

**Lucky Charm**

An Original Screenplay

by

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V.2.2.15

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EXT. NASCAR RACE TRACK - NIGHT

30 RACE CARS charge down the track, two LEADERS followed by three abreast, like a giant undulating mechanized snake full of massive momentum and volume. THE big leagues. 20 thousand spectators on their feet.

SUPER:

POCONO SPEEDWAY, PENNSYLVANIA

A WHITE FLAG wipes the frame as the lead cars fly past. A FLAGMAN stands 50 feet above the track waving the cars on.

The final lap of a long anticipated ending.

On the back stretch, two lead CARS change position several times, one leads the other follows. Only inches separate them at 180 mph.

The crowd roars in anticipation.

Now on the last turn and heading for the finish line when -

The lead car is bumped from behind and

IN SLOW MOTION

becomes a rocketship,

Leaving the earth, shooting twenty feet into the air

striking the protective FENCE

demolishing the front of another CAR as it smashes the asphalt and begins to tumble head over tail

until it rests upside down, on fire, in a heaping tangle of worthless metal. Pure carnage.

like a rag doll, the driver's arm flops out of the wreckage, lifeless.

FADE OUT

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. RACE TRACK/FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

WIDE ON --

a very small, regional DIRT RACE TRACK, as banged up STOCK CARS roar past a CROWD of beer guzzling, hot-dog chomping, Friday night revelers.

SUPER:

LANCASTER SPEEDWAY, SOUTH CAROLINA (two years later)

The crowd favorite - the black NUMBER EIGHT CAR - painted with a MAGIC EIGHT-BALL on the hood - is in the lead and roars past the crowd.

The FLAGMAN spins his WHITE FLAG and the CROWD cheers!

OVER THE P.A. --

ANNOUNCER

(country accent)

One lap to go and here they come!  
Looks like our hometown favorite -  
Johnny Love - in his magic eight-  
ball car is gonna grab the  
checkered flag again ladies and  
gentlemen!

The cars thunder up the backside of the track and in the third corner

SUDDENLY

the CAR in second place - a banged up hulk named after its sponsor - "Paddy's Saloon" - crunches into the rear of the eight-ball car, dislodging it from it's winning groove.

The CROWD GASPS!

The magic eight-ball car spins off the track and the other CARS roar by.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Oh boy! Johnny Love is out of the  
race! I betcha that magic eight  
ball didn't see that in his future!

CLOSE IN CAR

The Eight-Ball driver, JOHNNY LOVE, thirties, tries to restart his engine but it won't fire.

JOHNNY

Son of a bitch!

WIDE

Paddy's Saloon crosses the finish line in first place and continues around the track on a slow victory lap. The DRIVER waves from his open window.

The Crowd BOOS as he rolls past.

He passes the Eight-Ball car on the backside, still unable to fire his engine.

CLOSE INSIDE CAR

Johnny Love watches Paddy's Saloon pass by him and sees -

P.O.V.

the driver giving him the finger.

Johnny continues to crank the engine over.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ah - C'mon now!

The engine finally ROARS to life. Johnny slams it into gear and spins its tires getting back on the track.

WIDE NOW

as the Eight-Ball car speeds up and chases after Paddy's Saloon!

The Crowd leaps to their feet and wildly cheers him on.

ANNOUNCER

What in heavens? I think you're  
gonna get your money's worth  
tonight folks!

The Eight-Ball car catches up and plows into the side of Paddy's Saloon, T-boneing it into the first corner - right in front of the stands.

The Crowd goes insane!

Johnny slides out of his car and rips his helmet off. He yanks the other driver out of his car and they begin to wrestle on the asphalt.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Oh Lordie! Now boys this ain't the  
WWF.

They stand up and the driver swings a roundhouse PUNCH and CONNECTS to Johnny's chin --

FREEZE FRAME

SUPER: "JOHNNY LOVE - Race Car Driver"

The action starts again -

SLOW MOTION of Johnny flying through the air, the crowd going wild, camera's flashing...

JOHNNY

(narration)

Looks like I'm at the losing end of this one. Again. Hell, I'm a lover not a fighter. Trouble is I get too excited. I used to have it all. Money, success, fame. I was a NASCAR driver until well, "the accident." Now I'm driving in these shit town races trying to get another shot.

When Johnny hits the ground, he falls into unconsciousness.

The other driver stands over him gesturing as if he is a victor in a heavyweight bout, mocking Johnny and the crowd.

BEER, POPCORN and HOTDOGS rain down at the driver, and when he slips and falls on the greasy food, the angry crowd LAUGHS and taunts him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

P.O.V. --

THROUGH THE LONG LENS OF A CAMERA

In a kitchen, we see a tough Latino, RAMERES, forties, with a NECK TATTOO in an athletic bout of passionate KISSING with an AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, twenties, as they flop from counter top to floor. As their clothes start to peel off the -

- CLICK - CLICK - CLICK - of the SHUTTER silently records photos of the couple in compromising positions.

NOW INSIDE --

A SHADOW falls across the floor --

SUDDENLY Rameres sees the PHOTOGRAPHER outside the window.

THROUGH THE LENS --

Rameres stares into the camera and realizes he's being photographed. He goes wild.

RAMERES

Hey! You mother-fucker!

BACK OUTSIDE --

The PHOTOGRAPHER startles and slips off the GARBAGE CAN he has been perched on, crashing to the ground.

He bounces up like a school boy and runs toward us.

FREEZE FRAME

SUPER: "Al CRUMPLE - Private Detective"

SLOW-MOTION of Al, thirties, overweight and unkempt, running with a naked Rameres chasing after him.

AL

(narration)

Hey it's a job right? Shit, after his wife sees my pictures this moron will deserve everything he'll get. If I had a wife, I'd never cheat on her. I'm Al Crumple, rock and roll private dick.

The action starts in REAL TIME and Al continues running, scared shitless.

ON THE STREET --

Rameres, half naked, chases Al down the street. Boy that fat man can run!

RAMERES

I'm gonna kill you!

Al reaches his banged up old surveillance VAN, and jumps inside. He cranks it over, slams the GEAR LEVER into drive and BURNS RUBBER. He escapes the grasp of an out of breath, furious Rameres.

RAMERES (CONT'D)

I'll get you! You fucking maricón!

INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DAY

O.S. the sound of a junkyard DOG barking is heard.

Johnny snores, flat on his living room couch with a stiff, dry COLD COMPRESS stuck to his face.

The CAMERA lingers on what seems like hundreds of TROPHIES, PLAQUES and PICTURES that overwhelm his living room.

They are a shrine to his past history as a winning NASCAR driver.

JOHNNY

(narration)

My real name used to be Johnny Lovetinsky but I shortened it when I was on my way to getting famous. Now I live in this double-wide. Just me and all these trophies. Am I happy? Sometimes. Do I have dreams? Hell yeah. But funny how life can turn on a dime. One day your up, the next..well. Sometimes I feel like I'm living my life looking in my rearview mirror.

There are stacks of unopened BILLS on the coffee TABLE.

Next to these is a torn open ENVELOPE from an Alumni Association and an invitation addressed to Johnny Lovetinsky.

CLOSE ON

The invitation welcoming him to attend the 20th anniversary of his high school graduating class.

O.S. the SOUND of an approaching TRUCK is heard. The dog barks grow in intensity.

It wakes Johnny and he peels the compress off his face to reveal a nice SHINER.

He rolls off the couch, his stiff bones fighting to be left alone.

He squints behind VENETIAN BLINDS to see --

P.O.V. of a TOW TRUCK rambling toward his house.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ah shit, Chuck.

EXT. STONY POINT BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Al, in period Pre-Revolutionary costume, stands before a small class of elementary CHILDREN.

In the background, several other DOCENTS in period garb work at various activities from the 18th century, firing muskets, hammering metal on a blacksmith's ANVIL, etc.

AL

The Battle of Stony Point was  
fought on ah - June - no - July ah -  
(forgets)

A FEMALE VOICE is heard -

JEAN

(os)  
15 and 16 in 1779.

JEAN VERACRUZ, thirties, dark complexion, cute and smart as a whip, churns BUTTER in period costume within ear shot. JEAN is Al's ex-girlfriend and mother of his child.

Al chuckles uncomfortably.

AL

That's right, thank you Miss Little Pestero for being so helpful - it was July 15 and 16th when a group of rad Continental troops used a plan devised by General Washington and attacked this fort with only these bitchin' unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets to avoid detection and preserve the key element of surprise. The Americans marched south from ah -

He forgets again -

JEAN

Sandy Beach.

Al turns to Jean and flashes the stink-eye. She shrugs her shoulders.

AL

Sandy Beach near West Point, and arrived at Springsteen's farm -

JEAN

Springsteel's  
(under her breath)  
Not Springsteens you dumb ass.



AL  
 Springsteels is about a mile and a  
 half from Stony Point, some eight  
 hours later.

Al is starting to lose his cool.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me one minute kids.

He gets in Jean's face.

AL (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 If you don't stop interrupting me -

JEAN  
 I will when you get your facts  
 straight.

Al is speechless. He turns back to the crowd.

AL  
 Sorry kids. Where was I -

JEAN  
 You were going to say, as they  
 approached the peninsula from the  
 west -

Al laughs to himself, his fists tighten and his throat closes  
 up.

AL  
 Yes that's right. As they  
 approached the peninsula from the  
 west, they ah, formed attack  
 columns, and wore pieces of white  
 paper in their hats to ah, um...

Al stumbles and Jean holds back from helping him for what  
 seems like hours until she can't help it any longer and  
 blurts out:

JEAN  
 To avoid confusion in the darkness.

A volcano inside Al explodes and he throws his hat on the  
 ground. He storms off, whispering controled undecipherable  
 expletives under his breath.

Jean wipes her hands on her apron and steps in to pick up the speech without a hitch.

JEAN (CONT'D)

They were also directed, in General Wayne's battle orders, to shout a watchword - "The Fort's Our Own" - when the defenses were "forced and not before. . .

Al continues to walk into the nearby woods, furiously kicking stones and slapping tree trunks.

JEAN (CONT'D)

...to drive the Enemy from their Works and Guns which will favor the pass of the whole troops."

Al's muted expletives can be heard in between Jean's speech.

JEAN (CONT'D)

One column would proceed around the peninsula on the south, the other on the north, while a third column positioned in the center fired shots to divert the British defenders...

All the kids are watching Al, hardly paying attention to her.

EXT. TRAILER - LATER

Johnny carries two CUPS of coffee from his trailer and approaches the tow truck.

His yard looks like pit alley - jammed with derelict PARTS CARS.

CHUCK, fifties, gnarled up, three-packs-a-day crew chief unhooks Johnny's banged up Magic Eightball stock car without paying him much attention.

JOHNNY

Kind'a early ain't it Chuck?

CHUCK

Early bird catches the worm. But you wouldn't know much about that would ya?

JOHNNY

Ah be nice. Look - I made you  
coffee.

Chuck throws the SAFETY CHAINS in the bed and takes off his  
GLOVES. He grabs the coffee.

CHUCK

(finally looks at him)  
Oh boy.

JOHNNY

Some sucker punch huh?

CHUCK

Man, you screwed the pooch on that  
one.

JOHNNY

Yeah well, that son of a bitch  
deserved it. Hey Chuck?

Johnny hands him the invitation from the Alumni Association.

Chuck looks at him with a weary eye. He reluctantly begins to  
read it like he has all the other times, expecting the usual  
bad news.

CHUCK

Looks like it's from a high school.  
(reads)  
*Dear Johnny Lovetinsky, your  
presence is requested for your 20th  
high school reunion.*

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Wants you to RSVP by next week.  
(hands him back  
invitation)  
You know the track officials are  
mad as hell Johnny. They're gonna  
suspend you for last night.

JOHNNY

Ah shit - I'm not worried about  
that Chuck. The fans love me. I'm  
the biggest draw that dirt hole  
has. You see the way they cheer for  
me.

CHUCK

Was that before or after you  
wrecked the only car you got left?

JOHNNY  
C'mon chuck -

CHUCK  
(looks at car)  
I'm tired of putting my time into  
something only to see you destroy  
it.  
(hands him keys)  
Here's my keys to the shop.

JOHNNY  
What? You're quitting?

Chuck gets in his truck and before he shuts the door he turns  
to say -

CHUCK  
You can wreck your life man, not  
mine.

Chuck starts the truck and pulls out.

JOHNNY  
Ah come on! Chuck! I need you!

Johnny stands alone among his cars in the junk-yard his life  
has become and stares at the invitation.

INT. TRAILER - LATER

Johnny sits on his couch, surrounded by his trophies, and  
opens his stiff high school YEARBOOK. He finds a WALLET PHOTO  
and studies it.

P.O.V. of a smiling pretty, dark haired 16 year old girl.

