeah, umm ummmm....Radical
Thought.

DREW
Alternative Thinking.

BECKA
Yeah.
(to customer)
It'll be one minute.

Becka POWER WALKS to the pick-up counter.

DREW
Well they're playing a show up
north.

PICK-UP COUNTER

BECKA
Oh where at?
(to Cook)
I need three number 3's, two with
cheese one without.

COOK
Okay. Okay.

DREW
It's at Princeton, New Jersey.

Becka freezes.

BECKA
Where?

DREW
Princeton, New Jersey. You know
the college.

BECKA
Oh, I know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Well the show's in like three days.
I was thinking we could go up
there, and you could you know take
a day off, I mean if you still
wanna stay here.

BECKA

Drew I don't know, I really don't
wanna go all the way up there, and
plus I don't really feel like going
to Princeton.

DREW

Why not?

BECKA

(quietly)

Don't you remember? My sister is at
Princeton.

DREW

Cool. We can crash at her place.

BECKA

I Just--

DREW

What's the problem?

Becka is flustered.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Drew slams the hatchback's trunk door shut. Becka hugs
Ashley. Drew notices and rolls his eyes. He steps to the
car door.

DREW

(mumbling)

Can't believe she gets so emotional
over three days.

ASHLEY

Are you okay? It's only a couple
of days Beck.

BECKA

Yeah I know. I think I'm getting
sick. Maybe it's the ocean or
something.

(beat)

I don't know, I just feel like I
have to cry.

Ashley steps up to the hatchbacks drivers side. She extends
her arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

No hug good-bye Drew-Drew?

DREW

No, no I think she might be feeling side effects from the weed or something. That's why she's so emotional.

BECKA

Huhhh-glaaa!!!

Becka VOMITS!!

A liquid projectile sound is heard coming from the lone Becka. Drew and Ashley stare.

ASHLEY

(to Drew)

Oh yeah, she will definitely be missed by our customers.

Drew pops out of the car and scurries to his girlfriend's side.

DREW

You okay sweetie?

ASHLEY

(withered voice)

I need, need to sit down.

DREW

Okay, Ashley come help me.

Ashley and Drew help walk Becka to the passenger seat. Becka rests her head on the tattered rest. Drew makes his way to the driver's seat as Ashley consoles Becka through the passenger window.

ASHLEY

You sure you gonna be alright?

BECKA

Umm hmm.

DREW

She'll be fine, she's in my hands now.

ASHLEY

Oh that's a relief, in the hands of Deathwish Drew.

DREW

You--! Never mind, I don't have time for this.

Drew ignites the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
See ya in a coupla days.

BECKA
(groggy)
Bye Ash.

ASHLEY
Bye.

As Drew pulls out of the almost empty lot, the camera pulls in to the hatchback and slowly focuses in on the cars digital CLOCK. The clock digitally displays 9:14 p.m.

DISSOLVE TO:

DIGITAL CLOCK

1:47 a.m.

EXT. THURMAN HALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The hatchback swings into an opening. Drew turns off the engine and lights.

HATCHBACK INTERIOR

DREW
(drowsy)
Wake up, we're here.

Becka's eye's easily awake. Drew yawns atrociously.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing; yawning)
Yahhh!!! Shit.
(beat)
You know how tired I am, I'm Ass-Tired.

BECKA
(chuckle)
What?

DREW
I made it up somewhere between
North Delaware and New Brunswick.
It means where you and every part
of your body--
(raising voice)
--including your ass--
(normal pitch)
--knows it's fatigued.

BECKA
Interesting.

INT. XAVIER HALL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The tired twosome stand in front of a DORM room door. Becca knocks. She and Drew carry their sleeping bags by their sides. They wait for the answer.

The door opens and reveals an overweight male.

BIG GUY
What!?

BECKA
Oh sorry, wrong room.

Becca and Drew turn away.

BIG GUY
Wait. Who are you looking for?

BECKA
Cynthia Cluney.

Drew turns to Becca.

BIG GUY
You mean Animal?

BECKA
What, why do you call her that?

The guy just laughs.

DREW
Do you have to ask?

Becca jabs him in the ribs.

BIG GUY
(continuing)
Second to last door on your left.

