

Angst

by

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INT./EXT. THE MCCREADY HOME - BRIGHT DAY

ATTICUS, a 13 year old boy, prepares his SKATEBOARD for an adventure. Atticus' dress can best be described as, "lazy." He wears large plastic glasses.

Out of bailing wire, he has constructed a tower containing two, foot-and-a-half mountings for the two wooden boxes, filled with model rocket engines, that he has also finished.

As we join him, he has just finished installing the tower on the back of his skateboard. He picks up the first box of rocket engines, places it in the top mounting of the bailing-wire tower.

Immediately, the structure loses integrity. He has grabbed the second box by now, but must support the leaning tower against its top. An awkward moment ensues, as he figures out how to solve the problem.

Finally, he figures out that he can bend over to get his head under the collapsing structure. He prop it up with his ear, lays down the other box, grabs the structure, removes the first box, and bends the contraption back into place.

Atticus wipes his brow, rests for a moment. Rediscovering his energy, he picks up the first box again.

The collapse of the tower has damaged the lower mounting. He bends it into place by forcing the box into the cavity. This has reinforced the top mounting.

Seeing that the tower is momentarily holding, Atticus installs the second box. The front of the skateboard is unbalanced, pops up. He places a nearby tool chest on the front.

The tower leans backwards. He props it up with the mob. At last the contraption isn't falling apart. Atticus looks at us, provides a thumbs-up.

He wires, in parallel, the two banks of model rocket engines, attaches the wires to a trigger, and straps it all to the undercarriage of his board.

He's ready! Atticus rolls his skateboard out of the garage, into the street, holding the top. A few of the LOCAL KIDS,

including JERRY and HENRY, come out to watch. He waves.

Now, it is time to prepare. Atticus takes in three full breaths, holding the third and then exhaling, leisurely. He puts on his helmet, lowers the goggles attached.

We watch as he tries to sit down on his board and promptly falls over. The Local Kids laugh. He finds the board with his hands, rights himself. The wire frame tower nearly falls on top of him. He grabs it.

Finally, he is ready. The Local Kids become restless, a quiet overcoming them.

ATTICUS

OK. I'm ready.

He presses the trigger. A Pop then a hiss.

Our vantage shifts. Now we see the get-up from the side. Slowly, four of the rocket engines ignite. Then, with a bang, the remaining engines flare. The contraption jolts forward an inch, then four, then two feet.

ATTICUS

Yes!

The tower begins to bend from the new force placed upon it. Atticus grabs it with his left, holds on with the right.

Now, the skateboard begins riding on the front two wheels. Atticus pushes up with his left hand, holding the frame. It helps. Then, he leans back. Fixed.

Now, we're watching the contraption from the front. He seems to be going along at a pretty good pace.

For a moment, we shift to the side angle. He's going about 10MPH.

The thrill on Atticus' face is contagious. The Local Kids take off running to catch up.

The experiment, eventually, however, is doomed. The top

bank of engines catch fire.

ATTICUS

Oh boy.

The box blows up. This makes the tower fall off the board. Atticus has been holding on to it. He is yanked backwards.

The Local Kids stop. We watch the detonation from where they are.

The skateboard slowly rolls past us.

Atticus is hurt. The wire frame, some engines still firing, lays on top of him. His right eye is badly burned.

CREDITS

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

EDWARD (EDDIE) and DONNA MCCREADY, Atticus' parents, and his sister, SOPHIE, stand around Atticus, who is propped up in a hospital bed.

Eddie and Donna are working parents and are dressed as such.

Sophie, however, has quite the style. She is 12, but has already discovered a remarkable portion of her sexuality.

She wears a plaid Catholic school-girl uniform, knee-high socks with heels. Her hair is in pigtails. Depending on your level of creepiness, she looks either conservative or ready.

A large bandage can be seen on Atticus' left side under his gown and his right eye is covered in gauze, glasses on top. Road-rash covers his body.

SOPHIE

You actually got it going!

EDDIE

Sophie!

SOPHIE

Just wanna know how it happened.

ATTICUS

I donno. Maybe fifty MPH.