This is Jean - Johnny's first girlfriend - the same Jean who  
we met earlier with Al.

Johnny studies her face. A look of melancholy overwhelms him.

JOHNNY  
(to himself)  
Jean.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(VO)  
She was my first girlfriend. She  
was like a lucky charm for me.

Everything always went right when I  
was with her.

He turns the photo over and sees her hand writing on the  
back, surrounded by a hand drawn HEART. It reads:

*Johnny and Jean forever.*

His deep sigh tells us all we need to know - she once meant  
everything to him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(VO)

I wonder where she is. What her  
life is like. I wonder if she ever  
thinks about me. Maybe she's  
married. Maybe I can find her. Take  
her to the reunion. Yeah right!

He laughs to himself, thinking that it's a ridiculous idea.

He buries the photo deep into the folds of the book and  
continues turning pages.

He finds his picture. The caption reads:

"Johnny Lovetinsky - Likes fast cars and foreign women -  
hopes to win the Indy 500 some day."

He scans the page and finds another picture.

"Al Crumple - Boy genius with all things electronic. Wants to  
be an astronaut so he can always get high."

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Al. My ole pal.

The momentary nostalgia and the long forgotten memories make  
him smile and laugh.

He stares at his trophies, at his crummy trailer and eyes the  
invitation to the reunion.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(whispers to himself)

Hmmm.

INT. BANK - DAY

Johnny, waits in line, wearing dark SUNGLASSES, trying to  
read a small black savings account BOOK. He grows frustrated  
that he can't make out the numbers.

He reaches the counter and a smiling overweight BANK TELLER, twenties, greets him with romance in her eyes.

TELLER  
Hello Johnny.

JOHNNY  
Hey. Ah, can you tell me how much I have in savings - I can't make it out.

TELLER  
Sure I can. What's your account number?

Johnny hands her his savings account book. She smiles at him and reads the number and punches it into her COMPUTER.

TELLER (CONT'D)  
You have nine hundred and thirty six dollars and twenty eight cents.

JOHNNY  
Is that all? I thought I had well over a thousand in there -

TELLER  
Well, it looks like your overdraft protection saved you from bouncing a check last week. They had to deduct the amount from your savings.

JOHNNY  
Hmmmmp. How do I make a withdrawal?

TELLER  
I can help you with that. How much would you like?

JOHNNY  
Nine hundred and thirty six dollars and twenty eight cents.

EXT. REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The TIRES on a yellow TAXICAB --

hit the curb and Johnny gets out, bags in hand. His SUNGLASSES hide what's left of his shiner.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

At the check in, a TICKET AGENT hands him his tickets and points, directing Johnny to his gate.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

A Hispanic JANITOR, fifties, reads Johnny's boarding pass and points across the walkway to a gate they are standing right in front of. The Janitor looks at him deadpan.

The sign at the Gate reads: "Stewart Airport - Newburgh, New York - departing 10:50"

Johnny smiles at the man apologetically, thanks him and walks away. The Janitor just shakes his head in amazement.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

An African American FLIGHT ATTENDANT, thirties, hovers over Johnny who is sitting in the window seat. She examines his boarding pass as a disgruntled PASSENGER stands waiting. She directs Johnny to his correct seat and he gathers his things and moves one row back.

She rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Al curbs his van, slides out and juggles his KEYS, a bag of KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN and a soft-serve vanilla ICE CREAM CONE.

He has ice cream smeared on his face like a three year old and listens on headphones to Van Halen's *Running with the Devil*.

AL  
(singing falsetto)  
Runnin' with the devil!

It isn't pretty.

He jumps up the stairs to his three story APARTMENT HOUSE and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Al opens the door to - CHAOS - A maid's nightmare! Old LAUNDRY, NEWSPAPERS, and CONTAINERS of take-out food litter the well worn furniture.

Al slams the door with his foot and navigates the well worn route to his kitchen, marked by empty shells of old COMPUTERS used for spare parts.

Like a computer science lab, TOOLS, SOLDERING IRONS, and MOTHER BOARDS lay about haphazardly.

IN KITCHEN

Al un-sticks a FORK glued to a dirty PLATE and uses it to serve his KFC dinner of MASH POTATOES and CHICKEN.

As he eats he leans on his kitchen counter and stares at his REFRIGERATOR looking at a large PHOTO held on by MAGNETS --

P.O.V. of Photo with --

Al, his young DAUGHTER and Jean.

If it weren't for the giant black "X" covering Jean's face, they look like a loving family. Al sighs as he looks at the photo.

A KNOCK is heard OS on his front door and he goes to answer it.

AL  
Who is it?

JEAN  
(OS)  
It's me Al. I have to talk to you.

He strikes the air in frustration and performs a silent karate move against an unseen defender.

ON JEAN

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Open the door Al. I don't have a lot of time.

ON Al

He moves to the door but doesn't open it and begins a faux sex encounter.



AL  
 (loud so she can hear)  
 That's it baby, a little more to  
 the right, yeah - ooh that's it -  
 that's it!

ON JEAN

JEAN  
 Al?

AL  
 (yells OS)  
 Can't you hear I'm a little busy  
 right now?

ON Al

He picks up a computer and starts to rhythmically bang  
 against the wall as if it were a bed.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Oh yeah baby! You are a dirt little  
 whore aren't you? Come on, give it  
 to me!

ON JEAN

Jean knows his tricks.

JEAN  
 Very funny Al. Do you have the  
 money.

AL  
 I'm a little busy here!

ON Al

He unzips his shorts and they drop to the floor. He slaps his  
 own ass.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Oh yeah! That's it, that's it!  
 Don't stop!

JEAN  
 Al!

AL  
 (yells)  
 Come back tomorrow will ya?

ON JEAN

JEAN

(yells)

You said today. Your daughter needs to eat Al.

AL

Hey! I said tomorrow alright?

JEAN

(threatening)

Bring it by the store Al. Court's in two weeks and I don't want to have to explain to your daughter why you're behind a glass window wearing an orange jumpsuit. Don't make me come up here again loser!

(to herself)

What an asshole.

Jean storms off.

ON AL

He looks through his peep hole and sees her walk away.

He stops banging the wall and drops the computer. He leans against the door with his shorts around his ankles, as he slowly begins to realize that he is a foolish, sad, man-child.

EXT. ENTERPRISE RENT A CAR - DAY

A CONVERTIBLE ROOF --

unfolds and neatly disappears behind Johnny as he starts the engine to his RENTAL CAR.

The rental car male EMPLOYEE, early thirties, who looks like he never leaves his couch on weekends hands Johnny a CLIP BOARD and a PEN.

EMPLOYEE

You're all set Mr. Love. Initial in those two highlighted boxes and sign below. Do you need directions?

JOHNNY

No thanks. I grew up around here.

The employee squints and takes a good look.

EMPLOYEE  
Are you Johnny Love?

JOHNNY  
(smiles big)  
The one and only.

EMPLOYEE  
Oh wow! My dad and I are big Nascar fans. Say - could I get your autograph?

Johnny finishes signing the rental agreement.

JOHNNY  
There you go.

Johnny hands him the rental agreement back and speeds out of the parking lot.

The man looks at Johnny's signature and can't believe his good luck. He punches the air in victory.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

THE TV --

a Yankee Game on ESPN

Al

sits transfixed, drinking a BEER.

A KNOCK at his front door. He rolls off the couch and peers through the peep hole.

P.O.V. of his LANDLADY who is old as dirt and has a face like a perch.

AL  
(to himself)  
Shit!

Another KNOCK.

LANDLADY  
(outside the door)  
Alan - I know you're in there -  
please open the door.

He reluctantly opens the door. Before stands him a dowdy, sweet looking elderly woman.

AL

Hi.

LANDLADY

Alan -

AL

I know - I'm late. Can you give me  
'till Monday? Please?

LANDLADY

You're a month behind already. I  
don't get much in social security  
you know -

AL

I know -

LANDLADY

- and I have fucking bills to pay  
too don't you know -

AL

I know -

LANDLADY

You don't want me to change the  
fucking locks on you again do you?

AL

Oh no - no need for that -

LANDLADY

Alrighty - leave six hundred  
dollars in time for me to go to the  
bank. I'm late for fucking church  
now.

She shuffles down the hall but turns back to him.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

And remember - cash asshole - no  
checks.

AL

Yes ma'am - you bet - put it right  
in your box.

(calling after)

Sorry about that - try not to let  
it happen again - please don't  
change the locks -

LANDLADY  
(to herself)  
Dumb-ass.

Just as he is about to close the door -

Johnny pulls up in front of his building.

Al admires the shiny convertible but doesn't like the looks of the driver.

AL  
(to himself)  
Hmm. Another yuppy a-hole.

He doesn't recognize Johnny and starts to close the door.

AT THE CAR

Johnny looks up and sees Al.

JOHNNY  
Al? Hey Al!

AT THE APARTMENT

Al HEARS his name. He peeks out from the doorway and takes a second look.

Johnny jumps from the car and heads for the stairs.

AL  
(to himself)  
Holy shit. Johnny?

Johnny bounds up the stairs and they greet each other like two lost brothers.

AL (CONT'D)  
Dude! What are you doing here!

JOHNNY  
Hey man! It's been a long time, right? I'm so glad you still live here or I would never have found you.

AL  
Ya brotha'. What happened to you? One day I turned around and you were gone.

JOHNNY  
Ah - you know how it is.

Al doesn't really.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Life! I should have called more.  
I'm sorry.

AL

No kidding. Hey man, what happened  
to your eye?

JOHNNY

Oh! Bumped my head at the track  
working under my new car.

AL

You're still racing?

JOHNNY

Yeah - I'm still out there.

AL

Huh.

JOHNNY

Took some time off. I'm doing  
regional tracks right now. You  
know. Getting back to it.

AL

Man, I used to watch you all the  
time on TV. When you'd win I'd  
scream - I know that mother-F-er! I  
went to school with him!

(he grabs his shoulders)

Bro. I saw the crash at Poconos.  
Shit Johnny - that must'a hurt.

JOHNNY

It did - but I'm still here! Hey -  
what about you - how's the P.I.  
business?

There is a moment of uncomfortable silence.

AL

(puts on a good front)

Ah - Okay. Good. Yeah. Busy. A lot  
of people owe me money! Hey - you  
here for a race or something?

JOHNNY

No. Just came back to see the old  
town and thought I'd try and find  
you.

AL

Cool! Come on - I got the game on -  
you're still a Yankee fan - right?

JOHNNY

Hell yeah.

They enter the apartment and close the DOOR.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON Al's HEAD --

as he crushes an empty beer CAN against his noggin. Without  
looking, he tosses it behind his back and it lands in a  
GARBAGE CAN. He never misses.

AL

I'm not going to no high school  
reunion - no way.

He opens another beer and he and Johnny have a second drink  
together.

JOHNNY

We had a deal Al. We shook on it at  
graduation. Remember?

AL

No.

JOHNNY

You said if we lost touch - we  
would find each other and go to our  
10th reunion. I'm a little late but  
I'm here.

AL

That was for our tenth reunion not  
our 20th. The chicks are all flabby  
now. The deal's off man.

JOHNNY

C'mon Al. I've got a whole week and  
it would be fun to do something -  
you know - to catch up.

AL

Man, I've got bills to pay. I can't  
just -

JOHNNY

How much?

AL  
Huh?

JOHNNY  
You heard me - how much?

AL  
Man. I couldn't take money from  
you.

Johnny looks at him as serious as a heart attack. He dives into his pocket and pulls out a small roll of hundreds. He peels off four "c" notes and throws them on the table.

Al counts each one with his eyes.

JOHNNY  
I kind'a need some help. I want to  
find somebody.

AL  
Who?

JOHNNY  
My first girlfriend - Jean.

Al gets up from the couch with a funny look on his face.

AL  
Beer?

JOHNNY  
Sure.

Al grabs the EMPTIES and walks into the kitchen like a ton of bricks just fell on him.

Johnny paces around the bachelor's quarters.

AL (O.S.)  
Why do you want to find Jean, man?

JOHNNY  
Well..don't laugh at me Al but,  
let's just say my luck hasn't been  
too good lately and I thought maybe-

IN THE KITCHEN

Al stands in front of the REFRIGERATOR DOOR.

JOHNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-If I could find her, maybe it  
might change.



She was always my lucky charm. So I want to see if she'll go to the reunion with me.

Al rips the photo of Jean off the refrigerator and hides it in a drawer.

JOHNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
To see if there's a chance we might get together again.

Al leans against the refrigerator and looks around the room at the disaster his life has become.

JOHNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So what about you? You never got married did ya?

AL  
Are you kidding? I'm a playa dude. Al's got too much love to go 'round.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Johnny picks up a dusty MOTHERBOARD.

JOHNNY  
You're an expert at finding people. Right?

