

FADE IN:

INT. - WILL'S UPSCALE SUBURBAN BEDROOM - MORNING

A high-def COMPUTER SCREEN, a dazzling display of gaming.

A SECOND SCREEN beside the first, the lightning-fast computations of a complex physics problem.

CLOSE UP:

WILL'S EYES as they dart from screen to screen.

All-American WILL, seventeen, leans over his desk gaming and doing his homework, but he also opens desk drawers looking for something.

His mother calls from another room.

JULIE (O.S.)
Will? You'll be late for school.

INT. - WILL'S HOUSE

Feeling inside his coat pocket, Will stops at a door where he sees his mother, JULIE, mid-forties and attractive, working at a computer.

WILL
How's the novel going, Mom?

JULIE
(turns, lifts her glasses)
Gettin there.

IN THE KITCHEN his father, WILLARD, middle-aged conservative, reads from his computer screen as Will enters, stops, hands on his hips, eyes sweeping the room.

WILL
Seen my keys, Dad?

Not looking up from his screen, his dad holds up the keys. Will does a quick drive-by to snap up the keys.

WILLARD
Be careful.

Ignoring his dad, Will reaches for the keys. His dad pulls them away, looks up at Will, tilts his head, pulls down his glasses.

WILLARD (CONT'D)
Be. Careful.

Will rolls his eyes and takes the keys. As he nears the door, Willard looks up and smiles affectionately.

CUT TO:

INT. - SKIPPER'S UPSCALE SUBURBAN BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The face in the mirror, SKIPPER'S, is drop-jaw gorgeous in an ultra-chic punk way. Her body is breathtaking. She applies black lipstick with one hand, searches her dressing table with the other hand looking for something.

There's nothing bitchy or even surly about Skipper, but she has a dose of angst. Dealing with her parents is just sooo exhausting.

TRACKING:

She rushes up the hall, passing the door to a small dance studio, where her mother, BARBIE, middle-aged but stunning in those tights, works before the mirror. Skipper doesn't slow down as she speaks.

SKIPPER

Where are my headphones?

BARBIE

Don't know.

Skipper huffs toward her father who sits at the kitchen table reading a newspaper. Skipper opens her mouth to speak; when from behind the paper, her father's hand lifts the headphones. She takes them as KEN, middle-aged but GQ handsome, lowers the paper.

SKIPPER

What's that?

KEN

I'm reading.

SKIPPER

(motioning toward the newspaper)

I mean *that*.

Skipper hurries, collecting her purse and book bag.

KEN

You know your dad could set a coaching record for most state championships if you'd come to the game tonight.

SKIPPER

I hate basketball.

KEN

You'd be my lucky charm.

Skipper makes for the door, inserting her headphones.

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SKIPPER
Thanks for the guilt trip, Dad.

KEN
(smiling affectionately)
You're welcome.

EXT. - SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

Skipper approaches Will's car: A super-souped-up '57 De Sota, glossy black, fins of a Bat Mobile, rumble of a beast.

INT. - WILL'S CAR

Two high school guys are in the backseat. One wears a worn LEATHER JACKET; the other is a CHUNKY KID eating a doughnut. ALL THREE WEAR IPOD HEADPHONES and TEXT.

Skipper throws herself into the passenger's seat, flips open her phone and begins texting as Will drives off. She rolls her eyes, and gasps a frustrated sigh.

WILL
(texting)
Parents?

Skipper's look says it all.

LEATHER COAT KID
(texting)
They are more to be pitied than despised.

CHUNKY KID
(mouthful of doughnut, texting)
Yeah, they never had any fun.

They all stare down at their cell phones and nod at that tragic truth.

INT. - WILL'S HOUSE

Willard responds to something on the computer screen, sits back in reaction. His countenance is transformed as he lifts his glasses: He wears the face of military brass. His eyes narrow in serious thought.

INT. - SKIPPER'S HOUSE

Barbie, who wipes her face with a towel, waits anxiously as Ken, whose demeanor now suggests C.I.A., listens on his phone.