DONNA

You were not going...
Sophie! Don't empower him.

ATTICUS

Forty?

EDDIE

Son. You are actually in trouble.

ATTICUS

So, forty.

EDDIE

Five would have been too much, kid.
What you did... was stupid, son.
McCreadys aren't stupid.

SOPHIE

Yer brother's sorta stupid.

DONNA

Dear, Jack's not stupid. He got
hurt... You know this. In the war.
He's special.

SOPHIE

Mrs. Glowfield said there hasn't

been a war in-

EDDIE

-Sophie! Your brother is hurt.

SOPHIE

So, now we're feeling sorry for him? You said. He's in trouble.

EDDIE

He IS in trouble. But that doesn't mean he isn't also hurt. Go to the car.

SOPHIE

MOM! He's trying to avoid me.

DONNA

Eddie.

EDDIE

Just...

(calming down)

Donna. June-bug. Could you take Sophie to the car? I need to talk to Atticus. Because he *is* in trouble.

Eddie trembles just a bit as he says this. Sophie, his wonderful and talented daughter, occasionally annoys the living shit out of him.

DONNA

Eddie. We need to sit down and talk about this someday. You can't just send your daughter to the car every time-

SOPHIE

-yeah, daddy. You can't get rid of me that easily.

EDDIE

PLEASE, dear.

Donna rolls her eyes, sighs deeply, grabs Sophie, and the two are gone.

SOPHIE

Hey. Mommy! Let me go!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry and Henry sit outside Atticus' hospital room on a bench. Between them are Magic: The Gathering cards. On Jerry's side are laid out 14 "rare" cards. On Henry's, there is one, a Shivan Dragon.

Donna and Sophie walk by quickly. Donna looks back at the boys.

DONNA

What'er you two doing..?

JERRY

And the Force of Nature?

HENRY

Uh-uh. Oh hey, Mrs. McCready. We called the police, so...

DONNA

I think you boys can go home. There's nothing-

HENRY

-The police said to wait here.

DONNA

Oh, well...

SOPHIE

Mommy! I'm not waiting around for these losers! I want my PSP!

DONNA

I gotta... I'm sure it's... The police are here?

JERRY

Somewhere.

SOPHIE

Mom!

DONNA

Do what you feel is best.

Sophie pulls her away.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ATTICUS

You can't get on her like that. She's at that age that she's highly vulnerable to-

EDDIE

-Son!

ATTICUS

Just sayin. You didn't-

EDDIE

-you hurt yourself. Pretty bad.

(beat)

You can't be that dumb. We're not that dumb.

ATTICUS

And, apparently not very eloquent, either. Look, Dad, I won't-

EDDIE

-I'm dumbing it down for you because-

ATTICUS

-you know I hate it when Mr. Broadcoft tries to dumb it-

EDDIE

-that's why I'm doing it!

A doctor and NURSE notice, turn their heads. NURSE moves to talk to Eddie. Eddie motions the Nurse away.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry and Henry look at the door wherein the shouting can be heard. Both turn back to the Magic card trade set before them.

HENRY

Even with the Force of Nature, the Shivan is way more valuable.

JERRY

No way, dude. That's 15 cards!

HENRY

Still not close.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

EDDIE

Son! The McCreadys are, have always been, proud of who we are. We're thinkers and scientists and accountants. We're not rocket test pilots! We're not built for it.

ATTICUS

Well, yeah Dad, but I am.

EDDIE

Yer gonna think about that, mister. You are going to think about that when yer grounded.

ATTICUS

OK.

EDDIE

I've never grounded you before. Aren't you-

ATTICUS

-you'll forget, or you'll forgive me, or I'll make it up to you. Anyway, I don't do anything away from the house anyway, so-

EDDIE

-I'll lock you in your room and take away your computer if I have to!

NURSE

Sir, you are going to have to-

EDDIE

-I KNOW!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The boys, again, look towards the shouting coming from the door. Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

What'd'ya think he got it up
to? 20?

HENRY

At least 30. It was so fast!

JERRY

Think he's in trouble?