AL (O.S.)  
Hell yeah but -

Al returns -

with two more cans of BEER.

JOHNNY  
So, do you think you can find Jean by Friday?

AL  
Friday? I don't know man - I haven't seen her in a long time. She might not even be in the state.

JOHNNY  
That's why I need someone with your talents.  
(looks at money on table)  
That enough?

AL

Listen dude, I usually get about  
 five hundred a person. And that's  
 without a guarantee. But for you -  
 (he grabs the money)  
 That'll do.

He rushes to a drawer, finds an ENVELOPE, stuffs the cash  
 into it and seals it with a lick and a smile.

AL (CONT'D)

I got an idea - let's change this  
 up a little - okay?

JOHNNY

(curious)  
 Okay?

AL

Let's face it - even though I'm a  
 bad-ass motherfucker when it comes  
 to finding people - truth be told -  
 the odds are against finding Jean  
 by Friday. And you don't want to go  
 to the reunion without a date  
 right?

JOHNNY

I guess -

AL

We need a plan B. How about I  
 locate - at no extra charge - some  
 of your old girlfriends -just in  
 case?

JOHNNY

Really? Like who?

AL

Well how about  
 (thinks)  
 - Maddy Spinner or ah - Cathleen  
 Odonahue?

Johnny smiles at the idea.

AL (CONT'D)

See what I mean?

JOHNNY

Shit....this could be interesting!

AL

It'll be like old times - me and you - on a road trip! But you gotta supply all the beer.

JOHNNY

Geez, I wonder what they all look like? Could you also add Virginia Beauchamp and Layla Naples to the list?

AL

Sure! I'll be the tour guide right? But I wanna stop at some places along the way - you know - places you never go to when you live near them, right?

JOHNNY

You navigate, I'll drive!

They high five!

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Al smashes a DRUM KIT playing along to very loud music - a punk version of Gary Wright's *Love is Alive*. Think AC/DC meets Barry Manilow.

AL

(sings into a mic)

*My heart is on fire - my souls like  
a wheel that is a turn'n - my love  
is alive - my love is alive!*

The music ends and Al looks to Johnny for a reaction.

JOHNNY

(pokerface)

Wow! Al - I - I don't know what to say - I mean - if that's the kind of music you like, you sure do it justice.

AL

We're learning that tune for a wedding next month. Nothing like a good love song right?

JOHNNY

Yeah - set's your heart on fire - right?

AL  
 My band - The Lovetones - is bad  
 ass. We're like no other tribute  
 band in the history of the world.

He waits for Johnny to ask how they are different. It doesn't  
 happen.

AL (CONT'D)  
 We take old love songs and make  
 them our own, bra.

He is so proud.

Johnny smiles and looks around the room to see

POV of a wall of electronic GEAR music studio/survalence LAB.

All in a room that resembles a college dorm from Animal  
 House.

JOHNNY  
 (points to electronic  
 gear)  
 And this?

AL  
 That's the shit I use in my  
 business. I built most of it. It  
 rocks dude. I can find anything on  
 anybody.

JOHNNY  
 Wow.

Al's equipment portrays a level of confidence he wants to  
 have about his friend's ability to find Jean.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Great - so how is this going to  
 work -

AL  
 Leave it up to me bra, even if I  
 can't find Jean I guarantee we are  
 going to party!

JOHNNY  
 But finding Jean is more important  
 than anything right? That's why I'm  
 here.

AL  
 I'll give it my best shot, okay ole  
 pal? Oh -  
 (points to a dirty  
 mattress on the floor)  
 That's your place for tonight.  
 Don't mind the rats. JK dude. LOL!

Johnny squeezes out a convincing smile.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

UNDER BLACK, a CARD --

MONDAY

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
 I'm dying for a cup of coffee Al.

FADE IN

Al'S LEGS

stick out from the TRUNK of the rental car.

AL (O.S.)  
 Quit your bitch'n - I'm almost  
 done.

Johnny leans against his car, waiting.

JOHNNY  
 It's a little over the top isn't  
 it?

Three different ANTENNAS are now mounted on his rental car.  
 WIRES and ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, including two LAPTOPS, fill  
 the front passenger seat quarters.

Al squirms out from the trunk.

AL  
 I got G.P.S., a Thuraya/Hughes 7101  
 Portable Satellite Phone, a regular  
 iPhone with an untraceable call  
 number - something I designed  
 myself -

JOHNNY  
 That's great. Can we go now?

AL

- a C.B. for the highways, a laptop for the internet, a Hughes R-BGAN Satellite Modem, a second laptop for the international databases - an IPOD with my songs and a Blackberry for emails. That should just about do it. Oh - one last thing -

Al looks around to make sure no one can see him. He reaches behind his back and pulls out --

A REVOLVER

AL (CONT'D)

For the jealous husbands.

JOHNNY

Jesus Al. Put that thing away.

AL

What? I got a permit for this one.

He pulls up his pant leg to show a smaller PISTOL holstered against his ankle. He smiles.

AL (CONT'D)

And this one is for any... ahem, mistakes.

Al smiles. Johnny shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

The CAR lumbers by with Al steady at the wheel and Johnny in the passenger seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The CAR passes SHOPS on both sides of a small city main street.

JOHNNY

I got a caffeine headache the size of Texas. Is there a Starbucks here?

AL

(shouts)

No way! I don't drink that crap.

JOHNNY  
Crap? What's wrong with Starbucks?

BY COINCIDENCE --

P.O.V. through windshield of a -  
STARBUCKS coming up on the right.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
Hey - that looks like one right  
there.

Al drives by it and has his head on a swivel, searching for  
someone in the Starbucks.

AL  
Forget it! The best coffee in town  
is right here dude. Trust me.

He slows down and turns left into AMELIA'S COFFEE, directly  
across the street from Starbucks.

EXT. AMELIAS' PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Al pulls the car into a parking space.

AL  
Starbucks sucks. I know this guy -  
good friend of mine - he had a tab  
running and got a little behind and  
they banished him from the store!  
Can you believe that? The  
vindictive fuckers!

He gives Starbucks the finger from across the street.

JOHNNY  
I think their coffee tastes pretty  
good. You walk into any Starbucks  
and it's always consistent.

AL  
Yeah? Amelias has free WIFI. Try to  
get that at Starbucks.

INT. AMELIAS - LATER

CLOSE ON FINGERS --

typing on a LAPTOP KEYBOARD.

Al searches the SCREEN for information while intensely monitoring the Starbucks across the street.

He watches CUSTOMERS enter and exit Starbucks with COFFEE CUPS in their hands.

Johnny is waiting for the coffee at the counter.

Al checks his watch, like he is waiting for someone to arrive. He is....

His P.O.V. --

As Jean arrives, dressed in a Starbuck's UNIFORM. He studies her like a budding artist examines a Cezanne.

AL  
(to himself)  
Right on time.

SUDDENLY

a swat on his shoulder startles him as Johnny hands him his coffee.

He grabs Johnny and forcibly puts him in a chair across the table with his back to the window.

AL (CONT'D)  
Hey sit here.

JOHNNY  
You okay man?

AL  
Oh yeah - thanks man!  
(sips)  
Ummmmh! That is good! Try yours.  
What'dya think?

Johnny sips.

AL (CONT'D)  
Better than Starbucks right?

JOHNNY  
It's close.

AL  
Close?

Johnny takes a long swig of his large DOUBLE LATTE.



Al's eyes dart nervously between his laptop and the Starbucks across the street. Jean finally enters the building.

JOHNNY

You look nervous - what's up?

AL

What? Nothing. I'm just excited, man. I'm getting good results here.

JOHNNY

Yeah? Getting close to finding Jean?

Johnny monitors the laptop.

AL

Not yet. But I got your first address Romeo.

JOHNNY

Who is it?

Johnny grabs for the laptop but Al shuts his laptop screen down.

AL

(sternly)

Hey. One rule - never touch my stuff. Got it?

JOHNNY

Okay. Geez.

Al bounds out of the booth and heads for the door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So who is it?

AL

That's for me to know and you to find out. C'mon she's waiting.

JOHNNY

(to himself)

Ah - a little bit of mystery - I like that.

Al turns back.

AL

And remember - no fucking Starbucks on this trip.

Both our boys exit Amelia's.

EXT./INT. CAR - LATER

Johnny steers the car on a meandering mountain road that swings through dense areas of TREES and LAKES.

They approach a fork in the road --

A SIGN reads:

*RT. 17M Chester*

An arrow points to the LEFT and --

*MONROE*

-- with an arrow pointing to the RIGHT.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
C'mon Al, who is she?

AL (V.O.)  
Go towards Monroe.

The car continues LEFT - heading to Chester - THE WRONG WAY!

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
Which way right or left?

AL  
Right! To the right!

The car violently swerves RIGHT almost MISSING the turn.

AL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck's the matter with  
you?

INSIDE

Johnny fishes for his SUNGLASSES.

JOHNNY  
The glare - I couldn't see the sign  
with the sun in my eyes.

AL  
Yeah well keep your fucking  
sunglasses on, man - you almost got  
me killed back there.

Al begins to punch the buttons on his GPS unit.

JOHNNY  
What are you doing?

AL  
Just watch the road Mario. I'm  
putting in coordinates so we'll get  
there in one piece.

The GPS unit comes alive. It has a sultry female voice.

GPS VOICE  
Good morning. In just a moment I  
will connect you to our satellite  
to help you with your directions.

JOHNNY  
GPS - perfect.

AL  
She's kind of sexy ain't she?

EXT. MUSEUM VILLAGE - LATER

The car slows before a large welcome SIGN. It reads:

*Museum Village, Goshen, NY*

GPS VOICE  
You have reached your final  
destination. Good bye.

JOHNNY  
What's this?

AL  
Pull in, man. First stop along the  
journey of Johnny Love!

Johnny steers the car into the parking lot.

EXT. MUSEUM VILLAGE - LATER

MONTAGE

As if stepping back in time to an 18th century village, our boys stroll through the village of a living museum, mingling with STAFFERS dressed in period COSTUMES.

They watch as daily colonial rituals are performed: RUGS are woven, BROOMS are cut, blacksmith BELLOWS are pumped, and CANDLES are molded.

Hordes of CHILDREN, some running, others supervised by TEACHERS, move in a controlled chaos.

Al is in ecstasy - Johnny mildly amused.

AL

Dude! I've always wanted to come here - Oh my God - If I were a kid I'd lose my frick'n mind!

They stop to watch a MAN, forties, cutting WICKS. Al studies him carefully.

JOHNNY

Now that's cool - he's making candles.

AL

(whispers to Johnny)

WTF. This guy's an amateur. He's wearing the wrong hat.

(yells)

Hey you. You've got the wrong hat, man! That's circa 1830's dude, not pre-rev at all.

The candle-maker just shrugs his shoulders.

AL (CONT'D)

Come on man!

Johnny pulls him away and they continue walking.

JOHNNY

So Al, what are we doing here anyway? I thought you found someone for me to meet?

AL

I did. And this is part of the tour man. You need to learn some patience.

They stand before a large wooden building that Al recognizes.

AL (CONT'D)

Man, this is going to blow your mind - c'mon!

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Inside gobs of children surround an immense fossil SKELETON of a Mastodon. Nearby a super cute TEACHER, twenties, talks to her students. Al and Johnny stand by, listening.

TEACHER

This one was excavated just a few miles away in Montgomery...so you might even have one of these creatures buried right in your own back yard.

KIDS

Oooohhhh! Cool.

Al stares lasciviously at her and she flashes a faint smile back, a little creeped out.

TEACHER

Okay kids, let's go see the agricultural exhibit.

She corrals most of the kids out of the building.

AL

(eyeing teacher)  
Oh break me off a piece of that -

Johnny starts to follow the group out but Al grabs him.

AL (CONT'D)

So listen. I thought I'd start us off with a big bang. I have located - one - Layla Naples.

GULP - Johnny becomes nervous.

AL (CONT'D)

She's only a few minutes away.

Johnny's face sinks like the Hindenburg.

AL (CONT'D)

What? Come on, you can tell papa bear.

FLASHBACK 1993

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

A 1989 Buick STATIONWAGON sits perched in front of a giant MOVIE SCREEN

PLAYING the horror film --

CANDYMAN

As Virginia Madson looks into the mirror before Candyman determines her fate --

JOHNNY (V.O.)

It was at the drive in. I had my dad's car. Remember that giant stationwagon?

INSIDE

P.O.V. of

LAYLA NAPLES, sixteen, smiling from the passenger seat --

She's a plump teenager with braces and bad hair.

BACK TO MUSEUM

JOHNNY

I brought a sleeping bag and folded down the seats to make a giant bed.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DRIVE IN - LATER

HEADLIGHTS from exiting cars wash over dark movie screen.

IN THE CAR

Under a SLEEPING BAG there is movement - groping - arms and legs poke out.

