



MID 90's
by
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INT. SMALL BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

TIGHT ON A BOTTLE OF "DRAAKAR NOIR COLOGNE. Then TIGHT ON TWO EYES. SLOWLY WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL STEVIE, 12. Caucasian, thin and child like, Stevie stands shirtless in the mirror. His thin frame, hairless arm pits and the sun hitting his baby face make it so he could pass for an eleven year old.

He is extremely nervous, looking at himself in the mirror. He then focuses his attention to something on the counter and gets more nervous. He is looking at the bottle of cologne. His eyes dart back and forth at the bottle and the mirror. He starts pacing a little bit.

Finally he stops, looks at the bottle, takes a deep breath, and lightning fast grabs the bottle of cologne. He sprays himself five times rapidly and then clumsily and nervously rushes the bottle back in its place.

He exhales loudly and looks at himself in the mirror. His face looks almost expressionless but inside he is thinking "I did it. It's done. Let's get out of here."

INT. NARROW HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie walks the narrow hallway of his house with his head down. His brother IAN, 17, walks towards him down the hallway with HIS head down. Ian is thicker, taller, and looks a few years older than he is. They pass each other silently like prison inmates in the hall but it is so narrow they graze shoulders ever so slightly. Neither of them make any sort of gesture to one and other.

Once Ian is a few steps past Stevie his head raises. His face changes to confusion mixed with annoyance. He recognizes the scent on Stevie. Without a moment's notice Ian RUNS AT STEVIE LIGHTNING FAST and starts BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.

The only sounds we hear are the sounds of slaps and punches hitting flesh in rapid succession. No vocal noise is made or exchanged except for muted grunts from both parties. The beating's not horrific, but is definitely crossing the line of uncomfortably violent. It's ugly to watch.

WHIPPING AROUND THE CORNER of the hallway like a bat out of hell is their Mother, DABNEY, 36. She is wearing a baggy T-shirt and baggy sweatpants. She is screaming and, in the blink of an eye, is tangled up in the violence attempting to stop the beating. She is now hitting and slapping Ian in the same manner he is hitting Stevie.

Ian gets up in a flash without saying a word... and is gone.

Stevie and Dabney sit exhausted across from each other in the hallway, their backs against the wall, breathing insanely heavily, and not saying a word for what seems like forever.

Stevie gets up, walks over to Dabney and slumps back down next to her. They sit close. She puts her hand on his face. With his eyes he tells her he is okay. She apologizes with her eyes. CUT WIDE as they continue to breathe heavily.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: (This will be an image of the words keyed into the back of a Los Angeles public bus seat):

MID 90's

CLOSE ON PUMA'S WITH THE FAT LACES PEDALING A BIKE RAPIDLY.

EXT. PALMS NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

WE WIDEN OUT and see Stevie riding his bike through the Palms area of Los Angeles. He has his headphones on and a mid 90's Hip Sop song plays. He is wearing an oversized white T-shirt and baggy jeans. He gently nods his head to the song.

We pass by liquor stores, auto body shops, taco trucks, a store called ULTIMATE that hasn't yet opened for the day.

He continues to nod his head and ride his bike when ALL OF THE SUDDEN the song starts skipping on one of the song's lyrics. It keeps repeating as Stevie pulls over and stops his bike. He pulls out a beat up DISCMAN and handles it with extreme care like a priceless jewel. He is freaked out something is wrong with it. CLOSE ON DISCMAN as he shakes it and hits the "play/pause" button rapidly. We hear breathing and the noise of the CD reloading and then ALL OF THE SUDDEN the song kicks back in where it left off and Stevie is riding again, nodding his head.

EXT. PALMS MIDDLE SCHOOL

Stevie rides up to PALMS MIDDLE SCHOOL. He locks up his bike against a chain link fence.

EXT. STAIRWELL - LUNCH

Stevie sits with his two friends, RANDON, 13 (an obese white kid) & CHRIS, 13 (rail thin white kid with braces).

They sit in the stairwell. Stevie uses his shirt to clean his Discman thoroughly. Randon and Chris playing with POGS, little circular paper discs that you stack up and hit with a metal "Slammer". The Pogs that turn over are kept by the person who threw down the "Slammer".

RANDON
YESSSSSSSS!!!

Randon gathers up all of his new pogs.

CHRIS
Fuckin' motherfuckin' cunt-pussy.

RANDON
And the "special edition green
pounder" slammer!

Chris reluctantly hands the slammer to Randon.

CHRIS
That's my favorite fucking slammer!
Fuck! I need a do-over.

RANDON
No do-over's!
(smiling proudly)
You'll have a chance to win it back
tonight.

Chris stared daggers at Randon. Randon realizes he said something he shouldn't have. Stevie thinks for a second.

STEVIE
Oh, are you guys hanging out
tonight?

Randon and Chris share an uncomfortable look.

CHRIS
Yeah... Randon is gonna sleep at my
house. You're welcome to come hang
out for a while.

STEVIE
(sensing something is
weird)
Okay...

CHRIS
It's just... my mom said I could
only have one friend sleep over. Or
Whatever.

Stevie takes this in. This clearly hurts him very much.

STEVIE

Oh.

Beat.

CHRIS

I wish there was something I could do.

STEVIE

(this is hard to
ask/almost pathetic)
Could you, like, ask her again
maybe? Like, if that's not weird?

Chris doesn't know what to say. It's uncomfortable. Chris and Stevie uncomfortably avoid eye contact.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(very left out)
Well...

CHRIS

Randon and I had already talked
about it, like, Monday or whatever.

Stevie is quiet. Hurt.

RANDON

(very well intentioned)
You should still come and hang out
and play Pogs.

CHRIS

Yeah, and then just go home when
it's time to go to sleep or
whatever?

Stevie is hurt and can't figure out what to say. Beat of silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(changing subject)
It's your turn.

Stevie stands up and begins to walk away.

EXT. PALMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie unlocks his bike. He breathes in five times deeply and grabs the chain link fence with both hands, doubles over and RAMS the top of his head into it like a bull. He SMUSHES the top of his head and part of his face as hard as he can into the fence until he can't take it anymore. He removes his head but keeps his hands interlocked on the fence. He smushes his head until he exhausts himself.

EXT. PALMS NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Stevie rides his bike down the street, listening to his Discman, the batteries die and the song abruptly stops. He stops his bike to see if he can fix the music situation. He hears the sounds of skateboard wheels rolling on concrete, wood slapping on concrete and laughter and shit talking of teenagers. He turns to see what he is hearing.

From across the street outside of the Ultimate skate shop, Stevie sees RUBEN ALVAREZ (13, skinny Mexican kid), FUCKSHIT (17, skinny black kid with a shaved head), FOURTH GRADE (15, white kid with long hair and a flannel), JORGE SILVA, (18, handsome Mexican kid who looks like a real athlete), skating outside the shop. There is a boom box playing hip hop music. Ruben is on the ground with a bar of wax, waxing up the curb. The others are doing flip tricks and ollies and 180's on the sidewalk out front of the shop. The curb is done being waxed and the skaters start riding up and grinding and doing board slides on the waxed up curb. Some fall HARD onto the street while others narrowly avoid being hit by cars. They are cracking jokes and laughing at each other's expense the whole time lovingly. Fourth Grade films them doing their tricks.

Stevie watches this whole scene go down.

CLOSE ON STEVIE'S FACE WATCHING.

CLOSE ON CIGARETTES BEING LIT BY SKATERS.

CLOSE ON STEVIE'S EYES.

Jorge lands a perfect nose blunt on the curb and lands perfectly. The crew of skaters goes nuts celebrating and slapping their boards on the ground.

SLOW MOTION SHOT of the crew running up to him and celebrating his victory. Rubbing of his hair and bro-hugs continue in the slow motion celebration. Fuckshit shakes his head like "that was dope" and can't not give Jorge a pound.

Jorge tries to look at the playback. Fourth Grade whips the camera away.

FOURTH GRADE

Nuh uh. No peeking. No one sees anything 'til the whole thing is done.

JORGE

Come on!

Stevie clocks this respect and affection between them.

FUCKSHIT

(regarding Jorge)

Don't worry, you don't wanna see that sloppy shit anyway, nigga.

JORGE

Ha! You WISH you were landing that!

Ruben laughs.

FUCKSHIT

I don't know what you're laughing at? I only see you landing kickflips with one foot like a bitch!

The crew laughs.

RUBEN

(embarrassed)

I land 'em on carpet every time.

The crew lets out a "come on" noise.

FUCKSHIT

Maybe we can have the city pave all the sidewalks with carpet for you, nigga!

The crew all laughs. Ruben is used to this treatment.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Go back in the store and unpack the boxes of hoodies.

Fuckshit playfully pushes Ruben into the store. Ruben runs in to do what is asked of him.

The crew pays and leaves the store.

SLOW MOTION of Stevie watching this. His face is filled with an almost smile.

The sounds of the skaters' joy fades out as the sound of the clinking of silverware against plates fades up.

DABNEY (O.S.)
You're eating too fast.

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - EVENING

Stevie and Dabney are mid conversation. There is a third place setting with untouched food and a vacant chair.

STEVIE
(embarrassed)
Sorry.

DABNEY
(without even thinking)
You look sloppier than you are when
you do that.

Stevie feels shame. He puts his silverware down and sits up straighter. Beat.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
ANY-WAY.

Beat.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
I haven't called that guy Todd
back.

Stevie looks up. She needs him to listen.

STEVIE
Oh.

DABNEY
He's nice and everything but I feel
like a third date says A LOT.

STEVIE
Do you think you may like him?

DABNEY
He's fine. He's nice. I'm attracted
to him and all. It's just... I
don't know. I don't have a lot of
time as it is. And I like to spend
that time with you.

Stevie smiles and looks down. Neither of them realize the oddness of this dynamic.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
You're the only person I don't get
sick of.

They both giggle a little. Beat.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
How was school?

STEVIE
(uncomfortable/distraught
sigh)
I don't know.

DABNEY
What happened?

STEVIE
I don't know. Randon And Chris are
having a sleepover or whatever.

DABNEY
(quickly/guilt provoking)
Oh and you want to have a sleepover
with them? I wouldn't have cooked
if that is what you wanted to do...
So that's what you want to do?
(with guilt)
That's fine. Fine.

STEVIE
(stopping her)
No. No. Chris' mom said only one of
them could sleep over and I guess
Chris chose Randon or whatever.

Dabney slams her fork down.

DABNEY
WHAT?!

Stevie looks down.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
I have had that little shit, no
offense, over here so many times,
How dare she make you feel that
way?

STEVIE
It's fine.

DABNEY

(sweetly to Stevie)

It is fine. You know why? Because you and I are going to have so much more fun here than... Randon and Chris are going to have. It's a good thing if you think about it, because we get to have an amazing night together.

Stevie wants to say more about how this hurt him but, he swallows it. He eats more of his food quickly.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

Slow down.

Dabney puts his fork down and looks into Stevie's eyes.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

You get to watch whatever you want tonight.

Beat.

STEVIE

(hiding pain)

Yeah. We'll have more fun together.

She puts her hand on Stevie's face.

DABNEY

(sincere)

You don't deserve to feel shitty.

Stevie looks down and smiles with his face still in the palm of her hand.

Ian enters and breaks up this moment. Ian clocks this sweet moment. He keeps it inside, but he clearly notices their affection for each other. They notice Ian enter. Stevie stiffens up and gathers some courage.

STEVIE

(very nervously trying)

Hey.

Ian doesn't acknowledge Stevie. This hurts Stevie. Ian quickly picks up his plate of food and walks away.

DABNEY

(calls out to Ian)

Do you want to eat in here?!

Ian walks into his bedroom and slams the door. Loud hip hop music plays muffled through the door. SLOW PUSH IN ON THE DOOR VIBRATING.

Back at the table Dabney looks upset. Stevie looks hurt. Stevie looks down at his food. He can't figure out words to say. Beat.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

He's just...
 (searching for words)
 So angry with me...
 (thinking out loud)
 I'm figuring all this out as I go.
 (a bit sad)
 I don't know.

Stevie feels uncomfortable hearing his mom say she doesn't know what she's doing. She clocks Stevie's discomfort and lightens things up.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

(where does the time go?)
 He turns eighteen this week.
 (beat. Cracks a smile)
 Benihana.

Stevie almost smiles.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

(very dead pan)
 Should be a blast.

They both let out a little laugh. Takes the pressure off.

WIDE SHOT ON THEM EATING DINNER.

INT. DABNEY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dabney lays in bed in an oversized T-shirt with a blank expression watching the O.J. SIMPSON TRIAL on television. Stevie sits on the floor at the foot of her bed watching with her.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

A JERKY BOYS PRANK CALL plays on the Stevie's stereo over the scene.

"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" figures and Micro Machine mini cars are strewn all over the floor and desk.

A "Street Fighter 2" poster, an "NBA JAM" poster, a Bo Jackson poster, and a "DuckTales" poster hang on the walls.

"Dinosaurs" plays on a tiny TV in the background on mute. The Baby from "Dinosaurs" hits the Father dinosaur with a pan.

Stevie stands in front of his mirror in his underwear. He examines the bruises on his arms and chest from his fight with Ian this morning. He stares into the mirror. CLOSE UPS on the bruises. CLOSE UP on Stevie's eyes taking them in. He's not sad or even angry. They're badges of honor. Like a soldier's war wounds.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Stevie hears the front door open. He looks out the window to see Ian getting in his car and driving away. He BOLTS out of his room.

INT. IAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevie bursts into Ian's room. He doesn't know how much time he has. Ian's room is an OCD wet dream. So clean and filled with a teenage obsessive collections.

Ian's room is covered with east coast hip hop posters (Nas, O.C., Brand Nubian, Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth, Grand Puba, Gang Starr, etc.) and tons and tons of CDs organized perfectly in alphabetical order.

Stevie delicately inspects them like an archeologist inspects a bone. He notices the names of the albums and rappers. He pulls a pen and piece of paper from his pocket and begins writing down some of the names of the rappers.

Stevie brushes his hand gently over the racks of hip hop CDs. He carefully pulls one out like it's a museum. He puts it in his prized Discman. He sits Indian style on the floor with his back to camera nodding his head to the music. He is enjoying hearing this music so much. Learning who Ian is. Learning about the world of hip hop. HOLD ON Stevie from behind nodding his head.

After a long beat, Stevie hears a noise! He scrambles to put the CD he is listening to back in its case. He runs out of Ian's room and into his room.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He breathes heavy, almost hyperventilating. He is safe, but still needs a minute to calm down.

INT. SAM GOODY MUSIC STORE - THE NEXT DAY

Stevie approaches a FEMALE EMPLOYEE, 20, who is standing in the "Hip Hop" CD aisle.

STEVIE

Excuse me.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

How can I help you?

STEVIE

I need to buy a birthday gift for someone.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Okay. What're you thinking?

STEVIE

He has really, really good taste in music. In hip hop.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

(smiles)

Okay.

Stevie pulls out his list of rappers.

STEVIE

He probably has all the good ones already.

She looks at the list and smiles at the cute-ness of it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

But if I could, like, get a really good one that he doesn't have yet... that would be really cool.

She looks up from the list. She has an idea. She pulls a CD off the rack and hands it to Stevie.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Does he have this? It just came out two days ago.

Stevie looks and it's "LABCABIN CALIFORNIA" by The Pharcyde. Stevie's eyes widen and he smiles while looking at it.

STEVIE

(so excited)

He doesn't have this. I didn't see this one. He doesn't have it.

(serious but excited)

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Like people who know a lot about hip hop would like this? And you're sure it's like, really cool?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

(smiling)

Yes, I'm sure.

STEVIE

(smiling)

Thank you.

WIDE SHOT of Stevie in line as he pulls out his chain wallet and has barely enough money for the CD.

EXT. PALMS STREETS - AFTERNOON

Stevie gets caught at a red light on his bike. As he waits for the light to turn green, he sees TWO TEN-YEAR-OLDS start squirting each other with Nerf Super Soaker water guns. SLOW MOTION ON THE KIDS as they are having the time of their lives. Laughing. These kids are only two years younger, but they seem in a different stage of life than Stevie.

He is snapped out of his reflection by seeing the skate crew, from the day before, skate by as a crew weaving in and out of cars. This looks like the coolest thing he has ever seen. They seem like such badasses, but they are all interconnected even though they aren't verbally communicating. They fly past Stevie, leaving him alone.

EXT/INT. STEVIE'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Stevie rummages through the messy garage. He finds what he is looking for! His brother's warped, old 1980s body skateboard. The body of the skateboard is bigger, bulkier and "neon"-er than the boards he saw the crew from the bodega holding and skating on. The board has a giant, neon Dinosaur screaming "cowabunga" on it. It's cheesy as hell but to Stevie it's beautiful.

He rolls the board back and forth under his foot a few times. The concrete outside his house is smooth.

He puts his foot on the board and pushes on the board sloppily with his other foot. He rides on it for a few feet, then jumps off. He does the same thing again.

He does the same thing...

SLAM! He falls on the grass. He's shocked, but okay. The grass kept him from really hurting himself.

QUICK FLASHES OF THE SKATE CREW SKATING ON THEIR BOARDS DOING TRICKS.

QUICK CUTS of Stevie pushing and rolling on his board. Sometimes he jumps off and sometimes he falls off.

Stevie carefully puts the board back exactly where it was in the garage.

INT. STEVIE'S BATHROOM - LATER

Stevie looks at himself in the mirror as he practicing a monologue very meticulously and nervously like Luca Brasi in the beginning of "The Godfather".

STEVIE

(muttering to himself)

Hey Ian. I'm so sorry to bother you... I saw your old skateboard in the garage. I notice that you never use it... Hi Ian. I was thinking that maybe there was a trade that could be made for something of mine that you... Oh hey Ian. I didn't see you there. I know MY stuff sucks but... Hi Ian...