As they make their way down the hallway.

DREW
God, I'm ass tired...

CYNTHIA'S DORM DOOR

They arrive at the dorm. Becca knocks, again. An angry young woman mumbles angered ramblings through the door before opening the door to reveal herself.

CYNTHIA
(mumbling before opening
the door)
I have a fucking test in the
morning and I can't get one night
of--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door is SWIFTLY open and reveals Becka's sister CYNTHIA, 21, she stands HALF ASLEEP dressed in an oversized Green Day "Dookie" album night shirt.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
What?!

Becka holds up her sleeping bag to her chest implying a temporary state of residence.

BECKA
Hi.

Cynthia gasps and slams the door. Drew turns to a confused Becka. Becka attempts to knock again but before her hand reaches the door--

CYNTHIA
(continuing; through the door, loud whisper)
Becka?

BECKA
Yeah?

CYNTHIA
(through the door, loud whisper)
Is Mom with you?

BECKA
No....

Cynthia opens the door and creeps out to address her sister.

CYNTHIA
(whispers)
What are you doing here?

BECKA
My boyfriend and I need a place to crash for tonight.

Cynthia looks around.

CYNTHIA
Where is he?

BECKA
Drew's right here--

Becka turns around and finds Drew against the wall passed out, asleep on the floor.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Well, it's a long story.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DORM - DAY

Drew and Becka sleep scattered on the cramped carpeted floor space. Becka's eye's squintingly open. Cynthia notices Becka's attention and desist the blending.

Becka's eye's wander. She spots a half topless male OCCUPANT in Cynthia's bed.

BECKA
(continuing; whispering to
Cynthia)
Who's that?

CYNTHIA
(whispering)
A friend.

Becka's face shrugs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(continuing; whispering)
Get dressed, we gotta talk.

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

The student lounge is barely open, few students are present. Those who are either studying or chatting with a classmate.

Becka and Cynthia sit across from each other in the cafeteria style lounge. They share two cups of coffee and recent stories. A half eaten croissant rest on the table.

CYNTHIA
Wow, that's wild. I would have
never thought that.

BECKA
Yep.

CYNTHIA
What about Mom?

BECKA
What about her?
(beat)
She wasn't getting her shit
together, so I packed mine up and
left.

CYNTHIA
Whoa listen to you, little sister,
growing up.
(beat)
But seriously, you have to call
Mom, her weekly calls to me have
now doubled thanks to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Glad to see she cares about one of her daughters.

Becka sneezes.

CYNTHIA

(continuing)

Bless you.

BECKA

(blows her nose)

Oh sorry. Little under the weather.

CYNTHIA

I see. So tell me about Drew.

BECKA

We're just having so much fun.

CYNTHIA

You're really happier with him than at home?

BECKA

Definitely.

CYNTHIA

I don't know... Then I guess I'm glad for you...

BECKA

Good. So, what's with the nickname? "Animal?!"

CYNTHIA

Oh, yeah, that Animal thing. I'm trying to ditch that.

(sighs)

However much you'd like to believe that your sister became Miss Outstanding Student of Princeton, I can tell you it's totally false. Ever since Freshman year, I felt kinda lost, so I just started partying, like all the time. Animal... As in Party Animal...

BECKA

God...

CYNTHIA

Yeah. And it's had a really bad effect on my grades.

Cynthia sulks her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 I've been on academic probation
 since the end of sophomore year.

BECKA
 What?

CYNTHIA
 Yep, but I'm turning things around.
 See, I just can't imagine flunking
 out and going back to that house
 with her.

BECKA
 I can relate.
 (beat)
 So who is your
 (quotation fingers)
 "Friend", I saw.

CYNTHIA
 Oh just this guy
 (beat)
 Steve.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DORM

A crow crows outside rather loudly. Drew and Steve both
 awake. They both look around with one eye open. The two
 spot each other.

STEVE
 Hey.

DREW
 Hey.

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

As before.

CYNTHIA
 Yeah ever since Soph, when I found
 out I was on probation we've been
 (quotation fingers)
 Studying together, and other stuff.
 Yeah our little relationship thing
 is pretty depressing. He's so
 annoying--

Becka takes a SWIG of her coffee.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 I'm thinking about letting him g--

Becka ERUPTS from her seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
(high pitch wine)
Where's the bathroom?