AL (V.O.)

So you had sex on the first date in your father's station wagon. In a sleeping bag. Big deal.

BACK TO MUSEUM

JOHNNY

We didn't have "sex."

A little KID, eight, overhears and turns to look at Johnny. The kid grins. He said a naughty word.

Al gently pushes him a way.

AL  
Hey beat it kid.

Al looks at Johnny with one eyebrow cocked - it takes him a minute, but he gets it.

AL (CONT'D)  
Oh - page 69 from the Bill Clinton  
playbook.  
(mimics Clinton)  
"My fellow Americans - it depends  
on what the meaning of 'is' is."

Al loves to turn the knife.

AL (CONT'D)  
Man, what were you thinking?

JOHNNY  
I wasn't Al.

AL  
(smiles)  
You were still a virgin weren't  
you?

A group of KIDS overhear and laugh.

KIDS  
(group whispers)  
He was a virgin! Did you hear that?  
What's a virgin?

Our boys become uncomfortable and leave but the kids follow them.

EXT. MUSEUM VILLAGE - SAME

Johnny walks briskly with Al and the group of kids following behind, laughing and taunting.

KIDS  
(amongst themselves)  
He was a virgin... He's probably  
still a virgin...what a loser...

The crowd of kids gets bigger. Johnny walks faster.

It becomes a parade. A surreal moment.

JOHNNY  
I didn't know what I was doing!

KIDS  
(laughing)  
He didn't know what he was doing!  
Dumb-ass!

JOHNNY  
But I knew I wanted to try  
something.

More big laughs.

KIDS  
He wanted to try something...what a  
loser!

The kids surround them when they reach their car.

AL  
Come on kids - beat it - get out of  
here. Now!

Al chases the group off and they run away giggling.

Johnny has a far away look recalling memories he hasn't  
thought of in a long time.

JOHNNY  
After that night we would pass each  
other in the hallways too  
embarrassed to speak - like two  
ghosts.

AL  
It was that good huh?

Johnny scowls at Al's sarcasm.

They get in their car.

JOHNNY  
You know what? I owe her an  
apology.

AL  
Ah c'mon! Man - you think she  
cares? Or even remembers? Maybe you  
turned her into a sex addict.  
(he smiles slyly)  
- maybe she even became a porn  
star?

JOHNNY  
You're a heartless bastard, you  
know that?



WIDE

Johnny starts the CAR and PEELS OUT. He speeds out of the parking lot, and hits the street.

EXT. RURAL STREET - LATER

Their car is parked in front of a very modest ranch HOUSE with an unkempt lawn with NO landscaping.

Johnny and Al stare at the house.

AL  
Thar she blows Ahab.

JOHNNY  
I'm a little nervous. What are you gonna do?

AL  
Wait right here and start tracking down our next  
(spells out)  
L-A-D-Y.

Al opens his LAPTOP and frowns at the computer screen, perplexed.

CLOSE ON SCREEN

We see multiple WIFI accounts all with strong levels.

AL (CONT'D)  
Huh. She's got a bunch of different accounts. She must be running a internet business.

Johnny begins typing on his LAPTOP.

AL (CONT'D)  
Off you go.

Johnny pauses to collect his thoughts and slides out of the car.

Al watches him approach the house and shakes his head and smiles.

AL (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
This is gonna be good.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny stands in front of the door and rings the DOORBELL. He waits - growing more nervous with each second.

No answer.

He hits the doorbell again.

No answer.

He turns to look at --

Al

who watches him from the car.

Johnny shrugs his shoulders and waits until he can't stand it any longer and turns to leave.

SUDDENLY the door OPENS.

LAYLA NAPLES, late thirties and now bigger than a house, leans against the door.

LAYLA  
(gruff)  
Can I help you?

Johnny can't believe what he sees.

JOHNNY  
Layla? It's Johnny.

Layla takes a long hard look at him and a joyful expression breaks on her plump visage. The hard tone of her voice softens into a high faux southern belle accent.

LAYLA  
Oh-my-god! Oh sweet boy come here.

She grabs him and devours him like a human Venus Fly Trap. He swims in her dense flesh, surrounded by her heavy bosom.

AT THE CAR

Al

peers behind the seat, holding his mouth trying not to laugh too loudly.

BACK AT THE HOUSE

Johnny breaks free of her grip. She is crying happy tears and tries to catch her breath.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Oh my lord! Come in, come in, come in.

She pulls Johnny in and slams the door.

INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The parlour is a dark, tasteless boudoir like a waiting room at a tired Nevada whorehouse.

Cheap OBJECTS D'ART are littered about the room but the multiple hanging --

BLACK VELVET ELVIS paintings command attention be paid.

Layla escorts Johnny to a giant velour SOFA.

LAYLA

Oh Jesus - let me catch my breath.  
Sit down - please sit down. Oh my Lordy!

Johnny sinks into the lifeless cushions and is launched into Layla's massive body when she crashes down next to him.

They laugh uncomfortably.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I've changed - I know.

JOHNNY

Just a little.

LAYLA

Oh my - I always knew I'd see you again.

JOHNNY

You did?

LAYLA

Oh yes. I have scrap books filled with newspaper clippings of your races - I used to follow your career. Are you still racing?

JOHNNY

Yeah, but I had an accident that took me out of it for a while. But I'm on my way back up.

LAYLA

Oh my. Well, I am your biggest fan.

JOHNNY

Ah that's nice.

Johnny smiles politely and looks around the room at the Elvis paintings.

LAYLA

I see you're admiring my collection? I sell them on Ebay. It's my new enterprise. I do real good - not like my other business - but I get by.

JOHNNY

What other business?

Layla flushes surprise that she has to tell him.

LAYLA

Oh - I thought you knew! Everyone in this damn town knows. Internet porn honey!

JOHNNY

What?

LAYLA

You don't know, do you sugar? I was famous on the web - had over 1500 hits a day - I was known as Layla the Lay of L.A. - of course I've never been to Los Angeles - but most men didn't care anyway.

EXT. CAR - SAME

Al has navigated to one of Layla's porn sites and views a clip. His face looks like he just ate something sour.

AL

Ugh.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

They continue to talk.

LAYLA

But I gave it all up for my king.

JOHNNY

Elvis?

LAYLA

No - my goodness! For Jesus honey.  
The king of Elvis. The king of all  
men.

JOHNNY

You know I once heard rumors that  
Elvis was Jewish. He wore a Jewish  
star around his neck -

LAYLA

Hell no! Elvis wasn't no Jew. My  
word! He wore it because he was a  
superstar.

Johnny gets up from the sofa.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

So what brings you back home  
Johnny?

JOHNNY

Layla, do you remember the time we  
went on a date?

LAYLA

Sure honey. That was fun. But if  
there were any indiscretions - I am  
to blame.

JOHNNY

Well - I just - really?

LAYLA

Sure, I mean, I started liking sex  
when I was very young. And look at  
who I've become! Whatever happened,  
I'm sure I enjoyed it!

JOHNNY

Huh.

LAYLA  
Now sit down here next to me,  
honey.

JOHNNY  
You know, my friend - he's waiting  
for me in the car.

A lack of trust settles on Layla's face as she struggles from  
the sofa to look out of the window.

LAYLA  
Your friend?

JOHNNY  
You remember my best friend from  
high school don't you - Al Crumple?

HER P.O.V. of

Al standing next to the car.

LAYLA  
What in the devil's name are you  
doing with that ass-hole?

JOHNNY  
He helped me locate you.

LAYLA  
(pleading)  
Now come on, sit down with me.

JOHNNY  
I really - I have to go -

Shock and panic overcome her.

LAYLA  
Why - you just got here. You can't  
leave like that. Please!

JOHNNY  
I have to go -

LAYLA  
You're a real bastard, you know  
that?

Johnny heads for the door before something bad happens.

JOHNNY  
Layla come on I -

LAYLA

Wham bam thank you ma'am. Just like  
old times ain't it?

Johnny reaches for the door.

Layla's voice becomes loud and shrill.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I remember now. Took me to a cheap  
movie and you... you raped me!  
That's what you did, you son of a  
bitch. I thought you loved me!

JOHNNY

What? I never raped you!

Johnny swings the door open and escapes from the house.

LAYLA

I'll show you!

Layla grabs something behind a curtain.

EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny jumps from the steps and swiftly walks to the car  
MAKING EVERY STEP COUNT.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry Layla!

AT THE CAR

Al drums against the fender SINGING along to his version of  
Clapton's "LAYLA"

When he's interrupted by --

HIS P.O.V of

Layla with a GUN in her hands!

AL

(to himself)  
...the fuck...

LAYLA

You bastard! Leave me high and dry  
again? You ain't changed a bit you  
peckerwood!

Johnny turns to see Layla aiming the gun at him and he RUNS!

JOHNNY

Al start the car! Start the God dam  
car!

Al CRASHES into the drivers seat and hits the IGNITION.

Layla pulls the trigger and hits Johnny in the ass with a  
paintball, splattering green paint on him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ouch! EH! She shot me! The bitch  
shot me!

Johnny makes it to the car and jumps in.

Layla aims and fires one more time.

THUNK!

Green paint splatters the trunk.

IN THE CAR

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Go- Go- Go- Go!

Al steps on it as Johnny ducks down for protection.

The car hits the pavement in a wild FISHTAIL and heads down  
the road leaving two long SKID MARKS.

AT THE HOUSE

Layla screams out one last insult -

LAYLA

(sticks out her pinky)  
Big time race car driver with a  
little tiny wiener!

EXT. CAR - SAME

WHIP PAN as the CAR screams by at an amazing speed.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Johnny is in pain.

JOHNNY

Son of a bitch! Ouch!



Al frantically drives with one hand and punches his GPS unit

AL

Don't worry man - I'm getting  
locations to the nearest hospital.

Johnny checks for blood and looks at his hand and discovers  
green paint.

JOHNNY

She shot me with a paint ball!

AL

What?

He looks at his hands.

Al starts to laugh.

JOHNNY

You son of a bitch - she's is a  
porn star!

AL

Yeah I know.

Johnny doesn't think it's funny.

JOHNNY

She could'a killed me!

He starts beating on Al, making him swerve the car as Johnny  
blocks his blows.

AL

C'mon man! Cut it out! You're gonna  
get paint all over us!

Al continues to laugh.

JOHNNY

It's not funny, jerk-off!

Al can't contain himself. Johnny thinks about it and starts  
to laugh too.

AL

Just like old times huh?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Just like old times. You're  
still an ass-hole.

Al high-fives him and Johnny slaps his hand, smudging him with green paint.

EXT. BLUE TATTOO COFFEE ROASTERS - LATER

The convertible is parked in front of the coffee house.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - SAME

A real GEN-Y hangout. GOTH GIRLS, TATTOOS and every imaginable PIERCING known to man. No one smiles. They're all just way too cool. Or depressed.

Al

is set up in the corner busy typing on his LAPTOP as

Johnny appears from the bathroom, with new PANTS on, and throws his paint-smearred PANTS in the TRASH. As he walks away, he massages his butt cheek and limps a little.

Al sips his CAFE LATTE and does some people watching.

P.O.V. OF EXPOSED TATTOOS

On legs, arms, backs, necks and stomachs.

Johnny sits down next to him and looks mildly amused.

JOHNNY

I don't get tattoos. They used to be cool, you know? You were different - an outlaw.

AL

It's all about sex. That's our pagan culture - we might as well start praying to a goat.

JOHNNY

Now they're ubiquitous.

AL

Yeah and they're everywhere too. I laugh at these jokers who wear their clothing just so they can show off their fucking tats. I hate them. I vomit on them.

A tattooed, voluptuous WAITRESS, twenties, delivers their coffee with a smile. Al undresses her in his mind.

AL (CONT'D)  
(to waitress)  
Oh wow - cool tits, I mean tats.

She rolls her eyes. What a pervert. Johnny buries his face in his hands.

JOHNNY  
Man!

Al smiles, feeling like a dummy. Johnny shakes his head as the waitress flees the scene. The damage is done.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
So what about Jean? We've only got  
four days left to find her.

Al sticks up his hand warning he doesn't want to be interrupted.

AL  
It's not looking good compadre.  
She's a tough case to crack.

A few more keystrokes and he's done.

AL (CONT'D)  
But - I know our objective is to  
locate Jean and believe me I'm  
trying everything. But dude, for  
now, I've got our plan B.

JOHNNY  
Okay...

AL  
I found Maddy Spinner.

JOHNNY  
(shocked)  
Maddy Spinner?

AL  
She's a couple of hours away - we  
can make it before beer-thirty.

JOHNNY  
Wow. I can't wait to see her.

AL  
She sure was cute. Had that Dorothy  
Hamill haircut. Every guy had a  
hard on for her but she wouldn't  
look twice at us fucking losers.