Stevie breathes out nervously. He clenches his fist. He doesn't want to blow this.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Hey Ian. Sorry to bother you...

Stevie closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

LOW ANGLE SHOT FROM THE FLOOR UP TO STEVIE AND IAN. Ian and Stevie stare into camera for a long beat of silence. Stevie looks incredibly nervous and is perspiring. Ian looks intense into the camera, thinking hard.

A SHOT OF THE SKATEBOARD FACE UP ON STEVIE'S FLOOR.

IAN

How much cash you got?

STEVIE

I... I don't have any...

IAN

Why?

STEVIE

I spent it... on something...

IAN

(shakes his head)

Fucking dumb fuck.

(thinks)

I'll trade you for your Discman.

Stevie's face is confused and shocked. This is a massive ask. Way bigger than he could have expected.

STEVIE

(very timid)

Well.

(beat/looking down)

It's just that... I use my Discman... all the time... or whatever...

(beat/nervously looking down)

And mom got it for me for my birthday... and Christmas... or whatever...

IAN

(sharply)

I don't need to do this.

Ian bends down to grab the board.

STEVIE

Wait! Wait!

Ian stands back up.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It's the one thing in the world I can't trade. I'm begging you. Anything else. Literally anything.

Ian thinks about this. We see in Ian's face he is going to completely fuck Stevie over on this deal.

IAN

(icy)

You don't even know about music, anyway.

This hurts Stevie. Beat.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

STEVIE HANDS IAN 10 SUPER NINTENDO GAMES. ALL THE GOOD ONES. "STREET FIGHTER 2", "F-ZERO" ETC. STEVIE'S FACE IS ELATED WITH HIS NEW BOARD. HIS FACE SLOWLY TURNS TO CONFUSION OVER THE POSSIBLY TERRIBLE DEAL HE MAY HAVE JUST BEEN MANIPULATED INTO.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Stevie obsessively practices on his new board. He can glide pretty much every time without falling off. Over and over and over again.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Stevie, Dabney and Ian exit the house. Ian, Stevie and Dabney wear their "fancy clothes". The boys in baggy polo shirts and baggy khakis. Dabney in a dress. Stevie has the CD he bought for Ian, crudely wrapped in newspaper. There are two cars parked out front. Ian and Dabney walk towards their own cars. Stevie gathers up some courage and walks towards Ian's car.

STEVIE
(regarding the gift)
I got you...

He barely takes two steps towards Ian's car as...

IAN
(sharply grumbles)
GO WITH MOM.

Stevie JUMPS BACK like a scared puppy. Ian hustles to his car and gets in. Stevie slowly shuffles towards Dabney's car disappointed.

INT. BENIHANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dabney, Ian and Stevie sit at a group table at Benihana with strangers filling out the rest of the table. A YOUNG WHITE COUPLE, 30, and AN AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN, 64, and his GRANDSON, 11. The BENIHANA CHEF is doing his thing on the grill. It is quiet amongst the three of them as they watch. It's an uncomfortable dinner. Stevie has the CD he bought on the table with his hand on top of it.

DABNEY
(to Ian)
At my eighteenth birthday party I
was breast feeding you.

The boys say nothing. It's an uncomfortable image for all parties.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
(to herself almost)
I was a baby who had a baby. Jesus,
could you imagine if you had a baby
right now?

Dabney laughs to herself at how insane that seems and how insane it was at the time. Ian takes a deep breath. This subject matter strikes a deep nerve with him. Stevie is listening but more focused on the gift he has for Ian.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
What're you gonna do with your
friends tonight?

IAN
(rushed/quiet)
Chill.

Beat. No other explanation.

DABNEY
Sounds fun.

The chef flips a shrimp tail into his shirt pocket. The couple and the Grandpa and Grandson smile and clap. Dabney, Ian and Stevie sit in silence.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
I got you a present.

Dabney hands Ian a card in an envelope. He takes it. Rips it open, doesn't read the card, opens it, takes out the two twenty dollar bills and puts the money in his pocket and puts the card and trash on the table without ever reading the card. He looks back down at his plate. Dabney looks offended but not surprised.

IAN
(looking down/barely
audible)
Thanks.

Deep breath from Dabney.

DABNEY
(exasperated)
You. Are. Welcome. Ian.

Beat. Stevie looks very nervous. He is gathering up the courage to give Ian his gift. His heart is racing. He takes a deep breath.

STEVIE

I... uhh... got this. Here.

Stevie hands it to Ian. Stevie's heart is RACING, he tries not to look too eager to see Ian's reaction.

Ian grabs the present and rips open the newspaper. He quickly looks at the CD and with no expression puts the CD and the trash down on the table without looking at it again. With no emotion or expression, Ian makes the slightest hint of a head nod to Stevie in his direction. He shows no appreciation or enjoyment of the gift.

Stevie is CRUSHED. He swallows it the best he can, but this stings more than anything we've seen sting Stevie thus far.

Beat.

IAN

(to Dabney/looking at his plate)

How much longer is this?

DABNEY

(frustrated)

Until we're done eating dinner.

IAN

I want to leave.

DABNEY

(pissed)

Well we ordered and I'm paying for this food, so you're staying.

IAN

(shaking his head/looking at plate)

Whatever.

The chef scoops chicken and shrimp onto Dabney's plate. She forces a smile to the chef then back to Ian.

DABNEY

(to chef)

Thank you.

(to Ian/muted yell)

What is wrong with you?

Ian says nothing and just stares at his plate.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 Why do you make it so difficult to
 be around you?

Ian still looks at his plate.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 Huh?

IAN
 (aggressive to Dabney)
 Shut the fuck up.

DABNEY
 What did you just say to me?!

IAN
 I said: "Shut. The Fuck. Up."

The African American Grandfather uncomfortably tries to talk louder to his Grandson so he doesn't hear this argument.

DABNEY
 (losing it)
 Just leave if this is so fucking
 miserable for you! You think we
 want to be here?

IAN
 (serious and scary)
 You're a fucking BITCH!

Ian darts up and leaves the table. Dabney flinches with a mix of anger and fear. She puts her face in her hands and lets an emotional grunt into her hands. Ian leaves the CD on the table. Stevie looks shattered. He just stares at the CD. Left to die.

It is very unpleasant and uncomfortable with the other people at the table and with the Chef.

DABNEY
 (to the other patrons)
 Sorry.

Dabney starts crying in her hands. Stevie consoles Dabney by rubbing her back.

HOLD ON A CLOSE UP OF STEVIE HOLDING BACK HIS OWN TEARS.

WIDE SHOT of the uncomfortable table at Benihana with the strangers. Stevie is crushed. Everyone else in the restaurant is having fun.

HOLD ON CLOSE UP OF THE CD FOR A LONG BEAT.

EXT. ULTIMATE SKATE SHOP - ACROSS THE STREET - THE NEXT DAY
THE CAMERA LEADS STEVIE AS HE SKATES ACROSS THE STREET.

His face is determined and displays a nervous hardness. Cars pass as he dodges them, he stops short, lets them pass They honk at him and then he keeps pushing.

He gets to the other side of the street outside the shop. He picks up his board and walks up the curb. He reaches the front door of the shop. He puts his hand on the handle. He takes a deep breath. He enters the shop.

INT. ULTIMATE SKATE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Stevie quietly enters the shop for the first time, trying to be as stealth as possible. The door opens loudly.

Stevie looks overwhelmed. We feel the energy of all the skaters we saw in the bodega filling the store, but we only see pieces of them sitting down in a couch area in the back. We hear them yelling, talking shit and laughing with each other. They are blocked by various clothing racks.

Stevie walks through the store as quietly and incognito as possible.

He sees a giant wall lined with SKATE DECKS (Girl, Chocolate, Flip, Hook Ups, Alien Workshop, World Industries, Plan B, Blind etc.). He notices how subversive the artwork is on all the skate decks. He keeps walking. He sees another wall lines with SKATE SHOES. On another side, he sees glass encasements filled with SKATE TRUCKS, SKATE WHEELS and SKATE STICKERS. He's puzzled and not sure how all the pieces fit together. He walks through RACKS of T-SHIRTS and HOODIES that fill the middle section of the store. The voices of the crew grow louder as Stevie gets closer.

Through the T-shirts we see Ruben, Fourth Grade, and Jorge sitting on couches and the floor surrounding a television. The crew is watching a skate video and talking shit to each other.

Behind the couches is a work area, where boards are set up. Fuckshit is behind the work area setting up a board for a YOUNG CUSTOMER.

Stevie looks at all the cool boards on the walls. Examines all the trucks and wheels in the glass cases.

Walks back over to the T-shirts and pretends to look at them but really is looking at the crew hanging out. No one even looks in his direction or asks him if he needs help with something. Stevie watches.

TIME CUT:

A baseball hat is held by a hand as money is stuffed inside by various hands. WE WIDEN OUT to reveal Fourth Grade holding the hat.

FOURTH GRADE

Ante up. Everyone pitches in for tape so I can film.

FUCKSHIT

I just kicked in, nigga.

JORGE

That was a week ago. And without footie, no one's going pro around here, son. Greater good, yo.

Fuckshit nods his head understanding. He pulls out a couple bills and tosses them in Fourth Grade's hat. They all go back to watching Plan B's "Virtual Reality" skate video on the screen.

FUCKSHIT

(fantasy mode)

Okay, if you could go pro for one team, who would it be?

The whole crew gets excited at this day dream.

JORGE

Easy. Girl or Chocolate or Menace. Easy.

FUCKSHIT

Chocolate or Menace for sure.

JORGE

Fuck. Chocolate, yeah, that's the one. Imagine you and me decked out in all Chocolate gear. Free gear they just send us on the regular. We'd have the whole crew decked out in all Chocolate gear.

Fuckshit and Jorge smile. They've had this day dream before.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I already know what the first graphic on my board would be: A sick illustration with me wrapped in the Mexican flag manualing the stage at the courthouse.

FUCKSHIT

(super into it)

So sick, nigga. So sick.

He and Jorge give a hand shake.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

I know what my first board graphic would be. The Tribe Called Quest album cover with all the rappers heads on it, but it would be our whole crew's heads on it.

THE CREW

That's tight!/So Dope!

JORGE

That would be so sick, yo. We'd never have to buy boards again. Free boards forever.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Whatever team we end up on. It's us together.

Fuckshit gives Jorge another excited hand shake.

FUCKSHIT

(joyously)

That's what's up, nigga. That's what's up.

The crew sits happily and thinks about this day dream.

TIME CUT:

Stevie is at a closer rack of clothes pretending to browse, but is secretly watching the crew watch videos and talk shit. There are a few other DIFFERENT RANDOM SKATER KIDS are browsing and hanging out in the store. A classic intro to a WU TANG CLAN song blasts on the stereo.

SUPER CLOSE UP ON FUCKSHIT'S FACE AS HE PERFECTLY RAPS THE INTRO TO THE SONG.

When the beat kicks in we WIDEN OUT. Fuckshit is standing up rapping every word perfectly.

He is jumping up and down getting everyone hyped up. The crew is into it and laughing and playfully punching him. Stevie is smiling and laughing at this infectious joyous energy.

TIME CUT:

Stevie is waiting by the glass case in front of the store with the stickers in them. He admires all of the amazing stickers. He sees a copy of Thrasher and Big Brother magazine on the counter. He flips through them delicately. Ruben finally approaches Stevie.

RUBEN

Yo.

Stevie is pretty stunned anyone in here has acknowledged him, let alone talked to him.

STEVIE

Uhh... hey.

Uncomfortable silence.

RUBEN

Do you need something?

STEVIE

Oh. Uhh... can I have this sticker?

Stevie thoughtfully and carefully points.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

And that one, please?

Ruben slides open the glass, grabs them and tosses them on the glass towards Stevie.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

RUBEN

Two bucks.

Stevie takes out his chain wallet and takes two bucks out.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

What grade are you in?

STEVIE

Seventh.

RUBEN

Me too. Where do you go to school?

STEVIE

Palms.
 (nervous)
 You?

RUBEN

Crenshaw.

DING! Fuckshit walks into the store with a Subway Sandwich in a clear Subway plastic bag. He walks by Stevie and sees the board he's holding.

FUCKSHIT

(very dry/subtly
 sarcastic)
 Cool board.

STEVIE

(not getting the sarcasm)
 Thanks!

Fuckshit has already kept walking. Ruben smiles about the interaction.

RUBEN

A'ight.

STEVIE

Cool. Thanks.

RUBEN

Later.

Stevie leaves the store. Once he is outside he has a HUGE beaming smile. They acknowledged him.

EXT. MAGAZINE STAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Stevie skates up to the magazine stand. He scans the racks through the fitness mags, beauty mags, and on the bottom right finally finds the skate magazines. He grabs a copy of Thrasher, Slap and Big Brother. He pays the guy and skates off.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Stevie practices skating obsessively. Quick cuts of him riding back and fourth on the sidewalk. Turning, zigzagging, etc. He is sweating. It's getting later and later into the night.

Dabney finally calls him in from the front door.

DABNEY

Stevie! It's late! Come on!

Stevie picks up his board and runs inside.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

QUICK CUTS of Stevie taking down Ninja Turtle and NBA JAM posters and putting up his two stickers and tear-outs from his skate magazines with scotch tape. His room is now three-quarters kid posters and one wall is all skating.

INT. ULTIMATE - THE NEXT DAY

DING! Stevie enters the store. Unlike last time the store is quiet and empty. He wanders towards the back, but no one is there. As he gets towards the very back he hears noise coming from outside the back door. He follows the sounds.

The back door, which is half open, leads to a parking lot. Partially obscured by the door, we see the crew skating. Stevie creeps outside with his board.

EXT. ULTIMATE - BACK PARKING LOT

Stevie watches the kids skate. They're attempting and landing some cool tricks as music plays from a ghetto blaster.

Stevie sits on the ground with his back against the wall and his board flipped up next to him. He continues to watch the tricks and commit them to memory. He spins the wheel of his board with his hand while watching.

Jorge walks by and notices Stevie's board.

JORGE

(dry/sarcastic)

Nice board, yo.

STEVIE

(elated/unaware of the
sarcasm)

Thanks!

Jorge smiles, shakes his head and skates off. Ruben attempts a kickflip and lands it with one foot as Stevie watches.

RUBEN

Fuck!

Ruben skates over next to Stevie, but doesn't notice him. Stevie is subtly trying to make eye contact with the only person he's broken ground with within the crew. Ruben picks up the bottom of his T-shirt and wipes the sweat from his eyes with it. He picks up a gallon of water from the ground and starts chugging. Late in his chug he notices Stevie sitting there. He takes the gallon away from his mouth.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
 (to Stevie)
 Oh, what's up fool?

Stevie smiles.

STEVIE
 What's up?

RUBEN
 (frustrated)
 Skating like shit today, man.

STEVIE
 (unsure what to say)
 Looks cool to me.

RUBEN
 (a compliment is a
 compliment)
 I'm Ruben.

STEVIE
 Stevie.

They give a "teenager new acquaintance lazy hand shake". Ruben clocks Stevie's wack 80s board. He wants to say something but he decides not to embarrass him. He just kind of smiles and shakes his head. Jorge skates over to them and picks up the jug of water which is now empty.

JORGE
 (to Ruben re: empty jug)
 Will you go fill this up, yo?

Ruben instinctively goes to refill it. He thinks of something and stops in his tracks.

RUBEN
 (to Stevie/in front of
 Jorge)
 Yo Stevie, go fill up this jug with
 water?

STEVIE
(with excitement)
For sure!

Stevie's eyes light up. He is excited to be given a task by Ruben and in some way help or be involved with the skating. He runs off with the jug with enthusiasm.

INT. ULTIMATE STORE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevie is filling up the jug with water at the sink. He is smiling wide. Happy to be a part of this at all.

EXT. OUT FRONT OF THE ULTIMATE SHOP - LATER

Stevie practices the cool tricks he saw the crew doing in the back parking lot by himself. QUICK FLASHES of the crew members doing their tricks intercut with Stevie's awful misguided attempts. He slams and falls constantly trying these tricks. He can take it. He gets up. Scrapes and all.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

Stevie watches them skate and gathers up his courage. He takes a few deep breaths.

Stevie puts the board under his left foot and rolls it back and forth under his foot a couple times. There is something really rough and intense about this.

Stevie puts his left foot on the board and kicks a couple of times, pushing him into the middle of the parking lot in full view of the crew. The crew watches him like a new young cub in the animal kingdom.

He GETS ON THE BOARD and coasts for a couple of feet. He then does his pathetic attempt at an ollie... SLAM! Stevie CRASHES INTO THE CONCRETE. He is in a lot of pain and shock. We are CLOSE on his face and the gravel underneath it.

The crew ERUPTS into laughter, mocking the shit out of Stevie. We stay CLOSE on Stevie. He all of the sudden LEAPS up to his feet. The pain of falling didn't phase him AT ALL.

Ruben is watching. A bit worried and embarrassed for Stevie.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE GRABBING HIS BOARD.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE ROLLING IT UNDER HIS LEFT FOOT A COUPLE OF TIMES.

Stevie pushes a couple of times and starts gliding again. He is gliding for a few moments with determination on his face and he busts another ugly attempt at an ollie and... SLAM!

CLOSE again on his face and the gravel underneath it. His face isn't shocked this time. He's okay.

The crew laughs even harder this time.

Stevie LEAPS UP and brushes off some dirt. He is filthy. He makes eye contact with Ruben. Ruben's expression is "what the fuck are you doing?" Stevie's not bailing.

Stevie sees Fourth Grade is filming him now and the crew laughing at him.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE GRABBING HIS BOARD.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE ROLLING IT UNDER HIS LEFT FOOT A COUPLE OF TIMES.