CYNTHIA
(pointing)
In back of you.

Becka hastily rotates her position.

BATHROOM

Cynthia watches from the door as her little sister LODGES her recent croissant into the sink in a liquid creamy discharge.

EXT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Cynthia escorts Becka outside the drug store. Cynthia with small brown paper bag in hand, laterals it to her sick sister.

CYNTHIA
Tell me the results when I get back
from my test.

Becka nods.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Ok, take care.

Cynthia steps out, leaving a chilly, ill Becka left to wonder how to use one of these things

INT. XAVIER HALL HALLWAY

A dressed Drew and Steve walk outside Cynthia's dorm just as Becka is approaching the room.

DREW
(to Steve)
..yeah they were awesome on that
compilation album..oh,
(spots Becka)
Hey, there she is.

Drew pecks Becka on the forehead.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
what's in the bag?

Becka clasp the bag tightly.

BECKA
Oh nothing, just some medicine.

DREW
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Umm..I see you two have met.

DREW

Yeah, we're actually going to the concert tonight. You wanna meet me there or...?

BECKA

Oh I think I'm going to sit this one out, you know, recuperate.

DREW

Oh okay, well then I'll meet you back here?

Becka nods.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Okay.

They kiss causing Steve to squirm a bit.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Alright, see ya later.

Steve gives Becka an awkward half-assed "good-bye" wave as Drew and Steve start down the hallway.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Alternative Thought!!

STEVE

Woo-hoo!!

BECKA

Bye.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DORM

Becka is in deep thought. She is clearly somewhere else. She sits uneasily on Cynthia's bed with a completed pregnancy test by her side.

A key/lock struggle is heard at the door. The door opens and a dark hair, dark clothed, young woman with too much make up on by the name of ZOE, 21, enters. She comes packed with three books in hand which are soon hurled to the nearby bed.

ZOE

Hey, who are you?

Becka does not hear her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Hello!

Becka reacts.

BECKA
Oh I'm sorry.

ZOE
Yeah- who the fuck are you?

BECKA
Oh sorry I'm Cynthia's sister.

Becka attempts a handshake, yet it is left UNANSWERED as Zoe continues her quest.

ZOE
Yeah, nice to meet you. I'm Zoe
the roommate. Don't mind me
though, I'm just getting a book.

Zoe reaches under her bed and grabs a thick book. She then prepares to raid the mini-fridge but an out of place garment hanging on the fridge door grabs her attention. A white undershirt with beer stains on the side.

Zoe carefully removes it.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I see your sister's study fuck
buddy spent the night again.

BECKA
Yeah.

Zoe reaches for a Crystal Pepsi out of the fridge. She takes a sip.

ZOE
I'm late for Chem.

As Zoe exits the crammed doorway, Cynthia enters side stepping in.

CYNTHIA
Hey.

ZOE
Whatever.

CYNTHIA
(to Becka)
Hey.

BECKA
Hey, how was your test?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CYNTHIA
Screw my test, how was yours?

BECKA
(lowers voice)
Positive.

CYNTHIA
(gasp)
Jesus. Does he know yet?

Becka shakes her head no.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
How do you think he'll react?

Cynthia sits beside her.

BECKA
I don't know... It's just..we
haven't dealt with anything this
big before. I'm afraid that, you
know, he might get scared off or
you know...
(semi-whine)
Leave me.

Becka begins to weep. Cynthia rubs her back.

CYNTHIA
Becka, you guys have been together
for like what...a year" That's like
a fucking life commitment at your
age. Maybe he'll be all right with
it.
(beat)
Plus you told him about Dad right?

BECKA
Yeah.

CYNTHIA
So he wouldn't leave you.

BECKA
Yeah, I guess.

CYNTHIA
But have you even decided if you're
going to keep it?

Becka rises.

BECKA
That's what I've going through in
my mind ever since it turned blue.
I guess I'll have to talk to him
first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CYNTHIA

Do you want to keep it?

Becka contemplates for a moment. Then she nods.