KEN
(into the phone)
We'll be there.

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INT. - HOOVER'S GYM - SAME TIME

A middle-aged buff guy wearing a Hoover's Gym tank top, HOOVER, is spotting a serious lifter. Another man offers Hoover a phone.

MAN

For you, Hoover.

The news on the other end makes Hoover bow his head and run his hand through his hair. He looks up: maybe X-Special Forces.

INT. - HOME OF FRANKIE AND MARGIE - SAME TIME

Middle-aged, FRANKIE, a PRIEST, reaches for his LEATHER JACKET. His wife, MARGIE, waits for him at the door, her purse in hand. He looks up at her, pauses as they exchange a grave look.

INT. - KITCHEN OF PATTY AND ROD - SAME TIME

Patty, same age as the others, stands with her arms hanging loosely at her side, phone dangling from one hand, staring into nothingness.

Seven kids, ages five to seventeen navigate around her. Behind her, her husband ROD, feeds an infant.

PATTY

Oh, Rod.

EXT. - MONTEZUMA HIGH PARKING LOT - MORNING

Willard, Julie, Ken, Barbie, Frankie, Margie, Hoover, Patty, Rod and others stand at attention, shoulder-to-shoulder, heads up, as if each is about to receive a medal for valor.

TRACKING:

Beginning with Willard, each player is addressed by an UNSEEN MAN; each extends his hands. The unseen man places A BLACK CARDBOARD RECTANGULAR BOX (12 INCHES X 6 INCHES) in the outstretched hands of each.

Willard looks down at the box he holds, then over to Ken, who, too, looks at his box, then back to Willard. For all we know, there might be human ashes in those boxes.

CLOSE UP:

Willard's face as...

A WRECKING BALL in the distance EXPLODES into the brick wall of the Montezuma High School gym.

Willard's eyes turn up to the school's water tank, to the words MONTEZUMA HIGH.

DISSOLVE TO:

Flashback

EXT. - MONTEZUMA HIGH GYM - NIGHT (CIRCA 1985)

That Water tank.

The parking lot is filled with vehicles, none older than mid-80s. CHEERING FANS echo from inside the gym.

INT. - GYM

THE SHRILL BLAST OF A WHISTLE.

ANALOGUE VIDEO IMAGES of a basketball passed from player to player. Their short, tight basketball pants convey an 80's look.

INT. - ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Montezuma controls the second half tip trailing 36-38.

INT.- GYM

DIGITAL action on the court.

PAN:

The bleachers are filled with flash dancers, fast times guys, and girls who just want to have fun.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It was a grueling first half. The officials have been all over the court...

A Sinclair player trips a referee--

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)

...trying to follow the action...

--who *SLIDES* head-first toward the camera.

INSERT - VIDEO OF THE SLIDING REFEREE ON A CAMCORDER SCREEN

IN DIGITAL: a young WILLARD, dweeb with glasses, looks up from his camera and out to the court, to KEN, Mr. High School Everything.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)

The ball goes to Ken Clark, Montezuma's collegiate hopeful. What a match up its been between him and Sinclair's Butch Dargan.

BUTCH DARGAN, who looks like Keith Richards--on a bad day--muscles in on Ken.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)
Only one will carry home the
championship trophy.

Ken fakes and drives for the basket. Butch slugs him in the stomach.

Willard looks up. He has the vicious foul on video.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)
Foul on the play; the basket will count.

Ken explodes from the floor, flies toward Butch. His teammates restrain him.

On the sidelines, one of the cheerleaders, BARBIE, the name says it all, wrings her hands in fear and worry for Ken.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)
Clark can put Montezuma ahead for the
first time with this foul shot.

INT. - GYM - UNDER THE BLEACHERS

Two YOUNG BOYS are looking up girls' dresses

One boy stands with his eyes closed, his nose tilted up like a wine connoisseur. The second boy joins him. The first boy opens his eyes, nods toward the viewing space between the wooden bleachers.

FIRST BOY
(whispers)
Check out these pubics.

The second boy leads the first to another treasure find.