JOHNNY  
Exactly. She was always hanging out  
with the jocks -

FLASHBACK 1995

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

P.O.V. of

A LINE OF CHEERLEADERS in SLOW MOTION as they kick their LEGS  
in the air and shove their POMPOMS to the sky.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
She was the captain -

The CAMERA MOVES and rests on

MADDY SPINNER, teenager - cute as a button with a winning  
SMILE.

AL (V.O.)  
Who'd she go out with?

BACK TO CAR

JOHNNY  
I don't know - she never had just  
one steady boyfriend.

AL  
Huh. Probably did the whole  
football team.

JOHNNY  
We had home-ec class together.

FLASHBACK 1995

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Maddy slides a tray of CINNAMON ROLLS from an OVEN as a CROWD  
of salivating students stand by.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
We were friends but that was it.

P.O.V. of

Maddy grabbing one of the rolls and licking the ICING off the  
top. She flashes that magnificent smile.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
 After I broke up with Jean, all I  
 wanted was to be her boyfriend.

EXT. MADDY SPINNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Our boys are parked outside a lovely BRICK CAPE with well  
 manicured landscaping and outdoor LIGHT treatments.

AL  
 Well, "soon to be famous again race  
 car driver" - she's all yours. Go  
 get her.

Johnny doesn't make a move.

JOHNNY  
 Part of me is excited and part of  
 me is guilty.

AL  
 Huh?

JOHNNY  
 Excited to see Maddy again but  
 guilty because I feel like I'm  
 cheating on Jean.

AL  
 Don't be a pussy. Get out of my car  
 and go meet her.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Johnny stands at the front door, an equal amount of  
 confidence and nerves.

He RINGS the DOORBELL.

Within seconds the door OPENS and

MADDY SPINNER

Stands before him --

LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY.

Same Dorothy Hamill Haircut - same glorious smile, just a  
 little older.

Johnny grins and with a confident wave of his arms, presents  
 himself. She recognizes him immediately and is dazzled.

MADDY  
Johnny?

JOHNNY  
Maddy.

They hug.

MADDY  
(flustered)  
Wow. It's great to see you - I -  
just wasn't - well it's been what?

JOHNNY  
Too many years -

MADDY  
I know! Do you want to come in?

She opens the door for him and they enter the house.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior is well appointed and very tidy.

They sit down opposite each other.

MADDY  
So I heard from somebody that  
you've become a famous race car  
driver?

JOHNNY  
Well, I used to be.

MADDY  
You gave it up?

JOHNNY  
No - I just had some bad luck and  
had to start over again.

MADDY  
Yeah me too. I have a new printing  
company and things are really going  
well for me.

JOHNNY  
That's great.

He looks at her and they smile together.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Boy you haven't changed a bit.  
 Remember home-ecc class?

MADDY  
 (searching)  
 Oh yes! Those --

JOHNNY/MADDY  
 (uttered at the same time)  
 - Cinnamon rolls.

They laugh together.

MADDY  
 They were horrible!

JOHNNY  
 It's the only thing I remember  
 learning how to cook.

MADDY  
 Me too.

JOHNNY  
 You have a beautiful home. Are you  
 married - children?

She laughs uncomfortably.

MADDY  
 No.

JOHNNY  
 Boyfriend?

She grows more uncomfortable.

MADDY  
 No, no boyfriend. So what brings  
 you back here?

JOHNNY  
 Our twentieth reunion.

MADDY  
 Oh - right!

There is a moment of awkward silence.

JOHNNY  
 You know, I had a big crush on you  
 when we were in high school -

MADDY

You were always sweet and a little shy.

JOHNNY

And you were cute as hell and always dated football players.

MADDY

Let's just say I had good friends on the football team.

The memories connect them for a brief instant.

The LIGHTS from a CAR pulling into Maddy's driveway wash against the window and gives her an opportunity to interrupt their conversation.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Oh - That must be Holly.

O.S. the SOUND of a closing CAR DOOR is HEARD.

Maddy moves to the door.

JOHNNY

Holly?

MADDY

You remember Holly Skalicky?

JOHNNY

Holly Skalicky - are you kidding? I had a big crush on her too!

Maddy smiles weakly and greets --

HOLLY, late thirties, at the door with a hesitant KISS on her mouth. She's handsome and dressed in a woman's POWERSUIT, HIGH HEELS and carries a leather BRIEFCASE.

MADDY

Honey - look who's here.

Johnny stands up. Holly squints her eyes trying to recognize him but for a moment doesn't. Maddy tries to make light of it.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Johnny - meet my partner - Holly Skalicky.

A grin breaks on Holly's face and she excitedly hugs him.



HOLLY  
 Johnny? Look at you - did you get  
 taller?

He is paralysed with silence.

JOHNNY  
 I - wow - I - oh boy am I an idiot.  
 You two are -

HOLLY  
 (to Maddy)  
 You didn't tell him we're together?

Maddy smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 It is really good to see you! Who  
 knew I'd come home to find a  
 handsome and famous race car driver  
 in my living room.

Holly sits down and lights a cigarette. She crosses her legs  
 in a very open and sexual manner (ala Sharon Stone) which she  
 directs at Johnny.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Maddy you aren't fooling around  
 behind my back are you? So how long  
 are you in town?

JOHNNY  
 About a week. I came for the  
 reunion.

HOLLY  
 Really!

She looks at Maddy, curiously seeking permission.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 You know, I once had a big crush on  
 you. That was before I was bi of  
 course.

MADDY  
 Holly!

JOHNNY  
 Really?

HOLLY  
 You didn't know? That was also  
 before my crush on Ms. Lesman.

JOHNNY

The gym teacher with the short hair?

MADDY

Oh boy.

HOLLY

So - are you staying nearby or -  
 (looks to Maddy)  
 you could stay here - we've got a couple of extra bedrooms but when it comes down to it you only really need one, right?

She laughs and Johnny gulps and tries to breathe.

JOHNNY

Wow. Really, well sure. But, ah, I'm with my old friend. Al - he's outside waiting -

HOLLY

The more the merrier!

MADDY

Al who?

JOHNNY

Al Crumple. From high school.

MADDY

What are you doing with that asshole?

HOLLY

Yeah?

A quick chill just froze the room.

JOHNNY

Ah - well - we're working together on something...

All the sexual tension has left the room and it feels like a morgue.

HOLLY

You know I am suddenly feeling the beginning of a migraine.

MADDY

Oh honey are you all right?

She begins to rub her neck.

HOLLY

I don't know, I'm feeling a little  
nauseous too.

MADDY

Oh baby, what can I do?

Johnny realizes "Elvis has left the building."

INT. CAR - LATER

Our boys drive the lonely night road in stunned silence.

Al suddenly explodes in frustration punching the dashboard.

AL

Son of a bitch! I - DO - NOT -  
BELIEVE the two hottest chicks from  
our class are scissor sisters!

JOHNNY

What?

AL

You know - scissor sisters?

He makes an obscene sexual movement with his hands,  
interlocking his fingers.

JOHNNY

Ehhh.

AL

Are you a man or a vagina, dude?  
How could you walk away from a  
message-a-trio?

JOHNNY

Believe me - they're not interested  
in - us.

AL

Forget about me man! Just let me  
watch!

JOHNNY

(to himself)

All those years and we never knew.

AL  
Yeah. She fooled both of us. Those  
lesbos are tricky buggers.

EXT. RUSTIC MOTEL - NIGHT

Our boy's CAR is parked in front of a quaint rest stop with individual rustic CABINS separated by tall trees.

AT THE CABIN --

Johnny sits on the porch, staring into the clear night sky with a look of melancholy, uncertain of what the next day will bring.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Al lays on his stomach, his head hanging off the bed as he snores like a baby. He is still dressed and is surrounded by EMPTY BEER CANS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

The morning light illuminates the same image of Al SNORING but now he is in a fetal position and has a strange funny grin on his face.

SUPER: "TUESDAY"

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
Al. Wake up.

Johnny shakes him.

AL  
(talking in sleep)  
Yeah baby, more lube, that's it.

Al finally awake, startled.

AL (CONT'D)  
Huh?

Johnny arches his brow at his friend's dreamy comment.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

Al wipes the sleep from his eyes, falls into the waiting car and Johnny and he speed away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Al suffers from a hang over and is cranky but is able to punch coordinates into the GPS device.

AL  
Man, I had dreams all night of  
those two lipstick lesbos. We kept  
running out of batteries.

JOHNNY  
And lube apparently.

AL  
Yes! How'd you know?

P.O.V. through the windshield of an approaching

SIGN that reads:

(Arrow LEFT)

ACCORD - TEN MILES

(Arrow RIGHT)

NEW PALTZ - 15 MILES

AL (CONT'D)  
Head toward ACCORD.

Johnny STOPS the car.

JOHNNY  
Check the GPS.

AL  
I know where we are.

Johnny doesn't budge.

AL (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Okay!

He PUNCHES the button and the GPS comes to life.

## GPS VOICE

Good morning Mr. Love. Please turn left at the next intersection for your destination.

## EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Johnny makes the left turn and the car speeds away.

## GPS VOICE (V.O.)

Your destination will be 8 miles on the right hand side. Happy travels.

## INT. ROCKY ROAD COFFEE SHOP - LATER

A WESTERN MOTIF complete with stuffed ANIMAL HEADS, COWBOY PAINTINGS and lots of ANTLERS make it feel like home on the range.

Johnny and Al drink their nectar of the Gods. Al works at his LAPTOP while Johnny tries to find something to like about his LATTE.

## JOHNNY

This is crap. I need Starbucks.

## AL

No you don't.

## JOHNNY

Yes I do.

## AL

Do you want me to find Jean or not? 'Cause I'll turn around and head fucking back home if you keep on -

## JOHNNY

Alright, alright - calm down.

## AL

There is nothing wrong with this fucking coffee.

## JOHNNY

Okay! What about Jean? Day three my man.

Al takes a deep breath and tries to cool down.

AL

I'm working on it. I found her last place of residency but I can't find any current info that shows she's still local.

JOHNNY

Shit.

AL

Okay - the next girl on your list is Cathleen Odonahue. Found this on the web.

He spins his laptop around to show Johnny pictures of her.

CLOSE on PHOTOS

of Cathleen and her family. They look happy. All American.

AL (O.S) (CONT'D)

Came from some local magazine article. Guess she got into bodybuilding.

Another shows her posing in a swimsuit at a bodybuilding competition. She looks well toned and sexy.

JOHNNY

Wow. She's a hard body.

AL

You score on her dude, you're a lucky man.

JOHNNY

Is she close?

Al's eyes get wide and he grins. He closes his laptop.

AL

Oh yeah - but first - a detour!

EXT. LAKE MINNEWASKA - LATER

Johnny leaps from a cliff high above the pristine LAKE.

JOHNNY

Oweeeeeeeeeee!

Al stands on the cliff and waits for Johnny to clear below. He jumps and does a back flip into the water just missing Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You idiot - you could have killed me!

They fight like children again, splashing each other.

EXT. CLIFF - LATER

Our boys sun themselves on TOWELS above the lake.

AL

She was your neighbor, right?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

AL

I remember her house. Pretty much white trash. So what happened between you two?

JOHNNY

We had a one night stand.

AL

(feigns surprise)

No!

JOHNNY

Yeah well -

AL

Let me guess -

JOHNNY

No Johnny, I wasn't a virgin.

FLASHBACK 2002

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Johnny's legs are entwined within the legs of a female as a feminine HAND leans against the inside of his THIGH. The CAMERA moves to REVEAL --

CATHLEEN O'DONAHUE, mid twenties, fresh faced and sexy.

They sit staring at each other, surrounded by 20-SOMETHINGS in a crowded, rowdy BARROOM.



JOHNNY (V.O.)

We met one night by accident in a bar - I hadn't seen her for a couple of years. We talked for hours and she couldn't keep her hands off me. She was beautiful.

SLOW MOTION as Cathleen laughs and throws her HAIR back.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

It was weird because when we were kids we would play outside after school together. But she wasn't a kid anymore.

FLASHBACK 1985

EXT. WOODS - TWILIGHT

AUTUMN LEAVES fall from tall TREES as CHILDREN innocently chase each other in a frenetic game of Hide and Go Seek. They traipse through mounds of fallen LEAVES, scattering them in their wakes.

Two children, Johnny and Cathleen, hide together behind a tree.

FLASHBACK 2002

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The FORM of a WOMAN -

Cathleen - covered only by a SHEET as she lays sleeping next to Johnny who is fully AWAKE.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

After we left the bar we hooked up, but - something was missing.

AL (V.O.)

That happens.

BACK TO CLIFFS

AL

Forgot your Viagra?

Johnny reacts with a look of utter disdain.

JOHNNY

I told her I'd call her the next day but I never did. Later, I was thinking about that night and not feeling real good about myself when - and I don't know why - I suddenly remembered something.