Stevie pushes a couple of times and starts gliding again. He glides for a few moments, determination on his face. He busts another awkward attempt at an ollie...and SLAMS EVEN HARDER. It took the wind out of him but won't let it stop him.

CLOSE again on his face and the gravel underneath it. Stevie could not give a fuck about the pain. He won't fucking stop. He LEAPS UP again.

The sees the crew's faces changing to subtly from laughing at him to slightly impressed with how hard of slams he's taking and picking himself back up again. Big balls.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE GRABBING HIS BOARD.

QUICK CUT CLOSE UP OF STEVIE ROLLING IT UNDER HIS LEFT FOOT A COUPLE OF TIMES.

A hand grabs him by the shirt off the board. It's Ruben's hand. He picks up Stevie's board and walks Stevie into the store.

INT. ULTIMATE SHOP - HANG OUT AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ruben is walking fast and Stevie is following him through the store.

 STEVIE
 What's up?

 RUBEN
 Come here.

Ruben walks him out of the store to the front of the store where no one is skating.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - OUT FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Ruben and Stevie stand out front of the shop with their boards.

RUBEN
(in shock)
Are you fucking crazy, yo?

STEVIE
(worried)
Did I do something wrong?

Ruben thinks.

RUBEN
DUDE. That was embarrassing as shit for you, yo!

STEVIE
(beating himself up)
Oh. Damn.

RUBEN
And do you, like, not feel pain or something?

STEVIE
What do you mean?

RUBEN
You slammed fucking hard a TON of times and it didn't even phase you for a second?

Stevie thinks for a beat.

STEVIE
(genuine to Ruben)
I just really want to get better.

Ruben takes this in. Shakes his head. Beat.

RUBEN
You're fucking crazy, yo.
(thinks)
I think what you're trying to do, I can't tell because that looked fucking insane to me, is an ollie.

STEVIE

What's that?

RUBEN

It basically is what it's called when you jump off the ground with your board. You can't do any fucking tricks if you can't ollie, yo.

Ruben thinks for a moment and then picks up Stevie's board and places Stevie's back wheels of his board in the crack of the sidewalk.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Get on the board.

Stevie gets on the board silently.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

The wheels are in the crack so you won't roll away and you can do this shit over and over. Like a billion times in a row. Because it's gonna take that many before you can do it. Just keep doing it.

Stevie nods his head. Ruben places his board parallel to Stevie and steps on it so Stevie can watch him.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

When you pop back on your tail, you're going to slide your front foot to the front as you jump so you pop up into the air and the board stays with you.

Ruben does a perfect ollie. The board looks as if it's stuck to his feet.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

You go.

Stevie does the lamest looking attempt at an ollie you've ever seen.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Damn, son. That was the ugliest shit I've ever seen in my life. Eww. Come chill for a minute. You're gonna have a fucking heart attack.

Stevie sits next to Ruben. He's sweaty and out of breath. Ruben pulls out a pack of Camel Lights and a lighter. Stevie is NOT used to being around people his age smoking cigarettes and we see it on his face. It's quiet except for cars passing by. Ruben lights his cigarette. He offers one to Stevie.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Here.

Stevie looks fucking terrified as HELL but he doesn't want to be seen as lame for not taking one. HE nervously takes a cigarette out of Ruben's pack. Ruben hands him the lighter. He very awkwardly lights his first cigarette. He puffs it awkwardly without inhaling, trying his best not to cough. It looks VERY unnatural. Ruben chuckles.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

You don't smoke do you?

STEVIE

(debating on whether to
lie)

Uh. I mean... not like... a lot.

Ruben looks at him like "come on dude".

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Very casually.

Stevie takes another awkward puff. He tries not to cough. Smoke gets in his eyes and it's uncomfortable. Ruben laughs.

RUBEN

You're funny, yo.

Stevie takes a break from his cigarette and rests it on the edge of the bench.

STEVIE

So, how long have you skated for?

RUBEN

(thinks)

Since last year...

(squinting/thinking)

Maybe like eight months?

STEVIE

(so interested)

You love it?

RUBEN
 Yeah, it's cool.
 (thinking)
 Yeah, I do.

Beat.

STEVIE
 (sincere)
 Thanks for teaching me that.

RUBEN
 (confused/upset)
 What're you gay?

STEVIE
 WHAT?

RUBEN
 (what the FUCK)
 Why the fuck are you... THANKING me
 and shit?

Stevie is freaked out and confused.

STEVIE
 (terrified)
 You think I'm gay because I thanked
 you for helping me?

RUBEN
 Yeah. Don't fuckin'... THANK
 people, man. That's gay as hell,
 yo.

STEVIE
 (genuine)
 I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

RUBEN
 (smoking/calming down)
 It's fine. Now you know.

It's a little uncomfortably silent.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
 (shaking his head/under
 his breath)
 Fuckin' weirdo.

Silence. Stevie is worried he's blown everything.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
(gotta get something off
my chest)
Can I tell you something?

STEVIE
Yeah. Sure.

RUBEN
You gotta get a new fucking board,
dude.

STEVIE
(surprised)
Really?

RUBEN
YES. That shit is eighties as fuck
and has a wack ass neon
Velociraptor on it screaming
"cowabunga". You look retarded, yo.

STEVIE
(maybe you're off on this
one)
Are you sure? Everyone keeps
complimenting me on it.

RUBEN
They're fucking with you, Stevie.

Stevie realizes and is hurt.

STEVIE
(sad)
Oh.

RUBEN
(it's okay)
It's fine. Everyone here fucks with
each other non-fucking stop. You
just gotta get a new board fucking
fast, yo.

STEVIE
Okay, I will. For sure. How much
are they?

RUBEN
Hundred twenty for a complete.

STEVIE
(shocked)
I don't have that kind of money.

RUBEN

I'll sell you my used setup for 40 bucks.

Stevie thinks this over. He may be able to swing that.

STEVIE

Don't you need your board?

RUBEN

(smiles)

I'm saving up for an "Ultimate" board.

STEVIE

(so curious)

What's an "Ultimate" board?

RUBEN

(super proud)

It's the shop team's board. You have to be ALLOWED to buy one. You can't just walk in off the street and buy one.

(now bragging)

I just got the okay from the crew, so now once I get the money, I can get an Ultimate board.

All Stevie wants in this universe is to be allowed to buy an Ultimate board one day.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

So I'll sell you mine for forty bucks which is a dope ass price.

STEVIE

Than....

Stevie is about to speak, but stops himself. Reconsiders.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I was about to thank you, but I know now how gay that is.

RUBEN

(what the fuck)

You don't have to say that shit either. Just fuckin' say nothing, yo. Jesus Fucking Christ.

Stevie smiles.

STEVIE
(smiling)
Sorry.

Ruben chuckles to himself.

RUBEN
You're fuckin' funny, yo. Weird as
hell but funny.

They both laugh a little. Stevie realizes something.

STEVIE
What time is it?

RUBEN
I don't know, probably like eight?

STEVIE
(super nervous)
Oh man. I... I gotta go, man.
Stevie gets up.

RUBEN
Aight, man.

Stevie gathers himself and his board.

STEVIE
You don't have to be home at a
certain time?

Ruben looks down for a beat. He stares down.

RUBEN
(brushing it off)
Nah. It's better for me if I get
home after my mom is asleep.

Uncomfortable heavy silence.

STEVIE
(picks up on the trouble
at home but doesn't know
what to say)
Oh.

Beat. Ruben looks up finally.

RUBEN
See you tomorrow?

Stevie lights up! Ruben just invited him back to the shop!

STEVIE
(smiling like an idiot)
Yeah.

RUBEN
A'ight.

Ruben reaches out for the "lazy new homie handshake". Stevie skates off smiling from ear to fucking ear.

INT. SHELL STATION BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stevie bursts into the gas station bathroom with his board. He immediately, and in a mad rush, heads over to the sink. He starts pumping excessive amounts of soap all over his arms, hands, face and scrubbing it off with water. He smells his breath and can tell it smells like smoke. He's panicked. He literally begins to wash his mouth out with soap aggressively. He continues pumping soap, lathering and washing out the soap from his mouth manically.

EXT. PALMS STREETS - MINUTES LATER

Stevie is skating home as fast as he can. All of the sudden, it starts pouring rain. He keeps skating even though it's slippery and new to him. He has to get home.

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

We hear the keys jangling outside and the lock open. Stevie BURSTS through the front door. Dabney rushes from the kitchen to greet him.

DABNEY
Stevie?
(then)
You're soaking!

STEVIE
I'm so sorry, I lost track of time,
I'm so sorry it won't happen again.
Sorry.

Dabney is confused.

DABNEY
It's only seven thirty.

STEVIE
(sigh of relief)
Oh. Great.

Dabney is puzzled and amused. Stevie is worried she will smell smoke. He takes off to his room.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(running)
I'm gonna put on dry clothes.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevie bursts through the door and slams it shut behind him. He takes off his shirt and dries himself off with it. He looks at his board and shakes his head.

STEVIE
(to himself)
So lame.

He looks out the window and it's pouring. He looks back at his board. He wants to skate more, but it's pouring. He puts his board on the carpet and stands on it. He practices some ollies on the carpet. He doesn't notice how loud the sound is inside the house. He does a few more.

Dabney BURSTS through Stevie's door! It scares the shit out of him. She is scared also.

DABNEY
What is that noise?! Are you okay?!

She sees it's the skateboard. She laughs a bit.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
What're you doing, kid?

STEVIE
Practicing.

She laughs. It's cute. She throws herself on his bed on her stomach with her head at the foot of the bed facing Stevie. It's an invasion of Stevie's space. He is annoyed by it but swallows it. He sits in his desk chair.

DABNEY
(relieved/laughing)
You scared the shit out of me.

STEVIE
Sorry. I would have practiced outside but it's pouring.

She thinks for a moment.

DABNEY
You love this skateboarding, huh?

Stevie looks at her sincerely.

STEVIE
(half smiling)
Yeah.
(then)
Actually, there's something I
wanted to talk to you about.

DABNEY
Always.

STEVIE
(deep breath)
I wanted to... ask you... for money
for a new board.

DABNEY
(confused)
Didn't Ian just give you that
board? It was ACTUALLY nice of him
to do that and it's perfectly good.

Stevie protects his lie that Ian gave it to him and launches
into his argument.

STEVIE
The thing is. It's not. I know that
seems weird to you, but it's like,
from the eighties and it has like a
neon dinosaur and says "cowabunga"
and stuff on it.

DABNEY
So? Dinosaurs are cool.

STEVIE
It's like... not a cool board. I
need one of the "cool" brands or
whatever.

DABNEY
(wishing she could)
I'm sorry, kid.

STEVIE
Please Mom?

DABNEY
No.

STEVIE

Mom, I'm begging you. Please?
Please? I'm begging you. I'm gonna
be a joke.

DABNEY

Kid. I want to give you everything
in the whole world. I do. But I
don't have money to just throw away
on skateboards. I'm sorry. I'm sure
it's not as bad as you think.

Stevie looks down, bummed.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

(trying to cheer him up)
On the bright side, it's Saturday!
Blockbuster night!

Stevie is still bummed.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

You can choooooose. "Defending Your
Life"?

Beat.

STEVIE

I can't. Sorry. I have to practice.

Dabney is hurt and confused.

DABNEY

Not in the house. And it's pouring
out?

Beat. Stevie gets up and picks up his board.

STEVIE

(upset)
I'll survive.

DABNEY

(upset/guilting him)
That hurts my feelings, Stevie. We
always watch movies on Saturday
night. Do you realize you're
hurting me?

Beat.

STEVIE
(under his breath but she
can hear)
You'll survive.

Dabney is hurt. Stevie leaves the room without wearing a shirt still and shuts the door.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - 2 HOURS LATER

It is pouring and Stevie is shirtless, practicing his ollies angrily and with determination. Over and over. He is soaked. He falls some of the times, but continues and practices more.

He looks at the window of Dabney's bedroom. He can see her watching "Defending Your Life" by herself. She seems worried and lonely. Stevie takes this in and feels guilty. He watches for a moment and debates going inside. He does. We stay on Dabney's bedroom from outside in the rain and HOLD for a few moments. After a bit, we see Stevie enter her bedroom and go sit on the floor in front of her bed in his usual spot. They say nothing. They both just silently watch. She cracks a slight smile, relieved the fight is over.

INT. DABNEY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

We are over Ian and Stevie's shoulders as they look at Dabney's dresser drawer next to her bed. Dabney is out of the house. It's silent. Finally...

STEVIE
(scared)
I don't know...

IAN
Don't be a pussy. It's the only way.

We are now on a TWO SHOT of Ian and Stevie. Stevie looks really terrified and really uncomfortable with doing this.

STEVIE
This...doesn't feel right...

IAN
You came to me and said you needed forty bucks. That's a lot of fucking money. Just open the drawer and grab forty for you and forty for me. Simple.

Stevie's eyes become a bit glassy. This feels very wrong.

IAN (CONT'D)
(manipulating)
Fine I'm fuckin' outta here. You're acting like a fucking baby...

Ian turns to leave, but knows Stevie will cave.

STEVIE
Fine! Fine!

Stevie is upset with himself for doing this, but has no other choice. He knows this is very wrong. He opens the door and VERY CAREFULLY grabs eighty dollars in cash from Dabney's money stash. He closes the drawer shut and looks like he might start crying. Ian grabs his forty bucks and leaves the room. HOLD ON Stevie looking incredibly guilty. He looks at his forty bucks. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. His eyes glass up again. He's mad at himself for doing this. He spits at the mirror onto the reflection of his face. He looks at himself in the mirror with shame. Beat.

INT. ULTIMATE SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

Stevie gives Ruben the forty bucks and Ruben gives him Stevie used board. It is a new style shape, but the graphics are all smeared from use and the trucks are all grinded down.

RUBEN
This is a sick deal. You're lucky you caught me at the right time.

STEVIE
(so thrilled)
Thank...
(rapidly changing his words)
I... do... not... appreciate... this?

Stevie and Ruben share a laugh. Stevie looks at his "new" board like it's the Mona Lisa.

RUBEN
(to the rest of the crew)
I got the money, yo! I got the money!

Jorge and Fourth Grade head over to Ruben.

JORGE
That's what's up!

Fuckshit grabs a brand new Ultimate deck off of the wall. He smiles and brings it over to Ruben. Ruben is smiling from ear to ear. This is a MASSIVE moment for him. Ruben hands the money over to Fuckshit. This is a joyous moment for everyone. Stevie is excited for Ruben. Stevie's face says, "I would do anything to have this be me one day". The crew gives Ruben props and fist bumps. Ruben smiles at Stevie, bragging silently about his new status. Stevie smiles back. Happy for his new pal.

INT. ULTIMATE SKATE SHOP - AFTERNOON

The whole crew is in the couch area of the shop watching Kareem Campbell's World Industries' "New World Order" skate video and talking to each other.

Stevie sits on the floor admiring his new treasure. He has not yet earned a place on the couch. He is able to listen in on the conversations, but is not included in them.

FUCKSHIT

Okay, okay, okay. I don't fuckin' get this one. Why do people say Mexicans are lazy and shit?

The crew laughs. Some uncomfortably. The crew looks at Jorge.

JORGE

Why the fuck are you looking at me? That's fucked up! Do people say that shit?

FUCKSHIT

I heard that shit. But it doesn't make any sense to me. Every time I see a Mexican dude he's building like a fucking building and shit, nigga.

JORGE

That's fucked up, yo.

FUCKSHIT

I didn't say I say that. I said PEOPLE do! The whole point of this game is you can't get offended.

JORGE

Okay. Okay. Fine. Fourth Grade, I got one: Why are white people so fuckin' obsessed with their dogs?

THE CREW

Ahhh! RIGHT?!

JORGE

All my white friend's parents have a dog that they talk about like it's one of their kids and shit, like:

(valley girl impression)

"Eric has been, like, really in his own world lately".

The crew cracks up.

FOURTH GRADE

(laughing)

I don't even have a dog. I have a Gecko.

The crew laughs hard at this.

FUCKSHIT

A GECKO?!

They laugh harder.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

I don't know ONE NIGGA in the universe with a gecko!

The crew is dying.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

That is the whitest fucking animal on planet earth, nigga!

FOURTH GRADE

Why is that so fuckin' funny? Nico is awesome.

JORGE

NICO?!

FUCKSHIT

You have a GECKO named NICO?!
AAAHHHH!

The crew dies laughing.

FOURTH GRADE

(genuine)

That's mean.

(MORE)

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)
 (interrupting the
 laughter)
 Okay! Okay! I have one:

The crew simmers down.

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)
 Can black people:
 (wait for it)
 Get sunburned?

FUCKSHIT
 Jesus Christ.

FOURTH GRADE
 What?

FUCKSHIT
 You are one of the dumbest
 motherfuckers I have ever met in my
 life.

FOURTH GRADE
 What?! I've genuinely always wanted
 to ask that! I honestly feel like a
 load off my chest even having
 asked. Like every time I've talked
 to you when it's hot outside I'm
 like "does he not even need sun
 screen?" "Is there black colored
 sun tan lotion?"

FUCKSHIT
 YES. Black people can get
 sunburned, you dumb fuck. How do
 you know not know that?

RUBEN
 You can't lump all white people in
 with Fourth Grade. That's fucked up
 to do to white people.

The crew laughs.

FOURTH GRADE
 (to himself/a little sad)
 Fuck you guys.

He picks up his camera and starts filming because he doesn't
 know what else to do with his discomfort and hurt feelings.

FUCKSHIT

Okay.
 (to Stevie)
 Yo. Kid.

Stevie is like "is he talking to me?"

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Did you know black people could get
 sunburned?