HENRY

(more shouting from inside)
Oh yeah.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

EDDIE

I know, sir. I just got
overheated. Teenagers.

NURSE 1

Sir, your son is in the ICU-

EDDIE

-I know, I know. I'm only
chatting, I'm only trying to get
him to see... I only want him to
be safe.

(to Atticus)

I only want you to be safe,
son. You're my only boy.

Eddie begins weeping.

ATTICUS

You'll have to excuse him. He's got a weak constitution.

NURSE 1

Yes. It appears that's correct. I'll leave you two alone. If you need anything...

Atticus points to his nurse calling button, gives a thumbs up. The Nurse begins to leave. When he gets to the door, he turns back around.

NURSE 1

For the record, what you did was really stupid.

ATTICUS

(smiling and laughing)

I know.

EDDIE

You. Know?

ATTICUS

Of, course, dad. I won't do it again. I learned a lot from the experiment.

EDDIE

You are Way too smart for your own good.

ATTICUS

Which is why you aren't going to actually ground me.

EDDIE

Oh jeez.

(beat)

So smart and so stupid. I hold
that over you. When you're being
dumb, I will tell you.

This strikes Atticus. It is a valid punishment to him.

ATTICUS

So, you really don't think it was
worth-

EDDIE

Son, I saw your wire tower thingy.

ATTICUS

I just thought... OK. I get it. I
didn't think.

EDDIE

Disney moment, right? Cheesy?

ATTICUS

Yeah. But I accept. I'll think
better next time, OK Dad? Don't
worry about me.

EDDIE

I love you son.

ATTICUS

Yeah.

Eddie hugs Atticus. Atticus does the bare minimum to
respond.

EDDIE

So, where did you get the money to

buy all those rocket engines?

ATTICUS

You know those prostitutes that
hang out on the corner?

EDDIE

Stop. Prosti...? No more.

(beat)

Just... As long as I NEVER hear
about it-

ATTICUS

-deal.

HENRY (O.S)

Prostitutes!?

EXT. OUTDOOR SCHOOL LUNCH-EATING AREA - DAY

It is the next day. Sophie is eating lunch with her
friends, LARISSA, and JULIE.

Larissa and Julie's personality can best be expressed by
their clothing. Larissa wears a fashionable vest over a
plain white tee shirt. Her flowing dark skirt matches the
vest. Art geek.

Julie tries not to be seen. She, too, wears a white tee,
but her's is an advertisement for beer. It is tucked into
knee-length jean-shorts, tagged to her somewhat large
calves. Normal.

Julie reads a book. Sophie scans the nearby kids while
munching on potato chips.

A DORK BOY walks by, lunch tray in hand. He can't find a
place to sit. Sophie motions him over to their table.

DORK BOY

Seriously?

Sophie stands up, stretches out her hand to shake. Dork Boy walks over, vibrating slightly, and puts down his tray. Wearing a foolish grin, he grasps her hand.

SOPHIE

I'm Sophie. That's short for Persephone. She was a Greek Goddess who-

LARISSA

-she wasn't a goddess.

SOPHIE

She was to me. Anyway, she is responsible for the seasons. Like Winter and Summer and Fall. That's because she opened a box.

The two continue to shake. Dork Boy develops an erection.

LARISSA

Pandora, Sophie. You always explain it wrong. Pandora opened the box.

SOPHIE

Not for me. Anyway. Maybe I'm just named after the wrong goddess?

The two part hands. Dork Boy sits down quickly, leans forward.

LARISSA

She likes opening boxes.

Julie continues to read her book, not looking up.

JULIE

(not missing a beat)
'bout to do one now.

Sophie barely acknowledges this. Dork Boy doesn't know

what's going on. He's just happy girls are talking to him. Sophie seats herself, grabs Julie and kisses her cheek.

SOPHIE

We're lesbians.

JULIE

Sophie. Not that one again.

SOPHIE

You don't love me anymore?

Dork Boy has no idea what a lesbian is. He sits, arms between his legs, rocking back and forth. He doesn't even realize that he needs to respond until an awkward beat transpires.

DORK BOY

Oh. So yer sick?

LARISSA

You know, you could ruin him for life.