FLASHBACK 1985

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

SILENTLY and in SLOW MOTION like in a dream the --

CAMERA MOVES through the BACKYARD of a Cathleen's rundown property with TALL WEEDS and WRECKED CARS when SUDDENLY -

the BACK DOOR of the house BURST open and a twelve year old Cathleen flees her house as fast as she can, TEARS flowing down her cheeks.

She runs past Johnny who is too young to understand what is really happening.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I remembered my mom told me that Cathleen had been molested as a kid.

Her drunk FATHER, fifties, wears a wife-beater T-SHIRT, and appears from the doorway and yells after her.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

By her father.

BACK TO CLIFFS

AL

So?

JOHNNY

So I felt like crap. I felt like I used her - like I - was no better than him.

Al has a sour, cynical expression.

AL

And let me guess - you felt guilty?

JOHNNY

Yeah - of course. Wouldn't you?

AL  
 No - I'd feel like a dumb-ass for  
 not calling her the next day. Man -  
 you screwed up!

Al gets up in a huff and starts to put his clothes on.

JOHNNY  
 What are you doing?

AL  
 If I had something like that - ass-  
 wipe - I wouldn't have let her go!

JOHNNY  
 Yeah like you never did that?

AL  
 Dude - once - I got treated like  
 you treated her - and let me tell  
 you - it wasn't fucking cool.

Al grabs his towel and storms off.

JOHNNY  
 I thought you was a playa'?  
 (beat)  
 Ah come on Al!

Johnny gets up, grabs his things and follows Al.

INT. CAR - LATER

Johnny and Al drive in silence, the argument still on their  
 minds.

Johnny tries to break the ice.

JOHNNY  
 So who was it that treated you bad.

AL  
 Huh? Oh - nobody you know. I don't  
 even remember her name.

JOHNNY  
 That's weird. You don't remember  
 her name?

AL  
 Forget it man.

Johnny shrugs his shoulders and turns his mind to other things.

EXT. CATHLEEN O'DONAHUE'S HOUSE - LATER

Johnny nervously waits on her front step. The DOOR opens and a wall of ripped muscle covered in a layer of tight SPANDEX stands before him. CATHLEEN, late thirties, part man, part woman is nothing like the photo we saw.

CATHLEEN

Johnny? You bastard! What are you doing here?

She's SWEATY and out of breath. She grabs Johnny and almost squeezes the life out of him.

JOHNNY

Cathleen - wow! Look at you.

CATHLEEN

Fucking huge right?  
(strikes a pose)  
Miss New York Muscle Magazine.

JOHNNY

When did this happen?

CATHLEEN

Five years ago. Lots of training and juice. Come on in.

Cathleen manhandles Johnny and helps him through the door.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

It's good to see you!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The only furniture is EXERCISE equipment. Cathleen has turned her entire house into a GYM. There are TROPHIES and RIBBONS and PHOTOS of her exhibitions wherever there isn't a mirror.

She studies Johnny as he inspects a collection of PHOTOS of her from past body building competitions.

CLOSE on a PHOTO of Cathleen, thin but well defined.

CATHLEEN

That was me when I first got into the sport.

Johnny SCANS the photos, walking from one to the next. Each one a new year and a record of Cathleen's metamorphosis into the monster she is today.

CLOSE on the last PHOTO showing Cathleen with a RIBBON around her chest which reads:

*NEW YORK LWC OVERALL FEMALE CHAMPION 2013*

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I took first place there last August. I'm getting ready for the next one now.

(shouts)

Hal! There's someone I want you to meet! Get your skinny white ass in here!

(to Johnny)

Hal's my husband. He's kind'a pathetic.

JOHNNY

You're married?

CATHLEEN

Hal will do anything for me so I tolerate him.

HAL, forties, Mister Rogers type, effeminate, balding and very skinny. His clothes don't fit and as he saunters in, his HIGHWATERS reveal his white athletic SOCKS.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Hal this is my old friend Johnny - he's a famous race car driver.

(to Johnny)

Right? You're still at it?

JOHNNY

As a matter of fact -

CATHLEEN

He's got more balls than you'll ever have Hal.

Hal loves anything Cathleen says and laughs.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Now go make us some ice-tea will ya?

HAL

Yes dear.

Hal prances off.

Cathleen grins at Johnny.

CATHLEEN  
I'm such a bitch. C'mon let me show  
you around.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Cathleen stroll through a spectacular exercise yard complete with a TRAMPOLINE, a LAP POOL, WEIGHT EQUIPMENT, and assorted workout MACHINES.

CATHLEEN  
So what brings you home Johnny?

JOHNNY  
Well, the reunion.

CATHLEEN  
Oh that? You won't see my tight ass  
there. I'm too busy training.

Cathleen grabs a weight and starts pumping iron.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Touch that.

JOHNNY  
What?

CATHLEEN  
My muscle dummy.

Johnny grabs her biceps and squeezes.

JOHNNY  
Wow.

CATHLEEN  
Rock hard baby!

There is a momentary awkwardness. Johnny knows it's time.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
You and I never went out, did we  
Johnny? If we did, I can't remember  
it. Sorry. I don't remember too  
much these days. Too much juice. I  
try to just look toward my next  
meet.

JOHNNY

The last time I saw you - we met at  
a bar - and we spent the night  
together.

CATHLEEN

We did?

Johnny looks at her with incredulity.

JOHNNY

Yeah. You don't -

She starts to pose for him, working her triceps, biceps and  
calfs.

CATHLEEN

Maybe if you were any good I might  
have remembered.

She jokingly PUNCHES Johnny in the arm hard enough to shove  
him off his feet.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

(screams)

Hal! Where is that fucking ice-tea?

(to Johnny)

Jesus that man is so slow - but  
he's taught me a lot about  
patience. What were you saying?

JOHNNY

Well I always felt bad about the  
way we left it.

CATHLEEN

Ah hell Johnny - I was probably  
just using you back then. I went  
through a stage, you know what I  
mean?

Cathleen looks off into the sky soaking up the nostalgic  
memories of those days.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

(proudly)

Oh yeah. I screwed up a lot of men.  
Had a lot of one night stands back  
then.

(quietly)

I'm not into sex much anymore.

Johnny's face registers a complete failure to comprehend what  
is happening here.

CATHLEEN (CONT'D)

What's the matter Johnny? It wasn't  
no big deal or nothin'.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS/NEWBURGH - LATER

Al follows a small GROUP on a tour out of the historic stone house where General George Washington commanded his revolutionary forces in the Hudson Valley for one year.

The bored group is lead by an overly enthusiastic female DOCENT, forties, in period costume.

DOCENT

You can see from where we stand now how the Hudson Highlands formed a natural barrier to the king's men. From here the General's sentry could see signals from the south if the British tried to come up the Hudson. This is also where the military award, the Purple Heart was first conceived of.

Al can't contain himself.

AL

Ah, excuse me m'lady, but the award was called the Badge of Military Merit and later in 1932, was formally referred to as the Purple Heart.

He gets the group's attention.

AL (CONT'D)

It was originally just a piece of purple cloth cut into the shape of a heart with the word merit embroidered on it.

Al sees Johnny standing by a giant stone MONUMENT overlooking a grand vista of the Hudson River.

AL (CONT'D)

(whispers to Docent)

You need to do a little wood-shedding missy. And that blouse is all wrong for this period.

He leaves the tour and walks toward Johnny.



AL (CONT'D)

Dude - you're missing the tour.  
This is where the original big  
"Dubya" came up with the idea for  
the giant chain across the Hudson  
that kept the bloody Limeys out!

He sees Johnny isn't interested.

AL (CONT'D)

What's the matter big dog?

JOHNNY

I was thinking about Jean. Trying  
to remember how it happened.

AL

Between you two?

JOHNNY

Yeah. She just stopped talking to  
me one day.

AL

Yeah she does have a hell of  
temper.

JOHNNY

Huh?

Al almost blows it.

AL

Back in high school - you know how  
hot headed she was. I once called  
her Jean Jean the Sex Machine and  
she almost kicked my ass.

JOHNNY

Yeah. One day she loved me - the  
next day it was over. Big time. All  
because of the God-damn prom.

AL

Oh yeah, the prom.

FLASHBACK 1995

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

DOUBLE DOORS fly open to present to the CROWD of teenagers in  
TUXEDOS --

A young Johnny holding the arm of a stunningly tall blonde who towers over him. This is --

VIRGINIA BEAUCHAMP, teenager, Nordic beauty.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I took Virginia instead of Jean. I hardly knew her. We had never even gone out before that night.

Johnny wears a PINK TUXEDO the same color as her gown --

AL (V.O.)

I remember you wore a pink tuxedo! What were you thinking?

O.S. WAVES of surreal LAUGHTER are heard.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Nobody told me it was wrong.

BACK TO PRESENT

AL

Wrong for you, good for us. That gay monkey suit cracked us up.

JOHNNY

It matched her dress - I thought it was cool.

AL

Oh yeah - way cool. So - why didn't you take Jean?

JOHNNY

I don't know! Maybe because she was younger than me - maybe because Virginia was tall and blonde - I don't know. Kids do stupid things. But Jean never forgave me for it. It ended our relationship.

AL

You screwed up dude.

JOHNNY

She never talked to me after that. She must have been humiliated.

AL

And you had that bitch'n car -

JOHNNY  
My brother's 1963 split window  
Corvette.

FLASHBACK 1995

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

From the REAR of the CORVETTE --

a MUTED LIGHT from the radio peaks out of the rear SPLIT  
WINDOW coupe.

The music gets LOUDER as we get closer until we can see the --

Johnny and Virginia, pink on pink, fumbling and contorted in  
the small space, sharing a major KISS.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
That whole night - all I cared  
about was getting laid. I thought  
that was what you were supposed to  
do after a prom.

Johnny's HAND slips down the top part of Virginia's gown when  
she

PUSHES HIM off and bolts upright in her seat.

VIRGINIA  
Johnny! I want to go home - now!

INT. CAR - LATER

Johnny, behind the wheel, travels down a two lane COUNTRY  
ROAD

AL  
You were still a virgin.

JOHNNY  
Yeah Al, I was still a virgin.

GPS VOICE  
Turn left in half a mile to your  
final destination Mr. Love.

Johnny is unusually quiet.

AL

What if Jean got fat and had no  
teeth? Or ....maybe had a kid with  
some other dude?

JOHNNY

She was my first girl Al. You never  
have a love like that again in your  
life.

AL

(poker face)

Huh.

FADE TO:

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

BLACK

A CARD reads

WEDNESDAY

O.S. we HEAR someone get out of bed and --

a DOOR is opened and the BLACK gives way to an early morning  
LIGHT filtered by the green of trees.

Johnny, in his UNDERWEAR --

stands in the doorway ready to take on his next challenge.

JOHNNY

Wake up Al.

INT. JAVA JERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE - LATER

AGED HIPPIES with greying PONYTAILS sit at tables surrounded  
by a tie-dyed interior motif which screams Haight-Ashbury.

Our boys sit at a booth, nursing their COFFEES.

AL

Score! I got it - Virginia lives at  
2900 Windsor Lane, Tuxedo Park.

JOHNNY

Tuxedo Park?

AL  
 She's rich dude. Three's a charm.  
 Could be your lucky day, right?

JOHNNY  
 My lucky day will be when you  
 finally locate Jean.

AL  
 I'm working on it. But for now  
 let's go visit the ice-princess.  
 Who knows, maybe she'll fund your  
 next race team.

EXT. NEW WINDSOR CONTONEMENT - DAY

Johnny and Al watch a Civil War reenactment. MUSKETS blast  
 and CANNONS fire and SOLDIERS charge each other.

AL  
 Holy shit! Did you see that?

Al is enthralled with the action - like a little kid in a toy  
 store.

The CROWD applauds.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Man, that is bitch'n!

Johnny doesn't really care.

AL (CONT'D)  
 What's the matter with you?

JOHNNY  
 C'mon - let's go find Virginia.

Johnny wanders off toward the car. Al doesn't want to follow  
 him but he does.

AL  
 You're a real Debbie Downer, man,  
 you know that?  
 (to himself)  
 All I want to do is watch some guys  
 blow shit up. But no!

EXT. VILLAGE OF TUXEDO - CONTINUOUS

The car travels past quaint VILLAGE SHOPS.

They turn left off the road and into the rock walled entrance to Tuxedo and stop next to a guard shack.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

POV of

A humorless GAURD 1, fifties, stares at them while GAURD 2, twenties, looks on.

GUARD 1  
Can I help you.

AL  
(bad southern accent)  
Yes my good man. We're here to  
visit with Madam Virginia  
Beauchamp.

GUARD 1  
Is that a fact.

AL  
Yes sir.

He looks at him as if it were a joke.

GUARD 1  
Name and photo I.D.