EXT. PAVILION - NIGHT

Concert-goers exit the Pavilion with expressed opinions and excitement. Doves and doves of people walking to their cars and dorms.

EXT. PAVILION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

STEVE

Ah, that was such a good show, I can't believe he took off the eye patch.

DREW

Yeah.

As they walk toward the car, at the hatchback sits a buzzed long haired HIPPIE TYPE.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Can I help you?

HIPPIE

Dude, ahhh I've been looking everywhere for a car like this. Are you willing to sell it?

DREW

The hatchback?

HIPPIE

My brother has one just like it. Look I got like...

The long haired fellow reaches into his pocket and counts his crinkled cash.

HIPPIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, a thousand, fourteen fifty.

DREW

I don't know man.

HIPPIE

Aww come on man, I've been looking for one of these for like ages.

Drew turns to Steve for guidance.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DORM - NIGHT

Drew and Steve enter the dorm with 4 duffle bags divided between the two.

CYNTHIA
Whoa what's this?

Drew and Steve abide.

DREW
I sold the hatchback.

BECKA
What?

DREW
It's gone, One thousand, four hundred and fifty.

BECKA
So what do we do now?

DREW
I dunno, train it back to Miami to check on Ashley if you want, we'll find a way to get around. Are you ready to leave?

Beat. Close on Becka. She looks like her mind will explode. She looks at Cynthia, who mouths, "Tell him!" She hesitates, then turns back to Drew.

BECKA
Let me get my stuff together.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DORM - LATER

A duffle bag equipped Drew converses with Steve. Cynthia and Becka hug.

CYNTHIA
Ok, now give me a call whenever, day or night.

BECKA
Ok.

CYNTHIA
And don't worry it'll be alright,
(whisper)
He'll be alright.

They hug again.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Bye.

Becka walks down the hall and Cynthia watches her go.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Drew is in line waiting for tickets.

Becka is sitting next to a YOUNG WOMAN carrying a little GIRL in her arms. The young woman seems uneasy, frantically monitoring each direction as if expecting a third party.

Becka is lost in this image. She simply stares at the two. Drew walks up with their tickets.

DREW

Hey.

BECKA

(blinks eye)

Yeah.

DREW

You ready, train twelve. Here.

Drew grabs Becka's duffle bag and they're off. Becka takes in one more glance of the young woman and her child.

She looks away, missing the young woman being confronted by a young man who greets her by kissing her and then holding the little girl in his arms and making goo-goo faces.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Becka and Drew are settling in to their seats. Drew at the window and Becka next to him.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Five minutes to departure, five minutes.

Becka sits down and immediately begins to TWIDDLE her thumbs. Drew notices this nervous habit.

DREW

Becka, tell me what's the matter.

BECKA

(with unusual force)

Why do you think something's wrong?
God!

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

DREW

You've been acting weird since we got here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka pauses. Drew looks directly at her. There is no where for her to run, it's time for her to tell him.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
One minute to departure.

Becka looks up.

DREW
Hey.

Her attention is back on Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
What's wrong? Tell me!

Becka takes a deep breath.

BECKA
Ok--

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN

We see their window. Becka mouths the life altering information to Drew as the train's whistle indicates departure. All we see is the back of his head.

Drew lays his head back onto the seat as the train slowly rolls out of frame.

EXT. ROOF OF TRAIN - DAY

The rapidly rising sun fills the exterior of the train. The camera pulls in on the roof of the MOVING train. A lone figure sits peacefully.

Drew is pondering recent revelations. His eyes are closed, he sits Indian style as if meditating. The wind forces his hair to the rear of his head.

Drew is at peace.

INT. ROOF OF TRAIN - LATER

Drew opens his eyes and reaches underneath where he is seated. Drew has placed a notebook with pen inside underneath him. He starts to scribble thoughts in the book.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Becka's head rest on the window. Her eyes are shut.

Drew sits at his seat, throwing the notebook on the ground. The thud of his seating awakes Becka.

DREW
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA
 (awakening)
 Hi.