SOPHIE

Larissa, shut up. He can leave at any time he pleases. You know that, right? You can leave?

DORK BOY

You want me to leave?

SOPHIE

No, but you can.

LARISSA

I strongly advise it.

DORK BOY

I'm fine. Uh...I have low blood
sugar so-

JULIE

Damn! Eat! Nerd of the year,
here.

LARISSA

Yeah. But, seriously, run. Go.
Skedaddle.

DORK BOY

(half bite of fruit on fork)
You want me to leave?

SOPHIE

He's staying. Look. Happiest day
of his life.

DORK BOY

Yeah. So, I just want to thank you
for-

SOPHIE

-lesbians are girls who like to
copulate with each other?

DORK BOY

Copulate? Like the Giraffes?

LARISSA

(sighs)
Screw. Lesbians are girls who like
to have sex with each other.

JULIE

Make love.

Sophie smiles broadly, sticks her tongue in Julie's

ear. Julie retracts quickly, but it works on Dork Boy, who drops his fruit cup and gapes.

JULIE

Gross!
(beat)
Deary.

SOPHIE

He's out. Do it!

LARISSA

No! I'm sure he's a great guy. Maybe come up with the answer to cancer or something.

SOPHIE

I won't come to the Math Meet on Saturday.

Larissa smirks menacingly at Sophie, but complies. She scoots over to Dork Boy.

LARISSA

(as if scripted)
But I'm not a lesbian. I'm straight. And I'm always so lonely.

She moves her hand up his thigh. All semblance of Dork Boy's composure leaves instantaneously. He jerks up, rapping his knees against the table, almost falls backward, leaps over the seat, and sprints.

JULIE

Not that one.

We focus on Sophie. She raises her eyebrows, but the rest of her face remains stationary.

SOPHIE

Nope.

INT. THE MCCREADY HOME - THAT NIGHT AT DINNER

The McCready family sits around the dinner table. Atticus' left side still puffs out markedly, and a large gauze wrap surrounds his right eye, with glasses still on top. The combination of these two things provides for an imbalance to his appearance.

EDDIE

So, welcome home, son.

ATTICUS

Uh-huh.

Long beat. Donna, finally, grabs the rolls and begins passing them around, as the family always does, to the right. The rest do the same.

The meatloaf arrives at Atticus. He grabs it with his right hand, tries to move his left up, winces. He searches for a solution.

The peas have now arrived at Atticus, still holding the meatloaf. Eddie, who has been looking away, clangs the peas into the meatloaf tray. He looks up.

EDDIE

Oh.

Now the mashed potatoes have arrived at Eddie. He grabs them with his left, now holding both peas and

potatoes. Atticus puts the meatloaf tray on his plate, causing a loud clang. Sophie giggles.

DONNA

(to Atticus)

Honey, let me cut that for you.

ATTICUS

No, mom. Jeez!

Atticus glances at Eddie and smiles, but does nothing to help his beleaguered father. Instead, he begins cutting the meatloaf.

Atticus is a lefty. Cutting with his right doesn't work well. The tray starts sliding around on top of the plate. Donna tries to help. He shrugs her away.

Eddie continues to hold peas and potatoes in a "V" above his head. His arms begin to shake.

DONNA

Eddie. Honey, why don't you...

Donna gets up. Sophie is thoroughly enjoying the show.

Atticus has figured out that he can brace the tray on his chest. He successfully cuts one piece, but can't lift it to his plate.

He puts down the knife, grabs the slice of meatloaf with his fingers. It slips, slips again. A piece breaks off.

He grabs the piece, puts it on the plate, manages to extract the rest, licks his fingers, and begins to cut another piece.

SOPHIE

Mom! Gross! Ew! Mom, he licked his fingers and now he's touching the meatloaf. Mom!

DONNA

Sophie, hon. Right now's not a good time.

Donna has circled around and grabbed ahold of the peas. Eddie, though, has not let go, so the two share the responsibility of holding the peas. The potatoes, the heavier of the two dishes, trembles noticeably.