SECOND BOY
Oh yeah? You got to see this. Trimmed
like a valentine.

INT. - GYM - THE BLEACHERS

JULIE, who wears glasses but would take a dare, sits with FRANKIE, a leather coat throw-back to the fifties, who drinks through a straw from a soda cup. Beside him is HOOVER, the fat kid.

INT. - UNDER THE BLEACHERS

The eyes of the two boys are saucers as they look up Julie's dress. They close their eyes and lift their noses to the tantalizing aroma.

INT. - ON THE COURT

Ken's foul shot swishes the net. The CROWD ERUPTS; Hoover releases a THUNDEROUS FART.

INT. - UNDER THE BLEACHERS

The two boys bolt, their fists rubbing their eyes.

BOYS
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

INT. - GYM - THE BLEACHERS

FRANKIE
(a little drunk)
Christ, Hoover.

HOOVER
When I get excited...I can't help it.

FRANKIE
(fanning his nose)
Whew!

Frankie sucks from a straw, which...

TRACKING:

...runs through the bottom of the cup and to a junction of tubing that feeds into six beers hidden inside a backpack.

INT. - ON THE COURT

Butch calls the play by raising his thumb. The Sinclair center nods, then...

...JAMS his thumb up the ass of TOM, the Montezuma center. Tom pogos up into the air. The Sinclair center scores an easy basket.

Butch and Willard exchange looks, revealing to Butch that Willard has everything on video.

Butch looks over to DAK, a Sinclair Neanderthal thug.

CONTINUOUS

The rebounding looks more like a brawl.

Ken fakes Butch, sinks a jump shot. The crowd goes wild.

Tom, the Montezuma center, and the Sinclair center get into a shoving match. The short, bald referee steps between them--

INSERT: FOUR ELBOWS POUND THE REFEREE'S HEAD LIKE A PINBALL

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BACK TO SCENE

Willard nods at his video screen.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the(digital)camera shifts focus to THE CONCESSION STAND and PRINCIPLE WEARY, a Sunday School Superintendent type, who stands behind MISS RANDY, the sexy French Teacher.

CUT TO:

Weary's hands glide up Miss Randy's hips, caress her lovely behind. Miss Randy leans forward, over the cooler, and on the surface of the cooler lid, a FOGGY SPOT OF CONDENSATION FORMS THEN EXPANDS ACROSS THE COLD ALUMINUM.

INSERT - THE COOLER MOTOR AS IT KICKS ON, SETTING OFF POWERFUL VIBRATIONS.

BACK TO SCENE

Weary nudges up to Miss Randy's behind. As the cooler's tremors bring her to orgasm, she caresses the tap of the soda fountain. Then: foam spews.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Time out, Montezuma.

CUT TO:

INT. - ROD'S CAR - GYM PARKING LOT

Disheveled and panting, sexually starved PATTY fumbles clumsily to climb on top of ROD, a white bread Eagle Scout type.

PATTY
(breathlessly)
I love you, Rod.

ROD
Well, gee. I love you too, honeybunch.

PATTY
(breathing hard)
I love you, Rod.

She opens his fly.

ROD
(squirming)
What are you doing?

PATTY
I love you, Rod.

ROD
(unwillingly aroused)
Kiss me, Patty; Kiss me.

His hand floats up to her breast. She digs into his trousers.

ROD
(becoming desperate)
No, Patty.

PATTY
(looking into his crotch)
Ohhhh, ROD!

Patty peels down her panties; Rod collects himself.

ROD
(strength restored)
Don't do it, Patty.

PATTY
(manic)
Just for a minute, Rod; I'll swear;
Thirty seconds...

ROD
You know how I feel about this.

She separates her thumb and pointer to indicate an inch.

PATTY
This much.

Rod falls back against the door, turns his face from her.

ROD
Well, just go ahead, then. If you don't
care about *my* feeling, just go ahead.

PATTY
(lifting her skirt)
Okay.

ROD
If you can't respect my wishes--our
wishes, go ahead.

PATTY
(climbing on)
Alright.