DREW
 Well I've been thinking--

BECKA
 Wait, wait before you say anything.
 I just want to tell you that
 (beat)
 I love you. You know you brought
 me along on this whole adventure
 and you let me get to know Andrew
 Dredson and now we have something
 to symbolize these times we spent
 and
 (points to both)
 Us. I have no idea what you're
 going to tell me but I do know that
 this baby is a memento of my life
 and yours ever since we left and I
 don't know if it's just maternal
 women stuff or whatever but I know
 I want to--

DREW
 Becka.

BECKA
 Huh?

DREW
 I'm not going anywhere. I'm okay
 with the baby.

He kisses Becka's lips.

White flash.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

Drew and an overweight NURSE accompany the IN LABOR Becka.
 Her legs are spread wide open and awaiting arrival.

DREW
 Okay you almost got it. Come on.

INT. TRAIN

DREW
 There is nothing I would rather do
 than, take care of you and our
 (points to both)
 child.

They kiss.

White flash.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

Becka's eyes are clinched to maximum compactness, she screams with accompanied agony.

INT. TRAIN

Drew is in close proximity of Becka's face.

DREW

We are going to have this baby and he or she, will be brought up in a family of love and commitment.

They kiss.

White flash.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

NURSE

Ok honey you're going to have to give it one good push.

DREW

you're almost there, almost there.

Drew's eyes lighten up with anticipation as he stares down to see the peaking head.

INT. TRAIN

DREW

Because I love you.

They kiss.

White flash.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The nurse looks up.

NURSE

Mr. Dredson, your new baby boy.

The nurse gently hands Drew his new offspring. Drew HESITANTLY receives the newborn in his hands. Everything is silent, the baby's cries are not heard. Drew stares at an exhausted Becka and then to his son. Drew is speechless.

BECKA (O.S.)

So we're giving the baby up for adoption.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

(over phone)
What?

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Becka in a hospital gown is on a payphone talking to her sister. The bustling hospital happenings in the background go about with their day as Becka informs Cynthia on these life altering tidbits.

BECKA
Yeah Drew like freaked out or something.

DELIVERY ROOM

Becka's POV- Drew standing on the other side of the room. He is totally freaking out, ranting and raving MOS.

BECKA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He kept going on about the fucking responsibility and whatever, like that he thought he could do it but he couldn't.

On her dialogue, we hear echoes of Drew saying the same things.

CYNTHIA'S DORM ROOM

Cynthia's head peaks out from under her bed sheets with the phone on her ear. The alarm clock and the neon green phone are the only source of light.

CYNTHIA
Did he explain why?

DELIVERY ROOM

Drew continues underscoring Becka.

BECKA (V.O.)
(exhausted, deadened tone)
He said he was having a hard enough time taking care of me. He couldn't take care of a baby too...

CYNTHIA'S DORM ROOM

CYNTHIA
God, you think you know a person...

BECKA (O.S.)
(through phone)
Yeah....

EXT. REST STOP PAYPHONE - DAY

Drew is on the phone. He is nervous and tense. Becka waits at a picnic table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
 (speaking quickly)
 Grandma? Hi, it's me, Drew. Yeah, I
 was just, well, things have been
 really messed up and I was thinking
 we might come back to see you--

PICNIC TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Becka watches Drew listlessly. From her POV we see him gasp,
 looking stricken. She watches him. He seems almost frozen.
 She goes to him. He is crying.

PAYPHONE

DREW
 (softly)
 When did he die...?

He listens, still unable to take the news in. Becka puts her
 arm around his shoulder.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

SUPER: Santa Monica, 1995.

It's a sun filled day. On the outside tables of the Hot Dog
 on a Stick, Drew dressed in short apparel as usual and
 sunglasses is busy writing in his notebook.

Becka steps up to the table accordingly dressed with
 sunglasses too, and this year sporting a new hair style. She
 approaches carrying two plates in hand. She hands Drew his
 plate and joins him at the table.

BECKA
 Here, they didn't have any
 strawberry lemonade.

DREW
 They never do.

Drew closes his notebook.

DREW (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 So where should our next
 destination be...?

BECKA
 I want to settle down for a while.

DREW
 What?

Drew takes a bite of his hot dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

I'm tired of wondering where our next place of residence will be. It was fun, but you know, it's been over two years. I need some sense of normalcy.

DREW

(mouth full)

Oh?