Sophie stands, rips the potatoes out of Dad's hand, puts the dish down with a thud. Atticus is done cutting his second piece, manages to grab it in one go, and licks his

fingers.

SOPHIE

Mom! Atticus is done with the
meatloaf. Dad can give him the
peas.

Donna and Eddie simultaneously let go of the peas. The
plastic dish bounces on the tile floor.

SOPHIE

Grr!

Sophie marches angrily out of the room. Atticus spoons two
large globs of potatoes onto his plate, begins eating.

Eddie gets up, chases after Sophie.

EDDIE

Sophie.

Donna sits down, a bit stunned. Atticus looks at her.

ATTICUS

Aren't you gonna clean that up.

Donna's look could stone lesser boys, but Atticus
doesn't even seem phased. He continues to stare at
her.

ATTICUS

Why'r you looking at me like that?

DONNA

Yer gonna grow up to be a
sexist pig, you know that?

ATTICUS

(smirks)

Huh? Yeah, 'cause I want Mom to do
her job.

(chuckles)

Me. Sexist.

He continues eating. Eddie follows Sophie back into the room. Donna starts cutting her share of the meatloaf.

SOPHIE

Get the piece that stink-o
over there touched.

We see that there are two large fingerprints embedded in the meatloaf.

Donna exudes dejection. She cuts off the infected meat, puts it on her place.

Her eyes focus on the spilt peas, then dinner, then the peas. She pushes her chair back to grab the broom.

EDDIE

(looking from Donna to Sophie)
So, Sophie, what did you do today
in school?

SOPHIE

(smugly)
I started an experiment.

EXT. SCHOOL DRIVEWAY, TWO DAYS LATER- MORNING

The McCready vehicle, a 2001 Plymouth Voyager drives up.

Atticus slides the door, gets out, followed by

Sophie. Eddie waves goodbye from the driver's seat. The van motors on.

Atticus looks only marginally better. The wrap on his left side is considerably less puffy, but is still quite noticeable. He has opted out of the pirate eye-patch, so his right eye is covered by a simple square of gauze, taped in place. His glasses fit better.

Sophie wears another variation of her Catholic school-girl motif.

LUCY and JEAN PIERRE enter.

Lucy, 14, wears a pair of loose blue jeans, tagged at the bottom, suspenders, and a tucked-in tee shirt. Her short-cropped hair is covered by a black pork-pie hat. It is clear that she does everything possible to not look feminine.

Jean Pierre (JP) wears knee-length jean shorts bought at The Gap, and calf-high white socks. He is remarkably fair, but not quite anemic. He carries himself low, exhibiting no self-confidence. As much as Lucy wants to be noticed as a boy, JP want not to be noticed by anyone.

JP
(waving to the departing van)
Bye Mr. McCready! Bye bye!

Eddie waves in the driver side mirror, smiles briefly.

Sophie provides only the scarcest of looks towards Lucy and JP, shakes her hair, and leaves.

LUCY

You fucking bastard! You actually
got it to work.

JP

Lucy, he's hurt. He hurt himself
trying to be cool. That's a lesson-

ATTICUS

-shut up, JP. You my dad? Jeez.

LUCY

Yeah, sir douche.

JP

Excuse me?

LUCY

Douche, idiot. Wimp.

ATTICUS

Definitely getting along better, I see.

JP

You know I don't like it when-

ATTICUS AND LUCY

-shut up!

Long beat. JP is meaningfully hurt.

JP

I just-

ATTICUS

-you feel hurt that we don't ever let you finish your thoughts.

JP

And-

LUCY

-you have a valuable contribution to this group.

JP

So let me speak!

ATTICUS

Nothing. Different. Nothing changed for two whole weeks. Jeez.

The three stare at the ground. Lucy looks up at Atticus.

LUCY

I have an update on the driverless car project.

ATTICUS

Oh, yeah?

LUCY

Two grand for the box. And that doesn't include the software.

JP

Darn!

ATTICUS

Yeah, I spent all my dough on rocket engines.

LUCY

Maybe we could steal it.

Our view shifts to give a good, hard look at the potential burglars. JP is highly alarmed, literally quaking.

ATTICUS

Naa.