Stevie genuinely looks like he's about to shit his pants. His nightmare is being within a thousand miles of this conversation. A deer in headlights. His face turns from fear to deep thinking to "fuck it, now or never". WHAT IS HE GOING TO SAY. BEAT.

STEVIE

(dry/now or never)
 What are black people?

BEAT.

What is their reaction going to be. Stevie is freaking out.

BEAT. Fuckshit breaks the silence and gives a VERY SLIGHT laugh. Almost silent. The others let out very minor laughs as well. They're not cracking up by any means, but their barely audible chuckles are the nicest we've seen them be to an outsider.

Stevie is insanely relieved. The crew goes back to watching the video. On the television, Kareem Campbell does a GIANT 360 Ollie over a massive gap as his last trick in the video section.

FUCKSHIT

FUCK! SHIT! That was DOPE! Let's go
 hit Lockwood, yo.

The crew all gets up and grabs their boards. Stevie stays seated. Fuckshit hovers over him and notices his "new" board.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

You coming, Sunblock?

Stevie is in shock. Not only has he just been invited, but he even has a nick name?!

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Fuckshit leaves through the front of the store. Stevie gets up with his new board. Ruben waits for Stevie.

RUBEN
(confused himself)
What the fuck was that?

STEVIE
(so happy/confused)
I don't know!

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - MINUTES LATER

The crew skates through the streets of L.A. dodging cars in SLOW MOTION. Stevie is doing his best, but struggling to keep up. This is hard and beyond his skill level but he is in a pack. A feeling he has never felt before. A pretty fucking good one.

EXT. LOCKWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The crew, including Stevie, skate up to Lockwood, an elementary school and famous L.A. skate spot in a rough neighborhood (at the time).

The gates are locked and the crew immediately start throwing their boards over the giant fences and start climbing up and hoisting each other up. Stevie looks a little freaked out. He has never hopped a fence before. He struggles over, awkwardly.

The crew starts lining up benches and setting up picnic tables in an order to their liking. They start doing tricks on the benches and picnic tables.

We see shots of the crew trying tricks, talking shit and laughing. Stevie is practicing incredibly hard. He takes hard falls and the crew notices. After a particularly hard slam, Fuckshit extends a hand to Stevie to help him up. He takes it. It means a lot. Fuckshit skates off and attempts some tricks. Stevie skates over to Ruben who is drinking from a big gallon of water. He offers the last bit of water to Stevie. Stevie has the last few drops and puts the jug down.

STEVIE
Thank y...
(very quickly)
I mean... nothing.

Ruben shakes his head.

RUBEN
(a little sarcastic)
So you're "Sunblock" now.

Stevie smiles. Proud to have a nickname.

STEVIE

(genuine)

How come some people have nicknames
and some don't?

RUBEN

(annoyed because he
doesn't have a nickname)

I don't fucking know.

(then)

Jorge doesn't. And he's the best
skater so whatever, yo. I think
it's like better not to have one.

Stevie nods his head. Did he just offend Ruben?

STEVIE

Yeah. Jorge is the best and he
doesn't have one. That's cooler for
sure.

Stevie looks at Fuckshit skating.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Why do they call him Fuckshit?

RUBEN

'Cuz any time he sees a dope trick
he always yells out "FUCK! SHIT!
That was dope!"

Stevie laughs. The boys watch Fourth Grade filming Jorge
doing tricks on the picnic tables.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

I mean... they're both fucking
DOPE.

(thinking)

I mean they can land pretty much
the same tricks, but Jorge...

(smiles to himself)

Jorge's just got the sickest style
EVER.

Stevie takes this in. A new concept for him. Style is vital.
TWO SHOT of Ruben and Stevie watching Fuckshit attempt a
trick Jorge just landed elegantly. Fuckshit SLAMS HARD. Ruben
FLINCHES HARD. Stevie doesn't flinch at all. The violence of
Fuckshit hitting the ground hard doesn't phase Stevie at all.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
(re: Fourth Grade)
His name is "Fourth Grade" because
he's as smart as a fourth grader.

Stevie laughs.

STEVIE
(nervous)
Am I allowed to call him that?

RUBEN
(a little mean/jealous)
I wouldn't call anyone anything
yet, homie.

Stevie is confused about why Ruben seems a little weird with him for some reason. Jorge skates over sweaty and out of breath. He picks up the empty gallon of water. He turns to Stevie.

JORGE
(matter of fact)
Yo Sunblock, go fill this up.

STEVIE
(happy)
For sure.

Ruben is ELATED he wasn't asked for the first time ever. He gives Stevie the nod to go do it. Stevie is ELATED that Jorge remembered his nickname and asked him to do something for the crew. Stevie skates off with the empty gallon to fill it up at the water fountain.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Stevie sleeps in his bed with his new board next to him. We hear various "skate sounds". Wheels rolling on concrete, tails slapping against concrete. These sounds swell into a symphony of skate sounds.

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Stevie walks into the kitchen. Dabney is cooking eggs. He looks at the clock on the wall. He grabs a Capri Sun from the fridge and takes it down in seconds. He is in a rush.

DABNEY
Morning, kid.

STEVIE

I gotta go, mom. I'm sorry I'm late.

DABNEY

I'm making eggs. What're you late for?

STEVIE

Uhh... I'm meeting some people to go skate.

DABNEY

(disappointed)

Oh.

(guilting him)

It would be very hurtful to me if you ran out the door because I woke up early to make you eggs.

(more guilt)

But if that's what you feel you want to do and if you feel that that's the RIGHT thing to do.

Stevie wants to rush out, but the guilt takes its hold. He exhales and sits down.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

I actually have a question?

STEVIE

(impatient)

Yeah.

DABNEY

So I finally called this Todd guy back and now he hasn't called me back and it's been over a week. Is that like, a major red flag?

Stevie thinks. He is engaged, but still really wants to go skate.

STEVIE

(thinking)

Umm... maybe he didn't get the message?

DABNEY

Yeah I thought that. And then I was gonna call him again, but then I'm like "I'm not even into him"? I don't know.

Beat.

 STEVIE
Yeah. I don't know.

Beat.

 DABNEY
I'll give it another day or two.
Whatever.

Ian enters the room and crashes towards the fridge. He opens it and pulls out the carton of orange juice. He shakes it and looks furious. It feels light. His face changes from blank to furious.

 IAN
WHO DRANK MY ORANGE JUICE?

 DABNEY
No one, Ian.

 IAN
There's less of it. I know one of
you drank it.

 STEVIE
 (terrified)
I didn't. I swear.

 DABNEY
Me neither, Ian.

 IAN
It's MY orange juice. Why don't you
fucking understand that? FUCK...

 DABNEY
HEY!

 IAN
Fuck this shit!

 DABNEY
HEY! LANGUAGE! JESUS!

Ian takes the carton and leaves the kitchen. Dabney swallows her anger and pain.

 STEVIE
 (seeing his opportunity)
I'm sorry, I have to go. Sorry.

Stevie runs out of the room.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie rushes out of his house. He is worried about being late for something. He skates around the corner from his house. He reaches a house and waits outside of it on the sidewalk. He paces around waiting. He looks around suspiciously. Finally, a 1990 Mitsubishi Montero SUV pulls up to the house Stevie is waiting in front of. Fuckshit is driving and Jorge is riding shotgun. Fourth Grade and Ruben are in the back seat.

FUCKSHIT
Whassup, fool?

Stevie smiles.

FOURTH GRADE
Hey man, I have to pee. Can I use your bathroom?

Stevie is freaked out, he doesn't know what to say.

STEVIE
Uhh... our toilet is... broken.

FOURTH GRADE
Ah, crap.

Ruben gets out of the car to let Stevie in.

RUBEN
You're riding bitch, yo.

STEVIE
Cool.

Stevie is about to get in when all of the sudden, an OLD ASIAN WOMAN leaves the front door of his house and walks towards the sidewalk to her car. The crew looks confused. So does she. Stevie looks panicked.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(panicked to Asian woman)
Bye! Have a great day!

OLD ASIAN WOMAN
(super confused/polite)
Uh... you too.

Stevie rushes in the car. Ruben gets in after him. The car drives off.

INT. MITSUBISHI MONTERO - MOMENTS LATER

The crew is blasting music and talking shit. Fuckshit is driving fast to impress his friends like teenagers do. Stevie is beaming. This is the most freedom he has ever had.

STEVIE

(whispering to Ruben)

I've never been in a car without someone's mom or dad or whatever. This is AWESOME.

RUBEN

(baffled/irritated)

YO! Keep this shit to yourself, Stevie. Fuck!

STEVIE

(so excited)

Sorry. Sorry.

The crew smoke cigarettes and blast music as they drive.

EXT. ARCO HANDRAILS - DOWNTOWN LA - LATER THAT DAY

Jorge busts amazing tricks down the stairs at the spot. Fuckshit does some slightly lesser tricks but still impressive down the stairs. Fourth Grade is filming Fuckshit and Jorge. Stevie watches Fuckshit watch Jorge land an amazing trick. Stevie clocks this making Fuckshit quietly resentful. Ruben is landing kick flips more and more and they're getting cleaner. Stevie is practicing his ollies intensely and getting CLOSER to landing one.

EXT. ARCO HANDRAILS - DOWNTOWN LA - LATER

The crew and Stevie sit on the stairs smoking cigarettes and drinking from gallon waters. They're mid argument.

FUCKSHIT

Nigga, fuck you! I think you lost your fucking mind?

RUBEN

What? You know I got those looks though, son.

FUCKSHIT

There's no way in hell you are better looking than me, nigga.

RUBEN

I think it's close, but I'm maybe a point higher.

FUCKSHIT

What are you?

RUBEN

Seven. Seven and a half?

FUCKSHIT

And what the fuck am I?!

RUBEN

Six. Six and a half.

FUCKSHIT

What the FUCK?!

Fourth Grade is filming and laughing.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

You got that little ass crusty ass mustache, son. I think you're fucking crazy. Jorge?

Jorge just gives a cocky smile.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

You got nothing to say here?

JORGE

(cocky/you already know)
Come on, man.

FUCKSHIT

What?

JORGE

You guys can argue over being sixes and sevens all day.

FUCKSHIT

Oh, and what are you nigga?

JORGE

(cocky)
Come on. Don't make me say it.

FUCKSHIT

What the fuck is going on here? You think you're more attractive than me?

JORGE

Don't make me have to make it weird.

FUCKSHIT

No, what the fuck number do you think you are?

Beat.

JORGE

You're really gonna make me say it?

FUCKSHIT

YES!

JORGE

If not a ten. Incredibly close.

FUCKSHIT

WHAT THE FUCK?!

The crew starts laughing.

JORGE

No disrespect, but come on, I'm clearly the best looking in the crew.

FUCKSHIT

Nigga, fuck you! You're pretty like a girl.

JORGE

I'm marketable, son. I got those marketable looks. That's part of why I'm gonna blow up once I go pro.

FUCKSHIT

DOG. You can't SAY shit like that! And anyway, you're pretty like, feminine. Like a beautiful girl or some shit. I'm ruggedly handsome. Young Denzel, son. Got that rugged power.

The crew laughs.

JORGE

Young Whoopi Goldberg, son.

The crew laughs.

FUCKSHIT

HA. HA. You look like Selena,
nigga.

JORGE

You're just jealous. I got those
model good looks, though.

Fuckshit actually is jealous, but won't show it.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Fourth Grade, what number you think
you are?

Fourth Grade is filming.

FOURTH GRADE

(shook up/to Jorge)

I don't... who do you think is
better looking, Ruben or new kid?

Stevie feels very uncomfortable. He is not comfortable with
his looks. He can't even look at Ruben who is a bit
uncomfortable even being compared to the new kid.

RUBEN

(annoyed at the
comparison)

Oh, come on.

Stevie is so uncomfortable. He doesn't want to argue this
point.

FUCKSHIT

I don't know, yo. It's close.
Sunblock got that nigga from "Home
Alone" vibe going on.

JORGE

HE DOES, THOUGH!

Stevie laughs embarrassed.

RUBEN

Oh fuck OFF.

STEVIE

(let's change subjects)

Ruben is a lot higher number than
me. I'm like a one.

Ruben likes and respects Stevie putting himself below him on
the food chain. A HOMELESS MAN, 40s, is wandering through a
trash can near the crew.

FUCKSHIT

I don't know, you being modest,
nigga.

(to the homeless guy)

Yo homie! Come here!

The homeless guy looks up and walks up to the crew.

HOMELESS MAN

Any change?

FUCKSHIT

Yo, homie. Which one of these
niggas is better looking?

(points to Stevie and
Ruben)

This nigga or this nigga?

The homeless guy thinks for a second.

RUBEN

(laughing but nervous)

You fucking STUPID, yo.

Jorge and Fourth Grade are laughing. Stevie is shitting his pants. He thinks he's ugly, but he doesn't want to go over Ruben's order in the crew.

FUCKSHIT

Like, if you had to give them each
a number from one to ten what would
they be?

The homeless man thinks.

HOMELESS MAN

(to Ruben)

Five.

Ruben is pissed.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

(to Stevie)

Seven.

The crew all dies laughing! Ruben is furious and Stevie is scare shit-less. He looks down so embarrassed.

FUCKSHIT

Ahhhh!!!!!!!

(to Ruben)

You ugly, nigga!

Fuckshit hands the homeless guy some change. He walks away. The crew gets up and skates. Stevie walks up to Ruben.

STEVIE

I think you're way better looking
than I am...

RUBEN

(pissed)
Shut the fuck up, yo.

Ruben skates off and practices kickflips. Stevie looks upset, but goes back to practicing ollies.

INT. MITSUBISHI MONTERO - MINUTES LATER

The crew is driving by a movie theater in Westwood. The line is around the block for people waiting to see "The Usual Suspects". Fourth Grade is filming as they pull up to the line and stop.

RUBEN

THE WEIRD GUY TELLING THE STORY IS
KEYSER SOZE!!! THAT'S THE TWIST AT
THE END!!

The crew cracks up laughing. The people in the line look fucking pissed and upset they now know the end to the movie they're waiting to see. The car speeds off as the crew dies laughing.

INT. MITSUBISHI MONTERO - LATER THAT DAY

The crew is in their same seats in the car. Fourth Grade is filming as the crew fucks with people from the car. Throwing shit at other cars and laughing. Hollering at girls. Fucking with other drivers. They pull up to a SOCCER MOM, 30, in a mini van.

FUCKSHIT

(to the soccer mom)
Yo what's up, baby?

SOCCER MOM

(disgusted)
Leave me alone.

The crew laughs.

FUCKSHIT

Just give love a chance, lady!

SOCCKER MOM
 (pissed)
 Fuck off.

FUCKSHIT
 You can deny it all you want, but
 I'm sensing a real back and forth
 here. Sparks, ya know what I mean?

SOCCKER MOM
 In your dreams. You're a four.

The crew explodes laughing!!!!

THE CREW
 Ahhh!!!! She called you a four,
 son!!

FUCKSHIT
 (upset/to himself)
 Four. That's fucked up.

They sit awkwardly at the stop light. She smiles that he's getting clowned on. Fuckshit awkwardly rolls up the window, embarrassed.

EXT. WEST L.A. COURTHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

DOLLY IN OVER Stevie's shoulders REVEALING the vast outdoor plaza of the West Los Angeles Courthouse.

This is the street skating Garden Of Eden.

The place is PACKED with over 100 SKATERS of all ages, skating the abundance of ledges, a giant drained fountain you can do tricks into, stairs and a taller stage to grind or manual on for the most advanced.

CLOSE ON STEVIE'S FACE taking it all in. He's made it to heaven.

BACK TO all of the skaters tearing it up.

Stevie makes his way close to Ruben. Ruben is a little colder to Stevie because of the looks conversation, but has cooled off some of his anger towards him.

STEVIE
 (with wonder)
 What is this place?

RUBEN
The Courthouse.

Stevie takes it in. He senses this place is special. It's bursting with energy.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
Illest skate spot in LA.

SHOT of skaters grinding on the ledges. SHOTS of skaters ollieing and doing flip tricks down the two sets of stairs. SHOTS of the way better skaters doing big tricks into the fountain. It looks scary hard. We see Jorge ollie up the stage to manual and manual the whole stage and pop off of the other side. It's remarkable to watch.

STEVIE
It's an actual Courthouse?

RUBEN
It's super fucking illegal to skate here. Trespassing, destruction of public property, and it's federal property, you have to watch out for cops constantly. They do surprise raids usually once a day. And the craziest part is, the court house is ATTACHED to the police station.

AERIAL SHOT OF THE COURTHOUSE... WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE POLICE STATION.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
The two buildings are LITERALLY connected.

CHYRON: COURTHOUSE. POLICE STATION.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
So if you hear someone yell out "5-0", you just take off running as fast as you can outta here don't try and find the crew. Every man for himself. Meet up at Subway on Sawtelle. Understand?

Stevie looks a little freaked out, but excited by the danger of it all.

STEVIE
Yeah.

We see around 30 HOMELESS MEN, all ages, on the upper deck of the courthouse at picnic tables looking down on all the skating, playing checkers, drinking from paper bag covered beer cans. Two of the men appear to be in a pretty ugly argument that looks like it's about to become physical.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 (re: homeless guys)
 What's up there?

RUBEN
 That's where the bums hang out. They usually are pretty cool and keep to themselves. Sometimes they'll get shit faced and cheer on the skaters, but sometimes they go nuts so you gotta watch out. If one of them offers you something to smoke, don't fucking smoke it. It's probably crack.

Stevie's face tells you "that is fucking terrifying."

Stevie and Ruben stand on their boards with their backs against the brick wall. They both smoke a cig. Stevie is slightly more comfortable smoking now.