BECKA

Well not forever, just for like a couple of months or something. We could like get an apartment somewhere.

DREW

Where?

BECKA

I found an ad for a studio in Pasadena for like four hundred fifty a month.

DREW

That means I'll have to get a stable job.

BECKA

Well yeah. But I'll get one too. Team effort.

Becka closes in on Drew using her feminine wiles to seduce him to say "yes".

DREW

You always make me fucking cave.

Becka chuckles.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

The door swings open. Drew slowly trots backward carrying a big dusty tattered couch into the room with Becka carrying the other side.

Close on the door.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

On the same door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A reveal shot, starting from the door the camera reveals their new studio apartment. The open bathroom door, the simple kitchen setting, and then the pull out couch bed.

From the floor to the "bed" we see a shirt and tie, a McDonald's uniform shirt, and a giant wholesale box of Trojans. The gleaming light from the balcony sheds little light into the quaint little studio.

Becka with her hand wrapped around Drew sleeps today's work load off. Drew sleeps uncomfortably to the left of her.

Suddenly Drew abruptly awakes in a cold sweat. His eyes are wide open and showcase highly visible red veins.

He looks over to his right at Becka.

Drew scrambles out of bed as if he is afraid.

BECKA
(half asleep)
What's wrong?

DREW
Uh nothing, nothing.

Drew starts towards the balcony.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I just need some air.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

The balcony door slides open. Drew steps out holding a cordless phone and he leans against the railing. He takes in the dense dark community before him.

A POLICE SIREN is heard in the distance.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT

RING! RING! A phone illuminates in the darkness. Cynthia picks up the phone.

CYNTHIA
(half awake)
Hello.
(beat)
Drew do you know what time it is
out here?
(beat, awake)
What?

DREW'S BALCONY

Drew is pacing through the crowded compact balcony with the cordless phone attached to his ear. A small glass coffee table fumbles the flow of Drew's constant pacing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

I just can't. I mean day in and day out--

CYNTHIA'S

CYNTHIA

(yelling)

No, no fuck, "Day in and day out," okay Drew. You've made a life commitment to my sister. You cannot just pick up and fucking ditch her now. You're not in high school anymore.

BALCONY

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Not that you would know what that would be like, since you couldn't even fucking finish high school.

DREW

Fuck you.

CYNTHIA'S

CYNTHIA

No, fuck you. You're the one who's trying to hurt my sister. She has been hurt enough, Drew. Our Dad fucking left when she was only seven, Mom brings home different men like every other night,

BALCONY

The phone rest horizontally on the coffee table. It's still on, Cynthia's still speaking...

CYNTHIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And you want to just pick up and leave, well you selfish asshole, hello? Hello...?

But Drew has retired indoors to his desk, to think.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Still contemplating at the notebook cluttered desk, Drew rises up and returns to bed.

He leans over to Becka's side. He gazes at his sleeping significant other and kisses her ever so softly on the cheek and then forehead. She reacts with a squirm in her sleep. Drew retires to his side of the bed but he leaves a couple inches of separation space between Becka and himself.

EXT. FORREST - DAY

The autumn foliage and drifting leaves of this Southern California forrest ground exemplify the setting. Drew and Becka trek fiercely through a dirt laced trail accompanied by oversized camping backpacks that lie uncomfortably on their backsides.

BECKA

So why did you want to come camping again? We did this like three weeks ago.

DREW

Oh, I don't know, I was yearning for some good clean air, you know that whole get back to nature deal.

BECKA

Oh.

(beat)

How about this spot right here?

Drew and Becka halt.

DREW

Yeah.

(nods head, beat)

Yeah this is perfect.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

A bright lantern placed outside is the solitary source of light inside the dome tent.

Becka is sound asleep. Drew however is not, it seems his mind is racing a mile a minute, he is FIDGETING all over the place. Drew taps Becka.

BECKA

(half asleep)

What?

DREW

Hey come on wake up.

BECKA

(half awake)

What, no, Drew I'm tired.

DREW

Aww come on, you don't wanna, you know.

Becka looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKA

Oh my God Drew, no, I'm really tired and plus it's just going to be the same thing, you know, one, two, three, and you're done.