JP

Gahhhh.

LUCY

What is wrong with you?

The first bell rings.

JP

Gotta go.

Lucy and Atticus follow JP, who is intent on making it to class.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME DAY

We follow Lucy and Atticus as they walk to class.

LUCY

Did you keep up?

ATTICUS

You mean, can you copy the problems?

LUCY

Well...

Atticus swings his backpack forward, unzips it, and deftly grabs a notebook.

ATTICUS

Five minutes.

LUCY

(grabbing the notebook)

Done more in less.

(beat)

Thanks, Atticus. It's good to have you back.

She glances at him with phileo love, smiles, turns towards class.

EXT. THE LUNCH AREA, SOPHIE'S SPOT - HAZY NOON

Sophie eats with Larissa and Julie, same arrangement as before. A line of six EAGER BOYS stand ten feet or so behind Sophie's table. The three make pains to ignore them.

JULIE

It's your fault, Larissa. You... touched... that one boy. Now they all think they can... get... touched.

SOPHIE

This was my plan. All along. We'll find our candidate now. Look at how many of them there are.

Sophie, mistakenly, looks up for a moment. Two of the boys stumble forward.

Sophie looks away, realizing her mistake.

Both boys stop in their tracks. One trips over a bench, falls.

Larissa observes all this with her peripheral vision.

LARISSA

Winners, all.

SOPHIE

This just means it worked even better than I had hoped.

Atticus, Lucy, and JP enter behind the line of boys. JP stops. Atticus and Lucy continue, briefly looking back at JP, but, knowing his temperament, have come to accept this behavior.

The remaining two cross the line of boys. Atticus' gaze follows them as he walks by. He stumbles a bit.

Sophie notices that her brother is approaching, appears to crawl into a metaphorical hole. Larissa sees Sophie's reaction, looks towards its cause. Her eyes fall upon Atticus and cannot be removed.

ATTICUS

Dad said to be ready at three. You have to miss Drama club.

Sophie nods, "OK" almost imperceptibly. She has yet to look, even in passing, at him.

ATTICUS

Sophie! Dad said to be ready by
three. Sophie!

LARISSA
(standing)
I'm Larissa.

Larissa reaches out her hand. Atticus looks at it, then in
her direction, but does not grasp it.

ATTICUS

Hey.
(eyes back to Sophie)
Sophie!

SOPHIE

OK! My God! You are so annoying!

LARISSA

Do-ya-wanna-sit?

SOPHIE

Wha..? God no, Larissa. Bad! No!

Larissa finally turns her look away from Atticus towards
Sophie.

LARISSA

I mean-

JULIE

-maybe he's the one.

ATTICUS

Whoa. Whatever you guys'r talkin
about... No way.

SOPHIE

You are all so gross. My brother?!

ATTICUS

What'r you up to, Sophie? Are you the reason that dorky kid in my Earth Science class isn't in school any more?

(Sophie reacts)

Lucy told me. Lucy told me you invited him over here and he ran off and hasn't been heard of since. What'r you planning?

LUCY

Yeah!

SOPHIE

Julie, you're bad too! How can you... My brother?!

JULIE

Oh. Oh no. My bad
(sternly towards Atticus)
Atticus, you need to leave.

ATTICUS

OK.

Atticus turns to leave. Sophie crawls more deeply into her hole, but a look of satisfaction crosses her face.

LARISSA

Wait.

(to Sophie)

Sophie.

(back to Atticus)

Wait!

Atticus twirls back.

ATTICUS

Yes?

(beat)

Who are you again?

LARISSA

Hey! I mean. Lar-

SOPHIE

-Gag! Ew.

ATTICUS

What'da'ya want?

LARISSA

(to Sophie)

I mean, we have to give him a shot,
right? You said you didn't know
what you were looking for. You
said-

SOPHIE

-not my brother! Anyone but my
brother!

Julie stands. In the background, we see that JP is staring
at her.

JULIE

(overzealous)

Yeah!

LARISSA

Well, that's dumb.

ATTICUS

No way! Whatever it is. I am so
out of here.

LARISSA

But..?