Johnny reaches into his pocket and produces an I.D.

AL  
Major Mac Yeager.

The Guard gives him a once over and studies it.

P.O.V. of a Military I.D.

which shows a cleaned up version of Al wearing an Airforce military UNIFORM.

AL (CONT'D)  
This is my associate, the race car  
driver Johnny Love. Ms. Beauchamp  
is considering sponsoring our team  
this year.

GUARD 1  
Is that a fact?

He leans into his shack, pulls the glass DOOR shut and taps on his computer KEYBOARD.

JOHNNY  
(quietly)  
...the fuck?

AL  
Shhhhhh!

IN THE SHACK

CLOSE on the

COMPUTER MONITOR as he scrolls through a list of names.

Major Mac Yeager is among the list of visitors.

GUARD 1  
(to younger guard)  
You enter this ass-holes's name?

GUARD 2  
No sir.

OUTSIDE

The Guard slides the door open and leans back out and hands the I.D. to Al.

GUARD 1  
Go on.

AL  
Thank you sir. You have a blessed  
day now, ya hear?

The Guard watches the car pass through the massive stone entrance. He takes a PENCIL from behind his ear and writes down the licence plate number.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Johnny gives Al a "high five" slap as they lose sight of the guard shack.

JOHNNY  
You're the man. How did you ever -

AL  
I hacked into his data base.  
Completely amateur set up - no  
firewall, no security.

JOHNNY  
Major Mac Yeager?

AL

Ah - just tricks of the trade. I got different I.D.s depending on who I want to fuck with.

EXT. VIRGINIA'S MANSION - DAY

Johnny stands at the beginning of a long driveway. He stares at the mammoth, stone MANSION facing him. This is serious, money made the old fashioned way - marry the rich guy and then divorce the jerk.

AT THE CAR

Al snickers, watching Johnny walk the long march to the front door.

AL

(to himself)

This ought'a be good.

AT THE DOOR

Johnny pushes the DOOR BELL. O.S. he hears a PIANO and a woman's VOICE singing something strange that resembles opera.

A SERVANT opens the massive door. He is Pakistani, fifties and expressionless.

SERVANT

Yes?

JOHNNY

Hi - ah - may I speak to Virginia?

SERVANT

Is she expecting?

JOHNNY

Ah well, no - not really -

SERVANT

Thanking you buddy.

The Servant closes the door.

JOHNNY

I'm an old friend!

Johnny is perplexed. Has he been disregarded?

He waits.



And gets anxious. He hears the opera singing stop.

He turns to see -

Al drumming on the car door to music, oblivious.

AT THE CAR

Al's version of the Cream SONG "Tales Of Brave Ulysses" is HEARD coming from his IPOD headphones.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN, her back to us, stands near a PIANO and pulls back a curtain to look out a window.

POV of Johnny standing on her porch.

BACK AT THE DOOR

Johnny finally decides to push the bell one last time when

SUDDENLY -

The door opens and he sees --

VIRGINIA, standing before him, elegantly dressed with a plunging neckline. She is lavishly adorned with PEARLS and DIAMONDS and she is absolutely - STUNNING.

As she tries to squeak out a smile, her visage looks as tight as a duck's ass.

VIRGINIA  
Mr. Lovetinsky.

JOHNNY  
Virginia -

VIRGINIA  
(condescendingly)  
I'm sorry - it's now Johnny Love  
isn't it?

JOHNNY  
Well yeah. Wow - you look -  
incredible.

She gives him her hand in a polite, respectful but icy manner and gets right down to business.

VIRGINIA  
Thank you. What can I do for you.

JOHNNY

Ah, I - I want to - do you think  
I could come in for a minute?

VIRGINIA

I'm afraid it's not a good time.

JOHNNY

Oh. Well, I was wondering if you  
were going to the reunion this  
weekend Virginia - I -

VIRGINIA

A long time ago you asked me to the  
prom. As I remember, it was not one  
of the most pleasurable experiences  
I've had. You're not here to ask me  
to go to the reunion are you?

JOHNNY

No. Ah. Geez Virginia- I want to  
apologize for the way I behaved  
that night. I was out of line -  
it's kind'a bothered me all these  
years and I -

VIRGINIA

I barely recall it - except for the  
way it ended. I never understood  
why you asked me in the first  
place. We hardly knew each other.

JOHNNY

Yeah - I know but -

VIRGINIA

I lost a dear friend because of  
that night. She and I don't travel  
in the same social circles you  
understand, but it is a small  
world.

Johnny is confused.

JOHNNY

Who?

VIRGINIA

Jean Veracruz. She used to ignore  
me at the odd chance meeting. It  
was rather embarrassing really. But  
I ran into her just last week and  
she was with her daughter.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)  
Sweet child. She told me she lives  
in Newburgh.

JOHNNY  
Jean Veracruz...has a kid?

VIRGINIA  
Yes. I heard an awful rumor that Al  
Crumple, was the father but if  
that's true, I do pity her.

She smirks looking for a reaction.

JOHNNY  
Al?

Johnny frowns in disbelief.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Al Crumple and Jean had a kid?

Virginia smiles and nods.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
You're kidding me right?

She raises an eyebrow in silent affirmation.

He doesn't believe it could be true but then he realizes that  
maybe it is true. After the shock, Johnny begins to laugh  
because it's so absurd.

She feels vindicated.

VIRGINIA  
Good day Johnny.

He stammers trying to say good bye as Virginia closes the  
thick front door on him. He rolls off her steps but can't  
control his laughter as he walks the long driveway to the  
car. Embarrassment and then humiliation course through his  
veins and then the laughter stops.

AT THE CAR

Johnny finds Al on his CELL PHONE screaming and gesturing  
wildly.

AL  
(on phone)  
I haven't fucking got it! What do  
you want? You can't get blood from  
a stone! Fuck you too!

He explodes, smashing his cell phone on the ground and pounds the hood of the car.

JOHNNY

You okay?

AL

No I'm not fucking okay.

JOHNNY

What's up?

AL

You know you give them an inch and they want a mile!

JOHNNY

Who?

AL

Oh this F-N bitch. She's squeeze'n me for some coin. You don't have five grand you can loan me do ya?

JOHNNY

Five thousand dollars? Are you kidding? What for?

AL

It's a long pitiful story. Forget it.

He bangs his head on the hood of the car.

AL (CONT'D)

I'll be okay.

JOHNNY

You sure?

AL

Yeah.

Johnny gets in the drivers seat and starts the engine. Al gets in the passenger seat.

JOHNNY

Al?

AL

What?

JOHNNY

Jean?

AL

Listen - I'm getting close - I can smell it. I've got some strong leads and I've called in some favors from out of state - in a day or two - maybe we'll have her.

Johnny knows he is lying. His friend is not who he thought he was.

AL (CONT'D)

Guess it didn't go so well with the Ice Princess huh? C'mon. Let's get out of here. I'm starving.

EXT. TUXEDO GATE - LATER

The car passes through the gate and on to the highway.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

They drive in silence, Johnny's mind is moving a thousand miles an hour.

POV - of a PAY PHONE outside a GAS STATION.

JOHNNY

I gotta take a leak.

The car pulls in and parks.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Johnny exits the building and stops at a PAY PHONE. He drops in a QUARTER and fingers the keypad, like a blind man, searching for 4 - 1 - 1.

OPERATOR

(over phone)

City and state please -

JOHNNY

Newburgh New York. Veracruz - Jean.  
Can I have an address too please.

OPERATOR

(over phone)

The number is 845 563 3344. The address is 2911 Grandview. Hold for the connection.

His hands are shaking as he writes the address on a piece of paper.

OVER THE PHONE

We hear the phone ring and then a VOICE MAIL message.

VOICE MAIL

Hi this is Jean.

(child's voice)

And this is Emily!

(together)

We can't come to the phone now so  
leave a message. Bye.

Johnny hangs up and takes a deep breath. He tries to steady his nerves.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Johnny walks to the car. With each step the anger he feels toward Al rises inside of him. His hands are in a tight fist. He's feeling ready to use them.

Al is on the phone.

AL

I know baby. I miss you too.

Johnny gets in and starts the engine and wildly PEELS OUT of the parking area.

A SERIES OF FLASH CUTS

The car FISHTAILS as it hits the street.

AL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hold on.

Al'S EYES widen, surprised at the acceleration and looks at Johnny.

Johnny BURNS RUBBER up the street.

Right in front of the Police Station.

A POLICE CAR is parked on the other side of the building.

The COP inside of the car WATCHES Johnny fishtailing and screeching his tires as he flies by.

AL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck Johnny?

Johnny's foot is plastered to the floor and the engine REVS.  
The transmission BANG through gears.  
He drives like he were in the last lap and leader of a race.

AT POLICE STATION

The Cop hits his LIGHTS and pulls out on the road and begins a chase.

AT CAR

Johnny grips the steering wheel and looks straight ahead as the speed of the car increases 80-90-100 mph.

Al hangs on for dear life.

AL  
(on phone)  
I gotta go.  
(to Johnny)  
What are you doing ass-wipe?

SUDDENLY a DEER CROSSES THE ROAD IN FRONT OF THEM

AL (CONT'D)  
Look out!

Johnny makes a snap second maneuver and narrowly misses the deer. He doesn't take his foot off the accelerator.

AL (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Holy Fucking  
Jesus Johnny! Slow the fuck down!

POV

The SPEEDOMETER CONTINUES TO CLIMB

110-120-130

Johnny is on a tear - out of his mind with anger and frustration and assuaging it with the thing he can control - SPEED.

The Cop is behind them now and throws his SIREN on.

Johnny looks in his rearview mirror and sees him.

Al snaps his head around to see it.

AL (CONT'D)  
Ah fuck Johnny!

Johnny takes his foot off the accelerator and slows the car down.

EXT. DAIRY CREAM - CONTINUOUS

He pulls off the road and into the parking lot of a DAIRY CREAM.

The Cop car follows and parks right behind them.

AL  
Smart move speed racer. Fuck. This is going to be fun.

JOHNNY  
You are a real son of a bitch. You're lucky that Cop just pulled us over.

AL  
What's the matter with you?

The Cop gets out, walks cautiously to the car, one hand on his gun.

COP  
License and registration.

Johnny's oblivious to the Cop.

JOHNNY  
(to himself)  
Some friend. Man, I didn't see the signs.

Al looks at the Cop, unsure of what his friend is saying.

AL  
You ...couldn't see the speed limit signs?

JOHNNY  
No - and I can't read them either.

AL  
What?



COP  
I said, license and registration  
sir.

Johnny flashes a big smile at the Cop and Al looks at the Cop with a look that throws his buddy under the bus that says "this fucker is KARAZY."

JOHNNY  
Officer, can I get you an ice cream  
cone?

EXT. DAIRY CREAM - LATER

Johnny leans casually against his car, giving the Cop an AUTOGRAPH.

The Cop licks an ICE CREAM CONE.

JOHNNY  
What's your son's name?

COP  
Billy. My boy is gonna love this.  
It's not everyday I get to pull  
over a famous race car driver.

Al watches from the passenger seat, smirking.

AL  
(to himself)  
This is good.

Johnny hands him the autograph.

JOHNNY  
How's that look.

COP  
Great! Thank you Mr. Love.

JOHNNY  
Well thank you for understanding  
and I promise to keep it down.

Al gets out of the car.

COP  
I do appreciate it. You boys have a  
good day now.

AL

Don't worry - I'll keep an eye on him.

The Cop leaves.

AL (CONT'D)

You're good. I gotta hand it to you. But why did you say earlier that you can't read the signs?

JOHNNY

Remember the race at the Poconos?

FLASHBACK

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

From the perspective of a television CAMERA --

There is NO SOUND as

Johnny's NASCAR RACE CAR

Hits a wall at 180 miles per hour and goes into

SLOW-MOTION as it DISINTEGRATES, sending PARTS FLYING everywhere.

When the dust settles, the only thing left of the car contains an unconscious Johnny, his limp arm dangling from the wreckage.

BACK TO CAR

JOHNNY

I saw the video after I got out of the hospital. I didn't remember any of it.

AL

I told you it was bad ass.

JOHNNY

The accident caused a lesion on my temporal lobe. Now I have something called Lexia.

AL

What the fuck is that - can I catch it?

Johnny shakes his head at his friend's stupidity.

JOHNNY

I've lost the ability to read.  
I don't see the signs because I  
can't read them. Speedometers, road  
maps - I can't read anything  
anymore.

AL

Holly shit.

JOHNNY

That's why I asked you to come with  
me. I couldn't do it by myself. I  
needed you.

Al is stunned.

AL

Jesus, Johnny.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - LATER

At a PICNIC BENCH behind the custard stand under a thick  
cover of TREES we find --

Al working at his laptop.

Johnny delivers a TRAY of HAMBURGERS, COFFEE, and BANANA  
SPLITS to the table.