DREW

(beat)

Well, it won't be like that this time. I swear.

BECKA

Right.

He takes a tablet out of his pocket and hands it to her.

BECKA (CONT'D)

What's this?

DREW

My friend at work scored us this new Indian type of X. It has this natural shit in it that increases the high to like ten max. Just fucking imagine us on that out here.

Becka squints her eyes at him.

BECKA

Drew, I don't know.

DREW

Aw come on...

Becka takes the pill in her hand and looks at it.

Drew reaches inside his backpack and pulls out a water bottle.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

You know you want to try it...

Becka does just that while Drew scours his backpack again for a few more items.

BECKA

What are you doing?

DREW

I wanna treasure this moment with the 'Peppers.

Drew discovers an unusual item in his backpack.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECKA

What?

Drew lifts out a flattened Waffle Bun.

DREW

A Waffle Bun. Well a smushed
Waffle Bun.

He places it on the ground and continues the search for his music.

Drew extracts his portable CD player and the Red Hot Chili Peppers' BLOOD, SUGAR, SEX, MAGIK CD. He equips his ears with the accompanying headphones. His finger scrolls the volume to its highest level.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

While we wait for your high to kick
in...

Drew CLOSES in on Becka and continues to kiss her.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Right here, we've got all we need.

Drew unravels the plastic bag of the Waffle Bun. He then scoops some of the sugar onto his fingertip. Drew looks at Becka, who is watching Drew's every move. He takes his finger and delicately slides the sugar onto Becka's lips.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Sugar.

Drew stares into Becka's eyes and follows the deep look up with a kiss on her sugary lips.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Sex.

Drew grabs the sack of Indian X off the ground and takes a pinch of the brown narcotic. He holds it up to Becka's face.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

And magic.

Drew places the X on his tongue, then without her seeing, spits it out without swallowing it.

DREW (CONT'D)

(continuing)

All we need now is blood.

Becka's eyes follow Drew after that last comment.

INT. TENT - LATER

Drew's CD player BLASTS the Red Hot Chili Peppers through his ears as a naked Becka and Drew engage in intense sexual intercourse.

Becka is moaning very loudly while Drew is inside her.

BECKA
(moaning)
Oh I feel it, I feel it.

DREW
Ahh yeah.

BECKA
I so fucking feel it.

Becka's eyes and eyelids flicker repeatedly.

DREW
Here now you get on top.

BECKA
(stuttering)
Huh-uh?

DREW
Sweetie sweetie, you get on top.

Becka obliges.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Oh yeah.

Drew thrust harder and harder inside Becka causing her to moan even LOUDER than before.

BECKA
(moaning)
Oh shit.

On his backside Drew slides the gun closer to him.

CLOSE ON DREW'S EYES - SLOW MOTION

The lantern's light gives us a glimpse. His eyes slowly shift from the right to the left.

As before.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing; exaggerate
words)
Fuck me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is obvious, once sweet little Becka Cluney is high out of her mind. Drew takes advantage of the situation.

With the backpack in arms length, while keeping one hand to the ground for balance, Drew reaches his hand deep into the bottom of the bag.

Drew unleashes his gun from the backpack and places it on the ground beside him. He then shifts his and Becka's position.

Drew holds the gun up to Becka.

BECKA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
What's that?

DREW
Here take it.

Becka follows Drew's directions. Drew aims the gun at his stomach area.

DREW (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Shoot it.

BECKA
What?

DREW
It's just water! Shoot it!!!

Without hesitation Becka fires the gun at Drew. POW! It isn't water. It FIRES! She doesn't seem to notice. She FIRES again and again.

His head plops to the ground. Eyes close. She stays on top of him, riding him, like nothing has happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TENT - MORNING

Becka lies face down on the ground. Several yards away, Drew lies dead on the ground, blood dripping from his mouth. The gun is next to his body.

Becka awakens with a start. She looks to the left, and then to the right, seeing Drew. She screams with shock.

ECU on the gun. She remembers it with a horrible flash.

BECKA
(trembling)
Dr-, Drew!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Timid, Becka taps Drew's lifeless body with her stiff hand. She gets short of breath and creeps quickly back to the opposite side of the tent. Becka hysterically begins to tear up while frustration easily floods her face.