SOPHIE

OK, OK. But don't expect anything, brother. It's so obvious you have Larissa's vote. And I'm fair.

JULIE

Totally. Totally fair.

ATTICUS

Um...OK. But I don't want to have anything to do-

JULIE

(seductively)

-it'll be good.

SOPHIE

Oh, ultra-gag! What'd'ya think we're doing here, Julie? He's my brother!

JULIE

I don't know what we're doing.

SOPHIE

So don't insinuate!

ATTICUS

Uh-huh. So three-o'clock.

The first bell rings. Everybody looks up.

SOPHIE

Yeah.

Atticus and Lucy walk off. Larissa follows.

LARISSA

So, yer Sophie's brother. You go
to school here?

Julie and Sophie gape.

JULIE

I think we might'a lost her.

SOPHIE

Yep.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTER LUNCH

We watch Mr. Broadcoft teach developmental-level English to
his class. In attendance are Atticus and TIM.

Mr. Broadcoft breaths disorganization. His ragged clothes
fit badly. His tennis shoes have holes.

Tim is built. He runs track and cross country, and is
trying out for wrestling. He's building his resume for
Yale.

MR. BROADCOFT

-the thirteenth century. That's
what hundred years? Joe?

SOME KID JOE

I, uh, like thirteen hundreds?

MR. BROADCOFT

No. Not thirteen
hundreds. Anyone?

SOME KID JOE

But why'd they call it thirteenth
century?

MR. BROADCOFT

Because it is the thirteenth century. Thirteenth, Joe. T H.

SOME KID JOE

Huh?

TIM

(to Joe)

If you start from zero, and you count from there... So, if it was the year 100, last year would have been the the zero-ith century, right?

SOME KID JOE

Zero-ith?

(thought)

So 100 is the one century.

(more thought)

Last year was the zero century. I got it!

MR. BROADCOFT

Thank you, Tim. I would have gotten there, eventually.

Some of the class laughs. Atticus' rising boredom boils over.

ATTICUS

Get to the point!

MR. BROADCOFT

(walking towards Atticus)

Atticus, I know you don't like being here. You feel it's beneath you. But it's because of outbursts like that that you're here.

(beat)

Why don't you join us? Huh? We're talking about the Magna Carta-

ATTICUS

The Magna Carta was signed by King John of England in 1215. The early thirteenth century.

SOME KID JOE

All right!

ATTICUS

It was the first document in history to provide basic rights to the citizens of a State. It directly contributed to the rise of nationalism, and, eventually, The Constitution of The United States.

SOME KID JOE

God bless!

MR. BROADCOFT

Alright, Atticus, you've made your-

ATTICUS

I could talk about how the Magna Carta made humanism possible, so, finally, some of our species could live with some dignity. How this led to the overthrow of tyrants-

TIM

Don't like where this is going.

ATTICUS

-and the dissolution of many States-

MR. BROADCOFT

Atticus. Stop it.

ATTICUS

-and can do so again!

MR. BROADCOFT

Well, that's just not true.

(beat)

Atticus, I understand..

(considers)

Look, I have to have you in my class
until you learn some respect-

ATTICUS

-respect.

MR. BROADCOFT

Yes. Respect. For your teachers
and yourself. And I can't let you
leave this classroom-

ATTICUS

-ever?-

MR. BROADCOFT

-I will have you in this classroom
during 4th period. Everyday. Until
you at least figure out how to
make up some decent civility to

(scoffs)

other members of this species.

ATTICUS

But I know this is dumb.

TIM

I don't think you're helping
yourself.

MR. BROADCOFT

Tim's here for the same general reason. He's getting out.

TIM

I am?

MR. BROADCOFT

(double take)

We'll see.

ATTICUS

You reneged! Proof. Fascist.

ABOUT 16 PAGES MISSING

Since I wanted to write the last scene as part of the whole screenplay, this "scene" is here to stand in for sixteen minutes of screen time.

EXT. THE MCCREADY STREET - PARTIALLY CLOUDY AFTERNOON

JP and Atticus, who walks his bike, are strolling home. Neither speaks, both look at the ground, and one

would not think they were walking together except for their proximity.