AL

I found it. Says here Alexia  
(reads)  
is a condition where patients are  
unable to read written words, or  
even recognize single letters.  
However, if words are spelled out  
loud, they have little difficulty  
with comprehension. In general, the  
lesion appears to be between the  
left angular gyrus and the  
occipital lobe, bla bla bla bla  
bla. Man - why didn't you ever say  
anything?

JOHNNY

I haven't told anybody.

AL

(continues to read)  
Moreover, they are able to speak,  
spell as well as write without  
difficulty.

Nevertheless, although able to write, they are unable to read what they have written. Holy shit.

Johnny pulls the piece of paper with Jean's address from his pocket and hands it to Al.

JOHNNY

I made a call earlier. 411 operator gave an address. Can you read it to me?

Like a rat caught in a trap, Al's eyes get big when he reads the address and his swallow sounds like a freight train.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The operator said she lives on Grandview in Newburgh, Al.

Johnny slams his fist on the table and a piece of food hits Al in the face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why didn't you fucking tell me?

AL

Shit man! I - I - fuck you!

Al explodes in frustration and throws his chocolate Banana-split

SPLAT - -

Nailing Johnny right in the chest.

JOHNNY

You fuck!

Johnny finds a home with his banana-split

SQUISH - -

and half of it hits Al's face and the other half

THUMP -

falls into his laptop.

Al goes ballistic and starts throwing anything he can grab.

WIDE NOW

And we watch from a birds eye view -

as the food fight escalates until there is nothing left on the table.

Al runs to the car and jumps in.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You piece of shit! Where you going?

Al!

Al slams the GEAR LEVER into forward and PEELS OUT. He ACCELERATES down the road leaving Johnny standing there, covered in food.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Al does a wild u-turn and returns --

BACK TO DAIRY QUEEN

He skids to a stop in front of Johnny who watches his every move.

Al nonchalantly gets out and walks over to the bench to retrieve his laptop without looking at Johnny.

He closes the laptop, tucks it under his arm and it LEAKS ice cream all over his pants. He walks back to the car and slides into the drivers seat.

He opens the passenger car door as an invitation for Johnny to get into the car.

Johnny gets in and they drive away in silence from the Dairy Queen.

EXT. CAR - LATER

WIDE as the

CAR winds down a curvy country road.

EXT. CAR - LATER

CLOSER as the

CAR slices down an empty highway.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The two men drive in silence, covered in sticky food that has dried and created a new style of wind blown HAIR.

INT. CAR - LATER

P.O.V through the windshield of --

the same small town STREET from the beginning of the story. They pass the first coffee shop they went to, Amelia's, and Al turns into the STARBUCKS parking lot.

EXT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Al shuts off the ignition and sits there silently, resigned to failure. He doesn't know how to begin.

JOHNNY

It's a little late bringing me here  
don't you think?

AL

It's not about the coffee dude -  
shit man - Jean and I hooked up and  
had a kid. It was a one night stand  
and hell - it was over before it  
started. You showed up like a ghost  
out of the past - I didn't know how  
to tell you.

Johnny is stunned.

AL (CONT'D)

She was my first.

JOHNNY

You were a virgin? But -

AL

I love that little kid. I tried to  
make it work but - I can't talk to  
her. I was hoping - maybe it would  
work out. Anyway, she works here.  
Go talk to her.

Johnny feels a range of emotions from shock to anger to utter confusion.

He gets out of the car forgetting the dried food in his hair and the three year old's party that use to be his clothing.

Feeling perversely grateful, he doesn't know what to say.

JOHNNY

Ah - hey? You want something?

AL

Yeah man. I'm dying for a Banana  
Caramel Frappuccino.

Johnny shakes his head and walks away.

AL (CONT'D)

A grande with whip cream, okay? And  
HEY! Don't say I never gave you  
nothing.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny SCANS the room. His heart is beating fast. No sign of  
Jean.

He wonders if this is all a cruel joke and turns around to  
see if Johnny is still there.

SUDDENLY

Jean pops up from below the counter with an armful of  
supplies.

As she stocks the shelves she doesn't look his way.

Johnny approaches the counter and she feels his presence.

JEAN

(busy working)

Hi, what can I get you?

He smiles.

JOHNNY

Hello Jean.

She finally looks at him and does a double take, puzzled by a  
man standing in front of her covered in dried food. Then she  
recognizes him.

JEAN

Johnny? What - what happened to  
you?

Johnny realizes what he looks like. She comes out from behind  
the counter.

JOHNNY

Oh - it's just a slight food malfunction.

JEAN

What are you doing here?

JOHNNY

I - well - Al brought me here.

She looks out the window and sees Al in the car, sleeping.

JEAN

You're with that ass-hole?

Johnny can tell by her tone this conversation is quickly going south.

JOHNNY

Yeah - and he wants a grande Banana Caramel Frappuccino - with whip cream.

Jean rips off her apron and throws it to the ground, steam coming out of her nostrils.

JEAN

He does huh?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

JEAN storms up to the car as Al snores. She angrily dumps a GRANDE FRAPPUCCINO with whip cream on his head.

Al wakes with a start and falls out of the car, DRIPPING in the liquid mess.

AL

...the fuck? Jean!

JEAN

That goes on your tab, loser. How long do I have to wait for you to buy food for our little girl anyway? Huh?

Al looks up at her and licks the liquid he's longingly coveted.



INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny watches the assault from inside and smiles with deep satisfaction.

JOHNNY  
(to himself)  
She's still got it.

Jean charges back into the store.

JEAN  
I don't know what's going on here  
but you better go.

JOHNNY  
Jean - please - let me explain.

She takes a breath and thinks for a moment.

JEAN  
Okay -  
(tells herself)  
I'm trying to get better at this.  
(to him)  
Look - I have to get back. Can you  
meet in two hours at Constitution  
Island? I have to pick up my  
daughter.

JOHNNY  
Sure.

JEAN  
See ya Johnny.

She walks behind the counter and greets a CUSTOMER.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Can I help you Ma'am?

Johnny waves to her and leaves the Starbucks, a little anxious.

After he leaves she watches him walk away, not paying attention to the a CUSTOMER'S order.

EXT. CONSTITUTION ISLAND/MISSION PARK - LATER

Johnny has showered and stands with Jean and her DAUGHTER, eight along the edge of the HUDSON RIVER.

JEAN  
 (to daughter)  
 You be careful okay?

DAUGHTER  
 I will mommy.

She runs off to play with other CHILDREN at a SWING-SET nearby.

JOHNNY  
 She sure is cute. Thank God she got her mom's genes.

Jean takes a long, deep look at her daughter.

JEAN  
 Yeah. I can't believe you spent the last week with that ass-hole. I suppose he told you everything?

They begin to stroll along the river's edge.

JOHNNY  
 Actually, he told me almost nothing.

JEAN  
 Did he tell you he was banned from Starbucks? He ran up a huge tab that he couldn't pay.

JOHNNY  
 He did mention something about that.

JEAN  
 He's months behind on child support, rent and a bunch of other stuff. He still owes me over five thousand dollars!

JOHNNY  
 I definitely heard mention of that.

JEAN  
 (desperate)  
 I don't know what I'm going to do with him Johnny.

Their stroll brings them to a historical MONUMENT - a giant METAL CHAIN LINK mounted in stone at the river's edge.

JOHNNY

What the heck is this?

JEAN

A replica of one of the chain links General Washington used to keep the British from coming up the Hudson.

JOHNNY

I remember you loved history in school.

JEAN

I still do. I'm a docent at the one of the pre-revolutionary battle fields. Unfortunately, dumb-ass also works there too. That's where we - well you know - got together.

JOHNNY

This thing is huge.

JEAN

This is the very spot where Washington's men stretched the chain across the river keeping the British ships from moving north.

She gazes down the vast Hudson towards Manhattan.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Imagine a flotilla of British War ships sailing this part of the river. It was very dangerous.

She smiles at Johnny and it reminds him of how it used to be.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I don't know why you're here but it's good to see you.

JOHNNY

I'm going to the reunion.

JEAN

Oh that. I couldn't be bothered.

JOHNNY

I thought maybe we could go together, since -

Jean cuts him off -

JEAN

'cause you didn't take me to the prom?

His smile from a surprise, hers from a tease.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That was a long time ago.  
I was so mad at you. Jesus, I can't believe I'm telling you this.

JOHNNY

I was an idiot.

They laugh at the memory.

JEAN

I remember I shut you out. It was stupid.

(laughs at herself)

This chain reminds me not to shut people out anymore and deal with them.

The water laps at their feet, the wind races through their hair and a lone seagull flies south towards the sea.

Johnny takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

What a trip! My old friend lied to me about an affair - and a kid - he had with my first girlfriend.  
That's you -

JEAN

Yeah.

JOHNNY

I almost get arrested trying to kill him and I meet old friends and find out what seemed important to me - wasn't to them and now - here I am with the one person who always made me feel lucky.

There is an awkward silence.

JEAN

Me? I'm not lucky. Look at me - I mean - I never thought I'd be a single mom. Who struggles every day. A very busy single mom.  
(checks the time)

JEAN (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Everything changes  
doesn't it? It was nice getting to  
see you again Johnny.

Johnny smiles, trying to disguise the disappointment he feels  
inside.

Jean walks away leaving him to wonder what his next steps  
are.

EXT. DAYS INN MOTEL - NIGHT

A light is on in one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL - SAME

Johnny lays on top of a BED, still in his street clothes. The  
TELEVISION is on but we can tell he is wrapped up in his own  
thoughts. Moments from the last week race through his head.

FLASHBACK

MONTAGE

Al, as he shows him his guns.

Lala, as she fires her paint ball gun at him.

Maddy, as she opens the door to find him on her porch.

Kathleen, asking him to feel her muscle.

Virginia, as she smiles and shuts her front door on him.

Jean, as she pours a frappuccino on Al.

Jean, as she talks about the British coming up the Hudson.

BACK TO JOHNNY

As the memories fade away and he realizes he blew it.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

A light is on in one of the bedrooms.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jean closes the BOOK she was reading to her daughter who is fast asleep. She lays the book down, pets her daughter's forehead, shuts off the TABLE LAMP and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jean gets a DRINK of water from the sink, which is full of dirty DISHES that don't go unnoticed. She empties a bag of POTATO CHIPS into a BOWL and starts to eat them as she leaves the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean plops down on her couch and CHILDS'S TOY pokes her butt.

JEAN

Ouch!

She grabs it and throws it across the room. Frustrated, she picks up the TV REMOTE and points it at the TELEVISION but decides not to turn it on. She stares off into space, her mind heavy with thought.

She takes a good look around her messy home and a deep sadness shows on her face.

She grabs her TELEPHONE and dials a number.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Al? Yeah it's Jean. Don't hang up on me asshole.

INT. MOTEL - LATER

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

Johnny comes out of the bathroom with a TOOTHBRUSH in his mouth, surprised by the ringing phone and answers it.

JOHNNY

Hello? Jean?

(shocked)

Yeah, it's tomorrow night.

A smile grows on his face as he listens.



JEAN  
What is that?

Johnny smiles.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Oh no.

JOHNNY  
Oh yeah.

INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

Al screams into the microphone as he smashes his way through a fast metal version of the Dylan song - "Lay Lady Lay."

The LOVETONES are on stage with him - two old DUDES with long, dyed black HAIR and clothes that are, unfortunately, form-fitting.

Johnny and Jean are the only ones on the dance floor. They hold each other tight, slow dance, and stare into each others eyes as OTHERS look on.

It matters little that Al's performance is loud, fast and all wrong. Johnny and Jean don't hear anything except the beat of their hearts.

FADE TO BLACK

TAIL CREDITS ROLL

EXT. BIG TIME NASCAR RACE TRACK - DAY

MONTAGE of behind the scenes activity -

TIRES being mounted - RACE CARS being pushed out of garages - COMPUTERS reading diagnostics - SOUNDS of whooshing race cars speeding around the track.

Jean is dressed in the team's racing COVERALL and sits on a platform surrounded by other teammates.

She holds a STOPWATCH in her hand and takes timings, recording them in a LAPTOP. Her daughter sits nearby coloring a PICTURE of a race car.



INT. RACE CAR - SAME

Johnny drives in the pack at 189 miles per hour. He pulls ahead of a car. We know he is smiling behind his helmet.

JOHNNY  
YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Al is molded to his couch, stuffing his face with FOOD, slugging BEER and watching the race on his TELEVISION SET.

O.S. the sound of KNOCKING is heard and a voice -

LANDLADY  
ALAN! I know you're in there.  
Listen pantywaist - I did not find  
my fucking check today, like you  
promised -

Without flinching, Al grabs his REMOTE to turn the volume higher, drowning out the Landlady's pleas for his attention.

THE END