She hops up wrapped only in her sleeping bag, she scurries out of the tent.

EXT. FORREST RANGERS LODGE - MORNING

Becka sprints through the dark forrest crying, trying to find refuge. She runs toward the nearest foundation, the Forrest Rangers lodge.

Becka calms her tears to a more tolerable noise level as she approaches the front marquee. She stops. Becka gazes at the badge painted on the double glass doors and hesitates.

She rethinks her instinctive decision and dashes off to the side of the building against the lodge wall.

LODGE WALL

Becka presses her back up against the wall and slowly slides down it. She kneels, sulks her head into her knees and continues to let out her recent emotions.

Face red, Becka's hands tend to her face wiping away tears. With that motion Becka feels something inside the sleeping bag. She reaches inside. It is Drew's gun. At first sight she becomes short of breath while still crying. Drew's blood still rest on the guns handle.

Becka begins to breathe harder. She examines the gun's trigger and brings the gun to her right temple. Her finger closes in on the trigger.

RANGER 1 (O.S.)
Hey Bill. Bill.

Becka brings the gun down from her head. She looks around to see where the voice came from.

RANGER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bill, a hiker in the woods just called in to report a dead body about half a mile away.

Becka discovers she is right near a window.

RANGER 2
Did he say where.

Her eye's widen in anticipation of the conversation.

RANGER 1
Yeah a little bit west of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANGER 2

Let's go.

Becka lifts herself up from the ground rustling some leaves. She runs out into the distance.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Becka enters the room crying as she slams the door shut. Her face is completely filled with emotion, only a tight frown and blood appear on her face.

She makes her way over to Drew's desk, sits down and buries her face on the desk. Becka stares at the cluttered desk. Her eyes are drawn to a row of Drew's notebooks. She smacks the notebooks to the ground with an accompanying scream of frustration.

Becka gets up from her seat and with her bare foot begins to kick the helpless notebooks. One sails to the balcony's sliding door. Becka follows it. She picks up the lone notebook. It says "Waiting To Die" on the cover. There is a post-it-note on it with the word, "Juliet" and a red circle and a line through it.

Her heart beating, Becka curiously opens to the first page. It is blank. She opens to the second, it is also blank. She flips ahead until she finds actual content. A couple of pages later she finds written words and begins to read a little. She grabs the next notebook on the floor, flips a couple of pages and begins to read. The camera closes in on her bright eyes.

FADE OUT:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to
the 37th Annual Miami Book
Convention.

Crowd applause.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Our next speaker we are proud to
have with us today, a young and
very talented author of the best
selling book "Waiting To Die", Miss
Rebecca Cluney.

Crowd applause.

FADE IN:

1998

INT. CONVENTION AUDITORIUM

Becka reveals herself to the applauding audience. She now has a more mature look complete with glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Becka shakes the hand of the speaker and follows that gesture by addressing the crowd.

BECKA

Thank you, thank you, please.

The applause tones down.

BECKA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

As most of you know, I didn't completely write "Waiting To Die", umm it was mostly written by my deceased ex-boyfriend. His thoughts, his feeling and mine too. It is about our adventures and lives and what we did with them instead of

(quotation fingers)

"Conforming to the norm" as he would put it. It really is a tribute to him and what he meant to me...

Becka continues her speech but the camera leaves her and scans the CROWD. The book has touched and inspired many of these people in this room. Black, white, Asian, Latino, old and young.

The camera picks up a recognizable face or two, most noticeably Ashley and the entire staff of Suave's. Cynthia, Steve, and a woman wearing a scarf around her head and glasses, MOM.

The camera pans over to Mom's neighbor. He holds up a copy of "Waiting To Die". On the cover the "W", the "T", and "D" at the beginning of each word are all in bold lettering.

ECU on back cover. The back cover is a picture in sepia tone of Drew Dredson's tombstone.

BECKA (CONT'D)

He truly was a very special special person, who I loved very much. Yet if a random person off the street came up to me and ask me what is "Waiting To Die" really about, I would honestly have to tell them
(beat)

I have no idea.

FADE OUT:

THE END