JP looks up for a moment at his house, begins to cross the street. HARRY'S CAR pulls up slowly, stops for the boys, and rolls past. Atticus waves at the car.

Harry's car is a top of the line Caddy from back in the day. It is pi-mped, two syllables.

ATTICUS

Hey Uncle Harry!

A short honk registers.

JP

You know that guy?

ATTICUS

Yeah.

The kids get to JP's house, stand there for a bit, still not looking at each other.

JP

Well, see ya.

ATTICUS

Yeah.

JP walks up the walk-way. Atticus waves.

Another car passes slowly. It parks across from The McCready Home. Atticus notices. He gets on his bike, rides the hundred feet, and stops beside the second car.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE MCCREADY STREET - SAME DAY

The second car cuts off its engine.

ATTICUS

(through the open window)

Hey.

STANLEY and BOB sit with their belts still on. Stan (driver) has just picked up his coffee. Bob eats a turnover.

STANLEY

Hey kid.

ATTICUS

What'er you doin parked in front of my house?

Bob leans over a bit. It is hard to notice, but he's wearing a shoulder holster.

BOB

Wer...uh...eatin our food.

ATTICUS

What, not doughnuts?

Both men smirk and shake their heads, annoyed.

ATTICUS

Well, eat fast. Your car don't fit 'round here.

BOB

Uh-huh kid. Move along.

Atticus pedals to the garage, drops his bike and runs inside.

INT. THE MCCREADY HOME - SOME AFTERNOON

A series of shots follow Atticus searching for Eddie.

RUNS IN THROUGH MAIN DOOR.

LOOKS INTO LIVING ROOM.

NOT IN THE KITCHEN.

GARAGE?

ATTICUS COMES TO A CLOSED DOOR, KNOCKS.

INT. EDDIE'S HOME OFFICE - SAME AFTERNOON

Eddie and HARRY smoke. Eddie holds his light cigarette in

an unusual, awkward way. Harry smokes his stogie like a boss.

Harry is always, Always dressed to the nines. His extravagance befits his occupation.

Atticus' knock gives a start to both. Harry looks for a place to hide something.

EDDIE

Yes? Who is it?

ATTICUS

Dad?

EDDIE

Atticus?

ATTICUS

Yeah Dad. There's a-

EDDIE

Son, I told you not to knock unless there's an emergency.

ATTICUS

Yeah Dad. I think you'll want to...

Eddie stands, puts out his smoke, motions for Harry to do the same.

Harry raises an eyebrow, looks half-way toward the door, shrugs. He slowly extinguishes his cigar.

EDDIE

Is it? An emergency?

ATTICUS

Well, I mean-

EDDIE

Is your sister OK? What happened?

ATTICUS

Could you open the door?

Eddie opens the door. Atticus walks in.

ATTICUS

Hey uncle Harry. I saw you drive up. Like what you did to the Caddy.

HARRY

Uh...thanks kid. You know, me and your dad got some things we gotta talk about, you know? Important, grown-up things. Things you wouldn't understand.

ATTICUS

I get it 'cept that last part. But I think you'll want to hear this.

EDDIE

OK. What's wrong.

ATTICUS

Well, I was riding my bike home, actually, no, I was walking, with JP, home. And then Harry drove by-

EDDIE

-You wanted to say hi to Harry?

ATTICUS

No, Dad. Jeez.

HARRY

What your father means is get
to the damn point.

For the first time, we see Atticus a bit shaken.

ATTICUS

Yes Harry. OK. There were cops
following you.

EDDIE

Wha..?

ATTICUS

And they're parked across
the street.

Now it's Harry's turn to appear shaken. He get up quickly,
leaves the room while pulling out his cell.

We focus on Eddie staring at Atticus. First, he is
alarmed. Then, he looks sideways, a realization being
born. He looks back at his son, understanding that Atticus
must have some idea things are amiss.

Now, it is Atticus' turn to react. Hever losing his
internal calm, he registers that his Dad, Eddie McCready,
is into a lot deeper shit than he ever gave him credit for.

He grins.