Stevie and Ruben clock DANIEL CASTILLO, early 20s and CHICO BRENES, early 20s. Stevie's face lights up! Ruben can't even help his excitement.

RUBEN (CONT'D)
 (trying to be cool but
 can't help it)
 Holy shit, that's Daniel Castillo
 and Chico Brenes.

STEVIE
 Whoa! I know who they are! I saw
 them in Thrasher!

RUBEN
 Yeah, they skate for Chocolate, yo.
 They're so fucking sick.

STEVIE
 (shocked)
 They skate here? Like where you
 guys skate?

RUBEN
 Yeah, yo. Everyone skates here.

Daniel and Chico cross paths with Fuckshit and Jorge, who pick up their boards and show the pros respect. Stevie watches Jorge laugh and joke and make the pros laugh and smile. Fuckshit is more shy and puts on way less of a show for the pros.

Stevie and Ruben watch from a distance as Jorge busts a couple beautiful tricks with sick style and lands them perfectly. The pros seem impressed. They then watch Fuckshit try to nail the same tricks. He lands all except the last, but with a lot clunkier of a style. The pros seem less impressed. Fuckshit tries that last one again and lands it. The pros are into it, but not nearly as into it as they were with Jorge's display. Fuckshit sits on one of the ledges and ties his shoes a little defeated. Stevie watches Jorge be the "life of the party" and continue to make the pros laugh and be entertained. Stevie sees Fuckshit skate away from Jorge and the pros, a little disheartened.

TIME CUT:

Stevie is practicing his ollies non stop in his own world.

RANDOM KID (O.S.)
5-0!!!!!! 5-0!!!!!!

Fuckshit and Stevie's head turn up. Fuckshit takes off running!!! Stevie is freaking out! All of the hundred or so skaters TAKE OFF RUNNING in different directions! COPS chase skaters out of the courthouse in all different directions. Three random skaters in different parts of the courthouse are caught and handcuffed and the cops take their boards. Stevie picks a direction and TAKES OFF RUNNING! A cop SWIPES at him but he narrowly escapes and makes it out of the courthouse. He runs like the wind with his board in his hand.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie is running. He is alone, scared and unsure of his fate. He's sees the SUBWAY!!!!

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stevie bursts into Subway in a panic. The crew are all sitting down while Ruben is in line calmly ordering sandwiches. Stevie is FREAKED OUT. The crew sees him and laughs.

FUCKSHIT
 Sunblock, what're you doing here?
 We thought you were doing ten to
 fifteen in San Quentin!

The crew explodes laughing. Stevie composes himself and gets in line with Ruben.

RUBEN
 (with authority)
 Four meatball six inches.

Ruben hands Stevie the money and sits with the crew at the table. Stevie happily waits in line, but it was a bit mean spirited the way Ruben said that and handed him the money. Stevie watches Ruben sit with the crew while he waits in line.

INT. MITSUBISHI MONTERO - LATER

The crew are eating their Subway sandwiches in the car as music blasts. The car pulls up to a house and stops. Ruben gets out of the car.

FOURTH GRADE
 Hey, Rube, can I pee in your house,
 man?

Ruben freezes. He's uncomfortable and doesn't have a response. Stevie looks over to the windows of Ruben's house. The shades are closed and there is something unsettling and off about the vibe of Ruben's house.

RUBEN
 Uhh... my toilet is broken.

Ruben gives Stevie a little look.

FOURTH GRADE
 Man, FUCK! Is everybody's toilet
 broken in this city?

RUBEN
 Later.

THE CREW
 Later, Ruben.

The car drives off. Stevie looks over his shoulder at Ruben out the back window. Ruben goes up to the front door and acts like he's going to go in, but then once the car has driven away a bit he skates off around the corner going somewhere else. Stevie is the only one who clocks this.

INT. DINNER TABLE - THAT NIGHT

Stevie is shoveling food into his mouth rapidly as Dabney watches with a disgusted look on her face.

DABNEY

Jesus Christ, SLOW DOWN. You look so unattractive when you eat like that. Jesus.

Stevie uncomfortable stops. He feels bad about the comment, but is more focused on finishing so he can go practice more.

STEVIE

(with a mouth full of food)

Sorry.

DABNEY

As I was saying, he finally called...

Stevie stares blankly at Dabney as she talks about Todd. We hear faint bits of her words, but we hear loudly the swelling symphony of skate wheel sounds.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Stevie practices. He's getting better. In fact, he's getting pretty good. After we see three close attempts he LANDS HIS FIRST OLLIE! Smiles. To say he's satisfied is an understatement. He celebrates and goes APE SHIT! Running around the front of the house taking his shirt off and waving it around!

STEVIE

WOOOOO!!!!!!

IAN (O.C.)

SHUT THE FUCK UP, FAGGOT!

Stevie is FREAKED OUT. He looks at Ian's window, which has Ian hanging out of it.

IAN (CONT'D)

Skating's fucking gay. Shut up.

Ian slams the window shut. Stevie is shaken but this is too good of a moment. He goes back to celebrating... but quietly.

EXT. LOCKWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

The crew sits on lunch tables smoking cigs. It's a Sunday so the school is theirs.

JORGE

Two weeks?! What the fuck?!

FUCKSHIT

I know, nigga. I got my report card and my parents were fucking PISSED. No car for two weeks. Might as well cut my dick off.

The crew laughs, but is bummed Fuckshit has no car for two weeks.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Parents are so fucking retarded, nigga.

THE CREW

Word. So fucking retarded.

FUCKSHIT

I'm a senior in high school, it's not like all of the sudden I'm gonna get into Harvard or some shit.

Everyone is quiet thinking about their own situation.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

I mean, my parents went to good schools and became lawyers and got paid and shit. I mean, they're not Puff Daddy or some shit, but I respect what they did. That shit just isn't me. I get C's and I'm a'ight with that shit. I spent my time skating and chilling with my niggas and I wouldn't have done it any differently.

Stevie is taking this in.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

I hope I go pro for sure. That would be so ill. But no matter what, I'm gonna work in skating for sure.

(does he even believe this next sentence)

And who knows, I may go pro?

JORGE

Fuck yeah you will, yo.

Fuckshit smiles, but is this his friend being just nice?

JORGE (CONT'D)

You KNOW MY ASS is going pro and the second I do I'm gonna be like I don't ride without Fuckshit on the team!

Jorge doesn't realize this is a hurtful thing to say. Fuckshit is almost in shock that Jorge is so unaware.

FUCKSHIT

(in shock)

Oh really?

JORGE

(still not realizing)

Yeah, really! I see so many people not doing shit with their lives. I'm lucky as shit I might be able to do something with mine. We're going all the way, yo. I got the illest style, yo. Nobody does the tricks I do, looking as good as I do. Style over everything.

Stevie watches Fuckshit take this in.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fuckin' ball out, yo. Drive Range Rovers and shit. And you're gonna be doing that shit with me, yo. I'll be on the cover of Thrasher in no time like, "this is my crew, yo! Ultimate fo' life!"

The crew all laughs and thinks it over. Jorge most likely is going pro and that's a weird thing for them to think about. Fuckshit looks especially perplexed maybe realizing that his friend is going to go all the way and he probably won't. He seems sad.

JORGE (CONT'D)

What about you, Fourth Grade?

Fourth Grade is put on the spot. He fiddles with his camera nervously.

FOURTH GRADE

Oh... me?

JORGE

Yeah, you.

FOURTH GRADE

Shit...

(beat)

I guess, like...

(looking down/nervous)

Maybe like...make a...movie...or
whatever...

The crew CRACKS UP! It feels mean and Fourth Grade looks super embarrassed and angry he opened up like that.

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)

(angrily into his camera)

Fuck you guys... shut up...

FUCKSHIT

This nigga think he Spielberg and
shit!

The crew laughs more. Stevie isn't laughing. He sees Fourth Grade's pain but there's no way he's saying shit.

FOURTH GRADE

(embarrassed)

Never mind.

(making a joke out of it)

That is stupid, yo.

(then)

I don't know, maybe I'll work for
my dad or whatever.

RUBEN

(interrupting)

I don't give a fuck what I do, yo.
I just wanna smoke the most weed.
Do the most cool shit. Fuck the
hottest bitches. And have the most
fun ever. All the fucking time, yo.
I feel like every old person I see
doesn't give a fuck about having
fun, yo.

The crew laughs.

JORGE

(laughing)

You're fucking stupid, yo. What
about you, Sunblock?

Stevie thinks deeply. He has no clue.

STEVIE
 (genuine but matter of
 fact)
 I don't know.

The crew doesn't know how to react.

RUBEN
 Dope answer.

The crew laughs at Stevie. That was a harsh reaction from Ruben but Stevie takes the abuse. Stevie laughs it off. Beat.

STEVIE
 (dry/with The most
 confidence we've seen
 from him)
 Maybe find cooler friends to hang
 out with.

HOLY SHIT STEVIE MADE A JOKE!!! Beat. Everyone except Ruben laughs. Ruben looks away not giving him props for his joke. Everyone thinks about the conversation for a silent moment.

JORGE
 Let's skate this gap, yo.

FUCKSHIT
 Oh you wanna skate the GAP?!

JORGE
 YUP.

FUCKSHIT
 BIG BALLS over here!

The camera PANS UP above them and shows a roof gap over the lunch area. There is at least a ten foot drop if you fall through the gap and don't make it to the other side. Scary.

EXT. LOCKWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - THE ROOF GAP - MINUTES
 LATER

The crew stands on the roof of the roof gap. It's scary up there and everyone has a nervous energy. Without hesitating Jorge skates up and kickflips over the gap effortlessly. The crew smacks their boards and hoots and hollers. Jorge puts his arm up from the other side. Fuckshit is shaken by this. After the conversation they just had there is no fucking way he's not going to bust something over the gap. Fourth Grade is filming. Fuckshit pushes hard towards the gap. He 180's it. It's not a kickflip but he lands on the other side.

Pride in tact. Jorge puts his fist out for a fist bump. Fuckshit is still stinging from earlier but gives him the fist bump.

JORGE
(from the other side)
A'ight Ruben!

Ruben tries to psych himself up. He is shook by this. Scared. He finally skates up to the gap, but at the LAST POSSIBLE SECOND he jumps off and picks up his board. Jorge and Fuckshit "boo" him. He goes back to the starting point. Ruben looks embarrassed and pissed. He psyches himself up. Stevie clocks Ruben's nerves.

STEVIE
(genuine/quietly)
You got this, man.

Ruben shoots daggers at Stevie.

RUBEN
(to Stevie)
Shut the fuck up, fag.

Stevie is hurt by this. Ruben is now just being mean to him. It reminds him of Ian's treatment of him. Stevie is hurt. Out of nowhere STEVIE SKATES BY RUBEN!!!! Without any fear Stevie approaches the gap and tries to ollie it!!!! Everyone in the crew reacts like "what the fuck this guy is insane!" Ruben looks like he is seeing the "Ghost of Friendship Past" skate by him. Stevie pops off the gap and NOWHERE NEAR MAKES IT to the other side! He immediately CRASHES DOWN the ten foot drop and SLAMS onto the picnic table below! Is he fucking dead?! He lays on the table motionless. The crew rushes down to see if he's okay. Fourth Grade is filming.

FUCKSHIT
FUCKKK!!!! SHIT!!!! THIS NIGGA
DEAD!!!!

Stevie lays there motionless.

JORGE
Is he fucking dead, yo?

Fourth Grade, while filming, pokes Stevie with his finger.

FOURTH GRADE
SUNBLOCK. ARE YOU ALIVE?!

FUCKSHIT
Don't poke him asshole!

Stevie wakes up a little. He is fucked up but he is alive.
The crew picks him up onto his feet.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
You okay, Sunblock?

Stevie is out of it. As he stands up his head is LEAKING
BLOOD.

THE CREW
Eww!!! Oh shit!!!

Fuckshit takes Stevie's shirt off and wraps it around his
head to stop the bleeding. The white shirt almost immediately
is soaked with blood. Stevie comes to. He notices the blood,
but doesn't make a big deal.

JORGE
Are you okay?

Stevie takes the pain. He is okay.

STEVIE
Yeah. I'm cool. I'm cool.

The crew minus Ruben cheer him on! They hoot and holler!

FUCKSHIT
This nigga Sunblock is insane!

JORGE
Fuck yeah, fool!

Jorge and Fuckshit shower Stevie with props and hugs and back
slaps.

FUCKSHIT
BIG BALLS, yo!

Ruben is pissed at the love Stevie is getting right now. . He
realizes something he'll never shake. Stevie has something he
never will. Ruben's skating has a ceiling that Stevie's
doesn't have. Ruben has fear and Stevie doesn't.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
(to Ruben)
Take off your shirt, he's bleeding
through his.

Ruben looks furious.

RUBEN
(deeply insulted)
Hell no.

Jorge looks PISSED at Ruben for defying him.

JORGE

I said "give him your fucking shirt, yo". Right fucking now!

Ruben is humiliated. He reluctantly and with a horrible attitude, takes his shirt off and angrily throws it at Stevie. Stevie catches it. He and Ruben lock eyes. Ruben's eyes say "don't fucking put that on your head or else". Stevie looks into his eyes as he makes the decision to wrap Ruben's shirt around his head over his own bloody shirt. Ruben can't even look at Stevie because he hates him so much right now. Ruben feels incredibly disrespected.

FUCKSHIT

(to Stevie with respect)

You crazy, nigga.

Stevie smiles. He has never felt so accepted. Fourth Grade reviews the footage.

FOURTH GRADE

(genuine)

Hey Sunblock, I'm not in love with the angle of the shot. Can we try one more?

JORGE AND FUCKSHIT

Shut the fuck up, yo!/You're retarded!

Ruben looks as if he might cry. Stevie is woozy, but is in heaven. Both shirts are now soaked through with blood wrapped around his head.

Fuckshit picks up Stevie's board which is broken in half. He hands it to Stevie. Stevie is really upset his board is broken. Fuckshit pats him on the back. Stevie gets woozy again and back to the high of the positive attention he is receiving.

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE

Stevie tries to sneak inside the house with his board without making a sound. Almost the moment he walks in Dabney rushes towards the front door.

DABNEY

Stevie?

She sees Stevie with his head wrapped in a blood soaked shirt. She lets out a screeching scream!

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Stevie sits in a chair shirtless as Dabney carefully cleans the wound on his head.

DABNEY
(worried/pissed)
Okay this is done. You're done. The skateboarding...

STEVIE
(please listen)
Mom.

DABNEY
No. It's done. That's it.

STEVIE
(respectful but
passionate)
Mom. Please listen to me. Please.

Dabney holds her angry words for a moment.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Mom. This is what I love. I love it. I love it more than anything.

DABNEY
(heated)
I'm sure I would love heroin but I'm not going to do THAT every day.

STEVIE
(doesn't even know how to
argue that one)
I... what?!
(fired up)
That is... such a weird thing to compare that to...

DABNEY
Well I'm not gonna let you get killed by smashing your head!

STEVIE
I CAN'T STOP!

DABNEY
(can't keep it in)
YOU'RE BLEEDING FROM YOUR HEAD!

STEVIE
 (incredibly passionately
 yelling back)
 I KNOW! I KNOW THAT! I'M SORRY! I'M
 SORRY!!!

Stevie calms himself. He doesn't like exploding like that. Dabney sees he is serious and can't help but think about what he is saying.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 (calming himself)
 I love you. But I can't...
 (chooses his words very
 carefully)
 I won't let you take this away from
 me.

Stevie takes a deep breath. He's calm. Stevie has never stood up for himself like this before. Both he and Dabney are shocked. Dabney realizes he won't back down from this one. She thinks for a beat.

DABNEY
 (genuinely confused)
 What do you love about it so much?

Stevie thinks. He just kind of looks off and smiles. He doesn't know how to put it into words. He looks at her and smiles. She nods her head and bites her lip nervously. Not happy but she understands.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 (but for real)
 Who are these kids that you skate
 with?

Stevie thinks.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 Are they older? Are they... from
 good... families? I mean, who are
 they?

Stevie looks at her with real sincerity.

STEVIE
 They're my friends.

Stevie gets up from the chair.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 (calmly/sweetly)
 I can't stop.

Stevie gives her a hug for a moment and then leaves the kitchen.

INT. STEVIE'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stevie examines his broken board. What is he gonna do? He puts the broken board back down and walks up to his mirror.

He examines the bloody wound on his head. It isn't going to kill him, but it's ugly and hurts. He tries to touch it but it stings. QUICK FLASHES of the crew giving Stevie props while he bleeds from his head. Stevie tries to touch the wound again. ANOTHER QUICK FLASH of the crew celebrating his reckless wound. He stares at himself in the mirror. He seems proud of his wound and in pain at the same time.

INT. IAN'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Stevie hands Ian his Discman as Ian hands Stevie twenty bucks.

IAN
(confused but doesn't want
to blow the deal)
You sure?

STEVIE
(definitely)
Yes.

Ian looks at Stevie in a weird way. Why isn't Stevie upset about giving up his Discman? His usual dickish expression turns more to puzzled and possibly even a SLIVER of concern.

IAN
(are you SURE?)
Twenty bucks. For your Discman.

STEVIE
(more definite)
Yes.

Stevie leaves Ian's room with the money. We see on his face he doesn't miss his Discman. That's the past.

INT. ULTIMATE SHOP - A COUPLE DAYS LATER

Stevie enters the shop. Ruben is at the counter. Stevie thinks and makes the decision to just walk by without acknowledging him. Ruben does the same.

The silence and the lack of eye contact speak volumes. Stevie walks towards the back of the shop.

He heads to Fuckshit over at the work station by himself. Fourth Grade is on the floor looking at footage on his camera. Jorge sits on the couch watching a video.