ROD
If you want to look back twenty years
from now and remember our first sexual
experience like this--outside a
basketball game...

Patty collapses in frustrated surrender.

ROD (CONT'D)
 ...What would our grandchildren think?

PATTY
 Ahhhhhh!

Patty's scream fades into...

INT. - GYM

...cheering fans inside.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
 That was definitely a double dribble,
 folks.

The scoreboard shows 59 seconds and the score tied.

Ken drives for the basket; Butch knees him in the balls. The other cheerleaders restrain Barbie.

Behind the cheerleaders in the distance, Miss Randy sits on the corner of the concession stand cooler, her head thrown back in ecstasy, Weary nowhere in sight.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
That is going down hard.

Ken is helped to the sideline.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S./CONT'D)
 That's it for Dargan; He's fouled out.
 We'll have to see if Clark can return
 for the free throws.

COACH, a glamour boy beefcake, signals for a time out.

Willard enters the restroom. Butch and Dak exchange conspiratorial looks.

INT. - MEN'S ROOM

Willard stands at the urinal, distracted by STRANGE, LOW MOANING emanating from the stall beside him--MR. TENNIS SHOES, his sneakers' toes rising from the cement.

DAK (O.S.)
 What kinda movie you makin' there, short
 meat?

Dak stands at the urinal beside Willard.

WILLARD
 (still distracted by Tennis)

Shoes)
Just the game.

DAK
(feigning awe)
You...you're famous, aren't you?
Spielberg? I got it: You're E.T.

Willard zips, reaches for his camera, and turns to leave.

DAK (CONT'D)
Hey numb nuts, I'm talking to you.

Dak shoves Willard hard against the wall. Willard comes back with a sweeping roundhouse, missing. Dak smashes Willard's jaw sending his glasses flying, knocking him out.

Dak drops A LIGHTED M-80 into a toilet, flushes it. Water gushes from the toilet onto the floor where Willard lies out cold.

Dak smashes Willard's camcorder on the concrete, runs for it.

Water pours over the feet of Mr. Tennis shoes.

MR. TENNIS SHOES
I was almost there!

INT. - ON THE COURT

As Ken composes himself at the foul line, Dak whispers something to Butch, who sits on the bench. Butch grins.

Ken sinks the free throw.

The Sinclair guard holds up five fingers. The center JERKS TOM'S SHORTS DOWN, then receives the ball for another easy basket.

INT. - MEN'S ROOM

The water rises. Dazed, Willard struggles to his feet.

INT. - ON THE COURT

Ken sinks a jumper; the CROWD GOES WILD.

A Sinclair player FIRES THE BALL INTO THE FACE OF THE MONTEZUMA DEFENDER, flattening him, catches the rebound and makes the easy shot.

The scoreboard shows 10 seconds, score tied. The NOISE is deafening.

Ken receives the inbound pass, turns and starts up court, when he sees: Willard, bloody-faced, stagger from the men's room.

Willard collapses. Ken drops the ball.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Clark *drops* the ball. He's running off
the court!

MISS CINDY ELLA, platinum blond, porcelain skin, untouchable
princess and English teacher, holds Willard's head in her lap
when Ken gets to him.

KEN

Willard!

Butch slam dunks the ball. Buzzer sounds. Sinclair wins.

KEN (CONT'D)

Who did this?

Willard's eyes turn to Butch, who stands across the court
gloating.

Ken pushes his way through the crowd.

From the bleachers, Frankie sees what's unfolding.

FRANKIE

Ken! Wait for me!

Ken storms through the crowd. Frankie takes one step--and
tumbles down the bleachers.

Ken is almost within striking distance when: Coach flings
himself between Ken and Butch, wrestling Ken away.

COACH

No, Ken. NO!

KEN

I'm gonna break his face!

COACH

Ken...Ken, the game is over.

BUTCH

What happened to the midget?

Ken again tries to tear away from Coach.

KEN

I'll get you for this, you bastard!

Butch and Dak smugly walk away displaying an elaborate exchange
of high-and-low-fives.