FUCKSHIT
 FUCK! SHIT! Look at this crazy ass
 nigga over here!

Stevie can't help but smile.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
 How's your head, psycho?

STEVIE
 It's fine.

FUCKSHIT
 (laughing)
 It's not fine, Sunblock. There's
 something wrong in that head.

Stevie laughs. He then gets a bit serious.

STEVIE
 My board broke, though.

Stevie looks down. Bummed.

FUCKSHIT
 (smiling)
 You should ride one of these.

Fuckshit pulls out and hands Stevie an Ultimate deck. Stevie is smiling huge, but then...

STEVIE
 (in SHOCK)
 ME?!

FUCKSHIT
 Yeah.

Ruben is FUMING. Fuckshit is letting Stevie buy an Ultimate board ALREADY!?

STEVIE
 (elation turning to
 sorrow)
 Yeah... I was able to get twenty
 bucks. I know that's not even close
 to enough...

FUCKSHIT

(smiling)

This one's for you. No one will miss it.

STEVIE

(in SHOCK)

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS?!

RUBEN

(in MORE SHOCK)

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS?!

Fuckshit, Jorge and Fourth Grade can't help but smile/laugh at how genuinely happy Stevie's reaction is.

FUCKSHIT

It's yours.

Ruben gets up and STORMS out of the store. Jorge calls after Ruben, unaware that Ruben is pissed.

JORGE

(calling after Ruben)

Ay! Go grab some Skittles!

Ruben is already out of the store in a huff.

STEVIE

(to Fuckshit in disbelief)

REALLY?

Stevie might actually cry tears of joy. The smile is embarrassingly big on his face. Dopey even. It's cute but NOT subtle.

FUCKSHIT

(laughing at how adorable)

Yes, fool!

Stevie thinks deeply for a second.

STEVIE

Am I allowed to thank you for this?

FUCKSHIT

(confused)

What?

STEVIE

Am I allowed to thank you for this? I want to, but I don't want you to think I'm gay?

FUCKSHIT

Nigga, WHAT THE FUCK are you talking about?

STEVIE

I really appreciate it, but I'm not gay or whatever.

FUCKSHIT

(what the fuck is he talking about?)

Nothing gay about saying thank you, dumb fuck. It's just basic manners, yo.

STEVIE

(embarrassed)

Oh... I... thank you.

Fuckshit is Stevie's new hero in life. He is now a G-d to Stevie.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(so genuine)

Thank you so much, Fuckshit.

FUCKSHIT

You're welcome. Now watch closely. You're gonna be setting up a million of these. I'm only doing this for you once, homie.

RAPID QUICK CUT MONTAGE OF SETTING UP BOARD:

- Two hands precisely lay a piece of GRIP TAPE on the wooden deck.
- The hands massage out all of the air bubbles in the grip tape.
- The side of a screw driver rubs furiously against the grip tape outlining in chalk the outline of the wooden deck.

CLOSE ON STEVIE'S EYES WATCHING.

- A razor blade precisely cuts off the excess grip tape. The board takes its shape.
- A screwdriver is used to poke four holes on each side of the board where the screws will go through.
- Four screws on both sides of the board go through the deck.

CLOSE ON STEVIE'S EYES WATCHING.

- The metal trucks are placed on the bottom of the deck with the screws going through the little holes.

- An electric drill screws in the four screws on both sides of the deck attaching the trucks.

- Eight bearings go into eight wheels using a giant contraption on the work space.

-CLOSE ON STEVIE'S EYES WATCHING.

- The eight wheels are placed onto the trucks and tightened with a skate tool.

- Lastly, the board is flipped over and CLOSE on the grip tape as a "U" insignia is carved out near the tale of the board with a razor blade.

END OF MONTAGE.

Fuckshit hands Stevie the board and also an Ultimate hoodie. Stevie puts the hoodie on immediately. He can't stop smiling.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
Go skate that shit.

Stevie is grinning like a fool. He turns to run out to skate his new treasure.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - BACK PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Stevie bursts out the back. He jumps around celebrating what just happened. He has never been so happy in all of his life. He admires his new treasure and almost squeals with excitement. Joy. Beautiful, pure, joy.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - DEN

Stevie and Ian sit in silence on opposite ends of the couch watching the television. Stevie now has a shaved head and the full "skater look". He looks edgier and more confident in the room with Ian than he ever has been. They are expressionless zombies. Ian looks over at Stevie and notices a pack of Camel Light cigarettes hanging out of his pocket. Ian gets a weird look on his face. Why the fuck does Stevie have cigarettes? Ian is confused and has no idea he is feeling it, let alone how to show it, but this concerns him. This is really fucking with Ian by the look on his face.

He almost says something, but doesn't know how. It comes out very grunted and uncomfortable.

IAN
(grunty)
You fucking smoke now?

Stevie notices the cigarettes hanging out of his pocket and quickly shoves them back into his pocket. Stevie looks at the TV, nervous to make eye contact with Ian.

STEVIE
(not sure what this is
about)
I'm holding them for my friend.

Ian can't figure out the words he wants to say. We see him struggling to find something to say in the form of brotherly advice or concern. Ian stays looking at the TV.

IAN
(awkwardly grunted)
Your friends smoke and shit? You
think that's cool?

Stevie does not recognize the intention or tone of this type of conversation with Ian. They both feel incredibly uncomfortable. Is he about to start ridiculing Stevie? What is this? Stevie stays looking at the TV.

STEVIE
I uhh... I'm holding them for a
friend.

Beat. Stevie gets a bit nervous.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
You're not gonna tell mom I have
them?

Ian thinks for a beat. He has a hard time finding words.

IAN
You know mom used to smoke, right?

Stevie thinks Ian is fucking with him.

STEVIE
What?

IAN
(watching TV)
She did a lot of stuff like that.

Beat. Stevie is trying to figure out what Ian is trying to say.

IAN (CONT'D)
 (not taking his eyes off
 the TV)
 She was a lot different when I was
 a little kid than when you were a
 little kid.

Beat of uncomfortable silence as they both continue just staring at the TV. No idea how to talk to each other. Ian is struggling to find words even harder while remaining focused on the TV. As he struggles to find what he wants to tell Stevie he ends up just making an awkward noise of finding words. Stevie feels uncomfortable. What the fuck is this conversation?

Ian swallows the ember of concern he has for his brother and picks up the remote and changes the channel on the TV.

They both go back to their zombie TV watching faces. LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE, DEAFENING SILENCE. BEAT.

RUBEN (O.S.)
 When do you get your car back, yo?

FUCKSHIT (O.S.)
 Don't fucking worry about it,
 homie.

INT. BUS - EVENING

The Crew and Stevie sit on the public bus in the harsh florescent lighting. Laughing and joking around. They have taken over the back of the bus.

Jorge and Fourth Grade write graffiti with paint pens on the back seats of the bus.

Fuckshit is scraping the word "Ultimate" into the back of the seat in front of him with his house key.

FUCKSHIT
 You should feel lucky you ever get
 to ride in that car, nigga.
 (pissed at his parents)
 My parents are being so fucking
 retarded, though. For real.

JORGE

I can't wait to get my first whip
so I never have to ride the fucking
bus again. Soon, son!

Fuckshit rolls his eyes. Jorge doesn't notice.

FUCKSHIT

Yo. So tonight should go pretty
fucking smooth. Angela is having a
kick back and I've been working her
for like two months, nigga. She
wants my shit, yo. And if y'all
niggas 'aint too corny you might be
able to get some pussy too. She got
friends coming.

Jorge rolls his eyes at that and laughs to himself. Fuckshit
doesn't notice.

JORGE

(on the low to the crew)
Yo, put out your hands.

Everyone kind of smiles. Stevie is curious and pretty nervous
but won't show it. Jorge pulls out a prescription pill bottle
and puts a pill in each of their hand. Stevie is really shook
by this, he doesn't know what the fuck this is. Fuckshit
clocks Stevie's nerves.

FUCKSHIT

(not a great idea)
Yo nigga, don't give them that
shit.

JORGE

(don't tell me what to do)
Relax, yo. Don't be a bitch.

Fuckshit swallows his concern and represses his urge to fight
with Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)

(to Stevie)
It's Ritalin. It makes you hyper as
fuck. It's crazy fun.

Stevie looks at the pill in his hand.

STEVIE

Is it dangerous?

JORGE

My mom made me go to a fucking psychiatrist and he said I have ADD. He gave them to me after like an hour.

STEVIE

(nervous)

Uh. Is it, like, bad for you?

JORGE

If a doctor gave it to you it can't be bad for you.

This makes perfect sense to Stevie. Jorge and the Crew all take the pill. So does Stevie. Fuckshit quietly throws his on the floor of the bus and pretends to take it. The crew uses their saliva to swallow it, awkwardly. It takes some a few tries.

INT. ANGELA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

ANGELA, 15, (Caucasian but trying to look like a Chola with dark lipstick etc), and her friends, TERESA, 15, ESTEE, 15 and ZOE, 15 are in the kitchen, eating chips and salsa.

Jorge grabs a grocery bag full of 40 ounces out of the fridge. He coyly smiles at the girls. They all like him.

WE FOLLOW Jorge through the kitchen to the BACK YARD...

EXT. ANGELA'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Fucking wired on Ritalin, the crew plays S.K.A.T.E. in a small concrete area. Stevie is having fun, but his heart is beating out of his chest.

Jorge starts skating around while drinking a 40. The crew grabs 40s out of the bag.

Jorge skates over to Stevie and hands him the 40. It's huge compared to his small body.

JORGE

Cheers, homie.

Stevie nervously starts chugging from the 40. Jorge laughs and skates again. Stevie holds the 40 taking sips and watching. Laughing with the crew.

EXT. ANGELA'S BACK YARD - LATER

Now the guys and the girls are a little more intermixed. They are passing around a little pipe with weed in it.

Fourth Grade is filming people smoke and hang. Stevie goes to hand Ruben the pipe to smoke. A peace pipe if you will. Ruben coldly turns away, grabs his board and skates away. Stevie gives a "well, I tried" look, and smokes some more.

Stevie notices Fuckshit watching Jorge flirt with Angela. She is super into it. She wants Jorge. Stevie sees this really upsets Fuckshit.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - LATER

The boys and girls have mostly paired up with one and other. Ruben and Fuckshit sit on the couch watching cartoons. They are all high and hazy. Stevie notices Jorge take Angela into a room and how sad this makes Fuck Shit.

Stevie and Estee stand by the stove in the kitchen. She is taller than him by at least seven inches.

Stevie is fucked up for the first time ever. He doesn't really know how to talk to her.

ESTEE

I can't believe you're in seventh grade. That is so fucking crazy.

STEVIE

(looking down)

Yeah. It's cool. I fucking hate it actually.

She laughs and so does he.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

School is the worst shit ever.

ESTEE

(still giggling)

Yeah, it's a fucking nightmare. Especially middle school.

Stevie just kind of nods his head. Doesn't know what to say.

ESTEE (CONT'D)

How long have you been friends with Jorge and those guys?

STEVIE

(pretty fucked up)

Like a couple months. It's cool.
 Fuckshit's my best friend for sure.
 He's so cool. Fourth Grade is
 cool, he just doesn't talk a lot
 and is always filming the stuff we
 do.

ESTEE

Cool.

STEVIE

Ruben and I used to be homies, but
 he hates me now I think.

ESTEE

Why?

STEVIE

I don't know. Maybe 'cuz Fuckshit
 likes me more now I think.

Stevie thinks about this.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Jorge is so cool. He's like, the
 coolest fucking person. But he
 probably doesn't think I'm that
 cool. Like he probably doesn't want
 to be best friends or whatever.

She smiles at how cute Stevie is.

ESTEE

You're so cute. Angela likes Jorge
 a lot. Do you think Jorge would
 actually date Angela or just like
 hook up with her and then like, not
 talk to her for like a month until
 he wants to hook up again? And
 then, like, pretend to be nice
 again?

Stevie really doesn't know what to say...

STEVIE

Uh...

ESTEE

You're nicer than those guys.
 You're, like, naturally nice. Not
 like, fake nice.

Stevie tries to figure out a response.

STEVIE

Thank you. You're nice too.

ESTEE

You're like at the age before guys
become, like, mean.

Stevie looks down and smiles.

ESTEE (CONT'D)

Have you ever done stuff with a
girl?

Oh shit. Stevie is nervous as fuck. Pulls it together best he
can.

STEVIE

Yeah.

Estee looks at Stevie skeptically but with a sly smile. She's
pretty sure he's full of shit.

She grabs his hand and leads him away...

Through the living room, where Fuckshit is watching the
cartoon show "Doug" on the TV. Fuckshit and Ruben clock Estee
leading Stevie...

FUCKSHIT

(whispers to himself in
disbelief)

What the fuck?

INT. ANGELA'S PARENTS BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Stevie and Estee sit on the bed with the lights off. Only the
moonlight shows us anything. Stevie is crazy nervous.

After a long silence, Estee leans in and kisses Stevie. They
start making out... not in a movie way, but just a long early
teenage make out. No music, just sounds of making out.

After an uncomfortably long time, she stops kissing him. She
takes off her shirt and bra. She takes her pants off. She
takes his hand and very slowly moves it up her leg. She
guides Stevie's hand up her thigh and into her underwear.
She moves Stevie's hand around. After a few moments of
searching we see his face turn to surprise/confusion/shock
but he is hiding it well. She then takes Stevie's pants off.
She puts her hand in his crotch.

We show whatever is legally possible to show and try and make this as authentic as possible to convey the awkwardness and discomfort of teenage sexuality.

CLOSE UP ON THEIR FACES for an uncomfortably long time.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S PARENTS BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

In silence, Stevie sits on one side of the bed pulling his jeans up over his boxers. Estee is putting her shirt on.

No bad feelings or anything like that, just awkward teenage "I don't know how to have a normal conversation after this".

Estee gets up and walks towards the door but doesn't exit. She turns towards Stevie.

ESTEE

Come on.

Stevie gets up and walks towards her. She gives Stevie a sweet smile. He gives her a sweet smile back. She opens the door and they walk out, but not holding hands this time.

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

The girls clock Estee and Stevie and know where they've been. Estee veers off towards the girls in the kitchen and they all giggle a bit. Stevie hears the guys outside and walks out the door to go be with them.

The crew laughs at Jorge's retelling of what happened in his hook up with Angela. Everyone is into the story except Fuckshit who is fuming. Jorge is so unaware that he hurt his friend tonight. Stevie walks up with a smile he can't contain.

They shift their focus towards him. Except for Ruben, they're all happy as fuck for Stevie and a little ready to give him a hard time/are going to make him tell them everything.

JORGE

(huge smile)

What the fuck's up, Sunblock?

Stevie smiles from ear to ear. The Crew starts laughing. Give Stevie bro hug props.

FUCKSHIT

You need to tell us what the fuck
happened in there.

WHIP PAN to Stevie. He looks like the happiest deer ever to
be caught in headlights.

STEVIE

(mind blown)

She put two of my fingers in her
vagina.

WHIP PAN back to the Crew.

THE CREW

OOOOHHHHHH/SHIT!/HAHAHAHA!

WHIP PAN to Stevie. He's fucked up and laughing with them.
He's way looser than we've ever seen him.

STEVIE

It's like, so much further DOWN
than I always thought. It's so low.

WHIP PAN to the Crew. They explode with laughter.

WHIP PAN to Fourth Grade.

FOURTH GRADE

(laughing THEN "the more
you know")

You know there's a third hole just
for peeing?

WHIP PAN to Stevie.

Stevie did not know that.

WHIP PAN to Fuckshit.

FUCKSHIT

Everybody fucking knows that. What
else happened?

WHIP PAN to Stevie.

STEVIE

(so happy)

She touched my dick. Like, a lot.

WHIP PAN back to the crew. They are giving him props.

THE CREW

SHIT/THAT'S TIGHT!

Stevie feels like the man.

STEVIE
(so genuine/wasted)
I'd like to have that happen more.

FUCKSHIT
Estee is bangin'. Props little,
nigga.

THE CREW
That's dope/props.

Jorge looks at Stevie and smiles and laughs a little. Jorge is pretty wasted and is proud of the other Casanova in the group.

JORGE
That's what's up, homie!

The guys all drunk skate. Jorge is veering on uncomfortably fucked up. He puts his arm around Stevie.

JORGE (CONT'D)
(slurring)
Look at yuur man, fing'ring grlls
and shit. You, fuck yeah, man.

Jorge hands him the 40.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Drrnk that shit, Sunblock.

Stevie is drunk but continues to drink more. Jorge watches Stevie drink more. Smiling at getting Stevie fucked up for the first time.

JORGE (CONT'D)
You fucked up, huh?

Stevie smiles and nods his head.

JORGE (CONT'D)
You know it's only getting better
from here. Only getting better and
bigger, yo.

Stevie nods his head. He is loving this attention from Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)
(to Stevie)
You my homie, lil' homie.

Stevie is in heaven. He is accepted by Jorge. He is so proud that Jorge considers him a friend. Stevie's hero worship has now been transferred from Fuckshit to Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 (to himself/drunken)
 We about to BLOW UP.
 (to Stevie)
 Drink that shit, yo.

Stevie does. Jorge wants Stevie to be as fucked up as he is. It's uncomfortable.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Ahhh. That's funny shit, yo. You love this shit?

STEVIE
 What?

JORGE
 (waving his arms)
 All this fucking shit?

STEVIE
 (smiling)
 Yeah.

JORGE
 Yell that shit, then?

Stevie looks confused but into it.

STEVIE
 I fucking love this shit?

JORGE
 Louder, yo. Fuckin' louder.

STEVIE
 (screams)
 I fucking love this shit!

JORGE
 (yells)
 Louder, yo!

In heaven to be bonding with Jorge.

STEVIE
 I FUCKING LOVE THIS SHIT! I FUCKING
 LOVE THIS SHIT!!!!!! I FUCKING LOVE
 THIS SHIT!!!!!!

Jorge and Stevie laugh.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
DO YOU GUYS FUCKING LOVE THIS
SHIT?!

THE CREW
(wasted)
WE LOVE THIS SHIT!/WHAT?

STEVIE
I LOVE THIS SHIT!

JORGE
I LOVE THIS SHIT!

Fuckshit looks over pissed at Jorge.

FUCKSHIT
You too drunk, nigga!

Jorge just laughs at Fuckshit. Fuckshit skates around in his own world.

JORGE
Y'all love this SHIT?!

Ruben reluctantly screams.

THE CREW
I LOVE THIS SHIT!/I LOVE THIS SHIT!

WIDE SHOT of all of them in the back yard screaming.

EVERYONE
I LOVE THIS SHIT! I LOVE THIS SHIT!

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - 1:30AM THAT NIGHT

We hear a key attempting to open a lock.

Stevie enters the house, trying to be super quiet. Dabney is passed out on the front hall chair. Stevie sneaks past her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ian stands in the hallway waiting for Stevie to walk by him sheepishly as he normally does. Instead, Stevie bullishly and confidently walks up to Ian in the hallway without lowering his head or even acknowledging Ian being there. Ian is almost in shock he doesn't know how to react to this version of Stevie. Stevie stares him dead in his eyes.

IAN
 (dead serious/scary/as
 concerned as he can ever
 be)
 What the fuck are you doing,
 Stevie? You're fucking up.

Stevie is fuming. He breathes deep sighs of anger and finally spews out...

STEVIE
 (filled with rage)
 YOU CAN'T FUCK WITH ME ANYMORE!!!!

Before Ian can react Stevie SHOVES Ian as hard as he can. Ian, caught off guard and in shock, FLIES back into his door REALLY HARD and hits the ground. Stevie cannot believe what he has just done, but is having a rage black out. He runs away from Ian and heads towards the kitchen. Ian SHOOTS up like lightening and chases after Stevie into the kitchen!

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stevie CRASHES into the kitchen and frantically opens the fridge and grabs Ian's orange juice with his name written on it in Sharpie. Ian CRASHES into the kitchen immediately and looks like he is going to murder Stevie. Stevie frantically opens the orange juice and unzips his fly. He takes his DICK out of his pants and begins PISSING in Ian's orange juice. Ian RUSHES over and starts BEATING THE SHIT out of Stevie. The hardest beating we've seen Stevie take so far, but this time Stevie is fighting back. Hard. He is taking real shots at Ian which only is infuriating Ian more. This is so brutal and uncomfortable to watch. Tears are flowing from both kids and fists are saying what words should be in a perfect world. Ian VERY DELIBERATELY PUNCHES Stevie in the FACE. TWICE. The first actual full face punches we have seen Ian throw. Dabney, all of the sudden, CRASHES into the kitchen and messily BREAKS UP THE FIGHT. It is violent and ugly even when their mother is in the middle. She finally gets them to stop. It is similar to the beginning of the movie, except all three of them are sitting silently on the floor breathing insanely heavily. This is an incredibly emotionally charged moment for everyone. This time, Stevie POPS UP and runs out of the room.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie runs into his room and slams the door. He stumbles as if he doesn't know where to go or what to do. He is searching for something but doesn't know what. He lunges to the floor at his Nintendo. On his knees, he grabs the Nintendo controller and WRAPS THE RUBBER CORD AROUND HIS NECK.

He PULLS HIS HANDS and different directions, aggressively choking himself with the cord. This is painful to watch. He does it for a FEW SECONDS in real time. His face turns bright red and as he is running out of air he LETS GO of the cord. He falls onto his back gasping for air. We see the red mark around his neck left by the cord. He gasps for air and breathes heavy for an uncomfortable amount of time.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - OUT FRONT - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE UP OF DABNEY'S HAND ON THE BACK OF STEVIE'S NECK FORCING HIM INTO THE SHOP.

STEVIE
MOM, PLEASE!

Dabney says nothing and just drags Stevie into the store. Stevie has a GIANT BLACK EYE from the punches he took from Ian the night before.

INT. ULTIMATE SHOP - HANG OUT AREA - CONTINUOUS

DING! Dabney BURSTS into the store with her hand on Stevie's neck. The crew all looks up like "what is going on here?" Dabney drags Stevie over to the work station where Fuckshit is reading a magazine.

DABNEY
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

Stevie is so embarrassed.

FUCKSHIT
My name?

DABNEY
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

This isn't gonna be good.

FUCKSHIT
(reluctantly)
Fuckshit.

DABNEY
FUCKSHIT?! PERFECT NAME. LISTEN TO ME. YOU DO NOT GIVE MY SON ALCOHOL.

FUCKSHIT
Lady...

DABNEY
 DON'T YOU "LADY" ME. YOU DO NOT
 GIVE MY SON ALCOHOL. YOU DO NOT
 GIVE MY SON DRUGS. DO YOU
 UNDERSTAND ME?

Fuckshit looks at Stevie, who is mortified. Fuckshit decides to do his friend a solid and nod his head to Dabney.

FUCKSHIT
 Cool.

DABNEY
 IT BETTER BE COOL, FUCK HEAD, OR
 WHATEVER THE FUCK YOUR NAME IS.

Ruben laughs. He is happy Stevie is being embarrassed so hard right now.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 (to Ruben)
 YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?!

RUBEN
 Yes.

Jorge and Fuckshit chuckle.

DABNEY
 You know what I find funny?
 (beat/ quietly frantic)
 I find it funny that ten years from
 now I'll be going to the gas
 station and one of you will be
 cleaning my windshield.

This actually hurts the crew members. She's being way too harsh and is hitting some nerves.

DABNEY (CONT'D)
 So laugh hard now. Because Stevie
 will be at his good job while
 you'll only have the memory of my
 anger to laugh about while you're
 sleeping in a cardboard fucking
 box.

The crew is silent and hurt. Stevie is mortified.

FUCKSHIT
 (sincere/hurt)
 You don't know us.

DABNEY
I don't. And I don't want to.

Beat.

FOURTH GRADE (O.S.)
(super confused/genuine)
Why aren't you Asian?

Dabney whips around to Fourth Grade.

DABNEY
What?

FOURTH GRADE
I thought you were Asian?

Dabney is so furious and confused.

DABNEY
(confused anger to Stevie)
What is he talking about?!

FOURTH GRADE
Is she mad about the fingering?

Stevie's face turns bright red and is somehow even more mortified. Fuckshit and Jorge shake their head like "Jesus, Fourth Grade". Ruben is in heaven at this embarrassing scene.

DABNEY
(confused/even more angry)
What fingering?!

STEVIE
MOM!

Stevie has had enough. He grabs his mom's hand and forcefully leads her out to the front of the store.

DABNEY
(over her shoulder)
SAY GOODBYE, STEVIE! THIS IS THE
LAST TIME YOU EVER COME HERE!

DING!

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - OUT FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Stevie is FUMING as is Dabney.

STEVIE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!?!?

DABNEY
What are YOU doing?!?

Stevie is searching for words. He can't find them.

STEVIE
AHHHHH!!!!

DABNEY
WHO ARE THESE KIDS?! THEY LOOK
LIKE...
(can't find non-racist
words)
GANG... MEMBERS.

Stevie has had enough!

STEVIE
IS THAT IT?! YOU MEAN THEY LOOK
BLACK?! AND MEXICAN?! YOU MEAN THEY
LOOK, NOT WHITE?!

Dabney is very hurt by this assumption, not realizing he may have found some uncomfortable truth.

DABNEY
OH JESUS FUCKING CHRIST! YOU THINK
I'M RACIST?! I LOVE ALL RACES!

STEVIE
JUST NOT WHEN THEY'RE HANGING OUT
WITH YOUR SON!

DABNEY
I WON'T EVEN ENTERTAIN THIS
CONVERSATION!

STEVIE
IS THAT IT?! IS THAT IT?!

Dabney's eyes tear up.

DABNEY
(to herself)
I can't do this. You can't put me
through this, too.

Tears stream down her cheek.

STEVIE
(so hurt. He's done with
her)
What you just did to me...in
there...
(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 (swallows his tears)
 I can't be around you.

He can't not hate her in this moment. Beat.

DABNEY
 (very upset)
 You used to like spending time with
 me.

Beat.

STEVIE
 I finally made some friends that
 aren't MY MOM. Your best friend is
 a twelve-year-old. You think I give
 a shit about your dates?!
 (Dabney is really wounded)
 It's pathetic.
 (with hate and tears in
 his eyes)
 I got a LIFE. You need to get one
 too.

Dabney is crushed. Beat.

DABNEY
 You've become ugly.

She walks away in tears, fumbles with her keys, gets in her car and drives off. Stevie is by himself. He picks up his board and smacks the wheels into the concrete a few times in anger.

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT OF ULTIMATE SHOP - EVENING

With an intense and angered look on his face, Stevie does ollie after ollie. He now landing 90 percent of them. It is impressive and obsessive. He is drenched in sweat.

Fuckshit walks out back and lights up a cigarette. Stevie doesn't even notice. He just keeps ollieing.

CLOSE UP on Stevie's intense face.

CLOSE UP on Fuckshit noticing this and smoking.

FUCKSHIT
 Yo.

Stevie is startled. Fuckshit laughs.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
Relax, dude.

Stevie fetches his board. Doesn't say anything. Fuckshit walks over to Stevie and sits against the wall he is near. Stevie sits down next to him against the wall.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
You a'ight?

Stevie is catching his breath while looking down at his feet.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
You don't look a'ight.

Stevie stays looking down at his feet. Catching his breath.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
Your moms is a uh... real serious.

Beat of Stevie breathing.

STEVIE
I can't take this shit sometimes.

Fuckshit nods his head for a second.

FUCKSHIT
What kind of shit?

STEVIE
Just shit.

Fuckshit takes it in. Figuring out what to say.

FUCKSHIT
I think sometimes we think our own
lives are the most fucked up.
(beat)
But I think if you look in anyone's
closet, you wouldn't trade your
shit for their shit.

Stevie looks at Fuckshit for the first time in this conversation. Beat.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
Fourth Grade's mom died when he was
like, a baby.

Stevie had never thought about Fourth Grade's life beyond filming and hanging out.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

And he's also, literally, the poorest person I have ever met. Like, not even making a joke. He is the brokest ass motherfucker I know. Like, homeboy doesn't own socks.

Stevie takes this in.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Ruben's mom beats the fuck out of him and his sister.

Stevie is affected by this.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

Jorge can't see his mom sometimes. She's hooked on pills and shit. He came home from school, like a year ago, and she had taken like a million pills. She should have died. But she didn't. And now he can't see her sometimes for like months. That's why he lives with his grandma.

Stevie can barely swallow he's so shook up by this.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

My younger brother died. Three years ago. He was like a year younger than you. Crossing the street to go to soccer practice. Hit by an old man who shouldn't have even been fucking driving.

Stevie is so upset for his friend his eyes water. Fuckshit stares ahead of him.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

And now I have this car, right? No way my parents could afford two trucks. It's like they spent the money they would have spent on him, on me. Every time I drive that motherfucker I think, "I wouldn't have this car if my brother was here."

Fuckshit takes a deep breath. Stevie is silent.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
 After he died. You know what
 happened the next night?

Stevie doesn't say anything.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
 Jorge came to my house, dragged me
 to the Courthouse, and made me go
 skating with him 'til the sun came
 up.

They sit in silence for a long beat.

Fuckshit punches Stevie's arm with a love tap.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
 Let's go.

They get up.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Emotionally tonal music plays as we see shots of Stevie and Fuckshit skating the courthouse at night. There is an aggression, beauty and a therapeutic nature to their skating. They are sweating and skating into the wee hours of the night.

Fuckshit is asleep on one of the ledges in the middle of the night.

Stevie looks up at a HOMELESS MAN, 50, sitting on the Upper Deck drinking out of a bottle of liquor at a picnic table by himself. Stevie stares at him.

Stevie approaches him and sits at the table with him. The Homeless man barely looks up at Stevie and breathes heavy.

Stevie puts two dollars on the table and slides over to him.

STEVIE
 Can I have some?

The homeless man passes him the bottle. Stevie takes three BIG SWIGS.

HOMELESS MAN
 Hey.

Stevie hands him back the bottle. Choking a bit from the amount of alcohol he drank.

Stevie pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights one up and starts smoking. He offers one to the Homeless Man. He lights his and smokes.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
I like watching the kids
skateboarding.

Stevie doesn't say anything. The homeless man takes another swig from the bottle. He puts it down.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
It's nice.

The Homeless Man starts breathing heavy and passes out.

Stevie stares at him for a long beat. Stevie picks up his bottle and starts swigging from it. He makes sure the Homeless Man is asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Stevie skates around while swigging from the bottle of alcohol. He is clearly fucked up.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SUNRISE

Stevie is asleep on one of the ledges near Fuckshit as the sun comes up. Stevie's board is next to him as is the now empty bottle of alcohol.

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT OF ULTIMATE SHOP - A COUPLE WEEKS LATER

BANNER: THIRD ANNUAL ULTIMATE BBQ

Stevie is wearing his Ultimate hoodie. He carries a tray of frozen burger patties and hot dogs and breezes past Ruben as they give each other a dirty look. Ruben is collecting two bucks a head as SKATERS pour into the store for the party. Stevie weaves in and out of skaters hanging and drinking in the store and makes his way out back.

The back parking lot is PACKED with a 150 SKATER KIDS, all ages. There is a barbecue set up with Fourth Grade grilling hot dogs and hamburgers and talking to ANOTHER SKATER, 18. Stevie drops off his tray of frozen meat to Fourth Grade.

FOURTH GRADE

(to Stevie)

Thanks.

(to the skater)

I know it sounds crazy, but
cinnamon. Just a fucking dash of
cinnamon. These are ready!

Kids swarm and grab at the burgers and hot dogs like zombies
at flesh. Within seconds the tray is empty.

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)

(to the skater)

These people are animals.

There is a Quarter pipe and knee high metal handrail set up
that the best skaters are skating as the other kids watch. It
looks crazy fun. Stevie approaches Fourth Grade and drops off
the frozen meat.

Fuckshit pulls his truck into the back parking lot, narrowly
avoiding kids. He jumps out.

FUCKSHIT

Look who's got his fucking ride
back, nigga!

The crew is excited. He pops the trunk and Stevie and the
crew help him carry booze and 40s out of the back and put
them in ice buckets. The skaters all attack the booze.

TIME CUT:

INT. ULTIMATE STORE BATHROOM - LATER

Stevie walks into the bathroom and sees Jorge meticulously
grooming himself in the mirror. He slicks back his hair and
makes sure his outfit looks absolutely perfectly "messy".
Every tear in his Dickies or rolled up sleeve is incredibly
thought out and deliberate. He notices Stevie walk in, but
doesn't have a shred of shame or embarrassment about his
grooming ritual.

JORGE

(happy to see Stevie)

Oh what up, Sunblock?

STEVIE

(happy to be greeted by
his hero so warmly)

What up, JORGE!

Jorge reaches out for a fist bump with one hand, and picks up an almost empty 40 ounce off the sink. He takes a few swigs and hands it to Stevie.

JORGE
Kill it, dog.

Stevie starts chugging it.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Finish that shit! Pound that shit!

Stevie is an old pro at this point, taking down the rest of the 40 with ease. Jorge laughs and goes back to making his hair look perfect.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Big fucking day today. Heard a bunch of pros are coming through.

STEVIE
(lights up)
For real?

JORGE
(still grooming in mirror)
For real, yo. I gotta kill it today. I look fresh, I just gotta land everything.

Stevie gives an encouraging smile.

STEVIE
(in awe)
You got this.

JORGE
(pumped/a little nervous)
I look dope as fuck, right?

STEVIE
So dope.

Jorge fake wrestles with Stevie as they crash out of the bathroom door.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

Stevie is following Jorge around like a puppy as Jorge works the room. Stevie is working the room, emulating Jorge best he can.

TIME CUT:

Jorge is now busting tricks and landing everything clean as hell. Stevie is following him around busting his little tricks he can do. Little ollies. 180s. He's gotten better. Stevie clocks the Chocolate pros, Daniel and Chico, that Jorge was hanging with at the courthouse watching Jorge skate. They seem really impressed.

Stevie sees Jorge clock the pros and head over to them. Stevie watches Jorge and the pros bro-hug and exchange laughs.

Stevie watches for a moment and then we see him make the decision to approach Jorge and the pros. Jorge introduces Stevie to the pros like his little buddy.

JORGE

This is the little homie
"Sunblock".

The pros say hi, but barely give him a polite greeting. Jorge sees the pros aren't into this little kid.

JORGE (CONT'D)

This little bitch will do anything
we tell him to.

The pros laugh. We see on his face, this makes Stevie feel really bad. He thought he was past that kind of thing with Jorge. We see Stevie make the conscious decision to lean into what made them laugh even if it hurts him inside.

STEVIE

(making fun of himself)
That's right. I'm the Ultimate
bitch.

Stevie does a mock curtsy. The pros and Jorge laugh. Stevie laughs along with them, but it's painful to watch him degrade himself for them.

Stevie sees Fuckshit across the lot clocking Stevie doing his dancing monkey act for the pros. Fuckshit looks subtly disappointed in him.

JORGE

Go grab us some forties, bitch.

STEVIE

(braving a smile)
For sure.

Stevie walks away. We see his fake smile turn to a painful expression.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - BACK PARKING LOT - AN HOUR LATER

Everyone is WASTED. Stevie skates around and finishes off a 40. Ruben BUMPS into him. Stevie catches himself before he falls, but this was aggressive. They're both very drunk.

RUBEN

Watch where the fuck you skating at.

Stevie looks at him.

STEVIE

What is your problem, man?

RUBEN

You're my fucking problem, faggot!

Kids start to notice and gather around. Fuckshit is no where to be found. Jorge is celebrating and getting fucked up with his new friends. Fourth Grade just films.

STEVIE

Fuck you.

RUBEN

I would, but you're too busy sucking Jorge's dick!

STEVIE

Why don't you go get me a forty since you're the store bitch!

Ruben pushes Stevie.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Don't fucking touch me.

RUBEN

What the fuck are you gonna do, faggot?!

Ruben pushes Stevie a little harder.

STEVIE

I swear you touch me again and I'll beat your ass like your fucking MOM does!

Ruben PUSHES Stevie HARD. Stevie CRASHES DOWN! The crowd is excited for a fight. Flash of Ian beating on Stevie from the opening. Stevie LEAPS UP and starts BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF RUBEN!!!! It is VIOLENT and really UGLY.

Stevie sees FLASHES of Ian beating him in the opening.

Ruben's face is bleeding and Stevie just is blind with rage. Punching and punching. His hand is bleeding. His eyes are filled with tears.

More FLASHES of Ian punching Stevie in the face in the kitchen.

Ruben is bloody as hell. Stevie keeps beating. Finally, Fuckshit PULLS Stevie off of Ruben!

FUCKSHIT
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING,
NIGGA?!

Stevie can't speak. He is sobbing. He is overcome with emotion and tears. Fuckshit picks up Ruben. He is bloody but fine.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)
You okay?

RUBEN
FUCK YOU!

The two boys are sitting on the concrete separated. Exhausted and terrified. It is intense. Long, tense beat.

EXT. ULTIMATE SHOP - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

The BBQ is almost empty. Fuckshit and Fourth Grade clean up the back parking lot. Stevie sits by himself on the ground getting really fucked up, drinking a 40. He is really shaken by what went down earlier. Fuckshit and Fourth Grade go over to Stevie.

FUCKSHIT
You okay?

Stevie can't look at him or talk. He's really shaken up. Jorge and Ruben walk over really wasted. Ruben's face is FUCKED UP. He and Stevie avoid eye contact.

JORGE
Where the muthafuckin' PARTY at?!

Jorge is laughing. So happy and fucked up. The rest of the crew has a dark vibe about them. Jorge is, of course, unaware.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 We celebratin' life tonight, yo!
 (to Fuckshit)
 The Chocolate dudes told me about a
 party lets take your car and
 fucking rage, yo!

Fuckshit and Jorge need to talk but now is not the time.

FUCKSHIT
 I'm fucking wasted. You're fucking
 wasted. We're all fucking wasted.
 No fucking way I can drive. It's
 been a crazy day, let's just call
 it quits, nigga.

JORGE
 (no way)
 Fuck that noise, yo! Not tonight!
 NOT TONIGHT! We celebrating
 tonight! You can drive, yo!

FUCKSHIT
 (serious)
 No I can't. I'm fucked up.

Jorge grabs into Fuckshit's pockets and grabs his keys.

JORGE
 Fine pussy! I'll drive!

Fuckshit looks pissed. Jorge gets in the driver's seat.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Fuckshit you riding in the back
 'cuz you're a bitch, dog! Sunblock,
 you're riding up front because you
 get pussy like me, yo.

Stevie looks at Fuckshit like "should I get in? Are you
 getting in?"

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Sunblock get in the fucking car!

Stevie isn't sure what to do.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 SUNBLOCK! GET IN THE FUCKING CAR!

Stevie is nervous and scared. He gets up and gets in the
 front seat.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Fourth grade get your fucking ass
 in here!

Fourth Grade is scared of Jorge and gets in the car.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Ruben, you better get your ass in
 the fucking car, now!

Ruben, drunken and angrily, gets in the back seat.

Jorge stares at Fuckshit. Fuckshit stares back. It's a
 showdown. Fuckshit won't let Stevie go by himself with a
 drunk Jorge. He reluctantly gets in the car in the back seat.

INT. MITSUBISHI MONTERO SUV - MINUTES LATER

Jorge drives down the streets of Palms. He is drunk and all
 over the road. He squints his eyes but is full of happiness.

FUCKSHIT
 (drunk but concerned)
 Just pull the fucking car over.

JORGE
 I'm not gonna let you bring me
 down. Not tonight, yo.

FUCKSHIT
 What's so special about tonight?
 Something you want to tell us?

Jorge turns around to yell back at Fuckshit. It's scary. We
 see Fourth Grade getting very nervous. He fiddles with his
 camera because he is drunk and nervous and doesn't know how
 to vocalize his concern for Jorge's driving. Stevie is in his
 own head.

STEVIE
 (to himself really freaked
 out/drunk/teary eyed)
 That was really bad.

Jorge turns around recklessly to talk to Fuckshit.

JORGE
 Yeah there is something I want to
 tell you, but I can't because
 you'll just be a fucking hater
 about it!

FUCKSHIT
Watch the fucking road!

RUBEN
(furious/embarrassed)
You're a fucking piece of shit,
Stevie!

JORGE
This is the best night of my
fucking life and I can't even tell
MY BOY about it!

FUCKSHIT
Say what you gotta say
motherfucker!!

Jorge keeps turning around recklessly while yelling at Fuckshit. Fourth Grade is uncomfortably toying with his camera. He is really scared right now. His eyes are now closed.

RUBEN
I was the only person who even
fucking TALKED to you!

STEVIE
(fully in tears to
himself)
I shouldn't have fucking done that.

Stevie sees more flashes of him beating Ruben and Ian beating him.

JORGE
THEY PUT ME ON THE CHOCOLATE
AMATEUR TEAM!!! THERE! I SAID IT!
IT'S THE BEST THING THAT'S EVER
HAPPENED TO ME!!! NOW SAY ALL THE
NEGATIVE SHIT YOU WANT TO SAY ABOUT
IT AND ME, YO!!!

Jorge keeps looking back to the road and then turning back to yell at Fuckshit. Everyone is scared shitless but emotions are running high.

FUCKSHIT
I WANT TO BE FUCKING HAPPY FOR YOU
BUT YOU'RE SUCH A PIECE OF SHIT
ABOUT EVERYTHING, NIGGA!!!

RUBEN
 (freaking out)
 The second Jorge and Fuckshit
 started talking to you, you fucking
 BAILED!

STEVIE
 (to himself/crying)
 What the fuck did I do?!

FOURTH GRADE
 (begging his friends)
 STOP FIGHTING, GUYS!!

JORGE
 SHUT THE FUCK UP AND FILM! THAT'S
 WHY YOU'RE HERE!

Fourth Grade looks deeply hurt.

FUCKSHIT
 DON'T FUCKING TALK LIKE THAT TO
 HIM!!!!

JORGE
 YOU DON'T DO SHIT BUT FILM! YOU
 DON'T CONTRIBUTE, YOU JUST FILM OUR
 LIVES! SO SHUT THE FUCK UP AND
 FILM!

Fourth Grade is crushed and also super freaked out. Stevie is
 crying into his hands. He rolls down his window to heave in
 fresh air.

FUCKSHIT
 YOU DON'T THINK ABOUT ANYONE BUT
 YO' FUCKIN' SELF, NIGGA!!!!!!

Jorge checks the road.

JORGE
 YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF ME!!

Stevie is rocking back and forth freaking out. He hangs his
 right arm out the window almost trying to escape the car.

FUCKSHIT
 FUCK! YOU!

RUBEN
 YOU'RE A PIECE OF SHIT!

STEVIE
 (freaking out)
 I FUCKED UP!

JORGE
 YOU JUST DON'T HAVE IT, YO! JUST BE
 HAPPY THAT I DO, AND YOU KNOW ME!

Jorge turns to continue yelling at Fuckshit but as he does, his arm turns the wheel... THE CAR VIOLENTLY FLIPS OVER!!! THE CAR IS ON IT'S SIDE AND STEVIE'S ARM IS TRAPPED UNDER THE CAR. Jorge is above him strapped into his seat belt. The car SKIDS across the asphalt. There is only deafening natural noise heard. The car SKIDS to a halt on its side.

We only hear natural noise which is only heavy breathing from the crew and the blinker blinking.

Jorge is conscious and hanging from his seat belt, suspended above Stevie. Stevie is unconscious but breathing. There is glass and blood all over him. We can't see his arm.

Jorge looks down at Stevie. He is not sure, as are we not sure, if Stevie is about to die.

Jorge unclicks his seat belt and comes CRASHING down on top of Stevie. Jorge makes a grunt but Stevie just breathes heavily. Jorge is awkwardly on top of Stevie and is trying to wake him up silently by grabbing his face. Stevie is breathing but not responding.

Stevie finally opens his eyes, but he cannot really move or talk. He looks right into Jorge's eyes. Jorge looks back into Stevie's eyes. Silence for a long beat.

FUCKSHIT
 (freaked the fuck out)
 WHAT THE FUCK?!
 (in pain)
 Are you guys okay?

FOURTH GRADE
 (in pain)
 Yeah.

RUBEN
 (in pain/shock)
 Yeah.

JORGE
 (IN COMPLETE SHOCK)
 Sunblock is... Sunblock is fucked
 up...

CLOSE UP on Stevie as he lays there breathing silently with his eyes open. We HOLD ON Stevie for an uncomfortably long time in silence except for the clicking of the blinker. Very haunting and simple music is now all we hear as we hold on Stevie's face even longer.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - 15 MINUTES LATER

We still only hear the haunting and simple music as TWO AMBULANCE GUYS, mid 20s, come CRASHING through the automatic doors of the Emergency Room wheeling Stevie in on a gurney. Stevie has some cuts on his face and we see a massive blob of white bandages around his right arm. He looks beyond out of it. Stevie is in shock.

INT. EMERGENCY SURGERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TWO DOCTORS, 40s, stand over Stevie having a hurried discussion. The song fades out.

STEVIE'S POV: of the Two Doctors standing over him. (it looks like there's Vaseline on the lense to create Stevie's hazed view.)

DOCTOR 1

I think we might have to take it off.

DOCTOR 2

He's losing a lot of blood but I think we can graft and he can keep the arm.

STEVIE'S POV SHIFTS PAST the Doctors with the same Vaseline hazy filter to the corner of the room where Dabney is sitting in a chair sobbing.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The doctors do a skin graft from Stevie's right leg and graft the skin to his right arm. His right arm is torn apart and we see the bone.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. STEVIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Dabney is folding Stevie's Ultimate sweatshirt he was wearing during the crash. The right arm is completely shredded. She looks at the damage of the sweatshirt. She continues to fold it to keep it for him.

Stevie slowly opens his eyes. His arm is bandaged up post surgery. Dabney sits next to the bed in a chair. Dabney and Stevie look into each others eyes. Silent beat.

DABNEY

(shook up and quiet)

They were talking about taking your arm off.

Stevie can't look her in the eye.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

They said you are lucky you didn't die.

Beat of silence. Stevie looks down.

STEVIE

This feels so weird.

(beat)

I'm in the hospital. All hurt. And it feels like you should feel bad for me, but you're so scared and... mad at me. It makes me... sad... that I am making you feel this way.

Beat. Dabney takes this in.

DABNEY

I'm disappointed.

(beat)

And freaked the FUCK OUT.

(beat)

I'm... furious. And terrified.

This crushes Stevie.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

(into his eyes)

Stevie, come on. I know you can do it, so just do it.

Stevie tears up looking at his mom.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

You know that I love you. You can
get through this time. We can.

Beat.

STEVIE

I'm not trying to scare you because
I'm scared to.

Dabney tears up. Long Beat.

DABNEY

(looking away)
Where'd you go, Stevie?

Beat.

DABNEY (CONT'D)

You used to be my best friend.

Long Beat. Stevie tears up.

STEVIE

(really quiet)
I just am not sure if I'm a good
person.

They both sit in silence. She puts her hand on his face.
Beat.

DABNEY

You're not old enough to be a bad
person.

Beat.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Dabney walks out of the room, exhausted, disheveled and holding her rumpled coffee cup. She stops in her tracks as she enters the waiting room. She sees Fuckshit, Fourth Grade and Ruben dangling off of chairs, fast asleep. They've slept there all night. She stares at each of their baby faces. While sleeping they seem angelic. These are just kids. Children. Dabney is overwhelmed with emotion that these boys slept there all night. She understands the love these boys have for each other. She walks over to Fuckshit. He gently wakes up. He looks deep into Dabney's eyes without saying anything. She says nothing. They make a very emotional locking of eyes. Dabney shows warmth in her face towards him for the first time. Beat.

INT. STEVIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

We enter mid conversation between Stevie and Fuckshit. Fuckshit sits in the same chair next to Stevie's hospital bed.

STEVIE

Is Jorge in a lot of trouble?

His fight with Jorge still stings, but Fuckshit feels really bad for him at the same time.

FUCKSHIT

Yeah.

They are quiet for a beat.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Can I see it?

Beat.

STEVIE

(little laugh)

They took a picture.

Stevie shows him the photo of his mangled arm with the bone sticking out. Fuckshit SCREAMS.

FUCKSHIT

FUCK! SHIT! NIGGA WHAT THE FUCK?!

Stevie laughs. Fuckshit is taken aback but lets out laughs. The laughter chills. Beat.

FUCKSHIT (CONT'D)

(emotional/sincere)

I'm really glad you okay, nigga.

Stevie painfully smiles. It means a lot that Fuckshit said that to him. Beat.

STEVIE

(emotional)

Me too.

Fuckshit extends his hand for a bro handshake with Stevie. Stevie takes his good arm and weakly extends it back. They bro-shake carefully and thoughtfully. Beat.

FUCKSHIT
(sincere smile)
You take the hardest hits of anyone
I ever met.

Beat. Stevie really takes in the photo of his mangled arm.

STEVIE
(really thoughtfully)
I don't think I need to that
anymore.

They both think about this. Beat.

INT. STEVIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Ruben sits in the chair next to Stevie's bed. You can feel in the heavy silence how bad both these kids feel about how they treated one and other. Long beat.

STEVIE
(heavily sincere)
I'm sorry.

Beat.

RUBEN
(the absolute truth)
No, I am.

SHOT FROM BEHIND of the two boys sitting in silence.

INT. STEVIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

We enter mid, well not conversation, more like extremely awkward silence between Fourth Grade and Stevie. They've probably never spoken before. They uncomfortably do their equivalents of twiddling their thumbs in the uncomfortable silence. Fourth Grade sits in the chair next to Stevie's hospital bed.

STEVIE
So...

Uncomfortable beat of silence.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
You know, Fourth Grade, I really
don't know you that well.

Stevie smiles realizing the truth. Fourth Grade takes this in and thinks deeply about it. After a long beat of thinking he looks at Stevie in the eyes and gives a thoughtful response.

FOURTH GRADE
(very sincere)
Yeah... but... I'm still there.

Stevie takes this in. There is a beat of silence but it's not awkward as much as it's cathartic. Another beat.

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)
Don't tell anyone I showed you
this. But since you're all fucked
up, I'll show it to you.

Fourth Grade gets up and pulls some cables out of his pocket. He is holding his camcorder and begins putting the plugs in the hospital TV and the camcorder and messing with the AUX settings. It's ready.

FOURTH GRADE (CONT'D)
It's something I've been working
on. You're awesome in it.

Fourth Grade hits play and as he walks out of the room he lovingly squeezes Stevie's shoulder. He leaves.

DEAD CENTER SHOT on Stevie watching the television from his hospital bed as we hear music and skate sounds from the crew off the camcorder.

We stay DEAD CENTER on Stevie as the camera SLOWLY MOVES IN CLOSER AND CLOSER TO STEVIE. The camera SLOWLY MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO STEVIE'S FACE AS HE WATCHES. His face is expressionless but he takes a couple deep breaths, experiencing emotions while watching this.

The camera SLOWLY MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER to his face until we ARE LOCKED ON HIS EYES. The same shot that opened the movie. WE HOLD ON HIS EYES. His eyes very, very minimally glass up. HOLD ON STEVIE'S EYES FOR A LONG BEAT. We hear the sounds of the crew laughing and skating.

We hear a KNOCK at the door. Stevie turns the T.V. Off with the remote. Stevie looks over his shoulder to see Ian standing at the doorway. Ian nods towards the chair.

IAN
Can...

STEVIE
Yeah.

Ian sits in the chair next to Stevie's bed in the heaviest silence we've felt so far since we've met Stevie. This silence feels like it's lasting forever.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(the hardest question he's
ever asked)
Why don't you want to be my
brother?

This shreds Ian like a blade. Ian looks off to the farthest corner of the room with his eyes to avoid Stevie's eyes. Ian takes a deep, staggered breath. Long beat.

IAN
(the hardest sentence he's
ever said)
It's not you.
(beat)
I'm fucked up, Stevie.

Ian keeps his eyes focused at the furthest corner of the room away from Stevie's eyes. Beat.

STEVIE
There's no one I like more than
you.

Beat. Ian's eyes don't well up with tears, but if they could, they would.

Ian doesn't say anything. He just gets up and begins to leave the room while looking down the whole time. He stops by Stevie's bed.

IAN
(his eyes are welled up/so
quietly)
Your friends seem nice.

Stevie's eyes can't help but water up but he rapidly wipes them away.

Ian looks into his jacket pocket, and reaches in. He pulls out the half bottle of Drakkar Noir cologne from the opening and gently places it next to Stevie's torso on his hospital bed. He makes eye contact with Stevie for the first time for a split second and exits the room. Stevie is alone. He examines the bottle of cologne and just the corner of his mouth wrinkles into a fragment of a smile. He stares at the cologne.

CUT TO BLACK.